

---

and so Sir William Hamilton, in the eruption we are now concerned with, saw it "bubbling up violently" from one of its fountains on the slope of the volcano, "with a hissing and crackling noise, like that of an artificial firework ; and forming, by the continual splashing up of the vitrified matter, a sort of dome or arch over the crevice from which it issued," which was all, internally, "red-hot like a heated oven."

(35.) However, as time went on, this quiet mode of getting rid of its contents would no longer suffice, and the usual symptoms of more violent action—rumbling noises and explosions within the mountain ; puffs of smoke from its crater, and jets of red-hot stones and ashes—continued till the end of July, when they increased to such a degree as to exhibit at night the most beautiful firework imaginable. The eruption came to its climax from the 5th to the 10th of August, on the former of which days, after the ejection of an enormous volume of white clouds, piled like bales of the whitest cotton, in a mass exceeding four times the height and size of the mountain itself ; the lava began to overflow the rim of the crater, and stream in torrents down the steep slope of the cone. This was continued till the 8th, when the great mass of the lava would seem to have been evacuated, and no longer repressing by its weight the free discharge of the imprisoned gases, allowed what remained to be ejected in fountains of fire, carried up to an immense height in the air. The description of one of these I must give in the picturesque and vivid words of Sir William Hamilton himself. "About nine