

of Catalonia in Spain, of the Eifel district in Germany :—of the next to the last are *Ætna*, the Peak of Teneriffe, and *Cotopaxi* :—of the next preceding, *Kirauaea* in Hawaii is an example :—and of the first mentioned numerous class, *Vesuvius*, the mountain in respect to which I am about to offer a few memoranda, is a type.

*Vesuvius*, as compared with other active volcanic mountains, takes a low place, being only 3,947 feet in height, while *Antisana*, in South America, the highest active volcano on the globe, is 19,137 feet high.

But although *Vesuvius* is one of the humblest of volcanic mountains, it has from many circumstances received peculiar attention. It is conveniently accessible to European observers. It is situated in the midst of a region rich in associations mythic and historic, unrivalled for physical beauty, and altogether strongly attractive to every imaginative and thoughtful person who has it in his power to visit foreign lands.

It is a memorable moment when on waking in the morning and finding the steamer in which you have been travelling, still and at anchor, you are told that you are in the Bay of Naples. You hasten to the dock. You take an excited survey of the widely-sweeping panorama which overwhelms the eager eye. Ships in crowds are near you, and craft with the obliquely-set lateen yard-arms. Boats are moving silently on the surface of the iridescent water, which is giving back from the eastern heavens the kindling glories of the rising sun. Sailors are rowing ashore ; you hear the regular creak of the row-locks as they work their oars, contrary to custom, with their faces towards the bow. Fishermen are paying out their long nets, hand over hand, indulging at the same time in a low chant-like song. In front of you, terrace rises above terrace of cheerful habitations, crowned with monastic edifices and massive fortifications. Behind you are castles and encircling moles—one bearing a colossal figure with hand upraised to bless (*St. Januarius*)—another sustaining a lantern or pharos-tower, whose light still gleams down towards you along the surface of the water, though the day comes on apace. To add to the excitement of the scene—drawing again on the incidents of a morning indelibly impressed on my own recollection—a royal salute is fulminated from the castle on the left, which is no sooner ended, than responsively from another in the far distance on the right, a similar series of explosions takes place, each detonation following late after the quick scintillation of the flash, making the deck on which you stand to shake, and reverberating finely among the hills. Be it understood that the King has had an additional Prince born within the palace which you see yonder near the shore, and a festival of sixteen days has been proclaimed—sixteen days, which, every morn and every eve, are to be signalized by similar stunning demonstrations, by illuminations also, and reviews and music, and whatever else may constitute a Neapolitan holiday.

But of all the objects which attract the attention as you gaze around the grand panorama before you, two mountains, side by side, close upon the right, isolated, of purple hue, and well-defined from base to summit, rivet at last the eye. On the morning already referred to, the glow of daybreak had outspread