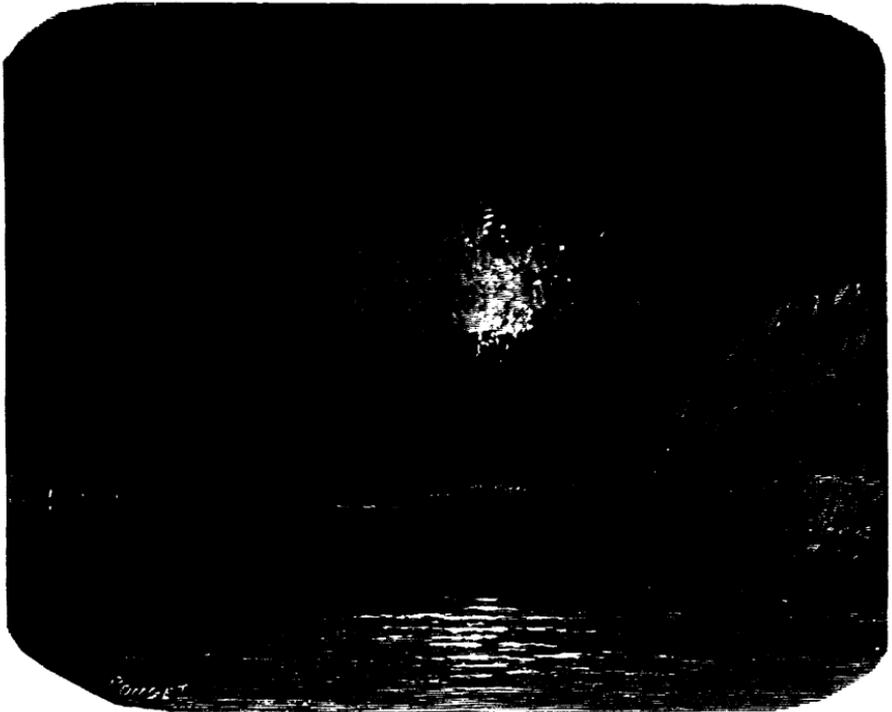


It is a fair presumption, were there no facts to justify other than a presumption, that the great volcanoes are born like the little ones, and they are frequent attendants upon cataclysms in all volcanic regions. Two small mountains, called Monte Rossi, were formed in a fortnight on the side of Etna in 1669, the ejected cinders covering a space of two miles. These are members of a large family that flourishes around the same hearth. It numbers about eighty at present, but is liable to change from the diseases which afflict infancy. Many are swept off in early childhood, while others grow up through a *jeunesse orageuse*, and finally fill the place of their enfeebled parent in the active world.

But the study of nascent volcanoes is not limited to specimens like these. Hills of greater size and in detached localities have erected themselves before the eyes of modern observers, and added to the long list sent down by

their predecessors. The Chinese and Japanese records note occurrences of the kind. Aristotle tells us of a submarine eruption in his day. Strabo describes a flaming mountain that sprang up in a night, and made the sea boil to a distance of five furlongs. Ovid speaks with the scientific precision to be expected from a poet of his stamp of a like apparition on the promontory of Methone.

We shall refer to events not dependent for their authenticity on Mongol chroniclers or Roman poets. On a September afternoon in 1538 the sea suddenly backed a thousand yards from the Neapolitan coast under Monte Barbaro. Next morning the earth sank in the place afterward occupied by the crater. Water flowed from the spot, at first cold, but afterward tepid, with a strong odour of sulphur. Toward noon, the sea, which had lowered its level twelve yards since morning, rose again, and at the



MONTE NUOVO.