

“ All pale and dim, as if from rest -  
 The ghost of the late buried sun  
 Had crept into the skies.”

The level beam fell along a lonely coast, on brown precipice and gray pebbly shore, here throwing into darker shade some wooded recess, there soliciting into prominence some tall cliff whitened by the cormorant. The dark-browed precipice, in which the cavern is hollowed, stood out in doubtful relief; while the cavern itself—bristling gray with icicles, that showed like the tags of a dead dress—seemed tenanted, in the exaggerative gloom, with all manner of suggestive shapes. Here a sheeted uncertainty sat beside the wall, or looked out from one of the darker openings upon the sea; there a broken skeleton seemed grovelling upon the floor. There was a wild luxury in calling to mind, as one gazed from the melancholy interior on the pale wake of the moon, that for miles on either hand there was not a human dwelling, save the deserted hut of a fisherman who perished in a storm. The reader may perhaps remember, that in exactly such a scene does the poet Collins find a home for his sublime personification of Fear.

“ Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,  
 Or in some hollowed seat,  
 'Gainst which the big waves beat,  
 With shuddering, meek, submitted thought,  
 Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought?”

I spent the greater part of a week among the fossiliferous deposits of Dudley, and succeeded in procuring a tolerably fair set of fossils, and in cultivating a tolerably competent acquaintance with the appearances which they exhibit in their various states of keeping. It is an important matter to educate the eye. Should there be days of health and the exploration of the Scottish Grauwacke in store for me, I may find my brief