

coast can lay claim. The shore, however, is here so precipitous and steep, that, from the land, it cannot be viewed to advantage without great difficulty. In fair weather, therefore, the survey of this magnificent headland is generally attempted by sea. But the strong currents and high swollen waves that at all times roll at the Cape, joined to the risk of one of those sudden squalls that characterize the coast, frequently deter persons not accustomed to boating from making the attempt. Sir Walter Scott, in his diary, kept during a cruise in these seas in the summer of 1814, thus describes it:—"This dread Cape, so fatal to mariners, is a high promontory, whose steep sides go sheer down to the breakers which lash its feet. There is no landing, except in a small creek, about a mile and a half to the eastward. There, the foam of the sea plays at 'long-bowls' with a huge collection of large stones,—some of them a ton in weight—but which these fearful billows chuck up and down as a child tosses a ball. Cape Wrath," he adds, "is a striking point, both from the dignity of its own appearance, and from the mental association of its being the extreme cape of Scotland, with reference to the north-west. There is no land in the direct line between this point and America. I saw a pair of large eagles, and, if I had had the rifle, might have had a shot; for the birds, when I first saw them, were perched upon a rock, within about sixty or seventy yards. Here, I suppose, they are little disturbed, for they showed no alarm. In front of the Cape are some angry breakers, called the 'Staggs,' occasioned by rocks, which are visible at low water." The scene is altogether well calculated to make a deep and lasting impression on the visitor's mind.

" 'Tis not alone the scene—the man, Anselmo—
The *man* finds sympathies in these wild wastes
And roughly tumbling seas, which fairer views
And smoother waves deny him."

END OF VOL. II.

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