

board of Britain,—and here and there interrupted by narrow bays and coves, which have in several instances been selected as the sites of fishing villages and hamlets. We see from the wasted and worn look of these cliffs what a sore battle they have had to fight with the ocean. Craggy rocks, isolated stacks and sunken skerries, that once formed part of the line of cliff, are now enveloped by the restless waves. Long twilight caves, haunted by otters and sea-mews and flocks of rock-pigeons, have been hollowed out of the flat Carboniferous sandstones and the contorted Silurian greywacke (Fig. 10), and are daily filled by the tides. In storms, the whole of these vast precipices, from base to summit, is buried in foam—the pebbles and boulders, even on the sheltered beaches, are rolled back by the recoil of the breakers, and hurled forward again, with almost the force and noise of heavy cannon. But a line of abrupt rock presents such formidable obstacles to the advance of the sea that the rate of waste is extremely slow. Passing onward along this coast, with its green bays and dark gloomy cliffs, we round the headland of St. Abb's, and observe that it stands there, at once a bulwark against the waves and a mark of their advance; for, being a mass of hard porphyry, it has been able in some measure to withstand the assaults of the ocean which have worn away the greywacke and shales around. Sweeping across the Bay of Dunglass, we observe that the cliffs at once become less lofty and irregular where the curved Silurian rocks are replaced by the Old Red and Carboniferous sandstones. We pass the sandstone cliffs of Cove (where the old fishermen used to point to great inroads by the sea during their lifetime), and then the shores of Skateraw, where, in the early part of this century, stood the ruins of an old chapel, which were swept away many years ago, the tides now ebbing and flowing over