

The somewhat giddy feat of descending the face of the cliff with the aid of ropes, for the sake of the eggs, is one by which many of the Flamborough men obtain their living in the summer season. A more familiar hazard is run by the bold fishers of this coast, who in their little 'cobles' set forth from the north or the south landing to visit perhaps the Dogger Bank, possibly to return no more. "The sea gat him" is too often the reply to your inquiry for some honest fisherman who may have been your boatman round the promontory, or your guide through the windings of the caves.

An easier life is theirs who now gather, in the summer, at Flamborough to shoot the birds, or go through the luxurious idleness of a watering-place. They may be invited to look at the course of the 'Dane's Dike'; to examine the old square tower, and other marks of the ancient occupation of the lordship of Flamborough. Perhaps this bold cape was Ocelum Promontorium; perhaps here or near it was the Prætorium of Antoninus; from this point Ida (or Flammzwyn as the Welsh poet calls him) marched to the conquest of Northumbria. In the vicinity are British entrenchments and Roman camps, on the shore abundance of Algæ, in the cliffs organic remains. Where can a few summer days be more agreeably spent?

## SPEETON.

The dark clay cliffs below the village of Speeton are interesting to the geologist, who may still gather a fair series of Ammonites, with a few Crioceratites, and beautiful crustacea, from the clay, and the small nodules which lie in it. Belemnites of great beauty are the most plentiful fossils. But when first I saw Speeton Cliff (1824), the lovely little shells for which it is famous lay on the surface abundantly, and Mr. Bean, Mr. Williamson, and others of my friends obtained multitudes of objects which are now very rarely met with.