

Thom or Forrest. But even these masters of their art would confess themselves outdone here in beauty of finish. Their best works don't stand the microscope; whereas the carvings of the Upper Oolite here, though in sandstone, mightily improve under it. The cast of a broken fragment of wood at present before me shows not only the markings of the annual rings, but also the microscopic striæ of the vegetable fibre,—a niceness of impression impossible in any sandstone that had not what the sandstones of this quarry have,—a large mixture of calcareous cement. I remember that, on my first introduction to the excavations of Braambury,—for such is the name of the quarry,—the vast amount of what seemed broken sculpture in the rubbish reminded me of some of Tennant's singularly happy descriptions in his *Dinging down o' the Cathedral*. They seemed memorials of a time when, to the signal detriment of ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland, and all the good solid religion that springs out of sandstone,—

' Ilk tirlie-wirlie mament bra,  
 That had for centuries ane and a'  
 Brankit on bunker or on wa',  
 Cam tumblin tap o'er tail . . .  
 Whan in ilk kirk the angry folk  
 Carv't wark, an arch, an pillar broke.'

I had not a few other recollections of the quarry of Braambury. Nothing can be more interesting to the geologist than its fossils, and nothing more annoying at times to the workman. Occurring often in the wrought stone, they occasion sad gaps and deplorable breaches, where the plane should be smooth or the moulding sharp. I remember laying open on one occasion a beautiful cast that had once been a belemnite, but that had become a mere cavity in which a belemnite might be moulded,—for even this solid fossil, that so doggedly preserves its substance in most other deposits, is absorbed by the sandstone of Braambury. And