

into the light, and its deep recesses and clefts, into which the summer sun never reaches, and where the winter snow never melts. The eye, travelling over cliff and crag, can mark everywhere the seams and scars dealt out in that long warfare with the elements of which the whole mountain is so noble a memorial.

But, passing from the contemplation of the glens on either side and their encircling ramparts of rock, let the observer pick his way southward along the mountain of which he has now gained the top. He will soon find that from a somewhat rounded and flattened ridge it narrows into a mere knife-edged crest, shelving steeply into the glens on either side. It is sometimes less than a yard broad, and as it is formed of broken crags and piles of loose granite-blocks, it affords by no means an easy pathway. The rock here, as usual, is traversed with abundant joints. Of these the rains and frosts have made good use, and the result has been to shatter the summit of the ridge, and strew the slopes far below with its ruins. The process of waste may be seen in all its stages. In one part, the solid granite is only now opening its lines of joint, in another these lines have begun to gape, giving the rock the appearance of rude uncemented masonry. The severance of the joint-faces can be traced through its successive phases, until the sundered mass has fallen over, and lies poised on a ledge below the crest,

‘As if an infant’s touch could urge
Its headlong passage down the verge.’

So narrow is the edge of the ridge in some places that a single block of granite might split into two parts, of which one would roll crashing down the steep slope into the valley on the left hand, while the other would leap to the bottom