and perform all the services preparatory to, at, and after a good dinner, with satisfaction to his master and credit to himself, "Why, sure, 'twould be aisy to see all that, before he was a week in the place. What business would he have to look for the situation at all, if he didn't know he was fit for it? He saw good service in great houses afore now, and wasn't trusting to what Mr. Macarthy might say of his abilities; for to tell nothing but the truth, they had but a slobbering way of doing business in Slobberly Hall."

SCOTTISH RIVERS.—No. II.

THE TWEED.

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

The Tweed! The silver Tweed! Gentlest of readers, you may perhaps wonder that, in apparent opposition to the sage advices of our much venerated friend Major Ramsbottom, we should now be disposed to bring before you this most important Scottish river, at so early a period of our campaign. But, to tell you the truth, whilst we by no means intend to hold ourselves responsible for acting at all times under the guidance of particular reasons, we yet confess that we are influenced at present by some which we hold to be very important. In the first place, you have been kindly pleased to give so courteous a reception to our little Jack-snipe of a Jordan—which, as we must confess to you, as a friend, under the rose, we, partly from mere waggery, thought it advisable to place before you, as our first dish—that we think it but fair, thus speedily to reward you with something really substantial, with what the French would call a "*piece de resistance*," and which John Bull would denominate "a cut and come again." And, secondly, although the Tweed may indeed be considered as one of the chiefs among our Scottish fluvial divinities, yet he is not the first, but only one of the first; and although, when he shall be disposed of, we cannot exactly say of him as King Henry did of the loss of Earl Percy,

> "We trust we have within our realm
> Five hundred as good as he"—

Yet we shall not be left without a goodly array of his brother river gods at our back. Then let our courteous reader, *a la bonne heure*, fall briskly on the feast which we shall speedily spread before him, assuring himself whilst he does so, that he may be in no dread of future starvation, seeing that our garrison is stored in so ample a manner, as to enable us to withstand the siege of a lifetime.

The great valley which affords a course for the Tweed, when taken in conjunction with those minor branch valleys which give passage to its various tributaries, may be called the great Scoto-Arcadian district of pastoral poetry and song. Who could enumerate the many offerings which have been made to the rural muses in this happy country? for where there are poetry and song, happiness must be presupposed, otherwise neither the one nor the other could have birth. Doubtless, those ancient verses and melodies, which have for so many ages charmed, not only the inhabitants of Scotland, but those of countries which have always been held as much more refined in musical science, were produced at a time, when the original pastoral simplicity of the country of the Tweed had been but little innovated on by the operations of the plough. The era of iron skull caps, jingling shirts of mail, back and breast pieces, spurs—with rowels that might have been fitted into the sky on an occasion, to supply the place of any of the fixed stars that had fallen out of their places—buff jerkins, lances, and sure footed moss-trooping horses, that knew how, instinctively, to pick their way by moonlight, or even perchance, when moon there was none, from hag to hag, had for some ages passed away. The thick forests had been gladed by the hands of Time and of Nature, in such a way as might have thrown any such celebrated landscape gardener, as Mr. Craigie Halkett of Hallhill into absolute ecstacies of delight, and furnished him with a thousand useful professional hints. Peace had long floated over the whole of these pastoral scenes, as if the Halcyon bird had built its nest among them. The deer, "both doe and roe, and red deer good," had not yet been quite exterminated from "the gay greenwood." The reign of Nature was undisturbed. The minutest flowerets were safe, except from the fingers of the swain—who might pluck them for the adornment of the shepherdess, whose love-chain he wore—or from the careless feet of the sheep or the kine, which they tended together. But so rapid and extensive have been the strides of cultivation in its progress from the sea upwards, even in our own time, that it is only towards the very upper part of its course that the words of the ancient ballad may now be with much literal truth applied:—

> "What beauties does Flora disclose!
> How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
> Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
> Both nature and fancy exceed.
> No daisy nor sweet-blushing rose,
> Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
> Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
> Such beauty and pleasure do yield.
>
> "The warblers are heard in the grove;
> The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
> The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,
> With music enchant every bush.
> Come let us go forth to the mead,
> Let's see how the primroses spring,
> We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
> And love while the feathered folks sing."

But one of the most wonderful facts, in regard to this change on the face of the country, is the circumstance, that the plough seems to have banished song altogether from this tuneful district, for the population have become the most unmusical anywhere to be found. Old Pennecuick tells us that "musick is so great a stranger to their temper, that you shall hardly light upon one among six that can distinguish one tune from another; yet those of them that hit upon the vein may match with the skilfullest." And a more modern commentator on this passage tells us, that both instrumental and vocal music have been completely banished from among the peasantry of Tweeddale, and that a ploughman is never even heard to "whistle o'er the lea," as they so invariably do in all other countries.

The only portion of the course of the Tweed that may now be called truly pastoral is that which is included within those lofty mountains that encircle its head, and there, indeed, the climate may not be always so genial as to induce the growth of a very abundant Flora. This part of the country might with propriety be called the Region of Colleys; for here they abound, and maintain a strict, though gentle and very sensible, judicious, and temperate control over the woolly inhabitants of the green mountain-sides. We have travelled by accident through this country very lately, but we have the greatest pleasure in recollecting our passage through it in 1807, when on our way homewards from what we might very well call our travels in England, from their unusually extensive and comprehensive nature. We quite well remember sitting on a dyke by the road-side for nearly an hour with a shepherd of those parts, whilst, at our request, he despatched his dog over to the opposite hill, the face of which rose steeply backwards for nearly two miles, and stretched about double that space to right and left. The intelligence displayed by the creature was infinitely beyond anything we could have previously conceived. The moment he had compelled the brigade of bleaters to perform the evolution which his master's first signal had dictated, he sat down in his distant position, with his eyes fixed upon him; and, though certainly not nearer to us than from half-a-mile to a mile, as the crow would fly, he at once caught up every successive signal, however slight, from his commanding officer, and put the troops into active motion, to carry the wished-for manœuvre into effect. In this manner, they were made to visit every part of the hill-face in succession—at one time keeping in compact phalanx, as if prepared to resist cavalry, and at another scouring away and scattering themselves over the mountain, as if skirmishing, like Tirailleurs, against some unseen enemy advancing from over the hill-top beyond; and it appeared to us, that, great as we had always considered the talents of Lieut. Lightbody, the able adjutant of the distinguished corps we had then recently left, we must feel ourselves compelled to declare that he was a mere tyro compared to this wonderful canine tactician. And then, as to council, as well as war, we have seen some half-dozen of these highly gifted animals meet together from different parts of the mountains and glens, as if by appointment, at the sunny nook of some *fauld dyke*, and there, seated on their haunches, hold a conference in which we, who were watching them, could have no doubt matters of vital importance to the colley population of the parish were discussed. No body of bishops or Presbyterian elders of kirks, either Established or Free, could have behaved with more decorum, or could have shaken their heads more wisely; and when the conference broke up, we had not a single lingering doubt in our mind that the important business which had been under discussion, had been temperately settled in the wisest and most satisfactory manner; and we could not help thinking that some useful lessons might have been taken, from what we saw, as to the proper mode of conducting such meetings. For our own part, we confess we should rather be put in possession of a picture of such a canine conference, painted by the wonderful pencil of Landseer, than that of any other similar convocation of human beings that we know of.

During those barbarous times, when border raids were in continual activity, and when no one, on either side of the marches, or debateable land, could lay down his head to sleep at night, without the chance of having to stand to his defence, or perhaps to mount and ride ere morning, the valleys of the Tweed and its tributaries must have witnessed many strange and stirring events and cruel slaughters. To defend themselves from these predatory incursions, the Scottish monarchs erected strong castles along the lower part of the course of the Tweed, and the chain of these places of strength was carried upwards, quite to the source of the streams by the various landowners. These last were either Towers or Peels—these different names being given, rather to distinguish the structures as to their magnitude and importance, than from any great difference of plan—the tower possessing greater accommodations, and being much the larger and more impregnable in strength of the two. The Peels rarely contained more than three stories, which were generally all vaulted. To that in the basement—which was often used to thrust cattle into, at a moment of sudden alarm, and which sometimes had vaults under it—there was a direct entrance from without, which was well defended. This apartment had frequently no communication with those above, whilst, in some instances, access to it was obtained downwards through a trap-door in the floor and vaulted roof. Sometimes the upper apartments were approached by a small spiral stair, from a little well defended door, in an angle of the basement, but generally they were entered from an outer door in the wall, on the same level as the apartments of the second storey, and the access to this door was by a ladder, which was drawn up, after use, into the little fortalice. These strongholds, being intended for the general advantage and preservation of all the inhabitants of the valley, were built alternately on both sides of the river, and in a continued series, so as to have a view one of another; so that a fire, kindled on the top of any one of them, was immediately responded to, in the same way, by all the others in succession; the smoke giving the signal by day and the flame by night—thus spreading the alarm through a whole country of seventy miles in extent, in the provincial phrase, from "Berwick to the Bield,"—and to a breadth of not less than fifty miles, carrying alarm into the uppermost parts of every tributary glen. Would that we could be inspired with the fancy of our own immortal Sir Walter, that we might, for only one moment, imagine the sudden upstirring, in this way, of the wild and warlike population of so great an extent of country, during the days of Border contest! what a shouting of men and neighing of horses!—what a hurried donning of back and breast-pieces and morions!—what a jingling of bridles and saddling of steeds!—what a buckling on of swords and grasping of lances!—and how the woods, and the steep faces of the hills, must have re-echoed to the gallop of the various little parties, hastening to unite themselves together! Then came the assault of the invading foe—the crash of combat,—the shouts of triumph, and the shrieks of dying men!—all full of the most romantic and picturesque suggestions. Nay, if we could only fancy the laird of any one of those little fortalices, after having been warned by his provident dame, by the usual hint of a covered dish full of steel spurs set before him, that there was no more meat in the larder—if we could only imagine him and his followers, getting hurriedly to boot and saddle, to ride across the Border, on a foray into England, to harry some district of its beeves, we should conjure up a picture full of the most romantic circumstances and stirring interest. Beginning with Oliver Castle, which was as high up the Tweed valley as any such human habitation could have been well built, we find that its communication was with that of Drummelzier and the Peel of Tinnis, or Thane's Castle. These communicated with one at Dreva, that with Wester Dawick, Hillhouse, Easter Dawick, Easter Happrew, Lyne, Barns, Coverhill, Neidpath, Peebles Castle, Haystone, Horsburgh Castle, Nether Horsburgh, Cardrona, Ormistone, Grierstone, Traquair, Innerleithen, Purves Hill, Bold, Caberstone, Scrogbank, Hollowlee, Elibank Tower, and so on in the same manner, down the whole vale of the Tweed to the sea, or, reversing the order, and as we have already used the common country phrase "*from Berwick to the Bield.*"

Availing ourselves of the quaint language of Dr Pennecuick, we now beg to inform our readers that "The famous Tweed hath its first spring or fountain nearly a mile to the east of the place where the shire of Peebles marches and borders with the stewartry of Annandale—that is Tweed's Cross, so called from a cross which stood, and was erected there in time of Popery, as was ordinary, in all the eminent places of public roads in the kingdom before our Reformation. Both Annan and Clyde have their first rise from the same height, about half a mile from one another, where Clyde runneth west, Annan to the south, and Tweed to the east." There is some little exaggeration, however, in the old Doctor here—for there is, in reality, no branch of Clyde within two miles of Tweed's Cross, or Errickstane Brae. Tweed's Well is not very far from the great road; and the site of Tweed's Cross is 1632 feet above the level of the sea. "Tweed runneth for the most part with a soft, yet trotting stream, towards the north-east, the whole length of the country, in several meanders, passing first through the Paroch of Tweeds-moor, the place of its birth, then running eastward, it watereth the parishes of Glenholm, Drumelzear, Broughton, Dawick, Stobo, Lyne, Mannor, Peebles, Traquair, Innerleithen, and from thence in its course to the March at Galehope-burn, where, leaving Tweeddale, it beginneth to water the Forest on both sides, a little above Elibank."

Hartfell, in the upper part of this country, rises to the height of 1928 feet above the level of the sea; and several individual heights of the same group approach very near to that elevation. The pass of Errickstane Brae from Dumfriesshire into Tweeddale is very steep and tedious, even with the present improved line and construction of road; but in the olden times, and when wild forests prevailed everywhere over the sides of the hills, and darkened the depths of the valleys—and when these were most likely to be peopled by robbers—one cannot doubt that the good Catholic would gladly avail himself of the cross at the summit, to throw himself upon his knees, and offer up fervent prayers for his safety. In these times, the traveller's attention is arrested by a most remarkable conchoidal hollow, in the bosom of the mountain, of immense depth, with sides of a declivity approaching nearly to the perpendicular, covered with a beautiful short green sward. This very curious place is called "the Marquis of Annandale's Beef Stand,"—probably because its quiet shelter, and rich pasture, may have produced very superior beeves. It is likewise often called "MacCleran's Loup," which comparatively modern name it acquired from a very curious and romantic incident. In the year 1745, a party of troops were escorting some unfortunate Highlanders, as prisoners, in their way for execution at Carlisle. As they were passing this place, one of them, of the name of MacCleran, asked permission of the guards to retire aside a little, and, squatting at the edge of the green precipice, and letting down his plaid all over him, in pent-house fashion, he gradually drew it tight together over his person, and borrowing a hint from the sagacious hedgehog, and putting his head between his knees, so as to convert himself into a ball, he boldly rolled himself over the hill. There was an immediate shout—the men, who had sat down to rest, seized their arms, rushed to the edge of the precipice, and fired as fast as they could at the rolling mass of tartan that went bounding downwards, and then spun out into the midst of the hollow bottom below. Shot after shot was fired as rapidly as thought. The animated sphere at last came to rest by its very *vis inertiæ;* but before they could well load again, it rapidly unfolded itself, and up jumped the man, safe and unhurt, and, bounding off like a roebuck, he was soon lost in a ravine that cleft a part of the opposite mountain.

We shall now proceed to follow the stream of the Tweed from Tweed's Well, its elevated birth-place, down into the valley through which it pursues its course onwards to the sea; and, in so doing, we cannot pass over the small Inn of Tweedhope-foot, "where," says old Pennecuick, "there lived, in my time, an honest fellow called Jamie Welsch, ironically nicknamed *The Bairn of Tweedhope-foot*, well known for his huge bulk and strength, being a perfect Milo, with a heart and courage conform." What a fellow for a fiction-monger to manufacture a character out of! It seems to us quite wonderful that Scott should have never thought of appropriating him.

As the river goes on, it is rapidly augmented by the accession of so many streams, coming in from either side, as to render it impossible to notice them all within any reasonable space. Numerous cairns, supposed to have been thrown up by the Romans to guide the way, are seen along the road between Tweedhope-foot and the Bield. At the upper part of the Hawkshaw stream is Falla Moss, where Porteous of Hawkshaw, at the head of some of the country people, surprised a party of sixteen of Cromwell's horsemen, who had come from the camp at Biggar. After securing them, they butchered these innocent men, one by one, in cold blood; and one individual, having given his blow with too much tenderness, his victim so far recovered strength as to escape for a few miles, when he was pursued and murdered by numberless cruel wounds. These unhappy men were buried in the Falla Moss; and, a little to the east, there is *the Resting Stone*, where an unfortunate woman perished in the snow. "Opposite to the foot of Hawkshawbank," says Pennecuick, "in a kairn beside the high road, is *the Giant's Grave;* so called from a huge, mighty fellow that robbed all on the way, but was at length, from a mount on the other side of the river, surprised and shot to death, as tradition goes." Near Monzion, on the banks of the Fruid river, there is the grave of a certain Marion Chisholm, who is said to have brought out the plague hither from Edinburgh, and infected all the people of the neighbourhood, by means of a bundle of clothes she carried with her, so that many died, and were buried by their terrified survivors in the ruins of their own houses, which were pulled down over their dead bodies so as to form their graves.

Tweedsmuir Kirk stands upon the right bank of the river, upon what is called the Quarter Knowe, which is supposed to have been a site of the Druids, from certain Druidical stones existing near it. The Tweed is here joined by the small river Talla, which is remarkable as having been the scene of the great Covenanting Convocation called the Meeting of Talla-Linns, which took place on the 15th of June, 1682, and at which, Sir Walter Scott informs us, that Douce David Deans was present as a youth. The strange metaphysical and polemical spirit, that had grown up among those unhappy sufferers was so overwhelming, that, instead of devoting their whole mind and attention, to the consideration of the real grievances and miseries they sustained, and of the best mode of procedure by which they could hope to get them removed, the whole scene was one of universal disagreement and disunion, concerning the character and extent of such as were entirely frivolous and imaginary. "The place where this conference took place," says Scott, "was remarkably well adapted for such an assembly. It was a wild and very sequestered dell in Tweeddale, surrounded by high hills, and far remote from human habitation. A small river or mountain torrent called the Talla, breaks down the glen with great fury, dashing successively over a number of small cascades, which have procured the spot the name of Talla Linns. Here the leaders among the scattered adherents of the Covenant—men who, in their banishment from human society, and in the recollection of the severities to which they had been exposed, had become at once sullen in their tempers, and fantastic in their religious opinions—met, with arms in their hands, and by the side of the torrent, discussed with turbulence, which the noise of the stream could not drown, points of controversy as empty and unsubstantial as its foam." This sad narration of human frailty forces upon our minds the recollection of the much more rational canine convocation, which we have already had occasion to describe! But in regard to painting, what a subject has Scott here sketched for some of our celebrated modern artists to fill up!

Before coming to the Bield and the Crook Inns, we pass the site of Oliver Castle, on the left bank of the stream, the very foundations of which are now so much gone as to render it difficult to discover the precise site where it stood. This was the ancient seat of the Frasers of Lovat, who, coming originally from France at a very early period of history, were thanes of the Isle of Man, and afterwards became possessed of large territories in the south of Scotland, especially in Tweeddale. They were high Sheriffs of the county of Peebles, and in the reigns of Alexander the II. and III., and during the minority of the Queen, Sir Simon Fraser, Lord of Oliver Castle, with the assistance of the Cummin, and with an army of 10,000 Scots, in one day, gave three successive and complete defeats to different bodies of Edward the First's army, amounting in all to not less than 30,000 men, near Roslin, on the 27th February, 1303. This hero was the Wallace of his time; and as his heroism and patriotism were not inferior to those of that celebrated Scottish champion, so his services to his country met with the same reward; for he was given into the hands of Edward, and died a martyr to his country's wrongs. By marriage with the family, this property came down, in modern times, into the possession of the Tweedies.

How great have been the changes which have taken place in this part of the valley since we first visited it, in 1807! The road, as you go along, now wears altogether an inhabited look, and little portions of plantations here and there give an air of shelter and civilization to it. The Crook Inn does not now stand alone, and there is, comparatively speaking, an inviting air of comfort about it; but forty years ago it presented one of the coldest looking, cheerless places of reception for travellers that we had ever chanced to behold. It stood isolated and staring in the midst of the great glen of the Tweed, closed in by high green sloping hills on all sides, with a square space between it and the highway enclosed off, to right and left, by two dry stone dykes, running at right angles from the line of its front towards the road. No one could look at it without thinking of winter, snow storms, and associations filled with pity for those whose hard fate it might be to be stormstaid here, as unwilling prisoners, with a country so deeply covered with snow, that there could be no hope of moving for many days. Such were our thoughts when we drove up to its door, we believe in the gloomy month of November, 1807, having come that morning from Moffat, and having no intention of staying longer here than to procure fresh post horses to our carriage, and then to proceed. We felt quite fidgetty and uncomfortable till we got away. The horses were no sooner put to the carriage, therefore, than we took our places. *Rumbles* had not yet come into existence, but there was a barouche box on the front part of the vehicle, where one of our friends seated himself, from choice, that he might have a better view of the scenery. We, with another, occupied the inside of the chariot, and the day being cold and raw, and threatening to drizzle a little, we made ourselves immediately snug by pulling up all the windows. The word "right!" was given, and the post-boy, wishing, as they generally do, to make a spurt at starting, dug the spurs into his horses, and whipped them at once into a gallop, and he went flying from the door, and round the corner into the road with such a *birr*, that he did not give time for the hind wheels to perform their necessary evolutions. By the same sort of centrifugal force, that gives impetus to the flight of a stone from a sling, therefore, they were thrown off sideways, at a tangent to the circle they should have described, with so great violence, that even the best London manufacture could not withstand it, especially after having been rattled, as they had been, for better than five months, over some of the roughest cross roads of England and Wales. In less than the twinkling of an eye, the whole spokes and felloes which had been so long happily banded together, *en société*, in the two wheels, disparted company by general consent, and were torn and dislocated from each other, and scattered far and wide upon the road. The iron rims rolled off each singly to the opposite side of the way, and then fell over with a solemn, yet sullen sound of submission to their fate. The post-boy, utterly unconscious that anything was wrong, continued to whip and spur, to prove that his horses were good for that pace for at least a mile. Our philosophical friend on the box was too much engaged in tying his comforter, and in looking now at the post-boy, and now at the mountains on either side, to be made aware of anything that had happened. albeit that our shouts and the occasional uncouth bumping he received, might have excited in him some slight suspicion that there was something wrong. But we two insides were in a most perilous plight; for we were sleighing it, as it were, along the hard turnpike road, upon the hind axletree; and many and furious were the bounds we made, as we for some time vainly tried to get down the front glasses. At length, after having gone some two hundred yards or more in this way, we succeeded in stopping the furious flight of our postilion; and having got out, we walked back in sad dismay to the Crook Inn, full of the conviction that stern fate had infallibly doomed us to all these miseries which had so recently filled us with pity for the supposed sufferings of others. We looked miserably and silently at each other, every face individually reflecting the inward horror that severally possessed us. We instinctively turned our eyes upwards to the portion of grim sky that stretched across above us, from one mountain top to another, like the dull, muggy old sail cloth that might form the roof of a booth at a fair. Wreaths of snow, twenty feet deep, seemed to be hanging over our heads, as if about to descend directly *en masse* into the glen, and so to swaddle up all nature, as to forbid all locomotion, however confined. We then looked at the cold, bare, inhospitable face of the Crook Inn before which we stood; and, like men desperately resolved to endure a fate, which, however cruel in itself, and suddenly brought upon us, could not now by any means be averted, we entered the house and seated ourselves on the wooden chairs in the best, but damp, dingy parlour, with its newly sanded floor, in the full conviction that this was to be our prison for some weeks to come at least. Our wreck was so complete, that not a hope remained. At length, curiosity led us to go out to listen to the conversation of a small group of persons that surrounded the carriage, each of whom was delivering his own sage remarks on this—an event so worthy of speculation, in a district where events were few. One man, with a broad blue bonnet, proved to be a carrier, and owner of a horse and cart which stood hard by. After a little talk with him, he undertook, for a due consideration, to transport the carriage to Edinburgh, by binding the hinder part of it, whence the wheels were gone, to the tail of his cart, so that it should travel safely, though ignominiously, on its own two fore wheels, and with its back to the horse; and after this was arranged, we speedily discovered, with great delight, that the landlord could give us two post-chaises. These were instantly ordered out, and our persons and baggage being distributed between the two, we had the satisfaction of starting again from the door, at a good rattling pace, just as the first broad flakes of snow were beginning to fall, as the advanced guard of that heavy column that was about to descend and subdue and imprison the whole of that upland country. Such was our alarm that we never stopped, except to change horses, till we found ourselves in the Inn at Melrose, where we thanked our stars that we had so providentially escaped from the horrors of the Crook Inn. But now things are so changed, that even a confinement there, however annoying in itself in point of delay, would at least be attended with no apprehension of want of creature comforts.

The next objects of interest on the Tweed are the old House of Drumelzier and the picturesque remains of the ancient fortalice belonging to it, called Tinnis, or Thanes Castle, which stands on the top of a hill above the house. It is said that travellers of every description were compelled to pay homage to Sir James Tweedie, the haughty Baron of Drumelzier. It so happened, that on one occasion he was told that a stranger, attended by a very small retinue, had passed by his mansion without paying the usual compliments of obeisance to its lordly owner. Fuming with rage, he instantly got to horse, and putting himself at the head of sixteen lances, all mounted like himself on white horses, as was his fancy, he pursued the stranger hot foot, until he overtook him at Glenwhappen, where, having found the man he sought, in the midst of his friends, he imperiously demanded to have him instantly given up to that corporal punishment which he was in the habit of inflicting in such cases. But what was the proud Tweedie's discomfiture when the stranger came forward, and was announced to him as James V., King of Scotland. Throwing himself upon his knees, he received the gracious pardon of his sovereign, coupled with a few befitting admonitions, and then he slunk away back to his barbarous hold, with humbled and mortified pride. A certain John Bertram, who had acted as the king's guide on this occasion, through the Drumelzier territory, received from his sovereign the lands of Duckpool for his reward.

The grave of the celebrated Merlin, the wizard and soothsayer, was said to be under a thorn tree, a little below the churchyard of this parish. An ancient prophecy existed regarding it, in the following rude distich :—

> "When Tweed and Pawsayle meet at Merlin's grave,
> Scotland and England shall one monarch have."

And this was said to have been fulfilled by an extraordinary flood which took place on the day that James VI. of Scotland was crowned king of England, when the river Tweed so far overflowed its banks, that it met and united itself to the burn of Pawsayle, at the spot which tradition had always marked out as the grave of Merlin. But this tradition would appear to be extremely apocryphal, seeing that we cannot understand how it happened that Merlin, who was a Welsh bard, and who was born at Caermarthen, about the year 460, should have wandered hither to find a grave. The only way in which it appears to be possible to reconcile this difficulty is by supposing, what is by no means unlikely, that this may have been the grave of some Scottish bard or soothsayer, whose fame having been as great in his own country as that of Merlin was all over Britain, and in the same way, may have had that distinguished name conferred on him by his countrymen as a mark of their admiration of him.

Nearly opposite to Drumelzier, Biggar Water, augmented by that of Skirling, falls into the Tweed from the left. The banks of both these streams are thickly sown with Roman and other remains. They are, moreover, ornamented with several gentlemen's residences. On the Rachan Hill are the remains of an ancient British camp; and it is worth remarking, that in the parish of Glenholm alone there are the ruins of no less than six old castles or towers. In a plain by the side of the Tweed are several mounds, in one of which was found a singular stone building, with a large stone cover, and within it was the skeleton of a man, with bracelets on his arms. An urn was found near to the skeleton. We can gather no information from any quarter as to what was the material of which the bracelets were composed, or what were the contents of the urn.

The general character of the river Tweed all along that part of its course which we have hitherto traced, is that of an exceedingly clear stream, trotting without any great degree of violence—that is to say, when not whipped into fury by the angry spirit of the storm and the flood—and finding its peaceful and harmless way over a beautiful pebbly bottom, and winding now to one side of the narrow valley, and now to the other, its banks being low, and rarely, though occasionally, fringed by a few dropping alders — the mountain side being generally green and unbroken, though here and there displaying accumulations of slaty stones, of a rich purple colour, indicating the nature of the rock under the surface. Angling for salmon in these waters is quite unavailing, as the fish that escape all the snares and interruptions that they have to encounter between Berwick and Peebles, do not arrive in these parts until they are quite out of season. But these are beautiful spawning grounds. It is not, however, always easy to defend the poor animals, whilst engaged in this interesting occupation, from the cruel leister or waster of the poacher. Like many other things, that are very nefarious in practice, there is much in the most destructive of practices that is productive of romantic and picturesque effect;—the darkness of the night—the blaze of the torches upon the water—the flash of the foam from the bare limbs of the men who are wading through the shallows, with their long poles, and many pointed and barbed iron heads—or glancing from the prow of the boat, moving slowly over the deeper water, with its strange, unearthly figures in it. But let those who would find this given with a perfection that realizes the life, read the description of such a scene by Sir Walter Scott, in "Guy Mannering"—where they will find a piece of exquisite painting from nature, drawn by one who could use a leister on an occasion with any man upon Tweed. Upon the whole, we should be disposed to think that the English gentleman of rank, who is mentioned in a note in the edition of Penneeuik of 1815, as having been interrogated, after his return to his own country, as to what he thought of Tweeddale, was pretty correct in the reply he gave—"That he believed he could describe its surface in three words, as it almost everywhere consisted of a hill, a road, and a water ;" and the author of the note goes on very successfully to add—"which, indeed, with the addition of another hill, rising immediately from the opposite brink of the accompanying stream, below the road, generally constitute the sum total of the objects that present themselves to the traveller. A flat, through which its glittering current meanders and ripples over a pebbly channel—a shepherd's cot, at the side of a rill in a recess, sometimes sheltered by a few trees or bushes—a cairn pointing the summit of a pyramidal mountain—a ring, once necessary to secure the herds and flocks, surrounding the upper part of an eminence—a deserted tower on the brow of a projecting height, of which there are many in the country, erected for habitations, for defence, and for beacons—whilst at times a mansion, embosomed in wood, occasionally animates the prospect." We cannot say that our recent observation enables us to assert, that the thirty-two years that have passed away since this description was given, though they may have somewhat narrowed the confines to which it was once applicable, have to any great degree enabled the face of the country to outgrow its accuracy.

But, below this, we find that, for some miles at least, the industry of man has done so much by cultivation and planting, both in the wide bottom of the valley, and on the sides of the hills, as to give to the whole quite the effect of an English country—the fields being well cultivated, and bounded by hedge rows. These enrichments are to be attributed to the exertions of two proprietors in the middle of last century—we mean to those of Sir Alexander Murray, of Stanhope, who enclosed and planted most part of the property of Stobo, which rises abruptly upwards from the left bank of the river, and for which much was done in addition by the late Sir James Montgomery, father of the present Sir Graham Montgomery. Sir James built the present Stobo Castle in 1810. The church of Stobo is above 500 years old. It is Gothic, and extremely curious. The other proprietor, to whom we have alluded, was Sir James Nasmyth, of Posso, whose improvements and plantations on the estate of Dalwick (for some time very improperly called New Posso, but now restored to its old name), which is on the right bank of the stream, were always held so much in admiration by the whole country, that comparisons were made to them as affording a measure of excellence by which to estimate others. He was a gentleman of much scientific acquirement; and, in addition to his ordinary gardens, he created others for extensive botanical collections, with green houses for rare plants; and on these he put the strikingly appropriate motto:—

> "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

The house was square and ancient. The grounds were executed by Sir James, in the formal linear style of gardening, with avenues, vistas, ponds, statues, &c.; but the effect that resulted from all this, after the timber had undergone many years' growth, was extremely pleasing. The place occupies the whole of a considerably wide plain, stretching between the Tweed and the hills rising steeply behind it; and these are cut into by a glen, which, running up into their bosoms for some three or four miles, brings down a very pretty little sparkling stream as a tributary from them to the river. Sir James's grandson, the present Sir John Murray Nasmyth—who fortunately happens to be a gentleman of remarkably fine taste—has done everything in his power to improve the beauty of this charming spot. The whole glen running up into the hills has been planted. The grand old wood, which hangs on the mountain sloping into the park, has had its terraces restored and added to; a new and very appropriate Scottish manorial house has been built, with all the necessary adjuncts of terraces, flower gardens, statues, vases, dials, flights of steps, and fountains; and the whole now exhibits itself as one of the most perfect *bijoux* that can be found anywhere in Scotland, or perhaps elsewhere, as a gentleman's residence. Some of the trees here are of large proportions, especially when we consider the upland country in which they grow; and we shall take the liberty of quoting from our own edition of Gilpin's "Forest Scenery," published above ten years ago, in order again to record the dimensions of one or two of them as they then existed. The horse-chesnut, which is a tree that was introduced into Europe from the East about the year 1550, could not have been transplanted into Scotland sooner than about the year 1620. Two of these trees, growing on a part of the lawn at Dalwick, which was formerly the garden, "are certainly the oldest and finest in Scotland; or, perhaps, we should say that there are none equal to them, so far as we know, in Britain. They stand twelve feet apart from each other, but they support a mass of foliage that appears to belong but to one head, which takes a beautiful form, and covers an area of ground the diameter of which is ninety-six feet. The largest of the two is in girth, immediately above the root, sixteen and a half feet—at three feet high, it is twelve and a half feet—and it is of the same girth at six feet from the ground. The smaller tree is twelve and a half feet in circumference at the base, and ten feet at three feet high." "Sir John Nasmyth has nine very picturesque larches at Dalwick. They take singularly irregular and fantastic forms, and throw out gigantic limbs. They were planted in 1725, a date which he says in his communication to us is doubtful, but which his father, the late Baronet, always positively declared was correct, being what *his father*, who planted them, had always told him, was the exact period of the establishment of the larches at Dalwick." The three largest of these are of the following girths: the crooked larch at Dalwick measures in circumference, at seven feet from the ground, that is, immediately under the spread of the limbs, fifteen feet; at four feet from the ground it measures nineteen feet, and its circumference immediately above the roots is nineteen feet. This singularly picturesque tree had one of its most important limbs torn away by lightning in the summer of 1820. The second larch tree is twelve feet in girth at three feet from the ground, and fifteen feet in girth immediately above the roots; and the third is eleven feet nine inches at three feet from the ground, and fifteen feet in circumference immediately above the roots. There is an avenue of silver firs at Dalwick, most of the trees of which are nearly of equal magnitude, and all beautifully feathered down to within six feet of their roots. These were planted by the grandfather of the present Baronet, in 1735. One of these, which has by no means any great apparent pre-eminence over the others, measures seventeen feet in circumference immediately above the roots, eleven feet and a half at five feet from the ground, and ten feet and a half at thirty feet from the ground. The stem tapers up like a fishing-rod to the very top; and the whole tree contains four hundred and ninety-five feet eleven inches, two parts of cubic measure, of timber; or, as we may safely say now, above five hundred cubic feet of measurable timber. These measurements speak well for the growth of wood in these the higher districts of the Tweed; indeed, extensive plantation appears now to be the only thing that is wanting to improve, not only the appearance of the country, but its climate.

At about half way between Stobo and Peebles, the river Lyne joins the Tweed from the left. It is supported by several tributaries, of which, perhaps, the Tairth is one of the most important. Their valleys afford some very pretty snatches of country here and there, and much has been done for their cultivation and ornament. There are some important country residences also on their banks; but the most beautiful and interesting of these is Castle Craig, the seat of Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael, Bart. The plantations about it are of immense extent, very well grown, and exceedingly thriving. The house has little architectural character; but its site, on a swelling knoll, whence it commands views of the different valleys throughout the greater part of their extent, with long vistas of thick forest running up some of them, and surrounded by the lofty green hills which rise everywhere around, is altogether very charming. For our part, we regret here, as we do everywhere else in similar cases, that the name, which is modern, should have been fastened on it, instead of its ancient name of Kirkurd. The ruins of the old kirk of this name, with its ancient burial-ground, and many curious and picturesque monumental remains, now form the most interesting features in a beautiful flower-garden in the grounds, carefully preserved as they have been by, and enriched and hung with, shrubs and creepers of all kinds, so as to produce a spot of ground adapted for the most luxurious retirement and contemplation, calculated to awake meditations of the most devout and sublime description, and to bring frail man into direct communication with his Creator. There are several remains of British and Roman camps and stations in this neighbourhood. Below Kirkurd, the Tairth runs through a series of valuable water meadows, in a deep and uniform stream, resembling in character an English river, and we are much mistaken if it be not full of fine fat trouts. Fain would we have been enabled to have asserted this on our own angling experience, but so it happens that, often as we have enjoyed the hospitalities of Castle Craig, and albeit that we were always filled with the deadly intent of making terrific work among the finny fry of the Tairth, the weather, which is not wont to be on every occasion friendly to the angler, always proved so unpropitious as to render it quite useless for us to put up our rod.

Perhaps the most interesting object connected with these tributary glens, now under our immediate consideration, is Drochil Castle, which stands between the Tairth and the Lyne, on the swelling ground a little above their junction. Of this Dr. Pennecucik says, "The nether Drochil hath been designed more for a palace than a castle of defence, and is of mighty bulk, founded, and more than half built, but never finished, by the then great and powerful Regent, James Douglas, Earl of Mortoun. Upon the front of the south entry of this Castle was 'J., E. O. M., James, Earl of Mortoun,' in raised letters, with the fetterlock, as Warden of the Borders. This mighty earl, for the pleasure of the place and the salubrity of the air, designed here a noble recess and retirement from worldly business, but was prevented by his unfortunate and miserable death, three years after, anno 1581; being accused, condemned, and executed by the maiden at the Cross of Edinburgh, as art and part of the murder of our King Henry, Earl of Darnley, father to King James the Sixth. This fatal instrument, at least the pattern thereof, the cruel Regent had brought from abroad, to behead the Laird of Pennecuick of that Ilk, who, notwithstanding, died in his bed, while the unfortunate earl was the first himself that hanselled that merciless maiden, which proved so soon after his own executioner." The maiden, which is a rude species of guillotine, is still preserved in the museum of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries. The site of this noble and interesting ruin is extremely beautiful between the two streams; and at about four miles above the junction of the Lyne with the Tweed, there are the vestiges of two very entire camps on the hill above it, which are called the Chesters, and there are several others in the neighbourhood.

Immediately in the angle between the Lyne and the Tweed, and above their junction, the summits of their rather elevated banks are connected by a heathy flat of considerable height. This is called the Sheriff's Muir. It commands extensive views up and down the valley of the Tweed, and up the tributary valleys of the Lyne, Tairth, and Mannor. It presents several appearances of monumental antiquities, which would lead to the conclusion that it had been the scene of some very ancient hostile struggle; whilst some stones would seem to indicate the site of a Druidical temple, and this with great probability, seeing that the site is just such as the Druids would have especially chosen. The name of the Sheriff's Muir, or Shire Muir, was given to this place because, when war occurred between England and Scotland, this was the spot on which the Sheriff was wont to summon the militia of the county to meet previous to their going on active service.

We must now go over to the right bank of the Tweed, in order to give a very general sketch of the Manner Water, a very beautiful, and moreover, a very fine angling stream, which is made up of many branches, all discharging themselves into its quiet and retired glen from some very steep and lofty surrounding mountains. There are many curious remains, both of British and Roman origin, to be found here, and it is filled with spots associated with the romantic times of Border warfare. Among these are several Peel-towers, each of which has, doubtless, its particular legends attached to it. Castle Hill, situated on the top of a steep knoll, is a lofty ruin, the history of which is little known. One of the best preserved *morceaux* of this description, is the old shattered tower of Posso, from which the proprietor, Sir John Nasmyth, Bart., takes his title. It stands prettily upon a knoll, the stream of the Mannor dancing past it, and glittering in the sunshine—and its weather-beaten, war-worn, and shivered form, appears to be quite in keeping with the whole scene—and especially with the misty shapes of Scrape and the other high mountains that rise towards the upper end of the glen. There were a great many timber trees about this part of the valley, but they were cut down a good many years ago, by Sir John Nasmyth's predecessor, and one or two only remain about the ruin to tell what their companions were. One of the most interesting remnants of the real good old Border times, is that of "the Thieves' Road," so called vituperatively by those tasteless individuals who could not see the romantic effect produced by their cattle being harried and driven off by it, by a parcel of English moss-troopers—its proper name being "the Moss-Troopers' Road"—and it served equally well for the nonce, for the removal and drift of cattle, whether they were bound southwards from Scotland, or northwards from England. Although its vestiges are very imperfect, it may be traced in a strictly linear direction from the Border, over Dollar Law and Scrape, and so crossing the Tweed below Stobo, and running directly northward; and doubtless Rob Roy himself knew every inch of it well.

This accidental allusion to Sir Walter Scott's hero reminds us that the valley of the Mannor Water is rendered peculiarly interesting by the circumstance of its having been the residence, in the beginning of the present century, of David Ritchie, the original dwarf, whose form and history suggested to Sir Walter his imaginary character of the Black Dwarf, Canny Elshie. Sir Walter Scott tells us, in his introduction to one of the late editions of the work, "that the personal description of Elshender, of Mucklestane-moor, has been generally allowed to be a tolerably exact and unexaggerated portrait of David, of Mannor Water. He was not quite three feet and a half high, since he could stand upright in the door of his mansion, which was just that height." For our part, we cannot help thinking that the character of the real David will be found more interesting than that of the ideal Elshender. He was the son of a slate quarrier in Tweeddale—was bred as a brush-maker in Edinburgh—travelled into various parts—and, after that naturally morose and misanthropical disposition, which he is said to have had from his birth, had been still more soured by harsh treatment, and goaded to madness by the cruel gibes of those who, forgetting that they called themselves Christians, and being possessed of the malevolent feelings of devils, made sport of the affliction with which Almighty God had been pleased to visit their poor neighbour, he retired into this lonely glen and built himself a small cottage, very much in the manner described by Sir Walter. This hovel we have seen, and the only difference between it and the imaginary one on the Mucklestone Moor is, that David had the good taste to select a spot sheltered by one or two good trees, which altogether took away that "ghastly" air and effect with which Sir Walter wished to envelop his Black Dwarf's dwelling. David's cot was built on Sir James Nasmyth's property, without any leave being asked or given; but the Baronet was too good-natured to give him the smallest disturbance on that score. We quote the following account of this most extraordinary character, at some length, from Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, who, a high authority at all times, is the highest possible in regard to anything connected with his native county of Peeblesshire:—

"His skull, which was of an oblong and rather an unusual shape, was said to be of such strength that he could strike it with ease through the panel of a door, or the end of a barrel. His laugh is said to have been quite horrible; and his screech-owl voice, shrill, uncouth, and dissonant, corresponded well with his other peculiarities. There was nothing very uncommon about his dress. He usually wore an old slouched hat, when he went abroad; and when at home a sort of cowl or night-cap. He never wore shoes, being unable to adapt them to his misshapen, finlike feet, but always had both feet and legs quite concealed, and wrapt up with pieces of cloth. He always went with a sort of pole, or pike-staff, considerably taller than himself. His habits were, in many respects, singular, and indicated a mind congenial to its uncouth tabernacle. A jealous, misanthropical, and irritable temper was his prominent characteristic. The sense of his deformity haunted him like a phantom, and the insults and scorn to which this exposed him, had poisoned his heart with fierce and bitter feelings, which, from other points in his character, do not appear to have been more largely infused into his original temperament than that of his fellow-men. He detested children, on account of their propensity to insult and persecute him. To strangers he was generally reserved, crabbed, and surly; and though he by no means refused assistance or charity, he seldom either expressed or exhibited much gratitude; even towards persons who had been his greatest benefactors, and who possessed the greatest share of his good-will, he frequently displayed much caprice and jealousy. A lady, who had known him from his infancy, says, that although Davie showed as much respect and attachment to her father's family as it was in his nature to show to any, yet they were always obliged to be very cautious in their deportment towards him. One day, having gone to visit him with another lady, he took them through his garden, and was showing them, with much pride and good humour, all his rich and tastefully assorted borders, when they happened to stop near a plot of cabbages, which had been somewhat injured by caterpillars. Davie, observing one of the ladies smile, instantly assumed his savage scowling aspect, rushed among the cabbages, and dashed them to pieces with his *Ként*, exclaiming, 'I hate the worms, for they mock me!' Another lady, likewise a friend and old acquaintance of his, very unintentionally gave Davie mortal offence, on a similiar occasion. Throwing back his jealous glance, as he was ushering her into his garden, he fancied he observed her spit and exclaimed with great ferocity, 'Am I a toad, woman! that ye spit at me?—that ye spit at me?' and, without listening to any answer or excuse, drove her out of his garden, with imprecations and insult. When irritated by persons for whom he entertained little respect, his misanthropy displayed itself in words, and sometimes in actions, of still greater rudeness; and he used, on such occasions, the most unusual and singularly savage imprecations and threats."

This strange ferocity was balanced, as Sir Walter tells us, by a wonderful admiration for the beauties of nature, not only as manifested by his great love for flowers; but "the soft sweep of the green hill, the bubbling of a clear fountain, or the complexities of a wild thicket, were scenes on which he often gazed for hours, and, as he said, with inexpressible delight." It was, perhaps, for this reason, that he was fond of Shenstone's Pastorals, and some parts of "Paradise Lost." The author has heard his most unmusical voice repeat the celebrated description of paradise, which he seemed fully to appreciate. His other studies were of a different cast, chiefly polemical. He never went to the parish Church, and was therefore suspected of entertaining heterodox opinions, though his objection was probably to the concourse of spectators, to whom he must have exposed his unseemly deformity. He spoke of a future state with intense feeling, and even with tears. He expressed disgust at the idea of his remains being mixed with the common rubbish, as he called it, of the churchyard; and selected, with his usual taste, a beautiful and wild spot in the glen where he had his hermitage, in which to take his last repose. He changed his mind, however, and was finally interred in the common burial-ground of Mannor Parish. David Ritchie affected to frequent solitary scenes, especially such as were supposed to be haunted, and valued himself upon his courage in doing so. At heart he was superstitious, and planted many rowans (mountain ash-trees) around his hut, as a certain defence against necromancy. For the same reason, doubtless, he desired rowan-trees to be set about his grave. His only living favourites were a dog and a cat, to which he was particularly attached; and his bees, which he treated with great care. He took a sister latterly to live with him, in a hut built at one end of his own—but he never once permitted her to enter *his* door, the extreme minuteness, of which formed a strange contrast to that of his sister. "She was weak in intellect, but not deformed in person; simple, or rather silly, but not, like her brother, sullen or *bisarre*. David was never affectionate to her; it was not in his nature, but he endured her. He maintained himself and her by the produce of their garden and bee-hives; and latterly, they had a small allowance from the parish. Besides, a bag was suspended in the mill for David Ritchie's benefit; and those who were carrying home a meldar of meal seldom failed to add a *gowpen*, or handful, to the alms-bag of the deformed cripple. In short, David had no occasion for money, save to purchase snuff, his only luxury, in which he indulged himself liberally. When he died, in the beginning of the present century, he was found to have hoarded about twenty pounds, a habit very consistent with his disposition; for wealth is power, and power was what David Ritchie desired to possess, as a compensation for his exclusion from human society."

It was in the autumn of 1797 that Sir Walter Scott first saw this most extraordinary character. He was then on a visit to his friend, Dr. Adam Ferguson, the justly-celebrated philosopher and historian, who then resided at the mansion-house of Halyards, in the beautiful and retired vale of Mannor. We may easily imagine the keenness with which such a man as Sir Walter Scott would proceed to scrutinize and analyze, and fully to possess himself of all the points of a character of *physique* and *morale* so very uncommon as were those of "Bowed Davie Ritchie." The poet tells us that "Dr. Ferguson considered him as a man of a powerful capacity, and original ideas, but whose mind was off its just bias, by a predominant degree of self-love and self-opinion, galled by the sense of ridicule and contempt, and avenging itself upon society, in idea at least, by a gloomy misanthropy."

Perhaps we ought to apologise for having dwelt so long on what we may perhaps best call the natural history of this most extraordinary specimen of the animal man. But, unformed and misshapen as he came from the hands of his Great Creator, so far as his earthly frame was concerned, we have no reason to believe, nor is there any evidence to show, that the deformities of his mind were produced in him at his birth. On the contrary, those few redeeming points in his character that continued to break out at times, like glints of the sun, on his own peaceful Mannor Water, may fairly lead us to the conclusion, that, but for those demons in human shape—or perhaps we should in charity rather say, those darkly ignorant creatures—who, forgetting the great goodness of God towards themselves, in constructing them perfectly, poured out taunts and vituperation upon him whom their Creator had less blessed, for those very deformities which he might, in his own good pleasure, have assigned to them—Davie Ritchie's miserable tenement of clay might have been tenanted by a soul filled with the kindliest and most benevolent charities of human nature. How dreadfully have they incurred the displeasure of the Divine Being? What have they not to answer for! And may we not fairly believe that poor Davy will be judged with an especial mercy! How beautiful is the glimpse we have of his soul panting after another and a better world!

There are several sweet places of residence on this Mannor Water; and that of Barns, immediately above its junction with the Tweed, is of considerable extent, and surrounded by well-grown plantations.

We now come to what we consider the most romantic and most interesting spot, in regard to the picturesque, that we have yet met with, in all these upland districts of the river Tweed—that narrow pass between the under and the upper parts of Tweeddale, which is defended by Neidpath

Castle. Throughout all the various changes which this country has undergone, this must have always been one of its most beautiful scenes; and, striking as it now is, we have reason to think that it never was seen under circumstances so disadvantageous at any former period of its history, save, indeed, at the very time when the timber had been recently demolished. This sad slaughter was committed by the last Duke of Queensberry, (old Q, as he was called,) by whose orders the whole of the magnificent wood that grew here was cut down. The greatest part of it was of the noblest description, and the beeches were especially talked of as being very remarkable. But what did that old living automaton, old Q, care for this bonny sylvan scene in Peeblesshire, which, perhaps, his eyes had never looked upon, or, if he had seen it, what was it to him?—the latter part of whose useless life was spent in sitting in a sort of semi-animate state on his terrace in front of his house, near Hyde Park Corner, trying to vivify himself in the rays of the sun, and gloating through his large opera-glass on the lovely forms and faces that filled the open carriages, or cantered along on horseback, in their way to and from the Park! Alas! how often is poor Nature deformed and disfigured by the want of the master's eye and arresting hand! and how often by the master having no eye for her beauties! as well as by the dire necessities created by extravagance! There are few parts of the Tweed that are calculated to excite so many interesting associations in a mind at all open to romantic speculations as this pass. At all periods of the history of the country it must have been important—and the stirring scenes of interest, of ambush, of skirmish, of gallant defence, and of ruthless plunder, that must have taken place here, both before the formidable stronghold of Neidpath was built, and after that event, would be found to equal the number of the leaves that once grew upon the trees of its woods, which old Q. annihilated, if we could only unrol them from the depths of oblivion, into which they have fallen. With such views as these, we must confess our astonishment that our friend, Sir Walter Scott, should have published his two large *tomes* of "Border Antiquities," and given no niche in the work to Neidpath Castle.

The river Tweed, which has for some distance above this point had a rather wide and open country on both its banks, here enters and entirely occupies the bottom of a ravine guarded by high precipitous rocky steeps on either side, but especially on the left, along which the modern road has been cut with so much difficulty, as may enable us to judge what the Pass was in the olden time, before any such road existed. These banks are now covered with thriving timber, planted, we believe, by the present proprietor, the Earl of Wemyss, who, at old Q's death, succeeded to this property, together with the Earldom of March. After clearing the narrow part of the pass, the river and its southern banks make a bold sweep to the right, presenting the concave of the half moon, they thus form, to the Castle of Neidpath and its accompaniments. These consist of a little flat semicircular haugh, from behind which rises a steep bank of considerable height, grassy in most parts, but terminating to the west, where it faces the first curve of the stream in a bluff and somewhat craggy head, on the summit of which the castle rises in all its grandeur. The approach to it is from the east, by beautiful ranges of artificial terraces, one rising above the other all the way back to the road, whence the northern natural enclosures of the defile rise steep and abrupt. These terraces were, doubtless, kept in trim order during the more peaceful periods of its history; but now they and the gardens are little more than merely traceable. Nay, the old tower itself may indeed be said to be now more than half ruinous and hardly habitable.

We have searched in vain, even in old Pennecuick, as well as in our friend, Mr. Robert Chambers, for any certain account of the period when Neidpath Castle was built. All the old Doctor tells us is, that it was anciently called the Castle of Peebles. We may guess at its antiquity from the fact, that it was originally a seat of the powerful Frasers, Lords of Oliver Castle; and we have already stated that the last of their line conquered the English in 1303, near Roslin, in three pitched battles in one day. It affords one of the largest and most formidable specimens of the simple tower--that is, of course, leaving unnoticed the usual smaller external defences—that may be anywhere seen. The walls are eleven feet thick, and built with the ancient indestructible cement which is so well known to have been used in all such erections; and so solid was the texture of the masonry, that, previous to 1775, a staircase was cut with perfect impunity out of the thickness of the wall. An examination of all the curious passages and apartments of this romantic stronghold will be found extremely interesting to all persons who, like us, are fond of such investigations. For our part, we never shall forget the excitement produced in our minds by that of the day on which we first saw it. At the top of the south-western angle of the Tower, a large mass of the masonry had fallen, and laid open a chamber roofed with a Gothic arch of stone, from the centre of which swung, vibrating with every heavy gust of wind, an enormous iron ring. To what strange and wild horrors did this not awaken the fancy? We confess that it made a strong impression on our minds, and we afterwards contrived to turn it to tolerable account in one of our fictions. What powerful people must these Frasers have been whilst in possession of such a key as Neidpath was to their extensive country, which lay between it and Oliver Castle, over which they possessed the most despotic control! There are some fine subjects for the artist in this pass; and one view which opens downwards towards Peebles, and the more distant country, is extremely rich. Peebles stands about a mile below Neidpath.

(To be continued.)

he heard in Chimari; even from the mountains of Greece he was carried back to Morven and

"Lochnagar, with Ida, looked o'er Troy."

Hence the severe Dante-like, monumental, mountainous cast of his better poetry; for we firmly believe that the scenery of one's youth gives a permanent bias and colouring to the genius, the taste, and the style, *i. e.*, if there be an intellect to receive an impulse, or a taste to catch a tone. Many, it is true, bred in cities, or amid common scenery, make up for the lack by early travel; so did Milton, Coleridge, Wilson, &c. But who may not gather, from the tame tone of Cowper's landscapes, that he had never enjoyed such opportunities? And who, in Pollok's powerful but gloomy poem, may not detect the raven hue which a sterile moorland scenery had left upon his mind? Has not, again, the glad landscape of the Howe of the Mearns, and the prospect from the surmounting Hill of Garvock, left a pleasing trace upon the mild pages of Beattie's Minstrel? Did not Coila colour the genial soul of its poet? Has not the scenery of "mine own romantic town" made much of the prose and poetry of Sir Walter Scott what it is? So, is it mere fancy which traces the stream of Byron's poetry in its light and its darkness, its bitterness and its brilliance, to this smitten rock in the wilderness—to the cliffs of Lochnagar?

SCOTTISH RIVERS.—No. II.

THE TWEED—*Continued.*

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

Of all the burghs in Scotland, we know of no one, possessing a character and an appearance so entirely and exclusively its own, as Peebles. Altogether different from the majority of such towns, that generally look like paltry portions of the suburbs of the capital which have rambled forth into the country, Peebles has a certain indescribable air of rurality hanging over it, which is quite refreshing to the poor wight who may escape thither, for a brief space, after having been long "in populous city pent." It is impossible for a brother of the angle to approach it, without thinking of the rod and reel and wicker basket; and yet we are not quite sure that many very great angling feats have been accomplished here, except by the famous Piper of Peebles, mentioned by Sir Walter Scott; yet it certainly possesses all the apparent advantages that an angler could desire. We have always been filled with the idea, that a certain innocent simplicity seems to hover over it, the purity of which is not impaired by any considerable spirit of manufacture; whilst at the same time, no shadow of rusticity seems to fall upon it—but on the contrary, the ghost of the aristocratic taste and manners of the Vieille Court, seems to stalk along its thinly peopled streets, and to loiter about its quaint looking houses and gardens, and the frequent Gothic ruins of its religious edifices, as if the embodied influences which descended on it in those ages long gone by, when our kings delighted to sojourn here, were still pleased sadly to wander about among the scenes of its former merriment and festivity.

The approach to Peebles from the north, or Edinburgh direction, becomes very pretty, as the road falls into, and runs down the glen of the Athelstoun or Eddlestone Water, an important tributary of the Tweed, as it is, itself, fed by a great many small streams. There are a good many pretty residences along its banks, and cultivation and planting have been carried to a great extent. Among these may be mentioned Portmore, Harcus, Darnhall, Cringletie, Chapelhill, Rosetta, Venlaw. Of these, perhaps, the most interesting of the whole, will be found to be that of Dearn or Darnhall, built some time previous to the year 1715 by Sir Alexander Murray of Blackbarony, Baronet. This Sir Alexander was a character of great magnificence. The site of the old house is on the slope of a narrow ravine, with its side to the rill at the bottom. A grand avenue of limes and pines led from the village of Athelstone up to the mansion, its upper extremity being cut out of the bank. But alas! the mound with most of the limes and pines are now gone.

The magnificence of Sir Alexander, who was the last of that line of the Murrays of Blackbarony, was not to be matched. He had travelled much abroad, and, especially, he had been for some time at the Court of Lisbon; and so it was, that he felt a desire to give to his countrymen some taste of the grandeur which he had witnessed in foreign parts, and accordingly, when he had to give an entertainment, he, in addition to his own servants, collected together all his tenants and villagers, whose services he could command, and putting them into suits of livery which he kept for the purpose, and having well drilled them to hold up their heads and to look big, he planted them in two rows, one on each side of the avenue, all the way from the public road of the village of Athelstone to the door of the mansion, the back of each man being placed opposite to the trunk of a lime or a pine-tree so that, in the event of rain falling, their clothes should be in some degree saved from the wet, by the overhanging foliage. There these figures stood stiff and motionless and silent, inspiring awe into the hearts of the astounded guests who approached the house between them. On their arrival, they were ushered, by the real domestics of the Baronet's establishment, into the drawing-room, and after a sufficient time had elapsed for the whole company to assemble, a strange, scraping, shuffling sort of noise was heard from the passage, which grew louder as it advanced, until the door was thrown open, and the great Blackbarony himself entered the apartment, dressed out with all the grandeur of a sovereign Prince, and rubbing and shuffling his feet on the floor as he proceeded up the room, much to the astonishment of his guests, who could in no way account for a mode of walking which had neither elegance nor dignity in it. At length, however, it came out, that the then King of Portugal was afflicted with a weakness in his legs, which disabled him from raising his feet from the ground, and compelled him to shuffle along the floor in this way; and, that Sir Alexander had adopted this practice, to show his Courtly manners, and his intimacy with the Portuguese Monarch.—This water of Eddlestone has in its vicinity many remains of ancient camps, as well as of Druidical worship. The old castle of Shieldgreen at the head of the Soonhope-Burn, to the eastward of Winkstone, is a lofty ruin of a place, which seems to have been of some consideration in the olden time. Heathpool was an ancient property of the Lauder family.

As it approaches the Tweed, the Athelstone divides the town of Peebles into two parts.—The valley of the Tweed here expands into a large and fertile plain, where the agriculture is excellent, the hedges trimly kept, and where young, thriving, and well-grown plantations are rising in all directions, especially on the slopes and declivities of the hills. The late father and brother of the present Sir Adam Hay, Bart., largely contributed to the enrichment and embellishment of the country in this way. This extensive stretch of plain, to the south, is connected with the town by a bridge of five arches, which is so ancient, that the history of its erection is altogether lost. The site of the town is remarkably healthy, and it is a good deal frequented by families of the better sort, for the education of their children.

But we have most delight in going back to its olden time, when, during many reigns, it was a favourite place of recreative retreat for our Scottish monarchs. Antiquaries have been so busy, that they seem to have upset the claim of our King James the 1st., to the authorship of the ancient poem, called "Peblis to the Play;" and if so, then "Christis Kirk of the Grene," must necessarily go with it. And yet, the mere circumstance that the hospital of St. Leonard's, founded a little way down the Tweed, for infirm and indigent persons, was given, in 1427, by that monarch to his confessor, would seem to support the truth of the legend that the king was much attached to this place as a residence, as well as that he, well known to be a poet, was in reality the author of both the poems we have mentioned.

"At Beltane, quhen, ilk bodie bownis,
To Peblis to the Play;
To heir the singin and the soundis,
The solace, suth to say;
Be firth and forest furth the found;
Thay graythit tham full gay;
God wait that wald, thay do that stound,
For it was their feist day,
            thay said,
Of Peblis to the Play."

The poem of "Christis Kirk of the Grene," is remarkable in its turn for its allusion to that of "Peblis to the play."

"Wes nevir in Scotland, hard nor sene
  Sic dansing nor deray,
Nouthir at Falkland on the Grene,
  Nor Pebillis at the Play,
As wes of wowaris, as I wene,
  At Christis' Kirk on ane day:
Thair came our Kitties, weshen clene,
  In thair new kirtillis of gray,
                    Full gay,
At Christis' Kirk of the Grene that day."

On his return from his long imprisonment in England, James was struck with the great deficiency which his subjects exhibited, in comparison with the English, in the use of archery. He did every thing to amend this evil, by the publication of acts for the encouragement of its practice, by threatening penalties on the one hand, and offering prizes on the other, and calling ridicule to his aid, he is supposed to have written this poem, which may be considered throughout, as a satire upon the awkwardness of the Scottish peasantry in the management of the bow. A silver arrow was long shot for annually here, each winner having the right to attach his silver medal to it, recording his triumph. And this is still preserved in the possession of the Magistrates. Archery throve considerably under this patriotic monarch, but after his murder, in 1437, it again declined, and this the more so, owing to the discovery and use of gunpowder, and we find that his successor, James the II., in a statute in 1557, prohibited the amusements of golf and football, that these sports might not interfere with the practice of the hackbut, arquebuss, and matchlock, which were now substituted at the Waiponschawings, for the bow and arrow. We believe, however, that the Royal Company of archers of the Queen's Body Guard for Scotland, annually repair to Peebles, to shoot for the prize. On the opposite side of the river, was the King's moor, where the ancient tournaments were held, and where the horse-races, and all the other games belonging to "Peblis to the Play," took place, and there the people were wont to be assembled down to a very late period, for the weaponschawings annually, in the months of June and October. An accurate account was taken of the appearance of each of the Barons, with the number of their followers, and the state of their horses and arms: and one of these documents, dated the 15th June, 1627, which is still preserved, is extremely curious; we give one entry only, as a sample of the rest, "Sir Archibald Murray, of Darnhall, well horsed, with a callet, accompanied with forty-two horsemen, with lances and swords, ten jacks and steel bonnetts, within the parishes of Kilbucko and Eddleston."

In the 13th year of the reign of Alexander III., a very magnificent, ancient, stone cross, was dug up at Peebles; beside it were found the relics of a human body, contained within a shrine, and supposed to be those of St. Nicholas; and, in consequence of this discovery, the King built a stately Church, in honour of God and the Holy Cross. From this time downwards, the Sovereigns of Scotland, were all, more or less, in the habit of resorting to Peebles for retirement, for hunting, and for other rural amusements; as well as in their way to and from Ettrick Forest. And the names of particular places, still existing, prove the importance of Peebles as a seat of religion, as well as having been that of royalty; for we have the *King's meadows*, the *Dean's house*, the *Virgin inns*, the *Usher's wynd*, the *King's house*, the *King's orchards*, and above all, the *Cuinzee nook*, or the place where a mint must have stood. Buchanan, in his history of Scotland, tells us, that Lord Darnley retired to Peebles with his attendants, to avoid the fury of the Queen's jealousy and the courtiers' envy. And he unconsciously proves to us the high state of civilization to which the town had at that time reached, by telling us, that it was so full of expert thieves that King Henry was speedily obliged to retire from it. As we do not profess, in following out our present plan, to give an account of all the towns which may be found on the banks of the rivers, we are describing, we should not have dwelt so long upon Peebles, but for the singular air of decayed royalty that hangs over it, and which so strangely blends with its perfect simplicity and rurality.

Before quitting Peebles, we must not fail to notice a short but romantic legend connected with it which, we believe, owes its preservation to Sir Walter Scott. A daughter of the proud Earl of March, then the Lord of Neidpath castle, having accidentally met with a son of the Laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest, a strong mutual passion arose between them; a stop was put to their alliance by the parents of the lady, who thought that the match by no means befitted her quality. Filled with despair, the young man went abroad, and the result of his absence was, that the affliction of the young lady produced a deep consumption. The fond but foolish father, in the hope of saving his daughter's life, at last signified his wishes to the family of Tushielaw, that the young man might be recalled, and that his union with his daughter should be solemnized, so soon as the lady's convalescence should admit of it. The effect upon the lady's health seemed to be magical, but alas! it was but in appearance only. Eager to catch the first glimpse of her lover on the day he was expected, she ordered that she should be carried down from Neidpath to a house in Peebles, which belonged to the family, and there, laid at her ease on cushions on a balcony, she sat expecting him. So acute was her sense of hearing, that she distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. The young man came riding briskly on, burning with eagerness to be in his lady's arms; and so intent was he on this object, and so filled with this one engrossing thought, that he never cast an eye on the balcony, or if he did, it was utterly to disregard a form and face which fell disease had now rendered difficult to recognize. On he rode, gaily and quickly to Neidpath. The lady, alas! unable to support the shock, fell back in the arms of her attendants, and died without a struggle.

Following the gentle course of the Tweed downwards from Peebles, we find its level banks enriched with the plantations, parks, and pleasure grounds of Kerrfield on the left, and King's meadows on the right. Hayston, the more ancient seat of the Hays, occupies a picturesque nook at some distance to the southward, towards the foot of the hills, which here send down several small feeders to the Tweed. The old riven Peel Tower of Horsburgh occupies a green knoll on the left bank, it is the ancient seat of a very old family, the Horsburghs of that ilk. It is an extremely picturesque object to look at, and the view from it is very beautiful. On the right bank, the woods of Kailzie hang on the slope of the rising grounds, and give evidence of a considerable expenditure both of taste and of money. Again, before reaching the little watering place of Innerleithen, which the public, we believe, without much justice or reason, have chosen to identify with the fictitious St. Ronans, we have the place of Glen Ormiston on the left bank, and Cardrona on the right.

The Leithen is a pretty considerable stream, and, rising in the northern heights which bound the county of Edinburgh, it has a fine run of above six miles, through the parish of the same name, in a pretty narrow glen between pastoral hills, till it joins the Tweed. The height of the hills is considerable, that of Windlestraw Law is 2,295 feet. The Leithen is a fine trouting river, and the village of Innerleithen is a great place of resort for anglers, where they may command the choice of that river, or the Quair, or the Tweed. But, indeed, the smallest burns among the hills connected with the Tweed, will be found to afford panniers full of fine trout to the skilful angler who knows when to take their streams at the proper time, and in the right condition; and there can be few pleasures, of the simple kind, which can excel the delight of wandering alone through these solitary wildernesses of heath—guided by the thread of the little stream only, and, dropping, as you move onwards, a shortened line over its banks, finding yourself ever and anon yoked with a fish, that compels you, in prudence, to give him somewhat of his own way, and a little indulgence in the music of the reel, before you begin to think of drawing him gently near you, in order to lay your hands upon him. How agreeably does the lid of your willow basket utter its peculiar gently creaking sound, in welcome to the panting captive, as you open it to insert him among those who have been placed there before him; and all this occurs among the solitude of Nature—the bleat of a lamb from the hill-side, or the hum of a bee from a heather bell, being all that may tell of the vicinity of animal life. There are regular games held at Innerleithen under the superintendance of the St. Ronan's Club, and, amongst other prizes, I believe, one is given for competition among the anglers for the best basketful of trout. The mineral spring here is much resorted to, and, consequently, the village itself has had some good houses added to it. Its situation at the narrow mouth of the glen is extremely pleasing and sequestered.

We must now cross the Tweed to its right bank, in order to investigate the scene—

> "Where Quair, wild wimpling 'mang the flowers,
> Runs down yon wooded glen, lassie."

This river and its tributaries and glens are extremely beautiful, and, in many places, very wild. The run of the Quair itself is about three or four miles. It has its source in Glendean's Banks, which form a chasm about half a mile in length, and from two hundred to three hundred feet in height. Its precipices are remarkable for producing falcons of a superior flight and courage. There are several quiet, rural, and romantic solitudes to be found here, and we may particularly notice Glen, the property of Mr. Allan above which yawns the fearful chasm of Gams-cleugh. But that which gives most interest to the scenery here is its association with "the Bush aboon Traquair," which indeed has, in reality, now dwindled to a comparatively insignificant object, being reduced to a few lonely looking birch trees standing in a thin clump, at a considerable height on the face of the hill. Doubtless, the grove was thicker and more shady at least, if it was not more extensive, at the time when young Murray of Philiphaugh, having crossed the intervening mountain-wilds, first met at this place, with the lovely Lady Margaret Stewart, a daughter of the house of Traquair, and became deeply enamoured of her. If the verses that are wedded to the ancient melody are in any way truly descriptive of the sentiments of the parties, it would appear that the lady must have received the gallant young Philiphaugh's addresses with gracious smiles at first, so as to fill his bosom with the best hopes, but whether he had presumed rather too much in this his first interview, or that the lady was naturally a flirt, must be matter of mere conjecture.

> "Hear me, ye nymphs and every swain,
>   I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
> Though thus I languish and complain,
>   Alas, she ne'er believes me.
> My vows and sighs, like silent air,
>   Unheeded, never move her;
> The bonny Bush aboon Traquair,
>   Was where I first did love her,
>
> That day she smiled and made me glad,
>   No maid seemed ever kinder;
> I thought myself the luckiest lad,
>   So sweetly there to find her.
> I tried to soothe my amorous flame,
>   In words that I thought tender;
> If more there passed, I'm not to blame,
>   I meant not to offend her.
>
> Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
>   The fields we then frequented;
> If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,
>   She looks as ne'er acquainted.
> The bonny bush bloomed fair in May,
>   Its sweets I'll aye remember,
> But now her frowns make it decay;
>   It fades as in December.
>
> Ye Rural Powers, who hear my strains,
>   Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
> Oh! make her partner in my pains;
>   Then let her smiles relieve me,
> If not, my love will turn despair,
>   My passion no more tender;
> I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair,
>   To lonely wilds I'll wander."

Unfortunately, neither poet nor historian, that we wot of, has left us the smallest clue to what the issue of this love affair really was, and under these circumstances, it appears to us to hold out strong temptation to the fiction-monger to work out from it his own romantic tale of mingled distress and happiness.

The ancient house of Traquair itself forms a very important and striking feature in the angle between the two streams, and in the midst of the combined scenery of the Quair and the Tweed. It raises its venerable head out of the fine old timber in which it is embosomed, and looks sternly over the vale, like a battle-seamed warrior, contented to enjoy his repose, but quite ready to be roused up to action in the event of circumstances demanding it. The building, indeed, when viewed at a distance, appears to be more important than it really is when approached; for then it is found to be considerably raised by an artificial terrace, so that the height of absolute masonry is not so great as might at first sight be imagined, and yet there is enough in reality to warrant the description in a note on Dr. Pennecuik, which says, "Traquair House, the seat of the noble Earl of that name, is a large and ancient building, on the banks of Tweed and Quair. The venerable, yet elegant appearance of this house, or rather palace, as Dr. Pennecuik terms it, has not less the air of royal grandeur, than the extensive *policy* and gardens have of taste and judgment. It is not particularly known at what time, or by whom, the oldest part of this noble structure was built. Part of it is of very remote antiquity, built on the banks of the Tweed, easily defensible from that side, and might possibly, in the days of hostility, be properly guarded on the other. It was in the form of a tower." Chambers tells us that "the great additions to the ancient tower, which caused the house to assume its present unfortress-like aspect, were made in the reign of Charles I., by John Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland under that monarch." We must say that we felt it to be a place replete with interest. Even the partial symptoms of disorder or decay, which we observed both within and without doors, heightened the effect of this. The *policy*, as the note we have already quoted, *more Scotico* designates the pleasure grounds, has grown up very much into a wilderness, amongst which there are some of the finest yews anywhere to be seen. When we visited the place, we had the good fortune to fall in with Lord Traquair's chaplain, the earl himself not being in Scotland at the time, and this kind and hospitable ecclesiastic of the Romish Church, to which this noble family has unremittingly adhered, gave us full license to indulge all the curiosity of antiquarian research with which we were filled. We visited every part of this curious house—curious from its many strange passages and stairs, and singular apartments and minute closets. Some of the furniture was old; but one very richly carved morceau, the cradle of James IV., underwent our minutest inspection, as being one of the most interesting objects we had met with. But if we possessed the means of giving an outline of the unpretending and truly genuine hospitalities of this house—as they were administered, generation after generation, by its successive noble proprietors, during a long course of ages—we should, as we most conscientiously believe, be enabled to produce a series of graphic scenes, many of which would be infinitely touching to the human heart, as we have had full occasion to guess at from the slight sketches which we, from time to time, received from our grandfather of his experience of, and participation in, its hospitalities, during his acquaintance, as a young man, with what were then considered to be the ancient usages of the noble House of Traquair.

Old Pennecuik himself, in parting with Traquair, breaks out into the following verses, which, as a specimen of his poetry, we all the more consider ourselves as bound in honour to give to our readers, after the consideration that we have so abundantly availed ourselves of his prose:—

"On fair Tweedside, from Berwick to the Bield,
Traquair, for beauty, fairly wins the field,
So many charms, by nature and by art,
Do there combine to captivate the heart,
And please the eye, with what is fine and rare;
Few other seats can match with sweet Traquair."

And, after leaving it, he hastens to conclude his account of the Tweed, and of Tweeddale or Peebles-shire, by telling us that, "on the other side is the Pirn, which was the residence of the chief of the name of Tait; after which follow the Haughhead Bole—the Scrogbank—Kirnaw—Purvishill—Caverton—Gatehope Knowe—and Gatehope Burn, where Tweeddale ends, and marches with the sheriffdom of Selkirk, or the Forest." And as we know that none of these are objects of any peculiar interest, we shall now proceed to trace the Tweed into the Romantic Forest.

But before doing so we must notice the pleasant modern residence of Lord Elibank on its right bank, and still more, Elibank Tower, the ancient stronghold of his ancestors. The general scenery of the river here is that of prettily, though not grandly, shaped hills of fine green pasture, and the ruin in question stands high up on the gentle slope of one of these, there being no wood nearer to it than on the immediate bank of the river. This castle consisted of a double tower, surrounded by its outworks and subordinate buildings. Attached to it was a beautiful terraced garden, which encompassed it on the south and west sides, and one may easily imagine, that when the hill-sides were covered with their due proportion of forest, and when these terrace gardens were in trim order, and when knights and ladies gay were at all times furnishing them with living figures, the scene altogether would be very different. If not founded by Sir Gideon Murray, the father of the first Lord Elibank, and directly descended from the renowned family of Blackbarony, it was at least repaired and enlarged by him. He was altogether a very remarkable man, and so remarkable for the judicious management of his affairs, that when James VI. came to Scotland to visit his northern subjects, Sir Gideon was chosen as the fittest individual to manage and control the expenditure consequent on the expedition. But whilst we cannot afford to go into any general account of the merits of Sir Gideon in this place, there is an anecdote connected with him which cannot be too often recorded, as it is richly illustrative of the manners of the times.

A feud had for some time existed between the Murrays and the Scotts. In prosecution of this, William Scott, son of the head of the family of Harden, stole, with his followers, from his Border strength of Oakwood Tower on the river Ettrick, to lead them on a foray against Sir Gideon of Elibank. But Sir Gideon was too much on his guard for his enemies, and having fallen on them as they were driving off the cattle, he defeated them, took them prisoners, and recovered the spoil. His lady having met him on his return, and congratulated him on his success, ventured to ask him what he was going to do with young Harden. "Why, strap him up to the gallows-tree, to be sure," replied Sir Gideon. "Hout na, Sir Gideon," said the considerate matron, "would you hang the winsome young Laird of Harden, when ye have three ill-favoured daughters to marry?" "Right," answered the baron, "he shall either marry our daughter, mickle-mouthed Meg, or he shall strap for it." When this alternative was proposed to the prisoner, he at first stoutly preferred the gibbet to the lady; but as he was led out to the fatal tree for immediate execution, the question began to wear a different aspect, and life, even with mickle-mouthed Meg, seemed to have a certain sunshine about it very different from the darkness of that tomb to which the gallows would have so immediately consigned him. He married Meg, and an excellent wife she made him, and they lived for many years a happy couple, and Sir Walter Scott came by descent from this marriage. Would we could transfer to these pages the animated sketch of this scene by our friend Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, which, we believe, hangs at Abbotsford, where a few bold lines so perfectly convey the whole humour, not only of the subject, but of the individual characters, as to leave all verbal description quite in the background.

(To be continued.)

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SCOTTISH RIVERS.—No. II.

THE TWEED—*Continued.*

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

The Banks of the Tweed abound in simple rural charms, as you proceed downwards from Elibank Tower, and they partake of that peaceful pastoral character which its green sided hills bestow upon it. But if their natural beauties were tenfold what they really are, they would afford but a weak attraction, compared to that which is created by a powerful combination of associations, in the place of Ashiestiel. This beautiful residence, hanging, as it were, on the brink of a steep wooded bank on the southern side of the Tweed, is the property of our old and much valued friend, General Sir James Russell, whose services to his country, added to those of Colonel Russell, his gallant father, might have imparted celebrity to any spot of earth with which they were connected. But we sufficiently know the pride which our old friend takes in the well-earned and wide-spread fame of his near relative, Sir Walter Scott, to make us quite aware that we are perfectly safe from any risk of exciting jealousy on his part, in ascribing the interest which attaches to Ashiestiel, to the circumstance of its having been so long the residence of our Scottish Shakspeare. Mr. Lockhart tells us, that in 1804, Scott feeling it to be his duty, as Sheriff of Selkirkshire, to hold a permanent residence in the County, and the house of Ashiestiel being vacant by the death of his uncle, Colonel Russell, its proprietor, and the absence of his son, the present General Russell, who was then a young man in India, he took a lease of the place, and there spent all those portions of the year, during which he was free from attendance on the Courts of Law at Edinburgh, down to about the end of 1811, when he had made his first small purchase of land at Abbotsford. Thus it was that all his poetical productions, until the publication of *Rokeby*, may be said to have been produced at Ashiestiel. Previous to this period of his history, Scott had spent his times of vacation in a cottage on the romantic banks of the Esk near Edinburgh. Thus it is, that he, himself, notices his change of abode: "I left, therefore, the pleasant cottage I had upon the side of the Esk, for the 'pleasanter banks of the Tweed,' in order to comply with the law, which requires, that the Sheriff be resident, at least, during a certain number of months, within his jurisdiction. We found a delightful retirement by my becoming the tenant of my intimate friend and cousin-german, Colonel Russell, in his mansion of Ashiestiel, which was unoccupied during his absence on military service in India. The house was adequate to our accommodation, and the exercise of a limited hospitality. The situation is uncommonly beautiful, by the side of a fine river, whose streams are there very favourable for angling, surrounded by the remains of natural woods, and by hills abounding in game. In point of society, according to the heartfelt phrase of Scripture, we dwelt 'amongst our own people;' and as the distance from the metropolis was only thirty miles, we were not out of reach of our Edinburgh friends, in which City we spent the terms of the summer and winter sessions of the Court, that is, five or six months in the year." But who is there who may have bestowed the least degree of study on the constitution of his mind, as gathered from his autobiography and his writings, both in poetry and in prose, who cannot feel with us the boundless expansion of heart which Scott must have experienced, when he found himself fairly established as the inhabitant of this retired residence, in full and easy command of the endless regions of such a wild, mountainous, and pastoral country, as that of Ettrick Forest, on which all his earliest affections had been most firmly fixed, as being more particularly that which he might call the land of his ancestors, where every stone, and brook, and hollow, and hillock, and grove, had its story attached to it, most of which had been long familiar to him, and this, at a time of life, when, notwithstanding his lameness, he was a young, healthy man, and, as we remember him, alike active, both on foot and on horseback, and when his intellect may be said to have been in its fullest vigour? We cannot help feeling persuaded, that those seven years, the whole vacations of which were spent at Ashiestiel, were by far the happiest of Scott's life, doubly relished as they must have been, from the intermediate periods of professional confinement. He enjoyed that sort of possession of the place, that might be called nearly equal to that of the proprietor himself. He had more than ordinary interest in it, from its being the patrimonial property of his cousin-german. He was left at full liberty to plant and prune, and make such alterations and improvements, as cost but little, and which yet furnished an agreeable occupation, and created an additional interest to the inhabitant of the place, and above all, he was free from all those carking cares of lairdship, or land-ownership, of the extent of which no one, who does not possess land, can possibly have any just notion. Brimful, as he doubtless was, of the consciousness of the wonderful talent that was in him—burning to give it way—and every fresh effort that he made to do so being hailed by the loudest plaudits, not only of his friends or of his countrymen alone, but of the whole reading world—and all this being to him, all the while, as little more than the mere wanton sport of his youth—we cannot look for one moment on Ashiestiel, without believing, that for seven years of his life, it was the paradise of Sir Walter Scott.

It is thus, that throwing his intelligent and poetical mind back into the days of the olden time, and contrasting them with those which were then present to him, he describes, in general terms, the scenery of Ettrick Forest, through which he daily wandered, conjuring up a thousand romantic circumstances, and clothing them, as he went, with the most enchanting accessories belonging to ancient days which are now no more.

"The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourished once a forest fair,
When these waste glens with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind.
Yon thorn, perchance, whose prickly spears
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green compeers—
Yon lonely thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,
Since he, so grey and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;
Would he could tell how deep the shade
A thousand mingled branches made;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan to the rock,
And through the foliage showed his head,
With narrow leaves and berries red;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook,
What alders shaded every brook!
'Here in the shade,' methinks he'd say,
'The mighty stag at noontide lay;
The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game
(The neighbouring dingle bears his name),
With lurching step around me prowl,
And stop, against the moon to howl;
The mountain boar, on battle set,
His tusks upon my stem would whet;
While doe, and roe, and red deer good,
Have bounded by, through gay greenwood.'"

Mr. Lockhart says, and we believe with the greatest truth: "that Scott had many a pang in quitting a spot which had been the scene of so many innocent and noble pleasures, no one can doubt; but the desire of having a permanent abiding place of his own, in his ancestorial district, had long been growing upon his mind." And indeed, he was amply repaid for all that he did at Ashiestiel, by seeing his gallant and much-loved cousin, General Russell, sit down at length among the trees which he, as an affectionate kinsman, had planted and pruned for him during his absence. "But," adds Mr. Lockhart, "he retained to the end of his life a certain 'tenderness of feeling' towards Ashiestiel, which could not, perhaps, be better shadowed than in Joanna Baillie's similitude." And this was the letter which this most distinguished lady wrote to him upon this occasion;—"Yourself, and Mrs. Scott, and the children, will feel sorry at leaving Ashiestiel, which will long have a consequence, and be the object of kind feelings with many, from having once been the place of your residence. If I should ever be happy enough to be at Abbotsford, you must take me to see Ashiestiel too. I have a kind of tenderness for it, as one has for a man's first wife, when you hear he has married a second." The expressions of Scott's honest, but plainer friend, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, are equally striking; "Are you not sorry at leaving auld Ashiestiel for gude and a', after having been at so much trouble and expense in making it a complete thing? Upon my word, I was, on seeing it in the papers." Were we to indulge in our own speculations on a subject which might be considered as perhaps too delicate to admit of any such interference with it, especially if pushed to any great extent, we should begin by stating our belief that Sir Walter Scott, if he could have subdued the ambitious desire which seems to have possessed him of making himself the head of a family of landed estate, and could have contented himself with being the comfortable tenant of other people's places of residence, might have been even yet walking about, as hale and hearty among us as we now happily see a number of his dearest and most intimate friends and contemporaries. And, although we should have been grieved to the heart, if he could have been supposed to have gone on writing till he had written himself out, we cannot help feeling persuaded that he might have made very large additions to his voluminous works, and with the fullest chance that they might have been quite as vigorous in composition and in writing, if not perhaps more so than some of his latest existing productions. And then, alas! how sad and melancholy it is for us to have lived to behold the utter annihilation of that aerial vision, which he followed throughout his whole life as a reality, and which has so quickly and so entirely melted away—that already, in the course of but a very small number of years, his whole male representatives should be extinct! May Almighty God bring this great and striking lesson on the futility of all human hopes, and the perishable nature of all human plans, fully home to the breast of every one who may be called upon to reflect on it!

Mr. Stoddart, in his excellent recent publication, "The Angler's Companion," says—"It is not until it reaches Ashiestiel that Tweed is looked upon by salmon-fishers with much regard. Higher up the fish killed by the rod are comparatively few, and these, most of them, in execrable condition."

The Cadon water comes rapidly down from the high hills to the north, and running through the parish of Stow, it throws itself into the Tweed a little below Clovenfords. This point of junction used to be a favourite rendezvous with the angler; and we have ourselves thrown at least as many lines into the streams of the Tweed here, as, if arranged in pages, might have made a good thick volume. But the water must be in prime condition, and the fish in a particularly taking humour, when we come to this part of the river, to enable us sufficiently to abstract ourselves from the enjoyment of the exquisite scenery which here suddenly bursts upon us, so as to be able to pay the requisite attention to rod, line, and flies, to secure that success which every angler must necessarily desire. This is one of the most beautiful parts of the Tweed; and well do we remember the day when, wandering in our boyhood up hither from Melrose, we found ourselves for the first time in the midst of scenery so grand and beautiful. The rod was speedily put up, and the fly-book was exchanged for the sketch-book. We wandered about from point to point, now and then reclining on the grass, and sometimes, from very wantonness, wading into the shallows of the clear stream; and so we passed away some hours of luxurious idleness, the pleasures of which we shall never cease to remember.

A very short description of the scenery must suffice. On the right bank stands the charming residence of Yair, belonging to the very old family of Pringle of Whytbank. The house is surrounded by a lofty amphitheatre of hill, covered with timber of the most ancient and luxuriant growth, and the green lawn stretches towards the clear pebbly-bottomed river, which there runs past it in an unbroken, wide, and gentle, though lively stream, making music as it goes. Lower down, where the pass narrows, it assumes the character which Scott gives it in the following verses, in which he so feelingly alludes to the late Alexander Pringle, Esq., of Whytbank, and his interesting family of boys, the eldest of whom is the present Alexander Pringle, Esq., recently one of the Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury; the rest of them have been since scattered over the world, and have undergone all the various vicissitudes of life. The lines, which form part of the introduction to the second canto of Marmion, are so extremely beautiful, that we shall make no apology for quoting them:—

"From Yair—which hills so closely bind,
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,
Till all his eddying currents boil—
Her long-descended lord is gone,
And left us by the stream alone.
And much I miss those sportive boys,
Companions of my mountain joys,
Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
Close to my side, with what delight,
They pressed to hear of Wallace wight,
When, pointing to his airy mound,
I called his ramparts holy ground!
Kindled their brows to hear me speak;
And I have smiled to feel my cheek,
Despite the difference of our years,
Return again the glow of theirs.
Ah, happy boys! such feelings pure,
They will not, cannot long endure;
Condemned to stem the world's dark tide,
You may not linger by the side;
But Fate shall thrust you from the shore,
And Passion ply the sail and oar.
Yet cherish the remembrance still,
Of the lone mountain, and the rill;
For trust, dear boys, the time will come,
When fiercer transport shall be dumb,
And you will think right frequently,
But, well I hope, without a sigh,
On the free hours that we have spent,
Together, on the brown hill's brent."

In his first voyage to India, it was the lot of one of those young gentlemen to be involved in all the terrors and perils of the Kent East Indiaman that was burned at sea.

On the left bank of the Tweed, opposite to the Yair, is the fine old Scottish mansion of Fairnielee, belonging to the Pringles of Clifton. It affords a very interesting specimen of the Scottish style of architecture, and its old hedges and terraces, and the grand ancient timber by which it is surrounded, complete the richness of the scenery of this part of the river. The Bridge of Yair furnishes another happy feature in the scene, soon after passing which, the hills open out above Sunderland Hall, into an extensive plain, immediately above the junction of the Ettrick with the Tweed. The vale of the latter river now expands, and the prospect downwards becomes of the richest description; but before proceeding to enter upon it, we must concisely discuss the course of that important tributary the Ettrick, as well as that of its sub-tributary the Yarrow, and these two embrace so large a tract of country, including almost the whole forest, that it would seem that volumes must be absorbed in the notice of it. But our readers have been already pretty well informed as to the general nature of this country, both as it was in the olden time and as it is now, from the matter which we have already brought before them, and especially from Scott's own highly descriptive verses. How, indeed, should we delight to luxuriate in imagination over the whole of the forest as it was when in its wildest state, when human dwellings were few in it, and thinly scattered—and where the wanderer might now come unexpectedly upon the humble cottage in some retired dingle, or be startled by the sudden appearance of the frowning outworks of some tower or peel judiciously pitched on some position of natural strength! whilst the lonely church of St. Mary's or some other smaller chapels, to be found set down here and there, in the midst of these woodland wilds, might be supposed to produce some degree of peaceful influence on the rude and stormy bosoms of those who dwelt in cot or tower. Then think of the animal life with which the whole of these sylvan districts were filled, and the picturesque pursuit of the woodcraft which it naturally created. The magnificent urus, bison, or wild bull itself, rushing through the coverts, and glaring fearfully at the passenger who disturbed him from his lair. One head in the hall at Abbotsford, found in a neighbouring moss, indicates an animal three times the size of the wild cattle kept at Chillingham. Let all these picturesque circumstances be mingled with those love-makings, merry-makings, feuds, and fights, which must have taken place amongst such a population, and we shall find that it would produce a stock of materials for the poet or the artist, that would be perfectly exhaustless.

But to come down to the plain matter of fact as it now stands. Instead of the endless woodland which once covered the country, Dr. Douglas, in his view of Selkirkshire, published in 1798, says —"In stating the number of acres in wood at 2,000, I have followed Mr. Johnston. The best information which I could collect from the conversation of gentlemen and farmers, in different corners, made it rather less." The general appearance of the country is a succession of green and bare hills, gradually rising one above another in height. Dr. Douglas says—"Their naked and bleak aspect, when seen at a distance in cloudy weather, is lost upon riding among them, and beholding the rich sward with which they are covered, the clear streams which issue from their sides, the fleecy flocks browsing on their green pastures, and their lambs frisking around. The animation of the scene is heightened by patches of brushwood and small clumps of trees, with which, in a few places, the hills are adorned—the fertility of the vales, by which they are separated from each other—and the romantic banks of the waters which wash their bases."

But now let us, in the first place, give our attention to the Ettrick, and in so doing let us not forget that it gives origin to the old Scottish song, "Ettrick Banks"—

"On Ettrick's banks, ae simmer night,
At gloaming when the sheep cam' hame,
I met my lassie, braw and tight,
While wand'ring through the mist her lane.
My heart grew light, I wanted lang
To tell my lassie a' my mind,
And never till this happy hour,
A canny meeting could I find." &c.

The Ettrick rises, as we are told, from among a few rushes, between Loch-fell and Capel-fell, on the south side of a range of hills, which may be called "the back-bone of the country," at a point two miles above Potburn, which is said to be the highest situated farm-house above the sea in the south of Scotland. Mr. Stoddart tells us that "Ettrick abounds in nice trout, weighing, on the average, a quarter of a pound, but I have killed them occasionally, below Thirlestane, upwards of a pound, and recollect seeing one taken there nearly three times that weight. From the burns which empty themselves in the upper districts, I have known my friend John Wilson, Jun., of Elhray, to capture, with the worm, twelve dozen in the course of a forenoon. Sea-trout, both the whitling and the bull species, ascend the Ettrick in November, sometimes in great numbers—as many as three score have been slaughtered, by means of the leister, in one night, out of a single pool. The true salmon killed on an occasion of this sort are comparatively few."

Lord Napier's ancient residence of Thirlstane tower, with its few venerable ash trees and its extensive plantations, give an immediate interest to this highly elevated part of its banks. Ettrick, however, cannot boast of many trees during the first twenty miles of its course, but its hills are greener, and its valleys are wider and fitter for cultivation than those of the Yarrow. A little way above its junction with the latter stream, its sides are skirted with natural wood, its plains become more extensive and fertile, and the adjoining hills are covered with planted wood. On the side of the Ettrick, opposite to Thirlstane, are the remains of the tower of Gamescleuch. A genealogy of the Scotts, in the possession of Lord Napier, tells us that "John Scott, of Thirlstane, married a daughter of Scott of Allanhaugh, by whom he had four sons, Robert, his heir, and Simon, called Long-spear, who was tutor of Thirlstane, and built the tower of Gamescleuch." It soon afterwards receives two tributaries from the right, a small rivulet called Timah, and the Rankle-burn, which is not only celebrated by the song of the "Maid of Rankle-burn," but which is likewise rendered remarkable by its being the place where the progenitors of the Buccleuch family first took up their residence—when

"—— old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en."

The legend, as told in the notes to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," simply states that, "Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country, for a riot or insurrection, came to Rankle-burn, in Ettrick forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydone, received them joyfully, on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase. Kenneth Mac Alpin, then king of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the Royal forest, and pursued a buck from Ettrick-heuch to the glen now called Buck-cleuch, about two miles above the junction of the Rankle-burn with the river Ettrick. Here the stag stood at bay; and the king and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot, and now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with his burden about a mile up the steep hill, to a place called Cracra-cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet."—

"The deer being cureèd in that place,
At his majesty's demand,
Then John of Galloway ran apace,
And fetched water in his hand.

The king did wash into a dish,
And Galloway John he wot;
He said, 'thy name now after this
Shall ever be called John Scott.

The forest and the deer therein,
We commit to thy hand;
For thou shalt sure the ranger be,
If thou obey command.

And for the buck thou stoutly brought
To us up that steep heuch,
Thy designation ever shall
Be John Scott in Buccleuch.

* * * * *

In Scotland no Buccleuch was then,
Before the buck in the cleuch was slain;

Night's men at first they did appear,
Because moon and stars in their arms they bear.
Their crest, supporters, and hunting horn,
Show their beginning from hunting came;
Their name, and style, and book doth say,
John gained them both into one day."

Immediately opposite to the junction of the Rankle-burn with the Ettrick, appear the grey ruins of the old tower of Tushielaw. They stand on the side of a hill, near the road that runs up the Ettrick. It was long the stronghold of a powerful family of the name of Scott, who were famous free-booters, or border-riders, or moss-troopers, which epithets, we beg our readers to believe, are meant by us to convey the highest compliments we can pay them. We have already had occasion to notice the romantic legend, regarding the daughter of the Earl of March, who met with the son of the Laird of Tushielaw in Ettrick forest—of the love that arose between them—of the manner in which it was crossed—and the sad fate of the lady, who died of a broken heart just as her fondest wishes appeared to be about to be realised. We earnestly hope that Adam Scott, son of David Scott, of Tushielaw, was not the young knight of the legend, for he (Adam) bore the very distinguished name of "King of the Thieves." His fate too was somewhat summary, and rather unromantic, for, in the famous excursion which King James V. made through the Border—with the intention of ridding himself and his country of some of the great characters who were most remarkable for keeping up its predatory fame—he came suddenly to Tushielaw one morning before breakfast, and hanged King Adam over the horizontal bough of an old ash tree that grew over his own gate, all along the bark of which were to be felt and seen various nicks and hollows, formed by the ropes on which many an unhappy wretch had been hanged by the remorseless Tushielaw himself.

We must not forget to record that, in an old house not far from Ettrick Church, we are informed by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, himself, that he first drew the breath of life:—

"Here first I saw the rising morn;
Here first my infant mind unfurled,
To judge this spot, where I was born,
The very centre of the world."

At Newhouse, the Ettrick has worn its way through a deep ravine, where the rocks rise almost perpendicularly, covered with furze, and overhung with copsewood, presenting rather a wild scene; but, otherwise, there is little interesting in this river, until after it has received the Yarrow.

For our parts, never shall we forget the day when we made our happy excursion, from Selkirk, to trace this classical and musical stream to its source. We shall not stop at present to notice the delight we enjoyed in our drive up the vale of the Yarrow, for, as our custom is, in following out our present plan, to trace those tributary and other streams downwards, we shall begin by noting our sensations on reaching the lone St. Mary's Loch and the Loch of the Lowes. We have been great wanderers in our day, and we have looked upon scenes as lonely, accompanied by all the savage accessories of Alpine scenery, peaked mountains, precipitous cliffs, valleys encumbered by gigantic fragments of rock, and altogether devoid of verdure, roaring cataracts and thundering streams, and dark and hardly fathomable lakes, that silently reflected the beetling cliffs and the shred of sky that hung over them; but never before, at so high an elevation, did we meet with so perfect an emblem of simple and unadorned beauty, silently sleeping in the lap of Nature. A crystalline sheet of water poured out to so great an extent, amidst pastoral and comparatively green hills, and not the trace of a dwelling to remind us that there might be other human beings there as well as ourselves. How perfectly descriptive of the peacefulness of this lovely scene are these two simple lines of Wordsworth:—

"The swan on sweet St. Mary's Lake
Floats double, swan and shadow."

The river itself rises from the hills which form the boundary of Dumfries-shire; and finding its way into the upper and smaller lake called the Loch of the Lowes, it speedily passes from it into the upper part of St. Mary's Loch, which is seven and a half miles in circumference, its greatest depth being about thirty fathoms. The Meggat water, which comes in from the left as a tributary to St. Mary's Lake, is a stream of considerable importance. We may as well proceed at once to notice the angling which is afforded by this neighbourhood. We find that Mr. Stoddart says that the Yarrow, "as an angling stream, is of good repute, and contains nice trout, weighing from one and a half pound downwards. Near the loch the average is about half a pound, and I have frequently taken two or three dozen of that weight. The woodcock wing and mouse fur body form a favourite fly. Minnow, also, during summer is highly attractive in some of the streams. In Douglass burn are numbers of small trout. St. Mary's Loch is well stocked with trout averaging half a pound. I have often, however, killed them a great deal heavier, and recollect, on the Bourhope side, encreeling a yellow trout that measured nearly twenty inches in length. Such an occurrence, however, is extremely rare. Besides trout, St. Mary's Loch contains pike and perch; the former, of late years, are much on the increase, whereas in the Loch of the Lowes, which is connected with it by a stream not fifty yards in length, they are manifestly falling off in numbers. About sixteen years ago, when I first angled in these lochs, the upper one contained no trout whatsoever, and the under one, if any, few pike.. Now, the upper one, on the south side, has abundance of trout, and these better in quality than what are met with in the Lower Lake. In an edible point of view, the pike of the above lochs are very superior to the fish of this description generally met with, and attain to a great size. I recollect killing one that weighed nineteen pounds. My implement was a small trouting-rod, and when I brought the fish to bank, there was only a strand composed of three horse hairs left near the hook to support him, the other two strands of the winch line having given way. Discharging themselves into these lochs, are several streams, the largest of which is the Meggat water—an excellent summer trouting river, where I have caught fish upwards of two pounds in weight. At the foot of the Meggat, close to where it enters St. Mary's Loch, I recollect, on the occasion of a flood, killing with the fly three panniers full of trout, each containing a stone weight and upwards, in the course of a day. These were all taken out of a space of water not exceeding half a mile. Another large capture made by me on this stream took place while in company with the Ettrick Shepherd, and the creelfuls we respectively emptied out on arriving at Henderland (we had fished down during a small flood from the head of Winterhŏpe burn, a course of four or five miles), would have astonished even a Tweedside adept. The Chapelhope burns and Corsecleugh, which enter the Loch of the Lowes, also contain numerous trout. There are plenty of perch in the upper lake, and the lower one is occasionally visited by salmon and bull-trout. I have caught both of these fish with loch flies from the margin, but never met with one in an edible condition." We carried fishing rods and tackle with us, and had determined to devote at least an hour or two to serious angling, but the beauty and novelty of the scenery made us quite unfit to do anything of the sort, or, in short, to do anything but enjoy Nature. We must mention, however, that, notwithstanding appearances, there is one solitary house, which stands between the two lakes, where a brother of the angle may find comfortable quarters. It is not an inn, but a cottage, inhabited by Mrs. Richardson, who is always willing to extend her hospitality to anglers, and to do all in her power to make them comfortable. And, O! what a place to spend some quiet days, in the full enjoyment of solitary thought; and with what feeling does Sir Walter Scott allude to this:—

" Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake;
Thou know'st it well—nor fen, nor sedge
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour;
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain or woodman lone might dwell.
There's nothing left to Fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness;
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sound's too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.
Nought living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near;
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath laid Our Lady's Chapel low,
Yet still beneath the hallowed soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And dying bids his bones be laid
Where erst his simple fathers pray'd."

Again, to indulge our fancy in recalling that which we consider to be the wild and romantic state of this country, let us imagine the forest stretching itself over every part of this scene—let us have the wild swans sweeping in graceful evolutions over the surface of the lake, and occasionally drooping in their flight, in order to skim more closely over its transparent bosom—let us have the much venerated Chapel of St. Mary, which stood on its eastern side, as entire as it was previous to its destruction by the Clan Scott, in their feud with the Cranstons—let us have in it its holy clerks and their assistants, the ruins of whose dwellings are still discernible—let us have the restoration of those Peel Towers of which the vestiges of one or two of some importance still remain, especially that of Dryhope, near the lower extremity of the lake—and let us have their inmates produced before us as they were, and full of strange and strongly-agitating passions—let us have the urus, the great palmated stag, and the red deer restored—and let us, for a spice of terror, have the wolf, the mountain boar, and other such animals, added to our objects of interest—and then let us set poets, artists, and fiction-mongers to work upon the bill of fare we have provided for them, to write or paint as they best can. The names of Ox-cleuch, Deer-law, Hart-leap, Hyndhope, Fawn-burn, Wolf-cleuch, Brock-hill, Swinebrae, Cat-slack, &c., which still exist, many of them belonging to different places, are sufficient to prove how universally these animals inhabited the forest.

We have already noticed that the Meggat Water, coming in from the left, yields a large contribution to St. Mary's Lake. On its banks are the vestiges of the castle of Henderland, which, with the surrounding estate, is the property of our much valued friend, William Murray, Esq., of Henderland. A mountain torrent, called Henderland Burn, rushes impetuously from the hills, through a rocky chasm called the Dow-glen, and passes near the site of the tower. This tower was once the stronghold of a famous freebooter called Cockburne of Henderland, and the position, besides being apparently unapproachable by the strong hand of legal power, must have been peculiarly favourable for making inroads into the cultivated districts, both to the south and the north. We have recently had occasion to notice the summary manner in which James V., in his progress through the Borders, dealt with Adam Scott of Tushielaw. The king remained only to satisfy himself that he had seen the last dying struggle of that worthy, when he took a path over the mountains which separate the vale of Ettrick from the head of Yarrow, which has ever since borne the name of the "King's Road." The monarch arrived so suddenly at Henderland, that he surprised Cockburne sitting at dinner, and without one moment's delay, he ordered him to be taken out and hanged before his own door. Filled with horror, his wife fled to a place still called the Lady's Seat, where the roar of the foaming cataract might drown the tumultuous noise, which attended the execution of her beloved husband. The following old ballad given in the Border minstrelsy, is said to be her "Lament:"

"My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lylie flower,
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

"There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

"He slew my knight, to me so dear;
He slew my knight, and poined his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

"I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

"I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digged a grave and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.

"But think na' ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair;
O think na' ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, awa' to gae?

"Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for ever mair."

The monument of this unfortunate knight and his lady, consisting of a large stone broken into three parts, still lies in the deserted burial-place that surrounded the chapel of the castle, with this inscription on it—"Here lyes Perys of Cokburne and his Wyfe Marjory."

Near to the point where the Kirkstead Burn joins the lower end of the lake are the ruins of Dryhope Tower, celebrated as the birth-place of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott, of Dryhope. She was rendered famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, who was as renowned for his exploits as a bold Border-rider, as she was for her beauty. We know not whether the well-known ballad should be considered as dedicated to her, or to some subsequent Flower of Yarrow, for we believe that there were others, after her time. We certainly can hardly conceive the rough, moss-trooping Harden dissolving into such verses as these:—

"Happy's the love which meets return,
When in soft flame souls equal burn,
But words are wanting to discover,
The torments of a hopeless lover.
Ye registers of Heaven relate,
Whilst noting o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there see me marked to marrow
Mary Scott the Flower of Yarrow?"

And believing, as we do, that the verses are the production of a more modern and less romantic age, we shall spare our readers from the infliction of any more of them; whilst, at the same time, we give them the assurance, from our own experience, that they pass very well when sung to the simple melody to which they belong, which possesses the true character of border music.

Douglass, or the Dhu Glass, the black and grey water, is the next tributary of consequence. It descends from the left, from the Blackhouse Heights, which rise 2,370 feet above the sea, and it joins the Yarrow immediately after passing a craggy rock, called the Douglass Craig. The remains of the ancient tower of Blackhouse, stand in this wild and solitary glen. The building appears to have been square, with a circular turret at one angle for carrying up the staircase, and flanking the entrance. From this ancient tower, Lady Margaret Douglass was carried off by her lover, which gave rise to that sad, but well-authenticated, legend which is told in the ballad called, "The Douglas Tragedy."

"'Rise up, rise up, now Lord Douglas,' she says,
'And put on your armour so bright,
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a Lord under night.

"'Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your younger sister,
For your eldest's awa' the last night.'

"He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

"Lord William looket o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spyed her seven brethren bold,
Come riding o'er the lee.

"'Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret,' he said,
'And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your Father, I make a stand.'

"She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethern fa',
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so dear.

"'Oh, hold your hand, Lord William!' she said,
'For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get mony a ane,
But a father I can never get mair.'

"O, she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the Holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

"'O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg'ret,' he said,
'O whether will ye gang or bide?'
'I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William,' she said,
'For you have left me no other guide.'

"He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet-horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rode away.

"O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

"They lighted down to tak' a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood;
And sair she 'gan to fear.

"'Hold up, hold up, Lord William,' she says,
For I fear that you are slain!'
''Tis naething but shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain.'

"O they rode on, and on they rode,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they cam' to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

“ ‘Get up, get up, lady mother,’ he says,
‘Get up and let me in!
Get up, get up, lady mother,’ he says,
‘For this night my fair lady I've win.

“ ‘O mak' my bed, lady mother,’ he says,
‘O mak' it braid and deep!
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep.’

“ Lord William was dead long ere midnight,
Lady Marg'ret long ere day—
And all true lovers that gang thegither,
May they have mair luck than they.

“ Lord William was buried in St. Marie's kirk,
Lady Marg'ret in Marie's quire,
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier.

“ And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near,
And a' the warld might ken right weel,
They were twa lovers dear.

“ But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pulled up the bonny brier,
And flang't in St. Marie's loch.”

Seven large stones, erected on the neighbouring heights of Blackhouse, mark the spot where the seven brethren were slain, and the Douglas burn is said to be the stream at which the lovers stopped to drink.

Opposite to the Douglas water, that of Altrive comes in from the right. Here it was that James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, had his small farm, which, we believe, his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch generously gave him rent-free, and here he accordingly lived until his death. Nothing can be more retired, or thoroughly pastoral-looking, than the country around the kirk, manse, and bridge of Yarrow, and it is impossible for a stranger, who may be in the habit of exercising his reflective powers as he journeys along, to pass by this simple House of God, humbly reared, As it is, among these extensive wilds, without feeling how calm, and pure, and uncontaminated with worldly thought and the bustle of busy life, must be—or, at least, ought to be—the worship that is likely to arise from beneath its grey roof. This is, indeed, a peaceful scene now; but, from various appearances, as well as traditions, this particular neighbourhood would seem to have frequently witnessed bloody and fatal feuds. It must be a charming place of temporary sojourn for the angler, for we took occasion to lean over the bridge, and narrowly to inspect the river running under it, when we discovered many fine trouts, and some of them of a very large size. The new statistical account says, that “salmon, grilse, whitling, trout, eels, par, minnows, barbels, and sticklebacks, tenant the rivers.” But we suspect that few clean salmon or grilses get as high as this, in such condition as to afford good sport to the angler, or good food to man. It is remarkable that lampreys used to come up here to spawn, and, if we do not mistake, we ourselves saw several sticking to the stones, near the bridge, like floating pieces of tangle.

It would seem that two sanguinary and fatal combats took place hereabouts, in ancient times, and it appears to be very difficult to determine, to which of the two the old ballad, called the “Dowie Dens of Yarrow,” was, in reality, dedicated. A certain knight, of the name of Scott, who was probably John, sixth son of the laird of Harden, who resided at Kirkhope, or Oakwood Castle, was murdered hereabouts by his kinsmen, the Scotts of Gilman's-cleuch. Again, in a spot called Annan's Treat, a huge monumental stone, with an eligible inscription, was discovered, which is supposed to record the event of a combat, in which the male ancestor of the present Lord Napier was slain. And then two tall unhewn stones are erected on Annan's Treat, about eighty yards distant from each other, which the smallest child tending a cow will tell you, mark the spot where lie the twa Lords, who were slain in single fight. Scott tells us, that “Tradition affirms, that, be the hero of the song whom he may, he was murdered by the brother, either of his wife, or betrothed bride. The alleged cause of malice was the lady's father having proposed to endow her with the half of his property, upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown. The name of the murderer is said to have been Annan, and the place of the combat is still called Annan's Treat.”

“ Late at e'en, drinking the wine.
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawing.

“ ‘Oh stay at hame, my noble lord,
Oh stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.’

“ ‘Oh fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!
Oh fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return,
Frae the dowie banks of Yarrow.’

“ She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she had done before, O;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's away to Yarrow.

“ As he gaed up the Tinnis bank,
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till down in a den, he spied nine armed men,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

“ ‘Oh come ye here to part your land,
The bonny forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow?’

“ ‘I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow;
I come to wield my noble brand,
On the bonny banks of Yarrow.

“ ‘If I see all, ye're nine to ane;
And that's an unequal marrow;
Yet will I fight while lasts my brand.
On the bonny banks of Yarrow.’

“ Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And run his body thorough.

“ ‘Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother John,
And tell your sister, Sarah,
To come and lift her leafu' lord;
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow.’

“ ‘Yestreen, I dreamed a doleful dream,
I fear there will be sorrow;
I dreamed I pou'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

“ ‘O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,

Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

"'But in the glen strive armed men;
They've wrought me dole and sorrow;
They've slain—the comliest knight they've slain—
He bleeding lies on Yarrow.'

"As she sped down yon high, high hill,
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow,
And in the den, spied ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

"She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
She searched his wounds all thorough;
She kissed them till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"'Now, haud your tongue, my daughter, dear!
For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow.'

"'O haud your tongue, my father, dear!
Ye mind me but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom,
Than now lies cropped on Yarrow.'"

As we proceed downwards from the Dowie Houms of Yarrow, the banks of the river contract, and the scenery becomes more picturesque, and nothing can be more romantic than the old place of Hangingshaw, for ages the property of that ancient family the Murrays of Philiphaugh, but now belonging to Mr. Johnstone of Alva. The castle, which stood on a commanding terrace, about half-way up the hill on the left bank of the river, was unfortunately burned by accident about seventy years ago, when Miss Murray of Philiphaugh, sister of the present laird, the lady who was afterwards mother of the present Sir John Murray Nasmyth, of Posso, was saved from the flames as a child, by being extricated through a small window. Nothing now remains of the ruins but a few feet of the wall and some outhouses. There was great grief in the country in consequence of this misfortune, as the proprietor and his family were much beloved for their many virtues—virtues which have not been lost in the person of his present representative, the brother of Lady Nasmyth, whom we have had for some years the advantage of knowing and respecting, as one of the most honourable, upright, and straightforward gentlemen with whom we have ever been acquainted. This was certainly the building which is so pointedly noticed in the old ballad of the "Song of the Outlaw Murray," who was an ancestor of the present family. The ballad itself is too long for entire quotation, but thus it begins:—

"Ettricke Foreste is a fair foreste,
In it grows manie a semelie trie;
There's hart, and hynd, and dae, and rae,
And of a' wild bestis grete plentie.
There's a fair castelle, biggit wi' lyme and stane,
O! gin it stands not pleasauntlie!
In the fore front o' that castelle fair,
Twa unicorns are bra' to see;
There's the picture of a knight, and a ladye bright,
An' the grene hollin abune their brie."

Scott tells us that Mr. Plummer, the sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, had assured him, that he well remembered the insignia of the unicorns existing on the old Tower of Hangingshaw.

"There an outlaw keepis five hundred men;
He keepis a royalle cumpanie!
His merryemen are a' in ae liverye clad,
O' the Lincone grene say gae to see;
He and his ladye in purple clad,
O! gin they lived not royallie!"

This bold and gallant knight was in no other respect an outlaw than this, that he thought he had reason to believe himself as much king of the surrounding forest, which he won by his sword from the Southrons, as the King, James V., who, we think, then reigned, believed himself to be king of Scotland. Nothing in the ballad would lead us to imagine that Murray abused his power by acting the tyrant within that which he held to be his own natural jurisdiction. The ballad is very interesting, and the whole story of it may be told in two words. A report reaches the king, informing him of the princely and independent life which Murray leads. The king resolves to bring him under his dominion, and marches with a strong force to bring him to reason.

"The king was coming through Cadon Ford,
And full five thousand men was he,
They saw the derke foreste them before,
They thought it awsome for to see."

But the king, unwilling to proceed to extremities with a knight who appears to have been of noble and gallant courage and character, expresses a desire to treat, and at last, after much negotiation, he grants such terms, at Murray's request, that he cannot refuse to accept of them, and so he at once becomes a faithful and powerful vassal of the crown.

"'Thir landis of Ettricke Foreste fair,
I wan them from the enemie;
Like as I wan them, sae will I keep them,
Contrair a' kingis in Christentie.'

"All the nobilis the king about,
Said pity it were to see him dee—
'Yet grant me mercie, sovereign prince,
Extend your favour unto me.

"'I'll give the keys of my castell,
Wi' the blessing o' my gay ladye,
Gin thou'lt make me sheriffe of this foreste,
And a' my offspring after me.'

"'Wilt thou give me the keys of thy castell,
Wi' the blessing of thy gaye ladye?
I'll make thee sheriffe of Ettricke Foreste,
Surely while upward grows the tree;
If you do not traitour to the king,
Forfaulted sall thou nevir be.'"

Murray, with great honour to himself, then proceeds to make terms for the safety of all his allies and followers, and these being all generously settled by the king to his new vassal's satisfaction, that which had threatened to have produced a most sanguinary conflict was happily and peacefully terminated without a drop of blood being shed.

We never can forget that delicious day of idleness which we spent amidst the shades of Hangingshaw. The umbrage of the timber is magnificent, and what we most rejoiced in were the rows of grand old yew trees, which are such as are rarely to be met with. The scene is altogether a woodland one, and it exhibits the remains of symmetrical gardening, run, by neglect, into wildness. How we wished to have been able to have reared up the old house again, as if with the wand of a magician, even if the consequence had been that we should have been compelled to drink off the famous "Hangingshaw Ladle" full of that potent ale which, whilst the ancient family flourished here, always stood on tap to slake the thirst of all comers whatsoever.

Passing the modern place of Broadmeadows the situation of which, on the left bank, is very charming, we come next to Newark Castle, on the right bank—perhaps the most interesting object on the whole stream of the Yarrow, whether we consider its picturesque effect, its romantic situation, or the many interesting associations that are connected with it. Its name of Newark seems to have been given to it to distinguish it from a much more ancient castle which once stood somewhere in this neighbourhood, called Auld Wark, which is said to have been founded by Alexander III. Both were originally designed for the residence of the sovereign when he went to hunt in Ettrick Forest. It seems to have been held by the celebrated outlaw Murray, and to have at that time formed part of the property regarding which he negotiated with James V. In later times it was granted to the family of Buccleuch, who made it an occasional residence for more than a century. Here, it is said, that the Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch was brought up, and it was probably for this reason that Sir Walter Scott chose to adopt it as the scene in which the old harper is made to chaunt the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" for her amusement.

> "He passed where Newark's stately tower
> Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
> The minstrel gazed with wishful eye,
> No humbler resting place was nigh.
> With hesitating step at last,
> The embattled portal-arch he passed,
> Whose pondrous grate, and massy bar
> Had oft rolled back the tide of war;
> But never closed the iron door
> Against the desolate and poor.
> The Duchess marked his weary pace,
> His timid mien and reverend face,
> And bade her page the menials tell,
> That they should tend the old man well;
> For she had known adversity,
> Though born in such a high degree;
> In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
> Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb."

A horrible association is attached to the courtyard of this castle, for here it is said that General Leslie, the conqueror at Philiphaugh, did summary military execution on some of the prisoners taken there, and we do not shudder the less at this cruelty, that we happen to have his blood in our veins.

On the opposite bank of the river stands an humble cottage, nestled among the wood; but lively and unpretending as its roof may be, it may well claim to be noticed among the proudest of the objects of which this highly favoured Yarrow can boast. Here it was that the justly celebrated and enterprising Mungo Park first saw the light. The name of the farm is Fowlshiels.

We know of few rivers, either in the Highlands or Lowlands, which afford more beautiful rocky scenery than the Yarrow does here. Its steep banks are fringed with the most elegant, free-growing, natural oaks, and overgrown with the richest herbage of plants that artist could desire, whilst the stream itself rushes fiercely and precipitously along, boiling, eddying, and sparkling among the rocks and stones, producing the utmost animation and variety. A walk conducts along the right bank, and the whole forms a part of the grounds of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch's hunting seat of Bowhill, which, with its extensive plantations, may be said to fill the whole space lying within the point of junction of the Ettrick and Yarrow.

A little way below Newark, but on the left bank of the river, is the Harehead wood, where Mr. Murray, of Philiphaugh, has built himself a very pretty residence. And still lower down than this, lies the extensive battle-plain of Philiphaugh, opposite to the town of Selkirk. Before crossing to Selkirk we shall hastily touch on some of the circumstances connected with the battle. It appears to be most strange that Leslie could have advanced with his small army by so long and circuitous a route towards Philiphaugh without Montrose, who was living in Selkirk, having been made aware of it. But the fact is, the Marquis was so hated by the people about here, that no information was allowed to reach him. On the other hand, every one seems to have been ready to assist Leslie, and certain willing and faithful guides whom he fell in with, conducted a portion of his small force, round by a circuitous path, in such a way as to place it directly in rear of the Royal army. The surprise was sudden and fatal, and Montrose himself was so little prepared for it, that he had hardly time to reach the field of battle, so as to participate in the defeat. We have seen a curious silver locket, found on the field of Philiphaugh, and now in the possession of Mr. Graham of Lynedoch. It is heart-shaped—on one side there is carved a long straight heavy sword, and below it a winged heart, showing probably that it belonged to a Douglas—on the other side is a heart pierced through with darts, with the motto, "I live and dye for loyaltye." On opening it, there is engraven on the inside of the lid, "I mourne for Monarchie," and the locket contains a most beautiful minute *alto-relievo* likeness of Montrose.

Now let us sing—

"Up wi' the sutors o' Selkirk."

for honester or *bauldcr* fellows are nowhere to be found. We, for our part, shall never forget the circumstance of our being invited by them to a large meeting, which was got up expressly in our honour, and where we had the satisfaction of being listened to with great attention by them and the good and true men of Galashiels, who likewise appeared there, whilst we unfolded to them some of our liberal doctrines. These were the descendants of those brave men who marched to Flodden, and perished in that fatal field. That exquisitely beautiful song, the "Flowers of the Forest," as it is now known, was composed by a lady in Roxburghshire many years ago, to the ancient tune of the old ballad, the words of which are now almost entirely lost. The first and last lines of the first stanza of the existing verses are part of the old ballad.

> "I've heard them lilting, at the ewe milking,
> Lasses a' lilting, before dawn of day;
> But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning;
> The flowers of the forest are a' wede away."

Close to Selkirk is one of the most lovely and unique spots which is anywhere to be found—we mean "The Haining." We never shall forget the wonderful effect of this scene when we were first introduced to it as a juvenile angler. It appeared to us rather like some dream of the fancy than anything real. And, alas! we cannot, without deep grief, recal our last visit to this spot of fairy-land, which took place a short time previous to the death of our friend, Mr. Pringle, of Clifton, the late proprietor. The house, of large size and, in some respects, somewhat Italian in its style, is found standing on a long architectural terrace, hanging over one of the most beautiful and peaceful-looking lakes that ever was seen. The banks of the lake, as they recede from the eye into the deer-park, are lawny, and charmingly wooded. The terrace is ornamented with fine statues, and, in short, the *tout ensemble* is like a scene freshly imported from Italy. And at the time we last saw it, as already alluded to, it was, indeed, altogether Italian; for the heat was so intense that we could not exist in the house, and, accordingly, our evenings were spent sitting listlessly on the terrace, watching the gamekeepers fishing from the boats with their nets, and in the enjoyment of the lovely scene and balmy air, and occasionally puffing a cigar, or imbibing a refreshing draught of hock and soda-water. Alas! our amiable and kind host is now no more!

Below Selkirk, the valley of the Ettrick widens, and the river presents few objects of interest until its junction with the Tweed, which we have already had occasion to notice, takes place immediately below Sunderland Hall.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

At a very early age commenced my own interest in the mystery that surrounds secret societies; the mystery being often double—1. *What* they do; and 2. What they do it *for*. Except as to the premature growth of this interest, there was nothing surprising in *that*. For everybody that is by nature meditative must regard, with a feeling higher than any vulgar curiosity, small fraternities of men forming themselves as separate and inner vortices within the great vortex of society, communicating silently in broad daylight by signals not even seen, but if seen, not understood except among themselves, and connected by the link either of purposes not safe to be avowed, or by the grander link of awful truths which, merely to shelter themselves from the hostility of an age unprepared for their reception, must retire, perhaps for generations, behind thick curtains of secrecy. To be hidden amidst crowds is sublime—to come down hidden amongst crowds from distant generations, is doubly sublime.

The first incident in my own childish experience that threw my attention upon the possibility of such dark associations, was the Abbé Baruel's book, soon followed by a similar book of Professor Robison's, in demonstration of a regular conspiracy throughout Europe for exterminating Christianity. This I did not read, but I heard it read and frequently discussed. I had already Latin enough to know that *cancer* meant a crab, and that the disease so appalling to a child's imagination, which in English we call a cancer, as soon as it has passed beyond the state of an indolent schirrous tumour, drew its name from the horrid claws, or spurs, or roots, by which it connected itself with distant points, running underground, as it were, baffling detection, and defying radical extirpation. What I heard read aloud from the Abbé gave that dreadful cancerous character to the plot against Christianity. This plot, by the Abbé's account, stretched its horrid fangs, and threw out its forerunning feelers and *tentacles* into many nations, and more than one century. *That* perplexed me, though also fascinating me by its grandeur. How men, living in distant periods and distant places—men that did not know each other, nay, often had not even heard of each other, nor spoke the same languages—could yet be parties to the same treason against a mighty religion towering to the highest heavens, puzzled my comprehension. Then, also, when wickedness was so easy, *why* did they take all this trouble to be wicked? The *how* and the *why* were alike mysterious to me. Yet the Abbé, everybody said, was a good man; incapable of telling falsehoods, or of countenancing falsehoods; and, indeed, to say *that* was superfluous as regarded myself; for every man that wrote a book was in my eyes an essentially good man, being a revealer of hidden truth. Things in MS. might be doubtful, but things printed were unavoidably and profoundly true. So that if I questioned and demurred as hotly as an infidel would have done, it never was that by the slightest shade I had become tainted with the infirmity of scepticism. On the contrary, I believed everybody as well as every*thing*. And, indeed, the very starting-point of my too importunate questions was exactly that incapacity of scepticism—not any lurking jealousy that even part might be false, but confidence too absolute that the whole must be true; since the more undeniably a thing was certain, the more clamorously I called upon people to make it intelligible. Other people,

SCOTTISH RIVERS.—No. II.

THE TWEED—*Continued.*

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

We now come to that part of the course of the Tweed, extending from its junction with the united rivers Ettrick and Yarrow, to the mouth of Gala water. Although this small portion of the stream does not possess many very fine natural features, it yet teems with associations which are now, and ever will be, to the end of time, interesting to all mankind, and therefore it cannot be passed over with indifference. Whilst we, for our part, participate largely in these more general feelings and attractions, we, as an individual, have our own reasons for looking with an especially affectionate remembrance on this part of the river, not as entirely isolated by itself, but as forming a part of that large stretch, extending all the way down to Dryburgh, which, nearly fifty years ago, was the grand scene of the piscatorial exploits of our boyhood, when we were wont to establish our headquarters at Melrose. But confining ourselves, in the meanwhile, to this particular portion which we have now especially defined, we cannot look back to what we remember it, at the time when we first became acquainted with it, without wondering at the extraordinary change which the whole face of nature has undergone. Were we to say that it was then altogether a pastoral country, we might not perhaps be strictly accurate as to fact, as it certainly might have exhibited some cultivated fields here and there. But we can with truth declare that the impression left on our mind is that of a simple pastoral district, where, as we sauntered listlessly along the primrose-scented margin of the pellucid stream, wading in, now and then, to make our casts here and there, with the nicest selection of spot, and the most scrupulous care of hand, our progress up the stream was altogether unobstructed by fences of any kind, nor were we ever tormented by the entanglement of our flies on the boughs of trees, seeing that no such thing as a tree presented itself within the circle of our horizon. Now, on the contrary, the whole country is under the richest rotation of crops, the fields being all enclosed, and every where intersected with hedgerows and belts of vigorously thriving plantations. The estate of Abbotsford itself makes up a large part of the whole, and the active improvements and embellishments which Sir Walter Scott effected on it, probably operated as an example and excitement to his neighbours.

We believe we have already stated that it was in 1811 that Scott made his first purchase of land here. At one time he thought of acquiring two adjoining farms, but prudence prevailing with him, he made up his mind that one of them would be sufficient for him to begin with. This had long had a peculiar interest in his eyes, because it contained a long rude stone, marking the spot,

> "Where gallant Cessford's life-blood dear,
> Reeked on dark Elliot's border spear."

This catastrophe took place at the conclusion of the battle of Melrose, in 1526, fought between the Earls of Angus and Home, and the two chiefs of the race of Kerr, on the one side, and Buccleuch and his clan on the other, in sight of young King James V., the possession of whose person was the object of the contest. The names of various localities between Melrose and Abbotsford have reference to this battle, as Skirmish-field, Charge-law, &c. The spot where Buccleuch's retainer terminated the pursuit of the victors, by turning upon them and giving Kerr of Cessford, ancestor of the Dukes of Roxburghe, his death wound, was ever afterwards called Turn-again. All these were powerful and attractive associations to such a mind as that of Sir Walter, and after Abbotsford became his residence, it was, as we have occasion to know from experience, always one of his first objects to walk his guests up over the hill to Turn-again. His own description of his purchase is to be found in his letter to his brother-in-law, Mr. Carpenter, as given by Mr. Lockhart.

"I have bought for about £4000 a property in the neighbourhood, extending along the banks of the river Tweed for about half a mile. It is very bleak at present, having little to recommend it but the vicinity of the river; but as the ground is well adapted by nature to grow wood, and is considerably various in form and appearance, I have no doubt that by judicious plantations it may be rendered a very pleasant spot; and it is at present very great amusement to plan the various lines which may be necessary for that purpose. The farm comprehends about a hundred acres, of which I shall keep fifty in pasture and tillage, and plant all the rest, which will be a very valuable little possession in a few years, as wood bears a high price among us. I intend building a small cottage here for my summer abode."

Such was the germ from which grew the accumulated property, and the strange fantastic structure, which now form the estate and mansion-house of Abbotsford. There cannot be a doubt that, from early associations, the whole of this neighbourhood possessed secret charms for him, which were altogether uninfluential and powerless as regarded those who merely looked at the country, and estimated it according to the real value of its landscape features, not to mention the vicinity of Melrose abbey, which of itself must have had great charms for him. One important circumstance which Scott, as an antiquary, highly valued, was that of the great line of ancient British defence called the Catrail, which was to be seen from his windows, belting, as it were, the natural headland, that projected itself on the opposite side of the river, between the Tweed and the Gala. "This vast warfence," says Chalmers in his 'Caledonia,' "can only be referred, for its construction, to the Romanized Britons who, after the abdication of the Roman government, had this country to defend against the intrusion of the Saxons, on the east, during the fifth century, the darkest period of our history. Its British name, its connection with the British hill-forts, the peculiarity of its course, and the nature of its formation, all evince that its structure can refer to no other people, and its epoch to no other period of our annals." It consists simply of a large *fosse*, with a rampart on either side.

"Such," says Mr. Lockhart, "was the territory on which Scott's prophetic eye already beheld rich pastures embosomed among flourishing groves, where his children's children should thank the founder." We have already said enough on this subject, when at Ashiestiel, to preclude all necessity for further remarks here, but let us consider the nature of the place on which he proposed to produce so magical a change. The part of it that borders the Tweed consists of a large and very beautiful flat haugh, around the margin of which the river flows gently and clearly over its beds of sparkling pebbles. It must be remarked, however, that although we have called it beautiful simply as a haugh, it is devoid of any feature of interest enough to make it valuable as a portion of the pleasure-grounds of a place. From the haugh arises a steepish, though not very high bank, which is covered by the thriving young trees which the poet planted. Above this bank runs the public road to Selkirk, and the house stands half-way down between it and the haugh, on a flat shelf of ground, which is entirely occupied by it, the courtyard, and the garden. The approach to it turns off from the public road at an angle so acute, as to be absolutely dangerous, and before the trees got sufficiently up so as thoroughly to mask the house, any blackguard going along the road might have broken its windows with a stone. Above the Selkirk road, the broad face of the hill rises at an easy angle, and before Sir Walter enclosed, and cultivated, and planted it *en ferme ornée*, it presented as tame and uninteresting a stretch of ground as could well be met with in any part of the world. We do not say that the taste of the landscape gardening here is to be considered as perfect. And when we look at the building and grounds with a critical eye, it does appear to be most wonderful that a genius which could from its own fancy conjure up ideal pictures, so full of grandeur and of beauty as are exhibited by many of those which are to be found in his works, should have produced nothing better than these when he came to have to deal with realities. But so far as the decoration of the estate is concerned, we must not forget that Sir Walter considered that in his circumstances he had to attend to the *utile* as well as the *dulce*. In regard to the house itself, we cannot help considering it as an extremely anomalous building. How often do we see that the structure which produces the grandest effect, when erected of sufficiently large proportions, becomes quite ludicrous when built *en petit*. Had the towers and turrets, and other members of the building, individually been of three times the magnitude, Abbotsford might have proved an imposing structure; but its present proportions are such as to produce anything but associations of sublimity in the mind of the beholder. Yet still it is certainly picturesque, and saturated as it is with associations connected with Scott, it is doubtless doomed to be visited in pilgrimage by countless myriads, from all parts of the world, so long as one stone of it shall remain upon another. Whilst he, the genius of the place, was there to preside over its hospitalities, the mere form of the structure where he administered them, was little thought of. One's whole soul was fixed on the kind and courteous host, with an eager desire to catch up and hoard the treasures of literary conversation, which he was continually scattering around him with the utmost simplicity of manner. How do we look back with delight on all this—and, alas! with what sadness do we recall that day when his funeral obsequies took place—when we followed his remains in humble sorrow! But into any description of these we need not enter, seeing that it was our lot to give a full account of this melancholy scene immediately after it took place, in the Number of this Magazine for November 1832.

We must now request our gentle reader to cross the stream of the Tweed with us, to its left bank, in order that we may cursorily examine, together, the course of Gala Water.

"Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
Ye wander through the blooming heather,
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Gala Water."

This is the first verse of the more modern words of Burns, adapted to the old native melody. The *very* old words run thus,

"Braw, braw lads of Gala Water,
Oh braw lads of Gala Water,
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water;"

and we quote this for the sole reason of remarking that, in the olden time, no lady, shepherdess or nymph, could have followed her lover at all without using the precaution here mentioned, seeing that whether he went up or down the glen she required to wade the river at every two or three hundred yards of her way. "The Vale," says Mr. Chambers, "is singularly tortuous, so that the road from Edinburgh to Melrose and Jedburgh, which proceeds along the face of the hills on the east side, is at least a third longer than the crowflight"—which crowflight, be it observed, must have necessarily represented the line of that of the lover and the lady. But this reference is to the present road, which, being engineered by modern skill, runs round all the salient faces of the hills, and sweeps into all their retiring hollows, in order to preserve its level. Our old recollections enable us to recall the more ancient road, which ran along the western side of the glen, and which went very resolutely on to its object, in straight lines, most unscrupulously regardless of the steep acclivities and descents to which it subjected the traveller, but of course we take it for granted that even the creation of this old road was long after the period when the more ancient Gala Water song was composed. To go still farther back into the history of this district, it is remarkable that in very ancient times it was called Wedale, or the Vale of Woe. It belonged to the Bishops of St. Andrew's, and the Bishop had a palace here, which gave to the Kirkton the appropriate name of Stow. The Bishops of St. Andrew's often resided at the Stow of Wedale, whence they dated many of their Charters, and we have ourselves a Charter dated in the year 1316, which gives over to Robert Lauder, of Bass, a certain portion of that rock, on which they had the site of a chapel, and which is signed "*Apud Wedale*," by John de Lambyrton, then Bishop of St. Andrew's.

Oh how refreshing it is for us, old fellow as we now are, to throw ourselves back in our armchair, to shut our eyes, and to dream over again those happy happy days of our youth-hood which were spent by us as young anglers on the banks of Gala Water! We were blessed with a father who, during our holidays from school or College, was at all times ready to be our companion in all rational and healthful amusements. Rising at so very early an hour, in what may be called the *How* of East Lothian, that we found ourselves, after a walk of some ten or twelve miles, perhaps by six or seven o'clock in the morning, on the margin, and near to the source of a little moorland burn called Ermit, which rises out of Soltrahill, and becomes a tributary to the Gala; how eagerly, and with what a beating heart did we sit down to put the pieces of our rod together, and to adjust the other parts of our tackle! The stream was altogether so tiny, that to those who knew it not, it would have appeared either that we were mad, or that we were Cockneys, that we should suppose that we could extract trouts from it, for at one time it would appear running thin and glittering in the sun over a narrow bed of pebbles, where its depth was so little that even a very small trout would have been stranded if it had ventured to make a passage over it, and then, by and bye, contracting itself, and inclining to one side, it, as it were, thrust its black stream under the overhanging shadow of a mossy bank of perhaps some three feet from its surface, where it curled and eddied along in a dark, narrow, but animated pool, of some few yards in length. Here it was that the "monarch of the brook" was generally to be found, and flattered, as he necessarily was, by our thus early presenting ourselves at his levee, it frequently happened that he readily rose, and ultimately agreed to accompany us in our morning's walk, our creel being opened wide for his accommodation. Our practice was to follow the run of this little burn, for some four or six miles or so, down through the bare moorland, to its junction with the Gala a little way below Crookstone house, by the time we reached which point we were generally in possession of a very handsome *faite à peindre* dish of trouts—indeed it was somewhat remarkable that although before reaching our inn at Bankhouse, the place of our rest and refreshment for the evening, we had fully as great a length of water to fish, and that, too, of a much larger and more likely stream, the after half of our basket was generally less, and especially so in weight, than that which we had acquired from the contributions of Ermit. What Mr. Stoddart says of the Gala Water trouts now may be said to be quite applicable to the days we are talking of—I mean that they might have "weighed from a pound downwards," but we did, now and then, catch one of about two pounds, or two pounds and a half. But by way of enabling Mr. Stoddart to compare the piscatorial provision now afforded by the Gala, with that which it so liberally afforded about fifty years ago, we may perhaps be allowed to recall a day when we started with our revered companion by about a quarter to seven o'clock in the morning, from our inn at Bankhouse. We were attended by a servant who carried two creels on crossbelts, whilst we bore another on our back. Our plan of operations for the day was so arranged, that the elder gentleman of the two, who was a most beautiful and skillful fly fisher, should precede us about a hundred or a couple of hundred yards, angling as he pleased with the fly, and that we should follow to pick up, by means of the worm, whatever we might be able to glean after him. Strictly pursuing this arrangement, we fished from Bankhouse down to Galashiels, and there turning, we thence retraced our steps and fished the whole of the Gala up to its point of junction with Ermit, where, bidding the larger stream farewell, we followed the smaller up through the wild moors, nearly to its source, where its thread of water had become so small that it could hardly yield a sufficient quantity to afford room for exercise to an active stickleback. Here we stopped to devour our sandwiches, to drink our glass of sherry, to put up our rods and tackle, and to pour out the contents of our creels on a nice bit of green sward, and to admire and to count our trouts. To our surprise we found that we had a few more than thirty-six dozen. Most of the large ones had been killed by the bait rod; but whilst the spoil due to it may have weighed a little more than that produced by the fly, yet the fly rod had taken the greater number. As the sun was getting low, and that we had still some ten or twelve miles to walk home, we returned our trouts to the three creels, which they filled very decently, and starting off for the low country at a good pace, we reached our residence at about ten o'clock at night.

We confess that we are pretty well acquainted with most of the districts of Scotland, but we have no difficulty in stating, that we know of no district which has been so completely metamorphosed since the days of our youth as that of Gala Water. According to our early recollections, the whole wore a pastoral character. Crops were rare, and fences hardly to be met with. Not a tree was to be seen, except in the neighbourhood of one or two old places, and especially at and around Torwoodlee and Gala House, near the mouth of the river. Everything within sight was green, simple, and bare; the farm-houses were small and unobtrusive, and one or two small places of residence only, belonging to proprietors were to be seen. The Breakneck road ran, as we have already hinted, along the west side of the valley, being conducted in straight lines right up and down hill. The inn of Bankhouse was then the only place of shelter in the whole district, a snug and very quiet place of retreat for a tired and hungry angler, and kept very clean, but having nothing about it of the character of the inns we require now-a-days. We have already had occasion to notice the change and improvement of the public road. The whole country is fenced, cultivated, and hedged round. Thriving and extensive plantations appear everywhere. Neat and convenient farm-houses and steadings are common; and several very handsome residences of proprietors are happily dispersed through different parts of the valley. Small inns are very frequent by the wayside; and that of Torsonce, which may be called the principal one, is as comfortable a house of the kind as the kingdom can boast of. But even this improved state of things is not enough for the rapid march of human improvement; for now, at this moment, a railway is constructing; and we must heartily congratulate the able gentleman who has engineered it, not only for the ingenuity and science which he has displayed, but likewise for his great antiquarian research, and for the sagacious humility which he has exhibited in at once adopting the line suggested by the nymph who, as the ballad tells us, "kilted her coats aboon her knee" to enable her "to follow her love through the water," and to carry it right up the centre of the valley by a wonderful series of bridges, so that even the modern road, with its whole complement of inns and public houses, will very soon be left useless and unoccupied.

We should have mentioned, that the Gala rises out of a part of the property of Fala, and soon afterwards receives from the west the large tributary of Heriot water, which drains a very fine hill estate of that name belonging to the Earl of Stair. It is augmented by no other very important contribution, although it is joined by a number of burns of lesser note.

Having doubtless surprised our readers by the change which we have informed him has taken place on the surface of this highly improved district, we must now proceed to describe that which has taken place on the village of Galashiels; and this we do rather at variance with our general rule of passing by such places, without much notice, entirely from the really wonderful history which it presents during its various epochs. We shall begin by informing the reader as to what its state was nearly fifty years ago, when our juvenile piscatorial wanderings first brought us acquainted with it. We had extended our usual angling ramble from our inn at Bankhouse, being led on from one inviting stream or pool to another, until, after passing the fine old place, and park, and woods of Torwoodlee, which at that time, burst suddenly, and with the most richly luxuriant effect upon one who had hitherto seen nothing but the simple, unwooded, and pastoral valley above, a bend in the line of the glen most unexpectedly displayed to us, at some little distance a-head, a large building of three stories, with a great number of small windows in it, with several lower subsidiary buildings attached to it, and with a long green by the river's side, where posts and ropes were set up, on which hung a great number of webs of coarse grey cloth. On inquiry we found that this was a manufactory of that particular article, and that it was all that formed the village of Galashiels. It stood on the flat ground nearly opposite to the venerable old place of Gala House which, with its park, and noble extent of timber, covered, as they still do, the slopes to the westward. But even the beauty of these did not allay the irritation of our young Isaac Walton feelings, which had been torn by the idea of a manufactory breaking so suddenly in on the quiet, silent, and pastoral valley which we had been, all the morning, so dreamily descending. We turned hastily on our heels, and never again attempted to throw a line, until we had fairly shut ourselves out from all view of the obnoxious object. We had neither opportunity nor occasion to visit it again for some twenty-five years or so, and then we found the whole gorge of the valley filled with a large and thriving manufacturing village.

But to give the reader a just and perfect knowledge of the changes which this village has undergone, which are, in themselves, so very curious and interesting, we shall quote from our good friend Mr. Robert Chambers, who has taken a good deal of trouble, as he generally does in regard to all things, to make himself well informed on the subject. "The old village of Galashiels," says he, "which is first mentioned in authentic records of the reign of David II., lay upon an eminence, a little to the south of the present town. It was merely an appendage of the baronial tower which, with many modifications and additions, is now known by the name of Gala House, and forms the seat of Scott of Gala. The old town contained about four or five hundred inhabitants, the greater part of whom supported themselves by weaving. It was erected into a barony in 1599. All the houses belonged to the superior, Scott of Gala, whose family came in the place of the Pringles of Gala, in the year 1632." From what we have stated as to our own personal observation regarding the miserable appearance which the village of Galashiels made on its new site at the time we visited it about fifty years ago, it would appear that the manufacture of cloth having afterwards in some degree succeeded, feus, or perpetual building leases, were granted by the proprietor, all along the river side, and the village quickly began to grow immensely in size, and rapidly to increase in its manufactures. It now consists of several streets running parallel with the river. By the last account taken, it contained two thousand two hundred and nine inhabitants. The annual consumption of wool amounts to 21,500 stones imperial, of which 21,000 are home-grown, and 500 foreign, chiefly from Van Dieman's Land. Nearly half of the raw material is manufactured into yarns, flannels, blankets, shawls, and plaids, the other half being used for narrow cloths, which bring, in the market, from twentypence to six shillings and sixpence per yard, together with crumb-cloth or carpeting, of grey or mixed colours. The committee on prizes of the honourable the commissioners of the board of trustees for the encouragement of Scottish manufactures, have declared that, by the use of foreign wool, the flannels manufactured here have risen to a degree of fineness surpassing most of those made in Scotland, if not those even of the finest Welsh manufacture. Blankets, both of the Scottish and English fabric, are successfully made, and shawls, which are accommodated to all dimensions of purse as well as of person. Besides these, a manufacture of Indiana for ladies' gowns has arisen, the price of the article being from eight to nine shillings a-yard. The author of the new statistical account says, that the premiums given by the honourable the commissioners of the board of trustees for the encouragement of Scottish manufactures, for the best cloths at given prices, and their encouragement of the judicious outlay of capital, and the enlargement and improvement of machinery, have greatly contributed to the extension and improvement of the manufactures of Galashiels.

We cannot quit the subject of this wonderful rise of Galashiels and its manufactures, without quoting the following most gratifying passage from our friend Mr. Robert Chambers, on the subject of the morals of the place, which, if, as we have no reason to doubt, it be still correct and applicable, would seem to furnish a curious view of the idiocracy of man, arising from the long-cultivated habits of his race. "The people of Galashiels," says Mr. Chambers, "are remarkable for steady industry; but, though active and enterprising far beyond their neighbours, it must be mentioned to their honour, that they are tainted by none of the vices appropriate to manufacturing towns. This is perhaps owing to the circumstance that manufactures have here risen naturally among the original people of the district, and not been introduced by a colony from any large manufacturing town; on which account, the inhabitants not having received vices by ordination, and being all along and still isolated amidst people of the highest primitive virtue, retain all the pleasing characteristics of the lowland rustic, with the industrious habits, at the same time, of the Manchester and Glasgow mechanic." For our own parts, we can with truth and sincerity affirm, that we believe the population of Galashiels to be of a very superior description, as regards honesty, and resolute determination of principle; and we can never forget the honour we received from them, when they marched up in a body with their flags and banners to the meeting which we have already noticed as having been held at Selkirk; and the three cheers with which they hailed us as they left the town still ring very gratefully in our ears.

The site of the old village can still be traced by the aid of a proper cicerone within the grounds of Gala House, where "the short little clay-built steeple of the tolbooth alone exists as a melancholy monument of the deserted village. The vane on the top of this structure still obeys the wind, and the clock is still in motion; but both are alike useless to the people—the former being concealed from public view, while the dial-plate of the latter is a mere unlettered board, over which a single hour index wanders, like a blind man exerting his eloquence to a set of friends who have vanished before his face."

We shall make but one quotation more from our friend Mr. Chambers, in regard to the old village of Galashiels. "The armorial bearings of Galashiels are a fox and plum-tree; and the occasion is thus accounted for. During the invasion of Edward III., a party of English, who had been repulsed in an attempt to raise the siege of Edinburgh Castle, came and took up their quarters in Galashiels. It was in autumn, and the soldiers soon began to straggle about in search of the plums which then grew wild in the neighbourhood. Meanwhile, a party of the Scots having come up, and learned what their enemies were about, resolved to attack them, saying, that they would prove sourer plums to the English than they had yet gathered. The result was such as fully to justify the expression. They took the unhappy Southrons by surprise, and cut them off almost to a man. In commemoration of the exploit, the people have ever called themselves the Sour Plums of Galashiels, and they are celebrated in an old song, the air of which is well known to Scottish antiquaries for its great age. The arms, though originating in the same cause, seem to have been vitiated by the common fable of the fox and grapes. All the old people agree in the tradition, that Galashiels was once a hunting station of the king, when, with his nobles, he took his pastime in the forest. The lodge or tower in which he resided, was pulled down only twelve years ago, in order to make room for some additions to the parish school. It was called the Peel, and was a rudely-built square tower, with small windows, two stories high, rybots of freestone—stone stair—and finer in appearance than any other house in the whole Barony, that of Gala alone excepted. It was built of very large stones, some of them about six feet long, and extending through the whole thickness of the wall. A narrow lane leading from this tower to a part of the town nearer Galahill, was called the king's shank; and what adds to the probability of the tradition, there was a clump of birches on the south or opposite side of the hill, called the touting birk, where it is conjectured the hunters would be summoned from the chase, the forest lying open before the place." Galashiels may be considered as the port or gate that shuts in the whole glen of the Gala water. But the stream itself, after leaving the village, and having been thoroughly polluted by the various coloured dyes and chemical agents employed in the manufactures, has a run of about a mile to the eastward, through the property of Langlee, till its junction with the Tweed. Much has been done by our old friend Mr. Bruce, the proprietor, for the embellishment of this place, and to us, who well remember it at the time when some, even of the oldest plantations, were only making, it does appear a most wonderful change to see the great extent of well-grown young timber that now exists, and under the shade of which one may ride; and this may be said to be nothing more than a sample of the general improvement which has taken place all over this beautiful wide valley, of which Melrose and its venerable ruins may be considered as the centre, and the extent of which may be said to run from the mouth of Gala water to that of the Leader. At the time the monks made their first settlement here, it was doubtless far from being one of the poorest districts in the country; but, although we know that a great deal of oak timber then existed in this vale, yet we question much whether in their time, or ever since, it has exhibited so truly rich an appearance as it does at present, for it may be said to be literally filled with tasteful dwellings, embosomed in orchards and gardens, and in tufted groves and shrubberies, whilst the gay little villages of Gattonside and Newstead, and those of Melrose and Darnwick, much more antique, but now greatly extended since our first acquaintance with them, present interesting features in the scene; and the noble ruins of the ancient Abbey seem to preside over the whole, with a holy and religious air, whilst the lovely Eildon hills, rising with their tricuspid summits immediately to the south, afford a prominent feature, which distinguishes this scene from every other similar vale whatsoever.

In following the stream of the Tweed downwards from the mouth of the Gala, we find the left bank covered with the plantations and pleasure-grounds of the Pavilion, a hunting-seat belonging to Lord Somerville, the creation of which, on the bare slope of the hill, may almost be said to be embraced within our recollection. The Tweed is here joined by a very pretty little stream called the Allan, which comes down from the hills on the north. It is remarkable for the excellence of its trout. Although Sir Walter Scott made no slavish sketches from the scenery of this glen, whilst he was describing his Glen Dearg in the Monastery, yet there is every reason to believe that he took many hints from the nature he found here. The glen is remarkable for the superstitious associations connected with it, and it bears the popular appellation of the Fairy Dean, or the Nameless Dean, from the belief that prevails that it is haunted from one end to the other by those tiny spirits who are always propitiated by the name of "the good neighbours" being bestowed on them. It would appear that, in evidence of the actual operations of the fairy people even in the present day, little pieces of calcareous matter are found in the glen after a flood, which either the labour of those tiny artists, or the eddies of the brook among the stones, have formed into a fantastic resemblance of cups, saucers, basins, and the like, in which children who gather them pretend to discern fairy utensils. Sir Walter Scott tells us, that the little stream of the Allan, "after traversing the romantic ravine called the Nameless Dean, is thrown off from side to side alternately, like a billiard ball repelled by the sides of the table on which it has been played; and in that part of its course, resembling the stream which pours down Glen Dearg, may be traced upwards into a more open country, where the banks retreat farther from each other, and the vale exhibits a good deal of dry ground, which has not been neglected by the active cultivators of the district. It arrives, too, at a sort of termination, striking in itself, but totally irreconcilable with the narrative of the romance. Instead of a single Peel-house, or Border-tower of defence, such as Dame Glendinning is supposed to have inhabited, the head of the Allan, about five miles above its junction with the Tweed, shews three ruins of Border Houses belonging to different proprietors, and each, from the desire of mutual support so natural to troublesome times, situated at the extremity of the property of which it is the principal messuage. One of these is the ruinous mansion-house of Hillslap, formerly the property of the Cairncrosses, and now of Mr. Innes of Stowe; a second, the tower of Colmslie, an ancient inheritance of the Borthwick family, as is testified by their crest, the goat's head, which exists on the ruin; a third, the house of Langshaw, also ruinous, but near which the proprietor, Mr Bailie of Jerviswood and Mellerstain, has built a small shooting-box. All these ruins, so strangely huddled together in a very solitary spot, have recollections and traditions of their own." We have more than once threaded this solitary glen in days of yore, with very great delight. Indeed it was a common practice of ours to make a direct line of our journey from East Lothian to Melrose, in doing which we traversed the ancient Girthgate. This was a bridle way over the hills, used by the monks of Melrose, in the frequent communication between their Abbey and the Hospital or Hospice of Soltra; and well do we remember the ease with which we traced it, though unguided, and for the first time, entirely by the green-sward line which it had still left, through the heather, and often did we picture to ourselves the antique groups of monks and other such travellers, whose frequent feet, as well as those of their horses, had so worn off and entirely obliterated the heather.

Soltra was an hospital founded by Malcolm IV. for the relief of pilgrims, and for poor and sickly people, and it had the privilege of a sanctuary, as the name of Girth signifies. Milne, the author of the old description of the parish of Melrose, published in 1794, thus notices the bridge with which the Girthgate was connected—a bridge of which Sir Walter Scott has made so romantic a use. "About half-a-mile above Darnwick, to the west, on the south side of the Tweed, stands Bridgend, called so from the bridge there, three pillars of which are still standing. It has been a timber bridge; in the middle pillar there has been a chain for a drawbridge, with a little house for the convenience of those that kept the bridge, and received the custom. On this same pillar are the arms of the Pringles of Galashiels." So far as we are aware, not a vestige of this bridge remains, except the foundation of some of the pillars.

We have already stated that we were wont to establish our piscatorial headquarters at Melrose. Our inn was the George, which was kept by David Kyle, who is so happily introduced into the introductory epistle which precedes "The Monastery." Sir Walter acknowledges that he drew the sketch from the life, and certainly he has been most successful in his portrait. When we knew him, he was a hale good-looking man, in the full vigour of life, but he was making daily and serious inroads on his constitution by the strength and depth of his potations. He took the whole management and control of the household economy of the inn, leaving his wife and daughters, who were all remarkably handsome lady-like persons, to follow their own domestic pursuits in the private part of the house towards the back. There was no pretence at any great degree of finery in the style of the table, but every thing was good of its kind, and put down in the most comfortable manner, and the cut of salmon, as well as "the fowls with egg sauce, the pancake, the minced-collops, and the bottle of sherry," of which Sir Walter makes him speak to Captain Clutterbuck, never failed to be first-rate of their kind. Our landlord was always ready, when he could conveniently absent himself from his concerns, to give us his company and his advice whilst angling, and when he joined us, as he often did after dinner over our bottle of sherry, we found him brimful of information. But, perhaps, the greatest source of enjoyment afforded by this quiet little village inn—for in those days it really was the small inn of a small village—arose from the circumstance that a certain blind man, an Orpheus, of the name of James Donaldson, resided permanently in the house, lodged and fed, partly, perhaps, from the good-natured liberality of David Kyle himself, and partly from the conviction, that his being here made many a traveller stretch a point towards evening to get on to the George for the night, or to tarry for the night there in spite of the affairs of travel that pressed him on. To us who, after the fatigues of a successful day's angling, and a comfortable dinner, were seated for the evening to enjoy our rest and a moderate glass of wine, it was indeed a luxury of the very highest order to get the blind man into our parlour; and he, for his part, held us so well in his books, that he never failed to be at our command whosoever might be in the house. We pray our gentle and indulgent reader to give us credit for our assertion that we do know something of music, and that, at all events, we should make no such flourish of trumpets as we may now appear to be making, unless as a prelude to something really first-rate in its way, and we solemnly declare, that this blind man's performance upon the violin was matchless in its own particular style. He performed the old Scottish airs, and especially those of the most tender and pathetic description, with a delicacy and feeling that we have never heard equalled, and which we are not ashamed to say were such as frequently to call forth a certain degree of moisture from our eyes, as well as from the eyes of the angling companion who sat opposite to us. Then his lively reel and strathspey music was equally remarkable in its way; and when his fancy led him suddenly to strike up Tullochgorum, or anything of that description, all manner of fatigue was forgotten in a moment, and we found ourselves, as if impelled by the enchanting effects of Oberon's horn, footing it to the music right featly, and cracking our fingers, and shouting like good ones. Many, many is the time that we have listened to the soft and touching airs, and danced to the lively strains of Nathaniel Gow—and it was once our lot to listen to this description of music performed by a superiorly gifted brother of his on board the Edgar seventy-four, in the Downs, where, strange to say, he was literally a sailor before the mast, but we hesitate not to assure our readers that the performances of poor blind Jamie Donaldson of Melrose were greatly superior to both. We must not forget to say, that he was equally remarkable in his performance on the clarionet which in his mouth, became quite a different instrument from what it is even in the hands of the best performers. Alas! our poor blind musician had the same thirst for strong drink that possessed his kind patron and protector and host, and accordingly, whilst David Kyle himself died in April, 1805, aged 52, poor Donaldson departed 31st March, 1808, aged 50. His tombstone in the Abbey church-yard bears no inscription, but a rude representation of his head, with the face marked with the small-pox, which disease was the cause of his blindness in early youth, and in the centre of the stone is a violin crossed with a clarionet. Alas! of all that fine family of whom David Kyle was indeed so justly proud at the time we knew him, we have reason to fear that not a single scion remains! As for the George itself, it has undergone enlargement and improvement, proportionable to the increased size of the village, as well as of the traffic which now passes through it; and although its present landlord, Mr. Manuel, may not rival old Kyle in regard to originality of character, he can in nowise be surpassed by any one in the attention which he pays to the guests, and in the exertions he uses in making them comfortable, and that in a style somewhat superior to what might have been termed *the rough and round* of those days to which we have been referring.

David Kyle's father was a baker at Galashiels, and one of the most successful anglers whose fame has been recorded on all those waters. He was the first man, so far as we are aware, that practised that mode of angling with the worm which Mr. Stoddart has so well described in his book. It must now be approaching the lapse of a century since he taught it to our father, who was then a lad. The system to which we allude is that of using the bait when the river is small and clear.

The angling from Gala Water foot to Leader foot is all excellent, both for salmon and trout, when the river is in proper condition; and then the beauty and interest of all the surrounding features of nature, and the silent grandeur of the holy pile of ruin, are such that even the unsuccessful angler must find pleasure in wandering by the river side, quite enough to counterbalance the disappointment of empty baskets. The scenery of this country has become much more rich since we first knew it, by the increase of plantation, and the quick growth of the trees. The whole of this district and neighbourhood abounds with antiquities, in the shape of camps and stations, &c., British, Roman, and Romanized-British. A well-marked Roman camp occupies one of the tops of the Eildon hills. But we must refer our reader, if he be devoted to such inquiries, to the learned author of "Caledonia," for such information as he may want in this way; for, were we to go fully into this interesting subject, we should very soon find materials to swell this article to the size of that ponderous publication itself.

It would be equally vain, as it would be useless, for us to attempt to give any history or description of the noble pile of Melrose Abbey, which is certainly one of the most sublime and beautiful ruins of this description that Great Britain can boast of, whether it be looked upon as a mass, or whether it be examined with that degree of detail which is necessary in order duly to appreciate the wonderful and exquisite delicacy of the carving. Sir Walter Scott says, that

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seemed framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When the distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the howlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair."

And again:—

"The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliage tracery combined;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand,
'Twixt poplars straight, the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined,
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

It is somewhat remarkable, that notwithstanding this strikingly vivid description, we have reason to believe, from a conversation we had with the author himself, that he never during his whole life visited the ruins of Melrose Abbey by moonlight, and yet, if one did go there under such witching circumstances, we have little doubt that the picture he has drawn here would be found strictly true to nature in all its parts.

Within the holy precincts of these ruined walls repose the remains of many distinguished individuals—amongst others, King Alexander II., many of the Earls of Douglas, and especially the heroic James Lord Douglas, who was slain at the battle of Otterburn, 5th August, 1388. The Monastery itself was founded by King David in the year 1136, and the architect was supposed to be John Murdo or Morveau, as would seem to be implied by these inscriptions. The first is over a doorway, where there is the representation of a compass.

"Sa gayes the compass ev'n about,
So truth and laute do but doubt,
Behold to the end.—JOHN MURDO."

And on the south side of this door there are these lines.

"John Murdo sum tym callit was I,
And born in Parysse certainly;
And had in kepying all mason werk
Of Sant Androys, the hye kyrk
Of Glasga, Melros and Paslay,
Of Nyddysdayl, and of Galway,
Pray to God and Mari baith,
And sweet St. John, keep this haly kirk frae skaith."

For John Murdo in these lines we ought unquestionably to read John Morveau, for such was the name of the Frenchman. Perhaps we may be forgiven for mentioning here that Mr. Kemp, the architect of the grand Scott monument at Edinburgh, who took his dimensions and general plan from the great arches of the nave and transept which supported the Tower of Melrose, gave in his design among the others with the name of John Morveau attached to it. After his design had been picked out as the best, the great difficulty arose as to where its author was to be found, and many weeks elapsed before John Morveau could be ferreted out. At last he was discovered, and his beautiful design was finally adopted, although its author was an humble man altogether unknown; and certainly the matchless beauty and grandeur of the structure, which has excited the admiration of every one who has beheld it, including strangers and foreigners of all ranks, have borne testimony in favour of the taste of the committee who made the selection.

The burial-ground which surrounds the Abbey has some curious monumental inscriptions in it. One of these has always appeared to us to be extremely quaint and curious.

The earth builds on the earth castles and towers,
The earth says to the earth, all shall be ours,
The earth goes on the earth glistening like gold,
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it would."

Although not to be found in the Abbey burying-ground, and hardly now to be discovered any where, we may be permitted to notice the monumental stone which once covered the remains of Fair Maiden Lilliard, who fought so gallantly against the English at the battle of Ancrum Moor.

"Fair Maiden Lilliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but mickle her fame,
Upon the English lads she laid many thumps,
And when her legs were off she fought upon her stumps."

Many of the buildings both in the village of Melrose and in that of Darnwick are curious, antique, and picturesque, and the old cross of Melrose, situated in the open market-place, which formed nearly all the village when we first knew it, has a singularly venerable appearance. Before leaving this section of the Tweed, we must not forget to mention that the Knights Templars had a house and establishment on the east side of the village of Newstead. It was called the Red Abbey; the extensive foundations of houses were discovered here, and some curious seals were found in digging. Before concluding this part of our subject, it appears to us to be very important, if not essential, to call our readers' especial attention to the singular promontory of Old Melrose, on the right bank of the river. It is a high bare head, around which the river runs in such a way as to convert it into a peninsula. Here it was that the first religious settlement was made, indeed it was one among the first seats in the kingdom of the religious *Keledei* or *Culdei*, or, as Fordun explains the name, *Cultores Dei*, worshippers of God. This monastery was supposed to have been founded by Columbus, or by Aidan, probably about the end of the sixth century. It would appear that it was built of oak wood, thatched with reeds, the neck of land being enclosed with a stone wall. It is supposed to have been burned by the Danes. The name given to it was decidedly Celtic, and quite descriptive of its situation—*Maol-Ros*, signifying the Bare Promontory—and from this the more recent Abbey and the whole of the more modern parish of Melrose have derived their name.

FEMALE AUTHORS.—No. II.

MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

In selecting Mrs. Hemans as our first specimen of Female Authors, we did so avowedly, because she seemed to us the most feminine writer of the day. We now select Mrs. Browning for the opposite reason, that she is, or at least is said by many to be, the most masculine of our female writers.

To settle the respective spheres and calibres of the male and the female mind is one of the most difficult of philosophical problems. To argue, merely, that because the mind of woman has never hitherto produced a "Paradise Lost," or a "Principia," it is therefore for ever incapable of producing similar masterpieces, seems to us unfair, for various reasons. In the first place, how many ages elapsed e'er the *male* mind realised such prodigies of intellectual achievement? And do not they still stand unparalleled and almost unapproached? And were it not as reasonable to assert that man as that woman can renew them no more? Secondly, because the premise is granted—that woman *has* not—does the conclusion follow, that woman cannot excogitate an argument as great as the "Principia," or build up a rhyme as lofty as the "Paradise Lost?" Would it not have been as wise for one who knew Milton only as the Milton of "Lycidas" and "Arcades," to have contended that he was incapable of a great epic poem? And is there nothing in Madame De Stael, in Rahel the Germaness, in Mary Somerville, and even in Mary Wollstonecraft, to suggest the idea of heights, fronting the very peaks of the Principia and the Paradise, to which woman may yet attain? Thirdly, has not woman understood and appreciated the greatest works of genius as fully as man? Then may she in time equal them; for what is true appreciation but the sowing of a germ in the mind, which shall ultimately bear similar fruit? There is nothing, says Godwin, which the human mind can conceive, which it cannot execute; we may add, there is nothing the human mind can understand which it cannot equal. Fourthly, let us never forget that women, as to intellectual progress, is in a state of infancy. Changed as by malignant magic, now into an article of furniture, and now into the toy of pleasure, she is only as yet undergoing a better transmigration, and "timidly expanding into life."

Almost all that is valuable in Female Authorship has been produced within the last half-century, that is, since the female was generally recognised to be an intellectual creature; and if she has, in such a short period, so progressed, what demi-Mahometan shall venture to set bounds to her future advancement? Even though we should grant that woman, more from her bodily constitution than her mental, is inferior to man, and that man, having got, shall probably keep, his start of centuries, we see nothing to prevent woman overtaking, and outstripping with ease, his *present* farthest point of intellectual progress. We do not look on such productions as "Lear," and the "Prometheus Vinctus," with the despair wherewith the boy who has leaped up in vain to seize, regards ever after the moon and the stars; they are, after all, the masonry of men, and not the architecture of the gods; and if man may surpass, why may not woman, "taken out of his side," his gentle *alias*, equal them?

Of woman, we may say, at least, that there are already provinces where her power is incontested and supreme. And in proportion as civilization advances, and as the darker and fiercer passions which constitute the *fera natura* subside, in the lull of that milder day, the voice of woman will become more audible, exert a wider magic, and be as the voice of spring to the opening year. We stay not to prove that the *sex* of genius is *feminine*, and that those poets who are most profoundly impressing our young British minds, are those who, in tenderness and sensibility—in peculiar power, and in peculiar weakness, are all but females. And whatever may be said of

SCOTTISH RIVERS.—No. II.

THE TWEED—*Continued.*

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

We must now proceed to trace the course of a very important tributary of the Tweed; we mean the Leader (or the Lauder) Water, which has its rise in the Lammermoor hills, and which thence runs down through Lauderdale, throwing itself into the Tweed from its left bank. We might find some difficulty in entering on this part of our task, owing to the connexion of this district with our own family history; but as we must have done the same had we had to deal with any other family, and as there is no good reason for keeping back information, because we chance to be mixed up with the matter of it, we must e'en proceed to discuss it as shortly as we can. When Robert Lauder came into Scotland with Malcolm Canmore, besides certain lands in the Lothians, he had large possessions assigned to him here. His successors were afterwards created hereditary bailies of Lauderdale, and the family became a very powerful one in Scotland, as is proved by the frequent notices of its members, at various periods, in Rymer's "Fœdera," and other historical works; from which it appears, that for some centuries there was scarcely ever a treaty of peace, or of marriage, or a negociation of any kind, either with England or with France, in which they did not officiate as prominent commissioners; and after the battle of Hallidon hill, we find *tempore* David II., Robertus de Lawedre Miles, the father, holding the high office of Justiciarius over the country between the Firth of Forth and the Border, whilst, at the same time, Robertus de Lawedre Miles, the son, held the same office over all the country to the north of the Firth. Their chief seat of Lauder Tower was in the burgh of Lauder, where there is now a large enclosure, or garden, called the Tower yard, and where, within little more than half a century ago, some parts of the ruin were still standing. And now comes the great and useful moral lesson, which is often to be extracted from family history, of the evanescence of all human affairs. Were we to go back to a period of about some two hundred and fifty years ago, we should be able to draw up a list of not less than twenty-five families of the name possessing landed property; whereas, now, with the exception of ourselves, no part of whose present property ever formed any portion of the old estates, and one of our sons who recently acquired the estate of Huntleywood, in Berwickshire, and Mr. Lauder, the elder brother of the two celebrated artists, who possesses some land immediately below the new town of Edinburgh, there does not exist, so far as we are aware, a single landed proprietor of the name. The causes of the gradual decadence of a family are not easily or certainly traced, but we know that the powerful Border clans, the Homes and the Cranstouns, were for ages the determined enemies of that of Lauder, and it is thus highly probable that the family was ruined by their frequent predatory inroads, the boldness of which may be conceived from the fact, that on one occasion, towards the end of the 16th century, they entered the town of Lauder in great force, with the Earl of Home at their head, burnt the tolbooth, and dirked the Laird of Lauder's brother, William, who was sitting administering justice in the Town-hall, in his capacity of hereditary bailie. Soon after this, the elder branch of the family died out, and the younger branch, which had migrated to Laswade and Edinburgh, succeeded as its head, but without any of the land, which had gradually melted away, till it ended in a quantity only sufficient to furnish a resting-place for the bones of its proprietor. It is somewhat strange that most of the accounts of Lauderdale are altogether silent with regard to the name, notwithstanding the ancient charters which still exist. By one of these, Sir Robert de Lawedre, *tempore* David II., gives off some lands, "in and near his borough of Lauder," to Thomas de Borthwick, and it is witnessed by John Mautelant, the sixth of the Lauderdale family, and by his brother William.

The ancient family of the Maitlands of Thirlestane, now Earls of Lauderdale, have possessed lands in this valley for some five or six centuries, and these have been gradually added to and extended, until they now form a very fine estate, which the late and present Earls of Lauderdale have cultivated and planted with so much judgment as to have completely changed the whole appearance of the country. Thirlestane Castle has been greatly increased in extent, and converted into a noble, or rather a princely place of residence.

The Leader is a very lively stream, and the whole of its dale, the greater part of which is wide, is of a cheerful *riante* character, and it has of late years been brought up to a very high degree of cultivation. We must not forget to mention that it has been noticed in Border ballad.

"The morn was fair, saft was the air,
All Nature's sweets were springing,
The buds did bow with silver dew,
Ten thousand birds were singing;
"When on the bent, with blythe content,
Young Jamie sang his marrow;
Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grass,
On Leader haughs and Yarrow."

The Leader is a delightful river for angling, but its trouts are much more numerous than large. We believe that heavy fish are seldom taken in it, though a creel may very soon be filled with small fish, which are delicious eating.

We shall say nothing of the burgh of Lauder, except to remind our readers of the historical fact connected with it, of the celebrated conference of

Scottish nobles, which was held here in the time of James III., when Cochrane and the king's other favourites, with the exception of Ramsay of Balmain alone, were hanged over a bridge, which now no longer exists, by Archibald Douglas, surnamed "Bell-the-Cat," and the other nobles, his supporters.

Like all the other vales and dales which we have had occasion to notice as tributary to the Tweed, the original pastoral character of Lauderdale has, during our recollection, yielded much to the plough, and the whole of its course presents excellent specimens of farming. The two farms of Blainslee have been for generations so celebrated for the oats grown upon them, that their produce is entirely sold for seed. An immense extent of plantation has taken place in various parts of the valley, so that there is no lack of shade along the banks and slopes, and several important residences have arisen. Of these, perhaps, the house and grounds of Carolside may be pre-eminently mentioned, a great deal having been done to that place by the good taste of Mrs. Mitchell, since her son's succession, as a minor, to his large estates. The lady was, doubtless, aided by the sound judgment of her brother, Mr. Gardiner, and her worthy uncle, Mr. Milne, of the Woods and Forests, whose experience in such matters has necessarily been great. We remember Carolside a small unpretending place, when we used to look at it from the public road, which then had its course on the western side of the valley.

About fifty years ago, it belonged to Lauder of Carolside, who was the last laird of the name who held lands here. This gentleman was so remarkable for his style of dressing, that he went in Edinburgh by the name of Beau Lauder—a title which rather flattered than annoyed him. We can just recollect him as being followed by the boys whilst walking the streets as a very old man, with a cocked hat, gold-headed cane, scarlet coat, lace ruffles, embroidered waistcoat, satin shorts, white silk stockings, and gold buckles on his shoes, richly set with stones. Poor man! his fate ultimately was a sad one, for, if our recollection serves us right, he was accidentally burned to death sitting in his chair, as he then was in a helpless state.

Above Carolside, on this river, is Birkhillside and Chapple, and a little way below it comes the thriving village of Earlston, with its looms and shawl manufactory. But its fame does not rest on any such fabrics as these, seeing that it glories in having been the birthplace of the celebrated Thomas Learmont of Ercildoune or Earlston, commonly called the Rhymer, whose rude tower of residence still stands on a beautiful haugh on the east side of the Leader, half-way between the river and the town. Within the memory of man, it was much more entire than it now is; even the outer wall and barbican having been complete; but now there is nothing left but one corner of the building, of the height of two storeys, showing the remains of arched roofs. There has been so much of the mist of fable raised around Thomas the Rhymer, that we doubt not that many have believed that he was not a real, but altogether a legendary and imaginary character. But this is quite a mistake, as is proved, without going farther for testimony, by a charter now in the Advocates' Library, which was taken from the chartulary of the Trinity House of Soltra, in which his son designs himself, "Thomas of Ercildoune, son and heir of Thomas Rhymer of Ercildoune." Thomas the Rhymer seems to have lived towards the latter end of the thirteenth century. Mr. Pinkerton supposes that he was alive in 1300, but, as Sir Walter Scott says, this would be inconsistent with the charter just alluded to, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltra the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (*hereditarie*) in Ercildoune, with all claim which he or his predecessors could pretend thereto; from which it may be fairly inferred that the Rhymer was then dead.

"It cannot be doubted," says Sir Walter Scott, "that Thomas of Ercildoune was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only verified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself."

Popular belief ascribed the Rhymer's prophetic skill to the intercourse that took place between the Bard and the Queen of Faery. He was supposed to have been carried off at an early age to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all that knowledge which afterwards made him so famous. Having been kept there for seven years, he was allowed to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers, having at the same time become bound to return to the Fairy Queen whenever he should receive her commands so to do.

According to Sir Walter Scott, the legend is that, "while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Ercildoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were composedly and slowly parading the street of the village. The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still 'drees his weird' in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth. In the meanwhile, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn (Goblin Brook), from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants."

The strange history of Thomas the Rhymer is told in two ancient ballads, and as these are not of a length to forbid their being quoted, we think that we shall be pardoned for introducing them here, seeing that they belong so decidedly to the district which we are now describing.

" THOMAS THE RHYMER.—PART FIRST.

" True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a ladye bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

" Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

" True Thomas, he pulled aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee—
'All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see.'

" 'Oh no, oh no, Thomas,' she said,
'That name does not belang to me;
I am but the Queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

" 'Harp and carp, Thomas,' she said;
'Harp and carp along with me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I shall be.'

" 'Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me.'
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

" 'Now ye maun go wi' me,' she said;
'True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe, as may chance to be.'

" She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en True Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

" O they rade on, and farther on,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

" 'Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

" 'O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briars?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few inquires.

" 'And see ye not that braid, braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to Heaven.

" 'And see ye not that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

" 'But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, if ye speak word in Elflyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie.'

" O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

" It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blood to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

" Syne they came to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree—
'Take this for thy wages, True Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie.'

" 'My tongue is mine ain,' True Thomas said;
'A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

" 'I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye.'
'Now hold thy peace!' the lady said,
'For as I say, so must it be.'

" He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen."

There is something extremely amusing in the earnestness with which True Thomas pleads in the two penultimate verses against being deprived of the use of falsehood, by means of which only he could venture to have dealings in fairs or markets, or to address peers or princes, or perhaps ladies. There is a pretty piece of satire in this.

" THOMAS THE RHYMER.—PART SECOND.

" When seven years were come and gane,
The sun blinked fair on pool and stream;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
Like one awakened from a dream.

" He heard the trampling of a steed,
He saw the flash of armour flee,
And he beheld a gallant knight
Come riding down by Eildon Tree.

" He was a stalwart knight and strong,
Of giant make he 'peared to be;
He stirred his horse, as he were wode,
Wi' gilded spurs of faushion free.

" Says—'Well met, well met, True Thomas!
Some uncouth ferlies show to me.'
Says—'Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!
Thrice welcome, good Dunbar, to me!

" 'Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave!
And I will show thee curses three,
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,
And change the green to the black livery.

" 'A storm shall roar this very hour,
From Ross's hills to Solway sea.'
'Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea.'

" He put his hand on the Earlie's head,
He show'd him a rock beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff beneath his steed,
And steel-dight nobles wiped their e'e.

" 'The neist curse lights on Branxton hills:
By Flodden's high and heathery side
Shall wave a banner red as blude,
And chieftains throng wi' meikle pride.

" 'A Scottish king shall come full keen,
The ruddy lion beareth he;
A feathered arrow, sharp, I ween,
Shall make him wink and warre to see.

" 'When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
Thus to his men he still shall say:—

" 'For God's sake, turn ye back again,
And give yon southern folk a fray!
Why should I lose, the right is mine?
My doom is not to die this day.'

" 'Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
And woe and wonder ye sall see,
How forty thousand spearmen stand
Where yon rank river meets the sea.

" 'There shall the lion lose the gylte,
And the libbards bear it clean away;
At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt
Much gentil bluid that day.'

"'Enough, enough of curse and ban,
Some blessings show thou now to me,
Or, by the faith o' my bodie,' Corspatrick said,
'Ye shall rue the day ye e'er saw me!'

"'The first of blessings I shall thee show
Is by a burn that's called of bread (Bannockburn),
Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
And find their arrows lack the head.

"'Beside that brigg, out ower that burn,
Where the water bickereth bright and sheen,
Shall many a falling courser spurn,
And knights shall die in battle keen.

"'Beside a headless cross of stone,
The libbards there shall lose the gree;
The raven shall come, the earne shall go
And drink the Saxon bluid sae free.
The cross of stone they shall not know,
So thick the corses there shall be.'

"'But tell me now,' said brave Dunbar,
'True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the isle Britain,
Even from the North to the Southern Sea?'

"'A French Queen shall bear the son
Shall rule all Britain to the sea;
He of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As near as in the ninth degree.

"'The waters worship shall his race,
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;
For they shall ride over ocean wide,
With hempen bridles and horse of tree.'"

These, if they were prophecies, and not written after the events which they profess to foretell, were indeed very remarkable. Every one who knows the history of Scotland must be aware that there exist numerous distichal prognostications, all attributed to True Thomas, some of which have been fulfilled, and many of which still remain to be made good. But we have already dwelt long enough on this most wonderful character, of whom, if it were possible to obtain, at this day, a perfectly just and accurate perception, exactly as he really was, divested of fable, we should probably find him standing forth as a very prominent figure amidst the worth and talent of our countrymen. We, for our parts, have a very great antipathy to the utter extinguishment of any such character, whose name and idea have filled our infant and youthful years, and have grown up with our maturer age, so as to form a part and parcel of our constitutional credence; and we must confess that the doubts recently thrown, by an able writer in one of our contemporary journals, on the actual existence of such a person as Robin Hood, has quite filled us with distress.

We have now, on the left bank of the stream, one of the most classical and far-famed spots in Scotland—the hill of Cowdenknowes. Of itself it is a very pretty, striking hill, starting forward from the adjacent eminences, so as to be prominent in the scene, and rising in a picturesque conical shape. No traveller, however incurious, could possibly pass up or down the valley without putting questions about it. But when its connexion with Scottish song is known, it immediately rises into an object of tenfold importance. There are no less than three different sets of words, which we are acquainted with, adapted to the beautiful, ancient, and plaintive air of the "Broom of the Cowdenknowes;" but the following ballad is universally believed to be the oldest and most original, and, therefore, we think it right to select and to give it, even although it is longer than we could wish:—

"'O the broom, and the bonny, bonny broom,
And the broom of the Cowdenknows.'
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang
I' the bought, milking the ewes.

"The hills are high on ilka side,
An' the bought i' the lirk o' the hill;
And aye as she sang her voice it rang,
Out o'er the head o' yon hill.

"There was a troop of gentlemen
Came riding merrilie by,
And one of them has rode out of the way
To the bought, to the bonny May.

"'Weel may ye save and see, bonny lass,
An' weel may ye save an' see.'
'An' sae wi' you, ye weel-bred knight,
And what's your will wi' me?'

"'The night is misty and mirk, fair May,
And I have ridden astray,
And will ye be so kind, fair May,
As come out and point my way?'

"'Ride out, ride out, ye ramp rider!
Your steed's baith stout and strang;
For out o' the bought I darena come,
For fear 'at ye do me wrang.'

"'O winna ye pity me, bonny lass,
O winna ye pity me?
An' winna ye pity my poor steed,
Stands trembling at yon tree?'

"'I wadna pity your poor steed,
Though it were tied to a thorn;
For if ye wad gain my love the night,
Ye would slight me ere the morn;

"'For I ken ye by your weel-busket hat,
And your merrie twinkling e'e,
That ye're the Laird o' the Oakland Hills,
An' right aft in his companie.'

"He's ta'en her by the middle jimp,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He's lifted her over the fauld-dyke,
And speer'd at her sma' leave.

"O he's ta'en out a purse o' gowd,
And streeked her yellow hair,
'Now take ye that, my bonny May,
Of me till you hear mair.'

"O he's leapt on his berry-brown steed,
An soon he's o'erta'en his men,
And ane and a' cried out to him,
'O master, ye've tarry'd lang!'

"'O I ha'e been east, and I ha'e been west,
An' I ha'e been far o'er the knowes,
But the bonniest lass that ever I saw
Is i' the bought, milking the ewes.'

"She set the cog upon her head,
An' she's gane singing hame;
'O where ha'e ye been, my ae daughter?
Ye ha'ena been your lane.'

"'O naebody was wi' me, father,
O naebody has been wi' me;
The night is misty and mirk, father,
Ye may gang to the door and see.

"'But wae be to your ewe-herd, father,
And an ill deed may he die,
He bug the bought at the back o' the knowe,
And a tod has frighted me.

"'There came a tod to the bought door,
The like I never saw,
And ere he had ta'en the lamb he did,
I had lourd he had ta'en them a.'

"O whan fifteen weeks was come and gane,
Fifteen weeks and three,
The lassie began to look thin and pale,
An' to long for his merry-twinkling e'e.

"It fell on a day, on a het simmer day,
She was ca'ing out her father's kye,
Bye came a troop o' gentlemen,
A' merrilie riding bye.

"'Weel may ye save an' see, bonny May,
Weel may ye save an' see!
Weel I wat ye be a very bonny May,
But whae's aught that babe ye are wi'?'

"Never a word could that lassie say,
For never a ane could she blame;
An' never a word could the lassie say,
But, 'I have a gudeman at hame.'

"'Ye lied, ye lied, my very bonny May,
Sae loud as I hear you lie;
For dinna ye mind that misty night
I was i' the bought wi' thee?

"'I ken you by your middle sae jimp,
An' your merry twinkling e'e,
That ye're the bonny lass i' the Cowdenknow,
An' ye may weel seem for to be.'

"Then he's leapt off his berry-brown steed,
An' he's set that fair May on—
'Ca' out your kye, gude father, yoursell,
For she's never ca' them out again.

"'I am the Laird of the Oakland Hills,
I ha'e thirty plows and three;
An' I ha'e gotten the bonniest lass
That's in a' the south countrie.'"

The broom is not permitted, in these days of agricultural improvement, to cover the lovely slopes of the Cowdenknowes. It is, indeed, a curious fact in regard to the history of the plant, that it grows to perfection in a very few years, some seven or eight, we believe, and then dies entirely away, and then some years must generally elapse before the seed, with which the ground must have necessarily been filled, will vegetate; of this we have ourselves had large experience.

The remains of the more ancient house of Cowdenknowes still stand in the form of an old tower, in which was the dungeon. The legends of the country speak of a very cruel baron who once existed, who hanged people without mercy, and on the slightest pretences, on a tree at the head of the avenue leading to the house. This tree, which is very unsightly, from its gnarled and festered appearance, still remains, and is known by the name of the "Burrow's Tree." But not contented with this, he is said to have put some of his unfortunate prisoners into casks full of spikes, and so to have rolled them down the hill. This last act of cruelty is hardly to be credited, notwithstanding the distich which still remains—

"Vengeance! vengeance! When and where?
Upon the house of Cowdenknowes, now and evermair."

A very deep pit was discovered recently in the bottom of the old tower, which was believed to have a communication with the house of Sorrowlessfield, on the opposite side of the water, by a trap door, under the hearth of the principal room. This place belonged to an ancient family of the name of Fisher, who, at one time, were all cut off in a battle, so that none remained to mourn for the rest, which circumstance gave rise to the strange name. In later times, Mr. Chambers tells us, that the last of these Fishers was a very remarkable person. So long as his elder brother lived, and possessed the property, he used to reside at the neighbouring village of Earlstoun, in a half-crazed state, supported by a trifling pension from the laird, and being the companion and sport of the boys as the "daft Jock" of the place. But the moment he succeeded to the estate by his brother's death, he at once became a wise and well-conducted man, and assumed all the manners of a respectable country gentleman. One beautiful trait in him was, that he continued till his death to remember all those who had been kind to him, and pensioned such of them as required his aid; and this excellent part of his conduct may well be held out as an example, both to country gentlemen and gentlemen of the town.

The gorge of the valley immediately above the point where the Leader joins the Tweed, is filled with the fine old residence of the Tods of Drygrange, which is quite embosomed in wood; and the road breaks out from this to cross the main river by the Fly Bridge, which carries it on to St. Boswell's and Jedburgh.

And now, kind, gentle, and withal, we trust, considerate reader, we venture to ask you, whether, since we first embarked with you on the Silver Tweed, at its very fountain-head, we have not kept to the very bed of its waters with you like an otter? We know that your answer must be in the affirmative, because we feel that, if we had been a very water-kelpy himself, we could not have been more uniformly true to our element; so much have we been so, indeed, that we have been more than once inclined to think that our very nature was changed, and we have caught ourselves on the very eve of singing out,

"Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to-night?"

Granting these our premises, therefore, we trust that you will see neither harm nor impropriety in our taking a short recreative carracol according to our own fancy. It was the name of St. Boswell's that put this in our head, and we shall have no power to eject it thence, unless we be permitted to spin it out of our brain like a sort of yarn. St. Boswell's is well known to be the place where his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch has his hunting stables, and the kennel for his fox hounds. He hunts the country around, affording sport in the most liberal manner to all who are disposed to partake of it. But do not, gentle reader, suppose that we are now meditating to give you the slip, to bid adieu to you and your rivers, and to mount and be off with his Grace after the hounds. We shall not deny, however, that our temptations to do so are some of the strongest, for we have here an individual whom we are disposed to think is about the very oldest acquaintance we have in life, and for whose history and career we have always felt a great interest and a high respect; we mean Mr. William Williamson, the Duke's huntsman. We knew his father before him, a most excellent and much respected man, who has often carried us in his arms, and Will we knew long before he was attached to the Duke's hounds, and when they were hunted by old Joe King. In those very juvenile days we had a grey Highland pony called Jenny, which, for symmetry of form, action, speed, and endurance, was not to be matched in the three Lothians by any quadruped of her inches. When we chanced to join the hunting field, therefore, we managed to make very good play after the fox went away, invariably contriving to get over, or through, whatever obstacle might come in our way. But we must confess that envy did now and then rise in our hearts, when our friend Will, who, young as he was, had already a charge of horses, used to come past us, sitting perched, as if it had been in the third heavens, on the top of a great slapping hunter up to any weight whatsoever, under whose very belly we might have easily passed both horse and man. We cannot say that on such occasions our boyish bile was not in some small degree excited, especially when we saw him tearing and rattling away before us, clearing raspers, five-bar gates, double ditches, bullfinches, and stone walls, and everything that came in his way, whilst we could only get on by dodges of the most artful description. The fact was, that Will's was destined to be from beginning to end a galloping life, whilst, on the other hand, our much-revered Sire, who was so ready to encourage our angling propensities, dreading by anticipation the expenses of a hunting stud, with its attendant establishment of grooms, strappers, and stable boys, did everything in his power to discourage, *ab ovo*, our natural born love of hunting, and, in the course of a few years, our joining a marching regiment necessarily made us walkers by profession. As for Will, he followed his career until he was placed in the highly respectable, and to him truly acceptable, situation of huntsman to his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch; and there he now is, a highly esteemed gentleman, possessed of a landed property of his own acquiring, and blessed with as large a circle of friends and acquaintances as any man in Scotland, all of whom have the greatest respect for his character; and if this universal respect is to be gained by fidelity and straightforward honesty, it will be quite the same in the end whether these were exercised in fulfilment of the functions of a Lord Chancellor, or in those of a good huntsman. When Will was in his prime, his match was not easily to be found between Turriff and Tenterden, and although, as an old and experienced huntsman, he will not go out of his way to look for a jump, or ride in the same reckless manner he did when we used to follow him on our grey pony Jenny, yet he is not the man to shy a fence when it comes in his way, and his judgment in the management of his hounds is not to be matched. We need not say that it gave us very great pleasure to see him at a meet the season before last, looking as fresh as a four-year-old.

So now, gentlest of readers, having had the relaxation of this erratic bit of a canter, we shall return to the stream, and permitting you to put the water-kelpy's bridle in our mouths, we shall carry you down the stream of the Tweed without further interruption, singing, "Merrily swim we," &c.

We now come to a very beautiful, nay, perhaps, we ought to say the most beautiful part of the Tweed, where it meanders considerably, as it takes its general course in a bold sweep round the parish of Merton. On its north side, the ground rises to a very considerable height in cultivated and wooded hills. From several parts of the road that winds over it, most magnificent views are enjoyed up the vale of the Tweed, including Melrose and the Eildon hills; and then, at the same time, these rising grounds, and the southern banks, which are likewise covered with timber, give the richest effect of river scenery to the immediate environs of the stream. As we follow it downwards from the Fly Bridge, we have, on our left, the very ancient place of Bemerside, for centuries, we believe, the seat of the family of Haig. Thomas the Rhymer's prophecy, connected with this name, has stood good for generations:—

> "Whate'er befall, whate'er betide,
> There will aye be a Haig in Bemerside."

Most earnestly do we pray that this prophecy may go on to be fulfilled for ever, or at least so long as the place shall produce Haigs who shall be as good men as those we have had, and still have, the good fortune to be acquainted with.

We scarcely know a place anywhere which is so thoroughly embowered in grand timber as Dryburgh Abbey. It is situated in a level peninsula, at no great height above the river, and the ruins, which rise in scattered masses out of the richest shrubbery, so as even to tower above the trees, are exceedingly picturesque. The old Earl of Buchan, uncle and predecessor to the present peer, whose property it was, and whose place of residence was close to it, did a great deal about it, both outside and inside. Some of his operations were rather fantastical, especially that of his filling the chapter-house with the plaster of Paris casts of a number of worthies, who are strangely blended together, and some of whom are singularly misplaced. But, so far as he here and there added the accessories of planted shrubs and creepers, he has much enriched the whole scene. His admiration for the heroes and great men of his country was so great that he reared a colossal statue of Sir William Wallace, twenty feet high, on the edge of a rock, overlooking the whole scene. This was executed by Mr. Smith of Darnwick. We are told that it is seen from Berwick.

The most beautiful fragment of the ruin is that which is called Saint Mary's aisle, which formed the south arm of the transept, and which still has the greater part of its vaulted roof over it; and let it not be approached save with that holy awe which is inspired by the recollection of the illustrious dead! for here repose the ashes of the immortal Sir Walter Scott. Here it was that, on the 26th of September, 1832, we beheld his coffin lowered into the grave, amidst the silent sorrow of a countless number of his old friends, who were indeed mourners in the truest sense of the word. But again we beg to refer to the November Number of our Magazine for the year 1832, where we have given a very particular account of this most impressive scene, written when all the circumstances were fresh upon our mind.

The whole environs of the Abbey are so beautiful, so retired, and so sequestered, that the mere lover of woodland nature, who might wander here for a time, might find himself, ere he wist, walking hand in hand with the muse, albeit hitherto an entire stranger to him ; and if she did suggest to him a theme, it could not fail to be one of the very purest nature, tinged with heavenly colouring, and rendered sublime by its approach to the throne of the Creator. And if such were the influences that always appeared to us to hang over Dryburgh Abbey, how much must they now be increased since it and its surrounding shades have had the spirit of Scott associated with them.

But, alas ! are we now to be condemned to hold that the muse of Scottish Romance has buried herself in the same grave that holds him who so long and so successfully worshipped her ! True it is that we know of no one whose turn of genius runs precisely in the same chivalric channel with that of Scott. But there was a voice, which was full of the simplest and truest rural nature, which was wont to be listened to with intense delight; and why is it that he who gave it utterance should have so long ceased to do so ? Let Professor Wilson answer this question, and let us suggest that the best way of replying would be by yielding to the wishes of his fellow-countrymen, and again resuming his literary pursuits.

Dryburgh was a favourite haunt of ours in our juvenile days, when we used to angle here, and as our fondness for lovely scenery has been very paramount ever since our very boyhood, we always felt less disappointed whilst angling here without success, than we should have done on some tamer and less luxuriantly rich portion of the river. But we must not omit to mention that there are some four or five miles of very superior rod fishing for salmon here, belonging to different proprietors. We used to be attended in former days by a curious parchment-faced little man from the village of Newstead, called Anderson. He was a first-rate angler, and although he used to be soaked in the river every day up to his neck, he invariably appeared on the ensuing morning, like a wet shoe that had been too hastily dried, and as if he had been shrivelled up into a smaller compass than before. This was probably to be ascribed to the oceans of whisky which he poured down his throat after returning from the river to his own fireside at night. We well remember the risk we ran in fording the Tweed at some distance below the Fly Bridge, when the river was too large for prudent people to have made the attempt. Our wetting rendered some whisky necessary on our reaching a small inn on the north shore, and there Anderson took so much that, by the time we got down to Dryburgh, where we meant to fish, we were really afraid for his life, when he proceeded to crash through the thicket of trees and shrubs that closely bordered the river's edge, in order to dash into the water like a poodle. Out went his line, however, and at the second cast it was twisted in ten thousand gordian knots amidst the boughs above him. He was a furiously passionate little man, and he stamped in the water and raved like a demon. A servant climbed up to unravel this misfortune, for Anderson, in his then blind state, could not have done it in a whole week. Right glad to be thus assisted, he came ashore and sat down, and poured out a string of execrations on the Earl of Buchan and his trees. " What's the use o' them, I should like to ken, but just to hank our lines and spoil our fishing ; od an this place were mine, I would rugg out every buss and fell every tree upon the lands." He was no sooner free than he waded in to a depth that was very perilous in his then whiskified condition—almost immediately hooked a salmon—and really when he and the fish were safely landed together, we felt most thankful, for he had slipped and plunged about so, that we more than once believed that rod, line, fish, and man, would have gone to Berwick.

Below Dryburgh Lord Polwarth's property of Merton begins, and runs for about two miles down the Tweed. The angling is good, and we believe it is parcelled out and let to various gentlemen tenants. It is also excellent for trout fishing, especially on what is called the Rutherford water, where Mr. Stoddart tells us that his friend, John Wilson, Esq., had taken, with the minnow, a large creel full of fish out of one or two pools, many of them above a pound and a half in weight, and that he had himself, more than once, taken trout there, with the parr-tail, that weighed nearly three pounds.

As you approach the place of Mackerston, the immediate bed of the stream becomes much diversified by rocks, both on its side and in its channel. This, perhaps, is the only stretch of the river that would, in any way, recall those wild and iron-bound streams, with which those who have lived in the north may have become familiar. The river hurries very rapidly along, confined between walls of rock ; and in some places its current may be said to be furious. In other parts, however, there are excellent casts for the rod, although some of their very names, as given by Mr. Stoddart, would seem to imply anything but peaceful or unincumbered waters, as, the Clippers, Red Stane, Side Straik, Doors, Willie's Ower Fa'. The proprietor of Mackerston, Sir Thomas Macdougall Brisbane, Bart., has the north side of the water, and his Grace the Duke of Roxburgh the south side. Mackerston is a fine old aristocratic-looking place, and its proprietor is an honour to his country, whether he be considered as a brave soldier or as a scientific philosopher.

Mr. Stoddart gives us a sketch of a rather interesting piscatorial character, of this neighbourhood, who rents the fishings of both the proprietors here. His name is Robert Kerss—though he is usually called Rob of Trows—a man alike incapable of domineering or of humbling himself. " One that never had an enemy of his own making, nor cringed to form his friendships. The same in his courtesy to anglers of all ranks and degrees—to a beggar as to a duke. As a rod-fisher for salmon, Rob Kerss has few equals, and in all matters regarding fishing, he is enthusiastic beyond measure. To be in the boat with him, when the fish are in a taking humour, is a treat well worth the paying for. He never grudges the escape of a fish, and has always an encouraging or original remark at hand to keep up the spirit of the amusement." His cottage is prettily situated on a bank, among trees, where his noble and liberal landlord, the Duke of Roxburgh, has supplied the old man with every comfort and convenience.

Immediately below Rob Kerss's house, the Duke of Roxburgh's fishings begin, and stretch, for nearly four miles, to a point about half a-mile below Kelso. There are few anglers who know how to make the most of a good piece of water so well as his Grace, as may be conceived from the fact, that it is by no means uncommon for him to kill betwixt twenty and thirty fish in the course of the day. This part of the Tweed is extremely rich and beautiful, for it has within it all the extensive and magnificently-grown timber of the park of Fleurs Palace, now one of the grandest places of residence in Scotland. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the scene when looked at from Kelso bridge. And then, when it is taken from other points, the bridge itself, the ruined abbey, the buildings of the town, with the wooded banks and the broad river, form a combination of objects, harmonizing together, which are rarely to be met with. Each particular description of scenery requires to be judged of and estimated according to its own merits. You cannot, with any good effect or propriety, compare a wild, mountainous, and rocky, Highland scene with a rich, lowland district. But this we will say, that, of all such lowland scenes, we know of none that can surpass the environs of Kelso; for whilst the mind is there filled with all those pleasing associations with peace and plenty, which such scenes are generally more or less calculated to inspire, there are many parts of it which would furnish glowing subjects for the artist. Here the Tweed is joined by the Teviot, and we must, therefore, mount to the source of this latter stream, and trace its whole course, before we follow the former any farther. But, ere we begin this, will our kind reader permit us to explain, that, during all the time in which we have been engaged in inflicting this deluge of fluvial matter upon him, we have been so much of an invalid as to be unable to sit up sufficiently long to use pen and ink, and that all our private, as well as our official, letters have been written for us by an amanuensis. To such of our friends as may have received these, therefore, it may be matter of wonder how we could have managed to have produced so much writing for the press, and to these we are anxious to explain, that this has been entirely owing to the great kindness and courtesy of our publishers, who have, in the most obliging manner, condescended to print from our manuscript, written with a black-lead pencil, an instrument which, being altogether unlike a pen that is dependant on supplies of ink, we can use it with great ease and convenience, even when lying on our back on a sofa, and looking upwards to the paper we are writing on, as if it were the milky-way over our heads.

CASSANDRA.

FROM SCHILLER.

Joy ran high in halls of Ilion
  E'er the lofty fortress fell;
Song from all the exulting million
  Shook the tuneful golden shell.
Weary, every hand abideth,
  Pausing from the tearful strife,
While the hero-souled Pelides
  Priam's daughter woos to wife.

Bearing laurel boughs they follow
  To the temples, throng on throng,
To the shrine of bright Apollo,
  To the Thymbrian god of Song.
Through each alley, echoes waking,
  Sounds of joy Bacchantic roll,
Whilst her moan, unheeded making,
  Sorrows on one mournful soul.

Joyless, midst the joy prevailing,
  The despised Cassandra roves,
Stung with sorrow unavailing,
  To Apollo's laurel groves.
In the forest's deep recesses
  Bursts into prophetic sound,
And the fillet from her tresses
  Casts indignant on the ground.

"Mirth each lingering terror chases,
  Every heart beats high in cheer,
Hope revives their care-worn faces,
  Sumptuous swells the bridal year.
Me alone of all the million,
  Me no fond illusion waits,
For I see, on swooping pinion,
  Ruin hover o'er these gates.

"I behold a torch-light glowing,
  But not borne in Hymen's hand,
Flashes o'er the welkin throwing,
  All unlike from offering brand.
Plenteous banquets they are spreading,
  But in my prophetic mind
I can hear the Godhead treading,
  Who shall hurl them to the wind.

"Sunk in speechless grief I languish,
  Or to desert wastes repair,
For they chide my mortal anguish,
  And they mock at my despair.
By the thoughtful wise admonished,
  By the joyous held to scorn,
Thou too grievously hast punished,
  Pythean! I too much have borne.

"Oh! thou God relentless-minded!
  Why unseal my spirit's sight,
In this city of the blinded,
  In a land debarred of light.
Why impart the gift of seeing,
  What no power can turn aside,
The foreshadowed must have being,
  The predestined must betide.

"'Tis profane the cerecloth riving,
Where a spectre lurks beneath;
Error is the law of living,
Knowledge but the name for death.
Take, oh! take thy mournful splendour,
From mine eyes the lurid gleam;
Cursed the mortal thou would'st render
Mirror to thy flaming beam!

"Give me back my vision bounded,
And my senses' duskened sheen;
Word of joy nor song I've sounded
Since thy mouthpiece I have been.
Thou the Future hast imparted,
But the Present turned to pain,
Reft me of my youth light-hearted—
Take thy treacherous gifts again!

"With the bride's adornment never
I my dewy locks might twine:
Since thy vestal vowed for ever,
I observe thy mournful shrine.
Grief my budding spring-time blighted,
Youth exhaled in sighs unblessed,
Every pang that near me lighted
Thrilled from my responsive breast.

"Sportive joy of souls revealing,
All around me live and love
In the youthful tide of feeling;
Me but pain and sorrow move.
Nor for me the spring reviving,
Spreads o'er earth its festive green;
Who that owns to joy in living
Down its dark abyss has seen?

"Happy in her blind delirium,
In her hopes ecstatic blessed,
To enclasp the Dread of Ilion
As a bridegroom to her breast.
See the sister's heart proud swelling,
Vainly struggling calm to seem;
Scarce ye gods there o'er us dwelling,
Hails she happier in her dream.

"I too 've gazed on him entreating,
Whom my yearning heart desired,
And partook the blissful greeting,
By the warmth of love inspired.
But to nuptial dwelling never
With the loved one might depart,
For a Stygian shadow ever
Cast its baleful gloom athwart.

"Spectres gaunt and shapes ungainly
Flock from Tartarus' shores to me,
Seeking rest or roaming vainly
From the grisly bands to flee.
'Midst the youthful sports and babble
Still the phantom troop would steal,
Shuddering grim and hideous rabble!
Howe'er could I joyous feel.

"I behold the glaive descending,
And the murderer's visage glare;
To the sacrifice impending,
With a conscious step repair.
On my gaze these visions fasten,
Felt, foreboded, fearless scanned;
To my destined doom I hasten,
Death—upon a foreign strand."

While her plaintive tones thus wander,
Hark! what deafening shouts arise!
At Minerva's portal yonder,
Stretched, a corpse Achilles lies.
Discord's gory crest proud towers,
The protecting gods are gone,
Thunder breaks and darkness lowers
O'er devoted Ilion.

J. J. S.

Lincoln's Inn Fields, July, 1847.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

PART II.

Has the modern world no hoax of its own, answering to the Eleusinian mysteries of Grecian days? Oh, yes, it has. I have a very bad opinion of the ancient world; and it would grieve me if such a world could be shown to have beaten us even in the quality of our hoaxes. I have, also, not a very favourable opinion of the *modern* world. But I dare say that in fifty thousand years it will be considerably improved; and, in the meantime, if we are not quite so good or so clever as we ought to be, yet still we are a trifle better than our ancestors; I hope we are up to a hoax any day. A man must be a poor creature that can't invent a hoax. For two centuries we have had a first-rate one; and its name is *Freemasonry*. Do you know the secret, my reader? Or shall I tell you? Send me a consideration, and I will. But stay, the weather being so fine, and philosophers, therefore, so good-tempered, I'll tell it you for nothing; whereas, if you become a mason, you must pay for it. Here is the secret. When the novice is introduced into the conclave of the Freemasons, the grand-master looks very fierce at him, and draws his sword, which makes the novice look very melancholy, as he is not aware of having had time as yet for any profaneness, and fancies, therefore, that somebody must have been slandering him. Then the grand-master, or his deputy, cites him to the bar, saying, "What's *that* you have in your pocket?" To which the novice replies, "A guinea." "Anything more?" "Another guinea." "Then," replies the official person in a voice of thunder, "Fork out." Of course to a man coming sword in hand few people refuse to do *that*. This forms the first half of the mysteries; the second half, which is by much the more interesting, consists entirely of brandy. In fact, this latter mystery forms the reason, or final cause, for the elder mystery of the *Forking out*. But how did I learn all this so accurately? Isn't a man liable to be assassinated, if he betrays that ineffable mystery or ἀποῤῥητον of masonry, which no wretch but one since King Solomon's days is reputed ever to have blabbed? And perhaps, reader, the wretch didn't blab the whole; he only got as far as the *Forking out*; and being a churl who grudged his money, he ran away before reaching the *brandy*. So that this fellow, if he seems to you but half as guilty as myself, on the other hand is but half as learned. It's better for you to stick by the guiltier man. And yet, on consideration, I am not so guilty as we have both been thinking. Perhaps it was a mistake. Dreaming on days far back, when I was scheming for an introduction to the honourable society of the masons, and of course to their honourable

SCOTTISH RIVERS.—No. II.

THE TWEED AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.—*Continued.*

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

Having by chance cast our eyes over the latter part of our last paragraph, and then assumed an almost mathematically horizontal line, in order the better to indulge in some little reflection upon it, with our toes, our nose, and our black-lead pencil, all pointed directly towards the heavens, like the top-gallant-masts of some trim frigate, a curious thought struck us, which may, we think, lead to vast discoveries, both scientific and literary. Why may not the pointed pencil, directed vertically against the heavens, have the effect of attracting thence a minute portion of that electrical matter with which the clouds are charged, so as to be productive of something like a galvanic stream, to vivify and stimulate the dull brain that fills the skull, lying on the pillow directly beneath, to so great an extent that it shall emit bright and lively coruscations, that otherwise never could have been elicited from it? We are quite willing to allow that we have been somewhat surprised at our own occasional moments of brilliancy, and we hope we are at least too honest to attribute these to anything else but the true scientific cause.

The course of the Teviot is longer than that of any of the other tributaries of the Tweed. It is, moreover, an extremely beautiful stream, and it is fed by a number of smaller ones, the more important of which we shall notice in the progress of our description. It has its source at Teviot Stone, on the heights dividing Roxburghshire from Dumfriesshire, and it runs down through its own dale to join the Tweed above Kelso, giving to the district the name of Teviotdale, or, much more commonly with the careless vulgar, Tividale. That part of it which extends from Hawick upwards embraces a portion of the great line of road to Carlisle, which is afterwards carried through Langholm and Longtown, passing Johnny Armstrong's picturesque tower of Gilnockie, and through a range of scenery, which, partaking partly both of the wildness of that of Scotland, and the richness of that of England, is hardly to be surpassed for beauty by that of any part of either of the two countries.

It happened to us, yesterday, that in the course of a visit to an old friend of ours, an extensive farmer in this our county of East Lothian, he showed us some enormous horns, which must have been borne by a species of deer much larger than our red deer now existing in the Highlands. They were dug up from a low bottom in one of his fields, in the course of draining a swamp of so treacherous a nature, that all sorts of cattle venturing into it were sure to be sucked down, buried up, and suffocated; proving that the accumulation of the bones and horns of deer which were found here must have taken place from a succession of similar accidents which had occasionally occurred to the deer for a long series of years. But looking, as we did yesterday, from a considerable height all over the well-enclosed and fertile Lothians, where not a square inch of ground appeared to have been left uncultivated, we could not help feeling, in defiance of all historical record and daily discovered facts, that it was extremely difficult to imagine this now so polished surface of a country in a state of so great roughness and wildness as to furnish shelter and harbourage for such animals. Then, if, notwithstanding these appearances, the Lothians could do this, what might not the naturally more wild mountains and glens of the Border afford? and, therefore, how much must Teviotdale and the vale of the Jed, and their neighbouring elevations, have swarmed with these noble antlered creatures?

In later times, when the animal man had multiplied considerably, so as to fill these valleys with a pretty tolerable sprinkling of population, and when human passions, unrestrained, began to act and to produce wondrous scenes, tragedies, and deadly conflicts, Teviotdale must have had its own share of them. And, again, when aggressive force began to be less applied between neighbours reciprocally than directed against the common enemy of England, few of the passes between the two countries afforded so easy an access from one to the other, for predatory purposes. It would appear, however, that, for some time at least, it was more used by the English for carrying raids into Teviotdale, and Scotland generally, than by the Scots for harrying England.

In the reign of James the First, the one-half of the lands of Branxholm belonged to Sir Thomas Inglis, who appears to have been a peaceable man, but little fitted for the times in which he lived. This gentleman happening to meet with Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, the chief of the name, who then possessed the estate of Murdieston, in Lanarkshire, which at this moment belongs to Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, Inglis expressed himself in strong terms of envy for the quiet repose which the proprietor of a low country property, such as Scott's, far from the immediate Border, must enjoy, whilst he at Branxholm could hardly dare to lie down to sleep, or if he did, he must do so in his boots and shirt of mail, so as to be at all times ready to resist the English marauders who came to clear his byres of their inmates. "What say you to an exchange of our two estates?" demanded Scott, abruptly. "I like that dry hill country much better than this stretch of wet clay." "If you are really serious," said Inglis, "I, for my part, have not the least objection." To the bargain they went then, and the result was, that, in a very short time, Sir Thomas Inglis, to his great satisfaction, saw himself laird of Murdieston, whilst the more warlike Sir William Scott was laird of Branxholm, in which he no sooner found himself fairly installed, than he dryly and shrewdly remarked, that the cattle of Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale. Fortifying himself, therefore, with a strong band of hardy, active, determined, and well-mounted men-at-arms, he soon turned the tide of affairs, and made the balance of the account between him and the Cumberland people very much in his own favour—a state of matters which his descendants endeavoured to keep up for generations after him, so that few dales on the Scottish Border must have teemed with more warlike circumstances. How appropriate, then, are these verses of Sir Walter Scott, drawing the comparison between these ancient warlike times of Teviot and the more modern days of peace and tranquillity, and how beautiful is the contrast, in a poetical point of view :—

"Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more,
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor startled at the bugle-horn."

Mr. Stoddart tells us that the course of the Teviot is upwards of forty miles in length, but old Stewart makes it only thirty-four miles. Mr. Stoddart says that of all its tributaries, such as the Lymy-cleugh and Frostly burns, the Allan and Borthwick waters, the Slitrigg, the Rule, the Ale, the Jed, the Oxnam, and the Kale, the last mentioned is in the best repute among anglers; and he talks of his friend, Mr Wilson, and himself, having captured thirty-six dozen of trout between them in the course of a day. One of these, taken with the worm, weighed two pounds. The Teviot itself is a stream where sport is by no means certain, and considerable skill must be exerted to ensure it. The trouts are more shy than in most rivers, and the finest tackle, and great attention to the size and colour of the fly, must be employed to tempt them, otherwise an empty pannier will be the consequence.

The Teviot is a peculiarly pure stream, while its purity is rendered more apparent by its pebbly bed; and, after leaving the hills, it winds delightfully through its rich, extensive, and well-cultivated valley.

The first and greatest place of interest on the Teviot is the ancient house of Branxholm, which has been alike the scene of old ballad and modern poetry, and we conceive that it will demand so much of our paper and time, if we hope to do it anything like justice, that it would be a waste of both to bestow more of our attention upon the upper part of the river's course than we have already done.

Sir William Scott, the hero of whom we have already spoken in connexion with Branxholm, having fairly established himself in Teviotdale, in defiance of the English Border freebooters, the remaining half of the barony of Branxholm was, in the following reign, that of James II., granted to Sir Walter Scott, and his son, Sir David. Branxholm now became the principal seat of the Buccleuch family, and continued to be so whilst the nature of the times required security to be considered as one of the chief objects in the choice of a mansion. The building, as it now stands, is greatly reduced in its dimensions from what it must have been of old, and, with the exception of one square tower of immense strength of masonry, it possesses less of the character of the castle than of the old Scottish house. It is sufficiently picturesque, however; and its situation, in the dell of the Teviot, surrounded by fine, young, thriving wood, and looking down on the beautiful river, is extremely delightful; and, from the narrowness of the glen here, it comes so suddenly on the passing traveller, that the interest it excites is enhanced, and would in itself be considerable, even if Sir Walter Scott had not thrown a poet's witchery over it.

The oldest story that belongs to this place is that connected with the bonny lass of Branxholm. She was the daughter of the woman who kept the ale-house of the adjacent hamlet. A young officer of some rank, of the name of Maitland, having been sent hither with a party, to keep the Border moss-troopers in order, fell so desperately in love with her that he married her, and so very strange was such a *més*-alliance held to be in those days, that the mother, whose nick-name was "Jean the Ranter," was strongly suspected of having employed witchcraft to effect it. A very old ballad still exists on this subject, out of which Allan Ramsay composed his, which is somewhat better known. The original one is found in an old manuscript, entitled, "Jean the Ranter's bewitching of Captain Robert Maitland to her daughter—by Old Hobby (or Robert) in Skelftrill." We shall here extract some of the verses, so as to give our readers some notion of the whole ballad :—

"As I came in by Tiviot side,
And by the braes of Branxholm,
There I spied a bonny lass;
She was both neat and handsome.
My heart and mind, with full intent,
To seek that lass was ready bent;
At length by orders we were sent
To quarter up at Branxholm."

* * * * * * *

"My men their billets got in haste,
Dispersed the country over;
But I myself at Branxholm Place,
To sport me with my lover.
There nothing could my mind harass,
While I that blessing did possess,
To kiss my bonny blythesome lass
Upon the braes of Branxholm.

"The lassie soon gave her consent,
And so did Jean, her mother;
And a' her friends were well content,
That we should wed each other.
We spent some time in joy and mirth,
At length I must gae to the north,
And cross the rural road of Forth,
To see my ancient mother.

"When my competitors got wot
That I was gaun to leave them,
They cam to me, my foy to set,
And kindly Jean received them.
With mirth hence a' our cares did fly ;
No fears did our brave hearts annoy,
Till drink did a' our stomachs cloy,
And drown our active senses.

"Haste, Dame, said we, gar fill more bear,
For lo ! here is more money ;
And for your reck'ning do not fear,
So lang as we have ony :
Gar fill the cap, gar fill the can,
We'll drink a health to the goodman,
We's a' be merry or we gang—
Here's till the bonny lassie."

* * * * * * * * *

"Sae Robin he's gane to the north,
To visit friends and father,
And when that he came back again,
Jean thought him meikle braver.
The priest was got immediately,
And he the nuptial knot did tie ;
Quoth Jean, 'I'll dance, if I should die,
Because my daughter's married.' "

* * * * *

"Sae now they're married man and wife,
There's nae man can them sinder ;
To live together a' their life,
There's naething can them hinder.
Lang may they live and thrive ; and now
Jean she claws an auld wife's pow ;
She'll no live meikle langer now,
But leave a' to her daughter."

The drinking such oceans of ale by these noble captains presents a curious picture of the times.

Let us now turn to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and see with what magic Sir Walter Scott restores the picture of the ancient times of Branxholm, with a vividness of colouring as great and as true as if he had lived in the times he writes about.

I.

"The feast was over in Branxholm tower,
And the ladye had gone to her secret bower ;
Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—
Jesu Maria, shield us well !
No living wight, save the ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

II.

"The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all ;
Knight, and page, and household squire,
Loitered through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire ;
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

III.

"Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branxholm Hall ;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall ;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited, duteous, on them all :
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV.

"Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel ;
They quitted not their harness bright
Neither by day, nor yet by night ;
They lay down to rest
With corselet laced,
Pillowed on buckler, cold and hard ;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.

V.

"Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the wardours ten ;
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow ;
A hundred more fed free in stall :
Such was the custom of Branxholm Hall."

And, assuredly, it was a custom not only well calculated to ensure the safety and repose of the garrison of Branxholm, but to make it extremely perilous for any body of English marauders, unless they came in overwhelming force, to venture into Teviotdale at all. This, indeed, was the key of this pass, and the narrowness of the valley here rendered any attempt to evade it, without subduing it, perfectly hopeless. We are well aware that great and rich men often find that a superabundance of places of residence proves a great curse. His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch has houses enough, truly ; but we cannot help stating, that, if Branxholm were ours, we could not resist the temptation of restoring its architecture to what it once was.

The Tower of Goldieland stands very picturesquely on the height of a wooded knoll, on the south side of the river, opposite to, but a little way below Branxholm. It is one of those ancient Border peels which contains nearly as much masonry in the walls as vacant space within them, and the shell of which can neither be cracked nor burned, reminding one of one of those nuts one sometimes meets with, of strong and stubborn shell, which nothing can overcome but a hammer, and which, when broken at last, seems to be altogether devoid of contents. Goldieland was the ancient possession of a retainer and clansman of the Scotts of Branxholm ; and, doubtless, he did not fail to lend his ready help to his chief, whether the war was offensive or defensive, and that, too, with very little trouble or inquiry into the cause or the merits of the quarrel. Sir Walter Scott tells us that the last of these Scotts of Goldieland is said to have been hanged, over his own gate, for march treason. The ballad of "Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dodhead," given by Sir Walter Scott in his "Border Minstrelsy," in which the Laird of Goldieland is so particularly noticed, is so very characteristic of the manners of the times, and so perfectly shows how the weak and small were compelled to hang for protection on the great and powerful, that, although it, perhaps, somewhat surpasses in length the bounds of reasonable quotation, we cannot resist extracting it as it stands :—

"It fell about the Martinmas tyde,
When our Border steeds get corn and hay ;
The Captain of Bewcastle hath bound him to ryde,
And he's ower to Tividale to drive a prey.

"The first ae guide that they met wi',
It was high up in Hardhaughswire;
The second guide that they met wi',
It was laigh down in Borthwick Water.

"'What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide?'
'Nae tidings, nae tidings, I hae to thee;
But gin ye'll gae to the fair Dodhead,
Mony a cow's cauf I let thee see.'

"And when they came to the fair Dodhead,
Right hastily they clamb the Peel;
He loosed the ky out ane and a',
And ranshakled the house right weel.

"Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,
The tear ay rowing in his e'e;
He pled wi' the Captain to ha'e his geer,
Or else revenged he wad be.

"The Captain turned him round and leugh;
'Said, 'Man there's naething in thy house
But ae auld sword, without a sheath,
That hardly now would fell a mouse.'

"The sun was nae up, but the moon was down,
It was the gryming of a new fa'en sna';
Jamie Telfer has run ten myles afoot,
Between the Dodhead and the Stob's Ha'.

"And when he cam' to the fair tower gate,
He shouted loud, and cried weel he,
Till out bespak' auld Gibby Elliot—
'Whae's this that brings the fraye to me?'

"'It's I, Jamie Telfer, o' the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be;
There's naething left at the fair Dodhead
But a waefu' wife and bairnies three.'

"'Gae seek your succour at Branksome Ha',
For succour ye'se get nane frae me;
Gae seek your succour where ye paid black-mail,
For, man, ye ne'er paid money to me.'

"Jamie has turned him round about—
I wat the tear blinded his e'e;
'I'll ne'er pay mail to Elliot again,
And the fair Dodhead I'll never see.

"'My hounds may a' rin masterless,
My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
My lord may grip my vassal lands,
For there again maun I never be.'

"He has turned him to the Tiviot side,
E'en as fast as he could drie,
Till he cam' to the Coultart cleugh,
And there he shouted baith loud and hie.

"Then up bespak' him auld Jock Grieve—
'Whae's this that brings the fraye to me?'
'It's I, Jamie Telfer, o' the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I trow I be.

"'There's naething left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three;
And sax poor ca's stand in the sta',
A' routing loudly for their minnie.'

"'Alack a wae!' quo' auld Jock Grieve,
'Alack! my heart is sair for thee!
For I was married on the elder sister,
And you on the youngest of a' the three.'

"Then he has ta'en out a bonny black,
Was right weel fed with corn and hay,
And he's set Jamie Telfer on his back,
To the Catslockhill to tak' the fraye.

"And whan he cam' to the Catslockhill,
He shouted loud, and cried weel hie;
Till out and spak' him William's Wat—
'O whae's this brings the fraye to me?'

"'It's I, Jamie Telfer, o' the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I think I be;
The Captain of Bewcastle has driven my gear—
For God's sake rise and succour me!'

"'Alas for wae!' quoth William's Wat,
'Alack! for thee my heart is sair!
I never cam' by the fair Dodhead
That ever I found thy basket bare.'

"He's set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,
Himsell upon a freckled gray,
And they are on wi' Jamie Telfer
To Branksome Ha', to tak' the fraye.

"And when they cam' to Branksome Ha',
They shouted a' baith loud and hie,
Till up and spak' him auld Buccleuch,
Said—'Whae's this brings the fraye to me?'

"'It's I, Jamie Telfer, o' the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be;
There's nought left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three.'

"'Alack for wae!' quoth the guid auld lord,
'And ever my heart is wae for thee!
But fye gar cry on Willie, my son,
And see that he come to me speedilie.

"'Gar warn the water, braid and wide,
Gar warn it sure and hastilie;
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face o' me.

"'Warn Wat o' Harden and his sons,
Wi' them will Borthwick Water ride;
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,
And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonside.

"'Ride by the gate at Priesthaughswire,
And warn the Currors o' the Lee;
As ye cum down the Hermitage Slack,
Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrieberry.'

"The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steadily;
And aye the ower-word o' the thrang
Was—'Rise for Branksome readilie!'

"The gear was driven the Frostylee up,
Frae the Frostylee unto the plain,
Whan Willie has look'd his men before,
And saw the kye right fast drivand.

"'Whae drives thir kye?' 'gan Willie say,
'To make an outspeckle o' me?'
'It's I, the Captain o' Bewcastle, Willie,
I winna layne my name for thee.'

"'O will ye let Telfer's kye gae back?
Or will ye do aught for regard o' me?
Or, by the faith of my body,' quo' Willie Scott,
'I'se ware my dame's caufskin on thee.'

"'I winna let the kye gae back,
Neither for thy love, nor yet thy fear;
But I will drive Jamie Telfer's kye,
In spite of every Scott that's here.'

"'Set on them, lads!' quo' Willie than;
'Fye, lads, set on them cruellie!
For ere they win to the Ritterford,
Mony a toom saddle there sall be!'

"Then till't they gaed, wi' heart and hand,
The blows fell thick as bickering hail;
And mony a horse ran masterless,
And mony a comely cheek was pale.

"But Willie was stricken ower the head,
And thro' the knapscap the sword has gane;
And Harden grat for very rage,
When Willie on the grund lay slane.

"But he's ta'en aff his gude steel cap,
And thrice he's waved it in the air—
The Dinlay snaw was ne'er mair white,
Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair.

"'Revenge! revenge!' auld Wat 'gan cry;
'Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!
We'll ne'er see Tiviotside again,
Or Willie's death revenged sall be.'

"O mony a horse ran masterless,
The splintered lances flew on hie;
But or they wan to the Kershope fords,
The Scotts had gotten the victory.

"John o' Brigham there was slane,
And John o' Barlow, as I heard say;
And thirty mae o' the Captain's men
Lay bleeding on the grund that day.

"The Captain was run through the thick of the thigh,
And broken was his right leg bane;
If he had lived this hundred years,
He had ne'er been loved by woman again.

"'Hae back the kye!' the Captain said;
'Dear kye, I trow, to some they be!
For gin I suld live a hundred years,
There will ne'er fair lady smile on me.'

"Then word is gane to the Captain's bride,
Even in the bower where that she lay,
That her lord was prisoner in enemy's land,
Since into Tividale he had led the way.

"'I wad lourd have had a winding-sheet,
And helped to put it ower his head,
Ere he had been disgraced by the Border Scot,
Whan he ower Liddel his men did lead!'

"There was a wild gallant amang us a',
His name was Watty wi' the Wudspurs,
Cried—'On for his house in Stamgirthside,
If ony man will ride with us?'

"When they cam' to the Stamgirthside,
They dang wi' trees, and burst the door;
They loosed out a' the Captain's kye,
And set them forth our lads before.

"There was an auld wyfe ayont the fire,
A wee bit o' the Captain's kin—
'Whae dar loose out the Captain's kye,
Or answer to him and his men?'

"'It's I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye,
I winna layne my name frae thee;
And I will loose out the Captain's kye,
In scorn of a' his men and he.'

"Whan they cam' to the fair Dodhead,
They were a welcum sight to see;
For instead of his ain ten milk kye,
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.

"And he has paid the rescue shot,
Baith with gowd and white monie;
And at the burial o' Willie Scott,
I wat was many a weeping e'e."

After extracting and then reperusing this ballad, we are disposed not to grudge its length, for we consider it to be one of the best of the class to which it belongs, and that it affords the truest picture of the eternal turmoil that prevailed in those times. The anxiety with which each respective baron asks the question, "Whae's this brings the fraye to me?" proves how formidable they were in the habit of considering what the consequences of the "fraye" were likely to be, and of course accounting for their unwillingness too rashly to involve themselves in them.

The Borthwick Water joins the Teviot immediately opposite to Goldielands, where stands Harden Castle, an ancient Border fortress. Leyden, in his "Scenes of Infancy," thus describes it:—

"Where Bortho hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,
Through slatey hills whose sides are shagged with thorn,
Where springs in scattered tufts the dark-green corn,
Towers wood-girt Harden, far above the vale,
And clouds of ravens o'er the turret sail:
A hardy race who never shrunk from war,
The Scott, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fixed his mountain home, a wide domain,
And rich the soil had purple heath been grain:
But what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
From fields more blessed, his fearless arm supplied."

This castle is worthy of notice from its picturesque situation, and from the romantic and precipitous dell in front of it, which is covered with fine timber. It is also remarkable for possessing a lobby paved with marble, and the hall has its ceiling decorated with some remarkably fine old plaster mouldings. Over one of the chimney-pieces is an earl's coronet, and the letters W. E. T., for "Walter, Earl of Tarras." This was Walter Scott of Highchester, husband of Mary, Countess of Buccleuch, who was so created in 1660.

The town of Hawick presents an extremely rough-looking exterior, and its river, the Slitterig, which here joins the Teviot, possesses somewhat of the same character. Its people, however, are remarkable as being sound and original thinkers. During the Hon. John Elliot's election, some years ago, when the county was contested, these gentlemen did try to wash Toryism out of some of his opponents by gently dipping them in their euphoniously-named stream. Whether they were successful or not, we cannot tell, but certain it is that John Elliot came in upon the occasion of this last election, and now sits as member for Roxburghshire, without any opposition whatsoever. Hawick is a considerable place for manufactures, but it has every prospect of rising into a great manufacturing town, as it will soon have the advantage of a railway which is now making to it from Edinburgh. In the times of Border warfare, it must have had many a thump, and very little peace. But it would seem to have been well constructed in those days for the kind of usage to which it was, doubtless, daily subjected. Mr. Chambers tells us that "the houses were built like towers, of hard whinstones, and very thick in the wall, vaulted below, no door to the street, but with a pended entry giving access to a court-yard behind, from which the second flat of the building was accessible by a stair; and the second flat communicated with the lower only by a square hole through the arched ceiling. The present head inn, called 'the Tower,' was a fortress of a better order, belonging to the superior of the burgh, and it was the only house not consumed in 1570 by the army of the Earl of Sussex." This last-mentioned house was a frequent residence of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, widow of the royal but unfortunate Monmouth who was executed. This proud dame used to occupy a raised state chair, with a canopy over it, and, taking to herself all the rank of a princess, she made all those stand who came into her presence.

There is a well-preserved moat hill at the head of the town. Here it was that the brave Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalwolsie was acting in his capacity of Sheriff of Teviotdale, when he was set on and seized by Sir William Douglas, who thought he should himself have had that office bestowed upon him, and who threw him, horse and man, into a dungeon of Hermitage Castle, and there left him to die by starvation.

In the song of "Andrew and his Cutty Gun," we have Hawick especially noticed in the verse—

"Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she butt and ben,
And weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,
And leuch to see a tappit hen."

These are all measures of liquors, and the Hawick gill was distinguished by being double the size of any other gill.

There are several places and things deserving notice as we proceed down the river, but from our having not long ago visited Minto, we are so full of that noble residence, that we cannot bring ourselves to bestow on anything else either time or space, both being rather scarce with us. Minto is indeed a superb place. Its grand natural features of beauty are, first, its picturesque range of crags, which are seen over all the country, and which have been planted with so much judgment, and secondly, its deep glen. Scott celebrates the former, in the following verses, in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel":—

"On Minto Crags the moonbeams glint,
Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint,
Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest,
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
'Mid cliffs from whence his eagle eye
For many a league his prey could spy;
Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,
The terrors of the robbers' horn;
Cliffs which for many a later year
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
'Ambition is no cure for love.'"

The great extent of its woodland scenery it owes to the industry and taste of its various proprietors. The crags are extremely romantic in themselves, and the legend which Scott tells us is attached to them, namely, that a small platform, on a projecting rock, commanding a grand prospect, is called "Barnhill's Bed," from a robber of that name, the remains of whose strong tower are still to be seen beneath the overhanging cliffs, add to their interest. The remnants of another tower, called Minto Crags, are still to be seen on the rocky summit.

The timber all throughout the park and pleasure ground is of a very grand description, but its growth, in the deep, narrow, and winding glen below the house, is, in many instances, stupendous. Some of the silver firs and larches are especially wonderful, and we have little hesitation in pronouncing that the latter must be nearly, if not altogether, coeval with those of Dunkeld, to which, with perhaps the exception of the great one on the lawn near the spot where old Dunkeld house stood, most of them appear to us to be superior. Here, as at Castle Craig, an old ruined church, with its churchyard, have been made excellent use of in forming a beautiful and picturesque spot in the midst of the pleasure ground, the grave-stones, with their rude but forcible mementos of the perishable nature of all earthly things, and the little mouldering heaps to which they are attached, being well calculated to soften and touch the heart of solitary meditation.

This is one of those families which may be said to belong to or to be the property of Scotland, and of which she has reason to be proud. It has produced brave, and wise, and patriotic men, likewise contributed its proportion to the poetry of the harmonious Teviotdale, as the following beautiful pastoral song, written by Sir Gilbert Elliot, the grandfather of the present Earl, may sufficiently prove:—

"My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook:
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love,
But what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?

"Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide world secure me from love.
Ah! fool to imagine, that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!
Ah! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more!

"Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!
Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine!
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.
Ah! what had my youth with ambition to do,
Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow."

In quoting this song, Sir Walter Scott hints at the gratifying fact that the Muse has not altogether deserted the family, which may lead us to hope for future productions of their family.

There is something really remarkable in the poetical atmosphere which may be said to hang over this favoured region of Teviotdale. Wherever we go, we seem to find some rare instance of the Muse's inspiration. Let us now cross the river to the pretty little village of Denholm, and there we find the birth-place of the justly-celebrated Dr. John Leyden. Alas! this precious scion of poesy was by necessity transplanted to the hotter regions of India, where he afterwards died; and there is something truly heart-sinking in the tone of despair that runs through the following beautiful and touching verses, in which he contemplates the dreadful sacrifice which he has been compelled to make for the miserable golden coin which he holds in his hand:—

I.

"Slave of the dark and dirty mine,
What vanity hath brought thee here?
How can I bear to see thee shine
So bright, that I have bought so dear.
The tent rope's flapping lone I hear,
For twilight converse arm in arm;
The jackall's shriek assails mine ear,
When mirth and music wont to charm.

II.

"By Cherical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild!
What visions haunt my waking dreams,
Of Teviot loved while yet a child!
Of castled rocks stupendous pil'd,
By Esk or Eden's classic wave!
Where loves of youth and friendship smil'd,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave.

III.

"Fade day-dreams sweet, from memory fade
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy play'd,
No more revives in after time.
Far from my dear, my native clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime,
And quenched in ocean's southern wave!—

IV.

"Slave of the mine, thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear!
A lovely vision comes at night,
My lonely, widow'd heart to cheer
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
Which once were leading stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine!

V.

"Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
This wither'd, sinking heart forlorn!
Now that my form the winter shock
Of sun rays tipt with death hath borne!
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets a prey.
Vile slave, thy yellow drops I scorn;
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!"

The chief hill of Teviotdale, called Ruberslaw, which possesses a strongly-marked character of its own, rises a little way to the south of Denholm, and presents a striking feature to be seen from all parts of the country. It is said that the celebrated Covenanter, Peden, used to hold his conventicles in different parts of this hill. We cannot help feeling a deep sympathy with those congregations of modern times who cannot obtain sites for the erection of churches, where they may peacefully worship God in their own way. But how much more dreadful were the persecutions of those older times! The poor people, of both sexes, and of all ages, were driven by the ruthless sword of the dragoon from the moor to the moss, and from the moss to the ravine, and where the question was not regarding a site for the church, but a site on which the poor pious peasant might seat his person, to listen to the edifying prelections of his venerable pastor, and where a service began in prayer and praise to the most High God, frequently ended in the brutal and bloody slaughter of the helpless and the innocent.

A little way below the village of Denholm, the river Teviot receives the Rule as a tributary. Its name, of Gaelic origin, means the rumbling-noised river, and is exactly descriptive of the character of the stream, which rushes over a rough, rocky channel, filled with boulders, and producing a tremendous din. This stream is celebrated from its association with Walter Scott's "Jovial Harper"—"Rattling Roaring Willie." Having quarrelled at a drinking bout with one of his own profession, who had the strange soubriquet of "Sweet-milk," owing to his having come from a place on the Rule water of that name, they instantly proceeded to settle the matter by mortal duel, when "Sweet-milk" was killed close to a thorn tree which still bears his name. Willie was instantly devoted to be hanged at the fair at Jedburgh, and, by way of a last dying speech, he gave forth a long ballad. Of this we shall only give the following stanza as a sample:—

"The lasses of Ousenam water
Are rugging and riving their hair,
And a' for the sake of Willie,
His beauty was so fair:
His beauty was so fair,
And comely for to see,
And drink will be dear to Willie,
When 'Sweet-milk' gars him die."

The Vale of the Teviot, as we proceed downwards to Ancrum Bridge, is wide and expanded, richly cultivated, and ornamented on both sides by the extensive plantations of Chesters, and other gentlemen's seats. The river is broad, clear, and sparkling; and the scenery, as it is usually seen, is *riante* and cheerful. But we cannot avoid noticing that, as we were returning towards Jedburgh from our visit to Minto, we saw it under circumstances that produced one of the grandest effects we ever witnessed. In a space of time so short that it appeared almost momentary, a clear bright sky was overshadowed by an inky curtain, as if the change had been produced by dropping a scene in a theatre. This soon spread itself like a canopy over the whole hemisphere, and its intense blackness was broken up in several places with great irregular streaks of a lurid fiery Indian red, as if dashed on it in mere idle whim, by the hogtool of some playful artist. Under the hedge, at the upper end of a steepish hill, was a small gipsy encampment, which we had noticed by the way as we went. But now the squalid owner of the tent, cart, and pony pasturing, had kindled a large bickering fire, by which he sat carelessly smoking, whilst his wife lay sound asleep in the door of the tent, half within and half without, with a babe in her arms. All at once, the lightning began to flash from the sky, and the distant thunder rolled grandly away, and flash after flash, and peal after peal, succeeded each other for a considerable time. We, of course, made the best of our way, under the apprehension that, as the carriage was open, the ladies of the party were about to be drowned in a deluge. But strange to say, not a drop of rain fell; although the darkness became such, as night approached, that we could not possibly have proceeded but for a pair of lamps, on the mail-coach construction, with which the carriage is provided.

The Teviot is formed from the north, by the beautiful water of Ale, a little above Ancrum Bridge. We remember, in those days of our piscatory excursions to Melrose, that, having started from home one evening after supper, and walked all night with a companion, we reached that sweet spot in the morning, and having made an excellent breakfast, whilst our friend went to bed to recruit his strength, we prepared for a long day's angling. On this occasion, we procured a very decent, respectable, and sober man, as an attendant, a souter from Selkirk, whose name we regret much has escaped our memory, so that we cannot now record it, as we should have much wished to have done. By his advice, we resolved to try the upper part of the water of Ale, and accordingly we walked round by Saint Boswells, and then joining that stream, we proceeded to fish it upwards. The day unfortunately was cloudless, and we had no sport, but we were charmed with our walk. For one long stretch, if we remember right, we wandered along, through sweet-scented meadows, with the stream running deep and clear, and with its waters almost level with the grassy plain through which they flowed. Trouts we saw in plenty, but the rogues only laughed at us when we offered them either a fly or a worm. On we walked, however, until our friend, the souter, suddenly stopping, and peering cautiously over the enamelled bank, into the water, waved to us to approach, and pointed out a large pike which lay on the mud at the bottom, within a foot of the side we stood on, and at a depth of some three feet, or a little more. He seemed to be a fish of some seven or eight pounds weight. Back the souter led us from the side of the stream. "We shall soon have that fellow," said he; and, sitting down on the grass, he shortened his rod to the length of the butt piece, and then he quickly tied three large hooks back to back, put a sinker to them, and fixed them to the end of his reel line. Both of us then approached the edge of the bank, whence we still saw the pike quietly reposing in his old position. Dropping his hooks gently into the water a little beyond him, he guided them towards the broadside of the fish, and then giving a powerful jerk, he, to his great surprise, whisked him quite out of the water, and over his head, to the full extent of the line; and owing to his force not being sufficiently resisted, the worthy souter fell smack on the broad of his back upon the green sward. On picking up the prize, it turned out to be one of those thin slabs which an expert carpenter cuts off the side of a log that he is preparing for sawing, by squaring; and certainly we must confess that, when stuck up on edge in the mud, at the bottom of the water, head and tail regularly up and down stream, its deceptive appearance was complete.

This disappointment, which produced much laughter, only whetted the worthy souter's desire to have fish somehow or other; and, accordingly, having made our way up the stream as far as Midlem bridge and mill, we came to a very long gravelly-bottomed pool, of an equal depth all over, of from three to four feet. Here the souter seated himself; and, shortening both our rods, and fitting each of them with the three hooks tied back to back, he desired us to follow him, and then waded right into the middle of the pool. The whole water was sweltering with fine trouts, rushing in all directions from the alarm of our intrusion among them. But after we had stood stock-still for a few minutes, their alarm went off, and they began to settle each individually in his own place. "There's a good one there," said the souter, pointing to one at about three yards from him; and, throwing the hooks over him, he jerked him up, and in less than six seconds he was safe in his creel. We had many a failure before we could succeed in catching one, whilst the souter never missed; but at length we hit upon the way; and so we proceeded with our guide, gently shifting our position in the pool as we exhausted each particular spot, until the souter's creel would hold no more, and ours was more than half filled with trouts, most of which were about three quarters of a pound in weight; and, very much delighted with the novelty of our sport, we made our way back to Melrose, by the western side of the Eildon hills, and greatly astonished our companion with the slaughter we had made, seeing that he had been out angling for a couple of hours in the Tweed, without catching a single fin.

The Ale water is really a lovely stream; but, perhaps, the beauties it displays all around the house of Kirklands, the charming residence of our much-valued friend, Mr. John Richardson, are more striking than most of the other parts of it. The banks are steep and richly wooded, and the river sweeps around the grounds of Kirklands so as almost to make a peninsula of them. The house, of one of Blore's Elizabethan plans, stands on a fine terrace, commanding a long reach of the river downwards, and the wooded park of Ancrum on its eastern side. In a most picturesque spot, immediately under the eye, lies the church, with its neat and well-kept churchyard. We know very few residences anywhere more delightful; and then the host himself!—a host indeed in himself—for more highly relished as his conversation must always be when it is enjoyed here among the scenes that he loves, it is yet such as might make us forget our situation, if in the midst of one of the most dull and barren scenes of nature. The personal friend of Scott, and of every really intellectual being that has existed, or that does exist, during his time, and estimated by all of these as of the highest mental powers, he is of manners the most modest, simple, and unassuming. Even at the risk of offending him, however, we must here introduce a small copy of verses, written to supply words to one of the Scottish songs in our worthy and venerable friend Mr. George Thomson's edition, which may prove that, in settling in Teviotdale, he was quite fitted to take his place among its numerous poets, past, present, or to come:—

"O Nancy, wilt thou leave the town,
And go with me where Nature dwells?
I'll lead thee to a fairer scene
Than painter feigns or poet tells.

"In Spring, I'll place the snow-drop fair
Upon thy fairer, sweeter breast;
With lovely roses round thy head,
At Summer eve, shalt thou be drest.

"In Autumn, when the rustling leaf
Shall warn us of the parting year,
I'll lead thee to yon woody glen,
The red-breast's evening song to hear.

"And when the Winter's dreary night
Forbids us leave our shelter'd cot,
Then, in the treasure of thy mind,
Shall Nature's charms be all forgot."

The village of Ancrum, which stands on the right bank of the stream, is somewhat picturesque, and it has an air of antiquity about it which renders it interesting. Thomson, the poet of "the Seasons," spent much of his time in the manse, with Mr. Cranstoun, the then clergyman of the parish. The house stands at no great distance from the wooded brink of the sandstone cliffs that line and overhang the river upon that side for more than a mile. There are some caves in the face of the cliff, and in one of these, accessible through the brushwood from above, Thomson was fond of sitting to indulge his reveries. His name is carved on the roof, as it is believed, by his own hand. The view he must have enjoyed from this his rocky retreat was extremely beautiful; for, looking perpendicularly down upon the stream which ran along the base of the cliffs, his eye could roam over the whole length and breadth of the extensive haugh on the Ancrum side of the river, with the lawn and noble timber of the park rising from the farther side of it. The haugh is cut off at its lower end by the cliffs of sandstone rising grandly and picturesquely from the river's brink, and these are curiously perforated with caverns, some of which open one into another.

The angling on the Ale about Kirklands and Ancrum is quite excellent, as both Mr. Richardson and Sir William Scott can testify, though we do not understand that the trouts are very large.

Ancrum (Almcrom, the crook of the Ale), the residence of our friend, Sir William Scott, is a noble, old, baronial Border place, which stands on an elevation between the Ale and the Teviot. The park is extensive, and of very varied and beautiful surface, and the trees are old, and of the most magnificent growth. Some of the limes are peculiarly grand. The ancient mansion stands on a wide terreplein, overlooking both the park and the distant country; and Sir William has had the good taste to make an addition, in which he has contrived to employ a large mass of masonry, which now looks to be the oldest part of the castle. Adjacent to Ancrum, and on the same side of the Teviot, but lower down, and just above its junction with the Jed, stands the Marquis of Lothian's place of Mount Teviot, exhibiting a cheerful, smiling appearance, and having extensive, well-disposed, and well-grown plantations around it, and covering the rising grounds behind it.

We now come to one of the most beautiful as well as most important tributaries of the Teviot; we mean the river Jed, which rises out of the Carter Fell. There it is that the scene of the ancient ballad of "The Young Tamlane" is laid.

"O I forbid ye, maidens a',
That wear gowd in your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For Young Tamlane is there."

And its neighbourhood is also rendered classical by the Reidswire, which is a part of the face of the Carter mountain, about ten miles from Jedburgh, celebrated as being the scene of the conflict described in the ancient ballad of "The Raid of the Reidswire," where a friendly meeting of the two Wardens of the Marches, for the redressing of wrongs and punishing of crimes, ended in bloody slaughter :—

THE RAID OF THE REIDSWIRE.

"The seventh of July, the suith to say,
At the Reidswire the tryst was set;
Our wardens they affixed the day,
And as they promised, so they met.
Alas! that day I'll ne'er forget!
Was sure sae feared, and then sae faine—
They came theare justice for to gett,
Will never green to come again.

"Carmichael was our warden then,
He caused the country to conveen;
And the Laird's Wat, that worthie man,
Brought in that sirname weil beseem:
The Armstranges, that aye hae been
A hardy house, but not a hail,
The Elliot's honours to maintain,
Brought down the lave o' Liddesdale.

"Then Tividale came to wi' spied;
The Sheriffe brought the Douglas down,
Wi' Cranstane, Gladstain, good at need,
Baith Rowle water, and Hawick town,
Beangiddart bauldly made him boun,
Wi' a' the Turmbills, stronge and stout;
The Rutherfoords, with grit renoun,
Convoy'd the town of Jedbrugh out.

"Of other clans I cannot tell,
Because our warning was not wide—
Be this our folks hae ta'en the fell,
And planted down pallioner, there to bide;
We looked down the other side,
And saw come [illegible] ower the brae,
Wi' Sir John Forster for their guyde,
Full fifteen hundred men and mae.

"It grieved him sair that day, I trow,
Wi' Sir George Vearonne of Schipsyde house;
Because we were not men enow,
They counted us not worth a louse.
Sir George was gentle, meek, and douse,
But he was hail and het as fire;
And yet for all his cracking crouse,
He rewd the raid of the Reidswire.

"To deal with proud men is but pain;
For either must you fight or flee,
Or else no answer make again,
But play the beast, and let them be.
It was no wonder he was hie,
Had Tindaill, Reedsdaill, at his hand,
Wi' Cukdaill, Gladsdaill, on the lee,
And Hebsrime, and Northumberland.

"Yett was our meeting meek eneugh,
Begun wi' merriment and mowes,
And at the brae, aboon the heugh,
The clark sat doun to call the rowes;
And some for kyne, and some for ewes,
Call'd in of Dandrie, Hob, and Jock—
We saw come marching ower the knows,
Five hundred Fenwicks in a flock—

"With jack and speir, and bows all bent,
And warlike weapons at their will:
Although we were na weel content,
Yet, by my troth, we fear'd no ill.
Some gaed to drink, and some stude still,
And some to cards and dice them sped;
Till on ane Farnstein they filed a bill,
And he was fugitive and fled.

"Carmichaell bade them speik out plainlie,
And cloke no cause for ill nor good;
The other, answering him as vainlie,
Began to reckon kin and blood:
He raise, and taxed him where he stood,
And bade him match him with his marrows;

Then Tindaill heard them reason rude,
And they loot off a flight of arrows.

"Then was there nought but bow and speir,
And every man pulled out a brand;
'A Schafton and a Fenwick' there:
Gude Symington was slain frae hand.
The Scotsmen cried on other to stand,
Frae time they saw John Robson slain—
What should they cry? the King's command
Could cause no cowards turn again.

"Up rose the laird to red the cumber,
Which would not be for all his boast;—
What could we doe with sic a number—
Fyve thousand men into a host?
Then Henry Purdie proved his cost,
And very narrowlie had mischief'd him,
And there we had our warden lost,
Wert not the grit God he relieved him.

"Another throw the breiks him bair,
While flatlies to the ground he fell;
Then thought I weel we had lost him there,
Into my stomack it struck a knell!
Yet up he raise, the truth to tell ye,
And laid about him dints full dour;
His horsemen they raid sturdily,
And stude about him in the stoure.

"Then raise the slogan with ane shout—
'Fy, Tindaill, to it! Jedburgh's here!'
I trow he was not half sae stout,
But anis his stomack was asteir,
With gun and genzie bow and speir,
Then might see mony a cracked crown!
But up amang the merchant geir,
They were as busy as we were down.

"The swallow taill frae tackles flew,
Five hundredth flain into a flight;
But we had pestelets enew,
And shot among them as we might.
With help of God the game gaed right,
Fra time the foremost of them fell;
Then ower the knowe, without good-night,
They ran with mony a shout and yell.

"But after they had turned backs,
Yet Tindaill men they turned again,
And had not been the merchant packs,
There had been mae of Scotland slain.
But Jesu! if the folks were fain,
To put the buzzing on their thies;
And so they fled wi' a' their main,
Down ower the brae, like clogged bees.

"Sir Francis Russell ta'en was there,
And hurt, as we hear men rehearse;
Proud Wallington was wounded sair,
Albeit he be a Fenwick fierce.
But if ye wald a souldier search,
Among them a' were ta'en that night,
Was nane sae wordie to put in verse
As Collingwood, that courteous knight.

"Young Henry Schafton, he is hurt;
A souldier shot him wi' a bow;
Scotland has cause to mak' great sturt,
For laiming of the Laird of Thow.
The Laird's Wat did weel indeed;
His friends stood stoutlie by himsell,
With little Gladstain, gude in need,
For Gretein kend na gude be ill.

"The Sheriffe wanted not gude will,
Howbeit he might not fight so fast;
Beanjiddart, Hundlie, and Huntshill,
There, on they laid weel at the last.
Except the horsemen of the guard,
If I could put men to availe,
None stoutlie stood out for their laird,
Nor did the lads of Liddisdail.

"But little harness had we there;
But auld Badreule had on a jack,
And did right weel, I you declare,
With all his Turnbills at his back.
Gude Edderstane was not to lack,
Nor Kirktoun, Newton, noble men!
Thus all the specials I of speak,
By others that I could not ken.

"Who did invent that day of play,
We need not fear to find him soon;
For Sir John Forster, I dare well say,
Made us this noisome afternoon.
Not that I speak preceislie out,
That he supposed it would be perril;
But pride, and breaking out of feuid,
Garr'd Tindaill lads begin the quarrel."

Like most of these rivers, the upper part of the Jed is devoid of wood, but its lovely stream soon becomes buried in the deep and impenetrable shades of the grand remains of the ancient Caledonian forest, which still extend themselves along its banks. We, from experience, do not hesitate to declare, that our wanderings through these sylvan wildernesses have been productive of much more exciting sensations than those merely which might be engendered by the effect of woodland scenery alone. Every giant tree that spreads its wide leafy canopy abroad over our heads seemed to link as by association with centuries long gone by. We, for our own part, had no doubt that many of them beheld the return of our victorious Scottish army from Otterburne, moving with chastened step, under the deep affliction of the loss of their hero, Lord Douglas, which converted their triumph into mourning, and their march into a funeral procession, as we have had occasion to describe it in our Historical Romance of "The Wolfe of Badenoch."

The site of the ancient Jedburgh, which is said to have been founded in 845, lies about four miles above the present town, and nothing can be more romantic or beautiful than the whole of the great road in its way to the present town, both road and river winding among high banks, covered with the grand remains of the ancient forest. The Marquis of Lothian's old castle of Ferniehërst, on the right bank, now partly in ruins, is one of the most interesting objects the lover of such antiquities can meet with. It was built by Sir Thomas Kerr in 1490, and it was a fortress of so much importance as to have undergone several sieges, by the armies of both countries. One memorable beleaguerment was by the Scottish forces, assisted by French auxiliaries, who recaptured it from the English. Beaugé, one of the French officers, has left a curious and very particular account of this siege, which, we grieve to say, was full of cruel atrocities on the part of the Scots, in revenge for those formerly perpetrated by the English. The remains consist of a large square tower, with a number of picturesque subsidiary buildings. The old-fashioned garden is curious and interesting, and, altogether, we know few places where we should more willingly spend a long summer's day than amidst the woods of Ferniehërst, and we must own we should have liked it better previous to the present approach being made, by which a carriage may now get up to the door of the building. It could then only be reached by a confined path, which made its devious way among the huge oaks. Among these, at the top of the ascent from the haugh below, stands the great oak called "The King of the Wood," and on the haugh itself stands "The Capon Tree," both of which we have had occasion to notice in our edition of "Gilpin's Forest Scenery."

The romantic character of this region is augmented by the curious caverns, apparently artificial, which are found on the banks of the Jed, at Hundalee, Lintalee, and Mossburn-ford. These were supposed to have been used as places of retreat and concealment in the olden times. The camp where Barbour, in his "Bruce," makes the Douglas lie, for the defence of Jedburgh, is at Lintalee, about a mile from the town, and it was here that he killed, in personal encounter, the Earl of Brittany, the English commander, and defeated his army with great slaughter.

Nothing can possibly be more romantic than the approach to Jedburgh, by the winding road and merrily dancing river, the bottom for the most part closely enclosed between steep, rocky, wooded banks, but now and then expanding into little grassy glades, where the sunshine has full power to rest, and to produce a brilliant effect in opposition to the deep neighbouring shades, or where night might spread a moon-lit carpet for the faeries to dance upon. And then, again, when the antique town bursts upon the eye, filling its little rock-and-wood-environed amphitheatre, and rising backwards to the north from the sweep of the river that half surrounds it to the south, with the tower of its beautiful ruined Abbey rising grandly over it, we pledge ourselves that the traveller will admit that he has seen few scenes more interesting or beautiful.

Jedburgh is one of those places which is unique in itself, and, notwithstanding our rule about towns, it would deserve to be more thoroughly described than either our time or paper will allow us to do. Its important and exposed situation compelled it, in the ancient troublesome times, to be fortified both within and without. At the upper end of the town was a very strong castle, which now no longer exists, and most of the larger houses in the place were fortified in the style of Bastel houses, and many traces yet remain to enable the learned antiquary to detect what it once was. Its old name was Jedworth, corrupted into Jethart, and its inhabitants were always very warlike, wielding a huge pole-axe called "the Jethart staff," with which they drove down all before them, and shouting their resistless war-cry "Jethart's here!" They are supposed to have carried the fortune of the day at the affair of the Reidswire. Their boldness was excessive; and the story is well known of the Provost, who, in defiance of their powerful neighbour, Kerr of Ferniehérst, who espoused the cause of Mary against her son, seized on the *poursuivant* who brought her letters, compelled him to eat them at the cross, and then scourged him, *en derriere*, with his bridle. Ferniehérst revenged this by hanging no less than ten of the citizens that fell into his hands. In our limited space, it would be vain to attempt to describe the Abbey; all we can say is, that it is one of the most beautiful specimens of the Saxon and early Gothic that Scotland possesses. As a ruin it is highly picturesque, and as a feature in this most romantic town it is invaluable. The houses towards the upper part of the burgh, or the "Townhead," as that quarter is called, are peculiarly worth notice. Mr. Chambers tells us that the very old houses of which it is composed have suffered few repairs, and no alterations, for generations, from their old-fashioned inhabitants, who form a society by themselves, and would by no means condescend to intermarry with the people at the lower end of the town, or the "Townfit," as being moderns, and infinitely inferior to themselves in point of antiquity. We must confess that we beheld a railway planning up to Jedburgh with anything but equanimity. We speak as an antiquary, and we, in that character, predict, that the day it is opened, the romance of Jedburgh will be gone. Perhaps the most interesting relic in the town is the house where Queen Mary was laid up with that serious illness which so nearly carried her off, and which was the result of her almost incredible exertion and fatigue in riding into Liddisdale to visit Bothwell, who lay at Hermitage Castle wounded by the banditti. It has been constructed as a Bastel house; it has a plain barn-like appearance on the one side, and on the south side, where there is a large garden between it and the river, a square tower projects from the building, in which was Mary's apartment, with that of her tire-woman immediately above. We had occasion to visit it recently, and were much gratified by being admitted by the ladies who inhabit it. We could not help figuring to ourselves the Queen lying in this truly sorry apartment, oppressed by her malady, and with every reason for her to believe that she would never see another chamber but the grave; and indeed it becomes a matter of question, whether it might not have been better for her if she had then and there finished her chequered career. The roof of this building is thatched, as were those of all the houses in the town, and it is one of the few thatched roofs that now remain.

Jedburgh and its little vale are filled with gardens, which produce very superior fruit, especially pears, which form a considerable article of sale for the inhabitants. Its air of retirement is altogether most fascinating. It is quite a place to inspire a youthful poet, and we doubt not that the circumstance of Thomson having received his earlier education here, which gave him an opportunity of wandering about amid Nature's scenes, and filling his mind with her choicest pictures, animate as well as inanimate, may have largely contributed to foster his future peculiar poetical turn. We have heard and read wonder expressed, that he could paint so many things of this kind with so accurate a pencil, seeing that the obesity and indolence of his more advanced life was so great, that he never went out, and that, consequently, he could never have witnessed the animated scenes he describes. But a lad at school and a man in advanced life are different beings; and no one will persuade us that his angling, his bathing, his sheep-shearing, and other such pictures, were not originally studies from nature, or scenes early impressed upon his memory, which, when worked upon by a matured mind, produced those beautiful passages in his "Seasons" on these subjects, with which we are all so well acquainted. And, again, the intellectual leisure of his lazy life in London, when three-fourths of his time was spent in bed, very easily explains the creation of those charming, dreamy pictures, of a different description, with which that delightful poem, the "Castle of Indolence," everywhere abounds. That his mind must have been filled with Scottish pictures is sufficiently evident from the following beautiful passage in his "Autumn":—

————————" And here a while the Muse,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between
Poured out extensive, and of watery wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool, translucent, brimming flood,
Washed lovely from the Tweed, (pure parent-stream,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
With sylvan Jed! thy tributary brook,)
To where the north inflated tempest foams
O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak!"

Immediately below Jedburgh, on the right bank of the stream, is the property of Hartrigge, lately purchased by our much-valued friend, Lord Campbell. The family which possessed it previous to him had called it Stewartfield, and we must say, that the practice of doing away with old names deserves nearly as much reprobation as the doing away with old places. Lord Campbell has very properly restored the ancient name, which so well associates itself with the ancient Caledonian forest, of which it formed a part. This estate, which runs along the right bank of the river, is beautifully timbered in many parts, especially in a charming retired glen to the east of the house, called the Tower Glen, where some of the trees are very large. This is a delightful retreat for a man to whom its possession is sweetened by the conviction that he owes it to his own intellectual exertions; and whilst his rank and his wealth are rendered all the more graceful and enjoyable by the conviction that they have been the rewards of upright, straightforward conduct, which always had the good of his country honestly at heart, the few weeks of rural enjoyment in which he indulges here have their happiness increased by the circumstance that they follow months of laborious attention to our national affairs.

And here the name of Lord Campbell, and its connexion with Edinburgh, awakens in us a train of thought on recent events, which we earnestly entreat not only our gentle and courteous readers, but all our readers, gentle or ungentle, courteous or uncourteous, to permit us to rid ourselves of before we proceed farther. But, in the first place, we must honestly premise that we, and not this journal, are alone and individually responsible for the opinions we shall utter. In the second place, we must remark that we have had the good fortune to be acquainted with Mr. Cowan, the new member of Parliament for the city, for above a dozen of years, and that we have always entertained the highest respect for that gentleman and his opinions, having had the honour to fight with him in the same ranks in the great cause of reform; and there is no man whose return to Parliament, provided it had been freed from the consequences concomitant on his present election, we should have hailed with greater satisfaction. In the third place, we must confess that, since the intense occupation of official duties has precluded the possibility of our any longer occupying a place in the political arena, so very strange a macadamization of parties has taken place, that any such Rip-van-winkle as ourselves would be presumptuous in pretending to offer anything like decided political opinions where so many local causes of division may have arisen in the Scottish capital. Our remarks, therefore, have solely to do with the intellectual view of the question; and we earnestly entreat that they may be permitted to give pain or offence to no party or individual whatsoever or whomsoever, seeing that, on our part, they are in every respect most innocently intended; and we may safely say, that they have nothing to do with Mr. Cowan's success, but entirely refer to what we hold to be the sad and irreparable loss of Mr. Macaulay. Has not Edinburgh long rejoiced in the proud name of "Modern Athens," which was willingly accorded to her by every stranger, of whatsoever country, who was acquainted with her natural features, or the intellectual characteristics of her inhabitants? And how came this last cause to operate? Not merely because for some generations she possessed a set of men of whom those who were scientific gave impetus by their discoveries to the whole sciences of Europe; whilst our poets and fiction writers were delighting every part of the habitable earth with their productions; and our critics were keeping both the science and the literature of the whole world under wholesome subjection. We say that it was not merely from these causes that this most honourable title came to be applied to our northern capital, but because science and literature were so generally diffused in her very streets, that they were breathed, as it were, in her very air. They were the merchandise, so to speak, in which her inhabitants dealt; and they were daily pursued, more or less, by every individual, of all ranks, each being more anxious than another to secure a due share of them before night. Then, indeed, such a city, with such inhabitants, was well and fitly represented in Parliament, on gaining freedom of election, by such names as those of Abercromby, Jeffrey, Campbell, and Macaulay, from the choice of whom the very universality of intellectual pursuit among the inhabitants seemed of itself to be proved and established! How can we, awaking from our period of slumber, and ignorant of the various small reticulations and decussations which seem now to have meshed all parties—how can we reason on the, to us, most unaccountable apathy with which the citizens of Edinburgh have cast away, like a worthless weed, Macaulay—perhaps, at this moment, the noblest and most powerful intellect that our country can boast of—except by supposing that the intellectual merchandise of which we spoke has been, for some time, so sunk in value as to be no longer marketable, and that the brains of the citizens have been clouded and their vision dimmed by a dense Beotian fog, which has enveloped the intellectual city, obscuring the very summits of her rock-cradled towers, and hiding everything but the graceful snout of the tall utilitarian gas chimney, to add to the opacity by its smoke. We believe that, if *Punch* might at any time have the desire to be peculiarly severe on Colonel Sibthorpe, he would, for the nonce, bestow upon him the name of Solon, or Lycurgus; and thus, we fear, have the citizens of Edinburgh, by their late rejection of Macaulay, wilfully converted that proud title of the "Modern Athens" into an appellation of reproach, so cruel, that, "*Nemo me impune lacesset*," let all strangers beware how they may use it in future, lest, by so doing, they may compromise their personal safety.

On the opposite side of the Jed, above a beautiful wooded bank that rises over the haughs below, is the charming retreat of Bonjedward. We regret that we cannot trace the origin of this ancient name. It is now the property of the Hon. John Talbot. As we proceed downwards, the stream, as it approaches the Teviot, becomes more placid, making its way gently through rich arable fields, bordered here and there with trees, and joining the Teviot opposite to Mount Teviot.

A very interesting relic of antiquity appears on Lord Campbell's eastern march, in the old Roman road, which here traverses the country. Here the artist might be, at all times, sure of studies of picturesque groups of figures, from the vacant spaces at the sides of it being much frequented by the gipsies, who are seldom molested for encamping here. Farther to the eastward are the woods and place of Crailing House, situated on the Oxnam water, which, running through the haughs of Crailing, joins the Teviot at some distance below the kirk. On the opposite or left bank of the Teviot is the village of Nisbet.

The Kale water, already mentioned by us, joins the Teviot at some distance below Eckford. This river, after leaving the hills, waters, and sometimes overflows, a great part of a spacious and valuable plain of 1200 acres. Below this there is little to occupy us till we reach the ancient site of Roxburghe Castle, where a wooded knoll and some fragments of ruin are all that mark that it ever existed. This is, indeed, a point on which much might be said; and, although it may now be said to be gone as effectually as if it had never existed, it was long one of the great stronghold defences of Scotland, and many important passages of Scottish history are connected with it. It was often taken and retaken alternately by the English and the Scots. The historical fact of James II. laying siege to it in 1458, and, in his eagerness to recover it, superintending the operations in person, and losing his life by the bursting of one of his ill-constructed cannon, requires no notice, except we may mention that a thorn tree, in the Duke of Roxburghe's park at Fleurs, marks the spot where he died. We find it much more interesting to dwell upon the times which are recorded in the ancient chronicles, and we much prefer giving the account of the surprise of the castle and its recovery from the English by the Black Douglas. As we find this nowhere told so simply or so well as by Sir Walter Scott in his "Tales of a Grandfather," we shall quote this most romantic story verbatim from that work. We must acknowledge that we do not consider these tales as the least meritorious of the great author's works; and we confess that, knowing as we did both the parties, now no more, we have recently been deeply affected by a reperusal of the "Dedication to Hugh Littlejohn, Esq.," which, conceived at the time in a tone of grave humour, has now received a melancholy pathos from the sad concatenation of events which have occurred since 1828, when it was written:—

> "You must know Roxburghe was then a very large castle, situated near where two fine rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, join each other. Being within five or six miles of England, the English were extremely desirous of retaining it, and the Scots equally eager to obtain possession of it. I will tell you how it was taken.
>
> "It was upon the night of what is called Shrovetide, a holiday which Roman Catholics paid great respect to, and solemnised with much gaiety and feasting. Most of the garrison of Roxburghe Castle were drinking and carousing, but still they had set watches on the battlements of the castle, in case of any sudden attack; for, as the Scots had succeeded in so many enterprises of the kind, and as Douglas was known to be in the neighbourhood, they conceived themselves obliged to keep a very strict guard.
>
> "An Englishwoman, the wife of one of the officers, was sitting on the battlements with her child in her arms, and looking out on the fields below, she saw some black objects, like a herd of cattle, straggling near the foot of the wall, and approaching the ditch or moat of the castle. She pointed them out to the sentinel, and asked him what they were. 'Pooh, pooh!' said the soldier, 'it is farmer such-a-one's cattle' (naming a man whose farm lay near to the castle); 'the goodman is keeping a jolly Shrovetide, and has forgot to shut up his bullocks in their yard; but if the Douglas come across them before morning, he is likely to rue his negligence.' Now these creeping objects which they saw from the castle wall were no real cattle, but Douglas himself and his soldiers, who had put black cloaks above their armour, and were creeping about on hands and feet, in order, without being observed, to get so near to the foot of the castle wall as to be able to set ladders to it. The poor woman, who knew nothing of this, sat quietly on the wall, and began to sing to her child. You must know that the name of Douglas had become so terrible to the English that the women used to frighten their children with it, and say to them, when they behaved ill, that they 'would make the Black Douglas take them.' And this soldier's wife was singing to her child,

"'Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye.'

"'You are not so sure of that,' said a voice close beside her. She felt at the same time a heavy hand, with an iron glove, laid on her shoulder, and when she looked round, she saw the very Black Douglas she had been singing about standing close beside her, a tall, swarthy, strong man. At the same time, another Scotsman was seen ascending the walls, near to the sentinel. The soldier gave the alarm, and rushed at the Scotsman, whose name was Simon Ledehouse, with his lance; but Simon parried the stroke, and, closing with the sentinel, struck him a deadly blow with his dagger. The rest of the Scots followed up to assist Douglas and Ledehouse, and the castle was taken. Many of the soldiers were put to death, but Douglas protected the woman and the child. I dare say she made no more songs about the Black Douglas."

Again we return to Kelso and its lovely environs, to which much beauty is contributed by the woods of the fine place of Springwood Park, where the Teviot joins the Tweed; and we shall finish this part of our subject by those beautiful lines from Teviot's own poet, Leyden, in his "Scenes of Infancy":—

"Bosomed in woods where mighty rivers run,
Kelso's fair vale expands before the sun;
Its rising downs in vernal beauty swell,
And, fringed with hazel, winds each flowery dell;
Green spangled plains to dimpling lawns succeed,
And Tempe rises on the banks of Tweed.
Blue o'er the river Kelso's shadow lies,
And copse-clad isles amid the waters rise."

FÜRSTENRUHE.

BY JOHN WILMER.

As the hurricane, even whilst it blights and blasts, at the same time purifies, so Napoleon passed over Germany, mowing down antiquated prejudices and forms in which whole nations seemed petrifying, like so many fossil remains of ancient days. Thus the merging of so many small principalities into large monarchies prepared the way for a happy, though, as yet, only a partial change, which time, however, will surely complete. For if we cannot in candour but admit that the manifold resident towns of these petty sovereigns caused civilization to glitter and break, as it were, into more points and surfaces, and thus to irradiate a larger space—the undeniable advantage of the system—the distractions which these divisions and subdivisions caused weakened the whole body of the empire, and laid it ever open to foreign invasion—as was made but too evident in the easy victories the French obtained on their first campaign in Germany; and the disadvantages resulting from the system were no less evident in the maladministration of the laws and finances of those several petty states, and the utter want of public security, both in the highways and byeways of life. When very small lords had very large fortresses, but very few men to man them—had very great need of money, and very small means of procuring any—energetic measures of any kind were scarce to be expected of them; and it is but fair to the Germans to state, that many strong places, like Hohenaspern in Wirtimberg, and Konigstein, now in the duchy of Nassau, then belonging to the electorate of Mayence, were garrisoned but by a handful of invalids when seized upon by Vendamme and Custines, who spent more powder in blowing up these strongholds than in taking them.

These courts, or semblances of courts, according to the virtues or vices, wisdom, or folly, or humour, of their several shadows of potentates, thus often presented the not incurious spectacle of a model or a satire; more frequently that of a parody of the thing they aimed at representing; at any rate, the pride and pomp, sometimes even the vices of the mighty princes whom they aped, when transferred within such narrow limits, mostly took a tinge of the ludicrous, which lesser princes could only have avoided by adopting a simple mode of life, and by exhibiting those private virtues that command respect whenever and wherever they are met with; but this was a piece of good taste which the eighteenth century too seldom exhibits in its annals. It is to a small court of this kind I would introduce my readers; and, though not historical as to names or dates, or, perhaps, even absolute facts, this tale will be found as faithful a delineation of the objects intended to be brought before his view as if none of these were wanting. It is, therefore, a matter of no moment whether we call the high and mighty lord we are about to mention, Gaugraf, Landgraf, Wildgraf, Raugraf, Pfalzgraf, Markgraf, or Burggraf, or by any other title; be it sufficient to say, that, though not of the highest, he certainly did not rank among the least of the sovereigns subject to the empire; so we will at once style him Duke, and pass to the description of himself and his belongings.

Of his possessions, if size alone be considered, there would, indeed, be but little to say; but, though not large, they contained a world of traditional and historical associations that made the grey towers and ruins—that, time-hallowed, loomed through the waving forests which crowned the heights—a fund for the recorder of past lore, and an object of deep interest to the romantic or artistic mind. True, the deep, tangled woods, that glowed in such bright and varied tints under the cheering autumnal sun, were rendered perilous to the poor pedestrian by hordes of vagrants, of every denomination and description, who infested the country, and met with no check adequate to their numbers and daring. The solitary wanderer was bold indeed who should have ventured to climb the summits of the verdant hills, whence he may have longed to gaze on the blue ocean of distance. The felon knight was, indeed, departed, but the vagabond still infested the crumbling walls of the ruined castle, as ready to spring thence on his prey as ever were their first possessors. Germany, then, especially in these small, weak states, presented strange and startling contrasts. Dark, frowning fortresses, enclosed some choice spirits—the poet, the thinker, and the soldier—who expiated behind bolt and bar some trifling offence, often the mere victims of caprice or of a court intrigue; whilst the gipsy and the robber were doing and

I'll work—endowed with youth and health,
Strong arms inured to daily toil;
Such are the springs of real wealth,
Fit for free sons of British soil!

We'll husband still our little store,
Ay trust to turn it into more;
For reason every bosom tells
God helpeth those who help themselves."

23d February, 1847.

Elizabeth Carey M'Crea.

SCOTTISH RIVERS.—No. II.

THE TWEED AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.—*Continued.*

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

From the confidential habits that have grown up between our courteous reader and ourselves, during the progress of this long undertaking, we scrupled not to tell him that it was written with the pencil. A like consideration induces us now to inform him, that since our last fasciculus went to press, we have been compelled, in consequence of what we hope will prove a merely temporary malady in our eyes, to discontinue writing altogether, and to avail ourselves of an intelligent amanuensis, to whom we may dictate the matter that we have to produce. The reader will perceive an obvious inconvenience in this, which, however, chiefly affects ourselves, and which we are not aware has in any degree injured the stream either of narrative or description.

Like a gentleman of large fortune, who has just received a great accession to it, the Tweed, having been joined by the Teviot, leaves Kelso with a magnitude and an air of dignity and importance that it has nowhere hitherto assumed during its course, and which it will be found to maintain, until it is ultimately swallowed up by that grave of all rivers—the sea. A few miles bring it to the confines of Berwickshire, and in its way thither it passes through a rich country. The most important place upon its banks is that of Henderside Park, the seat of our friend Mr. Waldie, who has a large estate here. But before coming to his residence, we cannot help noticing a small place, merely for its name. It is called Sharpitlaw, and it furnishes a strange proof how Sir Walter Scott must have treasured up such names for his particular occasions, since we find this most appropriately applied to the procurator-fiscal in his "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

In regard to the angling here, we find, on reference to Mr. Stoddart, that "immediately below Kelso commence the Sprouston fishings, rented, along with the ferry, a couple of miles down the river, by Thomas Kerss, a relative of Old Rob's at Trows, for about seventy pounds per annum. These, in connexion with the salmon casts belonging to John Waldie, Esq., of Henderside Park, embrace the following streams and pools:—Hempside Ford, the Bank, the Grain, Winter Cast, Mill-stream, Mill-pot, Butter-wash, Bushes, Scurry, containing the well-known Prison Rock, Dub, Mile-end-falls, Eden-water-foot. Mr. Waldie's fishings begin at the Mill-stream and terminate along with the Sprouston casts." We believe that any gentleman getting permission to have a day's angling on any of these will have every chance of enjoying salmon-fishing in perfection; and, from the information we have had, we understand that the gentlemen, who pay a large rent for the angling, are most liberal in the manner in which they grant permission when they are properly applied to.

Just before quitting the confines of Roxburghshire, the Tweed receives the classic stream of the Eden, which enters it from the left bank. This river rises from a part of Berwickshire; and, passing through Mellerstain, the fine old residence of George Baillie, Esq., of Jerviswood, and through a richly-cultivated country, it enters the parish of Stichell, belonging to our friend Sir John Pringle, Bart., where it produces a pretty little romantic scene, by throwing itself over a precipitous rock of considerable height. The spot is called Stichell Lynn. The right bank is here occupied and ornamented by the beautiful pleasure grounds of Newton Don, one of the most charming residences in this part of the country; and the mill, miller's house, and other buildings which stand close to the fall on the left bank, combine to produce an interesting picture. Alas! there is a tale of woe attached to this scene, the occurrence of which we are just old enough to remember. The late Sir Alexander Don, of Newton Don, had two sisters, whom we recollect as beautiful blooming girls, full of the highest life and spirit. They were just of an age to be brought into fashionable life, of which they would unquestionably have been ornaments. We remember them in Edinburgh under the charge of their mother, Lady Harriet Don. Having gone to spend the summer and autumn at Newton Don, they took with them a young lady, Miss Ramsay, a friend of theirs, as a companion. The three ladies, on their return from a walk on the left bank of the stream, and having suddenly heard the dinner-bell ringing at the house, bethought themselves of a set of stepping-stones, which enabled a person on foot to cross the river dry-shod, a little way below where they then were, and they accordingly made their way down the bank, in order to avail themselves of them. Now, it so happens that an instantaneous flood is produced in the river, by the operation either of turning on or off the mill sluice—we at this moment forget which. The three ladies had reached the middle of the stepping-stones, when the miller, altogether ignorant of their being there, had occasion to perform the fatal operation on his mill sluice. Down came the river like a wall in full career upon the ladies, swept them from the stones, and whelmed them in the flood. Their shrieks were piercing; but, alas! there was no one there to help. Miss Ramsay happened, fortunately, to be clad in a sort of stuff petticoat, which being of a stiff material, resisted the water, and buoyed her up until she caught hold of some branch or bough, which was the means of saving her. But, alas! the two sisters were utterly lost.

After passing through the beautiful grounds of Newton Don, the river enters the lovely vale of Eden, rich in cultivation, and resembling some of our happiest English scenes. In the centre of it is the peaceful village of Ednam, the birth-place of our favourite poet Thomson, who was the son of the clergyman of this parish. His mother's name was Hume, and she inherited a portion of a small estate as coheiress. His father, having no less than nine children, had little difficulty in agreeing to the proposal of a kind neighbour clergyman, Mr. Riccarton, who being without a family himself, being moreover much struck with the genius which early displayed itself in James Thomson, undertook the charge of his education, and to furnish him with books. Mr. Riccarton was somewhat of a poet himself, and it has been asserted that it was to him that Thomson was indebted for the plan of his "Seasons." It was in this way that his earlier years were passed, until he went to the school at Jedburgh.

We have already said a good deal on the subject of Thomson and his writings, but we must be allowed a little indulgence here in extension of what has already fallen from us. It is not long ago since we were in a company of very intelligent people of both sexes, where the subject of Thomson happened to be introduced, and where, to our very great astonishment, it was agreed, *nemine contradicente*, not only that nobody read Thomson now-a-days, but that nobody could read Thomson now-a-days, and one gentleman went so far as to state that he believed that nothing but the circumstance of an individual being, by some accident, confined in a determinedly rainy day to the dull parlour of some country inn, with no other book but the "Seasons," could induce him or her to open it; and he even doubted whether, if the book was opened, it would not be immediately afterwards closed. This excited a merry laugh all round; but, if there be any truth in this observation, may we not ask, whether this disregard of this faithful poet of Nature does not prove a certain perversion in general taste, rather than any fault in Thomson's poetry itself? What made the above remarks more curious to us was, that the gentleman who hazarded them was a keen and expert angler, and that all the other gentlemen present were devoted to that sport. We strongly suspect, therefore, that this undervaluing of Thomson had been entirely gratuitous, and that the gentleman had made no very recent attempt to peruse his works; for, if he had, we fearlessly ask where he could have had all the little circumstances necessary to produce success, so fully, so beautifully, or so poetically brought together, as in the following verses from Thomson's "Spring":—

"Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away;
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam, now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly—
The rod, fine tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary stud the floating line,
And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare;
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm
Convulsive twist in agonizing folds,
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand!

"When, with his lively ray, the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful to thy sport repair:
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er æther bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next pursue their rocky-channel'd maze
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little Naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly;
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Strait as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or, urg'd by hunger, leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook;
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow dragging some
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckl'd captive throw; but, should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly,
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death
With sullen plunge: at once he darts along.
Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line,
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode,
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now,
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage,
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gayly drag your unresisting prize."

We know nothing in Izaack Walton that so perfectly teaches the pupil the whole of his art as these lines do. It shows a most wonderful knowledge of the subject in the poet, that he points out to us, that it is not the first day after the rains that we ought to try the river. That day should be devoted to the mountain brooks and burns, which most speedily purify themselves, and after this we may proceed to the river with some hope of success. But the whole passage is replete with the very niceties of the art. Although this quotation and these remarks have found their place here, we are still of opinion that the scenery that gave rise to them in the poet's mind must have been that of the Jed, which river was full of trouts, until some such accident as the bursting of a lime kiln destroyed the whole of them, and they are only now beginning to recover their numbers.

Before we conclude the subject of Thomson, let us be permitted to say, that we cannot estimate how deeply we should pity the man who, whether cooped up in a wretched inn, or walking free amidst the wilds of the mountain forest, could not estimate the value of these sublime and magnificent lines, which we now offer to our readers, with very great regret that our space will not allow us to quote the whole of the hymn to which they belong:—

"These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love;
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whisp'ring gales,
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown! tempest o'er tempest roll,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast."

We must acknowledge it is a very great satisfaction to us, to recollect that we had the honour of meeting two ladies of the name of Bell, some twenty years ago, when on a visit to the late Sir John Marjoribanks, at Lees, who were the lineal descendants of a sister of Thomson's, and whose conversation showed that they were not devoid of a portion of that talent for which the poet was so celebrated.

The Eden is remarkable for the excellence of the trout, which are natives of the stream, but they require very considerable skill and great nicety of art to extract them by means of the angle from their native element. Mr. Stoddart tells us that the true Eden trout is a deeply-shaped fish, small headed, and of dark complexion on the exterior. The stars or beads are by no means numerous, but they are large and distinctly formed; those on either flank being of a deep crimson or purple hue, and encircled with a whitish ring or halo. Its flesh, when in season, on being cooked, is of a fine pink colour, the flakes interlayered with rich curd. At the table it is highly esteemed for its firmness and general excellence. We hold that the superior excellence of these fish is to be attributed to the superior feeding which is supplied to them by the deep alluvial soil of the vale through which the stream flows. Mr. Stoddart mentions a curious circumstance connected with the trout of the upper part of this river, above Stichell Lynn; where, owing to the accidental escape of considerable quantities of another variety of trout from enclosed water at Mellerstain, the stream itself became the haunt, and continued so for three or four successive years, of a cross breed, which vied in numbers with the proper stock, and appeared, during the greater part of this period, as if it would ultimately supplant them altogether. This breed, however, and its after-crosses, have nearly disappeared, and the original trout are resuming, in point of numbers, their old position.

Mr. Stoddart tells us further, that below Stichell Lynn the true breed of Eden is intermixed with other varieties. May and June are the months when the trout are in highest perfection, and the worm at this period is a deadly bait. The largest trout Mr. Stoddart ever killed in Eden weighed about two pounds, and he says that he has frequently taken, among others, a dozen weighing a pound a-piece. Of late years, the fish have greatly decreased in size; but their quality, when in season, is still good.

And now we must congratulate our kind and courteous reader, as well as ourselves, that the romantic days of border warfare have been long at an end; for, if it had been otherwise, our noble companion, the Tweed, which has now brought us to a point where he washes England with his right hand waves, whilst he laves Scotland with his left, might have brought us into some trouble. As he forms the boundary between England and Scotland from hence to the sea, we must, in order to preserve him as a strictly Scottish river, say little about his right bank, except what may be necessary for mere illustration. But as we see before us the truly dilapidated ruins of what was once the strong and important fortress of Wark Castle, we must bestow a few words upon it; and perhaps the best way of so doing is to borrow those of Sir Walter Scott:—"During the reign of Stephen, Wark Castle sustained three sieges against the Scotch, under their king, David, with most admirable fortitude; in the two first they entirely baffled the assailants, and compelled them to raise both sieges; in the last the garrison were reduced to great extremities—they had killed their horses, and salted their flesh for food, and when that was nearly consumed, resolved, as soon as all provision was exhausted, to make a general sally, and cut their passage through the lines of their assailants, or die, sword in hand. During this interval, Walter D'Espec, their lord, willing to preserve so brave a corps, sent the Abbot of Beville with his command, that the garrison should surrender the place; on whose arrival a treaty was entered into, in consequence of which the garrison capitulated, and were permitted to march out of the castle under arms, with twenty horses provided them by the Scotch king. On this evacuation the castle was demolished, and the fortifications were razed. King Henry the Second, to strengthen his frontiers against the Scots, ordered the castle to be rebuilt, and the fortifications restored.

"King David Bruce, returning with his victorious army from an incursion he had made into England, as far as Durham, passed Wark Castle. His rear, laden with spoils, were seen by the garrison with the greatest indignation. Sir William Montague was then governor, and the Countess of Salisbury, whose lord the fortress then belonged to, resided there. The governor, with forty horsemen, made a sally, committed great slaughter on the Scots, and returned into the castle with 160 horses, laden with booty. The Scotch king, incensed at this insult, made a general assault on the castle, but met with a repulse. He then invested the place. The imminent danger of the garrison rendered it necessary to send information of their situation to the English monarch, who was approaching the borders with a great army. The attempt was perilous, but it was effected by the governor himself on a fleet horse, in the darkness and tumult of a stormy night. He passed through the enemy's lines, and carried intelligence to King Edward, who advanced so rapidly to the relief of the besieged, that the Scotch had but barely time to pass the Tweed before the van of the English army appeared. The Countess of Salisbury expressed the most grateful joy for this relief. She entertained the king at Wark Castle, and her deportment and manners were so pleasing to him, that the origin of the institution of the most noble order of the garter is said to be owing to this visit.

" Soon after the accession of Henry IV. to the throne of England, the Scots made an incursion, in which they took the castle of Wark, and utterly demolished the works. It had been a fortress of too much consequence to the safety of that part of the kingdom to be long neglected ; it was, therefore, soon after restored, and in a good state of defence. In 1419, in the absence of the king, who was then in France, hostilities having commenced on the Borders, William Haliburton of Fast Castle took the Castle of Wark, and put all the garrison to the sword ; but it was soon recovered by the English, who made their way by a sewer which led from the kitchen of the castle into the Tweed, and surprising the Scots, put them all to death, in revenge for their former cruelty. This castle was again in the hands of the Scotch in the reign of Henry VI., and they once more levelled its fortifications with the ground. It was afterwards repaired by the Earl of Surrey ; and in the year 1523, in the reign of Henry VIII., the Scotch army, lying at Coldstream, resolved again to attempt the destruction of Wark. Buchanan, the historian, being present at the siege, gives the following description of the castle :—'In the innermost area was a tower of great strength and height ; this was encircled by two walls, the outer including the larger space, into which the inhabitants of the country used to fly with their cattle, corn, and flocks, in time of war ; the inner of much smaller extent, but fortified more strongly by ditches and towers. It had a strong garrison, good store of artillery and ammunition, and other necessary things for defence.' The Duke of Albany, the commander of the Scotch, sent against it battering cannon and a chosen band of Scots and French, to the number of 4000, under the command of Andrew Ker of Fairnherst. The French carried the outer enclosure at the first assault, but they were dislodged by the garrison setting fire to the corn and straw laid up therein. The besiegers soon recovered it, and by their cannon effected a breach in the inner wall. The French, with great intrepidity, mounted the breach, sustaining great loss from the shot of that part of the garrison who possessed the keep ; and being warmly received by the forces that defended the inner ballium, were obliged to retire after great slaughter. The attack was to have been renewed on the succeeding day, but a fall of rain in the night, which swelled the Tweed, and threatened to cut off the retreat of the assailants to the main army, and the approach of the Earl of Surrey, who before lay at Alnwick with a large force, obliged the Duke to relinquish his design and return into Scotland. The governor of Wark Castle at this time was Sir John Lisle.

" Wark was the barony and ancient possession of the family of Ross, one of whom, William de Ross, was a competitor for the crown of Scotland in the reign of Edward I. of England. It continued in that family to the end of the fourteenth century, when it appears to have become the possession of the Greys, who took their title from the place, being styled the Lords Grey of Wark, in the descendants of which family it has continued to the present time."

The Scottish banks of the river, from the Eden water to Coldstream, are richly cultivated, and partially wooded by hedgerows and the plantations of several properties. The country being flat, the extensive woods of Lord Hume's fine place of the Hirsel fill up the back-ground very happily. A very singular little stream, called the Leet, passes through his grounds. It is extremely small, and, having its course through a deep alluvial soil, it has more the appearance of a ditch than anything else ; but, insignificant-looking as it is, it contains trout of very superior size and flavour. Mr. Stoddart gives us the following extraordinary account of this small stream :— " Of all streams that I am acquainted with, the Leet, which discharges itself into the Tweed above Coldstream, was wont, considering its size, to contain the largest trout. During the summer season it is a mere ditch, in many places not above four or five span in width, and, where broadest, still capable of being leapt across. The run of water is, comparatively speaking, insignificant, not equalling in the average a cubic foot. This, however, as it proceeds, is every now and then expanded over a considerable surface, and forms a pool of some depth ; in fact, the whole stream, from head to foot, pursuing, as it does, a winding course for upwards of twelve miles, is a continued chain of pools, fringed, during the summer, on both sides, with rushes and water-flags, and choked up in many parts with pickerel weed and other aquatic plants. The channel of Leet contains shell-marl, and its banks, being hollowed out beneath, afford, independent of occasional stones and tree roots, excellent shelter for trout. Not many years ago, the whole course of it was infested with pike, but the visit of some otters, irrespective of the angler's art, has completely cleared them out, and thus allowed the trout, which were formerly scarce, to become more numerous.

"On the first occasion of my fishing Leet, which happened to be early in April, 1841, before the sedge and rushes had assumed the ascendancy, I captured, with the fly, twenty-six trout, weighing in all upwards of twenty-nine pounds. Of these, five, at least, were two-pounders, and there were few, if any, small-sized fish. In 1842, on the second day of June, the weather being bright and hot, I killed, with the worm, out of the same stretch of water, betwixt Castlelaw and Boughtrig, forty-two trout, weighing upwards of twenty-three pounds; also, on a similar day in June, 1846, betwixt ten and two o'clock in the forenoon, I managed to encreel three dozen and five fish, the largest of which was a three-pounder, and there were at least twelve others that weighed a pound a-piece. The gross weight on this occasion I neglected to take note of, but it certainly approached two stones." The salmon angling casts on this long bank of the Tweed, which we have last brought under notice, are, according to Mr. Stoddart, as follow:—"The Birgham fishings on Tweed commence about half a mile below Edenmouth, and comprise, along with the Carham water, a number of excellent pools and angling casts, the principal of which are Birgham Dub, containing Burnmouth, Corbie-nest, Galashan, Jean-my-lady, Cork-stane; after which follow the Burnstream, Carham-wheel, including Cuddy's-hole, Dyke-end, Longship-end, Mid-channel-stream, Flummery, Kirke-end, Dritten-ass, Glitters, Bloody-breeks, Under-cairn, the Cauldron-hole, Three-stanes, Pikey, Three-brethren, Netherstream, the Hole-stream, the Hole, Craw-stanes, Lang-craig, Mark's-skelling-head, Bell-stane, Leggy-bush, White-eddy, Whinbush-skelly, Shaw's-mare, Know-head.

"The casts in the Wark water, belonging to Earl Grey, are the Snipe, the Brae, the Dub, Anna-edge, Cuddy's-hole, Skeller-rocks, Willow-bush, Island-neb, Black-mark, Fa'en-down-brae, Hedge-end, Red-hough-stane, Hell's-hole, Mid-hole, Temple, Cauld-end, Coble-neb, Coble-hole, Bulwark. The fishings on the north side of the river belong to the Earl of Hume; those on the south, below Carham Burn, to the Compton family, Carham Hall. Succeeding these are the Wark fishings, and, farther down, the Lees water."

The place of Lees, the property of Sir John Marjoribanks, Baronet, is immediately above the village of Coldstream. The house stands upon a cheerful terrace, looking down upon a very extensive and beautiful haugh, around which the river makes a large circuit. This is perfectly level in surface, and only wants the grand historical recollections that attach themselves to the famous Runnymede to possess an equal interest. The river here, although bound in honour, like a fair judge, to do equal justice to the two countries it divides, seems disposed to favour Scotland so far, as it is continually adding large portions to Sir John Marjoribanks' estate. The view down the course of the stream, which runs between wooded banks of no great height, and is crossed by the noble bridge of Coldstream, is extremely beautiful.

The village of Coldstream itself is very pretty with its nice modern cottages and gardens, but it is likewise interesting from some of its old buildings. Our friend Mr. Chambers tells us that the third house east from the market-place of Coldstream is said to have formerly been the inn. It is an old thatched edifice of two storeys, but might have at one time been the best house in the town. In this house, many personages of distinction, including kings and queens of Scotland, are enumerated by tradition as having resided, and that occasionally, for several days at a time, while waiting till the fall of the waters of Tweed permitted them to cross at the ford, the only means of passage previous to the building of the bridge. Some of the apartments in which royalty found accommodation in former times are sufficiently curious and confined. Coldstream was remarkable for its convent of Cistercian nuns, of which Mr. Chambers gives us the following interesting account:—Previous to the Reformation, Coldstream could boast of a rich priory of Cistercian nuns; but of the buildings not one fragment now remains. The nunnery stood upon a spot a little eastward from the market-place, where there are still some peculiarly luxuriant gardens, besides a small burying-ground, now little used. In a slip of waste ground, between the garden and the river, many bones and a stone coffin were dug up some years ago; the former supposed to be the most distinguished of the warriors that fought at Flodden; for there is a tradition that the abbess sent vehicles to that fatal field, and brought away many of the better orders of the slain, whom she interred here. The field, or rather hill, of Flodden, is not more than six miles from Coldstream, and the tall stone that marks the place where the king fell, only about half that distance, the battle having terminated about three miles from the spot where it commenced.

This place is equally remarkable for its consummation of the marriages of English runaway couples, as Gretna Green has been; and whilst we have no doubt that some pairs may have had uninterrupted connubial happiness since they were here linked together in matrimony, we fear there may have been many who have secretly, if not openly, cursed the day when they crossed the Tweed for such a purpose.

General Monk made this his quarters till he found a favourable opportunity for entering England to effect the restoration; and it was here that he raised that regiment that has ever afterwards had the name of the Coldstream Guards. It is known in these modern times for a very different species of celebrity, for it may now be called the Melton Mowbray of the north. Before our friend, Mr. Marjoribanks Robertson, went to reside at Ladykirk, he took from his nephew the house and place of Lees to live in. Here he established his crack pack of fox-hounds, and hunted the Northumbrian country for several seasons with great success. He afterwards handed the hounds and the country over to Lord Elcho, who has now a very superior range of hunting country on both sides the Tweed, and particularly in Northumberland. The assemblage of sportsmen of the highest order in and about Coldstream during the hunting season is very great, and there are few places where fox-hunting can be more fully and freely enjoyed; whilst the courtesy and urbanity of Lord Elcho himself give a tone to the society that makes the mere residence here during the hunting season peculiarly fascinating.

The River Till is an important tributary to the Tweed from its right bank, but we are at some loss to say whether or not we should interfere with it, seeing that it is so decidedly an English river, and we recall, with fear and trembling, the aid its bridge of Twisel afforded to the army of Lord Surrey, enabling it to meet and overthrow the Scottish army at Flodden; but we cannot pass over the graphic description given by Scott of the passage of the English army:—

"Even so it was. From Flodden ridge
  The Scots beheld the English host
  Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
  And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd
The Till by Twisel bridge.
  High sight it is, and haughty, while
  They dive into the deep defile;
  Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,
  Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
  Troop after troop are disappearing,
  Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
  Where flows the sullen Till,
And, rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
  In slow succession still,
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
  To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet clang,
Twisel! thy rocks deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room."

From what we have seen of this ravine, we are disposed to think that when the hounds take their course across it, they must be productive of many curious and amusing incidents among the field of sportsmen, worthy, perhaps, of being described by such a lively pencil as that of Mr. Alken. It is extremely romantic and beautiful; and the well alluded to by Sir Walter Scott in his verses is to be found beneath a tall rock near the bridge. The Till runs so extremely slow, that it forms a curious contrast with the Tweed, whose course here is very rapid, giving rise to the following quaint verses:—

"Tweed said to Till,
  What gars ye rin sae still?
Till said to Tweed,
  Though ye rin wi' speed,
And I rin slaw,
  Yet where ye drown ae man
I drown twa!"

According to Mr. Stoddart, Till has considerable fame as an angling river. The fish it contains are pike, perch, trout, and eels; but the migratory sorts, especially whitlings, enter it freely, and much earlier than they do any other branch from the main stream. Not many salmon, however, are caught by the rod above Etal, their progress being much obstructed by a waterfall in that locality. The sea-trout, on the occurrence of a flood, force their way up into the Glen, a stream entering Till two or three miles below Wooler, and formed by the junction of the Bowmont and Colledge waters, the one passing Yetholm from Roxburghshire, and the other from the foot of Cheviot. The Glen is in high repute as an angling stream, and contains abundance of small lively trout. There are good inns at and adjoining Wooler, and a small one at Bender. Connected with this district is the Glendale fishing club, a numerous body of Northumbrians, comprising several able and intelligent anglers.

On the Tweed, at Till-mouth, there is an excellent cast for salmon; but here, as at Coldstream, the fish are very capricious, and show little inclination to favour the angler.

Let us now return to the Scottish side of the Tweed, and there let us notice the charming residence of Lennel, beautifully situated on the banks of the river, a little below Coldstream bridge. This belongs to the Earl of Haddington, and it was here that Mr. Brydone, the well-known tourist in Sicily and Malta, lived for some time previous to his death. Near this are the remains of the church of Lennel, surrounded by a burying-ground, which is still in use. Tradition speaks of Maxwell's Cross, which stood about a century ago between Lennel church and Tweed mill. A little way below Tweed mill is Milnegraden, the seat of that gallant and heroic veteran, Admiral Sir David Milne, now the residence of his son. It is charmingly situated in a wooded park upon the immediate banks of the river.

As to the angling on the Tweed, Mr. Stoddart tells us that at Coldstream bridge there is a good cast, which seldom wants its fish; and where, in the grilse season, when the river is clear, one has an excellent opportunity of studying the habits and likings of the salmon in fresh water—what fly is most attractive, &c. &c. The trouting about Coldstream is very superior; but the rod fishing for salmon, with the exception of the cast above mentioned, is somewhat precarious. Three miles below Coldstream stands Tweed mill, nearly opposite which the Till enters.

We must now proceed to make our last inroad into England—an inroad, however, very different indeed from those which used to be made by our ancestors, when they rode at the head of their men-at-arms, for the purpose of harrying the country, and driving a spoil. We go now upon a peaceful visitation of Norham Castle, certainly the most interesting of all objects of a similar description on the whole course of the Tweed. Our first approach to this very striking ruin was from Lees, when we were upon a visit to the late Sir John Marjoribanks, grandfather of the present baronet, and we shall not easily forget the deep impression it then made upon us. The ancient name of this castle appears to have been Ubbanford. It stands on a steep bank, partially wooded, and overhanging the river. It seems to have occupied a very large piece of ground, as the ruins are very extensive, consisting of a strong square keep, considerably shattered, with a number of banks and fragments of buildings, enclosed within an outer wall, of a great circuit; the whole forming the most picturesque subject for the artist. It was here that Edward I. resided when engaged in acting as umpire in the dispute concerning the Scottish crown. From its position, exactly upon the very line of the border, no war ever took place between the two countries without subjecting it to frequent sieges, during which it was repeatedly taken and retaken. The Greys of Chillingham Castle were often successively captains of the garrison ; yet as the castle was situated in the patrimony of St. Cuthbert, the property was in the see of Durham till the Reformation. After that period, it passed through various hands. At the union of the crown it was in the possession of Sir Robert Carey, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, for his own life and that of two of his sons. After King James' accession, Carey sold Norham Castle to George Home, Earl of Dunbar, for £6000. According to Mr. Pinkerton, there is, in the British Museum, col. B. 6,216, a curious memoir of the Dacres on the state of Norham Castle in 1522, not long after the battle of Flodden. The inner ward or keep is represented as impregnable. "The provisions are three great vats of salt eels, forty-four kine, three hogsheads of salted salmon, forty quarters of grain, besides many cows, and four hundred sheep, lying under the castle wall nightly ; but a number of the arrows wanted feathers, and a good *Fletcher* (*i. e.* maker of arrows) was required."

We spent the greater part of a day in wandering about the ruins, visiting every hole and corner that we could thrust our head into, trying to make out the uses of the various fragments of masonry, and how they were employed, restoring the whole in our mind's-eye to its ancient state, and in filling the court yard, stables, guard-houses, and the ramparts, with the rough and hardy warriors who might have constituted its garrison. How beautifully has Sir Walter Scott thrown himself back into those times in the charming verses with which he opens Marmion !

After referring to the brilliant lines from the great minstrel, it is with much diffidence, and not without a certain dread of being accused of presumption, that we venture to give a few sentences from the Wolfe of Badenoch, in which we have introduced our hero to Norham Castle ; our only apology is an earnest and romantic desire to associate ourselves with this most interesting pile :—

> "'These tedious leagues of English ground seem to lengthen under our tread,' said Sir John Assueton, breaking a silence that was stealing upon their march, with the descending shades of evening. 'Dost thou not long for one cheering glance of the silver Tweed, ere its stream shall have been forsaken by the last glimmer of twilight ?'
>
> "'In sooth, I should be well contented to behold it,' replied Hepborne. 'The night droops fast, and our jaded palfreys already lag their ears from weariness. Even our unbacked war-steeds, albeit they have carried no heavier burden than their trappings, have nathless lost some deal of their morning's metal, and, judging from their sobered paces, methinks they would gladly exchange their gay chamfronts for the more vulgar hempen halters of some well-littered stable.'
>
> "'*Depardieux!* but I have mine own sympathy with them,' said Assueton. 'Said'st thou not that we should lie at Norham to-night ?'
>
> "'Methought to cast the time and the distance so,' replied Hepborne ; 'and by those heights that twinkle from yonder dark mass, rising against that yellow streak in the sky, I should judge that I have not greatly missed in meting our day's journey to that of the sun. Look between these groups of trees—nay, more to the right, over that swelling bank ; that, if I mistake not, is the keep of Norham Castle, and those are doubtless the torches of the warders, moving along the battlements. The watch must be setting ere this. Let us put on.'
>
> "'Thou dost not mean to crave hospitality from the captain of the strength, dost thou ?' demanded Assueton.
>
> "'Such was my purpose,' replied Hepborne ; 'and the rather that the good old knight, Sir Walter de Selby, hath a fair fame for being no churlish host.'
>
> * * * *
>
> "The night was soft and tranquil. The moon was up, and her silvery light poured itself on the broad walls of the keep and the extensive fortifications of Norham Castle, rising on the height before them, and was partially reflected from the water of the farther side of the Tweed, here sweeping widely under the rocky eminence, and threw its shadow half-way across it. They climbed up the hollow way leading to the outer ditch, and were immediately challenged by the watch upon the walls. The pass-word was given by their guide, the massive gate was unbarred, the portcullis lifted, and the clanging drawbridge lowered at the signal, and they passed under a dark archway to the door of the outer court of guard. There they were surrounded by pikemen and billmen, and narrowly examined by the light of torches ; but the officer of the guard appeared, and the squire's mission being known to him, they were formally saluted, and permitted to pass on. Crossing a broad area, they came to the inner gate, where they underwent a similar scrutiny. They had now reached that part of the fortress where stood the barracks, the stables, and various other buildings necessarily belonging to so important a place ; while in the centre arose the keep, huge in bulk, and adamant in strength, defended by a broad ditch where not naturally rendered inaccessible by the precipitous steep, and approachable from one point only by a narrow bridge. Lights appeared from some of its windows, and sounds of life came faintly from within ; but all was still in the buildings around them, the measured step of the sentinel on the wall above them forming the only interruption to the silence that prevailed."

It is amusing enough to perceive how the translator of the French edition, published at Paris in 1828, renders some of the original passages. Instead of making the stranger knights receive a *military compliment* from the guard on their entrance into the castle, the French translator says, "*L'officier de garde arriva en ce moment, et comme il connaissait la mission de l'écuyer, il le salua poliment, et ordonna qu' on les laissât passer* ;" thus converting what was intended to be a military salute from the guard, in compliment to the two knights, into a courteous bow from its captain to the squire. We must, however, do the translator the justice to say that, upon the whole, it is remarkably well done, though, perhaps, not quite equal to the Italian version.

Gentle reader, we have had a long and tortuous voyage of it together, and we have still a considerable distance to go by water, down a broader and a deeper stream. But as you have hitherto confided yourself without scruple to our care, and have had no reason to complain of having done so, we think that we may safely assure you that we shall convey you to the end of your voyage without danger or accident, and this without having recourse to the barque in which the holy St. Cuthbert chose to make so many voyages after his death. Norham was one of his favourite resting places; and, having afterwards voyaged to Melrose, he is said to have steered himself in his stone coffin from thence to Till-mouth :—

> "Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail
> To vie with these in holy tale;
> His body's resting place of old,
> How oft their patron changed, they told;
> How when the Druid burn'd their pile,
> The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;
> O'er northern mountains, marsh, and moor,
> From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
> Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.
> They rested them in fair Melrose;
> But though, alive, he loved it well,
> Not there his relics might repose;
> For, wondrous tale to tell!
> In his stone coffin forth he rides,
> A ponderous bark for river tides,
> Yet, light as gossamer it glides,
> Downward to Till-mouth cell."

The parish of Ladykirk, which now comes under our notice, upon the left bank of the Tweed, was created at the Reformation by the junction of Upsetlington and Horndean. James IV. had built a church which he dedicated to the Virgin Mary, whence it received its name. The cause of his doing so was the circumstance of his nearly losing his life when crossing the Tweed by a ford, at the head of his army, when he suddenly found himself in a situation of great peril, from the violence of the flood, which had nearly carried him away. In his emergency he vowed to build a chapel to the Virgin, in case she would be so good as deliver him, and his vow was executed accordingly. An ancient monastery existed here, the site of which is known by a few large stones and the superior richness of the soil in what is called the Chapel Park, a little lower down the river than Upsetlington. The late Mr. Robertson of Ladykirk erected three pillars over three very fine springs that rise here, inscribing on them the names of the Nun's, the Monk's, and St. Mary's Wells. It is capable of awakening strange associations to learn that, in a field opposite to Norham Castle, numerous cannon balls have been found. Let us only think of the hostile *animus* with which these were put into the cannon which discharged them, and then how peaceably they have lain here, harmlessly buried in the soil of that country against which they were projected!

The whole of this parish belongs to the estate of Ladykirk, a magnificent property. The house and grounds are extensive, and the situation peculiarly agreeable. Perhaps the most remarkable thing here worthy of notice is the building containing the stables. We believe that these are hardly to be matched in the kingdom; and attached to them there is a grand riding house of most princely proportions. Horndean is at the lower end of the parish, and, as its Saxon name imports, it is situated in a quiet corner, in a valley sloping towards the Tweed. From hence to the sea the river is more adapted to the net and coble than for angling.

As we proceed downwards, the scenery on the Tweed may be said to be majestic, from the fine wooded banks which sweep downwards to its northern shore. The surface of the water is continually animated by the salmon coble shooting athwart the stream, whilst employed in the process of dropping the net, making its curve inward to the shore, and leaving its line of floating corks to indicate where it hangs. And then the group of stalwart, hardy fishermen, standing on the shore in their enormous boots, and ready to seize the line as soon as it is handed to them, and their picturesque attitudes, as they lean forward upon the rope to haul the net ashore, all combine to produce a wonderful degree of interest. This is not rendered the less as the bight of the net approaches the shore, and the silvery-sided fish are seen within it, lashing about in their idle effort to escape from the toils. If you throw an effect of sunset over all this, where the vivid rays catch and inflame every wavelet produced by the accidental agitation of the water, you will complete the picture with the most glowing colouring. Broadmeadows is a handsome modern mansion, but Paxton House is the most prominent object here. It is not devoid of architectural dignity, but it is sadly destroyed by its enormous roof. It appears to stand on the brink of the wooded bank immediately overhanging the Tweed. This was the residence of George Hume of Paxton, a very remarkable man. We had the honour of spending a week here with him, and found his society extremely delightful. Besides having a superior head for business, he was fond of literature, and was one of that intellectual knot that contributed to the production of the "Mirror" and "Lounger." He was a man of some taste also, as is proved by the gallery of pictures attached to the house. This residence now belongs to Mr. Foreman Hume. The name of Foreman naturally leads us to notice that very distinguished character, Andrew Foreman, who was a native of this parish of Hutton. The "Statistical Account" concisely sketches his history. He was Bishop of Moray, Archbishop of Bourges in France, and afterwards Archbishop of St. Andrews, flourished about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and was a native of this parish. He is said to have been of the family of the Foremans of Hutton in the Merse. The uncommon political talents, and the acute understanding which distinguished this prelate, gained for him most powerful patronage.

He was a favourite of two successive Scottish monarchs, James III. and IV., two successive popes, Julius II. and Leo X., and of Louis XII. of France. By those high personages he was loaded with honours and benefices. Though opposed by powerful competitors, he was elevated to the first See in Scotland. He was likewise employed as an ambassador from the Court of Scotland to that of France. Historians have given opposite portraits of his character, of the real features of which it is difficult to form an opinion. Of the family of this distinguished individual, the only trace that is left is a small field, which, as if in mockery of mortal ambition, still retains the name of "Foreman's Land." Mr. Philip Redpath, the author of the "Border History," was minister of the parish here ; and we must not omit to notice another great man, though great in a different sense—we mean Mr. Bookless, who was the parish schoolmaster, and whose stature was seven feet four inches. One of our companions in early life had been placed under his tuition, and he spoke of him as an amiable man of convivial habits. He died whilst this gentleman was at school with him, and so large was the coffin that contained his remains, that a portion of the wall of the house was obliged to be broken up, so as to allow of its quitting the chamber, and it was lowered down by pulleys from the upper story to the ground. There is something extremely whimsical in the notion of the name of Bookless belonging to a schoolmaster; but, from all we have heard, he really was an educated man ; and there can be no question that, if he was a literary work, he must have been considered by your book collectors as a splendidly tall copy.

A very handsome suspension bridge, executed by Captain Samuel Brown of the Royal Navy, here connects England with Scotland, and at some distance below, the Tweed receives the Whitadder as its tributary from the left bank.

The Whitadder, though perhaps not one of the largest of the tributaries of the Tweed, is extremely important in many points of view. A glance at the map of Berwickshire will show that it and its subtributary, the Blackadder, and their various smaller streams of supply, water the whole country. Were we to go very particularly into the description of the objects and places within a short distance of their waters, we should have to describe the whole of that rich agricultural shire. We shall, however, endeavour to be as particular as circumstances will admit of, and we shall adopt the same order of description that we have used in giving our account of all the other rivers, and according to this plan we shall begin with the Whitadder at its source. Mr. Stoddart tells us that the Whitadder takes its rise at Johnscleugh, in the county of Haddington, at an elevation of eleven hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. After running three miles, it is joined by the Fasteney water at Millknow. In the days of our scientific furor we remember making an excursion hither to visit and examine the bed of this Fasteney water, which was to a certain extent a *champ de bataille* to the two great geological parties, the Huttonians and the Wernerians—the facts it disclosed ultimately yielding a complete triumph to the former. The way from Fountainhall to Millknow being long and devious, we engaged a certain John Craig, a butcher in Ormiston, well acquainted with these hills, to be our guide. He and his pony were the very prototypes of Dandie Dinmont and his Dumple. Our very scientific friend, Mr. Scott of Ormiston, went with us to assist in our investigations, and Lord Hopetoun's gardener, Mr. Smith, now at Hopetoun House, was also of the party, being desirous to gather from us the botanical names of a number of plants which were strange to him. Starting at midnight, and arriving at Millknow in the morning, we occupied the whole day on the banks and in the bed of the river, we and Mr. Scott being engaged in taking and comparing and naming the mineralogical specimens, whilst every now and then Mr. Smith was coming to us with a new plant, to obtain from us its scientific name. As we were mounting our horses in the evening to return home, and the gardener was assisting honest John Craig to settle and arrange a couple of large game bags, full of minerals, upon his back, to which he submitted in silent patience, for it must, in truth, have been but a dull day to him, seeing that he had wandered along the river side without having the opportunity of opening his mouth to any one of us, "Take care," said Mr. Smith, "that you do not lose any of these minerals. Keep them as steady on your back as you can, so that they may not chafe one against the other, and see that you do not lose or break any of those plants in this botanical box." "Ou, never ye fear," replied John, "I'll tak' gude care o' them a'; but de'il hae me an' I ever heard sae mony kittle names gi'en to weeds and stanes as I have heard this blessed day."

Mr. Chambers gives us some interesting information with regard to the antiquities of this part of the country. He informs us that there was here a string of no less than six castles, all placed at certain distances from each other, *i. e.* John's Cleugh, Gamelshiel, Painshiel, Redpath, Harehead, and Cranshaws. These seem to have been intended as a cordon of defence to resist incursions from the south into the Lothians ; and, indeed, we shall find that all the warlike remains that we shall afterwards meet with in these hills, hold positions which lead to the supposition that they were placed there, though at very different periods, yet all with the same object. Mr. Chambers is perfectly right in his supposition, that the whole of this district of hills was covered with wood in the early ages, and filled with the wild animals of chase of all descriptions. He gives us a very interesting legend in regard to the lady of Gamelshiel Castle, the ruins of which stand near the farm of Millknow, and this we shall take the liberty of extracting in his own words. "She was one evening taking a walk at a little distance below the house, when a wolf sprung from the wood, and, in the language of the simple peasants who tell the far-descended story, *worried* her. The husband buried her mangled corpse in the corner of the court-yard; and ever after, till death sent him to rejoin her in another world, sat at his chamber window, looking through his tears over her grave—his soul as dark as the forest shades around him, and his voice as mournful as their autumn music. This castle was one of a chain which guarded the pass between Dunse and Haddington; a natural opening across the hills, formed by the course of the Whitadder, near the head of which stream it was situated. Two tall, spiky, pillar-like remains of the tower are yet to be seen by the travellers passing along this unfrequented road, far up the dreary hope; and a flat stone, covering the grave of the unfortunate lady, yet exists, to attest the verity of a story so finely illustrative of the aboriginal condition of this country."

The Fasteney is a fine sparkling mountain stream. Soon after the union of the Fasteney water with the Whitadder, it receives the small river Dye. In the adjacent parish of Cranshaws stands the fine old Scottish mansion of Cranshaws Castle, now belonging to Lady Aberdour, of which the "Statistical Account" speaks as follows:—"It is an oblong square of forty feet by twenty-four. The walls are forty-five feet high. The battlement on the top is modern, otherwise the date of the building might have been pretty nearly ascertained, as the water conduits are in the form of cannon. Before the union of the two kingdoms, it had been used by the inhabitants on this side of the parish as a place of refuge from the English borderers, as the old Castle of Scarlow (of which very little now remains) had probably been by the inhabitants of the other division." This castle has been richly gifted by having the superstition attached to it of its being under the protection of a brownie, one of those rude but benevolent spirits who laboured for the comfort of the family to which it attached itself, which Milton describes so well in these lines:—

> "Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
> To earn his cream bowl, duly set;
> When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
> His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
> That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
> Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
> And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
> Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
> And crop-full out of doors he flings,
> Ere the first cock his matin rings."

Our friend, Mr. Robert Chambers, tells us that the brownie of Cranshaws was as industrious as could well be desired, insomuch that, at least, the cornsman's office became a perfect sinecure. The brownie both *inned* the corn and threshed it, and that for several successive seasons. It at length happened, one harvest, that after he had brought the whole victual into the barn, some one remarked that he had not *mowed* it very well, that is, not piled it up neatly at the end of the barn; whereupon the spirit took such offence that he threw the whole of it next night over the Raven Craig, a precipice about two miles off, and the people of the farm had almost the trouble of a second harvest in gathering it up.

The highest land in this neighbourhood is called Manslaughter-Law, a name which it has received from a great battle having been fought here, as is proved by the numerous swords and other warlike instruments that have been dug up upon the spot. This is supposed to have been that battle which was fought between the Earl of Dunbar and Hepburn of Hailes, in 1402. Some of the Lammermuir hills in the neighbourhood of this part of the Whitadder are of considerable elevation. Meiklo Cese, or Sayr's Law, is 1500 feet high; and there is also a hill called the Great Dirrington Law, 1145 feet high. At Byrecleugh, on the Dye water, there is a curious accumulation of stones, called the "Mutiny Stones." It measures 240 feet long, of irregular breadth and height, but where broadest and highest, seventy-five feet broad and eighteen feet high. The stones appear to have been brought from a crag half a mile distant. It is difficult to conjecture for what purpose these stones were thrown together. The river Whitadder becomes of some consequence when it approaches Abbey St. Bathans, its breadth being upwards of eighty feet, and it winds its way through beautiful haughs. It is melancholy to think that the interesting ruin of the priory of Cistercian nuns which ornamented its left bank has entirely disappeared, from the ignorance of the people, who have carried off the materials for various purposes. There is a very excellent description of these ruins, including that of the church, in the Statistical Account of the Parish of Abbey St. Bathans.

Some of the scenery in this retired part of the Whitadder, although simple in its features, appears to be particularly beautiful. Along each side of the river a fertile haugh stretches for upwards of a quarter of a mile, beyond which the hills that wall in the valley rise on all sides with considerable steepness. The ground on the north side of the vale rises abruptly from the haugh, and presents a bank finely covered with natural wood. The slope which forms the south side of the vale is cultivated to a considerable height, and portions of it are planted with larch and Scotch fir, intermingled with the elm, the oak, and the ash; but still rising higher as it recedes, at last presents nothing but its natural covering of heath. At each end of the valley, where it receives and transmits the Whitadder, there opens a beautiful dell from north-westward, with its appropriate brook. The farm-house and steading of Abbey St. Bathans, with its adjoining smithy, a neat cottage, a corn-mill, the decent parish church, the manse—which, topping a little eminence, is embosomed among trees—and the school-house, present a group of simple but pleasing features. The interest awakened by these objects is, at the same time, heightened by the natural scenery amidst which they occur. Let us conceive all this glowing under the effect of a bright sunshine, the heat of which has driven the cattle from the meadow into the pools of the river, whilst the perfect stillness of the lassitude of nature reigns over everything, and when even the angler finds his occupation too great an exertion, and we shall have a picture which it might have delighted Cuyp to have painted.

ing below with the majority—he had no choice left but to comply. Several of the gentlemen slept on the sofas, wrapped in their cloaks—for the sharp chill air of the place rendered this precaution indispensable—but the females had not closed an eye, and were feverish and exhausted. The lady, in particular, vowed she'd never spend another night in this dreadful place, but would return to the forester's hut in all haste.

The Prince, who was awoke at early dawn by these vehement protestations, observed, good humouredly, that it seemed she preferred *Forstenruhe* to *Furstenruhe*, the repose of the forest to the repose of the Prince—" this," he added, turning, with a smile, to his equerry, " is in my Lord father's most approved style. But, in good sooth, this sort of rest will no more do for me than it did for my great uncle, Duke Rudolph ; we must look to it ;" then he became silent and abstracted.

But before, in obedience to the lady's impatient orders, the scared and wearied menials could begin their preparations for instant removal, a messenger, breathless with haste and consternation, came to inform the Prince that the hut, which she had hitherto occupied, had that very night been burned down by accident. The Prince looked serious; for though the event, as recounted by the boy, a member of the family who had thus been visited, bore a most natural air, still his aroused conscience saw fresh tokens in this event, trifling in itself, of a higher reproof. So imbued had his mind become throughout the night with this notion, that it needed not this additional drop in the cup of conviction. Turning to the lady, he observed, with cold courtesy, that as it would be impossible, on so short a notice, to prepare another place for her reception, he really knew not what else or better to propose, than that she should seek a refuge in the little town of N—— ; which, though distant but a few miles, was beyond the limits of his father's territories. There, he doubted not, she could procure instant accommodation ; unless, indeed, she preferred staying at Fürstenruhe, the only home he had it in his power to offer for the time being.

There was something in the look and tone of the Prince, so altered from his usual manner, that the lady felt a sudden and secret alarm, outweighing even that of the previous night. A sickening sensation came over her as the dreamy vision of palaces, and carriages with six horses and outriders, of titles, and diamonds, and places, and patronage at her own command, and all the thousand happy privileges of favouritism, flitted away from her eyes, as if a mighty torrent was sweeping these hopes away into the ocean of oblivion. She, intuitively, felt her danger—although there was no formal warning of it—so, mastering all other emotions, she bravely said—

" We'll try, then, another night here. Perhaps these nocturnal alarms may never be repeated."

" The Prince's countenance darkened with a secret feeling of disappointment. He had evidently not only expected, but wished another answer ; and though the lady was aware that when unhallowed bonds are once loosened no hand is cunning enough to fasten the knot afresh, still she would persist in preserving her illusions some time longer. Seeing his hesitation, and afraid lest some command should escape him—and such she well knew he never recalled—she warded off the danger, by exclaiming—

" Surely the Prince is not afraid of doing what a woman can dare ?

The chord she had struck was the right one.

" Well, gentlemen," said he, " what say you to giving Fürstenruhe one more night's trial ?"

(*To be concluded in next number.*)

SCOTTISH RIVERS.—No. II.

THE TWEED AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.—*Continued.*

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

FOLLOWING the course of the Whitadder downwards, we find that it sweeps round the base of the picturesque conical hill called Cockburn's Law, the height of which is 912 feet. Its form is so different from the other neighbouring hills of the Lammermoor, that it is easily distinguished from them, even at sea, so as to be useful as a landmark. This hill is remarkable for being composed of granite, which rises from the midst of the surrounding greywacke, and it therefore furnished the Huttonians with some of their strongest arguments against their opponents. On its northern slope stood that very remarkably curious piece of antiquity called Edins, originally Edwin's-hall. It is really too cruel for any one possessed of antiquarian feelings to have this to record, that it no longer exists, having been swept away by the rude hand of ignorance, probably for the purpose of building dykes or filling drains with the materials. We are fortunate in having it in our power to avail ourselves of a very well written description of it, as given in the "Statistical Account of the Parish of Dunse." The ruins are situated about a mile east from Abbey St. Bathans, on the northern slope of Cockburn Law, where this hill stretches into a terrace of inconsiderable size, skirted by steep banks descending to the river Whitadder, which is distant about two hundred yards. The building was circular, the outside diameter being eighty-five feet ten inches, the walls fifteen feet ten inches thick. The height of the walls, which in their ruinous state was seven or eight feet, must originally have been considerable, as appeared from the large quantity of material rolled down the bank on which they stood, and lodging in the area they enclosed. In the interior of the walls were open spaces, having the appearance of separate cells, extending all round the building, differing greatly in length, but all of the width of about three feet, and presenting in some places an appearance of having been arched over. The entrance was by a low narrow door on the eastern side. No cement had been used in the building, but the stones, which were of whin, and most of them very large, were fitted with considerable accuracy to one another, the concavity of the one receiving the convexity of the other, and the interstices being filled up with small stones. On the east and south of the principal tower were the foundations of several oblong buildings, and of a single round one. To the south of the whole were trenches of considerable depth, surmounted on both sides by walls of stone and earth, one of which, after running in a westerly direction for fifty or sixty yards, turned northward, and followed the sweep of the hill till it reached the river.

From the description now given of the principal tower of Edinshall, (never entitled to the name of a tower from its height, but only from its circular form,) it will be perceived that this building is similar in construction to those called *burghs* in Orkney and Shetland, and Duns in the Highlands of Scotland, where the remains of many of them are still to be seen. Indeed, the only difference consists in the nature of the spaces in the interior of the walls, which in Edinshall seem composed of separate cells, while in the similar buildings they are continuous passages; but this dissimilarity is apparent only because the upper part of the walls and the roof of the hollow spaces in Edinshall having fallen down had partially filled up the passage, which went entirely along the interior of the wall, and had thus divided that passage into what seemed to be separate compartments. This supposition derives confirmation from the fact that most of these cells had no entrances, and it may safely be assumed that they were not originally constructed in that form.

Now, it is known that the buildings called Burghs or Duns were the workmanship of the ancient Scandinavians, and that the kind of architecture, of which they are examples, was common to that nation, with the Saxons, and other northern tribes. Hence it may be inferred that Edinshall was built by one of those tribes; and as it bore the name of Edwin, the most celebrated King of the Northumbrian Saxons, and as it was situated within his territories, which extended from the Humber to the Forth, we may conclude that he was the builder of Edinshall. In that case, it must have been erected between the years 617 and 633, the period of Edwin's reign.

This conclusion derives confirmation from other circumstances. In King Edwin's time the mode of architecture of his tribe could not have undergone any change, because his father Ella was the first of his house who settled here, and because, in the interim, the arts of peace were not cultivated. It is recorded, too, that the art of building with mortar or cement was not introduced into Britain till after this time; the first Saxon buildings of stone and lime having been the monastery of Weremouth, founded in 674, and the cathedral of Hexham, erected soon afterwards; both constructed by masons and artificers brought from abroad.

The situation of Edinshall is neither strong in itself, nor fitted to protect any part of the adjoining country. From this fact it may be inferred that the building was designed not so much for a military station as a place of residence, or a court of justice. Hence it does not bear the name of burgh, which signifies a castle, but that of hall, which means a palace or a court.

It is now generally admitted that the present metropolis of Scotland was founded by the same prince to whom we have attributed the erection of Edinshall.

We are quite disposed to corroborate to the fullest extent those remarks made upon this most interesting building. We have seen all the most important Pictish towers, as they are called in Scotland, so that few individuals have had so great opportunity of making themselves acquainted with these Scandinavian remains as we have. That of Dornadilla, in Sutherland, is still entire to a considerable height. That of Calloway, in the Greater Bernera in the Lewis, is still more complete; and its site, upon the very verge of a tall and picturesque cliff, is peculiarly grand. But the most perfect of the whole that now exist is that in the island of Mousa, in Shetland, which, indeed, has hardly suffered any decay or injury, except, perhaps, the loss of a very few stones at the top. There the circular plan, converging inwards as it goes upwards, like a beehive, is not only distinctly visible, but the outward curve, formed so as to make the top project over the whole, is quite perfect, as may be seen from an engraving taken from a sketch of ours, and inserted in the volumes written by our friend Mr. James Wilson, giving an account of the voyage with us in the Princess Royal cutter during the summer of 1841. These, however, were all burghs intended for defence, and the difference of the arrangement of Edinshall from any of these appears to us to point out most distinctly that it was intended for peaceful purposes.

Upon the slope of the hills in this neighbourhood there is a large semicircle of circular camps, which seem to be of very great antiquity, and intended, from their position, to resist the approach of an enemy from the southward.

Proceeding farther downwards, the river is rendered highly interesting by the fine timber of the old place of Blenerne, for generations the seat of the ancient family of Lumsdaine. The ruins of the old castle stand near the more modern house upon the left bank of the river. This property now belongs to the Rev. Edwin Sandys Lumsdaine, by marriage with the heiress.

Immediately behind the estate of Blenerne stands the ruinous house of Billie, an old residence of the family of the *Homes* of Wedderburn. There is a tragic story connected with this, which we cannot pass over. We are not very sure as to the precise period when the circumstance took place; but we believe we cannot greatly err in stating that it may have been about a century ago. A lady of the family of Home then resided here with a small establishment of servants, of whom the butler, who had been with her for a good many years, was considered by her as honest and most trustworthy, and much attached to herself. She collected her small rents at certain terms of the year, and this she was in the habit of doing regularly; and she was likewise in the practice of counting the money over openly before the butler, previously to her locking it into her cabinet. Years had passed away, during which the butler had uniformly been a witness of this transaction, without having ever entertained the smallest idea or the slightest wish of appropriating it to his own use. At length, on the return of the period when he was again an involuntary witness of her counting her money, a strange and unaccountable desire suddenly seized upon him to possess himself of it. If ever anything in this world was prompted by the direct suggestion of the devil, it seems to have been that determination to which this unfortunate man was in one moment driven; and the circumstance, that whilst the crime seemed thus to have been counselled upon the one hand, whilst on the other it must, from the very commencement, have appeared quite irrational to hope that he could have enjoyed the fruits of it scathless and in concealment, would make us disposed to hold that it was an obvious temptation of the devil himself. The lady slept in an apartment by herself, the door of which was bolted in a peculiar manner. A heavy cylinder of brass, placed vertically, was allowed to fall down by its own weight into a cylindrical cavity calculated to receive it, and thus the door was effectually bolted. A string attached to an eye in the upper part of the solid cylinder was carried up to the ceiling, and thence over a series of pullies to the bed, so that the lady, without rising, could bolt her door after she had gone to bed, or unbolt it in the morning for the admittance of a servant, or for any other purpose. Upon the night in question, she was no sooner in bed than she dropped the bolt, as was her custom; but the butler had secretly so filled the hollow cylinder with cherry-stones, that the bolt took no effect. At midnight he stole into his mistress's chamber, cut her throat from ear to ear, broke open her cabinet, and possessed himself of her money; and although he might have walked down stairs and out at the door without exciting either alarm or suspicion, he opened the window and let himself down nearly two stories high, broke his leg, and lay thus among the shrubbery till morning, without ever attempting to crawl away. He was seized, tried, condemned, and executed. The lady's funeral was no sooner over than the windows and doors of the house were barred up and locked, every thing being left in it just as it was, and it remained unvisited during many years, until it was discovered that some robbers had broken into the cellar, when it was again opened to ascertain to what extent they had carried their depredations. We knew a person who was engaged on the harvest-rig near the house, at the time when this took place, and who, being stimulated by curiosity, entered it with several of her companions. They were immensely shocked to observe the ghastly effect produced by different articles of wearing apparel, and of linen, &c., which were scattered about or hanging up, some of which were so much gone, as to fall to pieces on being touched.

In its progress between the parish of Edrom, on the one side, and the parishes of Bunkle and Chirnside on the other, the Whitadder runs very rapidly. In the course of its way downwards, the river shows some fine sections of the sandstone series of rocks.

In ancient times there was a castle at Broomhouse, which now no longer exists. A very interesting and romantic piece of history is connected with this spot. We shall give it as told, concisely and well, in the statistical account of the parish of Edrom:—The grave of Sir Anthony Darcy, surnamed Le Sieur de la Beauté, is in a field on the estate of Broomhouse, in this parish, called De la Beauté's Field. Sir Anthony Darcy, commonly named Anthony De la Bastie (properly De la Beauté) was a Frenchman, and was appointed by the Duke of Albany warden of the Marches and captain of Dunbar Castle, in the room of Lord Home, when the Duke, who was regent in the minority of James V., went to France, June 1517. Lord Home had been treacherously decoyed to Edinburgh, and put to death, together with his brother William, as was supposed, by the instigation of Darcy. This rendered Darcy odious in the Merse. A dispute having arisen between him and David Home, the laird of Wedderburn, Darcy and his party were attacked by the laird of Wedderburn and his associates near Langton, October 12, 1517, and put to flight. Darcy's horse stuck fast in a bog in the end of Dunse Moor, which obliged him to fly on foot. He was overtaken by Wedderburn at Broomhouse, who slew him, and carrying his head in triumph through Dunse, fixed it on the battlements of Home Castle. A cairn marks out the grave of Darcy.

The river is highly ornamented by the pleasure-grounds and woods of Ninewells, the property of our early and much-valued friend, Miss Hume, daughter of the late Baron Hume, and grand-niece of the celebrated historian, who spent the days of his youth here. On the opposite side of the river, a little farther down, stood Allanbank, from which Sir James Stuart, Baronet, takes his title. This ancient residence had a remarkable legendary story attached to it. Sir John Stuart, a very handsome and accomplished cavalier of his day, whilst travelling in Italy, met with, and carried off the affections of a very beautiful lady of family, whom he afterwards jilted, and her life was terminated by a violent death. On his return home, he brought with him her portrait, but found, to his inexpressible horror, that he had no occasion to have done so, as the house was haunted by the ghost of the lady, in *propria persona*. She appeared as a skeleton, clad in a winding-sheet, which was covered over with rich lace, such as she was at all times fond of wearing while alive. This, in the common language of Scotland, is called pearlin, and thus it was that she received the name of "Pearlin Jean." Through all the generations that have since followed, it has been universally believed throughout the whole neighbourhood that she continued to haunt the house, and so completely did this belief prevail down to the latest moment, that Miss Hume informs us, that when they were taking down the house an old woman said to her, "Where will Pearlin Jean gang now, when the house is dishmolished? I was asking the folks in the hall, but I would like to hear your ain observe upon it."

A ballad was written upon this subject by the Rev. John Marriott. We almost regret that it had not been composed in a less burlesque tone; but, as it is, we shall give it here, having had the good fortune to receive a manuscript copy of it through Miss Hume's kindness, for it has never been printed. Marriott is well known to have been a friend of Sir Walter Scott's, and it was to him the introduction to the second canto of "Marmion" was dedicated:—

"Ye fickle butterflies! still prone
To change your fav'rite flower,
Attend this woful tale, and own
True Love's avenging power.

"Each flirting beau and gay gallant,
Who erst has learn'd to spell,
May read and profit; he that can't
Must hear and ponder well.

"All in the Merse there dwelt a knight,
Of gentle blood and rank;
'Yclep'd, as ancient authors write,
Sir John of Allanbank.

"Not skilled, like neighb'ring lairds, was he,
The swift goss-hawk to tame,
Or chase the deer o'er moor and lea;
He follow'd fairer game.

"Tho' Tweed, with springing salmon bright,
Roll'd near, he ne'er would ply
The rod by day or spear by night:
He had other fish to fry.

"More form'd to shine in courts than haunt
The solitary shades,
'Twas his, of conquer'd hearts to vaunt,
And captivated maids.

"Still dress'd in courtly mode, and sweet
With many a rich perfume;
Costly the roses on his feet,
Costly his waving plume.

"His beard was trimm'd with meikle care,
Down tap'ring to his chin;
The bushy ringlets of his hair
A heart of flint might win.

"Well vers'd in Love's deceitful wiles,
And rear'd in amorous lore;
False were his tears, and false his smiles,
And false the oaths he swore.

"To him the bliss was all unknown
That constant lovers share;
Dear was each eye that brightly shone,
And dear each face, if fair.

"To rub off British rust, and gain
Some skill in finer arts,
Sir John resolv'd to cross the main,
And visit foreign parts.

"Right glad the Scottish mothers were
This joyful news to learn,
And maiden aunts put up a prayer
That he might ne'er return.

"But many a lovely damsel sigh'd
To hear that he was going,
And turn'd aside, the tear to hide,
Adown her fair cheek flowing.

"Himself he richly did equip,
That none might say him scorn,
And went on board a merchant ship,
Was bound for fair Leghorn.

"He soon felt sickly qualms; and when
He reach'd the Bay of Biscay,
Wish'd himself safe at home again
In the land of Cakes and Whiskey.

"He clear'd the Gut (excuse the word,
Fair ladies) of Gibraltar;
And calmer seas his heart restored,
Which had begun to falter.

"At length with joy he hail'd the shore,
Where Cæsars once bore rule;
Where Virgil liv'd, and many more,
For whom he had bled at school.

"Why, when the stores of classic lore
Came rushing o'er his mind,
Writh'd he, as tho' he felt him sore?
Why roved his hand behind?

"At Florence first he stay'd some weeks,
Contracted debts and paid 'em,
And bought some genuine Antiques
From the very man that made 'em.

"Of learning next great store at Rome
He gain'd, at least we hope so,
For he mounted high St. Peter's dome,
And stoop'd to kiss the Pope's toe.

"At Naples he was asked to peep
Into the great volcano;
But the hill was steep and the hole was deep,
And he thought it best to say 'No.'

"Love hail'd Sir John on foreign shore,
And many a lady bright
Preferr'd before each gay Signor
The gallant Scottish Knight.

"The Knight was grateful when he found
They lov'd him one and all;
And felt himself in honour bound
To love both great and small.

"But one far longer than the rest
Her empire did maintain,
And near a fortnight o'er his breast
Held undivided reign.

"Her features all the charms combin'd
Of all the pretty faces,
Which painted to the life you'll find
In fifty thousand places.

"With lace her veil was deck't, and deck't
With lace her flowing train;
Hence nam'd in Lowland dialect,
The bonny Pearlin Jean.

"And how he lov'd, and how his pains
In colour bright he painted,
I need not tell to nymphs and swains
With love so well acquainted.

"His love was long, his love was great,
But when she talk'd of marriage,
He rang the bell, and order'd straight
The horses to the carriage.

"And in they popp'd the trunks, and in
Sir John himself did pop;
But the lady cried with precious din,
'Stop Coachy, Coachy stop!'

"'Drive on, drive on,' said false Sir John,
'Nor heed yon lady's cry;'
Oh sad was that lady, and woe-begone,
And frenzy fired her eye.

"'Look where in dust she kneels, to whom
You did not kneel in vain;
Stay, nor to sure destruction doom
Your once lov'd Pearlin's Jean.

"'What sunbeams can with those compare,
That warm Italian plains!
And where, oh where is the face so fair,
To match wi' Pearlin Jean's?'

"'Not oft from skies of cloudless blue
Do Scottish sunbeams shine:
But faces there I hope to view
As fair, proud Dame, as thine.'

"'Yes, faces you may chance as fair,
Or fairer e'en to find;
But long, long shall you seek, or e'er
You meet a heart so kind.

"'Tho' deaf to Love's endearing chain,
Yet break not honour's tie;
For you I scorn'd the voice of fame,
The pride of lineage high.

"'Give back my fair unspotted name,
My calm unruffled heart;
Bear me from want, despair, and shame,
Or hear my death-groan part;

"'That groan, when I am dead and gone,
Shall never, never die.'
'Drive on, drive on,' said false Sir John,
'Nor heed yon lady's cry.'

"The driver waves his thongs, the steeds
Spring forward with a bound;
Crush'd by the wheel, the lady bleeds,
And writhes upon the ground.

"Drown'd not the rattling wheels her groan,
Nor yet the trampling feet,
He heard in shrill unearthly tone,
'False knight, again we meet.'

"Tho' with remorse and horror stung
He fled on wings of fear,
That groan still chill'd his heart, and rung
On his affrighted ear.

"Freedom's fair form he thought enthroned
On Alpine heights to find,
But dragg'd his galling chain, and found
Her seat is in the mind.

'He fled where soft and balmy gales
The glow of health impart:
But nought Montpellier's air avails
To heal a wounded heart.

"To Paris, o'er whose walls delight
Spreads wide her gay domain,
He went, but sicken'd at the sight,
And joyless left the scene.

"With cheerful cry, and smiling face,
Each sailor leapt to land,
But Sir John with slow and solemn pace
Regain'd his native strand.

"He sought the town, his grief to drown
In gaiety and noise,
But with twofold horror seem'd to frown
The scene of former joys.

"He look'd so ghastly, pale, and wan,
That all the ladies swore
He could not be the same Sir John
Whom they had met before.

"'Heigh ho!' said one, 'it is his ghost!'
With that more deadly pale
He grew, and homeward travell'd fast—
Swift as the London mail.

"Ere Allanbank appeared in sight,
Sunk was the orb of day:
And the star of night a paly light
Shed on its turrets grey.

"And when he saw the dear abode,
The mansion of his sires,
His pulse beat high, and his bosom glow'd,
With long-forgotten fires.

"And when the venerable pile
Threw wide its massy door,
His brow unbent, and a transient smile
Beam'd o'er his face once more:

"'Is it my sister Janet flies
To meet me in the hall?
Or do the shades beguile my eyes,
Dim quivering on the wall?'

"''Tis she, I know her slender waist,
Her light and gliding feet;
She comes, sweet girl, with loving haste,
My safe return to greet.'

"He grasp'd a hand, 'twas all of bone;
He clasp'd a winding-sheet;
He heard in tones but too well known,
'False knight, again we meet.

"'The ferryman waits on the banks of Styx—
We must not lose the tide,
Because old Nick's coach and six
Is ready on t'other side.

"'The rolling wheel, of burning steel,
Shall grind your bones to powder;
Loud as I squeal'd you then shall squeal,
Or perhaps a little louder.

"'The flame-shod courier's fiendish force
Shall whirl the rapid car,
And the heavy axle grating hoarse,
Reverberate afar.

"'The demon-driver shall crack his whip
With energy infernal;
And tortured souls for once shall skip
And grin 'mid pangs eternal.'

"By this Sir John perceived his brain
Grow dizzy with affright;
And he would fain have fled amain,
But the spectre held him tight.

"For ladies from the other world
Will oft the stoutest man take,
And twirl him, as by cook-maid twirl'd
You may have seen a pancake.

"At length the ground asunder clave:
Awhile the yawning gulf o'er
She poised, then plunged him in a wave
Of ever-boiling sulphur.

"Just then, 'tis said, that those who dwell
Hard by the lake Avernus
Perceived its darksome waters swell,
And glow like any furnace.

"They heard from below the din of wheels,
And crack of whips Satanic,
And speedily took to their heels
In universal panic;—

"For they thought old Nick was that way bound
On some unholy prank;
But 'twas only the sound of the wheels that ground
Sir John of Allanbank.

"For all the silver in English bank,
Nor yet for all the gold,
Would I pass through the hall of Allanbank
When the midnight bell has toll'd."

Since transcribing the above, we have been favoured with another manuscript copy by our friends the Miss Robertsons, of George Square, differing in no important respects from the other. Again we express our regret that it had not been conceived in less burlesque terms. We have been informed that a portrait of Pearlin Jean, which Sir John Stuart had brought home with him, hung long in the house of Allanbank.

At Allanbank was held, in 1674, one of the largest covenanting meetings that had ever taken place. They were convened for the purpose of celebrating the Lord's Supper, and assembled on the banks of the Whitadder, about one mile south of Chirnside, where 3,200 communicated. The Rev. Mr. Blackadder, Mr. Welsh, Mr. Riddell, Mr. Rae, and Mr. Dickson, officiated. The Earl of Home threatened an attack upon them, but the meeting passed off without molestation. There is something extremely sublime in the contemplation of so vast an assemblage of people of both sexes, and containing old as well as young, meeting thus under the broad canopy of heaven, for the purpose of going forward to the table of the Lord, to humble themselves before Him, and to partake of that sacrament which He ordained when He said, "Do this in remembrance of me;" and this in defiance of that iron slaughter which they had but too great reason to believe they were doomed to experience. This was indeed a protestation of faith!—a protestation which could in nowise leave behind it any, even the smallest, doubt of its being genuine. It was, indeed, the sacrifice of this world, with all that it contains, yea, even of life itself, to the following of that Saviour who had so loved them that He had offered himself a sacrifice for their justification.

A little way farther down, the Whitadder is joined by its tributary the Blackadder, which enters it at the village of Allanton; and, according to our plan, we must now proceed to the source of that stream.

The Blackadder rises near Wedderlie, in the parish of Westruther, and has an eastern course, at right angles, to that of the Whitadder. The etymology of the name of Westruther is extremely curious and interesting, as furnishing us with a view of what the state of the country must have been in the very olden times, the name having been originally Wolfstruther—the meaning of the latter part of the name being that of a swamp, and the interpretation of the whole being that of a swampy district much infested with wolves. The author of the statistical account of the parish tells us that this description is confirmed by immemorial tradition, and was adopted by the author of an old manuscript account of Berwickshire, who, in his notice of Westruther, describes it "as a place of old which had great woods, with wild beasts, fra quhilk the dwellings and hills were designed as Wolfstruther, Roecleugh, Hindside, Hartlaw, and Harelaw." It appears that John Home, the poet, spent the early days of his life in the northern part of this parish, the surface of which is extremely hilly, and, till a comparatively recent period, was covered with woods. In the boggier parts of the valley, the stumps of these old trees are visible in dry weather, and not unfrequently interpose unexpected obstacles to the work of the mower. This close and stunted wood, surrounded as it was with heather and bog, gave the whole country an aspect of dreariness and gloom; and it is generally supposed in this neighbourhood that Home composed the greater part of his tragedy of "Douglas" while wandering here in solitary musing; but we are much more disposed to think that the environs of the river Carron, in Stirlingshire, furnished him with much of his natural imagery. The ancient castellated mansion-house of Herbertshire was supposed to have afforded him his idea of Lord Randolph's castle; and some very remarkable and most romantic rocky scenery, at some two or three miles' distance above the house, is said to have suggested the imagery of the cottage of the cliff, and other incidental circumstances of the drama. The mansion-house of Wedderlie, near the source of the stream, belongs to Lord Blantyre. It is a very antique building, and has been allowed to go into disrepair, which is much to be regretted. The nearly entire ruins of another ancient house, Evelaw, or, as it is popularly called, Ively-tower, are also near the source of the river. The author of the statistical account of Westruther tells us that this was one of those castellated houses that were common on the borders before the union of the two kingdoms in the reign of James VI. There were several of these in this parish formerly, which have all fallen beneath the wasting hand of time but the one now mentioned. There were also connected with these what are called vaults, which were not subterranean cellars, but buildings erected for the preservation of cattle; which were so closely and compactly built, that there was no crevice or opening in them, but small holes here and there interspersed along the wall, serving the double purpose of admitting air to the beasts within, and of allowing the owners to shoot at any who might threaten an attack on their property. Both these species of buildings were evidently suggested by the necessities of an unsettled period; when the Border reivers, suddenly crossing the march, carried off whole herds of the neighbouring cattle, and when the good old rule sufficed them,—

> "The simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

There is a place on the moors of the farm of Wedderlie from time immemorial called Gibb's Cross, where tradition affirms that a person of that name suffered martyrdom for his attachment to the Protestant faith. There is a religious house existing at Wedderlie. The chapel is of great antiquity, as several charters relating to it still exist, which were framed in the thirteenth century. It has long been in ruins, and nothing remains to mark the place where it stood, except a vault belonging to it, into which, as tradition reports, the monks at the Reformation conveyed their most valuable effects, till a convenient opportunity occurred for their removal. A great quantity of coins were discovered in a cave at the ruins of this chapel. It is to be regretted that these were distributed throughout the country, or sold to people who cannot now be traced. But it is said none of them were of an ancient date, and it is generally supposed they were deposited there, as in a place of security, by the inhabitants of Wedderlie, during the religious wars of the seventeenth century.

One of the most interesting pieces of antiquity in this parish is what is called the Twinlaw Cairns. It is situated to the north, not far from the source of the Blackadder, and is composed of two large piles of stones—visible from a great distance—the rude and uncemented memorials of a contest, which tradition says, at some remote period, the date of which cannot now be ascertained, was maintained for the cause of Scottish independence on the northern heights of Westruther. The Cairns are said to have been reared with a special view to perpetuate the memory of two persons of the name of Edgar, twin brothers, and leaders in the contending armies, who, ignorant of their mutual relationship, resolved to decide the matter by single combat. This contest has been celebrated in a poem, which seems to have escaped the diligence of the collectors of ancient ballads. It does not bear the mark of a very high antiquity, but has been known in the parish for at least a century and a half. It is given as taken down from the recital of an old inhabitant:—

> "In days of yore, when deeds were rife,
>   And wars on banks and braes,
> And nought but strife on every side,
>   Which brought on dule and waes,

"The Anglo-Saxons' restless band
Had crossed the river Tweed;
Up for the hills of Lammermuir
Their hosts marched on with speed.

"Our Scottish warriors on the heath
In close battalion stood,
Resolved to set their country free,
Or shed their dearest blood.

"A chieftain from the Saxon band,
Exulting in his might,
Defied the bravest of the Scots
To come to single fight.

"Old Edgar had a youthful son
Who led the Scottish band;
He with the Saxon did agree
To fight it hand to hand.

"The armies stood in deep suspense
The combat for to view;
While aged Edgar stepped forth
To bid his son adieu.

"'Adieu! adieu! my darling son,
I fear that ye be lost;
For yesternight my troubled mind
With fearful dreams was tossed.

"'I dreamed your mother's parted shade
Between two armies stood,
A lovely youth on every hand,
With bosoms streaming blood.

"'My heart will break if you should fall,
My only prop and stay;
Your brother, when in infant years,
The Saxons bore away.'

"'Delay it not,' young Edgar said,
'But let the trumpets blow;
You soon shall see me prove your son,
And lay yon boaster low.'

"The trumpets raised with deafening clang,
The fearful onset blew;
And then the chieftains stepped forth,
Their shining swords they drew.

"Like lions, in a furious fight,
Their steeled falchions gleam,
Till from our Scottish warrior's side
Fast flowed a crimson stream.

"With deafening din on the coats of mail
The deadly blows resound;
At length the Saxon warrior
Did breathless press the ground.

"An aged Saxon came to view
The body of his chief;
His streaming eyes and downcast looks
Bespoke a heart of grief.

"'He's dead,' he cried, 'the bravest youth
E'er sprang from Edgar's line;
I bore him from the Scottish coasts,
And made him pass for mine.

"'And in the days of youthful prime,
He was my pride and boast;
For oft to bravery he has
Led on the Saxon host.'

"Old Edgar heard the Saxon's moan,
His cheeks grew deadly pale;
A great convulsion shook his frame,
His nerves began to fail.

"Frantic, he tore his aged locks,
With time and trouble grey;
And faintly crying, 'My son! my son!'
His spirit fled away.

"The Scottish chief, as his father fell,
He raised his fading eye,
And tore the bandage off his wounds
To let life's streams run dry.

"He kissed his sire and his brother's wounds,
That ghastly were and deep,
And closed him in his folding arms,
And fell on his long, long sleep."

In our investigations here, we have been very much indebted to the author of the statistical account of the parish of Westruther, and we cannot take leave of him without complimenting him on the admirable accuracy with which he has noticed every one of the many curious pieces of antiquity which are to be found in this neighbourhood. The Blackadder is but a small stream until it reaches Harlaw Moor, near which it waters a beautiful meadow, the sloping sides of which want only a little plantation to render it one of the most beautiful and romantic solitudes in the whole of Lammermuir. There is an ancient Roman camp upon Harlaw Moor which has been a good deal obliterated by modern operations; but one of the most curious facts connected with this moor is, that an individual, who died not long ago, recollected having seen Sir John Cope and his troops flying in a panic across it, from the battle of Prestonpans, and making eager inquiries of all they met as to which was the shortest road to Coldstream.

The Blackadder, in its course eastwards, bisects the parish of Greenlaw, receiving the Faungrass as a small tributary, and the scenery becomes more interesting from the deep bed which the river occupies in the sandstone rocks. The remains of a very interesting encampment are to be found at the junction of the Blackadder and the Faungrass, and on the very verge of their precipitous banks. The camp called the Blackcastle Rings is on the northern side of the river; on the south side, exactly opposite, is the beginning of an entrenchment, running about half-a-mile along the bank, after which it turns to the south, in the direction of Hume Castle, which latter part is called the Black Dykes. When removing the turf for a quarry in the line of this trench, some years ago, a number of gold and silver coins were found of the reign of Edward III. A piece of a silver chain was also found at the old camp. An old wall, or earthen mound, with a ditch on one side, known by the name of Herriot's Dyke, is still to be found in parts of this and the neighbouring parishes. Tradition says it extended formerly as far as Berwick on the one hand, and also westward to a place called Boon, in the parish of Legerwood, on the other. It seems to have been a fragment of those defences which were reared by the early inhabitants of the country to keep off the incursions of southern foes. The ancient site of the town of Greenlaw was upon a round hill or detached eminence, of which there are several in the parish, from their conical figure well known in Scotland by the name of *Laws*. The modern town stands in a vale on the banks of the Blackadder. A few years ago, the ruins of two religious houses, which in the days of Popery were dependent on the priory of Kelso, were to be seen in the neighbourhood; but no vestiges are now remaining of them. After quitting the parish of Greenlaw, the Blackadder bisects that of Fogo, and then acts as the division between it and Langton. Rocks appear in the bed of the stream, and the banks are high, but seldom steep, being often ploughed to the water's edge. The remains of a very interesting Roman encampment are to be found at Chester, in the western part of the parish, which, we regret to say, has suffered much dilapidation from that recklessness by which such monuments are usually destroyed. The bridge near the church here is a very curious old relic. An inscription upon it informs us that "Sir James Cockburn of Langton and Rislaw did this brig."

After quitting Fogo, the river bisects a portion of the parish of Dunse, and then acts as the line of division between it and Edrom. In this way it passes near the extensive place of Wedderburn, belonging to Mr. Forman Home. The house is a large Grecian edifice. Here it was that the collection of pictures, afterwards removed to the gallery of Paxton House, was originally placed. The river here receives the Langton Burn. The Blackadder, in passing through the parish of Edrom for about six miles on its way to join the Whitadder at Allanton, has its course through a level country. Nisbett is a fine old place, with a well timbered park. There was an ancient castle here, which now no longer exists. This is supposed to have been the castle of Rhodes, mentioned in the fine old ballad of "Edom of Gordon."

" It fell about the Martinmas,
Quhen the wind blew schrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men—
' We maun draw to a hauld.

" ' And what a hauld sall we draw to,
My mirry men and me?
We waul gae to the house o' the Rhodes,
To see that fair ladie.'

" The ladie stude on her castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
There she was 'ware of a host of men
Cum ryding towards the toun.

" ' O see ze not, my mirry men a'?
O see ze not quhat I see?
Methinks I see a host of men:
I merveil quhat they be.'

" She ween'd it had been hir luvely lord,
As he came riding hame;
It was the traitor, Edom o' Gordon,
Quha reckt nae sin nor shame.

" She had nae sooner buskit hersel',
And puttin on hir gown,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were light about the toun.

" The lady ran up to hir towir head
Sae fast as she could drie,
To see if by hir fair speeches
She could wi' him agree.

" But quhan he see this lady saif,
And hir yates all locked fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his hart was all aghast.

" ' Cum doun to me, ze lady gay,
Cum doun, cum doun to me;
This night sall ze ly within mine arms,
To-morrow my bride sall be.'

" ' I winnae cum doun, ze fals Gordon,
I winnae cum doun to thee;
I winnae forsake my ain dear lord,
That is sae far frae me.'

" ' Give owre zour house, ze lady fair,
Give owre zour house to me,
Or I sall burn yoursel' therein,
Bot and zour babies three.'

" ' I winnae give owre, ze fals Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as zee;
And if ze burn my ain dear babes
My lord sall make ze drie.

" ' But reach my pistol, Glaud, my man,
And charge ze weil my gun;
For—but if I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes we been undone.'

" She stude upon hir castle wa',
And let twa bullets flee;
She mist that bluidy butcher's hart,
And only raz'd his knee.

" ' Set fire to the house,' quo' fals Gordon,
All wud wi' dule and ire;
' Fals lady, ze sall rue this deid,
As ze burn in the fire.'

" ' Wae worth! wae worth ze! Jock my man,
I paid ze weil your fee;
Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa' stane,
Let's in the reek to me?

" ' And ever wae worth ze, Jock, my man,
I paid ze weil your hire:
Quhy pow ye out the ground-wa' stane,
To me lets in the fire?'

" ' Ze paid me weil my hire, lady;
Ze paid me weil my fee;
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,
Maun either doe or die.'

" O then bespack hir little son,
Sate on the nourice knee;
Says, ' Mither dear, gi' owre this house,
For the reek it smithers me.'

" ' I wad gi'e a' my gowd, my childe,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ane blast o' the westlin wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee.'

" O then bespack her dochtir dear,
She was baith jimp and sma;
' O row me in a pair o' sheits,
And tow me owre the wa'.'

" They row'd hir in a pair o' sheits,
And towed hir owre the wa';
But on the point of Gordon's speir
She gat a deadly fa'.

" O bonnie, bonnie was hir mouth,
And cherry were her cheiks,
And clear, clear was hir zellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

" Then wi' his speir he turn'd hir owre,
O gin her face was wan!
He said ' Ze are the first that eir
I wish't alive again.'

" He turn'd her owre and owre again,
' O gin her skin was whyte!
I might ha'e spared that bonnie face,
To ha'e been man's delyte.'

" ' Busk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I do guess;
I canna luik in that bonnie face
As 't lyes on the grass.

" ' Thame luiks to freits, my master deir,
Then freits will follow thame:
Let it ne'er be said, brave Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame.'

" But quhen the ladye see the fire
Cam flaming owre hir head,
She wept, and kist her children twain,
Sayd, ' Bairns we been but dead.'

"The Gordon then his bougill blew,
And said, 'Awa', awa',
This house o' the Rhodes is a' in flame,
I hauld it time to ga'.'

"O! then bespied hir ain dear lord,
As he cam owre the lee;
He seid his castle all in blaze,
Sae far as he could see.

"Then sair, O! sair, his mind misgave,
And all his heart was wae:
'Put on! put on! my wighty men,
Sae fast as ze can gae!

"'Put on! put on! my wighty men,
Sae fast as ze can drie;
And he that is hindmost of the thrang
Sall neir get guide o' me.'

"Then sum they rade, and sum they ran,
Fou fast out owre the bent;
But eir the foremost could get up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

"He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
And wept in teerefu' muid:
'O traitors! for this cruel deid
Ze sall weip teirs o' bluid!'

"And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sae fast as he micht drie;
And soon i' the Gordon's foul hartis bluid,
He's wroken his dear ladie."

The present building is old and venerable. It is the property of Lord Sinclair. Kimmerghame, an old property of the Swinton's, is beautifully situated near the Blackadder. At Kelloe there is a square of cottages, called Kelloe Bastle, built on the site of the *bastell*, or keep, of ancient times. Blackadder House, the property of Lady Houston, is remarkable for its conservatory.

After receiving the Blackadder, the Whitadder runs through a country so flat, that it has been necessary to restrain it by embankments, so as to keep it to one regular channel. The place of Whitehall was magnificently timbered, and although the late proprietor, Sir John Hall, cut down a great many large oaks, it still exhibits a fine show of wood. It is now the property of Mr. Mitchell Innes of Ayton. One of the most interesting objects upon this stream is the old keep of Hutton Hall, the property of Mr. Mackenzie Grieve. With singular good taste, it is preserved as much as possible as it was. It is extremely old, though the various parts of it are to be attributed to different dates. No one can trace the era of the erection of the keep, which, in all such buildings, is to be considered as the original nucleus of the edifice, from which all the other parts have germinated, as the altered circumstances of the times permitted. It is exceedingly picturesque, and stands in a most romantic position on the brink of an eminence overlooking the Whitadder. Opposite to Hutton, the Whitadder washes the parish of Foulden. We mention this circumstance for no other reason than that we may have the opportunity of noticing a very singular monument that is to be found in the church of the latter parish. The person whom it commemorates must have been of some distinction, for traditionary accounts of his forays are still extant. We extract the inscription from the statistical account:—

HEIR. LIETH. ANE. HONORABIL. MAN. GEORG.
FIFE. FOSTRING. PEACE. ME. BRED.
FROM. THENCE. THE. MERCE. ME. CALD.
TO. BYDE. HIS. BATTELIS. BALD.
VERIED. VITH. VARES. AND. SORE. OPPREST.
DEATH. GAVE. TO. MARS. THE. FOYL.
ANE. NOV. I. HAVE. MORE. QVIET. REST.
THAN. IN. MY. NATIVE. SOYL. FOVR.
FIFE. MERCE. MARS. MOKT. THESE. FATAL.
AL. HAIL. MY. DAYS. HES. DRIVEN. OVR.

RAMSEY. IN. FVLDEN.

BASTEL. VHO. DEPARTED. 4. JAN. 1592.

AND. OF. HIS. AGE. 74.

After quitting the parish of Hutton, the Whitadder runs diagonally through a small part of the liberties of Berwick, to effect its junction with the Tweed. The Whitadder and the Blackadder have been long celebrated throughout Scotland as trout-angling rivers. For our part, from our earliest youth, we have been looking forward to a day at the Whitadder as one of the greatest treats that we could possibly enjoy in the exercise of the gentle art; and such is the strange uncertainty of this world and all which it concerns, that we have never yet succeeded in making out this so highly desirable object. The Whitadder is remarkably clear in its stream, whilst the Blackadder is dark, as its name imports, yet this latter river is held to produce the best trout, resembling in some respects those of the Eden, and being red-fleshed when in season. Sea-trout, which run freely up the Whitadder, are said not to run up the Blackadder. The statistical account of the parish of Dunse tells us that, in the months of September and October, salmon and grilse in great numbers ascend the Whitadder to its very source, and all its tributary streams, even those that are inconsiderable, for the purpose of depositing their spawn in the gravel. The whitling, a smaller fish, resembling them in quality and habits, is also found in considerable numbers; also a coarser fish, somewhat similar, and commonly called the bull-trout. They return to the sea with the first spring floods. In May the common burn-trout is in abundance: although not accounted so rich in quality, it is more delicate in flavour than the trout of the Blackadder. Though the Whitadder and Blackadder unite their streams a few miles below Dunse (after their union retaining the name of the Whitadder), the quality of the trout remain quite distinct; and salmon is seldom known to enter the Blackadder; although, at their junction, there is no remarkable difference in their size.

Having now finished our angling hints with regard to the Tweed and its tributaries, we feel that we should be guilty of very great ingratitude to Mr. Stoddart if we did not thank him, in our very best manner, not only for the information with which his work has supplied us for our present purpose, but likewise for the pleasure we derived from the perusal of his lively and instructive treatise. We must confess that we are not as yet prepared to go fully along with him in some parts of his theories in regard to the propagation of salmon and trout. But, indeed, we are disposed to hold, that whilst much has been discovered by the ingenuity of naturalists, in regard to the final settlement of this question, a few more years of patient investigation and experiment will be necessary to settle it beyond dispute.

It is a remarkable fact, and one which perhaps our gentle readers will not be prepared to expect, that the most interesting and instructive information that we ever had in our lives from any individual on the subject, we received at a private party in London, from the lips of the great Daniel O'Connell. He got upon the subject of Irish lakes and Irish rivers, and, with a fluency which perfectly astonished us, and which could have only arisen from a perfect knowledge of the subject, he gave us grand and beautiful, though rapid, descriptions of their scenery; enumerated all the different sorts of fish that inhabited their waters; entered scientifically into the composition of the various flies which were necessary to render the angler successful in different parts of the country; enlivened the whole with episodical anecdotes of particular days of angling; and all this with an enthusiasm which, whilst it was full of poetical imagery, was no whit less in degree than if he had been advocating his favourite cause of justice to Ireland. The party was an exceedingly small one, assembled at the house of an official friend, and we have no doubt that it was marked by the newspapers as one in which some important political plans were hatching, whereas not a word was uttered upon the subject.

About three miles to the westward of Berwick is Halidon Hill, where, on the 19th of July, 1332, the Scottish army, under Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, Regent of Scotland, was defeated by the English army, under Edward III. The battle was gained by the superiority of the English archers. The loss on the part of the Scots, especially in chivalry, both in killed and taken prisoners, was great, the Regent himself being mortally wounded and taken prisoner. We had two ancestors there—Sir Robert Lauder, junior, who fought, dismounted, in the third body, under the Regent; and his father, Sir Robert de Lauder, senior, who was so very old a man, that, although attached to the fourth body, he, with Alexander de Menzies, William de Prendergast, Robert de Keith, Edward de Keith, and Patrick de Brechin, sat on horseback rather as spectators of a battle in which their age and infirmities prevented them from acting. This is the Sir Robert Lauder whom we have elsewhere noticed as Justiciarius of all the country to the south of the Forth; while his son, Sir Robert Lauder, junior, was Justiciarius of all the country to the north of this estuary. After this fatal battle, Scotland was, as it were, prostrated for a time; but we find from Fordun, that some castles still remained in the possession of her friends. Michael Fleming, having escaped from the carnage at Halidon, secured the castle of Dumbarton; Alan de Vipont held the castle of Lochleven; Christian Bruce, sister of Robert I., the castle of Kildrummie, in Mar; and Robert Lauder, the castle of Urquhart, in Inverness-shire, which he never yielded.

When we begin to find ourselves within the liberties of Berwick, we discover that we are in a species of no man's land. We are neither in England nor in Scotland, but in "our good town of Berwick-upon-Tweed." Let not the inhabitants of Berwick imagine that, because we have indulged in a joke here, we have not a very high respect for them and their ancient town. We have never passed through it without being filled with veneration for the many marks that yet remain to show what a desperate struggle it must have had for its existence for so many centuries, proving a determined bravery in the inhabitants almost unexampled in the history of man. It always brings to our mind some very ancient silver flagon, made in an era when workmen were inexpert, and when the taste of their forms was more intended for use than for ornament, but of materials so solid and valuable as to have made it survive all the blows and injuries, the marks of which are still to be seen upon it; and which is thus infinitely more respected than some modern mazer of the most exquisite workmanship. But, whilst the plan of our work excludes the description of towns, except in very peculiar cases, we should have felt, if it had been otherwise, that if we had opened up the subject of Berwick, such a mass of interesting historical and legendary matter would have poured out upon us, as to have rendered it quite impossible for us to have grappled with it. The history of its very bridge alone would fill volumes. And what an interesting old relic it is! with its inconveniences in regard to modern traffic, well designed for defence in the days when they were constructed. We can never walk along it, nor hang over its parapet, without peopling it with the steel-clad horsemen, and buff-jerkined pikemen, who were the figures who crowded it during its youth. How whimsical is it to think of the astonishment of these men, if they could be brought to life!—aye, or perhaps more wonderful, if we could bring to life men who died some ten or fifteen years ago, in order that they might have a peep of the new railway bridge, which architects are now hanging in the air, half-way between the Tweed and the clouds! But let us suppose the more ancient groups to be congregated on their old bridge, looking upwards at the new one, and that a locomotive engine came suddenly along, to all appearance belching out smoke and fire, and snorting and hissing, as it rolls along like a peal of thunder, with a train of some twenty carriages at its back, and we are disposed to think that they would be inclined to imagine that heaven and hell had exchanged positions.

One of the most extraordinary circumstances connected with the epoch in which heaven has been pleased to allow us to live, has always appeared to us to be this: some strange plan has been proposed, and brought forward by engineers or architects, as a thing of perfectly easy accomplishment. At first, their scheme has been met by the finger and the laugh of scorn; but a year or two wears on, and that which was treated as perfectly chimerical soon begins to find acceptance in men's judgment, and is carried out and executed with the universal applause of mankind. We have only to enumerate gas, steam-navigation, iron vessels, railways, tunnels, the electric telegraph, steam locomotion, these gigantic bridges, and to crown all, our worthy old friend, Brunel's tunnel under the Thames. We remember a good many years ago, before things of this nature met with so ready an acceptance, that our friend Telford brought forward the grand scheme of throwing a single iron arch of 1000 feet span across the Thames, to do away with the necessity of the then old London bridge, and to allow of the free navigation upwards of vessels of every height of mast. We were for a considerable time in possession of the plan and sections of this most gigantic work, which were laid before Parliament, and we have not a shadow of doubt, that if the same readiness to open the eyes to the possibility of the execution of such plans had existed then that exists now, the bridge would at this moment have been spanning the river. But the scheme was not only met by that species of doubt which prudent caution legitimately creates—it was assailed by the ridicule of incredulity, and the obloquy of ignorance. It was compared to the celebrated bridge of one arch which the renowned Baron Munchausen proposed to throw across from Great Britain to America; the great strength of which was to consist in the arch-stones being composed of all the blockheads in the world, with their heads drawn together in a semicircle below, and their feet in the air. The most wonderful of those modern proposals, is that which is now going on, of hanging an iron tunnel in the air, so as to carry the railway across from the mainland to Anglesea. Though we must confess that we have our tremblings, yet we have now so great a confidence in human science, that we have every hope of its succeeding; we shall regard its progress with the greatest possible interest, and hail with joy its ultimate triumphant success.

Escaping from Berwick-bridge, the Tweed, already mingled with the tide, finds its way down to its estuary, the sand and muddy shores of which have no beauty in them. The only features within reach of this, that could enable a stranger to occupy a day in looking at them, which he must do by boat, are the fine bold rocks that run along the coast to the northward, and the Fern Islands to the southward. Of these last, Holy Island is indeed most interesting, the ruins of the Abbey of Lindisfarne in themselves being quite sufficient to repay any one for the trouble of visiting them.

"As to the port the galley flew,
Higher and higher rose to view
The Castle with its battled walls,
The ancient Monastery's halls,
A solemn, huge, and dark red pile,
Placed on the margin of the isle.

"In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd,
With massive arches, broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known.

"By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alley'd walk
To emulate in stone.

"On the deep walls the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
Open to robbers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and Northern pirate's hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilded in a later style,
Show'd where the spoiler's hand had been.
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillars' carving quaint,
And moulded in his niche the saint,
And rounded with consuming power
The pointed angles of each tower;
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued."

Berwick Bay, if it can be called a bay, is an extremely precarious and disagreeable anchorage: we can speak from experience. It has the full benefit of the northerly and easterly blasts on the one hand, whilst on the other, it is exposed to every flood and freshet that may affect the river. In the month of June 1844, we sailed in the Princess Royal cutter from Leith Roads with a party of friends, to go to fish for cod on the Marr Bank, which lies some fifteen or twenty miles off from the mouth of the Firth of Forth. After being a day or two there, we sailed for the coast of East Lothian, and anchored in a beautiful calm evening in that very ticklish anchorage off Dunbar, with the intention of running up the Firth in the morning. About midnight it began to blow from the north and west, and the gale went on increasing towards morning, till, we may say, it became a perfect hurricane. The anchorage ground is rocky, but having two anchors out, they held us pretty well for a time, although the vessel pitched tremendously. A sloop-rigged coaster came in with her topmast gone and otherwise damaged, but we had little leisure to look at her, for we soon began to find our own anchors coming home to us; and we were obliged to lose no time in getting them weighed, and hoisting our three-reefed mainsail, our foresail and storm-jib. At it we went, hammer and tongs, as the sailors say, to try to beat into the Firth against the wind. A single board or two soon convinced us that such an attempt was vain, and making up our minds to run to the southward, we put our helm up and were soon going at a pace which we shall never forget. The objects on the East Lothian and Berwickshire coasts flew past us as if winged by lightning, while clouds of dust rising from the fields then preparing for turnips were whirled into the air, and were carried so far as we could believe right across the German Ocean to the Continent of Europe. There was something extremely animating in all this, but we could not help thinking over what ports were ahead of us. We had a signal for a pilot flying, and we were not further than a couple of miles from the shore. No notice was taken of it at Eyemouth, but by means of our glasses we spied a boat pushing off at Burnmouth, and consequently we threw the vessel's head into the wind, and lay to, to wait for it. The boats on that coast are very curiously constructed, being flat-bottomed aft, and sharp forward. The sea that came off-shore ran so very heavy that the pilot could not trust the stern of the boat to meet it, for fear he should have been pooped. To our surprise, therefore, he and his men came alongside rowing the boat stern foremost. Had this man not had the courage to come aboard of us, we might have scoured on till we were brought up at Dover; but he soon anchored us in safety in Berwick Bay; but we must own, however, that we have not spent such a disagreeable night for a long time as we did lying at double anchor there. And as the gale continued next day, and might have continued for a week, we and our friends were compelled to come to the determination of returning to Edinburgh by the coach, the railway at that time being only in the course of construction. After an early breakfast, therefore, we got into the gig, with four stout hands to row us ashore; but in spite of all that these men could do we were carried out to sea very rapidly. The mate of the vessel who was on board became so much alarmed, that he was just about to weigh and stand after us, to pick us up, when we managed to manœuvre so as to get within the influence of the lull produced at the back of the long pier; and so we at last effected a landing, but not without a considerable wetting to several of the party. Getting all outside the coach, we two or three times ran imminent risk of being wrecked ashore, for the vehicle was repeatedly lifted off its near-wheels, in such a manner as to prove to us, that it was maturely considering whether it would not be better to yield to the blast and go over altogether, than fight with the wind, so as to allow them to perform their office as before.

And now, oh silver Tweed! we bid thee a kind and last adieu, having seen thee rendered up to that all-absorbing ocean, with which all rivers are doomed to be commingled, and their existence terminated, as is that of frail man, with the same hope of being thence restored by those well-springs of life that are formed above the clouds.

SCHOMBURGK'S HISTORY OF BARBADOES.*

A book of 722 pages, or about the same amount of letterpress as has been found sufficient to comprise some respectable histories of England, devoted to the history of an island which the author compares in size and outline to the Isle of Wight, may appear at first sight to belong to that class of undertakings which political economists call "non-productive;" by which term it is meant, not that they produce nothing, but that they produce less than they cost. It must be remembered, however, that Sir R. H. Schomburgk's work is not a history politically and socially merely, but a history also geographically, climatologically, statistically, geologically, and botanically. As well as a narrative of events, it is a cyclopædia of the sciences as illustrated by the Island of Barbadoes, and not Barbadoes only, but by the West Indian Archipelago generally. The author has thus a wide field, and as he brings to its cultivation extensive learning and unwearied industry, it can excite little surprise that he should have to complain of being compelled to compress the botanical department of his work within smaller limits than he intended. Moreover, the History of Barbadoes, as the author informs us, and as appears from his list of subscribers, is written chiefly for the inhabitants of that island; and every one knows the microscopic interest with which islanders in particular regard every fact and object connected with the spot of their nativity. To Barbadians by birth or by ties of property, to men of science, and to statesmen and politicians, this History will prove a welcome and valuable book; whilst the present crisis of West Indian affairs serves to invest it with a much greater degree of general interest than it could have been expected, in other circumstances, to possess.

There is no natural characteristic on which the prosperity of a community more essentially depends than upon climate. The fertility of the soil, and the health and physical energy, and even the moral habits of the inhabitants, are all profoundly modified by the conditions of the atmosphere. Genial heat, and refreshing rains, and invigorating breezes, compensate inconvenience of position and poverty of resources; but the richest soil frequently lies scorched and fruitless under a burning sun, or generates miasma and pestilence under deluges of rain. In the seat of a colony, the question of climate becomes doubly important, for, in addition to how far it is consonant with the general laws of health, it has to be considered how it is likely to affect a population accustomed to a different latitude.

Barbadoes is one of the healthiest of the West Indian islands. It is free of sudden changes from heat to cold; and the extent to which it has been cultivated has cleared it of the swamps and marshes so pestilential in tropical countries. The thermometer ranges from 71° to 86°, winter and summer included; and there are frequent showers during eight or nine months of the year.

The terrors of the Barbadian climate consist chiefly in those wild outbreaks of nature, when the elements seem to cast off all restraint, and revel in a career of fury and destruction. These are treated by our author under the formidable classification of hurricanes, thunder-storms, water-spouts, great waves, land-slips, earthquakes, and May-dust. The hurricane is the most horrific of these phenomena. From 1494 to 1846, or in a period of 352 years, 127 of these awful visitations are recorded as having committed more or less injury in the West Indies. The hurricanes of 1780 and 1831 stand out from the crowd of similar occurrences in solitary and unrivalled destructiveness; and on both occasions Barbadoes was a severe sufferer. It is said that 4326 human beings lost their lives by the hurricane of 1780 in that island alone, and the loss of property is estimated at £1,320,564. One pleasing fact connected with that dreadful catastrophe is worthy of notice. An appeal was made to the mother-country for assistance, and among the first who responded to it were

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* The History of Barbadoes; comprising a Geographical and Statistical Description of the Island; a Sketch of the Historical Events since the Settlement; and an Account of its Geology and Natural Productions. By Sir Robert H. Schomburgk, PH. D., Knight of the Royal Prussian Order of the Red Eagle, &c, &c. &c. London: Longman, Brown, Green and Longman. 1848,