

miniature hills, composed of glacial débris, which so frequently throng the openings of our Highland valleys, and which Burns so graphically describes in a single line as

‘Hillocks dropt in Nature’s careless haste,’

that perhaps the most pleasing remains of our ancient glaciers are to be found. They seem to be modified moraines, and usually affect regular forms, resembling in some instances the roofs of houses, and in some the bottoms of upturned ships; and, grouped thick together, and when umbrageous with the graceful birch, or waving from top to base with the light fronds of the lady-fern and the bracken, they often compose scenes of a soft and yet wild loveliness, from which the landscape gardener might be content to borrow, and which seem to have impressed in a very early age the Celtic imagination. They constitute the fairy Tomhans of Highland mythology; and many a curious legend still survives, to tell of benighted travellers who, on one certain night of the year, of ghostly celebrity, have seen open doors in their green sides, whence gleams of dazzling light fell on the thick foliage beyond, and have heard voices of merriment and music resounding from within; or who, mayhap, incautiously entering, have listened entranced to the song, or stood witnessing the dance, until, returning to the open air, they have found that in what seemed a brief half-hour half a lifetime had passed away. There are few of the remoter valleys of the Highlands that have not their groups of fairy Tomhans,—memorials of the age of ice.

After the lapse of ages,—but who can declare their number?—the period of subsidence represented by the boulder-clay came to a close, and a period of elevation succeeded. The land began to rise; and there is a considerable extent of superficial deposits in Scotland which we owe to this period of elevation. It is the main object of the ingenious work of Mr. Robert Chambers on Raised