loops. And just look here. Along this loop there runs a single drop. Observe how it descends, with but a slight inclination, for about two inches or so, and then turns round for about three quarters of an inch more; observe further, that along this other loop there trickle two drops, one on each side; that, as a consequence of the balance which they form the one against the other, their descent has a much greater sweep; and that, uniting in the centre, they fall together. We have found a solution of our riddle, and received one proof more of the superiority of the simple art of seeing over the ingenious art of theorizing.

But let us proceed to the proper business of the excursion. We have provided ourselves with tools for digging; and, selecting a spot some thirty feet within the cavern, where the bottom seems composed of a damp dark mould, we set ourselves, with spade and pick-axe, to penetrate to the sea-gravel beneath. The soil yields as easily to the tool as a piece of garden-mould; and turning it up to the light in cubical adhesive masses, we find it consisting of an impalpable brown earth, that exactly resembles raw umber. We have fallen on a bed of pure guano, not quite so rich, perhaps, as that which our agriculturists export from the rocky islets of South America at the rate of about fourteen pounds per ton, for it must have been formed originally of vegetable, not animal matter, and we find that it lacks the strong ammoniacal smell of the guano produced by predacious water-birds; but judging from its appearance, and from the high estimate formed of old of the dung of pigeons as a manure, it must be of value enough to deserve removal from the damp unproductive floor of the Doocot. We find the bed which it composes extending downwards from two to three feet, and filling the cavern from side to side. A rock-gravel lies below, hardened into an imperfect breccia by a ferruginous cement; but the rotting moisture exuded from the guano has been unfavourable, apparently, to the