

Firth and marks how the flat islands of the Orkney group rise from its northern side as a long low line, until westwards they mount into the rounded heights of Hoy, and how these again plunge in a range of precipices into the Atlantic. Yellow and red in hue, these marvellous cliffs gleam across the water as if the sunlight always bathed them. They brighten a gray day, and gray days are only too common in the northern summer; on a sunny forenoon, or still better on a clear evening, when the sun is sinking beneath the western waters, they glow and burn, yet behind such a dreamy sea-born haze, that the onlooker can hardly believe himself to be in the far north, but recalls perhaps memories of Capri and Sorrento, and the blue Mediterranean. Looking at them from the mainland, we are soon struck by one feature at their western end. A strange square tower-like projection rises behind the last and lowest spur of cliff which descends into the sea. We may walk mile after mile along the Caithness shore, and still that mysterious mass keeps its place. As we move westwards, however, the higher cliffs behind open out, and we can see on a clear day with the naked eye that the mass is a huge column of rock rising in advance of the cliff. It is the "Old Man of Hoy"—a notable landmark, well deserving its fame.

Let no tourist who has journeyed as far as Thurso hesitate to cross the Firth and reach Stromness in Orkney. He will find a steamer ready to carry him thither in a few hours, and in the voyage will pass close under the grandest cliff in the British Islands. Above all, he will make the personal acquaintance of the Old Man, or at least will be brought so near as to conceive a very profound respect for him. The view given in Fig. 1 was sketched from the vessel in this passage, and though by no means taken from