

cations of an electric lightning darts in a thousand fiery tongues from the cloud, some startled monster of the deep bellows in terror from the dank sea beyond.

Let us raise the curtain once more from over the past of the trap districts of Scotland. Myriads of ages have come and gone; the submarine volcano has been long extinguished; and the land, elevated high over the waters, has become a scene of human habitation. But the wild country, marked by the well-known features of abrupt precipitous hill and deep retiring valley, is roughened by many a shaggy wood, and gleams with many a blue lochan, and even its richer plains are but partially broken up by the plough. And lo! the trappean centres of the district are scenes of fierce war, as of old; but it is not the dead uninformed elements,—fire, earth, and water,—but energetic, impassioned man, that now contends, and in fierce warfare battles, with his kind. Yonder, on its trap rock, once the crater of a volcano, is the fortress of the Bass, the stronghold that last surrendered in Britain to William of Nassau; and yonder, on its trap rock, the castle of Dunbar, that brave black Agnes held out in so determined a spirit against the English; and yonder, on its trap rock, the castle of Dirleton, which stood siege in behalf of our country against Edward I.; and yonder, on its trap rock, scaled by Lord Randolph of old when he warred for the Bruce, is the castle of Edinburgh, the scene of a hundred fights, and surrounded by the halo of a thousand historic associations; and yonder, on its trap rock, is the castle of Stirling, with the battleground of Scotland at its feet, and to maintain which against the greatest of our Scottish kings, the second Edward vainly fought the battle of Bannockburn; and yonder, on its trap rock, is the castle of Dumbarton, long impregnable, but which the soldier of the Reformation won at such fearful risk from the partisans of Mary. I remember at one time deeming it not a little curious that the early