

There perforated by round, heavy-browed arches, and cast the morning shadows inland athwart the cavern-hollowed precipices behind. The never-ceasing echoes reply, in long and gloomy caves, to the wild tones of the sea. Here a bluff promontory projects into the deep, green water, and the white foam, in times of tempest, dashes up a hundred feet against its face. There a narrow strip of vegetation, spangled with wild flowers, intervenes between the beach and the foot of the cliffs that sweep along the bottom of some semicircular bay; but we see, from the rounded caves by which they are studded, and the polish which has blunted their lower angularities, that at some early period the breakers must have dashed for ages against their bases. The *Gaylet Pot*, a place of interest, from its very striking appearance, to more than geologists, is connected with one of the deep-sea promontories. We see an oblong hollow in the centre of a corn-field, that borders on the cliffs. It deepens as we approach it, and on reaching the edge we find ourselves standing on the verge of a precipice about a hundred and fifty feet in depth, and see the waves dashing along the bottom. On descending by a somewhat precarious path, we find that a long, tunnel-like cavern communicates with the sea, and mark, through the deep gloom of the passage, the sunlight playing beyond; and now and then a white sail passing the opening, as if flitting across the field of a telescope. The *Gaylet Pot* seems originally to have been merely a deep, straight cave, hollowed in the line of a fault by the waves; and it owes evidently its present appearance to the falling in of the roof for about a hundred yards, at its inner extremity.

We pass from the conglomerate to the middle and upper beds of the lower formation, and find scenery of a different character in the districts in which they prevail. The aspect is