

tions which have survived in this country. They rise up sharply and boldly, sometimes from the side of a hill, sometimes along a wide moor, and sometimes across a valley. They do not appear to occur in Scotland except in the neighbourhood of hills and rising ground. They may be traced at all levels—from less than a hundred feet above the sea up to at least a thousand feet. They consist of sand, of gravel, or of both, varying in texture to the coarsest shingle. They contain no fossils, save now and then a few sea-shells, or the bones of some terrestrial mammal.

These ridges have been a fruitful source of wonder and legend to the people. It was a quaint and beautiful superstition that peopled such verdurous hillocks or 'tomans' with shadowy forms, like diminutive mortals, clad in green silk, or in russet grey, whose unearthly music came faintly sounding from underneath the sod. The mounds rose so conspicuously from the ground, and, whether in summer heat or winter frost, wore ever an aspect so smooth and green, where all around was rough with dark moss-hags and sombre moor, that they seemed to have been raised by no natural power, but to be in very truth the work of fairy hands, designed at once to mark and guard the entrance to the fairy world below. The hapless wight who, lured by their soft verdure, stretched himself to sleep on their slopes, sank gently into their depths, and after a seven years' servitude in fairyland awoke again on the self-same spot. Like young Tamlane,

'The Queen of Faeries keppit him
In yon green hill to dwell.'

According to a tradition in Roxburghshire, the kames are the different strands of a rope, which a troublesome elfin was commanded to weave out of sand. The strands