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Electric Scotland's Weekly Newsletter for February 5th, 2016

To see what we've added to the Electric Scotland site view our What's New page at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/whatsnew.htm>

To see what we've added to the Electric Canadian site view our What's New page at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/whatsnew.htm>

For the latest news from Scotland see our ScotNews feed at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/>

Electric Scotland News

Visitor Stats

WOW!!! For the first time ever UK visitors have exceeded US visitors. I checked my stats on 29th January 2016 and found that the UK took up 38.5% of our visitor traffic with the US at 35%. That's never happened before and to think how many years ago UK visitors only took up 4% of our traffic. Times they are a changing.

Retirement

I've pretty much decided that I am going to take the weekend off now as I've always been a 7 day a week guy but seems to me some time off would be useful. I will continue to do the ScotNews feed each day but that will normally be the only exception.

Now for stories from the Scottish Press this week...

Poll finds drop in Scots in favour of UK staying in EU

A new TNS poll of 1,016 adults in Scotland found 44% would vote to remain in the EU.

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/news/uk/poll-finds-drop-in-scots-in-favour-of-uk-staying-in-eu-1-4021239>

Stone of Destiny scoop reporter Arthur Binnie dies

Arthur Binnie, the first journalist to report on the discovery of the missing Stone of Destiny, has died at the age of 89.

Read more at:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-north-east-orkney-shetland-35493518>

Glasgow scientists get cancer cells 'addicted' to drugs

SCIENTISTS have developed a technique to make cancer cells addicted to drugs that will kill them within minutes.

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/news/glasgow-scientists-get-cancer-cells-addicted-to-drugs-that-will-kill-them-1-4018434>

Scottish doctor conquers Genghis Khan Ice Marathon

HE RAN more than 26 miles along a frozen river as wolves howled in nearby forests and vultures circled overhead.

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/giving-back/charities/scottish-doctor-conquers-genghis-khan-ice-marathon-1-4017865>

Calls for action as Scotland records worst drink deaths in UK

Scotland had the worst rate for alcohol-related deaths in any part of the UK, according to figures recorded over the past 20 years.

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/news/politics/calls-for-action-as-scotland-records-worst-drink-deaths-in-uk-1-4019273>

Red Clydeside remembered
The Battle of George Square

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/heritage/historic-events/red-clydeside-remembered-the-battle-of-george-square-1-4017559>

Scotland's tax powers
What it has and what's coming?

Read more at:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-scotland-politics-35470086>

Mike Russell calls for most councils to be scrapped
The former education secretary called for the radical shake-up

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/news/politics/mike-russell-calls-for-most-councils-to-be-scrapped-1-4017582>

Robert the Bruce remembered in Greggs
The historic spot where Robert the Bruce began his bid for the throne of Scotland has been marked in a new Greggs bakery in Dumfries.

Read more at:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-south-scotland-35459121>

The Guardian view on social care and the NHS
Can't pay, won't pay

Read more at:

<http://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2016/jan/31/the-guardian-view-on-social-care-and-the-nhs-cant-pay-wont-pay>

Gaelic taking the world of music by storm
Highland singer Griogair Labhruidh, the new frontman of the Afro Celt Sound System.

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/lifestyle/culture/music/gaelic-taking-the-world-of-music-by-storm-1-4016452>

Time to fight SNP on issues they ignore
WHETHER you're true blue Tory or red Labour, it's time to fight on the issues the SNP ignores, writes Brian Wilson

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/news/brian-wilson-time-to-fight-snp-on-issues-they-ignore-1-4015938>

The woman who built a car for women
The Galloway is thought to be one of the first times in history a car was manufactured with women specifically in mind.

Read more at:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-35414177>

Teacher appointed first Named Person state guardian struck off
The SNP's controversial Named Persons legislation was subject to legal proceedings in 2014.

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/news/politics/teacher-appointed-first-named-person-state-guardian-struck-off-1-4014998>

Electric Canadian

Farming in Canada

Or Life in the Backwoods by Frank Lynn (pdf)

You can read this book at: <http://www.electriccanadian.com/pioneering/farmingincanada.pdf>

Canada - Early 20th Century - Eskimos, Salmon, Trapping, Gold & Silver Prospecting
I found this old video which you can watch at: <http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/first/index.htm>

Electric Scotland

The Emigrant's Family

Or Scotland and Australia, A Tale founded on real life and other poems by William Jamie (pdf)

You can download this book at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/australia/emigrantsfamily.pdf>

BBC Documentaries

Found three documentaries on YouTube...

Shetland to Orkney which I added at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/orkney/>

West Coast of Scotland and Western Isles at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/travel/western.html>

Berwick upon Tweed to Aberdeen at: http://www.electricscotland.com/travel/andy_campbell.htm

Party Time

A new song from John Henderson at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/poetry/doggerel605.htm>

I might add that each week we're adding mp3 files for the songs. In the early days John produced midi music files which played in the background while you read his song. Only problem was that the code to play the music was not included in future releases and so they never played. And so to correct this John is going back through all his songs and adding the music in mp3 format with a link to them on the page. This means when you click on the link the music will play in a new browser window and so you can read the words while listening to the music. I think we've added around a hundred songs currently up to song 265. John is sending in 10 at a time and as I get them up he sends in the next 10.

You can see his list of songs at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/poetry/doggerels.htm>

History of Scotland

By Peter Hume Brown in 3 volumes.

IN accordance with the plan of the Series to which this book belongs, it should have dealt with Scottish history mainly during the last four centuries. In the case of Scotland, however, there was a special reason for departing from this plan. There is not in existence a compendious history of Scotland which at once supplies a consecutive narrative of events, and seeks to trace the gradual consolidation of the various elements that have gone to the making of the Scottish people. It is as an attempt to meet this want that this book was conceived and written.

But there was another reason which seemed to justify a preliminary volume exclusively devoted to early and mediaeval Scottish history. Since the publication of the works of Dr Hill Burton and Dr Skene considerable additions have been made to our knowledge regarding various periods dealt with in the present volume. On many points, also, the latest critical opinion constrains us to reject or modify conclusions accepted even by such recent authorities as Burton and Skene. To adduce a single instance, though an important one—Dr Skene's elaborate account of the Roman occupation is largely rejected by the highest modern authorities. On the other hand, the researches of Dr Skene have superseded the portion of Burton's History which treats of the centuries that followed the Roman occupation; and the same remark applies in a considerable degree to the period between the coming of the Saxon Margaret and the death of Alexander III. In my own account of Celtic Scotland I have availed myself of the original authorities brought together by Dr Skene in his Chronicles of the Picts and Scots and his Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis, as well as of other sources, and have endeavoured to construct a narrative as intelligible as the scanty materials would permit. So scanty, indeed, are the materials for Scottish history from the invasion of Agricola to the death of Alexander III that, if authorities be critically construed and theories be set aside, the following narrative is nearly as full as is justified by ascertained facts.

During recent years our knowledge of the period of the War of Independence has been both corrected and extended; but even with the fresh material at our disposal, a detailed and trustworthy narrative is still impossible. Though the number of contemporary documents is considerable, they are inadequate to form the basis of a comprehensive history of the period; while the Scottish and English Chronicles are at once so conflicting, meagre, and untrustworthy, that the work of reconciling them is probably beyond the ingenuity of criticism. In consistency with the nature and aim of the present work I have confined myself to what seems to be

indisputable fact.

It is from the middle of the reign of David II onwards that the following narrative will be found to differ most materially from previous histories of Scotland. It is not too much to say, indeed, that from the materials that have come to hand in recent years this period of the national history had virtually to be rewritten. Yet even with regard to this period we experience, though in a less degree, the same difficulty as in the case of the earlier times: while at certain points our information is surprisingly full, at others it is so fragmentary that it is difficult to follow the mere sequence of events. It is necessary to emphasize this fact, as it explains why the events of one reign are, for no apparent reason, related with so much greater fulness than the events of another. The reign of James I, alike from its importance and from the personality of James himself, is one of the most interesting in Scottish history, yet from the information we possess we are unable to treat it on the scale which it would demand. On the other hand, it is with increasing amplitude that we can recount the reigns of his immediate successors—those of James IV and James V supplying materials of special abundance and value. It has been my endeavour to guard as far as possible against the misconceptions likely to arise from this unavoidable disproportion of treatment.

It should perhaps be added that the bibliography at the end of the volume is not meant to be exhaustive. Such as it is, however, the list of authorities given may be of service both to the general reader and to the student who may wish to investigate a particular period. The copious table of contents will to a large extent supply the place of an index which is reserved for the concluding volume.

I here take the opportunity of thanking Dr James Macdonald, Rhind Lecturer for 1897, for his invaluable assistance in connection with the chapter on the Roman occupation of North Britain. To Sheriff Mackay and Professor Mackinnon, of the University of Edinburgh, I am also indebted for information on points regarding which they are recognized authorities. Through the great kindness of Mr Matthew Livingstone, Deputy Keeper of the Records, I was enabled to examine a mass of unpublished Charters, extending from the reign of Malcolm IV, which he has been engaged in transcribing for some years past; and by the courtesy of the Rev. John Anderson, of the Register House, Edinburgh, I had the privilege of inspecting the Laing Collection of Charters, a calendar of which is about to be published under his supervision. Finally, I have to express my great obligation to Professor Prothero, the Editor of the Series, to whose wide knowledge and experience I am indebted for valuable suggestions in the course of his revision of my proofs.

P. H. B.
December, 1898.

You can read these at http://www.electricscotland.com/history/other/brown_peter.htm

The Scottish Branch of the Norman House of Roger
By The Rev. Charles Rogers

You can read this book at: http://www.electricscotland.com/webclans/minibios/r/rodger_family.htm

General History of the Scottish Highlands
I decided to add this 8 volume publication in pdf format.

This was the first publication I ever put up on Electric Scotland and is the basis for our Clans & Families section as well as our Scottish Regiments section. My set was in 6 volumes and I actually typed in the first 3 volumes and then found some ocr'ing software which I used to complete the set.

As the volumes were printed in 2 column format I believe it is easier to read my version but felt that I should make to originals available as well and hence you can now download these at:
<http://www.electricscotland.com/history/genhist/>

Scottish Christian Herald
Made available volumes 1- 3.

Conducted under the Superintendence of the Ministers and Members
of the Established Church

IN presenting to the Public the First Volume of the SCOTTISH CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Conductors cannot restrain from stating the high satisfaction which they feel in contemplating the success with which their labours have, thus far, been crowned. The Periodical was originally projected with the avowed design of "Illustrating and enforcing the doctrines of the Bible,-the great essential principles of Evangelical Grace and Truth;" and how far this design has been fulfilled may be readily seen by a reference to its pages. The most strenuous efforts have been exerted to combine solid Scriptural instruction with interesting and varied information, and it must certainly afford sincere pleasure to every well constituted mind, that a periodical exclusively devoted to topic. connected with the spiritual and eternal concerns of mankind, should be so widely diffused, in the course of a few months, as to cover the length and breadth of the land, and be welcomed weekly, with ever increasing interest, by all classes of the community. Such a result is in the highest degree

encouraging, and calls for the liveliest gratitude to Almighty God, the promotion of whose cause,-the wisest, the noblest, and the best,-the SCOTTISH CHRISTIAN HERALD is humbly destined to subserve.

In the present Volume are contained Original Articles by upwards of One Hundred authors, clerical and lay. In point of literary merit, the contributions speak for themselves; and it is impossible, we conceive, to find, within the same limited space, in any other publication whatever, so great a quantity of varied and valuable information, bearing the authority of the names of the Authors.

That a Publication of this nature is calculated, under the Divine blessing, to produce the most salutary effects can scarcely, for a moment, be doubted, communicating, as it does, a varied combination of truths, both useful and entertaining, and that too, compressed within such narrow limits as to be readily perused by multitudes who have neither leisure nor opportunity to avail themselves of works of larger dimensions. And, accordingly, it appears from the accounts received from all parts of the country, that even in districts the most remote, and hitherto excluded from the range of periodical literature, whether secular or religious, the SCOTTISH CHRISTIAN HERALD has been uniformly received as a boon, and has led, in numerous instances, to the most gratifying change in the character and conduct not of individuals merely, but of whole families. There is reason to hope, indeed, that the weekly distribution of Forty Thousand Copies of a Publication so completely adapted for instructive perusal, both on Sabbath and week-days, will ultimately be productive of incalculable good to the country at large. In these encouraging circumstances, the Conductors pledge themselves to proceed with redoubled alacrity and vigour in the Christian cause in which they have embarked, trusting in the strength of HIM to whom they are desirous that all the glory of their success should be ascribed.

EDINBURGH, I
31st December 1836.

You can read these at <http://www.electricscotland.com/bible/sch.htm>

Stirling Boat Club
Got in the plans of this club which I've added to the foot of our Stirlingshire page at:
<http://www.electricscotland.com/history/stirlingshire/>

Scottish Weaponry
A page providing information on the history of Scottish Weaponry which you can read at:
<http://www.electricscotland.com/history/weaponry.htm>

THE STORY

A Day in the Upper Ward of Clydesdale
By Rev John Ker D.D.

My dear Sir,—I have just received your note with a request for an article for the October number of the Young Men's Christian Magazine, and, on thinking of what might be most suitable, it has occurred to me that what is freshest to my own mind may be best for your readers, and so I shall give an account of a visit I paid the other day to the little town of Douglas, not far from your own great city, and of two things that specially interested me there. I must first, however, tell how I reached Douglas, and what I saw on the way. It can be visited most directly from Glasgow by the railway to Lanark, and the branch from there to Muirkirk and Ayr. I came upon it, however, from the opposite quarter. My residence has been for a few days at Abington, a small village on the Clyde, and a station on the Caledonian Railway. Abington is a model of cleanliness, comfort, and general good conduct, where the people retain much of the old Scottish character of a church-going, and, as I trust, God-fearing kind, with a spirit of independence that respects the rights of others, while it knows its own,—a very different thing from the jealous, boisterous self-assertion that sometimes passes for manliness. I was glad to see on this visit that Sir Edward Colebrooke has been adding to the number of the cottages, or rather houses, for their superior accommodation and appearance take them out of the class of the old cottage. It is pleasant to see something of this process going on, for, much as we may think of Glasgow, its wonderful expansion and intelligent energy, we need a balance in the country districts if we are to preserve national health, both physical and moral. We want small towns, villages, crofts, for calming the pulse. The city may be the heart of the nation, but there is such a thing as enlargement of the heart, and that is a dangerous disease. The landlords then are wise who try to reverse the march of depopulation which has made so many Highland and Lowland glens grassy solitudes, and has added 'field to field that they may dwell alone,' instead of making 'families like a flock'. There is, of course, wisdom required as to ways and means, but the peopling of the country districts should be kept in view by proprietors for social and moral reasons, which means, in the end, economical and political ones. It will tend to the equilibrium of society and the good of us all, and so we hope Sir Edward Colebrooke's example will be largely followed. But to my story.

The road from Abington to Douglas is, for the greater part, the old coach highway from Carlisle to Glasgow. It used to resound often to the 'clanging horn,' but now, left aside by the railway, it is more familiar with 'the whistling of plovers, and the bleating of sheep.' It quits the main valley of the Clyde, passes one of its tributaries—Duneaton Water (the water of the hill of fire), and then stretches, like a white ribband, over the brown moorlands of Crawford-john. Those who feel an interest in how it strikes a stranger should read a

book published a few years since—the Journal of Dora Wordsworth, the sister of the poet, who came here, with her brother and Coleridge, to explore Scotland, which was then, to them, an unknown region. It was a curious piece of almost Quixotic adventure, with their own simple-minded pony, which took the place of Sancho, and with something attached to it which was neither cart nor carriage, an object of as great wonder to the natives as any of them could be to the travellers.

They came in this fashion from Cumberland, up Nithsdale, through one of the grand defiles that lead to Wanlockhead and Leadhills, and then over the ridge of Glengonnar—the stream of gold—to pursue this road to Lanark and Glasgow. We are particular about their route, because the genial editor, Principal Shairp, has mistaken it from not knowing the country, and sends them round by Elvanfoot and Crawford. The charm of the journal lies in the quiet insight of the strangers into the heart of the scenery and the people, and, almost as much, in their happy ignorance of all they were to see, which fills them with a constant surprise. Black's Picturesque Tourist's Guide had not been born, and they wandered into Scotland like Adam and Eve into the world, when it was all before them where to choose, and nobody to tell them what to admire. One drawback they certainly had, that they seem to have had as little knowledge of past associations as if they were exploring Africa, and as if Wallace, and Bruce, and the Covenanters had been among 'the brave men who lived before Agamemnon.' But Wordsworth got it somehow in this tour, and it came out afterwards, with fresh dew on it, in his Scottish sonnets. In our journey we had one advantage over them in the best of guides, Mr. Logan, the Free Church minister of Abington, who knows every nook that touches the story of Cavalier or Covenanter. It was a bare wavy upland of moor and moorland farms for miles on miles, and a wavy circle of great hills folded round it, with glens running away at every 'lurk' and all the hills and glens fuller of histories than of people. They had been the battle-ground of eighteen hundred years, since Agricola entered them by the pass of the little Clyde, till Claverhouse sent his dragoons through their mosses, and made them, in the words of Hen wick, 'all flowered with martyrs.' There was the Arbory hill, with its threefold ring of fence peering over the top, within which the old Damnonii, of British stock, watched their enemies—Romans, were they, or Saxons, or Danes, for these valleys have had all in turn?

There was the ancient kirk of Crawford, with Constantine, a Culdee saint, at its foundation, and not far off, concealed by the bend of the Clyde, the ruins of Crawford Castle, where 'wight Wallace' performed one of his feats of arms, himself by name and birth a son of the primitive race, not de Vciux, as some would have it, but Walcis. Sweeping round by the Lowthers, their sides glowing in sunshine and heather of the deepest purple, were the massive mountains that enclose Dalveen and the Enterkin, the Menoek and the Crawick, the first three the wildest, the last one of the most beautiful passes in the south of Scotland. On the extreme boundary, like an outflanking buttress, was Cairntable, on whose skirts the Douglas boasted he could keep himself against English Henry and all his host; and, nearer and higher, Tinto, with the mist slowly rolling up under the sunlight, as if it promised to show us the far-famed 'kist' and the 'caup' in it. For a lesson in the romance of landscape and of history, I do not know any place in the three kingdoms where one could learn more than on this bit of road, and he is no true Scotsman who would not feel his heart rise at the reading of it. Within the circle of the hills there are many things worthy of notice, were there time. At a little distance the primitive village of Crawfordjohn lay on its 'knowe,' like Jerusalem 'set round about with mountains,' but not 'compactly built together.' It looks like a cluster of boulders from a past epoch, or the town of Kendal, of which Gray the poet has said, 'It must have been built on the plan of partners in a dance posturing to one another in all directions, and petrified in the act.' Nevertheless, Crawfordjohn has a good repute for worthy people, and it has curious stories of the old times, of Prince Charlie's Highlandmen as they passed in the '45, and of Covenanting celebrations. The lie-formed Presbyterians, better known as the Cameronians, seem to have chosen this district for their renewals of the Solemn League after the Pievolution. At Auchensaugh in 1712, the year of the imposition of patronage, a declaration of principles was issued which had historical significance in that time - honoured Church. There, or at Crawfordjohn, I forget which, the meetings and sermons continued three days, till provender failed, and the occasion got the name of 'preach-hunger' But it is time to get on our way.

Some miles over the moor brought us to a little glen, bare at first, but beautifully green, and then widening and filling with wood,—birch and rowan and oak,—till it led us into Douglasdale. It was like the entrance to it, warm with plentiful trees, and rich also with yellow fields among them, and the peewit gave us over to the corneraik. From the look of it we could believe what we were told, that the vale of Douglas is a fortnight before the country round it. For the name, the legend of 'Sholto Douglas,'—'See the dark, grey man/—must, I fear, be given up, and we must have recourse to the colour 'dark grey' or 'dark green/ found in the genius of the place. It may have been the water, or if it was on an autumn day like ours that the first Celt looked on it, the foliage of oak and ash deepening into the forecast of fall, and the blue-green Scotch firs glooming more heavily in the sunshine over their red trunks, would bring the word Winglas, to his lips. On the way up to the town, the 'Castle Perilous' or the place where it stood, is seen through the woods. Only a fragment of the original fortress remains near the modern mansion, and it is hard to say what made it a pride and a terror. It has no frowning rock or lofty mound, and we must set down its strength to the moats and marshes which old Scottish keeps coveted, or still more to the hearts of the race that manned the walls. But we have to do to-day not with the castle but the town. It is a queer irregular place, with its High Street in the lowest part, winding narrow and sometimes narrower among houses of all shapes and sizes, some with signs of old dignity, and some of plain modern monotony.

In the middle of the town, on a swelling knoll which looks down on Douglas Water and a fair green holm, is the first thing we have come to see, the old Church of St. Bride, by whom the mighty Lords of Douglas were wont to swear when they meant never to go back. It was once a stately edifice, but little more is left than the chancel, restored by the late Countess with a pious care for the graves and monuments of her ancestors. The remains of many of the long line repose below, and the monuments of some fill niches in the chapel. Chief among them is that of the good Sir James, whose story is known to every Scottish schoolboy, and whom we always rank next to "Wallace and Bruce in the heroic times of the national history. He lies there in dark stone, considerably maimed,

but still conspicuous in the act of drawing his sword with the right hand, while the left holds the scabbard. A man of giant strength he was, skilled in all the accomplishments of his time as a gallant and gentle knight, with a dauntless heart and stedfast soul to match, dashed in word and deed with a grim playfulness.

This last feature comes out in his compeers, Bruce and Wallace, as we read the old chronicles,—the dry humour that survives in many a Scot to this day, though Sydney Smith had not the eye to see it, and Englishmen are only beginning to find it out through Dean Ramsay. But the first quality in Sir James was moral, invincible loyalty to a cause that must often have seemed a lost one, but which was the cause of his country, for the oppressed against the aggressor. All we see of him is in keeping with our first glimpse at Erickstane, when in his youthful enthusiasm he threw himself before the uncrowned Bruce and owned him king at the hazard of land and life, down to the time when, far away, he cast among the thickest of the Saracens the heart he had often followed,—‘Lead on, as thou wert wont to do,’—and followed it to die. Xor must we forget that fine touch of a noble nature on the eve of Bannockburn, when, having gained leave to help Randolph in his pressing peril, he held back when he saw victory, lest he should steal a flower from his friend’s chaplet. ‘The times then were great, and the men,’ to adapt a phrase of Pochter’s, and we cannot doubt that these things found their way into the country’s heart deep down, and long after came up in other shapes.

The next spot in Douglas belongs to a subsequent time and a different struggle. "We had heard, in an incidental way, that the house was still standing in which the head of Richard Cameron was kept for a night when the troops were carrying it, along with the prisoners taken at Airmoss, to Edinburgh. We found the traditional house, with a face over the door enclosed in a dull yellow border, intended for the sun and explained by the sign, the ‘Sun Inn.’ It is a quiet, respectable house, and we were kindly shown through the rooms connected with the incident. On the ground floor is a cellar which is said to have been the town prison, and the thick walls, the heavy vaulted roof, and the iron grating on the original window attest the truth of the tradition. Directly above is the room associated with Cameron’s name, and known in the town as the ‘stone-room,’ the only room in an upper story paved with stone, and thus fitted for securing prisoners in a firmer grasp. While the head and hands of Cameron were kept above, the prison chamber below seems to have held Hackstoun of Rathillet, reserved for the scaffold which he afterwards mounted in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh. On the wall of the house behind, joined to the prison, but apparently at one time a separate tenement, is the date 1621, with the initials I. H.—A. C., the builder and his wife, long forgotten. Wodrow in his History gives a letter of Haekstoun’s in which he tells that, when he was at Douglas, Janet Clellan was kind to him, and brought a surgeon who stanchd his wounds.

The name Clellan belongs also to the brave and good soldier from this district who fell in the last fight of the Revolution time. Might the A. C. on the old house be a member of the friendly family? On leaving the place and passing down the High Street, we saw an old man considerably above fourscore, sitting before the door of his house and enjoying the cool of the day. On speaking with him, we found, curiously enough, that he had been born and brought up in the house we had just left, and had heard from his father the story of ‘the stone-room.’ This carried us fully more than half-way across the interval, and to a time when all the events were very much in the thoughts of the people. It is a pity they should be forgotten, for we need their memory in these days when principles hang loose. The history of Airmoss should be read over again in this year of grace 1880. It is exactly 200 years ago, on the 22nd of last June, since a small body of horsemen, early in the morning, rode from the hills into the quiet town of Sanquhar, and there, at the market cross, where an obelisk now stands, read the famous declaration in which they renounced their allegiance to the perjured profligate and tyrant, Charles II. It was a desperate act forced on them by desperate wrongs, and those who blame them should remember that it was only the flash before the stroke of 1688, of which we now enjoy the results.

A month after, on the 22nd of July, when a company of the Covenanters was met at Airmoss, not far from where John Brown of Priesthill was afterwards shot by Claverhouse, they were attacked by the dragoons. The hill vapours were lying low, and ‘the bridle reins rang through the thin misty covering’ before the wanderers were aware. Cameron, who was among them, broke into the memorable prayer, ‘Lord spare the green and take the ripe,’ and, in the deadly struggle which followed, he was killed, and Hackstoun and others captured. The lingering and barbarous death inflicted by the orders of the Council upon the prisoners, and especially on Hackstoun, cannot be now put into type with proper regard to feeling. The head and hands of Cameron were taken to his father, then in prison in Edinburgh for the same cause, and he was asked if he knew them. His words are surely the most touching of all the memories of that cruel time. ‘I know, I know them! they are my son’s, my dear son’s! it is the Lord: good is the will of the Lord, who cannot wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days.’ After which, by order of the Council, his head was fixed upon the Netherbow port, and his hands beside it, with the fingers upward—a kind of preaching ‘at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors’ that told more for his cause, and against the persecutors, than all the words he could have spoken.

One cannot help weird, dreamy thoughts about that old house at Douglas, on the night of Airmoss, the martyr’s head in the room above, the wounded prisoner in the dungeon below, Earlshall and his troopers proud of their prize, and confident of their power to hold Scotland down. But the good Sir James of ‘the bleeding heart’ and Cameron’s gory head belong to the same set of events in history,—instances of seeming losses thrown by courage and faith forward as pledges of victory,—only, the latter is higher and more sure. We cannot help thinking that, had Sir James of Douglas belonged to that later time, he would have been with Argyle and Warriston and Baillie of Jerviswood—certainly not with Claverhouse and Earlshall and Lag. The great men of the war for national independence, Wallace and Bruce, Douglas and Randolph, and Walter Stewart, were the forerunners of the Reformers and of the sons of the Covenant. They made room for them in Scotland where they might ‘grow and stand’ and they bequeathed them their

hatred of oppression and their dauntless spirit. They show us how the kingdoms of this world rise up, in another time, into the kingdom of our God and his Christ, and how the laurels of chivalry prepare for a nobler flower in the faith and patience of the saints; for the struggle of the Covenant was the old battle in a more sacred cause which 'raised the poor out of the dust and set them with princes, even the princes of the people.'

If our Scottish nobility wish to prove themselves worthy of their ancestry, they will go back over the degenerate selfishness of the Stuart line, to those who gained the reverence and affection of the nation by showing that they shared its sympathies. It would make the task of patriotism in coming times more easy. It is pleasant to think, in this connection, that the spirit of the good Sir James did, to some extent, influence his successors; though they did not identify themselves with the oppressed, they used their power to shield them. Douglas-dale was filled with Covenanters who were comparatively safe. So much was this felt that, when the Marquis of Douglas threw in his lot with the Government of the Revolution, 800 men, the flower of the West country, placed themselves under his orders, and formed the famous 2Gtli or Caineronian regiment. Its first review took place on the green field beside Douglas Water, under St. Bride's Church—its first fight, at Dunkeld, when it drove back the far superior force of Claverhouse, who had just fallen in the pass of Killiecrankie. Who can doubt that the memory of Richard Cameron was with these men when they fought, and with their brave leader Cleland when he fell? The Covenant struggle was carried to its end chiefly by young men who filled up the ranks of those who fell in great numbers at the Restoration, or shortly thereafter. Of these, three have left their mark most distinctly, Hugh M'Kail, Richard Cameron, and James Renwick. M'Kail is known to us chiefly by his seraphic song on the scaffold. Death silenced while it transfigured him. But Cameron and Renwick have left us some of their living utterances; they are evidently imperfectly reported, taken down in hasty snatches amid flight and fight, by men who had often to lay down the pen for the sword. But enough remains to let us see that, while Renwick followed as the milder Elisha, under the Ahabs and Jezebels of the time, Cameron was the Elijah, the lonely burning prophet of our Scottish Cheriths and Horebs. The poet has caught it, when he speaks of 'the word by Cameron thundered, and by Renwick poured in gentle strain.' An idea of Cameron's power may be gained from an extract given by Dodds in his lectures on the Covenanters, and an idea at the same time of the power that carried these men through that long weary wilderness march—the manna from the skies, the water from the rock that followed them. Nothing else, nothing less, could have done it. Richard Cameron is perhaps, taken all in all, the main figure in that heroic period of the Scottish Church. The most remarkable thing is that he died very young, probably not more than thirty, for his exact age is not known, and that the period of his active effort covered only months, not years; but in that short burning life he transfused his spirit into the heart of the people, and had his name borne long after as the watchword of men willing to dare all and lose all for conscience' sake. And so we could not but regard with special interest 'the stone-room' of the town of Douglas.

The moral of our story shall be brief and practical; I am sure also it will be pleasant. It is that the young men of Scotland should make themselves acquainted with this period of the nation's history, acquainted with it so as to drink it in. There are many works that lie to hand—those of the two [Cries, father and son; Pollok's Tales of the Covenanters; Simpson's Traditions; Dodds' lectures, with which may be conjoined his Lays of the Covenant, lately issued; Miss "Watson's Lives of Cameron, Cargill, Peden, and Henrich; for those who wish to go deeper, the publications of the Wodrow Society offer an abundant store; and for those who would understand the richness of old Scottish theology there is the admirable volume of Dr. Walker of Carnwath. The next thing is that they should visit the scenes, not as blind pilgrims of Loretto or Lourdes, but with an intelligent love that will draw courage and faith from these noble memories. Few cities have the heritage of Glasgow on the Clyde—the lower windows of the house looking down through the magnificent Firth among lochs and Highland mountains and winding shores, shut in by distant Arran—and the upper chambers opening on visions of the 'valleys that run among the hills,' filled with records of a past which may give patriotic spirit and Christian nobility of soul to all who have a heart to learn.

And that's it for this week and hope you all enjoy your weekend.

Alastair