

borhood of London, Ontario, did not suffice to insure from the enchantment the very next man who gazed upon a limestone cliff reeking with the oozings of bitumen. And all this infatuation was indulged in spite of scientific advice, or in blissful ignorance of scientific teachings. Sweet is anticipation. An Ohio man showed me one day a quantity of fragments of this limestone, which were completely saturated after the usual style. It was a new sight to him, and he felt assured that Nature had simply used them as a roofing over an immense reservoir of oil. I recognized the formation at a glance, and remembered fifty instances in which it had been pierced without success. I assured the gentleman that it would be useless to bore in that rock. My advice saved a friend from becoming a fellow-victim, but the Ohio gentleman returned, and, like hundreds of others, resolved to trust his own ignorance in preference to professional skill. He bored his hole, and—it is still there !

In another instance, a gentleman of another state became fascinated by the smell of oil about an old stone-quarry in the Corniferous limestone. “Surely the oil must be treasured in these rocks,” he said to himself. So, at great expense, he leased ground, erected buildings, employed hands, and bored a hole about six hundred feet in depth. As in all explorations of this formation, the never-failing smell of oil was continually taken for a “fine show,” and he persevered in pushing downward. At length, however, the smell of oil gave out, and courage was kept up by smelling occasionally a piece of the surface-rock, or stirring the mud and water that had accumulated in the depressions of the quarry. The smell was a perpetual invigorator. Every sniff was worth fifty dollars to the grand enterprise. Every gas-bubble that could be conjured to the surface was good for another check. But at length the