blackened with algæ, and around which a shoal of porpoises are gambolling, the summit of Arthur Seat? The wide sound, now a rich agricultural valley, is here studded by its fleets of tall icebergs,—there cumbered by its level fields of drift-ice. Nature sports wantonly amid every variety of form; and the motion of the great floating masses, cast into shapes with which we associate moveless solidity, adds to the magical effect of the scene. Here a flat-roofed temple, surrounded by colonnades of hoar and wasted columns, comes drifting past; there a cathedral, furnished with towers and spire, strikes heavily against the rocky bottom, many fathoms beneath, and its nodding pinnacles stoop at every blow. Yonder, already fast aground, there rests a ponderous castle. with its curtained towers, its arched gateway, and its multitudinous turrets, reflected on the calm surface beneath: and pyramids and obelisks, buttressed ramparts, and embrasured watch-towers, with shapes still more fantastic,those of ships, and trees, and brute and human forms, crowd the retiring vista beyond. There is a scarce less marked variety of colour. The intense white of the fieldice, thinly covered with snow, and glittering without shade in the declining sun, dazzles the eye. The taller icebergs gleam in hues of more softened radiance,—here of an emerald green, there of a sapphire blue, yonder of a paly marble grey; the light, polarized by a thousand cross reflections, sports amid the planes and facets, the fissures and pinnacles, in all the rainbow gorgeousness of the prismatic And bright over all rise on the distant horizon the detached mountain-tops, now catching a flush of crimson and gold from the setting luminary. But the sun sinks, and the clouds gather, and the night comes on black with tempest; and the grounded masses, moved by the violence of the aroused winds, grate heavily along the bottom; and while the whole heavens are foul with sleet and snow-rack. and the driving masses clash in rude collision, till all be-