

pointed out, the opposable thumb and the highly mobile trunk with its tactile appendage give these creatures an exceptional chance of grasping an object all round, and so of thoroughly learning its physical properties, which has put them intellectually in the very front rank of the animal world; but in the carnivores, the ruminants, and the horse tribe, a very delicate sense of smell seems almost to make up for the want of a special grasping organ. At any rate the leading members of these groups—the cats, bears, camels, deer, bison, horse, and donkey—are all of them conspicuous among their compeers for the relatively high quality of their intellectual gifts.

XX.

BESIDE THE CROMLECH.

ON the long spur where the path loses itself among bracken and heather, just below the summit of Mynydd Mawr, I met an Ancient Briton, from whom I tried to learn the way to the cromlech. Unfortunately, my Ancient Briton, "had not the English," and so failed to comprehend the questions I put to him; but, by mustering all my stock of Welsh in a supreme effort, I managed at last to make him understand what it was that I wanted. "Oh, ay," he says, in his native Cymric, politely swallowing down his rising smile at my imperfect *ll's* and *ch's*. "You mean the Fairy's Grave. Cross past the llyn and up the ledge of Crib Goch, and you'll find it on the very crest of Mynydd." I will not assert that I fully understood him in every word, but that was certainly the gist of his directions, eked out by a good deal of gesture and pantomime; and, at any rate, here I am at last, stretched out at full length under the shadow of the great monoliths and looking across the bay, whitened by the foam of Sarn Badrig, to the long, clear-cut blue range of the Carnarvonshire mountains. The sky is cloudless and the horizon very free from mist, so

that I am well rewarded for my pains; for I can see the whole peninsula from Snowdon on to Braich-y-Pwll rising and sinking in hill or lowland, and at the very end of all, Bardsey, the Isle of Bards, stands square and solid against the sky-line, with a solitary ship under full sail showing in the very centre of the sound, and the Irish Sea stretching away to southward, distinct and blue, as far as the eye can reach.

The cromlech itself is a fine specimen of a megalithic structure, piled up of four large boulders from the neighboring hillside, and but little squared or hewn by artificial means. The boulders do not belong to the same Cambrian rock as the underlying hill; they are fragments of Snowdonian granite, transported hither by the glaciers of the great ice age, which scratched the grooves and furrows on the naked limestone of the mountain itself. I can trace these grooves all around me on every hand; and indeed the bossed and rounded surface of all the shoulders would in itself suffice to suggest glacial action immediately to any geological eye. Similar markings occur on the sides of the three upright stones in the cromlech, and on the under front of the table-stone which lies across them; but here and there the original striated surface has been cut away by the rude tools of the primitive cromlech builders, in order roughly to shape the irregular masses for their present position. For of course cromlechs, though very ancient from the historical point of view, are quite modern in the geological or even the anthropological estimate. They have been erected a long way on the hither side of the glacial epoch. There were men in Britain before the last ice age, and they have left their memorials in the rough chipped flint implements of the drift and on the hardened floors of caves; but every trace of their presence has of course been planed off the actual surface of the country by the great sheets of ice which, during the last glaciation, ground down