

the centre of the picture, a forlorn fortalice of the olden time, with the encroaching wreath rising to its lower battlements, like some wrecked vessel on a wild lee-shore, with the angry surf raging high over her deck, and kissing with its flame-like tips the distant yards.

The scenery of the old coast line possesses well-nigh all the variety of that of the existing coast; but it substitutes field and meadow for the blue sea, and woods and human dwellings for busy mast-crowded harbours, and fleets riding at anchor. It is pleasing, however, to see headland jutting out beyond headland into some rich plain, traversed by trim hedgerows and green lanes; or some picturesque cottage, overshadowed by its gnarled elm, rising in some bosky hollow at the foot of the swelling bank or weather-stained precipice, beneath which the restless surf once broke against the beach. There are well-marked specimens of this scenery of the ancient coast line in our immediate neighbourhood. Musselburgh, with its homely Saxon name, lies in the middle of what was once a flat sandy bay, now laid out into fields, gardens, and a race-course; and the old coast escarpment, luxuriant with hanging woods, and gay with villas, and which may possibly have been its first Celtic designation, *Inveresk*, ere the last upheaval of the land, half-closes around it. The church and burying-ground occupy the top of a long ridge, that had once been a river-bar, heaped up apparently by the action of the waves on the one side, and by that of the stream on the other. But, as shown by the remains of Roman baths and a Roman rampart, which once occupied its summit, it must have borne its present character from at least the times of Lollius Urbicus,—perhaps for several centuries earlier. The neighbouring town of Portobello, as seen from the east, just as it comes full in sight on the Musselburgh road, seems set so completely in a framework of the ancient escarpment, that it derives from it all its natural features. But it is where, along our