

bank on which we stand reaches some fifty yards downward: you see the loose stones peeping out everywhere. We may fairly suppose that we stand on a dam of loose stones, a hundred feet deep.

‘But why loose stones? and if so, what matter and what wonder? There are rocks cropping out everywhere down the hill-side.

‘Because, if you will take up one of these stones, and crack it across, you will see that it is not of the same stuff as those said rocks. Step into the next field and see. That rock is the common Snowdon slate which we see everywhere. The two shoulders of down right and left are slate too; you can see that at a glance. But the stones of the pebble bank are a close-grained yellow-spotted Syenite; and where,—where on earth did these Syenite pebbles come from? Let us walk round to the cliff on the opposite side and see.

‘Now mark. Between the cliff-foot and the sloping down is a crack, ending in a gully: the nearer side is of slate, and the further side the cliff itself. Why, the whole cliff is composed of the very same stone as the pebble ridge.

‘Now, my good friend, how did these pebbles get three hundred yards across the lake? Hundreds of tons, some of them three feet long,—who carried them across? The old Cimbri were not likely to amuse themselves by making such a breakwater up here in No-man’s-land, two thousand feet above the sea; but somebody or something must have carried them, for stones do not fly, nor swim neither.

‘Let our hope of a solution be in John Jones, who carried up the coracle. Hail him, and ask what is on the top of that cliff. So?—“Plains and bogs, and another linn.” Very good. Now, does it not strike you that the whole cliff has a remarkably smooth and plastered look, like a hare’s run up an earth bank? And do you see that it is polished thus only over the lake? that as soon as the cliff abuts on the