

action around the shores of the great lakes. Even mimic oceans like these, in the era of their strength, have performed labors which excite our astonishment. And that Titanic power which geology dimly pictures to us as moving in glacier-masses from parallel to parallel, riding over primeval forests, obliterating ancient river-beds, plowing out lake-basins to the depth of nine hundred feet, and crushing to powder countless cubic miles of obdurate granite and quartz—that power of which we can little more than dream, though the records of its marvelous march are scattered about on every side—a power which may have been summoned into exercise at more than one period in the world's history—that power whose movement was resistless as fate, and destructive as the crash of worlds, can serve at least to impress our minds with the energy of geological agencies, and the resources at Nature's hand for the scooping of lake-basins, the carving of mountain cliffs, or the scraping out of the bowels of the State of Tennessee.

Even the humble river-stream—humble by comparison, but terrific as Niagara in unwasting and untiring power—has accomplished work at which the highest human engineering stands appalled. The Kentucky and the Cumberland, in traversing the states which they drain, have worn their channels to the depth of hundreds of feet below the general level of the country. Some of the wildest and most attractive scenery of the continent lies along the Kentucky, from the mouth of Hickman's Creek in Garrard County, to Dix River and Coger's Ferry in Mercer County. Even the smallest streams have aped the pretentious labors of the larger, and have succeeded in opening their narrower gorges through two, three, and four hundred feet of the blue limestone of the blue-grass lands of Kentucky and Tennessee.

But these all are pigmy works compared with those of