

They were the color o' dandelions, or its waters with due devotion, and of yellow-yoldrins (yellow-hammer). I was which the English army drank on their feared to wash my face, lest the water way.

grew ochre. That the jaundice was in the house, was plain, but whether it was me, only, that had it, or a' the rest likewise, was mair than I could tell. That the yellow I saw was na' in them, but in me, was hard to believe, when I luckit on them, yet I thocht on green specks, and the stained wundows in Windermere station, and reasoned wi' mysel' that the discoloration must be in my lens, or pupil, or optic nerve, or apple, or ba' o' the ee, and that I, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was the jaundice. The sun, the mighty sun himsel', wha' lends the rainbow its hues, and is never the poorer, looked at me wi' a disconsolate aspeck, as much as to say, 'James, James, is it thou or I that has the jaundice?' "

Hogg died near St. Mary's Loch, in 1835, and the sight of Prof. Wilson, his life-long friend and companion, at the funeral, standing at the head of his grave, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, was said to have been a most moving one. It is related of the Ettrick Shepherd, that when his physician pronounced his disease to be "water upon the chest," he declared it to be impossible, as he had "never drunk a glass of water in his life."

It required some resolution to start out alone on a day's excursion from Berwick, to visit parts unknown, but which excursion was, nevertheless, well and happily accomplished, between the hours of eleven and four. My purpose was to see Twizel castle and the old bridge over the Till, by which the English troops were led, by Surrey, to the battle of Flodden; also St. Helen's well, where, according to tradition, St. Cuthbert, the holy saint of Lindisfarne, is said to have granted the wishes of those who drank

Twizel! Thy rocks deep echo rang,
That morn, to many a trumpet clang,
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Sweet Helen, at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorne glade, which now we see
In springtide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

I plunged into this "hawthorne glade," following the course of the "sullen Till," for a short distance, but did not find it, nor St. Cuthbert's chapel, to which the bones of that saint were floated down the Tweed, in a stone coffin, from Melrose abbey, in his miraculous journey before his very unsettled condition was finally set at rest by a permanent lodgment in Durham cathedral.

In his stone coffin, forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tillmouth cell.

In the train, I was so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of a Scotchman, a Mr. Elliott, the architect of the elegant new mansion of Tilmouth, which is to be built of the stone from the modern portion of old Twizel castle, leaving the original ruins to stand on the height facing the new residence. Mr. Elliott was going out to superintend his workmen, and learning my quest, with a ready courtesy and kindness, conducted me over most of the localities I was in search of, covering an area of two miles or more, and finally left me at the very top of Tilmouth castle, first pointing out a glorious view of the Cheviot hills, the Dunse, the Eildon, and below them, in the near view, the old mill, the Till and the bridge. I had always wished to roam at will over a fine English or Scottish castle; and here was my chance, with no occupants to hinder, and only a few servants on the place, who offered me, at Mr. Elliott's recommendation, all