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SCOTTISH RIVERS

BY THE LATE

SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER, BARONET,

AUTHOR OF "THE MORAVSHIRE FLOODS;" "THE WOLFE OF BADENOCH," ETC.

With Illustrations by the Author,

AND A PREFACE BY JOHN BROWN, M.D., LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "RAB AND HIS FRIENDS," ETC.

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PREFACE.

THE Author of this delightful little book was himself delightful,—how delightful was known only to his inner friends, but even to the outer world we hardly know a man who was more generally beloved.

With a noble presence, long, rich, fair hair, a handsome face, animated by honest, fearless, happy blue eyes, he was in his time one of the most popular of men,—always in the van in any cause where liberty and human welfare were at stake—he was the keenest and kindest, the most chivalrous, of political warriors. But as this book shows, he had something else in him—an intense love and study of nature and of art,—he was, in fact, a genuine artist, and had he been born poor, would have died all the more famous.

His books of sketches, which I have had the pleasure of looking through, show his accurate and reverential eye, when sketching the wild and lovely scenes of his dearly loved Scotland.

His son George inherited this gift, intensified by individual genius, and directed and moulded by study under Thomson of Duddingston. He died at the age of thirty, "withering in all the leaves of his spring," with his art faculty unaccomplished; but in his oil-painting of the Falls of the Glomak, and others, he showed not a little of the magic and truth of Turner, and the epic solemnity of Thomson, with something native to himself—such as to prove that in his death the higher landscape painting had a loss not easily estimated.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, the eldest son of Sir Andrew Lauder of Fountainhall, Bart., a descendant of the famous Scottish lawyer of that name, was born in 1784. He entered the army when young, and was for some time in the 26th Cameronians. After marrying Miss Cumin, only child and heiress of George Cumin, Esq. of Relugas, he retired from the army and lived in that lovely place on the Findhorn, making it still more lovely.

In 1820 he succeeded to the Baronetcy, and early in 1831 he came to live at the Grange, near Edinburgh.

His first literary work was a paper on the famous *Parallel Roads of Glen Roy*, read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He was one of the earliest contributors to *Blackwood* in his "Simon Roy, gardener at Dumphail," which had the honour of being mistaken for Sir Walter's. His two romances *The Wolfe of Badenoch* and *Lochandhu* were well known and read; they are of the Scott school, and are rich

in local colouring and full of wholesome interest. But the work which is his best, having more of himself and his specific genius, is *The Moray Floods in 1829*. It has something of everything characteristic of him,—his descriptive power, his humour, his sympathy for suffering, his sense of the picturesque. He was himself a witness of that strange and terrible catastrophe, and his original sketches from which the engravings in that work are taken, are full of truth, and express admirably that co-existence of the terrible with the comic, which all natural events of this kind never fail to manifest.

From 1839 to his death, Sir Thomas was Secretary of the Board of Manufactures and Fisheries, where his scientific and artistic knowledge and taste had full scope for beneficent action.

Along with James Wilson, brother of the renowned Professor, and one of the most genuine, and genial, and humorous of men, he sailed round the north of Scotland in 1842, and the etchings from his drawings form not the least interesting part of the two volumes called *A Voyage round the Coasts of Scotland and the Isles*.

The Rivers of Scotland, now republished from *Tait's Magazine*, was Sir Thomas's last work, and interrupted by his death. The greater part was written to his dictation by his daughter Susan, who inherited her father's enthusiasm and benevolence, and worked lovingly at that which helped to cheer his hours of suffering. Sir Thomas died

in 1848, beloved and honoured. He was the intimate friend of all the best men in Scotland in his time,—Sir Walter, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Wilson, Grecian Williams the painter, Thomson of Duddingston, etc. etc., and there was not a subject in the literature or art of his native country which he did not touch and adorn. In politics he was a liberal, and was always, as already said, foremost when the public liberties were in peril. In private he was one of the most loveable as he was one of the most charming of men—happy and happy-making—in manners and in essence a perfect gentleman. He was a generous friend to struggling men of letters or art, and was the discoverer of Hugh Miller, having recommended sturdy Adam Black to take his *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*, the first book of that great and tragic genius.

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting the words of two men who knew and loved Sir Thomas, one of whom was that great word-portrait painter Lord Cockburn. Our first extract from his *Journal*, just published, gives the public character of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder to the quick:—

“I am surprised to find that I have scarcely mentioned Sir Thomas Dick Lauder; and yet for the last four years he has been in the very heart of all our proceedings, in so much that strangers judging from newspapers might suppose that he rules everything in Edinburgh. He does not rule, however; he is only a very active and useful assistant, chiefly at meetings, and as a canvasser. He is the greatest favourite with the mob that the Whigs have. The very sight of his

blue carriage makes their soles itch to become the horses. He is one of the persons whose Whiggism is so liberal that it enables him to keep the Radicals in some order. The chief part of his influence, indeed, is owing to his being very much one of themselves ; but besides, there is something even in the outward air of this representative of old Fountainhall very captivating to any populace. A flow of rambling natural talk ; ready jokes ; the twinkle of a mild laughing eye ; a profusion of grey grizzly hair tossed over head, face, and throat ; a bludgeon ludicrously huge for civil life, especially in his powerful though gentle hand ; raiment half fashionable, half agrestic ; a tall, gentleman-like, Quixotic figure ; and a general picturesqueness of appearance. But these things, though it is these by which he is commonly best known, are insignificant. He is in more substantial matters a very accomplished gentleman. His published works, particularly his account of the *Floods in Morayshire* and of the *Parallel Roads of Glen Roy*, attest his science and his skill in composition ; and he has a general accomplishment in several difficult things. Lauder could make his way in the world as a player, or a ballad singer, or a street fiddler, or a geologist, or a civil engineer, or a surveyor, and easily and eminently as an artist or a layer out of ground. He is honourable, warm-hearted, and friendly, overflowing with equity and kindness. The great friend of Dr. Gordon could scarcely avoid being a very general favourite. Could I recall past days, I would not leave one unrecalled that I ever spent with him, especially at

his former paradise of Relugas, at the junction of the Divie and the Findhorn near Forres, where he lived till he came to Grange House near Edinburgh, in 1831. I used to visit him almost yearly at Relugas, one of the most beautiful spots in Scotland; and what a combination of pleasures was there in the kindness and hilarity of that family and in the scenery of that Eden! The long river walks of the forenoon, amidst the glories of the woods of Darnaway and Altyre, and the long evenings of domestic mirth by which each happy day was at last brought to a close."

The second is of special interest as regards this book:—

"Sir Thomas Dick Lauder died on the 29th of last month—an event which clouds many of the sunniest scenes of the last half of my life. His dying deserves to be remembered, for it reconciles one to the act. He was of great mental and bodily activity, and combined a good deal of thought and a strong infusion of rational piety with habits of hilarious enjoyment. About eighteen months ago he was attacked by some internal malady, which produced excessive weakness, and very frequently great pain, and never for a moment departed. It might have been anticipated that such an illness must sink or irritate a spirit so gay, and one so unpractised in sickness. But he battled it bravely and quietly, and never in the full tide of health was so gentle, affectionate, and serene, as while life was ebbing. No fretfulness, or murmuring, or impatience, or despondency; a desire to live, but no horror of dying; a kind and cheerful sofa or bedside enjoyment of

friends ; an interest in his garden, deepened by the improbability of his ever seeing his flowers bloom again ; a little business, and his own pleasure of slight literary composition. *Tail's Magazine* has been enriched for above a year by a series of articles on the rivers of Scotland—articles not so deep certainly as some of our rivers, but not so shallow as others, and as pleasing as the best of them. These papers do not contain one gloomy thought, but are all as bright and as fresh with nature as if they had proceeded from a vigorous enthusiast, glowing from the very scenes, but softening his exuberance of enjoyment by occasional tenderness of reflection. They were all composed on his deathbed. No wonder that Jeffrey told him on one of his visits that he had come 'to take a lesson.' It was really 'an *exercice* of holy dying'—a scene which philosophers and Christians might have contemplated and been improved by. Nothing in his amiable life raised him so much in the respect and esteem of his friends as the graceful resignation of his tedious, and obviously hopeless, decline."

The other extract is from Thomas Constable's life of his father, in which he has not only vindicated his great memory, but given glimpses, no one else had the means of giving, of the men of his time :—

"Sir Thomas Dick Lauder was an eminently liberal man, and often obeyed the impulses of humanity without due reference to maxims of political economy, or perhaps to the dictates of common prudence. I well remember, on

more than one occasion, after breakfasting at Grange House—that home of love and happiness, when leaving it along with him to return to town, the *tribe* of suitors—chiefly female—that beset him in the Lover's Lane, and to each of whom he seemed to give a daily and expected dole from the heavy pocket which he was not long in lightening. On my venturing to remonstrate, he said, 'I only give them *pence*; if they walk so far for so small a sum, they *must* be needy.'

"Another practice of Sir Thomas's may, however, be earnestly recommended for imitation. He had cut out for himself, and pasted together in sequence, all the recorded utterances of our Lord, and kept them open in his dressing-room, that he might read a portion every morning as he dressed. I remember his recommendation of this habit to myself, saying, 'For a busy man like me, occupied all day in worldly matters, I find it very valuable.'"

Three etchings from Sir Thomas's drawings are given: the one, of the ruins of the hanging-room of Neidpath Castle, with its suggestive ring, giving a grim idea of the family arrangements of these old strengths; the two others his ancestral houses of Fountainhall and Grange. They are done by my young friend Mr. Matthew, who will not allow himself to be called an artist, and thinks less of them than I do.

Of this book itself I have nothing to say to the public, but to advise that great creature to read it lovingly, slowly, thankfully. I can wish it few better pleasures than to explore the rivers of Scotland which he here describes and illustrates

with this volume in their bag—tracking the *fabulosus* Yarrow from its source in Chapelhope moss-hags, through lone St. Mary's Lake, and past Black Andro and Newark, to the haugh where Tamlane met his fairy lover, and where Montrose and his men met more than their match; or the perfect Tweed from its "well" at Tweedshaws, where

The mountain infant to the sun comes forth,
Like human life from darkness,

following it by Merlin's Grave, and Neidpath and Ashiestiel, and Yair, and the fatal Abbotsford, and Melrose, Young and Old, and Norham—till it flows on "a river deep and smooth, passing with a still foot and a sober face, and paying to the *Fiscus*, the great exchequer of the sea, the prince of all the watery bodies, a tribute large and full;"¹ for a river is an individual, a *totum quid*, and evolves itself, its glen or dale or strath, by a shaping spirit, and at its own sweet, or it may be its own fierce will, like our Author's romantic, impassioned, Pindaric Findhorn, or the swift and crystal Dee, trotting "without stop or stay" from the dread solitudes of Braeriach to the wild North Sea. J. B.

¹ Jeremy Taylor.





SCOTTISH RIVERS.

THE JORDAN.

WE have been much gratified by the perusal of some well-written and interesting articles on Irish rivers, which have appeared in the numbers of our able contemporary, the *Dublin University Magazine*. It has occurred to us that we might, now and then, say a few words about our Scottish rivers. We are ready to admit that we owe the idea to our much-respected brother, and to thank him for having inspired us with it; but at the same time, we are fully disposed to exercise that discretion which we both wish and require to maintain within the regions of our own particular domain, and to do the matter entirely after our own taste and fancy. We, who have served in our younger days, cannot forget the military lessons which our much-lamented friend, old Major Ramsbottom, used to take every opportunity of impressing on us, under the firm conviction which the good and brave man held, that we had been born to die a Field-Marshal. "When you are about to fight the enemy, my boy," said he, "whether it may be with a small or a large force, never bring the *elite* of your troops prominently forward at first. Begin with the rapscallions—if, indeed, any such fellows are ever to be found in any British army—and then, by afterwards supporting them with your more choice *corps d'armée*, you will annihilate the enemy, without any

serious loss to yourself." Peace to the manes of the brave and kind-hearted Major! His doating affection for us was such, and his augury of our future military fame was so wonderful, that, if he had had any control over us, we never should have got leave to quit the service as we did; and all his life afterwards he solemnly declared that, had we only stuck to the red coat, the sun of the great Duke of Wellington never would have risen above the horizon,—that its beams would have been utterly quenched beneath the superior splendour of our military career.

But the reader may well ask what has Major Ramsbottom or our undeveloped military fame to do with the Scottish rivers? Gentlest of friends, we shall explain and endeavour to satisfy you in regard to this in a moment. It is quite true we are not about to fight against an enemy, but we are going to bring out the gallant array of our Scottish streams. If Ireland has her Shannon, have we not our Clyde?—and are there not "salmons in both?" But if you, dear sir, think that we are to begin with the king of our Scottish streams and estuaries, you are doing that which it is extremely foolish in so wise a man, as we took you to be, to do—that is, you are reckoning without your host. We mean to apply that most sensible advice given to us by our kind old friend, Ramsbottom, in regard to our military career, to that which we now occasionally follow in the literary line; and although we shall not—and, indeed, cannot—go so low as to march our rapscallions to the front, seeing that we do not possess any such fellows among the whole of the aqueous divinities of Scotland, yet we shall not send any of our more powerful forces into the field until we shall have been enabled to afford an opportunity to some of our humbler, and less generally known, streams to exhibit themselves. But, indeed, this, as you must be aware, is not only the *tactique* of the tented field, but it is equally pursued in bringing forward both opera-dancers and singers, *et hoc genus omne*. With such views as these strongly impressed upon our mind, we shall begin with the little stream that chances to be our nearest neighbour, upon the principle that, by so doing, we are at least doing a neighbourly act.

This stream to which we would now especially direct our reader's attention, is the Jordan. Nay, start not! We have

no need to send out to Syria to import for our purpose the sacred Scriptural river which our earliest religious associations have taught us so long and so devotedly to reverence. We possess a Jordan of our own, and we mean to give you some account of it. We admit that, by the vulgar, it is sometimes called the Pow; but that being a mere corruption of the word *pool*, is found to be frequently applied to such portions of rivers as, being very deep and tranquil, chance to come within the daily observation of those peasants who live near them, on their banks. We further admit that the stream is not even navigable by boats, and that, unlike both the rivers alluded to by Fluellen, as already quoted, there are no salmons in it; and that, indeed, whilst it might be considered by Americans or by East Indians hardly to deserve the name of a river, it might perhaps be looked upon, by dwellers on the banks of the Mississippi or the Ganges, as little better than a brook. But still it is not, on that account, to be altogether overlooked as insignificant. It is not always the fattest and biggest man who is the greatest hero. We know that Horatio Lord Nelson was short, and Arthur Duke of Wellington himself is no giant; but small as our little Jordan is, we trust that we shall be able to show, before we are done with it, that, had we been as great a poet as Spenser, we might have spun as many verses on its banks as he ever did on those of his Mulla or Molle. It is to the size, the form, and the purity of pearls that one's attention is called, and not to the thread that strings them together.

Small as is the stream of our Jordan, and short as is its course, the ascertainment of the exact position of its source has been productive of much contradictory speculation. We need not tell our readers that a company composed entirely of scientific men is always apt to be the most stupid party imaginable. The reason of this is obvious: all are ready to instruct, but, unfortunately, no one is there to be informed, for every one knows all that any of the others can speak about. Every mouth, therefore, is busily engaged in swallowing the delicate solids and fluids that may be provided for them by their host; and, beyond some half-muttered observations on the respective merits of the various eatables and

drinkables, replied to, it may be, by a grunt of assent, or a snort of denial, we have heard just as much science from a parcel of pigs over a trough, as from such a party of philosophers. Now, gentle reader, I daresay you begin to think that the thread of our stream is so very small that we have lost it altogether. But have patience, and you will find that we are quite right after all. We had, on one occasion, collected together about a round dozen of these sages of the Modern Athens to dine, for the purpose of making them known to a stranger friend of ours, a noble Lord, who was naturally enough possessed by a huge desire to make the acquaintance of, and to converse with, men of whose gigantic minds he had already had some knowledge through the perusal of their writings. "I should much wish," said he to us, "to witness the playful struggle of minds so mighty, in regard to truths so vast." In vain did he, and in vain did we, look for even a glimpse of science, always saving and excepting some slight gastronomic mutterings. We tried all manner of ways of lugging in science head and shoulders *apropos des bottes*, and tabled it so broadly before them that it was impossible for them to blink it. But it was all in vain. We might just as well have put down a sirloin of beef to the horses in a stable, and have expected them to carve and to eat it. At last, in utter despair, we bethought ourselves of a stratagem to make them, at least, speak, which we brought to bear in this manner:—

"It is a strange thing," said we, "that although the little stream of the Jordan runs through our grounds here, and within less than half a mile of this house, no one can tell us where its source is."

If we had thrown a parboiled potato into a poultry yard, we could not have produced a greater sensation, excitement, commotion, and noise among the army of fowls of all kinds, than this simple statement did among our philosophic friends.

"Ho!" cried one gentleman, "every one can tell you *that*. It rises in the Pentland hills, just above Bonaly."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted another immediately; "why, you are giving it a course as long as that of the Nile!"

"Where do *you* say it rises then?" demanded the first gentleman, a little pettishly.

"Somewhere about the Hunter's Tryst," replied he, "although I am not absolutely certain of the precise spot."

"Pooh, pooh! you are quite wrong," said another. "You forget that you have the burn of Braid between you and the Hunter's Tryst; and unless you carry your Jordan across that in an aqueduct, how can you bring it to this side, where its course is?"

In an instant, the two first disputants had each his section of supporters, the dozen of philosophers being about equally divided in support of the two theories that had been started of the rise and course of this truly important stream. The combat of words waxed loud and vociferous. We are old enough to have witnessed some of those battles which were fought in support of the opposite opinions of the Huttonians and the Wernerians, or the Plutonists and the Neptunists, as they were called, but on none of those occasions did we ever listen to so long, so stormy, or so uproarious a debate as was begotten by this apple of discord which we had thus flung among them; and then, after a three hours' discussion, which, judging from the numerous bottles of claret which they emptied, could by no means be called a *dry* one, and just as the tempest of argument seemed to have exhausted itself, and appeared to be about to sink into a calm, one of the party happened to make the following remark:—

"Well, *de lana caprina agitur*; but after all, I think I ought to know the whole course of the little stream till it enters and passes through Duddingstone Loch, and then——"

"Duddingstone Loch!" cried one of the others, interrupting him, "I know that part of it well, and it has nothing more to do with Duddingstone Loch than it has to do with Lake Ontario. It runs along through the flat ground at some half-a-quarter of a mile to the south of the Loch, and receives the little stream which the Loch discharges."

This gentleman was, in fact, quite right; but there was no convincing those who assumed the opposite side of the question. The new argument raged as hotly as the old one had done. We ordered broiled bones and devilled gizzards, with hot water and ardent spirits, as fitting food and drink for disputants so angrily excited, and the result was, that it was far

beyond midnight before the discussion was brought to a close ; and as neither party in either of the questions would yield one jot of opinion to the other, the partisans on both sides remained as undecided as to the truth as they had been when they first started. Thus it was that we at least succeeded in bringing out for our friend the characters of all the different individuals he had been invited to meet, though, indeed, he benefited but little by the deep science with which each of them individually was filled. After they were all gone, however, he retired, declaring that he had never been more thoroughly amused in his life, and thus we had some reason to congratulate ourselves on our ingenuity.

We sincerely hope that the two chief disputants in regard to the question as to where our little Jordan rises may be beyond hearing, while we whisper that both of them were egregiously wrong. Each, indeed, seemed to be much more bent on, and more successful in, upsetting the theory of his opponent, than in establishing his own. The fact is, that both of its early branches have their origin in a beautiful hill that rises picturesquely to the south-westward of Edinburgh, called the Craighouse hill. A ramble over and about this hill on a fine day will yield very great enjoyment to the lover of nature. In the bottom, at its western extremity, are the remains of an ancient castle or tower, now much encumbered by the modern buildings of a farm. But the ruin is full of interest, both in regard to its position and the numerous associations with the olden time which it awakens ; and we cannot peep into those queer dilapidated apartments without reflecting on that curious state of society and civilisation, if it could be so called, which existed at the time when men, ay, and women too, were caged up in such voluntary prisons of defence, in which they concealed themselves like ruthless spiders, ready to issue out, when occasion offered, for the purpose of preying on their fellow-creatures. At the northern base of the hill the ground falls towards it from all directions, and forms a beautiful agricultural dale, whence the face of the hill itself rises in high steep cliffs, intermixed with slopes, entirely covered with tall and thriving wood, and everywhere enriched with a profusion of ivy. Here you might sit for hours in perfect and

uninterrupted solitude, save and except such occasions as those on which you may have come accompanied by that beloved one to whom you have plighted your troth, and for whom your fingers may be well employed in culling a nosegay from among the wildlings of the glen. But if really and entirely alone, and if your soul be properly constituted for such high converse, you might here hold holy communion with that omnipotent and beneficent Being, without whose mighty fiat the smallest floweret among those around you would have had no existence, who fills and animates all space, to whom the grateful though inaudible hymns of your heart may acceptably rise amidst the general chorus of the worshipping feathered songsters. And then, if you feel disposed to clamber up the face of the steeps over your head, what a magnificent extent of prospect unfolds itself to your eyes from the brow of the hill—the great and rich plain of Corstorphine stretching westward from Edinburgh—its antique church and pretty village—the lovely Corstorphine hills with their woods, villas, and pleasure-grounds—the city, with its grand castle, and some of its more recently built hospitals, advanced on prominent sites, and standing like palaces in the country—the hills around Edinburgh, and the distant sea—and the whole scene animated by the rush of the distant train across the eye, leaving its long stream of white smoke behind it, annihilating, as it were, the space between the two great cities which the railway connects; or by the more laboriously toiling pace of the horses dragging the boats and lighters on the nearer canal, which winds through the landscape, and gleams here and there in the sunshine, with an effect which we have hardly, if ever, noticed in any other artificial work of the kind.

The source of the principal branch of our river Jordan is extremely mysterious, for it rushes suddenly out, in all the vigour of well-grown youth, from a subterranean opening, where its birth and earlier nurture have been concealed. This is immediately at the southern base of the hill, and thence it runs, skirting it, and so eastward through a long natural valley in the agricultural fields. It then turns northwards, and, in its gentle course down the hill, it imitates the Rhine and

many other great rivers, by playfully diving underground for a considerable space, after which it re-appears and holds on its way rejoicing, till it joins the other branch which we are now about to describe.

This rises under the north-eastern angle of the hill, and just below that part of it where its slopes are found to be laid out in richly-cultivated enclosures, bounded by belts of noble timber, amidst the ancient avenues of which the fine old, many-gabled Scottish mansion of Craighouse is embosomed, together with its old-fashioned dove-cot. This was one of the possessions belonging to a historically well-known man, Sir William Dick of Braid, Knight—not *Baronet*, as he is erroneously called in some of the books, and upon which false statement a baronet's title has been borne by certain persons for some generations. His history is curious, and although we cannot pretend to give it at length in an article such as this, we may hastily sketch, for the reader's information, that he was Lord Provost of Edinburgh in the days of Charles I., and that he was a merchant, so very wealthy, that his effects in money, and in landed estates, which he possessed extensively hereabouts, amounted, as we, his descendant, have documents to prove, to no less a gross sum than £226,000 sterling, being nearly equal to £2,000,000 of money at the present day. He had the power of coining money—we mean not only metaphorically, but in reality—for we are possessed of a very pretty copper coin of his, with the insignia of Commerce on one side, surrounded by the motto, "Fortuna Comes Virtuti;" and on the obverse a house, with his name in the legend surrounding it, "Williame Dick of Braid." After this statement, would any reader, who has not already been made acquainted with the facts, suppose it possible that this man, so wallowing in wealth, could have died in what was at that time the King's Bench? And yet, such is the great uncertainty of all human affairs, that this is literally true. During the civil wars he was plucked by both the contending parties by forced loans. No less than £180,000 sterling of hard cash was taken from him in this way; and when he went to London, with his wife and five sons and two daughters, for the purpose of trying to recover it from the Parliament and the

Government, he was arrested for some small debts incurred for the lodging and support of himself and family whilst there ; and the residue of his funds being locked up in landed property, and in bonds and other investments which could not be immediately turned into money, he was thrown into prison, where he died 19th December 1655. We are in possession of a very curious document, the bill for his funeral, paid by his daughter-in-law, Janet M'Math, of the family of M'Math, in Dumfriesshire, who was the wife of William of Grange, his third son. Not only do we owe to this lady's wealthy private exchequer and excellent heart the possession of this very curious discharged account, and many others of a similar description, but that piece of land on the Jordan also, which, like this property of Craighouse, and the other properties of Braid, Briggs, and Blackford which were settled on the other sons, would have been swallowed up by the mortgages upon it, if this guardian angel, for whose memory we have an especial and grateful respect, had not interfered with that concentration of wealth which descended on her from her father, from her sisters, and likewise from her first husband, Thomas Bannatine, whose memory she records in the following lines on his tombstone in the Greyfriars' Churchyard of this city :—

“Hodie mihi, Cras tibi.

Vita quid hominis ? Flos, umbra et fumus, arista ;
Illa malis longa est ; illa bonis brevis est.”

“To-day is mine, to-morrow yours may be ;
Each mortal man should mind that he must die.
What is man's life ?—a shade, a smock, a flower—
Short to the good, to the bad doth long endure.

If thou list, that passeth by,
Know, who in this tomb doth ly ;
Thomas Bannatine, abroad
And at home who served God.
Though no children he possess,
Yet the Lord with means him blest.
He on them did well dispose,
Long ere death his eyes did close.
For the poor his helping hand,
And his friends his kindness fand ;
And on his dear bedfellow,
Janet M'Math, he did bestow,
Out of his lovely affection,
A fit and goodly portion.
Thankful she herself to prove,
For a sign of mutual love,

Did no pains nor charges spare
 To set up this fabrick rare ;
 As Artemise, that noble dame,
 To her dear Mausolus' name.

He died 16th July 1635, of his age 65.

Oh ! that men were wise to

Know the multitude of those that are
 to be damned, the paucity of those
 that are to be saved, and the vanity of
 transitory things.
 Understand evil committed, good things
 omitted, and the loss of time.
 Foresee the danger of death, the last
 judgment, and eternal punishment."

Getting now into the richly cultivated plain, this branch of our little stream moves onwards through the arable fields, which exhibit in autumn the heaviest crops of wheat, and it is soon afterwards joined by the more important branch already described. A great stretch of many acres of ground, on its northern bank, is devoted to the humane purposes of the Royal Edinburgh Lunatic Asylum, an institution which is now under the best management ; so much so, that it is believed that it may be placed in favourable comparison with any other of a similar description in the kingdom. There are two most extensive buildings on the premises, and there are above four hundred inmates in it, of which rather the larger proportion are males. If we were to inquire into the history of every one of these unfortunates, we might be enabled to spin a tale from each case, many of them of more exciting interest than those which are generated by the dreams of fancy. Let us attend to some of "the causes of insanity in those admitted," which are set down in the table with that title in the last report from the managers ; and we find "Anxiety on account of friends going abroad. Bad treatment by step-mothers. Domestic misfortunes. Desertion by husbands and wives. Disappointed affections. Disappointments. Enlistment of sons. Fright. False accusation. Grief at the loss of relatives. Pecuniary losses and misfortunes. Political agitation. Poverty. Religious enthusiasm. Vanity." What a catalogue ! and by the touching of these keys, what a complicated reticulation of chords of feeling might be awakened ; and how strange and various must have been the combinations of events that in reality gave action to them ! Here would

be work for a lifetime of writing. But we shall only notice the happy change that has taken place in the practice in such places generally, and especially as it is exemplified in that of this asylum, and the humane manner in which this worst of ills that flesh is heir to is now treated ; for it is, in fact, a bodily disease, which must be cured or treated on the same principles as other maladies. But in regard to moral treatment, we learn from Dr. Mackinnon's Report, that kindness, occupation, and freedom from all unnecessary restraints, have been found highly efficacious. To the larger proportion of the inmates, a degree of liberty, little differing from that enjoyed by the sane, may be accorded with safety and advantage. They may daily extend their exercises beyond the enclosures, visit frequently the homes of their affections, and become spectators of whatever of interest or instruction is going on in the world without. Their honour may be appealed to, and their conduct, in certain circumstances, depended on, in a degree which scarcely, if at all, leaves them behind mankind generally. The effect of this treatment is, that many of them have considered the asylum as a second home, and, after having ceased to require its care, they continue to visit it from time to time, to renew the friendships which have been formed within its walls. What a contrast does this form to the dreadful and mysteriously concealed torments which, until of late years, were practised in all madhouses, though more cruelly, perhaps, in some than in others, and which furnished Godwin, and other such fiction-writers, with horrors infinitely more terribly harrowing than anything that even such imaginations as theirs could have begotten.

In that department of the asylum which is devoted to the poorer and uneducated patients, schools have been established, which have an average of about sixty scholars, divided into three classes—two of males and one of females. It is a strange and unexpected truth, to find that some patients have actually been taught to read who could not do so before they came here, although it does not appear so wonderful that improvement in reading might here take place. Writing has been taught with a considerable degree of success, and a few have made progress in arithmetic ; but the grand object of

these schools is to afford an occupation to some of the inmates who are not otherwise employed. This object has been attained in a very interesting manner ; for the teachers have chiefly been patients, who, according to their abilities, have taken a principal, or a secondary part, in it. The school-master has thus been found to be *at home*, and usefully so, and an increased degree of mental exertion has been produced, both in the teachers and scholars.

One of the most interesting circumstances of the whole establishment is the introduction of a printing press, by which not only the various schedules and lists used in the asylum are printed, but also the reports. And this is not all ; a periodical paper has been got up, which is called *The Morningside Mirror*, which is printed by this press, and has proved a valuable means of affording occupation to some of the inmates, and amusement to all. It has now reached its fifth number, and bids fair to continue and flourish, and most cordially do we, as a brother, wish it success. In contributing to this, some have been roused to exertion who were before listless and indolent. Contributions from two other asylums have appeared in its pages, as well as some from individuals who were once, but who are no longer, inmates of this institution. A bazaar for women's work has been a great source of interest to the female inmates, as they look forward to its proceeds enabling them to acquire some article of permanent interest and utility, which may be regarded by them with some degree of pride, as a monument of their labour.

A weekly meeting of the inmates is held, at which the entertainment is either a concert or a ball, according to circumstances. On some recent occasions a spontaneous attempt has been made, on the part of the inmates, to introduce something like dramatic representations, in the form of a rustic comedy ; and preparations are now making for an amusement of the same kind of a more perfect description, with the addition of the accessories of scenery and costume. The writer of the report considers that, in some cases, an additional moral remedy may be supplied, from the belief that a melancholic could scarcely personate a merry part, even for a time, without losing some of his despondency. But, strange to

say, the history of almost all comic actors teaches us the reverse of this. When the famous Carlini was performing every night so as to keep crowded houses in continual roar, a miserable man, *malade imaginaire*, and altogether drowned in melancholy, called one morning on an eminent physician to consult him about his case. The doctor felt his pulse, and took every means, by questions and otherwise, to discover some hidden source of disease, all without effect; and being quite satisfied in his own mind as to how the matter was—"My good sir," said he, "you have little bodily ailment that I can discover. Your illness is in the mind. You want amusement. The best prescription I can give you is to go every night to see Carlini. He will make you laugh in spite of yourself; and he will very soon set you all right." "Alas, doctor!" cried the patient, in a tone of voice, and with an action that exhibited the very depth of despair—"Alas, doctor, I am Carlini!"

After washing the walls of the Morningside asylum, our little river Jordan crosses the Peebles road under an arch; and then, whilst the sloping country on its left bank is entirely covered with the handsome villas, gardens, and shrubberies of Morningside, Goshen, and Canaan, and where once stood the ancient chapel of St. Roque, it has on its right bank a pretty considerable extent of cultivated plain, which gradually rises southwards towards the edge of the glen, and the pretty hills of Braid. Our little stream then trots gently onward through rich arable fields that slope down towards it on either side, the view being confined on all hands, and being closely bounded towards the south by the abrupt face and green picturesque top of Blackford Hill. Blackford Hill!—what a place for linnets' nests and primroses in the lovely springtime of the year! How delightful to sit among its furzy knolls, with the sun beating hot upon them, and exhaling the sweet perfume from the yellow flowers! How pleasing to watch the little golden-crested wrens, as they hang on the thorny boughs, perking up their little bills, and spreading abroad their golden coronets to receive the bright rays! Here one might sit for a long day of summer, and hear no other sound but that of the bee brushing its filmy wings among the flowers of the wild thyme. We profess

ourselves to be of that class of people who are easily satisfied in regard to our belief as to particular localities as connected with historical characters or events. We bowed with the most extreme reverence both at the tombs of Cicero and of Virgil; and we should be anything *but* obliged to the offensively accurate and unpoetical gentleman, who should tell us that he could convince us, by the most unquestionable evidence, that the one was an old windmill, and the other a place expressly constructed for cooling Falernian. But we go further than all this. We delight in believing that Bailie Nicol Jarvie actually lived; and many a wander have we had through the Saltmarket of Glasgow, vainly endeavouring to discover that worthy magistrate's residence; and, forgetful of times in the midst of our reveries, we have been more than once deceived by fancying that we saw Matty herself looking out from one of the upper windows. We rejoice, we say, in believing that all Walter Scott's characters were historical realities; and we therefore believe that Marmion, during his ride from Crichton Castle on his mission to James IV., previous to the march of that monarch with his army to the fatal field of Flodden, certainly halted his fiery charger on the green brow of that beautiful Blackford Hill, and gazed with wonder and admiration over the wide-spread host that covered the Borough-moor below. And why do we believe all this? Why, because our own Sir Walter has told us so: for thus sayeth he:—

“——Marmion, from the crown
Of Blackford, saw that martial scene
Upon the bent so brown:
Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Spread all the Borough-moor below,
Upland, and dale, and down;
A thousand did I say?—I ween,
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That chequered all the heath between
The *streamlet* and the town;
In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular;
Oft giving way where still there stood
Some reliques of the old oak wood,
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green:
In these extended lines there lay
A martial kingdom's vast array.”

We must here earnestly entreat our readers to remark, to what poor shifts poets are sometimes driven in the construction of their verses, as exemplified in this quotation, where we find the dignity of our river Jordan so much compromised; for, in order to get the proper number of feet into his line, he has unscrupulously diminished the number of those both of the depth and breadth of the river—

“The streamlet and the town.”

Without the insertion of this “*let*” the line would have hobbled; but having satisfied ourselves, and, we trust, our readers, with this explanation, which we hold to be sufficient for re-establishing the dignity of our stream, we are contented to let it pass without further animadversion.

To those who are more scrupulous than we with regard to belief in such apocryphal characters, we should offer the recommendation to turn up the pages of the various Scottish and other historians, who have detailed the circumstances of this vast armament; and we must beg of them to observe, that it is not every river, or stream, or streamlet, in the world that has so much cause to vaunt of the importance of its historical association. How different, indeed, must the scene have then been from what it now is, in regard to the mere appearance of its surface, as well as from the countless hosts which then animated it! It presented, in many parts, wild woodland scenery, the timber being chiefly gigantic oaks, and, if we may believe tradition, there were large chestnuts likewise; but this last fact we are disposed to think somewhat doubtful. Now its surface is covered over with villas and gardens, or with enclosures, chiefly of rich pasture, with intervening hedgerows in many parts, which are beginning to give way to an extension of the villas, with their surrounding patches of pleasure ground. One large space is occupied by the Great Southern Cemetery, which is now being laid out in the most beautiful manner, with shrubberies and walks, everything being done that refined taste in architecture or gardening can accomplish, to remove those dark and chilling associations which have hitherto made us behold with shuddering disgust that grave which ought

to be so full of attraction for the weary Christian. But if this great change on the mere surface of the Borough-moor has taken somewhat more than three centuries to work out, what was that change that a very few weeks effected on the proud and mighty living host assembled here under the Royal banner of King James IV., in August 1513? Let our poet complete his description of the grand spectacle which this vast army afforded to Marmion, and we are sure the reader will say that he wishes he had been at his side to have beheld the same.

“ For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
 To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
 And from the Southern Redswire edge,
 To furthest Rosse's rocky ledge ;
 From west to east, from south to north,
 Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
 Marmion might hear the mingled hum
 Of myriads up the mountain come ;
 The horses' tramp, and tinkling clank,
 Where chiefs reviewed their vassal rank,
 And chargers' shrilling neigh ;
 And see the shifting lines advance,
 While frequent flashed, from shield and lance,
 The sun's reflected ray.

“ Thin curling in the morning air,
 The wreaths of failing smoke declare,
 To embers now the brands decayed,
 Where the night watch their fires had made.
 They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
 Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
 And dire artillery's clumsy car,
 By sluggish oxen tugged to war ;
 And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,
 And Culverins which France had given.
 Ill-omened gift!—the guns remain
 The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

“ Nor marked they less, where in the air
 A thousand streamers flaunted fair ;
 Various in shape, device, and hue,
 Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
 Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and square,
 Scroll, pennon, pensil, baudrol, there
 O'er the pavilions flew.
 Highest and midmost, was descried
 The Royal Banner floating wide ;
 The staff, a pine tree strong and straight,
 Pitched deeply in a massive stone,
 Which still in memory is shown,
 Yet bent beneath the standard's weight,

Whene'er the western wind unrolled,
 With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,
 And gave to view the dazzling field,
 Where, in proud Scotland's Royal shield,
 The ruddy lions ramped in gold."

Well might the sight of such a host as this have stirred up the warlike spirit of Lord Marmion. But alas! well indeed would it have been for the unfortunate Scottish Monarch if he had taken the spectral warning which was given to him some time previously in St. Katharine's aisle, in Linlithgow Church, and that he had desisted from his attempt, or that he had heard and applied the words of the gentle Lyon King-at-Arms, which contain so excellent an advice to all monarchs whatsoever:—

"Fair is the sight—and yet 'twere good
 That Kings would think withal,
 When peace and wealth their land have blessed,
 'Tis better to sit still at rest
 Than rise perchance to fall."

We have reason to thank God that, through the rapid progress of free-trade opinions, nations will probably be henceforth so dependent on each other as customers, that even if their kings and governors do not show themselves to be disposed to follow this advice of the old minstrel, they are not very likely to persuade their subjects to be so great fools as to follow them. Alas! this glorious host, embracing all the choicest chivalry of Scotland, was left to moulder on the fatal field of Flodden! and that lovely, plaintive, Scottish song—"The Flowers of the Forest"—may, with truth, be said to be all that we have received—and it is, indeed, metaphorically speaking, a funereal chaplet only—for this terrible and afflicting national calamity.

Now, we ask our readers candidly to tell us, whether we had not right good reason to say, as we did in an earlier part of this article, that if we had been gifted with the powers of poesy, we might have spun long Spenserean cantos on the banks of our beloved little Jordan; and at the time we did venture to make that assertion, we solemnly declare that we had utterly forgotten that so much of the fourth and fifth cantos of Marmion were so intimately linked with it as to

be entirely dependent on it. We think we can perceive its very wavelets bubbling higher with the generous pride we have infused into it from this, to it, so highly flattering a communication. But, gentlest of all readers, although we neither mean to indulge you, nor ourselves, nor the musical river with a reprint of so large a portion of this most popular poem as that we have here alluded to, yet, we do entreat you, before we leave the breezy brow of Blackford, to listen to the poet's description of the objects which are to be seen from it, and which, we need not tell you who have had the experience of both, will come much better home both to your heart and your understanding through the language of his verse than through that of our prose, for all these grander features are still the same.

“ Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
 For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed,
 When sated with the martial show
 That peopled all the plain below,
 The wandering eye could o'er it go,
 And mark the distant city glow
 With gloomy splendour red ;
 For on the smoke-wreaths huge and slow,
 That round her sable turrets flow,
 The morning beams were shed,
 And tinged them with a lustre proud,
 Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.

“ Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
 Where the huge castle holds its state,
 And all the steep slope down,
 Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
 Piled deep and massy, close and high,
 Mine own romantic town !
 But northward far, with purer blaze,
 On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
 And as each heathy top they kissed,
 It gleamed a purple amethyst.

“ Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;
 Here Preston Bay and Berwick-Law ;
 And broad between them rolled,
 The gallant Firth the eye might note,
 Whose islands on its bosom float,
 Like emeralds chased in gold.

“ Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent ;
 As if to give his rapture vent,
 The spur he to his charger lent,
 And raised his bridle-hand,
 And making demi-volte in air,
 Cried, ' Where's the coward that would not dare
 To fight for such a land ? ' ”

The reader will probably think that we have detained him quite long enough upon Blackford Hill, but we cannot quit its vicinity without noticing that beautiful little 'retired spot, the old place of Blackford, which lies at the bottom of its slope, and is watered by the stream of the Jordan passing through it. Lest it may have since undergone change, we proceed to describe it as we saw it some years ago; for, near as it lies to us, our feelings—from old recollections connected with those that are gone—have not permitted us to trust ourselves with a visit to it since. The house was old, and not very large, and in no very remarkable style of architecture; but what was of it—and there were a good many small rooms in it—might be said to be very rambling. There was something so venerable in the very air of its front, that no one could lift its little brass knocker to strike for admission without a certain feeling of respectful awe. It was covered with the richest jessamines and roses, and the gravel circle before the door was always kept in a state of the most exact tidiness. On the south side of the premises there was a high and steep bank of shaven turf, with a pretty little parterre flower garden between its base and the house, and a broad terrace walk at top, that stretched along under some noble trees, close to the boundary of the place in that direction. The fruit and vegetable garden, which had some variegated hollies of goodly size in it, occupied the gently-sloping ground at some little distance in front of the house, and beyond this there was, and, we think, we may say *is*, a fine open grove of old and well-grown trees. The whole grounds of the place, which cannot occupy much more than a couple of acres, slope down from either side to the brink of our stream, and these were entirely covered with green sward, through which the snowdrop, the crocus, and the pale primrose, and the pansy "prankt with jet," showed their beauteous tender forms in spring; and the yellow daffodil—or, as we have always had an especial pleasure in calling it, the daffy-down-dilly—was wont to flaunt it gaudily here and there in the little glades that ran everywhere in mazes among the huge boles of the trees that embosomed without obscuring them. The entrance was by an old-fashioned gateway from the north, between two

very aristocratic-looking pillars, and the approach wound gently down the bank to the right, and, crossing our Jordan by an arch, climbed the opposite bank by an easy and well-engineered sweep to the gravel in front of the door. From the very circumstance that this little place lies to the north of the hill, and, consequently, that the high ground rises to the south of it, the exquisite effects of sun-lights and of sky that are thereby produced might be enough to collect all the artists in Great Britain to the spot, in order to study them. And then how variable and changeable! At one moment lighting up this little fragment of lawn with a brilliancy that becomes the more intense from the mellow shadows around it, and anon throwing that into clear obscurity, to bring another portion into light, and again flickering through the foliage, and checquering the shade below, or shooting down on the little curling eddies of the Jordan, and giving life to them with the most sparkling touches of illumination. Then think of the crash of the orchestra of birds that filled those trees, and those evergreen bushes, and that perpetually plied their little instruments from before sunrise until sunset, during what might be called the height of their season, and which was quite enough, if once heard, to have shut up any other opera house that might have dared to have ventured into competition with them in their neighbourhood. Among these feathered performers, we speak not of the blackbirds and the thrushes, that seemed to us to excel all the blackbirds and thrushes that we ever heard, and we have heard a great many, but the superior cheerfulness of the very sparrows of Blackford was something most remarkable. How often have their glad and clamorous chirpings come into harmony in our hearts with those sudden glints of sunshine which poured simultaneously down on us over the ridge of the hill, after one of those short spring showers that filled the air with perfume, and hung diamonds all over the surrounding spray! In addition to all these sources of calm enjoyment, this little nook was so retired, that for any intrusive thought that might have suggested the proximity of the rest of the world, it might have been in the wildest part of Sutherlandshire, except when the distant city bell came through the calm air, and

this only served to give an additional zest to its privacy. We have written in the past tense, but we have no reason to suspect that Blackford has undergone any very great change in any of the particulars we have described. But alas! the spirit of the place has flown! Our much-venerated friend, the good old lady, who so long dwelt there, is gone!

Bear with us, kind and gentle reader, whilst we ask you to imagine to yourself our approaching the house, and lifting the little brass knocker of which we spoke, and the door being opened by a pretty, modest-looking young maiden, who smiles and curtsies as she perceives us to be a well-known friend, and readily replies to our question as to her mistress being at home. If the day or the ways have been in the least degree foul, conceive the solicitous scraping of shoes on our part, and the rubbing for at least five minutes on the mat, so as to render our feet pure enough to pass over the pavement of that little hall, which, in colour, is like the fairest virgin paper. At last something like cleanliness is effected, and, proceeding on tiptoe along the neat carpet, we are ushered into the parlour. There we find, seated in her arm-chair, but springing from it in a moment to meet us half-way across the room, an old lady, of a handsome dignified countenance, lighted up with clear, black, benevolent eyes, and of tall and commanding figure, though modified by a very slight bend; but, indeed, the mild expression of her features and general air was enough at once to satisfy the most perfect stranger, that the commanding tone was one she could never assume. No! every lineament of that face was replete with the kindest human expression, and, if it had been otherwise, how much would they have proved false to the spirit within, which was indeed one of the gentlest and most beneficent that ever warmed human bosom? Those who did not know her so well as we did might have supposed her to have been but a little above seventy years of age only, from the freshness and vigour she displayed; we, who were aware that in her younger days she had flirted with our father, knew that she had seen ninety years. But oh, how green and vigorous her old age was, both in body and mind! and how fresh and warm were all her affections! how very indefatigable she

was in doing good! and how utterly careless she was as to anything that regarded her own personal happiness or comfort! How she used to walk off sturdily to town, about two miles distant, to pay her visits of friendship and of charity, and to return! and how numerous were those errands of benevolence which she thus did in her own person, in order that no one else might know anything about them!

We have shown that, by hereditary right, and, we may also add, that on our own proper account, we were excessively deep in her affections; and when we appeared, she not only sprung up, as we have already described, with great elasticity to meet us, but she led us to a chair, beside that which she occupied, and the longer we thus sat together, it always seemed to us to be the more difficult to escape. How excellent were her buns, her shortbread, and her cakes, and how very good were her raspberry cordial and her cherry brandy, both of her own manufacture, and quite rivalling her noyau, which came direct to her from France! And oh, how interesting were the old stories that she told! how racily were they narrated in the purest Scottish vernacular, and how perfectly did she bring back and vivify people, of whom we have heard much, but whom we had not lived early enough to know personally! Scandal, either malevolent or idle, never came from her lips, which were continually employed in dropping kind and charitable expressions regarding all mankind. We shall never forget her feasts; for, although we had often the good fortune to dine with her at other times, she had her regular seasons of festivity. A fat stot—which, for the benefit of Englishmen who have partaken of the animal at the London coffee-house in the shape of a rump steak, without knowing its native name, we beg to translate as a fat Highland bullock—which had been fed on her brother the laird's ancient pasture, was slaughtered before Martinmas, and we had the honour to receive a kind invitation to dine on it every Sunday whilst it lasted. And what capital dinners! plain, but substantial, and always a small collection of nice people to eat them. And can we ever forget the good-humoured discussions which we used to originate, proceeding on our old-established right to these annual festivals

of love, as to the number of Sundays they ought in justice to endure? This obviously much depended on the time at which the beast was slaughtered. If it chanced to be killed towards the end of a week, then a little more than three weeks made out the four Sunday dinners; but if a termination was put to its existence early in a week, as on a Monday or Tuesday, the odds were ten to one against the endurance of the carcase for a fourth Sunday dinner. And stoutly and eloquently did we contend on such occasions for the preservation of our rights, and great was the hilarity produced by the manner in which our important legal case was conducted. Happy, happy and innocent hours of revelry! Alas! they have passed away like the clouds of those years in which they took place; and she who was then so perfect and beloved a reality—she to whose kind and benevolent heart we owed so much of gladness, and from whose bountiful hand the dinners of so many a poor family were dispensed—is now to us as much a dream of this earth as they were, for she now rests where we with tears beheld her deposited, to moulder into dust in the family mausoleum. Let the reader only in fancy recall the old place of Blackford, with the sun glinting down on the gravel before its door, and fully illuminating her aged but firm figure as she stands giving directions to her gardener, and then let him fancy how we can bear to revisit it, when everything we behold around reminds us that we can never see her there again!

After leaving Blackford, the Jordan runs through a natural valley in the pastoral enclosures of the estate, which was the ancient Grange or Farm of St. Giles's Cathedral. The old place itself, which, with its antique turrets, terraces, and gardens, are preserved in their original style, may be worth noticing as having been the residence, during the few last years of his life, of Dr. Robertson, the historian, author of the *Histories of Scotland, of America, of Charles v., etc.*, and here it was that he died. It may be also worth remarking, that when Prince Charles held his court at Holyrood, he visited the family here, and presented them with the thistle from his bonnet, which is still preserved in the house with great care.

Escaping from the Grange property, the stream is, for the first time, employed in contributing a share of its strength towards the promotion of the manufactures of its country, by affording the necessary supply of water to a pretty considerable tanning establishment; after which it runs down a continuance of the same valley, having gardens on its left bank, and a fine stretch of rich arable fields on the other. It then washes the walls of the new cemetery called the Newington Necropolis, which is partially laid out on the slopes of its left bank, and which is doubtless destined to contain the ashes of many a great and good man and woman. After leaving this, our little stream approaches a place called Sharpdale, nearly opposite to the pretty residence of "The Cameron," which is a small appendage to the Prestonfield estate.

Here opens to us a field of geological and antiquarian research, and etymological discussion, which, to folks of our speculative kidney, is almost too tempting to be resisted, did we not feel that it is much too extensive for us to call upon our readers to follow us through it. But, on the other hand, we fear we might be accused of undue negligence, if we permitted ourselves to pass it by altogether without notice. To save time, however, we will ask of the reader, without putting us to the expense of finding arguments, or himself to that of finding patience to listen to them, to take it for granted, on our authority, that the Lake of Duddingstone, or some other lake of much larger extent, once covered all the plain here, and encircling a little islet where the house of "The Inch" stands—in this way conferred on it its name. In this state of things, "The Cameron" was "the crooked-nosed promontory" that here thrust itself into the lake. At the time when this was the condition of matters, our Jordan must have here finished its course; but since this large loch has disappeared, or receded from its ancient bounds, the existence of the stream has been extended, and it has been led to pursue a somewhat devious course, as it passes through the grounds of Prestonfield, afterwards to receive the stream of the Burn of Braid, near the place where it enters the Park of Duddingstone House. Just above this point, it is joined

by the small stream supplied by and discharged from the loch. In this last part of its course, although it perfumes the summer air with its beds of Queen of the Meadow, its more immediate banks possess few features of interest either pictorial or historical. But the objects at some distance from them on either side are well worthy of notice. Prestonfield, the seat of Sir Robert Keith Dick Cunyngham, is a fine old place, which has been a good deal modernized. It stands among some ancient trees; and to the north of it, the bold face of Arthur Seat rises very grandly. It is now quite bare of timber, but we believe that not much more than a century and a half, or perhaps two centuries, have elapsed since it was covered with oak wood, for the destruction of which every possible encouragement was held out by the authorities, seeing that it served as a place of shelter "for all manner of thieves and lymmers." A lower projection of the hill exhibits that curious basaltic series of prismatic bent columns which are known by the name of Samson's Ribs; and above these, the line of the grand new Victoria Road, executed by the Honourable the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, in a style which may with truth be asserted almost to rival that of the Simplon itself, is seen stretching along the face of the hill, and affording, at every step you take, a changeful series of views of the utmost richness and grandeur, rendering this pleasing *drive* through the Royal Park of Holyrood altogether one of the most remarkable that the vicinity of any great European city can boast of. It was by the side of the hill that Prince Charles and his Highlanders marched both to and from the battle of Prestonpans in 1745, and their encampment was on the green slope under the rock of Dunsappie, and immediately over the village of Duddingstone.

This is a very pretty little village, chiefly composed of good houses, each with its pleasant garden. The church, which stands on a knoll rising over the lake, is old and curious; the manse and its terrace gardens, which are in themselves most lovely, are rendered doubly so to us from their association in our minds with many an innocent, happy, intellectual, and instructive hour which we have had the good

fortune to pass there with a late incumbent, the Rev. John Thomson. In his parish he was warmly esteemed for his deeds of Christian kindness and charity; but by the world at large he was chiefly known by the exquisite landscapes he painted, which, in regard to composition and colouring, were always full of the highest poetical imagination and feeling. To this day he stands unrivalled in these particulars. But great as were his talents in this fascinating art, as well as in the sister art of music, the science of which he deeply understood, we who partook of the closest intimacy of friendship with him—who knew his head, and the wonderful extent of his information, and the acuteness of his perception, which enabled him to take an immediate grasp of any subject, and to discuss it with a truth and a clearness that rendered him almost unrivalled in conversation, and with a playfulness of manner, too, that made everything, however valuable, fall from him like dew-drops shaken from the lion's mane; and, above all, we who knew that generous and feeling heart, which was at all times prompting him to afford us lessons in his own person of pure practical Christianity—are disposed to give but a secondary place to that high accomplishment which has gained him so public and so permanent a name. How lovely has that retired lake often appeared to us, when, tired with the turmoil of the city, we, often in company with the late amiable Grecian Williams, have sought shelter for an hour or two from its bustle in his improving society! and how have we watched the effect of sunset, pouring its level rays past the southern shoulder of Arthur Seat, and lighting up the whole of its surface into one golden flame!

Considerably to the right of the course of our Jordan, there is a very old Scottish mansion, known by the name of Peffer Mill, which most people have set down as the true and legitimate place of Dumbiedykes. But a still more striking feature in the surrounding landscape is that most interesting ruin, Craigmillar Castle, which crowns the rising ground to the south. As our tributary, the Burn of Braid, runs to the north of it, we should perhaps, under a more strict attention to order, have left it for notice whilst describing that stream; but, as it comes so prominently into view here, we may per-

haps as well discuss it now. It was an ancient seat of the Prestons, who continued in possession of it for about three hundred years. Their arms are to be found upon it; and in one place, on the lintel of a doorway in the outer courtyard wall, a pun on the name is carved in the form of a wine *press* and a *ton*. The arms of the Cockburns of Ormiston, the Congaltons of Congalton, the Mowbrays of Barnbogle, and the Otterburns of Redford, all ancient families with whom the Prestons were intimately connected, are to be found here. King James v. resided here for some months during his minority, having been obliged to leave Edinburgh Castle on account of the Plague. But the best known and most interesting association with this castle is, that Queen Mary frequently made it her residence after her return from France in 1561, and her French retinue were quartered in a small village at the foot of the southern side of the hill, which was thence called Petit France, a name which it still retains.

We have now followed the Jordan from its source till it receives the Burn of Braid. Before tracing it hence downwards to the sea, we must give a short and very general notion of the beauties of this its sister stream. The Burn of Braid rises from two separate sources in the Pentland Hills, above Lord Cockburn's residence of Bonaly; and it was this fact which misled one of the disputants in regard to the source of the Jordan. These streams unite in, and give great additional beauty to, the lovely wilderness of sweets which art and taste have created here. The place itself is a beautiful retreat, and the views of the distant city and country from some of its terraces are matchless. But, interesting as it would be as a theme to expatiate upon, how much more interesting, and how much more extensive would be that which is furnished by the very name of the owner! And we ask our reader, whether we are not really and truly merciful in quietly submitting to abandon so prolific a subject, which might have enabled us, without any great risk of being thought unreasonable, to have given an account of the origin and early history of the *Edinburgh Review*, together with a recapitulation of all the most celebrated criminal trials in Scotland for many years back, together with an outline of every rational

scheme that has ever been brought forward in recent times for ameliorating the political, the physical, or the moral condition of the people?

After leaving Bonaly, the stream passes through the extensive grounds of Dreghorn, and thence through an agricultural country, which is without any great or particular marked object of interest, until it throws itself into the deep and romantic rocky and grandly wooded Glen of Braid, whence it receives its name. This opens longitudinally between the two hills of Blackford and of Braid. A more wild or beautiful scene for solitary contemplation cannot be imagined; and here is the house of Braid, which has fancifully been called "The Hermitage," to which its position more than its architecture may give it some claim. This was the principal estate of Sir William Dick, whose history we have already given. It passed from him to his eldest son, and from him into the family of the Browns of Gorgie, who had heavy mortgages on it. After passing out of the eternal shade of this dark part of the glen, the stream runs sparkling along the more open part of it for more than a mile, where not a tree occurs to throw a shadow over its smiling surface. On the south side, there are fine sloping agricultural fields, and high up above them rises the very rude, old, peel tower of Liberton; whilst, on the north, there are crags and large beds of furze, the haunts of linnets and goldfinches, and the immediate banks of the stream are covered with the broad leaves of the *Tussilago Petasites*, a plant which is so valuable to landscape painters for the enrichment of their foregrounds. The agricultural part of the valley then extends downwards for about a mile, after passing through which the stream skirts the place of "The Inch," formerly noticed; whence it hurries past the ancient house of Peffer Mill, to form its junction with the Jordan immediately above the point where their united waters enter the park of the Marquis of Abercorn's delightful residence of Duddingstone House. There, they are tastefully expanded into a very beautiful little lake; and, upon leaving these grounds, they are made to give motion to some very important mills; after the performance of which duty, they quietly find their way onwards through an

extremely rich agricultural district, passing near to the remains of an ancient Roman Road, vulgarly called the Fish-wife's Causeway, from the fisherwomen carrying basket-loads of fish to Edinburgh, always preferring to take it in preference to the ordinary highway. This has been much obliterated by the operations of the great North British Railway, under the viaduct of which the stream afterwards passes in its way to throw itself into the sea, at the northern extremity of the pretty and well-frequented bathing place of Portobello.

We have now completed a task, which we must confess to have been an extremely pleasant one to ourselves, however it may have affected our readers; and offering to them, as we now do, this account of our little Jordan as our primitiæ in regard to our articles on the Scottish Rivers, we leave them, upon the principle of "*Ex pede Herculem*," to judge as to what they may look for when we come to our Clyde or our Tweed, our Spey or our Findhorn.



THE TWEED.

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 *pièce de résistance*, 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, *à 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 encroached 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 ecstasies 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 green-wood.” 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 time, that it is only towards the very upper part of its course that the words of the ancient ballad may now with much literal truth be 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 always be 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 dike 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 Lieutenant 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 dike*, 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 well have been built, we find that its communication was with that of Drumelzier and the Peel of Tinnis, or Thane's Castle. These communicated with one at Dreva, that with Wester Dawick, Hillhouse, Easter Dawick, Easter Haprew, Lyne, Barns, Coverhill, Neidpath, Peebles Castle, Haystone, Horsburgh Castle, Nether Horsburgh, Cardrona, Ormiston, 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 Tweed's moor, the place of its birth, then running eastward, it watereth the parishes of Glenholm, Drumelzear, Broughton, Dawick, Stobo, Lyne, Manor, 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 indi-

vidual 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 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 inertiae* ; 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 birthplace, 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 terri-

fied 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 II. and III., and during the minority of the Queen, Sir Simon Fraser, Lord of Oliver Castle, with the assistance of the Cumyn, 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 civilisation 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 dikes 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 stormstayed 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 fidgety 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 feloes 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 those 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 Thane's 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 1460, 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.

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 Pennecuick 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, etc.; 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 presents 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-chestnut, 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 larger 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 them, 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 in-

teresting 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 assert this on our own angling experience, but it so 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. Pennecuick 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 the 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 hannelsed 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; 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 Manor. 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 Manor 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 Manor 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 once a great many timber trees about this part of the valley, which 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 Manor 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 Manor 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, fin like 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 *Kent*, 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 similar 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?'—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 church-yard; 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 Manor 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 *bizarre*. 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 melder 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 Manor. We may easily imagine the keenness with which such a man as Sir Walter Scott would proceed to scrutinize and analyse, 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 apologize 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 Manor 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 kindest 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 Manor 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 living automaton, old Q., care for this bonny sylvan scene in Peeblesshire, which, perhaps, his eyes had never looked upon, and, 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 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 unroll 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 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 made 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

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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 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.

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 Cour* 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 Eddlestone up to the mansion, its upper extremity being cut out of the bank. But alas! the mound, with most of the limes and pines, is 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 Eddlestone 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, Eddlestone Water 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 First to the authorship of the ancient poem called "Pebelis 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 Pebelis to the Play,
To heir the singin and the soundis,
The solace, suth to say ;

Be firth and forrest furth the found ;
 Thay graythit tham full gay ;
 God wait that wald thay do that stound,
 For it was thair 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 everything 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 Second, 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 weaponschawings 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 bonnets, within the parishes of Kilbucho and Eddlestone."

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 Forrest. 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 *Quinzee 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 civilisation 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 recognise. 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, and 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. Ronan's, 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 2295 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 are 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 amid 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 superintendence 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,—

“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. Pennecuick, 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. Pennecuick terms it, has not less the air of royal grandeur than the extensive *policy* and gardens have of taste and judgment. It is not certainly 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 licence 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 Pennecuick 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 Peeblesshire, 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 hillsides 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.

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 prowled,
 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 ancestral 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 that most distin-
 guished 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 in 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 aërial 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 male representatives should all 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 whom 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, which 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 2000, 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 them. 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," etc.

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 backbone 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 Elleray, 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 Thirlestane 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 Thirlestane, 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 Thirlestane, 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 Thirlestane, 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 Galway, 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 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 curséd 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 destination 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 freebooters, 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 realized. 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 Dumfriesshire; 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 Douglas-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, encreeeling 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 trout-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 Winterhope-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, oh! 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 sounds 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 Oxcleugh, Deer-law, Hart-leap, Hynd-hope, Fawn-burn, Wolfcleuch, Brock-hill, Swine-brae, Cat-slack, etc., 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 Dowglen, 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 braver 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 sat green.

"But think na' ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the mou' 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 Cockburne 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 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 2370 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 spied 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 brethren 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.'
- " Oh, 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 whither 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 guid 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 so 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 grilse 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 where 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 armèd men ;
They’ve wrought me dole and sorrow ;
They’ve slain—the comeliest 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 burnt 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 feir foreste,
 In it grows manie a semelle trie ;
 There’s hart and hynd, and dae and rae,
 And of a’ wilde bestis grete plentie.
 There’s a feir castelle, bigged wi’ lyme and stane,
 O ! gin it stands not pleasauntlie !
 In the fore front o’ that castelle feir,
 Twa unicorns are bra’ to see ;
 There’s the picture of a knight, and a ladye bright,
 And 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 kepis five hundred men ;
 He keepis a royalle cumpanie !
 His merrymen are a’ in ae liverye clad,
 O’ the Lincome grene sae gaye 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 cuming 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 theemie ;
Like as I wan them, sae will I keep them,
Contrair a' kingis in Christentie.’

“ All the nobilis the King about,
Said pitie it were to see him dee—
‘ Yet grant me mercie, sovereign prince,
Extend your favour unto me !

“ ‘ I'll give thee 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 be 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 more 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 chant 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 pond'rous 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 a 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 the 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 loyaltie." 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 honest or *bawlder* 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 liting, at the ewe milking,
Lasses a' liting 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 any-

thing real. And, alas! we cannot, without deep grief, recall 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, in watching the game-keepers fishing from the boats with their nets, 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 Etrick 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.





THE TWEED AND ITS TRIBUTARIES—*continued.*

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, Chargelaw, etc. The spot where Buccleuch's retainer terminated the pursuit of the victors, by turning on 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 unimportant 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 warfare,” 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 connexion 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 bed 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 black-guard 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 crow-flight,”—which crow-flight, 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. Andrews, and the Bishop had a palace here, which gave to the Kirkton the appropriate name of Stow. The Bishops of St. Andrews 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. Andrews.

Oh how refreshing it is for us, old fellows as we now are, to throw ourselves back in our arm-chair, 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 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 or two and a half pounds. 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 skilful 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 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 Diemen'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 twenty pence 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 Scotts 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 ex-

pression. 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 tricuspид 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 hunt-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 further 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 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, shows 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. Baillie 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 traverse 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 everything 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 fealty, 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, proportionate 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 elapse 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, etc., 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 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—

“If thou wouldst 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,
 Seem 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 wouldst 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 :—

"Sá gayer 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 keyping all mason werk
 Of Saint 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 a 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 anywhere, 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.





THE TWEED AND ITS TRIBUTARIES—*continued.*

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 negotiation of any kind, either with England or with France, in which they did not officiate as prominent commissioners ; and after the battle of Halidon 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 Lasswade 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 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 occa-

sion 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. 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 skirt 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 kiss'd 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 Elfyn 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.
- “Synne 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 lee.’
- “‘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 southren 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 sæ 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 Southren 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 Cowdenknowes,
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang
I' the bught, milking the ewes.

"The hills are high on ilka side,
An' the bught 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 bught, 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 bught 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 dike,
And speer’d at her sma’ leave.
- “ O he’s ta’en out a purse o’ gowd,
And streaked her yellow hair,
‘ Now take ye that, my bonny May,
Of me till ye 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 bught, 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 bught at the back o’ the knowe,
And a tod has frightened me.
- “ ‘ There came a tod to the bught door,
The like I never saw,
And ere he had ta’en the lamb he did,
I had loured 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 bught wi' thee !

“ I ken 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 set that fair May on—
 'Ca' out your kye, gude father, yersel',
 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 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 premisses, 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 like 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 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 Tenderton, 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," etc.

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 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 should 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 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 creelful 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 Makerstoun, 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 unencumbered waters, as the *Clippers*, *Red Stane*, *Side Straik*, *Doors*, *Willie's Ower Fa'*. The proprietor of Makerstoun, Sir Thomas Makdougall Brisbane, Bart., has the north side of the water, and his Grace the Duke of Roxburghe the south side. Makerstoun 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 Kers

—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 Roxburghe, has supplied the old man with every comfort and convenience.

Immediately below Rob Kerss’s house the Duke of Roxburghe’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 in-

spire, 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 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 produce 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 dependent on supplies of ink, we can use 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.





THE TWEED AND ITS TRIBUTARIES—*continued.*

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 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 in 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 Branhholm 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 of 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 Branhholm could hardly dare to lie down to sleep, or if he did, 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 Branhholm, in which he no sooner found himself fairly installed, then 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 war-

like circumstances. How appropriate, then, are these verses of Sir Walter Scott, drawing the comparison between those 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 started 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 Lynch-cleugh and Frosty 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 insure 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 Branhholm, 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 Branhholm, having fairly established himself in Teviotdale, in defiance of the English Border freebooters, the remaining half of the barony of Branhholm was, in the following reign, that of James II., granted to Sir Walter Scott and his son, Sir David. Branhholm 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 Branhholm. 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 Branhholm,
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 Branhholm.

* * * * *

“ My men their billets got in haste,
 Dispersed the country over ;
 But I myself at Branhholm 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 Branhholm.

“ 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 Branhholm, 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 Branhholm 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 Branhholm 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 warders 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 Branhholm Hall.”

And, assuredly, it was a custom not only well calculated to insure the safety and repose of the garrison of Branhholm, 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 that 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 Branhholm 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 Branhholm. 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 us of one of those nuts we 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 Branhholm ; and, doubtless, he did not fail to lend ready help to his chief, whether the war were 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

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 Tivdale 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 gear,
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 blac -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 when 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,
 Himsel’ upon a freckled grey,
 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 ?’

SCOTTISH RIVERS.

- “ ‘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 Commonsie.’
- “ ‘Ride by the gate at Priestthaughswire,
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.’
- “ Oh, mony a horse ran masterless,
 The splintered lances flew on hie ;
 But or they wan to the Kershope fords,
 The Scotts has gotten the victory.
- “ John o’ Brigham there was slain,
 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 Scott,
 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.’

“ When 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 slatye 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 mould-

ings. 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 being made 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 fung 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.

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 love to see thee shine
 So bright, whom I have bought so dear.
 The tent ropes flapping lone I hear,
 For twilight converse, arm in arm ;
 The jackall’s shriek bursts on mine ear,
 When mirth and music went to charm.

II.

“ By Chérical’s dark wandering streams,
 Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
 Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
 Of Teviot loved while still a child !
 Of castled rocks stupendous piled
 By Esk or Elen’s classic wave,
 Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,
 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 sacred, natal clime,
 I haste to an untimely grave ;
 The daring thoughts that soared sublime
 Are sunk in ocean's southern wave ! —

IV.

“ Slave of the mine ! thy yellow light
 Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear. —
 A gentle vision comes by night,
 My lonely, widow'd heart to cheer !
 Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
 That once were guiding 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
 A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
 Now that his frame the lightning shock
 Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne ?
 From love, from friendship, country, torn,
 To memory's fond regrets the prey.
 Vile slave, thy yellow dross 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 begun 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 hogtoot 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 pasturing pony, 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 joined 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 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, but though we had no sport, 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; but 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 souther 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 souther'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 snowdrop 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 understand that the trouts are not 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 convey;
 And the Laird's Wat, that worthie man,
 Brought in that sirname weil beseen:
 The Armstranges, that aye hae been
 A hardy house, but not a hale,
 The Elliot's honours to maintain,
 Brought down the lave o' Liddesdale.
- "Then Tividale came too wi' speed;
 The Sheriffe brought the Douglas down,
 Wi' Cranstoun, Gladstain, good at need,
 Baith Rowle water, and Hawick town,
 Beangiddart bauldly made him boun,
 Wi' a' the Trumbills, 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 pallions, there to bide;
 We looked down the other side,
 And saw come breasting 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 Herone 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 rued 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 na wonder he was hie,
 Had Tynedale, Reedsdale, at his hand,
 Wi' Cukdale, Gladsdale, on the lee,
 And Hebsrime, and Northumberland.
- "Yett was our meeting meek enough,
 Begun wi' merriment and mowes,
 And at the brae, aboon the heugh,
 The clark sat down to call the rowes;
 And some for kyne, and some for ewes,
 Call'd in of Dandie, Hob, and Jock—
 We saw come marching ower the knowes,
 Five hundred Fenwicks in a flock—
- "With jack and spear, 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 raxed him where he stood,
 And bade him match him with his marrows ;
 Then Tynedale heard them reason rude,
 And they loot off a flight of arrows.

“ Then was there nought but bow and spear,
 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 do 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 stomach 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 rose the slogan with ane shout—
 ‘ Fy, Tynedale, to it ! Jedburgh’s here ! ’
 I trow he was not half sae stout,
 But anis his stomach was asteir,
 With gun and genzie bow and spear,
 Then might see mony a cracked crown !
 But up among the merchant geir,
 They were as busy as we were down.

“ The swallow taill frae tackles flew,
 Five hundredth flain into a fight ;
 But we had pistolets 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 Tynedale 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 Russel 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 Mowe.
 The Laird's Wat did weel indeed ;
 His friends stood stoutlie by himsel',
 With little Gladstain, gude at need,
 For Graden kend na gude be ill.

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

“But little harness had we there ;
 But auld Bedrule had on a jack,
 And did right weel, I you declare,
 With all his Trumbills at his back.
 Gude Edgerstane was not to lack,
 Nor Kirktown, Newton, noble men !
 Thirs 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 feud,
 Garr'd Tynedale 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 Fernieherst, 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 beleaguering 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 Fernieherst, 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 an 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 fairies 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 Fernieherst, 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 derrière*, with his bridle. Fernieherst 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 "town-fit," 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 attacked by that serious illness which so nearly carried her off, and which was the result of her almost incredible exertion and fatigue in riding into Liddesdale to visit Bothwell, who lay at Her-

mitage 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 to believe that she would never see another chamber but the grave; it becomes, indeed, a matter of question, whether it might not have been better for her if she had then and there finished her checquered 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 further. But, in the first place, we must 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 Bœotian 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 Edin-

burgh, 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. In it 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 written; 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 far 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 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 solemnized 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 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 good man 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 daresay she made no more songs about the Black Douglas."

Again we turn 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.”





THE TWEED AND ITS TRIBUTARIES—*continued.*

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 ourself, 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

Sharptitlaw, 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 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 Jarviswood, 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, be-thought 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 these. 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 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 near 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 perished.

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 co-heiress. His father, having no less than nine children, had little difficulty in agreeing to the proposal of a kind neighbouring clergyman, Mr. Riccarton, who, having no 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 were opened, it would not be immediately afterwards closed. This excited a merry laugh all round; but if there be any truth in the observation, may we not ask, whether such 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-tinctured stream
Descends the billowy foam, now is the time,

SCOTTISH RIVERS.

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 steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender watery stores prepare ;
 But let not on thy hook the tortured 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 pierced the streams, and roused the finny race,
 Then, issuing cheerful to thy sport repair :
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,
 And light o'er ether 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 eyes attentive mark the springing game.
 Strait as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or, urged 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 deceived,
 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 speckled 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 gaily drag your unresisting prize."

We know nothing in Isaac 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 Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering 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'd,
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, had it 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 hence onward 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, 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'Espeç, 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 made in consequence of which the garrison capitulated, and were permitted to march out of the castle under arms, with twenty horses provided 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 Hali-burton 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 things necessary 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 Kerr of Fernieherst. The French carried the outer enclosure at the first assault, but were dislodged by the garrison setting fire to the corn and straw laid up in it. The besiegers soon recovered their ground, 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 return 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 cen-

ture, 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 Hirsell 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 exceeding on 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 invested 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 afternoon, 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, Nether-stream, 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'endown-brae, Hedge-end, Red-heugh-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's 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 may at one time have 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 borne 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 rented 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 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 rock's 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, etc. etc. 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 crowns 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's 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. 6216, 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 at 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 mettle, 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. ‘Saidst thou not that we should lie at Norham to-night?’

“Methought to cast the time and the distance so,’ replied Hepborne; ‘and by those lights 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 on 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 Tillmouth:—

"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 rude Dane 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 St. 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 should 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. Horn-dean 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 sub-tributary, 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 Johnsleugh, 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 Milknow. 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 Milknow 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 Duple. 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 Milknow 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 Milknow, 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'ers could not end ;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,

And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Baaks 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, in-somuch 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. Meikle 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 the 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 Cuypp to have painted.



THE TWEED AND ITS TRIBUTARIES—*continued.*

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 dikes 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 has 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 pulleys 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, everything 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, etc., 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 flee on foot. He was overtaken at Broomhouse by Wedderburn, who slew him, and carrying his head in triumph through Dunse, fixed it on the battlements of Home Castle. A cairn marks 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 gained 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 versed 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 resolved to cross the main,
And visit foreign parts.

SCOTTISH RIVERS.

- “ 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 Whisky.
- “ 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 lived, and many more,
 For whom he had bled at school.
- “ Why, when the stores of classic lore
 Came rushing o'er his mind,
 Writhed 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 loved 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 ;
For near a fortnight o'er his breast
Held undivided reign.
- “ Her features all the charms combined
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 named in Lowland dialect,
The bonny Pearlin Jean.
- “ And how he loved, 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 ladie's cry ;'
Oh sad was that lady, and wo-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 loved Pearlin 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.

SCOTTISH RIVERS.

- “ 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 ladie’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 dragged 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 ;
Sir John with slow and solemn pace
Regain’d his native strand.
- “ He sought the town, his grief to drown
In gaiety and noise ;
With twofold horror seem’d to frown
The scene of former joys.
- “ He looked 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 appear'd 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,
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 Misses Robertson, 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 Chirside, where 3200 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, Roeclough, 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 boggy 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.

SCOTTISH RIVERS.

- “ 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 toss'd.
- “ ‘ 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 steelèd 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 Dikes. 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 Dike, 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. Foreman 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'f
O see ze not quhat I see?
Methinks I see a host of men:
I merveil quhat they be.'

" She wean'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.

SCOTTISH RIVERS.

- “ 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 your house, ze lady fair,
Give owre your house to me,
Or I sall burn yoursel’ therein,
Bot and your babies three.’
- “ ‘ I winnae give owre, ze fals Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as zee ;
And if zee burn my ain dear babes
My lord sall make ze drie.
- “ ‘ But reach my pistol, Gland, 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 razed 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 hault it time to ga’.’ ”
- “ Oh ! 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 ower 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 tearfu’ muid :
‘O traitors ! for this cruel deid
Ze sall weip teirs o’ bluid !’
- “ ‘And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sae fast as he nicht 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 Swintons, 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 :—

AND. OF. HIS. AGE. 74.

HEIR. LIETH. ANE. HONORABIL. MAN. GEORG.
 FIFE. FOSTRING. PEACE. ME. BRED.
 FROM. THENCE. THE. MERCE. ME. CALD.
 TO. BYDE. HIS. BATTLEIS. 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. MEKCE. MARS. MOKT. THESE. FATAL.
 AL. HAIL. MY. DAYS. HES. DRIVEN. OVR.
 BASTRE. OHA. DEPARTED. 4. JAN. 1592.

RANSSEY. IN. EVIDEN.

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 remains 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 prisoners taken, 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 a vision of 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!—ay, 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 rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirates’ hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rébuilt in a later style,
Show’d where the spoiler’s hand had been;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar’s carving quaint,
And moulder’d 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 farther 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.



THE TYNE.

OUR making choice of the Tyne as the next subject for description arises from no attention to systematic order; neither is it the result of whim, but simply because it happens at this moment to be more convenient for us to deal with it than with any other stream. Our courteous reader must not imagine that we are about to pilfer a river from our southern neighbours, and that we are going to describe the beauties of that which passes Newcastle, and which has so long been remarkable for the immense cargoes of black diamonds which it has exported from Shields, its well-known sea-port. We cannot say that the colour of its waters has been much improved by this traffic; as it has imparted to them no inconsiderable degree of tincture of the colour of the jewel for which it is famous. Were we disposed to bestow upon it a *soubriquet* calculated to distinguish it from our Scottish river, we should call it the inky Tyne, whilst to that which meanders through the rich agricultural scenes of East Lothian, we should very properly apply the epithet of golden, not only from the colour which the rich soil through which it runs imparts to it, but from the abundance of those golden harvests which are yielded on its banks. We must honestly tell you, *cher ami*, that we have naturally a strong affection for this river, arising from the circumstance that we first saw the light of heaven within less than half a mile, as the crow would fly, from its stream.

The Tyne has its origin from a small lake in Middleton moor, in the parish of Borthwick, in Mid-Lothian. One of the most interesting objects in its neighbourhood is the old castle of Cakemuir, which is still entire and inhabited. The most ancient part of it is a square tower which rises to the height of four stories, and is terminated by bold projecting battlements surrounding the roof. The date of its erection is not known, but the immense thickness of the walls and the style of its architecture would seem to carry it back to a very early period. Before it was purchased by the present Mr. Mackay of Blackcastle, it appears to have been in the possession of the Wauchopes of Cakemuir for at least 300 years. One of the apartments of the tower is called Queen Mary's room, she having occupied it after having escaped, disguised in man's apparel, from the castle of Borthwick, when it was invested, in June 1567, by Lord Hume and his confederates, and before she went to join her husband Bothwell at Dunbar. As the surrounding lands form part of the lordship of Crichton, belonging at that time to Bothwell, the Wauchopes of Cakemuir then stood in the position of his vassals, and according to the custom of that age, were designed his servitours or servants. Near the castle of Cakemuir, there is a sycamore which measures twenty-six and a half feet in circumference.

The Tyne does not run so near to that very interesting old ruin, Borthwick Castle, as another stream which forms one of the principal tributaries to the Esk, and therefore we shall leave that ancient place of strength for after notice, when we come to describe that river; but it has its course through a wild pastoral valley, which, until these days of railway-making, was as retired as philosophic wanderer or happy lovers could have desired to linger in. Now it is in the act of being bestrode by the enormous mounds and gigantic works of the Hawick railway, and consequently everything like romance has been put to flight from its confines. We well remember its state when we first discovered it in the course of our youthful wanderings. The course of the stream arbitrarily straying from one side of the flat bottom to another, and again returning as it followed its devious windings through

the deep alluvial soil of the valley, marked out by a few ragged alders and well-grown hollies here and there, and fringed with reeds and sedges, from which we often disturbed the lonely water-hen, or the little black ouzel, which, flitting before us, and alighting on some thin gravel bed, eyed us with curious jealousy ere he again pursued his flight. Little bosky thickets of hazel, blackthorn, and birch showed themselves here and there, affording agreeable features in the scene; and these were hung in greater abundance upon the steep banks by which it was on all sides enclosed, and from these some tall, clean-skinned young ashes shot up now and then, giving agreeable variety to the whole. When the sunshine of a summer's day gladdened this simple little glen with its cheerful rays, and when the feathered inhabitants of these little sylvan retreats came forth to unite their melodious voices together, he who could have passed through it without having his feelings exalted above the mere things of this earth must indeed have been held to be as one of the inanimate clods of the valley. It was not in such an inert state of mind as this that, some years ago, we had our last ramble through this glen; but then indeed we had with us a companion whose conversation was enough to throw charms over the most uninteresting scene in nature, and whose intellectual observation was calculated to catch at and observe every, even the minutest of nature's beauties, who saw all things with the poet's eye, and whose glowing language gave the brightest colouring to everything we beheld. Oh, what a delightful day that was! We might, indeed, leave our reader to guess at the name of the highly gifted individual to whom we are now alluding, and if we did so, we have little doubt in our own mind that he would fix upon it correctly. But why should we hesitate to say that our companion was Professor Wilson, whose society made this one of the most charming rambles we ever had in our life?

But of all times and seasons for visiting this simple valley in the mood of contemplation, none can be so happily chosen as a fine warm evening in the month of July, immediately after the sun has left the horizon, for then every bank and

brake is lighted up with the most beautiful and minute illumination. This arises from the immense number of glow-worms that are bred among the thick herbage of the glen. Nothing can be more beautiful and interesting than to watch the progress of these tiny little torch-bearers, and it is impossible for the fanciful mind to regard them without supposing that the gay and merry groups of the fairy-folk are following in their wake. It is worthy of remark, that as July is the month during which these appearances are most brilliant, they are likewise to be found throughout the month of August, but disappearing towards the end of it, they are not to be seen till next year.

During the crispy days of winter when the breeze blew fresh against the cheek, gently invigorating the whole man, how heart-inspiring it was to follow our friend Will Williamson when the hounds were threading the maze of the bottom in full cry after the fox, rousing every echo in succession as they swept along with their heads breast-high, the red coats seen flashing and sparkling through the thickets on either side, and all nature wearing an appearance of gladsome gaiety in unison with the sport. It was upon one of these occasions that old Reynard, being hard pressed, doubled back, and taking his course down the glen, made for Crichton Castle, a magnificent massive ruin, which forms the grand feature in the landscape, as it rises from a projecting terre-plein within about a hundred yards of the top of the hill on the right bank. At that time, we believe, the court-yard, which has since been encumbered by the fall of a large portion of a massive north-eastern tower, was free from ruins, and it may be conceived how animating was the effect of this being speedily filled with the pack of hounds and the whole field of sportsmen. Never, we believe, during all the numerous assaults which it received in the time long gone by, when it was liable to be so frequently assailed by enemies, was there such a clamour heard within these walls. The old fox having cunningly dodged through divers apartments and long passages, and thus exciting the hounds to the top of their bent, at last found his way into a small apartment in the second story, where there was a loophole window communicating directly

beyond the outer wall. Out of this he scrambled, and so down the wall to the ground, and out at the same aperture poured the hounds close at his brush ; but then, there being room for only one hound at a time to pass through the aperture, they came down in one continued string, exactly like a waterfall, affording, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary spectacles that are to be found in the annals of fox-hunting. It may be easily conceived, however great old Reynard's taste may have been for such matters, that he did not, upon this occasion, indulge it by staying to gaze at this cataract of descending foes ; and by putting forth his best speed, he soon secured his safety by getting to ground in the neighbouring cover.

The family of Crichton, to which this Castle owed its origin, played a distinguished part in the history of Scotland. John de Crichton had a charter of the barony of that name from Robert III. His son, Sir William de Crichton, appears to have been remarkable in this respect, that he rose into eminence from his political talents during an age when the rudeness of the times afforded little distinction to any one except for warlike achievements. He early attended the court, being one of the persons despatched to congratulate James I. on his marriage ; and on the king's return to Scotland, he became master of the royal household. Three years afterwards he was one of the envoys sent to treat for the establishment of a perpetual peace with Eric, King of Denmark, and seems ever after to have been the personal favourite of his sovereign, and to have acted the part of a courtier and minister, with an address then very unusual in Scotland. In justice to this statesman, we ought to add, that to be the adherent of the crown during this period was, in fact, to be the friend of civil liberty, and of the free administration of justice. The people, as yet, did not exist as an order of the state, and the immediate oppressors of law and freedom were the band of aristocratic nobility, who set the laws and authority of the sovereign at equal defiance.

After the murder of the King, the Queen fled with her son to place herself under the protection of Sir William Crichton, who then had the command of Edinburgh Castle ; soon after

which he was appointed Chancellor of the kingdom. Perhaps the greatest blot in his character was his share in the murder of the young Lord Douglas and his brother. Certain it is that a great jealousy had arisen of the increasing power of that family, which was not diminished by the imperious character of young Douglas himself; but the means taken for his destruction were treacherous and disgraceful in the extreme to all the actors in the tragedy, in which Crichton bore so prominent a part. The young Douglas and his brother having been invited to Crichton Castle, were treated with great kindness and hospitality, so much so as to lead them, without suspicion, to visit the Castle of Edinburgh. There the mask was thrown off; they were seized, and in spite of the entreaties of the young King, they were subjected to a mock trial, taken to the back court of the castle, and there executed; their death giving origin to the rude distich which says—

“Edinburgh Castle, town, and tower,
 God grant you sink for sin,
 And that even for the black dinoure
 Earl Douglas gat therein.”

The Douglasses being aroused and enraged by this atrocity on the part of the Chancellor, attacked the Castle of Crichton, and dismantled it. We do not use the word *demolished*, which some historians employ, as we consider this quite incompatible with its after condition. Crichton maintained great influence during the greater part of this reign, and was chosen to go to France to treat for the marriage of the King with Mary of Gueldres, in consequence of which he was raised to the rank of Baron Crichton. He was afterwards present as one of the King's party in Stirling Castle, when the then Earl of Douglas came thither, attended by Sir William Lauder of Hatton, on the King's invitation. James, after having failed by his arguments to persuade the Earl of Douglas to break his league with the Earls of Ross and Crawford against his sovereign, stabbed him with his dagger, when he was afterwards despatched by twenty-six wounds given him by the King's adherents, and thrown out of the window into a court-yard below.

Crichton Castle remained in the hands of the Crichtons till the grandson of the Chancellor William, Lord Crichton, lost his favour with the King, James III., was banished, and his lands escheated; when it and some of his other domains were conferred by the King upon his favourite, Sir John Ramsay, with the title of Lord Bothwell. This is the individual to whom we have elsewhere alluded as having been the only one of the King's favourites who was saved from the fury of Archibald Bell-the-Cat at Lauder Bridge. As he is one of our ancestors, we may be excused for mentioning that, after being compelled to lay down the title of Lord Bothwell, he retired into private life, and was the origin of the family of Ramsay of Balmain, which was afterwards lineally represented by the celebrated Sir Andrew Ramsay, Lord Abbots-hall, father-in-law of Lord Fountainhall. On the death of James III., and consequent disgrace of Ramsay, the Castle and lands of Crichton were conferred on Patrick Hepburn, third Lord Hales, who was created Earl of Bothwell. His son, the second Earl of Bothwell, was killed at Flodden, and is thus noticed in an ancient English poem, called *Flodden Field* (edited by Weber):—

“Then on the Scottish part, right proud,
The Earl of Bothwell then out brast;
And stepping forth, with stomach good,
Into the enemy's throng he thraist;

“And ‘Bothwell! Bothwell!’—cried bold,
To cause his souldiers to ensue;
But there he caught a wellcome cold,
The Englishmen straight down him threw.

“Thus Haburn through his hardy heart—
His fatal fine in conflict found;
Now, all this while, on either part,
Were dealt full many a deadly wound.”

His son Patrick, third Earl of Bothwell, to whom the Castle came by descent, was the father of him so well known as the infamous Earl of Bothwell, from whom the Castle was taken by the Lords of the Congregation, in consequence of his having robbed them of 4000 crowns, when on their way from England to their treasury, as a secret subsidy from Queen Elizabeth. It was at Crichton Castle Sir John Stewart, her natural

brother, was married in the presence of his sister, Queen Mary. James VI. afterwards conferred Crichton on Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, son of the Prior of Coldingham, who was a natural son of James V. This man afterwards conspired against the King, and was banished. Crichton Castle then fell into the hands of the Buccleuch family. Charles I. impolitically assigned it to Francis Stewart, son of the banished Earl; thus making enemies for himself of the powerful family of Buccleuch. The extravagance of Stewart soon caused his lands to fall into the hands of creditors. It was from his son, who was afterwards a common trooper, and who fought at Bothwell Bridge, that Sir Walter Scott took his character of Bothwell in his novel of *Old Mortality*. After passing through a variety of hands, Crichton Castle was purchased by Alexander Callendar, Esq. of Prestonhall, from whom it came into the possession of Mr. Callendar, the present proprietor.

Like most other Scottish castles, that of Crichton has been built at various periods; the most ancient part is a comparatively slender structure, resembling a peel tower, which now occupies the north-western angle of the building. This was probably the stronghold of the Crichtons before their family was raised to the eminence it acquired in the days of Sir William Crichton, the Chancellor. Then it was that the building, partaking of the prosperity which attended the family, grew to its present extent. It forms a large and formidable-looking quadrangle, the external appearance of which shows that it was more adapted for resisting the tide of war than for pleasing by the beauty of its architecture. But the buildings facing the court-yard within display a great deal of architectural beauty of finish. Those on the north side embrace a hall of magnificent proportions, and this was approached by a stair of great grandeur, the soffits of which have been ornamented with cordage and rosettes carved in freestone. The front of this part of the building rises over a beautiful piazza, supported by Gothic columns, where various coats of arms are found in fine preservation. The pillars themselves have their capitals richly decorated with anchors entwined with cables; a style of ornament which would lead

us to infer that this part of the building may belong to the time of the Earls of Bothwell, who were High-Admirals of Scotland, and the work may thus be assigned to the splendour of Earl Patrick, who was so well known for his taste for magnificence. Above the columns the stones of the whole face of the wall are cut into diamond facets, giving to it the richest possible appearance, and which is not, as we are at present aware, or can recollect, to be found in any other ancient Scottish building; and when the whole was in a state of perfect preservation, it must have had a most striking effect. The kitchen, the size of which is appropriate to the importance of the building, is in the north-eastern angle of the castle, and is now much obstructed by the fall of ruins. A large stone chimney in one of the apartments is generally noticed, by those who have described the castle, as being extremely curious, from its lintel being composed of three stones ingeniously dovetailed into one another. But this mode of construction is by no means singular, the same being to be found in the castle of Dunnottar and other old Scottish buildings. The dungeon, which forms an essential part of all old castles, and which, from its Moorish origin, is called the Massimore, is here of great capacity, and is descended into, like all other places of confinement, by a trap-door in the arch. Sir Walter Scott tells us that "in Scotland, formerly, as still in some parts of Greece, the great chieftains required, as an acknowledgment of their authority, that those who passed through their lands should repair to their castle, to explain the purpose of their journey, and receive the hospitality suited to their rank. To neglect this, was held discourtesy in the great, and insolence in the inferior traveller; and so strictly was the etiquette insisted on by some feudal lords, that the Lord Oliphant is said to have planted guns at his castle of Newtyle in Angus, so as to command the high road, and compel all restive passengers to do this act of homage. It chanced, when such ideas were predominant, that the Lord of Crichton Castle received intelligence that a southern chieftain of high rank, some say Scott of Buccleuch, was to pass his dwelling on his return from court. The Lord of Crichton made great preparation to banquet his expected guest, who nevertheless rode past the castle

without paying the expected visit. In his first burst of indignation, the Baron pursued the discourteous traveller with a body of horse, made him prisoner, and confined him in the dungeon, while he himself and his vassals feasted upon the good cheer which had been provided. With the morning, however, came reflection, and anxiety for the desperate feud which impended, as the necessary consequence of his rough proceeding. It is said that, by way of *amende honorable*, the Baron, upon the second day, placed his compelled guest in his seat of honour in the hall, while he himself retired into his own dungeon, and thus did at once penance for his rashness, satisfied the honour of the stranger chief, and put a stop to the feud which must otherwise have taken place between them." We beg to remind our courteous reader, that we have already mentioned another instance of this custom in the earlier part of our description of the Tweed, as exemplified by Sir James Tweedie of Drumelzier. It is our belief that there may have been an outer wall of defence belonging to the castle, either embracing the chapel, or, perhaps, leaving it immediately without the external court-yard so formed by it.

As viewed under its present circumstances, one can form no notion of what Crichton Castle was in the olden time of its glory. It now presents four strong war-constructed fronts, having few points of interest about them, and it stands upon a bare prominence overhanging the glen, like a solitary sentinel, being devoid of any very picturesque features in its vicinity. The neighbouring gunpowder mills at Gore Bridge have devoured even the smallest bushes on the banks in the shape of charcoal for their manufacture. Fancy might thus curiously imagine it possible that the bough, which had supported the downy nest of the callow younglings of some songster of the grove, may have been converted into an explosive powder which might deprive the wife of her husband, and make orphans of her children. When the whole glen and its neighbouring country were covered with wood, and as we may judge from the nature of the soil, chiefly of oak, it must have borne a very different appearance. We know that even the whole face of the distant Lammermoors must have been

covered with timber, and that the country was filled with animals of chase of all kinds. This we know from the circumstance that there still exists, on the slope of the hills, a curious little ruin called, in the language of the country, Fala Luggie, from the circumstance of its strong resemblance to one of those wooden ale-stoups, which are vulgarly called by that appellation. This was a hunting-box belonging to the members of the royal house of Stuart; and when we come to look at its extremely pitiful dimensions, we are astonished to think that a royal personage could have even turned himself in its apartments, far less lodged there during the whole night. But Crichton Castle, when frowning over its extensive forests, must have had a very grand effect. It stands about ten miles from Edinburgh; and, in those days, we doubt not that its lord, at the head of his gallant cortege, might have travelled to the very gates of the city under the shade of its trees.

The public interest in this castle has been much increased by the circumstance of Sir Walter Scott finding it convenient to bring his hero, Marmion, thither from Gifford, and to detain him there for two days. We hold the description of his evening walk with Sir David Lindsay on the battlements, during the second night of his visit, and especially the account given to him by the Lion of the strange supernatural appearance which manifested itself to the King in the church at Linlithgow, to be very picturesquely told.

X.

“ At length up that wild dale they wind,
 Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank;
 For there the Lion's care assigned
 A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.
 That Castle rises on the steep
 Of the green vale of Tyne:
 And far beneath, where slow they creep,
 From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
 Where alders moist, and willows weep,
 You hear her streams repine.
 The towers in different ages rose;
 Their various architecture shows
 The builders' various hands;
 A mighty mass, that could oppose,
 When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
 The vengeful Douglas bands.

XI.

"Crichtoun ! though now thy miry court
 But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
 Thy turrets rude, and totter'd Keep,
 Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
 Oft have I traced, within thy fort,
 Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
 Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,
 Quarter'd in old armorial sort,
 Remains of rude magnificence.
 Nor wholly yet had time defaced
 Thy lordly gallery fair ;
 Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,
 Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,
 Adorn thy ruin'd stair.
 Still rises unimpair'd below,
 The court-yard's graceful portico ;
 Above its cornice, row and row
 Of fair hewn facets richly show
 Their pointed diamond form,
 Though there but houseless cattle go,
 To shield them from the storm.
 And, shuddering, still may we explore,
 Where oft whilom were captives pent,
 The darkness of thy Massy More ;
 Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,
 May trace, in undulating line,
 The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

XII.

"Another aspect Crichtoun show'd,
 As through its portal Marmion rode ;
 But yet 'twas melancholy state
 Received him at the outer gate ;
 For none were in the Castle then,
 But women, boys, or aged men.
 With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame,
 To welcome noble Marmion, came ;
 Her son, a stripling twelve years old,
 Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold ;
 For each man that could draw a sword
 Had march'd that morning with their lord,
 Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died
 On Flodden, by his sovereign's side :
 Long may his Lady look in vain !
 She ne'er shall see his gallant train
 Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-Dean.
 'Twas a brave race, before the name
 Of hated Bothwell stain'd their fame.

XIII.

"And here two days did Marmion rest,
 With every rite that honour claims,
 Attended as the King's own guest ;—
 Such the command of royal James,

Who marshall'd then his land's array
 Upon the Borough-moor that lay.
 Perchance he would not foeman's eye
 Upon his gathering host should pry,
 Till full prepared was every band
 To march against the English land.
 Here while they dwelt, did Lindesay's wit
 Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit ;
 And, in his turn, he knew to prize
 Lord Marmion's powerful mind, and wise,—
 Train'd in the lore of Rome and Greece,
 And policies of war and peace.

XIV.

“ It chanced, as fell the second night,
 That on the battlements they walk'd,
 And, by the slowly fading light,
 Of varying topics talk'd ;
 And, unaware, the Herald-bard
 Said, Marmion might his toil have spared,
 In travelling so far ;
 For that a messenger from heaven
 In vain to James had counsel given
 Against the English war ;
 And, closer question'd, thus he told
 A tale, which chronicles of old
 In Scottish story have enroll'd :—

XV.

Sir Balth Lindesay's Tale.

“ Of all the palaces so fair,
 Built for the royal dwelling,
 In Scotland, far beyond compare,
 Linlithgow is excelling ;
 And in its park, in jovial June,
 How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
 How blithe the blackbird's lay !
 The wild-buck bells from ferny brake,
 The coot dives merry on the lake ;
 The saddest heart might pleasure take
 To see all nature gay.
 But June is, to our sovereign dear,
 The heaviest month in all the year :
 Too well his cause of grief you know,—
 June saw his father's overthrow.
 Woe to the traitors, who could bring
 The princely boy against his King !
 Still in his conscience burns the sting.
 In offices as strict as Lent,
 King James's June is ever spent.

XVI.

“ When last this ruthful month was come,
 And in Linlithgow's holy dome
 The King, as wont, was praying ;
 While, for his royal father's soul,

The chanters sung, the bells did toll,
 The Bishop mass was saying—
 For now the year brought round again
 The day the luckless king was slain—
 In Katherine's aisle the Monarch knelt,
 With sackcloth shirt, and iron belt,
 And eyes with sorrow streaming ;
 Around him, in their stalls of state,
 The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,
 Their banners o'er them beaming.
 I too was there, and, sooth to tell,
 Bedeafen'd with the jangling knell,
 Was watching where the sunbeams fell,
 Through the stain'd casement gleaming ;
 But, while I mark'd what next befell,
 It seem'd as I were dreaming.
 Stepp'd from the crowd a ghostly wight,
 In azure gown, with cincture white ;
 His forehead bald, his head was bare,
 Down hung at length his yellow hair.—
 Now, mock me not, when, good my Lord,
 I pledge to you my knightly word,
 That, when I saw his placid grace,
 His simple majesty of face,
 His solemn bearing, and his pace
 So stately gliding on,—
 Seem'd to me ne'er did limner paint
 So just an image of the Saint,
 Who propp'd the Virgin in her faint,—
 The loved Apostle John !

XVII.

“ He stepp'd before the Monarch's chair,
 And stood with rustic plainness there,
 And little reverence made ;
 Nor head, nor body, bow'd nor bent,
 But on the desk his arm he leant,
 And words like these he said,
 In a low voice—but never tone
 So thrill'd through vein, and nerve, and bone :—
 “ My mother sent me from afar,
 Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—
 Woe waits on thine array ;
 If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
 Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
 James Stuart, doubly warn'd, beware :
 God keep thee as He may !”
 The wondering Monarch seem'd to seek
 For answer, and found none ;
 And when he raised his head to speak,
 The monitor was gone.
 The Marshal and myself had cast
 To stop him as he outward pass'd ;
 But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,
 He vanish'd from our eyes,
 Like sunbeam on the billow cast,
 That glances but, and dies.’”

A quarter of a mile down the valley, and on the same bank, stands the Church of Crichton, with its ancient and venerable truncated tower, picturesquely situated in a grove of old trees. A very well preserved Roman camp is to be found at Longfaugh, some distance beyond the church. This, however, is of far less importance than that which is well known all over the Lothians as "*The Roman Camp*," which crowns the high grounds to the north of the Tyne, on the upper part of the Marquis of Lothian's property.

Following the course of the river down the glen from Crichton Church, we find that it begins to be richly wooded, and the path conducts you through many pretty little local scenes, to the beauty of which the stream has its share in contributing. The extensive woods of Vogrie House, which stands upon the left bank, have a large influence in producing these effects. There are some fine old trees about this place, and the shrubberies are very superb. A small tributary to the Tyne comes down through the glen in the wood, and altogether it is a place filled with growing amenity. The long village of Pathhead flanks either side of the Great London Road, on the high ground above the right bank of the river. The ancient ideas of road-making, contrasted with those that prevail in the present day, are nowhere so strikingly exemplified as at this particular spot. The old road runs down a terrific inclination for a quarter of a mile to the little place of Ford, where, crossing the river, it proceeds in one straight line of steep ascent for about a couple of miles, to the top of the summit level above Dalkeith. But our much-valued friend, the Earl of Stair, having, in his capacity of convener of the Dalkeith district, reared a magnificent bridge of five Roman arches, called the Lothian Bridge, in the very centre of the deep valley, so as to bring the road-way up to a level with its sides, has carried the road comparatively without rise to a lower point of the ridge, and this he has done by the additional means of an immense mound and cut; so that the road, instead of being dangerous in the highest degree, as it formerly was, is now safe and pleasant for those who are driving, and devoid of fatigue for the horses that have to pull the vehicle. We do not know a richer view anywhere in the

kingdom than that which is enjoyed by the traveller coming from Edinburgh, after he has passed through the great cut in the hill, and opened upon the mound. He thence commands the whole valley of the Tyne, exhibiting the richest possible cultivation, intermingled with the parks of numerous gentlemen's seats, with very extensive woods of fine timber, which are rarely to be met with in a country so devoted as this is to agriculture. The whole valley of the Tyne, and of East Lothian, as far as Haddington, is to be seen from hence, and the village of Ormiston, one of the prominent features, from its vicinity to the eye; the boundary to the north being the Garleton Hills, whilst it is shut in to the south by the long stretch of the Lammermoors, crowned by Lammerlaw. As we consider this extended view, which we have just described, as being of rare and singular beauty, so those of a more homely description, which are to be enjoyed from Lord Stair's grand bridge, looking in either direction up or down the river, present a rich assemblage of groves of timber and lawn, especially that which is enjoyed by looking down the stream, where the eye travels along between the grounds of the two grand places of Prestonhall upon the right bank, and Oxenford Castle upon the left. Before leaving Pathhead, we may notice that some great battle seems to have been fought near to it, an immense number of human bones having been dug up in its vicinity. We may easily conceive that many skirmishes and obstinate conflicts must have taken place in old times on the banks of the Tyne at this particular point, it being a pass of some difficulty, and of very great importance, as leading directly to Edinburgh.

Like Mr. Balwhidder, the reverend chronicler of the annals of the parish of Dalmailing, we have seen many changes in our day in the parish of Cranstoun. In the first place, we have seen no less than three successive parish churches. The first was situated very near to Oxenford Castle. It was burnt to the ground by fire communicated by a stove. A new church was then built by the heritors on the same site, but on the great extension of the grounds by the present Earl of Stair, then Sir John Hamilton Dalrymple, Baronet, he desired

to remove it beyond his park wall, and having obtained the permission of the heritors for this purpose, he, at his own expense, built a very handsome Gothic church and tower, resembling those so frequently met with in England. Then as to the manse and glebe, we recollect them both situated upon the south side of the Tyne. The old manse stood near to Prestonhall, and although it was a very pretty little nest of itself, it was a great encroachment upon the grounds of that fine place. It seems to have been an ancient hospice connected with that of Soutra, and forming a stage between that place and Edinburgh. No date could be detected upon it, but over one of the windows the following inscription in the monkish style was legible :—“ *Diversorium infra, Habitaculum supra.*” The manse and glebe are now transferred to the north side of the Tyne, where a very handsome manse, in the Elizabethan style, has been erected, at the sole expense of Mr. Callendar of Prestonhall, whose grounds were thus relieved of the encumbrance of the old one. The extensive grounds of Prestonhall here occupying the right bank of the river, while those of Oxenford Castle occupy the left, give great richness to the scenery. The house of Prestonhall is a large and handsome structure, in the Grecian style, consisting of a centre, and two important wings connected with the main body by lower buildings. The approach from the west, running along the wooded bank of the river, is very beautiful. The timber here, and in the vicinity of the house, is of great growth; and we have ourselves had occasion to notice in other works some extraordinary measurements. As the course of the river here runs through the park of Oxenford Castle, the want of it has been supplied by some extremely happily-constructed ponds of large size, of beautiful outline, and richly bordered by ancient evergreens. The banks, which slope to the north, are varied in surface, possessing a number of charming little dells running transversely down towards the valley. The ponds, and indeed the whole landscape gardening of Prestonhall, were executed many years ago by the then proprietor, Lord Adam Gordon, who was grand-uncle of the last Duke of Gordon. He was for a long while Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, and we ourselves can just

recollect to have seen his tall spare form, and extremely benevolent countenance, as, clad in the uniform of Lieut-General, and surrounded by his staff, he used to inspect and review the regiments upon Bruntsfield Links. Whilst proprietor of Prestonhall, he resided there with his wife, the Dowager Duchess of Athol, whom he married in 1767, and where he kept one of the most hospitable houses in Scotland. Our father, who, as his near neighbour and intimate friend, used to be much there, has told us that the house was always full. He was up every morning by five o'clock, and got through all his official business before breakfast. After that meal, he informed his friends that there were horses, dogs, guns, and fishing-rods at their command, so that each might follow his own pursuit. "As for me, gentlemen," said he, "I am going on my usual inspection of works, and I shall be happy to have the company of any one who may feel disposed to honour me so far." This inspection of works occupied the whole day till dinner-time, for he had gangs of workmen employed in various parts of the grounds, all of whom he visited in succession, giving his own directions to them. His table was first-rate, and his wines of first-rate quality, and he was no niggard of them. The Duchess of course laid out her day for her own amusement, and that of the ladies, selecting such of the gentlemen as she chose to form her parties. Lord Adam was the most generous man in the world. He would ask our father to go with him to look at a lot of queys or colts, in order that he might give him his opinion as to which was the best, and when he had returned home a day or two afterwards, he was much surprised to learn that the animal had been sent over to him from Prestonhall as a present, so that it became absolutely necessary for a person of any delicacy to beware of praising anything that he saw at Prestonhall. When he had completed the improvements of the place according to his own ideas, and there really remained little or nothing more to be done, he sold it, and afterwards bought *the Burn* in the north, for the embellishment of which place he set himself to work with renewed alacrity. The trees which Lord Adam planted at Prestonhall are now well grown, and all that it can want in the way of embellishment

is the opening out of the grounds here and there, which perhaps might be done in certain directions with good effect.

The alterations and improvements on the grounds of Oxenford Castle have been very great since we first recollect them in the days of our youth. The place was then confined very much by two roads, one running past the church, and the other down to the Tyne, a little to the westward of the house. Between the church and the Castle there was a deep ravine, which still exists; and the timber within the wall was of great magnitude, supporting a colony of rooks, whose cawing added to the venerable appearance of the place. Everything, indeed, about it was venerable, except the Castle itself, which, though a large structure, was one of those anomalies in architecture which Adam, the architect, invented, and chose to dignify with the name of Castle. Strange it was, that an architect who had so much good taste in other styles, should have been led to adopt this! He seems to have considered that every bit of the external wall should have a window, loophole, or slit in it; and where no such thing was required for convenience within, a mock opening was made externally. Is it not wonderful, that a man who had only to go a few miles to see Borthwick Castle, Crichton Castle, and Elphinstone Tower, all of which are of so different a character, should have been led to produce anything of this kind, particularly as he had the nucleus of an old castle to work upon? Our friend, the Earl of Stair, has since done all that a man of taste could do, by a very large addition, to improve the general contour and character of the building; and this so far predominates over the whole, as in a certain degree to extinguish the anomaly of the other parts, so that it now altogether constitutes a very imposing structure in relation to the surrounding scenery. The boundaries of the place are now so extended as to enclose a very large park. The newer parts of this have been planted with great judgment, and with such care in regard to the trees as must insure their coming rapidly to maturity. But towards the vicinity of the house, the ancient groves of timber come into play with the happiest effect. Following the example set him by his ancestor, Marshal

Stair at Castle Kennedy, in Wigtonshire, the noble proprietor has cut the lawn behind the house into terraces and slopes, in the old style of landscape gardening. This has produced more thinness in the shrubbery in this quarter than is altogether desirable, but this will be improved by the growth of a few years. The deep ravine to the north is filled with a wilderness of shrubs; and his Lordship contemplates the conversion of the ancient parish burying-ground into a place of the choicest beauty of retirement, as has been done at Castle Craig and at Minto. The site of the Castle is very commanding. The eye drops directly down a steep bank into the hollow valley below, and follows the course of the Tyne downward through a long retiring lawn, flanked by the banks of fine timber, whence it sweeps down the country towards Ormiston and Winton. A tributary brook enters the park from the north-west, through a beautiful, narrow, wooded glen, rendered accessible by a foot-path which runs under a bridge on the great road. This is replete with beautiful little local scenes. To add to the grandeur of the Castle, and to give it its proper character, the platform in front must be converted into a great court-yard, entering under an archway from the bridge over the ravine, and having another archway to the south. All this will be probably added to the Castle in due time.

There are some curious remains on the estate of Cousland, belonging to Lord Stair; and although they are at some distance from the mansion, we cannot pass them by without notice. They are situated upon the high ridge, several miles to the north. The Castle and village were burnt by Somerset, when he invaded Scotland with his powerful army, to enforce the marriage of Queen Mary with the young king of England—a mode of courtship which was considered, even in those times, to be rather rough. Some extensive ruins are to be seen upon the south side of the village. Tradition says that these are the remains of a nunnery, but no authentic account of them can be discovered. They chiefly consist of two enclosures of considerable extent, surrounded by high walls. That called the White Dyke is

24 feet high, and the rest vary in height from 5 to 11. They seem to have been the orchards belonging to some religious house, for cherry trees and gooseberry bushes were still growing in them some few years ago. There was a church-yard here, and the end of the ruined chapel had a bell hanging in it, which was carried off by some tinkers, in the recollection of the people still alive. The supposition is that this was a religious foundation, dedicated to St. Bartholomew, for there are some acres of ground to the southward, which retain the name of Bartholomew's Firloot. We must not forget to mention that a family of the name of Foster having come from the north of England, and taken what is called the surface coal of Cousland, were engaged in pulling down part of the old wall in order to use the material for some building purpose. They were much astonished to see a stream of gold pieces issue from a crevice. Of course they took care that nobody but themselves should be aware of the extent of this treasure; but certain it is, that when they returned to England, they set up in a style of life very much above that in which they had formerly lived.

The noble proprietor of Oxenford has effected great agricultural improvements both here and on his extensive estates in Wigtonshire. He has been long known as a decided, uncompromising, and unvarying Whig and Reformer, and has been deservedly placed by universal consent at the head of the Whig interest in Scotland. We have long enjoyed his friendship, and have recently had the honour of becoming connected with him; and we can with truth affirm, that the pride which we have in regard to this arises more from our admiration of his honest consistency than from the high rank which he possesses.

It is remarkable, that, looking down the whole course of the Tyne to the sea, from our present rather elevated position, we cannot discover or remember any place which has fostered the genius of the muse, with one exception, to be afterwards noticed; but on the other hand, there is hardly a gentleman's seat in the whole course of the stream that has not given birth to some distinguished character. The family

of Dalrymple, besides other remarkable men, has produced Sir David Dalrymple of Hailes, a member of the Faculty of Advocates, created a Baronet 8th May 1700, who was Member of Parliament for Culross, Solicitor-General to Queen Anne, and a Commissioner for the treaty of Union. His son, Sir James Dalrymple of Hailes, also a Member of Parliament, was the author of Dalrymple's *Scottish History*, a very curious book. His son, Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, Judge of the Court of Session, was the learned and accomplished author of the *Annals of Scotland*. But the most brilliant character of this family was John, second Earl of Stair, the Field-Marshal. His life commenced under most distressing auspices, for while yet a mere boy, he had the misfortune to shoot his elder brother with fire-arms, with which they were incautiously playing together. The young lord was killed on the spot. His unhappy parents could not afterwards bear to look on their son, who had produced so great a calamity, and in order to keep him out of their sight they banished him to Ayrshire, where he was put to reside with a clergyman. The character of his pupil gradually expanded itself so favourably, that the reverend gentleman, who was fortunately a man of sound sense, formed the highest idea of the youth's powers of mind, and made the most favourable reports regarding him to his family, and these, backed by much intercession, at last effected their object so far, that he was put into the army with all the advantages attendant upon his rank. Becoming the companion in arms of the Duke of Marlborough, he particularly distinguished himself at the battles of Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, and rose to the highest rank in his profession. He was afterwards sent to Paris as ambassador extraordinary to Louis XIV. There his wonderful powers of acquiring information enabled him to discover all the Jacobite intrigues, and to keep the Court of France in check with regard to them. Lord Stair was very remarkable for his knowledge of good breeding, and on some of the courtiers having occasion to mention to the French king that the Field-Marshal was held to be the best-bred man in Europe, "I shall soon put that to the test," said Louis; and having

ordered his carriage, and signified to Lord Stair his desire that he should accompany him in an airing, he followed his Majesty to the door of the vehicle. There the king suddenly stood aside, and motioned to the Earl to precede him, when his Lordship immediately bowed and obeyed. "He *is* the best-bred man in Europe," said the king afterwards to his former informant; "had he been otherwise, he would have kept me standing for some time unnecessarily." It was entirely owing to the admirable diplomacy of Marshal Stair that the security of the newly-acquired throne of George I. was preserved, so far as the neutrality of France was concerned.

To descend by a sudden and curious flight from field-marshals to fish, we have now to mention that all this upper part of the Tyne enjoys its proportion of the finny race. The monarch of the brook may perhaps be here and there enticed from some deepish hole beneath the tangled roots of a projecting alder, by a short line, with a bait hook being thrust in and brought immediately within his cognizance. This refers chiefly to that part of the stream which is above Ford; but after it enters the Oxenford grounds, it becomes assailable by the fly, and with this implement, a fair dish of trout, of a very small size, may be caught, so as to afford two or three hours of very pretty angling; and to dismiss this matter, as regards the river, for a certain distance downwards, we may say that this is very much the state of the case for some three or four miles till we get below the village of Pencaitland.

Escaping from the grounds of Oxenford and Prestonhall, and at the same time from the county of Mid-Lothian, the Tyne enters the parish of Ormiston in East Lothian. Before doing so it receives from the north a small tributary at a place called Whitehouse Mill. This descends from Mr. North Dalrymple's property of Fordel. The country here on both sides is entirely English in appearance, the river running slowly in a deep alluvial bed through meadows, and the fields being everywhere divided by hedgerow trees; and at the distance of about a couple of miles, it passes the village of Ormiston, occupying, as it were, the central point of the valley, and

with the red-tiled roofs of its houses rising here and there over the trees in which it is embosomed. Its street possesses the width of an English village, and from the centre of it a rude but ancient cross arises. A Gothic chapel stood near this cross, the remains of which existed in the recollection of the fathers of some old inhabitants not long dead. The village has now a certain air of decay about it, but in our younger days we recollect that some of its best houses were inhabited by respectable individuals of *demi-fortune*, who came here to live cheap—so that it afforded a quiet, genteel, and innocent society.

The rising grounds at some distance to the south of the village are covered with the extensive and united woods of Ormiston Hall, Woodhall, and Fountainhall, so as to form a sylvan district of so great magnitude, as, when we consider the rich agricultural country in which it is situated, might almost be termed a forest. Ormiston Hall may probably be considered by such individuals as have less romance in their compositions than we profess ourselves to have, to be a dull *séjour*, from the immense quantity of wood by which it is surrounded; but we have a very different feeling in regard to it, as we consider it a most delightful retirement. The oldest part of the house dates of the time of the Cockburns of Ormiston, and is of that tea-canister style of architecture that prevailed at the period. Three additions have been made to it in the same style, one tea-canister being added alongside of another, till the accommodation wanted was completed; but as it is a house of no external pretension, it gives no offence, and is extremely comfortable in the interior. Of this we can speak from experience, having spent the greater part of the last summer there as the guest of our son-in-law, Mr. Mitchell Innes, who now rents it. The house fronts the east, and in that direction an extensive park, of very considerable breadth, stretches away until lost in the distant woods, whence the eye travels through the vista of the valley of the Tyne. This park is bounded everywhere else by the woods, which throw promontories of magnificent trees into it here and there. On the south side of the house, and immediately behind it, part of the ancient garden has

been converted, with the happiest success, into a flower-garden, redolent of roses, mingled with shrubbery ; and the natural manner in which this sweeps into, and blends with, the lawn without and wood beyond, produces the most pleasing effect, while an advance-guard of some of the oldest and most magnificent trees, chiefly beeches, chestnuts, limes, and walnuts, come sweeping from the wood round to the westward. This flower-garden is remarkable for the immense height of the evergreens, of which its thickets are composed ; but one tree requires especial notice—this is the celebrated yew ; the age of this tree must be immense, and it is in the most perfect state of preservation. There was found, some years ago, among the papers belonging to the Earl of Hope-toun, conveyed to him by the Cockburn family, a lease of a piece of ground in the vicinity, granted by the head of the religious establishment at Ormiston, and signed under the yew-tree. It was beautifully written on a piece of parchment which is now said to be in some way or other amissing—the date of which, however, according to the recollection of the gentlemen who saw it, was 1474. At this moment the yew is in the fullest vigour of growth, and presents, perhaps, one of the finest objects, as a vegetable production, that Scotland can exhibit. We recollect very well, that in our younger days our worthy father, who was curious in such matters, used to measure it annually, and found its increment to be never less than an inch in the year. We have not thought of measuring it lately, but we shall now quote from our own edition of *Gilpin's Forest Scenery* published in 1834, where we have given the measurement as accurately taken at that time, and we have no doubt it has considerably increased since :—“ It throws out its vast limbs horizontally in all directions, supporting a large and luxuriant head, which now covers an area of ground of fifty-eight feet in diameter, with a most impenetrable shade. Above the roots it measures twelve feet nine inches in girth ; at three feet up, it measures thirteen feet half an inch ; at four feet up, it measures fourteen feet nine inches ; and at five feet up, it measures seventeen feet eight inches in girth.” In this garden there are some remarkable old fig-trees, producing exquisite fruit in so

great abundance, as to have furnished this season a supply, for more than a month, of figs which were found to be not inferior to those which we have eaten anywhere abroad.

To the north of the house, what is called Ormiston Hall Dean runs in a direction from west to east. This is one of the most beautiful features about the whole place. The trees in it may be said to be of gigantic size ; and our friend, Mr. Milne, the Commissioner of Woods and Forests, who visited it last summer, declared that he had not believed that Scotland could show anything like it. The interest of this charming wilderness, which has been made accessible by walks, is much increased by the circumstance of a very whimsical tributary of the Tyne having its passage through it ; and as there is nothing to notice upon the rest of its course, until it joins the river above Wintoun, we shall finally discuss it here. Its waters are drawn, in a great measure, from the old coal-wastes which have perforated the ground here, in some places like the burrowing of rabbits. At one time it is seen dancing along, and glittering beneath some ray of light, accidentally perforating the foliage above ; at another, as if its naiad were alarmed by the approaching foot of meditation, it hurries into a cavernous opening, and disappears under ground. Anon it again rushes forth between banks luxuriantly fringed with plants of the richest character for the foreground of the artist, affording subjects that Ruysdael or Hobbima might have coveted to have painted. An artist fond of such subjects as these, or of sylvan scenery in general, might devote a lifetime to study in the Dean alone. How happy were those days of our youth when we, during our solitary walks, used to bury ourselves in its depths, and there, undisturbed by the approach of any human being, devote ourselves for hours to our pencil !

But to us the great charm of Ormiston Hall is the extent of the surrounding woods, and the great growth of the trees. There it was that in former days we delighted to lose ourselves amidst its solitudes, wandering without an object for hours together. There we would now and then break into

the more open ground, where the trees grew thinner, and the under-growth of shrubbery was more luxuriant, and the light came cheerfully down to illuminate the various scenes we passed through ; and there the rich profusion of flowers, beds of anemones, ranunculuses, wood-sorrel, violets, and their numerous associates, with Milton's own "nodding avens," are found in profusion. There the silence of our steps would give us a transient peep at the sly fox as he came stealing through the broad leaves of the ferns ; and the pheasant would often startle us by rising from our side. Then, again, we found places of several acres in extent, covered by trees so tall as to rear their canopy of umbrage to an inconceivable height above our heads. In such places, the surface of the earth being deprived of its tribute of moisture from the clouds, produced no vegetation, and consequently it was covered with the dried leaves of the previous year—producing altogether a most American effect. There we would stop to listen, while the hot summer's sun above our heads was pouring its most powerful influence upon the tops of the trees ; whilst all below was coolness and unbroken shade ; every harsh sound was silenced—even the slumberous cooing of the ringdove came at long intervals from a distance, as if the bird were too much oppressed by the heat to repeat it oftener ; and the mingled hum of countless millions of insects hung in the air above us. Who could be so circumstanced without thinking of the endless power of the great God of Love, whose all-pervading spirit was giving happiness to so many of His creatures, each individual of whom, constructed with organs of the most delicate formation, was as much an object of care to Him as was man himself ? Where could we have found a cathedral wrought by human hands for meditative worship equal to this ? But we must put an end to our indulgence in these ancient recollections.

And yet there is an immense population, which, we may say, is hereditarily connected with these woods, that we cannot pass over unnoticed—we mean the rooks, who have probably used these woods as a place of nightly roost from a period as far back as the earlier days of the Cockburns, who were the lords of the soil. We had a daily opportunity of

watching their operations last summer, and we found them to be precisely the same that had been adopted by their ancestors in the days of our youth. When the grey dawn of morning first begins to appear, and long before the sun visits the horizon, this immense winged nation rises at once, as if by word of command, from the upper boughs of the trees, where they have been lodging for the night. For a short time they refrain from employing their throats in cawing, but the sound of their wings is so powerful as to resound in the most sublime manner through the whole of the woods. Having soared perpendicularly upwards, and gained a sufficient altitude, their chorus of cawing begins, producing what we consider a species of rural harmony, and they proceed to wheel round in circles for a considerable time. At length, dividing themselves in several *corps d'armée*, each goes off in a straight line for a short distance towards a point of the compass different from that of the others, and there, after a series of circles in the air, it settles down in some large field, the surface of which becomes black with this strange population. Again, after counsel having been duly held, this body rises into the air, wheels in many a cawing circle, and breaks off in some three or four grand divisions, which proceed onwards in different lines. Following one of these, we find that it settles down in a field in the same way as its particular corps did, holds the same counsel, rises again into the air, again subdivides itself, each smaller division proceeding onwards in its own line, and when strictly pursued, so as to watch its proceedings, we at last find that it is divided and subdivided, until it is left scattered over the country in parties consisting of two or three individuals, who go on, each foraging for himself, to procure a maintenance; and thus they are occupied till an hour or two before the approach of evening. Then the manœuvres of the morning begin to be repeated, but in inverse order. The little parties meet for reunion at their various places of rendezvous; the complement of each being fully made up, it proceeds onwards to the next field of meeting, where it unites with the other bodies from which it separated in the morning; and so the whole proceed onwards, accumulating, as they go, in the same manner

as they formerly divided themselves, and at the same places where these divisions took place, until they all assemble from different points of the compass in the great field where they first settled. Then it is that, rising again into the air, they seem to consider it necessary to show off their tactics to the greatest advantage, and an hour and sometimes more is consumed in the execution of a variety of evolutions, which are perfectly beautiful in themselves. At last, being all collected together, the vast army again rises into the clouds, immediately over the woods which contain their dormitory, and wheeling round and round, circle within circle, and gradually sinking nearer and nearer towards their place of rest, they all of a sudden drop into it at once; after which, beyond the impatient flap of a wing, or peevish caw, occasioned by the intrusion of one individual upon the space adopted by another, no sound is heard, and in a very few minutes all is so quiet, that no one passing could believe that so immense a population was roosting in the trees over his head.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries Ormiston Hall belonged to a family of the name of Orme, after which it became the property of the Lindsays, from whose hands it came by marriage into the possession of the Cockburns, to whom it was confirmed by a charter of King David Bruce in 1368. John Cockburn, the first possessor, and his son, were constables of Haddington, an office which was for a long time hereditary in the family. We learn, from the Statistical Account of the parish, that in 1542, Patrick, a descendant of the family, distinguished himself by a gallant defence of the Castle of Dalkeith, against James, ninth Earl of Douglas, who had risen in rebellion, on account of the murder of his brother William the eighth Earl. Cockburn having obtained the command of the town, put himself at the head of the King's troops, defeated the rebels, though his army was inferior to theirs, and obliged them to retire. The family appear to have been strongly attached to the Reformation; so much so, that Sir Alexander Cockburn committed the education of his son, Alexander, to John Knox, the Reformer, who speaks of him in his history as possessed of great accomplishments; and

Buchanan wrote two elegies upon his death, which took place at the early age of twenty-eight. In the aisle of the old chapel at Ormiston Hall there is a brazen tablet, with the following inscription to his memory :—

Omnia quæ longa indulget mortalibus ætas
 Hæc tibi Alexander prima juvena dedit
 Cum genere et forma generoso sanguine digna
 Ingenium velox ingeniumque animum
 Excoluit virtus animum ingeniumque camenæ
 Successu studio consilioque pari
 His ducibus primum peragrata Britannia deinde
 Gallia ad armiferos qua patet Helvetios
 Doctus ibi linguas quas Roma, Sion, et Athenæ
 Quas cum Germano, Gallia docta sonat
 Non immaturo funere raptus obis
 Omnibus officiis vitæ qui functus obivit
 Non fas hunc vitæ est de brevitate queri.

Hic conditur Alexander Cockburn Primogenit Joannis domini Ormiston et Alisonæ Sandilands, ex preclara familia Calder, qui natus 13 Januarii 1535 post insignem linguarum professionem. Obiit anno ætatis suæ 28. Calend. septe.





THE TYNE—*continued.*

ATTACHED to the present offices are some remains of the ancient house of Ormiston Hall, which is rendered peculiarly interesting from melancholy historical recollections connected with that godly and unfortunate man, Wishart the Reformer. Wishart had been preaching in various parts of the country in a very bold manner, whilst his enemy, Cardinal Beaton, was watching his footsteps like a tiger, being prepared to pounce upon and seize him whenever an opportunity offered. He was protected by several of the gentlemen of Lothian, who had adopted the reformed faith, and John Knox had eagerly attached himself to him. In the course of his peregrinations he had come to Haddington, accompanied by Crichton of Brunston, Sandilands of Calder, and Cockburn of Ormiston. Unknown to the Reformer, Crichton of Brunston had been for two years organizing a conspiracy for the assassination of the Cardinal—a circumstance which, being known to Beaton, whetted his animosity against Wishart, who, he could not doubt, must be acquainted with Crichton's designs. At Haddington Wishart delivered his last and most eloquent discourse, in which he took solemn farewell of his audience, after which he set out for the house of Ormiston, accompanied by his three friends. The enthusiastic Knox, who had listened to his discourse, was eagerly desirous to attach himself to his fortunes, but Wishart, who had a presentiment of what was to befall him, affectionately declined his offer, and dismissed him with

these remarkable words : "One is sufficient for a sacrifice." It is impossible to visit the ruinous fragment of that old house of Ormiston, without figuring to one's-self the picture afforded by the happy assemblage of that evening. Wishart was unusually cheerful, and after supper he addressed the party round him, taking for his subject the death of God's children. The whole of his assembled friends then joined him in singing a psalm, after which they retired to rest, and Wishart fell into a sound sleep. At midnight he and all within the dwelling were awakened by the trampling of horses and the clang of arms in the court. The house was surrounded, and a loud and stern voice from without, which was immediately recognised as that of the Earl of Bothwell, summoned its inmates to surrender at discretion. Wishart at once apprehended the cause, and resolved to submit. Indeed those within had no means of making any defence. Wishart was seized and dragged out of the house, and mounted upon horseback, Bothwell all the time assuring him that his life and person should be perfectly safe. Away swept the party of horsemen with him, and taking a northerly direction, they crossed the valley of the Tyne, and made straight for Elphinstone Castle, which stands on the summit of the ridge, lying between the Tyne and the low country towards the sea. Here the wily Cardinal was ensconced, like a spider in his web, waiting for his prey ; and, instead of giving thanks to Bothwell for the success of his enterprise, he expressed his chagrin and disappointment that one victim only had been secured, and a party was sent back to seize his companions ; but Beaton was again doomed to disappointment, for although Cockburn and Sandilands were apprehended, and afterwards shut up in the Castle of Edinburgh, Brunston, whom he had chiefly desired to secure, escaped to the neighbouring woods. The tower of Elphinstone Castle is extremely ancient, and of immense thickness of masonry and strength of structure, and it is founded upon rock, which everywhere projects from the surface of the ground under the building. Notwithstanding these advantages, a crack runs from top to bottom of its western side. It appears to be perfectly impossible to account for this from any ordinary cause ; but the country people believe and say, that it

took place during the night of Wishart's confinement there, as a mark of God's displeasure.

With regard to the Cockburns of Ormiston, we find that Sir John Cockburn was Lord Justice-Clerk in 1547, and the same office was held by his descendant, Adam Cockburn, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This gentleman married Lady Susan Hamilton, daughter of the fourth Earl of Haddington. We have the good fortune to possess very fine portraits of both this Justice-Clerk and his lady, from whom our children trace their direct descent. Adam was member for the county of Haddington in the Scottish Parliament which sat at Edinburgh 20th July 1681, and also in that of 1688. He was, besides, one of the commissioners appointed for the treaty of Union. His son, John, who was born about the year 1685, rendered himself very remarkable as an agricultural improver. As England was at that period much further advanced than Scotland in the art of agriculture, he brought down to Ormiston a family of English farmers, and gave them, for their encouragement, long and renewable leases over the whole of his estate. Under their industrious exertions the whole district very soon assumed a totally different appearance, the fields being improved and enclosed with hedges and hedgerows; hence it is that it presents at present so English an appearance. But Mr. Cockburn soon found out that he had thus in a manner alienated his property; and he ultimately became so much disgusted by circumstances, that, being member for the county, he continued to reside chiefly in London. About the year 1741 he retired from public life, and died at his son's house, at the Navy Office, in the year 1747. His son George was the last of that distinguished family. He was appointed a captain in the Navy in 1741, and one of the Commissioners of the Navy in 1756, and died at Brighton in 1770.

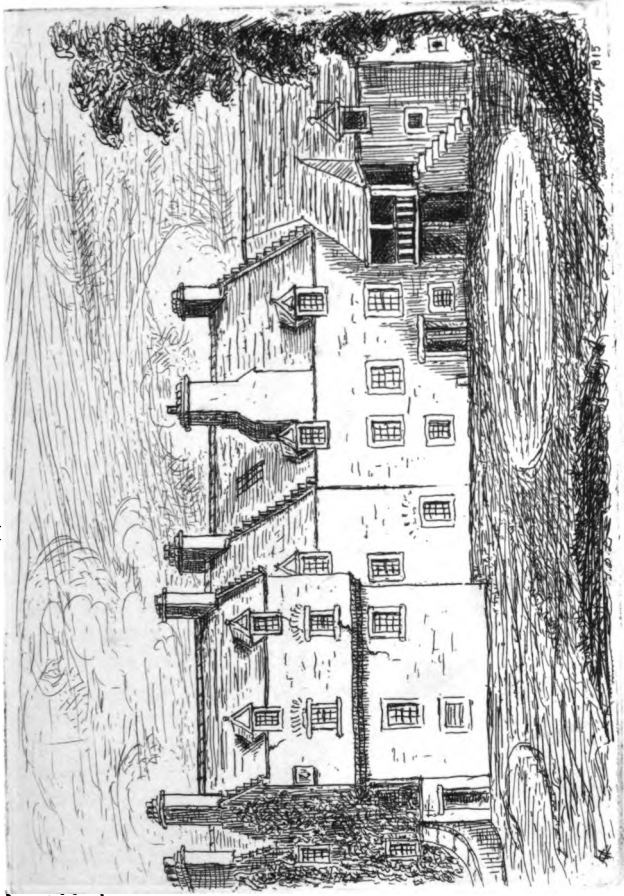
The property of Ormiston was next acquired by John, second Earl of Hopetoun. It has continued in that family ever since. We need hardly refer to the history of John, the fourth Earl, whose heroism as a soldier, and liberality as a landlord, are too fresh in the memory of every one to require recapitulation, and which acquired for him two monuments,

those in West and East Lothian, which now stand as prominent features in these counties.

We have already alluded to Elphinstone Tower, but we must now notice it more particularly, though shortly. It is said to have been built about the year 1300; the remainder of the castle attached to it was added in 1600. Even the comparatively modern parts are extremely picturesque, and the south-eastern tower furnishes some lessons in Scottish architecture that are well worth studying. It is still inhabited, and might be made a fine old residence; but the grounds around it have been massacred in the cruellest manner. We ourselves recollect, not a great many years ago, that it was associated with a grove of magnificent old trees, but these were most mercilessly subjected to the axe. Before our time, however, the grounds to the eastward of the building were laid out in a quaint and interesting old Pleasaunce, where, besides the umbrageous trees that sheltered it, all manner of shrubs grew in luxuriance—the ground being laid out in straight terrace walks, squares, triangles, and circles; and, in short, all manner of mathematical figures, with little *bosquets*, labyrinths, and open pieces of shaven turf. What, we ask, should have been the fate of the Vandal who mercilessly destroyed so beautiful a specimen of the ancient style of landscape gardening?

The old house of Fountainhall, in which we very naturally feel a peculiar interest, rises over the great extent of wood we have already noticed, presenting a much more imposing appearance at a distance than nearer approach to it bears out. The lands connected with it, together with those of Temple Hall, of Muttonhole and Peaston Burn, in the county of Edinburgh, were acquired by Sir John Lauder, the first Baronet of the family, and erected into a barony. We may mention that Temple Hall was the site of an ancient establishment of the Knights-Templars, who had a chapel and cemetery here, of which traces existed to a comparatively recent period.

Sir John Lauder, the second Baronet of the name, was well known from his title of Lord Fountainhall, which, as one of the Senators of the College of Justice, he took from his paternal residence. He was a remarkable man. Having been





educated at Leyden, he passed advocate in 1688, and became remarkable both as a lawyer and a statesman. He was one of those fifty advocates who, demurring against the arbitrary endeavour of the judges to crush appeals to the King and Parliament from their sentences, deserted the Court in a body, in February 1678—were deprived of their privileges, and not afterwards restored to them until 1679. Being a zealous Whig, he was counsel for Argyll in 1681, and his boldness in defending him had nearly subjected him to imprisonment. He was returned to the Scottish Parliament, in 1685, for the county of Haddington, and continued to represent it for twenty-two years. In the question regarding the repeal of penal laws and tests relating to religion, he made a vigorous and determined stand in the house against the royal party, and materially contributed to their defeat. He was made a Lord of Session in 1689, and one of the Lords of Justiciary in 1690. In those days, the appointment of Lord Advocate was frequently held in conjunction with a seat on the bench. It was offered to Fountainhall in 1692, but refused by him, because he was denied permission to prosecute the inhuman perpetrators of the diabolical massacre of Glencoe. Lord Fountainhall was indefatigable in recording both the remarkable law cases that came under his observation, and the interesting general passing events. Were his manuscripts all in existence they would be extremely numerous; but, with the exception of a curious small memorandum-book in our possession, only eight folios and three quartos now remain. These are said to have been originally rescued from a tobacconist's shop, and they are now in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates. From these were printed the two folio volumes of law decisions; and the Bannatyne Club are engaged in printing his more miscellaneous works. As stated in an earlier part of this article, he married Margaret Ramsay, daughter of Sir Andrew Ramsay, Lord Abbotshall, from whom his present representative is directly descended. He died in September 1722. To illustrate the manners of his times, we may mention that the room in which he sat at Fountainhall is above forty feet long; the walls, consisting of bare masonry alone, were probably covered with tapestry; but it has

never had any ceiling—the eye having been permitted to wander upwards amongst the bare rafters, through the void overhead, till it rested on the wood under the slates. His town residence seems to have been more comfortable. It stood where Mylne's Court now stands, and its gardens went quite down the steep bank now covered by the Mound, to the southern margin of the North Loch of Edinburgh—the ground being laid out in a series of terraces, one below the other. His younger son, David Lauder, Advocate, to whom he gave the estate of Huntley Wood, married Margaret Maxwell, daughter of Sir John Maxwell of Pollok; and he and his wife having died early, left two infant daughters, orphans and co-heiresses, who were brought up by their grandmother, Lady Maxwell. One of these married Dr. Cumin of Relugas, and the other Mr. Innes of Stowe. The late Miss Innes of Stowe informed us that, when children, her mother and aunt used to go regularly every Saturday to visit the old Lord. Her mother described to her that he sat in an antique chair, in an apartment hung with gilded leather, the furniture being of the old-fashioned, richly-carved description, especially a cabinet, on the top of which grinned a real human skull, that failed not to make a strong impression upon the minds of his grandchildren. Before dismissing them he invariably made them kneel before him, and, putting their heads between his knees, he gave them his blessing in the most solemn and patriarchal manner. He then bestowed a shilling upon each of them; but no sooner had they reached the ante-room where their Abigail was waiting for them, than she pounced upon them like a hawk, and rifled them of the money.

Our general description of Ormiston Hall woods having been intended to embrace those of Fountainhall also, with which they are so connected as to form one great whole, we are spared the necessity of further notice of them, as well as those of the adjoining Woodhall, except to say that they are remarkable for the number of fine springs they contain, whence the name was given to the place. There is one medicinal spring also, containing from 60 to 80 parts in the 100 of sulphate of iron. This exhibits some extraordinary phenomena, as an alternating spring, of which we have given

a very full account in the earlier numbers of Thomson's *Annals of Philosophy*. As to Woodhall, nothing remains of it now but the ruins of its ancient peel-tower. But before leaving Fountainhall, we should take the opportunity of introducing some very curious old documents, which we believe cannot fail to be extremely interesting to our courteous reader. They are papers contained in an old pocket-book,—which was found on the road near Tranent, in the year 1745,—which was preserved in the family charter-chest ever since. It seems to have dropped from the pocket of Mr. George Gordon of Beldorney, who appears to have been an officer in the Prince's army, in command of a party sent to search the gentlemen's houses of East Lothian, for arms and horses. We shall first give an original letter to Mr. Gordon, from his mother, found in the pocket-book, which is in the following terms:—

“George Gordon of Beldorney.

“Att Edenbrought.

“DR GORGE,—I am glad to find by accedent your are weill tho ye did not writt me all the whill ye wase in the Country that I atterbut more to the herrey than neglectt, wherer writt by post or the first occation what regiment or Companey yo are in and your Driction my Dr Gorge be earnest wt the Allmighty God to persever you and giv scuckess to the prince victerruss armess bever lik a man of honner and your father son.

“We are very wull all hear but the news of the last engagment the falls word of our frinds death puts us all in allarme however I am hartly sorry tillarey death in so a bad cass your Brother is at fatter-neer he took his Live of me what he is to do I know not giv my Kind complayment to Cap Couk Stron your uncle Sandy I saw his wiffe weill on Sunday Last Cass him accept his word Mr Brochy your sister and all hear Jines in this complayment to you and all frinds and ever I am Der Gorge your effe Mother whill

“MARY GORDON.

“Oct. 2. 1745.”

The next document we shall produce was the warrant for his proceeding on the expedition on which he was now sent, which has the Prince's seal attached to it:—

“Charles, Prince of Wales, etc., Regent of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging, to George Gordon, Gentleman.

“These are empowering you to search for all horses, arms and am-

munition, that you can find in the custody of, or belonging to, any person or persons disaffected to our interest, and seize the same for our use; for the doing of which this shall be your warrant. Given at Holyrood House, the eighteenth day of October, 1745.

“By his Highness’s command,
“J. MURRAY.”

After this, follow the instructions given to George Gordon of Beldorney:—

“You are to take the Musleburgh Road through Inveresk, by Carberry, Cousland Wind Miln, Ormiston Kirk, and House of Muir, where old Mr. Wight lives. You turn to the east from this place to Fountainhall, Sir Andrew Lauder’s house. The stables are above the house, these secure in the first place, and if you please, Mr. Currie’s house, who lives hard by them and has arms. Don’t forget Sir Andrew’s horse furniture and pistols, which will be in his house. You may likewise ask for arms. His horse is a bay gelding I believe.

“From this place you march south, through Templehall and Peaston to Nether Keith. Leave your horses at ye Change House which is upon the road, and without delay go up to the house; but before you enquire for Mr. Ker of Keith, detach two men to secure the granary where the horse stands. This granary is a little to the westward of the house in ye garden. Send one man to the west end of it, which is without ye garden. Show him your warrant, and order him to open the garden door and give you the key of the granary; take no saddle from him, but tell him, if you please, who you are, and you will be made very welcome.

“From this you go through Upper Keith to Johnston Burn, belonging to Bailie Cokrat. If you find no horse here worth while, take a saddle.

“You must return from this place through Upper Keith again, cross the water at Humby Miln, pass Humby, because his horses are taken already, and go to Leaston; the stables are just before the gate—secure them. Here you may expect something, but deal gently with him, and take only the best.

“When you go East, by Kidla and Newtown to Newton Hall, if Mr. Newton has not sent his horses away with his friend, the Marquis of Tweeddale, he will have something worthy your acceptance. His wife is a very fine woman, and a Stewart, a friend of John Roy Stewart. Judge for yourself whether you go there or not. From this place you return again and come to Newhall, Lord George Hay’s house. You may call here, but I’m afraid everything will be put out of the way.

“From thence you go to Eaglescairnny, Enquire for a cropt-eared bay gelding, hollow-backed, here you may get a good fowling piece or two. Then you go to Clerkington, take a guide along with you, and

go first to Blackhouse, which is the Mains; leave a Guard here and go down to the House. Mr. Cockburn has a good gelding, and a gray Galloway, with good new furniture; if he has any good work horses, take them, as he is a declared enemy. The stables are betwixt Blackhouse and ye House of Clerkington, opposite to the Pigeon House, upon your right hand as you go down to the House.

“Mr. Watkins, of Kidsbuts, two brown mares and a gray, his stables just at ye back of ye House.

“Mr. —, at Rachel — in Giffordhall, Sir Francis Kinloch, at Gilmerton, his son Sheriff of East Lothian. Some good horses; a fowling piece or two.

“The Laird of Congleton, some good Horses; as likewise his good brother, Mr. Hepburn, at Beanston.”

The following memoranda seem to have been made during his expedition :—

“1. Janet M'Farlane depones she neither has nor knows of any arms.

“2. Alexander Henderson's wife, her husband not being at home, depones she neither has nor knows of any arms.

“3. ———

“4. John Kirkpatrick, found in his household small swords and whinger, and depones he neither has nor knows of any more.

“5. Mrs. Brock's daughter, her mother not being at home, declares she neither has nor knows of any arms.

“6. ———

“7. Andrew Campbell, bookbinder, depones he neither has nor knows of any arms.

“8. Mrs. Wood, widow, depones she neither has nor knows of any arms.

“9. ———

“10. Mr. James Baillie depones he neither has nor knows of any arms, but of a pair of pocket pistols and two small swords, the pistols he has in loan.

“11. Mr. More, nor his lady, not at home.

“12. Ann Campbell, spouse to Alexander Douglas, depones she neither has nor knows of any arms, but of two broad Swords, one wanting the hilt, the other a scabbard.

“13. Willm. Clapperton depones he neither has nor knows of any arms.

“14. Willby Ramsay, mercht. in Edinbr., Declares all the arms he has is a Small Sword, Indented with Steel, a pair of Pistolls for a Demi Pike Saddle, made purposely for the Saddle.

“15. Mr. Willm. Mitchell, mercht. in Let. depones he neither has nor knows of any.

“16. Francis Marshall depones he neither has nor knows of any arms.

- “17. Mr. Guthrie, nor his lady, would not appear.
 “18. Mr. Geds, nor his lady, at home.
 “19. Mr. Ogston has a Broad Sword, and a pistoll, but has no more.
 “20. Archibald Macmillan’s wife depones she has none.
 “21. Mr. Andrew Thomson depones he has no arms, but has a saddle with his brother.
 “22. Mr. Loumes has a saddle, but no other thing.
 “23. Mr. Mansfield’s lady depones her husband has no arms, but a saddle.
 “24. Mr. Tod has a Saddle and—Sword.
 “25. John —, two old Guns and one old Durk.
 “26. Daniel Sutor, merch., a plain hunting Stock and Snaffle Bridle.”

The last paper in the pocket-book is the following, which the reader will perceive has reference to No. 21 above :—

“Edinbr. 31st Oct. 1745.

“DR. BROTHER,—Give the bearer my Seddel, and oblige your servant,

“ANDW. THOMSON.”

“To JAMES THOMSON,
 “Brewr in Edinbr.”

A curious circumstance remains to be told regarding this pocket-book. The charter-box containing it was carried off from the Grange House in September 1836 by a housebreaker, who, having discovered that many of the articles, of which he had possessed himself, were of no use to him, deposited them in various concealments on Mr. Scott’s farm of Craiglockhart, to the westward of Edinburgh; and this pocket-book having been thrust into a sheaf of corn, actually passed through the thrashing-machine, and was afterwards safely recovered, even the Prince’s seal having sustained no damage.

Following the Tyne downwards through the meadows that stretch on either hand of it, we come to Winton, which we consider a most interesting spot. The house which stands on the left bank of the Tyne, partakes more of the character of a palace than of a castle, exhibits some very beautiful architecture, especially in its chimneys, which are twisted, fluted, and diverse in design. There are few places that have undergone so much change in our recollection. When we first remember it, it was confined very much within

the high walls of its extensive gardens, which were perhaps the finest in Scotland. One grand feature belonging to it, which still exists, was its dean, in which grew some of the largest and most picturesque chestnut trees that we are acquainted with ; but except this, and the grove of ancient trees that sheltered the building, it possessed no very remarkable features. At the mouth of the dean, and between the building and the river, there was a straggling hamlet of hovels of most wretched description. This *clachan* was occupied by a horde of gipsies, who ostensibly made their living by turning wooden bowls or cups, or making horn-spoons. This was all cleared away by the proprietor, Colonel Hamilton, of Pencaitland, and replaced by some handsome architectural terraces. A large park was enclosed by extensive plantations, and groves planted in various places. All this was well, though we question much whether the artist might not have preferred the former state of matters ; but the additions which were made to the house were so constructed as to be entirely at variance with the existing style of its architecture, great part of which it smothers up in a most unsatisfactory manner. Some of the old ceilings in the interior of the building are extremely beautiful.

This ancient residence of the Earls of Winton gave them their title. It is impossible to reflect upon their unshaken loyalty to the house of Stuart, without yielding it our admiration ; and our own descent from them naturally leads us to do this the more readily. The last of the race of Earls was George Seaton, who was the fifth who bore the title. He was a highly accomplished man, and bore a high rank in society, from the antiquity of his family. Filled with the family attachment to the house of Stuart, he joined in the rebellion of 1715, was taken prisoner at Preston, tried for high treason, sentenced to be executed, and his estates and honours forfeited to the crown. Having found means to escape from the Tower of London, he fled to Rome, and with him terminated the direct line of the family, which had existed for upwards of six hundred years in East Lothian ; though there still remain families of distinction which trace their descent from this parent stem.

Leaving Winton, the Tyne runs through the long alluvial haugh which terminates at the bridge of Pencaitland. This is bordered on both sides by banks of stately trees; and in the Winton grounds there is a beautiful walk through evergreens of the tallest growth. This terminates at the old mansion-house of Pencaitland, which stands near the bridge. This, which, as well as Winton, belongs to Lady Ruthven, came to her from her mother, the late Mrs. Hamilton Campbell—a lady whom no one can remember without sentiments of the highest respect and regard. She succeeded to her brother Colonel Hamilton of Pencaitland, a country gentleman, much beloved by all who knew him, and whose hospitalities were so great as to render this house remarkable in the county. Of this family, James Hamilton, the son of Lord Presmannan, was a remarkable man, having been one of the Judges of the Court of Session, and a Lord of Justiciary, by the title of Lord Pencaitland. This manor of Pencaitland, or at least some parts of its land, at one time belonged to the family of Lauder, of Lauder and Bass.

The village is divided by the river into two parts, called Easter and Wester Pencaitland. Wester Pencaitland contains an ancient market-cross; but the most interesting and picturesque features which the village possesses are the old church and tower, standing in Easter Pencaitland, embosomed in their grove of tall and stately trees. We have long been in the habit of considering the manse as a gem amongst clergymen's residences of the same kind; situated on the sunny slope, amidst shrubberies and garden, stretching down to the river, it seems to be the very nest of human content. The church was granted by Everard de Penteaithlan to the monks of Kelso. This took place during the reign of William the Lion. In an after period of history, John de Maxwell, who possessed this manor, conveyed the advowson of the church to the monks of Dryburgh, with whom it remained till the Reformation, the cure being served by a vicar. David Calderwood, the eminent divine and historian, was, during the latter years of his life, minister of this parish, as was likewise Mr. Robert Douglas, who was a very distinguished man. He had so great a hand in the restoration of Charles II., that he

was appointed to preach at the coronation of that monarch at Scone, on the 1st January 1651; and it was said of him, that few had contributed more to the Restoration than Mr. Douglas, or derived less benefit from it. He began life as chaplain to a brigade of auxiliaries sent over to Germany from Scotland, to aid the Protestant cause under Gustavus Adolphus, who had so high an opinion of him, that he said, "that Mr. Douglas might have been counsellor to any prince in Europe; for prudence and knowledge he might be moderator to a General Assembly; and for military skill, I would very freely trust my army to his conduct."

The little village inn here, which has an air of interesting antiquity about it, goes by the strange name of "The College." This probably arises from the circumstance of its having been, in Catholic times, a college, or place of instruction for the Roman Catholic clergy. We have no doubt that in these modern times it may have fully a greater resort of students than in former days, who, though they may not come to refresh themselves with draughts of the Pierian spring, partake, perhaps, of a more potent beverage, that may to them be fully as inspiring.

After leaving Pencaitland, the right bank of the river is ornamented by the modern grounds and place of Tyneholm House, belonging to Mr. Dudgeon; after quitting which, the home woods of the park of Salton Hall contribute to its beauty for about a mile, until it is joined by the lively stream of Salton Water. According to our practice, we must leave the course of the principal stream, in order to give an account of this important tributary.

Salton Water is created by the combination of several burns that descend from different parts of the Lammermoor Hills. Of these, perhaps the most important is that of Humbie Water, which, rising to the eastward of the pass of Soutra Hill, descends through a wild and very picturesque ravine, called the Lynn Dean. This is a fine *Salvator Rosa* scene, containing a waterfall, and closed in by rocks of perhaps 200 feet high. The upper part of this place is extremely narrow, and can only be taken by the assault of active scramblers, amongst the number of which we had a

just title to rank ourselves when we last visited it. We then made our way up to the top of a knoll, considerably above the cascade, which is known by the name of the Twopenny Knowe, whence we enjoyed a most charming prospect, in the distance of which, strange to say, appeared the castle and spires of Edinburgh. Arthur Seat and the Pentland Hills were prominent objects in the view; beyond which stretched the Firth, backed by the more distant mountains, the intervening space being filled up by a rich, highly-cultivated, and well-wooded country. The deep hollow below the fall might furnish an artist with the scene for a picture of John preaching in the wilderness. Following the burn downwards, many very pretty little detached local scenes may be found in its passage through the grounds of Woodcot; soon after leaving which it enters those of Johnstonburn, belonging to our cousin, Archibald Broun, Esq., Advocate. This is a charming place, already possessed of many features of great beauty, and capable of great additional adornment, which it is daily receiving from the good taste of Mr. Broun. The burn wanders through a very extensive haugh, which slopes to it from either side, and which loses itself in beautiful green holms, among the steep wooded banks and little hills towards the north. The house stands on the left bank of the river, looking down upon the haugh, and it is sheltered by some fine groves of stately beeches. The gardens are old, beautiful, and interesting; and one of them has been recently converted into a prettily planned flower garden. This property was left to our maternal grandfather, Mr. Broun of Braid, by his maternal grandfather, Bailie Crockett, the same individual who is alluded to in Captain Gordon of Beldorney's instructions for his search for arms and horses, which we have already given at length. There exists a very curious series of letters, full of shrewd remarks, and exceedingly interesting in themselves, addressed by Bailie Crockett to his wife. They are written from London, whither he had been summoned, along with the Lord Provost of the day, to be examined touching the circumstances of the Porteous mob. In compassion to our courteous reader, we shall refrain from giving way to the indulgence of the old recollections of those days,

when, under the hot summer sun, we so often "paidled in the burn," in vain trying to catch the slippery trouts by the tail; or of those more advanced days, when we were wont to get the better of them by the use of the rod and line. The angling all the way down this stream is excellent, when the burn is in proper condition, and sometimes trouts of considerable size are found in it.

On leaving the grounds of Johnstonburn, the river has on the right a steep and richly wooded bank, where once stood the old place of Humbie; thence passing a pretty scene at Humbie Mill, it hurries onward through wooded banks to a circular hollow, where the kirk and manse are nestled in a most retired spot. Here the right bank of the stream becomes clothed with the extensive woods of Humbie, which, with those of Salton, cover an extent of country of from 800 to 1000 acres. The scenery along this part of the stream is very beautiful. This great extent of wood, or rather, perhaps, we should call it forest, has been rendered classical by the pen of the Author of *Waverley*, in his *Marmion*:—

"The green-award way was smooth and good,
Through Humbie's and through Saltoun's wood;
A forest glade, which, varying still,
Here gave a view of dale and hill,
There narrower closed, till over head
A vaulted screen the branches made."

On its way downwards, the burn is augmented by the reception of Costerton Water—one branch of which rises not far from the source of the Humbie Water, whilst the other two come down from the western hills. On the left bank of northern branch stands Whitburgh, the residence of the Andersons. Here it was—as we ourselves well recollect—old Robin Anderson resided, well known as the individual who guided the Prince's army round by Tranent and Riggan Head, to enable them to cross the marsh, whence they fell unexpectedly upon the royal army then stationed at Preston, and literally routed and cut them to pieces in a few minutes. Costerton stands upon the left bank, embosomed in wood; and not far from this is the cover called the Red Scaur, whence my old friend Will has unkennelled many a fox in his time. We remember the banks of this burn, for several miles

downwards, in a very wild state—the sandy little hills on either side being covered over with whins, so thick, that it even required a bold dog to thrust his way through them. These swarmed with rabbits; whilst the wet hollows below were filled with thickets of alder, resorted to by woodcocks. It was a grand place for winter sport; and frequently have we met the late Hon. Baron Norton, brother of the last, and father of the present, Lord Grantley, at our trysting-place here, at eight o'clock in the morning, about the Christmas time, with a heavy snow on the ground, the thermometer being down at 20 degrees, when, with our little pack of terriers and cockers led on by a few beaters—we have fagged away the whole day, until we could no longer see to shoot, and thence returned home with some heavy bags. Now the whole of the whins and alders are eradicated—the ground completely drained and cultivated—and thriving plantations are growing on the slopes; all of which is very well, so far as the *utile* is concerned; but we cannot help saying, that although the scenes are still sufficiently pleasing, they have lost much of that picturesque effect which they had in the olden time.

The left bank of the river for a considerable distance down, till it joins the Humble Water, is richly embellished by the woods and grounds of the old place of Keith Marshall. It was built by the Earl Marshall; and it is said that the timber employed in it was a present from the King of Denmark to him, as a mark of the high regard he had for him, for his excellent management concerning the marriage of the Princess Anne of Denmark with James VI. The ruins of a Roman Catholic Chapel still remain in front of Keith House, with a cemetery attached to it, which is still partially used. Keith is now one of the seats belonging to the Earl of Hopetoun.

At the point of junction between the great woods of Salton and Humble, the stream receives from the right a very pretty burn called Birn's Water, or Gilkerston Water. As this lively little stream forms the boundary between these two great woods, it furnishes many a sweet and romantic little scene. It rises from the Lammermoors near the old ruin of Oneside, passes down by Aikeyside Hill, once covered by an

ancient wood of oaks, and so down through the cultivated country, by Gilkerston, until it finds its way into the woods already so often mentioned. At the end of a haugh, below the farm of Gilkerston, upon the right bank of this stream, are some broken monumental stones, dedicated to the memory of certain individuals who were interred here in the time of the Plague. The most entire of these contains this inscription:—"2d Samuel, xxiv., David's choice. Here lyes William Skerving, who desicet the 24th June, 1645." The text alluded to, as is well known, records David's sin in numbering the people. Beginning at the 11th verse, it is as follows:—"So Gad came to David and said unto him, Shall seven years of famine come unto thee in thy land? wilt thou flee three months before thine enemies while they pursue? or that there be three days' pestilence in thy land? Now advise, and see what answer I shall return to him that sent me. And David said to Gad, I am in a great strait, let us now fall into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great, and let me not fall into the hand of man. So the Lord sent a pestilence upon Israel, from the morning even unto the time appointed; and there died of the people, from Dan even to Beersheba, seventy thousand men." On another mutilated stone, I deciphered the following:—"Here lies Katherine Wilson, who desicet in Anno***." We never shall forget that day when, in the course of our solitary ramble, we first came upon those perishable memorials of frail humanity. These were but a remnant of what must have existed here; and it is not improbable that all the others had been carried off by the unhallowed hands of rude and ignorant rusticity, to be employed for some vulgar purpose. But can this be wondered at, when we find the utter disregard that is paid to memorials of a much more important description in parts of the country that might be supposed to be more civilized than this? Will it be believed, that, in the parish of Inveresk, no family burial-place is held sacred, provided it has not been used for a period of thirty years? It is then resumed by the parish and sold without remorse. So far, there may be some argument in favour of this practice; but what will our reader say when we tell him, that the whole of its monumental erections

are ruthlessly taken down and destroyed? And one case, especially, was mentioned to us, where a gallant officer, now in India, before leaving home, had erected an expensive marble monument, in memory of his father and mother. This has recently been torn away without the smallest compunction, and literally macadamized by means of a hammer. This we state on the authority of our much-valued friend, Dr. Moir of Musselburgh, better known as the highly gifted "Delta."

Following the stream, now called Salton Water, down by the skirts of its great wood, we find many a very pretty little scene. Of these, perhaps one of the most picturesque is Salton Mill, at the mouth of Kinchie Burn, a brook on the left bank that comes down from our lands of Temple Hall. Below is the farm of Milton, whence Mr. Fletcher, one of the family of Salton, took his title as a Lord of Session. Whilst Dr. Cumin of Relugas managed church matters under John, Duke of Argyll, Lord Milton had the management of everything connected with lay matters. Some one having mentioned the event of the Duke of Argyll's death to a certain wit, he exclaimed—"Ha! that is Milton's Paradise Lost."

A little way below this, the stream enters the extensive park and grounds of Salton Hall, one of the finest places in East Lothian; on escaping from which it falls into the Tyne. The park here is magnificently timbered. We have lived to see very great changes upon the house. We remember it a remarkable Scottish mansion, containing fine old apartments of large proportions. The library, especially, was magnificent, of great extent, and contained a very valuable collection of books. At one end of it, a glass door gave access to a short flight of steps, which led into a garden, containing a luxuriant wilderness of evergreen trees and shrubs, many of them nowhere else to be met with in Scotland, and of a growth, too, that would have done honour to their original native soil and climate. It possessed a beautiful old bowling-green, surrounded by a yew hedge of immense height and thickness. Our old friend, the late General Fletcher Campbell of Salton, father of the present proprietor, new-modelled the external appearance of the house, without interfering with its interior, or with the ancient garden. But

during the minority of the present proprietor, its exterior was again altered, and the building very much added to in the Elizabethan style, and a great square tower raised from it, so that it now forms a very imposing feature in the general scenery of the district. All the best parts of the interior remain; but alas! some of Mr. Fletcher's advisers had the bad taste to suggest the alteration, or we may say the removal, of the old garden with all its formal beauties.

The family of Fletcher of Salton is ancient, and its members have always borne a certain degree of distinction of character; but the most remarkable man which it has produced was the celebrated Andrew Fletcher, born in 1653. His father having died whilst he was extremely young, he was placed entirely under the guardianship of Bishop Burnet, who was then minister of the parish, this having been the last request of his father on his deathbed. He was extremely fearless in the expression of his opinions, standing boldly forward in the defence both of the civil and religious liberty of his country. His works are read with great interest, and are often referred to, even at the present day. They contain many curious articles of statistics. He was an active opponent of the union between England and Scotland; and he was in the habit of expressing himself so strongly upon this and other subjects connected with it, that he was by many supposed, but certainly not justly, to have had the desire of making Scotland an independent republic. He died in London in 1716, whilst on his way from France to Scotland, whither his remains were brought by his nephew, Lord Milton, and deposited in the family-vault below the aisle of Salton Church. He appears, from a manuscript in the library of the late Thomas Rawlinson, Esq., to have been "a low, thin man, of a brown complexion, full of fire, with a stern, sour look."

We have already incidentally mentioned Lord Milton, and we have only to add here regarding him, that he held the situation of Lord Justice-Clerk during the trying times of 1745, when his impartiality, lenity, and forbearance are said to have been most remarkable.

Before leaving Salton Hall we must not forget to mention

the name of General Fletcher Campbell, the father of the present proprietor. He took the name of Campbell for the estate of Boquhan, which went to his second son. We can never forget his great kindness to us, upon all occasions, when we were young. He was a man of most extensive information, both from reading and from the observation of a long life spent in a wide intercourse with the world. His conversation was always most interesting, so much so, that his memory will always be grateful to us.

The country, that rises gently from the park-wall of Salton towards the south, is rich, highly cultivated, and *riante*. It is much adorned by the pretty village of East Salton, with its handsome old church and tower rising amidst the fine trees that are scattered among the buildings. There is an old tree here which goes by the name of Bishop Burnet's Tree. Bishop Burnet appears, by the Statistical Account, to have been admitted minister of Salton on the 29th of January 1665, on presentation by the Crown. He succeeded Patrick Scougal, who was afterwards well known as Bishop of Aberdeen; whose son, Henry Scougal, was author of *The Life of God in the Soul of Man*; and who, after being Professor of Divinity in King's College, Aberdeen, died at the early age of twenty-eight. Bishop Burnet appears to have been extremely assiduous in his attention to his pastoral duties during his short incumbency here, having preached twice every Sunday, and once during the week, and having been indefatigable in domestic visitation among his parishioners. He left Salton on the 18th November 1669, having been called to fulfil the duties of the Chair of Theology in the University of Glasgow. He appears to have had a particular affection for this parish, for, according to the Statistical Account, he bequeathed, in trust, to the Lairds of Salton and Herdmanston, and to the minister for the time, the sum of 26,000 merks—the value of which, at the present time, is £2000 sterling—to be applied in different sums for the following purposes:—For the education and clothing of 30 children of the poorer sort. For the erection of a new school-house, and affording a perpetual augmentation of the schoolmaster's salary. For the increase of a library, which had already begun to be formed, for the

minister's house and use ; and the remainder for the relief of the necessitous poor.

The village of West Salton, which lies much lower down towards the river, is smaller, but extremely pretty, the houses being sheltered by groups of noble trees. It has a very tasteful school-house and nice washing-green.

Before leaving the Saltons, we think it right to correct an error which has long prevailed—we mean that the old Scottish poet Dunbar was a native of this parish, and to state that this is not the fact, the belief having originated in a mistake arising from a confusion of names.

After receiving its free-born brother of the hills, the Tyne, partaking of his liveliness of character, goes merrily onwards in a more animated course through rich farms in the highest state of cultivation, and passes through the grounds of Herdmanston, a seat belonging to Lord Sinclair, part of which is extremely old, the rest being a modern addition. Not far from the house stand the small remains of a chapel, erected in the thirteenth century, by John de St. Clair. It is still used as the family burying vault, in which are to be especially noticed two flat tombstones, covering the remains of William de St. Clair, and Sybilla, his wife, and bearing the date 1598. A little way to the east of the house stands one of the old arches of the ancient castle of Herdmanston.

Alas ! how many melancholy as well as pleasing recollections are to us connected with Herdmanston. What happy days have we spent, whilst enjoying the hospitality of our much-respected and kind friend, Lord Gillies, who so long resided there.

There is nothing remarkable in the course of the Tyne as we pursue it downwards for several miles in its passage through one of the richest parts of East Lothian, with highly-cultivated farms sloping gently from either side towards it. It passes the village of Samuelston, which stands upon its left bank ; but when it approaches the ancient place of Lennoxlove upon its right bank, and the more modern place of Clerkington on its left, it becomes extremely picturesque from the rich wooding which accompanies it. It here receives from the right its tributary, called Coalston Water.

It is remarkable, that, with the exception of one or two small brooks not worth noticing, all the tributaries of the Tyne come from the south. This arises from the circumstance that its general course runs parallel to the line of the Lammermoor range, where these streams are generated, and whence they descend. The tributary we are now about to describe is made up of several small branches, but the chief stream may be considered that of the Hopes Water, which descends directly from Lammer Law, the highest point of the Lammermoors. This stream takes its name from the place of Hopes, where there is a handsome house pleasantly situated very near the bottom of a glen, surrounded by extensive and thriving plantations. Two more considerable branches come down from Lammer Law, the whole forming that beautiful stream which gives so much animation to the deeply-wooded glens of Yester. This is a noble place, belonging to the Marquis of Tweeddale. Many of the trees are of gigantic size, and the woods are most extensive. We believe that Sir Walter Scott never servilely copied any portion of nature for adaptation to his works, but that he took hints from certain localities, which he afterwards used for his own purposes, and worked up in his own way. There is a very interesting old castle up in one of those glens, and we have no doubt that it and the whole scenery here may have suggested much of that introduced into the *Bride of Lammermoor*. But he has immortalized this glen more directly in his third canto of *Marmion*, and he has especially noticed the castle we have just alluded to, which was originally the residence of the family. He brings Marmion over the heights of Lammermoor, and down by this glen to Gifford.

I.

“The livelong day Lord Marmion rode :
 The mountain path the Palmer show'd,
 By glen and streamlet winded still,
 Where stunted birches hid the rill.
 They might not choose the lowland road,
 For the Merse forayers were abroad,
 Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
 Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.
 Oft on the trampling band, from crown
 Of some tall cliff, the deer look'd down ;
 On wing of jet, from his repose
 In the deep heath, the black-cock rose ;

Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,
 Nor waited for the bending bow ;
 And when the stony path began,
 By which the naked peak they wan,
 Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.
 The noon had long been pass'd before
 They gain'd the height of Lammermoor ;
 Thence winding down the northern way,
 Before them, at the close of day,
 Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.

II.

“ No summons calls them to the tower,
 To spend the hospitable hour.
 To Scotland's camp the lord was gone ;
 His cautious dame, in bower alone,
 Dreaded her castle to uncloze
 So late to unknown friends or foes.”

Gifford, whence the approach to Yester House enters, is one of the most beautiful villages we know in Scotland. It has been rendered classical by its being the scene of the whole of the third canto of *Marmion*. The arrival at the hostel here is admirably described, and carries us back to those times when the accommodations of such a place of entertainment in Scotland were by no means despicable, as we learn from the old poet Dunbar's tale of *The Friars of Berwick*. These Scottish hostelries were especially protected by the Legislature, so early as the time of James I. ; and we find that our namesake, Simon Lawder, the gay hostlier, described by Dunbar, seems to have lived very comfortably ; and his wife was arrayed in a scarlet kirtle, a belt of silk and silver, and decorated with rings upon her fingers, when she feasted her paramour with rabbits, capons, partridges, and Bordeaux wine.

“ On through the hamlet as they paced,
 Before a porch, whose front was graced
 With bush and flagon trimly placed,
 Lord Marmion drew his rein.
 The village inn seem'd large though rude ;
 Its cheerful fire and hearty food
 Might well relieve his train.
 Down from their seats the horsemen sprung,
 With jingling spurs the court-yard rung.
 They bind their horses to the stall,
 For forage, food, and firing call,
 And various clamour fills the hall :
 Weighing the labour with the cost,
 Toils everywhere the bustling host.

III.

"Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze,
 Through the rude hostel might you gaze ;
 Might see, where, in dark nook aloof,
 The rafters of the sooty roof
 Bore wealth of winter cheer ;
 Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,
 And gammons of the tusky boar,
 And savoury haunch of deer.
 The chimney arch projected wide ;
 Above, around it, and beside,
 Were tools for housewife's hand ;
 Nor wanted in that martial day
 The implements of Scottish fray—
 The buckler, lance, and brand.
 Beneath its shade, the place of state,
 On oaken settle Marmion sate,
 And viewed around the blazing hearth
 His followers mix in noisy mirth ;
 Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,
 From ancient vessels ranged aside,
 Full actively their host supplied."

It was from the hostel here that Marmion sallied forth to his nocturnal encounter, from which he returned in a manner so mysterious.

XXVII.

"Apart, and nestling in the hay
 Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay ;
 Scarce, by the pale moonlight, were seen
 The foldings of his mantle green :
 Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
 Of sport by thicket or by stream ;
 Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove,
 Or, lighter yet, of lady's love.
 A cautious tread his slumber broke,
 And, close beside him, when he woke,
 In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,
 Stood a tall form, with nodding plume ;
 But ere his dagger Eustace drew,
 His master, Marmion's, voice he knew.

XXVIII.

"—'Fitz-Eustace, rise!—I cannot rest ;
 Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast,
 And graver thoughts have chafed my mood ;
 The air must cool my feverish blood ;
 And fain would I ride forth, to see
 The scene of elfin chivalry.
 Arise, and saddle me my steed ;
 And, gentle Eustace, take good heed
 Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves ;
 I would not that the prating knaves
 Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,
 That I could credit such a tale.'—

Then softly down the steps they slid,
 Eustace the stable door undid,
 And, darkling, Marmion's steed arrayed,
 While, whispering, thus the Baron said :—

XXIX.

“ Didst never, good my youth, hear tell,
 That on the hour when I was born,
 St. George, who graced my sire's chapelle,
 Down from his steed of marble fell,
 A weary wight forlorn ?
 The flattering chaplains all agree,
 The champion left his steed to me.
 I would, the omen's truth to show,
 That I could meet this elfin foe !
 Blithe would I battle, for the right
 To ask one question at the sprite :—
 Vain thought ! for elves, if elves there be,
 An empty race, by fount or sea,
 To dashing waters dance and sing,
 Or round the green oak wheel their ring.
 Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,
 And from the hostel slowly rode.

XXX.

“ Fitz-Eustace followed him abroad,
 And mark'd him pace the village road,
 And listen'd to his horse's tramp,
 Till, by the lessening sound,
 He judged that of the Pictish camp
 Lord Marmion sought the round.
 Wonder it seemed, in the squire's eyes,
 That one so wary held, and wise,—
 Of whom 'twas said, he scarce received
 For gospel what the church believed,—
 Should, stirr'd by idle tale,
 Ride forth in silence of the night,
 As hoping half to meet a sprite,
 Arrayed in plate and mail.
 For little did Fitz-Eustace know,
 That passions, in contending flow,
 Unfix the strongest mind ;
 Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,
 We welcome fond credulity,
 Guide confident, though blind.

XXXI.

“ Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared,
 But, patient, waited till he heard,
 At distance, prick'd to utmost speed,
 The foot-tramp of a flying steed
 Come town-ward rushing on ;
 First, dead, as if on turf it trode,
 Then clattering on the village road,—
 In other pace than forth he yode,
 Return'd Lord Marmion.

Down hastily he sprung from selle,
 And, in his haste, well-nigh he fell ;
 To the squire's hand the rein he threw,
 And spoke no word as he withdrew :
 But yet the moonlight did betray
 The falcon-crest was soiled with clay ;
 And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see,
 By stains upon the charger's knee,
 And his left side, that on the moor
 He had not kept his footing sure.
 Long musing on these wondrous signs,
 At length to rest the squire reclines,
 Broken and short ; for still, between,
 Would dreams of terror intervene :
 Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark
 The first notes of the morning lark."

Gifford is said to have been the birthplace of John Knox ; but the honour of having produced the great Reformer is disputed by Haddington ; and although his learned biographer, Dr. M'Crie, leans to the opinion that this was his birthplace, we are disposed to think that Haddington has a better claim to him, upon this ground, that Gifford hardly existed as a village in his time. The banks of the stream are ornamented by several very beautiful villas, rising from embowering shrubberies ; and, following it downwards, it receives one or two very pretty little tributaries from its left bank. It then passes through the grounds of Eaglescairnie. The house stands upon the left bank, amidst groves of fine trees, and very prettily-arranged grounds. It possesses a fine old garden, and the walks by the side of the stream display the scenery to great advantage. This place belongs to the Hon. General Patrick Stuart, recently governor of Malta.

Pursuing the course of the stream, it receives the branch that comes directly from Coalston House, which joins from the right. Coalston is the property of the Earl of Dalhousie, which he inherited through his mother, Miss Broun, heiress of the ancient family of Broun of Coalston.

There is a very curious circumstance connected with the house and family of Coalston, which we cannot pass over. We give it in the following quotation from our friend, Mr. Chambers :—"One of the Brouns of Coalston, about three hundred years ago, married Jean Hay, daughter of John, third Lord Yester, with whom he obtained a dowry, not consisting of such base materials as houses or land, but neither

more nor less than a pear. Sure such a *pear* was never seen, however, as this of Coalston, which a remote ancestor of the young lady, famed for his necromantic power, was supposed to have invested with some enchantment that rendered it perfectly invaluable. Lord Yester, in giving away his daughter, along with the pear, informed his son-in-law that, good as the lass might be, her dowry was much better, because, while she could only have value in her own generation, the pear, so long as it continued in his family, would be attended with unfailing prosperity, and thus might cause the family to flourish to the end of time. Accordingly, the pear was preserved as a sacred palladium, both by the Laird who first obtained it, and by all his descendants; till one of their ladies, taking a longing for the forbidden fruit, while pregnant, inflicted upon it a deadly bite; in consequence of which, it is said, several of the best farms on the estate very speedily came to market. In this mutilated state the pear still exists, but is no longer exposed to such indiscreet attacks, being carefully disposed of in some fortified part of the house. Without regard to the superstition attached to it, it must be considered a very great curiosity in its way, having, in all probability, existed five hundred years—a greater age than perhaps has ever been reached by any other such production of nature." The extensive copse-woods here would seem to be a remnant of the ancient natural forests that covered the country. After this the stream runs through the grounds of Lennoxlove, receiving, during its progress to join the Tyne, a small tributary which comes down from the church of Bolton.

The banks of the Coalston Water are everywhere so richly wooded and so varied in themselves, as to render them extremely delightful; and when all the requisites happen to be united together—that is to say, the stream of the proper size and colour, the day genial but dark, the flies of the proper description, the rod and tackle good, and, above all things, the angler as particularly expert in the management of them as our friend, James Wilson, the author of *The Rod*—a successful day's angling may be anticipated.

We now come to Lethington or Lennoxlove, the grounds of which occupy the right bank of the Tyne. This is a

magnificent old baronial Scottish mansion, finely situated upon the brow of the extensive park. It was acquired by the noble family of Maitland towards the end of the fourteenth century. It is said that the Duke of Lauderdale having been taunted by the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, that Scotland was so naked and barren, that it did not contain a single deer-park, and knowing that the Prince was soon to visit this abused country, resolved to give the lie to the royal remark ; and accordingly he, with great expedition, enclosed a space of between three and four hundred acres with a wall twelve feet high, and stocked it with deer. The trees which he planted are now of large size and picturesque forms, and the whole has a very noble effect. John, Duke of Lauderdale, who was born here, spent many years of his life in this castle, until he moved to Thirlestane in Lauderdale. It then became the jointure-house of his widow, and was subsequently the residence of her daughter, Lady Lorne, mother of John, Duke of Argyll. Our friend Mr. Chambers tells us, that a strange accident happened here to the young Argyll when an infant, who fell from a window in the uppermost story of the old tower without loss of life, and that this happened on the very day when his grandfather was beheaded at Edinburgh. There is a very fine full-length portrait here of Frances Theresa Stuart, Duchess of Lennox, who was the most admired beauty of the Court of Charles the Second. That monarch became so desperately enamoured with her, that he endeavoured, for her sake, to divorce his queen ; and he disgraced Lord Clarendon for not preventing her marriage to his cousin, the Duke of Richmond. Grammont tells us that he immortalized the beauty of this lady, by having her represented as the emblematical figure of Britannia on the coin of the realm. She was a daughter of Walter Stuart, physician, son of the first Lord Blantyre, and Lethington got the additional name of Lennox Love, from its having been given to her by her husband, by which means it came into the possession of the Blantyre family.

It is impossible to pass by the noble family of Maitland without some little further notice. Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, who was born in 1496, and who died in 1586, and was consequently ninety years of age, was a man of dis-

tinguished talents. He filled the situations of Lord of Session and Lord Privy Seal. Mr. Pinkerton has published his poems, which do considerable credit to his muse. His eldest son, William, was Secretary to Queen Mary. John, another of his sons, was Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, and was afterwards created Lord Maitland of Thirlestane; and the youngest brother, Thomas, was the author of some extremely elegant Latin poems. As a specimen of old Sir Richard Maitland's versification, we give a stanza or two of the poem written about the year 1555, and called *Counsall to his son William, beand in the court* :—

- “ My sone, in court gif thow pleises remain,
 This my counsall into thy mind imprent—
 In thy speiking luik that thou be nocht vain;
 Behald and heir; and to the king tak tent.
 Be no liar, or ellis thow art schent;
 Found thee on truth, gif thou wald weil betyde,
 To govern all and reall be nocht our bent,
 He reulis weil that weil in court can gyde.
- “ Be nocht ane scornar, nor fenyat flatterar;
 Nor yet ane rounder of inventit talis,
 Of it thow heirs be nocht ane clatterar.
 Fall nocht in plie for thyng that lytil valis;
 Have nocht to do with uther mennis falis.
 Fra wicket men thow draw thee far on syde.
 Thou art ane fule gif thow with fulis dalis.
 He reulis weil that weil in court can gyde.
- “ Bewar quham to thy counsall thou reveil.
 Sum may seim trew, and yet dissemblars be,
 Be of thy promeis and conditioun leil.
 Waist nocht thy guid in prodigalitie:
 Nor put thyne honour into jeopardie:
 With folk disamit nouter gang nor ryde.
 With wilful men to argue is folie.
 He reulis weil that weil in court can gyde.
- “ Be na dysar, nor playar at the cairtis,
 Bot gif it be for pastyme, and small thyng.
 Be nocht blawin with windis of all airtis,
 Constance in gude of wisdom is ane sing.
 Be royse, and tentie, in thy governing;
 And try thame weil in quham thow wilt confide:
 Sum fair wourdis will gif, wald see ye hing.
 He reulis weil that weil in court can gyde.”

These are enough to give our courteous reader an idea of old Maitland's style, and we beg he will refer to the poem itself, read it carefully through, and compare it with the prosaic advices given by Lord Chesterfield to his son.

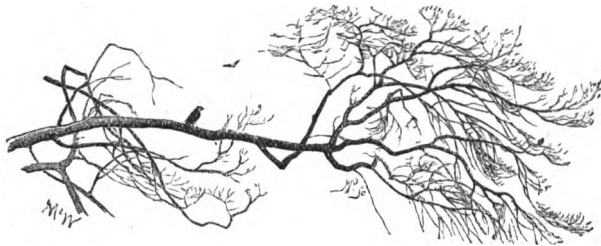
John, Earl of Lauderdale, who was son and heir of the Chancellor, was a nobleman of very high worth. Lethington is remarkable for an excellent apple which bears its name. Its gardens possess green alleys, one of which is still called the "Politician's walk," from its having been that much used by the Secretary. One of the ancient poems preserved by Pinkerton notices its "knottis" and arbours, its "bow buttis," and its "thousand plesours ma." The following extract from this poem describes the castle itself:—

"Thy tour and fortres, lairge and lang,
 Thy neighbours does excell;
 And for thy wallis thick and strang,
 Thou graitly beirs the bell.
 Thy groundis deep, and topis hie,
 Uprising in the air,
 Thy vaultis pleasing are to sie,
 They are so greit and fair.

"Greit was the work to houke the ground,
 And thy foundation cast;
 Bot greater it was then to found,
 And end thee at the last.
 I marvel that he did not feir,
 Wha raised the on hicht,
 That na foundation should thee beir,
 Bot thou should sink for wecht."

The left bank of the stream of the Tyne is here occupied by the place of Clerkington, with its park and pleasure-grounds. This place, as it now stands, was created by the late Governor Houston, almost in our own recollection, but much has been done for it by Sir Robert Houston, the present proprietor, and it is fast growing into a very beautiful residence, its close vicinity to Haddington rendering it the more enjoyable.

The river Tyne, which has, by this time, assumed a more dignified appearance from its various additions, forms a fine feature in combination with the town and ancient abbey, round which it sweeps under its two bridges, dividing the burgh from the suburb of Nungate.



THE TYNE—concluded.

ALTHOUGH we must not look for the grander features of nature in the very centre of so rich an agricultural county as that of East Lothian, nothing can be more cheery or gladdening to the heart of man than to look upon Haddington and its surrounding country, dressed, as it is, like a garden, and sparkling under the dewy influence of a fine spring morning. The town occupies the middle of what may be called a hollow plain. The gentle elevations by which it is surrounded rise at a considerable distance from it, and at about a mile off towards the north, the Garleton Hills present a varied range, defending it from the northern blasts. It is a neat, clean, but rather dull town, having little traffic in it, except on the market-day, when its streets are so blocked by the crowds of carts of grain, as to render them almost impassable. There are some very nice modern villas on its outskirts, and one or two of its curious ancient houses are still to be found within it. It has a town-house with a lofty spire, and new county rooms not remarkable for the good taste of their architecture. But the most important and interesting feature of the place, or of the district, is the Abbey Church, which owes its origin to the thirteenth or fourteenth century. This was called by Fordun the *Lucerna Laudoniae*, partly owing to its beauty, and partly because it was lighted at night so as to be visible at a great distance. The quire and transept are in a ruinous state, but the square tower, which is ninety feet high, is entire.

The western part of the cross has been fitted up as a parish church. On the opposite side of the river to the eastward is the suburb of Nungate, where are the ruins of St. Martin's Chapel, which belonged to the Abbey of Haddington. For our part we are disposed not to doubt that the house in the Gifford-gate, the site of which can only now be shown, was that in which the illustrious Reformer, John Knox, first saw the light; and he seems to have spent so much of his time at Haddington, that even this circumstance alone has a tendency to lead us towards this opinion.

Looking upon this most peaceful of all scenes as we now do in these modern times, it is almost impossible for us to conceive what the state of the country was three hundred years ago. It is probable that there was then more cultivation hereabouts than in any other part of Scotland, but this must have been intermingled with a great deal of wild ground. Nothing gives us a more extraordinary view of its state than the account of the campaigns of 1548 and 1549, as given by M. Beague, who fought with the French auxiliaries sent to assist Mary of Guise, whose work we had occasion elsewhere to quote. It is difficult to get a sight of the original, which seems to have been published at Paris in 1556; we are therefore obliged to quote from a translation. Haddington appears to have been a fortress of very great strength. At the time we have mentioned it was held by the English, and the combined Scottish and French armies were occupied in its beleaguering for the greater part of the campaign; the detailed account of which fills a good many pages of M. Beague's narrative. The following is the description of its then condition:—

“The Fortress of *Haddingtown* is quadrangular: 'Tis situated in the midst of a low plain, and is commanded by no Neighbouring Mountain nor rising Ground: 'Tis environ'd with a large and Flat-bottom'd Ditch, a strong *Curtain* of Turf, a spacious Rampart and Good and Safe Breast-works: Four strong *Bastions* are conveniently plac'd at the four Corners of the Wall, and are in Lieu of so many *Plat-Forms*, design'd to keep the weak Places from being Discover'd. Behind these, namely towards the most Champian Country, they had rais'd several Works of Earth, by way of *Plat-Forms* and *Ravelins*,

where they planted a great many Guns of a middle Size, to Annoy us as we sat down before the Place. Above these Fortifications they had Rear'd up a *Curtain* with *Fascinés*, on which their *Arquebusiers* stood secure. Behind and over against the Rampart of the first Wall, there is a deep Fosse, border'd with a strong *Curtain* and four *Turrets*, which Fence and Enclose the *Donjeon*; and betwixt the Edge of the Fosse and the *Curtain* of this *Donjeon*, there are many *Casmates* close to, and level with the first Rampart, in which *Arquebusiers* may be plac'd for Guarding the second Fosse: So that, suppose the *Turrets*, which Fence the wall of the *Donjeon*, should be ruined by the Cannon of the Besiegers, yet these *Casmates*, with the Help of such *Falsebrays* as are intermix'd with them, would supply their Loss. The *Donjeon* itself cannot be batter'd but by one side, and that is guarded by the river of Tyn. Besides, they had rais'd a *Cavalier* on the most exposed place of its Rampart, and by this means had Shelter'd both the House and the Soldiers. In fine, the Fort is so very Convenient and Spacious, that the Garrison (in case of Necessity) may Retreat into it, draw up in order of Battle; Nay, and raise new Fortifications for a further Defence. The *English* had Built it in the manner I have describ'd, probably because *Hadingtown* is Situated in a fruitful and pleasant Country, nigh the Capital City, not very remote from the Centre of *Scotland*, and, for these reasons, fit to insult over and annoy the whole Kingdom; But I know not, if they considered that these otherways Great Conveniences were attended with this notable Disadvantage, that the Place was not to be succour'd with Men nor Ammunition without a prevailing army. For, as I have said, it lyes almost in the Middle of *Scotland*, and at the distance of two Leagues from the Sea; and the *English* were not Master of such other places as were proper to cover and bring off those in *Hadingtown*."

A military eye can easily discover that the place was well calculated for admitting of such defences as these being added to it, and that under their protection, in those days when the munitions of war were by no means what they are at present, they must have been pretty effective. The following curious anecdote is told by Beague, a few pages afterwards:—

“By this means *M. de Dessé* had an Opportunity of taking a narrow and leisurly Inspection of the Enemy’s Works and Defences, and when Retiring he had the Pleasure to Witness a very notable and daring Attempt of one of those Highland Men that belong’d to the Earl of *Argile*. This Fellow had by this time taken Notice of the *French* Behaviour, and had seen them go Fearlessly forward upon the very Mouth of the Enemy’s Cannon, which he being willing to imitate, went straight upon a Party of the *English*, that had engag’d a few *Frenchmen*, Commanded by Captain *Voquedemar*, and with incredible Celerity Seizing one of them, in spite of Opposition truss’d him upon his Back, and in this Plight brought him to our Camp; where we observ’d, that the Enrag’d Captive had Bit his Shoulder after so Butcherly a manner that he had almost Died of the Wound. *M. de Dessé* rewarded the Action with a good Coat of Mail and 20 Crowns, a Compliment which the Highlander received with all imaginable Demonstration of Gratitude.”

We shall content ourselves with giving one extract more from this most curious book. We mean that which describes the night assault made by the French and Scottish forces, with the hope of carrying the town by a *coup de main* :—

“All Things being Prudently and Cautiously laid for the design’d Effort, about Eleven at Night, every one arm’d, the Heavens were o’er-spread with Darkness; yet *M. de Dessé* was faithfully Conducted by a convenient and secret Avenue to the Gates of *Hadingtoun*, where he remain’d without being discover’d (such was our Silence and Diligence) till some of the Soldiers, after taking a Half-Moon before the Port, and killing three Centinels, made the walls resound with the Name of *France*; at the same time we attack’d the Enemy’s Guard, and found that they did their Duty but negligently. By this time the Town was all in an Alarm: But our Men improv’d their time all they could in their respective Posts; some set upon those Granaries, which the *English* had plac’d at the Back of an adjacent Church; and others endeavour’d to break open the Port, and effect’d it so suddenly, that the Garrison had but little time to put themselves in a Posture of Defence. The Guard of *Italians* were all put to the Sword in a Minute,

and the few *English*, who were upon Duty at some distance from the former, far'd no better ; severals were kill'd in their Sleep ; and those who awaken'd had but the Comfort to Die more feelingly. Thus, we had leisure enough not only to do great Execution, but also to have carry'd the Town with little or no Loss ; But *M. de Dessé* was wisely apprehensive lest some Ingenious Fallacy should lurk under a Fault so evidently palpable ; he very well knew that *the most unusual Favours of Fortune are for the most part Hurtful and Fraudulent* : For these Reasons he would not suffer his Men to run Head-long upon Success, but kept them altogether in one Body. The Enemy had but one Pass to defend, and therefore were not so much put to it as if they had been environ'd on all sides ; and this Pass was very narrow, and was fenc'd with Trenches and other Earth-Works, from whence a few Men, by firing upon the Assailants, were able to defeat their Attempt. Yet, *M. de Dessé* upon the Front of his Battalion, continued to gain Ground, and to give such Testimonies of Valour, that (if Fame proves not very Unjust) Posterity must needs know, that few of his Co-temporaries could come up to his Merit : He was nobly back'd by Men that had been taught to fear no Danger. Our Soldiers had already cry'd *Victory, Victory !* a Hundred times, and doubted not but She waited upon their Arms : For of 500 Men that oppos'd our Entry, some in their Shirts, with Swords and Daggers, others with Halberts, and most part without any arms at all, 250 lost their Lives upon the Spot ; whilst, hitherto, not one Man had fallen on our side.

“ Indeed, Fortune till this Minute had been so partial in our Favour, that we could not doubt of Victory ; and nothing, but what happen'd, could have frustrat'd our Hopes. *M. de Dessé* and his Men were expos'd to the Mouth of a double Cannon planted betwixt two Gabions, upon the narrowest place of that Avenue, which leads to the town ; this Place we had not made ourselves Masters of as yet ; and by chance it so fell out that a *French* Soldier, a Native of Paris (who not long before had been corrupted by the Enemy, and serv'd them as a Spy), was upon that very Spot of Ground : This Renegade, dreading the punishment he deserv'd, turn'd Des-

perate; and nak'd and unarm'd as he was, ran to the Cannon I have mention'd, and put fire to it; the Ball made its way thro' the close Ranks of our Men, and could not miss of making a great Slaughter among them. For this Reason and because of the Obscurity of the Night, which kept us from the knowledge of the real Loss we had sustain'd (which yet was not such as to have depriv'd us of Success), behold a terrible Cry that seem'd to be made up of several voices, join'd as 'twere in one, was raised all over our Battalion: And as the *least Accident is sufficient to defeat the best laid of Nocturnal Attempts, by reason of the false Imaginations that ever attend them*, these confus'd Voices no sooner reach'd our Rear, than those who were upon it began to retire; their neighbours did the like by Degrees, and at last all broke their Ranks in Confusion and Disorder. M. de Dessé, with a good Number of the most Resolute at his Back, stood his Ground; and, still aiming at Victory, he could not forbear to evidence how much he grudg'd the lost Opportunity: Yet, at last, upon the Remonstrances of his Friends, who told him that evident Death was by no means to be sought for, and that Fortune might afterwards atone for her present Injustice, he gave Orders to sound a Retrait; and accordingly drew back with that Decency which the Occasion requir'd. Thus, with the Loss of some of his Men, and the much greater Slaughter of the Enemy, he got clear of further Danger: and prudently dissembling his Thoughts upon the Matter, he smil'd and said to the Lord d'Oisel, '*Let us then suppose, my Friend, that we are at Sea, and by Storm constrain'd to lower our Sails, what then? The wind is changeable, and a fairer Gale will yet enable us to make out the Voyage.*'"

At Haddington the Tyne begins to present more the appearance of a river than it has hitherto done. It fills its bed and sweeps with a gentle course in one great semicircle, embracing the town. It has more than once been affected by great floods. The last that occurred was on the 4th of October 1775, when, in less than the course of an hour, it rose seventeen feet above its level, inundating the greater part of the town. On that occasion it filled the Episcopal Church to the height of about three feet. It did not last long, because

the greater body of water was created by the breaking of the dike of an extensive dam above Salton.

Soon after leaving Haddington, the river enters the extensive grounds of Amisfield. The park here is extremely pretty in itself, and very much ornaments the right bank of the stream; whilst the superior cultivation and tasteful arrangement of the fields and plantations that rise in a gradual slope upon the left bank give a very rich appearance to the whole neighbourhood. The house, which is Grecian, was built by the grandfather of the present Earl of Wemyss, and its gallery contains a valuable collection of pictures. It is the residence of Lord Elcho, whom we may safely pronounce to be one of the most popular noblemen in Scotland, with all ranks of society. The park has been more than once the scene of some very active competition in rural sports, when the Tyne-side games were held here. The spot of ground chosen for their celebration was in the north-west corner of the park, not far from the river side, where prizes were contended for in every possible manly rural sport, and where even some of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood did not disdain to appear as competitors. Perhaps the most interesting of all was the struggle for the long race. A more noble *Campus Martius* could nowhere have been found. Starting from the place where the games were held, some six or eight of the handsomest and most athletic-looking young men of that and the neighbouring districts bounded off eastward, along the green sward on the right bank of the stream, for perhaps a mile and a half, and, crossing by the Abbey Mill Bridge, they returned westwards along the left bank until they came opposite to the spot from whence they started, where the spectators were anxiously waiting for them. By this time it frequently happened that all the competitors were completely thrown out by the one whose lungs were better than those of the rest; but now and then it did occur that there were two or sometimes three, who, being of nearly equal powers, arrived at this point almost together. Then, indeed, the race became most interesting, for the run home to the winning post was, in the first place, right through the river, and, secondly, up a very gentle sloping turf of some hundred yards. In they rushed, the

water being so deep as to cover them to the shoulders, and, pressing through the stream, happy was he who first put his foot upon the sod, and came in winner amidst the shouts of the assembled multitude.

We have been told by Lord Elcho, who is well known to be a successful sportsman in every possible department, that very fine trouts are to be killed along this part of the Tyne.

The river has now its course through one of the richest agricultural countries that can be conceived. It slopes gently down to it on either side. Its banks, which are generally low, are beautifully fringed with trees; and it everywhere affords delightful walks for musing wanderings. Some individuals would probably have no objections that the interest of these should be increased by their carrying an angle-rod in their hands. The fine old place of Stevenson, belonging to the gallant Sir John Gordon Sinclair, Bart., Captain, Royal Navy, succeeds to that of Amisfield on the right bank. As you follow the river downwards, it here receives a small tributary from the right bank. The property of Beanston comes next, the mansion-house of which stands among its plantations, on the high ground on the left bank. On the extreme ridge to the north, on a line nearly opposite to Stevenson, stand some very curious remains of antiquity. These are upon the farm of Barney Mains, and are called "The Vaults." We have not been able to get any one to give us anything like a rational account of these ruins. They consist of a large square enclosure, surrounded by vaulted chambers, which are closed externally, but open to the court within, and of very great strength of masonry. They do not appear to have formed the substructure of any tall or castellated building; and we have no doubt in our own minds that they were erected for the purpose of driving the cattle, horses, etc., into them for safety, during any sudden inroad of the English border raiders, the platform upon the upper part of the vaults surrounding the place being manned by men-at-arms, capable of defending a place which it was impossible to destroy by fire.

Leaving the grounds of Stevenson, the river enters the parish of Prestonkirk, and the grounds of Hailes Castle,

belonging to Sir Charles Ferguson. This is a very interesting ruin, standing on the summit of a wooded precipice, overhanging its right bank. As we have had occasion to introduce it into our romance of *The Wolfe of Badenoch* as the family residence of our hero, Sir Patrick Hepburn, we have now to mention that it was in the family of the Hepburns for many years, as far back as the time of King Robert Bruce, and that our hero's unworthy descendant, the Earl of Bothwell, made it historically famous by lodging Queen Mary there, after he had carried her off. About the year 1443, Archibald Dunbar surprised and took it by a sudden assault in the night; and in 1547, during the Duke of Somerset's expedition, the Earl of Warwick was in great danger of being made prisoner, by an ambush laid at or near the castle. It is an extremely picturesque ruin. About a mile to the south of it rises what is now called Traprane Law, a very singularly-shaped isolated hill, entirely formed of clink-stone, which starts suddenly up from the midst of the cultivated country. This was originally called Dunpender, and it is believed that its present name originated from the French words *trappe-reine*, the snare for the Queen, which was given to it in consequence of Mary's adventure; but we rather think that this is a mistake, for we have seen the name of Dunpender in maps, which, though old, were considerably posterior to the time of Mary; and when we see the strange manner in which old names are corrupted and massacred, we shall not wonder that the change could have been effected by the mere barbarism of the country. What can be more extraordinary than the gradual mutation which has taken place on that pass into the Lothians, originally called Colbrand's Path, a name which it probably received from its being used by some celebrated border free-booter of that name. From Colbrand's Path it was first changed into Cockburnspath, from Cockburnspath into Cobberspath, from Cobberspath into Copperspath, and from Copperspath into Coppersmith!

A little below Hailes Castle, the river becomes the boundary between Sir Charles Ferguson's property and that of Phantassie, belonging to Mr. Mitchell Innes, and it continues so till it reaches the village of Linton; after which it runs

through the same estate for above a mile. The banks of the river, below Hailes Castle, are steep, lofty, and present several picturesque points of view. On the Phantassie side of the water, they rise to a considerable elevation, their acclivities being covered with thriving plantations, orchards, and strawberry gardens, which give great beauty to this part of the stream. The strawberries produced here are extremely early, and remarkable for their flavour. The village of Linton has its name from the lynn or waterfall which is here, where the river tumbles in various separate cascades, very picturesquely, over a barrier of clay-stone rocks of considerable height. Something was done here to open a passage to allow the salmon to get up, and it is much to be regretted that this operation was not prosecuted a little farther, so as to make it easy for the fish to overcome this obstacle. They might then run up the river for a good many miles, and, finding plenty of excellent spawning ground, their numbers might be indefinitely increased. As it is, they are rarely found in the water above the lynn. Indeed, it seldom or never happens that a fish is taken by the rod in any part of this stream, either above or below. Linton is a picturesque village, standing in the very midst of the Phantassie property. The lynn itself, with its mills and other buildings, its old bridge, and the new railway bridge, presents a scene of considerable interest. The village sweeps round the left bank, following a great bend of the river, which is lost in a grove of lofty trees, from which peeps the manse and the old church. There was a place of worship here, which stood on the site of the present church, so far back as a thousand years ago, it being mentioned in the Saxon Annals, under the name of the Church of St. Baldred. Immediately above the church, the slope of the country is much ornamented by the grounds of Smeaton, the seat of Sir Thomas Buchan Hepburn, who sat for the county in the last parliament.

It has not been our practice, during the prosecution of this our undertaking, to say much on the subject of agriculture, nor, indeed, can we set up for affording to our readers much utilitarian information; but the estate of Phantassie is so remarkable and so well known to be the most celebrated farm

in Scotland, and if in Scotland, we may say in Britain, that we cannot pass it over without some little notice. The estate contains seven hundred and seventy acres imperial, of very fine land, of which five hundred and fifty may be called farm, chiefly sloping on all sides, but especially from the south towards the Tyne; and it was first rendered famous by its celebrated proprietor, George Rennie, Esq., who died in 1828—who was, perhaps, the best farmer and most intelligent rural economist of his time. He and his neighbour, Mr. Robert Brown of Markle, were frequently summoned to London, in cases of agricultural difficulty, to give opinions before Committees of the houses of Parliament. He was the brother of the late Sir John Rennie, the celebrated engineer. Mr. George Rennie's son, who succeeded him, might have been called quite an enthusiast in farming, and he made Phantassie famous all over the kingdom, from the enormous shows of live stock which he established there, which brought together agriculturists of all ranks, from the peasant to the duke, from the most distant parts. All this, however, was not done without an expense which was by no means met, even by the highly-priced sales which were effected; and the consequence was, that Mr. Rennie's affairs became somewhat deranged. His fate was a very melancholy one: having gone to Shetland to select and purchase a parcel of the small cattle, the produce of that country, he embarked in the same vessel which he had hired to carry him and his stock, and was never heard of afterwards, having been lost at sea.

For some years the property was managed by Mr. Rennie's trustees, under the immediate management of that well-known and intelligent agriculturist, Mr. Kerr, who now acts as commissioner for Mrs. Hamilton Nisbet Ferguson of Biel and Dirleton. It was then purchased by Mr. Mitchell Innes of Parson's Green. Having undergone the extensive successive improvements which were made upon it by three such agriculturists as Mr. George Rennie, his son, and Mr. Kerr, it was then considered as being in the highest state of cultivation. After Mr. Innes acquired it in 1840, it was immediately occupied by his son, our son-in-law, the second of that family—Thomas Mitchell Innes, Esq.—who has carried its improvement to a

still greater pitch of perfection by tile-draining every furrow of it. A most splendid set of farm-offices have been built, which have attracted attention from all quarters of the country. Mr. Innes's system of management appears to us to be peculiarly excellent. He raises from eighty to a hundred and thirty acres of turnips, according to the allotment of the farm at the time. These are disposed of, in lots, by public sale upon the field, the understanding being, that the dealer who purchases a lot shall be furnished with a straw-yard separately enclosed, and as much straw as his cattle may require to consume, the turnips being driven from the field to the yard by Mr. Mitchell Innes's carts, and the whole of the manure being understood to belong to Mr. Innes. It is not every farm that could afford such accommodation as this, or to so great an extent; but at Phantassie there are no less than twelve distinctly separated straw-yards, each of them of large size, and with sheds complete; each under its separate lock and key. We have sometimes seen as many as one hundred and eighty large cattle thus disposed of for the winter, with the most ample accommodation of every sort. It may easily be conceived that this system produces a command of manure that may be said to be almost unparalleled. The crops of wheat are always most exuberant; and the barn-yard, when newly filled, presents a spectacle worth going a hundred miles to see. When Henri de France, Duc de Bordeaux, revisited this country a few years ago, we had the honour of acting as his *cicerone*; and as he was very desirous to gain information upon all subjects, and especially upon that of farming, we thought we could not do better than to take him to Phantassie, in order that he might see it in perfection. The chief person of his suite was the Duc de Levis, a nobleman as remarkable for his knowledge in agricultural and country matters as he was for his manners as a courtier. Their admiration of all that they saw was, indeed, extremely gratifying. There is one granary in the offices which is no less than 306 feet long. The steam thrashing-machine is a model of its kind. These are now universal all over East Lothian; even many of the machines which had the advantage of water-power have been exchanged for steam

mills. To a certain extent, the tall chimneys rising from every farm have had the effect of unruralizing the country, and giving it a manufacturing appearance; but we think that this effect will probably yield, in the course of a few years, to that association which will connect them in the mind with the agricultural duties they have to perform.

This estate is perfectly beautiful as a farm, although it has in some degree been defaced by the North British Railroad being carried somewhat diagonally through it. The mansion-house is very properly confined within home gardens and shrubberies; for to have attempted to make a great place here would have been an insanity of the wildest description. The views from the house are extremely beautiful, embracing the course of the Tyne, as it flows through the richly-cultivated fields, until it is lost in groves of trees; after which, the eye is carried onwards towards the extensive woods of Tynninghame and the sea.

We must now say a few words in regard to the angling. As we have already mentioned, the salmon, which are all of them small, do not rise to the fly, but a number of them are taken by Mr. Innes by means of shutting and opening the flood-gates of an old mill-run immediately opposite to the church. The trout are remarkably fine, and are red in the flesh when in best condition. They may average a pound, or somewhat less, and are generally very equal in size, though some are occasionally taken of much heavier weight. They are extremely shy, and are only to be allured by the use of very fine tackle, and a very small fly. When the river is in condition, and, strange to say, the wind in the east, we have enjoyed very fine sport by following one single reach of the river about half a quarter of a mile in length, within sight of the windows of the house; but the great piscator of the Tyne is our old friend and brother officer, Captain Shearman, who is very much at Phantassie during the angling season, and who, when there, may be said to live upon the river. Although he has by no means abandoned all fox-hunting, and can still, when required, keep a good place at the tail of the hounds, he now, as a sportsman, devotes himself entirely, in their respective seasons, to the rod and the gun, in the use of

both which instruments he is extremely expert. We are quite persuaded that if any artist, well acquainted with the scenery of this part of the Tyne, had a desire to make sketches of it, he would consider that they should want truth, if our friend the Captain's figure—arrayed in his loose trousers and fishing-boots, and with his small hat hung round with flies, and of a consistence prepared to take any shape he may choose to put it into, his angle-rod in his hand, and his sharp eye keenly watching for the rise of the trout—were not introduced into all his foregrounds. The Captain's perseverance and skill, together with his complete knowledge of every hole and corner of the stream, enables him to kill more trouts in the Tyne than any three men that are in the habit of fishing the river. I believe he has made out as many as six dozen in one day, of which event, we feel convinced, he was more proud than he ever was of any of his brave achievements while in the command of certain Italian levies in the Peninsula, or of the well-earned laurels which these acquired for him.

On leaving the estate of Phantassie, the Tyne enters the parish of Whitekirk, in its progress through which its banks, especially those to the left, are prettily fringed with trees all the way, till it reaches Tynninghame Bridge. The country to the right is extremely beautiful in an agricultural point of view, being perfectly flat—its cultivation being quite like a garden. Out of this rises a gentle elevation of considerable extent, entirely covered with the groves and lawns of Ninewar, belonging to Mr. Hamilton, and formerly known under the name of Hedderwick. The river for a considerable way above Tynninghame Bridge is affected by the tide which fills the estuary, into which it soon afterwards throws itself. On the left bank is the pretty little village of Tynninghame, containing some nine rose-covered cottages; and here the gate of entrance opens to the Earl of Haddington's noble place of Tynninghame House, the grounds and woods of which skirt the left or northern bank of the estuary. This is a beautiful object in itself, seeing that, when full, it presents the appearance of an extensive wood-fringed lake; and even when the tide is out, it offers no eye-sore, seeing that it is covered with a green vegetation, very attractive both to sheep and cattle.

It is a remarkable place for wild-fowl of all kinds, from the teal-duck to the swan, and great numbers of every variety are shot here every season. The House of Tynninghame, which was one of those plain old Scottish mansions of large size, has been altered and added to by the present Earl, under the direction of Mr. Burn, in the style which that architect has used so generally over Scotland. It presents a picturesque object in the midst of its very extensive woods, many of the trees in which are of very great growth. The plantations here were begun in 1785, by Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington, who prosecuted them with very great perseverance and success, under all the disadvantages of their exposure to the angry blasts from the German Ocean. He studied the subject with great attention, and very philosophically, and he conveyed the results of his observation and experience to his grandson in a letter, which was afterwards printed, and which still exhibits, even in these modern times, an excellent treatise on the manner of raising forest-trees, etc. It is a remarkable fact, that he was at first urged to commence his operations by his Countess, who was sister of the first Earl of Hopetoun. She it was to whom the beautiful wood, called Binning Wood, owed its origin. The Earl, her husband, gives the following account of its being planted :—

“There was a field of 300 Scotch acres, called the Muir of Tynninghame, that was common to some of my tenants and a neighbouring gentleman. This ground Lady Haddington desired to enclose and plant. It seemed too great an attempt, and everybody advised her not to undertake it—of which number I confess I was one; but she said, if I would agree to it, she made no doubt of getting it finished. I gave her free leave. The gentleman and tenants had their loss made up to them. In the year 1707 she began to enclose it, and called it Binning Wood.”

It now forms a very magnificent portion of these most extensive woods. The trees radiate from three centres, and the whole reminds us more of some of those royal-planted forests which we have seen in France, than anything we can fancy. There is a story which we have often heard, but for the truth of which we cannot dare to pretend to vouch, that this excellent

lady absolutely sold a portion of her jewels in order to enable her the more easily to carry out her object. A very large extent of ground, chiefly of a sandy nature, and hitherto used entirely as a rabbit-warren, stretched down towards the sea, where it was completely exposed to the north-east winds that blew over it from the German Ocean. Encouraged by Lady Haddington's success, the Earl determined, to use his own words, "to fight no more with the cultivation of bad land, but to plant it all." The experiment was most successful, for the trees grew luxuriantly, and they now form a grand wood, where they are seen feathering down to the water's edge. The timber is chiefly oak; in regard to which tree the Earl says: "As the oak is my favourite tree, I have planted it everywhere; and I can show them very thriving on rich, poor, middling, heathy, gravelly, clayey, mossy, spouty, and rocky ground—nay, even upon dry sand. It is visible that the oak grows everywhere upon my grounds faster than any other tree, some of the aquatics only excepted." "Thus," says Dr. Wallace, the reverend and learned author of the Statistical Account, "arose, under the skill and perseverance of this spirited nobleman, and where trees were before almost unknown, woods to the extent of 800 acres; the plantation and care of which afforded much useful occupation, and ultimately much enjoyment to himself, have been profitable to his descendants, and are at this moment the greatest ornament to the country." These grand woods may be said to be united to those of Sir David Baird's estate of Newbyth, lying immediately to the westward of them; so that the mass of timber here must considerably exceed 1000 acres.

Tynninghame is remarkable for the extent and magnitude of its holly-hedges, which are of a thickness so great, that, supposing them to have been a solid mound of turf, a carriage and four might be driven upon the top of them. We avail ourselves of the description given of them by our much-esteemed friend Dr. Wallace, in the following quotation:—

"The holly-hedges of Tynninghame are far-famed, and are, indeed, so remarkable as to deserve particular notice. They were planted about the same time as the woods above mentioned, by the same nobleman. They are of great size and

extent, comprising altogether 2952 yards. On the south-western side of the mansion-house there is a grass walk, on each side of which the hedges, most remarkable in point of length, are planted. The walk is 743 yards long, and 36 feet wide; and the hedges on each side of it are 11 feet broad at the base, and 15 feet high. To the east of the garden and melon-ground they have been permitted to rise higher; being kept there at a height of 18, 21, and even 25 feet. The hedge on the west boundary of the park is of the same dimensions, and strangers have been rarely observed to pass it without some expression of their admiration.

“At the time these hedges were planted, Tynninghame possessed little of that complete protection from the sea-breeze which it now enjoys; and so judicious an improver as Lord Haddington saw readily the superiority of evergreen, and especially of holly, over deciduous hedges. His successors have preserved them with the utmost care; they are clipped twice a year, and carefully defended from cattle and sheep. The hedges seem to have been planted on banks so much raised as to keep the roots dry and sufficiently drained, and their growth has been most vigorous in a deep, light loam. There are many beautiful single holly-trees, of very considerable dimensions, not only in the neighbourhood of the mansion-house, but all over Binning Wood, from 5 feet to between 7 and 8 feet in circumference, and rising to a height of from 46 to 54 feet. These add greatly in winter to the beauty and gaiety of the place.”

Before parting with our friend Dr. Wallace, we must borrow from him the account which he has extracted from the family household-book of the provision for the entertainments given at Tynninghame on the 21st August 1679, at the baptism of this same Thomas, Earl of Haddington:—

“For *dinner*: of fresh beef, six pieces; mutton, sixteen pieces; veal, four pieces; venison, three legs; geese, six; pigs, four; old turkeys, two; young turkeys, eight; salmon, four; tongues and udders, twelve; ducks, fourteen; fowls, six, roasted; fowls, boiled, nine; roasted chickens, thirty; stewed chickens, twelve; fricasséed chickens, eight; chickens in pottage, ten; lamb, two sides; wild-fowl, twenty-two;

pigeons, baked, roasted, and stewed, one hundred and eighty-two; roasted hares, ten; fricasséed hares, six; hams, three. Such was the *dinner*. For *supper* there were roast mutton, two pieces; mutton in collops, two pieces; roasted pigeons, twenty-six; hares, six; ale, sixteen gallons; rolls, a hundred; loaves, a hundred and twenty-four."

The gospel was introduced into East Lothian in the sixth century by St. Baldred, who was the first Christian apostle, and who fixed his cell at Tynninghame, where a monastery was afterwards erected. He seems to have had the whole country from Lammermoor to Inveresk placed under his pastoral charge. A charter of a portion of the Bass, granted by the Bishop of St. Andrews to our ancestor, Robert Lauder of the Bass, in 1316, particularly notices this monastery at Tynninghame. The following is a translation of it, which we give in preference to the original, as it may be more generally understood:—

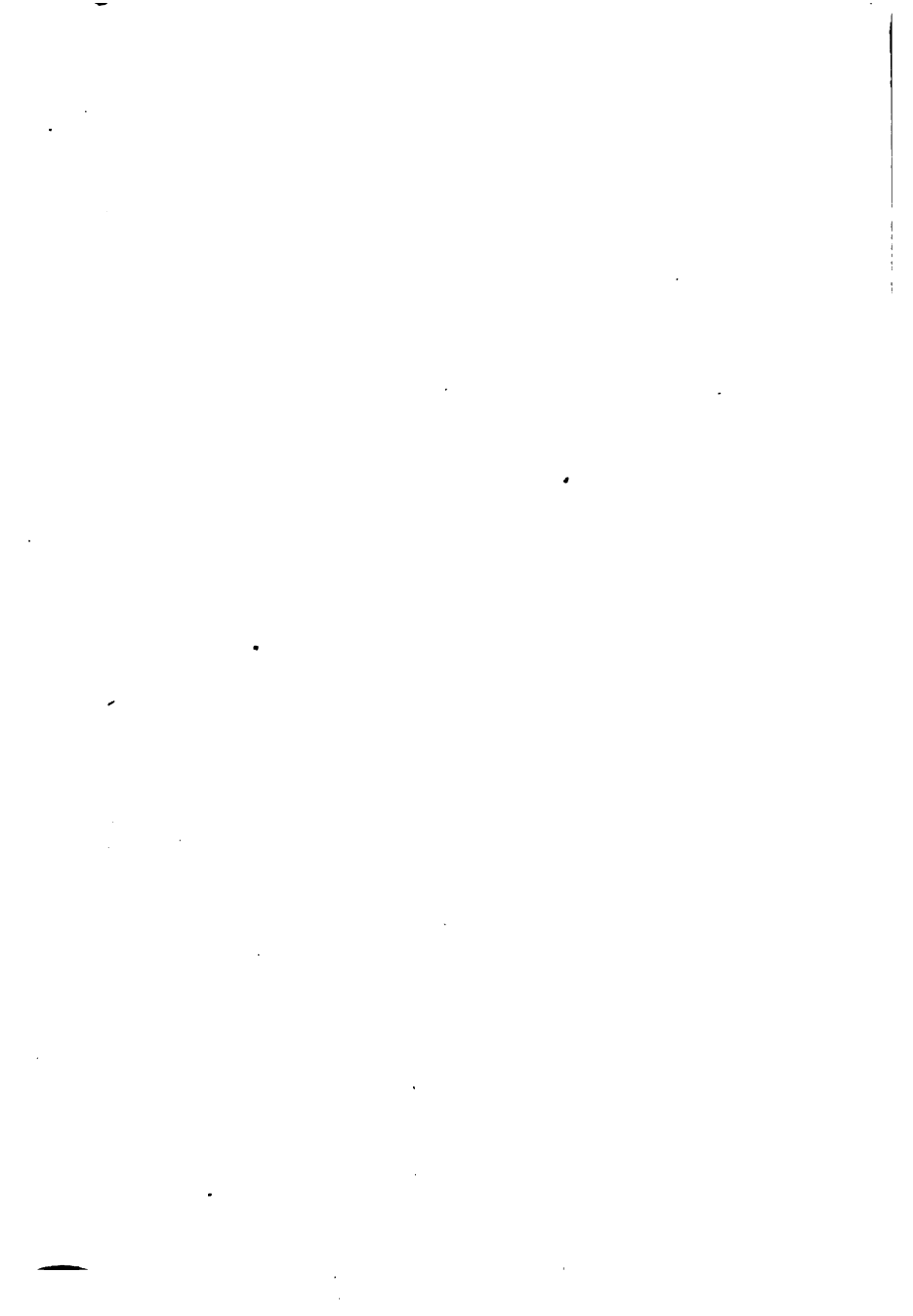
"To all men by whom this Charter shall be seen and heard, William, by the grace of God Bishop of St. Andrews, wishing salvation in the Lord:—Know ye that we, valuing highly our Church's advantage, have granted, and by this our present Charter have confirmed, to Robert de Lauwedre, for his homage and service, the whole of our part of the island in the sea which is called the Bass, near to Aldham in Lothian; *to hold and to be holden* by the said Robert and his heirs, from us and our successors for ever, with all liberties, commodities, and easements, and with the pertinents, freely and quietly in all and by all without any reservation; Paying therefore, the said Robert and his heirs, to us and our successors at Tynningham, at the term of Whitsunday yearly, one pound of white wax, in name of feu-farm, for all lands, services, and demands, which can be exacted or demanded by us and our successors for the said island with the pertinents: *Therefore* we, William, and our successors, do hereby warrant, maintain, quiet, and defend to the foresaid Robert and his heirs, our foresaid part of the Island of the Bass, with the pertinents, of the same, for ever, and that against all men and women: *In testimony whereof*, we have made and appointed our seal to be fixed to this present Charter. Given at Wedall, the fourth

day of June, in the year of our Lord 1316, before these Witnesses,—Lords William and William, by the grace of God, of Melrose and of Dryburgh, with the Lords Abbots, James of Douglas, Alexander Stuart, Henry Sinclair, Robert Keith, Esquires, and others.”

This is the charter to which we had occasion to refer in our notice of Gala Water; it having been signed “*Apud Wedale*,” the vale of the Gala, which was then so called, having been the site of a palace, where the bishop of St. Andrews frequently resided.

Having conducted the Tyne into the estuary of Tynninghame, we must now bid it adieu.







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