

scene changes, the past returns; and now we have a world so old that to us it is new. The megatheres are traversing the recesses of these strange woods; and the goodliest trees bend under their paws and quiver under their gnawings, as if seized with the terrors of irresistible destruction. And the Toxodon is there—a pachydermata-rodent animal of gigantic proportions—having so much in its complicated structure, both of the terrestrial and the aquatic, that it is difficult to say whether it moved on the land, or remained in the water. And the Macrauchenia, with a body about as large as that of a rhinoceros, and a neck nearly as long as that of the giraffe, is slowly crossing the level country—secure from human assault, for as yet there is no man. And the Glyptodon, almost as colossal as the megatheres, but resembling in form the tortoise, or rather armadillo, and clad in a coat of mail which would have crushed an animal less powerful, clears away the vegetation which leaf-eating tribes of smaller capacity have spared.

When we have begun to be familiar with the life and times of these creatures, geology once more deranges our notions of settled order.