

Viewed in connection with the character of the respective ages to which they belong, these progresses form no uninteresting passages in our annals. We find them peculiarly impressed by the stamp of their time, and linked in most instances with the main events and more striking traits of the national history. We see a series of them rising in succession before us even now, like a series of pictures in a show-box. Shall we not just once or twice pull the string, and exhibit some of at least their more prominent features to our readers ?

A youthful monarch wends his way northwards through a wild trackless country, surrounded by a band of cowed and shaven monks. His lay attendants have doffed the gay attire of the court, for dingy black or sober gray,—for the stole of coarse serge and the shirt of hair. The monarch himself is meanly wrapped in robes of the order of St Francis, bound with a girdle of rope, and with a huge belt of hammered iron pressing uneasily on his loins. In that lugubrious assemblage all is assumed heaviness and well-simulated sorrow : not a trace of the splendour of royalty is visible. For the gratulatory shout, or the joyous burst of music, we hear only the sound of the whip plied in self-inflicted flagellation, or the chant of the penitential psalm. To what very distant age can this royal progress belong ? Surely to the dark obscure of history,—to some uncertain era, at least a thousand years back. Not at all ; not farther back than one-third of that period. That becowled and begirdled bigot is the *grandfather* of the royal lady whose progress we witnessed on Saturday last,—her grandfather *just ten times removed*. We see James IV. passing on his pilgrimage to the shrine of St Dothus, to do idle penance, in the far wilds of Ross, for the unnatural part taken by him, in well-nigh his childhood, against his unfortunate father at Bannockburn. Nor are the effects of the deplorable superstition which has stamped