

clear, animated and exciting. Sit for a moment on that marble bench, formed for you by a million tides—above you are the everlasting precipices, rude yet picturesque as nature made them; before you is the ever murmuring ever restless ocean, unsullied, free and beautiful as it was at creation; not a vestige of art appears, except the distant bird-like vessels,—all is unadorned, most beautiful nature; man, and his pomp and cares are, as if they were not,—and the musér here, gets sublime yet soothing converse with the spirits of the elements, and with that better spirit which seems to smile from every bright spot above; converse, which is powerfully felt, but cannot be defined even in imagination. He is involuntarily a better, a more exalted, and more pure being by this momentary escape from the common herd, and the common scenes, which surround him on other paths—and by the communion which he here finds passing between the immortal powers of his own nature, and the great works of creation, which bear yet visibly the impress of the Creator's finger. Yet glorious North tells you this is the region of stupidity!

But here is the entrance of a little winding glen or cove, a brawling stream rings gaily through its mazes, and runs with all its inland freshness to the great repository of rivers—it reminds one of a simple rustic, who, bidding farewell to his green wood haunts, enters thoughtlessly into the mighty world of which he knows nothing. The sides of the glen are romantically varied, brushwood, crags, gardens and heather scraps severally appear; many picturesque looking cottages enliven its paths; and snatches of the distant landscape are obtained through its opening. You may now strike up this semi-rural road, and return along the summit of the cliffs: it will give you an opportunity of looking more boldly and broadly on ocean, and of enjoying the softer inland scene. The village also appears, from this high path, the houses clustered together under the brow of the hill, like a group of sea birds; see, as the windows glisten in the evening sun beam, how each cottage seem to look out exultingly on the boundless prospect; they appear to have a kind of sensitive existence, and are not at all the dull looking sheds, which in less romantic situations afford a mere shelter from the elements. All is animated, and unshackled. How poetic are such situations! from the little in-