THE CRUTCH.

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THE CRUTCH,

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For the Crutch.

In Memoriam.

BY SARAH H. POWELL.

To the memory of Miss M. A. B. YOUNG, who died Jan. 12th, 1865, of Typhus Fever, contracted whilst performing her duties in this Hospital, this simple tribute is offered by her sincere and grateful friend, the writer.

Another flower has withered 'neath the fever's scorching breath,
Another victim fallen by thy dart, Insatiate Death!
The fair and gentle presence that so lately mov'd among,
Our sick and wounded, cheering them, hath joined thy shadowy throng.
My friend! like some sad dream it seems, that from us thou hast gone,
That I may never more look on the soft brown eyes that shone,
With pleasure at another's joy, or clouded at their pain,
Ah! years may pass ere I shall 'look upon thy like again.'
But though thy form is lost to earth, thou wilt not be forgot,
One heart at least, must cease to beat, ere thou'rt remembered not.
Thy calm and steady friendship, for thou wert the 'friend indeed,'
Who aided me with hand and purse in my dark hour of need,
The gentle voice that soothed me, methinks I hear it now,
When my tortured heart sent fever'd blood to throbbing brain and brow,
The cool hand on my burning pulse, the whispered words of cheer
That lit again Hope's kindly ray, when all was dark and drear,
And the good, brave heart that tried to ward from me dark falsehood's breath,
All, *all*, shall be remembered still I too shall sleep in death.
And where'er my chequer'd lot is cast in days that yet may come,
In thought, at least, I oft shall stand by that low grassy tomb,
Where, freed from this world's strife and care, its tumults, and its noise,
The gentle nurse of the Hospital sleeps calmly near 'her Boys.'

From the Portland Transcript.

Notes of Pompeii in 1862.

Many letters have been written of Pompeii, 'the city of the dead,' and still no spot visited by the traveler possesses a more untiring interest to both reader and visitor. And well it may—for aside from the attractions of a city that has been buried nearly 1800 years, exhumed to view with all the traces of a bygone civilization fresh about it,—it lies in the midst of the fairest country in the world. All around it is a landscape the most enchanting, teeming with classical memories and associations. Behind it lies, calmly puffing a thin line of vapor from its crater, the treacherous Vesuvius, in whose recesses took refuge the Thracian Gladiator Spartacus, whose struggle with the whole power of Rome, nineteen centuries ago, Forrest so thrillingly depicts.—In front lies the celestial blue of the Bay of Naples, visible in the clear atmosphere round its whole magnificent sunlit curve of shore. On the right are the white palaces of Naples and the villas of Portici, Resina and Torre del Graco fronting the bay in an uninterrupted line, and on the left Castellamare and the vineyards and groves of oranges and olives and figs that cover the cliffs of Sorrento, where Tasso drew inspiration. On the opposite shore, misty and purple with distance, is the land of the Æneid—the site of the Sybil's cave, the Elysian fields, the Styx, Acheron and Lake Avernus—and where once rose the villas of Cicero, Cæsar, Pompey, Lucullus and Virgil, and where in the magnificent Bay of Baiæ, rode at anchor the galleys of Imperial Rome. Who can wonder then at the charm that invests the records and recollections of a city that so tangibly connects the daily thoughts and habits of the lost Past with the living Present.

Twice in November, 1862, I visited Pompeii—a distance of about twelve miles from Naples—once by railway, and once by carriage, in company with a companionable and intelligent family of New Yorkers. The ladies had thoughtfully provided the necessary edibles from our hotel at Naples, and with the help of a few bottles of the rich Lacrymæ Christe, we were able to make a sumptuous repast in an upper room of the Hotel Diomede on Pompeian soil, and to pass a whole day among the excavations, and to mingle the sights that met our view with the realities and memories of home. From Naples nearly all the way to Pompeii, is one continuous suburb, swarming with people and vehicles of every sort—and as we drove along in the fresh bright morning, we were met by an unbroken procession of market carts and donkeys with panniers laden down with vegetables—the mules and horses jauntily decorated with bells and feathers and bright trappings, and the men and women in their showy costumes overflowing with life and jollity.

Our route lay through Torre del Graco, just at the foot of Vesuvius—a city whose streets abound in traces of an eruption of a few months previous—houses shattered by the earthquake still nonchallantly occupied by the people.

The chief entrance to Pompeii is by the Herculaneum gate where the famous Appian way from ancient Rome entered the walls by the street of the Tombs. The House of Diomede, the first visited, is just outside the walls and is one of the largest and most interesting yet exhumed. Not a little of its interest arises from the discovery of the skeletons of eighteen persons in its cellar. Here we were shown the outlines of forms against the walls—shadows of beings of seventeen hundred years ago, who had so long rested in contact with them. The skeletons, all females, were found buried several feet under the fine ashes that had gradually sifted into their hiding place and hardening with the moisture had left a perfect mould of their forms. The round, full impression of the bosom and shoulders of a young female is preserved in the museum at Naples, where all relics of value are deposited. Remnants of clothing of extreme fineness, gold chains, ear-rings, bracelets, rings and other ornaments of great richness, together with a superb candelabra of bronze, which they had brought down to cheer their dreary hiding place, indicate the wealth of the family. When death at last came upon them they had drawn their garments over their faces in resignation according to the custom of the day. We read that Cicero and Cæsar and other noble Romans who met death suddenly, thus covered their faces, and the custom loses nothing of its solemnity and touching interest when brought to view from beneath the ashes of buried Popeii in the house of Diomede. Large earthen jars for wine still remained against the walls of the cellar, the wine displaced by the penetrating ashes. Near the gate was found the skeleton of the master of the house and his slave. He had abandoned his family after locking them into the cellar, and with the key in his hand, was endeavoring to escape their fate. Bulwer has wrought into his 'Last Days of Pompeii,' the villa of Diomede and its occupants and vividly portrays the luxuries and vices, the refinements and energies of the time—repeopling the Temple of Isis, the House of the Tragic Poet, the Baths, the Forum, the Theatres, the shops and the palaces.

Not far from the house of Diomede is Cicero's villa, a spot more interesting from its associations with that classic name, than for what is to be seen—it having been re-buried after all relics of interest had been removed.—Was it at this spot that Augustus had his interview with the orator when he visited Pompeii to seek his protection against Mark Antony? As we approached the gate we came to the spot where stood unmoved amid the falling cinders and deadly darkness of that fearful time, the Roman sentinel—that type in all after time of Roman fortitude, and bravery, and fidelity. In a niche of the gate, lance in hand, was found the faithful guardian. His skeleton and helmet in the museum, are not the least interesting of that valuable collection.

The streets of Pompeii are narrow, the houses small and low with few windows on the street, roofless, and the walls broken—solitude and silence reign. The sensation can hardly be exaggerated or described as one stands in the arch of the gateway and looks down the silent streets of this charmed city. Can it be the memorials of the civilization of two thousand years ago that lie before us? Will not its shops and houses be repeopled by their owners, and its temples again filled with worshipers, and the chariots again move through its streets, the wheels following the well worn ruts in the lava pavements? Will the raised side-walks, so modern in appearance, be never again thronged with noble Romans wearing the toga, and matrons wrapped in the stola—nor the baths filled all day with luxurious and idle devotees of pleasure? Will not the fountains that stand at the street corners be again filled with water, the wine shops whose marble counters still bear the stain of drinking cups of almost two centuries ago be again visited by the pleasure seekers—the well now destitute of water be again furnished with bucket and rope to follow the chafing that marks its course in the well-worn curb? Will not that fountain in the thoroughfare on whose back the right hand and on whose front the left of people two thousand years ago have worn into the solid stone, as they rested and stooped for a draught from the flowing mouth, again flow with water and be encircled with thirsty people?

GOETHE tells of a tombstone on which, instead of the usual inscription, *memento mori*—'Remember that you must die'—was the inscription, 'Remember that you *must live*.'