

shady side of Scottish life than we ever wish to see again, on arriving at Coat-bridge, and while searching for lodgings, through its narrow closes and dark passages, in every respectable and nonrespectable portion of the city. Owing to the New Year, every hotel, inn or lodging house was full and running over, and we were forced, at last, weary and footsore, to be glad of a roof to cover us, with rooms secured in contiguous tenement houses in a coöperative building, with a herring bone flight of stone steps. My tenement consisted of a but and ben (bane), and the only access to my room was through mine host's, where mother, father, two children and "a puir wee mon" of eight days, lived, slept, cooked and ate, but with a scrupulous regard to cleanliness, nevertheless. The keeping room, the only other one, was given up to me, where, with carpet and gas and a good illustrated history of Scotland, I was very comfortable, although with a chair for wash-stand, and a sort of soup tureen for basin or bath, as the English call bathing tub. From the sensible head of the house, I gathered much information on Scottish ways and means, and his "gude auld mither," who visited me occasionally, seemed to consider that her broad Scotch would reach my comprehension through the sense of hearing if she only raised her voice high enough, and enforced it by sundry strong, but amicable, pats of the shoulder.

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Come away, come away,  
Hark to the summons;  
Come in your war array,  
Gentles and commons.  
Come every hill-plaid, and  
True heart that wears one;  
Come every steel blade, and  
Strong hand that bears one.

Berwick (pronounced Berrick), on Tweed, dates back, indistinctly, to the Saxon period, but in the year 1020, the Saxo-Danish era, the Tweed became the boundary of England and Scotland, and Berwick assumed the important position of a border town, and, perhaps, is the spot on which more blood has been shed than any other on the whole island. It has the air of antiquity and melancholy, that accords well with what has passed in and around it. Its castle, too, in a rude form, on the bold heights where is now the North British railway station, stood, for many centuries, a tower of strength and a hotly contested stronghold between the two rival nations, England and Scotland. The old masses of the castle that remain, show by their solid masonry, their former stupendous strength, the archway under the tower, by the river, being fifteen yards through. An inner circle of more modern walls than the ancient ones, which encircled the whole town, are yet perfect with their moats, fortifications and draw bridges, covered with ramparts of earth and green turf, and called "Queen Elizabeth's walls." In 1547, a marriage between Mary Queen of Scots and Edward VI, of England, had been spoken of, and serious disturbances occurred on the borders in Elizabeth's time, encouraged by her, because Queen Mary had thwarted her on her marriage with Darnley. Mary came in sight of Berwick in 1566, to view the ancient town, so full of interest for so many reigns; and twenty years later, Sir Richard Carey arrived in Berwick with the melancholy commission to proceed to Edinboro' to apprise James of his mother's beheading, by order of Elizabeth, but was advised not to risk his life with such a message.

When the North British railway purchased the ground on which the castle stood, a considerable portion of the keep was yet standing. The whole was then razed to the ground, except the foundations of the towers—one round and the other octagonal—and some of its walls. As we passed under the five very com-