

Text from: Preacher, Pastor, Poet : Rev Thomas Hardy of Foulis Wester 1910

Away we went ! rattling up the Glen ! the heathery hills on either side looking down upon the long line of carts—with admiration, no doubt. And we looked up at them, likewise admiringly. Little Macfatty, lying lazily on his back, told us, with reference to his recent snack, that he was " awfu' komfortible noo !" The first object of interest was **The Giant's Grave**—a long heathery mound, like a gigantic " tatty pit " (as our driver said). The giant was so tall that he strided the Glen with a foot on either mountain, and, stooping down, drank from the Almond River out of his loof. A wee lassie, in a tartan frock and straw hat, who had a douce, grave, sensible bit facie, said solemnly, " Eh !sic' a big lee ! "

We next came to "the saddlin' mear" .The " mare " is a tall, druid-like boulder stone, shaped at the top like a sloping desk, and it needs a tall, long armed man to lift from the foot of it a round stone like a cannon ball, and place this " saddle " on the mare's back. If the man himself is not tall, or his arms not long enough, the saddle topples down and makes him jump back, to save his toes. Some of the seniors—and some of the carters—made highly unsuccessful efforts, and were ironically cheered. So we left the mear bare-backed.