

its last bleak retreats, where the winter snows linger unwasted till midsummer, and the breeze is always laden with the chills of the old glacial period. They compose the *Celtic* portion of the Scottish flora, cooped up in their mountain recesses by the encroachments of those Germanic races of the plant family that flourish, in the altered atmosphere, on the more genial plains of the country, or on the sunny slopes of its lower hills. That language of flowers in which the ladies of Mohammedan countries have learned to converse is not unappropriately employed in giving expression to the various modes of a passion scarce less evanescent than the flowers themselves. But is it not passing strange, that we of Scotland should be called on to recognise in the transitory flowers of our sheltered low-lying plains and valleys, and of our high bleak moors and exposed mountain summits, the records of an antiquity so remote, that the stories told by the half-effaced hieroglyphics of Nineveh and of Egypt are of yesterday in comparison?

Here the exhibition of our facts illustrative of the Pleistocene and Post-Tertiary periods in Scotland properly ends. The existing evidence has been taken, though, of course, briefly and imperfectly, the extent and multiplicity of the subject considered; and, the record closed, a formal summary of the conclusions founded upon it should now terminate our history. Permit me, however, to present you, in conclusion, not with the formal summary, but a somewhat extended picture, of the whole, exhibited, panorama-like, as a series of scenes. The fine passage in the *Autumn of Thomson*, in which the poet lays all Scotland at once upon the canvas, and surveys it at a glance, must be familiar to you all:—

‘ Here awhile the Muse,
High hovering o’er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia in romantic view ;
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,