

eyeballs, and imagination spanned another interval of ages; and I stood upon the banks of the Tigris and the Nile, and the forms of Sennacherib, and Menes, and Moses passed before me. As chance would have it, I returned, and, passing through a cabinet where the "medals of creation" had been ranged in regular order, the ponderous molars of an extinct mammoth, dug from the soil of Michigan, awakened a new thought. By its side rested the skull of Oreodon, with its sheep-like teeth in a hog-like head; and, being in a mood for revery, I thought of the distant Missouri plains where Oreodon had grazed; and of the vast lake—thrice the size of Superior—from whose water he had drunk, and on whose muddy banks had crawled turtles that could carry oxen on their backs. And then I remembered that thought had darted back over another stretch of ages to a time when God had not yet said, "Let us make man," when the wide continent was the pasture-ground of elephants, and mastodons, and wild horses, and camels, and sloths, and quadrupeds of strange shapes which were blotted out of existence before ever human eye had gazed upon them.

Here, I thought, are the relics of a genuine antiquity. I sauntered on, and the teeth, and vertebræ, and dimly-outlined forms of Ichthyosaurs, and Deinososaurs, and flying lizards, and fishes clad in mail—bucklered and helmeted fishes—these in succession passed before my eyes. And then winged thoughts flew back through those dim ages of the world's history which we call Mesozoic. I breathed a stifling atmosphere; tepid vapors rose all around me; strange foliage fringed bayous of which I had never heard; neither bird nor insect stirred the fervid atmosphere; there were no forests; the continents were but just arising from their sea-couches, and no footprint had yet been impressed upon their slime-covered heads. And then I thought again of