

the air was tainted with an abominable stench which reached as far as Santorin.

The whole month of June and half July, things remained nearly in the same state; but on July 16 there was a new phenomenon more terrible than any of the former. Towards sunset was seen sixty paces from the White Island, a column consisting of eighteen black rocks, which rose out of a part of the gulph, which was so deep that it could never yet be fathomed. These eighteen rocks, which at first appeared a little distance from each other, being united, formed a second island, which is called the Black Island, and which soon after was joined to the White Isle.

Hitherto neither fire nor smoke had been seen. But on the appearance of these eighteen rocks, clouds of smoke mixed with fire began to rise, which however were only seen by night, but at the same time horrible noises were heard accompanied with subterraneous thunders, which seemed to come from the center of the island. It was observed that from the White Island proceeded neither fire nor smoke; but the Black Isle continued to throw them out with so much violence, that they were seen at far off as Candia, which is thirty-two leagues from Santorin.

The fire increased as the Black Island rose higher, and as the breeches in it gave it more vent. The sea became more agitated, the boiling of the waters more violent; and the air, which every day grew more noisome, joined with the smoke which the Island threw out, almost took away their breath at Santorin, and absolutely destroyed all their vineyards.

In the night from the 1st to the 2^d of August a noise was heard like the discharge of cannon, and at the same time, two sheets of flame burst out from one of the mouths of the Black Island which were extinguished in the air. The following days the noise increased and resembled the most dreadful claps of thunder, so that the doors and windows in Santorin were for the most part either broke or very much shaken. Red hot stones of an enormous size were seen flying in the air. From the largest mouth of the volcano issued mountains of smoke mixed with ashes, which, being driven by the wind, covered all the neighbouring parts. Some of the ashes were carried as far as the isle of Anisi, eight leagues from Santorin; and a shower of smaller stones all on fire, falling upon the lesser island of Meni, formed a scene, which on a less dreadful occasion would have been very pleasing. Every day presented something new. As the usual uproar, there was one while the appearance of rockets