

should present so rugged a line of wall to the distant sea, as that the Western Ghauts of India should invariably turn their steepest declivities to the basin of the Indian Ocean, or that from the Arctic Circle to the southern extremity of Patagonia, the huge mountain-chain of America should elevate its dizzy precipices in the line of the Pacific.

Let us take another view of this section. It stretches between two of the granitic knobs or wedges to which I have had such frequent occasion to refer — the Southern Sutor of Cromarty, and the Hill of Eathie; and the edges of the strata somewhat remind one of the edges of a bundle of deals laid flatways on two stones, and bent towards the middle by their own weight. But their more brittle character is shown by the manner in which their ends are broken and uptilted against the granitic knobs on which they seem to rest; and towards the western knob the whole bundle has been broken across from below, and the opening occasioned by the fracture forms a deep, savage ravine, skirted by precipices, that runs far into the interior, and exhibits the lower portion of the system to well nigh its base. Will the reader spend a very few minutes in exploring the solitary recesses of this rocky trench — it matters not whether as a scene-hunter or a geologist? We pass onwards along the beach through the middle line of the denuded hollow. The natural rampart that rises on the right ascends towards the uplands in steep slopes, lined horizontally by sheep-walks, and fretted by mossy knolls, and churchyard like ridges — or juts out into abrupt and weathered crags, crusted with lichens and festooned with ivy — or recedes into bosky hollows, roughened by the sloe-thorn, the wild-rose, and the juniper; on the left the wide extent of the Moray Frith stretches out to the dim horizon, with its vein-like currents, and its undulating lines of coast; while before us we