

Suppose it a fine morning, Anno Domini 2000; and the royal geologists, with Von Hammer at their head—pioneers, excavators, borers, trappists, grey-wackers, carbonari, field-sparrers, and what not, are marching to have a grand field-day in TILGATE FOREST. A good cover has been marked out for a find. Well! to work they go; hammer and tongs, mallets and threemen beetles, banging, splitting, digging, shovelling; sighing like paviours, blasting like miners, puffing like a smith's bellows—hot as his forge—dusty as millers—muddy as eels—what with sandstone and gritstone, and pudding-stone, blue clay and brown, marl and bog-earth—now unsextonizing a petrified bachelor's button—now a stone tom-tit—now a marble gooseberry-bush—now a hap'orth of Barcelona nuts geologized into two-pen'orth of marbles—now a couple of Kentish cherries, all stone, turned into Scotch pebbles—and now a fossil red-herring with a hard *row* of flint. But these are geological bagatelles! We want the organic remains of one of Og's bulls, or Gog's hogs—that is, the *Mastodon*—or Magog's pet lizard, that's the *Iguanodon*—or Polyphemus's elephant, that's the *Megatherium*. So in they go again, with a crash like Thor's Scandinavian hammer, and a touch of the earthquake, and lo! another and greater *Bony-part* to exhume! Huzza! shouts Field-sparrer, who will spar with any one and give him a stone. Hold on, cries one—let go, shouts another—here he comes, says a third—no, he don't,