PEEPS AND MANY LANDS. SCOTLAND

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649529506

Peeps and Many Lands. Scotland by Elizabeth Grierson

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ELIZABETH GRIERSON

PEEPS AND MANY LANDS. SCOTLAND

Trieste

PEEPS AT
MANY LANDS

SCOTLAND

3841

J
914.1
G7
Cop. 2

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	THE LAND OF THE THISTLE	1
II.	ITS HIGHLANDS	6
III.	ITS HIGHLANDS (*continued*)	8
IV.	ITS LAKES, MOUNTAINS, AND RIVERS	11
V.	SOME OF ITS CITIES: EDINBURGH	14
VI.	SOME OF ITS CITIES (*continued*): GLASGOW, ABERDEEN, ST. ANDREWS	18
VII.	SOME OF ITS ASSOCIATIONS: THE BORDERS—SCOTT'S COUNTRY	23
VIII.	SOME OF ITS ASSOCIATIONS (*continued*): CULLODEN MOOR AND IONA	27
IX.	SOME HOLIDAY CUSTOMS: HOGMANAY AND NEW YEAR'S DAY	32
X.	SOME HOLIDAY CUSTOMS (*continued*): FASTERN'S E'EN AND HALLOW E'EN	37
XI.	HIGHLAND CROFTERS, AND HOW THEY LIVE	42
XII.	SCOTTISH HOME INDUSTRIES	46
XIII.	THE GIRLS WHO CURE HERRING	51
XIV.	GROUSE-SHOOTING	55
XV.	DEER-STALKING	61

Contents

CHAPTER PAGE

XVI. SALMON-FISHING 64

XVII. NATIONAL GAMES: GOLF 70

XVIII. NATIONAL GAMES (*continued*): CURLING . . 73

XIX. SHEPHERDS AND THEIR DOGS 78

XX. SHEPHERDS AND THEIR DOGS (*continued*) . . 83

PROPERTY OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK

SCOTLAND

CHAPTER I

THE LAND OF THE THISTLE

A LITTLE boy was once asked to write an essay on Scotland, and he began by saying "Scotland is the smallest half of England." I should not wonder if this sentence lost a mark for him, yet I think we can all understand what he meant by it.

He knew that England and Scotland are parts of the same island, and that nowadays they form one Kingdom, inhabited by the same people, who speak the same language, have the same Parliament, and obey the same King; and that, when we cross the Border and go from Scotland into England, or from England into Scotland, we do not need to get out of the train and have our boxes opened and searched for certain things that are not allowed to be carried from one country to another unless a tax is paid on them, as is done when travellers go from France into Germany, or from Italy into France.

So when he said that "Scotland is the smallest half

of England," he was only trying to explain that, although we always think of England and Scotland as two separate countries, they are not two separate Kingdoms, and that Scotland is smaller than England.

All the same, it was rather an unfortunate way of putting it, and I expect, if the little boy were English, and if he had any Scotch schoolfellows, they gave him rather a hard time of it in the playground when they got out of school.

For, although Scottish people are glad to belong to the "United Kingdom," as it is called, of Great Britain and Ireland, and so to form part of the vast Empire over which King Edward reigns, they like always to remember that their little northern land has a history of its own, quite apart from that of England, and that many quaint old national customs still cling to it, although they are fewer now than they were fifty years ago.

It is little more than 300 years since the two kingdoms of England and Scotland were joined together,* and before that they did not love each other at all. Indeed, they were bitter enemies, and the smaller and poorer Kingdom of Scotland, instead of looking to its richer sister for help and succour, as might have been expected, turned for sympathy to far-away France whenever it got into difficulties.

And so it comes about that even to this day we use words in Scotland which are really French, and which are not used in England. For instance, we go to the butcher's and buy a "gigot" of mutton, or to the

* 1603.

china merchant's and buy an "ashet" to put the "gigot" of mutton on at dinner-time; or we talk to some old woman and ask her how her garden is getting on, and she tells us that she has "a fine crop of 'grossarts' this year." If you look up the derivation of these words in a dictionary, you will find that they are just French words, spelt a little differently—*gigot*, *assiette*, *groseille*—and that these French words mean exactly what our Scotch words do.

When we first read about this little northern country, we find that it was not called Scotland at all, but Caledonia, and it was a very wild and inaccessible region indeed. Part of it was covered by an immense forest, in which lived all kinds of wild animals—bears, wolves, boars, and droves of savage white cattle, which were so fierce that they were almost as much to be dreaded as the bears and the wolves.

Indeed, the country was so wild and inaccessible that the Romans, who, as you know, invaded England in 55 B.C., and gradually overran the whole of that country, never settled down to live in the Highlands of Scotland at all, but contented themselves with building a wall between the Forth and the Clyde, and taking possession of the region which lay to the south of that.

I need not tell you how this northern land gradually changed its name from Caledonia to Scotland, which means "the land of the Scots." You know that there were two wild and savage tribes who inhabited the country north of the Roman wall—the part that we call the Highlands. These were the Scots, who came from Ireland, and the Picts, or "painted men." And

you know also that gradually the Scots conquered the Picts, until at last a Scottish King, Kenneth MacAlpine, became King over the whole country, which soon became known as Scotland.

That was nearly eleven hundred years ago, and Kenneth MacAlpine seems a very shadowy figure to us—indeed, he would not seem real at all, were it not that we can go into Westminster Abbey, when we are in London, and look at the great Coronation Chair, in which good Queen Victoria, and King Edward sat, when they were crowned, and there we see, forming the seat, as it were, of the chair, a rugged piece of stone. That is the "Lia Fail," or "Stone of Destiny," which was brought over from Ireland to Iona when the first King of the Scots was crowned on Scottish soil, and when Kenneth became King of the whole of Scotland he had it brought to Scone, and was crowned on it there. It was carried to England in 1296 by King Edward I., and forms part of the Coronation Chair in which all the English Monarchs have been crowned since that day.

We know very little about the reigns of the fifteen Kings who succeeded Kenneth MacAlpine. They seem to us like people walking in a mist. Sometimes the mist lifts a little, and we see one King defending his country from the fury of the Danes, and another waging deadly warfare against the Norsemen; but no figure stands out clearly until we come to Malcolm Canmore, he who wedded the English Princess Margaret, who became our Scottish Saint. From his time forward, however, the history of our Scottish Monarchs stands out clear and distinct. We can trace their lives down