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people, of which I conceive this to be the only remnant in the British dominions, are repeatedly alluded to by their poets and historians. The introduction of the Seven Champions savours of a later period, and was probably ingrafted upon the dance when *mysteries* and *moralities* (the first scenic representations) came into fashion. In a stall pamphlet, called the history of Buckshaven, it is said those fishers sprung from Danes, and brought with them their *war-dance* or *sword-dance*, and a rude wooden cut of it is given. We resist the hospitality of our entertainers, and return to Lerwick despite a most downright fall of rain. My poney stumbles coming down hill; saddle sways round, having but one girth and that too long, and lays me on my back. N.B. The bogs in Zetland as soft as those in Liddisdale. Got to Lerwick about ten at night. No yacht has appeared.

e/ "8th August.—No yacht, and a rainy morning; bring up my journal. Day clears up, and we go to pay our farewell visits of thanks to the hospitable Lerwegians, and at the Fort. Visit kind old Mr Mowat, and walk with him and Collector Ross to the point of Quaggers, or Twaggers, which forms one arm of the southern entrance to the sound of Bressay. From the eminence a delightful sea view, with several of those narrow capes and deep reaches or inlets of the sea, which indent the shores of that land. On the right hand a narrow bay, bounded by the isthmus of Sound, with a house upon it resembling an old castle. In the indenture of the bay, and divided from the sea by a slight causeway, the lake of *Cleik-him-in*, with its Pictish Castle. Beyond this the bay opens another yet; and, behind all, a succession of capes, headlands and islands, as far as the cape called Sumburgh-head, which is the furthest point of Zetland in that direction. Inland, craggy, and sable muirs, with

* Mr W. S. Rose informs me that when he was at school at Winchester the Morris Dancers there used to exhibit a sword-dance resembling that described at Camacho's wedding in Don Quixote; and Mr Morrett adds that similar dances are even yet performed in the villages about Rokeby every Christmas.