

and viewed it in all the splendour that science could lend (if any) to nature. On arriving at the end of the railway we found we had some distance to go on foot, and as this was upwards through ashes and broken lava we discovered the reason of the companionship forced upon us. We found ourselves in the midst of a number of guides armed with sedan chairs, our *compagnons de voyage* having become transformed into men acting in this capacity and seemingly very eager to carry us to the top. Only two of us however determined to mount higher, and that on foot. But we felt rather anxious about leaving the rest of our party alone in the hands of these Italians who had a brigand-like appearance to us timorous mortals. Two of the guides however went on with us evidently bound like ourselves to "see this thing out." Soon we discovered their object in so doing. When our showing symptoms of fatigue they presented the ends of belts to us and wished to draw us up. We steadily refused all aid however and mounted by our own individual exertions alone. On reaching the summit we were again handed over to another special guide whose duty it was to conduct us as near as possible to the mouth of the crater. And here the full consciousness of our situation came upon us. Fumes of sulphur poured out from the crust of lava on which we stood, and at times we could see the raging fire beneath us. Still to our astonishment we felt no fear and gazed on the spectacle with perfect calmness. We reassured ourselves with the thought that an eruption could not possibly happen that day. Around us we saw scattered traces of the late queenly visit in the shape of shells of the eggs which their majesties had graciously condescended to cook and eat while situated here between earth and heaven, as though the sulphurous fumes were not sufficient, adding the sulphur contained in the eggs to their royal constitutions, and the ground felt so hot one could almost have broiled a steak. The mountain was unusually active that day, and every minute there was a tremendous explosion almost at our feet, followed by a great upheaval of matter which when first seen was red hot. Once we ventured so near that we were in danger of being struck by the falling stones, and when I saw my guide quit the spot in a hurry I needed no second intimation to follow close at his heels. One guide more venturesome than the rest rushed just after a shower of missiles, pushed a coin with the end of his stick into a still soft piece of lava and brought it to me firmly imbedded and very hot, which trophy I was induced to purchase and still possess. A lady told me since of a cousin of hers who has visited Vesuvius and had actually approached so near to the crater that a piece of lava dropped into his pocket and was burning a hole in it when he discovered it and took it out. My own experience prompts me to say, this must have been a trick of his guide; for had a piece of lava found its way into his pocket fresh from the bowels of the earth it would have burnt its way through so quickly that he would not have known it at all, unless it

had happened to strike his foot in the descent. The impression made upon us by our visit will never be effaced. It was with a feeling of relief, however, we returned again to our party and found them look as well and hearty. On our return to the bottom of the cone we found our sturdy mountaineer, and feeling inclined to reward him pecuniarily for the assistance he had rendered us did so. This made him all the more attentive. He blackened our boots and I believe would have cut our hair or performed any other service for us to gain additional coin, but we, after giving him a share of our beer, quitted the spot. He followed the carriage as we descended, holding out his hand. Then he would leap from crag to crag, as it were, of lava, and meet us when we got lower in the road, and the last we saw of him was gazing down at us as though his passion for lira and centesimi could never be satisfied. We came to the conclusion he might be a distant relative of the lazzaroni after all. Our return to Naples was accomplished in safety though we had an opportunity of experiencing the terrific heat of the sun before reaching our hotel. Once there we gladly refreshed ourselves by returning to our respective couches.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

There have been and are, men whose lives and characters we never grow weary of studying; whose works and words are always an inspiration to us, and of whom only to think for an instant is strength and courage renewed in dark hours. Very few, however, are they whose memories act thus in any degree upon us, and in no case has the admiration and love excited been universal. Thus, while to one party in the state, a Sir John Macdonald is a noble patriot—a man almost to be worshipped—to the other he is merely a man of great strategic powers in political matters; a cunning and unscrupulous statesman, and no language short of libel can be unjustly applied to him. Julius Cæsar was devoted to the interests of the Republic, or aimed at its destruction. The Pope, again, is Antichrist, and to be execrated, or he is the Supreme Head of the Church of God upon earth, Infallible, and to be held in deepest reverence. And so with the name that heads this article. Some there are who see little to esteem in Charles Kingsley, a fact hard of belief to his admirers, who doubtless—at all events amongst those of his communion—are the more numerous party, and to which we confess ourselves at once, most decidedly to belong, for surely there are few, who having read either his life or his works, will deny him the name of "a great man," and it is to be hoped that none will deny he was "a good man." Great and good—proud terms applied only singly, but bestowed together on one man, we instantly desire to know more of the subject, if perchance we may from the knowledge gained thereof, feel ourselves raised thereby to higher and nobler aspirations in our life's pursuits.