

as a sort of rampart against the inroads of the ocean. The Atlantic, when provoked by wintry gales, batters against it with all the force of real artillery—the waves having, in their repeated assaults, forced for themselves an entrance. This breach, named the Grind of the Navir, is widened every winter by the overwhelming surge, that, finding a passage through it, separates large stones from its side, and forces them to a distance of 180 feet. In two or three spots the fragments which have been detached are brought together in immense heaps, that appear as an accumulation of cubical masses, the product of some quarry.' In other places, the progress of the ocean has left lonely stacks, or groups of columnar masses at a distance from the cliffs. Such are the rocks to the south of Hillswick Ness, and the strange tower-like pinnacles in the same neighbourhood called the Dreng, or Drongs, which, when seen from a distance, look like a small fleet of vessels with spread sails. Many 'blow-holes' have likewise been drilled in the roofs of sea-worn caves, and from these during storms sheets of foam and spray are shot high into the air.

The most stupendous sea-cliff in Shetland towers some 1300 feet above the Atlantic on the west side of the island of Foula. It consists of Old Red Sandstone, and bears impressive testimony to the variety and dignity of the rock-scenery which is characteristic of that formation in Scotland.

The Hebrides, not less than the Shetlands, illustrate the power of the ocean in working the degradation of the land. The most careful observations of the force of the breakers in this part of the British seas are those made during the progress of the erection of the lighthouse on Skerryvore—a rock lying to the south-west of the island of Tiree, and exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic, there being no land