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THE

BORDER TOUR

THROUGHOUT THE

MOST IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING PLACES

IN

THE COUNTIES OF

NORTHUMBERLAND, BERWICK,

ROXBURGH, AND *SELKIRK.*

BY A TOURIST.

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE.

LORD BYRON has denominated this age, the "age of cant,"—more truly might it be denominated the "age of Travels." The improvement of the public roads, the adaptation of the power of steam to purposes of navigation, and the increase of commerce and manufactures by which riches are so generally diffused, have made the British nation a nation of travellers. The inhabitant of Cheapside cannot be gathered to his fathers in peace, until he has toiled to the summit of Cheviot, and gazed on the waters which flow beside the lovely ruins of Dryburgh. A milliner of Bath sips not

her tea, in a summer afternoon, without boasting of having sailed upon the Queenly Windermere with Professor Wilson's "Foresters" in her hand; or of having followed the advice of the "Mighty Minstrel," and gazed upon "St Mary's ruined pile," by moonlight.

It is not to be doubted but that these numerous wanderers are often at a loss to what objects to direct their attention, in the various places they visit;—Hutchinson and Redpath's histories, invaluable as works of reference, are scarcely suitable companions in a post-chaise; nor is there any volume of description sufficiently portable for a traveller in search of the picturesque. Shut out from these sources of information, the casual traveller has often to rely upon what may be communicated to him by the waiter of an inn, and, if that person be, as is no unusual case, either surly or igno-

rant, he is not allowed to view scenes in the immediate neighbourhood which would delight his taste by their beauty, or rouse his enthusiasm by the knowledge that on them patriots of other ages had reared their victorious arms.

To remedy this inconvenience by serving as a Guide to Strangers, these unassuming pages are published. Novelty can scarcely be expected in a topographical work :— Free use has been made of the opinions and descriptions of preceding writers ; the author being careless, so that he conduct the Tourist aright, whether he do so by the high-way of others, or by the by-way of his own choosing.

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THE

BORDER TOUR.

THE first town which interests a traveller's attention after passing Newcastle to the north, is ALNWICK, the county-town of Northumberland. The town contains about 5000 inhabitants, and is very prettily laid out. Four streets, viz. Bond-gate, Narrow-gate, Potter-gate, and Clayport, are the principal entrances to the town, and denote it, by their names, to have been a fortified place, when the Percys were so frequently in arms against the Scots. There is no vestige remaining of any of the ancient gates, save that of Bond-gate, which was erected by HOTSPUR, whose name Shakspeare has rendered synonymous with valour throughout

every land wherein the language of civilized man is spoken. Independently of this circumstance, which renders it invaluable in the estimation of an antiquary, the tower possesses nothing to interest, and, until of late years, when the passage through it was widened, deformed the street. At the head of Potter-gate, a tower was erected, with a spire, after the model of St Nicholas' in Newcastle; but, the erection being too slender, it was found necessary to take it down, and the beautiful, though small and mimic spire, has been replaced by four turrets. Besides the streets enumerated, there are also Silver-Street, which used formerly to be the residence of people of fortune; but of late years, the dwellings of those persons have been converted into shops, in which considerable business is transacted;—Baillie-gate, the fashionable esplanade; and Canon-gate, which, though forming part of the town, boasts an independent jurisdiction. The Square is spacious, but the shambles being in it, gives it rather a paltry appearance. On the side opposite to the shambles is the Town Hall, a plain and commc-

dious building, without any pretensions to elegance of architecture.

Alnwick being the capital of Northumberland, the County Court, in which the Sheriff, or his Deputy, presides, is held in it monthly, for the recovery of small debts, and the trial of petty delinquents. The election of Member for the county also takes place here. Alnwick, as an independent burgh, possessed at one time the right of returning two members of its own to Parliament; but this being when the member received a salary —not when he bestowed a bribe—the inhabitants petitioned to be relieved of the burthen, and accordingly no further summons for their return was issued from the Crown Office.

But the chief boast of Alnwick is the Castle, the seat of the renowned family of Percy. Its situation is on an eminence, whence there is a commanding prospect of the sea, and an extensive tract of an uncommonly rich and beautiful country. From the most authentic records, it appears to have been anciently a place of great strength; but it remained for a long period almost in ruins,

till it was completely repaired by the father of the late Duke of Northumberland; so that it may now justly be considered as one of the most magnificent models of a great baronial castle in the kingdom. In the structure of the building itself, which is Gothic, and particularly in the various Gothic ornaments which have been either embellished or renewed, the happiest union of taste and judgment has been displayed. The internal decorations are in a style of splendour, combined with elegance, worthy of the princely fortune of this noble family. The chapel, however, generally attracts most notice. The east window, containing exquisite specimens of painted glass, is said to be copied from a beautiful one in York Minster, the ceiling from King's College, Cambridge, and the mouldings and stucco work are gilt and painted in the style of the great church of Milan. During the residence of the family at Alnwick Castle, there are certain days when the gentlemen of the county, or strangers with a proper introduction, are expected to dine with the Duke. The grounds about the Castle, which exhibit every species of

natural and artificial beauty, are five miles in length; and, except during the presence of the family, they are open to the inhabitants of the town. The remains of two abbeys, at a small distance from each other, and a noble tower, 90 feet in height, erected on a hill at the termination of the pleasure-grounds, contribute to render the scenery in the highest degree picturesque and romantic.

The town of Alnwick is governed by four chamberlains, who are annually chosen out of a common-council of twenty-four. A singular and ludicrous custom exists here in making freemen. On St Mark's day, the candidates for this privilege are compelled to ride round the lands belonging to the town, and in this route they arrive at a muddy pool, called the Freeman's Well, which is purposely deepened and agitated for the occasion. Here they dismount, and drawing themselves up in a body, plunge precipitately into the well, and scramble through as fast as possible. As the water is always very foul, and numbers of them are generally tumbled over in the bustle, they come

out in a most deplorable condition, to the great amusement of the crowds who assemble to witness the scene. The evening is spent in every kind of festivity. This ridiculous practice is attributed to King John, who, having himself been mired on the spot, when engaged in the chase, made it an article in the charter of the town, as a punishment for the inhabitants not keeping the roads in better repair, that all the freemen should submit to the same disaster which he had himself experienced. The revenues of the town are considerable, and are employed in supplying it with water, and for other beneficial purposes; but particularly in supporting three free schools, where almost every branch of liberal education is taught, and to which the children of freemen only are admitted gratis, while very moderate fees are exacted from other persons. There are no public works, and little foreign trade in this place. A woollen manufactory was once attempted by some gentlemen, but it did not succeed. Besides the established church, which is a perpetual curacy, there are three chapels in Alnwick, two belonging to the Methodists, and

one to the Roman Catholics, and three Dissenting meeting-houses, which are tolerably well attended.

Alnwick has been particularly fatal to the Kings of Scotland. In the reign of William Rufus, Malcolm III. was here treacherously stabbed by an English soldier, who pretended to be dispatched from the Castle for the purpose of surrendering the keys into the hands of the Scottish prince. His son Edward, attempting to revenge his death, was also slain, and his army defeated. In 1147, William, surnamed the Lion, while laying siege to Alnwick, being surprised by a party of Englishmen, at a distance from his camp, was made prisoner, and carried in the most ignominious manner to Henry II., from whom he was afterwards ransomed for the sum of L.100,000. In commemoration of these events, monuments have been erected on the spot where they happened, and they are sufficiently conspicuous to attract the attention of visitors from Scotland.

None of these monuments, however, are at all comparable to one erected at the southern entrance of Alnwick, during the lifetime of the late

Duke, to commemorate the gratitude of his tenantry. In the first years of agricultural distress, when it appeared as if the whole farming interest was to sink in irremediable ruin, that nobleman stept forward, and, by munificently deducting twenty-five per cent from the rents of his tenantry, arrested the work of destruction in the extensive district over which he presided, and, not improbably by the influence of his example, was the means of restoring prosperity to the country. His tenantry felt as they ought upon this occasion; and the monument they erected, while it beautifies the town, reflects honour upon themselves as well as upon the memory of the illustrious Duke. It is an elegant obelisk, upwards of 100 feet in height; four finely chiselled lions guard its base, and it is surmounted by a lion passant—the Percy crest. Besides this princely donation to the agriculturists, his Grace performed many acts of a munificent nature; one of which ought not to be passed over, even in a slight sketch like this, without being recorded. When Joseph Lancaster —foolish for himself, but wise for others—pro-

mulgated his plan of education, it was eagerly hailed by the Duke of Northumberland, as eminently calculated to diffuse the blessings of education among the lower orders; and he immediately erected a school, in which two hundred poor children were educated, at his sole expense. Nor was his amiable consort less desirous of having the poor instructed; she having established a charity-school for girls, in which they are taught, besides being clothed, gratuitously. Fortunately for the place, their Graces have had worthy successors; and both schools are now flourishing under the auspices of the present Duke and Duchess.

The pleasure-grounds in the neighbourhood of the Castle are most extensive, and laid out with exquisite taste. Fine meandering walks, overhung with forest trees, run along either side of the river Alne for several miles. The one of these conducts to a lofty column, striking from its simplicity, erected by the grandfather of the present Duke, on a rising ground, and commanding from its summit, to which there is an ascent by a spiral

staircase, a view of the surrounding country to a vast distance. The other walk leads to the ruins of Hulne Abbey; which Abbey tradition says was erected by some pilgrims on their return from the Holy Land, who were struck by the resemblance which a mount in the vicinity bears to Mount Carmel.

At the Abbey the Duke's game-keeper has his dwelling; and the person who at present fills that office having a son who stuffs birds in an admirable manner, few private museums equal his collection of what is rare and beautiful among British birds, preserved with all the brilliancy of their plumage, and with the animation of apparent life. At Hulne Abbey several fine varieties of the pheasant are kept, and are, or were, so much prized, that Bonnel Thornton complains to Dr Johnson, that though he had been long promised some, he had been disappointed, as the Duke could not answer the application of crowned heads.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Alnwick there are but few gentlemen's seats. Howick

CASTLE, the seat of Earl Grey, is about six miles distant to the south-east. It is close upon the sea, an elegant, though unostentatious building. In the entrance-hall are two of Northcote's finest pieces,—Daniel in the lion's den, and Argyle asleep on the morning of his execution. In the library is a bust of Fox by Nollikens; and nowhere can a memento of that statesman excite more interest than in the study of his favourite disciple, who possesses all his own ardent love of liberty, his deep devotion to the public weal, and much of his sustained and spirit-stirring eloquence.

WARKWORTH is ten miles from Alnwick, in a southern direction. It is a village of considerable extent, and of much beauty. The sea approaches close to it on one side, and the Coquet, which of all British rivers best deserves the epithet *silvery*, winds so nearly around it from the other, as to half form it into a peninsula. The Castle was formerly of great note, being the residence of the Lords Percy when Wardens of the Marches, and from it many an order was issued which let ha-

vock loose on the Scottish Border. Nor were the Wardens themselves unmolested here; one of the Earls of Northumberland writing to the King and Council that he had dressed himself at midnight by the blaze of the neighbouring villages, burnt by the Scottish marauders. Its remains are considerable, and the walls of many of the apartments, especially those of the banqueting-room, are still perfect.

About a mile from the Castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a hermitage; of which the chapel is still entire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river; as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for the sacristy and vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred uses; for the former of these, which runs parallel with the chapel, appears to have had an altar in it, at which mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the chapel.

Each of these apartments is extremely small; for that which was the principal chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet; nor is more than seven feet and a half in breadth and height; it is,

however, very beautifully designed and executed in the solid rock; and has all the decorations of a complete Gothic church, or cathedral, in miniature.

But what principally distinguishes the chapel is a small tomb or monument, on the south side of the altar: on the top of which lies a female figure, extended in the manner that effigies are usually exhibited praying on the ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately designed, some have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary; though it has not the least resemblance to the manner in which she is represented in the Romish churches, which is usually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent posture. Indeed, the real image of the Blessed Virgin probably stood in a small niche, still visible behind the altar; whereas the figure of a bull's head, which is rudely carved at this lady's feet, the usual place for the crest in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different personage.

About the tomb are several other figures; which,

as well as the principal one above-mentioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the same manner as the little chapel itself, with all its ornaments, and the two adjoining apartments.

It will, perhaps, gratify the curious reader to be informed, that from a word or two formerly legible over one of the chapel doors, it is believed, that the text there inscribed, was that Latin verse of the Psalmist,* which is in our translation:

My tears have been my meat day and night.

It is also certain, that the memory of the first hermit was held in such regard and veneration by the Percy family, that they afterwards maintained a chantry priest, to reside in the hermitage, and celebrate mass in the chapel; whose allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the dissolution of the monasteries; and then the whole salary, together with the hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted back to the family, having never been endowed in mortmain.

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* Psalm xlii, 3.

It is here that the late learned Dr Percy, Bishop of Dromore, laid the scene of his Hermit of Warkworth, a poem so deservedly popular.

Five miles north-east from Warkworth stands ALNMOUTH, a small port, at which are shipped corn, bacon, and eggs, for the London market. A good many fishers live in the place, who, with those of various other small towns, such as Boomer, Craister, &c. supply Alnwick with an abundant store of white-fish. It is observable, however, that the salmon, grilse, and sea-trout taken upon the coast, or in the river Coquet, are greatly inferior in quality to those which are found in the neighbourhood of Berwick. Opposite to Alnmouth, two or three miles from the main land, the pretty island of COQUET invites attention. There is no object upon the island, however, to reward the trouble of visiting it; a few fragments of a building alone diversify the uniformity of its appearance, and indicate where a small fort had been erected during the civil wars of England. Six miles north from Alnmouth, and about the same distance due east from Alnwick, is situated EMBLETON—a large,

though not flourishing village. The church here is an uncommonly plain, neat, Gothic building. The living, which is in the gift of Merton College, and can only be held by a Fellow, is a very rich one. Parker, who was vicar in the reign of Queen Anne, contributed to the Tatler, and was author of the celebrated Cure of a Scold, which first appeared there, but has since found a place in almost every popular collection of poetry:—

> "Miss Molly, a famed toast, was fair and young,
> Had youth and charms, but then she had a tongue;
> From morn to night the eternal 'larum rung,
> Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won."

Near to Embleton are the ruins of DUNSTANBURY. When beheld from the sea, the Castle is a very striking object, and is not less interesting when closely examined. It is situated upon a conical hill, and around its base are scattered stones so numerous and large that it might be imagined a legion of fiends had diverted themselves by pounding a huge rock in pieces. Nor has tradition failed to people the ruins with beings

shadowy and terrific. Lewis, whose misdirected genius produced the "Monk," and who, by the publication of his "Tales of Wonder," first brought the high talents of Sir Walter Scott into notice, has commemorated one of these traditions in his tale of "Sir Guy, or the Seeker!" Sir Guy, who had retired from the army upon half-pay, and who, like many H. P.'s of these days, found time to hang heavily upon his hands, spent the whole of it, not consumed at the confessional, or in mumbling over his Pater-Noster at home, in roaming among the deserted walls of Dunstanbury, in search of treasures reported to have been buried within them; or in hopes of finding memorials of the wars of the olden time. When thus employed, at the midnight hour which spirits call their own, the entrance to the innermost recesses was thrown open, and he was invited to enter. Brilliant lights danced on the summit of every remaining turret, while sounds unearthly and terrific were heard. Sir Guy pushed bravely on till he reached a portal, whence swung a sword and trumpet, with an inscription bearing that the treasures of the Castle

were to become his who made a proper choice between the instruments. He seized the trumpet, and blew a loud note; when suddenly the lights were extinguished;—the cries of defiance were changed to those of derision, and voices were heard in the air, mocking the craven who called for aid, when his own right hand should have achieved the adventure. Years thereafter did he travel the ruins in the vain hope of his prowess being once more tried, and finally became a crazed man. There are numerous caverns in the rocks which guard the coast, and the ocean roaring among these may be heard at a considerable distance.

Six or eight miles further north is BEADNEL, a populous and flourishing village. The church is a fine building, with an elegant spire; and there being a neat gentleman's-seat in the centre of the place, it has altogether a different appearance from the dirty and wretched-looking hamlets so frequently found upon the coast. The inhabitants are chiefly fishers; and numerous boats, when the weather permits, may be seen plying in the bay,

which is so spacious that in it half the navy of England might ride at anchor. During the herring season, many of the fishers sail in their own boats to the northern coast of Scotland; and their departure causes the greatest bustle in the village. Not an inhabitant but is interested in one or other of the adventurers; and a stranger cannot look unmoved upon a scene in which care and hilarity are frequently most ludicrously contrasted. Brave as our seamen are in battle, and cool as they are in the tempest hour, their courage is never more evinced than when they deliberately become dwellers on the deep, in such a frail habitation as a fisher's skiff.

Not more than three miles from Beadnel is NORTH SUNDERLAND, a port chiefly frequented by fishing-vessels, and small schooners, which convey corn from depots in the neighbourhood to London. Yet, though this be the case, the pier is built, at a great expense, with free-stone, and the harbour, which is capacious enough to receive vessels of considerable burden, is securely guarded against the attacks of the ocean. Those who paid

for the erecting of the pier may not be amply remunerated, but the work must excite the praise of the beholder, and be looked upon with gratitude by every seaman upon this exposed coast, who can here, in time of danger, find a secure refuge. The pier was built about forty years ago, by an architect of the name of Crawmond; and, with a species of grateful remembrance too seldom met with, the inhabitants still distinguish one of the buildings connected with it by his name. Crawmond was possessed of great muscular power, and once having to cross a field in which a furious bull was kept, he armed himself with a pick belonging to one of the workmen. The animal saw, and ran outrageously at him: he waited its approach, and meeting its eye with the glance of his own, overawed it. So soon as he observed his mastery, he reared his weapon, struck the brute between the horns, and brought it to the ground, from whence it soon rose, and scampered off without offering him any further molestation.

Two miles farther stands BAMBOROUGH CASTLE,

"King Ida's castle, huge and square!"

Well has Bamborough been denominated "proud:" for if any of the creation of man can partake of his mental qualities, pride may assuredly belong to this noble fortress, which stands on a solitary rock, and seems, as it looks over the wide extent of ocean, to laugh in scorn at its wild uproar. The castle is of great antiquity, and is supposed to have been founded by Ida, king of Bernicia. It must originally have been a place of great strength, since it occupies the only high ground in the neighbourhood, and could not have been assailed by any missiles before artillery was invented. Notwithstanding its age, the Castle is still perfectly entire, save one or two of the turrets, and part of the outward wall. These are in a course of repair; and, with consummate taste, the workmen are only permitted to take down small parts at a time, which are quickly rebuilt upon the ancient model; so that the numerous visitors have always a complete view of the place. Bamborough, with a considerable revenue attached, was bequeathed by Lord Crew to the Bishop and Archdeacons of Durham for the time being, in trust

for charitable purposes; and the revenue has been greatly augmented by the legacy of one of the trustees, Archdeacon Sharp, brother to the philanthropist who abolished domestic slavery in Britain. The trustees reside alternately at the Castle, and great exertion is made to carry into effect the benevolent wishes of the testators. Captain Manby's apparatus, together with everything else, save a life-boat, which may conduce to the safety of shipwrecked seamen, is kept in constant readiness; and rewards are given to those fishermen who are active in assisting vessels in distress. Large granaries are built, in which grain is deposited when prices are low, and sold to the poor at a cheap rate in seasons of scarcity. Several medical men receive salaries for attendance upon the labouring classes; and, at the Laboratory, medicine is distributed gratuitously. Several respectable schoolmasters are paid for teaching the children of the peasantry; and there is a library, out of which any person, whose residence is within ten miles of the place, may be supplied with books during his lifetime, for the payment of half a crown.

In that part of the Castle in which the trustees reside, are several excellent apartments, which are freely shown to strangers; and access is not denied to the library, even when the venerable Archdeacon Bowyer is in it, pursuing his valuable studies. The walls of one of the principal rooms are adorned with tapestry, the figures of which are so animated, and the colours so vivid, as to require a close inspection to be distinguished from paintings. Here, too, was a valuable and select armoury, until the absurd fears of government caused it to be removed to a dépot of arms, lest it should have been seized upon by the radicals. But the greatest curiosity in the place is a well of immense depth, dug out of the solid rock, before the invention of gun-powder, from which a plentiful supply of water can at all times be procured. From the roof of the edifice there is a most extensive and pleasant view of the adjacent country.

At the foot of the Castle stands the village of Bamborough. Several genteel families reside here; and the houses being large, cleanly, and comfort-

able, many persons resort to it in summer for the advantage of sea-bathing.

Nearly opposite the Castle, and from five to seven miles from the main-land, are the FARNE ISLES. These Islands, which are small and precipitous, are, especially one of them, frequented by such numbers of sea-fowl, that in the breeding season, a foot cannot fall without resting upon a bird or a nest. They are farmed by a person in North Sunderland, who sends vast quantities of eggs to London, where they are highly valued by the disciples of Dr Kitchener. During night, and in stormy weather, vessels of burthen do not, unless compelled to it, pass betwixt the isles and the shore; yet, in strong north or easterly winds, wrecks are here lamentably numerous. Some years ago, a vessel from Leith was stranded, and in defiance of the storm several boats put off from the shore to render assistance. One of these reached the wreck, threw a rope on board, and rescued the seamen from their perilous situation. Still the master was seen on deck with an infant in his arms, and though the boat was already overload-

ed, its gallant owners could not think of leaving both to perish. The rope was again thrown; the master seized it, passed it round his waist, threw himself backwards, and was with his helpless burden dragged through the foaming water, and placed in safety in the boat. There the poor infant had not been for many minutes, till, insensible of the danger which it had escaped, it began to smile and to twine its tiny fingers in the locks of its preservers.

A light-house has been erected on one of the islands, warning the mariner of danger, and cheering him by the knowledge that many to whom he is personally unknown, are anxious for his preservation.

Six or eight miles from Bamborough is LINDISFARNE, or HOLY ISLAND. Its first name is derived from its being opposite the small brook Lindis; its second, from the supposed sanctity of the Monks who occupied its monastery. It is about two miles from the main-land, whence it is only divided at high water. Its situation, in this

respect, has not altered since the time when it is said,

> " With the ebb and flow its style
> Varies from continent to isle ;
> Dryshod, o'er sands, twice every day,
> The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;
> Twice every day, the waves efface
> Of staves and sandall'd feet the trace."

The circuit of the Island is nine miles. One moiety is well cultivated ; the other, which is covered with sand, is stocked with rabbits. There is a small fort upon it, which was, with more zeal than wisdom, seized upon in the year 1715, by a partizan of the Pretender, of the name of Edrington.

But what chiefly attracts strangers to the Island are the ruins of the monastery, which denote great antiquity. The arches are of the Saxon order ; and are supported upon short and massy pillars. Some of the windows are pointed, and thus indicate that they had been placed in the building long after its original foundation. Scott has thus happily described its supposed appear-

ance, when the hooded fraternity brooded within its walls:

> " In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd,
> With massive arches broad and round,
> That rose alternate, row on 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."

Lindisfarne was the Episcopal seat of the see of Durham during the early ages of Christianity, and had the title of " St Cuthbert's Patrimony" bestowed upon it, on account of the fame of Cuthbert, the sixth Bishop, who was placed in the Calendar on account of his superior sanctity. About two years before his death, which happened in the year 686, he resigned his bishopric and retired to a hermitage upon one of the Farne Islands. His body was conveyed to Lindisfarne, and interred there, where it slept in peace till the Danes, in 763, made a descent upon the Island, and nearly destroyed the monastery. The body of the saint was carried off by the monks, to whom

it indicated the places at which it chose to rest; which it finally did at Durham, and where of consequence the see was established. It is owing to the circumstance of Holy Island having been once an Episcopal see, that the county-palatine of Durham is found so curiously to dove-tail itself with Northumberland, even to the gates of Berwick:—a legal jurisdiction still remaining with the Count-Palatine over lands which formerly belonged to the patrimony of St Cuthbert.

A devious ride of four or five miles in length brings the traveller past Haggerstone, the splendid seat of Sir Carnaby Haggerstone, Bart. to the turnpike road betwixt Alnwick and Berwick, which latter town is seven miles farther to the north. Should time forbid his taking the route here described, the high-way from Alnwick conducts to BELFORD, a populous and pleasantly situated market-town, fifteen miles distant. On this road there is little to invite attention, until, fifteen miles farther, you reach BERWICK-UPON-TWEED.

Situated on the confines of two hostile kingdoms, belonging alternately to each, and, as a

salvo to the vanity of both, declared at their union to belong to neither,—Berwick commands in a particular manner the attention of the antiquary. Many ingenious suppositions have been made concerning the origin of its name. The most probable is, one which, because of its simplicity, has scarcely been started; viz. that being the most important place on the frontiers of England and Scotland, it is derived from *Barre*, barrier, and *wick*, a town. However this may be, we find Berwick mentioned as a place of great strength in the reign of Osbert, one of the Northumbrian kings; and it was one of the forts which William the First of Scotland, who was taken prisoner when besieging Alnwick Castle, surrendered as a ransom to the English monarch. In 1291, the States of Scotland assembled here, to decide betwixt the various claimants for the sovereignty, when Baliol, offering to swear fealty to Edward the First, who acted as umpire, was appointed to the throne. This act of aggression on the one part, and base subserviency on the other, led to a long war betwixt the two nations;—the Scots struggling

bravely, and at last successfully, to recover their independence. During these struggles Berwick suffered much. Wallace, after the battle of Stirling, took possession of the town, but did not long retain it. After his death it alternately changed masters, as the English or Scots proved victorious in the field. In the reign of David Bruce it belonged to Scotland; and Edward III. having declared war against that monarch, besieged it in the year 1333, with a large army. The importance of Berwick as the principal key to the kingdom being now properly estimated, the castle was strongly fortified, and under its gallant governor, Sir William Keith, made a protracted defence. The supplies of the garrison, however, being cut off by the English, a capitulation was entered into, by which the surrender of the place was stipulated, provided it was not relieved in the space of five days;—the Scottish army being in the neighbourhood, and having, during the continuance of the siege, ravaged England as far as Bamborough. Agreeably to this treaty, the governor repaired to the Scottish army, and prevailed upon

Lord Douglas, its commander, and guardian of the realm during the king's minority, to attempt the relief of the place. This was the very measure Edward was most desirous his enemies should adopt, his army being stationed on Hallidon Hill, a very considerable eminence on the west of the town. Notwithstanding the advantageous position which the English army occupied, Douglas determined upon an engagement. When the battle was about to commence, the attention of both armies was arrested by a novel circumstance: A Scotchman of gigantic stature, surnamed Turnbull, from having saved Robert Bruce from being gored by a wild bull, approached the English army, attended by a huge mastiff, and challenged any person in it to single combat. After a short pause, the challenge was accepted by Sir Robert Benhale, a young man of inferior strength, but superior agility. The mastiff flying at Benhale, he met it with a heavy blow which cut it in two. Then encountering Turnbull, whose strokes he evaded by his agility, he first cut off his left arm, and then severed his head from his body.

Not discouraged by the ill fortune of their champion, and the superiority of the ground which the English possessed, the Scots made a vigorous attempt to ascend the hill. To make the danger equal, the knights and men-at-arms left their horses to the care of their servants, and fought on foot. The English archers, confessedly the best in Europe, being skilfully stationed, poured a most destructive shower of arrows upon their opponents. The Scots, by this, were thrown into confusion, and being exhausted by their exertions to ascend the hill, were attacked by the English spearmen and men-at-arms. The Scots nobly maintained the contest till their leader fell, when a total rout commenced. The Scotch servants, when they observed the fortune of the day to be against their countrymen, fled with the horses, so that the slaughter was prodigious. On this day, the most disastrous which Scotland had then witnessed, the Scots lost eight earls, ninety knights, four hundred esquires, and thirty-five thousand men. On the day after the battle, Berwick surrendered to the victors.

During the time which intervened between the battle of Hallidon Hill, and the union of the two kingdoms, Berwick several times was in possession of the Scots; but was finally restored to England by treaty, in the year 1482. James the First, when he succeeded to the English crown, anxious to promote a spirit of amity between his new and his ancient subjects, among other conciliatory measures, reduced the garrison of Berwick to a hundred men. But so recently as the latter end of the seventeenth century, disputes about the boundary between England and Scotland were generally settled, not by an appeal to the courts of law, but by force of arms. These petty warfares were not unfrequently productive of bloodshed, and kept up for a considerable time a spirit of animosity, hatred, and jealousy, among the Borderers, of which we can form but an inadequate idea at the present day. We transcribe from an unpublished manuscript, written about the year 1683, an account of the preparations made by the inhabitants of Berwick-upon-Tweed to repel an expected attack on the part of the Scots,

which, although it was not attended with the melancholy consequences to which we have just alluded, will serve to give our readers a lively picture of the manners of that age :—

" On the 10 of May 1683, the tenantt of Newmilne, belonging to the towne of Barwicke, gave information that the Lord Hume and other the Scotch gentlemen, our neighbours, did this present day intend to be att the Newe Milne aforesaid, by tenn of the clock in the morninge ; and that they had summoned their tenants to be then and there present, alsoe to assist in the breaking downe and demolishing the dam of the said New Milne; and that the Lord Ross his bailiffe of Foulden, had given out in speeches that he was desired to summon the said Lord Ross his tenants and inhabitants of Foulden barronry to be then and there aiding and assisting them, also for better effecting the same, and that the said bailiffe replyed that he would not summone any person till he had the Lord of Ross his order. Whereupon it was agreed by the townsmen, that att the ringing of a bell, they would be ready to ride and

goe out to the said milne, to prevent the Scotts in their said desygne, and to know their reason why they will, in such hostile and tumultuous manner, invade our bounds and liberties, to do any such unlawful act. Accordingly, there was a bell rung, and in an hour's time, nigh three hundred people on horse and foote were gathered together considerably around with swords, pistolls, firelocks, fouling pieces, and other arms, fitt to resist the ryot of the Scotch, and marched out to the newe milne with Mr Mayor, and the Governor of the garrison, viz. Captain Wallace and the serjeants with their halberts, and constables with their staves going before them. And when they came to the milne they pitched their camp there, and nae doubt butt they were *well disciplined*, and some of them had weapons *suitable*, viz. *rusty old* swords, and pistolls *unfixed*, &c. and continued about three or foure houres on the bankes and about the milne, till there was nae appearance of the Scotch comeing, and sae they returned home againe without any ingagement; and Charles Jackson and William Couttie, in the

time the towne's people were out, went to the bell tower, and by way of derision, rung the alarum bell there, as if it had beene a greate invasion to be made. But, however, I am persuaded, many of the Barwick men, especially such as had formerly beene soldiers, went with a resolution to fight the Scotch if they had offered violence, butt noe Scotch comeing, they were frustrated of their designe. I," adds the author, " was one of the *fond* party, and made upp the number with my sworde and pistole. The reason why the Scotch doe soe mollest the towne's milne, is because they imagine it stops the salmon fish to come to them, butt one of the Scotch lairds that was more moderate, said he could not say that it did hinder him of one fish, and that he did take still as many as before the milne was sett upp."

The plan of the fortifications may still be traced; they seem to have consisted of five revetted bastions, with double retired flanks, casements and cavaliers; but the ditch is very shallow, and has either never been revetted, or the counter fort is now ruined or obliterated. The ruins of the

old Scots fortification, and of a very extensive castle, are still observable.

Berwick, though deprived of its ancient importance, is still a considerable town; its inhabitants, including the appendages of TWEEDMOUTH and SPITTLE, amounting in gross numbers to 9000. It is governed by a Mayor and Aldermen; and returns two Members to Parliament. The port is pretty considerable, and has lately been greatly improved by the erection of an extensive pier. Human improvements, however, are never perfect; and this pier, which promised so much to improve the harbour, has lessened the trade of the place, by the harbour dues being increased to defray the expense of its erection. The vessels by which it is chiefly frequented are London-traders and coasters; though there is a good deal of timber imported into it from Canada and the Baltic, and one, sometimes two, whalers sail from the place. The salmon-fisheries are very valuable, being rented at several thousand pounds annually. The fish are chiefly sent to London; but they have been scarcer than ordinary of late years;

and large sums have been lost by the fisheries. The take of herrings, too, is in some seasons great, and the curing of them is carried on to a great extent. White fish are also taken in considerable numbers; but their quality was not wont to be so good as those which are found off Holy Island. Larger boats are now, however, employed; and the fishers, going farther to sea, obtain better fish.

Being built upon ground which rises irregularly, some of the lanes of Berwick, and one of its streets, are of very abrupt ascent. Most of the streets, however, are level and spacious; and being crowded with an unusual number of elegant shops, have a fine appearance. Its greatest defect is, that it possesses no proper square in which to hold its market; and the Town-hall, a fine building of itself, being placed in the middle of the street, where the market is held, renders it very inconvenient. This is the more to be regretted, since Berwick being the port whence is shipped all the spare grain which is raised in the district, its markets are numerously attended by

farmers and corn-dealers. The revenue of the borough is considerable; but like that of most corporations, conduces more to individual corruption than public utility. It is but just, however, to say, that in the schools which belong to the corporation, the freemen's sons are well educated, without their parents being put to any expense.

Besides the town-hall and barracks, the church and bridge are the only public buildings in Berwick. The church is a plain neat building, but reared in puritanical times, when Heaven somehow or other was supposed to have taken offence at spires, it has not one to boast. Connected with the church is a circumstance that no historian of Berwick has noticed; viz. that the vicar, John Smithson, was, in 1672, tried and executed for the murder of his wife. The bridge over the Tweed is ancient; and its arches, which are 14 in number, gradually lessening in size, the perspective from a distance is very striking. Tweedmouth, a considerable village, stands at the south end of the bridge, and is separated by a few fields

from Spittle, a fishing station, which in summer is thronged with bathers.

Berwick towards the sea is defended by a wall, on which, till Lord Sidmouth became afraid of their being levelled at the throne by the ghost of Despard, cannon were planted, whose mighty throats were alone opened on rejoicing days. It is evident, indeed, that Berwick, in modern warfare, could offer no resistance to an enemy; and the garrison serves no farther purpose than to allow ministers to provide for one of their followers by appointing him to the command. Behind the walls, and to the extremity of the pier, are fine walks, which conduce greatly to the comfort and health of the inhabitants. An extensive pasture ground, called the Magdalen Fields, may also be traversed by them at pleasure. These fields are bounded by the sea, and in the rocks where they terminate are many curiously formed caverns, hollowed by the action of the waves. Still there being no trees in the neighbourhood, its aspect is cold and barren; and were it not for the ever-varying majesty of ocean, few persons

would incline to saunter on its precincts. Tweed, indeed, when the tide is out, forms a fine sheet of water; but its banks are not, as in its early course, clothed with trees overhanging it as if to admire its loveliness; and when the sea retires, the mud it deposits has that slimy appearance which Crabbe so well describes, and which seems so meet an emblem of misery and desertion. The scenery improves as you ascend the river, and is soon, especially on the right bank, extremely beautiful.

At Paxton, five miles from Berwick, an iron suspension-bridge, designated the UNION BRIDGE, was erected in the year 1820, under the direction of Captain Brown. The spot chosen for its erection is singularly beautiful. PAXTON HOUSE, a handsome edifice—and in which, by the way, is the most valuable collection of paintings in the south of Scotland—looks down as it were upon it with admiration; gardens and pleasure-grounds are spread on the summit of the bank; and the bank itself, which is lofty and abrupt, is covered with shrubs and forest trees. The lightness of the structure renders it invisible at a little distance,

so that carriages and passengers seem to move in mid-air; and he who looks from it upon the noble river which rushes below, may almost imagine that some superior being has flung it across for the convenience of man.

The Union Bridge, the first of the kind of any importance erected in Britain,—weighs 100 tons; and its span is 361 feet. It cost in erecting L.6000, the interest of which sum is defrayed by pontage. Its security has now been satisfactorily tried; and as bridges of this description can be erected where those of stone cannot, and as they cost much less, it is to be expected that many of them will arise throughout the empire.

A little farther up the Tweed, and seven miles from Berwick, is Norham Castle, a place originally of great strength, but less celebrated in ancient times, for deeds of valour performed before its gates, than in modern times for the description of its hospitality, in *Marmion*. The Castle is situated on a steep bank which overhangs the river; and its ruins are still considerable, consisting of a large shattered tower with many vaults,

and fragments of other edifices, inclosed within an outward wall of great circuit. Near these ruins is the modern village of NORHAM; a place in no respect important.

Having seen Norham, the stranger who wishes to behold places of interest, will not scruple to deviate from a regular route in order to visit the celebrated Field of FLODDEN, where the Scots lost their king and the flower of their chivalry; a disaster which the generation upon whom it came believed to be presaged by armies in the air, and to have been sought to be averted by a messenger from Heaven. Flodden Field is about four miles south of Tweed, ten south-east of Berwick; and is crossed by the great north road to Newcastle. It is now cultivated; but the respective positions of the English and Scotch armies may still be distinctly traced. James the Fourth, who had declared war against Henry the Eighth, advanced into England, but found himself opposed by a superior army under the Earl of Surrey. This circumstance, and the reluctance of his nobles to advance farther, determined him to make choice

of an advantageous position for his army. The place he chose was the Hill of Flodden, which lies on the left of the river Till, and is the last and lowest of those eminences that extend on the north-east of *Cheviot* towards the low grounds on the side of the Tweed. The ascent to the top of the hill, from the side of the Till, which runs in a northern direction, by the foot of the declivity on which stands the Castle of Ford, is about half a mile. The English army in approaching it had to march over the extensive plain of Milfield, so that the choice of the spot reflects credit on the judgment of the Scots. Surrey perceiving the excellent position occupied by the Scottish Monarch, after vainly attempting to draw him from it by an appeal to his chivalrous feeling, in reminding him of his having pledged himself to offer battle in England by a particular day, broke up his camp and crossed the Till. James, who possessed personal valour, instead of attacking the English army when passing the river, with the infatuation of his unfortunate race, allowed it, without molestation, to interpose between him and his country.

He does not appear even then to have imagined that it was the design of Surrey to bring him to an engagement, but rather that he meant to enter and ravage Scotland. James, however, was soon undeceived, and observing the English making a movement to occupy the western side of the hill, broke up his camp, set fire to his tents, and advanced to meet them. The smoke concealed the two armies from each other, until the English had nearly reached the bottom of the hill, when Surrey perceiving the Scots in disorder, by reason of the suddenness of their march, determined upon an immediate attack.

The English army advanced in three divisions; the van commanded by Thomas Howard, the general's eldest son, Lord Admiral of England; the right wing by his second son, Sir Edmund; the main body by Surrey himself; and the rear by Sir Edward Stanley. Lord Dacres commanded the reserve, consisting of a strong body of cavalry. The ordnance, which for a considerable time had been used in sieges, but till now was little employed in the field, was placed in front,

and in the spaces between the divisions. The van of the Scottish army was led on the right by the Marquis of Huntly, and on the left by the Earls of Crawford, Montrose, and Home. The King commanded the centre. A third division was commanded by the Earls of Lennox and Argyle, and consisted principally of Highlanders; while the reserve was under the charge of the Earl of Bothwell. The Scots had also a considerable train of artillery. Before the armies closed, the advantage of cannonading was wholly on the side of the English, the great guns of the Scots being planted so high as to shoot over their heads; while theirs were so well directed as to slay the commander of the Scotch artillery, and drive the men from their guns. Seeing this, Home, Lennox, and Argyle, at the head of a strong body of spearmen, supported by a few horse, moved rapidly down the hill, and made a fierce attack on the wing commanded by Sir Edmund Howard. The onset was violent, and the struggle severe, but the Scots prevailed. Sir Edmund was reduced to the last extremity; he had been thrice

struck down, and was upon the point of being taken or slain, when he was rescued by Lord Dacres. Sir Edmund immediately joined the Lord Admiral, and the two brothers attacked Crawford and Montrose. The Scots fought gallantly, but being armed with spears only, and so unable to resist the English men-at-arms, were routed, and the two Earls slain. On the other side of the field, Stanley, with the archers of Cheshire and Lancashire, did much havock among the Scots. The brave but undisciplined Highlanders, unable to endure the incessant flight of arrows to which they were exposed, rushed down the hill upon their enemies, in a precipitate and disorderly manner, notwithstanding the cries and menaces of La Motte, the French Ambassador. Here they were attacked by three different corps; and, Lennox and Argyle, their valiant leaders, having fallen, were routed with great slaughter.

James, who, if he had not the skill of a general, had all the valour of a soldier, could not be prevented, by the most earnest entreaties of his attendants, from risking his person in the thick-

est of the battle. Placing himself at the head of the reserve, he led the attack on foot, and had nearly pierced through the English centre. But his two wings being wholly routed, Lord Howard and Sir Edward Stanley returned to the assistance of Surrey, and hemmed in the Scots one very side. Still there was no thought of submission: the Scots closed round their King, and fought each as if his Monarch's safety depended solely on his own arm. All was unavailing: noble fell beside noble, and knight beside knight; and James, rushing into the thickest of his foes, fell fighting valiantly, but without being recognized among the brave men who vainly sacrificed their own lives to preserve his.

This battle, which was fought on the 7th of September, 1513, commenced at four o'clock in the afternoon, and did not terminate until darkness had sat down upon the combatants; nor were the English assured of victory before the return of day, a considerable number of Borderers, under Home, having, after the first charge, stood aloof during the most dangerous part of the battle, and

having in the night made considerable spoil, by rifling the bodies of the slain, and plundering the tents of the English.

The pride of the Scots would not permit them to own that their King had fallen; and many of their historians maintain that he was either slain by Home, or had gone on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, to expiate by penance his rashness in marching into England. In support of the first opinion, several plausible reasons are advanced; such as, that the Earl had been mortally offended by James before the battle, and had evinced his desire of revenge, by keeping aloof during the hottest of the engagement. They urge, too, that the outrages of Home's followers on their return, who ransacked every house in their way, and, after plundering the Abbey of Kelso, turned the Abbot out of the gates, evinced more certainty of the King's death than could have been acquired in the confusion of the fight. Besides, many persons maintained that they had seen him cross the Tweed along with Home; and Calbreath, one of his lordship's followers, boasted that he himself

had murdered him near Kelso. Tradition has come to the aid of history, and rumours that the skeleton of a man, encircled by an iron chain, and hence recognized as the body of James, he always wearing an iron chain around his waist, as a penance for aiding in the death of his father, was, long after the battle, found in a vault of Home's fortress. But it is easy to imagine that Home's resentment might prevent his doing his utmost to rescue James, without carrying him the length of assisting actively in his destruction. The person who was seen crossing the Tweed, and supposed to be the Monarch, might have been one of his nobles, several of whom in the engagement wore similar dress and armour to his. The licence of a defeated army proves nothing but the horrors of war, and the guilt of those who are unjustly its cause. As to Calbreath's evidence, he probably was one of those miscreants to whom "evil is good," and who boasted of a crime he had never perpetrated. And as to the skeleton with the iron chain, the rumour is not substantiated so as to render it necessary to reason upon it.

The second opinion,—that the Scottish Monarch had secretly gone abroad as a pilgrim—seems to have no foundation, excepting that James, in common with most men of his age, was somewhat superstitious. But his bravery greatly exceeded his superstition; and, hemmed in by overwhelming numbers, and witnessing the slaughter of many of his nobles, it seems certain that James died a soldier's death on the field of Flodden.

Although the number of Scots who fell at Flodden had been exceeded in previous battles, and though after it the English did not enter Scotland, still the death of the Monarch, and that of so many of his nobles, caused it to be viewed as the most disastrous defeat which the Scotch arms had ever sustained. The survivors hurried

> "To town and tower, to down and dale,
> To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
> And raise the universal wail
> For the stern strife, and carnage drear,
> Of Flodden's fatal field,
> Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
> And broken was her shield."

And its interest has scarcely been lessened by the ages that have since elapsed. The "Flowers of

the Forest," which laments its havock, is the most sweetly plaintive of Scottish songs; Leyden's Ode, from which the motto to Marmion is taken, is a spirited production. And in what language has a battle been described with such graphic power, and at the same time with such soul-rousing energy, as that of Flodden in Marmion?

Returning to the highway on the south of the Tweed, ten miles from Berwick, the traveller passes the Till at TWIZELL BRIDGE. The banks here are particularly beautiful and picturesque. The shelving rocks are broken into many a grotesque shape; and forest and fruit trees are mingled with the hawthorn, whose sweet odour may in spring be felt at a considerable distance. Just above the bridge is an unfinished castle, begun to be built about thirty years ago by the late Sir Francis Blake. This castle Sir Walter Scott terms "a splendid pile of Gothic architecture;" but it seems built without any design, except to ascertain how many windows can be crowded into one huge edifice; and might be most usefully employed as a quarry, from whence to provide materials for a more elegant though less presumptuous dwelling.

Three miles further west is CORNHILL, a large straggling village; near to which you cross the Tweed and enter Scotland, by COLDSTREAM BRIDGE. This is a very handsome bridge of five arches, and the view from it is extremely beautiful. In front is the town, and LEES, the splendid seat of Sir John Majoribanks, Bart., with the Tweed sweeping round his domain. To the left is the range of CHEVIOT, with all that delightful variety of light and shade which is alone to be met with in a mountainous country; while below the bridge, the banks on each side are thickly clothed with copse-wood. A pontage was originally levied; but a sufficient sum having been raised to defray the expense of erecting the bridge, as well as for any contingent expense in repairing it, the gate has recently been taken down, and the passage is now free. Nearly opposite to the bridge, on the Scotch side, anciently stood the CONVENT of LENNEL. Of this convent there is now not a vestige remaining, and its site is occupied by a large and elegant mansion belonging to the Earl of Haddington, who is lord paramount of Cold-

stream. The town, which is fifteen miles due west from Berwick, is the first in Scotland, and occupies a very lovely situation immediately on the north bank of the Tweed. Judging by the number of fine houses newly erected, it seems to be thriving more than any place not dependent upon manufactures. Much of this prosperity may be ascribed to the spirited example of the proprietor of the brewery here, who carries on a much more extensive business than any brewer in the south of Scotland. The church is a plain edifice, and its spire is tolerably neat. The Burgher meeting-house, the only other public building in the place, is a neat handsome edifice. In history, Coldstream is chiefly remarkable for a truce concluded there in 1491 betwixt England and Scotland, and for giving name to a regiment of guards, which was originally raised upon occasion of James VII. leaving Scotland to take possession of the English throne.

From Coldstream to Kelso, nine miles to the west, the road is one of the pleasantest in the kingdom. The Tweed is scarcely lost sight of

for a moment, and its lovely banks are on either side studded with seats of the gentry, and elegant farm houses. On the south side is WARK CASTLE, so celebrated in Border history, but of which only a small walled mound remains. A little above it is CARHAM, a sweet spot, where the last English church stands. Beyond Carham is a small streamlet, which separates the two kingdoms, and hence called the MARCH BURN. Here the line of separation is so small, that a person finds no difficulty in placing one foot on English, while the other rests on Scottish land. Further on, and about two miles from Kelso, is SPROUSTON, a considerable village, where there is an excellent quarry. A good deal of coarse linen is made here, and sold by the weavers in the summer fairs. A little aside from the northern and most frequented road, is HIRSEL, the residence of the Earl of Home, whose ancestors possessed vast territories and great power upon the Borders. Mid-way between Coldstream and Kelso, the road is polluted by the filthy village of BIRGHAM. An expression, which is popular in the neighbourhood, of "*Go to Birgham!*"

and which is never used but to indicate contempt or scorn, has been thus accounted for by an ingenious writer in a Scotch journal :—

" Among the various memorials that may be discovered of *ages long gone by*, there are perhaps none more interesting than old sayings, which, having been brought into use at a very remote period, by some event of great national interest, have remained unto this present day. From these a lover of history may receive at least as much delight as from viewing an old medallion. They are, indeed, much more immediately connected with, and therefore a more striking indication of, the general state of the public mind, from which they took their rise.

" Most of our readers will, no doubt, be familiar with a very curious expression of this sort, with which our people frequently give vent to their bad humour—namely, '*Go to Birgham !*' This, or some exclamation of a more ruffian and profane cast, but of the same import, a passionate peasant is sure to employ, when he is much irritated, or wishes to break off abruptly some angry alterca-

tion, in which he is likely to be worsted. Upon a similar occasion, an old Roman would say, '*Abi in malam rem*;' and one of our English neighbours, 'Go and be hanged,' or 'Go to the devil,' and the origin or import of these expressions is very obvious; but why should we bid our enemies *go to Birgham*, which is known to be a village inhabited, from time immemorial, by a very kind, inoffensive, and industrious set of people as is to be found in the world? The explanation of the difficulty is to be found in an event big with national ignominy and disaster, which occurred upwards of five hundred years ago. Birgham, in fact, was the very place where the imprudence and pusillanimity of the Scottish nobles betrayed the country into the hands of Edward I., and reduced our gallant forefathers to the necessity of combatting for their freedom, under circumstances of much disadvantage. It cannot admit of a doubt, but that it was this transaction that first gave rise to the expression in question, as there is nothing else connected with the village of Birgham that could ever have caused it to be regarded with an

evil eye; and this expression is therefore a remarkable proof—a living monument—of the spirit of our ancestors,—of the indignation with which the unworthy conduct of their superiors was regarded by the great body of the Scottish people, who afterwards fought so gallantly under the banners of Wallace and of the Bruce.

"The correctness of the preceding statements may easily be ascertained, by referring to Rhymer, and other historians of high authority, or to Ridpath's Border History, which will be more accessible to most readers. The account which Hume gives of this portion of our history is extremely meagre, merely representing the Scottish nobles as having unworthily put themselves into Edward's power, and sworn fealty to him at Upsetleton, or, in more correct orthography, Upsetlington. In the plain of Holywell-haugh, which is near this village, the oath of fealty certainly was taken; but this transaction is to be regarded as merely the conclusion of a long train of negotiations, which Edward had previously carried on with the estates of Scotland, which were always assembled for that

purpose at Birgham, with the exception, perhaps, of a single instance, in which they are said to have met in Kelso. The truth, therefore, seems to be, that the Scots would, throughout, regard the negotiations that had been entered into with their hereditary enemy with great suspicion, jealousy, and dissatisfaction; and that, when they beheld the shameful conclusion to which they had led, they were filled with such indignation, that the very name of Birgham, the conventions held there, and the individuals of whom they were composed, would become odious to them. Hence the above expression of indignation, which, having taken its rise from the circumstances just stated, has remained in use for more than five centuries."

After passing Birgham, the road continues to increase in beauty; and three miles from Kelso passes the river EDEN, by a bridge erected four or five years ago. On this side of the Tweed, the immediate environs of Kelso are enriched by a number of gentlemen's seats and villas, which are yearly increasing. Besides these, several are visible on the opposite side of the river; while the

solemn remains of a fine Abbey soften a scene which might otherwise be too glaring.

Beside the road from Berwick, thus described, the one on the north side of the Tweed is also worthy of being travelled over. Going further into the interior, it is not so picturesque as that which winds by the course of the river, nor is it so thickly spotted with villas; but the country is highly cultivated, and, commanding a view of the Cheviot and Lammermuir hills, pleases the traveller by the varied and extensive scenery which it presents to his notice. About four miles from Berwick, the road is crossed by the WHITTATER, a fine pastoral stream, abounding with excellent trout, over which is thrown a wooden bridge, which carriages can pass. Half way betwixt Berwick and Kelso is SWINTON, a populous village, having an extensive green in its centre. Here a battle was fought, in 1558, betwixt two strong bodies of Scots and English, when the former was defeated with great loss. Leaving the direct road, and travelling five miles to the north-east, you reach DUNSE, a considerable market-town. The streets of Dunse

are narrow and crooked, so much so, that it is difficult for a carriage to penetrate some of them; but the principal inhabitants have erected splendid dwellings in its immediate environs, which are extremely pretty. The church is a handsome enough building; but the chief boast of Dunse is its Town-house, in reality a splendid piece of Gothic architecture. Most unhappily, this building, which would ornament any town, is placed in the square where the market is held, and, being crowded upon by the surrounding houses, is seen to much disadvantage. Closely adjoining the town is DUNSE CASTLE, the residence of William Hay, Esq. of Drummelzier, superior of the town. The Castle, which was lately erected at an immense expense, is an exceedingly splendid edifice, of the Gothic order. Its chiselled figures, of every possible grotesque form, are most ornate; and it would be a vain sacrifice to antiquarian lore to prefer to them any which remain in the ancient edifices of the country. The stair-case is very beautiful; and a painted window is of great value. Dunse, like every place upon the Borders, suffered much during

the wars betwixt England and Scotland, and was totally burnt in 1558 by a brother of the Earl of Northumberland. The town has the honour of claiming as her son Duns Scotus, one of the most celebrated of the schoolmen. Although by far the most important town in Berwickshire, Dunse is not the county town, the courts being held, and the election of the knights of the shire taking place, at GREENLAW, a small place about eight miles due west. The jail which has lately been erected at Greenlaw is a master-piece of neatness and order.

Proceeding from Swinton on the road to Kelso, you pass the two villages of LEITHAM and ECCLES, neither of which is deserving of particular notice; and reach EDNAM, a neat cleanly village on the banks of the river Eden,—one of the loveliest of Scottish streams. Ednam is distinguished as the birth-place of Thomson, the ever-to-be-remembered author of the "Seasons," and of the "Castle of Indolence."

Among men whose habits are not literary, there is an affectation of speaking contemptuously of

poetry, as a vain and worthless art. In the bosom of every man, however, is erected an altar at which the true poet is worshipped; and there is no age so rude in which poetical devotion has not been felt. We may, it is true, be strangers to the intricacies of verse, and possess neither time nor inclination to examine into the difficulties which a poet must surmount before he arrive at anything like perfection in his art; but our intellect must indeed be low, and our feelings blunt, if we are insensible to the higher exhibitions of poetry—to the "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," —to the bold personifications which clothe inanimate objects with the attributes of mind,—to the glowing sentiments that impress morality upon the heart, and to that warmth of colouring which imparts to the landscape a charm greater than nature has bestowed.

In the splendid catalogue of British poets, it will be difficult to select one whose works are more deservedly popular than those of Thomson. His muse is conversant with scenes with which all are familiar; and breathes sentiments which every

lover of virtue must cherish. Possessing from nature a rare conception of the sublime and beautiful, he improved his taste by the pure models of antiquity, so that his works, especially his later ones, exhibit a power of conception, with a felicity of execution, that are seldom found united.

Of such a man it becomes a nation to be proud; and to those who inhale the same air in which he first drew breath; before whose eyes wind the same rivers, and the same beautiful variety of hill and vale expands, it is natural that his memory should be held in high and delighted remembrance. Accordingly, several clubs have been formed, who meet to celebrate the birth-day of Thomson; and the KELSO THOMSON CLUB possesses a member who has not been once absent from the festival during the last thirty-five years.

About a mile from Ednam, on a considerable eminence on the left of the road, stands an obelisk, designed as a monument to Thomson. It is a paltry erection, and there is no inscription upon it; but it is placed so as to be seen from afar in every direction, and from a distance has a very im-

posing effect. On the other side of the road is KELSO RACE-COURSE, one of the finest in the kingdom. It was made at a vast expense in 1822, by JAMES, late Duke of ROXBURGHE. The course, which is a mile and a quarter round, is sixty feet in breadth; and there being but one gentle swell in it, the horses are seen distinctly by every spectator from the moment of starting to that of reaching the winning post. On the west of the course, a very elegant Stand of polished stone is erected. Beneath is an excellent dwelling for the person who keeps it, and above are two tiers of galleries surrounded by stone balustrades, and an elegant cast-iron railing, on which ladies and gentlemen station themselves to witness the races. The ground on which the course is formed was originally a morass, which was imperfectly drained twenty years ago, and the idea of forming it was treated as chimerical. His Grace, however, who united in his character promptitude and decision, with acute penetration, gave orders for the work; and before his decease had the pleasure of knowing it

to be universally acknowledged as the first race-course in Scotland.

Kelso races have long been famous; and since the formation of the Duke's course, the sport has been greater, and they have been better attended, than formerly. Being only a mile from the town, hundreds of inhabitants, who never saw them when more distant, now frequent them; and many ladies, who were wont to speak of the dissipation of a race, now partake of, and enhance by participating, the pleasure which their male friends derive from attending one. There is both a spring and autumn meeting; the latter being occasionally attended by the Royal Caledonian Hunt. It is, however, greatly to be regretted that races are rapidly degenerating from being an open and honourable sport into mere gambling. Instead of gentlemen, as formerly, priding themselves upon the *bottom* of their horses,by running them against each other for small sums, *blood* alone is now consulted; heats abolished, great bets made and lost in a twinkling; and mean arts resorted to to protect one set of betters, and fleece others.

Half-way between the Duke's Course and Kelso, the road deseends a bank from whieh the town is seen to mueh advantage. Its houses and publie buildings seem to mingle with the trees that fringe the southern banks of the Tweed, the river itself being invisible; and its limits being thus undefined, it has more the appearance of a city than of a provincial town. The road from this point to the town passes several eountry-houses of extreme neatness; the gardens and shrubberies of whieh are laid out with mueh taste.

Kelso, whieh it has pleased some writers to describe as a Flemish town, is no more Flemish than it is Chinese; but is a plain and neatly laid-out plaee, and, being Seottish, boasts of nothing foreign in itself or its decorations. The market-place is an extensive square, from which diverge, at right angles, four spaeious streets. The houses in the square are lofty and elegant; and, as the only paltry ones in it are being replaeed by handsome shops, no town in the island possesses so beautiful and capacious a market-plaee. In the square is the town-house, ereeted in 1816, by the

munificence of James, Duke of Roxburghe, aided by subscription of the inhabitants. It is an extremely chaste piece of architecture; built of beautiful free-stone, surrounded by a handsome balustrade; and would be worthy of unmixed admiration were its dome replaced by an elegant spire. The lower part of the town-house is railed in, and opened on market days for the convenience of those who expose butter and poultry for sale; above is an excellent hall, extending the whole length of the building, in which the Justice and Bailie Courts are held; and in which the various incorporations of the place hold their meetings. This hall is adorned with a whole-length portrait of his Grace, placed there at the expense of the inhabitants, to mark the gratitude they entertained for the many munificent acts by which he had benefited the town. This nobleman died in 1822, and his death was most generally and deeply lamented. We extract from a Kelso journal an account of his funeral, which was much admired at the time of its publication, and which is worthy of a more durable page than that of a newspaper:—

"The melancholy ceremonial of the interment of his Grace the Duke of Roxburghe took place on Wednesday, the 30th July, 1823. The external coffin was of mahogany, covered with the richest crimson velvet, and ornamented with highly gilt furniture in the chastest manner. Upon it was a plate, on which was engraven the following inscription, surmounted by the united arms of Ker and Innes:—

JAMES INNES KER,
DUKE AND EARL OF ROXBURGHE,
MARQUIS OF BOWMONT AND CESSFORD,
EARL OF KELSO,
VISCOUNT BROXMOUTH,
BARON KER OF CESSFORD AND CAVERTON,
BARONET;
BORN JANUARY 10, 1736,
ÆTATIS 87.

"Precisely at twelve o'clock, the body was removed from Floors. The procession proceeded through Kelso, the shops being all closed; and the great bell of the Abbey tolled until it reached

the Bridge, when the inhabitants ranged themselves on each side of it, and the hearse, with the carriages and horsemen, passed along. The procession then moved on to Bowden, where his Grace's remains were deposited beside those of a long line of illustrious ancestors.

"Never, we may venture to say, did a provincial town exhibit a spectacle more solemnly impressive than the funeral of this nobleman. It had been the desire of his Grace—a desire which marked that consideration which was a distinguishing feature in his character—that his funeral should be as little ostentatious as possible; and it would accordingly have been conducted more privately, had not the inhabitants of Kelso come spontaneously forward, and requested permission to pay this last homage of respect to their illustrious benefactor. Their request was most properly granted; and never were there a more numerous body of true mourners. By the general suspension of business, and the sorrowful countenances of our townsmen, it almost seemed as if

the great destroyer—Death—had entered and triumphed in every dwelling.

"The unaffected sorrow which, along with the whole population of this neighbourhood, we feel for his Grace's decease, makes us little able, we confess, to do justice to his memory; and we are convinced that we would follow the most prudent course by desisting. But though this be our conviction, and though there never was a man who stood less in need of a written eulogium, or a graven epitaph, we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of expressing thus publicly our deep regret at his death, and our sincere respect for his memory.

"His Grace's person was tall, robust, elegant, and commanding. His countenance was one of the finest upon which we ever looked. Through a complexion that might be described as perfectly beautiful, shone features of intelligence and activity of mind, which removed the appearance of feminine softness to which it might well have belonged, while his dark eyes, which could alike express the discernment which made the unworthy tremble, and

the benevolence which far oftener made the deserving rejoice, shed the light of intellect and feeling over the whole. Nor were they deceived who augured well of his Grace's mind and heart, from the marks of intelligence and goodness with which nature had adorned his bodily frame. He was possessed of an understanding which quickly perceived the true bearings and real merit of the subjects that required his consideration, and of a disposition of such unbounded and ready generosity, that the good which he perceived, he never failed or delayed to execute. When he came amongst us, he had reached the ordinary period of human existence ; and though of high station, was not invested with the dignity, the titles, and the possessions to which he soon afterwards attained. But though we have thus had but the experience of his last years, and though he only began his career of activity and usefulness among us when the generality of men justly claim retirement and repose, he hath left behind him a name which will ever be associated with the welfare and improvement of our native district, and be pronounced with gra-

titude and affection by all who are interested in its prosperity.

"The inscription on the stone that records the death of Sir Christopher Wren, in the cathedral of St Paul's, of which he was the architect, has always been regarded as containing the highest and most elegant tribute that could have been paid to his memory:—'*Si monumentum videas, circumspice.*'—'If you would see his monument, look around you.' With equal justice might we inscribe these words upon a pillar, which would record, in the centre of our Market-place, the death of that excellent nobleman whose loss we now deplore. For we cannot turn our eyes to any quarter, in which the community were interested, either in the way of amusement, education, the administration of justice, or the performance of religious services, without seeing a monument to his public spirit, his good taste, and his unbounded liberality. Of these things we have a right to speak, and they certainly speak in no ordinary terms of his Grace's goodness; but in the relations, to which at this period it would be indeli-

cate to allude, his memory is chiefly precious. The splendour and luxury which his rank put within his reach never deadened his sympathies as a man, or retarded his duties as a Christian; and, with the friends whom he gladdened by his affection, the domestics whom he cheered by his kindness, and the dependants whom he supported by his bounty, there remains but one feeling of deep and unfeigned sorrow for his loss.

"At his advanced age, we could look for nothing, when nature began to decay, but his Grace's dissolution; yet, because he was long spared, we were not the less unwilling to part with him, and the calmness and resignation which hallowed his last days made us wish more earnestly his recovery. He hath gone, however, the way of all flesh; and the works that follow him are sufficient to assure us that he is now reaping the reward of his faith and virtues.

"His Grace (formerly Sir James Norcliffe Innes, Bart.) obtained the Dukedom of Roxburghe, after a long and expensive litigation, in the year 1812; and is succeeded in his titles and

estates by his only son James, now Duke of Roxburghe, born 12th July, 1816. We rejoice that the nobleman we lament has left one behind him, who, we trust, will in good time emulate the virtues of his father; and we close this brief and imperfect notice, by wishing health and prosperity to the scion of so good a stock. Long, and happy, and useful be his life, and many be the recurrences of his natal day in circumstances more auspicious than the last; and when at length he hath reached the period of his mortal years, may death approach him as softly and gently as it hath done his father, and be, as in his case, but the natural event which kindly removes him to another and a happier sphere!"

The parish church is a misshapen pile, bearing some resemblance to a mustard-pot of immense size, and pollutes the lovely scene amid which it stands. Proposals were made some years ago to have its external appearance greatly changed. A plan was accordingly prepared by Mr Gillespie of Edinburgh, which would, if carried into effect, have rendered the church, to use Mr Gillespie's

own words, " a fine contrast to the venerable Abbey, and an object of imposing beauty to the town and surrounding country." The expense of the projected improvements, including the erection of a spire, was estimated at L.3500. Of this sum L.2000 fell to be paid by the Duke of Roxburghe, who was most anxious to see the improvements effected; but the opposition of the lesser heritors caused the plan to fail, so that Kelso continues to be deformed by one of the least beautiful edifices that ever architecture reared. Some interior repairs were then carried into effect, and during the time it was under repair, the minister and congregation were accommodated with the place of worship belonging to the congregation in the town in connexion with the Associate Synod. Liberality of sentiment is the natural growth of cities where men, dwelling in large communities, are not apt to differ with their neighbours about their peculiar opinions; but Christian unity in a country parish has seldom been more displayed than in the present instance. The spectacle must have been gratifying to all who believe in the Gospel—the

tidings of good-will to men, and equally reflects honour on those who showed themselves desirous to accommodate, and on those who allowed no operation of a false pride to prevent them from being accommodated.

Besides the church, there are meeting-houses belonging to the Relief, Burghers, Anti-burghers, Cameronians, and Episcopalians. The two first are large, plain, convenient buildings, but with no pretensions to elegance. The Episcopal chapel is a beautiful little edifice, elegantly fitted up, standing on the bank of the river, in the midst of a plot of ground covered with trees, flowers, and shrubs; and harmonizing admirably in its aspect with the genius of Christianity, the religion of peace and love.

The chief ornament of Kelso is its majestic ABBEY, founded by David I. in the year 1128, the remains of which are peculiarly venerable and imposing. The style of the building is Saxon, with a slight mixture of Gothic. The central tower is about ninety feet in height. There is none of that exuberance of ornament, for the quan-

tity and execution of which the neighbouring Abbey of Melrose is remarkable, and there are no remains of niches for images and statues. But the arches are clustered with admirable strength and beauty, and those which support the lantern are more magnificent than any in the island, except those of York Minster. The Abbey has lately been repaired, at a very considerable expense, and in a way that does not injure its appearance of antiquity. The striking simplicity of these remains seizes the imagination more than the minute beauty of more ornamented ones;—fairy fingers may be fancied to have formed the fret-work of Melrose, but Kelso's massy arches must have been heaved on high by spirits of a mightier power. A recent writer has happily denominated these monasteries "moral fortresses." They were indeed the sanctuaries in which religion and learning found refuge, at a time when the cottage afforded no protection, and when the baronial residence echoed no sound save that of brutal merriment, or ferocious warfare. By the religious awe they inspired, they tended in some measure to render

the incursions of hostile armies less destructive, as it cannot but be supposed that the peasants in the neighbourhood would, in cases of emergency, seek shelter within their walls, while the food and alms which were there regularly distributed must have preserved in existence many who would have otherwise perished.

Near to the Abbey, and its fit companion for magnificence and beauty, is KELSO BRIDGE. The former bridge was swept away in 1797, and the present one was begun to be built in 1800. Its estimated cost was betwixt 13,000*l.* and 14,000*l.*, but its approaches cost 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* more. The bridge was executed by Messrs Murray and Lees, but the design was the celebrated Rennie's. It consists of five noble elliptical arches, and is the model of Waterloo Bridge over the Thames. Canova said that Waterloo Bridge was worth travelling from Rome to London to see; and he whose mind is alive to the union of gracefulness and strength in architecture, will be amply repaid, should he traverse the island, when he looks at Kelso Bridge.

The town contains 4000 inhabitants, and is governed by a Bailie, appointed by the Duke of Roxburghe. Its local assessments, which are extremely moderate, are levied by a Town Council, of whom a majority (eight) are nominated by the Duke, or his Bailie, and the remainder by the five incorporated trades, and the Merchant and Butcher Companies, one from each.

There are no manufactories in the place; but a distillery was erected last year on a considerable scale, and which produces spirits that are highly esteemed. Its lofty and clustering chimneys, with their columns of dense smoke, have a picturesque effect, and serve in some manner as spires to ornament the town. Its weekly market is well frequented, and more agricultural business is transacted regularly in it than in any other between Berwick and Dumfries. This gives it on market-days a very bustling air, which, indeed, the town seldom wants, from the number of gentlemen who frequent it for fishing and field sports, and from the passage of the mail, and other coaches, to the amount of sixty weekly. We extract the follow-

ing, from the "Kelso Mail" of 14th November last, in corroboration of this statement:—

"The general changes and improvements of a country may often be very justly estimated by bringing forward a single instance, and contrasting the advantages enjoyed at the present moment with the inconveniences suffered at a former period. A short detail of the improved conveyance of passengers in this particular district, by means of the different coaches which now drive from or through Kelso, may serve as a fair example. About thirty years ago, the only conveyance which left the Cross Keys Inn, and proceeded from Kelso to Edinburgh, was a heavy coach, denominated (from its great dispatch, in comparison with other modes of travelling of a still more distant period) '*The Fly.*' This coach set off at eight in the morning, and reached Edinburgh, a distance of 41 miles, between six and seven in the evening, occupying, certainly, never less than ten hours. In winter, we believe, it ran twice a-week only, and frequently did not reach its journey's end till eight in the evening, or twelve hours on the road. The addition of

another horse was afterwards made, by which a certain degree of improvement was effected; but, for many years, this lumbering vehicle was all the public had to depend upon. Ultimately, the Fly was changed for the Tweedside four-horse coach, every way better appointed, and more expeditious. This change took place about ten years ago. In the year 1815, the North Briton, London and Edinburgh coach, (now running as the Wellington, three days in the week,) commenced passing through Kelso *every day*, performing the journey in six hours. Next, the Commercial Traveller started from Coldstream, by Kelso, three days a-week, with two horses; and immediately thereafter, started from Kelso, the Royal Express, with three horses, running alternate days with the Tweedside. These last-mentioned coaches usually perform the distance in about seven hours and a half. And last came the London and York Royal Mail, which has run about six months, performing the distance in less than *five* hours. Thus, in place of the old and solitary *Fly*, dragging its weary way three days a-week, in ten hours, to the city,

there are five excellent coaches, with a choice of three every day, on the road, and the distance is performed in less than half the time of the Fly. Formerly there was no intercourse by coaches between Kelso and the other towns in the district; now, there is a coach from Berwick, another from Hawick by Jedburgh, and another from Dunse; by which a connexion with the three great lines of road from London to Edinburgh is kept up. All these coaches (the one from Coldstream excepted, which goes to the King's Head) arrive at and depart from the same inn, the Cross Keys, from which the *original* Fly took its departure; and, on market-days, five of them start at the same hour in the afternoon for their respective destinations, causing a bustle of preparation more indicative of a metropolis than a small inland market-town. It is a remarkable circumstance, that though the whole of these coaches appear to have full employment, yet the *posting*, as it is called, has by no means fallen off, but has, in fact, increased. During the period of which we have been speaking, no material alterations of a local

description have taken place. No manufactories have sprung up, changing the face of the land, and condensing vast numbers of the population into a small space; the number of ordinary inhabitants has not advanced beyond the rate of other places, and the establishments of the principal land-owners are much the same as they have been for half a century. We think, therefore, we are entitled to infer from the facts we have now stated, the increased and increasing prosperity of the country."

Two newspapers are published here, the "Kelso Mail," twice, and the "Kelso Weekly Journal," once a-week. There are no less than three subscription libraries in the place, the oldest of which was instituted about seventy years ago, and all of which have a valuable collection of books. The general diffusion of knowledge among the Scots is here evinced by the number of well-frequented schools, and able teachers. It is to be regretted, however, that there is no boarding-school for boys in Kelso, since a more healthy and pleasant situation for such a seminary is nowhere to be met with. Edu-

cation is cheap; and, besides some small sums arising from legacies devised for the same purpose, a society is formed for educating the children of indigent parents. Each member of this society pays a penny weekly, and the sum so raised, trifling as it may seem, with the aid of an occasional public collection at the church-door, serves to bestow education upon forty children, who, without it, would be brought up in ignorance. When the society was first formed, it was, it seems, objected by some individuals, that it held out a premium to parents to neglect their duty, and would soon be called upon to educate the majority of the children of the poor. The public distress that ensued after the formation of the society, went far to prove the latter allegation; but, since provisions have become cheaper, and labour more abundant, the claims made upon the institution have greatly decreased in number. This fact is extremely gratifying, evincing as it does, that the poorest of the population are, in this respect, of an untainted spirit, and call not for public aid until unable to support themselves and rear their

offspring by their own exertions. There is, too, a subscription-school for the instruction of girls only, called the Roxburghe School, and which is principally supported by the Duchess. A School of Arts also has been established here, and the lectures, which have been delivered gratuitously, have been exceedingly popular and well attended.

It would be unpardonable in giving an account of Kelso, to avoid mentioning the number of excellent inns which abound in it. One of these, the Cross-Keys, is the most elegant and extensive between Edinburgh and Newcastle. It was built about sixty years ago, by the late Mr Dickson of Ednam House, whose villa, on the Kelso side of the Tweed immediately above the bridge, prcsently the property of John Robertson, Esq., forms one of the greatest embellishments of the place, and demonstrates how impossible it is for the works of true taste evcr to become obsolete. The Cross-keys occupies a large portion of the northern side of the square; it contains a ball-room of great size, and most exact proportions; to which has lately been added, a banqueting-

room of nearly as great dimensions. The walls of the latter apartment are adorned with landscapes by Mr HUME, a native artist. These landscapes, for the breadth of design, and delicacy of execution, for the animation of the fore-ground, and the softness that reposes in the distant perspective, have not been surpassed by any similar productions; and it is much to be wished, that the artist would paint a PANORAMA of BORDER SCENERY. Let him station himself either upon the top of the Abbey or of the Town-hall, use his brush as fearlessly and skilfully as he has done here, and he may take his place beside the greatest masters of the Panoramic art.

Kelso, in ancient times, suffered greatly by the incursions of the English. It was totally burnt no fewer than three times; and there is perhaps no document which more demonstrates the insecurity of property upon the Border, even to a late period, than the following clause in the agreement of the Trades of Kelso to provide mort cloths (or palls) for the funeral of members, originally entered into in the year 1656, and which is engrossed in

another deed of the date 1701 :—"*And if it shall happen, as God forbid, that he who is keeper of the said clothes shall loss them by any extraordinary way, as by fire, water, or* WARRES, *that then and in that caice, it shall loss generally to us all, gif we be made sensible that they are or any of them be so lost.*"

The Highlanders, with the Stuart Prince at their head, marched through here in their progress to England; and during the time of the rebellion in the year 1745, it is well known that many persons in various parts of the country were apprehended on suspicion of being favourably disposed to the cause of Charles, and either imprisoned or forced to give security, under a heavy penalty, for their loyalty. Mr Ramsay, then minister of Kelso, received, amongst others, a communication from government, requiring him to consult with the well-informed of the inhabitants, and report whether or no there were any Jacobites in the place. Ramsay was decidedly loyal: he was in the habit of visiting all classes of his parishioners indiscriminately, and knew many of

them wished the Stuarts to succeed in their enterprize; and though he knew from the character of those persons that they would never actively assist Prince Charles, it was necessary that he should obey the commands of government. Accordingly he sent for the most eminent of the disaffected party to his house, and put into their hands the dispatch he had received. These gentlemen stared upon each other with looks of consternation, and Mr Ramsay asked, "What return shall I make to this order of government? Do you know of any disaffected person amongst us?" It will readily be believed that every individual present assured him that all of their acquaintance were decidedly loyal. "Well, well, gentlemen, I am exceedingly glad to hear so; had there been any disloyal persons in the town I am sure *you* must have known them; and I shall now acquaint the Privy Council that I have consulted with the most intelligent of my parishioners, who assure me that the people here are all well affected to his Majesty's government."

The views from Kelso, especially those from

the bridge, and from the bank called the Chalkheugh, on which Kelso is built, are exceedingly picturesque, and excite the admiration of every spectator. A lady of high rank, who has travelled much, and whose judgment in all matters of taste is deemed infallible, has pronounced the view from Kelso Library, to be finer than any she had met with in Spain or Italy.

A gentleman who visited Kelso in the summer of 1825, speaks thus enthusiastically of its beauties :—

" I shall conduct you along the banks of the Teviot, straight forward by overhanging trees, and sheltering hedges, and streams that sparkle in purity, and corn-fields that exult in profusion, towards the Queen of the Waters—the Lady of the Streams,—sweet and delightful Kelso ! You must take a good day with you, though, when you wish to visit Kelso,—and you must take harvest weather, and the noontide of sunshine—and you must coquette it long and perseveringly with the ' Lady of the Streams,'—now obtaining a momentary glimpse of her through the venerable and prince-

ly woods, and then ruminating at intervals on the favours you have won, and the *advances* you have made; and you must prepare your fivepence for the tolls—and your eyes for beholding and compassing—and your bosom for taking in and appreciating the most splendid, rich, and enchanting view that nature and art, under the discipline of divine power and human ingenuity, can, or ever did produce. Ride your horse up to the middle of the bridge, and send out your soul on sunbeams, over sparkling streams and wavy pools, and table-lands of extensive and interminable verdure, and palaces, and abbey-ruins, and waters meeting, crossing, kissing, and embracing, through time down to eternity! Do all this, and then you may stable your horse, and make your promenade through the town-square or market-place, to the residence of one who will not hesitate long in becoming the guide of your steps, and the delight of your heart. He will lead you by the pastures, and the streams, and the everlasting plantations of Roxburgh Castle—and by Thomson's monument—and the spot where King James the Third

lost his life by the bursting of a cannon, whilst assailing the Castle of Roxburgh—and to the elegant and well-selected subscription Library, and to one and all of those affairs in ordinary cases, denominated Lions; but which, on account of their superiority of beauty and romance, may, in this case, be styled 'Leopards.' 'The Leopards o' Kelso!' by Jingo, the title shall stick, and a hundred ages after this, travellers from all the four winds shall inquire for The Leopards o' Kelso; and ('Masons') will arise from age to age, and from Millenium to Millenium, to point out and describe in all their playfulness, and variegated beauty—The Leopards of Kelso."

A number of gentlemen of distinction reside within a short distance of Kelso. On the western banks of the Tweed, about a mile above the town, is Floors Castle, the residence of the Duke of Roxburghe, a plain but princely dwelling, built, in 1718, by Sir John Vanburgh, and distinguished by that massiveness which characterize the erections of that celebrated dramatist and architect. Floors Castle stands in the midst of one

of the most beautiful ampitheatres that can be imagined; large plantations of forest trees form as it were its wings; the bank on which it stands slopes gently down to a fine lawn, the extent of which, however, has been curtailed by the formation of a large garden, which, valuable in itself, is here misplaced. The Tweed winds along at the extremity of the lawn; immediately beyond it are the ruins of Roxburgh, while in the distance Cheviot mingles itself with the sky. Lovely as is the spot, and peaceful as if discord had never invaded the earth, the voice of war has frequently been heard upon it; and a holly bush marks the spot where James the Second was slain by the bursting of a cannon while besieging Roxburgh Castle, on the 3d of August 1460.

Three miles farther up the river, is MAKERSTON, an elegant mansion, belonging to Sir Thomas Brisbane Mackdougall, Bart. The Tweed is here so closely pent in by rocks that stretch across, that the fisherman, with the aid of his rod, can fling himself from one projection to another. The waters rush through the narrow gullets with irre-

sistible force; and, as they roar, and foam, and throw abroad their spray, excite in the beholder mingled feelings of awe and delight. Three miles above Makerston is MERTOUN HOUSE, the residence of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden. The house, which is a large and a fine one, occupies an admirable situation: Sir Walter Scott, who addresses from it one of the Cantos of Marmion, dated on Christmas day, thus speaks of it:—

> "And Mertoun's halls are fair even now
> When not a leaf is on the bough.
> Tweed loves them well, and turns again,
> As loath to leave the sweet domain;
> And holds his mirror to her face,
> And clasps her with a close embrace."

Besides the villas to the east of Kelso, formerly alluded to, viz. HENDERSYDE PARK, the elegant residence of George Waldie, Esq.; ROSEBANK, the sweet dwelling of General Elliot, and WOODSIDE, where the Right Honourable Lady Diana Scott spends a green and virtuous old age; there is below the bridge, and within two miles of the town, on the southern bank, PINNACLE HILL, the

residence of Miss Elliot; WOODEN, of the late Robert Walker, Esq.; and MELLENDEAN, of his brother, Adam Walker, Esq. of Muirhouselaw. Each of these seats commands a most varied and delightful view of flood and forest, hill and dale. WOODEN LYNN, a small waterfall, is situated near Wooden house, at the head of a small glen. The spot was wont to be one of the loveliest where all is lovely, and seemed peculiarly fitted as a place where bashful affection might breathe its vows, or a youthful poet pen his first sonnet; but its sanctity has been broken in upon, and its beauty deformed by the banks being quarried, and carts conveying away the stones.

From a height a little to the south of the bridge, there is a splendid view of the union of the Tweed and Teviot, which takes place immediately above: to the left are the ruins of the noble Abbey;—of Ednam House, already spoken of as unrivalled in point of simplicity of taste; and of the town itself; to the left, Springwood Park, the seat of Sir J. J. Scott Douglas, with a peep of the bridge over the Teviot; and about two miles distant,

the ruins of Roxburgh Castle. In front the eye is gratified with a beautiful islet, on which, though sore injured by the action of the floods, some large trees still throw forth their branches, and which may be preserved, and its beauty increased, by the planting of a few willows, and other water-loving trees. To the left of the islet, is the beautiful peninsula of Friars, on which there once stood a religious house, of which no vestige remains. Mr Roberton, who has farmed Friars for many years, has frequently discovered relics of antiquity, near where the Monastery stood. Among these may be mentioned an antique silver seal, with an inscription in Saxon characters; a wedding-ring of the same metal, with the impression of two hands united; several coins, particularly a gold one of Charles of France. Most of these articles were presented to Duke John of Roxburghe, and, probably at his death, passed into the hands of those who were unacquainted with their value. Mr Roberton also came upon the cemetery of the Monastery; several of the coffins were tolerably perfect, and were ornamented with

rude plates of iron. He, too, at the very entrance of the chapel, discovered the skeleton of a man, who, when living, must have measured seven feet in height. It is probable that this had been the body of some wretched suicide; as, anciently, persons who destroyed themselves were buried at the outside of the church door, that their remains might be trampled upon by those who came to worship the Almighty. Near the skeleton lay a key of vast dimensions, and of rude workmanship. Besides these discoveries, Mr Roberton came upon the well which supplied the Monks with water, and a subterranean way, both neatly built of freestone; a malt steep, and beside it, a bottle and glass, with the maltster's name upon it, JOHN HEYMANS;—the bottle and glass very clumsily made. The Duke of Roxburghe intended to have caused the subterranean way to have been cleared out, to see where it terminated, but died without executing his intention. The way should still be cleared: it can be done with little expense. It is not improbable that it extended from Roxburgh Castle across the Tweed, to Kelso Abbey;

and was designed for the escape of distinguished personages, when the fortress was strongly pressed by an enemy.

A little in advance is the magnificent Fleurs, with its lofty trees, and verdant lawn. In the back ground is seen the bold turrets of Hume Castle, and the summits of the Eildon hills.

One mile and a quarter from Kelso, after crossing Teviot bridge, the traveller reaches what once was ROXBURGH CASTLE. The Castle was anciently a place of the greatest importance; army after army has fallen before its walls; and as the fortunes of war prevailed, its palaces have echoed with the revels of the English or Scottish monarch. So early as the time of EDWARD the First, the leaders of his army here exhibited that regard to their own privileges, and that indignation at monarchial encroachment, which afterwards, at Runnymede, compelled JOHN to grant Magna Charta, that stable foundation of British freedom. Edward had advanced to Roxburgh in furtherance of his iniquitous design of subjecting Scotland to his sway, when the Lords Constable and Mar-

shal refused to march farther, unless he would give them some new security for observing charters which he had granted to them in France in the preceding year; alleging that he might perhaps evade his engagement, under the pretence of having given it while in a foreign country. To remove this scruple, Edward empowered the Bishop of Durham, with the Earls of Warren, Gloucester, and Lincoln, to swear on his soul, that upon returning victorious from Scotland, he would fulfil his engagements. Miscreants of the present day are contented to devote their own souls, by their own lips, to perdition, if this or that vow be not performed; but this kingly ruffian was, it seems, willing that his salvation should be perilled by proxy; flattering himself, perhaps, that the penalty attached to the non-performance of his promise might be shared betwixt him and his paltry minions. Of all the tyrants who have tracked their way with blood, Edward is the one for whom our indignation is the least mingled with any other feeling save that of contempt. To the rapacity of a tyrant, he united the low subtilty of a pettifogging

attorney; and, after having robbed an independent nation of its records, he had the baseness, in despite of that impulse by which the brave respect each other, to put to death WALLACE, the noblest and the best man of his age, because he stood up for his country's rights. It is painful to think, that the deeds of such men as Edward are the themes upon which history expatiates, and delights not unfrequently to eulogize. It is, however, consolatory to reflect, that those events which in our own times have rendered military glory so common, have served also to cheapen it in the estimation of the world, so that all the splendour which decorates the persons, or the tombs, of those who fought at Waterloo, is dim in comparison of the rays with which philanthropy illumes the regretted name of ROMILLY.

So important was Roxburgh deemed, that Somerset the Protector, the last English ruler save Cromwell, who advanced so far into Scotland as an enemy, finding it dismantled in the year 1547, worked himself personally in repairing the fortifications, and left behind a garrison at his de-

parture. Tradition has its marvels of the way in which the Scots ultimately obtained possession of the fortress, which they afterwards razed, by disguising themselves in the hides of cattle which they had slain; but the truth seems to be, that it was allowed to fall into decay after the two kingdoms were united under one Monarch.

Of Roxburgh, only a few crumbling walls remain; but as it was situated on an insulated height, washed by the Teviot, which by means of a weir flowed into a moat which surrounded it, it must originally have been a place of great strength.—The scenery here commands the admiration of every lover of nature. At a little distance, Tweed and Teviot, the two most celebrated rivers in Border song, commingle their streams; from it the clear waters of both are visible; and their murmurs in a still evening can be distinctly heard. To the south and west, the view is bounded by distant hills. Northward, the contrast afforded by the bleak uplands, which terminate the prospect, make the lowland scenery appear the richer. Eastward, the majestic ruins of Kelso

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Abbey tower over the modern town and neighbouring villas, like the skeleton of one of Ossian's heroes, frowning upon the feeble men of these degenerate days; while the ruins of the Castle, flanked as they are by a ducal and knightly residence, tell the short duration of worldly greatness. Such a scene has awakened the lyre of many a poet; and from what has been written, we select the following song, not so much on account of its literary merit, as that it is more known at a distance, than in the place which it attempts to celebrate.

SONG.

ROXBURGH'S WALLS.

TUNE—*Meeting of the Waters.*

The Lady Moon ascendeth on high,
To hold her court 'mid the starry sky;
While softly her pensive lustre falls
On TEVIOT'S stream and ROXBURGH'S walls.

All, all is still, save the mighty TWEED,
Who hurries along with a bridegroom's speed,

And urges Teviot, with eager tone,
To hasten the time that makes her his own.

This, this is the scene, and this the hour
When love is felt in his mightiest power,
When the lover's fears, and the maiden's pride,
Are once, and for ever, thrown aside.

Oh, Eva, my darling, my joy, and delight,
My chosen of day, and my vision of night;
In thy presence more sweetly murmurs the stream,
As it dances beneath the glad moon's beam.

The eminence upon which the ruins of Roxburgh stand, is so very different from any place in the neighbourhood, that it is generally supposed to be an artificial mound. Should this supposition be correct, it is extremely probable that beneath the walls are vaults in a perfect state; which, it is much to be wished, were penetrated, for the purpose of bringing to light the ancient treasures reposing in them. The expense of trenching the Castle would be trifling; and the smallest vestige of the warlike art, or household accommodation of our fathers, found in a spot so celebrated, would be invaluable to an antiquary. Eighty years ago, when considerably more of the

Castle existed than at present, an old pensioner, who resided at Springwood, in roaming amid the ruins, discovered the opening of an oven; looking into which, he observed various dishes, apparently in a proper condition to present at table. On touching the viands with his staff, however, they crumbled into dust. Some time after that period, a ramrod of an antique form was found within the walls by a boy, who afterwards became the historian of Kelso, but who has not chosen to mention the circumstance in his work. It seems, therefore, certain, that were the Duke of Roxburghe, or his commissioner, to direct the place to be examined, in such a way as should not injure the tottering remains, much would be found to gratify curiosity, and to throw light upon the manners of our ancestors.

At the distance of two miles from the Castle, is the modern village of ROXBURGH. The remains of an old building, called WALLACE'S TOWER, stand here, the lower apartment of which is still entire. It is not known whether it was built by that chieftain, taken by him, or merely had the name bestowed upon it in honour of

his deeds. Nobly and justly, in speaking of the Scottish Champion, does Miss Baillie say,

> In many a castle, town, and plain,
> Mountain and forest, still remain
> Fondly cherish'd spots, which claim
> The proud distinction of his honour'd name.
> Swells the huge ruin's massy heap
> In castled court—'tis Wallace's keep.
> What stateliest o'er the rest may tower,
> Of time-worn wall, where rook and daw,
> With wheeling flight, and ceaseless caw,
> Keep busy stir—'tis Wallace's Tower.
> If through the green-wood's hanging screen,
> High o'er the deeply bedded wave,
> The mouth of arching cliff is seen
> Yawning dark—'tis Wallace's cave.
> If o'er its jutting barrier grey,
> Tinted by time, with furious din,
> The rude crags silver'd with its spray,
> Shoot the wild flood—'tis Wallace's linn.
> And many a wood remains, and hill and glen,
> Haunted, 'tis said, of old, by Wallace and his men.

An ash-tree springs from the upper part of the tower, and, what is very singular, without receiving any nutriment from the earth, spreads its branches over the building. About fifty years ago, a coat-of-mail, and several other pieces of armour, were found in the tower. Two petrifying wells, one of them of a powerful quality, exist in the

neighbourhood. About five miles from Roxburgh, on the western road from Kelso, is MAXTON, a village, near which a Roman encampment may be distinctly traced.

Some time about the year 1740, when the country was so agitated about the question of Church Patronage, the living of Maxton became vacant, and the parishioners expressed their determination to resist the settlement of the person appointed to the charge. Accordingly, when the presbytery met to ordain the minister, they were grossly assaulted, several of them severely hurt, and the whole of the body forced to fly, without the ordination taking place. Another day of meeting was appointed, and in order that the clergyman might be then inducted, the presbytery were accompanied by a troop of dragoons. On approaching the village, the malcontents were observed in considerable numbers, drawn up so as to oppose the progress of the clergy and their escort. Seeing this, Mr Ramsay, minister of Kelso, whose convivial powers rendered him very popular, but who had, nevertheless, suffered severely in the first skirmish,—prevailed upon the officer command-

ing to order the escort to halt; and then rode forward himself among the rioters. "What is all this, masters? What is all this?" cried he; "do you expect always to have the upper hand? You beat us last time; and my wig being lost, I had to ride hame with a *bare pow*. But to-day I am better provided; I have got a spare one in my pocket!" Thus saying, he pulled out a wig, and exhibited it to the crowd. This ludicrous sight, with the unexpected speech by which it was accompanied, disarmed their wrath,—a loud laugh was raised,—no farther opposition attempted,—the minister was ordained, and lived long harmoniously with his parishioners.

Nearer to the Tweed is the ruined tower of LITTLEDEAN, the seat of Lieut. General Ker's ancestors. Immediately to the west are several romantic ravines, their banks thickly clothed with brushwood. On one of these is ST BOSWELL'S COTTAGE, a pretty seat belonging to Mrs Ramsay. Adjoining to Maxton, is ST BOSWELL'S, which being, like Maxton, a parish, in no other part of the country are two churches found so near each other.

St Boswell's Green, where an annual fair is held, is close to LESSUDDEN, a large village, in which are extensive gardens. Four or five miles to the west of Lessudden, at the distance of fifteen miles from Kelso, is MELROSE.

Two miles from Kelso to the north, is NEWTON-DON, the superb seat of Sir Alexander Don, Bart., Member for the County of Roxburgh. The view from Newton-don is most enchanting, and the pleasure-grounds are laid out with consummate taste. In the midst of them is a fine canal, on which swans float gracefully, and bend their necks of pride to behold their image reflected in the liquid mirror. The river Eden, after pouring itself over an abrupt rock, and forming a fine cascade, winds romantically betwixt forest-clad banks, round the demesne, and, along with the exertions of art, renders Newton-don one of the most magnificent residences in the south of Scotland. The village of STITCHEL is a little above Newton-don; and a furlong or two higher than the village, is STITCHEL HOUSE, the elegant seat of Sir John Pringle, Bart.

Six miles beyond Kelso, on the Edinburgh

road, is SMAILHOLM, a populous and neat village. A mile further are the splendid avenues, extensive plantations, and magnificent mansion of MELLERSTAIN, the seat of George Baillie, Esq. of Jerviswood, one of whose forefathers, in the evil days of Scotland, perished on the scaffold for his adherence to religious truth and civil liberty; and the filial affection of whose female ancestor, Lady Grisel Baillie, the celebrated Miss Baillie has so beautifully delineated in her "Legends of Exalted Characters." Closely adjoining to the village, is SMAILHOLM TOWER, to which so much celebrity has been given by the wildly-wonderful and terrifically-beautiful poem of the "Eve of St John," without doubt the most powerful creation of Scott's genius. What finer idea can be given of the deep devotion of female affection, than when the lady, though assured that she was visited by her lover's spectre, loses terror in her love, and inquires what his fate had been in the world of spirits?—

"Love master'd fear—her brow she cross'd;—
'How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?'"

Or what more sublimely terrible than the manner in which her ghostly visitant announces to her his lot?—

"He laid his left hand on an oaken stand,
His right hand on her arm:
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For the touch was fiery warm!

"The sable score of fingers four
Remains on that board impress'd;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist."

Smailholm Tower is situated amidst a cluster of wild rocks, among which it is difficult even to walk; so that when its walls were perfect, it must have been impregnable to a small force. The principal tower, which still remains, is a square building, to the roof of which there is an ascent by a narrow stair. Its situation is very elevated, so that it is seen from a distance in every direction; and on one of the crags by which it is surrounded, a beacon used to be lighted during the wars with England. Smailholm Tower, and its vicinity, formed the scene of Sir Walter Scott's infancy; and it is not improbable that the gloomy

remains of a fortress, which tradition had haunted, even in its days of pride, with guilty and wretched spirits, together with the wild and sterile ground on which it is placed, embued his imagination with that terror-mixt-love of "goblin, and swart fairy of the mine," so prominent throughout his works.

Quitting the Edinburgh turnpike, and leaving Smailholm Tower on the left, the traveller is conducted by an excellent cross-road to the ruins of DRYBURGH ABBEY, situated close to the Tweed, about ten miles above Kelso. The delightful situation on which these ruins stand, together with their own intrinsic splendour, render Dryburgh one of the most attractive objects to a tourist. The Abbey belongs to the Earl of Buchan, who shows himself most anxious to preserve and beautify it, and who, unlike the generality of nobles, who seem to despise any pleasure of which the commonalty partake, allows the meanest person to have access to it, to gaze upon its beauties. In the interior of the Abbey fruit-trees are planted, which contrast admirably with the ancient

walls to which they cling. The cells and dormitories, in which mistaken devotion plied the scourge and murmured its orisons, here exist in a perfect state; and it is remarkable, that coffins of stone have lately been dug up in its neighbourhood, which, from certain proofs, appear to have been used in the time of the Romans, yet which seem so fresh, that the visitor mistakes them for tenements newly prepared to receive mortality's cold remains. In a large vault, the Earl has placed busts of the most celebrated sages of ancient and of modern times; but these are considerably mutilated by the damp to which they are exposed. Fortunately this is not the case with a full-length statue of Sir Isaac Newton, which, being of stone, is uninjured. The philosopher is represented standing, with one elbow resting on his own immortal volumes, and his fore-finger prest against his forehead, with an air of the most abstract study. So admirably is the classic design executed, that the statue is a perfect embodying of intellect. The first time it was beheld by the present writer, his blood thrilled, and tears of de-

light moistened his eye,—tributes which neither before nor since did he ever pay to the sculptor's art. In a smaller vault, where repose the ashes of several of his family, is a tomb prepared for the present Earl, on which is his horoscope, and a representation of his countenance, in stone, very well cut.

The Earl of Buchan was left, when young, with a small and encumbered estate, to maintain his rank, to support his lady-mother, and to educate his two younger brothers. This difficult task he executed, without any political subserviency. Aided by the Countess's advice, and by dint of rigid frugality, he not only soon paid his father's debts, and reared his two brothers, Thomas and Henry Erskine, so that they became without a rival for eloquence, the one at the English and the other at the Scotch bar; but the income he derives from the orchards alone which he has planted around Dryburgh, is greater than the whole fortune he inherited with his title. This fortune, neither his age nor his inclination admits of his spending amid the follies of the fashionable, nor in the revels of the debauchee, but it is fearlessly

expended in embellishing his grounds, and in works of utility and patriotism.

A ferry-boat was wont to be kept at Dryburgh; and as it plied where the torrent was strong, many accidents occurred. To prevent these, his Lordship has erected a very fine iron bridge. This is a most elegant fairy-looking structure, and adds greatly to the beauty of the landscape. On the Dryburgh side of the river, upon a small mound, is a neat open building, called the Temple of the Muses, supported by nine Doric columns, on each of which the name of one of the muses is inscribed:—within is a cast of the Apollo Belvidere, and on the top is a bust of Thomson.

That, however, which makes the environs of Dryburgh hallowed ground to Scotsmen, is a gigantic statue of Wallace, representing that hero as resting with one hand on his shield, and the other on his trusty broadsword—that sword, which, as Campbell says,

> "Though fit for archangel to wield,
> Was light in his terrible hand,"—

and casting his eye over the field from which he

had driven the forces of England. The statue is very happily executed: the muscles of his brawny limbs seem swoln with recent toil; and there is a fiery grandeur in his eye, which betokens the leader of heroes. It is cut by a neighbouring artist, of the same durable stone of which the Abbey is built, and being placed on a height, is seen at a considerable distance. To the statue the Earl has caused carriage-ways and foot-paths to be cut in every direction; and not a year passes without thousands recording their names as its visitants.

The *tout ensemble* of natural and artificial beauty around Dryburgh cannot be surpassed; and the view-hunter, who leaves his own country to visit Italy and France, is inexcusable, unless he has first looked upon a scene so inexpressibly lovely.

The following lines were composed immediately after visiting the spot:—

INVITATION TO DRYBURGH.

Addressed to a Lady.

Well dost thou love, thou lovely one,
To gaze upon the setting sun,
To view the spring revive the scene,
Decking the trees with living green;

View winter pour its wrath along,
Or list the reaper's cheerful song :—
Each scene, each season of the year,
Is dear to Nature's worshipper.
Then haste with me where sweets combine
To form, in sooth, a scene divine,
And while away a summer hour
In DRYBURGH'S mild and classic bower.
Here, 'mid the holy ruin'd pile,
The apples blush, and flowerets smile,
Glowing along the blacken'd wall,
Like roses on a funeral pall.
See here the sculptured hero dare
The strife of elemental war,
His eye as fierce as when he broke
False Edward's base and blood-stain'd yoke.
Here, too, the murmuring of the stream
Might to thy wakeful fancy seem
The sound of a celestial hymn,
Sung over infant cherubim.
Ah, here would Coleridge love to raise
The sweetest of his plaintive lays ;
For such a scene his " Ladye" saw,
When fear and rapture, joy and awe,
In her obey'd his harp's wild tone,
And made her heart the poet's own.*
And here may Hope, with purple wing,
Injured by fortune's buffeting,
Her plumes refresh, and vision'd see
Rapture succeeding agony ;

---

* " And thus I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride."
COLERIDGE'S " *Dark Ladye.*"

Again her falling columns rear,
Deem earth again a painless sphere,
And bid each prospect that she views
Glow brightly with etherial hues.
Then haste with me where sweets combine
To form, in sooth, a scene divine,
And while away a summer hour
In Dryburgh's mild and classic bower.

Immediately opposite to Dryburgh, on the other side of the river, is the village of LESSUDDEN, at which, as mentioned at page 105, the great fair of St Boswell's is held annually, where great numbers of sheep and cattle are disposed of, and most of the coarse linen made in the district sold. Above Dryburgh, the banks of the river are uncommonly beautiful, being thickly fringed with hazel and forest trees, and intersected by ravines, dry in summer, but filled in winter with turbid streams, which pursue their short but angry course to the Tweed. Several of the eminences, which, from their abruptness, defy the operation of the plough, have lately been planted, serving both to beautify the country and enrich the possessor. At some little distance, on the south side of the river, at the foot of one of

the Eildon Hills, is EILDON HALL, a magnificent mansion, belonging to Mr Henderson, behind which are extensive plantations of larch, running half way up the hill. The two most lovely dwellings, however, which can anywhere be seen, are those of GLEDSWOOD and OLD MELROSE, three or four miles above Dryburgh, on the north bank, the one belonging to Mr Anderson, the other to Colonel Elliot Lockhart. Gledswood stands on the top of the bank, and commands a view, on the one side, of the delightful vale of Melrose, and on the other, of the Northumbrian hills. Old Melrose stands on the level ground, upon a sort of peninsula, the river, a little above, having, in apparent sport, changed from a southern to an eastern course, and almost pausing between banks whose trees throw their shadows across the stream. A monastery stood here before the Abbey of Melrose was erected; and the situation affords one proof more of Butler's remark,—

> "No Jesuit e'er took in hand
> To build a church in barren land."

Immediately above Old Melrose, and command-

ing the same fine view, a castellated building, called RAVENSWOOD, was last year erected by Major Scott.

Pursuing the course of the river two or three miles further, the traveller crosses the Tweed by DRYGRANGE BRIDGE, or, as it is called, the Fly Bridge, from a fly-boat plying here formerly, and holding his way by the base of the Eildon hills, he arrives where

> MELROSE smiles,
> More beauteous 'mid her ruin'd piles,
> Than when in pride she rose;
> As lovelier seems the virgin's cheek,
> Touch'd by consumption's hectic streak,
> Than when in health it glows.

Previously to reaching Melrose, two or three hours may be pleasantly spent in ascending for a few miles the classic LEADER, which pours itself into the Tweed a little below the Fly Bridge. Closely adjoining to the bridge, is DRYGRANGE, a lovely mansion, belonging to Mrs Tod; above which towers COWDENKNOWS, covered with its far-famed "bonny broom." Besides Drygrange, within the space of three or four miles, and almost all

within sight of each other, are the villas of COWDENKNOWS, BEMERSIDE, CAROLSIDE, VALLEYFIELD; together with the town of EARLSTON, which anciently was so celebrated under the name of *Ercildoune*, as being the residence of *Thomas the Rhymer*. A small part of his dwelling, LEARMOUTH TOWER, still remains, but desolation owns the spot, and "the thistle waves its head above the grave of the minstrel."

"Of old, the name
Of poet and of prophet were the same;"

and finding himself possessed of the attributes of the first, Thomas assumed the character of the second. A fortunate exclamation which he made in his own house, which was construed to announce tidings of the death of King Alexander III. at the moment that event took place at Kinghorn, in Fife, served to convince his contemporaries, and possibly himself, that he was in reality gifted with the spirit of a seer. The fame of Thomas increased after his decease; and even so recently as when revolutionary and imperial France threatened to invade the country, his

works were the oracles which the peasantry invariably consulted, to discover whether or not the attempt would be succcssful.

MELROSE, to which we now return, is fifteen miles due west from Kelso, and stands, at a short distance from the Tweed, at the foot of the westernmost of the Eildon hills. It contains about five hundred inhabitants. The market-place is spacious, and a cross of considerable height, raised in 1642, stands in its centre. The church, erected a few years ago, is placed on a gentle slope, called the Wear Hill, at a short distance from the town, and is a much handsomer edifice than most country churches. The houses are in general good, many of them elegant, and more new ones have lately risen, or are now rising, than in any former year. An elegant iron bridge, connecting Melrose with its pretty suburb of Gattonside, and its extensive and productive gardens, was last season erected by subscription, and greatly embellishes the place.

That which is the grace and ornament of Melrose, its boast abroad, and its triumph at home, is

its magnificent ABBEY, which genius has so frequently consecrated, and amidst whose ruins taste loves so fondly to linger. Melrose, like the other Abbeys which adorn the district, was erected by David, a monarch who seems to have been desirous, so far as mortal could execute the task, to rear on earth a temple worthy of the Majesty of Heaven to dwell in. The ruins, at first sight, are not, perhaps, so striking as the simple and sublime ones of Kelso ; but soon the mixture of dark lowering buttress, "light-shafted oriel, and willow-wreaths of stone,"—of lofty springing columns, resting upon sprightly flowers,—of the variety of the ornaments, chiselled as no modern hand can chisel—the graceful fern seeming to bend with the light summer air, and the rose to want only its perfume,—the tombs of princes, and nobles, and sages—of the chief of those whom a long train of generations had most feared and loved—of SCOTT, whose superior sagacity raised him to the rank of a wizard in the eyes of dazzled ignorance—of DOUGLASES, each of whose arms could have saved a country, or shaken a throne—of the bloody

EVERS, and the still more bloody LATOUN, who, seeking an inheritance, found the grave of the vanquished,—with all the train of high and holy associations which these objects are calculated to produce, lead the mind captive, and allow it only to hail with enchanted emotion the peerless Melrose. We lament, in the contemplation of ancient magnificence, the feeble efforts of modern genius, and almost sorrow over the final extinction of that religion, whose rites, however much they partook of superstition, were yet calculated to give rise to such majestic conceptions and sublime ideas. But,

> "To incantations dost thou trust,
> And pompous rites in domes august?
> See mouldering stones, and metal's rust
> Belie the vaunt,
> That man can bless one pile of dust
> With chime or chaunt.
>
> "The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man;
> Thy temples, creeds themselves, grow wan!
> But there's a dome of nobler span—
> A temple given
> Thy faith, that bigots dare not span—
> Its space is heaven."

To describe Melrose would be totally in vain,

> "Unless to mortal it were given
> To dip his brush in hues of heaven."

Who would describe what Sir Walter Scott has described? Or who that glanced over these pages, in order to have his steps guided through Border scenery, but is intimately acquainted with his works? Beautifully and immortally does "St Mary's ruined pile" glow in the "Lay," and not less beautifully in the "Monastery." Here, though it be entirely out of place, we do not hesitate to say, that the latter poem—for a poem, and a splendid one, it is—has been greatly and unjustly underrated. Where, in the lofty creations of imagination, have we anything finer than the *White Lady of Avenel*, with her earthly passions, and unearthly destiny? Coleridge, whose muse is fitted "to ascend the highest heaven of invention," has produced nothing half so "wild and wonderful" as this—the only spirit which man has conjured up worthy of taking a place by the side of Milton's Comus, or Shakspeare's Ariel. The fact is, that the failure of the "Monastery"

is owing to the want of imagination in the reader, not want of power in the author. Had the "*White Lady*" been transmitted down to us from an age which believed in the existence of intermediate spirits, our imagination would have carried us back to those times, and we should have felt terror or pleasure in the actions ascribed to her, accordingly as they were of a malignant or benevolent nature; but appearing, as she does, when the belief is exploded, we know Scott, in describing her, speaks of what he has heard, not what he has seen, and we will not permit ourselves, like children, to be scared by any of our acquaintance who may choose to enact the part of a spectre, however hideous he may contrive to render his appearance.

The Eildon hills, three in number, are of considerable height, 1300 feet above the level of the sea, and being cultivated further than it could beforchand be supposed possible for the plough to operate, planted in many places, and elsewhere covered to their summits by heath and fern, are peculiarly beautiful. Yet to these hills, lovely as

any that e'er looked laughingly to their Maker's heaven, superstition has ascribed a demoniac origin, the Evil One having, it is said, split one hill into three, to convince Michael Scott of his power. From their summits, a rich and extensive landscape presents itself, embracing, besides many of the objects we have described, the whole range to the west, till the view terminates with the hills of Peebles-shire. On the top of the eastern one, a Roman camp can still be distinctly traced.

Besides Melrose, a number of villages are scattered at the foot of the Eildons : DARNICK, NEWSTEAD, NEWTOWN, GATTONSIDE, DANIELTOWN ; and BOWDEN, where is the vault of the Roxburghe family. More distant, are MAXTON, LESSUDDEN, LONG NEWTON ; LILLIESLEAF, sweetly situated upon Ale water ; and MIDLEM, from the windows in which, the eye sweeps over Teviotdale, and the undulations of the Cheviot, the whole way to Flodden, thirty miles distant.

Several neat seats ornament the environs of Melrose, the principal of which belonged to Lord Somerville, the celebrated patron of agriculturists,

who loved to spend the summer months here, in the amusement of salmon-fishing.

ABBOTSFORD, the residence of Sir Walter Scott, is four miles further up the Tweed than Melrose. It is thus described in a letter by Professor Gillespie, a man of high talents, but who dashes so recklessly forward, that his friends are almost as much afraid of his mirth, as foes of his sarcasm, and whom we should much rather trust ourselves with over a glorious bottle, where we might have, if our tongues were *glib* enough, word about, than with his ungovernable pen in his study :—

" You request me to give you an account of my visit to Abbotsford; and, although I have nothing to relate which has not occurred to thousands, who have been placed under the same circumstances with myself, I shall proceed to comply, as briefly as I can, with your request.

" Abbotsford stands almost immediately upon the banks of the Tweed, embowered in young plantations, and commanding a view up and down the river, at once beautiful and picturesque. Nor is the situation more singularly romantic than the

building itself, which rises gradually into view as you approach from the south, and shoots up its towers and summits in clusters upon your observation, almost before you are aware of your proximity to so celebrated a spot. I confess that, as I halted my horse upon the highway, which runs a little to the west of the house, and looked down upon this fantastic, yet tasteful, clustering of chimneys, towers, and spires, I felt conveyed, as it were, to the distance of ages, and considered with a kind of reverential awe, an object upon which so many future generations are destined to look with an interest approaching to adoration. It is reported of a celebrated London preacher, that when he visited the birth-place of Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon, he absolutely fell down and worshipped, praying that the mantle of the great poetic Elijah might descend upon the shoulders of Elisha; and, although I have no claim to the mantle, I felt every inclination to join in that admiration and subdued devotedness of soul, which a situation so hallowed and sublime, by association, was calculated to produce.

"In approaching towards the outer gate, I found a pair of old jogs, to which I attached my horse; and in thrusting my head past, with the view of exploring the sacred territory, my eye was met by one in which great softness, gentleness, and ladyhood was evinced. Seated upon a newly-hewn, or rather chipped stone, I found Mrs Lockhart, who was falsely represented as absent with her husband in Ireland, amusing herself with a couple of rather interesting shaggy lap-dogs. She rose at my approach, and very kindly and readily agreed to give me every facility in accomplishing the object of my visit—a view of the interior of Abbotsford. Lady Scott was immediately present, to whom I was introduced as an acquaintance of Mr Lockhart, and I was conducted at once into the great hall, or armoury, her Ladyship very politely observing as we advanced, that she was only sorry there was so little worth seeing.

"The great hall, or armoury, is, however, not only worth seeing, but, like the Louvre at Paris, or the Museum in London, can only be seen to any advantage by a twelvemonth's visitation. The

effect, on your first entrance, is exceedingly striking;—you are conveyed immediately from the open air into another age, and another world—into times and manners which are gone by, and of which the most authentic and characteristic memorials are preserved in this hall. At one end you have the armour of the middle ages—the full suit of steel mail, with the lance and shield; at a small distance, you find yourself gradually conveyed from the period of the Crusades, to that of our Border depredations, and to all those means of defence and assail which the Armstrongs and the Elliots of other years were accustomed to make use of. The whole wall from end to end, and indeed all around, is covered over with the armour of all nations under heaven, from that of the Indian chief, to that of the South Sea islander. The servant to whose conduct I was now committed, conveyed me first into the dining and drawing-rooms, which, though tasteful and splendid, are by no means unusually so, and next into the library, which, next to the great hall, or armoury, is certainly the most interesting object in the castle.

To find oneself sitting on the very chair on which the poet and novelist sat, and is accustomed to sit—to see the paper-cutter, ink-stand, and other writing apparatus, which are made use of by him, —such like circumstances as these, which, on ordinary occasions, would pass unnoticed, acquire a deep and a pausing interest, when presented on an occasion such as this. It is altogether impossible, in the compass of one short sheet of paper, to apprize you of the many interesting objects in which this house abounds, even to overflowing and bewildering, and to which Sir Walter is every week adding something new: it is sufficient for the present to say, that, whether in the fields around, the gardens, or in the court, or in the hall, or in the library, or in the small antichambers, there are undisputed proofs of the presence of the great presiding genius of the spot, who, like him of the Wonderful Lamp, has converted the most common and ordinary materials into objects of extraordinary interest and value. On my departure, I saw a head newly erected over the gateway, which proved to be that of Sir Walter's celebrated game-

keeper, to whom he is said to owe many of those wonderful characteristic Scottish phrases in which his works are known to abound."

Near to Abbotsford, upon a small burn, there is a celebrated spot, called HUNTLIE WOOD, or the RHYMER'S GLEN, from its being the place where Thomas the Rhymer was wont to hold converse with the Queen of the Fairies, and where her tiny majesty wooed his embrace, by the offer that was so unceremoniously spurned, of "the tongue that wadna lee." This burn derives its source from a fine sheet of water, called CALDSHIELS LOCH, which is very deep, and upwards of two miles in circumference.

About a mile west from Melrose, is the village of DARNICK, passing through which you reach a handsome stone bridge over the Tweed, and are conducted to the populous and flourishing village of GALASHIELS, five miles distant. In this town, the manufacturing of woollen cloth is carried on to greater extent than in any other place in Scotland. Thirty years ago, "Galashiels grey," was employed as a term of reproach to the

coarsest coat that a ploughman could wear; and now a vast quantity of cloth is made equal in texture to the manufacture of the west of England. The manufacture still increases, and as there is sufficiency of power in "Gala Water," and spirit in her "Braw Lads," the place may in time rival Leeds.* Galashiels takes its name from the river Gala on which it stands; the greater part of which is diverted through the town, to supply the different factories. Buildings for mercantile purposes having risen one after another, without any regard to regularity, the town cannot be considered as handsome; but a neat and spacious street is now forming; there is an elegant bridge over the river; several good inns; and everywhere indications of ceaseless and successful industry. The situation of Galashiels is romantic in the extreme;—the river, as it winds along, seeming to be the only messenger that can

* Since this was written, we perceive that the historian of Hawick has expressed the same belief.

reach it from the outward world, from which it is almost, on every side, secluded by lofty hills.

Richard Lees, kindly-hearted and facetious Richard, one of its many respectable manufacturers, possesses the small-pipes which belonged to Prince Charles Stuart. The instrument is very beautiful, and of a most peculiar construction, having not less than thirteen silver keys. It is difficult to play upon, but it cannot be doubted that its tones afford a peculiarly rich treat to antiquarian ears. In his possession also, is a silver tankard, presented to him by Lord Somerville, as President of the Board of Agriculture, for having produced the best piece of cloth from British wool. Of this tankard Mr Lees is deservedly proud; and most happy should we be at this moment, as of yore, to pledge him out of it, in Barclay and Perkins's entire. But that which we value more than memorials of princes, or gifts of nobles, is a silver snuff-box, presented to him by his workmen, as a testimony of their gratitude and respect for him as their employer.

There is a large seminary for boys in the town,

which, under the careful and judicious superintendance of Mr Fyshe, flourishes more than perhaps any similar establishment in Scotland.

The following account of the character of the inhabitants is so honourable both to them and the writer, the late venerable Dr Douglas, long minister of the parish, and a zealous promoter of its prosperity, that it is well deserving of transcription :—" In the parish and suburbs of the village, there are not less than fifteen houses where ale or spirits are retailed. Yet the people, in general, are sober and industrious in the extreme. Not one is addicted to dram-drinking or tippling ; and very rarely is a tradesman, especially a manufacturer, seen in liquor. A respectable number attend public worship in the Established Church, and about two hundred receive the Sacrament of our Lord's Supper annually. At the same time, there are many who adhere both to the Burgher and Anti-burgher principles, and a few belong to the Church of Relief. There are also some classes of Independents, and Anabaptists ; besides those who disclaim all attachment to any sect whatso-

ever, and seem to have no fixed principles of religion. Concerning the numbers, and peculiar tenets of these various separatists from the Establishment, the present incumbent has never been led to make any particular inquiry, from an opinion that while they are peaceable and good members of society, and 'live soberly, righteously, and godly,' the speculative points on which they differ are of very little importance. And it gives him pleasure to find a spirit of forbearance and toleration universally prevailing among all ranks and denominations in the parish."

Galashiels is governed by a bailie, appointed by Mr Scott of Gala, who has a handsome mansion in the immediate vicinity.

Proceeding four or five miles farther in a northwesterly direction, the traveller reaches YAIR BRIDGE, the most romantic of the many passages over the Tweed. Two lofty hills, so resembling each other as to have been termed "Sister Heights," slope down to their base, so as only to be divided by a narrow chasm: This strait again, is nearly choked up by fragments of rock, and large stones,

which since their green heads were first brightened by the morning's sun, have coursed down their sides; and through this narrow gullet the Tweed with difficulty forces an angry passage. A scene which Nature has thus rendered so intensely sublime, art has contrived to soften into beauty; the banks being covered with immense plantations, through which delightful walks conduct to the mansion of Mr Pringle, the proprietor. Over the ashes of Mr Pringle's ancestors which repose in Melrose, is the simple and sublime inscription which WASHINGTON IRVING admired so much, when he first visited the Abbey; and to which he alludes in the *Sketch Book*—"Here Lyes the Race of the House of Yair."

The country, after passing Yair Bridge, though mountainous, is beautiful and picturesque; being intersected by several streams, and the hills clothed with numerous flocks of sheep.

SELKIRK, which is twenty miles due west from Kelso, and nine from Melrose, occupies a beautiful situation on the banks of the river Etterick. It is a royal burgh, and along with Lanark, Lin-

lithgow, and Peebles, returns a Member to Parliament. It was formerly a place of very considerable importance; not less than a hundred of its citizens having followed James the Fourth to the disastrous field of Flodden, where they distinguished themselves in the gallantest manner. Their leader, WILLIAM BRYDONE, the town-clerk, was knighted for his valour; and a standard taken from the English, is still carried annually on the day of riding the common, before the Incorporation of Weavers. In revenge for the valiant conduct of the inhabitants, the English burnt Selkirk; but James the Fifth, with more gratitude than monarchs generally display for the services of their subjects, granted to the town an extensive portion of the royal forest of Etterick, the timber of which served to rebuild their houses, and the land became a perpetual reward of their heroism. To commemorate the desolation which *Flodden* brought upon the country, Selkirk adopted for its arms, a female, bearing a child in her arms, and seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the Scottish Lion; in the back-

ground a wood.—The remnant of the troop who returned from the battle, having found by the side of Lady-Wood-Edge, the corpse of a female, wife to one of their fallen comrades, with a child sucking at her breast. In these days, Selkirk, abounded with *sutors* (shoemakers); and the song beginning

> "Up wi' the Sutors of Selkirk,
> And down wi' the Earl of Home;
> And up wi' a' the braw lads
> That sew the single-soled shoon,"

was, until of late, generally supposed to allude to the different behaviour of the inhabitants and of Lord Home on the field of Flodden. Antiquarians, however, have arisen, who maintain that this could not be the case, since there was no Earl of Home, till long after the battle. But the commonalty are not always nice discriminators of the distinctions of rank, and might very easily speak of Lord Home as an Earl. Besides, the verses may not have been composed till the earldom was created; and the poet may have conferred upon the recreant Home, an honour borne by his de-

seendant. That the sutors where held in a high degree of honour, is evinced by a singular eustom whieh is still observed, at eonferring the freedom of the burgh. Four or five bristles, sueh as are used by shoemakers, are attached to the seal of the burgess tieket. These, the new-made burgess must dip in his wine, and pass through his mouth, in token of respect for the Sutors of Selkirk. This eeremony is never dispensed with. There is a considerable manufaetory of tape in the town, which is earried on in a spirited manner.

Anciently, Selkirk was surrounded by the vast forest of Etterick, whieh belonged to the Crown of Seotland; but the forest was so effeetually rooted out, that thirty years ago the eountry had a very naked appearance. Mr Robertson, who was the minister of the burgh, and who wrote the Statistieal account of the Parish—the ablest furnished to Sir John Sinelair's ponderous work, says, "The ancient name of this parish is derived from the Celtic. *Scheleckgreck*, since corrupted into Selkirk, signifies in that language, the *kirk* in the *wood* or *forest*; expressing thus, in one word, the

situation of the place itself, and the state of the surrounding country. It is probable that all the neighbouring districts were one continued forest. It is certain, that the banks of the river, by which the country is so happily intersected, were once adorned with woods; amidst which those plaintive airs were produced, the natural simplicity of which are the pride of Scotland, and the admiration of strangers. The forest is now reduced to a state of nakedness. But exertions are now making to remedy the evil, and the muses, it is probable, will again be induced to revisit their native groves, which are preparing for their reception."

Most remarkably has this prophecy been fulfilled. Scarcely had the groves alluded to sent forth their foliage, ere WALTER SCOTT, who is Sheriff of the Forest, sounded in their recesses his "Gothic Harp," whose notes echo in the remotest regions; and JAMES HOGG, our friend,—if he does not object to more than one "veiled conductor," calling him friend—has caused ALTRIVE LAKE to ring with those "native wood-notes wild," which have so many, and such ardent admirers.

In the immediate vicinity of Selkirk, is HAINING, a beautiful seat belonging to JOHN PRINGLE, Esq. of Clifton. The rivers ETTERICK and YARROW unite a little above, and terminate in the Tweed, about a mile and a half below Selkirk. The Yarrow, for about five miles above its junction with the Etterick, exhibits nature in a bold and striking aspect. Its old woods partially remain, through which and their young successors, the stream dashes hoarsely along, deeply ingulphed amidst rugged rocks. Upon a peninsula, cut out by the surrounding river, in the midst of this fantastically wild scene of grandeur and beauty, stands the CASTLE OF NEWARK, whose only inhabitants now, are the moping owl and chattering daw. Above Newark, and on the lake from which the river flows, is DRYHOPE TOWER, the birth place of MARY SCOTT, so famous by the traditional name of the FLOWER OF YARROW. She married WALTER SCOTT of HARDEN, no less renowned for his depredation, than his bride for her beauty. The lady's beauty obtained her a marriage settlement which any modern belle

might envy; her father having agreed to keep his daughter for some time after the marriage, for which the son-in-law binds himself to give him the profits of the first Michaelmas moon;—and as this remuneration was made by one whose motto was, "Ye's want ere I want,"—the bride's state must have been very great.

The Yarrow takes its source from

"Lone St Mary's silver lake,"

a beautiful sheet of water, connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of the Lowes, and surrounded by mountains. Wild swans, which are so rare in the lower parts of the country, frequent the lake in considerable numbers during winter. The most considerable hills in the county are Peatlaw, and Three Brethren, each of them nearly 2000 feet above the level of the sea.

Selkirk gives the title of Earl to a branch of the family of Douglas.

Yarrow, and its tributary streams, being well stocked with trout, many strangers frequent this interesting district for the purpose of angling. To them, as well as to the inhabitants, the following

song, written within these few days, by one who can well handle a rod, and which we only borrow till the promised work be ready for which it is designed, and which he is so able to execute, will be an acceptable treat; and we are not without hopes of hearing it sung, by WILLIAM SCOTT, the next evening we spend in MITCHELL's along with one of our publishers, BROWN, and WILLIAM TURNBULL,—as excellent fellows as the Forest owns.

FISHING SONG.

AIR—"*Blue Bonnets over the Border.*"

Oh, would ye wish to gan to the fishing, lad,
Ye maun get up in the morning sae early;
Wi' skep like the roe-deer, and blythe heart and glad,
And tackle in order, to start to it fairly.
Away! while the sleepers around ye are dreaming;
Away while the grey eye of morning is beaming;
Ere the mist leave the mountain,
The wild-duck the fountain,
Or the pure light of day o'er the world is streaming.

When the soft winds of spring the primrose awakin,
And the blue violet flower in the valley is blushing;
When the snow-flake the far mountain height has forsaken,
And the streams, full of freshness, are sparkling and gushing;

When wild birds are singing, and young lambs are bleating,
The blackbird's first love-lay its own mate is greeting;
When the swift and the swallow
The water-flies follow,
And the sea-gull sails slow o'er the spot where they're fleeting.

Gang down by the glens, where the river runs gently,
Where the light western breeze the streams ripple o'er;
By the deep eddied pools where, silent and tently,
The trout keeps his watch 'neath the willow'd bank's cover;
And there with the fly, where the water winds slowly,
Neatly, and cleanly, throw it out just below ye;
Watch for him steadily,
Strike at him readily,
And run him, till faint on the sward he lies lowly.

With the minnow or bait, in the streams that are fleetest,
For the large yellow fellows, two-pounders and more,
You are sure of a tune, to the fisher's ear sweetest;
For the sound of the "pirn," is all music before—
He comes with a boil, like a deep cauldron gasping,
So sudden and keenly the tempting bait grasping—
Hark to him splashing!
See to him dashing!
There he pants on the shore, and your hand cannot clasp him.

When the basket is filled, and the strap can't be tighter,
Hie homeward once more, neither care-worn nor weary;
And there, round the happy hearth, to eyes that are brighter
Than the starlight of heaven, and loved far more dearly,

Exhibit the spoils of the morning's deceiving,
Tell o'er the deeds of the proud day's achieving;
Count them out one by one:
Tell how each feat was done,
In stories past all but a fisher's believing!

Oh, there's no sport on earth the fishing compared to!
And streams there are none our own streams to marrow;
In sweetness and beauty, the wide world I dare to
Match me the Teviot, the Tweed, or the Yarrow—
Where are there ony that run half sae clearly?
Where are there ony we love half sae dearly?
Oh, fishing's the sport for me!
But day is owre short for me
To tell how I've loved it—how long and sincerely!

Leaving Selkirk for the south, a most execrable road, ten miles in length, conducts to Hawick.

Hawick stands immediately on the banks of Teviot, at the point where that river is joined by the Slitrig. Part of the town, indeed, called Dam-side, is on the northern side of the river, and united to it by a neat bridge. In this direction Hawick is rapidly advancing; a row of houses, much exceeding in number and neatness the suburban villas of any of the neighbouring towns, has been reared within these few years, and is still upon the increase. With a river thus flowing

through its centre, and lofty hills towering above it on every side, the situation of Hawick is extremely picturesque; and nowhere can a native of the South have a better idea of the "land of the mountain and the flood," than when in the morning he draws aside the window-curtain of his comfortable bed-room in the Tower Inn.

Few towns are more distinguished for commercial enterprize than Hawick. Although very distant from a supply of coal, yet the manufacturing of lamb-wool stockings, and of woollen yarn, is carried on to a very great extent,—one house alone paying two hundred pounds weekly for workmen's wages. Entering the town when night has set in, the lights which flit about in the numerous factories give it the appearance of a place illuminated. In such a spirited place, we are astonished that gas-works have not been erected. Coal, it is true, is dear, but so is it in London, where gas-light was first used, and where it still pays best. In towns where the only demand for it is in inns and private houses, this light may be found too expensive; but where numerous lights are required

in one building, and there be several such in a town, it will always be found the cheapest mode of illuminating.

The "History of Hawick" has been written, and last year published, by Robert Wilson, a shoemaker in the place. It has deservedly obtained an extensive circulation; and to it we would refer those who wish to see a fuller account of the place than our limits permit us to give. We knew Wilson previously to the publication of his History. We were aware that, though occupying what is called a mean station—we deem no station mean that is useful,—he would offer no unjust sacrifice to power, whether its shrine was placed near or at a distance;—that he would fearlessly support those truths which he himself reverenced,—would as fearlessly expose prejudices, however deeply rooted; and that, in short, any work executed by him would bear upon it the impress of mind. But we were not prepared for the depth of research, the variety of observation, the rich vein of native humour, and the strength and elegance of language, which, in despite of a want of unity of de-

sign, constitute the "History of Hawick" the most interesting of topographical works, and elevate its author to a high rank among those who have found

> "How hard it is to climb
> The steep, where Fame's proud temple shines afar,
> Check'd by the scorn of pride, by envy's frown,
> Or poverty's unconquerable bar."

Hawick, like every town that borders upon England, suffered much in the fraternal wars:—It was several times destroyed by the English; and when, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the Earl of Surrey entered Scotland, and reduced Kelso, Jedburgh, &c., the inhabitants of Hawick, with a heroism which found no equal till our own times, set fire to their own dwellings, and fled to the neighbouring forest. So complete was the work of destruction, that the English general, on his arrival, found only one house—that which is now the Tower Inn—unconsumed, in which he took up his residence. In later times this house had to boast of the presence of the Duke of Monmouth, who married the Duchess of Buccleugh,

and part of whose furniture remained there for many years afterwards. It is one proof among many, how paltry are the requisites that constitute a popular character, that this nobleman should ever have become a public leader. He was wholly destitute of firmness; scarcely possessed ordinary courage, and, excepting good nature, of which he had an abundant store, could not lay claim to an estimable quality.

The most important incident that has taken place in the modern history of Hawick, is a memorable flood which occurred in the month of August 1767. It is supposed that a water-spout had broken near the mouth of the Slitrig, as that river swelled more suddenly than was likely to have been caused by the heaviest rain. The flood was at its height in less than an hour from the time it began to swell, and subsided in two hours afterwards. In this time it had swept away several dwellings, and borne along with it the furniture of the frightened inhabitants. A helpless infant was carried off in its cradle, but was happily rescued without being aware of the imminent danger

to which it had been exposed. A shoemaker of Hawick, who had been absent during the inundation, had his attention attracted by a board lying on the bank, several miles down the Teviot; and his surprise may be imagined, when approaching it he discovered it to be his own sign!—It is not, we believe, generally known, that, within the last fifty years, a circumstance of a contrary nature has occurred with both Tweed and Teviot—these rivers having, for a few seconds, ceased to flow. To what cause this is to be ascribed, we know not—probably to the shock of an earthquake, so slight as to have escaped notice.

Hawick is greatly increased in population since the establishment of manufactories; and now, including that part of it which is the parish of Wilton, contains 4400 inhabitants.

The burgh is governed by two magistrates, elected annually by the burgesses, aided by fifteen permanent counsellors, who hold their office for life, and fourteen deacons, who are elected yearly by the seven incorporated trades.

The revenue of the town is upwards of L.400

per annum, which is expended on public buildings, water-works, &c.

It requires but little time spent in Hawick to be struck by the general affability of the people, and the unrestrained familiarity with which the various classes mingle together; affording an admirable contrast to the cold and sullen habits of other Scotch provincial towns, in which the feudal system seems still prevalent, and in which you must prove your descent from some needy idler, before you are permitted to mingle with the GENTEEL of the place—starving writers and half-pay officers. This peculiarity is so well accounted for by Wilson, that we cannot do better than give it in his own words:—

"Perhaps there are few places where fashionable vanity, artificial consequence, or empty assumption, is in lower estimation than in the town of Hawick. In certain districts, it is not uncommon to estimate the value and respectability of a man in a great measure by the occupation he follows. It is more respectable, say some sapient gentlemen, to be a half-employed shopkeeper, than a

busy mechanic; to deal in soap and whisky, than in shoes and butcher-meat; to sell silk and prunello, than loaves or gingerbread; to drive a quill, than to drive a shuttle; and that a gentleman who brings sheep, and grain, and turnips, and potatoes to market, is superior in the scale of life, forsooth, to him who buys, and who, with superior ingenuity, perhaps, manufactures the natural produce of the soil into those necessaries which confer comfort upon man. Prejudices of this sort may exist in countries where the importance of trade is unknown; but that ideas of such a pigmy kind should be generated in the meridian of Great Britain, is not so easily accounted for.

"There is a familiarity of manners, and an equality of intercourse, among the inhabitants of this Border burgh, antipodal to such erroneous distinctions in society. The social equality observable in this place, with its concomitant plainness (perhaps roughness) of manners, may be traced to different causes. The comparatively popular constitution of the burgh must have a considerable effect on the manners of the inhabitants. It is by

no means an ordinary circumstance in this country, that the magistrates of a burgh are elected annually by a poll of the burgesses; that every householder is eligible to the burgess-roll, by the payment of a moderate fee at entry; and that strangers can enter the town at any time, and commence business, without interruption, upon paying ten per cent interest upon the trifling entry-money at becoming burgess. One half of the town-council, too, are returned yearly by the seven incorporated trades, without the interference of any other authority. All the situations of honour or trust in the burgh are thus open to every citizen, and, in fact, may pass regularly over him. The trading character of the town has also a tendency to promote the evenness of station alluded to, among the people; for, with the exception of the clergyman of the place, together with a few military officers, there is not an individual but who toils

'From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,'

in his ware-room, his shop, or his counting-house.

These circumstances, blended with a remnant of Border *grossièreté*, may probably account for a slight singularity of manners, that is said to be a prominent feature in the character of the inhabitants of Hawick."

Having given this specimen of the historian's graver mood, it is but fair to him, as it may be amusing to our readers, to give an extract of a humorous nature :—

" An old house called the *Garrison*, situated in the centre of the town, and which has but lately been rebuilt, was in former times the habitation of a second Diogenes, whose eccentricities are handed down in family legends, and cherished by the people of Hawick. This old cynic, named Robert Oliver, *alias* ' Hab o' Hawick,' and a man of consequence in the town, was one evening sitting by the side of his own fire, lecturing his family, as use is, on the frivolities of youth, the absurdity of fashion, the deterioration of the species, and the general depravity of the age, when a messenger arrived from the Tower, or house of Drumlanrig, to request his attend-

ance there. The patriarch was not to be disturbed, and returned for answer, that he would not leave the Garrison that night to speak to the King. It so happened, that James of itinerant celebrity among the Scottish monarchs, was lodged at Hawick that evening, and hearing of the originality and independence of Hab o' Hawick, was anxious to see him. A second message was despatched to the Garrison, commanding the attendance of Hab at the baronial residence, to wait upon his sovereign. The old man was thunderstruck and speechless for some time. He rose from his seat. The austerity of the cynic was about to give way, and even his independence was wavering. Dame Oliver was in tears, and the children clasped their little arms round his knees, when he stood bolt upright, pulled up his breeches, and after a few strides across the room, he reseated himself on his chair, placed his arms perpendicularly upon the upper parts of his nether extremities, and exclaimed, 'No—I winna stir for mortal man.' Then turning to the messenger, he said, 'Tell your master that here sits Hab o' Hawick at his ain

fireside, and a fig for King James and a' his kin.' The King was amused with the uncourteous answer of the venerable citizen, and pardoned with good humour the rudeness of his disobedient subject, silently resolving, however, at a future period, to have a hit at the old governor of the Garrison.

" 'The King having finished his peregrinations for the season, was enjoying himself one evening at Holyrood, with a select party of his courtiers. In recounting some of his late perambulatory exploits, a practice of which he was fond, the adventure at Hawick excited much apparent indignation among the worshippers of royalty, who one and all exclaimed, ' to the boot, your Majesty, to the boot with the old rascal !' To which the Archbishop of St Andrews added, ' the excommunication of the church, please your Majesty, must pass upon the traitorous delinquent.' His grace was about to proceed in the manner of Dr Slop, and thus were the soul and body of poor Hab o' Hawick on the point to be disposed of for ever. The King, however, had taken a different view of

the subject—'No, no, my lords and gentlemen, (said James,) I am not particularly partial to measures of this sort; I have a punishment of my own of a retaliatory kind, which I believe will be more effectual in checking the misdemeanors of the cynical burgher, as well as for reclaiming him, than any of the ordinary remedies for disobedience or sedition: and I shall be happy, my friends, to have your company to-morrow evening, to witness my mode of procedure with Hab o' Hawick.'

"His Majesty gave orders that old Hab be brought to Edinburgh next day, and the Lord Lyon despatched his messengers accordingly that evening.—On the arrival of the Lyon officers the following morning at Hawick, in all the paraphernalia and consequence of power, the town was thrown into alarm. The messengers entered the Garrison, and delivered their fearful summons. The old man applied to the magistrates for protection; but, alas! none could be afforded. The veteran then ('for he had been a soldier in his youth') attempted resistance;—but it is hard to kick against the pricks, and harder to kick against

the King. ‘ The hour had arrived when Hab must ride,’ and, *nolens volens*, he had to take the road to *Auld Reekie*, ‘ wi’ the tear in his e’e.’ The prisoner reached the Canongate late in the afternoon.

“ The royal party had been assembled at Holyrood, when the arrival of Hab was announced, on which the King commanded his courtiers to open their files for the reception of this unusual visitor. His Majesty did not wish to terrify the old man too much ; and, in order to moderate his fears, Douglas, baron of Drumlanrig and Hawick, was ordered to introduce him. Hab being a vassal of the baron, they had seen each other before. When both were heard approaching in the gallery, the King drew his chair more in front of the fire. The baron now knocked at the door of the presence-chamber, and the lord in waiting looked to his Majesty—‘ Bring them in,’ said James. The baron entered, pulling the reluctant Hab along with him ; when, for a minute or two, all was silent. ‘ Please your Majesty,’ said Drumlanrig—‘ Have you the man ?’ said the King. ‘ He is at

your Majesty's feet,' replied the baron. 'Then place him before me,' said the Monarch. Shakspeare has drawn a *fac-simile* of Hab as he moved, with forlorn aspect and palsied motion, to the presence of royalty—'Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, so dull, so dead of look, so woe-begone,' &c. The baron led the culprit forward. The King drew his chair round a little that he might have Hab in view, and the baron retired. When the eye of the Sovereign caught Hab's, the cynic became blind as Belisarius—his under-jaw dropped; his arms fell down; and his heart thumped against his breast, as if struggling to get out. The stubborn heart of the hero was overcome; and he went slap on the floor, exclaiming, 'God and good King James have mercy upon me!' James had assumed the dignity of his station in the drama, but on observing the wretchedness of the poor man, he unbended the muscles of his face into a smile. It was a gleam of hope to the repentant sinner in the darkness of despair. 'Rise up, Robert, (said his Majesty,) and attend to what I say.' The King again turned his chair

round in front of the fire, his right leg perpendicular on the floor, his right arm square upon the table, and his hand spread upon an open book; his left leg placed horizontally against the chimney jamb, and the left arm hanging over the chair behind, and spake in a firm voice as follows:—'Now, sir, *here sits James, King of Scotland and the Isles, at his ain fire side; and a fig for Hab o' Hawick and a' his kin.*' The cutting retort of the King pierced the heart of Hab like a rebuke from Heaven, and the old man used to say, that had he been capable of speech at the time, he would have cried aloud for the fate of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. His Majesty resumed in a milder tone—'Now, Hab, you and I may again be friends. I admire your independence, but I dislike your manners.—I am always pleased to witness honesty and plainness, but disgusted when I meet with senseless austerity and rudeness. I hope in future you will attend to these points, and if so, you may again count upon the friendship of your Sovereign.' The courtiers loudly extolled the wisdom of James, and even the Archbishop

of St Andrews began to doubt the efficacy of the ancient discipline of the church—but the King died soon after, and his wisdom was forgotten. Hab rose early in the morning to set his face homeward, when a palfrey from the royal stables was provided for him, and a guide to Hawick. The old man reached his *ain fireside* after the sun went down; and if there is any truth in tradition, his adventure with the King was, in more respects than one, the most important occurrence in his life."

The historian keeps an inn, the sign of which is the head of BURNS; and as there is a club in the town who celebrate the anniversary of the poet's birth, we trust that *his* roof-tree echoes annually to the union of fun and sentiment. Of the club, however, we shall say nothing,—save that we should like much to attend its next meeting, since Wilson has bestowed a most unmerciful castigation upon a hapless wight, who had given an erroneous account of the festivities he had witnessed.

The term festivities reminds us of the *Common*

Riding. The marches of the land belonging to Hawick are annually perambulated by the magistrates, followed by every inhabitant who can meet with a horse to bestride. In the centre of the cavalcade is a burgess, or the son of a burgess, called the *Cornet*, bearing the town-standard, on which is inscribed "1514," a similar flag having been taken in that year from a marauding party of English by the inhabitants. The inhabitants leave the town early in the day, and, along with a vast crowd, assembled from a great distance, partake of refreshments in booths erected on the ground. When the marches have been perambulated, races take place, and the day is terminated by a corporation dinner in the town-hall, and by social enjoyment in every dwelling.

It is gratifying to remark, how much rural sports are now divested of that cruelty, which, in former times, seems to have given to them all their picquancy;—compare with the common races of Hawick, the sports of the Society of Whipmen at Kelso, as narrated by the historian of that town. The passage is quoted by Brande in

his " Popular Antiquities," and Haig, in his recent " History of Kelso," does not seem to know that it is taken from the pages of his predecessor.

" There is a society, or brotherhood, in the town of Kelso, which consists of farmers' servants, ploughmen, husbandmen, or whipmen, who hold a meeting once a-year for the purpose of merriment and diverting themselves, being all finely dressed out in their best clothes, and adorned with great bunches of beautiful ribbons, which hang down over their shoulders like so many streamers. By beating of a drum they repair to the market-place, well mounted upon fine horses, armed with large clubs, and great wooden hammers, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when they proceed to a common field (the Berry Moss) about half a mile from the town, attended all the way with music, and an undisciplined rabble of men, women, and children, for the purpose of viewing the merriment of a cat in a barrel, which is highly esteemed by many for excellent sport. The generalissimo of this regiment of whipmen, who has the honourable style and title of My Lord, being

arrived with the brotherhood at the place of rendezvous, the music playing, the drum beating, and their flag waving in the air, the poor timorous cat is put into a barrel, partly stuffed with soot, and then hung up between two high poles, upon a cross-beam, below which they ride in succession, one after another, besieging poor puss with their large clubs, and wooden hammers. The barrel, after many frantic blows, being broken, the wretched animal makes her appearance amidst a great concourse of spectators, who seem to enjoy much pleasure at the poor animal's shocking figure; and terminate her life and misery by barbarous cruelty.

"The cruel brotherhood having sacrificed this useful and domestic animal to the idol of cruelty, they next gallantly, and with great heroism, proceed with their sport to the destruction of a poor simple goose, which is next hung up by the heels, like the worst of malefactors, with a convulsed breast, in the most pungent distress, and struggling for liberty; when this merciless and profligate society, marching in succession, one after

another, each in his turn takes a barbarous pluck at the head, quite regardless of its misery. After the miserable creature has received many a rude twitch, the head is carried away.

"The day's sport is ended in clumsy races. The usual prizes were a riding and cart saddle; and frequently the company were amused by donkeys running for a small sum. The whole concluded with a dinner and ball, to which all the friends of the society were invited, and the evening generally ended in peace and harmony. The custom of the 'cat and barrel,' has long been given up; and it is very unlikely it will ever be revived."

The public buildings of Hawick are not deserving of much praise. The church is a clumsy erection; and the meeting-houses of the Burghers and Relief, though convenient enough, do not ornament the place. Besides the bridge we have mentioned, over the Teviot, there are two over the Slitrig, which afford free communication with all parts of the town.

Closely adjoining to Hawick, on the western side of the river, is WILTON, where there is a

neat seat belonging to James Anderson, Esq. called WILTON LODGE. One of Mr Anderson's predecessors, named LANGLANDS, is famed for having put to death a monk from Melrose, who came to demand the dues of the monastery, and for cajoling a pardon for his crime from King James.

Above Wilton, the Teviot lips the side of the road for a little way, which, in passing, has a most picturesque effect. Four miles above Hawick is BRANXHOLM HALL, the residence of Major Riddell, commissioner of his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh, and upon which immortality has been conferred by the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The view from BRANXHOLM HILL is splendid in the extreme, the Teviot approaching on the one side, and the Borthwick on the other, each through a mountain-chain of apparently interminable extent, seeming to clasp it in their mutua land beautiful embrace, till their waters mingle a little below.

But we must, however reluctantly, return from where "mountains are flinging their green hills high to greet the beam," and, in accordance to

our route, direct our steps to the south. In this direction, or, more correctly speaking, in an eastern one, is HASSENDEAN BURN, beautiful itself, and the cause of beauty in others. The nurseries here belonging to Mr Dickson extend to Hawick, and render the entrance to the town singularly pretty.

Three miles down the river, in a situation exceedingly beautiful, is the handsome villa of TEVIOT BANK, the residence of the Hon. Captain Elliot.

Three miles east of Hawick, at a considerable distance from the turnpike road, stands CAVERS, the baronial mansion of James Douglas, Esq. Mr Douglas is a lineal descendant of the gallant chief of Otterbourne, and has in his possession the standard which was borne by the Scots in that bloody and well-contested conflict. Preferring to the warlike achievements of his ancestors, the nobler pursuits of benevolence and literature, Mr Douglas is the patron of every useful undertaking, and has obtained for himself no mean name in the republic of letters. His work on missions is de-

servedly popular, and his more recent production, "The Advancement of Society in Knowledge and Religion," is distinguished by a dreamy magnificence, which, if it sometimes prevents the proportion of the objects it involves from being accurately observed, always enlarges and adorns them. We cannot resist the pleasure of quoting the following passage, not only on account of its singular beauty, but because we are convinced, that in no kingdom, save Britain, would the representative of one of the oldest families thus speak of the liberal institutions of a country, the very existence of which was unknown to his illustrious ancestors:—

"America is to modern Europe, what its western colonies were to Greece,—the land of aspirations and dreams, the country of daring enterprise, and the asylum of misfortune, which receives alike the exile and the adventurer, the discontented and the aspiring, and promises to all a freer life and a fresher nature.

"The European emigrant might believe himself as one transported to a new world, governed

by new laws, and finds himself at once raised in the scale of being;—the pauper is maintained by his own labour, the tenant is changed into a proprietor, while the depressed vassal of the old continent becomes co-legislator and co-ruler, in a government where all power is from the people, and for the people. The world has not witnessed an emigration like that taking place to America,—so extensive in its range, so immeasurable in its consequences,—since the dispersion of mankind, or, perhaps, since the barbarians broke into the empire, when the hunter or pastoral warrior exchanged the Lake of Eagles, or the Dark Mountains, for the vineyards and olive-yards of the Romans. As attraction, in the material world, is ever withdrawing the particles of matter from what is old and effete, and combining them into newer and more beautiful forms, so a moral influence is withdrawing their subjects from the old and worn-out governments of Europe, and hurrying them across the Atlantic, to participate in the renovated youth of the new republics of the West; an influence which, like that of nature, is univer-

sal, and without power or relaxation; and hordes of emigrants are continually swarming off, as ceaseless in their passage, and crowded, and unre turning, as the travellers to eternity. Even those who are forced to remain behind feel a melancholy restlessness, like a bird whose wing is crippled at the season of migration, and look forward to America, as to the land of the departed, where every one has some near relative or dear friend gone before him. A voice, like that heard before the final ruin of Jerusalem, seems to whisper to those who have ears to hear, 'Let us depart hence.'"

Dr Chalmers was for some time assistant to the clergyman of Cavers, and, what is remarkable, his ministrations were decidedly unpopular. This fact has been attempted to be accounted for, by saying that the Doctor's opinions were not then what they have since become, and that to the change in these he owes his celebrity. We deny that the cause assigned is sufficient to produce the effect. Admitting that an orator, who is really zealous in a cause, will produce greater effect upon

his auditors than a mercenary advocate, yet the splendid displays of eloquence daily made at the English bar, by men who are not in the slightest degree seriously believers in their own statements, show that talents make themselves felt, however they may be exerted. To us it appears evident, that, placed in a situation where great abilities were not required, and where few could estimate their display, this great orator was either insensible of his powers, or allowed them to remain dormant till they could be exhibited on a fitter stage. "Placed in a situation where we cannot express ourselves freely,"—and this is peculiarly the case with the clergyman of a country parish,—"we soon cease," says the acute Rousseau, "to think freely." That, even at this period, Dr Chalmers's genius was fully admitted by those who were qualified to appreciate it, we have the authority of a valued friend—a gentleman who was then, and now, in habits of unrestrained intercourse with him.

Five miles below Hawick, the road passes through DENHOLM, a populous village, having a

large green in its centre, upon which extensive flocks of geese are constantly feeding. There are several tolerable inns in the village; and the manufacture of lamb-wool hose is carried on in it, though not to any considerable extent. Denholm has the honour of giving birth to the celebrated Dr Leyden, the coadjutor of Sir Walter Scott in the "Border Minstrelsy," and an account of whose life, prefixed to his "Poetical Remains," has recentely been published by his relative, the Rev. James Morton. Mr Morton, as we are given to understand by a gentleman honoured by his confidence, has for years been engaged in collecting materials for a *Border History;* and, from his antiquarian lore, unwearied spirit of research, and scrupulous love of truth, added to his peculiar sources of information, we have no doubt of the work proving an acceptable addition to the standard literature of the country.

Near the village is DENHOLM DEAN, a deep woody dell, watered by a mountain rivulet, which, after dashing over a precipice, runs in mazy windings, through scenes of wild grandeur, till it

reaches the Teviot. It is bounded on either side by steep banks and rocks, overhung with various foliage, and offering to the view numerous picturesque scenes of romantic beauty.

Below Denholm is MINTO HOUSE, the seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Minto. It is a large modern building, surrounded with extensive plantations, but is so sheltered by these, and by hills, that it does not possess the advantage of an extensive view. A little to the east of the mansion is MINTO CRAG, an abrupt rock of considerable height, from the summit of which is seen a landscape of immense extent, and rarely equalled beauty.

Lower down the river, and about ten miles from Hawick, stands ANCRUM, a considerable village. Whoever has travelled in a country where scenes of beauty and sublimity were continually presenting themselves, must have felt how difficult it is to vary the expression of the feelings they excite. Having exclaimed, How beautiful! How charming! How picturesque! How sublime! How romantic! How terrific! he has nearly reached the

end of his vocabulary, and is contented to look in silence upon nature, with the gratified gaze of a lover. Even thus does he feel, who attemps to describe places whose names differ, but which are essentially the same in their loveliness. We say then simply, that Ancrum stands in a delightful situation. The Teviot, over which is thrown a handsome bridge of three arches, runs within a short distance to the south, while the pastoral ALE flows past to the east, and falls into the greater river about half a mile below. Above the town, large forest trees send forth their sheltering arms, green haughs spread themselves to the river's side, and in the banks of the Ale considerable caves are dug, which probably afforded refuge, in the first instance, from the hostility of the English, and afterwards from the tyranny of the bigotted Stuarts. Mr Livingston, minister of Ancrum in the days of Charles, was, in common with many of his brethren, exposed to persecution, and banished in his old age, because he would not conform to the Episcopal religion. Many of his people, some of them boys, suffered along with him.

We have been often astonished that no parliamentary advocate of Catholic emancipation has ever adduced the persecution of this period—one of the bloodiest that ever man inflicted, since he arrayed his own dark passions in the attributes of religion, and went forth to war with the charities of life beneath her standard—as one proof, among many, that the ill blood which has so often sprung up betwixt Christians of various denominations, may more fairly be traced to the crimes of individuals, than to the error of their creeds. Scotland has forgiven the last of her persecutors, why not also forgive her first? Why should the atrocities of the Episcopalian Charles be forgotten, and those of the Papist Mary be held in perpetual remembrance? Episcopalian and Presbyterian now enjoy equal rights, and all is harmony between them. —So also would it be with them and Catholics, were the latter allowed to participate in the blessings of the constitution. Let them, if they can, make proselytes of us by reason; it is folly to speak of their using force—a handful among surrounding thousands. The Reformation proceeded

on its triumphant march while the nation owned the sway of Rome; and Catholics of the present day must either be much wiser, or Protestants more foolish, than of old, if they can persuade us to resume the yoke which our fathers cast aside at the certain hazard of tortures and death.

Ancrum was burnt in the year 1549, by the EARL of RUTLAND.

In the neighbourhood of the village are some remains of a work apparently of great antiquity, consisting of strong walls, and subterranean passages. It is called MATTAN; and probably has been occupied as a fortress.

In the village stands ANCRUM HOUSE, the seat of Sir William Scott, Bart.; and a little below it, on the bank of the river, MOUNT TEVIOT, a neat unostentatious building, resembling a number of pretty cottages clustering together, belonging to the Marquis of Lothian.

At an inconsiderable distance from it is ANCRUM MOOR, celebrated in history for a severe engagement fought upon it betwixt the Scots and English in 1545. For some time previously to

this, a marauding sort of warfare had been carried on betwixt the two countries, in which Lord Evers and Sir Brian Latoun had particularly distinguished themselves. These warriors having repaired to the court of Henry VIII., detailed their services, and represented how much more they could perform, if supported by an adequate force, the English monarch granted to them all the places they should be able to subdue between the Tweed and Forth, and intrusted to their command a considerable army, with which they entered Scotland; and, as if unwilling to have a single Scotch subject in their future dominion, spared neither sex nor age in their ruthless course. Tidings of this invasion soon reached the Earl of Angus, who, besides his natural feelings, was animated by the fiercest personal resentment against the English leaders, they having, in their former expedition, defaced the monuments of his ancestors at Melrose, and he being principal proprietor of the lands affeeted to be bestowed upon them by Henry. Arming his followers, he hastened at their head to Edinburgh, the governor of which city he pre-

vailed upon to assist him, and marching south to Melrose, was there joined by Walter Scott of Buccleugh, and a strong body of his hardy retainers. Hearing of these preparations, the English marched rapidly upon Melrose during the night, in the hope of surprising the Scots. The latter, however, having received timeous notice, left the town, and took up a position on one of the neighbouring heights, which it was not deemed prudent to attack. Baffled in this enterprize, the English withdrew, closely followed by their enemies. The Scots, having been reinforced by a strong body of troops under the gallant Norman Lesly, eldest son of the Earl of Rothes, determined to give battle, and drew up their array on the low ground, at the foot of Penilheugh. Their manœuvres do not appear to have been closely enough watched by the English, who, finding themselves less hotly pressed, conjectured that the Scots had fled, and hurried over the intervening heights, in pursuit of, as they believed, intimidated foes. Breathless with fatigue, and with the sun shining full in their faces, they had to sustain the shock of the Scottish chi-

valry, and were broken with immense slaughter. Evers and Latoun were among the slain, and their bodies being recognized, were carried to Melrose, and there interred. During the battle, a woman, on the part of the Scots, distinguished herself by the most undaunted gallantry, fighting, until she received her death-wound, upon her knees, after her legs had been struck off. This heroine was buried where she died. It is not long since her tomb fell into decay; and, in honour of her, Ancrum-Moor is popularly called LILYARD'S EDGE. An expression of Angus's upon this occasion, which Godscroft has preserved, is wonderfully characteristic of that fiery valour—that love of battle for battle's sake—which shone so conspicuously in the Douglases:—At the moment when the two armies were rushing upon each other, a heron sprung from the ground, and Douglas eagerly exclaimed, "Would that I had had here my gay gos-hawk, that we might all have yoked together!"

Redpath, in his "Border History," attempts to defend Evers from the charge of cruelty brought

against him upon this expedition, and says that his gallantry is a sufficient proof that it could not be true. Alas! alas! let not Valour lay the flattering unction to his soul, that "the brave are ever gentle." The exercises of war harden the mildest natures; and we know not of one hero, of ancient or modern times, to whom we would not, as soon as he entered a foreign country for the purposes of tyrannical aggression, wish the same fate as to Evers and Latoun,—that of fattening its soil with his blood. The hellish catalogue of the deeds of those men, whom Redpath defends, contains the destruction of parish-churches, the razing of towns, and burning of dwellings, with their aged and infant inmates!

About three miles south-east of Ancrum, is JEDBURGH, the county town of Roxburgh. Jedburgh was anciently a place of very great importance, and is frequently mentioned by our older historians. After the battle of Durham it was taken by the English, and remained in their possession till the year 1409, when the men of Teviotdale, who had been greviously molested by the

excursions of the garrison, rose in a body, and, having taken the Castle, levelled it with the ground, so that it might no longer prove a shelter to their enemies. On the following year, Sir Robert Umfrauville, Vice-Admiral of England, burnt the town; and it was again destroyed when Lord Evers and Sir Brian Latoun invaded Scotland. During these times the men of Jed Forest were distinguished by their loyalty and gallantry; and received considerable grants from more than one monarch in approbation of their conduct.

Jedburgh is a royal burgh; and is governed by a provost and four bailies, who are chosen annually. Its revenues are considerable—one of the sources of which is more honourable than productive;—the magistrates presiding, along with the Duke of Roxburghe's bailie, and receiving *custom* at St James's Fair, though that fair is held in the immediate vicinity of Kelso.

The approach to Jedburgh from the east is uncommonly picturesque; the road passing on the one side, by a steep and thickly-wooded bank, and

being skirted on the other, by the small, but lovely river Jed. The town is over-topped by high grounds, which are formed into beautiful gardens, among which numerous neat and handsome-looking dwellings are scattered. The gardens here are more productive than in any other part of the country; a fact which the learned and elegant Doctor Walker accounts for, by saying, that the branches of trees invariably follow the inclination of their roots; and that those in Jedburgh, growing upon steep banks, in consequence, expose a greater surface to the influence of the sun than such as grow more perpendicularly.

The town is less neatly laid out than Kelso, and the market-place not so spacious; but trade is carried on with much greater spirit in the one place than the other. Besides other considerable manufacturers, Messrs Hilson and Co.,—the senior partner of which firm is the present provost—carry on an extensive manufactory of flannels, tartans, &c., and Mr John Rutherford has, last year, erected on the bank of the Jed, a manufactory for spinning woollen yarn, not surpassed in

the south of Scotland, for magnitude, and the perfection of its machinery.

A very neat town-house has recently been erected. The lower part is occupied by handsome shops, and the upper part by the County-hall, in which the Circuit and Sheriff courts are held; and by the offices of the Town-clerk, and other public functionaries.

The meeting-houses of the Burghers and of the Relief, which are edifices far surpassing in elegance the majority of similar buildings, contribute to adorn the town. But the public building of which Jedburgh is justly proud, is its fine Abbey; the remains of which are more perfect than those of Kelso, Dryburgh, or Melrose. A Vandal, who traversed this part of the country last summer, has presumed to say, that Jedburgh is not worthy of being visited. But it will be visited, and visited with delight, so long as men are pleased with the beauties of nature, or have their imaginations exalted by gazing upon the mighty works of antiquity. Wordsworth says, that "the sound of a cataract haunted him like a passion:"—the sight

of a ruined Abbey affects us in a similar manner; and the lesser cares of life would evaporate before the recollection of JEDBURGH, with its lofty turrets, and magnificent range of Gothic arches.

Part of the Abbey is fitted up, and divine service performed in it, as the parish church. We hope this will not long continue to be the case. The landed proprietors are rich enough to beautify the town, and accommodate the inhabitants, by erecting a new church; and were the modern buildings removed from the abbey, the magnificence of its appearance would be exceedingly increased.

Jedburgh is amongst the first towns in Scotland in which poor-rates were regularly established;—this circumstance having taken place so far back as the year 1742, in consequence of a scarcity then existing.

The Relief Church originated in Jedburgh in the year 1755. Mr Boston of Oxnam having received a call from the magistrates and inhabitants, acccpted of it, and another minister being appointed by the Crown, he, in conjunction with Mr

Gillespie, established a Presbytery of Relief, professing to differ from the Church of Scotland upon the subject of patronage alone.

Jedburgh has been peculiarly fortunate in its connexion with literary characters. Thomson received his education here, and mentions the Jed, as the river that first heard his "Doric reed." Dr Somerville, the historian of Queen Anne, who has been fifty-three years a minister of the parish, is still in the possession of his bodily and mental strength; and in the enjoyment of his well-merited honours. Dr Brewster is a native of the place; and Veitch, the astronomer, whom to name is to eulogize, resides at INCHBONNY, in the immediate vicinity.

The walks around Jedburgh, especially those upon the banks of the Jed, are exceedingly lovely; and nowhere can a lover of God and of Nature, feel more devotion than when among the lofty trees that overshade the stream.

> "He wanders up the river's brink,
> To meditate on him whose power he marks
> In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
> As in the tiny dew-bent flower that blooms
> Beside its root."

There are a number of gentlemen's seats in the immediate neighbourhood, all of which are pleasantly situated, and many of them are handsome edifices. Among these may be named, LANGLEE, the seat of William Fair, Esq.; OVERWELLS, of Colonel Ainslie; GLEN-BURN-HALL, of J. A. Ormiston, Esq.; BONNE JEDDARD, of Mr Jerdan; STEWARTFIELD, of James Elliot, Esq.; DINLABYRES, of William Oliver, junior, Esq.; UNDERLEE, of Captain Elliot; JEDBANK, of the Hon. General Leslie, &c. &c.

Passing the village of Bonne Jeddard, about two miles to the east, the Jed, across which a handsome bridge is erected, unites with the Teviot. Nearly opposite to where this junction takes place, and about a mile, in a direct course, is PENILHEUGH, a gently sloping hill of considerable height, on which the late Marquis of Lothian began to erect a pillar, which was nearly finished at the time of his death, in commemoration of the victory of Waterloo. It is upwards of a hundred feet in height, and from its summit eight counties are beheld; viz. those of Roxburgh,

Berwick, Selkirk, Peebles, Dumfries, Wigton, and the two Lothians.

"No city towers pollute the lovely view;"

for though clouds of light smoke point out the busy haunts of men, no town is distinctly seen. The view of the glorious and everlasting hills, with their variegated summits; the bright sparkling waters, to which the ground slopes down, as if to pay homage to the purer element; the blue sky, with its gorgeous drapery of clouds; and the cot and palace, which spot the distance, sublime the feelings of the gazer, and banish from his mind every trivial thought, and every impure desire.

The pillar once fell, but it is now so securely built that it promises to last as long as the hill upon which it stands, and from which the stones that form it are dug. Nothing has been added to the building since the present Marquis came to his title; but it is to be hoped that he will not allow such a splendid column to remain in an unfinished state. The following lines, which to us

appear unequalled in spirit, and felicity of expression, by any similar production, were written extempore at the foot of the monument, by a gentleman connected with the public press, and have never before been printed:—

LINES

ON

VISITING PENILHEUGH.

The requiem o'er the dead is sung,—
The poet's harp has oft been strung
The mighty deeds of arms to tell,
Of those who fought and those who fell.
But History's page, and Poet's lay,
The hand of Time may sweep away;
And all forgotten and unknown,
May be the deeds of valour done.
But thou, proud monument, shalt stand
A statue in the living land,
And ever rear thy giant head
'Mid lightnings wild, and tempests dread.
When years and ages pass away,
Tradition, in her mantle grey,
By thee shall sit, and tell the swains,
Who then shall live upon thy plains,
That Freedom, and her freeborn train,
Snapp'd the Despot's festering chain;
And how the scared Eagle flew
Before the brave at WATERLOO:

> And speak of him who led them on—
> Of thee, our gallant WELLINGTON!
> And noble LOTHIAN'S name shall twine
> In living characters with thine.

Three miles below Jed Bridge the road is crossed by *Oxnam Water* in its course to join the Teviot. At this point stands the village of CRAILING, and CRAILING HALL, the seat of John Paton, Esq., beautifully situated on the banks of the rivulet. The estate of Crailing formerly belonged to the Lords Cranston; one of whom, about seventy years ago, kept a running footman, whose deeds are still spoken of as marvellous. On the eve of a foot-ball match, the villagers complained to his Lordship, that there would be no sport, if John Robson, the wight in question, was present, as his speed so much excelled that of all others. His Lordship accordingly dispatched him over night to Edinburgh, with a letter; but, to the consternation of the players, he appeared at the appointed time and place, having executed his commission, and, by his wonderful agility, distanced all his competitors.

Like most places upon the Border, Crailing appears once to have been fortified. The remains of two forts were visible in the recollection of some of the old inhabitants; but these are now totally removed.

Passing the small village of ECKFORD to the right; and its Church, and pleasantly standing Manse to the left, the traveller reaches KAIL WATER BRIDGE, about five miles from Jedburgh. The country here is adorned by immense plantations, belonging to the Duke of Buccleugh, and John Ker, Esq. of Chatto. Mr Ker's residence of SUNLAWS, is situated a little below the bridge, on the south bank of the Teviot; and near to it are several caves, or *coves*, as they are popularly termed, of considerable dimensions. They are dug out of the solid rock, where it juts abruptly over the river; and being screened from observation by trees that overshade them, must have admirably served the purpose of concealment, in times of war or persecution.

Mr Bell, in his Statistical Account, says, that he had been told by old persons, that they had

penetrated so far into one of these caves, the entrance of which is now shut, that they were afraid to proceed farther, and that the subterranean passage was supposed to conduct to Sunlaws House. We believe that the simplicity of this excellent man had been imposed upon by this account. We have ourselves closely examined every cave to which there is access; no passage leads from any of them; and, by the most diligent inquiry, we are led to believe, that the one which cannot be entered, resembled them in every respect.

About a mile from Sunlaws, on the turnpike road, stands the straggling and dirty village of HIGHTON. A mile or two farther, is MAXWELLHEUGH. There is here an American poplar—by far the most magnificent in the country—which commands the admiration of every beholder, its trunk being not less than nineteen feet in circumference. Half a mile farther on the north side of the river, and ten miles distant from Jedburgh, is Kelso, already so fully described.

Should the TOURIST, however, pursue exactly this track, he would have to retrace, in some mea-

sure, his former steps, after his arrival at Kelso; and therefore we would recommend him to quit the Jedburgh road, when he arrives near the foot of Kail Water, and proceed up that river to the southward. When he does this, he will leave, a little on the right, Moss-Tower—a snug farm-house, where a tower formerly stood, but which was destroyed by Evers and Latoun, in their in-roads. Two or three miles to the west, is Cessford Castle, so long the principal residence of the powerful family of Ker, a considerable portion of which still remains.

The first object, however, which irresistibly attracts the passenger's attention, after he has left the main-road, is Grahamslaw, the residence of John Riddell, Esq. Grahamslaw, to use the celebrated Brown's phrase, had always great capabilities, but these were neglected, until, fortunately for the cause of cultivation, it became the abode of Mr Riddell. Under the judicious direction of this gentleman, both banks of the river have been planted to a great extent, and this not in the manner so frequently in use, of hud-

dling trees together without any regard to order, or planting them in straight lines, the most offensive of all forms to the eye, but in groups wherein the variegated foliage of the various trees reflect beauty upon each other; or so that their boughs overshade the most beautiful serpentine walks. These walks extend to the verge of precipices on the side of the river; out of which are dug caves, similar to those described as found at Sunlaws, and which can be reached with safety, by the aid of the overhanging branches.

If we have not felt, we can at least fancy, the delight with which an author sees the pages increasing, which, as he fondly hopes, are to bear his fame abroad among those to whom he is, and ever will be, personally unknown; but we are not sure if even this delight one would not exchange for the feelings of Mr Riddell, as he leads his visitors along the walks he has formed, and the trees he has planted, and marks the admiration they excite; and when he reflects that this admiration is felt by thousands, whose emotions can never be visible to him.

Near to Grahamslaw is a small mound to mark the burial-place of HALL of HAUGHHEAD, one of those emphatically styled *Worthies*, who suffered persecution in their own day, and whose memory has been covered with obloquy in ours, because they resisted the hateful enactments of the Stuarts.

> "Tyrants, could not misfortunes teach
> That man has rights beyond your reach,
> Which, even in woman's breast, withstood
> The terrors of the fire and flood?"

At a short distance from Grahamslaw, on the south-west side of the Kail, stands MARLEFIELD, a princely dwelling, surrounded by trees of immense size. Marlefield was formerly the seat of Sir William Bennett, himself a man of genius, and the friend of Ramsay and Thomson. It is generally supposed that he sat to the former poet for the character of Sir William Worthy, in *The Gentle Shepherd*, and there are not wanting those who maintain, that he himself assisted greatly in the composition of that unequalled pastoral, and that its scenes were laid in the immediate neighbourhood. Thomson, who inherited a small patrimony

at no great distance, called WIDEOPEN, but which, since his death, is known by the appropriate title of MOUNT PARNASSUS, was frequently a visitor here in his younger years. Upon one occasion, he was pressed to take tea, and having risen to hand round the beverage, his chair was mischievously displaced by a sister of Sir William's. Thomson, not perceiving this, attempting to reseat himself, fell upon the floor; but in revenge, kicked his heels so high as to overturn the table, and demolish the china.

A half-length portrait of Sir William Bennett is now in the hands of Mr Walter Tait, Kelso, a connexion of the family, whose honourable mind and elegant manners would adorn any station; and who, in his profession of Fishing-Tackle Maker, produces the bloodiest flies that float on Tweed. From this portrait, the Baronet appears to have been above the middle height;—the brow is open and commanding, the nose prominent, and mouth small, with an expression of suavity and benevolence about the lips, quite expressive of his real character.

Leaving Marlefield, and pursuing the beautiful meanderings of the river a mile or two farther, we reach MORBATTLE, a small village, standing upon an eminence, and overhung by a high hill, the most advanced of the Cheviots. The name indicates its derivation from the performance of some warlike exploit; although tradition gives no account of the time when it took place. Its proximity to England, indeed, would render battles so common, that it is probable the parish received its name from the frequency of their occurrence. The remains of encampments, and rows of stones, called *tryst-stanes*, are still to be found. These stones were probably placed to give warning that some predatory expedition was designed against England, so that the persons who meant to engage in it might rendezvous around them. Whitton Castle and Corbet House, places of considerable strength, stood in the parish; but are so totally demolished that scarcely a vestige of either remains.

The village was built, somewhat more than half a century ago, upon ground feued out by the

then Marquis of Tweeddale, for the term of nineteen times nineteen years, at the rate of £5 an acre.

The poor here, in addition to the parochial assessment, are aided by the interest of £1600, left for this purpose by a native of the place, a Mr John More, who died in the East Indies. This fund is under the direction of the minister and kirk-session.

Near the village is GATESHAW, a very lovely spot, the residence of Sir Charles Ker.

GATESHAW BRAE is famous as one of the places where the Covenanters used to assemble, to hear the preachings of their proscribed ministers. No place can be better fitted for such a purpose. The hill, which is of great height, slopes gently upwards, so that the speaker, standing a little above his audience, would be distinctly heard; and the sentinels on the top could give timeous notice when they saw the soldiers make their appearance.

Exactly opposite to Morbattle, about a mile distant, on the east side of the river, is LINTON,

an inconsiderable village. Near the church is a large mound, in which, it is said, not a stone can be found the size of a pigeon's egg; and this is accounted for by the tradition, that the earth of which it is composed, was *riddled* by two sisters, as a penance imposed upon them by an offended priest. Mr Pringle, the patron of the parish, has a beautiful seat, called CLIFTON, surrounded by very fine trees, in the immediate vicinity, but which he seldom visits, his usual residence being Haining, beside Selkirk. *Linton Loch* is now draining for the sake of the marle, of which there is an immense quantity; and the workmen found in it last season a deer's head, in fine preservation. This head, the horns of which are of immense size, is now in the possession of Mr Purves, LINTON BURN FOOT, and is supposed to be one of the finest specimens of the kind in the kingdom.—What changes have taken place in society—nay, even on the globe itself, since this creature, of whose species there remains no living individual, fled his leafy covert,—possibly startled by the horn of Percy, as he took "his pleasure in the

Scottish woods,"—and became embedded in his slimy grave!

Passing to the south from Linton, and leaving to the left YETHOLM LOCH, a beautiful sheet of water, on whose side its proprietor, James Oliver, Esq. has a compact, though not aspiring dwelling; along with CHERRY TREES, the handsome seat of Adam Boyd, Esq., we reach YETHOLM.

Yetholm is a populous and thriving village, or rather two villages, TOWN and KIRK YETHOLM. These two are separated by an extensive haugh, through which flows the beautiful stream of BOWMONT. In Town-Yetholm, there are two breweries, several excellent inns, and large shops; the proximity of the place to England creating a great demand for drapery and grocery goods, and for whisky—the nectar of the North. Kirk-Yetholm, so called from the church being in it, is smaller than Town-Yetholm. A colony of gipsies are settled here, who are chiefly employed in the manufacturing of horn-spoons, and in the sale of earthen-ware. These gentry have not joined the general march of improvement; their habits being

as predatory, their locks as elfin, and their dark eyes glaring with the same mixture of ferocity and cunning, as when they were described in the Scotch Parliament, by Fletcher of Saltoun. Numerous anecdotes of the FAAS, and other gipsy leaders, are in circulation in the neighbourhood; but as the most entertaining of these have been recently detailed in the more popular periodical works, it would be imposing upon the reader's patience to insert them here. The people of Yetholm are distinguished by a greater hardihood of character, and more dexterity in athletic sports, than the inhabitants of any of the neighbouring towns. Matches of wrestling and leaping are of common occurrence; and on *Fasterens-e'en*, a game at the ball is played betwixt the married and the single men of the town, in which feats of surprising agility are performed.

Yetholm, standing at the foot of the Cheviots, is generally the station at which travellers repose who wish to ascend the mountains. CHEVIOT, properly so called, is about six miles to the south-east; and as hills of an immense size intervene

betwixt it and the town, it is necessary to obtain a guide in order to reach it. It was in autumn when we made this excursion; the day was wet, the view circumscribed, and yet we know not when we enjoyed life so much. After travelling miles among mountains, catching occasionally between their openings glimpses of such extent that they appeared ocean-beds suddenly become dry, and clothed with trees and herbage,—we came in front of Cheviot,—its sides furrowed with streamlets, and light clouds resting upon and sporting fantastically around its brow. It was a sight of glory. Standing beside the hill, which it required little imagination to suppose the standard which earth had erected wherewith to defy the other elements, our own being became exalted, and we felt bound to Nature, as a common mother, by a secret and indescribable sympathy.

In clear weather the view from Cheviot is grand in the extreme;—the eye in every direction travelling over a boundless expanse of variegated scenery. The small river College, divided into streams, encircles the hill, and, though frequently

dry in summer, in winter runs with wild impetuosity. Notwithstanding the height of Cheviot, there is a considerable morass on its summit; and what are called *well-heads*—springs choked up by luxuriant grass, are common upon it and the surrounding hills.

Our ingenious countryman, Thomas Pringle, who had previously distinguished himself by the "Autumnal Excursion,"—a poem which beautifully describes the scenery of Cheviot,—after embarking for Africa, in which quarter of the globe he meant for a time to fix his residence, composed the following verses, which it would be improper not to insert in these pages:—

THE

EMIGRANTS' FAREWELL.

Our native land—our native vale,
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song;
Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads,
Our hearts have loved so long.

Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow;
Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung wi' birk and sloe.

The battle-mound and Border tower,
That Scotia's annals tell;
The martyr's grave—and lovers' bower—
To each—to all—Farewell!

Home of our hearts—our fathers' home!
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam,
That wafts us far from thee.

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the Atlantic Main—
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again.

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green island of our sires.

Our native land—our native vale,
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue.

The highway from Yetholm to the east runs by the side of Bowmont, till it passes that river

by a stone bridge at MINDRUM MILL, about ten miles from Kelso. It then passes KIRK NEWTON, where the first English church is, and KILLEM, both insignificant villages. The line of road is by no means beautiful; but on the right are the lofty Cheviots; to the left, the extensive plantations of Mr Murton, and other proprietors.

A few miles further is WOOLER, a large, dull, uninteresting village, twenty miles from Kelso. The road has some time ago been diverted to the left of the town, and upon it is *Wooler Cottage*, or the *Tankerville Arms*, kept by MacGregor,—one of the handsomest inns, and one of the civillest landlords in the kingdom. Wooler is built upon ground feued by the Earl of Tankerville, whose seat, CHILLINGHAM CASTLE, is a short way to the south-east. There is here an extensive park, in which are kept, besides deer, some of the original cattle of Britain. As these are exceedingly rare, specimens of them being only to be found in one or two other places, they are objects of great curiosity to strangers. They are exceedingly fierce, and it is not safe for a person on foot to approach

them. When it is designed to kill one, the keeper enters the place on horseback, and, selecting the fattest of the herd, shoots it, and makes his escape as speedily as possible, leaving the carcase to be removed at a convenient time. The cattle are of a middle size, have very long legs, and the cows are fine horned; they are perfectly white, with the exception of the tip of the nose, which, like the orbit of the eye, is black.

Close to Wooler flows the GLEN, a small rivulet, which gives its name to one of the divisions of Northumberland. At no great distance from the town, to the south, is LILBURN TOWER, the handsome seat of Henry Collingwood, Esq. Immediately upon the turnpike here, is a place called LILBURN ALLERS, noted for the frequent robberies formerly perpetrated near it. About fifteen years ago, in the neighbourhood of ROSEDEN, a farm-house two or three miles distant, a murder was committed upon the highway, unequalled in the annals of atrocity. A journeyman mason, in returning from his work, in the glare of sunshine, was attacked by an assassin, who, after

perpetrating his murderous work, coolly exchanged shoes with his victim. He then tossed him over a dike; and having bent a bramble bush over the body, it was some time before it was discovered. Such hellish delight had been felt in the performance of this tragedy, that—we have the authority of one of the gentlemen who sat on the coroner's inquest, for the statement—the body was perforated by twenty-one wounds, of which any one of nineteen must have proved instantly mortal. We lament to add, that, though the miscreant appears to have slept the following night in a field of corn adjoining the spot, he has never been traced, and the blood of the murdered still cries to Heaven for vengeance.

Passing the Pow-Burn, a noted rendezvous for waggoners, carters, &c., and leaving to the left the villages of Glanton and Egglingham, together with Broom Park—the splendid seat of William Burrel, Esq.,—that of Bolton, of Miss Forster, and the handsome villa of Lemington, we reach the pretty village of Whittingham. The vale of Whittingham, in which the village stands, is

one of the loveliest in the kingdom, and contrasts admirably with the bold and mountainous scenery by which it is surrounded. Six or seven miles to the west, is ROTHBURY, a considerable village, distinguished for the salubrity of its air ;—on this account, and for the advantage of obtaining a plentiful supply of goat's milk, it is frequented, especially in summer, by numerous strangers, who are labouring under pulmonary complaints. The number of strangers is considerably augmented by the celebrity of WINGATE SPA, which is found to be of great efficacy in stomachic attacks, and which, though it be several miles from the village, yet, as there is no accommodation near it, the most of those persons who use the water reside in Rothbury. The river Coquet, in the immediate neighbourhood, at a place called the PIRN, forces itself through a free-stone rock, in a gullet of about forty feet long, and not more than five wide. The stream is consequently both deep and rapid, rushing onward with tremendous velocity.

Anciently, the inhabitants of Rothbury were distinguished by a hardihood and ferocity, excel-

ling even those of other Borderers. Mortal combats were of frequent occurrence; and it was no unusual circumstance for the glove of defiance to be suspended from the altar. In more peaceful times, the ordinances of the "Royal Book of Sports" were more attended to than those of the decalogue; and upon Sundays, when divine service was over, the male part of the congregation were wont to adjourn to the bowling-green, or engage in races or foot-ball matches.

Some remains of the ancient spirit still linger on the spot. We remember, not many years ago, of having for our companion in a stage-coach, a young man, an entire stranger to us, but who proved to be a farmer in this neighbourhood, whose appearance was respectable, and disposition frank and generous. It was not long before he began to entertain us with an account of his athletic exploits, and, among others, with that of *leistering* salmon in the close season. "One night," said he, "about a dozen of us were at the work, and fine sport we had, when word was brought to us that the Water Bailie was coming up the Coquet.

Let him come, said we, all at once, and he shall be tossed into it! Lucklessly we did not fall in with him—I should have liked so well to have seen him go sounding through the Pirn!"—And this was spoken as recklessly as though he had been speaking of the drowning of a supernumerary blind kitten.

The manners, however, of the people, are so generally changed, that he who visits Rothbury has only to fear hospitality, not hostility. The farmers, accustomed to be upon horseback from morning till night, traversing their extensive sheep pastures, breasting the hills, and breathing the invigorating upland air, are so vigorous, that a person of sedentary habits is startled by their copious libations; and as it is, in their estimation, the only unforgiveable sin, to permit a guest to retire soberly to bed, it is ten to one but, during his residence in Rothbury Forest, he be

"Nailed by headachs
To a noon-day bed."

A quarter of a century has not elapsed, since the most respectable farmers in the district were wont

to assemble at an inn in the village, and continue their carousings for several successive days and nights;—their ladies, in the meantime, visiting each other, and occasionally commissioning a messenger to visit Rothbury, and cautiously to inquire if all went well with their respective lords. These habits are gradually falling into decay. Here, as elsewhere, refinement is advancing, smoothing down in its progress the rudeness of our fathers' manners, but destroying with that rudeness the warm hospitality, and joyous openness of heart, which lent so much enjoyment to their existence.

Rothbury, or a gipsy encampment in its immediate vicinity, has the honour—such as it is—of having given birth to JAMES ALLAN, the most enterprising of vagabonds, and the most celebrated of pipers. The life of this worthy has recently been published, in a thick octavo volume—an amusing enough production, but evidently abounding with the marvellous. As the fame of Allan is widely spread throughout the Border, we have been at some trouble in collecting authentic ac-

counts of his exploits. Fortunately we were directed to old ——, who loved the musician, and venerates his memory, and from him have obtained a sort of history of James, written down at different times from his own narrative. Two or three incidents we select for the amusement of our readers, merely premising, that we deem the account of his boyhood to be eminently characteristic of that erratic mode of life which is so frequently garnished in the modern novel:—

"When we were stationary in Rothbury Forest," said the Piper, "the first eight or ten years of my life passed happily enough. I did nothing but herd two or three asses on the common, and take a few apples from a neighbour's garden, either to eat myself, or to give to my mother when she meant to make a pudding. A neighbouring squire, being pleased with what he termed my sharpness, placed me at school. Here I found the confinement intolerably irksome; and could not for the soul of me see of what use was learning. My father could neither read nor write, and yet his stories were better than those of the schoolmaster. I

therefore played the truant frequently, and when my teacher complained, he got no redress. My mother told him, she did not wonder that the child could not be troubled with those *little niddle-noddling things*, as she called the letters ; and my father, who had been a soldier, and was a strict disciplinarian in his way, declared, that if James absented himself from drill, without leave of absence, it was the duty of his commanding-officer to try him by a court-martial, and flog him for neglect of duty.

" I did not stop long at school. The squire wished me to enter into his service, but my father, who had a great contempt for *mavis-breasted* gentry, kept me beside him, and, during our excursions, initiated me into all the mysteries of his craft. Our regular home continued to be in the neighbourhood of Rothbury, and here we lived in a very *coothy* manner. We fed *mud-larks*, and so had always plenty of bacon. My father and I also frequently visited a pigeon-house, a short distance from us, and helping ourselves only to a few birds at a time, they were never missed. I tired at last,

however, of being always kept under by my father; and being in Alnwick one day when the band of the Northumberland Militia was playing, my fancy was so tickled with the music, that I enlisted as a substitute.

"The military duty by no means suited my palate, and the regiment having got the route to march, I contrived to desert on the road. Knowing that I would be sought for at home, I durst not go there for a while, but took refuge in Newcastle, where, exchanging my soldier's coat for a plain one, and tying a leathern apron about me, I passed for a *garret-angel.* So long as my bounty-money lasted, I did very well; but it was nearly spent, and I durst not go much about to *pick up bits of things*, for fear of being detected, and sent up to the regiment.

"In these circumstances, I was one evening walking on the Town-moor, in a very melancholy mood, when I saw a gentleman approaching, whom I knew to be my friend, the Squire. There was no fear that he should recognize me, it being several years since I had met with him, and my

dress being so different from any he had seen me in. Knowing him to be very benevolent, I pulled off my hat, when he came up, and requested charity,—'Young man,' said he, 'I can give you nothing; I don't choose to encourage idleness.'—'Oh! sir, I am not accustomed to be idle; I am a shoemaker, who, having had a fever lately, am unable to work.'—'But if you were industrious, how did you happen not to save somewhat for a sore foot, or a rainy day?'—'So I did, please your Honour, but the sore foot and the rainy day came both together.'—'Poor fellow, that was hard indeed,' and he threw half-a-guinea into my hat as he rode on.

"Before the squire's bounty was all spent, I began my travels homeward, in the hope that the hue and cry after me had ceased. My father and mother received me with the greatest affection, though the former swore, 'if I had belonged to the *Regulars*, he would not have harboured me, but the *Militia* was quite a different thing; no man of spirit would think of continuing in it who had legs to desert.'

"For a time I was pretty cautious, and seldom went out but at night. Understanding one day, however, that there was to be an otter hunt, I could not resist the temptation of seeing it, as I had a dog excellent at the sport. During the hunt, the son of the high-constable said something or other to vex me, and I tumbled him into the Coquet. When he came out, he stood shivering, and vowed to be revenged of me; so he told his father how I had used him; and he pretending that if I were not apprehended, another man would have to be ballotted in my place, raised a posse of constables, like a villain as he was, and beset the house when I was not dreaming of mischief to man, woman, or child. Luckily my mother heard the sneaking dogs coming, and got the door bolted before they got in. Old Willy, the leader of the gang, then *fleeched* on my father and mother to give me up without making any more to do, as it was impossible that I could escape. 'They could not give,' they said, 'what they had not to themselves, their son having left them and gone to Shields, where he meant to take shipping

for London.' Willy was glad to hear so, he did not wish to see the son of a neighbour punished as a deserter; but he was obliged to do his duty, and would just look in—the fox!—and report to the lieutenancy that I was not concealed there.

"My mother whispered to me to go to a window in the back part of the house, and make a great noise, as if I was going out of it. I did so, and the blood-hound *clattered* round to *kep* me. Then my father drew the lock softly back, and darted out of the door with his utmost speed, while my mother shook her apron at the threshold, and called out, 'Run, Jamie, run.' This stratagem fully succeeded. Willy and his pack of beadles set off full drive after my father, who could easily have outstript them, but who allowed himself to be closely kept up with, until he had run nearly a mile; when he halted, and, turning round to his pursuers, said, 'I dare say Jamie will be far enough off now.' And so Jamie was. As soon as my father had drawn the enemy in pursuit of him, I stole quietly off in a different direction, and was then at too great a dis-

tance for the best runner in the county to have had a chance of coming up with me.

" I was now sadly put to it for a proper hiding-place ; but a friend of my father's had a small farm near Hexham, and I went thither for a while, sometimes assisting him in farming, and at other times working *daytale* labour with people in the neighbourhood. I did not like this sort of life much, but how could I help it ? However, when *Staneshawbank* fair came round, I was resolved to have a bit fun at it, and went off in spite of all my friends could say. I had not been long in the fair till I met with an old acquaintance, and had just slipt into a tent to take a pint of ale along with him, when a serjeant of the regiment to which I belonged, entered. Seeing him notice me very closely, and not wishing to be more particularly acquainted, I told my companion to stop there for a few minutes, and rose to depart. As I was passing the serjeant, he laid hold of me by the arm, and asked, ' Whether my name was not Allan ?' Without stopping to answer his question, I let drive, and with one

blow laid him sprawling at my feet. I then rushed out of the tent, and ran swiftly down the fair. Those who had seen the serjeant drop, however, followed me closely; and raising the cry of 'Stop thief,' a brawny rascal bore down on me with his broadside, and gave me a somerset. I was then pinioned and taken to the gaol, there to lie till a party came to convey me to the regiment.

"My friends were very kind while I was in prison, and slipt a guinea into my hand when I was marched off. My escort were noble fellows, and treated me well, so that, thinking it better to be merry than sad, I carried on jovially with them. On the third day of our march, we halted at a public-house in a small village, intending to stop all night, and none of us being fatigued, we went into a yard behind the house to amuse ourselves. My hand-cuffs were taken off, and having beat the whole of them at leaping, I offered to beat a gallon of ale, that I would likewise beat the whole of them at quoits; and we accordingly began playing. The soldiers had by this time *swilled* a good

quantity of ale, while I took as little as possibly I could without attracting notice, so I threw my quoit more steadily than they threw theirs. The quoits were at length put aside, and the soldiers began disputing who was the best shot. To decide this point, a mark was set up at which they began firing with ball, and I was appointed judge. When each of them had fired a good many rounds they ceased, and I called out, why had they given over? 'Because all our shot is done,' was the answer. 'But you have surely one charge of powder left, that I may have an aim, were it but with a small pebble?'—'No; none of us has a particle left.'—'Then, friends, it is time for me to quit you; may you have a pleasant journey,'—and I sprung over the wall, and made off. The soldiers were so amazed at my elopement, that none attempted to follow."

After this exploit, Allan enlisted into several regiments, from all of which he deserted in succession; and after having broken most of the jails in the northern part of the kingdom, he was confined in Durham, under sentence of death, for

horse-stealing. On his present Majesty coming into power, as Prince Regent, a free pardon was sent down; but death had previously given release to this eccentric mortal.

Dr JOHN BROWN, a man of very considerable powers, who distinguished himself in various walks of literature, and who fought at the side of Warburton, in the many contests which that fiery polemic provoked, was a native of Rothbury. The poetry of Brown was never exceedingly popular; the disputes of himself and his master scarcely interest the present age; and his political squibs —as all such productions must—perished with the occasions that gave them birth; but it is impossible to examine his writings, without admitting that he possessed high talents. Brown was invited to Russia, and £1000 remitted to defray his expenses, by the Empress Catharine, to carry on a plan which that wonderful woman meant to execute for the educating of her subjects. When preparing for his journey, he was retarded by indisposition, which excited the irritability of his

disposition so much, that he put an end to his existence.

GRANVILLE SHARPE, a man—

"How far above the great!"

spent several years of his early life here; his father, who afterwards became Archbishop of York, being Rector of Rothbury.

GEORGE COUGHRAN, whom nature, rather than study, seems to have made a mathematician, and whose name, though he died at the premature age of twenty-one, is scarcely second to any in the annals of science, was born at a place called Wreighill, in the parish of Rothbury. When a boy, he had so distinguished himself, that he was chosen umpire in a dispute about a scientific question betwixt Dr Mackeline, the Astronomer-Royal, and Captain Heath. He was unknown to both, but, conscious of his qualifications for the office, he accepted of it, and decided in favour of the Captain. Much to Mackeline's honour, instead of being offended by this judgment, he commissioned a friend, from Greenwich Observatory, to call upon

the young mathematician, who then resided in Newcastle. When this gentleman called upon Coughran, he could not believe that the stripling he saw was arbitrator between two of the most learned men of the age, and apologized for having intruded upon him: "I have been misled by your name," he said; "I want Coughran the mathematician." "I sometimes amuse myself with that science." "It is impossible that you, a mere child, should be the person of whom I am in search!" The gentleman, however, soon discovered that the child in years was a giant in intellect.

WREIGHILL, or Wreck-hill, which has the honour of having given birth to this illustrious youth, was anciently the scene of many a bloody contest betwixt the English and Scotch Borderers; the latter of whom, in the year 1412, totally destroyed the village. This circumstance is still alluded to in the neighbourhood, by the phrase, "The woful Wednesday of the Wreck-hill."

WHITTON, a small village, is almost close to Rothbury. Here, in a splendid edifice, called

Whitton-Tower, which had formerly been a castle, the Rector of Rothbury resides. It has been beautified, at a great expense, by the various Rectors; has an extensive fish-pond near it, and is surrounded by thriving plantations. South from it is an observatory, which commands a most extensive and richly-variegated prospect. It was built by Dr Sharpe, in a season of scarcity, to give employment to the poor, and is still called "The Doctor's Folly."—Well would it be for mankind, were folly always to exert itself in similar acts of benevolence!

At Cartington, two miles north-west from Rothbury, is an old ruin, called Cartington Castle, which, when entire, must have been a place of great strength. From several relics that have been dug from the ruins, there appears to have been a chapel, dedicated to St Anthony, anciently attached to the castle. But one of the noblest remains of ecclesiastical architecture of which Northumberland can boast, is that of Brinkburn Priory, about four miles south-east from Rothbury.

Brinkburn Priory is precisely such a spot as Milton longed for :—

> "And may at last my weary age
> Find out the peaceful hermitage,
> The hairy gown and mossy cell,
> Where I may sit, and nightly spell
> Of every star that heaven doth show,
> And every herb that sips the dew;
> Till old experience do attain
> To something like prophetic strain."

It is situated on the Coquet, whose lovely waters bathe its walls. The extreme bank, abrupt and high, is thickly clothed with trees, which throw their shade over the building, and render still more solemn the spot which religious feeling and the progress of desolation have united to consecrate. On the north, it is invested by lofty green hills, so that it is almost hid from observation, not meeting the visitor's eye till he be close upon it. Hidden as it is at present, tradition reports that it was even more so formerly, an ancient forest surrounding it, so that not a turret could be seen by the passer-by. To this circumstance it nearly owed its preservation;—a strong body

of Scots, who meant to plunder Brinkburn, being unable to discover it, until its inhabitants, thinking they had retired, rung their great bell, when the sound directed the marauders, who, after maltreating the Prior and brethren, destroyed the building.

The ruins are considerable, the great tower being still entire, and the greater part of the outward walls, with one of the turrets, remaining. The tower, which is square, and large in proportion to the building, is supported by four pointed arches, while those arches, again, are supported in the body of the church by massy pillars, of an octagon form.

The Priory was founded in the reign of Henry I., by a Baron of Mitford. The prevalent style of architecture is Saxon, with a slight mixture of the Gothic. The interior is plain, but the two doors have circular arches, richly ornamented.

In a place such as this, where the mind naturally conjures up the forms and habits of other days, the question is almost certain to arise within it, "Did monastic institutions benefit or injure

mankind?" This question, however, has been frequently discussed, and our pages are too near a close to allow us to engage in it. We are, therefore, contented to rest in the conclusion of the unfortunate Chatterton:—

> "The shiver'd column, and the mouldering cell,
> Where erst the sons of Superstition trod,
> Tottering upon the verdant meadows, tell—
> We better know, but less adore, our God."

The Priory has frequently changed possessors. It was granted to the Earl of Warwick by Edward VI.; it belonged to Colonel Fenwick, who distinguished himself on the side of Cromwell during the civil wars; and is now the property of the Lady of the late Ralph William Gray, Esq. of Backworth.

Around Rothbury are scattered many villages, such as Thropton, Rosedean, Long-Framlington, Horsley, Allenton, Harbottle, Bolam, &c. &c.; as likewise the splendid villas of CALLALY, the seat of John Clavering, Esq., BIDDELSTONE, of Walter Selby, Esq., HARBOTTLE CASTLE, of

Thomas Clennel, Esq., and many others, which our limits will not allow us to describe.

It is now time that our journey should close; and we will therefore return, without deviating by the way, from Rothbury to Whittingham, and from thence to Alnwick, about eight miles distant, where our Tour commenced.

We have now performed our promise of pointing out the objects most worthy of attention in Border Scenery. A task of this kind can never be perfectly performed. Many spots of loveliness must escape the notice of the traveller; and much local information must exist to which he has no means of access. Enough, however, has been done to show that this part of the country abounds with places sacred to patriotism, and delightful to taste. Visit the most splendid cities, the most elegant edifices, and, though you may admire the skill that reared them, you are soon tired with their

unvarying aspect. But go into the country in a calm summer evening; gaze upwards to the pure sky, half-veiled by clouds of purple and gold; see the broad bosom of the river reflecting these glories of a happier world; and the leaves of the trees that fringe it, unshaken, save by the pinions of the latest songsters, as they warble their love-melody;—mark all this, and observe nature, animate and inanimate, feeling the influence of the hour—the cattle ceasing to browse, the lamb forgetting its playfulness, and stretching itself beside its dam, and even the tender daisy folding its leaves to court repose;—who that beholds all this a thousand times, but owns, at each recurrence, its freshness as well as its beauty, and feels the same emotions of peace and of love stealing over his heart, as were awakened in it when he first gazed upon the landscape with an admiring eye?

To the beauty of many of those scenes here described, every year is making a considerable addition. Cultivation has gone forth like an enchanter, turning the waste into a garden, and adding grace to what before was lovely. At every

step improvement may be marked in the dwellings and appearance of the peasantry; the land has been rendered more productive; and extensive plantations now exist, where formerly nothing grew but worthless heath. We fear not, in conclusion, to say, that he who has travelled and seen the most, has met with no objects more attractive than those which present themselves to his notice in the Border Tour.

THE END.

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