

thickly around me, were the shells and corals of the Silurian ocean, — an ocean quite as dissimilar in its productions to that of the present day, as the oceans of either Mars or Venus. It takes a great deal to slacken the zeal of some pursuits. I have been told by a relative, now deceased, — a man strongly imbued with a taste for natural history, who fought under Abercromby in Egypt, — that though the work was rather warm on the day he first leaped ashore on that celebrated land, and the beach somewhat cumbered by the slain, he could not avoid casting a glance at the white shells which mingled with the sand at his feet, to see whether they greatly differed from those of his own country; and that one curious shell, which now holds an honored place in my small collection, he found time to transfer, amid the sharp whizzing of the bullets, to his waistcoat pocket.

I filled a small box with minute shells and corals, — terebratulæ of some six or eight distinct species, a few leptænæ and orthes, a singularly beautiful astrea, figured by Murchison as *Astrea ananas*, or the pine-apple astrea, several varieties of cyathophyllum, and some two or three species of porites and limaria. To some of the corals I found thin mat-like zoophytes of the character of flustræ attached; to others, what seemed small serpulæ. Out of one mass of shale I disinterred the head of a stone lily, — the *Cyathocrinites pyriformis*, — beautifully preserved; in a second mass I found the fully-expanded pelvis and arms of a different genus, — the *Actinocrinites moniliformis*, — but it fell to pieces ere I could extricate it. I was more successful in detaching entire a fine specimen of what I find figured by Murchison, though with a doubtful note of interrogation attached, as a gorgonia or sea-fan. I found much pleasure, too, in acquainting myself, though the specimens were not particularly fine, with disjointed portions of