

We passed next across a small street to the tragic theatre, a large handsome building, where the seats for the vestals, consuls and other places of honour, are well preserved and thence up the hill to the temple of Hercules, which must have been a noble edifice, commanding a superb view of the sea.

The next object was the triangular forum, an open space surrounded with three porticos supported by a hundred Doric columns. Here were found several skeletons, one of which was that of a man who had loaded himself with plunder. Gold and silver coins, cups, rings, spoons, buckles and other things were found under him. Near here, under the ruins of a wall were discovered skeletons of a man and a woman, and on the arms of the latter two beautiful bracelets of gold.

We entered from this a broad street lined with shops, against the walls of which were paintings in fresco and inscriptions in deep-red paint representing the occupations and recording the names of the occupants. In one of them was found a piece of salt fish, smelling strongly after seventeen centuries! In a small lane leading from this street, the guide led us to a shop, decorated with pictures of fish of various kinds, and furnished with a stove, marble dressers, and earthen jars, supposed to have belonged to a vender of fish and olives. A little further on was a baker's shop, with a well used oven, in which was found a batch of bread burnt to a cinder. Near this was the house of a midwife. In it were found several instruments of a simple and excellent construction, unknown to the moderns, a forceps, remains of medicines in a wooden box, and various pestles and mortars. The walls were ornamented with frescos of the graces, Venus and Adonis and other similar objects.

*(To be continued.)*

### REMINISCENCES.

There are certain frames, to which the human mind may be wrought up, so that any common events will seem to it like the forebodings of evil—like the precursors of some unusual, some monstrous event. The mind of mankind is prone to solve singular events preternaturally. The beating of the little insect in the wall, of the howl of the watch dog at the dead of night—or even the spilling of salt, are deemed warnings of danger and even death. I am not now about to discuss the philosophy of this bias of our minds; nor will I, though I might with effect trace it back to our education in childhood. I simply wish to allude to the fact, as introductory to an event which occurred to myself.

I was acquainted with a family so amiable and excellent, that the thought of them lingers about my heart as does the first love of our childhood about the path-way of manhood and old age. The father was a

man of intellect and energy—and when I say this, it is perhaps needless to say, he was acquiring a competency—for intellect and energy are the pioneers of wealth in our flourishing country. The wife and the mother was such a wife as throws a halo about the fireside of cottage or palace. Such a wife as makes earth under its sternest and deadliest convulsions, a paradise. The children were lovely, and promised well for the future. This family were residents of Portland.

I had been lingering upon Munjoy late in the evening of a lovely day in the fall of the year—under the mild and tranquilizing influence of a moonlight night—for I had been ill, and the breezes from the Southwest which came full and pure from the Atlantic, were as the breath of some eastern fairy upon the Spell-bound victim of malicious geni. I was alone, and in a good degree shielded from observation. Thinking of returning to my residence, and about to move, I noticed at a distance a human form faintly visible in the waning moonlight. Its direction was towards me. I waited with some trepidation from weak nerves to learn whether it was friend or foe. I soon perceived, as plain as eye could tell, that it was the man of whom I have spoken. I was surprised; when calling to see him a few hours before, (after my indisposition) I had been told he was from home, and would not return for some days. Notwithstanding, it was the man, and I watched his motions with an intensity all can appreciate. He did not move in a direct line towards myself—and as he drew near to me, I perceived he was laboring under some strange influence. That he should have arrived home so soon, when I had learned that his earliest time of coming was a number of days distant, was a matter of much surprise, but his actions were yet more astonishing. As he drew nearer to where I resided, I perceived that he was laboring under a fierce mental conflict. He evidently was dead to every outward influence and the tempest was raging within with terrible severity. At length he stood still—the strife had apparently terminated in unqualified despair. He wrung his hands and wept like a child. I would have spoken to him, for I was moved even to tears by the genuineness of his grief.—But it seemed to me the refinement of cruelty, when he had probably come away from the busy world to relieve his full heart of its burthen, that I should humiliate him by exposing him. My thought was that some fearful calamity had happened to his household.—I knew that there was garnered up his deepest happiness, and I knew that his wife or his children were dead. I had seen them in the morning, well, but death had been there and touched them, or my friend would not have been before me, with the boisterous grief of manhood when his idols are destroyed, upon him.

But he spoke, audibly. "Alas! my wife and children, ye are beggars, ye are beg-

gars! The fiendish arts of gamblers—my own rashness—have made ye beggars; would to God I that had never been born!" My astonishment was without bounds, at these words. I knew him to be so honorable a man, that it seemed impossible to associate him with gamblers. My mind was in chaos. I could not solve this deep mystery. When I looked up, my friend was gone! I had been in thought but a moment—but in that moment he had taken himself beyond the widest sweep of my vision.

The whole scene was one so strange and even mysterious, that I returned home without being able to arouse a thought that could give me a solution of it. That I had seen my friend, I did not doubt. That he was in deep distress, that gamblers had ruined him—I could not hesitate to admit, for I had seen his grief, and heard his lamentations, as he unburthened his overflowing heart, as he thought, to the solitude around him.

I slept none that night. There was an incubus on my spirits, that while it weighed them to the earth, lacerated them so that I could not lose a sense of misery in forgetfulness. In the morning, as soon as a fevered system would suffer, I was on my way to his home. With fearful forebodings, and a heavy heart, from the certainty of my knowledge, I drew near this once happy home of my friend. I was met by his wife with one of those radiant smiles, which, though the earth were again enveloped in the darkness of ancient Egypt, would spread the effulgence of paradise about the hearth stone of domestic felicity. Their children came around me too, with that appearance of cheerful and pure happiness, which is soon lost as the busy world draws them into its vortex, and which, I have often thought, is the truest type man has here of the quiet happiness of heaven.

I was unburthened of half my grief—for although the blow was inevitable, it had not yet fallen where it would kill.—Life and happiness were still theirs—who were just about to be impaled. I inquired for my friend; my inquiry was met with a look of astonishment, as though my illness might have unsettled my brain. I repeated my inquiry. His wife answered—"Had she not told me but yesterday, that he would not return for some days?" He had not returned!

It was then, for the first time the thought came to me that I was labouring under a delusion. The truth was then confirmed, when, a few days after my friend came home, as expected.

Years passed away. Our friendship was in a measure broken up. He was estranged. But this scene lingered about my memory with a vividness like that which clings to the man far away from the land of his nativity, when he thinks of the home of his childhood—every incident and locality of these scenes are distinct. Thus it was