

would now fain recommend the sceptical to suspend their ultimate decision on the point, until such time as they shall have acquainted themselves with the grooved and polished rocks of Braambury, and the parallel moraines that stretch out around its base.

I had lacked time, during my visit of the previous season, to examine the moraines that lie in the opening of the valley higher up, and now set out to explore them. The day had become exceedingly pleasant: a few cottony-looking wreaths of mist still mottled the hills, and the sky overhead was still laden with clouds; but ever and anon the sun broke out in hasty glimpses, that went flashing across the dark moors, now lighting up some bosky recess or abrupt cliff, now casting into strong prominence some insulated moraine. The hollow between Braambury and the hills is occupied, as I have said, by an extensive morass, in which the inhabitants of the neighbourhood dig their winter fuel, and which we find fretted, in consequence, by numerous rectilinear cavities, filled with an inky water, and roughened and darkened on its drier swellings with innumerable parallelograms of peat. I passed an opening in which there were no fewer than five gnarled, short-stemmed fir-trees, laid bare. They lay clustered together, as if uprooted and thrown down by some tremendous hurricane,—presenting exactly such appearances as I have seen in the woods of Cromarty after the hurricane of November 1830, when, in less than an hour, three thousand full-grown trees were blown down in one not very extensive wood, and lay heaped on some of the more exposed eminences in groups of six and eight. A few hundred yards from the prostrate trees there rises, amid the morass, a solitary moraine. I could see its gravelly root extending downwards under the peat which, in the slow course of ages, had accumulated around it, and found the conviction pressing upon me, that many centuries ago, when the five prostrate pines were living denizens of the forest,