

there it fell out into ridges that cracked and broke into fragments, till the whole inclined plane that spreads off from the base of the cone, appears as if the earth had been violently shaken till all the large and loose portions had risen to the surface. Sometimes you could trace for some distance a sort of circular wall of cooled lava, behind which the red hot stream had gathered and glowed like a brow of wrath. Nothing could be more dreary and desolate: Through this I was passing in a narrow path. My eye wandered hither and thither over the scathed and blackened mass, but always came back to the solemn peak from whose top silently ascended a heavy column of smoke. From this we were to ascend a ridge of earth that the volcano had spared, and on which stood a hermitage. Before reaching it we could see on its narrow top, extending nearly to the base of the peak, the forms of mules and horses slowly marching in Indian file and carrying a company in advance of us to the same destination. Their appearance at that distance and above us, cast in bold relief against the clear sky was novel and picturesque. We did not stop at the hermitage, but pushing straight on soon reached the field of lava through which our animals picked their way with most praiseworthy care. As I was slowly crossing this rough track, I saw in the distance 20 or 30 mules and horses saddled and bridled, scattered around at the top of the peak, amidst the lava, on the open mountain side, like an Arab camp in the desert. Here we also dismounted, and began the almost perpendicular ascent.

The company before us looked like dwarfs clinging to the side of the mountain. There was a lady among them who, with a bridle round her waist, was pulled up by the guide. One also started with a bridle, but I told him to throw it away as I could take care of myself. Half way we came upon a snow bank, on which I cooled my parched lips. Again and again we were compelled to rest, but without regret, for whenever we turned our eyes below they were met by one of the most magnificent prospects the sun ever shone upon. There was the bay of Naples, the islands of Capri and Ischia, beyond which the blue Mediterranean melted away into the mild horizon; nearer slept the city, with its palaces and towers, while far away inland, on, on, till the eye grew dim with the extended prospect, swept away the whole of Campania felice, or happy country, in a glorious panorama of villages, villas, fields and vineyards. Around me was piled lava that had once poured in a red hot stream where I sat; close beneath me an immense cavity, where a volcano had once raged and died. When near the top, as I stood looking off on the world below, a dense cloud of mist, borne by the wind swept over and around me, blotting out in an instant every thing from my sight. A cold breeze accompanied it, and the sudden change from the broad sunlight and an almost boundless prospect to sudden twilight and a few feet of lava, was so chilling and gloomy, that however told us it would soon pass, so we rallied our spirits and pressed on. When we reached the summit, a prospect more dreary than I had ever before imagined presented itself. A barren field of stones and ashes and raged peaks, across which fragments of mist of spirits, lay before us. Holes appeared at intervals, from which the hot steam of the burning world below was issuing.

At length we reached the verge of the crater and the immense basin with its black, smoking cone in the centre, was below us. From the red hot mouth boiled out fast and fierce, an immense column of smoke, accompanied at intervals with a heavy sound and jets of red-hot scoria. I was disappointed. I expected only to see a crater and a smouldering heap. But the mountain was in more than common agitation, and had been throughout the winter. It seemed to sympathize with Etna and other volcanoes that appear to have closed this year in a general waking up. Every one has been anticipating an eruption, and I think there will be one. I could compare it to nothing but the working of an immense steam engine. It had a steady sound like the working of a heavy piston, while at short intervals the valve seemed to lift and the steam escape with an explosive sound, and at the same time the black smoke and luciferous scoria shoot from the mouth, and the scoria rise 40 or 50 feet high into the air. At the moment of the explosion, the masses of scoria thrown out, some of which would weigh three or four pounds, resembled great gouts of blood—they were of that deep red, fresh color. I deemed myself fortunate in the time I visited it, for I saw a real living volcano. There was a truth in reality and power about it, that chained and awed me. I could not think of that tremendous engine as thundered on in the bowels of the earth, and saw the fruits of its infernal labor as it hurried into the upper air if as on purpose to smother me under him. That mountain, huge as it seemed light to the power that was unconsciously of the strength of its foes. But the ludicrous is always mingled with the sublime. As I sat on the edge of the crater, and approached the spectacle before me, our guide had been cooked in the steam issuing from one of the apertures we had passed. My friend looked down very deliberately to eat his. I took much interest in the actions of the sullen monster below me to eat. Suddenly there was an eruption louder than any that had preceded it, and a larger, angrier mass into the air. My hand involuntarily closed tight over the

egg, and I was recalled to my senses by my friend calling out very deliberately at my feet to know what I was doing. I looked down, and he sat quietly picking the shell from his egg, while mine was running a miniature volcano over his neck and shoulders. I opened my hand, and there lay the crushed shell, while the contents were fast spreading on my friend's broadcloth. I laughed outright, sacrilegious as it was. So much you see for the imagination you have so often scolded me about. I had lost my egg, while my friend, who took things more coolly, enjoyed not only the eating of his, but the consciousness of having eaten an egg boiled in the steam of Vesuvius. But it isn't the first time I have experienced the evils of too excitable a nature.

We next descended into the crater, and however slight a thing one may deem it in ordinary times, it was a grave matter for me. Both hands and feet had never before been in such urgent requisition. The path at times was not a foot wide, and indeed was not a path, but clefts in the rocks, where often a single misstep would have rent one to the bottom of the crater, while lava rocks cracked at their base, and apparently waiting but a slight touch to shake them down on you, hung over head. Frequently my only course was to lie against the rock and cling with my hands to the projecting points, while ever and anon from out some aperture would shoot jets of steam so impregnated with sulphur as almost to strangle me. My guide would then be hid from my sight, and I had nothing to do but hang on and cough. Amidst the rolling vapor I could the churning of that tremendous engine and the explosion that sent the scoria into the air, and then, after a moment of deep silence, the clatter of the returning fragments, like hail stones on dry leaves, far below me. It was sufficiently startling and grand to stand half-way down that crater, with your feet on smoking sulphur and your hand on rocks so hot that you shrank from the touch, and gaze down on that terrific fire-energy, without wrapping it in gloom and adding deeper mystery to its already mysterious workings. A puff of air would then sweep through the cavity, dashing the mist against its sides and sending it like frightened spirits over the verge. I almost expected to see a change when the light again fell on it, but there it stood churning on as steady and stern as ever.

We at length reached the bottom, and sitting down at a respectful distance from the base of the cone enjoyed the sublime spectacle. There we were, deep down in the bowels of the mountain, while far up on the brink of the narrow crater, like children in size, sat a group of men, sending their hurrah down at every discharge of scoria. Before me ascended the column of rolling smoke, while every few minutes the melted mass was ejected into the air with a report that made me measure rather wistfully the distance between us and the top. Our guide took some coppers and as the scoria fell a little distance off, he would run up the sides of the cone, drop them in the smaller portions, and retreat before a second discharge. It was amusing to see how coolly he would stand and look upon the descending fragments of fire, some of which would have crushed him to the earth, and calculate their descent so nicely that with a slight movement he could escape each. When the scoria cooled the coppers were left imbedded in it, and thus carried off as remembrances of Vesuvius. We went around the crater, continually descending, until we came to the lowest part, close to the base of the cone. Here the lava was gathering and cooling and cracking off in large rolls, with that low continuous sound which is always made by the rapid cooling of an intensely heated mass. I ascended a little eminence which the lava was slowly undermining, and thrust my cane into the molten substance.—It was so hot that I had to cover my face with my cap in order to hold my stick in it for a single moment. And as I stood, and saw fold after fold slowly roll over and fall off, and heard the firing of the volcano above me, and saw nearly a hundred feet over my head, red hot masses of scoria suspended in the air, I am not ashamed to say I felt a little uncomfortable. I looked above and around, and saw that it needed but a slight tremulous motion to confine me there forever. It was not the work of five or ten minutes to reach the top, 2,000 feet high, and a little heavier discharge of fire—a small shower of ashes—and I should have been smothered or crisped, in a moment.—There may have been no danger, but one cannot escape the belief of it when at times he is compelled to dodge flaming masses of scoria that otherwise would have smitten him to the earth.

New Works.

From Henry's Events of a Military Life.

SCENE AFTER THE STORMING OF BADAJOZ.

Parties of intoxicated men were running and reeling about, loosed from all discipline, firing into the windows, bursting open the doors, plundering, violating, shooting any person who opposed them, quarrelling about the plunder, and sometimes destroying each other. I proceeded amidst this dangerous mob to the Talavera gate, and thence to the main breach. There, indeed, was a most awful scene, where "Mars might quake to tread." There lay a frightful heap of fourteen or fifteen hundred British soldiers, many dead but still warm, mixed with the desperately wounded, to whom no assistance could yet be given. There lay the blackened corpses of those that had perished by the explosions, mixed with those that were torn to pieces by round shot or grape, and killed by musketry, stiffened in their gore, body piled upon body, involved and intertwined into one hideous and enormous mass of carnage whilst the morning sunbeams, falling on this

awful pile, seemed to my imagination pale and lugubrious as during an eclipse. At the foot of the castle wall, where the third division had cascaded, the dead lay thick; and a great number were to be seen about the San Vincente bastion at the opposite side of the works. A number had been drowned in the cunette of the ditch, near the Trinidad bastion; but the chief slaughter had taken place at the great breach. There stood still the terrific beam across the top, armed with its sharp and bristling sword blades, which no human dexterity and strength could pass without impalement. The smell of burned flesh was yet shockingly strong and disgusting. Joining some of the medical officers who were beginning to assist the most urgent cases amongst the wounded, I remained during the morning and forenoon; then hastily eating a biscuit blackened with gunpowder, and taking a mouthful of wine, I returned to my charge at Campo Mayor; passing, in my way to the Elvas gate of Badajoz, through the same dreadful ordeal as before, for the sack of the city was now at its height. The bells at Campo Mayor were still ringing merrily at intervals, and every body was rejoicing. Rejoicing! after what I had just witnessed! after the sacrifice of two thousand of the bravest troops in the world in the storm, and double the number during the siege! after the piteous moanings and dying ejaculations yet torturing my hearing! after the blood cemented pile of slain still fresh in my eye!—rejoicing after all this!

From the Empire of the Czar.

THE TRUE CONDITION OF THE RUSSIANS.

I do not reproach the Russians for being what they are; what I blame in them is, their pretending to be what we are. They are still uncultivated; this state would at least allow room for hope; but I see them incessantly occupied with the desire of mimicking other nations; and this they do after the true manner of monkeys—caricaturing what they copy. They thus appear to me spoiled for the savage state, and yet wanting in the requisites of civilization; and the terrible words of Voltaire or Diderot, now forgotten in France, recur to my mind—"The Russians have rotted before they have ripened." At Petersburg everything has an air of opulence, grandeur, and magnificence; but if we should, by this show of things, judge of the reality, we should find ourselves strangely deceived. Generally, the first effect of civilization is to render what may be called "material life" easy; but here every thing is difficult—a cunning apathy is the secret of existence.—The more I see of Russia, the more I approve the conduct of the Emperor in forbidding his subjects to travel, and in rendering access to his own country difficult to foreigners. The political system of Russia could not survive twenty years' free communication with the west of Europe. Listen not to the fictions of the Russians: they mistake pomp for elegance, luxury for politeness, a powerful police and a dread of government for the fundamental principles of society. According to their notion, discipline is civilization. Notwithstanding all their pretensions to good manners, their superficial education, their precocious corruption, and their facility of comprehending and appropriating the materialism of life, the Russians are not yet civilized. They are enrolled and drilled Tartars, and nothing more. I wish it not to be inferred that they are therefore to be despised: the more their mental rudeness is concealed under the softer forms of social intercourse, the more formidable I consider them. As regards civilization, they have been hitherto contented with exhibiting its appearance; but if ever they should find an opportunity of revenging their real inferiority upon us, we shall have to make a tremendous expiation for our advantages.

From Rome under Paganism and the Popes.

THE COLISEUM.

The shrine sacred to these rites of Pagan religion was the Coliseum, so named from its gigantic dimensions. It was a building of an elliptic figure, 564 feet in length and 467 in breadth, founded on fourscore arches, and rising with four successive orders of architecture, to the height of 140 feet. The outside of the edifice was encrusted with marble, and decorated with statues. The slopes of the vast concave, which formed the inside, were filled and surrounded with sixty or eighty rows of seats of marble, likewise covered with cushions, and capable of receiving with ease above fourscore thousand spectators. Sixty four vomitories, [for by that name the doors were very aptly distinguished,] poured forth the immense multitudes; and the entrances, passages, and staircases, were contrived with such exquisite skill, that each person, whether of the senatorial, the equestrian, or plebeian order, arrived at his destined place without trouble or confusion. The lowest row of seats next the arena, assigned to the senators and foreign ambassadors, was called the podium; there also, on an elevated pavillion, was the emperor's throne, shaded by a canopy, like a pavillion; the place of the manager, or editor, of the games, as he was called; and reserved seats for the vestal virgins. The podium projected over the wall which surrounded the arena, and was raised between twelve and fifteen feet above it, secured while a breast-work or parapet of gold or gilt bronze, against the eruption of wild beasts. As a further defence, the arena was surrounded with an iron rail, and a canal. The equites, or second order of nobles, sat in fourteen rows behind the senators. The rest of the people sat behind, upon seats called popularia, rising tier above tier to a gallery, with a colonnade in front, running all around the amphitheatre, immediately under the velarium, or awning, and generally occupied by females, soldiers, and attendants. A certain number of praetorian guards were also posted at the cunei or sections, and contributed,

by their glittering armour and martial air, to the effect and splendor of the scene. Nigh to the amphitheatre was a place called the spoliarium, to which the gladiators who were killed or mortally wounded were dragged by a hook. Nothing was omitted which could be in any respect subservient to the convenience and pleasure of the spectators. They were protected from the sun and rain by an ample canopy, the velarium, occasionally drawn over their heads. The air was continually refreshed by the playing of fountains; and an infinity of small tubes dispersed a shower of the most delicious perfumes, which descended on the most delicious perfumes, which descended on the languishing spectators like aromatic dews. The arena, in the centre of which stood the idol of Jupiter, formed the stage, and derived its name from being usually strewn with the finest sand. During the progress of the games, it assumed the most different forms in quick succession. At one moment it seemed to rise out of the earth like the garden of the Hesperides, and was afterwards broken into the rocks and caverns of Thrace. The subterranean pipes conveyed an inexhaustible supply of water; and what had just before appeared a level plain might be suddenly converted into a wide lake, covered with armed vessels, and replenished with the monsters of the deep. As to the decoration of the scenes, we read, on various occasions, that the whole furniture of the amphitheatre consisted either of gold, or of silver, or of amber. An eyewitness affirms that the nets designed as a defence against the wild beasts were of gold wire; that the various porticoes were gilded; and that the belt or circle that divided the various ranks of spectators from each other was studded with a precious mosaic of beautiful stones.

From the Diary of a German Naturalist.

THE TAVERNS OF TOWER HILL.

The sailors that stroll in crowds in the neighborhood of the docks, offer abundant matter for the study of an observer; and especially the taverns frequented by them, are well qualified to exhibit "low life" in many of its forms. One evening, after inspecting the London Docks, I entered with some friends an alehouse which serves as the principal rendezvous for sailors in that district. There might be some hundreds of good fellows present, amongst whom not only was the English "Jack" represented, but all the hues of the human complexion were mingled, and nearly every language on earth was spoken. At the first opening of the door, we obtained a foretaste, or rather scent of the select company which was quartered in the inner rooms of the house. We were assailed by a stream of heated air, which it required a courageous nose to encounter. Tobacco in the first degree, porter, ale, gin, whiskey, port wine, punch, onions, garlic, cheese, oysters—these, and other scents were blended together, creating an atmosphere such as it would not be easy to find in any other place. Nor was the ear deprived of its share of the reception. Here, was one scraping on a fiddle, there a Scotchman screamed on his bagpipes; in one corner, a dozen sturdy fellows were shouting at the utmost stretch of their lungs, with the laudable design of singing; in another, sailors of different nations quarrelling, and struck the tables in the heat of debate with their vigorous fists so forcibly that the glasses danced again. The eye, too, was regaled with many scenes worthy of the pencil of a Hogarth. Here were a set of broad shouldered fellows, wearing their hats askant, over features seamen's fashion, and entertaining them with wine, grog and other good things; under a dozen couples were dancing in the maddent confusion, to music which it raked the ear to listen to. In one corner dice were rolling on the table amidst laughter and imprecations; in the next, groups of passionate card players might be seen, earnestly engaged. Some of the company lay about, conquered by the might of "Grog," stretched snoring upon benches; and near them bronzed fists were clenched, and boxing attitudes (*Boxerstellungen!*) assumed. However characteristic and piquant these marine groups might be, we nevertheless felt little inclination to remain longer than was needful for their survey; for the apparition of gentlemen in such a place always creates some remark, and is not much liked by the seafaring guests.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

Let the business of everybody else alone, and attend to your own; don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to advantage, and study to make even leisure hours useful; think twice before you throw away a shilling—remember you will have another to make for it; find recreation in looking after your business, and so your business will not be neglected in looking after recreation; buy low, sell fair, and take care of the profits; look over your books regularly, and, if you find an error, trace it out; should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrench, work harder, but never fly the track; confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will disappear at last; though you should fail in the struggle you will be honored; but shrink from the task, and you will be despised.

Why is a solar eclipse like a mother thrashing her own child?—Because its a hiding of the sun.

What is the difference between a law-suit and a lawyer?—Sometimes one won't lie, but the other always will.

Why is a circulating library like a fire-kiln?—Because it lets out volumes of smoke.

The latest case of absence of mind, is that of a gentleman who put his only shirt carefully to bed, and sent himself out to be washed. He did not discover his mistake till they went to iron him.