WHAT AUNTY SAW IN SCOTLAND.

Mary Anne Dibdin
17th Sept. 1857

With Aunties best
love

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EDINBURGH

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BY

MRS. TONNA.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21, BERNERS STREET.

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My dear little Niece,

You often ask me to tell you "Stories," so I now give you an account of what I saw in Scotland, and hope you will read it with pleasure and profit.

Your affectionate friend,

Mary Ann Tonna.

January, 1854.

NOTES & ERRATA.

Page 28 last line } for "bards" read "hards."
Page 29 first line }

Page 60 line 2, for "Smailhome" read "Smallbone."

Page 63 line 3. *Note*—A slight mistake was in the narrative here and subsequent remarks. The Laird of Rammerscales here alluded to, was out in 1715, not in 1745; and of course therefore with the *Pretender* and not with Prince Charlie the *young* Pretender. The said Laird was cousin to the maternal grandfather of the present owner of the mansion.

Page 65 line 20, for "Hodham" read "Hoddam."

Page 73. *Note*—It may be mentioned that the heather is the badge of the Macdonald clans.

Page 77 line 4, for "born" read "buried."

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CHAPTER I.

The Voyage—The Farne Islands—The Eider Duck Grace Darling—Wreck of the Forfarshire—Good News.

"Now for your promise, dear aunty," merrily exclaimed little Lucy, as she brought her little chair close by the side of Mrs Lovechild, who was busily employed with her needle at an open sunny window in a cheerful square in London, one fine summer afternoon. "Now for your famous promise!"

"Well, my dear, I think I guess what you mean. Is it Scotland?"

"Yes, Scotland to be sure! Dear aunty, you are to tell me every single

thing you saw and heard, all the time you were away, ever since we saw you and uncle and all your boxes on board of that beautiful steam-boat, in that beautiful cabin all painted so prettily, and looking so smart and comfortable."

"Nay, nay, my child, that is rather more than I promised; but I will tell you what I will do. I will tell you something about almost every place I saw—just something, you know. It would be of no use to tell you all, because many things you could not understand, and others would not perhaps interest you."

"Well, all I can say is, that the more you tell me the better; and mind, you are to say something about every place—*every place*, understand, aunty, and then I shall know a little about every bit of Scotland."

"Oh no, no! indeed you will not. You must remember that I was only away a very short time, and saw very little indeed of that beautiful country."

"Very well, aunty, only do begin; first tell me about the steamer and the journey to Edinburgh."

"The voyage, my dear,—people generally say 'a journey' when they travel by land, and 'a voyage' when they go by sea."

"Oh! then, when we went in the steam-boat to Margate, we went on a voyage, did we?"

"No, I must correct what I said. The word voyage is more generally used for longer distances, when you are away more than a day. Going to Margate is little more than a trip, only 70 miles, and 50 miles of that in the river. Now from London to Edinburgh is nearly 500 miles by sea."

"What a long way, aunty! I had no idea that you had been so far."

"We must lose no more time if I am to begin. Of course I need not tell you any thing about the River Thames, as you know that so well; but fetch me my

travelling map of Scotland, which lies on that table, so that you may see the way we went."

The map was promptly opened, and a crotchet needle was speedily at work in little Lucy's fingers pointing to the different places as Mrs Lovechild named them.*

"Now, first, I must tell you about 'that beautiful cabin,' and all the ladies you saw sitting about, reading, and working, and looking so comfortable. We had hardly got well out of the River Thames, when the sea rose and tossed the vessel about, so that you would not have been able to stand, and the consequence was, that they were all sea-sick. You would have been amused, indeed, to have seen the floor of the cabin literally strewed with women, so that when I got a little better, and tried to go on deck, I could

* We recommend our young readers to follow Lucy's example, and to have a map before them accompanying us on our travels.

not walk without treading upon some of them."

"On the floor, aunty? Why were they not all in their pretty little beds, which were all round the room?"

"The cabin, or room as you call it, was very full, so that there was not room for them all. The first place I saw was Cromer, (there, on the coast of Norfolk); next Yarmouth, a place famous for herrings; and then Flamborough Head, a great promontory in Yorkshire. You will see by the map many other places which were pointed out to us, but they were far off, and we saw little of them; but now look up to the coast of Northumberland, and there you will see an island close to the shore."

"Yes—here it is! Holy Island. Why is it called Holy?"

"Because some good men were settled there, who circulated the Word of God, just at the time that all England was leaving true religion, and turning to

Popery. But now look on your map, very near Holy Island, and see if you can find any more islands."

"No, I don't see any more, aunty. Oh yes, here is a lot of them!"

"Stop, my dear, it is a very common expression, I know, to say 'a lot of things;' but it is very far from correct. Indeed, it has no meaning at all."

"Well, then, here are a great many little islands—half-a-dozen of them—and some, oh, so very, very little! they are marked like dots on the map. How funny they must look sticking up in the sea! What are they made of, aunty?"

"They are rocks, dear, and are just the tops or heads of a rocky mountain, rising out of the deep sea. They are called the Farne Islands, and I have something interesting to tell you about them."

"Are they high above the water?"

"Most of them are very low indeed; but one of them is forty feet above the water's

edge, nearly four times as high as the room in which we are sitting. These islands are quite barren, that is to say, nothing that is useful to man grows upon them; indeed nothing but weeds and small plants, but they quite swarm with a duck called the Eider Duck, the feathers of which, or rather the down on their breasts and under their wings, is very soft and beautiful."

"Oh, yes, eiderdown quilts! I know. I saw one at aunt Louisa's house—so soft and light!—as light—as light as—as light as—"

"As light as what? Silly girl, you were going to say, 'light as a feather.'"

"Yes, I was, and then I remembered that it was feathers."

"You have a bad habit of always making comparisons, and this often leads you to say things that are not true. The other day you said your meat was as tough as leather, when you knew it was not; and because the milk at tea was turned,

you said it was as sour as vinegar, which it certainly was not. Now, it was quite sufficient to tell me that the quilt was very light, or extremely light. This is a much more correct way of speaking, and much more ladylike. When you find it needful to compare one thing with another, be sure that you are exact in your comparisons, and never use exaggerated expressions."

"Yes, aunty, so I will, only please go on about the Farne Islands."

"Well, I have told you about the Eider, and now I will tell you about Grace Darling."

"Grace Darling! what a pretty name! Was she a little girl?"

"No, she was a grown-up young woman; and I will tell you what she did. If you look at your map, you will see that these Farne Islands are just in the way of ships sailing between Edinburgh and London. We went between them and the land, because it was daylight;

but at night ships are afraid of doing this, and they go outside, a great way off, as some of the islands are very low and small, and a ship might easily strike upon one of them, although there is a beautiful lighthouse placed upon the largest. The sea washes with great violence between the small islands whenever it blows hard, and many vessels have been wrecked there. One night, on the 5th of September 1838, the Forfarshire, a large and beautiful steamship, started from Hull with sixty or seventy people on board for Dundee. She passed the Farne Islands on the day following, September 6, and had advanced as far as St Abb's Head."

"St Abb's Head! here it is! then of course the Forfarshire did not get wrecked upon the Farne Islands, because she had passed them."

"Wait till you hear the end. The wind suddenly changed, and blew a complete hurricane, and just then they discovered that the steam-engine was out of

order, and would not work. So the poor Forfarshire could not go on, and she drifted and drifted—"

"What is drifted?"

"Drifted means being carried on by the waters in the direction in which the wind or tide are going. She drifted on until the morning of the 7th of September, and then there was a sudden cry of "Breakers"—that means that the sailors saw the foaming waves breaking upon some of the rocks of the Farne Islands. It was a terrible sight to see the waters boiling, and foaming, and breaking upon the rocks; and yet they could do nothing to stop the ship; and on and on she went until she struck with a tremendous crash upon the rocks, and then another wave struck her again, carried her off the rock, and down she went in very deep water."

"And all the people were drowned?"

"Not all. Many of the sailors got quickly into one of the boats, and were picked

up by a ship. Twenty-eight or twenty-nine persons; one of them, a woman, holding two children in her arms, remained clinging to a piece of the ship that had stuck upon the rock when first the vessel struck. They could not have staid there long, as the heavy sea would have washed them away. Just, however, as the day began to dawn, the keeper of the lighthouse, whose name was 'Darling,' happened to look with his telescope and saw these poor creatures hanging on the wreck. He called to his daughter Grace, a girl of about twenty, and as soon as she saw the wreck, she entreated her father to launch, —that is, to send into the water the small boat which he had, belonging to the lighthouse. He was afraid that it was useless, and that the boat would only be upset by the tremendous waves, and that whoever went in it would be lost. But Grace could not bear to see these poor sufferers perish, so again she begged her father, and he launched the boat, but he alone

could do nothing. It is necessary to have two people, at least, to row a boat. Grace saw the difficulty, jumped into the boat, and with her father, pulled towards the wreck. By great courage and real strength, the father and daughter brought the boat close to the poor creatures, and with extreme difficulty they succeeded in getting all the people safely into their boat, and then they rowed back to their lighthouse, and did all they could to make the poor people comfortable."

"How astonished they must have been," said Lucy, "to have seen a woman rowing in the boat!"

"They must, indeed! and what a happy meeting it must have been for those who were saved, as they gathered round a cheerful fire in the lighthouse-keeper's rooms.

"And is Grace Darling still alive?"

"No. The excitement of this awful scene was too much for her, and she died in a couple of years after the wreck of the Forfarshire."

"What a dreadful thing a shipwreck must be!"

"Dreadful, indeed!" replied Mrs Lovechild, "especially when we remember how many of the unhappy sufferers, thus sometimes called away in a moment to give an account to God, have never thought about their souls!"

"I daresay the people were very glad when they saw Grace Darling's boat come to save them."

"No doubt they were; and yet, how often, when poor sinners are told that Jesus Christ came to save their souls from hell, which is far worse than the mere drowning of the body, they pay no attention to the good news,—the gospel is no 'glad tidings' to them! But there are some who thankfully receive the gospel, and are thus delivered, body and soul, from eternal torment."

"I don't think that any of the people refused to listen to Grace Darling when she invited them to come into her boat?"

"No; because they all knew they were in danger; but sinners often do not, and when they are told that they must repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, that they may be saved, they either do not listen, or else they do not believe the warning."

"Oh, dear aunty, I shall think of Grace Darling's boat and the poor people on the rock the next time I hear Mr Truthful from the pulpit inviting sinners to come to Jesus to be saved."

CHAPTER II.

Berwick-upon-Tweed—The Countess of Buchan—The Union—St Abb's Head—Tantallan Castle—The Bass Rock—North Berwick and Berwick Law—EDINBURGH—The Old Town—The North Bridge—The Castle—Mons Meg—The Regalia—Jacob's Pillar.

"WE must now go on with our travels, Lucy. Soon after this we saw the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. The River Tweed, you see by your map, divides England from Scotland, and the town of Berwick, although on the Scotch side of the river, belongs to England. There was a time when Scotland was a separate kingdom from England, and when the two nations used to have bloody wars with each other."

"When were England and Scotland joined together, aunty?"

"At the death of Queen Elizabeth,

when her cousin James, who was James VI. of Scotland, became king of England and was called James I."

"Then Queen Victoria is queen of Scotland as well as England?"

"No, in the year 1706 the two nations were formally united under the name of Great Britain. Next we came to Berwick-upon-Tweed, which is said to be unlike any other town in Britain. It is very ancient, and close to the River Tweed. Have you found Berwick?"

"Yes."

"Now look again and you will see the German Ocean."

"Here it is."

"Well, Berwick is about half a mile from the entrance of the River Tweed into the German Ocean. In 1306, Isabel, Countess of Buchan was confined in a part of the fortress called "the cage," because she crowned King Robert Bruce at Scone."

"Pray tell me something more about Robert Bruce."

"Wait patiently and you shall hear all about him by and by. Well, soon after passing Berwick we came to St Abb's Head, a very remarkable promontory. It is high and rocky and full of caverns. When we passed it the sea was quite calm; but in a storm the beating of the waves against the rock is described as tremendous. The next town we saw was Dunbar, and then we came to Tantallan Castle, and the Bass Rock, which is just opposite to it. Tantallan Castle was the hereditary castle of the Douglas family, the earls of Angus,—and still in its ruined state looks like a very strong place. The common people had a proverb about it and the Bass Rock:

> "Ding down Tantallan,
> Big a brig to the Bass."

"Ding dong! big a brig? why, what do you mean, aunty?"

"I will explain. These words are lowland Scotch, which is like English. 'To ding' means to strike, and 'big' means

build, and a 'brig' means a bridge; so that the proverb means, 'it would be as easy to build a bridge to the Bass,' which is impossible, 'as it would be to batter down the walls of Tantallan.' Our ship passed between the castle and the Bass Rock. In 1671, the Bass became the state prison of Scotland, and it was the last place that held out for James VII. in Scotland, (that is James II. of England), and only surrendered to the frigates of King William."

"Do you remember why King James II. was driven from his throne?" continued Mrs Lovechild.

"Oh that I do," quickly replied Lucy; "it was because he wanted to bring back Popery, and King William was called to the throne for the re-establishment of true Protestant religion. But, aunty, I shall be so glad when you get to the Highlands."

"Oh, my dear child, we have a long way to travel first, and I think you would

be sorry to miss some of the interesting things I have to tell."

"Yes, dear aunty, I want to hear about any thing you saw."

"Then you must have patience, and I will be as quick as possible. Next we came to North Berwick. There is a remarkable hill near the town called Berwick Law, which rises nine hundred and forty feet above the level plain. There is a celebrated walk at the base of the Law, called the M walk, named so from its form."

"How curious! I should like to see that."

"Now, then, for Edinburgh."

"Oh, I am so glad you have got there!"

"You must pay great attention, for I have a great deal to say."

"Yes, indeed, I will."

"Edinburgh was formerly called Edwinsburgh, from Edwin king of Northumberland during the heptarchy."

"I remember him. You know I have

just finished that part of the history of England which speaks about the heptarchy."

"Well, Edinburgh is situated in Mid-Lothian, on the south side of the Frith of Forth. Do you see it?"

"Yes."

"It is about two miles from the shore, and is 392 miles north of London. The city occupies three high ridges, the middle of which begins near the palace of Holyrood."

"Did you see the palace?"

"Yes, I will tell you presently what I saw there. The ridge, of which I was speaking, begins near Holyrood, and ends a mile distant, by the rock on which the castle is built, and is 'the Old Town.'"

"Where is the New Town built? Is it like the picture?"

"You ask two questions at once. The castle is separated from the New Town by a deep and broad valley, in which there used to be a lake called the North Loch.

The railroad is now there instead of the water."

"How do people go, then, from the old town to the new one?"

"One way is by crossing a pretty bridge called the 'North Bridge,' upon which one has an excellent view of the old castle. There are several other ways across besides."

"Do people live in the old city?"

"Oh yes, chiefly trades'-people, now, and the poorer people. The houses are so high that many of them have ten storeys or more."

"I should be afraid to live in such a high house for fear it should fall."

"And yet they have lasted a very long time, and multitudes of people have inhabited them."

"Did you go to the castle?"

"Yes, we had to go up a very steep street—up a hill, before we reached it."

"Is the castle very old?"

"Not the present building. The dates

in the oldest parts of it are 1566 and 1616."

"I should have thought it had been much older than that."

"The rock on which the castle is built, was originally a stronghold of the Scottish people. There was a fortress built upon it, which was destroyed in 1312."

"Who destroyed it?"

"The Earl of Moray, nephew of King Robert Bruce, but it was soon rebuilt by Edward III. of England."

"I suppose the kings of Scotland have always lived in it?"

"It has been sometimes the residence and sometimes the prison of the sovereigns, and of many of their subjects. When James II. of Scotland was a little boy, he was rescued from imprisonment there in a curious way."

"How? do tell me."

"Why, his mother concealed him in a chest among her clothes, and sent him to Stirling."

"How old was he then?"

"Only nine."

"Is there no part of the old fortress left, aunty?"

"Nothing but the bomb battery, on which there is an immense cannon called Mons Meg, (which is made of rings of iron), and the remains of a popish building called an oratory."

"Now then, please to tell me something about the present one."

"I saw a little tiny room in which King James I. of England was born."

"How could an English king be born in Scotland?"

"You forget what I told you yesterday about the uniting the two kingdoms under the name of Great Britain after the death of Elizabeth."

"How stupid of me! then James the First was cousin to Elizabeth?"

"Yes, as I told you. He was king of Scotland first as James VI., and afterwards became king of England as James

I. after his cousin Queen Elizabeth died."

"I am quite sorry to give you the trouble to explain to me the same thing twice. I will try to remember better, aunty; what else did you see in the castle?"

"The regalia."

"The regalia! what can that possibly be?

"The crown, the sceptre, and the sword of state."

"Are they very old?"

"The crown is said to have belonged to King Robert Bruce, about whom you remember I have a great deal to tell you."

"But, did not the kings wear crowns before Robert Bruce's reign?"

"Yes, my dear; but our King Edward the First, in 1296, gained a great victory over the Scotch in Dunbar, and John Baliol, who was then King of Scotland, surrendered the kingdom, when the crown, and other regal ornaments, were stripped from him."

"What became of them?"

"They were brought to England, with a stone called Jacob's Pillar, on which the sovereigns used to be crowned."

"Are they in England now?"

"No one knows what has become of the crown, sceptre, and jewels, but the stone is now used at the coronation of our sovereigns. Queen Victoria was crowned on it."

"What an odd seat for a queen!"

"It only forms part of a chair, which I will take you to see some day in Westminster Abbey."

"Oh, thank you, dear aunty! I should have liked to have seen the crown and sceptre too, but they are lost!"

"Yes, and the present ones were very nearly lost too."

"How was that, aunty?"

"We must reserve that until to-morrow, as it is time now for you to go out with your brother for a walk."

CHAPTER III.

The Regalia—Dunottar Castle—Christian Fletcher Granger—The High Street—The Canongate—John Knox's House—Holyrood House.

"HERE I am, aunty!" exclaimed Lucy, as she came running into the dressing-room, where Mrs Lovechild was engaged in watering some curious plants.

"Well, my love! what do you want?"

"I hope you will soon have finished watering the flowers, as I am quite ready to begin again with Scotland. I have finished all my lessons, and Miss Teachwell says I have been a very good girl. See, she has given me this box, which is filled with beads of all colours, which, she says, I may thread whilst you are telling about the Highlands."

"Very kind of Miss Teachwell, I am

sure; but you can only attend to one thing at a time. When I am not referring to the map, then you can listen and thread your beads; but when I want you to point to the different places I tell you of, you must give your whole attention to that, otherwise you will not understand me properly."

"Oh, yes, aunty, I like to point out the places on the map, it makes what you are telling me still more interesting."

"Now then, I have finished, fetch my work-basket, and we will continue our journey."

They were soon comfortably seated, and Lucy reminded her aunt that they left off at the account of the peril in which the regalia stood of being a second time lost to Scotland.

"How was it, that they were in such danger?" she inquired.

"They were sent to the Castle of Dunottar for safety in 1651, when Scotland was overcome by Oliver Cromwell. Mons

Meg, the great cannon of which I told you, was sent thereat the same time with other guns. In 1652, a number of soldiers surrounded the castle, and General Lambert, who was at their head, commanded that it should be surrendered. But the governor would not give it up. How do you think the regalia were saved?"

"I cannot guess—tell me."

"Why thus—Christian Fletcher, the wife of the Rev. James Granger, who was minister of Kinneff, a small parish church about four or five miles from the Castle of Dunottar, paid a visit to the governor's lady. On going away she took the crown in her lap. The English General (who had given her permission to visit the governor's wife) himself helped her to her horse—for in those days there were no coaches in use—which she had left in the camp, because the castle could not be approached on horseback. Her maid followed her on foot, bearing the sword and sceptre concealed in bards."

"Bards! what are they?"

"Bundles of lint, which Mrs Granger pretended were to be spun into thread."

"But if she did not mean to spin them into thread, it was not truthful, aunty, was it?"

"She might have used it, and most probably did so, after it had served her purpose in the manner I have described. Well, after passing through the soldiers without being discovered, they got safely away, and Mrs Granger conveyed the regalia to her husband, Mr James Granger. He took them at night into his church, and raised the pavement-stone just before the pulpit, and then dug a hole, where he hid the crown and sceptre, and then filled up the hole, and laid the stone down again in its place. And the sword of state he buried in like manner under some of the common seats in the church."

"I wonder they did not become spoilt."

"Mr Granger took care to prevent that, as he wrapped them very carefully up in

cloths, which he used to change every now and then, and so kept them in perfect preservation."

"Were they there long?"

"About nine years, but they were soon lost sight of after their release; for again they were deposited in 1707 in a chest which was in the crown-room of Edinburgh Castle. The chest was never opened from that time until 1818, when George the IV. ordered that the regalia should be taken out and exposed to public view."

"Did you see them?"

"Yes."

"I suppose they are very beautiful."

"Very—but we must not dwell so long on this part of our subject as we have so much to see."

"Oh, all my beads have tumbled down, what shall I do?"

"You must leave them for the present, and pick them up by and by. Here are some pictures I have brought you to look at,

as we are going to leave the castle and walk along the High Street. Such an old street! and such high houses!"

"That was a High Street then, aunty, indeed!"

"Yes, you never saw any thing like it in London. The High Street leads into the Canongate, which is older still."

"It looks so!"

"There are several old churches and houses in these streets, but I have only time to talk to you about one of them."

"Which was that?"

"See, it is a very curious old house. The ground-floor of which is now a tobacconist's shop. And do you know I felt such an interest in that house that I could not resist going into the shop to buy something as a remembrance of the place."

"Why, what could you find to buy there, aunty?"

"I bought two match-boxes."

"But why did you care so much about that ugly old house?"

"Because that was the house where good John Knox lived."

"Oh, I don't wonder now, that you took such an interest in the house, if you mean the same John Knox papa was telling me of the other day."

"Yes, my dear, it was John Knox the great Scotch reformer; he did more to upset Popery and to establish Protestantism than any other man in Scotland."

"I am glad I've seen the picture of his house. Well, aunty?"

"Well—At last we reached Holyrood-House, which was the old palace of the kings and queens of Scotland. Formerly it was a great monastery where monks and friars lived, but the ruins of the chapel are all that remain of that part of the building."

"But that part looks very pretty in the picture."

"It is now a complete ruin, the roof having fallen in about a hundred years ago, but from what remains you can see, as you

say, that it was a very beautiful building. There is a sad story connected with it, which I will tell you."

"Thank you, aunty."

"There was once a queen in Scotland named Mary. She was not a good queen, nor was she a good woman. And she would only have been remembered for her wickedness, had not her latter end and her death, which were very sad, caused people to pity her; and then, being sorry for her, they began to forget how bad a queen she had been."

"Ah! she was not like our good Queen Victoria!"

"Oh, no, very different indeed! I cannot tell you all her history, but I will tell you one thing which happened at Holyrood House, just because we saw the exact place where it occurred. But it is time now to leave off, so pick up your beads, and to-morrow I hope to go on with Holyrood.

CHAPTER IV.

Holyrood House—Mary Queen of Scots—David Rizzio—Lochmaben—Robert Bruce—His Coronation—The Countess of Buchan—Bruce's Wanderings—His Escape from Lord Lorn—Loch Lomond.

"I HAVE been running so hard, aunty, that I might be sooner with you, to hear about Queen Mary and Holyrood House."

"I have been for some time expecting you, so take off your bonnet, and sit down. Queen Mary was married to a person called Darnley. She had had a quarrel with him, so Lord Darnley and several of the Scotch nobility were very angry with the queen, because she spent so much of her time with an Italian named David Rizzio, whom the queen had made her secretary. They were not pleased that she liked the society of a foreigner better

than that of Scotchmen, and being themselves bad men, they determined upon taking a bloody revenge. So, one dark night, Lord Darnley, and Lord Ruthven, and Lord Lindsay, and two others, were seen approaching a side door of the chapel-royal. You saw the picture of the ruin yesterday."

"Yes, I have it now."

"They were all dressed in steel armour, but they had dark cloaks thrown over them, that they might not be known. The chapel-door was always kept locked at night, but Lord Darnley had a key, and he opened it and let himself in, with the other murderers. They crossed the chapel and came to a little private door with a winding awkward staircase up it, all of which yet remains. This staircase led them straight into the queen's private apartments; indeed, it was made on purpose to enable the royal family to go quietly down into the chapel. The poor queen was sitting in a small room, which

we saw; and David Rizzio was with her, when suddenly they heard the tread of armed men, and the conspirators appeared. They seized Rizzio, and dragged him into the outer room, not allowing the queen to leave her little chamber, and there they murdered him."

"How very awful! and did you see the place!"

"We went into the very corner, indeed, the woman who shewed us the palace said that the stains of blood are still to be seen on the floor; but I confess that I could not see them, perhaps as it was a dark and rainy day, that might account for it."

"But I should have liked to have seen it, notwithstanding."

"If ever you should go to Edinburgh, you may be more successful, but we must not stop so long there, otherwise we shall have no time for Robert Bruce to-day."

"Ah, I want you to come to him; but

please not to leave any thing out, because you promised to tell me something about every place."

"Well then, we must leave Edinburgh at once, by the train, and go to Lockerby, which is a very ancient place indeed. It is four miles from an old royal borough called Lochmaben."

"I have it, aunty."

"That was the patrimonial inheritance of Robert Bruce, who was Laird of Annandale."

"Was he not always a king, then?"

"No—he was not made King of Scotland until 1306."

"What did he do for a crown, then, as you said that the old one had been taken from Scotland by Edward I. of England? and if King Robert Bruce had the new crown made after he was king, how did they manage to crown him?"

"That is a sensible question, and I will give you a satisfactory answer, as I see you pay attention, and remember what I tell you."

"Oh, I like it so! aunty."

"I am glad of it, dear. Well, as Edward the First had taken away the crown from John Baliol, (although he had made him King of Scotland), there was, as you say, no crown to put on the new king's head. So a temporary crown was formed—a circle of gold, which was placed on the head of Robert Bruce."

"Did you see that, aunty?"

"Oh, no; this also fell into the hands of the English a year after Bruce's coroation, for he had a great deal of trouble in the beginning of his reign, and he was not quietly seated upon his throne until after a great battle in 1314, which was fought in a place called Bannockburn. After which he had the present crown made, but it has undergone some alterations since that time."

"Where was he crowned?"

"At Scone, and a few days after his coronation, he was surprised by the sudden arrival of Isabella, Countess of Buchan,

who claimed the privilege of placing the crown upon his head. She was sister to the Earl of Fife, who was at that time with the English party, and the earls of Fife had always enjoyed the right of placing the kings of Scotland on the throne. Bruce was afraid to offer any objection, because his party was yet weak, so he suffered himself to be crowned a second time by the Countess of Buchan."

"I don't see what need he had to be afraid of a lady."

"There were two reasons. He was glad to have any of her family on his side; besides which, he did not wish people to say that any thing had been left undone at his coronation that had been usual, as it might afterwards have been said that he was not properly crowned king."

"I should think that the Countess must have been very much pleased at having such an honour to perform."

"Poor thing she paid dearly for it!"

"How, aunty?"

"I will tell you when we come to the place where she suffered."

"It was very ungrateful of the King of Scotland, to let her be treated ill after what she had done."

"He could not help it, poor man, for he nearly lost his own life as well as the throne, after his coronation."

"Tell me how, please."

"King Edward the First considered him an usurper, and therefore went against him with an army of English, and of some Scotch who were enemies of Bruce; Bruce was defeated in a severe encounter at Methven about a mile from Perth. Have you found it?"

"Yes, aunty."

"Bruce was obliged to hide himself in the hills, because a high price was set upon his head; he had scarcely any thing to eat, and nothing to wear but wretched and ragged clothes; his shoes were worn off his feet by constant toil in such a mountainous country. Indeed, his dis-

tress was so great at last, that he was obliged to go into the low country."

"What do you mean by the low country?"

"It is that part of Scotland which is distinguished from the Highlands."

"Oh, I understand, but I wonder he was not afraid of being caught when he left the mountains."

"He was obliged to be very careful; for he went to Aberdeen—find it—"

"I've found it!"

"There, with his few faithful followers, his queen met him with her ladies, who determined to share the hardships of their husbands and fathers."

"It was very courageous of them, I think."

"They did not remain long in Aberdeen, as they thought it wiser to retreat to Breadalbane, and there, their distress was greatly increased."

"What did they live upon, aunty?"

"Roots and berries of the woods, but they had venison sometimes, caught in

the chase; besides which, they had a good supply of fish which abounded in the rivers."

"I don't see that they were so badly off then!"

"They had plenty to eat certainly, sometimes, but they had no comfortable beds, such as yours, to lie down upon; they were obliged to wrap themselves up in the skins of the deer and roe for their bedding."

"Well, they must have been very warm and comfortable, I think."

"You must remember that they had no houses, and the cold weather was coming on; besides which, Lord Lorn, a determined enemy of Bruce, finding out that the party were upon the borders of his country, collected a thousand men. Then with the barons of Argyle, besetting the passes, he hemmed in the king and his little party, and attacked him in a narrow defile, where Bruce and his small band of knights could not manage their horses."

"Oh, stop a moment please, because I don't know what a 'pass' is."

"I intended to describe several to you when I came to the Highlands myself—however, it is a narrow way between two mountains; some of them are many miles in length."

"What is a defile then, aunty?"

"A defile is a similar kind of way, only it is longer and winding."

"Now, please go on about Bruce."

"The Highlanders who attacked them were on foot, which is a great advantage in such a position; they were armed with axes, and they wounded several of Bruce's followers; and as for the poor horses they cut them sadly!"

"Poor animals, why they could not help it!"

"Notwithstanding all this, Bruce gathered his little company together and commenced a retreat, fighting himself manfully all the way. As the enemy began to press upon them, three of the Marquis of Lorn's soldiers who attacked Bruce

were killed by his hand. The party at length escaped, and held a council upon what was to be done with the queen and the rest of the ladies. So they resolved to send them with an escort,—that is, several soldiers to guard them,—and conduct them to the strong castle of Kildrummie, in Mar; accordingly, Bruce gave up all the horses to those who were to accompany the queen, and resolved to pursue his way on foot through Perthshire, to Loch Lomond."

"Oh! now, I must find Loch Lomond."

"First look for Perthshire."

"Yes, I have it."

"Now put your crotchet needle on Loch Lomond—that is right—but I can't dwell upon that beautiful place yet, because we must follow up the history of Robert Bruce, who found it a difficult thing to pass over the loch."

"Oh, how sorry I am, there's the dinner bell, just in such an interesting part!"

"You must go then, so now away."

CHAPTER V.

Robert Bruce—Escapes to Rachlin—Cruel treatment of the Countess of Buchan—Bruce returns to Scotland—The Isle of Arran—Brodick Castle—More Adventures—Bannockburn—The Douglas—The Bleeding Heart.

"Oh, aunty, I am so glad it is wet today!"

"Why, my dear?" inquired Mrs Lovechild.

Lucy, who was bringing in her little work-basket containing all her treasures of pieces of silk and velvet, with her box of beads, and strong fine thread to put them on, laughingly said,

"Why, because there will be more time for you to go on with Robert Bruce, as we are not obliged to go out for a walk.

I am so anxious to know how he got over the lake."

"Well then, I will satisfy you at once. He could not go round it, because he was desirous to escape to the other side as quickly as possible, and the lake is about twenty-four or thirty miles in length."

"What a long lake! How did he get over?"

"Why, you must observe that although the lake is very long, it is, at one part, very narrow, not more than half a mile across. Still it is very, very deep. So the king found a little miserable boat which would only hold three people, into which he went with two of his followers, one of them rowing: the King and the other one landed and despatched the boat back again to bring two more. In this manner they managed all to pass over to the other side."

"How frightened they must have been, knowing that their enemies were so closely behind them!"

"Bruce did all in his power to amuse them, and make them forget their troubles, by telling them stories of the adventures of former heroes; but they soon began to feel the misery of hunger, and whilst they were traversing the woods in search of food they unexpectedly met the Earl of Lennox, who was a friend to Bruce."

"I was so afraid you were going to say he met Lord Lorn!"

"No, but Bruce was obliged to make the greatest haste to the coast (Loch Fyne), where Sir Niel Campbell, another of his friends, had collected a few boats, and he conveyed the King and his followers to the coast, Cantire, where he received a warm welcome from the Lord of Cantire."

"Here is Cantire, running out ever so far into the sea."

"You are quite right, dear."

"How long did Bruce stay there, aunty?"

"He went away immediately, not thinking himself secure until he got to a little

island on the northern coast of Ireland, called Rachlin."

"Did he go alone?"

"No. He had three hundred followers then."

"But what became of the poor queen all this time?"

"She was afraid of remaining in the Castle of Kildrummie, so she went with her daughter Marjory into Ross-shire."

"Here is Ross-shire."

"That is right. They went there, and were betrayed by the Earl of Ross. After which they were imprisoned in different castles and prisons for eight years."

"Poor things, how sad for them!"

"Ah, but a more severe punishment was inflicted upon the Countess of Buchan."

"Oh, I remember! that was the lady who crowned Bruce."

"Yes. I promised to tell you more concerning her."

"You did, aunty."

"She was put into a cage which was

made in one of the outer turrets of Berwick Castle—Berwick-upon-Tweed, which place I described to you before. No person was permitted to speak with her but the woman who supplied her with food."

"Could the people see her then, from the outside?"

"Yes, every one who passed by."

"It was enough to kill her! How long was she kept there?"

"Four years. After that, they removed her to a monastery in Berwick called Mount Carmel."

"I don't think she was much better off, if they put her into a Popish place."

"They were all papists then, my dear, so that it did not so much signify, in that respect, where she was."

"Did Bruce know what was going on all this time?"

"He knew it afterwards; for after remaining until the beginning of the following year at Rachlin, he collected his men and went to the Isle of Arran."

"Didn't you go to the Isle of Arran?"

"Yes, and saw the place where Bruce landed. He became master of Brodick Castle."

"I suppose you saw that too?"

"Not that actual building, because the present one was rebuilt by James V. in 1520, but it is upon the same spot as the old one which was taken by Bruce."

"How interesting, dear aunty! Was he long in the Isle of Arran?"

"I fancy in your anxiety to know all about Bruce, you have forgotten to find the little Island of Arran upon your map."

"Dear me, so I have. Well see, aunty, here it is!"

"That is right, dear. Bruce did not remain very long in the island; he had obtained great assistance from a lady who supplied him with money whilst he was in the Island of Rachlin, so that he had been able to get a fleet of thirty-five galleys, which he had manned with his three

hundred men. Now look for Carrick. Have you found it?"

"Yes."

"Bruce gained great success there, but he had great losses also. The English were hotly pursuing him, and he had many narrow escapes. One very mean expedient was used by Lord Lorn in order to find out Bruce."

"What was that?"

"He got a bloodhound which had formerly belonged to the King, and he hoped that the animal's constant attachment to his master would lead him to discover Bruce, by flying to him when he was near enough."

"That was mean indeed!"

"Accordingly, as soon as the hound traced his old master, he began to make such a noise with delight, that the pursuers knew well enough that the King was near, and they made sure that he would soon be in their power. And so he would had not an arrow been aimed at the dog,

which pierced him through, and by that means his master was saved."

"Then Bruce escaped?"

"Yes. But it is impossible to follow him through his wonderful history, because it would take up far too much time, and we have so much more to talk about."

"Still, aunty, I should like to know the end of him."

"I meant to go at once to the end. So, after many fights and victories, at last King Edward II. of England came against him with a large army."

"I thought you said it was Edward the First?"

"Edward the First had died near Carlisle in 1307, when preparing to head his army against Bruce. His son, Edward the Second, was a weak prince, and did not carry out his father's plans, by which means Bruce gained a decided advantage."

"When did King Edward the Second go against Bruce then, aunty?"

"In 1314. He had a great number of

soldiers; but he was not a good soldier himself, therefore quite unable to direct his men properly. Whilst on the other hand, Bruce was a good general and a good soldier."

"He had had plenty of practice by this time, I think."

"Bruce had drawn up his little army at Bannockburn, near Stirling, which he arranged very carefully; and ordered the baggage to be placed in a valley at some distance behind, with the sutlers and camp-followers, who were commanded to wait there quietly until the end of the battle."

"What are sutlers?"

"People who supply provisions to the army. There were about twenty thousand of them."

"What a number!"

"There was a little hill between them and the army, which is called the Gillies' Hill, in consequence of what took place there."

"Please to tell me what gilly means?"

"A gilly in Scotch means a servant or follower. After a great deal of fighting and much loss of life, on both sides, so that the victory seemed uncertain, suddenly there appeared on the little hill what seemed to the English to be a large body of troops who were marching to help the Scotch. Under this impression, the English were so dismayed, that they soon began to give way and break their lines, by which means Bruce gained a brilliant victory."

"That was not so very surprising when he had so many more soldiers coming to help him!"

"But they were not soldiers."

"What were they then?"

"Why, don't you remember what I told you about the suttlers and camp-followers?"

"Oh, yes; they were left behind the hill with the baggage."

"Just so. Well, they became so tired of waiting, and were so curious to see the

battle, that they ascended the hill, and as soon as they came in sight, spread the terrible panic amongst the English, and to make it better, many of them were women and children!"

"That is excellent!" said little Lucy laughing and clapping her hands. "I shall not forget Bannockburn, aunty! What became of King Edward the Second, did they kill him?"

"No. He was obliged to escape to England as fast as he could; whilst Bruce went on successfully through the rest of his reign, and died on the 7th of June 1329."

"I'm so sorry you have finished about Bruce: but I am sure you said something more about him the other day in the Park, when you pointed out to me Lady Douglas' carriage."

"I was just going to tell you, that when King Robert Bruce was upon his death-bed, he asked to see Sir James Douglas, who had been his faithful follower, and

had fought with him most bravely in all his battles. When he came to him, Bruce intreated him to take out his heart after his death, and carry it to Jerusalem."

"What for?"

"Because he superstitiously thought it to be a good act, and pleasing to God, whereas we see nothing about such things in the Bible. God says, 'My Son, give me thine heart,' *now*, whilst you are alive; and all such as are born again of the Spirit, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, have new hearts and do love God, and will be in that new Jerusalem which is coming."

"That is much better than sending a dead heart to the earthly Jerusalem, isn't it, aunty?"

"Yes, indeed, my dear."

"But you have not told me what Bruce had to do with the carriage in the park."

"I will now. There was a heart with a crown which I pointed out to you, painted on the door of Lady Douglas'

carriage, which has always formed part of the coat-of-arms of the Douglases, such as you see painted on the carriages, or engraved on seals."

"Now I shall always know a Douglas' carriage."

"And always when you see it, remember that every one must have a *new* heart."

CHAPTER VI.

Lochmaben—The Castle Loch—The Vendace—Bruce's Four Towns—High-tae—An Old Saint—The Annandale—Rammerscales—The Bees.

"THERE was one thing, aunty, you forgot to tell me yesterday."

"What was that, my dear?" asked Mrs Lovechild.

"Why," replied Lucy, "I should like to know where Bruce died."

"We began his history, by speaking of the ruins of his castle at Lochmaben, which was his patrimonial inheritance, but he did not die there, although it was one of his residences whilst he was king. He died at Cardross."

"Was he killed?"

"No, his constitution was worn out in consequence of the great hardships and fatigues he had sustained."

"Is there any thing else to tell about Lochmaben?"

"In the castle loch there is a beautiful tiny fish called the Vendace, which is not to be found in any other place."

"Did you see any?"

"Yes, and tasted them too; they are caught only once in the year, and there the Scottish gentry meet together and eat them."

"Are there any other lakes at Loch maben?"

"Several. There is the Broomhill Loch, the Mill Loch, the Kirk Loch, the High-tae Loch, and three smaller ones, so that when Lochmaben is seen at a distance, from the west, it appears as though it were surrounded with water, and you might suppose it impossible to approach it except by a boat."

"How pretty it must look!"

"It does. There are near it four towns, as they are called, which were founded by Bruce, and are very interesting villages."

"I should like to know their names."

"High-tae, Greenhill, Heck, and Smailholm."

"Did you see them all?"

"Yes; and I can tell you of a very interesting interview I had with a poor old woman at High-tae, presently."

"Do tell me now, for fear you should forget it."

"Very well, I will. I went to call upon her with a dear friend who knew her and had been very kind to her. She was very deaf,—very thin, and looked as if she had been very ill, which was the case. Whilst she was talking about her aches and pains, she said that she had received so much kindness and comfort from the lady who went with me. I did not know whether she was a Christian or not, so I observed to her, that 'although she had met with such a friend, there was One who had been much more kind to her—One who had died for her—One who could, not only cure the body, if He

saw fit to do so, but who could also give her everlasting life.' To my great joy, the old woman answered me with, 'Aye, I ken that!' I then asked her if she knew the Lord Jesus, who is the friend of sinners? if so, she would find Him a faithful friend who would never leave nor forsake those who believed in Him. Upon which she got up and walked feebly across the room, and fetched an old dirty little book from the window ledge, and turned over the leaves, although she could scarcely see, and fixed upon a passage which she gave me to read. It had been so much used and worn by the fingers, that I found some difficulty in reading it."

"What was the part she asked you to read?"

"It spake of the utter uselessness of earthly friends, however kind, in a dying hour,—they may stand around the couch, or bed, but what can they do for an immortal soul! But Jesus is always present

with those who have fled to Him for refuge, and then is the time when He is found to be truly precious, as He will uphold them as they pass through the valley of the shadow of death; whilst the most tender and affectionate earthly friends are left behind."

"Then she was a pious woman, aunty?"

"Yes, dear. She told me she was a sinner, and she believed in Jesus Christ, and was looking forward with delight to the time when she should put off her vile body, and be 'for ever with the Lord.'"

"Did you visit any other poor women?"

"Yes, and met with other Christians amongst them; but I cannot stop any longer at High-tae, because we must go on to Rammerscales, which is truly a lovely spot! The river Annan runs through the plain beneath."

"Annan! didn't you say that Robert Bruce was Lord of Annandale?"

"Yes, before he was king of Scotland. A *dale* you know is a valley, and Annan-

dale is a very broad one, eight miles across; in the centre of which runs, as I said, the river Annan."

"What is Rammerscales?"

"It is an estate with beautiful woods and grounds. There is a large square house built of red sandstone upon the hill, which commands a most extensive view of the valley, with its four towns."

"Is it a very old place?"

"Not the present building, but there are some curious old lines which were composed by a former possessor of the estate, who lived in the house which stood on the spot where the present mansion is built; and which house was very old."

"Can you remember the lines?"

"I will try; but I must first tell you something about the Laird of Rammerscales. He had been taken prisoner, and carried to London in 1745."

"What for?"

"Because he joined the young Pretender."

"Oh, Prince Charlie! Miss Teachwell has just been reading to me about him."

"Then you will take greater interest in hearing what I am going to tell you."

"That I shall!"

"Well—the Laird of Rammerscales was put in prison, and expected to be beheaded. So he wrote these lines to the man who had the care of his estate:

> 'Cut my woods and sell my timmer,
> Pay my debts, and farewell Rammer.'"

"What curious words! What is timmer?"

"He meant—

> 'Cut my woods, sell my timber,
> Pay my debts, and farewell Rammer,'

because he did not expect to see it any more."

"I wonder if they did cut down the timber."

"If they did, it has flourished again most luxuriantly. One may walk for miles on grassy paths through woods and

elegantly formed avenues, with the burns gurgling beneath one's feet."

"What is a burn, aunty?"

"You know what a brook is. A burn is a similar stream of water. Well, some of these avenues reach up to the house."

"Did you go into the house?"

"Oh, yes, and saw in it a most splendid library, which occupies a room the whole length of the house."

"What a number of books there must have been in it!"

"Indeed there was! You would have been much amazed to have seen the bees at the top of the house."

"Bees in a house, aunty!"

"I will tell you. On the outside of the house, which has a square flat roof, from which I had a beautiful view of the Annandale, with Hodham Castle, &c. in the distance, my attention was very greatly taken up with the immense number of bees congregated there. They were literally swarming. It appears that they

have made themselves masters of the roof of the house. One night some people were sleeping in a room just under the roof, and in the morning they were awaked by honey dropping into their mouths."

"How very nice!"

"They were quite astonished, and upon looking up, they discovered to their amazement, that honey did actually drop from the ceiling."

"What a delicious bedroom, aunty!"

"Search was immediately made to discover the reason, when it was ascertained that a swarm of bees had settled between the roof and the ceiling; and that in consequence of the abundance of honey, the weight was too great, and so the ceiling broke, and down came the sweet drops."

"Why did they not take away the bees, and keep the honey?"

"Because the present laird chose to let them remain without any disturbance, so that they have greatly increased, and the roof is entirely lined with these busy little insects."

"Did you see the room where the honey broke through the ceiling?"

"Yes—there is the mark still. But, my love, I think I hear Miss Teachwell calling you—make haste!"

CHAPTER VII.

Jardine Hall—Spedling's Tower—Porteus' Dungeon—The old Bible—The Crystal Syke—Beautiful Scenery—The Nith—Paul Jones—Dumfries—Prince Charlie—Robert Burns—The Covenanters.

"WHAT a pretty picture, aunty!"

"Yes, I am going to tell you where these pretty little green birds came from."

"I know, from Rammerscales?"

"No, from Jardine Hall, where there is a splendid collection of birds and other things. Sir William Jardine is the owner of the house, and is a great naturalist; he has written some beautiful books about birds, which you shall read when you are older. At present perhaps you would be more interested to hear about the ruins of an old castle in his grounds, called 'Spedling's Tower.'"

"Oh yes! did you go into it?"

"Yes, and saw the dungeon windows where a man named Porteus, was confined, by one of the Jardines in olden time. After ordering him to be placed in the dungeon, he went to Edinburgh with the key of the dungeon with him. He had forgotten all about the poor prisoner, who of course had nothing to eat. Whilst he was in Edinburgh, he suddenly remembered that he had given no orders for the feeding of the man; so he hastened to return to Spedling—travelling was very different in those days from what it is now, there were no railroads, and people used to travel on horseback.—He, however, returned as quickly as possible; but, it was too late, the poor creature was starved to death!"

"How shocking! But when Frank was home from school, he told me that you had said something to him about a large Bible which had been found in Spedling's Tower."

"So I did. There was an old Bible which had been lying in the hall of Spedling's Tower ever since the melancholy death of Porteus. It used to be one of the objects of attraction for visitors who went to view the ruin, and they used to tear little pieces from the leaves as a remembrance of the place."

"Very wrong of them to tear the Bible!"

"Very, and shews that those people who could be guilty of doing such a thing, would not be likely to value what was in it. It is now beautifully bound, and carefully preserved in a handsome box at Jardine Hall."

"Did you see the places where people had torn it?"

"Yes, very plainly; but it is, otherwise, in excellent preservation."

"Where did you go next, dear aunty?"

To Dumfries, and first I must tell you what a lovely drive it is from Rammerscales to Dumfries. There is a lane on a

very long steep hill, so steep that we were obliged every now and then to get out and walk. On both sides of the way there were high hedges and tall trees, with delicious flowers in the hedges, the scent of which was mixed up with that of the heather brought by the air from the surrounding mountains. Occasionally we came to a wide gate leading into a field, and then we had a peep at the splendid scenery. Now we saw England—then one of Bruce's four towns—then Lochmaben and all the beautiful places about."

"It must have been a very high hill if you could see so much!"

"We were not nearly on the top of it yet. At last the trees were so thick on each side that we could see nothing but a forest."

"Was there no road then?"

"Yes, but we had dark green woods on each side of us."

"It must have looked very lonely."

"The only living things we saw were

an occasional bird, and some hares which ran across the road, evidently not so much pleased to see us as we were to see their nimble motions, darting like lightning out of sight, and hiding themselves under the brachen."

"Brachen, I don't know what that is?"

"Give me that book of ferns from the table, and I will shew you one."

"Oh, that is a common fern, aunty, such as we used to get at Norwood."

"That is the same, only that we call it the brake. They are sometimes very large in Scotland, as they are also at our English lakes."

"What else did you see beside the birds and hares?"

"Nothing, until we suddenly burst upon a most extensive, open space, called the Crystal Syke."

"That's a pretty name, aunty."

"Not so pretty as the place, dear, which if you were old enough to understand I could never properly describe."

"Were there any houses there?"

"One only, which belonged to a farmer; but we did not see a human being. There were numbers of pretty white sheep feeding upon the sweetly scented grass, and heather of many colours. We sat down upon the heath to view the magnificent prospect, and gathered a bunch of the heather, which made such a pretty bouquet. There were as many colours in it as there are in that box of beads you have in your hand."

"Oh, how I should like to go to the Crystal Syke!"

"Perhaps you may some day, when you are older. I must tell you that it is a customary compliment amongst the Scotch that when they are about to visit a Macdonald, they carry with them a bunch of the heather."

"I am sure I should like that better than the garden flowers—don't look at your watch, aunty, the time is not up yet, I am sure."

"No, my love. So I will go on with our journey up the hill."

"Up the hill, still?"

"Yes, indeed, for it is a very long one, the view at every step becoming more extensive. And when we reached the top, we were well repaid for our toil."

"Do explain to me what you saw."

"First then, there was the whole valley of the Nith."

"What is the Nith?"

"You know what a valley is?"

"Yes, you described to me the valley of the Annan."

"Well, the Nith is a river which runs through the valley called the Nithdale. The green mountain upon which we were standing, divided the valley of the Nith from that of the Annan. We had before seen the whole of the Annandale, and now the entire Nithdale lay before us."

"Which did you prefer?"

"They are both so beautiful, and yet so different, that it is difficult to say. The

sea was on our left—that is, the Solway Frith—and Criffel, a high mountain, 2000 feet high, on the top of which there is a spring of pure water; not far from which is a cottage where a celebrated man named Paul Jones was born about 1745."

"What was he?"

"His father was a gardener, but Paul went to sea as a cabin-boy; he was very clever and brave. After having served with great distinction in the American navy, he finally became a Rear-Admiral in the Russian service."

"What a grand end he had!"

"No, poor man! like many others he experienced the truth, that there is no dependence to be placed upon any earthly good, 'for riches make to themselves wings and fly away.' He died in the greatest poverty in France."

"Poor man! What else did you see from the Crystal Syke?"

"I could see Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, the Isle of

Man, and much more; whilst to the right lay the town of Dumfries, which, with its white buildings, is a striking object in the valley."

"Did you go over the Nith?"

"Yes. After arriving at Dumfries, and ascending the hill on which the High Street is built, we turned down a narrow street on the left called Friars' Vennel, near which spot Robert Bruce killed a man who was called 'The Red Comyn," before he became King of Scotland."

"Why did he kill him?"

"Because Comyn thought he had a right to be made king instead of Bruce. When you read the history of Scotland you will know all about it. I must go on with Dumfries because it is almost time for you to go."

"Is it a large place, aunty?"

"Yes, and very old. The stone steps before some of the cottages are so worn, that they are quite thin. At last we came to the Nith, over which I went, crossing

such a curious old bridge, which is said to be one of the oldest in the kingdom; and over which Prince Charlie crossed when he returned from England."

"Then Prince Charlie was at Dumfries?"

"Yes, and I saw the house and the room where he slept the night he was there."

"Dumfries is an interesting place, I think!"

"Yes—but I have only time to mention two more circumstances connected with it. Burns, the famous Scotch poet, was born there. And there are the tombstones of the old Covenanters who were killed because they loved the Bible, and because, being conscientious Presbyterians, they did not choose to be compelled to become members of the Church of England."

"Did you see their tombs?"

"Yes. There was a man called 'Old Mortality,' who used to go about the country, and recut the writing which was

engraved on the stones of the martyrs, so that the inscriptions are very plain still."

"Did you read them?"

"Oh, yes. There are many beautiful texts upon them. And now you must wait until to-morrow, when we shall leave Dumfries."

"Now, aunty, there are two minutes more by your watch. Do tell me some little thing."

"Well, I forgot to tell you of a ruin which we passed between the Crystal Syke and Dumfries, called Torthorwald Castle, which is covered with ivy, and is a magnificent ruin."

CHAPTER VIII.

Ardrossan—The Isle of Arran—Lamlash—Holy Island—The Plaid—The Cumbrays—Loch Long—Arrochar—Tarbet—Haco, King of Norway—Loch Lomond—Inversnaid—General Wolfe—Rob Roy Macgregor—His Adventures.

"COME, aunty, I am longing to get to the Highlands."

"We have some distance to go yet," said Mrs Lovechild, "but as it is so very warm to-day, I think we will go to Kensington Gardens and sit under the shade of the trees, and fancy ourselves in Scotland."

Accordingly they were soon dressed, and seated under one of the large oaks in a part less frequented by visitors.

"This is delightful! Please begin," said Lucy.

"After leaving Dumfries," continued Mrs Lovechild, "we passed through the

most beautiful country until we came to Drumlanrigg Castle."

"What a funny name! Who lives there?"

"The Duke of Buccleuch?"

"It is not a ruin, then."

"No; it is quite a modern castle, and most beautifully situated. We passed through Auchinleck, which was once visited by Dr Johnson."

"Do you mean that Dr Johnson who wrote the Dictionary?"

"Yes. After this the country began to be very wild and barren, and quite different from that we left behind. At length we arrived at Ardrossan, which is by the sea. Have you brought the little map?"

"Yes, aunty, and I have found Ardrossan."

"A mile from the shore there is a little island covered with green, called the Horse Island, so called from the number of horses grazing upon it."

"Did you go upon it?"

"No, but we went to another island to which I alluded before. Now, look at the map, and guess which it is."

"Let me see. I know—here is the Isle of Arran!"

"You are right, and a very lovely little island it is."

"It looks very small, aunty."

"Yes. It is only thirty miles long and eighteen across. But there is another just opposite Lamlash, called Holy Island. You will find it in the bay; that is only two miles and a half long, and half a mile in width."

"I should like to see that! Are there any houses upon it?"

"Only one. Formerly there was a good man named Moleos who lived in a cave upon this island. He was one of those who first took the gospel into Scotland."

"I suppose that there were more than one house in Arran?"

"Oh yes; but the little white cottages

are very different from those which you have been in the habit of seeing. They are very low. Some have one room only, but most have two—a parlour and a kitchen. In the walls of each, there are recesses or holes, in each of which there is a bed. The floors are generally stone."

"Then, of course, none but poor people live in them."

"Indeed, there are many rich people who, for the sake of the pure air and beautiful scenery, take these cottages or huts, and live in them during the summer; and they form a great contrast with the barefooted cottagers."

"Bare feet! I thought that none but beggars went about with bare feet!"

"The Scotch women think nothing of it. I have seen them with smart bonnets and lace veils, and in other respects most comfortably dressed, and yet walking about with neither shoes nor stockings."

"How uncomfortable it must look!"

"I assure you they seem to be very comfortable. The poorest of the women has her plaid, which is thrown often most gracefully round the body; sometimes carrying a child in the folds of these tartan shawls, and treading firmly upon the rocks without hurting her feet."

"What do you mean by tartan, aunty?"

"I mean that pattern which we call a plaid. There are many kinds in Scotland, and every clan has a different one. You know that black and red shawl which nurse wears."

"Yes; something like a chess-board."

"Well, that is the Rob Roy tartan."

"Where did you go next, aunty?"

"To Rothesay."

"Why, you told me the other day, that the Prince of Wales is Duke of Rothesay."

"And so he is; look at it, it is a very pretty place. Several of the Scottish sovereigns visited it, and Robert the Third died there; but as there is nothing very

particular to tell about it, we will go on to the Cumbrays. They are islands, which you may find distinctly marked upon the map. They are in the county of Bute."

"Here, aunty, my finger is upon them."

"Look a little farther, and you will see Loch Long, which is a salt-water lake, twenty-four miles in length. You must remember that particularly, because I shall have something to say about it presently. Arrochar, you see, is at the head of Loch Long."

"Yes. It seems to be a very small place."

"It is a little village. Now draw your finger a little farther on, and you will come to—what?"

"Loch Lomond!"

"Yes; that is a fresh-water lake, and very nice to drink of."

"How near the salt and fresh water lakes are to each other!"

"Very; the distance from Arrochar

(which is at the head of Loch Long) to Loch Lomond, is only two miles. Once upon a time, the Norwegians invaded this part of Scotland, under their king Haco; they had a fleet of sixty vessels, and they dragged them over the land from Loch Long to Loch Lomond."

"How very difficult it must have been for them! Was that in Robert Bruce's reign?"

"Oh no, long before. It happened when Alexander the Third was king of Scotland, who ascended the throne whilst a little boy in 1249. It is an interesting spot also, on account of what you may remember I told you about Bruce. We walked amongst the trees along the road from Arrochar to Tarbet, where Bruce met with Lord Lennox, when he was trying to hide himself from Lord Lorn, and we soon came to the spot where he landed after crossing over the loch from the other side, which place is called Inversnaid."

"Oh how interesting to have seen the

very place where the Norwegians dragged their boats, and where Robert Bruce had been!"

"You will think Loch Lomond a still more interesting place, when I have told something more connected with it. At Inversnaid, which, you understand, is on the other side of the loch, opposite to Tarbet, there was formerly a fortress where a great soldier named General Wolfe was quartered or stationed, when he was a young man."

"Was he killed there?"

"No, he died in battle at Canada, after gaining a victory over the French. There is also another well known person who resided on the banks of the lake."

"Who was that?"

"Rob Roy. There is a cave near Inversnaid close to the loch which belonged to him."

"Did you see it?"

"Yes, there is a large piece of rock, which seems to cover it, and is very easily

seen from Tarbet. In this same cave Bruce also sheltered himself before he crossed the loch."

"Now, who was Rob Roy, aunty?"

"Rob Roy Macgregor belonged to a powerful and very ancient clan or family, said to have descended from Alpin King of Scots, who lived about 787."

"What a long time ago!"

"Sometimes they are called the clan Alpin, and are one of the oldest clans in the Highlands. They had large possessions in Perthshire and Argyleshire; but they were always fighting with their neighbours the Earls of Argyle and Breadalbane in order to keep possession of them. In the reign of Queen Mary of Scotland in 1563, an order was given to pursue the clan with fire and sword, and forbidding any one to render them any assistance of meat, drink, or clothes."

"What a cruel order!"

"They were thus gradually deprived of their lands and goods, so they thought it

right to rob, and sometimes kill those who had caused them to be deprived of their own. At last there was a great battle between the Macgregors and another clan, called the Colquhouns, at Glenfruin, (it is a glen or valley running down to Loch Lomond), it means 'the Glen of Sorrow,' when the Macgregors killed about two hundred and eighty of their enemies. In consequence of this, the Chief of the Macgregors was taken and executed; and the whole clan was ordered to drop the name of Macgregor, and take another instead, and whatever little property they had managed by their valour to keep, was taken from them."

"What name did they take then?"

"Different ones. Rob Roy called himself a Campbell; they however kept up a secret understanding amongst themselves by which they were able to keep up the clan, although they were obliged to carry different names."

"Do they still go by other names?"

"I will tell you. Rob Roy was born at Glengyle, which is at the head of Loch Katrine, being part of the country which formerly belonged to his clan. When he grew up he had large dealings in cattle; but in consequence of failures in his traffic, he became a cattle stealer. He used to pillage the rich and give to the poor. He lived afterwards at Inversnaid on the banks of Loch Lomond, where his prison is still to be seen; and under the name of Campbell, had property at Craig Roystan. After he left Inversnaid his house was burnt down, whilst his wife was still living there, and all his goods were seized."

"Who did all this?"

"The Duke of Montrose, who had lent Rob Roy money, and took this method to recover it."

"He lost every thing then?"

"Every thing,—all his things were sold, and he was obliged to hide himself in the Highlands."

"How miserable for his poor wife,

aunty, to have the house burnt and all the things taken away!"

"Yes, she was very unhappy at being obliged to leave the banks of Loch Lomond."

"What became of her?"

"She joined her husband, who, from this time lived entirely upon plunder. He had a band of men belonging to his clan, who helped him in all his daring robberies."

"It was very wrong of him to turn robber, aunty, but I think he was very unkindly used."

"Nothing justifies dishonesty, my dear. I heard several people praising Rob Roy, because they said 'he was so kind to the poor.' Whereas, he was a thief really; He gave that away which was not his own."

"I am sorry that a Macgregor turned robber."

"So am I, but do you think that any one would be saved for merely being honest?"

"No, dear aunty. I know that people must be saved by faith alone, in the Lord Jesus Christ."

"True, my love—by faith alone; but may people live in sin because they are saved by faith?"

"Oh no, they must shew their faith by their works."

"And where do you find that in Scripture?"

"In the second chapter of the Epistle of James."

"Quite right."

"But to return to Rob Roy.—Was he killed at last?"

"No; he died in old age at Balquhidder, which formerly was a part of the possessions belonging to his clan; there is a tombstone over his grave with a sword graved upon it."

"I wonder that he was not taken prisoner for his thefts!"

"He was, several times, but he always

managed to escape. Once he was surprised by the Duke of Montrose, and secured."

"What did they do to him?"

"They fastened him behind a soldier on horseback with a horse-girth."

"You mean the belt which fastens on the horse's saddle?"

"Yes; it was evening, and the Duke was anxious to get him safely in prison before night. They had to cross a river, when Rob Roy, in a whisper, intreated Stewart, (that was the soldier's name), as an old friend to let him go. Stewart at last pitied him and loosened the girth. Rob Roy slipped down from the horse, fell into the river and dived, managing very cleverly to throw off his plaid. In this manner he got away, and the soldiers kept firing at the plaid whilst he swam down the river unnoticed."

"That was a narrow escape, indeed! Can't you tell me of another?"

"No, indeed, we have been quite long

enough upon the subject of Rob Roy Macgregor's history."

"But do just tell me whether there are any people called Macgregor now."

"Yes; the clan were permitted to take their proper name again in 1755. It is now time to go home, my dear; there's the carriage, jump in!"

They were soon comfortably located in —— Square.

CHAPTER IX.

Loch Lomond—Ben Lomond—The Cobbler—The Tarbet—Loch Long—Glen Croe—Rest-and-be-Thankful—Loch Fyne—Inverary Castle—Duniquoich—Inverary Castle—The Duke's Piper—Travelling Adventures—A Glass of Cold Water—Reflections.

"YOU have not told me what else is to be seen at Loch Lomond, aunty," said little Lucy as soon as she could find Mrs Lovechild, who was coming down stairs with a number of pictures in her hand.

"But I will," replied Mrs Lovechild, "and I have brought these pictures that you may better understand what I shall describe. This is Loch Lomond. You see it is surrounded by majestic, high mountains, the highest of which is Ben Lomond; it is 3190 feet high, and when people are on the top of it they can see the river Clyde, the placid lake beneath,

the mountains of Arrochar, Stirlingshire, and the Frith of Forth to the German Ocean."

"I should like to know the names of the other mountains too, aunty?"

"The highest of them are Benvoirlich, Benvenue, and Ben-arthur, or the Cobbler."

"The Cobbler? what a name!"

"Yes; it is called so because there are some oddly formed rocks on the tip-top, which people fancy look like a cobbler with his awl, and being higher than those mountains which are round about it, it may be seen in all directions."

"I see some islands in the lake, aunty."

"There are many. One of them, called 'Inch Murrin,' is two miles in length and one mile in breadth, upon which are the ruins of a castle where the Lennox family used to reside."

"Then I dare say, Aunty, that when Lord Lennox met with Robert Bruce, in

the woods close by, he was living in that very castle!"

"Undoubtedly he was."

"Did you stay long at Loch Lomond?"

"We went there three times, and took our rooms at the Tarbet inn, where, I am happy to tell you, there is a Bible always put into every room in the house."

"Then I should think the people who keep the inn must be pious!"

"I should think so too! One morning we started from the Tarbet in a coach, as they called it, something like an open van, with seats across. We drove at full speed through Arrochar."

"Then you must have gone through the wooded place again where the Norwegians dragged their boats, and where Robert Bruce went."

"Exactly so. We passed along the head of Loch Long, and went round to the other side of the lake. Then we turned off to the right into a place called Glen Croe, which is a wild, rocky, desolate,

narrow vale about seven miles long, with tremendous mountains on each side. There were several ruins of what appeared to have been huts, and little patches of ground surrounding them, these had formerly belonged to the Highlanders."

"Perhaps Rob Roy had been there."

"No doubt he had, for this was one of his hiding-places. There was nothing moving but ourselves in this dismal, solitary place. The only living things were an occasional wild flower or a fern."

"You must have been glad to get out of the Glen, I should think, aunty?"

"Why, it was rather tedious, because we were going up hill and the horses therefore obliged to walk, as, indeed, were the passengers."

"Was it a rough road?"

"No; it is a beautiful one now, and was made by an English General named Wade, a little more than a hundred years ago. There are several of those fine roads, which were made through the wildest

parts of the Highlands at the time when they were infested with such men as Rob Roy, and so enabled the Government to send troops whenever and wherever they were wanted, and were of great use in putting down the turbulence of the Highlanders."

"Was the hill going up all the way to the end of the glen?"

"We went up the steepest part of it just before we came to a large stone, about three miles from the entrance of the glen, where we saw several people sitting down."

"People? I thought you said you were the only living things there!"

"Some were travellers like ourselves, who had gone to see this wild spot where the robbers used to hide themselves. Others appeared to be drovers, who had to pass through the glen on business. All, however, were resting after the toilsome work of walking up the long, long ascent, and were sitting as I said before

upon a stone seat called 'Rest-and-be-thankful.'"

"Who called it so?"

"General Wade, who caused his soldiers to make it, and had these words engraved upon it—'Rest-and-be-Thankful.'"

"That was very kind of him!"

"It was, indeed! but, after all, those people were obliged to pursue their wearisome journey, and only felt the benefit of the 'Rest' for a short time. How different that rest which is offered to sinners, whether they be children or grown-up people, for that will last for ever."

"I learnt a text this morning which says, 'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"Where is that written, dear?"

"In the eleventh of Matthew, the 28th verse."

"And who says this?"

"The Lord Jesus Christ. I wonder if any of those people knew any thing about that rest?"

"I don't know; every one seemed inclined to be silent, like the place itself."

"I suppose the dreary place made them so."

"Probably. After we had rested for some time, we proceeded—the road became less and less difficult, till at last we drove by the side of a very long lake, which is called Loch Fyne, and which is famous for its herring fishery. Then we came to Inverary."

"Is Inverary a town?"

"Look into the map—there is Argyleshire. There is Inverary. It was made a royal burgh by Charles the First of England, when he was a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, (which, you know, is in the Isle of Wight,) but the inhabitants look upon the Duke of Argyle as their head."

"Does the Duke of Argyle live there, then?"

"Yes—Inverary Castle with its surrounding scenery, all of which belongs to the Duke, is one of the most beautiful places in that part of Scotland. The

castle is built of blue granite, on the banks of Loch Fyne. When it rains the stone turns quite black, which gives the castle a very remarkable appearance when contrasted with the hill of Duniquoich, which is 700 feet high, with an observavatory at the top, and the other rising grounds and lofty mountains."

"What hard names the Scotch people choose for their places!"

"I assure you that I found it very difficult to understand every thing that the Duke of Argyle's piper said to me when I went to see the castle and grounds."

"What did he say, aunty?"

"When I was going in at the gate, I saw a little fellow, about six years old, who opened it, dressed as a highlander, with a younger child in a plaid dress. They looked very merry, After giving them a small present of money, I walked on to the castle, and saw a man at a distance among the slopes and trees, in complete Highland costume. By and by, he came

nearer to me, and began talking very quickly to me about 'Te Tuke.'"

"'Te Tuke,'—what did he mean?"

"I guessed that he meant the Duke, and gathered with some difficulty that he was telling me that I was not to go any further without his accompanying me."

"Was he the Duke's piper?"

"Yes—but I did not hear him play."

"How long did you stay at Inverary?"

"Only one night. Early the next morning we crossed over Loch Fyne, to a place called St Katherine's, and mounted one of the odd coaches again. The part which we occupied, happily, had a cover over it, so that in case of rain we were protected; but there were numbers of people who, like ourselves, were going to see the beautiful country, who not only were without the covering, but were likewise unable to procure a seat on the coach."

"What did they do?"

"A large cart was produced, into which they nearly all got, and followed us, jolting all the way."

"How you must have laughed to have seen them in the cart!"

"It was no laughing matter for them I assure you, for it soon began to pour with a heavy rain; so that notwithstanding all their attempts to cover themselves with whatever they could find, they appeared to be sadly drenched; whilst two gentlemen who had not been able to secure seats in the cart, were obliged to walk. Every now and then we saw them as we were going slowly over the dangerous sides of the rocks."

"I hope the gentlemen had umbrellas, aunty."

"No, indeed, they had not. They took off their coats which they carried under their arms and walked without. By this means they kept the inside of the coat dry, and when the rain left off, the mountain breezes soon enabled them to put on the dry coat."

"You said something about the dangerous paths. I thought that General Wade

had made such beautiful roads through the Highlands."

"He made several, but not in the pass through which we were then travelling, which was on the side of rocks. Sometimes it was frightful to see the deep chasm beneath on one side of us, a tremendous rock on the other, and only a very narrow broken road cut out of the rock over which we had to pass, and we seemed every minute as though we must fall into the stream which flows at the bottom of the abyss."

"I'm so glad I was not with you, aunty; I know I should have screamed."

"We were obliged to sit very quietly, when suddenly we stopped—"

"What for?"

"There was a little girl standing there with a can of water and a glass, in order to refresh the travellers in their journey."

"Did you taste it?"

"Yes. It is said to be the coldest water in all Scotland. It was brought from the

stream beneath. I should think it would remind you of some other water which came out of a rock."

"Oh yes, aunty! when the Israelites were in the wilderness, and the waters gushed out of the rock and followed them."

"And what is that Rock said to be?"

"Christ."

"Can you remember the words which says so?"

"That Rock was Christ."

"Yes, you find it in the tenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, and at the fourth verse, where it says, 'they drank of that spiritual rock which followed them, and that Rock was Christ.' I think you can tell me also what water typifies in the Holy Scriptures?"

"The Holy Spirit," said Lucy.

"You were reading yesterday a conversation which took place about 'water.' Tell me what it was."

"You mean between the Lord Jesus Christ and the woman of Samaria!"

"Yes; what did the Lord say to her?"

"He said that if she had asked Him to give her drink, He would have given her living water."

"And did He say any thing about that living water?"

"He said that whosoever drank of it should never thirst, but that it should be in him 'a well of water springing up into everlasting life.'"

"Now, my dear, we had to pay the little girl for the water she gave us (and she deserved it for her trouble), but I think you can tell me a text which says—"

"'Without money and without price,'" exclaimed Lucy, not waiting for her aunt to finish her sentence.

"Yes, but you should have told me that the invitation is given in the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, which begins, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,' and you know that unless every one thirsts for that living water they can-

not be saved; perhaps you may remember a text to prove that."

"'Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.'"

"Quite right, my dear, that is to be found, you know, in the third chapter of John, a part of which you have learnt by heart."

"Yes, aunty, I have learnt it all."

"I am glad to hear it. But you must bear in mind that the mere knowing and hearing of these things is of no use unless we all, *you* and *I*, drink of that living water, of which 'whosoever drinks shall never thirst again.'"

CHAPTER X.

Lochgoilhead—Ardentinney—Mishaps—Arrochar—A Ride in a Dog Cart—Inversnaid—A Waterfall—Glen Gyle—Loch Katrine—The Trossachs.

"Now, Lucy, make haste and take off your bonnet, we shall just have an hour before dinner to go a little farther into the Highlands."

"Yes, aunty," answered Lucy, "I will will be with you in five minutes."

Accordingly she was seated again in her little chair beside Mrs Lovechild, with her workbox and map, &c.

"You left off with the little girl giving you water from the stream," said Lucy.

"Well, after we left the little girl," replied Mrs Lovechild, "we continued our difficult and hazardous journey, the road soon became wider, and we saw at a distance a small hut from which the little

girl had walked to get the water for us; so that although the scenery was wild and beautiful, it had more the appearance of human beings having something to do with it, than the pass through which we journeyed the day before."

"Had it ceased raining, then, aunty?"

"Yes; the sun shone brilliantly, and when we arrived at Lochgoilhead, our fellow-travellers in the cart made a laughable appearance, one with a crushed bonnet, another putting on a coat, and all seeming as though they were very unused to such rough travelling."

"And how did you get from there, aunty?"

"We all got into a steam-boat which was going to Glasgow. Now look into your map. You see Loch Goil?"

"Yes."

"It runs into Loch Long, which is an arm of the sea."

"Here is Loch Long."

"See if you can find a little village on the coast, called Ardentinney."

"Ardentinney—I have found it!"

"Very well, instead of going on to Glasgow, we told the captain to put us down there, because he had said we should find another steam-boat which would pass by and take us up Loch Long to Arrochar. Accordingly we got into a small boat, and were soon put on shore at Ardentinney, which is a very pretty little place, but we were much dismayed by hearing that the captain had misinformed us, for the boat for Arrochar had passed at nine o'clock in the morning!"

"Dear aunty, what did you do?"

"We were obliged to go all the way in a little tiny sailing boat."

"How far had you to sail?"

"Twenty miles; and as the clouds looked very black, and it was getting late, it was not a very agreeable prospect to be several hours in an open boat."

"What would you have done had it rained?"

"It soon began to pour with rain, and we were as badly off as the people had been the day before in the cart. However, every thing that could be found was wrapped around me, and as we had an umbrella, I was not wet, although the boat was drenched, as were the men."

"You must have been glad when you finished your sail!"

"Yes, for it was very tedious, as a dead calm came on, and then the men were obliged to take down the sails, and row the boat."

"This is the only disagreeable part of your Scotch trip, I think, aunty."

"We enjoyed even this, my dear, for the scenery was so lovely, that we could not help forgetting our discomfort at times."

"Did you get to Arrochar that night?"

"After about five hours' sailing and rowing, we arrived near the head of Loch Long. To increase our troubles, the tide

was out, so that the boat could not proceed, and we had to walk through wet mud and sand, the rain pouring in torrents all the time, until we reached the little inn, which is at the head of the Loch, and which, you know, is Arrochar."

"But you still had farther to go, if you intended going on to Loch Lomond?"

"We were obliged to proceed, as our rooms were prepared for us at Tarbet, and indeed the inn at Arrochar was quite full."

"How did you get there?"

"We had some difficulty in managing that, as there was not a carriage to be had, and we could not walk."

"Poor aunty! how miserable for you!"

"In a few minutes a man came and said he had found a dog-cart which we might have."

"A dog-cart!"

"Yes, a dog-cart, which is a high, open chaise, such as gentlemen use for sporting, and this we mounted, not sorry to be

quietly seated again at the tranquil Tarbet."

"I should think so indeed."

"But although we were so fatigued and it was so late, Loch Lomond with its majestic mountains appeared so beautiful, whilst the moon was reflected in the lake, that we could not help gazing upon them for a long, long time."

"Did you go over the places about the lake, aunty?"

"We had not time to visit every part of it, but the next morning we crossed over to Inversnaid."

"I remember, that was Rob Roy's place, and where Bruce crossed over in the old crazy boat."

"Yes. And there is a grand cascade near the landing-place, the water of which makes such a noise that it may be heard at a great distance, and the road, which lies up a steep hill, was covered with water running from different springs."

"Not very pleasant to walk upon, aunty!"

"There was no help for us, dear, we were told that we must go up the hill and then we should find a coach waiting for passengers."

"Were there any other people travelling with you then?"

"Yes, several joined us from the Tarbet, but the hill was so steep that our party could not get up it, so that I and another lady went on first that we might secure places in the so-called coach. At last we were obliged to stop and lean against a piece of the rock; all at once we heard a great number of merry voices, and soon saw several ladies and gentlemen coming down the hill very quickly."

"I suppose they found it much easier to go down than you did to go up!"

"We thought so, indeed. One of the party, a gentleman, who saw us looking so weary, very kindly came to us and offered to help us up to the top, as he

said the coach was going soon, and there would be no room for us if we did not make haste."

"What a kind gentleman!"

"Indeed he was, I don't know what we should have done without him, for he took us safely to the coach, and after handing us to our seats, returned to join his friends."

"Then did you go on alone?"

"Oh no! we told the driver that he must keep seats for our party, and wait until they arrived at the mountain top."

"I wonder that he would wait, aunty."

"He said he could not, he must go on directly."

"Wer'n't you frightened?"

"I should have been, had I not seen some of them at that moment coming up near the top, and soon after they were all seated on the curious coach, whilst many of the travellers were obliged to walk."

"Poor things! they were not very fit

to take a long walk after going up that hill, I think."

"No, they were not; but when people travel, they must make up their minds to a few hardships."

"I hope you had no rain this time."

"No, the weather was beautiful, and the scenery quite different from any we had yet seen; we were riding on the tops of mountains for a long time, seeing no human being, as usual. After a romantic drive we arrived at Glen Gyle, which is at the head of Loch Katrine."

"Glen Gyle? I am sure you told me something about Glen Gyle before."

"I did—somebody was born there."

"Oh, I remember, Rob Roy."

"Yes. We had to wait there a considerable time, so that we were able to look well at the spot."

"Did you see any house there?"

"There was a kind of inn which is there for the use of visitors who go to and from Loch Katrine."

"Is that a pretty lake?"

"It is the most beautiful of all the lakes in Scotland."

"Did you like it better than your favourite Loch Lomond?"

"It is not so large, neither is it so grand as Loch Lomond, but it is most lovely."

"Did you go on it?"

"Yes, we did. After waiting, as I told you, for some time, a little steamboat made its appearance, which was called 'the Rob Roy,' and we were soon going quickly down the lake, a Scotch piper playing his Highland tunes all the way."

"Oh how I should have liked that! was it a long lake?"

"Loch Katrine is about ten miles long, and about two miles broad in some parts. There are several islands upon it. On one of them there are the remains of the castle of the Macgregors. One is called 'Ellen's Isle.' I shall have something to tell you of that pretty island by and by. The rocks on all sides are covered with

many-coloured heaths, aspen trees, and coppice wood. Whilst the spray from the water plays upon the delicately white pebbles which lie on the beach, and makes it look like silver when the sun is shining upon it."

"I should like that better than the sea-side, I am sure, aunty! Did not you go there very often?"

"Yes, when we were at the Trossachs!"

"Trossachs! what an ugly name!"

"To-morrow we will go there, and perhaps you will like the place better than the name of it."

CHAPTER XI.

The Trossachs — Benvenue — Loch Achray — The Bridge of Turk—Duncraggon—Loch Katrine—Ellen's Isle—A Daring Woman—Glen Finlass—Callander—The Grampians—Stirling Castle—The Lions' Den—Bannockburn.

"I HAVE been asking Miss Teachwell to tell me what the Trossachs are, aunty," said Lucy when she came for her usual hour with Mrs Lovechild, "but she will not satisfy my curiosity."

"Perhaps you will be disappointed, my dear," replied her aunt, "when you hear that it is only a very romantic mountain vale, and is called a pass, which we entered when we left the Rob Roy steamboat. It is nearly two miles long. The mountain of Benvenue on one side, and Benan on the other. There are trees growing on most of the huge rocks, and all kinds of heather and brushwood mixing in with them."

"Did you walk through the pass?"

"No, we rode in an open carriage—sometimes we went very quickly through the wooded pass, at other times slowly as the ground was not level. When we came to an opening through the rocks and trees, we found we were on the side of Loch Achray—so we had the lake on our right, and the mountain close on our left. We crossed over the Bridge of Turk, and then came to a hamlet called Duncraggon, where there are numbers of tiny cottages covered with green moss, Loch Achray at one end, Loch Venachar at the other. Benvenue, Benan, and many other mountains all round, the water of Turk running swiftly through the quiet green which lay before us."

"Did you see any people there?"

"Many barefooted women and girls were to be seen in all directions. There was an old man very lame, who had been the guide to Sir Walter Scott, when he was writing poetry about the scenery of

the Highlands. He lived at the entrance of Glen Finlass, which is one of the chief beauties about Duncraggon."

"Did you see it?"

"Yes, there is a very rugged path which lies between the mountains, with rushing water and cascades beneath. I saw a comfortable-looking farm on one side which belonged to the last descendant of a family named Stewart."

"That was the name of the man who let Rob Roy down into the water when he escaped from the Duke of Montrose."

"He was one of this family, but there is something better worth remembering about these Stewarts."

"What is it?"

"I must go back to Loch Katrine for that; as the curious history is connected with Ellen's Isle, about which I said I would tell you."

"Oh, I remember—did you go on the little island?"

"Yes, we landed on it one day after

rowing about the beautiful lake in a boat, and we were very much interested in seeing the actual spot where the occurrence took place of which I am going to tell you, according to my promise. On one occasion when Oliver Cromwell's army had overrun the country, all the women and children had been removed by the Scotch to this island for safety."

"But why could not Oliver Cromwell send over his soldiers in a boat to land on it as you did?"

"Wait a moment, and you will hear. I was going to say that all the boats from every part of the lake had been taken over to the Island, so that Oliver Cromwell could not have found one anywhere."

"Oh then, they were quite safe!"

"Why they were very near being overcome; for one of the English soldiers, a daring fellow, swam across, intending to seize a boat and bring it back for his comrades to row back in. All eyes were fixed upon him, as with a strong arm he

parted the clear waters, and neared the little island. The women were filled with fear and terror,—the soldiers on the mountains with exultation. The man had just reached the island, and laying his arm on the rock, he was about to spring on shore."

"Oh dear, how frightened the poor dear women must have been!"

"Not all of them. One woman, Ellen Stewart by name, suddenly rushed forward, and with a dagger or weapon of some kind, struck the invader, and he fell back into the lake never to rise again."

"What a dreadful thing for a woman to do, aunty!"

"We may well be thankful, my child, that we live in a peaceful land."

"Did you see any of Ellen's family?"

"I saw one day a long funeral procession winding from Glen Finlass. All kinds of vehicles were following the hearse, which slowly moved, and formed a great contrast with the brilliant green which

covered the mountains through which the cavalcade was winding."

"Who was the dead person?"

"It was the owner of the farm I mentioned having seen in the glen; and he was the last descendant of Ellen Stewart's family."

"Where was he buried?"

"At Callander, a quiet little village at the base or bottom of Benledi, which is one of the Grampians."

"I never heard of the Grampians before."

"I was going to tell you that the Grampians are mountains which extend from sea to sea, with a breath varying from twenty to sixty miles; and some of the highest in Great Britain are found there."

"Do tell me some of their names!"

"Ben Nevis, in Inverness-shire, which rises to the height of 4416 feet; Ben Macdhui, in Aberdeenshire, to 4413; Cairntoul, to 4245; Cairngorm, in Banffshire, to 4050 feet; Ben Lawers, in Perthshire,

to 3945; and Schiehallion, 3613 above the level of the sea. There are other mountains parallel to, or even with the Grampian range of mountain, which are much smaller. The Highlands are separated from the Lowlands by the Grampians."

"I wish you would repeat to me what you were telling that lady, who called the other day, about the Highlands!"

"My dear, I was only describing to her the beauty of the scenery, with its savage mountain precipice, the wild and clear lake, the rushing stream, and hanging wood, whilst the air was deliciously scented with the perfume of the mountain covering, thereby yielding exquisite delight; but I should not think you would be much amused with such descriptions."

"Indeed, aunty, I like it very much, but I think you have told me enough about the scenery."

"Well, then, we will go on to Stirling Castle, which was the next place we went to."

"I like to hear about castles and those kinds of things!"

"Stirling Castle is built, like that of Edinburgh, upon a high rock, and is seen by water and by land for miles and miles."

"When was it built, aunty?"

"I don't exactly know. It was a fortress in 975, when Kenneth the III. was in possession of the rock. It was constituted a royal residence by Alexander the First, in 1164. When Wallace gained a great victory over the English in 1297, he became master of it. And in 1314, when, you know, Edward the Second was defeated at Bannockburn, his troops, which formed the garrison at the castle, had the mortification of seeing from its height the disaster of their king."

"Excuse me for interrupting, aunty, but who was Wallace?"

"I will tell you directly, but let me finish the castle first, by introducing you to a square court within its centre, called the Lions' Den."

"Were there any lions in it?"

"Not when we were there; but in the reign of James the Fifth of Scotland, there were several kept in the den, and the accounts are now preserved of the expenses for feeding these animals."

"How came James the Fifth to have such dangerous animals in his castle?"

"He received them as complimentary presents, in the same manner that baby accepted the donkey which you bought at the bazaar yesterday."

"I am sure I would rather have the donkey than living lions in the house."

"So would most people, my dear! but we must leave off now, and begin Wallace to-morrow."

CHAPTER XII.

Sir William Wallace—His banishment—His Band—Joined by the Nobles—Surprises the Justiciary—Desertion of the Nobles—Sir Andrew Moray of Bothwell—The Battle of Stirling—England invaded A Midnight Adventure, or the King and his Horse — Treachery — Wallace betrayed — His sad death.

"Now, Lucy, you may come to me a little earlier to-day, as I wish to be able to finish the history of the greatest patriot Scotland ever had without interruption."

"Do you mean that Wallace was the greatest patriot, aunty?" said Lucy.

"Yes," replied Mrs Lovechild.

"Why, I should have thought that no one could be greater than Bruce!"

"You are mistaken, for Bruce was not always upright in his conduct; when I began to tell you his history, I left out

all that part which referred to his career before he aspired to the throne."

"I am so sorry to hear any thing against him; but still I think I must ask you to tell me what he did."

"Yes, you should know the real character of historical people, and therefore I must tell you that he was very changeable respecting his conduct towards England. He was really attached to his own country, but he was too selfish at this period to make a bold stand against the English. On the contrary, when he was summoned before the English king, Edward I., at Carlisle, he took an oath that he would continue to be faithful to the cause of Edward; and to give a proof of his fidelity he ravaged the estates of Sir William Douglas, then with Wallace, seized his wife and children, and carried them into Annandale. By this means he saved his own lands from being seized by King Edward."

"How did that save Bruce's lands?"

"Because Bruce had been suspected of unfaithfulness to Edward, which had it been proved, would have cost him the loss of every thing."

"If he was so deceitful, I think it would have served him right, aunty, particularly as he was so cruel to his own countrymen."

"I am afraid you will alter your opinion of your favourite King Robert Bruce, but you must not forget that although he acted so unworthily at this time he was a great man afterwards."

"But I don't like great men to do such mean things?"

"No, my love, neither do I, but you can learn a lesson from such things, and that is to be found in the Bible, in the 146th Psalm, the 3d verse, 'Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man.'"

"How long did Bruce remain faithful to the English?"

"You shall hear. As soon as he had quieted the English by his zeal against poor Sir William Douglas, he privately

assembled his father's retainers and urged them to follow him and join the brave men who had taken arms against the English. They, however, refused to accompany him, because their master, his father, was in the service of Edward. Robert did not mind this, but collected his own tenants, marched to join Wallace, and openly took arms against the English."

"I hope he did not change back again after that."

"You will hear; but I must now begin Wallace's history, and we shall soon come to Robert Bruce again."

"I think I shall like Wallace better than Bruce, now."

"Sir William Wallace was the second son of Sir Malcolm Wallace of Ellerslie, near Paisley. His family was neither rich nor noble, but it was respectable and ancient. In those days people used to think much of bodily strength and courage, so that any bold knight was sure to

be successful in gaining the confidence of his companions. Wallace was one of these; he had a strong iron frame,—I mean his body was a strong one,—and his height was almost gigantic; his personal strength was superior to that of the strongest men. He was a violent man, and hated the English, because they were at this time very domineering over Scotland. He had an uncle who was never tired of praising the sweets of liberty and lamenting the wretchedness of dependence, so that from his earliest years he had entertained the greatest antipathy to the English."

"Was he older than Bruce?"

"Yes; he was born in 1276. His intrepid character shewed itself first in a quarrel which took place in the town of Lanark, when some of the English officers insulted him; this led to bloodshed; and he was obliged to fly, and was proclaimed a traitor, banished his home, and driven to seek his safety in the wilds

and fastnesses of his country. Here he collected by degrees a little band, composed at first of a few brave men of desperate fortunes, who, from their love of liberty, were obliged to obtain subsistence in their seclusion as they could; sometimes, unhappily, by plunder. These men chose Wallace as their chief, for none of them were as yet from among the nobility or barons, and they were very fond of him, because he was a great man, compared to them, and besides which they admired him so much because of his great strength and personal courage. He also thirsted so much for vengeance against the English, that they greatly delighted in their choice, and they were not disappointed respecting him. He laid his plans with so much judgment, that in his first attacks against straggling parties of the English, he was generally successful; and if unexpectedly surprised by numbers, his strength and bravery inspired his followers with so much ardour, that

they were enabled to overpower every effort which was made against them. It was during this time that he became acquainted with the strongest passes of the country, and gained habits of command over the fierce and turbulent spirits of the men he had under him; whilst these very men began to feel such an undoubted confidence in him as their leader, that they did not mind the fatigue and privation which they had to endure, because they were conscious of the benefits they received under his discipline."

"I wonder that more of the Scotch did not join them!"

"At first, a very few had joined this desperate band; but when it was found that they met with such constant success, numbers flocked to them and joined in the revolt against the English."

"Did any of the nobles join Wallace, too?"

"Yes, he was soon at the head of a great body of Scottish exiles. Sir William

Douglas was one of them, who had been taken prisoner at the siege of Berwick, and afterwards restored to liberty, upon his swearing to be faithful to Edward; he, however, disregarded his oath, and with his numerous vassals, joined Wallace. Ormsby, the English Justiciary, was holding his court at Scone—"

"What is a Justiciary, aunty?"

"A judge exercising high authority from the king. At the same time, Surrey, whom King Edward had made guardian of Scotland, was gone to England to attend the Parliament. Wallace made a very quick march and surprised the Justiciary, dispersed his followers, took many prisoners, and a rich booty, although he had the greatest difficulty to escape."

"I should think that the English did not like Wallace much!"

"He certainly gave them some trouble, and his little army felt such fresh confidence from this success, that they more openly and boldly ravaged the country,

killing every Englishman they could find. Afterwards, some of the most powerful of the nobility joined them, and they gained many successes, but they committed great cruelties upon those whom they conquered."

"Was Bruce with them then?"

"No. It was about this time that he joined them, and Edward finding that they were becoming so powerful, commanded the Earl of Surrey to call forth a military force, and reduce the insurrection without delay."

"Did they put it down?"

"No; it was no easy matter. The Earl of Surrey sent his nephew Henry Percy before him into Scotland at the head of a large army, and they marched through the Annandale to Lochmaben; but during the night his encampment was attacked suddenly by the Scots, who were furious, and as it was very dark, Percy's men knew not how to manage, so they set fire to the wooden houses in which they

had been sleeping, and by the blaze of light thus occasioned, they were able to find their banners, and this time repulsed the Scotch."

"Was Wallace there himself?"

"No; but early the next morning, Percy hearing that the Scottish army was only three or four miles distant, advanced to Irvine, and saw their squadron drawn up nearly opposite to him by a small lake. Just at this time the leaders of the Scotch army began to dispute one with another, and although Wallace was there to direct them, these barons were so proud that they did not choose to be commanded by him; and, accordingly, several of the chiefs, being anxious to secure their lands, went over with their followers to the army of Percy."

"I hope Bruce was not one of them!"

"Indeed, he was. Sir Richard Lundin, a Scottish knight, the Steward of Scotland, and his brother Alexander de Lindsay, Sir William Douglas, and others, made submission to King Edward, and entreated

his forgiveness for all the slaughters and robberies they had been guilty of committing."

"How very cowardly of them to leave Wallace in such a manner; wasn't he angry with them?"

"He was very much annoyed, and put himself at the head of his tried followers, and retired with disgust to the north: he had treated all proposals of submission with high disdain. One baron only remained with him."

"I am sure you ought to tell me his name!"

"It was Sir Andrew Moray of Bothwell."

"I suppose Wallace could not fight much longer after losing so many of the leaders!"

"Wait a little and you will learn what he was able to do. He recruited his army, and found that although the chiefs had left him; to follow the King of England, the common people were with him, and such an immense multitude joined his

party, that he was obeyed by the people as though he had been a prince."

"Perhaps he wanted to be King of Scotland."

"No, I believe it was only the desire to free his country from the English yoke which actuated him. By this time he had got a powerful army, and expelled the English from several castles, Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, and other strongholds. He had received intelligence that the English were approaching towards Stirling, under the command of the Earl of Surrey, just as he was about to besiege the castle of Dundee; and as he was well acquainted with the country about there, he made haste to choose the highest and most favourable ground to fight upon, for himself. Accordingly he secured the high ground on the river Forth, above Cambuskenneth, before the English had reached the other side of the river."

"Had the English a large army too?"

"Yes, much larger than that of Wal-

lace, who wanted to induce the main body of the English to pass the bridge, and then he meant to attack them before they had time to form. The Scottish barons, who had joined the English army, were there, and were secretly tampering with Wallace, and thus weakened the power of Edward's army."

Those Scotch barons were not much to be depended on, I think!"

"Well, the Earl of Surrey as a last resource, sent over two friars to propose terms to Wallace, and I will tell you the answer he sent back. 'Return to your friends, and tell them that we came here with no peaceful intent, but ready for battle, and determined to avenge our own wrongs and set our country free. Let your masters come and attack us: we are ready to meet them.'"

"He was very bold, aunty!"

"He knew that he had chosen a good position, and that the English had those wavering Scotch barons with them, and

felt pretty sure of victory if the enemy attempted to cross the bridge."

"Did they cross it?"

"They were so angry at Wallace's message that they wanted to cross it at once, but a veteran soldier, Sir Richard Lundin, advised them not, as he felt sure they would be throwing away their lives, but they did not mind what he said. Accordingly he proved to be right, for as soon as half the army had crossed the bridge, a party of the Scotch came behind them and separated them from the other half of the English force."

"Oh, the poor English were in great danger then!

"They were indeed! Wallace, as soon as he saw that the English army had been thus divided, rushed rapidly down from his high ground, and attacking them, cut many of them to pieces, and gained the battle. It is also said that he had previously ordered the bridge, (which was a wooden one), to be sawn asunder and then

supported with beams until part of the English army had passed, then a man who was concealed underneath, by some means caused the beams to fall, and down went the bridge. Numbers perished in the river, and the slaughter was so great that some of the Scottish nobles, who were allies of the King of England, turned round to Wallace's side and assisted in destroying and plundering the English."

"I should not have cared about having them back if I had been Wallace, after this great victory at Stirling."

"Very soon after this all the fortresses and castles in Scotland were taken from Edward by this single man, who not only had no help from the nobles of the country, but had been actually opposed by them, for they were jealous of his military renown and great popularity. However, he marched with his army, which was a very great one by this time, into Northumberland, and frightened the people

there so much that they ran away and left their houses all empty."

"Did he conquer England then?"

"Oh no; but he did a great deal of mischief in the northern part of England, for which Lord Robert Clifford collected a large number of troops from Carlisle and Cumberland and invaded the Annandale; he burnt the houses and the town of Annan, and killed all that came under the power of his vengeance."

"How did Robert Bruce like that?"

"Why, he was so angry that he immediately deserted the cause of Edward again and joined himself to the patriots."

"It is to be hoped that this was his last change."

"He was by no means satisfactory yet in his conduct, as you will hear; for he and all the other nobles were jealous and envious of Wallace, because he had been made governor-general of Scotland; they despised him because he was not a nobleman; and they did all they could to

thwart him in his endeavour to make the Scottish people free."

"Then I think it was very silly of them if they really wanted to be free."

"The right way is always the best and the safest; through their folly Wallace was unable to carry out all his excellent plans, otherwise they might have finally thrown off the English yoke; for although King Edward came against the Scots with a tremendously large army, Wallace was such a good general that he distressed the English greatly, so that they were obliged to retreat: just at this time the nobles again betrayed their country by going over to the English, and offering to bring them to a place where they might surprise Wallace."

"I would not have believed them if I had been King of England!"

"He did though, and immediately set out with his army, hoping to take Wallace; but I must tell you that they had a great fright in the night, for being very much

tired with their long marches they lay down to rest a little. Suddenly there was a great cry, and what was the matter?"

"What was it, aunty?"

"The king had been waked by a violent blow on his side; he cried out, and then his soldiers also cried out, that their king was wounded, by which the rest of the army thought that the enemy was down upon them, and immediately armed themselves; when it turned out to be, that the king's horse, which had been held by a page near the king, had thought proper to put his foot upon his master's side!"

"Very disrespectful of the horse," said Lucy laughing. "Was the king hurt?"

"Only slightly, for he soon mounted his horse and proceeded to Falkirk, and there found Wallace's army, which was very inferior in numbers to that of Edward. In addition to this, some of the generals were of the nobles, and he feared that they were not to be depended upon; and his suspicions were correct, for as soon

as the English attacked them, they retired with their men, without striking a blow."

"What a shame!"

"Overpowered by treachery and numbers, poor Wallace was obliged to retreat with the remains of his army to Stirling, and burnt the town."

"Why did they do that?"

"Because they were unable to defend it against Edward; and by doing so, not only at Stirling but several other places, Wallace knew that the English would be distressed for want of food and other necessaries, and must therefore be obliged to go back again; and he was right, for Edward went to many towns, and found that they had been destroyed by fire. All this time Bruce was at Ayr, and as soon as he found that the King was coming there, he set fire to the castle and ran away."

"Oh that changeable Bruce!"

"The King punished him by going to Lochmaben, after having destroyed all

the property he could, which belonged to such an unfaithful baron as Bruce ; but he could not remain there long, as the army were suffering from want of provisions. He therefore proceeded to Carlisle without having subdued the Scotch, although he had taken the greatest army into Scotland that had ever invaded it."

"Where was Wallace all this time?"

"He was so disgusted with the conduct of the barons and nobility, who by their jealousy brought ruin and distress upon the people, that he gave up the office of Governor-General of Scotland. For eight years afterwards he is not mentioned in Scottish history. And now, although our time is expended, I think I must not leave off without describing Wallace's sad end."

"Oh, I'm so sorry his end was sad!"

"In 1304, the nobles, after stipulating that their lives and property might be spared, again made concessions to Edward. Wallace was the only man whom the King was determined not to spare."

"Did he then wish to give up, like the nobles?"

"Oh, no; he continued firm, and was compelled to hide himself in the wilds and mountains. The King, who hated him, was resolved to hunt down the only man who had continued faithful to Scotland. He offered a large sum to any who would find out where he was; indeed, he bribed those of the Scots whom he knew to be enemies of Wallace, to discover and betray this faithful hero. Accordingly, a man named Haliburton, joined with some other Scotchmen, by means of a treacherous servant who waited on Wallace, discovered the place of his retreat. Sir John Menteith, a Scottish baron of high rank, came to the house where he was, by night; seized him in bed, and delivered him up to Edward."

"How very treacherous of those Scotchmen!"

"It was, indeed. After all Wallace had done for his country, it was an ungrateful

return, which reminds one again of that text I mentioned——"

"Put not your trust in princes!"

"Yes. 'Nor in the sons of men.' Poor Wallace experienced sadly, that they are not to be depended upon."

"What became of him?"

"He was brought to London as a prisoner, and lodged one night at the house of William Delect, a citizen residing in Fenchurch Street. The next morning he was taken to Westminster Hall to receive his sentence. A crown of laurel was placed on his head in mockery, because he had been heard to say, that he 'deserved to wear a crown in that hall.' He was accused of high treason. Wallace was indignant at this charge, because he said that he never had sworn to be faithful to Edward, which was true enough. He was, however, condemned to be executed on the 23d of August."

"How did they kill him?"

"They took off the crown and chained

him, and had him dragged at the tails of horses all through the streets, until they came to West Smithfield, at a place called the Elms, and there they hanged him."

"Did they hang him upon the Elms?"

"I don't know whether there were any Elms there or not; he was hanged upon a high gallows."

"Then I think it was very cruel of Edward!"

"This is not all, for after this they tormented him besides, before he was dead; and when he was quite dead they cut off his head, and stuck it on a pole on London Bridge."

"Now, aunty, I am half sorry that I have heard poor Wallace's history, for I think he is the bravest of all the Scotchmen, and deserved to be better treated."

"I don't know what nurse will say to us, for I promised to send you out with her to take a basket of grapes to old Hannah."

"I will go directly, dear aunty, but I shan't be able to forget poor dear Wallace!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Stirling Bridge—The River Forth—Cambuskenneth Abbey—The Lost Bell—Alloa—Throsk—The Roman Wall—Culross Abbey—The King in the Coal Pit—Burntisland—Alexander III.—Maid of Norway—The Bruces and the Baliols—John Baliol—His Miserable Reign—An End of our Story.

"WELL, Lucy, I think you have heard enough of Scotland; shall we begin some other subject to-day?"

"Oh, please not, aunty. You have not left Stirling yet, and you promised to tell me all you saw."

"I am afraid I cannot remember all; and as I told you before, there is much which would not interest you were I to describe every thing; however, I will try to think of sufficient to occupy our hour this morning."

"I am not so fond of the Scotch people since I've heard of their ingratitude to poor Wallace—but still I like to hear about them."

"You must not blame the people, they were very fond of him. I told you that it was the nobles who disliked him, on account of his want of high birth, and they could not endure to have him placed over them, either as Governor-General, or as a commander."

"Did you see the bridge at Stirling where the battle was fought?"

"No; it has disappeared, all but a fragment or two; but we embarked at the very place in a boat, and in going down the River Forth passed Cambuskenneth Abbey, which I mentioned to you before."

"Oh yes,—when Wallace chose his ground for the battle of Stirling."

"Yes.—Cambuskenneth Abbey was once a very magnificent place, and is now a grand ruin. It was founded by King

David I. of Scotland in 1147, upon the banks of the Forth. A number of interesting events took place here at different times. I think you will be most amused when you hear of the fate of the great bell, which formerly belonged to this Abbey."

"What was done with it?"

"At the time when the Abbey was demolished——"

"Who demolished it?"

"I was going to tell you. The mob, at the Reformation; who were only anxious to preserve the great bell, which they intended removing from there to Stirling Castle. So they placed it in a boat; but the weight of it was so great that the boat sank, and the bell went to the bottom of the River Forth, where it has been ever since."

"I dare say you went over it, aunty."

"Most likely we did, as we were taken in the ferry-boat from Stirling down the

Forth, passing Cambuskenneth, until we met the steam-boat which was going to Edinburgh. We passed many interesting objects. There are two flat islands in the river, one called Alloa Inch, the other Tullibody Inch; they are frequented by numbers of waterfowl, such as wild ducks and gulls. After passing a place called Alloa, we saw a large fine mansion which is called Tullibody, and another called Shaw Park, from which there is an extensive view of the country. You can see from it, Tinto in Lanarkshire, Benlomond, Stirling Castle, the Forth, and many other places."

"I should like you to tell me something about Tinto."

"Not now, dear, as we must hastily touch upon the different places we passed on the Forth, and then come home to England."

"I shall be very sorry when you have finished Scotland."

"I should have told you that before passing Shaw Park we saw another mansion called Throsk, on the river side. The Romans, it is said, crossed the River Forth at Throsk, which is about a mile and a half above Alloa. Near this, is part of the remains of the famous Roman wall, which extended almost in a direct line from the Firth of Forth to the Firth of Clyde. It was constructed by Lollius Urbicus, who was a great commander under the Roman emperor Antoninus, somewhere about the year of our Lord 140: it was built to stop the incursions of the Celtic tribes. The rampart was about thirty feet high, and twenty-four feet thick, and was made of earth thrown out of a ditch about twenty feet deep, and forty feet wide; and in some parts there was stone put upon it."

"But you havn't told me what a rampart is."

"A rampart is a fortified wall. This

one is said to have been repaired three times before the 409."

"How long is the wall?"

"It was about thirty-seven miles in length; there were, besides, several forts, which, when they were built, had been placed exactly in the same spot where Agricola had previously built military works, who, you know, was a great commander also, under Nero."

"When did he live?"

"He was born in 40. It was about the year 78 that he built a chain of forts from the Clyde to the Forth, to prevent the incursions of the inhabitants of the North."

"Did you see all the remains of the forts?"

"No, dear, we were hastening on to Edinburgh, and had no time to stop anywhere. We passed, among other places, Culross Abbey, which is said to have been built in the reign of James VI.,—that is,

our James the First. There is a room in the abbey still known by the name of 'The King's Room.' It appears that there was a coal-mine near the abbey, underneath the Firth of Forth, and the coals used to be shipped at a moat, or ditch, which was also an entrance into the coal-pit, surrounded at high water. One day when the King was staying at Dunfermline, which was a favourite palace of the kings of Scotland, like our Windsor Castle—it is now in ruins—and amusing himself in the neighbourhood, he invited his attendants to dine with him at the colliers' house, meaning the abbey."

"Why did he call it the colliers' house?"

"He said so in joke, because of the coal-pit belonging to it. Whilst they were there, the King desired to be conducted to the coal-pit, into the moat, or mouth of which, he went. After a time, seeing himself surrounded by water, as

the tide was rising, he cried hastily 'Treason! Treason.'"

"How timid he must have been! how did he get out?"

"A boat was soon pointed out to him, into which he got, and was soon safely landed at the harbour. That same moat, or mouth of the pit, was destroyed by a violent storm on the night of the King's death in 1625, and remains filled up to this day. Culross was another favourite burgh of James VI., though now it is a mere old skeleton of a town. The streets have not been paved for centuries. The town lies amid gardens and fruit-trees."

"I wonder that it is not filled with people!"

"The next pretty objects were the cottages of Low Valleyfield, and behind them on a high ground is Valleyfield House. Then Crombie Point. Afterwards, besides many other places, we came to Blackness Castle, where I told you the Roman

wall commenced. As it was getting late we were not sorry when we arrived at Granton. I may just tell you that on the other side of the Forth, in Fifeshire, is a place called Burntisland."

"Is it an island?"

"No, it is joined to the mainland, but looks like an island from a distance, and has a curious appearance when you are near it from the contrast of the basaltic rocks, and the beautifully green turf which grows on the top of the limestone. There are trees planted, and dwellings perched here and there about the precipice, which look very picturesque."

"You said something about the rocks which I did not understand."

"Do you mean that you don't know what are basaltic rocks?"

"Yes—that was the word, basaltic."

"You have seen those specimens in that museum where I took you the other day, which look like pieces of a pillar. They are supposed to be volcanic eruptions."

"Volcanic eruptions! why, volcanoes are burning mountains, like Mount Etna and Mount Vesuvius! Are there any volcanoes in Scotland?"

"No, my dear, but it is supposed that these were volcanic eruptions in former days, sometimes thrown up to a considerable height above the sea; they look like a mass of beautiful pillars."

"I know now what you mean, because I have seen the picture of the Giant's Causeway."

"Yes, and of Staffa also.—There is an interesting spot between Burntisland and Kinghorn (which is an old ruined borough), it is a rock from which Alexander III. fell, with his horse, when he was riding one dark night, and was killed."

"Oh how sad!"

"It was sad, indeed, in every way. Alexander was a good king, and very much beloved. At his death, which happened in 1285, all the troubles in Scot-

land began, as he left behind him only a little grandaughter to succeed him, who was between three and four years of age. She is generally called the Maid of Norway, because she was in Norway with her father, who was King of Norway; and the Scottish barons formed a party amongst the most powerful of them, against this dear little infant queen."

"Oh, those Scottish barons again!"

"The consequence was, that these were quarrelling amongst themselves, several wanting to be king; and for two years there was open war between the Bruces and the Baliols. King Edward took advantage of all this unhappy dissension, and by it tried to promote his own ambitious views."

"All this time, then, the poor Scotch people were suffering, because those barons wanted to be put upon the throne instead of the little queen!"

"Just so; but she did not stand in

their way very long, for she died in September 1290, when she was in her eighth year."

"Oh, poor little thing!"

"The nation was very sorry, and after much dispute and trouble, it was in the end agreed that Edward I. should decide who should be King of Scotland."

"I wonder he did not say himself!"

"He had made himself Lord Paramount of Scotland, that is, making himself superior to the king; but he intended carrying out all his designs by degrees; and when he fixed upon John Baliol as being King of Scotland, there were circumstances attending this decision which made it at once humiliating and degrading."

"What were they, aunty?"

"You will soon begin to read the history of Scotland, dear, and then you will know all about it."

"I think you told me when you were describing Bruce's history, that Edward

took the crown off John Baliol's head, didn't you?"

"Yes—poor Baliol's was a most miserable and unhappy reign. Some of his own people shut him up in one of the mountain-fortresses, and Edward came with a large army, killing and destroying wherever he went, and made himself master of Edinburgh and other castles."

"What did Baliol think of all this?"

"Why, he sent a message to Edward, desiring to submit to him, and implored peace, whilst Edward sent answer to him, saying that he must go to Brechin at a certain time to receive his reply, which was to be given through the Bishop of Durham: for the king Edward, Baliol's Lord Superior, disdained to answer him in person. Accordingly he went to Brechin and resigned himself and his kingdom to the mercy of Edward, and in the presence of the Bishop of Durham, went through the unworthy ceremony of being

stript of his royal robes, crown, and sceptre. He was then obliged to stand with a white rod in his hand, and make a humiliating confession."

"He must have been a very mean person!"

"I think he was an amiable man, but he was not able to contend against the divided factions of the nobility. If they had all loved their country instead of themselves, Edward's ambitious aggressions would soon have been put down."

"But do tell me what became of Baliol?"

"After finishing the mortifying ceremony, he was sent by sea, with his son Edward, to London, and they were both immediately confined in the Tower."

"I am very sorry for poor Baliol, aunty."

"So am I, my dear. His history teaches us afresh the lesson which Solomon gave in the Ecclesiastes, where he

says, 'All is vanity,' and those people are the only happy ones who have been brought to feel that 'one thing is needful.' Even prosperous kings cannot wear their crowns very long, but the time is coming when the King of Kings shall be crowned with many crowns, whose 'kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion endureth from generation to generation.'"

THE END.


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