

any vestige of life, being at a horizon below the point where organic remains begin to appear and in another range of mountains, just alongside, we may find only Carboniferous and Devonian rocks, and they, by the curious manner in which the mountains were created, may have been pushed partly on top of the much later Cretaceous of the plains. The last stage of this mountain building is, however, so remote, so far as man is concerned, and the destruction by the elements is so slow, that the mountain, wherever it may be, is our most tremendous phenomenon, our hoariest monument of time, the object sometimes of our worship, sometimes of our fear, always of our admiration, while its counterpart, the abysmal valleys under the ocean, covered with the slime formed from the wastage of the mountains and carried down by the rivers, creates in us little but horror, and a terror-bound sense of mystery.

As a rule, man in his early stages feared and avoided the mountains and where he has found a more or less permanent home among them his ancestors have been driven to live there because of more powerful enemies who have seized the valleys or the plains. Such mountain men are often degenerate, antique in habit, and profoundly different from the ordinary man. True, in time, the valley man sometimes grows fat and lazy and the mountain man, like Kintoki, sometimes acquires all the strength that comes from contact with nature, and her wild beasts, and so many a hill-man coming down upon the vale of Cashmir, upon the fishing Indians of our Pacific coast or upon the lowland Scotchman, has in effect the War-Song of Dinas Vawr—

"The mountain sheep are sweeter,  
But the valley sheep are fatter;  
We, therefore, deemed it meeter,  
To carry off the latter."

We should be wrong to suppose, however, that men dwelling in the mountain areas have necessarily been