

TYING HER BONNET.

BY NORA PERRY.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely, floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and
chill;
And it blew the curls, a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and her dimpled chin?

Ah! Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

A TRIP TO AN ERUPTION.

I have never been able to decide with any degree of certainty whether or not I should feel grateful that the Fates ordained for me a rather longer sojourn in the City of Naples than they generally do for young Englishmen who are not constrained by business to reside there. I think the remark has been made before about there being no joy without its share of alloy; and, as certainly the pleasures of life in the sunny South—such as the lovely climate in spring and autumn, the luscious fruits, the glorious scenery—are great, so the draw-backs of detestable climate in summer and winter, of fleas, flies, mosquitoes and worse, of dust, dirt, and their accompanying fevers, are as great, if not greater; and when you throw into the balance that worst of all Neapolitan evils, the strocco, I think there are few, except those who have passed half a lifetime in India, who would not agree with me in the conviction that, like Ireland, Naples is a very good place to live out of.

As a matter of course, a large percentage of the visitors to the south of Italy make a point of going up Vesuvius; but yet I was astonished to find the number of sight-seers, and enthusiastic ones, too, who were perfectly satisfied with the aspect of the mountain from the different points of view at its base; still more were content with ascending only as far as the Hermitage and Observatory, which lie about half a mile from the base of the cone, and which can be reached, in a three-horse carriage nearly as easily as Hampstead from the City.

At this point you have really done as much as is necessary to enable you to say with truth you have been up Vesuvius; as the view from here is very fine, and you have passed, by means of a capital road, the expanse of old lava, which is the most curious part of the whole mountain, and the most difficult to realize mentally as photographs and paintings can give but a very feeble notion of the grand desolation of this out-come of one of Nature's greatest convulsions.

The idea conveyed to my mind was that, on a slope of ground about a mile in length and a third of a mile in breadth, a battle of elephants had just taken place; that some hundreds of thousands of these animals had been slain, and torn limb from limb, but had so fallen as to completely cover the plain four or five deep, showing only their black skin with its peculiar shiny surface, with here and there a recently deceased carcass throwing off a jet of such vapor as would arise from perspiring horses on a damp day. This will give a pretty correct notion of the old lava beds, as the blocks have by time and weather been worn almost smooth, and through their fissures there issues a sulphurous steam, showing that, although more than fifteen years have elapsed since its expulsion from the bowels of the mountain, there must be pools of lava underneath the surface still molten and unextinguished; and if the visitor should push a stick to the depth of a couple of feet into one of the crevices, the end will be charred in a few moments. We can in some measure understand, from this power of retaining its heat in the lava, the immense amount of time our planet must have taken to cool down to its present state of solidity.

From the observatory, too, you can distinctly see the construction of that gigantic heap of

sand and ashes, the cone; and no amount of ascending will give one a better idea of it. If the top of the cone is gained the greater elevation gives a slightly farther range of view, but not sufficient to compensate for the fatigue and annoyances of the climb.

Men who have scaled the highest European peaks have informed me that the cone of Vesuvius, though hardly an hour's ascent, is the most fatiguing—from the roughness and insecurity of the foothold in the ashes, as they imagined; but the difference in the heat and relaxing effect of the climate must have a great deal to do with the difficulty experienced.

I can easily imagine the ascent of the mountain being made most unpleasant to casual visitors by the dishonesty, laziness, and obstinacy of some of the guides. Even with a knowledge of their extraordinary dialect, and choosing my own weather, and having everything in my favor, I always declared, on returning home from each ascent, that that particular one should be my last; and after my third I really believe I should have carried out my resolution, had it not been for the magnificent eruption which burst out shortly after, thus enabling me to witness an effect I had long desired to see.

Although no one could tell when the eruption would commence, yet the people, wise in the signs of the mountain's laborings had prophesied that something uncommon was about to happen, as for some time past the usual streak of smoke that issues from the great crater at the apex of the cone had become intensified in volume, and at night flashes of light could be distinctly seen reflected on the lower surface of the smoke-cloud, indicating that not far from the mouth of the crater there was a reservoir of boiling, seething fluid, which every time a bubble burst, shot forth a flame sufficient with its reflection alone to light up the adjacent parts of the mountain and sky. This continued for a space of three months or so, the brilliancy and frequency of the flash increasing with the growth of the moon, and dying away as she diminished—when all at once, without any further warning than what I have endeavored to describe, there appeared a thin, ribbon-like streak of fire, extending from nearly the top of the cone (through the side of which it had forced its way) to the bottom. Of course all was excitement and commotion amongst the visitors; and, after allowing the first rush of tourists to pass, a party of us organized a trip for the purpose of reaching the point where the lava had burst from the mountain, and exploring the whole affair, with as much ease to ourselves as possible. So, after a good luncheon, off we started in two carriages, each drawn by three good (for Neapolitan) horses; for the ascent is made by a sort of zigzag road, parts of which are very steep, and without any wall or protection to speak of; so, unless the horses are staunch, one stands a very good chance of being jibbed over on to the rough lava and seriously hurt.

Leaving Naples at two o'clock, we arrived safely and in comparative comfort at the Observatory at half-past four, and, after a short rest, started along the ridge of ground that leads from there to the foot of the cone; and during our progress we were amply rewarded for any trouble we had been put to, by the most gorgeous sunset I have ever seen.

By the time we reached the "Attrio del Cavallo," or waiting-place for horses (for by riding it is easier to get a mile farther on the journey than in a carriage), it had become quite dark; and the stream of lava, which by day appears a stream of smoke, was blazing away in its sublime brilliancy about a quarter of a mile ahead of us.

Then came the tug of war; to reach the fiery current it was necessary to cross this quarter of a mile of old lava—a difficult task by day-light, but much more so by night, when the only light was from the glowing stream of lava above, which sent a lurid glare over surrounding objects, rendering still more dark and deceptive the numerous pits and holes, to which its reflection did not penetrate. The elder ones of the party determined to remain where they were, and wisely too; but five of us had made up our minds to reach the brink of the lava stream, and have a good look at it. Two of the less vigorous, however, soon gave in, and we had to leave them to find their way back to the others as well as they could. We had, in fact, determined to climb the cone to the fountainhead, as it were; but we very soon called a council of war, and gave up that project, with the excuse that there was too much danger of the stones thrown up by the big crater falling on our heads, though I really believe that the almost herculean labor of ascending such a rugged precipice was the true deterrent; so we determined to make for the point at the foot of the cone where the stream joined the plain.

The space to be crossed was certainly not more than a quarter of a mile as the crow flies, but it seemed never-ending, and took us at least an hour and a half to get over it. The only description that will convey an idea of this bad quarter of a mile is that of a good cross-sea, with waves from ten to fifteen feet high, suddenly petrified; the sides of each wave composed of those large cinders known in foundries as clinkers, each clinker being nice and loose, so that when you stepped on one you might confidently expect to sleep a foot or two, till it chanced to fix itself firmly in its neighbors, which if it did not happen to do, you slid on till the bottom of the descent was reached, lucky if you kept your perpendicular, but peculiarly unlucky if you did not, as in your slide, all the neighboring clinkers having been set in motion, if you reached the bottom first, they took the greatest pleasure

in life in falling on the exposed portions of your defenceless body. I found the best plan was to outwit them by pretending to go back again directly I felt I was in for a good slide; for although by struggling back I never reached the point I started from, yet I reversed the order of things, and letting the clinkers precede me, had the satisfaction of falling on them.

When the bottom of one wave had been reached, the side of the next had to be climbed—a still more tedious, though not so dangerous, operation, giving one an idea of the mode of progression experienced on a treadmill; as just as one had raised one's head above the crest, the foothold would give way, and down to the bottom would go again, with a rather aggravated repetition of the sexton-like episode of the clinkers. There is a sameness in any quantity of this mode of proceeding that soon becomes irksome, which joined to the rather severe toil, made me heartily rejoice when our goal was reached.

What a sight was there! On the right a cascade of living fire from eight hundred to a thousand feet high—when I say cascade I use the word as the best I can think of, but it was not a cascade in the least, all the noise, splash, and dash of which was absent; the lava descending noiselessly, majestically, with a peculiar serpent-like, gliding motion, which gave one an idea of resistless, inflexible power when used cruelly and revengefully, or, if an absurd simile may be used, of a large quantity of treacle poured down-stairs; on the left the said stream winding away like a calm river till it rounded a corner and was lost to sight. Just where we struck the stream, it began to slacken speed after pouring down the almost perpendicular side of the cone, and was gliding along about as fast as one could walk—that is, the centre was, for the sides had already begun to cool, and consequently moved less swiftly. The heat was tremendous, and we could only look on the molten current for a few seconds at close quarters, when we were forced to retire behind the banks to cool. This was easily done, as the lava had sunk for itself a regular channel in the ashes, the banks of which rose about six feet above the surface of the stream, which was about twenty feet wide; its depth we could not tell, but I should guess it at about six feet. Like a river, the farther from its source the wider it became, and, as it cooled, moved more and more slowly, until at last it seemed to have solidified and stopped entirely, forming itself in cooling into a rampart of immense masses of some tons weight, through the chinks of which occasional red hot places could be seen. Suddenly a crash would be heard, and the front of the rampart would roll over, pushed by the weight from behind and a fresh front would be formed, to be pushed over in its turn, and so on, till the lava power behind had ceased to exert itself, through the cessation of the eruption. In this way the large rocks of lava are ground down to the peculiar size and sharpness of the clinkers, that give us so much trouble and annoyance.

After a good examination of this astonishing sight and a long rest we renewed our struggles over the lava beds in the direction of the Observatory, and after a lovely walk from the Attrio del Cavallo to our carriage—for the bay was now wrapped in the soft southern moonlight—we descended the mountain in safety, and reached our palace considerably after midnight, with boots and clothes destroyed and hands and faces much in need of plaster, but with the satisfaction of having thoroughly done one of the, if not the, grandest of Nature's wondrous phenomena.—*Cassell's Magazine*

FLITTING.

When we look upon it through a tender haze of intervening years, there is a good deal of poetry about the "move" that exercised our spirits most sorely perhaps at the time. But in practical earnest, there are few more trials laid upon erring humanity that are heavier to bear in the present, than the position of the heads of a house from the day that the board is up.

In the first place, even if the move be an advantageous thing for us, no human being, with anything like a heart, can contemplate quitting for ever the place that has been "home" to him or her for many years, without a qualm. In Martineau's charming picture of the Last Day in the Old Home, though the pain and misery of a fine old family house being broken up is placed vividly before us, it is only the stately side of the sorrow that is shown. The artist has studiously avoided painting the pettinesses which add poignancy to the big grief. On that canvas there is grandeur in the grief of the old matron lady-mother, and the heart-sore refined wife. And there is redeeming grace and light-heartedness about the debonaire handsome young spendthrift who has brought them to this pass, and who sits with his gallant little son at his knee, uplifting a glass of sparkling wine on high, and toasting his parting glory. A poetie, if a painful, part of the day has been selected for portrayal. But in real life the last day in the old home is all pain and no poetry generally.

We leave those who are leaving the homes of their ancestors and their youth, the exclusive copyright in this peculiar sorrow. We, who have sojourned in, and paid rent for a house for two or three years only, feel a certain pang when about to quit it "for ever."

It is in these two last words that the real pang lies—the real romantic pang that is; the

practical agony shall be treated of later on. We must have been frequently very happy, and very wretched, in this place in which we have dwelt for any length of time. Hopes have been born and have died in it. Friends have been made and lost. Anxieties have trailed their slow length through many of the months probably. Here we have had our victories, and suffered our defeats, many of them being patent to the world, and many, many more being very sacred to ourselves, and known to none. In this darkened corner we have bent under the burden, and mentally laid down our arms, and surrendered to some of the light skirmishing bands of Fate which have been lurking near us unsuspectedly. In this sunny alcove we have rebounded under the influence of some sudden stroke of good fortune, which has made us feel so able, so full of endurance, so charged with better resolves for the future, that we can but love the place for ever which witnessed such happiness, and the birth of such good intentions, however short-lived they all may be. Down that staircase which we have trodden carelessly some thousands of times, a pet child prostrated himself on one occasion. We remember this now that we are about to quit it "for ever," with something akin to the same throbbing dread we felt that day, when we picked the child up fearing he might be dead.

Thousands of recollections throng upon us as we roam in an unsettled mood through the partially dismantled rooms. Recollections that bring the heart up unpleasantly high in the throat, and teach the feet to thread the floors tenderly, no matter whether they be of joy or sorrow. For it is a fact that there is an element of sadness in looking back, whether it be upon a vista of pleasure or of pain. Whatever it was, it is over now. It belongs to that inexorable Past which never renders up a moment he has seized. It is in vain we pray gentle Time to give back to us one hour that he has taken. And probably the impossibility of his doing so is a blessing. A second edition of this coveted home would most likely be as disappointing to us as it was to the imaginary maiden whose request Time granted:

And gentle Time he heard her prayer,
He touched the hour she cherished;
He brought it back to her—the day,
The hour that long had perished.

He brought her back the same sweet sky,
The flowers around her growing;
Shedding their gracious fragrant,
As though they still were growing.

But still she cried in accents meek,
"All blessings on the spirit,
But where is He for whom I seek,
Whose love I do inherit?"

And Time he answered mournfully,
"Poor maiden, all is over!
Thine is a woman's destiny,
My power has changed thy lover."

It is many and many a year ago since I read these lines—which possibly for that reason I may have quoted incorrectly. But at any rate I have retained their meaning fully enough to illustrate my own—namely, that it is a very good thing for us that detached portions of even our happiest Past cannot be restored to us, however golden it may have been.

Even the cats of the household seem to understand that a change is coming. And as for the dogs, I firmly believe that they read that their residence was "to be let or sold" the instant the board was put up. For they are strangely tolerant to the miscellaneous herd who inquire within, as to the capabilities of the house, and who embrace the opportunity of finding out what we are like behind the scenes, and in the secret corners of our establishment. One of them (the dog) who passed through the trials of his puppyhood here, would have been less forbearing than the golden pair who merely follow our strange visitors with their scornful sad eyes, for he was of a bright, bold, domineering spirit. But he died one dark winter's night, that is still an anniversary of gloom in our family, and is buried out in a corner of the garden, in a grave that is overgrown already with trails of ivy and rich waving grass. When the board is taken down and the new people come in, will they level that grave, I wonder, and laugh at the sentiment which could squander feeling and flowers over the grave of a dog?

Prowling round the place which will soon know us no more, it is very desolating to the spirit to come to the empty stables, and to find a couple of fussy hens clucking, and generally "chortling" in their absurd joy at having achieved the laying of an egg between them, in the stall that was once occupied by the handsomest chestnut mare that was ever true in grace and wickedness to her colors. Desolating to see the dimmed harness, and the vacant saddle-trees, and the bins innocent of corn, and the universal air of "Going, gone!" that hangs over everything. Desolating to feel that the days are gone for ever which shall witness our exit from this special yard, on horses that we have broken in ourselves, behind dogs we have bred for long happy hours of that coursing which only the owners of greyhounds can thoroughly appreciate.

From the moment the board is up, how all these trifles magnify, and make themselves disproportionately important to us. "No more by thee, my steps shall be. For ever! and for ever!" As we recall these words we are inclined to bow, for that the fact we have striven hard to accomplish—removal, namely—has