

In vain we endeavour to penetrate the veil which shrouds from our view many of the mighty events that preceded the history of our race—for although the shades of colossal and unknown forms belonging to the remote ages of a past eternity, obey the spell of the true magician *Science*—yet of the innumerable beings, which through countless centuries,

“The Earth has gathered to her breast again,  
And yet again, the millions that were born  
Of her unnumbered, unremembered tribes—”

how few, comparatively, could even the transcendent genius of Cuvier reveal!

If we endeavour to trace the order of succession of animal and vegetable organization upon the earth, as demonstrated by fossil remains, we are at once impressed with the insufficiency of the data hitherto obtained, to present us with a true picture of the full development of organic life as it existed in the remotest ages. Ascending from the *Granite*—that shroud which conceals for ever from human ken the earliest scenes of the earth's physical drama—the first glimpses we obtain of animated nature, are a few sea-weeds and shells, and crustacea. But can we doubt for a moment that *that* ancient sea had its boundaries and its shores—that then, as now, there were islands and continents, and hills and valleys, and streams and rivers, teeming with appropriate inhabitants? The single drifted dico-