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relics of the



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the purlieus

of poverty and vice. Nowhere have I seen greater squalor and wretchedness. Hundreds of idle men with grimy faces and greasy clothes glowered at me as I passed. A day or two later in a bread riot they rifled a baker's shop. Yet in this poorest region the gin-shops most abounded, and wretched creatures,—frowsy men and bareheaded, bare-footed women—swarmed in and out "like bees about their straw-built citadel."

It is a short sail from Glasgow through the grand scenery of the Western Isles to Scotland's greatest natural curiosity—Fingal's cave in the Isle of Staffa. Staffa is only a mile in circumference, but its entire facade, and the arches and flooring of the caves strangely resemble architectural designs. The special wonder however is Fingal's Cave; the sides and front of which are formed of perpendicular basaltic columns. The arch is 70 feet high and supports a roof 30 feet thick. The chasm extends in length 230 feet. Mere dimensions however can give no idea of the weird effect produced by the twilight gloom, half revealing the varying sheen of the reflected light; the echo of the measured surge as it rises and falls, and the profound and fairy solitude of the whole scene. Our engravings give remote and near views of this remarkable cave. The columnar structure of the rocks and the tessellated pavement of the floor will be observed.

I crossed by night from Glasgow to Belfast. It rained all the time I was in Ireland, so I have rather depressing recollections of the country. Belfast seemed thriving and active