

size, and have long since lost every mark of the tool. The recesses of the hill, like those of the Wren's Nest, are threaded by a subterranean canal, which, in passing under the excavation of an ancient quarry, opens to the light; and so in a thickly-wooded walk, profoundly solitary, when one is least thinking of the possibility of such a thing, one comes full upon a wide and very deep chasm overhung by trees, the bottom of which is occupied by a dark basin, crowded with boats. We may mark the boatmen emerging from out the darkness by one cavern, and reëntering it by another. They see the sun, and the sky, and the green trees, far above, but nothing within reach save rough rocks and muddy water; and if they do not think, as they pass, of human life, bounded by the darkness of the two eternities, with no lack of the gloomy and the turbid in closest contact, but with what the heart most desires hung too high for the hand to grasp, it is not because there are no such analogies furnished by the brief passage through, but merely because they have failed to discover them.

A little further on there may be found a grand though somewhat sombre cavern, which, had it come direct from the hand of nature, I would have perhaps deemed one of the most remarkable I ever explored. We enter a long narrow dell, wooded atop, like all the others, with an overhanging precipice rising tall on the one side, and the strata sloping off on the other in a continuous plane, like the face of a rampart. Nor is this sloping wall devoid of its characteristic sculpturings. We find it fretted with shells and corals, and well-marked heads and joints of the *Calymene Blumenbachii*, so abundant an organism in these rocks as to be familiarly known as the Dudley trilobite. I scarce know on what principle it should have occurred; but certainly never before, even when considerably less familiar with the wonders of Geology, was I so impressed