

among some of the ridges that form the eastern part of Arthur's Seat, at Edinburgh. The French basalt had, indeed, a grayer colour and a finely cavernous structure, which distinguished it from the hard black compact rock which is known as basalt in Scotland: but they were columned both in the same way, traversed by similar transverse joints, and, above all, resembled each other in their mode of yielding to the weather, and in their general aspect in the landscape.

Quitting this ridge, and walking westwards towards the Puy de Dôme, we reached the hostelry of Bonabry, where the road splits into two, one branch crossing the hilly ground for Pont Gibaud, the other turning south-west for Mont Dore. Here, finding the morning too far advanced for further breakfastless exploration, we struck down for the valley of Villar, with the view of examining more narrowly a later current of lava in the bottom of the ravine—a barren expanse of black rugged scoriæ rising into the most fantastic forms, and nearly destitute of vegetation. This lava-current must be greatly more recent than that of Pradelle, for it has been erupted after the excavation of the valley. Few walks in Auvergne are in their way more instructive than this. The valley itself, with its impressive lesson of river-action, becomes still more striking when seen from below. The Pradelle basalt hanging over the ravine stands as a silent witness at once of the antiquity of the earlier volcanic eruptions and of the changes of after time. The great river of younger lava below, too, is an object of unceasing interest to a geological eye, winding as it does with all the curvings of the valley, now sinking down beneath a mass of tangled copsewood, and now rising up into black craggy masses, where some projecting boss of granite had formed a temporary impediment to its course. The rivulet has