

pretend to vie with or surpass her. The specimens in our own neighbourhood are either of small extent, as in Samson's Ribs, or both that and of imperfect form, as at St. Anthony's Chapel and in the adjacent hill-front ; but I have seen in the neighbourhood of Linlithgow a range of slender columns sufficiently regular to have given rise to a traditional myth in the locality, that they owe their origin to the ingenuity of the old Picts ; and the columned scuir of Eigg greatly surpasses in grandeur the far-famed Giants' Causeway, and scarce falls short of it in the symmetry of its strange architecture. To that wondrous ocean cave of the west which an enlightened age continues to recognise as one of the marvels of Scotland, I need but refer in the graphic verse which the Ettrick Shepherd has transferred, in his *Queen's Wake*, to 'Allan Bawn, the Bard of Mull :'

' Awed to deep silence, they tread the strand,  
Where furnaced pillars in order stand ;  
All framed of the liquid burning levin,  
And bent like the bow that spans the heaven ;  
Or upright ranged, in wondrous array,  
With purple of green o'er the darkness grey.  
The solemn rows in that ocean den  
Were dimly seen like the forms of men ;  
Like giant monks in ages agone,  
Whom the god of the ocean had sear'd to stone ;  
And their path was on wondrous pavement old,  
In blocks all cast in some giant mould.'

The *old* scenery of the trap rocks of Scotland,—the scenery associated with them when our country, along at least its two great lines of trappean eruption, was a *Tierra del Fuego*,—a land of fire,—it would require some of that poetic faculty to restore which I would fain challenge for the geologist. Even in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital, the rocky crust of the earth has been heaved into vast waves by the imprisoned Plutonic agencies struggling for vent ; huge floods of molten matter, now hardened into mountain masses,