



KNOX'S HOUSE AT EDINBURGH.

STORIES OF SCOTLAND

And its adjacent Islands.

BY

MRS. THOMAS GELDART,

Author of "Stories of England and her Forty Counties;" "Stories of
Ireland;" "Truth is Everything;" "Emilie the Peacemaker;"
&c., &c.

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STORIES OF SCOTLAND.

Chapter First.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS—THE EARLY KINGS, &c.

SCOTLAND is the northern division of the celebrated island of Great Britain. If you look at it on a map, you will be struck with its rugged appearance. Its coast is jagged and irregular, and its interior for the most part covered with mountains and watered with lakes. Separated from England by the Cheviot Hills, which extend almost from sea to sea, with a breadth of from forty to sixty miles, it would seem as though nature herself had determined the boundaries of each country; but man willed it otherwise, and from very early times these two neighbours, isolated from other parts of the

world by large and stormy seas, began to quarrel and fight like bitter enemies. Wars—cruel, bloody, desolating wars—lasted at short intervals for many years; but it is very likely that this quarrelsome spirit was originally imported by those ambitious, battle-loving people, the Romans.

The Romans, you know, had it in contemplation to conquer the whole world, and to make their own city of Rome the head of all the nations on the face of the earth. They succeeded better in the flat parts of Britain than in the hilly countries, and although they possessed themselves of England and a part of the south of Scotland, they could not make their way into those great northern mountains, where the hardy mountaineers were prepared to resist them steadily, and where the rough fare of a barbarous country was distasteful enough to the more civilized and luxurious Roman soldier; so they retreated.

These wild people, however, having been unsettled, began to come down from their mountain fastnesses, and invade that part of the land which had already been conquered

by the Romans. The people of the northern part of Scotland were not one nation; there were some called Scots and others Picts. These, quarrelsome as they were with one another, made common cause against the people who had attacked them; and their inroads were rather alarming to the new settlers. The Romans therefore built a very long wall between one side of the island and the other, made towers on the wall, and filled camps with soldiers in various places around, so that at the least alarm the men might hasten to defend any part of the wall which was attacked. This first Roman wall you may see marked on the map, it was built between the two friths of Clyde and Forth, just where the island of Britain is at the narrowest. Some parts of it still remain, but the work was quite a failure. The Barbarians, as the Romans called the Picts and Scots, were not to be kept away by a wall, so the Romans resolved to give up a portion of the country in hopes of keeping them quiet; and therefore built a new wall stronger than before, about sixty miles further back. The Barbarians made very persevering attempts

to get over this wall, but in vain; and in the midst of the contest the Roman soldiers were wanted in Rome, for civil war had broken out there, and the Emperor sent orders for them all to come and help to fight in their own country.

So leaving the Britons and Scots with the fighting mania upon them, they forsook them and returned. Then, indeed, the Barbarians rushed in like a flood on the poor Britons, who, terribly alarmed, sent for help to Germany, and these people called Anglo Saxons were a great help to the Britons, being a very warlike nation.

These Saxons, however, expected payment, and intended to pay themselves; seeing that the Britons needed help, they resolved to take possession of the country, and use the inhabitants as slaves and servants. Many fled into Wales, and defended themselves against the Saxons for some years. The Welsh defended their country for a long time, and lived under their own government and laws; but the English got possession of it at last. Scotland, however, was not so easy a conquest, and this England found to her cost.

The history of the early Scottish kings is deeply interesting. There was old king Duncan in the very early times, his sons Malcolm and Donaldbane, and his famous relative Macbeth, in whose story Shakespeare the poet has mixed up truth and fiction, till the former is hard to come at. I will tell you the tale of Macbeth and the witches as it runs generally when we come to the proper place. These events occurred in the reign of our Saxon king, called Edward the Confessor, who, in assisting the Scottish king to recover possession of the throne, acted more generously than his successors, for he never thought of paying himself for his help out of the Scotch kingdom as some did.

The Norman conquest although it did not involve Scotland, nevertheless had great effect upon the country.

Many Saxons who were driven from England by William's cruelty and oppression took refuge in Scotland, and this was one means of greatly civilising the southern part of that country. Edgar Atheling, a relation of the amiable Edward the Confessor, accompanied the exiles, and Malcolm Cammore, who had received much

kindness in former times from Edward, remembering that kindness, married the Princess Margaret, and made her Queen of Scotland. Malcolm tried to seat Edgar on the English throne, but in vain; William and his Normans were not to be vanquished. After Malcolm, came three kings in succession, who made little figure in Scottish history; and then came Malcolm's sons, Edgar, Alexander, and David.

David made war against England, and in his reign was fought the noted battle of the Standard. He it was that founded the abbeys, to which you will hear frequent reference. That at Holyrood, in Edinburgh; Melrose, in Roxburghshire; Dryburgh, in Berwickshire, and others. He appears according to his knowledge to have been a religious man, and was called by the Roman Catholics, Saint David.

James I of England and VI of Scotland, thought his predecessor rather too generous to the church, for he once said of him that "Saint David had proved a sore saint to the crown." There is this excuse for David, or rather this reason which may have had weight with him, that the church lands were frequently spared,

out of veneration to religion, when other parts of the country were laid waste and plundered. David, therefore, considered perhaps that by putting land under the protection of the church, he had done his best to secure them against devastation, and most of his monasteries were founded in those parts of the country peculiarly exposed to danger from the enemy's attacks.

At the time of Edward I, of England, Scotland was reduced almost to the condition of a conquered country. The Lord High Justice Ormesby, called all men to account who refused an oath of allegiance to King Edward. Such persons were summoned to the courts of justice, fined, deprived of their estates, and otherwise severely punished. Scotland was therefore in great distress, and the inhabitants determined to rise against the English or southern men, as they called them, and recover the liberty and independence of their country. Their leader was the celebrated William Wallace, whose name is still mentioned with reverence and affection in Scotland. Some particulars of the story of Wallace and Bruce you will read in the

proper place, and it is not my design to give you a regular history of the kings in succession. Bruce succeeded in his efforts to free his country from much tyranny and oppression, but in his successor's time, the warlike Edward III, war was again declared against Scotland. Robert Bruce, one of the greatest of the Scottish kings, being dead, the kingdom descended to his son David, who was but four years old when his father died.

There was, therefore, a Regent appointed, Randolph, Earl of Murray; that is to say, a person who exercised the authority of king for a time, until the young king was of an age to reign. Randolph was a just but very severe ruler, he appears to have taken great pleasure in putting criminals to death; there was no mercy with his judgment. He once sent orders to the Highlands to have certain thieves and robbers executed, and his officer caused their heads to be hung round the walls of the castle to the number of fifty. When Randolph came down the lake in a barge and saw the castle of Ellangowan, where the execution had taken place, adorned with their bloody heads, he said

that he loved better to look on them than on a garland of roses.

Edward Baliol, the son of a certain John Baliol, whom Edward I had formerly created king, and afterwards dethroned, came over from France, where he had been living since his father's dethronement, and laid claim to the crown. Edward III took up his cause, with a view, no doubt, to secure Scotland for himself, and the country was reduced to a sad state by repeated wars. Edward was busily engaged too at this time against the French king, and this rather weakened his force in Scotland, or it is possible he might have completed the conquest. Whilst he was absent on one of his French expeditions, the battle of Nevill's Cross was fought near Durham, when David II was taken prisoner and led in triumph through the streets of London.

We are coming to the end of the Scottish kings. After David Bruce's death the crown was claimed by the Stuarts, a singularly unfortunate family. Robert Stuart, who had married a daughter of David Bruce, was the first of the line of Stuart kings. James I was assassinated;

James II was killed by a cannon, which burst at the siege of Roxburgh; James III fell in the battle field, by the hands of his own subjects; James IV also fell at the battle of Flodden Field, fought against the English; James V, after a great defeat in the time of Henry VIII, died it is said of grief. The fate of his daughter Mary, Queen of Scots, is well known. After the union Charles I, king of Scotland and England, was beheaded. Charles II wandered many years as an exile. James II was obliged to resign the crown; and his son and grandson, known by the names of the Pretenders, vainly trying to recover the kingdom, were proclaimed traitors, and had a price of £4000 set upon their heads.

Thus we have glanced at the history of Scotland, which will enable you, I hope, slight as is the sketch, to understand the allusions which may be made to the different kings in the course of this little volume.

Having given you a faint outline of the history of Scotland, let us look for a moment at the country as a whole. Those deep indentations made by the sea into the land are, in the lan-

guage of the country, called friths or firths, such as the frith of Forth, the friths of Clyde, &c. These arms of the sea give Scotland an irregular outline, as you see on the map. The lakes are called lochs; thus you will hear of Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine. The surface of the country is extremely unequal and varied; it is divided into the Highlands and Lowlands. The Grampians, a long chain of hills, dividing the two districts.

The climate of Scotland compared with that of England is wet and cold, and corn, fruit, and vegetables, are usually much more forward in England than in Scotland. The productions of Scotland are numerous and valuable; there is a great quantity of coal. Iron is also found very generally, as well as lead and marble in the northern counties. Plumbago is found in Dumfries, one of the southern, and slate in Argyleshire and Perthshire, which are more northern counties.

The ancient name of this interesting country was Caledonia. The Caledonians were undoubtedly of Celtic origin. The Celts were

a migratory people who came from the neighbourhood of the Euxine and Caspian seas. We will now proceed to notice each county separately, and see if we can accomplish the task of learning the name and peculiarity of every one of the thirty-three counties.

Chapter Second.

THREE BORDER COUNTIES.

BERWICKSHIRE.

Flodden—James the Fourth's death—Polworth and Lady Grizzell Baillie.

ROXBURGHSHIRE.

King David's Abbeys—Kelso—Siege of Roxburgh—Bursting of the Cannon—Death of James—Jedburgh—Its Abbey—Dryburgh—Scott's burial place—Melrose—Sculpture—Michael Scott's Tomb—Character of the Monks—Abbotsford—Galashiel's Convenient Shop.

DUMFRIESSHIRE.

Gretna—Johnny Armstrong—Cure for great Talkers—Gray Mare's Tail—Mountain Scenery—Stories of the Covenanters—Feudal System—Watch Hill—Dumfries—Burns.

THE divisions of Scotland are thirty-three. It has *eleven* counties to the north, *nine* in the middle, and *thirteen* in the south. We will first try and learn the names of those which are usually called the Border Counties. You must look at the map and see which these counties are. Do not merely take my account of them, see for yourself. No book on geography can stand in the place of a map. It is there that you see the exact position and relation of one country to another. Its very form too, may

be helpful to you in recollecting its locality and name.

We will begin with BERWICKSHIRE. This county you see has a small portion of Northumberland to the south east; the German Ocean to the east; Haddington to the north; and a part of Edinburgh and Roxburghshire to the west and south.

Berwick, usually called Berwick upon Tweed, is unlike every other town in Britain. It was fortified by King Charles I in 1639, for the purpose of overawing the Covenanters, part of whose history I hope to give you in another place. It is said that Berwickshire people are unable to sound the letter R. This defect, which is called the *burr*, gives a very singular sound to their speech; I think if you have once heard a native of Berwickshire talk, you will not easily forget the peculiarity.

There is a ford across the river Tweed, about twelve miles west of the town of Berwick, which the Scotch and English armies usually crossed when they invaded one another's country. It was also a great place of conference; and Holywell Haugh, close by, is the

field where Edward I had a meeting with the Scotch nobility, to settle the dispute between Baliol and Bruce, about the right to the throne of Scotland, to which you have seen reference in the previous chapter. Coldstream in this county had at one time a handsome Priory. You may have heard of a regiment of soldiers called the Coldstream Guards. It was originally raised by General Monk, who lived at Coldstream in Charles the Second's reign; and has ever since borne the name of the Coldstream Guards.

The field, or rather hill, of Flodden, is about six miles from this town. It is memorable as the scene of a great battle, the particulars of which, connected as they are with the history of Scotland at that period, I will give you. James IV reigned over Scotland at the time that Henry VII was king of England. James had rebelled against his own father, who, after receiving some wounds in the battle field, was treacherously murdered by a priest who pretended to come and hear his confession. James IV had not long been on the throne before he began to feel some remorse for his undutiful

conduct; and according to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, which but too greatly tend to lead men away from the Saviour of sinners, he tried to atone for it by various acts of penance. Amongst other tokens of repentance, he caused an iron belt or girdle to be made, which he wore constantly under his clothes, and every year of his life he added another link of an ounce or two to the weight of it. James was however, for the times in which he lived, a good king. He was not fond of flatterers; but ruled by the counsel of the wisest of his nobility, and won the hearts of his people. He used to go about in disguise amongst the poorer classes, and ask questions about the king, thus discovering his subjects' opinion of him, and many a good lesson did he receive, in these private visits, from the simple chiefs or the lowlier part of his subjects.

James IV being one of the most popular monarchs that ever reigned in Scotland, his countrymen have endeavoured to make out that he could not have been accessory to the insurrection against his father, as they affirm him to have been but thirteen or fourteen

when it occurred. His birth, however, took place in 1472, and as his father's death occurred in 1488, he must have entered his seventeenth year. Henry VII of England was very anxious to make a friend of James IV. Henry was not a warlike king; he loved money, and wars are expensive affairs. He therefore projected a marriage between his eldest daughter, Margaret Tudor, and James, when Margaret was but an infant; and when still an unexperienced girl of less than fourteen, the marriage was really consummated. The king was eighteen years older than his girl queen; he was at the time of their marriage the handsomest sovereign in Europe. Sir Walter Scott, the best of describers, says of him:—

“For hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye
His short curled beard and hair;
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And oh, he had that merry glance,
Which seldom lady's heart resists.”

The king appears to have been very kind and persevering in his efforts to please and conciliate his bride, but she was a difficult young lady to please, it seems; and was very like her brother,

King Henry VIII, in temper and disposition. Her first letter to her father after their marriage was one of complaint and murmur, and that at a time when her husband was doing his utmost to entertain and oblige her.

When Henry VII died, however, Margaret's brother Henry, who was of a much more impetuous, fiery, despotic temper, could not agree with James so well. The cause of their quarrel you may read in Scottish history; the result was the disastrous battle of Flodden, where James and many of his warlike peers and loyal gentry fell on the field. The conquerors lost 5000 men, but the Scots perhaps twice that number. The English lost but few of distinction, whilst the Scots left on their battle field—the king, two bishops, two mitred abbots,¹

¹ You may wonder to hear of an abbot's mitre. In the early history of the church, abbots did not wear mitres, only bishops being permitted that honour; but as the wealth and importance of monasteries and abbeys increased so did the pomp of their heads or superiors. The abbot was then a person of great importance, and was regarded in the monasteries as a lord and father, no appeal being allowed from his decision. Abbots or Priors sat in the upper House of Parliament and wore a silver mitre, in order to distinguish it from that of the bishops' which was of pure gold.

twelve earls, thirteen lords, and five eldest sons of peers. James was not permitted a burial, for the Pope having excommunicated him no priest dared pronounce the burial service over his body. The corpse was therefore embalmed, and sent to the monastery of Shene, in Surrey. It lay there until the Reformation, when all religious houses of the kind were broken up; and the monastery of Shene was given to the Duke of Suffolk. After this period, the body, which was wrapped up in lead, was tossed about the house as a piece of useless lumber. Stowe, the noted historian of London, who lived at this time, saw it flung into a waste room among old pieces of wood, lead, and other rubbish. "Some idle workmen, for their foolish pleasure," says that historian, "hewed off the head; and one Lancelot Young, master glazier to Queen Elizabeth, finding a sweet smell come from thence, owing doubtless to the spices used for embalming the body, carried the head home and kept it for some time; but at last caused the sexton of St. Michael's Wood Street to bury it in the charnel house." What a humiliating end to that king, once so proud and

powerful; and what a lesson on the nothingness of human greatness!

Two miles north of Greenlaw, at the edge of a vast black heath, are the remains of a Roman camp. You may have read an account, in some child's book, of Lady Grizzell Baillie. Polworth Church, in this county, is the place where the Earl of Marchmont concealed himself, for six weeks, during the reign of the persecuting and tyrannical king James II. The greater part of his family were ignorant of the place of his concealment, but it fell to his daughter Grizzell's lot to carry him food; and one day, to the great amusement of the elder and the indignation of the younger children, she managed to take away from the dinner table, a whole sheep's head, of which dish she knew her father to be fond. The vault in which the Earl lay hidden was full of bones, and he was surrounded by human skulls. How strong is the love of life in man's heart; he is content to live with the dead awhile, if hope of life be held out to him. The Earl learned by heart the whole of Buchanan's Psalms, in this dreary lodging, and many portions of Scripture.

Lady Grizzell must have been very courageous, as well as discreet, for she never either shrank from crossing the churchyard after midnight, (a great thing in those superstitious times,) or divulged the secret of her father's hiding-place, a greater mark still of a firm, well-disciplined mind. Joanna Baillie, a poetess of some note, gives a pretty description of Lady Grizzell's character when young. I think you would like to read it:—

“ And well, with ready hand and heart,
Each task of toilsome duty taking;
Did one dear inmate take her part,
The last asleep, the earliest waking.
Her hands each nightly couch prepared,
And frugal meal on which they fared,
Unfolding spread the servet white,
And decked the board with tankard bright.
Through fretted hose, and garment rent,
Her tiny needle deftly went,
Till hateful penury, so graced,
Was scarcely in their dwelling traced.
With rev'ence to the old she clung,
With sweet affection, to the young.
To her was crabbed lesson said;
To her the sly petition made;
To her was told each petty care;
To her was lisped each tardy prayer;
What time the urchin half undrest,
And half asleep, was put to rest.”—

The next of the border counties is ROXBURGHSHIRE, which is bounded on the north and north-west by Berwick and Selkirkshire, on the west by Dumfries, on the south by the Cheviot hills, and on the east by part of Northumberland.

Kelso, although not the county town, is the largest in Roxburghshire; it is pleasantly situated on the river Tweed. Towering above the town, are the remains of Kelso Abbey, one of a chain of abbeys founded by king David, in 1128, for the protection of the border.

Roxburgh was besieged in 1460, by James II. It had formerly a strong border castle, which had for many years been in the possession of the English, and James being very anxious to gain possession of this bulwark, summoned the full force of his kingdom to accomplish this great enterprise. The nobles attended in great numbers, and the siege of Roxburgh commenced. A battery was formed, of such large clumsy cannon as were constructed at that time, upon the north of the Tweed. The great guns of that period were awkwardly framed out of bars of iron, fastened together by hoops of the same

metal, somewhat in the same manner as casks are now made. They were far more liable to accident than modern cannon, which are cast in one solid piece. It was one of these ill-made guns that caused James' death. It burst in going off, and a fragment of iron broke his thigh-bone and killed him on the spot, he having unwisely stood too near the cannon in order to mark the effect of the shot; he was but twenty-nine years of age. A thorn-tree in the park of the Duke of Roxburgh still marks the spot where he died.

Jedburgh is a very picturesque village; it consists of one long street; but the remains of its fine old abbey are interesting and beautiful. The Jedburgh people were a few years since, and may be still are, a very simple set, and not much given to travel. It is related of a certain barber, that for seventy-one years he had never left the town, further than three miles, in his life.

Dryburgh, another of King David's abbeys, lies upon a level around which the river Tweed sweeps. More of the domestic parts of the abbey, than of the church, remain. It is a

spot full of interest, and here Sir Walter Scott, the celebrated novelist, is buried.

By far the most striking of the three, however, is the Abbey of Melrose. I cannot give you any idea of the extreme beauty of these ruins. I had heard a great deal of them, and had seen many views of different parts of the ruin, but neither drawing nor fancy equalled the reality. It is of that style of architecture called Gothic. There is an oriel window almost entire, and many of the shapely pillars are standing. I think that Scott's description, which an intelligent girl repeated to me on the spot, will give you some idea of the extreme delicacy and beauty of the carving. The sculpture of two rows of pillars in particular may be compared to the figuring of richest lace.

Now slow and faint he led the way,
Where cloistered round, the garden lay ;
The pillared arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead ;
Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright
Glistened with the dew of night.
Nor herb nor floweret glistened there
But was carved in the cloister arches fair ;
The moon on the east oriel shone
Thro' slender shafts of shapely stone



MELROSE ABBEY.

By foliated tracery combined ;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined ;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreath to stone.

Michael Scott, whose discoveries in chemistry led to the belief that he was a wizard, is interred in this monastery ; and here, according to some historians, is buried the heart of the celebrated Bruce. At the time of the Reformation the monks of Melrose bore a very moderate character, according to the old verse.

“The monks of Melrose made gude kail
On Fridays when they fasted ;
Nor wanted they good beef and ale,
As lang as their neighbour's lasted.”

Cromwell battered the walls of this fine Abbey from the Gattonside hills. The village of Melrose is curious. It is in the form of a triangle, having small streets leading out of each corner.

Abbotsford, the seat of the late Sir Walter Scott, is about three miles west of Melrose. The house, garden, pleasure grounds, and woods, were the creation of the owner, and many of

the trees were planted by his own hands. His maxim was, "If you have nothing to do, be aye (ever) planting a tree, it will be growing when you are sleeping." I must not enter into particulars of the beauties of Abbotsford. They would of themselves fill a chapter. I remember seeing there a very striking picture of Mary Queen of Scots, taken after her decapitation at Fotheringay, and said to be an original. The little study beyond the library where Sir Walter's many works were written, contains one interesting evidence of his affectionate disposition. The old fashioned bureau at which he always wrote, belonged to his mother.

At Galashiels is a woollen manufactory. Galashiels possesses few shops, and within the recollection of many there was not a bookseller in the place. A singular shopkeeper, known by the name of "Willie a things," used to keep in his warehouse, as his epistles will show, a strange variety, and dealt in goods usually divided amongst a dozen shopkeepers. Red herrings and parasols, yellow sugar and yellow sand, treacle and linen, cradles and coffins.¹

¹ Chambers' Picture of Scotland.

At Mount Bengier the poet Hogg resided; he is known generally by the title of the Ettrick Shepherd.

DUMFRIES completes the border line, it adjoins the county of Roxburgh, and is the most important of the southern counties. It is bounded on the south by part of Cumberland and the Solway Frith, on the north-east by Roxburgh and Selkirkshire, on the north by Peebles and Lanark, and on the north-west by Ayr and Kirkcudbright.

The entrance to Scotland from Carlisle is certainly not pleasing. The first place you come to on the border is the disgraceful village of Gretna, where there have been so many clandestine marriages. A man of the name of Paisley commenced the trade. Gretna is near the village of Springfield, and is a dull, disagreeable looking place.

Moffat is noted for its medicinal springs, and from its hills flow the Tweed, the Clyde, and the Annan. The vale of the Esk is noted for the deeds of the far-famed Johnnie Armstrong. His strong tower of Gilnockie still stands, although it is now converted into a cow-house.

Langholm is on the left bank of the river Esk. It was at Langholm that Johnnie and his band of thirty-six men, going forth to meet King James V, on one of his thief-destroying journeys, met with a disastrous fate, for James, instead of receiving his allegiance, ordered them all out to execution.

There used to be a curious instrument at Langholm, called the Branks, which was put on the head of very talkative, ill-tempered wives, called *shrews*, and by projecting a sharp spike into the mouth, subdued the tongue at once.

There is some fine scenery in this county. Near the village of Moffat is the great natural curiosity called the Grey Mare's tail. It is a cataract formed by a small stream which leaves the mountain lake Loch Skene. The water is precipitated over a rock three hundred feet in height; it falls down a dark precipice with slight ledges projecting, and the interruption which the course of the tiny stream receives produces a curious effect. The mountains are very wild in these parts, but there are associations with them still more interesting than the natural beauty of the spot; associations with the *Cove-*

*nanter*s. Now how important does a knowledge of history become in travelling! The hills of this part of Scotland would not attract you particularly if you were ignorant of the scenes that were enacted amongst them.

Let us then go back to the early history of that interesting and conscientious although enthusiastic people. James VI of Scotland and I of England, as you know, succeeded Queen Elizabeth on the throne, thus uniting the two kingdoms which for years had been at frequent and bitter warfare. On ascending the throne of England, James found himself at the head of a people who had lost both the power and habit of contesting the will of their sovereign. The Tudors were all but despotic in their rule. At the arbitrary will of King Henry VIII the Church of England was disjoined from Rome. After the death of Henry VI, his sister Mary restored the Roman Catholic Faith, and Elizabeth at her accession again declared it Protestant, and all this without much resistance. Now Scotland was under different circumstances. The feudal nobility retained much of their power and many of their privileges; but here again I am

reminded that you may not know the meaning of that word *feudal*. The connexion of a king as sovereign over his princes and great men as vassals must first be understood. A king or sovereign prince gave large promises or grants of land to his dukes, earls, and noblemen, and each of them possessed nearly as much power within his own district as the king in the rest of his dominions; but then the vassal, whether duke, earl, or lord, was obliged to provide his sovereign with a certain number of men when he was engaged in war. In like manner these vassals of the crown, as they were called, divided the lands which they held under the king into estates, which they bestowed on knights and gentlemen whom they thought fit to follow them in war, and attend their courts in peace, for they too held courts and administered justice each in his own province and county. This system of holding lands for the purpose of providing soldiers for the king in time of war was called the feudal system, and was general throughout Europe for many ages.

This system was abolished in England before it was done away with in Scotland. Henry

VII, a wise and cunning prince, had by his success at Bosworth attained a secure seat on the throne. He took advantage of the weak state of the barons and peers to undermine the power which the feudal system had given to the lords over their vassals, and they submitted, feeling, I dare say, that it had been a stormy sort of rule that their forefathers had exercised. They now therefore exacted rents from their tenants instead of service in battle, and became peaceful and wealthy. At the first appearance this is an improvement, but then on the other hand the taxes which the king raised were enormous. James tried on his accession to bring Scotland into the same submissive state in which he found England, and proposed that the Parliament of each country should appoint commissioners to consider of the terms on which it might be possible to unite both under the same constitution. But as you may suppose, this did not answer; the English demanding that the whole system of English law should be extended to Scotland, and Scotland indignantly rejecting the proposal. So for the time James was obliged to give that up, but he was determined

if possible to make the form of the Scottish Church as near as possible like that of England.

You must recollect that the Reformation in Scotland was effected by different means from that in England. The new plans of church government differed no less than the outward form. It is necessary that you should understand this before you can at all appreciate the firmness of the Covenanters in resisting the religion forced upon them by the tyrant James. To tell you here the many distinctions between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism would occupy too much space. The Presbyterians, however, do not acknowledge any head of the church but Jesus Christ. The Episcopalians acknowledge the King or Queen as head. To an ambitious man like James, therefore, their resistance was very provoking, and without regard to it he elected thirteen bishops, a step peculiarly offensive to the Presbyterian party.

There were other points on which James and the Parliament insisted, and the Presbyterians, feeling that the great work of the Reformation was about to be undone by the tyranny of their King, were justly alarmed and aggrieved.

To force a religion on a people with the principles of which they do not unite, and cannot conscientiously agree, is certainly the greatest injustice. You must bear in mind in the history of the Covenanters, that those points which may to us seem unimportant, were to them great matters, involving great principles. Charles I, who succeeded his father James, was as a private gentleman an amiable and virtuous man, but he inherited his father's notions of kingly prerogative to the full, and it was a legacy that proved his ruin. He too resolved to bring the Church of Scotland, in point of church government and ceremonies, to the model of the Church of England.

The enforcing the use of the prayer book brought matters to a crisis, and a species of engagement, or declaration, was drawn up by a large proportion of the Scotch; the principal object of which was the eradication of Prelacy, and the establishment of Presbytery. This engagement was called the National Covenant, and was sworn to by hundreds and thousands of all ages, who were thence called Covenanters. Now I do not expect that thus far the account

of the Covenanters has interested you, but it is necessary that you should understand the matter at the commencement of the book, as there will be more than one reference to them in the course of our notice of different parts of Scotland.

To return to Dumfries. The mountains of which I spoke to you were the hiding places of the Covenanters in Charles the Second's time, who continued the religious persecutions of his ancestors. Though very wild and barren, yet here they remained days, months, nay years, without shelter; exposed to cold, rain, and the killing night dews. Claverhouse, the inveterate foe and scourge of the suffering band, used to pursue them into their mountain fastnesses, and hill sides are shown to this day almost as steep as a wall, where, mounted on his great black steed, he would gallop in pursuit of them. The hill opposite the village of Birkhill is called the "Watch hill," on account of the custom that these wanderers had of placing one of their number to watch the motions of the soldiers, whilst the rest were engaged in worship in the deep dell behind. On one occasion Claverhouse, by means

of a glass, discerned the watch and made for the place, but long before he approached the sentinel had given warning, and the worshippers dispersed amidst the heath. At another time he was more successful, and shot four men at once.

The town of Dumfries is well built. Burns, the celebrated Scotch Poet, after living here for many years breathed his last, and was buried in this place.

Chapter Third.

SELKIRKSHIRE.

Yarrow—Park's birthplace.

PEEBLESHIRE, OR TWEEDDALE.

Border castles—The Tweed. *

LANARKSHIRE.

Glasgow—The Cathedral—Cemetery—College—Museum—The Clyde ;
its falls—Hamilton—Bothwell bridge—More about the Cov-
enanters.

RENFREWSHIRE.

Paisley—Founders of the cotton trade—Curious names of streets—
Elderslie—Birthplace of Wallace—Greenock—Watt.

SELKIRKSHIRE is the adjoining county to Roxburgh. Its boundaries are, Peebles on the north and west, Roxburghshire on the east, and Dumfries on the south.

Not many centuries ago, it was a royal hunting forest; it is now for the most part a desolate looking county. Selkirk, the capital, stands on the river Ettrick. Near this town a female was found dead with an infant at her breast, after the battle of Flodden.

She had gone out to meet her husband, but sank on the way, exhausted. The vale of the river Yarrow is narrow at the opening, and somewhat woody; but the greater part is composed of those green pastoral hills, celebrated in the poems of Wordsworth.

Newark castle was the stronghold of this county, which abounds in remains of the border castles. It is this Newark to which allusion is made in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

At Foulshiels, Mungo Park, the well-known African traveller, was born. I do not know that there is any thing else connected with Selkirkshire, likely to interest you.

PEEBLESHIRE, or Tweeddale, is bounded on the north by Midlothian, on the south by Dumfries, on the west by Lanark, and on the east by Selkirk. The Tweed takes its rise here and gives to this district the popular name of Tweeddale. It abounds in trout and salmon.

Peebles, the capital town, is a dull place. The hilly region of Peebleshire was dreadfully exposed, in early times, to the unfriendly

visits of marauding Englishmen. To provide against these, strong castles were built by the Scottish kings, on the lower part of the Tweed, and the chain was continued by many great proprietors of land, towards the head of the river. These castles are now in ruins, but there are many remains still to be seen. They were built in the shape of square towers, of stone and lime. They consisted usually of three stories; the lower story, which was vaulted in order to afford protection to the cattle of the owner in time of danger; the great hall, in which the family lived; and the highest, in which were the bed-rooms, designed for the safety of the inhabitants. These were, by common consent, built alternately on each side of the river, and in a continued view of each other. A fire, kindled on the top of these towers, was the well known signal of the approach of an enemy; the smoke gave notice by day, and the flame by night. You cannot travel in Scotland, without being constantly reminded of the correctness of some of Scott's beautiful descriptions, and when I saw the ruins of the border castles, these lines, which

I will transcribe for you, came very pleasantly into my mind;

“Sweet Teviot, on thy silver tide,
 The glaring hill-fires blaze no more;
 No longer steel-clad warriors ride
 Along thy wild and willowed shore.
 Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
 All, all is peaceful; all is still
 As if thy waves, since Time was born,
 Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
 Had only heard the Shepherd's reed,
 Nor started at the bugle-horn.”

We may almost fancy the river murmur has a joyful tone, now that the sound of the war-cry is heard no more on its banks, and sheep graze peacefully on green pastures once crimson with the blood of dying warriors.

LANARK, otherwise called Clydesdale, is a large and important county. It is bounded on the south, by Dumfries and part of Ayr; on the east, by Peebles and Edinburgh; on the north, by Linlithgow and Dumbarton; and on the west, by Renfrew and part of Ayr.

The capital of Lanark is Glasgow, a very important town. It is the first city, in point of population, in Scotland. The principal part of the city occupies a plain, on the north-

east side of the Clyde, which has of late years been made navigable, at high tides, for vessels of great burden. It has large manufactures of cotton. I have heard old people speak of the time when there was only one boat on the river for the accommodation of travellers, which was drawn by horses. Glasgow has some handsome streets, and so many objects of interest, that I scarcely know which to mention to you.

The cathedral, or high church as it is called, stands at the upper end of High street, and was founded in 1123. It narrowly escaped destruction at the time of the Reformation, and is, with the exception of St. Magnus in Kirkwall, Orkney, the only ancient gothic cathedral remaining entire, in all Scotland.

The inner church, and the arched roof of a vestry supported by a single pillar, are very beautiful, and the vaulted cemetery beneath the inner church, is a curious and interesting place. There is an extensive burial ground near, which is situated on very high ground.

Then there is the college, with its library, and the valuable museum, bequeathed to the university by the late celebrated Dr. William

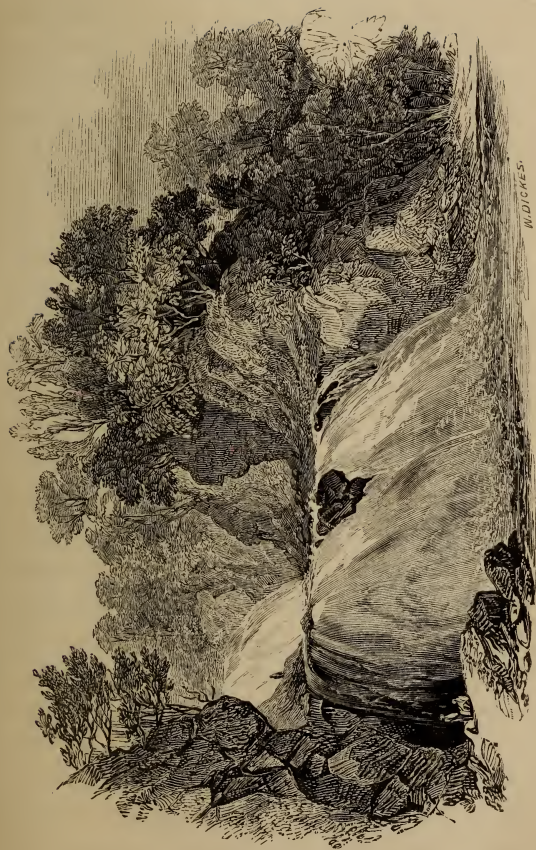
Hunter. It consists of a rare library of books and manuscripts, a fine collection of insects, corals, and shells, and a cabinet of coins and medals, besides a collection of Dr. Hunter's anatomical preparations. Glasgow is not the only interesting place in Lanarkshire; indeed there are few countries so rich in associations, as Scotland. The difficulty in writing its history, is to select the most interesting among so many tempting subjects.

The town of old Lanark, which travellers from the south usually visit on their way, is not particularly striking.

I told you that Lanarkshire is sometimes called Clydesdale, from its being the vale formed by the course of the river Clyde. To see the falls of this river, is alone worth a journey to Scotland, so, at least, you and I may say, who have never seen those of Niagara. I must leave it for the pencil to give you a faint idea of that which it is impossible justly to describe.

There are three falls made by this river. Corra Linn—so called from a tradition that Corra, daughter of an ancient Scottish king,

was drowned in it—is the first of the three. The river does not descend in an unbroken sheet of water, but is precipitated eighty-four feet, when two ledges of rock break it, as you may see in the little drawing annexed; but of the beauty and richness of the foliage, the grand effect of the sun upon the glittering spray, and the sound of the cataract, it is impossible to convey an idea. Boniton, the second is also very beautiful. Above the fall the river is as calm and smooth as a lake, when it suddenly throws itself into the abyss below. The channel is narrow, and the banks are composed of solid rock singularly and regularly perpendicular. The extreme regularity of these layers of rock is extraordinary. At the first view it appears almost like the work of art, but there is no architect like the Almighty. The third fall is that of Stonebyres, which was exhibited to us by a curious half-cracked old woman, called Janet McDougal. A guide is needful, for the best place for seeing the fall is not free from danger, and although a “daft” guide is not exactly the kind we should choose to conduct us to the edge of a precipice, old



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CORRA LINN.

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Janet was harmless and amusing enough in her way.

Hamilton Palace, the seat of the duke of Hamilton, stands on a plain between the town of Hamilton and the river. The pictures at the palace are worth seeing. There is one by a great painter named Rubens, which is called the "Glory of Hamilton." The subject is Daniel in the lions' den. Rubens was born at Cologne, in Germany, in 1557. He was not only a fine painter, but a learned man, and understood seven languages. Again we must speak of the Covenanters. On a small knoll called Harelaw, near Loudon Hill, in 1697, a large body of country people held one of those treasonable meetings called conventicles. According to custom, many came armed, and a watch was posted on Loudon Hill. On that very day, Grahame of Claverhouse marched from Hamilton, bearing with him two field preachers, whom he had seized near the town. He halted at a village near at hand to breakfast. Being told that, contrary to his information, the meeting was not to take place that day, he proposed returning to Glasgow, but before

proceeding a mile he was told that his first information was correct. When Claverhouse advanced, the terror and tumult were great. The watch spread the news, and the Covenanters came forth to meet their foe, according to their custom, singing psalms by the way. The meeting took place near Drumclog. Claverhouse's troops were two hundred in number. The rebels were only fifty armed horse, as many foot, and about one hundred and fifty armed with pikes, forks, and rustic implements: amongst them were some women. At their appearance Claverhouse ordered a volley of shot, and the Covenanters fell on their faces in order to avoid it. He then gave orders to his men to charge, but plunging into a bog, they were thrown into disorder, and the Covenanters gained the day.

Bothwell Bridge, not far from Hamilton, was the scene of a frightful defeat of these persecuted people. The duke of Monmouth was sent in 1679 to disperse the band, and at this memorable time Claverhouse, burning to revenge himself, fell on them with his dragoons; four hundred were slain and many fled to Hamilton, where they concealed themselves in

the thick wood of the park, the duchess sending an order to the duke of Monmouth that his soldiers should be forbidden to trespass on her grounds.

The county of RENFREW is very small. It is bounded on the west and north-west by the Frith of Clyde, on the south and south-west by Ayr, and on the east by part of Dumbarton and Lanark.

The principal town is Paisley, which has very extensive cotton manufactures. The persons who commenced these manufactures were pedlars, accustomed to travel about the country, and the object of every such packman's ambition was ultimately to become a merchant. Many of them succeeded, and ended their days in comfort and affluence. At first Paisley was noted for a coarse chequered linen cloth, then for cotton handkerchiefs; now silk gauze, thread, and shawls form part of its manufactures. The names of some of the streets are curious. There is a Gauze Street, Cambric Street, and Thread Street. Three miles west of Paisley is Elderslie, the birth-place of the celebrated William Wallace.

Greenock may be called the Liverpool of Scotland. It is a very important port, but that which will be most interesting to you to remember, connected with it, is the fact of its being the birth-place of the celebrated James Watt, who made such great improvements in the steam engine. Both the grandfather and uncle of Watt were men of repute as mathematical teachers and surveyors in the west of Scotland. Watt's father was a merchant in Greenock, and his son James was born there in 1736. At a very early age he showed great skill in mechanics. Even when in after years he could have employed hundreds to do his bidding, he loved to work with his own hands. Watt was a *practical* man. At eighteen he went to London to be apprenticed to a mathematical instrument maker, but his health failing, he was obliged to return in little more than a year. Shortly after his return, the University of Glasgow appointed him their mathematical instrument maker. Robert Simpson, Adam Smith, and Dr. Black, all celebrated men, were at that time professors there. In the winter of 1763, his mind was directed to that subject which

has made his name illustrious all over the world. He was employed to repair the working model of a steam engine of Newcomen's construction, by which he was led to discover that there was a great waste of steam in its mode of working, and consequently of fuel. By a long course of experiments he brought to perfection his invention of the condensing steam engine, now most generally used in mines, factories, and steam packets. It would be useless to describe it more particularly here, as it would be necessary that you should be more thoroughly acquainted with the whole construction of that wonderful machine than it may be supposed you are. The patience and perseverance manifested by Watt, are worth notice. He had many discouragements, and at first few appreciated the value of his invention. Of the importance of it to trade, a child can have no idea; the use of it in mines alone is immense. In the deep mines of Cornwall the new engine was first introduced, and the saving of fuel amounted to three-fourths of the quantity consumed by the old-fashioned ones. Independently of this great attainment in mechanics, Watt was a wonderful

man. He was well informed, and well read, and his conversation is described as having been very delightful. He was amiable, unaffected, and unpretending, disliked all parade and show, and was an honest, straightforward character. He died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, at the age of eighty-four.

Chapter Fourth.

FOUR COUNTIES.

AYRSHIRE.

Ailsa Craig.—Ayr the Capital.—Birth-places of Poets.—Burns and Montgomery.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT OR GALLOWAY.

Dundrennan Abbey.—Amworth.—Story of Rutherford.

WIGTONSHIRE OR WEST GALLOWAY.

Portpatrick.

HADDINGTONSHIRE.

Preston —Story of the Pretender.—Battle of Preston Pans—Colonel Gardiner's Death.—Tranent.—Haddington.—Knox's Birth-place.—History of Knox.

AYRSHIRE is one of the largest counties south of the Forth, it stretches eighty miles in a crescent shape, and is a very productive county. It is bounded on the north by Renfrew; on the east by Lanark and Dumfries; on the south by Kirkcudbright and Wigton; and on the west by the Irish Channel.

Ailsa Craig is one of the most striking curiosities in Ayrshire; it rises fifteen miles from the shore, out of the sea, like an inverted top. On this singular island the Solan goose is found

in great abundance. It is uninhabited, and is about two miles in circumference: it is an aviary for a variety of sea birds, whose screaming is quite deafening.

Ayr, the capital of Ayrshire, is a well-built town, at the mouth of a river of the same name. A mile and a half from Ayr is the cottage where the poet Burns was born; it consists but of two rooms, and was the work of his father's own hands. Montgomery, another poet, was born at Irvine, a small sea-port in this county; also Galt, a celebrated novelist, and the author of an amusing book, called the "Ayrshire Legatees," which is a humourous account of a simple country minister coming up to London on the event of some property being left him. I remember there is one droll account of a quarrel with a hackney coachman. He had been told that if a coachman charged him too much he was to take the number of the coach, and a driver overcharging him he proceeded to cut the number off the vehicle, having thus interpreted his friend's advice.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT is bounded by Ayr and

part of Dumfries on the north; on the east and south east is part of Dumfries and the Solway Firth, on the west and south west a portion of Wigton and Wigton Bay. Kirkcudbright is the ancient district of Galloway. It is noted for a breed of horses. The Galloway horses are a Spanish race.

At Dundrennan Abbey, in this county, the unfortunate Mary Stuart spent her last night in Scotland. She arrived late in the evening, and was hospitably received by the monks. The building is greatly dilapidated, but it bears marks of former splendour. Its walls are now covered with a grey moss.

Kirkcudbright, the principal town, is a seaport.

At Amworth resided Rutherford, the eminent Presbyterian divine; he lived in the reign of Charles II. Archbishop Usher, who had heard of the fame of Rutherford, once went secretly to Amworth in order to hear him preach and converse. He appeared at the Manse (so the parsonage house, or residence of the minister, is called in Scotland,) disguised as a beggar, and asked a night's lodging. We

should now think a beggar very bold to make such a request, but in those times amongst the simple Scottish people this was not extraordinary. He was desired to sit down in the kitchen, when Mrs. Rutherford came, according to custom, to catechise their servants. She did not omit to ask the beggar some questions, and amongst others, inquired of him how many commandments there were. He replied, "eleven;" Mrs. Rutherford was greatly shocked at his ignorance, however she gave him a good supper and sent him to bed in one of the garrets. The Archbishop had a great desire to hear Rutherford pray, and for some time listened for the sound of his voice, at his evening devotions, as his room was just over that of his host. Hearing no voice, however, he commenced pouring out his own soul in prayer to God. Rutherford, now heard him, and at once suspecting the truth, that the pretended beggar was the great Archbishop Usher, forthwith proceeded to the stranger's room, when he told him his suspicion. At Mr. Rutherford's earnest request the visitor consented to preach the next day at Amworth church, but it was, of course, needful to keep

the matter a profound secret, for if it were known that he had done so, great trouble and disgrace would have ensued to the Archbishop. Disguised, therefore, in a suit of Mr. Rutherford's clothes, the Bishop went out very early into the fields, where Mr. Rutherford followed him, and shortly brought him in to breakfast, introducing him as a stranger who had promised to preach for him that day. Mrs. Rutherford hearing from the servants that the beggar had left early, was not surprised, and after breakfast they all went to church. The Archbishop preached from John xiii, 34, "A *new* commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another," and observed that this might be called the eleventh commandment. The minister's wife was puzzled. "Why," said she to herself, "that is the very answer the beggar gave me last night, surely this cannot be he." In the morning the Bishop left without being discovered.

WIGTONSHIRE, or West Galloway, consists principally of two peninsulars jutting out from the more continental part of Galloway. Luce Bay divides the promontories. Its boundaries are Ayr and Kirkcudbright on the north, the

Irish Sea on the west, and on the south, Luce Bay. I have very little that is interesting to tell you of Wigtonshire. Its capital, Wigton, is a dull town; the principal street of which lies within a space laid out in shrubberies. The soil in many parts of Wigtonshire is very productive, and the wheat grown there is considered of a superior description. Port Patrick is the nearest port to Ireland, the Channel in this part being but twenty-one miles across: steamers are constantly employed between the two countries.

The county of HADDINGTON, or East Lothian, is bounded on the south by Berwick, on the north and east by the Frith of Forth, and on the west by Mid-Lothian.

The story of the Pretender is so associated with this county, that I will begin my account of him in this chapter, endeavouring, after I have explained the circumstances of his landing in Scotland, to confine myself to those events of his life which took place in Haddington. Charles Edward, known by the name of the Young Pretender, was the grandson of James II, of England, who was, as you know, compelled to abdicate the crown, and was succeeded

by his son-in-law, William, Prince of Orange, and his daughter Mary, who reigned jointly with William, and after their death by Anne his youngest daughter. Historians have called Anne the last Stuart, but George I, who succeeded her, had no claim to the crown but as a Stuart also. His mother was the Electress Sophia of Hanover, the daughter of the Queen of Bohemia, who was herself the daughter of James I, of the Stuart line, who reigned in England. George was a prince in his own country, and governed Hanover as well as England. It is not of James the Second's son, however, that I propose to write here, but of his grandson. The Old Pretender from some cause excited less sympathy and interest than his son. After fruitless endeavours to obtain the crown, he retired from the contest, and the Rebellion of 1715 ended, as an historian says, without even the sad *éclat* of a defeat. After his return from Scotland he was compelled to leave France, and was obliged to settle in Italy, where his two sons were born, Prince Charles Edward, known by the name of the Young Pretender, and Henry Benedict, who bore the title of Duke of York,

and was promoted to the rank of Cardinal in the Roman Catholic Church. Prince Charles Edward, at this time was, according to the statements of those who were not so enthusiastic in his cause as to be blind to his defects, a young man of pleasant and courteous manners, personal courage, and a good temper, but his education had been strangely neglected. Instead of being instructed in the constitution and rights of the English nation, he had been trained up in those absurd, perverse, and antiquated notions of divine hereditary right, out of which so many of his grandfather's misfortunes had arisen. He had also been strictly brought up in the Roman Catholic Faith, and this was much against his cordial reception by the greater part of the English. The Jacobites, as the adherents of the Stuarts were called, had long ceased to think of restoring the Old Pretender, but they turned their thoughts to his eldest son, who was deeply anxious to recover the throne of his ancestors. After many discouragements from his father, and disappointments of help from France, Charles determined to try upon his own resources, and set sail on his perilous

expedition with only a few attendants in a man-of-war of sixty guns, to which a frigate was added. He landed in Scotland after some days, but received a very disheartening reception. His reply to Lochiel, who attempted to reason with him on the madness of his enterprise, and advised him at once to return home was, " Sir, I am come *home*, and, moreover, I am come with my mind made up to reclaim my rights, or to perish." He soon gained followers, and collected a considerable army; but not to pursue him through this part of his eventful career in Scotland, I will tell you that he arrived safely at Edinburgh, and prepared to take possession of the palace of Holyrood. As Charles approached the palace, crowds of persons pressed upon him. His personal appearance was prepossessing. His dress was after the Highland fashion. He wore a short tartan coat, and a blue bonnet with a white rose. He had, in his course from the Highlands, been joined by many persons of distinction. The courage of the Highland soldiers was well known, and hopes were high that victory and restoration were in store for the exiled Stuarts. He was proclaimed king at Edinburgh Cross,

by the title of James VIII, and for a while a gleam of sunshine and splendour lighted up Prince Charles' fortunes.

While these things were going on at Edinburgh, General Cope, with the government force, landed at Dunbar, a seaport at Haddington. Charles went forth to meet him. The progress of the Highland regiment was almost in silence, in order to conceal their situation from the enemy, who were lying in wait for them; not a whisper was heard amongst them. On the 21st of September they began their march whilst the sun was three hours below the horizon. It was just dawn, and the mist was fast retiring, when the Highlanders began their attack. A writer on the subject, says: "Morning was already on the waters of the Forth, and the mist was rolling in huge masses over the crofts, or meadows, to the left, but it was not yet sufficiently clear for the armies to perceive each other. A darkness lay between them, which was soon to disclose the dreadful spectacle of an armed enemy."¹ The Highlanders still kept

¹ Chambers' *History of the Rebellion*.

a silence broken only by the sound of their feet passing over the stubble. From General Cope's army, an occasional drum was heard.

At setting out on the charge, the Highlanders pulled off their bonnets and uttered a short prayer. Their mode of fighting, so different to that of the king's soldiers, quite puzzled the enemy. They advanced with the utmost speed, fired within musket length of the object, then throwing down their pieces they drew their swords, and holding a target in their left, and a dirk in their right hand, darted on the enemy through the smoke of their own fire, and cut them down. The actual conflict, on this memorable occasion, lasted but four minutes. The royal army was quite defeated; nearly 400 slain, 700 taken prisoners, whilst but 170 escaped. The celebrated Colonel Gardiner was present at this battle; he was a rare example of a conscientious, prayerful, and religious man, amidst the excitement of a warrior's life. He was at this time very old, and so weak, that he had to be carried, in a chair, from Haddington to the field. Deserted by his dragoons, and severely wounded,

he put himself at the head of a small body of foot, and only ceased to fight when brought to the ground by severe wounds. He died in the Manse, or Parsonage house, of Tranent. He was buried in Tranent churchyard, and some years afterwards, when the ground was disturbed, his head was found, marked by the stroke of the scythe that was the cause of his death. The wounded were on this occasion treated very kindly by the conquering army. A journalist of the time, says: "Whatever notions Low country people may have of the Highlanders, I can attest that they gave many proofs of kindness. Many after the battle ran to Port Seton, for ale and other liquor, to revive the wounded or dying. I saw a Highlander, with patient, tender kindness, carrying a poor wounded soldier on his back, and leave him in a house with sixpence to pay his charge." The wounded men of both sides were taken to Colonel Gardiner's house at Tranent, and a few years ago it was thought possible to discern the stains of their blood on the old oak floor. The Highlanders were very active in despoiling the slain. Every article of value, according to

their notion, was appropriated, and in their simplicity they often made ludicrous mistakes. "One who got a watch, exchanged it for some worthless trifle, remarking that he was glad he had done so, for it had died that night, because it had stopped; another exchanged a horse for a pistol." Rough old Highlanders were seen going about with the fine shirts of English officers, stretched over the rest of their clothes; whilst boys were seen strutting about with gold laced cock'd hats on their heads. Thus ended the battle of Preston Pans.¹

The Prince's conduct appears to have been both moderate and merciful; he forbade any outward signs of joy, inasmuch as he said, blood had been shed and involved so many in sorrow. The remainder of his history I will relate in its proper place, for I have something more to tell you of Haddington, and we have heard enough of battles for the present.

The county-town of Haddington is situated on the south side of the Firth of Forth. In this town, or in the neighbouring village of Gifford, was born the celebrated reformer John Knox.

¹ Chambers' *History of the Rebellion*.

Some writers have said that Knox's parents were in poor circumstances. This does not appear to have been the case. They were able to give their son a good education, which in that age was far from a common advantage. In his youth he was sent to the Haddington Grammar School, and thence to the University of St. Andrew's, at that time the first School for learning in Scotland. He was ordained a Priest in the Romish Church at an earlier age than usual, and taught philosophy likewise in the University. That you may rightly appreciate the conduct and character of Knox, look for a few moments at the circumstances of the times in which he lived. Nothing perhaps has given so great a prejudice to his actions as ignorance of the corruptions which reigned in the Romish Church at that time. Full half of the wealth of the nation belonged to the clergy. Avarice and ambition, and the love of pomp and show, influenced the men who pretended to teach the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus. The lives of the clergy were a scandal to their profession. Through the superstitions of princes and nobles, monasteries had multiplied greatly.

Dr. Mc Crie, in his life of Knox, says, "The kingdom swarmed with ignorant, idle, luxurious monks, who like locusts devoured the fruits of the earth. Friars, white, black, grey," &c. Then the Clergy were shamefully ignorant. Even bishops declared, and that without a blush, that they never read any part of the Bible but that which they met with in their missals or Prayer Books. People were truly perishing for lack of knowledge, for to that book which was able to make them wise unto salvation, they had no access. It was locked up from them, and the use of it in their own language was forbidden under the heaviest penalties. The services were mumbled in the Latin tongue, which many of the priests did not understand, and some few could scarcely read; and "scarce anything remained of Christianity in Scotland, but its name." Many mediators were made to share the honor of procuring the divine favor with the "One Mediator between God and man," and more prayers were offered to the Virgin Mary, than to Him who "ever liveth to make intercession for us." Men were taught to confess to the Priests, to go on pilgrimage to the

shrine of some saint, to eat no flesh on Friday, to pay tithes and other church dues, and then they were told they were safe. The sermons were usually mere tales of the wonderful holiness of a founder of some religious order, his miracles, his watchings, fastings, combats with the devil; but of the truths of the Bible, and the glorious gospel of the blessed God, not a word. The dying beds of rich men were visited indeed, but for what purpose? was it to whisper words of hope and comfort, or to point to Christ as the Way, the Truth, and the Life? No—but avaricious priests were ever hovering about the dying man, to extort legacies for themselves or the church. No sooner had a poor husbandman breathed his last, than the vicar came and carried off the “corpse present;” this consisted of the best cow belonging to the deceased, and the uppermost covering of his bed, or upper clothes. The service of God was neglected, churches deserted, and places of worship served only for houses of traffic, resorts for pastime, or sanctuaries for malefactors. Such was popery in Scotland.

The doctrines of the Reformation had made

some progress however, in the country, before Knox embraced them. As early as 1526, before Henry the Eighth's quarrel with the Pope, which doubtless brought about the Reformation in England, a youth of the name of Patrick Hamilton, made known the glad tidings of the gospel to his country-men. He was of a noble family, and went over to Wittemberg to confer with Luther; he came back after serious study of the scriptures, and in 1528 was cruelly put to death, at St. Andrew's, by Archbishop Beatoun. A reformer, whose name was George Wishart, was very useful to Knox, in instructing him in the great doctrines of the Bible; he however suffered martyrdom, leaving Knox, almost alone, to follow in his steps.

Cardinal Beatoun, the great persecutor of the reformers, was put to death by a small but determined band of men, soon after Wishart's martyrdom; and Knox has been accused of being privy to the death of the cardinal. It is impossible to justify Knox, if such were the case, and his vindication of the act cannot be denied. His sentiments were now so fully known that his life was in great danger,

and he was obliged to take refuge in the castle of St. Andrew, then held by the Protestants. Here he began his ministry. He was shortly after sent to France, and at the instigation of the Pope was kept close prisoner there, put in chains, and treated with great severity. In 1549, when Edward the Sixth came to the throne, he was liberated, and returned to Scotland.

He was appointed to preach at Berwick, and was very useful there. He resided in England for some time, and was appointed one of King Edward's chaplains, but he did not agree with the principles of the English Church. He acknowledged no head of the Church but Jesus Christ, nor did he approve of the services of the common Prayer Book. In 1556 he went to Geneva, in Switzerland, to be Pastor over an English Church there, and greatly enjoyed Calvin's friendship. At this time he assisted several exiles from England, in preparing a translation of the bible. This is commonly called the Geneva Bible.

In 1557 Knox received letters from several good men in Scotland, entreating him to return

Queen Mary's cruel persecution of the Protestants was the cause of a singular production of the Reformer. Its title was, "The first blast of the trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women," *i. e.*, regimen or government; in which he freely attacked the practice of permitting females to govern nations. In Elizabeth's reign he wrote an awkward apology, but it is very likely that Cecil, her secretary, never presented it to her, for he was friendly to the Scotch Congregation, and knew that Knox's uncourtly style was not likely to please his royal mistress. Queen Mary, soon after her arrival from France, had an interview with Knox. Mary seems to have expected to awe the bold man into submission by her authority, but she little knew Knox. She accused him of writing a book against her authority, and many other charges. To these Knox replied that if to teach the truth of God in sincerity, and to exhort people to worship God according to his word, were to excite subjects to rebel, he was guilty. The conversation between him and the young queen is extremely interesting, and so instructive that I cannot resist copying you a portion of it.

After a long argument, Mary said, "Well, I perceive that my subjects shall obey you and not me; and will do what they please, not what I command."

"God forbid, madam," replied Knox, "my travail and desire is, that princes and subjects may obey God. And think not, madam, that wrong is done to you, that you are required to be subject to God. He craves of kings that they be as foster fathers, and queens as nursing mothers to his people."

"But you are not the church that I will nourish," said the wilful queen, "I will defend the church of Rome, for it is, I think, the true church of God."

"Your *will*, madam, is no *reason*, neither doth your thought make the Roman harlot the spouse of Jesus Christ."

He also warmly opposed Mary's marriage with a Papist; and in his interview with her, his free, uncourtly language so offended her that she wept bitterly. His remarks on these occasions brought him into sad disgrace, and he was summoned to take his trial. When the queen had taken her seat at the council, and

perceived Knox at the foot of the table, she burst into a loud fit of laughter. "That man," she said, "had made her weep and shed never a tear himself; she would now see if she could make *him* weep." He was, however, to the queen's bitter disappointment, not only unmoved, but finally acquitted. He died in the 67th year of his age, worn out with anxieties and labours. From the time that he embraced the Reformed Religion, he enjoyed little rest. For many years an outlaw and an exile, and constantly exposed to danger, it must to him have been a glorious exchange, when he fell asleep in Jesus.

His character has been so differently judged, that it is difficult to give a correct sketch of it. Many of his faults may be traced to his natural temperament, and to the character of the age and country in which he lived. His passions were strong—he was an earnest man in every thing, and knew neither disguise nor affectation. His language was often coarse and intemperate, and some of his actions seem to have sadly lacked the spirit of Christian meekness. McCrie says, at the close of his memoir, "In contemplating

such a character as that of Knox, it is not the *man* so much as the *reformer* that ought to engage our attention."

The wisdom of God in raising up persons endowed with qualities suited to the work allotted to them, should engage our particular admiration. It is easy for us in the present day to censure the great movers in the grand scheme of reforming a corrupt church, but we may nevertheless take some useful lessons from the manly, uncompromising Luther, and even from the stern and somewhat coarse Knox, in the stedfastness with which they followed their motto—to "hearken unto God rather than to men." They did not consider their fellow-creatures' opinions, they looked to no worldly gain, to no rich preferment, to no future wealth nor living; but, "what says the word of God?" was the question which ever and anon they put when combating with the obstinate superstitions of the Romish church. Study the character of such men as Knox now. It is a time that calls upon the young to do this; and remember that which men and children are too apt to forget—that there is but one

authority on earth for any religious opinion whatever, the Holy Bible, the sure word of God. We will now close our long chapter on this interesting county, but I hope you will not regret the space I have given to so important a subject as that of the Reformation in Scotland.

Chapter Fifth.

LINLITHGOW.

The Palace—James IV—The apparition explained—Mary's birth-place—Queen's ferry.

EDINBURGH OR MID-LOTHIAN.

The Old Town—The Castle—Description of the old fashioned inhabitants—Greyfriars' Church—Signing of the Covenant—The Covenanters—Holyrood House, story of Mary—Dalkeith—Roslin—Hawthornden.

Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling ;
In Scotland fair, beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling.

THE next county that we will consider is that of LINLITHGOW. Its boundaries are the Frith of Forth on the east, Stirlingshire on the north, Peebles and Lanark on the south, which last county also bounds it on the west.

Linlithgow, the capital, lies in a hollow along the borders of a lake, surrounded by hills. The village consists of a long narrow street, but the principal object of interest is the fine old palace. There are many interesting associations with

this place. The exterior is rather rough, and it was evidently constructed in troublous times with a view to defence. A few windows above and as many slits below are the only apertures that open to the outside of the building. The architecture of the interior court is the best.

No part of the ruins is roofed. The walls are all that remain of this once noble palace. Edward I spent a whole winter at Linlithgow, during the wars which succeeded his invasion of Scotland.

You read in a former chapter of the disastrous battle of Flodden. At the church in Linlithgow palace, James IV saw the apparition of which the superstitious and ignorant have made many strange tales, but the facts are, I believe, these:—

Queen Margaret, who was sister of Henry VIII, and he were at that time passing a few days together at this palace. The day before the battle he was attending vespers, as the evening service was called, and praying for success on his intended expedition, when there “came in a man clad in a blue gown or blowse, belted about him with a roll of white linen.

His head was bare, bald at the top, with yellow locks hanging on each side, and his age about fifty. He came fast forward among the lords crying and *speering* especially for the king, saying he wanted to speak to him." At last the man reached the desk where King James was at prayer; he made no reverence to him, but leaned on him *gruffling* (or bending down to the desk) and spoke thus. "Sir king, my mother hath sent me to thee, charging thee not to go where thou hast purposed, which if thou do thou shalt not fare well, nor none that is with thee."

These words spoken, the messenger escaped from among the assembly, and so suddenly disappeared that he seemed to vanish miraculously. There is no doubt that those who wished to dissuade James from the battle tried to work on his superstitious mind by this means, and therefore dressed up a man to represent St. John, called the adopted son of the Virgin Mary.

The Roman Catholics believed in the possibility of the souls of departed saints and apostles appearing on earth, and many impostures of which you may read in history are of this

kind. Nothing, however, could dissuade James, and the result you have already heard.

James V, the son of this king, and father of Mary Stuart, was scarcely less unfortunate. He died of grief at the loss of a large army, and when news was brought him of her birth, gave a mournful reply. He was scarcely thirty-one years old, and survived his child's birth but a few days. Her troubles began very early, and in this old ruined palace did she first see the light. The supposed room is still shewn, and there is something very affecting in visiting the birthplace of the dead. The misfortunes of Mary from the cradle to the grave render her birthplace a peculiarly interesting yet melancholy spot.

Henry VIII of England was very anxious to get possession of this infant Queen, and eagerly desired a marriage with her to his only son, afterwards Edward VI, but the Scotch were a little suspicious of King Henry's motives and declined the honour. Mary, when very young, was accordingly sent to France, with a view to her education and subsequent union with the young heir of that kingdom, and her mother,

Mary of Guise, an ambitious woman and a bigoted Catholic, was appointed Queen Regent, and she and the persecuting Cardinal Beatoun, who, as I told you, was the murderer of Hamilton and Wishart, ruled the kingdom much as they pleased during Mary's minority. Of her marriage and early widowhood, it is no part of the present pages to treat; we will talk more of Mary bye and bye, when we come to any place rendered memorable by her residence or her misfortunes.

The Parliament hall is a long noble room, but very ruinous. The kitchens are very spacious, and on the side of one of them is a large oven with seats all round it.

A great part of Linlithgow Palace was destroyed in 1746, when the royal army was proceeding to meet the Pretender and lay on straw in these princely halls. The town of Queensferry, on the Frith of Forth, is a small seaport, and derives its name from Margaret, wife of Malcolm III, often crossing over that passage to Dunfermline, where there was a palace.

We will now look at EDINBURGH or MID-LOTHIAN, which contains the capital of Scot-

land. The county of Edinburgh is bounded on the north by the Frith of Forth, on the north-east and east by Haddington and Berwickshire, on the south by Lanarkshire, Peebles, and Selkirkshire, and on the west by Linlithgow.

Edinburgh, the capital, is a most interesting town. It was at the beginning of George III's reign an inconvenient, ill-built, and old-fashioned place, of about 70,000 inhabitants. It is now a kind of double city, first there is the picturesque old town, occupied now by the poorer classes, and second, there is the beautiful modern town, inhabited by the upper classes. Many a poor family now inhabits a fine house in the old town, once the residence of some grand person, and many a fine oak panelled room or carved ceiling shelters poverty and misery where once there were riches and comfort.

The city is built on three ridges running east and west. The central ridge is ended by a rocky precipice on which is the castle, a fine old building. The rock on which it stands is two hundred feet in height, and many interesting events have occurred within the walls of this

castle. Here Queen Mary gave birth to her only son, afterwards James I of England.

Across the valley which separates the old from the new town, a bridge was erected, and further west, across the same valley, a mound of earth, chiefly formed of the rubbish removed in digging the foundations of the newly-erected houses, was begun in 1783. A third and nearer bridge connects the western part of the new town with the southern district. Before these bridges were built, the only communication to the south and north was by those narrow, steep lanes, called closes and wynds, which descend from both sides of the high street. The meaning of close, is a passage in a town for persons on foot; wynds are passages for carriages. Some of these curious narrow little streets are composed of immensely high houses, and are so narrow that persons may shake hands with their opposite neighbours.

It is really a treat to walk about this antiquated part of the town, and to recall the habits of the simple people who once lived there. Ladies used to have their tea drinkings at six, and were lighted to their friend's house by a girl

bearing a lantern. Gas was unknown in those days, or if the night was very dark a sedan was ordered, a kind of carriage carried by men. The dresses of the ladies in the last century were very odd. An old gentleman has been heard to describe two hooped ladies moving up and down the Lawn market on a summer's evening, whose figures took up the whole path. In the narrow lanes they had often to tilt their hoops up and carry them under their arms. Stays were made so stiff and long that they touched the chair both before and behind when the lady sat down, and she had to hold fast by the bed post whilst the maid laced her. There is a book called "Traditions of Edinburgh," by Mr. Robert Chambers, in which you may read many amusing anecdotes. I will copy you a curious advertisement of a school for young ladies, which that book contains, and which was extracted from an old Edinburgh Gazette, of the year 1763. "Wax work of all sorts taught by a gentlewoman from London; philligree work, japan work on amber or glass; gum work; pastry of all sorts; boning a fowl without cutting the back; butter work; pre-

serving pickles; writing and arithmetic, music and dancing," with many more accomplishments too tedious to mention. In the College Wynd, in Edinburgh, Sir Walter Scott was born. In the Netherbow, in the old town, is the residence or manse of the celebrated Reformer Knox, and perched in a corner above the door is a curious little effigy of him preaching in a stone pulpit. Grayfriars' Church is a very interesting part of the old town, it lies near the Grass Market, and here are the remains of many celebrated men—Robertson the historian, Ramsay the friend of Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, who induced him to change his deistical opinions, and who afterwards educated the children of the pretender, and many others. But this churchyard will ever be a memorable place, as the scene of the signing of the covenant. The document was handed out after a sermon from one of their celebrated preachers, and multitudes signed on the flat monumental stones, amidst prayers and tears, some even writing with their blood.

At the south-west angle of the churchyard is a gateway leading to an inclosure where several hundred of these faithful covenanters were im-

prisoned after the Battle of Bothwell Bridge, which I mentioned to you in a former chapter. The cruelty these poor creatures endured seems incredible. They were allowed scarcely anything to lie upon or to cover them, their food was but four ounces of bread daily, and they were guarded day and night. If any person arose from the ground at night he was shot at. Some gained their liberty by signing a bond never to take up arms against the King, but four hundred refusing were kept five months in this frightful state, only being permitted shingle huts at the approach of winter, which was boasted of as a great mercy. A remnant, about two hundred and fifty-seven in number, were afterwards sent to Barbadoes, but the vessel was wrecked, and only forty-nine came on shore alive.

The old Tolbooth or prison of Edinburgh was burnt in the time of George II, during some riots, known by the name of the Porteous riots. It was near St. Giles' church. There used to be a great many booths or shops around the church, but the council ordered that none but booksellers', watchmakers', and jewellers' shops

should be permitted in that neighbourhood. The goldsmiths were quite a superior class of tradesmen, and wore scarlet cloaks and cocked hats. Their principal trade was in Parliament Close. You have, no doubt, heard of the noted George Heriot. His shop and workshop were in this part of the town. King James I, who had frequent occasion to borrow money of him, often paid private visits to him in this little seven-foot square shop. How unlike the goldsmiths' shops of the present day. Hume, the celebrated historian, was born in Edinburgh.

We must not omit to notice Holyrood house. Of the ancient palace built by James V, but little remains. It is at the east end of the Canongate, and occupies the site of one of the many abbeys of David I. In the chapel the remains of many royal persons are buried. There are some relics of Mary Queen of Scots which are very interesting.

I have already told you a little about Mary, and I cannot now give you the full particulars of her story. She was sent very young to a French court, and married the French King. At nineteen she was left a widow, and returned

to Scotland at a time when it was distracted with quarrels and discord. Her second marriage, with Darnley, was an unhappy one, and her intimacy with her secretary, David Rizzio, was a very ill-advised and foolish thing in a married woman, to say the least of it. She had received a bad education, and, in a French court, which was at that time very wicked, it is possible that her nice notions of propriety were blunted. She had chosen a foolish headstrong boy of nineteen for her husband, who was extremely ambitious to have the title of King. This crown-matrimonial Mary had no intention of bestowing with her hand, and Darnley, seeing Rizzio so high in his wife's favour, suspected that he encouraged her in the refusal. About eight o'clock one Saturday night, Mary was sitting at supper in a small room adjoining her bed chamber in Holyrood Palace, with the Countess of Argyle. Rizzio was at the cupboard in a closet of the bed chamber, tasting some meats intended for the queen; when suddenly a panel opened and Darnley, accompanied by a certain Lord Ruthven, entering by a secret staircase, burst

into the little dressing room and looked gloomily at his victim Rizzio. The queen and countess started up from table, and Rizzio at once perceiving the intentions of the armed men, got behind his mistress and clasped the folds of her gown, earnestly imploring for justice or mercy. The assassins threw down the table and seized on Rizzio, whilst Darnley held the Queen. It was their intention, doubtless, to have seized the Italian and dragged him from her presence in order to kill him elsewhere, but their impatience hurried them to instant murder. He fell, pierced with fifty-six wounds, at the head of the staircase, the queen continuing to beg his life with tears and prayers; but when she learned that he was dead, she dried her tears and said, "I will now think of revenge."

In the following June, 1566, Mary gave birth to a son, and for a time it seemed as though Darnley and she were reconciled; but it was only an outward reconciliation. In January of the next year, Darnley fell ill of the small pox, and the queen, either really or in pretence softened after a time, brought

him to a religious house near Edinburgh, called the Kirk of Field, just without the city walls. The queen and infant remained at Holyrood. On the 9th of February some servants of the Earl of Bothwell, a person who had been in Mary's confidence for some time, and a bitter enemy of Darnley, found entrance to the cellars underneath Darnley's bed chamber, and placed gunpowder there. About two hours after midnight, Bothwell, disguised in a riding cloak, came to see the cruel scheme put in execution, and soon the explosion took place. The body of Darnley, and his chamber groom, were found in an orchard the next day.

Whether Mary had any share in this horrid crime it is not for us to determine. Had she brought Bothwell to justice as he deserved, she might not have been suspected; but although there was a show of a trial, she shortly after, and without much resistance, suffered herself to be carried off and married by her late husband's murderer. We will leave her now, as her life in Holyrood ends here. There is a baby's basket in Mary's bed-chamber, prepared, doubtless, by her before her infant's birth; besides

some of her needlework and other articles which belonged to the unhappy queen, interesting and affecting memorials of the past.

I have left little room to tell you of the new town, which is very fine. Prince's Street, Queen Street, and many handsome squares are worth notice; but the description would not perhaps gratify you much.

Dalkeith is, next to Edinburgh and Leith, the most considerable town of Mid Lothian; and it was for some time the residence of General Monk, to whom Cromwell delegated the government of Scotland.

Roslin chapel and castle, seven miles from Edinburgh, is well worth seeing. The castle overhangs the glen of the river Esk, and is separated from the neighbouring ground by a cut in the solid rock. The beautiful scenery is confined to the banks of the Esk. Neighbouring coal mines sadly deface the country around.

Hawthornden is a mansion of Charles the First's time. The Scottish poet, Drummond, a friend of Shakespeare, built this place. It is said that Ben Jonson, the poet, wit, and

dramatist, actually walked from London to pay Drummond a visit here. Like a good landlord, Drummond met him at the gate, exclaiming—

“Welcome! welcome! royal Ben.”

To which Jonson replied—

“Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden.”

We must now leave the interesting county of Edinburgh and Mid Lothian.

Chapter Sixth.

FIFESHIRE.

Highlands and Lowlands—Dunfermline Abbey—Queen Margaret—Discovery of Bruce's coffin—Charles the First's Birthplace—St. Andrew's—Largo—Story of Alexander Selkirk.

KINROSS.

Lochleven Castle—Reason of its name—More about Mary—Her escape from Lochleven—Her defeat—Flight to England.

HAVING considered the thirteen southern counties of Scotland, it will be necessary before I commence the next nine, to give you a little history of the distinction which existed between the Highlands and the Lowlands. The range of mountainous counties of which you are about to learn, was inhabited by a race of men, different, in manners and language, to those who lived in that part called the Lowlands. The English used to call these people the "Wild Scots," the French the "Scottish Savages." The losses which the Low Country had sustained in early times,

by the English wars, had so weakened the district near the Highlands, that the people became quite unable to repress the incursions of the mountaineers, who came down from their hills, burned, destroyed, and plundered them, as if it were an enemy's country. These were at one time divided into forty different clans, families, or tribes, each clan dwelling on its own portion of land or territory. This little corner of Europe had been the last to shelter the remains of that early race, called Celts, of whom ancient history speaks as possessing the old continent, but who were gradually dispersed by other nations, whom we call ancient, to the extremities of the known world. The Highlanders believing that the Lowlanders were their foes, were always invading their territories. This was the cause for the erection of certain forts, of which I shall have occasion to speak presently, which were established and garrisoned by government to keep the turbulent clans in proper order. Each clan was governed by a chief or head of the family. In almost every clan were subordinate chiefs or chieftains.

The Highland dress is very picturesque, but it is not often used now, except on gala days. In the reign of George II, a curious act was passed to prohibit its being worn. It was enacted that from and after the first of August, 1747, any person, whether man or boy, within Scotland, excepting officers or soldiers in his Majesty's service, who should on any pretence wear or put on the clothes, called Highland clothes, namely, the plaid, philibeg, trews, shoulder belts, or any part of the Highland garb, or should use great coats made of party-coloured plaid, or stuff, should be imprisoned without bail for six months. The dress is composed of a tartan, or plaid, gracefully folded round the body, and the philibeg, or short petticoat, with tartan stockings and bonnet.

The county of FIFE is a district including also that of KINROSS. It is a sort of peninsular, bounded on one side by the German Ocean, and on two sides by the Frith of Forth and Tay. The great passage across the Forth, called Queensferry, belonged before the Reformation to the Abbot of Dunfermline.

Dunfermline is an ancient and interesting town, and at a very early period of Scottish history it was the seat of government. It once had a wealthy abbey. Queen Margaret, who gave the name to Queen's Ferry, was the grand-niece of our Saxon king, called Edward the Confessor. She fled from England at the time of the Norman Conquest, and was kindly received by the Scotch king, Malcolm, who shortly after her arrival married her. She was a learned excellent woman, and softened the character of her rough and warlike husband. Queen Margaret and Robert Bruce are both said to be buried in Dunfermline Abbey; also David I, the celebrated abbey builder; and it was on the occasion of James the First's visit to Dunfermline, that he made the well known observation that King David had been "a sair saunt to the crown." The coffin of Bruce was dug up in 1818, the lead in which the body was wrapped was entire, and even some fragments of fine cloth embroidered with gold, which formed his shroud. Charles I was born at Dunfermline Palace. He was the son of James I and Anne of Denmark. The bed which Queen Anne

brought from her own country, a large, cumbrous four-post affair, was for many years shown at the public house of Dunfermline.

St. Andrew's is an ancient city, and has a University. Its Cathedral, still a splendid ruin, was destroyed by John Knox's followers in 1559. It is very common to lament the destruction and defacement of those fine buildings by the Reformers, but great allowance must be made for the time at which this was done. Knox used to say, "Pull down the nest and the rooks will fly away," and there is no doubt but that it was very important that all opportunities for performing the idolatrous worship of the mass should as far as possible be taken away.

At Largo, on the coast of Fifeshire, the celebrated Alexander Selkirk was born, in 1796. His father was a fisherman. Alexander was a hot-tempered boy, and soon offended. He came home one night from work, and being thirsty took up a mug of water to drink, which turned out to be salt water. This disgusted and irritated him, and his brother who was sitting by still further increased his anger by

laughing at the mistake. Alexander struck him, a fight ensued, and the end of it was that he left Largo in disgrace.

He went to sea, and was shipwrecked on the desert Island of Juan Fernandez, where he lived sometime in solitude. He was taken up by a vessel, and after many years absence returned home, bringing his gun, sea chest, and the cup of his own making, which the family still preserve with great care. Alexander did not remain long at home, however, and was never heard of after the second time he left it.

Dr. Adam Smith, author of a work called the "Wealth of Nations," was born at Kirkaldy in Fife.

KINROSS is surrounded by the counties of Fife and Perth. Lochleven castle is on an island of about two acres, in the loch which has, according to the Scotch, the following peculiarities. It is eleven miles round, encompassed by eleven hills, is fed by eleven streams, and contains eleven kinds of fish, and is also studded with eleven islands. This is doubtless the origin of its name. The castle consists of one square tower, not very massive, although

five stories in height. It is now partly in ruins and quite dismantled.

Here Mary Queen of Scots was confined. After her unpardonable indiscretion in marrying Bothwell, her husband's murderer, her fate seemed sealed. He used her very ill, and being disappointed in his hopes of getting the young Prince into his keeping, used such upbraiding language to her that she prayed for a knife with which to stab herself, rather than endure his ill-treatment. In the meantime the people were very indignant, and a large party of the nobility determined to remove Bothwell from his usurped power. An army was raised on each side, and the Queen gave herself up. The common soldiers hooted at her, and most believed her guilty. As she approached Edinburgh, led in triumph by the victors, the lower classes grossly insulted her. A banner was carried before her, coarsely displaying the portrait of Darnley as he lay murdered under a tree in the fatal orchard, with these words embroidered, "Judge and avenge my cause O Lord!" and on the other side, the little Prince on his knees, holding up his hands.

As the queen rode through the streets, with her hair loose, and her garments in disorder, covered with dust and overpowered with shame, grief, and fatigue, this dreadful flag was displayed before her eyes, while the voice of the people sounded in her ears, accusing her of being privy to Darnley's murder.

The castle of Lochleven was her prison, and here a great many lords of the council, with Murray and the Regent, waited on her to compel her to surrender her crown to James her son. Murray was Mary's half-brother, but she found little kindness or compassion from him, and Lord Lindsay seized her delicate arm with main force and left the print of his iron glove there in his earnest effort to force her to take the pen which was to sign away her right to the crown of her ancestors. Sir William Douglas, the Laird of Lochleven, was related to the Regent Murray, and was a severe jailer, but his younger brother, George, laid a plan to deliver her from prison for which he was expelled the island.

There was a boy in the castle, of fifteen or sixteen years of age, a relation of the family, called

“little William Douglas,” who at length contrived to steal the keys of the castle, while the family were at supper, and when all had gone to rest, he let Mary and her attendant out of the tower, locked the castle gates, put the Queen and her waiting-woman in a little boat, rowed them to shore, and threw the keys into the Lake. A large party of Mary’s friends who knew of the plot were waiting for her. On the Sunday Mary was a helpless captive. On the Saturday following she was at the head of a powerful army, by which nine earls, nine bishops, eighteen lords, and many gentlemen of rank engaged to defend her person and restore her power. This army however was completely defeated, and Mary, escorted by a few faithful followers, rode sixty miles before she stopped to rest at Dundrennan Abbey, in Galloway, where her last night in Scotland was spent.

Her resolution to take refuge in England, and its consequences, are not subjects for the present little volume, which relates only to Scotland. At twenty-six years of age a pall was thrown over Mary’s life, and the remaining nineteen years were passed in a kind of living

death. Her faults were many; and her misfortunes and disadvantages, whilst they excite our compassion, should not blind us to the greatness of her indiscretion, if not of her guilt. Sorrow and grief, persecution and injustice, cannot make a saint of Mary.

I do not know of anything more to tell you of the little county of Kinross, with which I will end this chapter.

Chapter Seventh.

CLACKMANNAN.

Origin of its name.

STIRLINGSHIRE.

Castle—James I at his Parliament House—Carron Iron Works—
Bannockburn.

DUMBARTON.

Castle—Loch Lomond—Mountains—Peat Island—Water Birds.

ARGYLESHIRE.

Inverary—Its Castle—Marriage Tree—General Wade's Roads—Glencroe
—Massacre of Glencoe.

THERE is but little to tell you of the county of CLACKMANNAN. It is bounded on the north by Perthshire, on the south by the Frith of Forth, on the east by Fife, and on the west by the Frith of Forth, which separates it from Stirling.

Its capital, Clackmannan, is a miserable old town. When king Robert Bruce lived in Clackmannan tower, before the town was built, he one day, when going a journey, happened to stop at a certain shapeless blue stone, on which he lay his glove, and went on his way. He did



not discover his loss for some little time, when he sent his servant back, desiring him to go to the *clack*, or stone, and seek his *mannan*, or glove. This it is said gives the name of Clackmannan to the town. It is usual for visitors to chip a piece out of the stone, in remembrance of the great fighting hero.

STIRLINGSHERE is one of the most beautiful of the Scottish counties. It is bounded on the north by Perth; on the south by Lanark and Dumbarton, which county also bounds it on the west; and on the east by the isthmus formed by the Firths of Forth and Clyde.

Stirling, the capital, is a town of more than nine thousand inhabitants, situated on an eminence overlooking the Frith of Forth. Its castle is a very striking object. James II of Scotland was born there. James III, who was very fond of Stirling as a residence, erected a Parliament House, which is now converted into barracks. It is related of King James VI, that when a very little child, according to the formal usages of the times, he was compelled to be present at a somewhat stormy meeting of the Parliament, and that his little Majesty casting

up his eyes, observed a hole in the roof of the hall; the Scottish treasury being rather low in its funds. Upon which he remarked, "I think this be but a broken Parliament," an unconscious satire with more truth in it than the child imagined.

Upon the road, between Falkirk and Stirling, there are the remains of a forest, famous in the history of Wallace. There existed a tree until lately which is said to have sheltered him.

Carron iron works, in this county, are the largest of the kind in the world. All descriptions of cast-iron articles are made here. Instruments of war, implements of agriculture, and articles for domestic use. They are always sold at a very reasonable rate. The beauty of the casting, and the finish, is considered superior to any in the world.

Bannockburn is noted for the great battle fought between Edward II and Robert Bruce, in which Edward lost thirty thousand men and seven hundred knights.

There are many coal mines in Stirlingshire. Its principal river is the Forth.

DUMBARTON.—The scenery of Dumbarton-

shire is extremely fine. The great Loch Lomond is its principal ornament. This loch or lake divides the county from Stirlingshire on the north east; on the north west it is bounded by Loch, or Lake Long; and on the south by the river Clyde.

The capital, Dumbarton, is noted for its castle, which is built on a rock shooting up five hundred and sixty feet out of a plain, just at the part of the river which joins the sea. It measures nearly a mile in circumference. The situation of the castle is very picturesque.

The little village of Luss is built on a headland that projects into the lake. Many persons speak the Gaelic language there, and you may frequently see the Highland dress.

Tarbet is a place where persons travelling in Scotland usually stay, in order to see the beauty of this splendid Loch Lomond, which, with its polished surface, its soft hills in the distance, and its lovely little green islands, cannot fail to delight even those who may have seen the larger and grander lakes of other countries. The Loch extends thirty miles. It is seldom wider than eight or ten miles, and gradually

narrows until it ends in a little mountain streamlet. The mountain called Ben Lomond is a striking object. It is not, as is often the case with mountains, so surrounded with inferior hills that it is difficult to recognize it from its companions. It rises three thousand two hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea, and looks, indeed, like a king of the whole territory.

There are other high mountains to be seen in the neighbourhood of Tarbet. Ben Voirlich, Benvenue, and Ben Arthur. Peat Island, on Loch Lomond, is a favourite resort of waterfowl. At the end of some little point of land may the patient heron be seen, waiting till the incautious fish, tempted by the warm sun to the shallows, shall be within reach of its harpoon bill. The rock and river ousel, also abound in the vicinity and about the banks of Loch Lomond. The rock ousel is fond of rocks and precipices, and usually builds among them. When disturbed it will fly from stone to stone, uttering a grating chirp. The male ousel has a white ring round the throat, the female none. The little river-ousel, or dipper,

another variety, feeds on water insects and fish roe. It does not migrate, that is to say it does not leave the island at the approach of winter, and is a hardy little bird, for sometimes when both land and water are bound in frost, it will strike up its cheerful song, a sound as cheerful and strange as that of the nightingale at midnight.

The next county is ARGYLESHIRE, which is bounded by Inverness on the north, Perth and Loch Long on the east, the Firth of Clyde on the south, and Jura Sound on the west. Argyleshire signifies the land of strangers. The Scots or Scoti, who came from Ireland, first landed here.

Inverary, the county town, stands on a small bay at the head of Loch Fine. The herring fishery in Loch Fine has long been famous. The arms of the town are a net with a herring in it.

A short distance from Inverary is an extraordinary tree, called the marriage tree, from the circumstance of its trunk, which separates a few feet above the ground, again uniting twenty feet higher up. This junction is formed

by a small branch, extending from the one stem to the other. The handsome castle belonging to the Duke of Argyle is worth seeing. It is an interesting place, but I must not describe it particularly, as I cannot undertake to write a guide-book to all the wonders of this beautiful country. The Argyle family have inhabited Inverary castle for more than four hundred years, but the foundation of the present castle was not laid until 1745, and finished many years afterwards. It is built of blue granite, in the style of a castle, with towers at its angles.

There is a wild district in this part of the county, called Glencroe, which is about six miles long, and its frowning mountains, and desolate cliffs, are very remarkable. After ascending gradually for about three miles, the road runs, in a winding direction, up the side of the mountain, to the summit of a pass, where is a stone seat, on which are inscribed the words, "Rest and be thankful." The road on looking back looks like a narrow ribbon. You will be told that this is one of General Wade's roads. This will not be very useful information

to you, unless you know when and wherefore these roads were constructed. I will tell you.

After the rebellion in favour of the first Pretender, that is to say the son of James II, in which the Highlanders were so active, the English government determined to make great efforts entirely to subdue this warlike race. A warrant was therefore granted to Field Marshal General Wade to inspect and report upon the state of the Highlands. Their arms were taken away in the first instance, and General Wade boasted that the Highlanders, instead of going armed with guns, swords, and dirks, now travelled to market and to church with only staff in hand; but little did General Wade suspect how many thousand weapons lay in Highland caverns concealed, ready for use whenever occasion should offer. The great work, however, that Wade had in view, and that with which we have now more particularly to do, was the establishment of military roads, through the desolate and rugged regions of the north, insuring a free passage for troops in a country of which it might be said that every mountain was a fortress built by nature.

Hitherto the Highland roads were mere tracks, made by the feet of men and cattle, interrupted by rocks, morasses, and torrents. These paths, Wade formed into solid and excellent roads, and the soldiers were, after the fashion of the Romans, employed in the undertaking. Now you will understand any references hereafter made to General Wade's roads.

At Glencoe, which you must not confound with Glencroe, in the northern part of Argyleshire, was a frightful massacre of the inhabitants, in the reign of William and Mary, 1691. The Clan of Glencoe inhabited a valley formed by the river Coe, which falls into Loch Leven, not far from Loch Etive. The Government had sent orders to the Highland Chiefs in August, 1691, to submit to the king on the first of January, 1692, and if they did not, they were threatened with fire and sword. This proclamation was framed by the Privy Council, under the influence of Sir John Dalrymple, master of Stair, as he was called. The Highlanders, I should tell you, secretly retained their fidelity to King James. The massacre was in winter; the scene must have

been dreadful; flying from their burning huts, the half naked Highlanders committed themselves to the darkness, snow, and storm, of a winter's morning; and bewildered in snow-wreaths, many sank to rise no more. The number massacred was thirty-eight, and certainly this act is a stain on King William's character, who signed the warrant for the deed of butchery.

Chapter Eighth.

PERTHSHIRE.

Perth—The Reformation—John Knox's Sermon—Murder of James I, at Black Friars' Abbey—The house in which Charles Edward slept—Scone Palace—Coronation chair—The hills and crags of Kinnoul, flowers and plants—Dunkeld—Dumblane—Archbishop Leighton—Battle of Sheriffmuir—Loch Katrine, Scott's description—Rob Roy.

THE county of PERTHSHIRE is one of the largest counties in Scotland; it may be called the Yorkshire of the country. It is partly situated in the Highlands and partly in the Lowlands. Its boundaries are, Stirling, Clackmannan, and Kinross, on the south; Angus, and the Firth of Tay, on the east; Inverness, and part of Aberdeen, on the north; and Argyle, on the west.

The capital known by the name of the "fair city of Perth" well deserves the appellation. It has manufactures of gingham, shawls, and handkerchiefs, and also carries on a great trade in salmon. It is situated on the river

Tay, and the scenery around is lovely; but it will be more interesting to you to recall some of the scenes in history, which have taken place within its walls. It was at Perth that the reformed religion was first publicly avowed. John Knox preached a sermon in the parish church, against idolatry, on the 11th of May, 1559; after the sermon, one of the priests having given some provocation, a number of the people, in their zeal, broke down all the altars and images in the church, and then proceeded to demolish the monasteries. After that Thursday, an afternoon sermon was on that day preached for many years, and I believe remains the custom still.

Scone palace is about two miles from the town of Perth, and the scene of the coronation of many a Scottish king. Here too was the famous stone chair, which Edward the first carried off from Scotland as a trophy of one of his victories, and in which chair, since that time to the present, all our kings and queens have been crowned. There are many fables told of it, but of its antiquity there can be no doubt. The stone is said to have been originally con-

veyed from the kingdom of Gallicia in Spain, into Ireland, about 700 years before the birth of Christ, and thence into Scotland, by King Fergus, about 370 years afterwards, and in the year 850 it was placed in the abbey of Scone, by King Kenneth, who caused it to be inclosed in a wooden chair.

The old Palace does not now exist, but a new building has been erected in its place; and much of the old furniture, and ancient monuments belonging to the old palace, are still preserved in the present one. How many interesting associations and recollections are connected with this spot. Here was the Coronation known in Scotland as the "Mourning Coronation" of the Infant King, James the fifth, father of Mary Stuart. The old crown of Scotland being held over the brow of a fatherless babe of one year and five months, most of the witnesses and assistants burst into a passion of sobs and tears; they wept not only in recollection of their own losses at Flodden, but of their late king who was dear to all men whilst living, and, as Buchanan says, "mightily lamented by his people at his death."

It was at Perth that James the first, King of Scotland, was murdered. He was a just and wise king, but his predecessors had not ruled the nation wisely, and this reign was a constant struggle with the nobles and priests. These nobles, who reigned like kings in their little territories, resisted the new rules of their sensible king, and a plot was laid for his assassination. Sir Robert Grahame was the chief person concerned in the undertaking. The king, whilst at Perth, lived in the Abbey of Blackfriars, there being no castle, or palace, suitable for his residence. The day of the murder had been spent in feasting and mirth, and at midnight the assassins secretly entered the house, and stood around the king's bed-chamber door; the king was in his night-gown and slippers, and was standing gaily conversing with the queen, before the fire. At this moment a noise was heard, and the king immediately took alarm, remembering his bitter enemy Grahame. It is related that a maid of honor, missing the bar which should have secured the door, and which had been previously removed, thrust her arm into the aperture,

which snapped in two as the murderers forced their way in. James first tried to get out of the windows, but they were barred. The description of his death is too horrid to relate; he fell pierced by sixteen wounds, in the forty-fourth year of his age, in the year 1437. He is described by an Abbot who was at Perth on the night of the murder, as "fair and comely in person, under the middle size, but strong and manly." He was "skilled in music, and was no mean poet." It was the misfortune of James, says an author, that his maxims and manners were too refined for the age in which he lived.

Prince Charles Edward, on his way to Edinburgh, slept at Perth in an antique house with a wooden front, where the Union Bank now stands; it belonged to Viscount Stormont. Charles had but a guinea in his pocket on that night at Perth.

The hills in the neighbourhood of this interesting town, are rich in minerals. On the right bank of the Tay, the hills of Moncrief possess many rare plants. Among the crags of Kinnoul are the cat-mint vine, garlick, silver

cinque-foil, and rock speed-well; there are foxes and weasels in abundance, as well as pole-cats, among the hills.

Dunkeld is a beautiful spot.

At the ancient cathedral-city of Dumblane, lived the good Archbishop Leighton, whose works are, even to the present day, greatly valued. He lived in the reign of Charles II, and favored the Presbyterian party. There is a walk near the town still called the Bishop's walk.

The battle of Sheriff Muir, near Dumblane, was fought by the Son of James II, called the Old Pretender, or the Chevalier St. George. He was entirely defeated.

Perthshire has so many natural beauties that it is impossible to tell you one half of them. The lochs are extremely fine. Loch Katrine, at the south of the county, is the most remarkable. The description of the lake, by Scott, in the little poem called the "Lady of the Lake," is more impressive than any that I could give you, and so you will say if ever you see it.

“Gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay before him rolled.
In all her length fair winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay ;
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light ;
And mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south huge Benvenue,
Down on the lake its masses threw ;
Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world.”

There is an island at the eastern extremity of the lake, the shores of which are covered with a fine white sand and gravel. Many of these localities are celebrated by Scott, but as they are not facts, but tales, I will not allude to them in a book which is intended only to relate simple truths.

The Trosachs, so called in this part of the country, means, in Gaelic, a rough, bristled territory.

Benledi is the most magnificent mountain in Scotland, three thousand feet in height. Its name signifies, “the hill of God!” It is supposed that the Druids used to worship here.

In Balquidder church is Rob Roy’s grave.

You may have heard Rob Roy's name, but are not, perhaps, quite clear about his history, which is so mixed up with tales and romances that it is not easy to arrive at the facts. Rob Roy, who was also called Campbell and Mc Gregor, was the brother of the Laird of Mc Gregor, a chief of the clan Mc Alpine, once a powerful tribe of Highlanders, and was, on an expedition in his brother's absence, appointed to the command of the clan. He was always a great enemy to the oppressions of the rich and powerful, but whatever romance may be thrown over his history, he was, in fact, a turbulent and dishonest man, and was finally out-lawed by the government. Many a cave and hiding place is shown where Rob is said to have concealed himself, but, as I said before, it is difficult to say how far such accounts are to be depended upon.

The red deer, roe deer, hares, foxes, rabbits, badgers, pine martens, polecats, weasels, and moles, abound in these districts. From the wooded shelter afforded by the banks of the Tay, many birds are to be found. Among the native birds are the grouse, black-cock, eagle,

kite, buzzard, and several of the hawk tribe. Grouse shooting is a favourite amusement here with many persons who visit Scotland for this purpose.

Chapter Ninth.

FORFAR OR ANGUS.

The Tay—Story of Macbeth—Glamis Castle.

KINCARDINE.

Dunnottar Castle—The regalia—Queen Margaret.

ABERDEEN.

Old and New Town—Curious Bridge—College—Trade of Aberdeen.

BANFF.

Capital—Archbishop Sharpe's Murder—The Spey.

ELGIN OR MORAYSHIRE.

Remains of the Cathedral—Removal of the Lead—Fate of the Vessel—
History of the Witches.

THE county of FORFAR is bounded on the north by Aberdeen and Kincardine; on the west by Perthshire; on the south by the Firth of Tay, which separates it from Fife; and on the east by the German Ocean.

Dundee, the capital, is remarkable for the many sieges it has undergone. It is a well-built sea-port, and has a fine harbour on the Frith of Tay. The Tay at this place is very wide, and is supposed to discharge more water into the sea than any other river in Great

Britain. The place where the Forfar witches used to be burned, is a little to the north of the town.

I wonder whether you know the story of Macbeth and the witches. I fear that, like some other historical tales, it owes some interest to romance, but I will give you, as nearly as I can, the facts of Macbeth's history. At Glamis there was, in old times, a castle, and Glamis Castle, in Forfarshire, is the place where the event occurred which I am about to relate. Very early in the history of Scotland, when the Scots and Picts were one people, there was a king of Scotland, called Duncan. He had two sons, Malcolm and Donaldbane. The Danes, at the close of good old King Duncan's reign, landed in Scotland, with a great army. The Danes, you know, were the dread of all the nations in Europe. They were a wandering, mischievous, and cruel race of men; and did so much mischief, that in church people used to put up prayers to God to save them from these destructive northmen. King Duncan being too old to go to battle against them, sent out one of his near relations,

called Macbeth: he was son of Finel, who was thane of Glamis. The governors of provinces were at that time called thanes; they were afterwards called earls. Macbeth put himself at the head of an army, therefore, and marched against the Danes. A relation of his, called Banquo, accompanied him, and a great battle was fought, in which Macbeth and Banquo were victorious. Then Macbeth and his army marched back to a town in the north of Scotland, called Forres. There lived at Forres (so the tale runs, at least) three old women who people thought were witches, and witches were supposed by the ignorant and superstitious people of early times to be able to tell what would happen. These old women saw that they were respected and feared, and they used to impose upon people very often, and get a great deal of money by their witchcraft. So the three old women went and stood by the wayside, and stepping before Macbeth as he marched at the head of his soldiers, the first woman said, "All hail, Macbeth! hail to the Thane of Glamis." The second said he should be the thane of Cawdor; but the third said, "All hail to thee,

Macbeth, that shalt be king of Scotland!" Before Macbeth could recover from his astonishment, a messenger came to tell him that his father was dead, so that he was thane of Glamis by inheritance; and that the thane of Cawdor had lost his office and that Macbeth was to be thane in his place. But do you not think that the witches had had some news of these events before? I should think there was no doubt of it. The third compliment was very likely occasioned by his great victory, which made the old women think flattery seasonable.

Macbeth seeing that part of their words were come true, began to think how the rest was to come to pass; and he and his wife plotted together how they should get possession of the crown of Scotland. He invited Duncan, therefore, to come and see him at his castle; and the poor old king innocently went. Macbeth and his lady received him with apparent joy, and made a great feast in honour of the king's visit. About the middle of the night the king retired to rest. Two armed men, as was the custom in those barba-

rous times, slept in his chamber to defend him; but Lady Macbeth put some drugs into their wine, in order to make them sleep soundly. Then came Macbeth, about two in the morning, to the three sleepers, and, taking the dirks of the watchers from them, stabbed poor King Duncan to the heart. Then Macbeth put the bloody daggers into the hands of the sentinels and went to bed.

Next morning you may suppose the confusion and excitement there was in the castle. Macbeth of course pretended the greatest surprise and indignation, but king Duncan's sons did not believe his story, and Malcolm, the eldest son, went over to England to beseech assistance from the English king to place him on the Scottish throne. In the meantime Macbeth was king, but terribly fearful and unhappy. Edward the Confessor, one of the Saxon kings, gave Malcolm the help he desired, and Macbeth was killed in battle.

Shakespeare the poet has made use of these circumstances in one of his most celebrated plays, which is called Macbeth, after the hero of the story.

I have now mentioned all the nine middle counties, with the exception of Bute, which is an island, and with that of Arran, forms the ninth county. I will notice it in the chapter upon the islands.

There are eleven counties to the north, the first at which you must look is that of KINCARDINE or MEARNs. Kincardine is bounded on the north by Aberdeenshire, on the west and south by Forfar, and on the east by the German Ocean.

Its capital, Kincardine, is not remarkable, although some ship-building is carried on there. There are the ruins of Dunnottar castle, a very ancient place, built as early as Bruce's time, in which the Scottish Regalia were kept after 1650, and in the reign of Charles II it was used as a prison for the Covenanters. In order to preserve it from the English republican army, it is related that the garrison at Dunnottar castle, held out against the English for some time, but being reduced by famine, the regalia were conveyed away, and hid under the pulpit of Kineff church. Mrs. Grainger, wife of the minister of Kineff, having obtained

permission to visit Mrs. Ogilvy, the governor's lady, packed up the crown in some clothes, and carried it out of the castle in her lap, whilst her maid carried the sword and sceptre in a bag of flax upon her back. Here James the Fourth's young queen, Margaret, sister of King Henry VIII, of England, resided for a short time in the early part of her married life, on account of some disturbances among the clans, which almost caused a civil war in Scotland. She was very young at the time of her marriage, being scarcely fourteen years old, and a wilful, spoiled, little lady she seems to have been; a very unfit partner for a husband of thirty-one. She was much like her brother, the bluff King Harry, in disposition, as her acts, when Queen Regent, proved.

The county of **ABERDEENSHIRE** is a long county, bounded by the German Ocean or North Sea on the east and north; by Banff on the west; and by the Grampian Mountains and Kincardine on the south.

Aberdeen, the capital of the county, and indeed of the north of Scotland, is very different in its appearance to most towns in the country.

The houses are built of the grey granite which is found in the neighbourhood, and which, although handsome, gives it rather a gloomy appearance. The ancient city of Aberdeen is called Old Aberdeen, and is about a mile north of the modern city. The principal curiosity in its neighbourhood, is the bridge over the river Don, which consists of one spacious gothic arch, stretching from the rock on one side to the rock on the opposite bank.

The college of Old Aberdeen is celebrated. Dr. Beattie also lived and died in this town. He was a poet, and his poem, called "the Minstrel," is considered very beautiful. The Old Pretender landed at Aberdeen on his fruitless expedition to Scotland in 1715, disguised as a sailor. He did not declare his real character for some days, and the site of the house in which he lodged is still shown.

Lord Byron, when a boy, lived in Broad Street, in the new town of Aberdeen.

Aberdeen has a great trade with the Baltic Sea and the West India Islands; it manufactures stockings, thread, white and coloured calicos, and cotton. It carries on large fisheries

of salmon, herrings, and haddocks, cured in a peculiar manner.

The county of BANFF is bounded on the north by the North Sea; on the east and south by Aberdeen; and on the west by Elgin.

The capital, Banff, is on the river Doveran, and is noted for its salmon fisheries.

Archbishop Sharpe was a native of Banff. This man incurred the contempt and suspicion of the Presbyterians by having changed his principles, for he was, before the time of the Restoration, their warm supporter and leader, but accepted the highest office in the new Episcopal establishment in the reign of Charles II. In the year 1688, a preacher, of the name of Mitchell, fired a pistol into the archbishop's coach, but missed his aim, and escaped in the confusion. The affair was hushed up, but sometime after the archbishop, on one occasion, observed a man whose face was imprinted on his memory, who proved to be Mitchell. He was seized and put to the most frightful tortures, and then sent to the Bass Rock prison, in the Frith of Forth. After four years imprisonment he was executed. Another and

successful attempt was soon afterwards made on the unpopular archbishop. A band of murderers followed his carriage on horseback, and although the old man came out of the coach and entreated for mercy, he was cruelly pierced with the sword. This act brought much scandal on the Presbyterians; although Sharpe had been a cruel persecuting man, there could be no excuse for attacking him, when defenceless, in so cruel and cowardly a manner, and the increased severity with which the Covenanters were afterwards treated, may somewhat be accounted for although not palliated.

I do not know of anything else likely to interest you in the county of Banff. I ought, however, to mention the river Spey, which is noted for the extreme rapidity of its stream.

The province of Morayshire comprehends the already named county of Banff, as well as that of Elgin. ELGIN is bounded on the north by the Murray Frith; on the east by Banff; and on the south and south-west by Inverness.

Elgin, the capital, is a fine old-fashioned city, on a level piece of ground, within a few miles of the sea. The remains of the cathedral form

the principal object of interest. This cathedral was rebuilt after a fire in 1390, and the height of the spire was 198 feet. After the Reformation, the Sheriff of Aberdeen had orders from government to take the lead off the cathedral churches of Aberdeen and Elgin, and to sell it for the maintenance of Regent Murray's soldiers. The ship had scarcely left Aberdeen harbour, with its cargo for Holland, when it sunk.

There is a very useful free school established at Elgin for children, with a provision for the clothing and maintenance of such whose parents are very poor. Major Andrew Anderson, a native of Elgin, established it.

His history is a singular one. His mother was a poor widow who lived in a small apartment amongst the ruins of the cathedral, surrounded by graves. Here Anderson spent his childhood; he was, perhaps, the most wretched and despised boy in the town. His good conduct and exertions, however, raised him to affluence, he made his fortune in foreign countries, and the remembrance of his early sufferings, in poverty, inspired him with the benevolent desire to give his fellow-townspeople the advantages of education.

Forres is a neat, clean town, consisting of one long, straight street. It was near this spot that the three witches are said to have met Macbeth, and put into his head the ambitious design of becoming King of Scotland.

I may as well in this place give you a little more detailed account of witchcraft, and the influence it had with all classes of society in Scotland a century or two ago, than I was able to do in the former part of this chapter. The Bible, you know, refers to the existence of witches; and most European nations have, during the darker periods of their history, retained in their statutes, laws founded on the text in Exodus, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Even after the Reformation the Church believed in their existence, and enforced heavy penalties on all whom they believed to be witches, wizards, or the like. It has been remarked by a learned writer, that since God has ceased to manifest his power by direct suspension of the laws of nature, it is inconsistent to believe that evil spirits should be left at liberty, in the present day, to form a league with wretched mortals,

and to impart to them supernatural powers of injuring or tormenting others. In the seventeenth century, however, belief in witchcraft was general, especially in Scotland, and James the VI, wrote a treatise against it. This credulity led to great evils. Impostors of both sexes were found, who deceived people dreadfully by pretending to have intercourse with supernatural powers, and furnished those who consulted them with potions for the purpose of revenging themselves on their enemies. Most of the poor creatures who suffered death for witchcraft, however, were poor old lone women; cross, perhaps, or envious, who sometimes in one of their bad moods would desire or express a desire for their neighbour's injury. If a child fell sick, or a horse lame, or a cow died, or any misfortune happened in the family against which ill-will had been thus expressed; woe to the poor witch, so called. She was brought to trial and charges were made against her. The crossness of her temper, her habit of speaking to herself, or any other oddity in which she might indulge, were received as evidence, and she rarely escaped being burnt to death. The last execution for

witchcraft took place in Sutherland, in 1727. The laws against witchcraft are now abolished, and it is very rare to hear of it, even amongst the vulgar and ignorant.

Chapter Tenth.

NAIRNSHIRE.

Nairn—James the First's description of the town—Cawdor Castle—Story of Simon, Lord Lovat.

GROMARTY.

Its fisheries.

INVERNESS.

The Great Caledonian Canal—Battle of Culloden—Defeat of the Pretender—Cruelty of the victors—Forts—Ben Nevis.

NAIRNSHIRE is bounded on the north by the Firth of Moray; on the east and north east by Elgin; and on the south and west, by Inverness.

Its capital, Nairn, is a small, ill paved town, although improved within the last few years; Gaelic was formerly spoken at one end of the town, and Lowland Scotch or English at the other. James I, of England, once astonished some of his new English courtiers, who were joking him about the insignificant country of his birth, by saying, "Gentlemen, I can tell ye though, that I have a town in Scotland, that of Nairn,

which is sae big that twa different tongues are spoken in it, and the natives at the ae end canna understand what is spoken by the natives of the other."

At Cawdor Castle is a curiously contrived secret chamber, where the noted Simon, Lord Lovat, hid in the insurrection of 1745. Lord Lovat, who was affronted with the government for some of their proceedings against him, was one of those who invited Prince Charles Edward over to Scotland, in order to regain possession of his dominions. He was a mean and contemptible character however, thoroughly selfish, and quite incapable of any sincere regard to the Pretender or any one else. He was very undecided in his conduct and deficient in all principle. Lord Lovat was twice married. His second wife he treated with terrible cruelty, and without provocation shut up the poor lady in a turret of his castle, neither allowing her food nor clothes suitable to her situation. It is said that a friend of hers went to Castle Downie, to see if the report she had heard of her lot were true. She did not give Lovat any warning of her intention, and he was obliged,

therefore, to let her see his wife. Accordingly he went to her lonely prison chamber and announced the arrival of her friend. "As it is my pleasure, madam," he said, "that you receive your visitor in the character of a contented, affectionate wife, be pleased to dress yourself and come down with the free air of the mistress of the mansion, happy in her husband's affections. It will become you to beware how you give the least hint of discord between you and me; for secret eyes will be upon you." In this manner the poor lady met her friend, who, although she had no opportunity of speaking to her in private, saw quite enough to convince her of her wretchedness; and when she left the castle implored Lady Lovat's family to liberate her, and soon afterwards she was freed from her long and cruel confinement, and obtained a separation from her husband.

He was beheaded at the Tower for his part in the rebellion. He was very old at the time of his death, and shewed no signs of fear or regret. There is an old adage, that "it is easier to die well than to live well," but there are Scripture words still more to the purpose,

that "the wicked have no bands in their death."

I have not any thing interesting to tell you of the county of Nairn, and we will therefore proceed to that of CROMARTY, a very small county, which seems as though it ought to be included in Ross, by which county it is bounded on the south, and by the Cromarty Frith on the north.

The capital, Cromarty, is one of the prettiest towns in Scotland? it lies on a promontory jutting out between the Cromarty and Moray Friths, and the ground is slightly elevated. The common people are very industrious and fully employed in herring fisheries. It has a capital harbour capable of admitting vessels of 400 tons.

We are now come to consider that part of Scotland usually called the North Highlands, which in a general sense comprehends the counties of Inverness, Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness; all that vast tract lying beyond the Caledonian canal, which you may see marked on the map.

The county of INVERNESS is bounded on the

north by Ross; on the south by Argyle and Perth; on the east by Nairn, Elgin, and Banff; and on the west by Skye and the Atlantic Ocean.

The Great Caledonian Glen, which stretches upwards of 50 miles, is almost entirely occupied by a chain of beautiful lakes. Its eastern extremity opens at the passage of the river Ness into the Moray Firth, and on the west it communicates with the ocean, by a long inlet of sea, called Linnhe Loch. The long chain of lakes which occupy the Great Glen, suggested the idea of opening one grand passage through this part of the country, between the German Ocean on the east, and the Atlantic on the west, in order to obviate the danger of sailing round the entire north of Scotland. It was also imagined that as the depth of the lakes was uniform, the expense of making this canal would not be very great. Government granted twenty thousand pounds for the purpose, but the work cost more than a million of money. The length of this canal or artificial river is sixty miles and a half, of which more than thirty-seven pass through Loch Ness, Loch Oich, and Loch Lo-

chie. It begins at Clachnacary, near Inverness, and ends at Corpach, near Fort William. This great undertaking after twenty years' labour was opened from sea to sea, in the year 1822. The canal, where artificial, is one hundred and twenty feet wide at the surface, and twenty feet in depth, and is capable of passing a thirty-two gun frigate, or any of the largest of the ships which sail from the Baltic, from sea to sea. The extreme depth of Loch Ness, one of the largest fresh water Lakes, is one hundred and thirty-five fathoms. It never freezes.

The town of Inverness stands on the river Ness. It is a large well built town, and is considered the capital of the North Highlands. It is a place of great antiquity. In 1816 an earthquake, which extended over the greater part of Scotland, was severely felt in Inverness. The shock was preceded by a great rumbling noise, bells rung, birds were knocked from their perches, and much damage was done to many buildings. The inhabitants were terrified, and many hurried to the fields, where they remained till evening. The married women of the lower ranks in this town walk the streets without

bonnets, and the single women without even caps.—There was in 1819 only one mail-coach, established between Inverness and Thurso. When a great man once entered the town in a carriage, before this period, the simple people made low bows to the coachman, actually believing him to be the most important person in the vehicle.

The object of the greatest interest in the vicinity of Inverness, is a steep rugged hill, called Craig Phadric, one thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the river Ness. It lies nearly a mile west of the town, and commands a beautiful view. Craig Phadric is noted for the remains of one of those fortifications common in the north and west of Scotland and which from the appearance of the stones, have received the name of Vitrified, Fort. Vitrification comes from a Latin word signifying glass, and these stones or flints appear of a glassy nature. These forts are supposed to have been the work of the very early inhabitants of Scotland.

Culloden in this county is noted for the defeat of Prince Charles Edward, the Pretender. His

triumph at Preston encouraged him to go to England, but he was soon obliged to retreat. A curious incident is told as having occurred during this march, which will show you how ignorant in the seventeenth century, were the English of their northern neighbours. A poor woman at Carlisle actually hid up her children, and confessed to one of the soldiers, that she, in common with many of her neighbours, believed that Highlanders were cannibals, and particularly loved the flesh of young children.

After several contests the two armies drew up on Culloden Moor. The Government army was commanded by the Duke of Cumberland, son of George II. The defeat of the Pretender was total. Many accounts are given of the extreme cruelty of the Duke of Cumberland after battle, but it is very likely they are exaggerated by his enemies. The Duke had learned war in Germany, where the severest infliction upon the enemy was never withheld, if necessary, or supposed necessary, either to obtain an advantage or to preserve one when gained. Even the day after the battle, when the first excitement was passed, parties of wounded men were dragged

from the thickets and huts in which they had found refuge, and cruelly fired upon, or coolly knocked on the head by the soldiers with thick muskets. The conquering army lost one thousand men. One thousand men! You read it carelessly, perhaps; but stop a moment and consider. One thousand men, out of whom one trembles to think how few were prepared—one thousand men hurried to eternity by the dreadful, heartless, cruel, desolating scourge of war. And yet in this our nineteenth century it is not uncommon to hear war excused, nay, even extolled. Boys are wont to read of battles in history with all the interest that they would feel in an exciting cricket match; and, in fancy, stand upon the battle field, caring little for the wounded or the dying around, if but their favourite side win the day. There is no glory in battle, children; it cannot be too often sounded in your ears. There is no glory in war. Look at Culloden. It is not an extreme case.

After the battle the prisoners were sent to the Tolbooth, or jail, at Inverness; allowed but a scanty portion of meal for food; and after a

season of confinement they were put into a vessel and sent to London, to be dealt with according to the pleasure of government. In one vessel one hundred and fifty-seven half-starved, half-clad, creatures were crowded; they were kept at sea nearly eight months, and out of one hundred and fifty-seven, but forty-nine lived to land. Of Charles' escape and melancholy end, I will tell you in another place.

Fort George stands on a peninsular running into the Moray Frith; it was begun in 1747, and cost more than £160,000. There are many wild and beautiful scenes in Inverness-shire. The fall of Foyers is well worth seeing; the poet Burns, when standing by this fall, described it thus:—

“Among the heathy hills and ragged woods,
The roaring Foyers pours his mossy floods,
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where through a shapeless breach his stream resounds;
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless Echo's ear astonished rends.

In the rocks adjoining the falls are many curious caverns. Near Fort William is the beautiful mountain of Ben Nevis, which is no

less than four thousand three hundred and eighty feet in height, and part of it is composed of porphyry, or red granite; the ascent is not very easy, but the views are considered sufficiently fine to repay the traveller for his toil. At the summit, and towards the north east side, of the mountain is a tremendous precipice, and snow lies there throughout the year. You may on a clear day, and that it must be confessed by mountain climbers is not a very common event, see across the whole island, from the German to the Atlantic ocean. The chain of lakes, the lofty mountains, and the scattered islands, may, if fogs clear away and the day be fine, be seen distinctly. And now we must leave Invernessshire, after but a faint description of its great and many beauties.

Chapter Eleven.

ROSS.

Ben Wyvis.

SUTHERLAND.

Dornoch—An Old Cathedral—Once a Bishopric.

CAITHNESS.

Story of the family of Groat—Origin of John O'Groat's house—Orkney Islands—Manufacture of Kelp—Otters—Guillemots—Shetland Islands—Simplicity of the Inhabitants—Shetland Ponies.

THE county of ROSS is bounded on the north by Sutherland; on the south by Inverness; on the east by Moray and Dornoch Friths; and on the west by the great Minch.

This is a mountainous county stretching from sea to sea. Dingwall, its capital, is a neat town, but Tain is the chief town of the county. It is said that James IV, who lost his life at Flodden, once made a pilgrimage to Tain to expiate some offence. There are the ruins of a very ancient church here. Ben Wyvis, a lofty mountain whose top is covered with snow, is worth notice, but there is little of interest connected with these northern counties.

SUTHERLAND is bounded on the south by Ross; on the north east by Caithness; on the west by the great Minch; and on the north by the Atlantic Ocean.

It is a large square county. At its north-western extremity is Cape Wrath, a very singular and gigantic headland. The hills in Sutherland are mostly dark and bleak, but here and there are some lovely vales. Dornoch, the county town of Sutherlandshire, was once a bishopric. It has now fallen into decay and is but a poor village. Its old cathedral is used as a parish church, and the palace as a county jail. It stands on a low sandy beach, half sand, half moor, and carries on some trade in fishing. Dornoch was one of the earliest settlements in Scotland.

And now we are come to CAITHNESS, the most northerly of Scotland's thirty-three counties, bounded on the north by the Atlantic; on the south and east by the German Ocean; and on the west by Sutherlandshire.

Caithness is generally a level county, but destitute of trees; its appearance, therefore, is not pleasing. Wick, the county town, is irregularly

built and stands low, upon a river of the same name. It is greatly improved within the last few years by the number of trees that have been planted. The northern part is called John o'Groat's house.

The tale of John o'Groat I will tell you. For its truth I cannot vouch, but I think it is not wise to discard all legends, as there is usually some foundation for such stories, and some truth at the bottom of a heap of fiction. A lowlander of the name of Groat once arrived in Caithness bearing a letter of recommendation to the gentlemen of the county from king James IV, with a request to some lairds, or landowners, to grant this Mr. Groat and his brother some land. They obtained land, settled married, and became founders of families.

One night when the Groats had become a numerous race there was a grand family party; on what occasion I forget, but it might be Christmas. Unfortunately a quarrel arose as to who should have the privilege of heading the table and occupying that seat, considered in Scotland the most honourable, next to the door. High words began, and fighting was

threatened, when John, a person of some importance and owner of the ferry to Orkney, rose, and, having with difficulty stilled the tumult by those soft words which usually turn away wrath, promised at the next meeting to settle the point peaceably and to the satisfaction of all parties. Accordingly he set to work and erected on the extreme point of land an octagonal or eight-sided building, corresponding to the eight branches of the family, having a door and window at each side, each division being furnished with a table of precisely the same shape; and when the next family gathering took place, he introduced his guests into the new building, desiring each of his relatives to enter at his own door, and take his seat at his own table. Thus the whole affair turned into a joke, and this is the commonly received story of John o'Groat's house; the ruins of which are still to be seen at the extreme point of Caithness, the most northerly county in Scotland.

To the north of Caithness lie several islands, which are reckoned amongst the thirty three counties of Scotland as one county. The ORK-

NEYS, that cluster which is nearest to Scotland, consist of a number of small islands surrounding one much larger, called Pomona, the capital of which, Kirkwall, has about two thousand two hundred inhabitants, and its ancient cathedral is well worth seeing. It is the only cathedral with the exception of that at Glasgow, which survived the Reformation without injury.

A large fair is held yearly at Kirkwall, which used to last twenty days. The Orkney isles export a great deal of kelp, and there is much cod, ling, and other fish, caught by the islanders.

The situation of these northern islands is such that fuel is of course very scarce, and the sea is made to compensate for this deficiency by providing immense quantities of a weed, called, in Scotland, tangle. The common English name is sea girdle, or sea hanger. The scientific name is *laminaria digitata*, so called because the frond is curiously divided into an unequal number of strap-shaped segments, somewhat resembling digits or fingers. This weed is very useful as manure, but especially so as fuel. When young the tender stalks of the frond are cried about the streets of Edinburgh as an article of

food. Dulse, too, another sea-plant, has been very useful in time of scarcity, and formed a principal part of the food of the poor Highlanders during a dreadful famine.

I told you that the Orkney Isles exported a great deal of kelp. I will tell you what kelp is. It is manufactured from seaweed. All the larger fuci, (a class of marine plants,) are employed for the purpose, but some are more productive than others. The crop is collected in summer, when most of the weeds have attained their full growth. Like hay, they are dried as rapidly as possible, collected in heaps, and at the end of the season burnt; this is done by placing them in pits along the sea-shore, when they are set on fire till they are reduced to dark hard cakes, and in that state called kelp and exported; it is very useful as manure. When the manufacture of kelp was first introduced into Scotland, the country people opposed it, dreading the smoke which they said would arise from the kilns where the weed was burnt. The smell they all declared would sicken, or kill, all the fish, or drive them far beyond the fisherman's reach; but the value of this manu-

facture to the poor islanders is great, and their fears and prejudices have proved groundless.

Seals and otters are to be seen about the coasts of the Orkneys; both seal and otter hunting is a favourite diversion of the Scotch. As I have described the seal in a former little volume which I wrote on Ireland, and think it likely you may have read it, I will give a page to that curious creature the otter.

The otter belongs to the *Mustela* tribe, and is a kind of water weasel; it is distinguished by a peculiarly broad, flat, head; the lips are large and fleshy, furnished with strong whiskers, which evidently communicate feeling; the ears are small and close to the skull; and the eyes are provided with a membrane as a defence to the surface. Its tail is long, very stout, and muscular. In swimming and diving it uses this long tail as a rudder. Its fur is close, short, and fine, consisting of a thick woolly under-coat, and an upper layer of smooth glossy hairs. It dwells in hollows or caverns, and is an amphibious animal, going out to sea to fish, or entering mouths of rivers, where it makes sad havoc among the salmon; so much so, that in

some places a price is set upon its head. The otter goes out to hunt for its prey by night. In the day time it hides in some deep recess. Its movements in the water are very elegant. When fish is scarce the otter will feed on rats or frogs. It has even been known to go far inland, and to attack lambs, poultry, and sucking pigs. When the female wants to obtain fish for her young she will sometimes go five, six, or even ten miles in a night. The otter may be tamed, but it is capable of inflicting a very severe bite, and it does not look a very pleasant or amiable animal. There is an otter in the Zoological Gardens in London, which I recommend you to observe if you have an opportunity of going there.

The variety of aquatic birds which frequent these islands is very interesting. There is a curious bird called by naturalists the Foolish Guillemot, or *Uria Troile*, which abounds in the Orkneys. It obtains its name from suffering itself to be taken rather than quit the single egg over which it broods. They are migratory in their habits, and in winter time immense flocks pass along the coasts of Norway, France,

England, and Holland. They cover the ledges of the rocks, ranged in crowded rows, each female sitting quite upright upon her solitary egg, which she lays on the bare rock. They sit a whole month. In the autumn the guillemots leave the rock, and betake themselves entirely to the ocean, when the old bird moults or changes its feathers. The flocks now gradually pass southward, and following the shoals of fishes which leave our coast, they at length reach the Mediterranean and the coast of Sicily, where they feed on little fish, called anchovies and sardines.

In summer the plumage of the guillemot is black about the head and neck, but the new plumage white, and in spring it becomes black, clouded with ash colour.

The black guillemot, another species, breeds abundantly both in the Orkney and Shetland isles, but is little known in the southern parts of the kingdom.

The SHETLAND ISLES, which were formerly attached to the Danish kingdom, are very numerous. The principal are Yell, Unst, Bressa, and the largest, called Mainland.

Shetland is about sixty miles long. The chief town is Lerwick. These Shetlanders, cut off as they are from all communication with others, one would suppose were very sociable amongst themselves, but this seems to be by no means the case. They know very little about their neighbours.

There are no trees, and the general aspect is dreary enough, but the Shetlanders live happy simple lives. There are not, as you may suppose, many shops, and it is not an uncommon thing for a shopkeeper, if he wants a holiday, to shut up his shop at noon, and go out on a summer day's excursion.

They are famous for a small breed of ponies. The Shetland pony is often handsome, but the shoulders are low and thick; the limbs however are well made, and the strength of the animal, in proportion to its size, is very great. It is a sure-footed, useful little animal, and of great value amongst the Highland mountains. It would surprise you to see how surely and carefully the little Shetlander ascends difficult and stony paths, or crosses the rocky beds of the mountain streams.

The wool of the Shetland sheep is very beautiful. The Shetlanders are said to pass a great deal of time in sleep. They suffer much from poverty, and in time of scarcity the want of food is severely felt by these poor islanders.

Chapter Twelfth.

HEBRIDES.

Skye—Uist—Benbecula—Story of Flora Macdonald—Escape of the Pretender—His disappointment—The close of his Life.

MULL.

Minerals—Its mountains, &c.—Staffa—Iona.

BUTESHIRE.

Story of the Duke of Rothsay—St. Kilda—Lady Grange.

THE HEBRIDES or WESTERN ISLES amount to nearly three hundred, of which eighty six are inhabited. In habits, language, dress, and customs, they are not to be distinguished from the Highlanders of the main land. These islands were at one time independent, and governed by their own princes until the ninth century, when the Danes and Norwegians invaded and conquered them. They then gradually became the haunts of pirates, as the robbers of the sea are called. In the thirteenth century the Hebrides were nominally yielded to the Scottish King, but still in reality governed

by powerful chieftains, who were very unwilling to submit to, or acknowledge, higher authority. These chiefs and their descendants are known in history as the lords of the isles.

Several of these islands are interesting, as having afforded shelter to the Pretender, whose story I promised to finish. When last we left him it was after the battle of Culloden, and from this time the account of his life among these islands might almost make a tale of itself. After the total defeat at Culloden he and a few companions fled from the field. They had to encounter a dreadful storm before landing at Long Island, from which place he hoped to escape by a friend's ship. You must look for this island on the map. "His palace that night was a cowhouse, without a door; his couch of state was a dirty sail cloth and straw, and his banquet oatmeal and a portion of a boiled cow."

Benbecula, another of the western isles, and South Uist, were by turns his retreat, where he made known his arrival to Clanranald, a chief, and a friend of his cause. When Clanranald went to pay his respects to the young prince, he found him in a wretched hovel, little better

than a pigsty, his face haggard and his clothes dirty and torn.

At Glencoridale, in South Uist, after various dangers, he spent a few weeks in comparative comfort. Every lurking place, however, was carefully sought, and there was no rest for the poor wanderer. General Campbell, in the employ of the government, at length landed at South Uist, and poor Charles was then in the utmost danger, on which occasion he owed his preservation to a young lady of the name of Flora Macdonald. The home of this lady was at Skye, but she was, at the very time of the Pretender's need, at South Uist, on a visit to her brother, and, fortunately for Charles, intimate with the Clanranalds, who, as I told you, favoured his cause. Her step-father was an enemy to the prince, and as he had the command of the soldiers then stationed in South Uist, to get Charles away was rather a difficult matter. She therefore obtained a disguise for him, and dressing him in a flowered cotton gown, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, a white apron, and a dun camlet made after the Irish fashion, resolved that he should personate an Irish girl

who she was going to take to the service of some friend of hers in Skye. Thus disguised she obtained from her father a passport for herself and the pretended Betty Burke, with a man servant who accompanied them. During their wanderings they excited great curiosity; the servant, who did not know the secret, said to Flora one day, "What long strides that jade takes, I dare say she's an Irish woman, or may be a man dressed up in woman's clothes." In crossing a stream Charles once held his petticoats so high that Flora told him he would certainly be discovered if he were not more careful, so the next time he let them float in the water, and this did no better. "Your enemies," said one of his friends who joined them, "call you the *Pretender*; all I can say is, that you are the worst I ever saw at your trade."

After many dangers and narrow escapes they reached Kilbride in the Isle of Skye; but they were now in the country of Alexander Macdonald, the prince's enemy; and you will say that Flora ran some risk, when I tell you that she actually took the disguised prince into Macdonald's house. He was absent, indeed, but the

house was full of watchful, armed militia, and Flora had no alternative but to trust the secret to his wife, Lady Margaret Macdonald, who, although alarmed, did not betray him.

He was then put under the guidance of another person, and shortly afterwards Flora herself fell into the hands of the soldiers. She was taken to London and kept in a kind of honourable imprisonment until the act of indemnity was passed, in 1747, when this courageous girl returned to Scotland. She was very much courted after her liberation, but flattery never spoiled her. She was modest and unaffected, never appearing to think that she had done any thing but an act of common humanity. She married in Scotland and went to reside in America, but returned to her native island and died at Skye at the age of seventy. She was buried in one of the sheets that Charles slept in on one of his visits during his wanderings in the Hebrides, so romantic was her attachment through life to the Stuart family.

And now we must close the story of Charles. After five months' hardships and dangers, skulking about the seas, the islands, and finally the

mountains of the western islands, he received intelligence that two French frigates had arrived at Loch-na-Nuagh, a bay in the county of Inverness, which were ready to convey him and others of his party to France. The parting with the old companions of his adventures was very touching; many shed tears. He arrived safely in France, but quite failed in persuading King Louis to help him to renew his attempts at recovering his kingdom. He quarrelled with his father and brother also, who tried to dissuade him from the attempt, and at last he was banished from France. It is related that he came over to London privately, and had a secret interview with one or two of the Jacobite party, but nothing encouraging transpired, and he returned a disappointed man.

The last years of his life were wretched. As a young man, whilst hope was high in his heart, and he was occupied in endeavouring to secure the darling object of his life, there appeared some good and amiable features in his character. He was, undoubtedly, very dear to many of the Highlanders. When first he entered on his

campaign in Scotland, he would walk by the side of some old Highland chief, talking familiarly with him on things that he knew would interest him; would listen with untiring attention to long details of his ancestors, family affairs, songs and legends, and so did he win on the affections of those simple people, that many years afterwards his fellow-adventurers could not speak of him without a sigh or a tear. After his banishment from France and the death of all his hopes, he fell into very bad habits. He had, during his Highland wanderings, contracted a taste for drinking, and this grew upon him. Disappointment had soured his temper, and he made his wife, Louisa Princess Stolberg, so unhappy that she retired to a convent.

Some gleams of love of his country, and of romantic and ardent attachment to the Highlands, are mentioned amidst the dark closing years of his life. Mr. Greathead, a friend of the celebrated statesman Fox, succeeded in obtaining an interview with Prince Charles, who then resided at Rome, and he led the conversation to the failure of his enterprise years be-

fore. At first Charles seemed reluctant to speak of it, but after a time he shook off his wonted dulness, and the poor old man grew bright as he narrated all his wanderings, his campaigns, and finally his escapes from the Hebrides; but suddenly the tide of recollection grew too strong, his eye glazed, and he fell in convulsions on the floor. The noise brought in his daughter, who said to Mr. Greathead, "Sir, what is this? no one dares to mention these subjects to my father. You have been talking of Scotland and the Highlands." He died at Florence, in 1798, of palsy, and was buried at Frescati. We have only noticed the Hebrides as connected with the history of the Pretender, but they possess many attractions.

The island of Mull is of considerable extent, and is very much intersected with arms of the sea. It is hilly and even mountainous.

The mineralogy of this island is very interesting; a great part of it lies upon a bed of greenstone or whinstone, and in a great many places the rocks are of basalt. Limestone is also abundant, and coals have been found in different parts. There are rocks of a rare

mineral, called white lava. Pebbles of great variety and beauty are found upon the sea-shore, and there are some curious caves in the island.

The mountain called Ben More, near the head of Lock-na-Keal, is supposed to rise three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and commands a view of nearly the whole of the Hebrides. There are numerous herds of deer, with large coveys of grouse, black-cock, and other game.

The island of St. Kilda was a place of confinement for the unfortunate Lady Grange. Lord and Lady Grange had lived happily together for some years, and had had several children, when, in 1730, they determined to separate. Of course it is difficult to determine who was really in fault, and very likely, as is the case with quarrels generally, there were faults on both sides. However this may be, they separated, Lord Grange agreeing to give his wife one hundred pounds a year if she kept away from him. After spending some time in the country she came to Edinburgh, that she might sometimes see her children, and

tried to induce him to take her back. According to Lord Grange, she used to follow him and torment him by calling after him in the street and even at church. It appears, however, that her threats to expose some treasonable practices of Lord Grange, frightened him, for she was once actually on her way to London for that purpose. "What," said he, "was a man to do with such a wife?" I will tell you what he did. He laid a plan with some Highland chiefs, amongst whom was the noted Lord Lovat, to seize her at her lodgings, gag her, and carry her off as though she had been dead. After being imprisoned in different places she was conveyed to the lonely island of St. Kilda. There she must have led a desolate life indeed, for the few inhabitants there were could only speak Gaelic. No books, no intelligence from the world, reached her. In this manner seven dreary years passed at St. Kilda. She often made efforts to bribe the islanders to rescue her. Once a stray vessel sent a boat ashore for water. She no sooner heard of it than she sent the minister's wife to apprise the sailors of her situation, but Mrs. Maclennan did not

reach the spot in time. She was kind to the poor people, often giving them of her stores, but her temper and habits did not gain their esteem. She often drank too much, and whenever any one near her made any mistake, she flew into a violent passion.

At last Mrs. Maclennan, who left the island, communicated the secret of her confinement to her friends. A vessel was sent to liberate her, but did not succeed in arriving at the island. And shortly after she died in her place of imprisonment. This circumstance shews us how barbarous, even at that time, were the habits of the Scottish gentry. Lady Grange died as late as 1735. Now-a-days she would have been kindly and humanely treated, and placed in temporary confinement, where her ungovernable temper would have been treated as a mental defect, and every means used to restore her to reason and liberty.

About eight miles from Mull is the island of Staffa. It is about two miles in circumference, bounded by cliffs and broken into numerous recesses and promontories. The Clamshell cave, so called from its supposed resemblance

to a shell of that description, is very remarkable.

The magnificent columns which form the principal objects of interest in Staffa, commence here upon the left of the entrance, and over-hanging it, they extend from forty to fifty feet without a joint, and are so bent as to form a series of ribs not unlike the timbers of a ship. On the other side, the broken ends of columns look like a honey-comb; but by far the most singular of the caverns is that which is known by the name of Fingal's cave. The original Gaelic name is Uaimh Binn, the musical cave, a name derived from the echo of the waves. The entrance to the cave is about sixty-six feet high, and the full wonders and beauties of this curious place can only be seen by entering it in a boat. The roof is in some places formed of rock, and in others of the broken ends of pillars; from the crevices stalactites appear, and the variety of tints reflected on these, cause a marvellous and beautiful effect. As the sea never entirely leaves the cave, the only floor is the lovely green water.

The island of Staffa lies in the same longi-

tude as the celebrated Giant's Causeway on the north coast of Ireland, and it is thought probable that the curious basaltic formation is continued underneath the sea from one to the other. Its name Staffa is Norwegian, and derived from Staf or Stave, its pillars having been supposed to resemble staves. The diameter of the columns varies from two to four feet.

The island of Iona or Icolmkill lies southwest of Staffa, at a distance of nine miles. Both Iona and Staffa lie in the great bay called Lock-na-Keal, which, as you may observe on the map, almost divides the island of Mull. The common name is Iona, which signifies *island of waves*. Before Christianity was introduced, there is said to have been a druidical establishment on the island; and a green eminence still retains the name of the Druids' Burial Place.

In 565 St. Columba landed here from Ireland, to preach Christianity to the Picts, who made him a grant of the whole island. Here he founded an order of monks, who differed in some particulars from the Romish church. Columba died in the seventy-seventh year of

his age. The religious establishment flourished for more than two centuries, but in 807 the Danes invaded Iona, killed most of the monks, and compelled the others, with Collach their abbot, to take flight.

The cathedral is said to have been rebuilt by Queen Margaret about the end of the eleventh century. The high altar of white marble which stood at the head of the chancel, has been removed piece-meal, from a superstitious notion that a fragment of it was a sure protection against shipwrecks or other calamities. The remains of the cloisters and the college are very interesting. It was the usual cemetery of the ancient Scottish Kings. This is the ground alluded to by Shakespeare in his tragedy of Macbeth, which I have already mentioned to you. The lines to which I refer, in speaking of King Duncan's body, are these,

“ Carried to Colmes-kill ;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.”

Here are the remains of forty-eight Scotch, four Irish, eight Norwegian, and one French King,

and near the royal tombs repose many lords of the isles. At the monastery of Iona were deposited the old Scottish records.

The island is about three miles long, and contains some inhabitants. A place of worship has been erected. In the middle of the island there are some slight hills, but it is generally flat. The hills produce fine pasture. It abounds in valuable minerals, particularly a beautiful kind of mineral called the green serpentine. In the bay of Port-na-Curaich, where Columba first landed, are some very curious green pebbles, and many rare plants are found in different parts.

The county of BUTE comprises the three islands, Bute, Arran, and Cumbray. Bute is a healthy, pleasant place, and its climate is much milder than that of many parts of Scotland.

The old castle of Rothsay was a favorite residence of Robert III, who made his eldest son Duke of Rothsay, a title since borne by the heir to the British crown. King Robert III was a peaceful, religious man, but not firm, and easily imposed upon, particularly by his brother, the Duke of Albany. This Prince, the next

heir to the crown, continually made mischief between the Duke and his father, and at last persuaded the King to consign the young man to his care. The history of that time is imperfect, and I am not sure what charges were made against the Duke, but he was imprisoned in Falkland castle, in Fife, belonging to Albany. When in that gloomy place he was shut up in a dungeon, and deprived of food. It is said that one woman, who heard his groans, conveyed a few barley cakes to the captive, but she was discovered, and the unhappy prince was actually allowed to starve to death, in the month of March, 1402. There is no evidence that the poor old king suspected the foul play which his son received; he did not live very long after, but died broken hearted.

The island of Arran, celebrated for its mountains and glens, of which Goat Fell is the highest, has some very picturesque scenery, and part of it is well farmed. I do not think that any of the other islands belonging to Scotland are worthy of particular notice.

Concluding Chapter.

WE have now finished our account of Scotland, its thirty-three counties, and adjacent islands. It has been difficult to resist many interesting subjects, which would have swelled the little volume to an undesirable size; but if the few sketches we have given should induce you to look deeper into the history of the country, it will have answered the end for which it was written. The Scotch character is, like that of the Irish, variously dealt with. You will hear some persons abuse the Scotch, call them a crafty, double-minded, over-reaching nation, and so forth. Now bear in mind that of all prejudices national prejudices are the most foolish. Burns has said:—

“Oh if some power the gift would gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us,”

and certainly our self-conceit would be wonderfully humbled, and our national conceit be brought equally low if we had that power. The Scotch do not view us as perfect. And it is worth while sometimes to see what foreigners say of us.

Dr. Carus, a physician in the train of the King of Saxony, who travelled through England and Scotland in 1844, speaks of the English as possessing plenty of pedantry and unconcealed and conspicuous egotism. He says, moreover, that we have never owned one great historical painter, sculptor, nor musician. Of some things in the great city of London, of which we, and especially Londoners, are so proud, this same Carus says, "St. Paul's is one of the most tasteless collections of columns, vaulted roofs, eaves, and statues, that encumbers the earth; Westminster Abbey is great, but not imposing, and the design of the New Houses of Parliament irrational. In the exhibition of paintings, he complains that he had to read in the catalogue all he did not see in the pictures; and of our musical taste he says, "the English are prone to mistake mere noise

for music," &c. So you see how we strike strangers.

Kohl, the author of some interesting books of travel, speaks of a conversation with a Scotchman on the pay of schoolmasters. He asked Kohl what a schoolmaster was paid in Germany. "It varies," replied Kohl; "some have a hundred, some a hundred and fifty, but many no more than fifty dollars." "How many dollars go to a pound?" he asked. "Seven dollars go to a pound," said Kohl. "What!" replied his fellow-traveller, starting up "do you mean to say they pay a schoolmaster only seven pounds a year? I know no one who gets less than forty to fifty pounds in all Scotland, but the average is seventy or eighty pounds, and many go as high as a hundred and fifty pounds." This will show you that the Scotch value education,—some proof surely of intelligence and good sense.

Scotland is a beautiful country, but it is sad to reflect how, amidst the loveliest of nature's scenes, poverty darkens the fairest picture. How suffering and starvation oppress those whose eyes behold, day by day, some of the

noblest of the Creator's works. Within a few miles of Dunkeld, in the lovely county of Perthshire, there is a wretched group of huts, worse than which are scarcely to be met with even amidst the wildest mountain scenery, and far in the Highlands the misery of the inhabitants is not surpassed by that of the poor Irish. The love of drink is, alas, a great snare to the Scotch. In Glasgow, the amount of spirituous liquors consumed is enormous. And this habit has a very evil influence on the poorer classes. The Scotch are generally industrious and thriving; they are great gardeners, are active in their habits, and a strong muscular people. They ascribe much of this to their national food of oatmeal, which forms a large portion of the diet of the peasantry. It is made into thin cakes, and some persons are very fond of it, but it is a taste that has usually to be acquired.

Old differences and feuds are now healed, and there is little more to distinguish the Scotch from the English than the variety of dialect and some few habits. A Cornish man is not exactly like a Yorkshire man; neither is

an inhabitant of Scotland like an Englishman in all respects, but there is less and less jealousy and more and more friendly and brotherly feeling between the two countries, united under one government. Civilization and increased facilities for travelling bring us nearer together, and as we see more of one another we shall be disposed both to feel and to be brotherly and charitable to the defects which we each possess; and to rejoice like those of one family in the good and prosperity which each enjoys.

Notwich :

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