The Lancaster Intelligencer,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

H. G. SMITH & CO.

H. G. SMITH. A. J. STEINMAN

TERMS—Two Dollars per annum, payable all cases in advance.

THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER is published every evening, Sunday excepted, at $5 per Annum in advance.

OFFICE—SOUTHWEST CORNER OF CENTRE SQUARE.

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

VOLUME 69 LANCASTER PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING APRIL 15 1868 NUMBER 15

RATE OF ADVERTISING.

BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS, $12 a year per square of ten lines; $6 per year for each additional square.

REAL ESTATE ADVERTISING, 10 cents a line for the first, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

GENERAL ADVERTISING 7 cents a line for the first, and 4 cents for each subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted in Local Column 15 cents per line.

SPECIAL NOTICES preceding marriages and deaths, 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents for every subsequent insertion.

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Poetry.

[From the New York Citizen.]

PSALMS OF IMPEACHMENT.

CANTICLE II., ACCORDING TO THE PROPHET MILES.

Air—Jeannette and Jeannot

"Put it through at railroad speed,"
Bottled Butler fiercely cries;
"For unless we baste, I fear, indeed,
Our farce of trial dies.
Bring the ropes and tie him tight,
Bind his feet and gag his mouth,
Or we else may lose our sovereign right
To rob and rule the South—
May lose our job
To rule and rob,
Chain, whip and starve the South.

"Seize the country by the throat,
Force the black dose through;
For unless we cast the negro vote,
Away our sceptre slips;
Every bridge behind is gone,
No retreat for us remains,
We must either perish one by one,
Or bind the land in chains;
A desperate band,
Forlorn we stand,
And no retreat remains.

"As to Johnson, who hath been
An 'obstruction' in our path,
Let him taste the rapid guillotine
Of Radicals in wrath,
Fling aside restraints of law,
Each oath and of duty—
And if Chase to aid we can not draw,
Then drag his ermine off.
Aye, quick, indeed;
"At railroad speed,
We'll drag his ermine off.

"Since the South is fairly floored,
Men like us may show their teeth—
Negroes wielded in arming sword,
And cast away the sheath.
Revolution is our end,
Mirror disguises off—give it mouth;
And your bayonet rule shall soon extend
O'er North as well as South—
Black swords and votes
At white men's throats,
In North as well as South.

"It is true, that through the war,
Of all rebels—meanest, worst—
Were the black men we were fighting for,
To break their chains accursed?
In no rebel state they rose
To assist us in the fray,
While they labored hard to feed our foes,
And give them arms and pay;
But now, black!
We need the black
To prop our tottering sway.

"So let black ex-rebels reign
O'er their white ex-rebel lords,
For without them all our plots are vain,
Without their votes and words;
But with Johnson stricken down,
The Supreme Court in chains,
Oh, we Jacobins shall wear the crown,
While breath of life remains.
Aye, rule the land
With Mirab's hand
While breath of life remains.

"So on, with railroad speed,"
The savage Butler cries;
"For unless we hasten, I fear, indeed,
Our farce of trial dies.
Bring the ropes and quench the light,
Bind his hands and gag his mouth—
For if Johnson wins we lose the fight
To rob and rule the South;
Yea! lose our job
To rule and rob
Both North as well as South."

By order of THE PROPHET O'REILLY,
Comic-Song Department of Campaign.
[A true interpretation:]
ST. SERFIUS DE TYNG, Junior Assistant Commissary-general.

Literary.

What a Little Boy Thought About Things.

BY JOHN PAUL

I am a little boy about so many years old; I don't know whether I'm a good little boy, but I'm afraid not, for I sometimes do wicked things, and once I cut sister's kitten's tail off with the chopping knife, and told her a big dog came along and bit it off, and swallowed it before kitty could say Jack Robinson, and sister said she was sorry, and it must have been a very naughty dog; but mother did not believe me, and said she was afraid I had told a lie, and I was afraid I had. So then she asked me if I knew where liars went to, and I said yes—that they went to New York and wrote for the newspapers; she said no—but a lake of fire and brimstone; and she asked me if I would like to go there, and I said no, for I didn't think there would be much skating or sliding on the lake, and the boys couldn't snowball either on shore, and she said it was more than that just as though that was bad enough, for I don't think they can play base ball nather. Then she asked me if I wouldn't like to be a angel and have a harp, and I said no, I'd rather be a stage-driver, and have a big drum, for I couldn't play on t'other thing. So I shouldn't like to be a angel, for their wings must be in the way when they go swimming, and play tag and leap frog, and besides it must be hard to fly when one ain't accustomed to it. But it would be jolly to be a stage-driver and have a great long whip, and touch up the leaders, and say, "g'lang there, what are ye doin' on?" I should like that much better'n flyin'; and then mother said there was a dreadful stage of sin, and Bob hollered and said that he "guessed I was on it;" and then she whipped us and sent us to bed without any supper, but I didn't care for any supper, for they hadn't nothin' but bread and butter and tea, and Rob and I got up and he lifted me in at the pantry window, and we got a mince pie and a whole handful of doughnuts, and they thought it was the cook that stole 'em, and sent her away the next day, and Bob said he was glad of it, for she didn't make good pies, and the doughnuts wasn't fried enough, 'and sometimes I do swear, for I said by golly, the other day, and sister heard me, and she told mother, and mother said I was a bad boy and would bring her gray hairs to the grave, and she whipped me, but I don't thing it did her gray hairs any good, and it hurt me, and when I got up stairs I said golf darn it; but I said it so she didn't hear me, and when she asked me if I did not think I was very wicked, I said I was afraid I was, and was sorry for it, and wouldn't do so any more, and then I said I was a good little way, and told me about George Washington, who cut down the apple tree, and was caught at it, and said he did it with his little hatchet, just as though I hadn't heard all about it before, and didn't always think he was a big stupid for cutting wood when they had a hired man about the house, and dullin' his little hatchet, and beside it would have been a great deal jollier to let the apple tree be, so he could have some apples off in the fall." I don't care if he was the father of his country, he wasn't smart, and I bet you the boys in our school would cheat him out of his eye teeth swapping jack-knives, and I could lick him and hardly try; and I don't think he was very healthy, either, for I never see a good boy that wasn't always sick and had the mumps and measles, and the scarlet fever, and wasn't a coughing all the while, and hadn't to take castor oil, and could not eat cherries, and didn't have his head patted till his hair was rubbed off by everybody that came to his mother's, and be asked how old he was, and what he'd been studying at school and how far he'd got, and lots of conundrums, and have to say his catechism; no, I wouldn't like to be a good little boy, I just as like'd be a angel and be done with it, I don't think I ever shall be a good little boy, and other people don't think so too, for I wasn't never called a good little boy but once, and that was when my Uncle John asked me where I stood in my class, and I told him it was next to the head, and he said that was right and he gave me a quarter, and when he asked me how many boys were in the class, and I said there were only two, myself and a little girl, and then he wanted me to give him back his quarter and I wouldn't, and he ran after me and stumbled over a chair, and he broke his cane, and hurt himself, and he's been lame ever since, and I'm glad of it, for he isn't my father, and hasn't any right to lick me, for I get enough of that at home, and the quarter wasn't a good one either. I don't like Uncle John, and I guess he knows it, for he says I'm not like any of the family, and he says he expects I'll go to sea and be a pirate instead of a respectable member of society, and I should not wonder, for I'd rather be a pirate than a soap boiler like him. I don't care if he is rich, it's a nasty business; and I shan't have to be a pirate either, for one can make lots of money without that; and they are always talking to me about being rich and respectable, and going to Congress and being President, and all that sort of thing, but I don't want to be President; there is Lincoln, he was President, and I guess he's sorry for it now; and there's Andy Johnson, I guess he don't like it much either, and a fellow doesn't have to be respectable to be a Congressman, for there's John Morrissy, and he has got nice curly hair and nice clothes, and he don't do any work either. Oh! I know how things are done; but there's Bob calling, and we're goin' birds-nestin', for I know where there's a yaller bird's nest chock full of eggs. Mother says it's cruel, and the birds don't like it; that I wouldn't like to have my eggs stole if I was a bird; and I don't think I should. But I ain't a bird, you know, and that makes a difference; and if you want to print this you can, for next to bein' a stage-driver and a pirate, I'd like to be a editor, for you fellers don't have to tell the truth, and you can go to circusses without payin'.

Vesuvius.

The eruption in progress, as we write, from Mount Vesuvius, and the numerous and violent eruptions from this mountain during the two last centuries, seem to afford an answer to those who would see traces of a gradually diminishing activity in the earth's internal forces. That such a diminution is taking place we may admit, but that its rate of progress is perceptible—that we can point to a time within the historical epoch, nay even within the limits of geological evidence, at which the earth's internal forces were *certainly* more active than they are at the present time, may, we think, be denied absolutely.

When the science of geology was but young, and its professors sought to compress within a few years (at the outside) a series of events which (we now know) must have occupied many centuries, there was room, indeed, for the supposition that modern volcanic eruptions, as compared with ancient outbursts, are but as the efforts of children compared with the work of giants. And, accordingly, we find a distinguished French geologist writing, even so late as 1829, that in ancient times "tous les phenomenes geologiques se passaient dans des dimensions *centuples* de celles qu'ils presentent aujourd'hui." But now we have such certain evidence of the enormous length of the intervals within which volcanic regions assumed their present appearance; we have such satisfactory means of determining which of the events occurring within these intervals were or were not contemporary, that we are safe from the error of assuming that Nature at a single effort fashioned widely extended districts just as we now see them. And, accordingly, we have the evidence of one of the most distinguished of living geologists, that there is no volcanic mass "of ancient date, distinctly referable to a single eruption, which can even *rival* in volume the matter poured out from Skaptar Jokul in 1783."

In the volcanic region of which Vesuvius or Somma is the principal vent, we have a remarkable instance of the deceptive nature of that state of rest into which some of the principal volcanoes frequently fall for many centuries together. For how many centuries before the Christian era Vesuvius had been at rest, is not known; but this is certain, that from the landing of the first Greek colony in Southern Italy, Vesuvius gave no sign of internal activity. It was recognized by Strabo as a volcanic mountain, but Pliny did not include it in the list of active volcanoes. In those days, the mountain presented a very different appearance from that which it now exhibits. In place of the two peaks now seen, there was a single, somewhat flattish summit, on which a slight depression marked the place of an ancient crater. The fertile slopes of the mountain were covered with well-cultivated fields, and the thriving cities Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ, stood near the base of the sleeping mountain. So little did any thought of danger suggest itself in those times, that the bands of slaves, murderers, and pirates, which flocked, to the standard of Spartacus, found a refuge, to the number of many thousands, within the very crater itself.

But though Vesuvius was at rest, the region of which Vesuvius is the main vent was not free from being so. The island of Pithecusa (the modern Ischia) was shaken by frequent and terrible convulsions. It is even related that Prochyta (the modern Procida) was rent from Pithecusa in the course of a tremendous upheaval, though Pliny derives the name Prochyta (or "poured forth") from the supposed fact of this island having been poured forth by an eruption from Ischia. Far more probably, Prochyta was formed independently by submarine eruptions, as the volcanic islands near Santorin have been produced in more recent times.

So fierce were the eruptions from Pithecusa, that several Greek colonies which attempted to settle on this island were compelled to leave it. About 350 years before the Christian era, colonists under King Hiero of Syracuse, who had built a fortress on Pithecusa, were driven away by an eruption. Nor were eruptions the sole cause of danger.—Poisonous exhalations, such as are emitted by volcanic craters after eruption, appear to have exhaled, at times, from extensive tracts on Pithecusa, and thus to have rendered the island uninhabitable.

Still nearer to Vesuvius lay celebrated Lake Avernus. The name Avernus is said to be a corruption of the Greek word *Aornos*, signifying "without birds," the poisonous exhalations from the water of the lake destroying all birds which attempted to fly over its surface. Doubt has been thrown on the destructive properties assigned by the ancients to the vapours ascending from Avernus. The lake is now a healthy and agreeable neighborhood, frequented, says Humboldt, by many kinds of birds, which suffer no injury whatever even when they skim the very surface of the water. Yet there can be little doubt that Avernus hides the outlet of an extinct volcano; and long after this volcano had become inactive, the lake which concealed its site "may have deserved the appellation of 'atri janua Ditis,' emitting, perhaps, gases as destructive of animal life as those suffocating vapours given out by Lake Laetolea, in Quito, in 1797, by which whole herds of cattle were killed on its shores, or as those deleterious emanations which annihilated all the cattle in the island of Lancerote, one of the Canaries, in 1730."

While Ischia was in full activity, not only was Vesuvius quiescent, but even Etna seemed to be gradually expiring, so that Seneca ranks this volcano among the number of nearly extinguished craters. At a later epoch, Ælian asserted that the mountain itself was sinking, so that seamen lost sight of the summit at a less distance across the seas than of old. Yet within the last two hundred years there have been eruptions from Etna rivalling, if not surpassing, in intensity the convulsions recorded by ancient historians.

We shall not here attempt to show that Vesuvius and Etna belong to the same volcanic system, though there is reason not only for supposing this to be the case, but for the belief that all the subterranean forces whose effects have been shown from time to time over the district extending from the Canaries and Azores, across the whole of the Mediterranean, and into Syria itself, belong to but one great centre of internal action. But it is quite certain that Ischia and Vesuvius are outlets from a single source.

While Vesuvius was dormant, resigning for awhile its pretensions to be the principal vent of the great Neapolitan volcanic system, Ischia, we have seen, was rent by frequent convulsions. But the time was approaching when Vesuvius was to resume its natural functions, and with all the more energy that they had been for awhile suspended.

In the year 63 (after Christ) there occurred a violent convulsion of the earth around Vesuvius, during which much injury was done to neighboring cities and many lives were lost. From this period shocks of earthquake were felt from time to time for sixteen years. These grew gradually more and more violent, until it began to be evident that the volcanic fires were about to return to their main vent. The obstruction which had so long impeded the exit of the confined matter was not however readily removed, and it was only in August of the year 79, after numerous and violent internal throes, that the superincumbent mass was at length hurled forth. Rocks and cinders, lava, sand, and scoriæ, were propelled from the crater, and spread many miles on every side of Vesuvius.

We have an interesting account of the great eruption which followed, in a letter from the younger Pliny to the younger Tacitus. The latter had asked for an account of the death of the elder Pliny, who lost his life in his eagerness to obtain a near view of the dreadful phenomenon. "He was at that time," says his nephew, "with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud of very extraordinary size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and, after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, had retired to his study. He arose at once, and went out upon a height whence he might more distinctly view this strange phenomenon. It was not at this distance discernible from what mountain the cloud issued, but it was found afterwards that it came from Vesuvius. I cannot give a more exact description of its figure than by comparing it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up to great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I suppose, either by a sudden gust of air which impelled it, whose force decreased as it advanced upwards, or else the cloud itself, being pressed back by its own weight, expanded in this manner. The cloud appeared sometimes bright, at others dark and spotted, as it was more or less impregnated with earth and cinders."

These extraordinary appearances attracted the curiosity of the elder Pliny. He ordered a small vessel to be prepared, and started to seek a nearer view of the burning mountain. His nephew declined to accompany him, being engaged with his studies. As Pliny left the house he received a note from a lady whose house, being at the foot of Vesuvius, was in imminent danger of destruction. He set out accordingly with the design of rendering her assistance, and also of assisting others, "for the villas stood extremely thick upon that lovely coast." He ordered the galleys to be put to sea, and steered directly to the point of danger, so cool in the midst of the turmoil around "as to be able to make and dictate observations upon the motions and figures of that dreadful scene." As he approached Vesuvius, cinders, pumice-stones, and black fragments of burning rock, fell on and around the ships. "They were in danger, too, of running aground, owing to the sudden retreat of the sea; vast fragments, also, rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore." The pilot advising retreat, Pliny made the noble answer, "Fortune befriends the brave," and bade him press onwards to Stabiæ. Here he found his friend Pomponianus in great consternation, already prepared for embarking, and waiting only for a change in the wind. Exhorting Pomponianus to be of good courage, Pliny quietly ordered baths to be prepared; and "having bathed, sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (which is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it." Assuring his friend that the flames, which appeared in several places, were merely burning villages, Pliny presently retired to rest, and "slept pretty fat," says his nephew, "and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore." But it became necessary to awaken him, for the court which led to his room was now almost filled with stones and ashes. He got up and joined the rest of the company, who were consulting on the propriety of leaving the house, now shaken from side to side by frequent concussions. They decided on seeking the fields for safety, and fastening pillows on their heads to protect them from falling stones, they advanced in the midst of an obscurity greater than that of the darkest night—though beyond the limits of the great cloud it was already broad day. When they reached the shore they found the waves running too high to suffer them safely to venture to put out to sea. Pliny "having drunk a draught or two of cold water, lay down on a cloth that was spread out for him; but at this moment the flames and sulphureous vapours dispersed the rest of the company and obliged him to rise.—Assisted by two of his servants, he got upon his feet, but instantly fell down dead; suffocated, I suppose," says his nephew, "by some gross and noxious vapour, for he always had weak lungs and suffered from a difficulty of breathing." His body was not found until the third day after his death, when for the first time it was light enough to search for him. He was found as he had fallen, "and looking more like a man asleep than dead."

But even at Misenum there was danger, though Vesuvius was distant no less than fourteen miles. The earth was shaken with repeated and violent shocks, "insomuch," says the younger Pliny, "that they threatened our complete destruction." When morning came, the light was faint and glimmering; the buildings around seemed tottering to their fall, and, standing on the open ground, the chariots which Pliny had ordered were so agitated backwards and forwards that it was impossible to keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea was rolled back upon itself, and many marine animals were left dry upon the shore. On the side of Vesuvius, a black and ominous cloud, bursting with sulphureous vapours, darted out long trains of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Presently the great cloud spread over Misenum and the island of Capreæ. Ashes fell around the fugitives. On every side "nothing was to be heard but the shrieks of women and children, and the cries of men; some were calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and distinguishing each other by their voices; one was lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wished to die, that they might escape the dreadful fear of death, but the greater part imagined that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the gods and the world together." At length a light appeared, which was not, however, the day, but the forerunner of an outburst of flames. These presently disappeared, and again a thick darkness spread over the scene. Ashes fell heavily upon the fugitives, so that they were in danger of being crushed, and buried in the thick layer rapidly covering the whole country. Many hours passed before the dreadful darkness began slowly to be dissipated. When at length day returned, and the sun even was seen faintly shining through the over-hanging canopy of ashes, "every object seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes as with a deep snow."

It is most remarkable that Pliny makes no mention in his letter of the destruction of the two populous and important cities, Pompeii and Herculaneum. We have seen that at Stabiæ a shower of ashes fell so heavily that, several days before the end of the eruption, the court leading to the elder Pliny's room was beginning to be filled up. And when the eruption ceased, Stabiæ was completely overwhelmed. Far more sudden, however, was the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

It would seem that the two cities were first shaken violently by the throes of the disturbed mountain. The signs of such a catastrophe have been very commonly assigned to the earthquake which happened in 63, but it seems far more likely that most of them belong to the days immediately preceding the great outburst in 79. "In Pompeii," says Sir Charles Lyell, "both public and private buildings bear testimony to the catastrophe. The walls are rent, and and in many places traversed by fissures still open." It is probable that the inhabitants were driven by these anticipatory throes to fly from the doomed towns. For though Dion Cassius relates that "two entire cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, were buried under showers of ashes, while all the people were sitting in the theatre," yet "the examination of the two cities enables us to prove," says Sir Charles, "that none of the people were destroyed in the theatres, and, indeed, that there were very few of the inhabitants who did not escape from both cities. Yet," he adds, "some lives were lost, and there was ample foundation for the tale in all its most essential particulars."

We may note here, in passing, that the account of the eruption given by Dion Cassius, who wrote a century and a half after the catastrophe, is sufficient to prove how terrible an impression had been made upon the inhabitants of Campania, from whose descendants he in all probability obtained the materials of his narrative. He writes that, "during the eruption, a multitude of men of superhuman stature, resembling giants, appeared, sometimes on the mountain, and sometimes in the environs; that stones and smoke were thrown out, the sun was hidden, and then the giants seemed to rise again while the sounds of trumpets were heard"—with much other matter of a similar sort.

In the great eruption of 79, Vesuvius poured forth lapilli, sand, cinders, and fragments of old lava, but new lava flowed from the crater. Nor does it appear that any lava-stream was ejected during the six eruptions which took place during the following ten centuries. In the year 1036, for the first time, Vesuvius was observed to pour forth a stream of molten lava. Thirteen years latter, another eruption took place; then ninety years passed without disturbance, and after that a long pause of 168 years. During this interval, however, the volcanic system, of which Vesuvius is the main but not the only vent, had been disturbed twice. For it is related that in 1198, the Solfatara Lake crater was in eruption; and in 1302, Ischia, dormant for at least 1,400 years, showed signs of new activity. For more than a year earthquakes had convulsed this island from time to time, and at length the disturbed region was relieved by the outburst of a lava stream from a new vent on the southeast of Ischia. The lava stream flowed right down to the sea, a distance of two miles. For two months this dreadful outburst continued to rage; many houses were destroyed; and although the inhabitants of Ischia were not completely expelled, as happened of old with the Greek colonists, yet a partial emigration of the inhabitants took place.

The next eruption of Vesuvius took place in 1306; and then, until 1631, there occurred only one eruption, and that an unimportant one, in 1500. "It was remarked," says Sir Charles Lyell, "that throughout this long interval of rest, Etna was in a state of unusual activity, so as to lend countenance to the idea that the great Sicilian volcano may sometimes serve as a channel of discharge to elastic fluids and lava that would otherwise rise to the vents in Campania."

Nor was the abnormal activity of Etna the only sign that the quiescence of Vesuvius was not to be looked upon as any evidence of declining energy in the volcanic system. In 1538 a new mountain was suddenly thrown up in the Phlegrean Fields—a district including within its bounds Pozzuoli, Lake Avernus, and the Solfatara. The new mountain was thrown up near the shores of the Bay of Baiæ. It is 440 feet above the level of the bay, and its base is about a mile and a half in circumference. The depth of the crater is 421 feet, so that its bottom is only six yards above the level of the bay. The spot on which the mountain was thrown up was formerly occupied by the Lucrine Lake; but the outburst filled up the greater part of the lake, leaving only a small and shallow pool.

The accounts which have reached us of the formation of this new mountain are not without interest. Falconi, who wrote in 1538, writes that sever earthquakes took place during the two years preceding the outburst, and that twenty shocks on the day and night before the eruption. "The eruption began on September 29, 1538. It was on a Sunday, about one o'clock in the night, when flames of fire were seen between the hot-baths and Tripergola. In a short time the fire increased to such a degree that it burst open the earth in this place, and threw up a quantity of ashes and pumice-stones, mixed with water, which covered the whole country. The next morning the poor inhabitants of Pozzuoli quitted their habitations in terror, covered with the muddy and black shower, which continued the whole day in that country—flying from death, but with death painted in their countenances. Some with their children in their arms, some with sacks full of their goods; others leading an ass, loaded with their frightened family, towards Naples, &c. . . . The sea had retired so far that we spread out for him; but at this moment the flames and sulphureous vapours dispersed the rest of the company and obliged him to rise.—Assisted by two of his servants, he got upon his feet, but instantly fell down dead; suffocated, I suppose," says his nephew, "by some gross and noxious vapour, for he always had weak lungs and suffered from a difficulty of breathing." His body was not found until the third day after his death, when for the first time it was light enough to search for him. He was found as he had fallen, "and looking more like a man asleep than dead."

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We may note here, in passing, that the account of the eruption given by Dion Cassius, who wrote a century and a half after the catastrophe, is sufficient to prove how terrible an impression had been made upon the inhabitants of Campania, from whose descendants he in all probability obtained the materials of his narrative. He writes that, "during the eruption, a multitude of men of superhuman stature, resembling giants, appeared, sometimes on the mountain, and sometimes in the environs; that stones and smoke were thrown out, the sun was hidden, and then the giants seemed to rise again while the sounds of trumpets were heard"—with much other matter of a similar sort.

In the great eruption of 79, Vesuvius poured forth lapilli, sand, cinders, and fragments of old lava, but new lava flowed from the crater. Nor does it appear that any lava-stream was ejected during the six eruptions which took place during the following ten centuries. In the year 1036, for the first time, Vesuvius was observed to pour forth a stream of molten lava. Thirteen years latter, another eruption took place; then ninety years passed without disturbance, and after that a long pause of 168 years. During this interval, however, the volcanic system, of which Vesuvius is the main but not the only vent, had been disturbed twice. For it is related that in 1198, the Solfatara Lake crater was in eruption; and in 1302, Ischia, dormant for at least 1,400 years, showed signs of new activity. For more than a year earthquakes had convulsed this island from time to time, and at length the disturbed region was relieved by the outburst of a lava stream from a new vent on the southeast of Ischia. The lava stream flowed right down to the sea, a distance of two miles. For two months this dreadful outburst continued to rage; many houses were destroyed; and although the inhabitants of Ischia were not completely expelled, as happened of old with the Greek colonists, yet a partial emigration of the inhabitants took place.

The next eruption of Vesuvius took place in 1306; and then, until 1631, there occurred only one eruption, and that an unimportant one, in 1500. "It was remarked," says Sir Charles Lyell, "that throughout this long interval of rest, Etna was in a state of unusual activity, so as to lend countenance to the idea that the great Sicilian volcano may sometimes serve as a channel of discharge to elastic fluids and lava that would otherwise rise to the vents in Campania."

Nor was the abnormal activity of Etna the only sign that the quiescence of Vesuvius was not to be looked upon as any evidence of declining energy in the volcanic system. In 1538 a new mountain was suddenly thrown up in the Phlegrean Fields—a district including within its bounds Pozzuoli, Lake Avernus, and the Solfatara. The new mountain was thrown up near the shores of the Bay of Baiæ. It is 440 feet above the level of the bay, and its base is about a mile and a half in circumference. The depth of the crater is 421 feet, so that its bottom is only six yards above the level of the bay. The spot on which the mountain was thrown up was formerly occupied by the Lucrine Lake; but the outburst filled up the greater part of the lake, leaving only a small and shallow pool.

The accounts which have reached us of the formation of this new mountain are not without interest. Falconi, who wrote in 1538, writes that sever earthquakes took place during the two years preceding the outburst, and that twenty shocks on the day and night before the eruption. "The eruption began on September 29, 1538. It was on a Sunday, about one o'clock in the night, when flames of fire were seen between the hot-baths and Tripergola. In a short time the fire increased to such a degree that it burst open the earth in this place, and threw up a quantity of ashes and pumice-stones, mixed with water, which covered the whole country. The next morning the poor inhabitants of Pozzuoli quitted their habitations in terror, covered with the muddy and black shower, which continued the whole day in that country—flying from death, but with death painted in their countenances. Some with their children in their arms, some with sacks full of their goods; others leading an ass, loaded with their frightened family, towards Naples, &c. . . . The sea had retired so far that we spread out for him; but at this moment the flames and sulphureous vapours dispersed the rest of the company and obliged him to rise.—Assisted by two of his servants, he got upon his feet, but instantly fell down dead; suffocated, I suppose," says his nephew, "by some gross and noxious vapour, for he always had weak lungs and suffered from a difficulty of breathing." His body was not found until the third day after his death, when for the first time it was light enough to search for him. He was found as he had fallen, "and looking more like a man asleep than dead."

But even at Misenum there was danger, though Vesuvius was distant no less than fourteen miles. The earth was shaken with repeated and violent shocks, "insomuch," says the younger Pliny, "that they threatened our complete destruction." When morning came, the light was faint and glimmering; the buildings around seemed tottering to their fall, and, standing on the open ground, the chariots which Pliny had ordered were so agitated backwards and forwards that it was impossible to keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea was rolled back upon itself, and many marine animals were left dry upon the shore. On the side of Vesuvius, a black and ominous cloud, bursting with sulphureous vapours, darted out long trains of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Presently the great cloud spread over Misenum and the island of Capreæ. Ashes fell around the fugitives. On every side "nothing was to be heard but the shrieks of women and children, and the cries of men; some were calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, distinguishing each other by their voices; one was lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wished to die, that they might escape the dreadful fear of death, but the greater part imagined that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the gods and the world together." At length a light appeared, which was not, however, the day, but the forerunner of an outburst of flames. These presently disappeared, and again a thick darkness spread over the scene. Ashes fell heavily upon the fugitives, so that they were in danger of being crushed, and buried in the thick layer rapidly covering the whole country. Many hours passed before the dreadful darkness began slowly to be dissipated. When at length day returned, and the sun even was seen faintly shining through the over-hanging canopy of ashes, "every object seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes as with a deep snow."

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