

of many a long century this little volcano is still nearly as perfect as when the last shower of ashes fell over its sides, and it promises to remain so for centuries to come.

The Puy de Pariou is only one of a series of similar cones. Some have but one crater, others have two, three, or even, as in the instance already cited, four. Each crater is of course the product of a different eruption or series of eruptions, as the Puy de Pariou so well explains. Several striking examples of the bursting of the side of a cone by the pressure of the uprising column of lava within it, occur among the cones to the south of the Puy de Dôme, as in the Puy de las Solas and the Puy de la Vache. These two hills, when seen from the south, look like the mouths of two yawning chasms. Their southern sides have been swept away by a black rugged river of lava, which, issuing from the bottom of each crater, flows eastward in a united stream for twelve miles down a deep, narrow valley. The scenery round these hills is even more desolate than among those to the north of the Puy de Dôme. The cones and craters are in many places devoid of all verdure, and have still much of the blackened and burnt aspect of active volcanoes. The lava, too, which has spread out over most of the intermediate ground, is dark, bristling, and sterile. The whole landscape leaves an impression, not easily effaced, of the vigour of volcanic agency, and of its power to modify, and even altogether change the general aspect of a district.

To one who had been at work for some years among a set of old and fragmentary volcanic rocks, trying to piece together porphyrites, dolerites, basalts, and tuffs, the sight of those Puys, with their fresh cones and craters of ashes and scorïæ, and their still perfect floods of lava, was inexpressibly instructive. Merely to cast the eye over the landscape was of itself a memorable lesson. The scene