

them. He was certain that the plants in the rock must have once bloomed green on the land, and that the fishes must have darted through the water. His Bible told him of a great flood that had destroyed mankind and covered the lands which they inhabited; and he had no manner of doubt that the fishes and plants of the limestone were memorials of that great inundation, and therefore contemporaries of Noah and the Ark.

The third, and by much the most numerous, group of workmen, were those whose labour went on underground—blasting and quarrying the limestone, and then wheeling it in waggons along the galleries to the mouth of the quarry, whence it was drawn up by the engine. Murky and grim, each with a slouched cap, from the front of which hung a little lamp, they formed, nevertheless, a merry company, keeping up a ceaseless din of hammering in these gloomy regions, save at intervals when a blast-hole was charged with gunpowder, and then all hurried away behind some of the huge pillars until the explosion was over. It was during one of these pauses that I first made their acquaintance. With one or two companions, I had been prying into the mouth of the quarry, and venturing for some way within, until, as the daylight grew dim, our courage failed, and we returned. A rumbling noise gradually approached, and there at last emerged from the darkness a full waggon, with a grimy workman pushing it from behind. The lamp that flickered on his forehead added greatly to his uncouthness as he came into the full light of day; and it was not without some hesitation that we accepted his invitation to hold on by the end of an empty truck, and return with him into the innermost recesses of the quarry. It was a long journey, and of course, save for the feeble glimmer of the lamp in his cap, in total darkness