

And, further, it might be very safely inferred from it, that if olive trees had survived, other trees and plants must have survived also; and that the dark muddy prominences round which the ebbing currents were fast sweeping to lower levels, would soon present, as in antediluvian times, their coverings of cheerful green. The olive leaf spoke not of merely a partial, but of a general vegetation. Now, the coniferous lignite of the Lower Old Red Sandstone we find charged, like the olive leaf, with a various and singularly interesting evidence. It is something to know, that in the times of the *Coccosteus* and *Asterolepis* there existed dry land, and that that land wore, as at after periods, its soft, gay mantle of green. It is something also to know, that the verdant tint was not owing to a profuse development of the mere immaturities of the vegetable kingdom, — crisp, slow-growing lichens, or watery spore-propagated fungi that shoot up to their full size in a night, — nor even to an abundance of the more highly organized families of the liverworts and the mosses. These may have abounded then, as now; though we have not a shadow of evidence that they did. But while we have no proof whatever of *their* existence, we have conclusive proof that there existed orders and families of a rank far above them. On the dry land of the Lower Old Red Sandstone, on which, according to the theory of Adolphe Brogniart, nothing higher than a lichen or a moss could have been expected, the ship-carpenter might have hopefully taken axe in hand, to explore the woods for some such stately pine as the one described by Milton, —

“Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral.”

Viewed simply in its picturesque aspect, this *olive leaf* of the Old Red seems not at all devoid of poetry. We sail