

and each Sabbath by a broad pale streak interposed between each group,—exactly such a space, in short, as a clerk, in keeping tally, would leave between his fagots of strokes. In this curious record a holiday takes its place among the working days, like a second Sabbath. ‘How comes this week to have two Sabbaths?’ inquired a gentleman to whom a specimen was shown at one of the pits. ‘That blank Friday,’ replied the foreman, ‘was the day of the races.’ ‘And what,’ said the visitor, ‘means this large empty space, a full fortnight in breadth and more!’ ‘Oh, that space,’ rejoined the foreman, ‘shows the time of the strike for wages: the men stood out for three weeks, and then gave in.’ In fine, the Sabbath-stone of the Northumbrian mines is a sort of geologic register of the work done in them,—a sort of natural tally, in which the sedimentary agent keeps the chalk, and which tells when the miners labour and when they rest, and whether they keep their Sabbaths intact or encroach upon them. One would scarce expect to find of transactions so humble a record in the heart of a stone; but it may serve to show how very curious that narrative might be, could we but read it aright, which lies couched in the party-coloured layers of the Morayshire Wealden. All its many beds, green, black, and grey, argillaceous and calcareous, record the workings of nature, with her alternations of repose, in a time of frequent vicissitude, and amid its annals of chemical and mechanical change embodies in many an episodical little passage its exhibitions of anatomical structure and its anecdotes of animal life.

Before passing on to the Oolite, as developed in Scotland, or rather to our Scotch deposits of the marine Oolite,—for what we call our Wealden is, as I have shown, merely an estuary or lacustrine Oolite,—let me solicit your attention to a few points illustrative of what may be termed the framework of our country. There are two sets of conditions under which land may arise from the ocean. Its hills and