

merits the title of river—throws its amber waters into foam over endless boulders that choke up its channel. And then, where the torrent breaks impatiently from the lower end of another lochan, among hardened beds of Silurian grit and shale, we enter upon a great mass of granite, which forms the remaining mile of the course of the Girvan, and rises high on either hand into gray rugged hills. Crags of granite of every size and form stand up bleached and barren from the brown heath. Blocks of granite in endless varieties of bulk and shape lie strewed about, beneath and around the crags from which they have been detached. The river issues from a little tarn, called Loch Girvan Eye, filling a rock-basin in the granite, 1600 feet above the sea. Round this sheet of water the rugged ground is cumbered with blocks that seem just waiting their turn to be borne away down to the lower grounds. To the south, a high bleak mountain ridge ascends to an elevation of 2700 feet above the sea and 1100 over the parent tarn of the Girvan. Here, then, at last, is the source of the granite boulders of the valley. It was from these lonely hillsides that the Baron's Stone of Killochan was carried.

From these high grounds millions of boulders of all sizes, up to masses weighing at least thirty or forty tons, have been borne seawards and strewed over the lower hills and valleys of Carrick. What agency could transport them? It is plain that no flood of fresh water could have scattered them, for they are often perched on the hill-tops 800 or 900 feet above the valleys in which the streams are running. Nor is it conceivable that at a former time, when the level of the land was much lower than it is now, any great ocean-wave could have taken its rise within a limited area of what is now the highest ground in the south of Scotland, and carried with it in one vast resistless debacle