

glories that cannot be described. You are standing upon the pinnacle of England, and you feel as if almost the whole of it lay within the circle of vision. After enjoying so splendid a scene, you are thankful that the cloud hid it at first from your sight, and so much enhanced your pleasure by opening vista after vista, till the whole became one magnificent circle of picturesque beauty and sublimity.<sup>1</sup>

To relieve the mind after gazing long on such scenes of rugged grandeur, let us turn our course southerly, and follow down the romantic banks of the Wye, where every turn presents some new beauties, occasionally disclosing the ruins of some old castle, or magnificent abbey, (Tinton,) and at length Bristol, with its aristocratic adjunct Clifton, turns your thoughts from the works of nature to those of man. And yet, even Clifton's elegant Crescent is but a meagre show by the side of the magnificent gorge which the Avon has cut in the rocks just before it enters Bristol Channel.

Passing over to the Isle of Wight, and traversing its shores, we shall witness many unique examples of natural beauty, swelling sometimes into sublimity: such are the chalk cliffs near its western extremity, from two hundred to six hundred feet high, sometimes hollowed out into magnificent domes, and the pillars of chalk, called *Needles*, in the midst of the sea, alive with sea gulls and cormorants, and forming the remnants of the chalk bridge that once united the island to England. There, too, Alum Bay, with its many-coloured strata of clay, unites the interesting in geology with the picturesque in scenery.

Along the southern coast, also, are the stupendous cliffs and the romantic under-cliffs, as well as the ragged *chines*, where an almost tropical climate attracts the invalid, while the cool sea breezes draw thither the wealthy and the fashionable.

But if sublime scenery pleases us more, we must traverse the Highlands of Scotland,

“Land of brown heath and shaggy wood.”

<sup>1</sup> In this description I have attempted to give exactly the experience of myself and John Tappan, Esq., with our wives, who ascended Snowdon in June, 1850. A few days after, we ascended Cader Idris, another mountain of Wales, near Dolgelly, where the views were perhaps equally wild and sublime, with the addition of a vast number of trap columns, and a pseudo-crater, with its jagged and frowning sides.