THE RIVER TWEED

GEORGE REID, R.S.A.

DEDICATED

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

TO

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

THE QUEEN

BY THE ROYAL ASSOCIATION FOR PROMOTION

OF

THE FINE ARTS

IN SCOTLAND

THE
RIVER TWEED

FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA

SIXTEEN DRAWINGS

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Valley through which the Tweed flows from its source to the sea, and the glens watered by its tributary streams, form the main area of the southern Uplands and the eastern Lowlands of Scotland. If we add the valleys of the Liddel and the Esk, on the south-west, we have what was characteristically the Border Land, the land of foray and feud, of hostile inroad from England, of aggression and reprisal from the other side, all through the middle ages down to the Union of the Crowns. The Tweed, besides being for a considerable way in its lower reaches the boundary line between the two kingdoms, is, looking to its course from the wilds of Tweedsmuir to the sea, the bright centre of the Lowland country, even its heart; for with its hills, its haughs, and its streams are associated that strong bold action, tradition, legend, story, the continuous flow of song, ballad, and music, wholly native, which have moved the feelings and moulded the imagination not only of the dwellers in the district, but in a great measure of the whole land of Scotland.

(1.) TWEED'S WELL, AND (2.) TWEEDSMUIR.

About eighty miles south-westwards from the sea at Berwick, and very nearly in the centre of the southern uplands of Scotland, there rises a small spring, known as Tweed's Well, some 1250 feet above sea level. It gleams like a bright eye in the midst of a small space of meadow land,—encircled on all sides, except towards the north, by enfolding hills,—

> 'A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
> Among the mountains.'

It is a spring which keeps ever clear, flowing, and cold. Obviously the stream from it has at one time had an overground channel, even now visible. But somehow this has been stopped, probably silted, and now the flow from the spring is underground. This goes on for some hundred feet or so, and then meets an open rill flowing into the Corse Burn, or Burn of the Cross, which has its source to the south nearly a quarter of a mile higher up than the site of Tweed's Well. The Corse Burn divides the two heights at the feet of which lies the Well; on the east or left of the meadow, as one goes up, is the Corse Dod (1670 feet); towards the front and on the right is the Flecket Hill (1552 feet). On the summit of the watershed on the Corse Dod stood Tweed's Cross, by the side of the ancient road over the pass which led from Tweeddale into Annandale,—sacred in Scottish history to us as the line of way on which the young Douglas of the day—the Good Lord James—met the Bruce, and threw in with him his lot for the rescue of the country from English aggression. Tweed's Cross and Tweed's Well, both consecrate in the religious feeling of

the olden time, are to us as deeply sacred, because of their loneliness, and their weird mountain charm. The Cross commands the long sweep of the valley of the Tweed, and you have only to ascend to the ridge of the watershed immediately behind it to grasp in one vast outlook the vales of the Evan and the Annan, and the whole country to the Solway. For on the south side of the watershed, marked by Tweed's Cross, the Annan rises and passes on to the Firth; and on the circling crescent of hills to the north-west is Clyde Law (1789 feet), where the Burn of Clyde has its source, and passing downwards gives its name to the river which makes for the western sea.

The Flecket Hill is well named, for well flecked it is, marked with peat hags, dark red brown grasses and heather. At a short distance from its foot, the Corse Burn joined by the flow from Tweed's Well appears as 'a tiny rill of still uncertain fate' which gradually grows to the River Tweed, and, after a winding course of a hundred and three miles, joins the sea at Berwick. The hills which encircle the river at its birth are absolutely bare of tree or bush, if we may except the two melancholy decaying trees which keep company with the ruins of old Tweedshaws. The heights show the rough mountain grasses and rushes interspersed with breaks of heather. Most wide-spread of all is the characteristic bent (*Nardus stricta*) of the higher moorlands. Two adjacent cottages indicate all the human life there; the Well is in the very heart of the upland wilderness, and save the cry of the peesweep, 'half wail, half wile,' the scream of the curlew, and sometimes the sudden startled rise of the heron, which sails away on its long low flapping wing, to alight again in a short space, there is nothing to tell of life or motion. Yet on a day in early April, the shower just over, and, in the succeeding sunny glimpse, a dim sort of yearning for spring on the heights, I have heard those bare and unblessed moorlands filled with such a chorus of sound, not peesweep and whaup cries only, but notes of the lark and other birds unknown to me, all mingled in a sort of joyous unrest, as to make the voice of the wilderness a power of unspeakable charm.

The surrounding scenery is not in itself grand; the high brows and the deep ravines of Hartfell, though near, are not in sight; but there is an awe of solitude and a pathos in the feeling of desolation which impress the heart as powerfully as any natural grandeur. 'The Shaws,' the name of the district round Tweed's Well, is all that remains to suggest that this now treeless wild was once covered with birch and hazel, and formed a part of the ancient wood of Caledon, in which pass before us even now old historic forms, Merlin, Kentigern, Rydderch Hael, Arthur himself, all the more impressive that they are dim and shadowy. The streamlet here known as the Tweed flows straight northwards; to the east the outlook from the Well is barred by the lower hills, but we know that from Tweed's Cross there rises the crescent line of the great and solitary heights of which Hartfell (2651) is the centre, with White Coomb, Donald's Cleugh, Lochcraig Head, Molls' Cleugh Dod, and Garlavin, to the right, and Cape Law, Eric Hill, and Garelet to the left, sweeping onwards until broken by the steep and striking ravines where the Talla foams over its Linns. Nearly in the centre between these two crescent lines of hills lies the lonely loch of Gameshope, from which flows to the Talla the most rugged burn of the Tweedsmuir wilds.

Looking north and west from the Well, there is an imposing array of rising and falling mountain heights. Apart from the foreground of On-weather Hill and Tweedhopefoot Rig, between which the young river makes a rocky way, there rise all along the western horizon the massive heads of the valleys of Badlieu and Glenbreck, and the Coomb of Kingledoors,—across whose broad brows, on a summer day, gleam and shadow travel, and even when the green of the year has gone and the breaks of heather are brown and dark, they show shining spaces of sunny bent. The Tweed receives, a little over a mile onward from the Well, the Cor

water, its longest tributary head, from the Hartfell range. It is now a curiously channelled stream. Its flow is down over the bluish greywacke rock, and for miles amid broken, isolated, half smoothed blocks, severed from its bed. Here and there its banks have an abrupt picturesqueness, but as a rule its flow is a rippling rapid movement, spreading out in silvery sheen, by the foot of the confining hill, or amid the narrow haughs by the way; occasionally a knowe of rock juts out from the bank, and then the river swings round the obstruction into a restful pool, again to pass into the rapid ripple of its falling soft-sounding stream; still bare of tree and bush, until at Polmood it becomes scantily fringed with alders and birches, remains of the old forest. The haughs here widen considerably, and soothe the eye with soft green pasture. Ever and anon a burn from its mountain glen joins and enriches the river; and thus is suggested the reserve of beauty and solitude in the valley of the Tweed, for the glen leads the eye upwards between hills meeting hills from the opposite sides in a wonderful harmony and symmetry of fold, far away to the half-seen, dim, massive heights which form the broad and lofty background of the valley and feed the springs of the tributary waters.

From Tweed's Well to the sea, the river tends to the north-east,—here and there bent a little to the east and south-east according to the varying volume and direction of its tributary streams. The Tweed flows through a district characteristically its own. Geologically it is the Lower Silurian formation, consisting mainly of greywacke rocks and shales. These have not undergone the metamorphism, which has taken place in the Highlands of Scotland, into gneiss and schist. We have, therefore, nothing on Tweedside, even in its highest and wildest part, Tweedsmuir, parallel to the variety of form, the ruggedness and grandeur of lofty, splintered, and pointed peaks, such as may be seen in the broken crystalline structure of the Highlands. The Silurian rock has also been, as a rule, entirely denuded of the sandstones and limestones which once may have covered it; and we have thus nothing of that barred, walled, and precipitous structure, which may be seen in parts of the western Highlands, and in continental chains of hills, such as the Juras. Once, more than once, wholly or in part under the sea, the region of the Tweed is an upheaved sea-floor, and it has assumed its characteristic features of undulating flow of hill-line, the symmetry and soft slope of the confluent valleys of tributary burn and water, through various agencies. Chief among these have been the slow silent waste and scooping of rain and water-course through vast ages of the older geological past. This has been aided in later times by the splintering effects of frost upon the rocky sides and summits of the hills, and by the action of the ice sheet, which, after burying in its folds the whole of these uplands and smoothing their slopes, crept backwards into the tiny snowfields and glaciers that threw down the heaps of waste, now appearing as the picturesque mounds at the heads of Talla, Manor, and Winterhope. Certainly the work has been done as by a sculptor's hand, guided by unswerving purpose and skill, so that the long wavy line of height after height is unbroken in its flow, the glens pass among the hills in a gracious symmetry, each keeping in its ward the clear bounding burn or water which cheers the eye and heart by its gleam, and charms the ear by its soft motion and music. And withal there is the satisfaction which one feels in consenting harmony, as glen after glen, varied, almost innumerable, rises, passes, and flows through devious ways from each side of the district into the central valley of the river, in which all are, as it were, absorbed and united.

If the Tweed hills do not show the emphasis and variety of colouring of the crystalline and the limestone structure, their aspect has a charm of its own. The Silurian is a grey rock, weather-worn, often showing varied mosses and lichens where it rises into prominence on the hills and moorlands. But during the summer the prevailing colour is green,—the green of the hillside grass, a constant refreshment to the

eye, its uniformity ever and anon broken and relieved by the sheen of the bracken and the fern, by interspaces of heather bloom, and, on the far moorland heights, by the delicate tint and graceful antlers of the spreading stag's-horn moss, by the pine-like spikes of the crowberry, glossy fields of blaeberry, and the rich and varying hues of the red bilberry or Idaean Vine. One characteristic feature in the colouring of those hills is the hue of the *screes* or *sclidders*, the broken slatey greywacke rock, which spreads out in slanting spaces on the hill-sides, and, after rain, is bright with the shimmer of the shower, and then shows like a violet mass amid the surrounding green. And these high broad hill-tops have a strange affinity with the far-stretching sky above them, in all changes of atmosphere. Their wide-spreading spaces carry the eye far through regions of light and brightness. They reflect with wondrous exactness the shadows from the passing clouds, they have a strange power of fusion with the heavens when they bear the mists on their tops, and they seem to pass into and become one with the light and the sunny air of a summer day; and, of an afternoon, when the shadows from the west dim the long flowing eastern slopes, and the sun-gleam still rests on the summits, there is an unspeakable power of contrast and pathetic grandeur for eye and heart. Earth and sky seem to meet in brief but beautiful reconcilement.

One thing is certain that the scenery of Upper Tweeddale,—Tweedsmuir and the district down to the point where the river breaks from the hills near Melrose,—cannot be known or felt, unless by penetrating into the glens and ascending the greater heights. Make the effort, and the reward is sure. Take for centre of outlook the top of Broad Law (2754 feet) in the Tweedsmuir district. Once on the summit of this height, the prospect is unique. We find immediately around us a vast level plain, fit for a race-course, with short and scanty herbage, chiefly hill-mosses and lichens. All trace and feeling of man, of planting, ploughing, building, have disappeared. We are absolutely alone,—alone with earth and sky, save for the occasional cry of a startled sheep and the summer hum of insects on the hill-top—

> 'That undefined and mingled hum,
> Voice of the desert, never dumb.'

Here and there a very tiny yellow-faced tormentilla, a very slender blue-eyed harebell, or a modest hill-violet peeps timorously out on the barrenness, like an orphan that has strayed on the wild. But we look round us from this great height, and what strikes the eye? On all sides, but particularly to the east of us, innumerable rounded broad hill-tops run in series of parallel flowing ridges, chiefly from the south-west to the north-east, and between the ridges we note that there is enclosed in each a scooped-out glen, in which we know that a burn or water flows. These hill-tops follow each other in wavy outline. One rises, flows, falls, passes softly into another. This again rises, flows, and passes into another beyond itself; and thus the eye reposes on the long soft lines of a sea of hills, whose tops move and yet do not move, for they carry our vision along their undulating flow, themselves motionless, lying like an earth-ocean in the deep, quiet calm of their statuesque beauty.

Near us are the heads of the burns and the heads of the glens, which on the one hand run northward to the Tweed, and on the other southward to the Yarrow. Here at one burn-head we have deep peat-bogs out of which ooze black trickling rills. There at another, we have a well-eye fringed with bright mosses, and fair forget-me-not of purer hue and more slender form than any which the valley can show. The burn gathers strength and makes its way down through a deep red scaur, and amid grey-bleached boulder stones; then, overshadowed by the boughs of a solitary rock-rooted birch, leaps through a sunny fall to a strong deep eddying pool. At length it reaches the hollow of the glen, where it winds round and round

amid links of soft green pasture, amid sheen of bracken and glow of heather, passes a solitary herd's house,—the only symbol of human life there—now breaks against a dark grey opposing rock, then spreads itself out before the sunlight in soft music amid its stones; finally, leaving the line of hills that shut in the glen on each side, the stream mingles with one of the waters of the south, or with the Tweed itself on the north of the central range of mountains.[1]

Those long, rounded, far-spreading heights, seldom visited, spaces of dreamy solitude and soul-subduing pathos, are never at any season of the year without their charm. Early June decks them with a tender green, in which are set the yellow-violet and the rock-rose, and even then the cloud-berry lifts its snow-white blossom from the heart of the black peat-moss. Midsummer deepens and enriches the bloom, and brings the bracken, in the lush green of the year. In early August the braes and moors are touched and brightened with the two kinds of the heather-bell, ere they gradually flush deep in large breaks of the common purple heather. Autumn, late Autumn, throws the tender beauty of fading colour over the heather bloom; and the bent of the Moorland, 'the bent sae brown' of the old ballads, that knew and felt many a blood-stain in long gone foray and feud,—that bent amid which in the very dawn of Border legend and poetry the Queen of Faëry took her leave of Thomas of Ercildoune,—throws in October days its tresses free to the wind, with a waesome grace, touching the heart as with the hushed life of old story. And in winter the snow wraps those hills in a robe so meet that their statuesque outlines are seen and followed in their entireness and in their minute details, as at no other time; standing against the heavens in the clear relief of forms, new, as it were, from the sculptor's hand.

(3). THE VALLEY OF THE TWEED AT BROUGHTON.

A LITTLE above the junction of the Biggar Water with the Tweed, near Broughton, fifteen miles from Tweed's Well, the river leaves the confining hills, the valley widens and opens out into the spreading and fertile haughland, which more or less characterises its margin during the remainder of its course to the sea. It is still bounded by wavy lines of hills on each side of its flow, but they are somewhat more remote from its banks than in its early course. Opposite Broughton is the wide haugh of Drummelzier, where the Powsail Burn joins the Tweed, and on a picturesque eminence on the south side stand the ruins of Tinnies', perhaps Thane's, Castle, recalling some of the crested fortalices that mark the banks of the Rhine. 'The Tinnies,' perched on its hill rising steep above the plain, severed by a curious dry ravine from the greater height behind marked by its blue grey screes and interspaces of heather, was possibly the Alt-Teutha of the Ossianic poems, and it certainly is one of the most striking spots on the Tweed. This Tinnies is not to be confounded with that on the Yarrow, which belonged to a Stewart, and was destroyed in 1592. This fortress was a stronghold of the Lairds of Drummelzier, first the Frizells or Frasers, and then the turbulent Tweedies. It is but one of the numerous ruined towers which mark the hills and knowes along the banks of the river from Tweedsmuir to the sea. Eyeing each other from side to side of the river, they were—while the holdings often of hostile lairds—the watch-towers of the country, ready to flash the warning beacon-flame along the Tweed and its tributaries for hundreds of miles, from the Fire Burn near Coldstream to the wilds of Tweedsmuir. These now 'chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells,' have a peculiar interest amid the present happy look of vale and stream. They cast a shadow from the past, and call to mind old story. Crumbling, deserted, lone, companioned only by an ancient ash or elm that grew green by them in other days, when there were

[1] See *Border History and Poetry*, p. 10.

the joy and the sorrow of the human life within the unbroken walls, they link the past to the present by a peculiar bond of pathos and regret.

'Think, once in these old towers what feelings wrought,—
There bridal joy, and children's sunny smiles,
A mother's hopes and fears, a father's cares,
And all strong thrillings of this life have been—
Home-welcome flashed to victor from old wars,
Dead burden borne from fatal field o' night;
Ay, such that 'tis a marvel this dull earth
Should lie so callous 'neath the memories.'

Drummelzier, and Powsail flowing down from its glen that runs up to the remote Laws to the south, full of wild and solitary beauty, are intimately associated with the seer and bard Merlin, of far back tradition and fame. After the battle of Arderydd in 573,—a Pagan and Christian struggle,—Merlin, the wild, is said to have taken refuge in the glens and heights of Drummelzier, where he dwelt by his fountain shaded with hazels. There is some probability of his identity with the Myrdin of the Early Books of the Bards of Wales. The prophetic poem known as the *Avellanau* is attributed to him. In his wanderings, he was haunted by a female form, known originally as Hwimleian or Chwifleian, meaning 'the gleam.' This figure would appear, and then disappear before him. She sought to shut him up, as he imagined, in one of the lonely crags of the hills, there to have him in her power, and to hold him for ever in bonds of tyrannical affection. We can well understand how the frenzied imagination of the Bard saw this figure in the glint of light that struck through the mist overhead; and how he watched it pass away across the glen as the hill cloud darkened the face of the sun; how he would dread it lurking in the shadows of the hazels, and see it in the moonbeams as they made lustrous the clear waters of his fountain. There can be no doubt that the Hwimleian of the bard Merlin, the haunter of his life among the hills, the inspiration of 'the fosterer of song among the streams,' became the Vivien or Nimiane of the mythic Merlin and of the mediæval romances.[1] Merlin himself is reputed to have fallen beneath the clubs and stones of the servants of Meldred, a princeling of Drummelzier. Merlin's grave is commonly believed to be by the thorn tree at the foot of the brae close to the Powsail Burn, a little below the church. Another view is that the seer lies in a mound beside the hedge on the other side of the Burn. Merlin takes us back to an early period in the history of the Cymric kingdom of Strathclyde, and curiously enough the district in which he is supposed to have lived and died is peculiarly rich in the old Cymric names, rhythmical and melodious, such as Trahenna, Penvenna, Penvalla, Dreva, Dromore.

From Dummelzier onwards the hill-sides of the Tweed begin to show the planting, chiefly of the present century. Ere Neidpath is reached, nine miles down the river we have the woods of Dawyck, with the Scrape overlooking them, whence flow its musical burns to the Tweed. These glens and hill-sides are well planted, simply because the aim has been to make the woodland as near to Nature as possible, both in variety of tree and in grace of grouping. Here and there further down the river we have varied spaces of wood as at Neidpath, and forms of old and stately trees; but as a rule the bare green knowes and faces of the hills in their lower reaches have lost the pastoral look of last century, and have suffered from monotonous and crowded setting together of fir and larch, resulting in umbrella-like shapes and in poles, not in trees. And the grouping is frequently of the kind that might have been imitated from the clippings of a tailor's shop. Sadly has our river suffered at the hands of tasteless planting.

[1] *Border History and Poetry*, p. 136.

(4.) NEIDPATH CASTLE.

Neidpath Castle, a square, massive, and imposing structure, with the oldest part projecting to the west, stands on a somewhat steep and rocky bank of the river where it winds through a defile unusually narrow for the valley of the Tweed. The castle site, and wooded surroundings, at once picturesque and impressive, have frequently formed a subject for the artist. The oldest drawing of the castle known to me is that by F. Jukes, engraved by Walker, Edinburgh, towards the close of last century. It represents the western aspect. This castle, though certainly of older foundation, comes into prominence in documents as a residence of the Hays, Lords of Yester, Hereditary Sheriffs of Peeblesshire, towards the middle of the sixteenth century. It is then spoken of as 'a strong house,' and doubtless presented very much the general outward appearance which it does now. Three separate styles are traceable in the building. There is the old simple square Peel tower to the west; there is a more recent intermediate portion, and there is the massive front of the whole. The Peel tower is probably very old; the other portions may be referred to the fifteenth century. The Castle of Neidpath ought not to be confounded with the original Castle of Peebles, older even than the time of David I., which, with its chapel adjacent, stood within the Burgh of Peebles on the Castlehill, the knowe or eminence on which the present Parish Church stands, having the Rude or Corn Mill of the town on the south next the river. The eminence on which Neidpath stands never belonged to the Burgh, but latterly formed part of the lands of Jedworthfield, now Jedderfield, the hereditary appanage of the Sheriff of Peeblesshire, and it was never flanked by any mill belonging to the Burgh, nor had the Burgh any power to feu it.

Neidpath seems to have passed through the heiress of Sir Simon Fraser of Roslin fame, and heroic fate, to the Hays of Lochquharret and Yester,—afterwards Earls and Marquises of Tweeddale. From them it passed by sale in 1686 to the Duke of Queensberry, and then in 1810 to a descendant through the female line, the Earl of Wemyss and March. The broken and ruinous state of the old western tower is due to an assault by Cromwell's troops.

Neidpath has some interesting poetical associations. The keynote of Tweedside song was first struck in the middle of the seventeenth century by a lord of Neidpath, in a fine lyric. It is entitled 'Tweedside,' and was probably written to an older tune. Its author was John Hay, tenth Lord Yester, third Earl and second Marquis of Tweeddale,—a statesman who took a prominent part in the Restoration, the Revolution, and the Union. He was born in 1645 and died in 1713.

'When Maggie and me were acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' hie,
Nae lint white in a' the gay plain,
Nae gowdspink sae bonnie as she.
I whistled, I piped, and I sang;
I woo'd, but I cam nae great speed;
Therefore, I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.'

The strain of this song is very characteristic of the poetry of Tweedside. It breathes a sweet pastoral melody. There is a passionate fondness, dashed with sadness and regret,—a mingling of love and sorrow, hopefulness and despair. This curious blending of opposite feelings flows all through the songs of the

Tweed, and seems to reflect the familiar contrast in the scenery,—the sparkling gleam of the morning and noon gradually passing into the pathetic shade of the gloamin' on the river itself.

Wordsworth during his Tour in Scotland in 1803, visited Neidpath, and saw the recent havoc of its grand old trees, cut down in 1795, by the owner of the place, to spite his heir, and get money for his profligate favourites. The impression on the mind of the poet lover of Nature issued in the well-known sonnet in which he denounces the reckless lord, and wails the fate of the trees:—

'Many hearts deplored
The fate of those old trees; and, oft with pain,
The traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed:
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.'

Since Wordsworth's time, Nature, the healer of man's outrage, has done much to repair the havoc. Thanks to the birks that grow naturally on the braes, and to some not injudicious planting of hard woods to break the monotony of fir and larch, the hanging woods of Neidpath are now cheering to the eye in spring, as they are beautifully varied and arrestive in autumn. The two poems entitled 'The Maid of Neidpath,' by Campbell and Scott, referring to the love-wasted and broken-hearted daughter of its lord, the Earl of March, are touching and well known.

(5.) THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Traquair House is on the river seven miles below Neidpath. About a mile to the west of the House, on the right bank of the Quair, as one goes up the stream, is a clump of trees on a knowe, and, in the heart of this, a decaying birch or two is all that remains of 'the Bush aboon Traquair.' To an old air, the words of which had perished, Robert Crawford of Drumsoy (1695-1732) wrote the verses now well known under this title. The occasion of the song is traditionally reported as an unsuccessful suit on the part of a son of Murray of Philiphaugh with a daughter of the House of Traquair. There is genuine feeling in the verses, with the usual soft pastoral setting—

'My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded never move her,
At the bonnie bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.'

As before the time of Crawford, so since, the greenery of the Quair, with a limpid winding stream, decaying, picturesque birks and alders fringing its banks, and set at the foot of high dark spreading hills, has quickened the spirit of song in two men,—the Rev. James Nicol, minister of Traquair, and Principal Shairp, St. Andrews. The former sings of—

'Where Quair rins sweet amang the flowers,
Down by yon woody glen, lassie,
My cottage stands; it shall be yours,
Gin ye will be my ain, lassie.
I'll watch ye wi' a lover's care,
And wi' a lover's e'e, lassie;
I'll weary heaven wi' mony a prayer,
And ilka prayer for thee, lassie.'

Principal Shairp has rendered the old feeling, in a delicate, sympathetic fusion with the features of the scene,—in his 'Bush aboon Traquair,' some stanzas of which are quoted below.

(6.) ASHIESTIEL.

Ashiestiel has grown into a modern mansion-house by additions to an old peel tower, now enclosed in the heart of the building. It is situated amid a thick wood on the margin of a steep declivity, shelving down to the river. The valley is here narrow, and the house looks out on green enclosing hills, still hardly touched by the plough, and dotted with sheep. The Tweed sweeps rapidly past, by the base of Neidpath Fell, into the defile of Yair. Near the house, a little to the east, the vale of the Peel or Glenkinnon Burn opens and leads up amid birks, alders, and ashes, by winding links and breaks of silver flow to the dark heights above Williamhope, where on a day in 1353 the Knight of Liddesdale, the Flower of Chivalry, fell under the hand of his kinsman and chief, the young Earl of Douglas.

Scott occupied Ashiestiel from 1804 to May 1812, when he removed to a cottage at Abbotsford. The house then consisted of the centre part, and the west wing. Scott wrote in a square parlour used as the family dining-room, which had a south-east aspect and view of the Tweed. The three windows of this room looked directly into the old flower-garden, with box borders. Through one of these, Scott's greyhounds—Douglas and Percy—were in the habit of running out and in. This room now forms part of the passage. He kept his books in his Dressing-room up-stairs, now a small room off the north Bedroom. This commanded a view of the Tweed for nearly a mile and a half. The large oak by the river, where he had a seat, still remains, a good deal injured by the snows of 1882. The Shirra's Knowe, a place of familiar resort, is a little to the south of the house, on the Peel Farm. During those eight years, Scott was shaping his cast of character and genius. This period was the morning of his fame; his powers were full, free, fresh,—their natural outcome a continuous joy; his was now the first brightness of the world amid domestic happiness, and the growth of sure coming, daily growing renown. There came from his pen in succession —*The Lay* (1805), *Marmion* (1808), *Lady of the Lake* (1810)—all for the most part written at Ashiestiel. The Introductory Epistles to the Cantos of Marmion, among the most exquisite of his poetical writings, are dated from Ashiestiel, and they are the direct inspiration of the place, and the surrounding Border Land, as if felt and written amid glow of heather, sheen of bracken, and ripple of the burn, while the heart is filled and stirred by old legend, story, and romance. We feel that the faces of eld look out upon the poet, from the mist wreaths as they trail across the brow of the Peel Hill. It is with some regret that we see him pass from the modest home of his early prime, and set to work out the day-dream of his life, with its attendant splendour and its ruin, in the Halls of Abbotsford.

(7.) NEWARK.

The single, square, massive, and lofty tower of Newark, grim and grey, with here and there a touch of red quoin, and russet brown lichen, roofless and broken, yet impressive in its strength, stands in picturesque suggestiveness on the raised southern bank of the Yarrow. It is just within the line of circling waters formed by the Yarrow and Ettrick, ere they meet about a mile to the east. Bowhill and its dark-rising woods bound it to the south and west, and Philiphaugh, still in the ancient line of the Murrays, lies to the east on the other side of the Yarrow. Newark was originally a royal castle, and one of the main strongholds connected with the Forest of Ettrick. It goes back at least to the middle of the fifteenth century, and to the reign of James II. It guarded the main eastern approach to the valley of the Yarrow.

After the battle of Philiphaugh, Lesly is said to have shot a hundred captives at a post in the yard of the castle. Now it is a scene of peace, and picturesque decay. The stream touches the knowe on which the tower stands, on three sides, and makes, on a summer day, a soft rippling music beneath the tresses of the boughs which fringe the braes;

'Where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower.'

The ruin thus takes us back through the centuries of old Scottish story, to the free forest life of its early kings; close by is the spreading plain of the Carterhaugh, and Oakwood Tower stands on the opposite side of the Ettrick, names that are at the very heart of old Border fairy romance and wizard faith. The latter is the traditional residence of Michael Scot. The plain of the Carterhaugh is the scene of one of the most exquisite of our fairy ballads,—'The Young Tamlane,'—embodying as fine a picture of heroism and daring as imagination has conceived. The maiden's lover has been spirited away and is in the power of the fairies. Only on one night of the year, and in one way, is his rescue possible. On Halloween, Janet must wait on the wild moor for the unearthly procession in which he is to pass, and there recognise, seize, and hold him fast:—

'Betwixt the hours of twelve and one,
A north wind tore the bent;
And straight she heard strange elritch sounds
Upon the wind which went.
About the dead hour of the night,
She heard the bridles ring;
And Janet was as glad of that
As any earthly thing!'

Louder and nearer grew the eerie sound of the coming riders; Janet, daring all, waited until horses black and brown had passed, and with undaunted grip seized the milk-white steed and 'pu'd the rider down'—so won her lover! It is thus not to be wondered at that Newark was the first grand source of inspiration for the genius of Scott, who pondered over locality with such a brooding love, and that it is associated with the first full strains of modern Romance in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*,—in which the old-world life of the sixteenth century, with its chivalry, its fading yet not dead faith in fairy glamour and in wizard might, are so finely restored to us, and so charmingly blended. And there is further a touching appropriateness in the circumstance that Newark was the last spot in the Yarrow which Scott saw, when the closing decay was too obvious, and the margin of the eclipse was stealing over the noble brow. In September 1831 he and Wordsworth drove from Abbotsford to Newark, and there spent some hours of the autumn day—

'while sere leaves
Were on the bough, or falling;
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed,
The forest to embolden;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
Transparence through the golden.'

The shadow of Scott's last illness lies over all 'Yarrow Revisited.' Twenty-eight years before, Scott and Wordsworth had met for the first time, just when the life-work of each was commencing. Scott had recited to Wordsworth cantos of *The Lay*, as yet unpublished. Wordsworth had liked it and approved, and Scott was encouraged. Each since then had grandly achieved his life's aim. Wordsworth had now conquered his position in the realm of English Poetry,—a crowned monarch of Song. Scott was the acknowledged Lord of Romance, but the 'mighty minstrel's' hand had suddenly become feeble. Now, before parting

with his friend for the last time, after the visit to Newark, Scott sat down and with some difficulty wrote a few lines in Dora Wordsworth's album,—among them these :—

'And meet it is that he, who saw
The first faint rays of genius burn,
Should mark their latest light with awe,
Low glimmering from their funeral urn.'

(8.) ABBOTSFORD.

As to situation, Abbotsford is certainly not one of the most attractive or even characteristic spots on the Tweed. It lies low, almost hidden, and the surrounding scenery is greatly inferior to the environs of Ashiestiel, or the natural charms of Broad Meadows on the Yarrow, once the object of Scott's ambition. What was originally the bare moorland around Abbotsford has been closely, even monotonously planted ; the outlook from it is unredeemed, except by the reach of the haugh and glimpses on the north of the Tweed, some low hills beyond, and the heights of the Ettrick to the south-west. The house itself in the old Scottish baronial style, with its parallelogram form of base, and courtyard approach, is, with its numerous picturesque features, harmonious and imposing in its complete effect. The best view of it is from the Tweed, on the north. It is too well known to require any formal description here. Scott's own characteristic purpose, feeling, and imagination are manifest in its stateliness, richness of detail, and magnificence as a whole.

Here mainly, and especially in that Study, small and secluded from the outside world, from shortly after 1812 to 1826, Scott's grandest literary work was done ; and during those brilliant and joyous years of life, amid fame and friends, he was acquiring lands, forming an estate, and striving to realise in stone the dream of Abbotsford, a home for a new branch of the house of his name. The interest of these lands to him lay mainly in their historical associations, especially in their old connection with the Abbey of Melrose, in embracing part of the ground of 'the last great clan battle of the Borders,' between Angus and Buccleuch, near the bridge of Melrose (1526), and the spots traditionally associated with Thomas the Rhymour and the Queen of Faëry. For these and the surrounding places with similar associations, Scott had a feeling which was truly the abiding master passion of his life, and the very heart of his genius. 'I wish,' as he said to Washington Irving,—'I wish to be among my own honest grey hills ; and if I did not see the heather once a year, I think I should die.'

Besides the Study, with its books and relics of the great master, there is the Hall some forty feet in length ; on the ceiling are arranged the sixteen quarterings of the ancestors of Scott, and on the fronts of the corbels hang the shields of the principal Border families, thirty-four in number, whose representatives 'keepit the marches of Scotland in the aulde time for the Kynge.' The library contains a wonderful collection of books, many of them rare and precious, reflecting in their subjects the varied interests of the man who gathered them together. In the Dining Room with its bow window looking towards the Tweed, Scott breathed his last, September 21st, 1832. The antiquities gathered together in the house represent localities and incidents in Scottish history, dear to the heart of the great historical novelist.

(9.) MELROSE ABBEY.

Melrose and its Abbey lie at the feet of the three-cleft Eildons, famous in story and weird legend. The heights of the Eildons form one of the most conspicuous objects in the landscape of the lower

reaches of the Tweed. The felsite rock of which they are composed, richly flesh-tinted, is in striking contrast to the usual pale grey colour of the Border crags. Here the river leaves the greater hills, and flows through spreading haughs of sandstone and carboniferous strata to the sea, rich, wooded, and soft, more akin to the plains of England, though the river itself never loses its truly Scottish character of marked fall and rapid flow, and alternate pool and stream. 'I can stand on the Eildons,' said Scott, 'and point out forty-three places famous in war or verse.' The outlook from the Eildons is, indeed, a scene for the world. It is doubly famous since Scott stood there. For we have now not only the interest of the new superadded to that of the old, but the old itself set in mellowed reminiscence, which we never knew or felt before. And the places and scenes to be noted from the triple heights of the over-seeing Eildons, viz., the Cowdenknowes, Smaylholm, Bemersyde, Dryburgh, Ancrum Moor, Minto Crags, Ruberslaw, the Dunyon, the Tweed, the Allan, the Leader, the Ettrick, and the Teviot, are objects of world interest and concern.

An old writer speaking of the Abbeys of Scotland says:—'Omnium in Scotia Melrose erat pulcherrimum ac opulentissimum.' The wealth is gone; but the beauty and the grace, sadly broken and decayed indeed, we still have, and we cherish it as a priceless possession for Scotland and the world. Melrose Abbey owed its foundation originally to the spirit of the Cistercians. These, at least in their maturer constitution, sprung from St. Bernard, 'the apostle of faith.' St. Bernard was a lover of valleys and streams. His order, following in his spirit, gave us in quiet recesses and by flowing waters, Fountains Abbey, Furness, and Tintern; and

'Melrose rose, where fair Tweed ran.'

The monastery of Melrose on the present site was founded by David I. in 1136. This was exactly five hundred years after the foundation of the first monastery at Old Melrose by Aidan of Lindisfarne, a disciple of Columba, and three hundred years after its desecration by Kenneth, King of Scots. David's structure was filled with Cistercian monks from Rievaulx. It suffered, like the others in the district, so terribly during the War of Independence, that we must regard the existing remains, the work finally shattered by Hertford, as representing the more ornate building raised on the second foundation of Robert the Bruce, within whose sacred walls it was at one time his wish in life, fulfilled in the end, that his heart should find its last resting-place. The earlier pile was of a plain and massive style; the remains of the present represent the best and purest type of the mediæval Gothic.

Melrose Abbey in its earlier days, ere wealth had corrupted the society of the monks, and faith had died out of their hearts, was a home of learning, producing several men of very considerable mark in their time. It was a centre of worship and of missionary effort through the wilds of Tweedside. It was a school of industrial art and of agriculture; and a refuge for quiet and contemplative spirits amid outside coarseness and violence. And the noble pile itself stood forth in the pleasant valley a monument of architectural genius, showing all the exactitude of mathematical truth, and embodying in the richness, the picturesqueness of its details, of traceried window, pinnacle, and fretwork, of curiously, deftly, carved leaf and flower, the abounding luxury of a fertile yet chastened and refined imagination.

Since the grand edifice was struck by the hand of violence, by the barbarous emissaries of Henry VIII., Evers and Latoun, who violated it in life, and whom it shelters in death, the gentle hand of time has touched it with fading red and russet grey, as if, though not knowing how to reconstruct the broken form, it yet can soften and sympathise with its decay. One thing might at least now be done for it, to help its

restoration, and that is, the taking down of the remaining ugly and barbarous side of the Parish Kirk which was thrust into it in 1618, and the greater part of which has been removed. A means of support in its place, if needed, could readily be devised. The effect would be to leave the north side of the choir free, and its pillars and arches visible in their native symmetry.

No ruin of the Border more deeply stirred the heart of Scott than the Abbey of Melrose. Its broken grandeur spoke to the pathos of his soul, and stimulated his imagination to reconstruct the magnificence, to bring back the glory, that had departed. The associations of ancient ruin and decayed greatness were to him deep founts of inspiration. How he has restored Melrose for us, any one can read in the first twenty-five stanzas of the Second Canto of *The Lay*. Nowhere in our literature is there a finer union of pictorial power with weird and awesome feeling. The story of the Abbey spoke to him, as only he could feel it. The dead within its walls awed him, and became to him and to us living presences. The still heart of the heroic Bruce, the Douglas of Otterbourne, the Knight of Liddesdale, above all the tomb of the Wizard, who was

'Buried on St. Michael's night
When the bell toll'd one, and the moon was bright,—
Whose chamber was dug among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stainéd red'—

the face of him whom decay could not touch even in the grave,—

'Who lay
As if he had not been dead a day,
While his left hand held his Book of Might
A silver cross was in his right'—

while from the tomb there flashed the mysterious gleam of the lamp that burned unquenchably,—all this Scott has pictured for us, and he has drawn the lesson of the whole,—the pathos in the passing nature of human life and grandeur :—

'Full many a scutcheon and banner riven
Shook to the cold night wind of Heaven,
Around the screenéd altar's pale ;
And there the dying lamps did burn
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant chief of Otterburn !
And thine, dark knight of Liddesdale !
O fading honours of the dead !
O high ambition lowly laid !'

Can we wonder that Melrose Abbey, once only an old place of resort for Scottish pilgrims, is now the shrine whither the cultured of all lands lovingly repair ?

The history of the ruin of those splendid homes of piety on the banks of the Tweed is in each case the same. Lords Surrey and Dacre in 1523 burned and pillaged the most of them. It was reserved for Evers and Latoun and Lord Hertford, all of them fit agents of Henry VIII., to complete in 1544 and 1545 the work of destruction. Those stately edifices, usually regarded as sacred by all but the lowest in civilisation, were in those latter years finally broken down and destroyed. The ruins are very much as Hertford left them. Only one influence has been at work since those September days which saw them reduced from the perfection of symmetry and beauty to broken and blackened walls. Time has dealt softly and gently with the remains. Here and there it has set on them the growths which love ancient ruin, and over all it has thrown the tender pathos of decay.

(10.) DRYBURGH.

The Abbey of Dryburgh, sadly broken, yet not so completely as to fail to suggest what once it was, occupies a quiet and secluded spot, sacred, full of worship, on a piece of haughland, green, well-wooded and shady, in the fold of a link of the Tweed. The trees around it are stately, and shadowing its walls is a venerable yew, traditionally said to be as old as the Abbey itself. The ivy has clothed the old gables in a soft and ever living green; lichens throw a shade of grey over the red tinted sandstone of its walls, and flowers bright in purple and yellow, as of the young and ever-renewed life of the world, peer out from the crevices of its squared stones. Withal, the feeling is one in which the past, with its long gone memories, and association with the illustrious dead, wholly prevails over the present. The great master sleeps where his maternal ancestors, the Haliburtons, lie. Not far from him is the tomb of the lordly Morville. And around are the graves of Abbot and Monk, who lived all through Scottish story, heard the tidings of Flodden, Ancrum, and Pinkie, their matins and their vespers now sunk in one silence of the dead, and only he, in the moving creations of William of Deloraine, and Lucy Ashton, and Jeanie Deans, has an immortality of memory.

The Abbey was founded in 1150, somewhat later than the others of the Tweed. We owe it to Hugh de Morville, Lord of Lauderdale, and High Constable of Scotland, who succeeded his father in 1159 and died in 1162. In 1152, a part of the building was completed and the white-stoled or Premonstratensian monks took occupancy. The Abbey was burnt and destroyed in 1544 by Sir George Bowes, Captain of Norham, in company with the indispensable Latoun. The length of the nave from east to west is 190 feet. In style Dryburgh varies from Norman, round and massive, to the later pointed Early English. There are choice remains of the pure Norman arch, and fine specimens of the pointed window. The wheel window in the gable of the Refectory is still untouched in its grace and symmetry. Near the south transept is the chapel of St. Modan of the old Columban faith. On the north side of the nave, near the high altar, is St. Mary's Aisle, after the Reformation the burying-place of the Haliburtons of New Mains. In it there is the tomb of their descendant, with the following inscription :—

SIR WALTER SCOTT, Baronet,
DIED SEPTEMBER 21st, A.D. 1832.

Beyond the granite covering of this tomb to the left is another slab, with the inscription—

DAME MARGARET CARPENTER,
WIFE OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT of Abbotsford, Baronet,
DIED AT ABBOTSFORD, May 25th, 1826.

There is another record,—Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, Second Baronet, who died in 1847, childless; and with him perished the dream of a House of Abbotsford in the direct male line. At the feet of Scott lies John Gibson Lockhart, died 1854.

(11.) SMAYLHOLM.

Nothing seems to have impressed the young mind of Scott more deeply than the old tower of Smaylholm, 'situated at the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandy Knowe crags,' where his grandfather's farm-house lay, and where he spent a great part of

his infancy. The old tower perched on its rocky eminence, surrounded by craggy and grassy knowes, still untouched by the hand of man, and dotted by the unheeding sheep, stands tolerably perfect, as it has done, in spite of Border ravage, since 1535, twenty-two years after Flodden. It is square and massive, of grey whinstone, with door sides and lintels of a bright almost blood-red sandstone, native to the district. The barmkyn or outward courtyard wall which enclosed but a narrow space is now nearly gone, all except a rough bit or two at the gateway entrance on the west. The rock on which the tower stands dips down deep and steep all around, and there is no approach save by what was the western gateway. To the east, almost under the shadow of the tower, is the lochan, which may be taken as the scene of the rescue from drowning of the young boy Graeme in the *Abbot*. In the tower itself there is first a lower vault arched with a small opening in the roof. Above this is the hall or large room of the tower, with an ample fireplace. This had a wooden roof which is now gone; and above it had been a chamber, also with a wooden covering, which has now disappeared; above this is the highest story, under a vaulted roof of rough stones of great strength. West and east on the top are bartizans, whence there is a wide-spreading outlook. To the west and north are the Eildons and the dim Lammermuirs, to the south and west the Cheviots and Teviotdale, with Ruberslaw, the Dunian, Peniel Heugh, and Lilliard's Edge, and away to the east is the open-spreading, cultivated and fertile valley of the Tweed adorned with wood, and diversified by endless rising eminences scattered over a seemingly boundless plain. Smaylholm is the outstanding sentinel of all the lower valley of the Tweed. The old warder from the bartizan could eye the moon rise from the eastern sea over Berwick, and gradually watch the long reaches of the river as they bared themselves through the far-stretching haughs to its gleam. Nowhere is there in the district a finer outlook of wide earth, or of limitless, over-arching sky. It was a grey day in February when I last saw it, appropriately enough, for the tower is grey and hoary to sense, memory, and imagination. Now and again a glint of sunshine struck through the sombre clouds and made faintly gleaming spots on the bared bosoms of the distant Cheviots, one after one appearing, and passing, like wan, short-lived smiles. The sombre sky, the grey tower with the low wailing of the wind through its open boles and its desolate chambers, the dun knowes round its rock-rooted base, and the surrounding crags with their dark green whins, gave an impression that harmonised wondrously with the pathos engendered by the thought of the lives and the story of more than three centuries, now silent and for ever gone from that solitary dwelling of the past.

It was here on these crags and under the shadow of this tower that the lame boy might be found lying on summer days from his eighth to his tenth year; and here, under the inspiration of the place and its surroundings, there grew in his heart the love and the yearning for the old Border stories, and the past feudal times—

> 'There was poetic impulse given
> By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
> It was a barren scene and wild,
> Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
> But ever and anon between
> Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
> And well the lonely infant knew
> Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
> And honeysuckle loved to crawl
> Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.'

Smaylholm stirred Scott to the Ballad of the 'Eve of St. John.' This was the forecast of his genius, in the appreciation of the spirit of the olden days, of the feelings and thought of mediæval times,

blended as these were with the near sense of the supernatural and the weird, as when the lady saw at midnight, in the umbered flame on the eerie Beacon Hill, the seemingly living face of the knight who then was lying in a bloody tomb, and when she felt the terrible brand of unlawful love which she bore with her out of the world to the seclusion of Dryburgh and the grave.

(12.) KELSO.

KELSO suggests an old English Cathedral town. There is a quiet air of comfort and refinement about it; and its streets, lanes, and occasionally quaint gabled houses recall an old century fashion of life, which has passed away. It lies in a bend of the Tweed, where a little to the west it has been joined by the Teviot, the most important tributary of the Border river, and the united streams pass in breadth and power down through the arches of the bridge, reminding one somewhat of the sweep of the Rhine in its upper reaches. The walls of the houses abutting on the river, with their growths of tree and shrub, and climbing plants, suggest the well-clothed banks of a foreign river.

The Abbey which was afterwards to become known as that of Kelso, and over which shortly after its foundation a spiritual peer presided as mitred abbot, was first set down by Earl David (1118-1124) near his castle in the Forest of Selkirk, 'my waste' of Selkirk, the name he applied to the now sweet pastoral valleys of the Ettrick and the Yarrow. He filled it with Tironensian monks. Shortly, however, their seat was transferred to the lower and richer part of the valley, near the ancient and royal castle of Roxburgh, and where the Teviot, now amid a scene of soft haugh and woodland beauty, mixes its waters with the Tweed. There in 1128, David, as king, fixed finally the seat of the Tironensian monks; and the community grew to be one of the largest and richest in the kingdom.

Kelso Abbey is mainly in the Norman, with traces of the Early Gothic style, and of a massive and imposing type. Notwithstanding the shocks of Border War it stood comparatively uninjured, until September 1545, when Hertford, the general of Henry VIII., in revenge for the slaughter of Peniel Heugh in the previous year, resolved 'to raze and deface it.' The central tower, the transepts, and part of the west front remain, still impressive in their grandeur. In the church in 1460, James III., then a mere boy, was crowned King of Scotland, immediately after the death of his father at the siege of the neighbouring castle of Roxburgh.

(13). JEDBURGH ABBEY.

SITUATED as this ancient burgh is in the folds of the Cheviots and on the road leading from the pass of the Reid Swire, it stood in the very highway of Scottish story. It was from 'high Dunyon' that the war alarm was flashed in flame through all the valleys of Teviot and of Tweed. And there is now hardly a spot in the neighbourhood that might not bear on the map the red mark of battle, or feud, or foray, down from the oldest times of Scottish history. Since the time when David I. laid the foundations of the Abbey, and so far reared the structure amid the orchard blossoms of the pleasant valley, until the Union of the Crowns, we may in almost every century point to an event of interest and importance in the history of Jedburgh. There was the marriage of Alexander III. in the Abbey (1285), shadowed and saddened to the imagination of the time by the intrusion of the mysterious spectre; there was the heroic, though unsuccessful, defence of the tower and abbey by the 1500 burghers on that September day in 1523, when Surrey had

advanced to the south of the Jed with his 6000 men; there was the fight at Ancrum in 1544 when the Douglas avenged the desecration of the tombs of his ancestors in Melrose Abbey; there was the ride of Mary, from the house in the town still standing as she lived in it, across the wild moorlands to Hermitage to visit the wounded Bothwell,—a crisis in her tragic life and story. At the conflict of the Reid Swire—

'The Rutherfoords with grit renown
Convoyed the town of Jedburgh out.'

And on every battle-field, the fierce burghers, made fierce by the heredity of the lives they inherited, were true to the proud Slogan, 'Jethart's here.' Now when one looks on its quaint aspect, its still remaining picturesque old gables, the site of its ancient castle, and the still grand and stately though broken and defaced Abbey, for the restoration of which all thanks are due to Lord Lothian, it does seem to have the charm—

'Of an old veteran grey in arms,
And marked with many a seamy scar.'

The Abbey of Jedburgh, founded in 1147, though broken and scathed and blackened by fire, is yet the most entire of the greater Border churches. It is of various styles, Saxon and Early Gothic, with some beautiful specimens of Norman work, especially the western and southern doorways. The Abbey extends from east to west two hundred and thirty feet. One transept, the north, with its mullioned windows and tracery, still stands, and contains the old tombs of the Kers of Ferniehirst, now the Lothian family. The central tower rises massive and grand to the height of a hundred feet. From it the old warder could scan the whole valley of the Jed, to the Carter Fell.

Very early in last century, one might have seen any day a fair-haired boy going to and from school in the old Abbey of Jedburgh. He was a son of the Manse, born at Ednam, but brought up chiefly at South Dean, almost beneath the shadow of the Carter Fell. There, amid the pathetic solitudes of the Cheviots, he communed with nature in summer gleam and winter storm. There he learned to know it and to love it in its varied changeful moods, took it to his very heart and brooded over the impressions, until 'he grew the Poet of the varied year.' James Thomson, as the author of *The Seasons*, helped more than any other man in last century to break up conventional description, and rebuke conventional feeling, having the courage to picture as an object of poetic interest in itself what he saw and felt of Border scenery, especially rude and sublime winter storm. Jedburgh is further remarkable as the birthplace of two distinguished scientific authorities,—Sir David Brewster and Mary Somerville.

There was first a Priory in Jedburgh (1118), and then the Abbey was created by David I. (1147). The Abbey was plundered by English raiders in 1300. It was restored from 1357-1371. In 1523 Surrey pillaged and burned it. In 1544 Lord Evers again repeated the process. The walls now bear the marks of the blackening fire. In September 1545 Lord Hertford did what he could to destroy what remained of the Abbey. In 1587, Andrew Ker of Ferniehirst got the bailiary of lordship and the lands of Jedburgh Forest, including the Abbey. These are now the property of his descendant the Marquis of Lothian.

(14). NORHAM.

'TWEDE increased by Till,' says Camden, 'runs now in a large stream by Norham, or Northam (*i.e.* the north home of the Bishops of Durham), formerly called Ubbanford.' Ralf Flambard, Bishop of

Durham, began to erect the Castle in 1121; it was completed by Robert 'the Ingeniator,' which might be translated 'Engineer,' from 1154 to 1170, under the succeeding Bishop Hugh Pudsey. The New Castle and that of Carlisle were being reared about the time of the foundation of Norham. Norham, especially the western part of the tower, shows the immense improvement in Norman building which took place in the century following the Conqueror. These fortresses had a common purpose, the warding off the turbulent and aggressive Scot of the North. Norham was the great Border fortress in charge of the usually warlike Palatine Bishop of Durham, of whom Flambard, Pudsey, and Bek were the strongest types. Norham on its 'castled steep' by the Tweed was one of the most powerful of fortresses. The river in broad volume washes on two sides the high rock on which it stood in its grandeur. Originally the stream ran much nearer to the base of the castle rock. There is a steep ravine to the east; the south side, with its moat, is deepened by art; the north and north-western sides of the castle overlook the precipitous declivities to the river with fifty feet of fall. The comparatively gradual slope towards the village on the west was guarded by a strong main entrance. The Castle had two surrounding turreted walls, an outer and inner. Within the latter stood the massive square keep or donjon of Flambard and Pudsey's days, originally 95 feet in height, and still as a ruin not much less. The area within the walls was 2680 square yards. Norham was the last point to the north of the province of Northumberland, and it eyed the opposite heights of Lady Kirk and the Scottish Border in perfectly equipped defiance. It commands a view of the Lammermuirs to the north, and the Eildons to the west. It was set down to overawe a kingdom. Round it cluster important movements in English and Scottish history, from the time of King John, Edward I., Bruce, Wallace, Edward III., to James IV., of Flodden. In the 'green meadow' by the Tweed opposite the gate to the west, Edward received the fealty of the Scots. At the head of the island in the river, which is Scottish ground, is the ford where James was nearly carried away, and where he made the vow that issued in the building of Ladykirk. At Upsettlington, on the north bank of the river, the same monarch planted his cannon, whence he successfully besieged the Castle. The importance of Norham ceased with the Union of the Crowns in 1603, when its last governor, Sir Robert Cary, rode from London to Holyrood in two days, to hail James the VI. Monarch of the two kingdoms. No words can add to the power of Scott's description of Norham, quoted below; and we know the charm which his imagination has thrown over it by the events in *Marmion*.

(15.) BERWICK-ON-TWEED AND (16.) THE MOUTH OF THE TWEED.

THERE are few towns in Scotland richer and fuller in associations with the past of Scottish history than that of Berwick-on-Tweed. The remains of its walls, the now scanty ruins of its castle, the antique quaintness and the very names of the streets, its ancient bridge and its strong position by the Border river, with the restless sea to the east, lead the thoughts back to the troubled times of English and Scottish story. There is a clear light of history upon Berwick from the time of Malcolm II. when Cospatrick, the great Earl of Dunbar, of the old Northumbrian line, got the district of Berwick and East Lothian, and came to rule it. We have the remarkable prosperity of the town from 1020 to 1296, when it was undoubtedly the principal sea-port of Scotland, attracting traders and settlers from the Low Countries across the German Sea. Then we have the doings of Edward I., the decision in favour of Baliol in the Great Hall of the castle, the siege of the town, and the merciless massacre of the inhabitants, the gallant stand

made by the thirty Flemings in the Red Hall, the shutting up of the Countess of Buchan in a tower of the Castle,—all parts of Edward's finally baffled plan for seizing a kingdom to which he had no right. The 'Hammer of the Scots' little knew that by his hammering he was welding mutually discordant elements into one nationality. It is just a year more than five centuries and a half since the 'stour of battle' swung on a July day on the slopes of Halidon, within sight of the walls of the town, when Archibald, Lord of Douglas and Galloway, fell a victim to his impetuous valour, and along with him, Swintons, Gordons, and Homes, sons of the Merse. Then and for nearly three centuries afterwards the cry 'from Berwick to the Bield,' had a strange and fatal significance. It meant that all along the reach of the noble Tweed, from its mouth to its source, from the sea to the wilds of Tweedsmuir, at least eighty straight miles of country, the hearts of the dwellers in the valley and the tributary streams would be at any moment of the day or night stirred by the flame of the beacon light, which

'Glared like a blood-flag on the sky
All flaring and uneven.'

Up the Tweed it sped, through three shires, by Elibank, Traquair, Horsburgh, Neidpath, Barns, Dawyck, and Drummelzier, until it reached Polmood, Oliver, and Hawkshaw, in its furthest wilds; up the Teviot by Branksome, up the Ettrick by Oakwood, to far Thirlestane, up the Yarrow by Newark to Dryhope;—from Home Castle away through the Merse and the Lammermuirs, across Soutra Edge and by Dunpender Law, until it glared on the rock of Edinburgh Castle, the most stirring form of telegraph the world has ever known. Without seeking to lessen the horrors of that period, or the woes of dreadful internecine war, it must yet be allowed that out of this time and its circumstances have grown to maturity in great measure, not only our Scottish nationality, but many of those individual virtues of manliness, strength, and self-reliance, which characterise the Border Lowlanders to this day,—an intensity of energy which is now consecrated by reverence for law.

These drawings fitly close with Berwick and the Mouth of the Tweed, where the river glides in triumph and in tribute to the sea. Looking back upon its course, no one who has seen it and who knows the land through which the stream flows, can be indifferent to the memories of ancient towers and olden names famous in Scottish story, which it bears along, of holy though broken shrines which keep sacred for us the illustrious dead, Bruce, and Douglas, and Walter Scott, or fail to feel the soothing power of that pathetic peace which broods over ancient battlefields.

That which most attracts the stranger, which unites the natives of the Borders themselves most closely, most deeply, which binds in one the people of Teviot and Ettrick, of Yarrow and of Tweed, is the poetry, both old and new, the ballad and song of the *Minstrelsy*, and such strains as 'The Flowers of the Forest,' and 'Lucy's Flittin'.' This touches the old heroic life that was once lived in the Border Land, our sympathy with the griefs, the loves, the sorrows, the fates and the fortunes of the men and the women who dwelt long ago in the ancient Border homesteads, whose ruins now speak to us on many a Lowland brae with a weird old-world suggestion and an inexpressible pathos. For true it is that no poetry is less indebted to foreign inspiration than that of the Borders. It is purely autochthonal. It has sprung from the soil, from native deeds and story, from the very heart of the people through successive generations. Border men did the deeds, and Border maidens felt the love which the Border minstrels sung. The ballad

and the song truly reflect the whole character of the people, in its freshness, vigour, old roughness, its dark shades and its bright sides, its heroism and its tenderness.

In the early dawn of Border story, in the thirteenth century, there are two dim personages who seem to prefigure the two main lines of subsequent Border activity,—intellectual and imaginative. The one of these is Michael Scot, the other, Thomas the Rhymour of Erceldoune. Scott was in the popular imagination a *Magus* who had at his service and under his control certain supernatural beings of an exceedingly energetic and troublesome order, for whom it was difficult to find enough of work. To the labours of 'Auld Michael's' employés are due the cleaving of the Eildons in three and the formation of the Cauld at Kelso. The real Michael Scot of the time was a man of science,—an adventurer in the search after knowledge, whose name and presence were familiar in all the foreign Universities of note,—in Bologna, Padua, and Paris. He was the first translator into Latin under the Emperor Frederick II. of certain of the scientific treatises of Aristotle, which were the means of introducing the knowledge of those works into western Europe. He was living and translating the *De Cœlo et Mundo* at Toledo in 1217. Michael Scot, in fact, prefigured the adventurous spirit and the intellectual energy of the Border character. In our own century this line has been represented by such names as Mungo Park, Sir David Brewster, and Mary Somerville. But to us Michael Scot lives as the wizard with his 'book of might,' for ever associated with the weird ride of William of Deloraine, from Branksome to Melrose, and the opening of the awesome tomb.

Thomas the Rhymour is the early impersonation of Border romance, with all its eeriness, its weirdness and its wild beauty. That meeting with the Queen of Faëry, that ride under the foundations of the hills, the mysterious disappearance of the seer at the silent passing by of the snow-white gentle hart and hind,—all show how near to the sense of the old Borderer was the realm of Romance.

'Oh! they rode on and further on
And they waded through rivers abune the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon
But they heard the roaring o' the sea.
It was mirk mirk nicht, and there was nae stern licht,
And they waded through red blude to the knee,
For a' the blude that's shed on earth,
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.'

Is there not an eerie, yet characteristically local touch in the last of the following stanzas?

'O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few inquires.
And see ye not that braid, braid road,
That lies across that lily leven? [lawn]
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.
And see ye not that bonnie road
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.'

From the time of Thomas the Rhymour we may pass five centuries,—centuries of strong deeds and of song, at once stirring and pathetic. Early in this century, in 1803, Wordsworth and his sister came to Scotland, and there they met a young advocate, who was hardly an advocate except in name. His head and his heart,

too, were full of certain strains, which would break out in his intercourse with people, and which he would chant to them in a rise and fall, monotonous but for the intense emotion with which they were laden. These strains were the stanzas of the yet unpublished *Lay of the Last Minstrel.* And the spirit of romance that lived five centuries before in the seer of Erceldoune, in the dim dawn of Scottish story, lived afresh, enriched and intensified, in the heart of Walter Scott. Through its power he broke up the tame classical conventionalism of British poetry, poured fresh blood into its heart, and opened up a new world of imaginative delight to mankind. This he certainly did not accomplish by a mere recurrence to feudal life and manners, but because he had the eye to see and the heart to feel what was pure, noble, and human under that effete system, and the power to link it to the sympathies of the race.

'For Thou upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow.'

Two other names, at least, are worthy of mention,—John Leyden, James Hogg. Leyden is the elder brother of the modern Border singers. What did Leyden accomplish for us, ere he lay dead in his prime? He showed us the beauty, the gentle beauty, and not less the power, the grandeur, to be found in the Border scenery, that they are worthy for their own sake.

'Warm beat his heart to view the mead's array,
When flowers of summer hear the steps of May.'

Again—

'He saw with strange delight the snow clouds form,
When Ruberslaw conceives the mountain storm.'

He was the first really to do this, and fully to open the eyes of dwellers on the Border to the glory that is at their own doors.

What did Hogg for us? The Shepherd revealed the power and the charm of fairy and of fairyland, bringing once more to us the feeling which, in the earlier ballads, fuses this earth and the spirit-world in one ethereal vision. The old rude life was always haunted by a sense of the invisible and supernatural rounding it. There was the fairy in the green glen beneath the moonlight, and there was the kelpie in the raging stream. The supersensible world seemed to lie behind that mysterious belt of grey clear light,—the weather-gleam,—that runs at night-fall across the wavy lines of the Border hills. This was a prevalent belief from Thomas the Rhymour to James Hogg. But no man, in modern times, not even Scott, caught the highest and purest spirit of the thing, until the Shepherd wrote *Kilmeny*,—until that time,

'When the ingle lowit with an eery leme,
Late, late, in the gloamin' Kilmeny cam hame.'

This Border country is a fair land, rich in green hill-side, and heather knowe, and glancing stream. And it has its associations of story, legend, and romance, to take us out of ourselves, to lift us above the almost overpowering present. Let us cherish these. If the pictures of this volume help this, as they are well fitted to do, by drawing attention to the scenery, they will accomplish a work worthy of all praise. The mavis sings as sweetly on Yarrow, as it did to the old 'Violer,' Nicol Bourne; the birk is as bonnie as of old, the gowan glints as sweetly o'er the lea; the broom still waves yellow o'er Cowdenknowes—

'O the broom, and the bonnie, bonnie broom,
And the broom of the Cowdenknowes!
Aye sae sweet as the lassie sang,
I' the bught, milking the ewes.'

And still—

'Fair hangs the rowan frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.'

Let the sights and sounds of the land sink into our hearts, and let us strive to gather what they are so well fitted to teach, lessons of simplicity, tenderness, and refinement. Childe Harold's adieu to the Rhine has been fitly quoted and applied by a visitor to the Border Land:—

''Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;
More mighty spots may rise, more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days.'

I am not sure that in Scotland we have sufficiently recognised what we owe to Sir Walter Scott in the way of realism in art and impulse to painting. I venture to think we owe a great deal, both as to subject and form. To him are due in a great measure the abandonment of conventional imitation of foreign styles, and the feeling for the truthful delineation of Scottish scenery. Scott's poetry is nearest to painting of any modern poet. It was he who led the way to modern Scottish landscape art. It was the pictorial power of Scott in word-painting which led to the striking portraiture by Macculloch of Highland grandeur, and by George Harvey of the pathos of the green hillside of the Lowlands. And yet the country of Scott,—the Tweed and the Border Land,—have not hitherto received that attention from the artist in colours which might have been expected. George Harvey felt the power of the Lowland braes, but even he did not deal much with this side of nature. And since his time until now, the scenes of the Border Uplands,—the moorlands, the glens, and the waters have been but sparingly touched. The sketches of this volume, truthful and pure in feeling as they are, may, it is to be hoped, be taken as the earnest of work in a field of art which appeals not only to the associations of the past, but to the power of solitude, of pathos, and all fine reflective suggestions.

While the grandeur of the Highlands,—the dread magnificence of the Coolins, Glencoe and Glen Etive,—is sacred to the spirit of Ossian, the wide-spreading, wavy, solitary, and pathetic uplands of the south of Scotland are consecrated to the storied line of daring deed, dear to Scott; but, not less than the richer and more picturesque valleys and hills of Cumberland, do they open up to brooding imagination that suggestive symbolism of the moral and spiritual world which was sacred to the heart of Wordsworth.

ILLUSTRATIONS

I.

TWEED'S WELL.

When a boy I knew and often still think of a well far up among the wild hills,—alone, without shelter of wall or tree, open to the sun and all the winds. There it lies, ever the same, self-contained, all-sufficient; needing no outward help from stream or shower, but fed from its own unseen unfailing spring. In summer, when all things are faint with the fierce heat, you may see it, lying in the dim waste, a day-light star, in the blaze of the sun, keeping fresh its circle of young grass and flowers. The small birds know it well, and journey from far and near to dip in it their slender bills and pipe each his glad song. The sheep-dog may be seen halting, in his haste to the uplands, to cool there his curling tongue. In winter, of all waters it alone lives: the keen ice that seals up and silences the brooks and shallows has no power here. Still it cherishes the same grass and flowers with its secret heat, keeping them in perpetual beauty by its soft warm breath.

Dr. John Brown.

Hélio^gie et Imp. A. Durand Paris

II.

TWEEDSMUIR.

Now at summer noon,
Spirit of Solitude! thou dwellest here,
And brookest not one sound thou canst not fuse
To harmony with stillness; lone stray bleat
That wails the silence, then within it dies;
And ever circling hum that broods at noon
O'er the calm moorland height,—a wandering joy
That makes sweet murmur 'mid the listening air!

PROFESSOR VEITCH.

Heliogᵛᵉ et Imp. A. Durand Paris

III.

VALLEY OF THE TWEED AT BROUGHTON.

Thy lot it is, fair stream, to flow amid
A varied vale: not mountain height alone,
Nor mere outspreading flat is dully thine,
But wavy lines of hills, high, massive, broad,
That rise and fall, and flowing softly fuse
In haughs of grassy sward, a deep-hued green;
No call thou mak'st on dwellers by thy banks
To constant struggle with mere mountain steeps,
Nor leav'st them all to indolence of dreams
On pastoral plain; but, mingling hill and dale
And gleaming pool, like that old Attic land,
Where thought and fancy reached their perfect type,
Thou hast evoked full human energy,
Yet charmed it by sweet breaks of soft repose;
And all inspirèd deep by breath of song,
That carols now with lark at flush of morn,
Then moves soft-toned, subdued, as hallowed eve
Glows in the west, and dies beyond the hills.

PROFESSOR VEITCH.

Héliog^re et Imp A. Durand Paris

IV.

NEIDPATH CASTLE.

For many a day, the spirit of the stream
Thus softly spake to eye and heart of man,
Unvoiced, unsung; circled in breathing spring,
Around grim towers, where life was watchful, hard,
And heedless of the joy the birds proclaimed;
In summer, spread green haughs and meadows soft
For gentle lowing kine, and sought to move
To tender thought, by autumn's mellow look
On waning birks, that 'mid the dwining light
Of late October, gently lay aside
Their bravery green, and beautifully die:
But through long years in vain; until, one eve,
The patient pleading spirit joyous heard
Its voice re-echoed in melodious song,
From Neidpath's old grey tower, that kept the pass,
To Tweeddale's upper glens, and oft had spoke
In other accents to the watchful land,
When from high bartizan the cresset flame
Swung roaring in the midnight air, athwart
Dark canopy of sky, while far below,
The face of wood and stream, 'mid changeful glare,
Wavering glimmer'd in a weird amaze.

PROFESSOR VEITCH.

Hellot et Imp. A. Durand Paris.

v.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

And what saw ye there
At the bush aboon Traquair?
Or what did ye hear that was worth your heed?
I heard the cushies croon
Through the gowden afternoon,
And the Quair burn singing doun to the Vale o' Tweed.

And birks saw I three or four,
Wi' grey moss bearded owre,
The last that are left o' the birken shaw,
Whar mony a simmer e'en
Fond lovers did convene,
Thae bonny bonny gloamins that are lang awa'.

Frae mony a but and ben,
By muirland, holm, and glen,
They cam' an hour to spen' on the greenwood sward;
But lang hae lad an' lass
Been lying 'neth the grass,
The green green grass o' Traquair kirkyard.

Now the birks to dust may rot,
Names o' lovers be forgot,
Nae lads and lasses there ony mair convene;
But the blithe lilt o' yon air
Keeps the bush aboon Traquair,
And the love that ance was there, aye fresh and green.

PRINCIPAL SHAIRP.

Héliog.ie et Imp. A. Durand Paris

VI.

ASHIESTIEL.

No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our Forest hills is shed;
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;
Away hath pass'd the heather-bell
That bloom'd so rich on Neidpath Fell;
Sallow his brow, and russet-bare
Are now the sister-heights of Yair.
The sheep before the pinching heaven
To shelter'd dale and down are driven;
And far beneath their summer hill
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill.

SCOTT.

Hébert et Imp. A. Durand, Paris.

VII.

NEWARK.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh;
With hesitating step at last,
The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.

SCOTT.

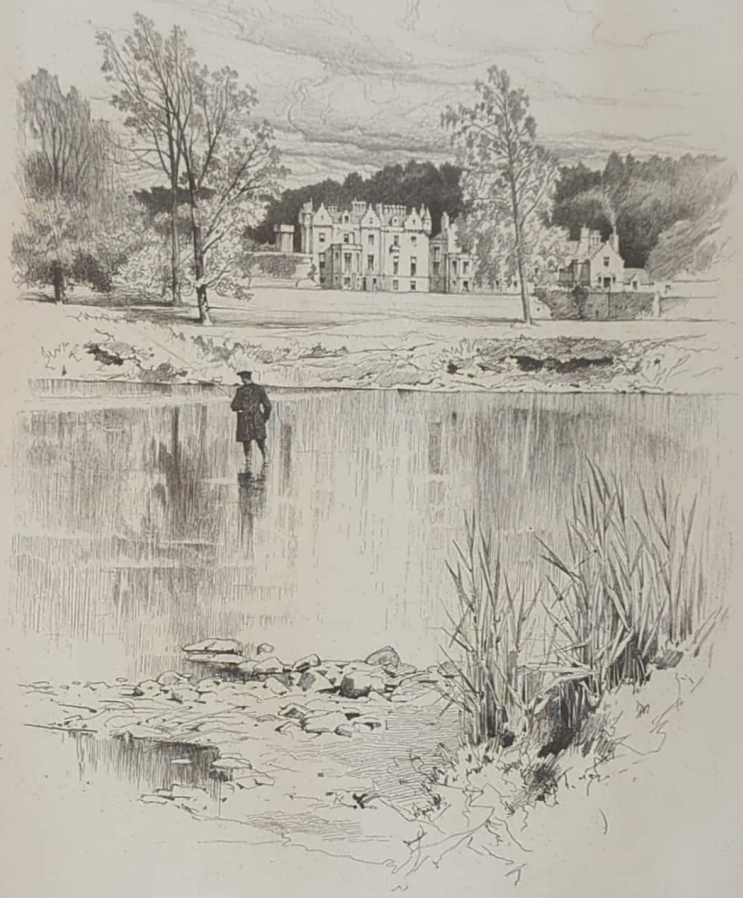
Heliog.ie et Imp.A. Durand Paris.

VIII.

ABBOTSFORD.

And he o'ertasked the weary hand and brain
To call this wooded patch of earth his own,
And rear this pile of ill-assorted stone,
And play the grand old feudal lord again,
With horse and hound and followers in his train!—
O little critic carping at the great,
Think you such inspiration could create
Jewish Rebekah patient of her pain,
Or the meek Scottish maiden brave and true
Who touched the Queen's heart with her moving plea,
Or that rare humour which so kindly drew
Sampson and Dinmont and Edie Ochiltree?
Nay, but with loving eyes he learnt to scan,
By his own Tweed, the better heart of man.

DR. WALTER SMITH.



Heliogᵗʸᵉ et Imp. A. Durand. Paris.

IX.

MELROSE ABBEY.

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

. . . . . .

The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty, and light, and small;
The key-stone that lock'd each ribbèd aisle
Was a fleur de lys or a quatre feuille;
The corbells were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

SCOTT.

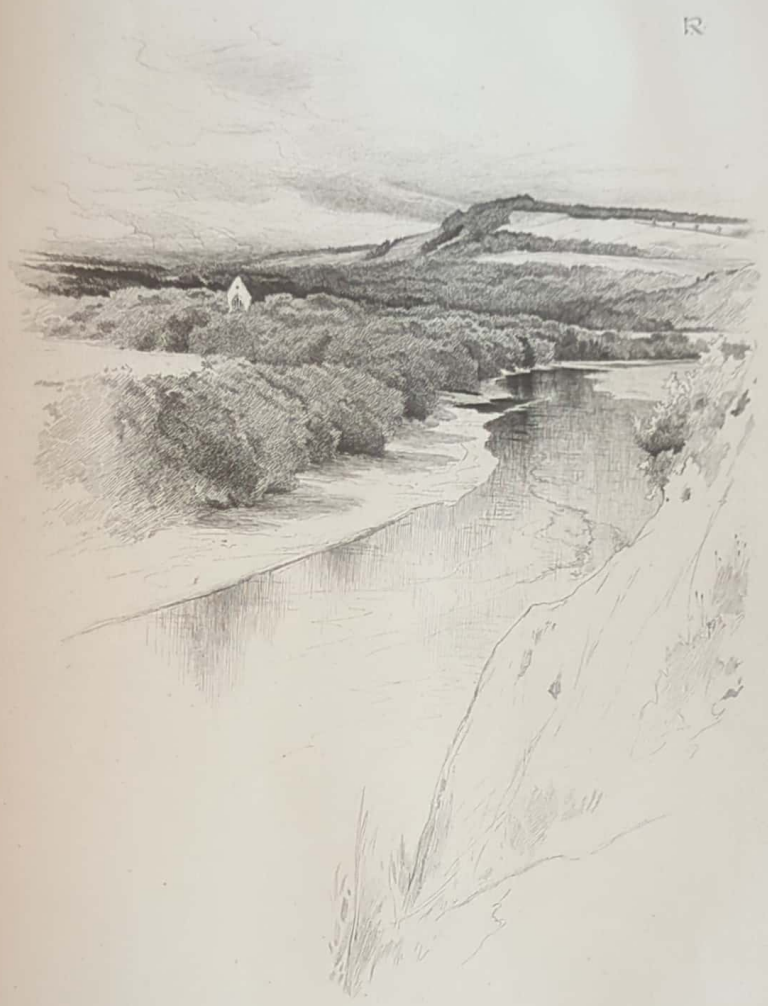
Heliog^ie et Imp A.Durand Paris

X.

DRYBURGH.

Meet resting-place by his belovèd Tweed,
  Amid the graceful ruins of old time,
  For him whose wizard spell of potent rhyme
Brought back the old time with its heroic deed
And charm of beauty. Slender as a reed
  Is the slim pillar on the transept tall
  Where the lush wall-flower blooms, and over all
A rowan grows, where some wind-wafted seed
Had lodged, and all is silent as a dream,
  But for a throstle on the ancient yew,
But for the low faint murmur of the stream :
  And sweet old-fashioned scents are floating through
The arch from thyme and briar, as for ever
Shall his sweet nature haunt this fabled river.

Dr. Walter Smith.



Heliogᵗᵉ et Imp.ᵉ A. Durand. Paris

XI.

SMAYLHOLM.

It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
And still I thought that shatter'd tower
The mightiest work of human power;
And marvell'd as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind,
Of forayers who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurr'd their horse,
Their southern rapine to renew
Far in the distant Cheviots blue.
Methought grim features seam'd with scars
Glared through the window's rusty bars.

SCOTT.

Heliog.ie et Imp.A.Durand Paris

XII.

KELSO.

Teviot, farewell! for now thy silver tide
Commix'd with Tweed's pellucid stream shall glide.
But all thy green and pastoral beauties fail
To match the softness of thy parting vale.
Bosom'd in woods where mighty rivers run,
Kelso's fair vale expands before the sun:
Its rising downs in vernal beauty swell,
And fringed with hazel winds each flowery dell:
Green spangled plains to dimpling lawns succeed,
And Tempe rises on the banks of Tweed.
Blue o'er the river Kelso's shadow lies,
And copse-clad isles amid the waters rise.

LEYDEN.

XIII.

JEDBURGH ABBEY.

Dear native valleys! may ye long retain
The charter'd freedom of the mountain swain!
Long 'mid your sounding glades in union sweet
May rural innocence and beauty meet!
And still be duly heard at twilight calm,
From every cot, the peasant's chanted psalm.
Then Jedworth! though thy ancient choirs shall fade,
And time lay bare each lofty colonnade,
From the damp roof the massy sculptures die,
And in their vaults thy rifted arches lie,
Still in these vales shall angel harps prolong
By Jed's pure stream a sweeter even-song,
Than long processions once with mystic zeal
Pour'd to the harp and solemn organ's peal.

LEYDEN.

XIV.

NORHAM.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
  And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
  In yellow lustre shone—
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
  Seem'd forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flash'd back again the western blaze
  In lines of dazzling light.

SCOTT.

XV.

BERWICK.

On front the bound of Scottish ground
  Where staid the furious Broil
Of English Wars, and Nations both
  Were put to equal Toil.
Now won, then lost, a thousand times,
  It felt of Fortune's Will;
After so many miseries,
  Wonder that it stands still!
And still it stands, altho' laid waste
  It was, and desolate;
Yet always after every fall
  It rose to firmer state.

CAMDEN'S 'BRITANNIA.'

XVI.

MOUTH OF THE TWEED.

Thou seek'st a way 'mid strong contending streams,
That numerous rush from high confronting glens;
Now nobly is thine impulse full upborne
By loyal south-west flow, and then again
Bent backwards from its course by north-east burn;
And yet from conflict thou e'er risest strong,
Nay, in thy soft green haughs mak'st gleaming peace,
For there in one fair harmony of flow,
Thou still'st the war of waters from the heights,
And, in the reconcilement of the streams,
Grow'st to an ampler life, serener tide,
Till, in accomplished aim, thou glidest grand
In triumph and in tribute to the sea!

PROFESSOR VEITCH.

Héliog.ie et Imp A. Durand Paris