

## CHAPTER XI.

Walk to the Clent Hills.—Incident in a Fruit Shop.—St. Kenelm's Chapel.—Legend of St. Kenelm.—Ancient Village of Clent; its Appearance and Character.—View from the Clent Hills.—Mr. Thomas Moss.—Geologic Peculiarities of the Landscape; Illustration.—The Scotch Drift.—Boulders; these transported by the Agency of Ice Floes.—Evidence of the Former Existence of a broad Ocean Channel.—The Geography of the Geologist.—Aspect of the Earth ever Changing.—Geography of the Palæozoic Period; of the Secondary; of the Tertiary.—Ocean the great Agent of Change and Dilapidation.

LET us now return to Hales Owen, and thence pass on to the Clent Hills,—famous resorts, in those parts, of many a summer pic-nic party from the nearer villages, and of pale-faced artizans and over-labored clerks, broken loose for a few happy days from the din and smoke of the more distant Birmingham. I was fortunate in a pleasant day,—rather of the warmest for walking along the low, dusty roads, but sufficiently cool and breezy on the grassy slopes of the hills. A humble fruit-shop stood temptingly open among the naileries in the outer skirts of Hales Owen, and I stepped in to purchase a few pears: a sixpenceworth would have been by no means an overstock in Scotland to one who had to travel several miles up hill in a warm day; and so I asked for no less here. The fruitman began to fill a capacious oaken measure, much like what, in Scotland, we would term a meal lippy, and to pile up the fruit over it in a heap. “How much is that?” I asked.—“Why, only fivepenn’orth,” replied the man; “but I’ll give thee the other penn’orth arter.”—“No, no, stop,” said I; “give me just