

circumstances in which our country was placed by Him who, to 'perform his wonders,'

'Plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm,'

in order that at the appointed period it might, according to the poet, be a land

'Made blithe by plough and harrow.'

From the boulder-clay there is a natural transition to the boulders themselves, from which the deposit derives its name. These remarkable travelled stones seem, from the old traditions connected with some of them, to have awakened attention and excited wonder at an early period, long ere Geology was known as a science; nor are they without their share of picturesqueness in certain situations. You will perhaps remember how frequently, and with what variety of aspect, Bewick, the greatest of wood-engravers, used to introduce them into the backgrounds of his vignettes. 'A rural scene is never perfect,' says Shenstone, a poet of no very large calibre, but the greatest of landscape gardeners, 'without the addition of some kind of building: I have, however, known,' he adds, 'a scaur of rock in great measure supplying the deficiency.' And the justice of the poet's canon may be often seen exemplified in those more recluse districts of the country which border on the Highlands, and where a huge rock-like boulder, roughened by mosses and lichens, may be seen giving animation and cheerfulness to the wild solitude of a deep forest glade, or to some bosky inflection of bank waving with birch and hazel on the side of some lonely tarn or haunted streamlet. Even on a dark sterile moor, where the pale lichen springs up among the stunted heath, and the hairy club-moss goes creeping among the stones, some vast boulder, rising grey amid the waste, gives to the fatigued eye a reposing point, on which it can rest for a time, and then let itself out on the expanse around. Boulder-