

of the cave. The depth of the water is nine feet, and a boat can therefore reach the extremity of the cave in tolerably calm weather; but when the boisterous gales of that northern clime drive into the cavern, the agitated waves dashing and breaking among the rocky sides, and their roar echoed with increased power from the roof, present to the eye and ear such a scene of grandeur as bids defiance to any description. The short columns composing the natural causeway before mentioned, continue within the cave on each side, and form a broken and irregular path, which allows a skilful and fearless climber to reach the extremity on the eastern side on foot: but it is a task of danger at all times, and impossible at high tide, or in rough weather. It would be useless, observes Dr. MacCulloch, to attempt a description of the picturesque effect of a scene which the pencil itself is inadequate to portray. But even if this cave were destitute of that order and symmetry, that richness arising from multiplicity of parts, combined with greatness of dimension and simplicity of style, which it possesses, still the prolonged length, the twilight gloom half concealing the playful and varying effects of reflected light, the echo of the measured surge as it rises and falls, the transparent green of the water, and the profound and fairy solitude of the whole scene, could not fail strongly to impress a mind gifted with any sense of beauty in art or in nature.\*

\* MacCulloch's Western Isles.