

THE COMPLETE SCOTLAND

FROM CARTER BAR TO EDINBURGH BY JEDBURGH, MELROSE AND PEEBLES.

Railways. - As far as Jedburgh this is a road route only. Thence by a short branch to Roxburgh Junction and St. Boswells on the main Carlisle-Edinburgh route of the L.N.E.R.

Of the half-dozen points at which the Border is generally crossed, this is easily the most romantic. The road comes up from Corbridge or Newcastle and for many miles runs across fine but in no way remarkable moorland. Then, almost imperceptibly, one begins to climb the Cheviots. Signboards announce "the last hotel in England," Catcleugh reservoir is skirted - and suddenly at the top of a rise the whole landscape in front falls away to reveal a scene of great beauty, hills and valleys and woods, castles, churches, towns and villages innumerable being spread before one, and beside the road a simple board with dramatic touch reminds us that this is The Border (Carter Bar, 1371 feet). As the road winds down the farther side there are further views of the wooded hills, and so to -

JEDBURGH.

Distances. - Melrose, 13 m.; Newcastle, 58 m.; Hawick, 11 m.

Hotels. - *Spread Eagle* (12 rooms; R. & b., 7s.), *Abbey (temp.)* (7 rooms; R. & b., 6s.).

Though there is less suggestion of the Border town in Jedburgh than in, say, Hawick, yet few places have had a closer acquaintance with the perils which beset the nearest town to a disputed frontier, particularly when that town boasts a flourishing abbey. The chief town in the middle marches, its castle (now no more) was alternately held by English and Scots and the place was almost from its foundation in the ninth century a scene of constant strife and bloodshed. Not only the town acquired fame in warlike circles: Jedburgh men were to be found on many a battlefield wielding the "Jethart staff" to such purpose that their war-cry "Jethart's here" struck terror into many a heart -

Then rose the slogan, with a shout -

"To it, Tynedale, Jethart's here! "

There was also "Jethart justice," that useful way of dealing with robbers and others which, like "Lydford law," consisted in hanging a man first and trying him afterwards.

The Act of Union deprived Jedburgh of much of its importance as a Border town, and it is now occupied with the manufacture of woollen goods, artificial silk, etc.

The remains of the **Abbey** - still the most distinguished among the Border Abbeys - are well seen from the road into the town from the south, though the best view is from the banks of the river to the left of the road. Founded by David I in the twelfth century for Canons Regular from Beauvais, the Abbey had a stormy history, being frequently involved in the incessant border frays. At the reformation the nave was utilized as the Parish Church, but now

again it is a tenantless ruin, cared for by H.M. Office of Works. (*Open 8 - 8 weekdays, 1 - 5 p.m. Sundays; in winter 8 to dusk and 1 to dusk. Admission 6d.*)

Only the Church of the Abbey remains, although in recent years excavations on the south side have disclosed traces of the cloistral buildings. The Church was a large cruciform building comprising nave, with side aisles, transepts and a choir with chapels. With the exception of the eastern end of the choir, the walls are fairly complete, and it is obvious that the building in its hey-day was of considerable beauty. The architectural styles range from the Norman piers in the choir to the Early English superstructure of the nave, but the architectural pride of the Abbey are the two late Norman doorways - that at the west end and that which led from the nave aisle to the cloisters. Unfortunately time has erased much of the finer detail work, but also in the south wall of the church a facsimile of the cloister doorway has been built. The cloister, affords a splendid view of the south side of the church, with its fine unbroken ranges of windows. Note also the excellent tracery in the window in the north transept. Attached to the building is a small *Museum* with an important collection of early sculptured stones.

Reached by a lane on the other (eastern) side of the main street is a large mansion known as **Queen Mary's House** (*open 9 - 8 weekdays; Sundays, 1 - 5; admission, 6d.; children, 3d.*). Within is an interesting collection of Queen Mary relics, etc. It was while the Queen was here, holding assizes, that news was brought to her of Bothwell, lying wounded in Hermitage Castle, 20 miles distant. Characteristically she went to visit him, but the effort of riding there and back in a day brought on a fever to which she nearly succumbed: the scandal produced by the visit was hardly less violent, though Mary in fact was well accompanied and the proceedings were quite public.

To the west of the town, and easily reached by the Hawick road, *Dunion Hill* rises 1,092 feet and affords splendid views. The walk could be continued over *Black Law* (1,110 feet) and *Watch Knowe*. The *Waterloo Monument*, 3½ miles north of Jedburgh, is another good viewpoint. Those with time should explore the Jed valley for at least 3 miles up: that is to say, as far as **Ferniehirst Castle**, which as a stronghold of the Kerr family bore its share of border warfare. It is now a Youth Hostel. The original site of Jedburgh is at **Old Jedward**, some 3 miles farther up the valley.

Two miles north of Jedburgh the road forks: one branch running with the Teviot down to Kelso, the other bearing westward for Hawick. The *Lauder-Edinburgh* road turns out of this in about a mile and crosses the river close to the hill crowned by the *Waterloo Monument*. A few miles farther is **St. Boswells Green** (*Bucleuch Arms*), on the banks of the Tweed at the point where it bends to enclose the remains of *Dryburgh Abbey*, surely the most beautiful of Scotland's many lovely ruins.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

Access. - A footbridge crosses the river to the Abbey from near St. Boswells station, L.N.E.R. The nearest road bridge is a mile or so downstream. Leave the main road at St. Boswells Green, cross river to *Clint Mains*, where turn left, turning left at each subsequent choice of road. There is another road bridge at **Leaderfoot**, about 3 miles upstream, just below the lofty railway viaduct. After crossing this bridge turn immediately to the right, and to the right at each subsequent choice of road. This road gives good views across the river to the

Eildon Hills, with the Bemersyde estate in the foreground.

Admission. - Daily all the year round. In summer 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. and 1-7: on Sunday; in winter the grounds are closed at dusk. Admission, 6d.; children, 3d. Free on Saturdays and Sundays.

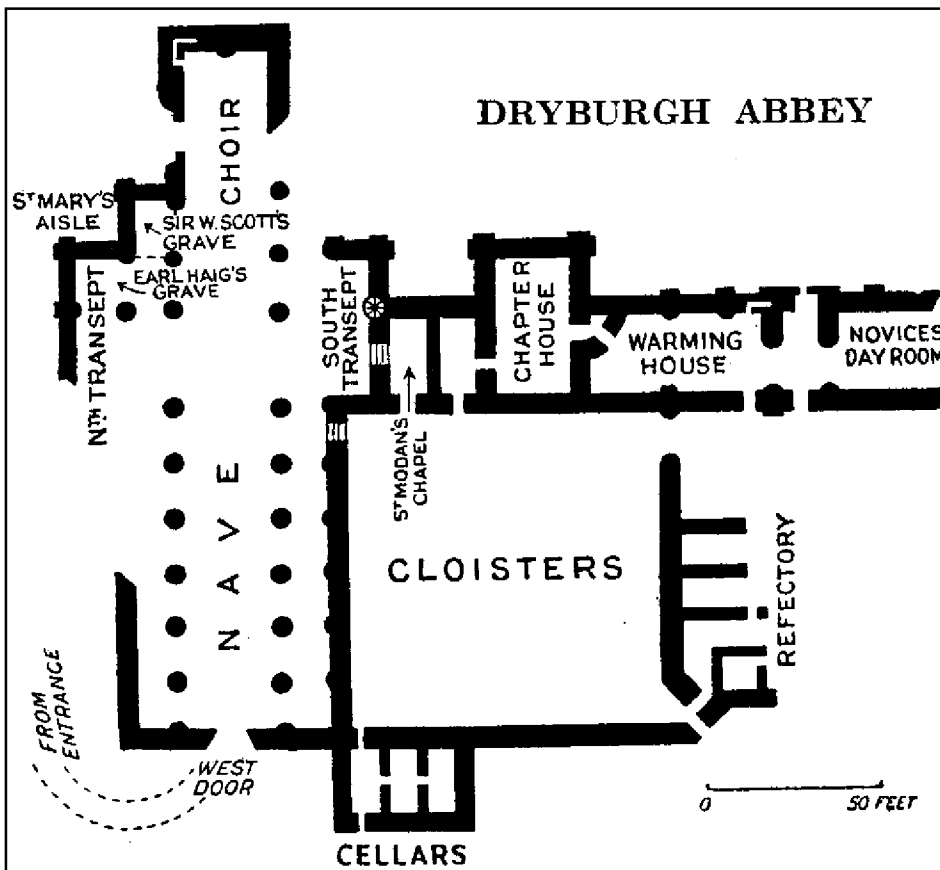
Hotels. - *Dryburgh Abbey* (unlicensed) at entrance to Abbey (12 rooms; R. & b., 9s. 6d.); *Buccleuch Arms*, St. Boswells Green; *Station, Dryburgh Arms* at Newton St. Boswells.

The remains comprise portions of the Abbey church, to the south of which lie the cloisters, refectory, chapter house, and other buildings, but the chief delight of the place is its lovely situation in a bend of the river, surrounded by the greenest of lawns from which rise gracious trees of all kinds. The ruins themselves can be quickly seen, but Dryburgh is a place in which to linger.

The Abbey was founded about 1150 for Praemonstratensian canons from Alnwick. In course of time the community became very rich and powerful, but the proximity of Dryburgh to the Border brought it the attention of successive invading armies and it was burnt and plundered four times in as many centuries. In 1918 Lord Glenconner presented the ruins to the

nation, and the Abbey is now under the care of H.M. Office of Works.

The remains need little description, though attention must be called to the richly moulded west doorway of the church; the rose window at the west end of the refectory; the Chapter House, adjoining which are the vault of the Biber Erskines and St. Modan's Chapel. St. Modan is said to have been abbot of a monastery which stood here in the sixth century. A peculiarity of the buildings on this side of the cloister is that they are on different levels. Outside the Chapter House, and supported



on props, is a very old juniper tree; on the other side, at the boundary wall, is a yew said to be coeval with the Abbey.

For many the most important part of the Abbey is on the north side of the Church, where are the graves of Sir Walter Scott (d. Sept. 21, 1832) and of Earl Haig (d. Jan. 29, 1928), the latter generally strewn with Flanders poppies.

On the hillside behind the Abbey is a colossal statue of Wallace.

The road from Dryburgh to Leaderfoot passes the Bemersyde estate, the residence of the Haig family since the days of Thomas the Rhymer, who uttered the prophecy:

"Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
There'll aye be a Haig at Bemersyde."

An ancient Border tower forms part of the mansion, which with the adjoining lands was presented after the Great War, by his many friends and admirers throughout the country, to Earl Haig of Bemersyde, a descendant of the old family.

MELROSE.

Admission to Abbey; weekdays, 8 until dusk; Sundays, from 1 to 5 p.m. or dusk; *6d.*; children and members of large parties, *3d*

Distances. - Edinburgh, 37 m.; Jedburgh, 13 m.; Dryburgh, 4 m.; Galashiels, 4 m.

Early Closing. - Thursday.

Hotels. - *Waverley Hydro* (80 rooms; R. & b., 10s. *6d.*), *Abbey* (R. & b., 8s. *6d.*), *George, Station, Burt's* (17 rooms; R. & b., 8s.).

Motor Park. - There is no motor park immediately against the abbey; cars may be left in the Market Square, a few score yards to the south.

Sports. - Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

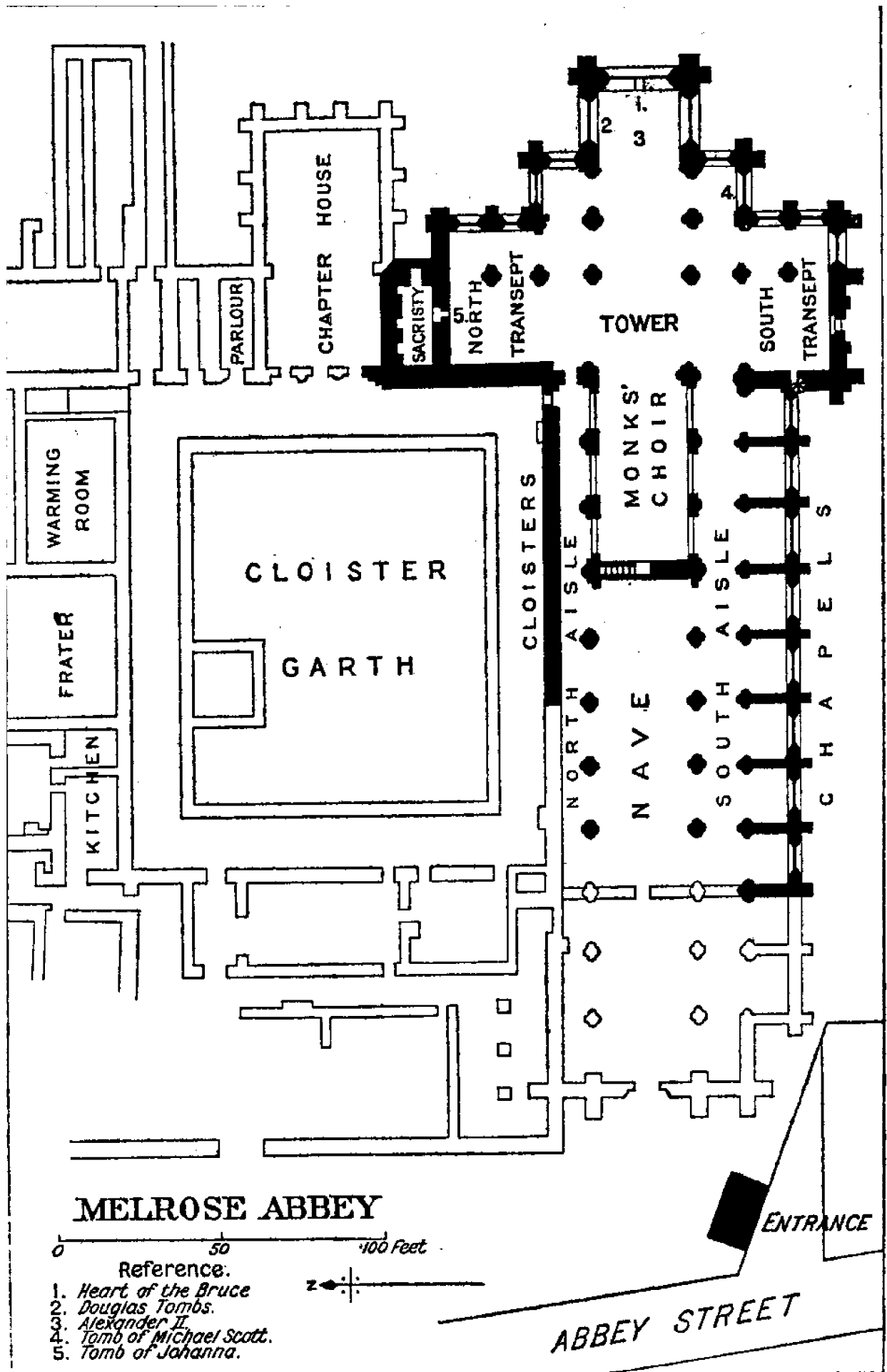
Railway Station. - L.N.E.R.

Melrose is a quiet little town on the southern bank of the Tweed which is much visited by those exploring the Scott Country or rambling over the Eildon Hills. In addition to the Hydro, there are several hotels, golf links and other amenities, but it is, of course, on account of its **Abbey** that the place is best known.

The Abbey was founded, like so many others, by David I early in the twelfth century and was occupied by Cistercians from Rievaulx Abbey in Yorkshire. Destroyed by Edward II, it was rebuilt from a grant made for the purpose by the Bruce and despite the hindrances caused by attacks from Richard II. A considerable part of the fabric belongs to the fifteenth - sixteenth centuries. From 1545 it was subjected to the tender mercies of Reformers, Covenanters and natives who regarded it as a very convenient quarry whenever building-stone was required. The remains are now under the protection of H.M. Office of Works, and much has been done to rid the grounds of unsightly encumbrances and generally to enhance and preserve this beautiful ruin.

The entrance lodge stands at the west end of the nave, the northern and western walls of which were long ago razed to the ground, though most of the south wall remains, with its series of chapels. Walking eastward we are confronted by the remains of the rood loft, passing which we are among high walls and can appreciate the former grandeur of the building. The Abbey is remarkable for the beauty and variety of its carved capitals: notice that over the clustered shaft adjoining the south-west pier of the tower. Notice, too, the splendid windows of the transepts and the great east window. Beneath the High Altar, at the foot of this window, the heart of the Bruce was buried; a few yards westward lie the remains of Alexander II; to the north of them are tombs of the Douglasses, and on the south, at the entrance to the sanctuary, is the tomb of Michael Scott, the Eildon wizard. North of the north transept was the sacristy, and in the doorway was buried Johanna, wife of Alexander II. From this point the extreme narrowness of the north aisle is well seen.

In recent years the Commandator's House and additional ground have been acquired and it has been possible to expose the foundations of an extensive range of domestic buildings to



the north of the cloisters. The former magnificence of the place must be apparent even to the most hurried visitor; nevertheless, it is only to the leisurely examiner of its walls that the greatness of the Abbey is fully apparent: there is food for thought, too, in such inscriptions as that on the north wall of the Church, above the aisle, "Here lyis the Race of the Hous of Zair."

Melrose to Dryburgh. - Follow Abbey Street, past the entrance to the ruins, northward, shortly swinging to the right. Through Newstead to the bridge at Leaderfoot, where cross the river and turn immediately to the right, taking the right-hand road at each subsequent choice. For Dryburgh see earlier narrative.

Melrose to Abbotsford. - Take the main road westward out of the town. In about a mile this crosses the river by a picturesque bridge: for Abbotsford do not cross the bridge, but keep to the left, and in about a mile the house will be seen below the road on the right.

ABBOTSFORD.

Access. - Abbotsford lies on the south bank of the Tweed about 3 miles west of Melrose railway station, whence a good road runs as above. Motors meet most of the trains or can be hired at Melrose. On the other side of the river Galashiels is but 2 miles distant in a direct line, but vehicles must go upstream to Lindean or down towards Melrose in order to cross the river. About 4 miles south of Abbotsford is Selkirk, also with motor connections. Pedestrians can use the stations (L.N.E.R.) at either of these places, or that at Lindean (on the Galashiels-Selkirk line), 2½ miles from Abbotsford. Various motor firms, notably in Edinburgh, organize "Scott Country" tours including Abbotsford.

Admission. - Weekdays only, 10-5, 1s.; children, 6d. Open from Easter to mid-October.

Motor Parking. - Cars, etc., are left beside the road at the entrance to the path leading down to the house.

Anything approaching a detailed description of Abbotsford would be impossible, even in a much less comprehensive volume than this. Strikingly beautiful in its situation, it is of greater interest as the creation of Sir Walter Scott, and of hardly less interest as a veritable museum of authentic relics of the Scotland which Scott loved, wrote about and, in fact, made known to the world at large, for until the publication of the Waverley novels the Highlands were generally regarded as far beyond the pale of civilization. Scott acquired the estate in 1811, and at first contented himself with enlarging the then existing farmstead of Cartley Hole. Subsequently, however, he built the present mansion, and planted many of the trees which now lend such charm to the countryside around, and at Abbotsford he died in 1832.

Abbotsford is distinguished among a host of houses associated with famous figures in that almost every yard of it bears the impress of its creator; here is no collection of "relics" scraped together with but little justification after Scott's death, but a wonderful assembly of arms, armour and the like, collected by himself during his life-time and of which many pieces live eternally in his pages.

Attention will be attracted by the stone, half-way up the wall above the front door, inscribed:

"The Lord of armies is my Protector
Blessit ar thay that trust in the Lord. 1575."

This stone was the lintel of the old Edinburgh Tolbooth, the Heart of Midlothian, and is but one example of the manner in which historic relics have been incorporated into the house. The

rooms shown include the Armoury and Entrance Hall, crammed with weapons and armour, and with some pictures which we leave the guides to describe; Scott's Study, with its little "speak-a-bit" closet for confidential conversations; the Drawing-room, with its century-old Chinese wall-paper and furniture, perhaps the least picturesque of the Abbotsford apartments; and the Library, with Chantrey's bust of Scott, a case containing relics of Prince Charlie, Flora Macdonald, Rob Roy, etc., and lovely views across to the river which recall Lockhart's picture of the scene in this room in September, 1832: "A beautiful day; so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

The estate includes the **Rhymer's Glen**, the traditional meeting-place of True Thomas of Ercildoune with his elfin love, the Fairy Queen. The Eildon Tree, under which they met, is no more, though its site is marked by a stone.

Sir Walter Scott belongs to the numerous company of great Scotsmen whose careers ended in tragedy. Born in Edinburgh on August 15, 1771, he developed in infancy an incurable lameness; and although this did not at any time daunt his spirit - his physical energy, for example, was prodigious, enabling him even in later life to walk 30 miles in a day or to ride a hundred without resting - the infirmity did undoubtedly help to intensify a natural love of reading. He would read everything that came his way, and in his early teens had probably read more (and, what is of greater importance, remembered more) than most men of three times his age.

In 1786 he was apprenticed to his father, a Writer to the Signet (a position more or less equivalent to that of an English attorney), but he seems never to have applied himself with much enthusiasm to the Law, although he was called to the Bar in 1792. In 1799 he became Sheriff-Deputy of Selkirkshire and in 1806 a Clerk of the Court of Session, both fairly lucrative posts, the latter especially making small claim upon his time. He wrote, but from the first he resolved to use literature "as a staff and not a crutch." His first publication, in 1799, was a translation of Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*; in 1802 the *Border Minstrelsy* was printed and published by his old school friend Ballantyne, whom he had met at Kelso - where also he had come across the copy of Percy's *Reliques* which made such a profound impression upon his youthful imagination. The *Border Minstrelsy* made Scott famous, so that publication of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* created something of a sensation. His fame rose higher with *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake*, of which 20,000 copies sold in a few months. *The Lady*, however, marked the zenith of Scott's popularity as a poet, and the publication of several other poems confirmed the fact that his popularity as a poet was actually waning. Scott had, however, already issued *Waverley*, and its success (notwithstanding the anonymity of the author) encouraged him to confine his attentions to novels. In that vein he had no rival, and for years the novels poured from his pen with wonderful regularity and, all things considered, equally wonderful maintenance of standard.

In 1797 he had married Charlotte Margaret Carpenter. Their first home was at Lasswade; subsequently they moved to Ashiestiel, on the Tweed. With his rising success in the literary world Scott bought the farm of Cartley Hole, between Melrose and Galashiels, changed the name to the far more appropriate (since it referred to the home of the author of *Waverley*) Abbotsford and proceeded to rebuild the place in accordance with the same feudal spirit. Few men of the time could have conceived and carried out such a plan. He bought many historical relics, but a greater number were showered upon him by admiring readers, and when in 1820 he was knighted his future must have

seemed assured.

But tragedy was impending. Scott had not only made the reputation of Ballantyne's and Constable's, the printers and publishers; he had also accepted partnerships in both the publishing and the printing businesses of these firms; and when in 1826 these firms became bankrupt Scott found himself liable, through no fault of his own except an excess of generosity towards those he regarded as his friends, for debts amounting to something like £117,000.

With a brave boast to his creditors ("Time and I against any two") he turned his pen and his intellect to the production of works which would not only pay the debts of his partners, but would enable him to regain all that he had lost. In six years he had repaid £70,000, but the task was greater than even his physique and will-power could perform. In February, 1830, symptoms of paralysis appeared. He continued his writing, and in 1831 was induced to go abroad in the hope of restoring his health, but the hope was vain, and from Rome he made his way back to Scotland in the knowledge that the end was near. A tablet beside the road near Galashiels records his delight at again setting eyes on the country he loved so well. A few hours later he was back at Abbotsford and there it was that he died on September 21, 1832.

The Eildon Hills, to the south of Melrose, are best appreciated at a little distance - they are very well seen from the Bemersyde road to Dryburgh. Although there is but one hill, there are three peaks (of which the highest rises 1,385 feet above the sea), a subdivision popularly attributed (*vide The Lay of the Last Minstrel*) to that Michael Scott who lies buried at Melrose and who, as a wizard, was condemned to find constant employment for a troublesome spirit. But alas! the partition of the Eildons was accomplished in a night, so that to find occupation for the spirit, Scott was forced to fall back on the manufacture of ropes from sand.

Roman remains have been found on the hills, which are commonly identified with *Tremontium*. Each peak (the middle one has an indicator on its summit) is an excellent viewpoint, and it was Sir Walter Scott's boast that they commanded more than forty places" famous in war and verse." The ascent is quite easy: pass under the railway bridge beside Melrose station and climb the road to the golf links, beyond which are the three peaks. As for *Tremontium*, the site is marked with a large stone half a mile east of the village of Newstead, near Melrose. This was the largest Roman camp in the South of Scotland and several relics now in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh, were excavated there in 1908.

Melrose to Edinburgh via Lauder (40 miles). - Leave the town by Abbey Street, shortly turning to right for Newstead and the bridge at Leaderfoot, on the far side of which take the middle road (the road to the right goes to Dryburgh, and keep up the course of the Leader Water. Near Earlston are the remains of a residence of Sir Thomas Learmount, the prophetic poet of the thirteenth century, who is better known as Thomas the Rhymer, or Thomas of Ercildoune. Under the Eildon Tree on the Abbotsford estate he was wont to meet the Fairy Queen.

From Earlston it is 6 miles to **Lauder** (*Black Bull, Eagle*), a royal burgh dating from the days of William the Lion. A portion of the old town walls existed until 1911. It was here that Archibald, 5th Earl of Angus, earned his title of "Bell-the-Cat" by declaring his readiness to carry out the sentence of his fellow conspirators against Cochrane and others of James III's favourites who were hanged, it is said, from Lauder Bridge (1482). Close by is *Thirlestane Castle*, the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale. A very interesting survival is the system of old

burgess rights and customs still maintained in the ancient burgh.

From Lauder the road continues to climb over the Lammermuirs, the highest point (1,192 feet) being gained a mile or so short of **Soutra** (Soutra "aisle," to the left of the road, is the remnant of a hospice which formerly stood here). The hill is a grand view-point. As the road descends the northern flank of the range there is a fine prospect ahead, on a clear day, across the Forth to Fife-shire, the Forth Bridge showing up through the haze of "auld Reekie" and Inchkeith keeping its lonely watch more to the right.

MELROSE TO EDINBURGH VIA GALASHIELS.

Distance. - 37 m.; railway follows similar route.

Leave Melrose as for Abbotsford, but cross the river by the old bridge a short way beyond *Darnick*, with its old tower. The road now runs beside the Tweed, and then above the Gala Water. On the outskirts of Galashiels a wall-tablet records that "At this spot, on his pathetic journey from Italy home to Abbotsford and his beloved Borderland, Sir Walter Scott, gazing on this scene for the last time, 'sprang up with a cry of delight,' 11th July, 1832 - Lockhart, chapter xxxviii." The modern traveller will complain that the gasometer has ruined the prospect towards Galashiels.

Galashiels (*Douglas* (40 rooms, R. and b., fr. 8s. 6d.), *Royal* (26 rooms, R. and b., 8s. 6d.). *Early Closing: Wednesday*) is a busy town mainly concerned with the manufacture of tweed: "Gala Shepherd tartans" have long been celebrated. The town is a very good centre for tours through the Scott Country and there are facilities for most sports. The War Memorial is a spirited piece of sculpture which many will like to compare with the representations of the old rieviers at Selkirk, Hawick and other places on the Border.

From Galashiels the road traces the Gala Water towards its source in the hills, those on the east of the road being the Lammermuirs, the Moorfoots on the west. Pretty little Stow is passed, and still the road ascends, coming out finally on the high waste of Middleton Moor, from which it runs down to **Borthwick**, with a fine fifteenth-century Castle. Mary Queen of Scots and Bothwell made this their retreat in 1567, and were here nearly captured by Morton, Mary having to escape in the disguise of a page.

A mile to the north-east is the grand ruin of **Crichton Castle**, well known to readers of *Marmion*. (*Open weekdays 10-4, 6 or 7; Sundays 2-3 or 4, 6d.*)

West of the road are the woods of Arniston Temple (its name recalling an early association with the Knights Templars) and the house from which Lord Rosebery takes his title. Also to the west of the road is **Cockpen**, a district which yields at least a title to Lady Nairne's humorous song "The Laird of Cockpen"; with Dalhousie Castle (now a school); **Lasswade**, where Sir Walter Scott lived for some years after his marriage and which is supposed to be the original of "Gandercleuch" in the *Tales of my Landlord*; and **Hawthornden**, a modern residence on the site of an old one associated with William Drummond, the poet, who was here visited by Ben Jonson. (*No longer open to the public.*) A mile or so south-west, and the goal of a delightful riverside walk from Lasswade or from Polton, is Roslin.

Roslin (or Rosslyn) Chapel (*open daily, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. in summer, till dusk in winter; admission, 1s. On Sundays open for Divine Service only, 11.30 a.m., 3.30 p.m. and 6*

p.m.) was founded in 1446 by William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney and Roslin, a descendant of one of the Norman companions of William I. The remains are extremely beautiful. The choir is a fine example of florid Gothic, there being thirteen different styles of arch. The exquisitely carved 'Prentice's Pillar' is said to have been constructed by an apprentice in the absence of his master, who, on his return, burning with envy, ruthlessly slew the young artist. The Chapel sustained much injury at the Revolution of 1688, but was restored in 1862, and is now used as an Episcopal place of worship.

Roslin Castle (*open daily, Sunday included; admission, 6d.; large parties half-price*) was built by the founder of the Chapel. The more ancient parts are indicated by huge fragments. It must have been a place of great strength, moated, and only accessible by a drawbridge. It is finely situated on a steep promontory overhanging the river, which sweeps round two sides of it.

At Roslin, on February 23, 1302, took place the famous triple engagement with the army of Edward I, under Sir John de Seagrave - the Scots, under Sir Simon Fraser, defeating the three divisions of the English army as they came up in turn.

Continuing from Borthwick towards Edinburgh the main road reaches **Newbattle**, where the seat of the Kerrs, Marquises of Lothian, occupies the site and perpetuates the name of a Cistercian abbey founded by David I; the monks deserve mention as being the first to work coal seams in Scotland. Newbattle is on the outskirts of **Dalkeith**, with a place in Scots literature as the home of "Mansie Wauch." The town, however, retains few memorials of its historic past, apart from the ruins of the old Church on the north side of High Street. Dalkeith Palace, the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, was designed by Vanbrugh for Anne, Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch, towards the end of the seventeenth century, but is no longer open to the public.

The more interesting way to Edinburgh passes **Craigmillar Castle**, now a lonely ruin, but in centuries past a place of some importance. It was an occasional residence of Mary Stewart, and here was planned the murder of Darnley, the "bond of blood" being dated from Craigmillar.

GALASHIELS TO EDINBURGH VIA PEEBLES.

Railway. - For most of the way the L.N.E.R. follows the same route.

Along the breast of the hills westward of Galashiels runs the *Catrail*, a defensive work attributed to the Britons and originally consisting of a chain of forts connected by deep fosse and rampart. The terminal fort on Rink Hill commands lovely views over Tweeddale.

For the first few miles the road is occupied in swinging round the group of hills across which the *Catrail* runs. Then Tweeddale is entered at Caddonfoot, and across the valley is *Ashiestiel*, which was for some years the residence of Sir Walter Scott, prior to his removal to Abbotsford. It is charmingly situated against a background of hills - there are vivid descriptions of local scenery in the first four cantos of *Marmion*. The most interesting of the hills beyond Tweeddale is *Minchmoor* (1,856 feet): a short way north of the highest point is the Cheesewell, so called from the habit of travellers who dropped into its waters crumbs of cheese in order to propitiate the fairies reputed to haunt the spot.

By Walkerburn, busy with its woollen manufacture, we come to **Innerleithen** (*Traquair*

Arms), an attractive little place boasting medicinal springs which are claimed as the prototype of Scott's "St. Ronan's Well," though it would appear that until the publication of that book they were known by another name. The town is a good centre for walks over the surrounding hills, and there is fishing in the Tweed and tributary streams.

A mile south of Innerleithen is *Traquair House*, said to be the oldest in Scotland, although only the tower (reputed to be 1,000 years old) dates from prior to Charles I's time. Either side of the main gateway are carved bears, and the connection of the house with Tullyveolen and the Bears of Bradwardine in *Waverley* is attractive if not conclusive. (*Neither house nor grounds are open to the public.*) The house is rich in romantic history, but perhaps the most interesting legends attach to the main gates, which were locked in the eighteenth century and have never since been opened.

PEEBLES.

Distances.- Edinburgh, 23 m.; Galashiels, 19 m.; Selkirk, 21 m.; Moffat, 35 m.

Early Closing.- Wednesday.

Hotels.- *Hydropathic, Cross Keys* (12 rooms; R. & b., 7s. 6d.), *County, Tontine* (15 rooms; R. & b., 6s), *Green, Tree*, (13 rooms; R. & b., 7s. 6d.).

Railway Station is junction of L.N.E.R. Galashiels-Edinburgh line with L.M.S. branch from Clydesdale at Symington.

Sports.- Golf (2s 6d. day, 10s. week). *Fishing* for trout and salmon in Tweed and tributaries, controlled by local angling association. Tennis, bowls, boating, swimming.

A royal burgh since the twelfth century, Peebles is delightfully situated astride the Tweed. Screened on every side by hills, it has long enjoyed a reputation as a health and pleasure resort and is celebrated in the old Scots poem *Peblis to the Play*, ascribed to James I of Scotland. The *Cross Keys*, a quaint old hostelry, is the original of Cleikum Inn, and Miss Ritchie, who ran it in Scott's day, was the prototype of Meg Dods in *St. Ronan's Well*. On the north side of the town are the ruins of the thirteenth-century **Cross Church**, all that is left of a monastic establishment which derived fame from possession of a fragment of the true Cross and the relics of St. Nicholas of Peebles and to the patronage of James IV. The property is now under the care of H.M. Office of Works and is open to the public.

Peebles was the birthplace (in 1800 and 1802) of William and Robert Chambers, the publishers, the former of whom presented to the town the Chambers Institution, a remarkable building once known as the Queensberry Lodging, where is said to have been born in 1725 the fourth Duke of Queensberry, "Old Q" of sporting fame - the "degenerate Douglas" denounced in Wordsworth's sonnet for laying low the fine woods around **Neidpath Castle**, a mile westward from the town. The Castle is finely situated at a bend in the Tweed and commands lovely views. Neidpath originally consisted of a plain peel tower. It belonged to the Frasers (cf. the carved strawberries over the courtyard gateway - French, *fraises*), who probably added the part which is now almost all that remains. In the eighteenth century the Castle was held by William Douglas, third Earl of March, who in 1778 succeeded as the Duke of Queensberry - "Old Q."

A mile or so beyond the Castle a road crosses the Tweed and runs up to the village of Manor,

whence it is less than a mile to the *Black Dwarf's Cottage*. David Ritchie, from whom Scott obtained his character, was a brush-maker whose misshapen figure was matched by an equally unfortunate sourness of disposition, so that he was forced to become a recluse. As described by Scott, he built a cottage on this site, but, his landlord rebuilt it a few years before his death (in 1811), since which the building has again been renewed. Ritchie was buried in Manor Churchyard. Strong walkers will find it a fine wild route up beside the Manor Water and over to St. Mary's Loch, though the walk should not be attempted by solitary strangers when mist is about.

Hence to **Biggar**, see later.

The first few miles of the road from Peebles to Edinburgh are alongside the Eddleston water, climbing steadily past Eddleston village to the moors about **Leadburn** (*Leadburn Hotel*), a haunt of anglers: in addition to various streams, there are the Gladhouse and other reservoirs (*apply Edinburgh Waterworks Department*).

From Leadburn the road runs down to **Penicuik** (Pen-y-cook: the hill of the cuckoo), a paper-making place on the North Esk a few miles below that part of the river known as *Habbie's Howe*:

"Gae far'er up the burn to Habbie's Howe,
Where a' the sweets o' spring and summer grow.
There, 'tween two birks out o'er a little linn,
The water falls and makes a singing din;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses wi' easy whirls the bord'ring grass."

To reach Habbie's Howe and the neighbouring *Newhall House* (with its memories of Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*) follow the Carlops road. For Habbie's Howe take the first opening on the left beyond Newhall gates.

Eastward from Penicuik is Roslin. Hence to Edinburgh the road needs no description.