

firmly imbedded, and I brought them away as souvenirs of the occasion.

My guide climbed a small cone and broke off the top with his staff, instantly, with a violent noise, a jet of steam escaped, throwing fragments of rock into the air. As may be imagined, I hurried down as fast as possible. I should have liked very much to have looked down into the active crater; but it was quite unsafe, so frequent were the showers of falling stones; yet the guides offered to take us up for three hundred francs. I suspect, however, it was mere bravado on their part.

From the summit of Vesuvius we had a magnificent view of the distant city and beautiful bay with the wide sweep of its sickle-shaped shore. After luncheon on the mountain top, part of which consisted of eggs cooked by the natural heat of this great furnace, we de-

scended much more rapidly than we went up. All we had to do was to lift our feet well out of the cinders, and down we went with tremendous strides.

By means of the inclined railway up the cone tourists may now ascend in a few minutes what cost us weary hours.

We remounted our horses and rode down through vast slopes covered with the black lava of recent eruptions, which in places had flowed far over the plain, destroying numerous houses and vineyards in its progress. In the eruptions of 1872 many lives were lost; in that of 1794, four hundred perished; and by one earlier still, three thousand. In the recent great eruption, ashes and scoria were hurled eight thousand feet in the air, and carried by the wind a distance of one hundred and forty miles.



LA HAUTE POLITIQUE.

I sailed in fancy by a beach of gold,
Toward a golden city like a star,
That quivered on the morning from afar—
Turrets and domes and airy spires untold.
But when I neared the marble quays, behold,
Offal and ordure; lurking Shames, that mar
The hue of sunlight; Plagues that dead-
liest are:
And ancient Tribulations manifold.

So fair, so foul, I said, the craft of State!
Such is the glory, such the light that
clings
About the footsteps and the deeds of kings;
And in the shadow Terror sits, and Hate:
The lazars crouch, the bravo lies in wait;
And heaven is mocked with all unheaven-
ly things.
—William Watson, in *The Independent*.