

cessive creations. The gigantic Ben Wevis, with its attendant hills, rose abruptly to the west. The distant peaks of Ben Vaichard appeared in the south, and far to the north were descried the lofty hills of Sutherland, and even the Ord-hill of Caithness. Descending from the towers of nature's lofty edifice he surveys its ruins, its broken sculptures, and its half-defaced inscriptions, as exhibited in certain Ichthyic remains of the Lower Old Red Sandstone which had then no name, and which were unknown to the most accomplished geologists. Among these he specially notices "a confused bituminous-looking mass that had much the appearance of a toad or frog," thus shadowing forth in the morning twilight the curious *Pterichtys*, which he was able afterwards, in better specimens, to exhibit in open day. As we have already referred, with some minuteness, to the fossils which our author had at this time discovered in the great charnel-house of the old world, we shall indulge our readers with a specimen of the noble sentiments which they inspired, and of the beautiful language in which these sentiments are clothed.

"But let us quit this wonderful city of the dead, with all its reclining obelisks, and all its sculptured tumuli, the memorials of a race that exist only in their tombs. And yet, ere we go, it were well, perhaps, to indulge in some of those serious thoughts which we so naturally associate with the solitary burying-ground and the mutilated remains of the departed. Let us once more look around us, and say, whether, of all men, the Geologist does not stand most in need of the Bible, however much he may contemn it in the pride of speculation. We tread on the remains of organized and sentient creatures, which, though more numerous at one period than the whole family of man, have long since ceased to exist; the individuals perished one after one—their remains served only to elevate the floor on which their descendants pursued the various instincts of their nature, and then sunk, like the others, to form a still higher layer of soil; and now that the whole race has passed from the earth, and we see the animals of a different tribe occupying their places, what survives of them but a mass of inert and senseless matter, never again to be animated by the mysterious spirit of vitality—that spirit which, dissipated in the air, or diffused in the ocean, can, like the sweet sounds and pleasant odors of the past, be neither gathered up nor recalled! And O, how dark the analogy which would lead us to anticipate a similar fate for ourselves! As individuals, we are but as yesterday; to-morrow we shall be laid in our graves, and the tread of the coming generation shall be over our heads. Nay, have we not seen a terrible disease sweep away, in a few years, more than eighty millions of the race to which we belong; and can we think of this and say that a time may not come when, like the fossils of these beds, our whole species shall be