

finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a cauld, or dam head, across the Tweed, at Kelso, which was done in one night. Michael next ordered that Eildon hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks, which we now behold. At length, the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him to make ropes out of sea sand.

The road runs far below Branksome castle, so that from it one can have but a very partial view of the building; consequently, bidding our coachman to stop, we alighted, and with the independence, perhaps assurance, said to be characteristic of Americans on their travels, ascended the avenue leading to the back of the house, walking through an invitingly open gate, for a nearer view of the premises. "Fortune favors the brave," or bold, and most opportunely were we seen by the butler, who, the family being absent, hospitably, or mercenarily, invited us to enter. We achieved the summit of our wishes, in being conducted up a spiral staircase, to the very top of the so-called Sir David's tower, into my Lady of Branksome's own room, with which description the "Lay" opens.

The feast was over in Branksome tower,  
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower,  
Her bower that was guarded by word and by  
Deadly to hear and deadly to tell— [spell,  
Jesu Maria shield us well!  
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,  
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

This "Ladye" was widow of Sir Walter Scott, of Branksome, an ancestor of the novelist, who was slain in the streets of Edinboro', in 1552, grandson to the Lord David, for whom the tower is named, which still remains as it was originally built. The castle, modernized, bears, upon the outside walls, the dates of 1571, probably the time of com-

pletion, and that of 1771, when restored by Lady Margaret Douglas. The old foundations remain the same, and the old hall looks as one would expect to see it built during those days of border feud and foray, when it was necessary

To watch against southern force and guile,  
From Warkworth or Naworth or merry Carlisle.

In imagination, as we gazed, we peopled it again as when

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,  
Waited the beck of the warders ten;  
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,  
Stood saddled in stable day and night,  
A hundred more fed in stall;  
Such was the custom in Branksome Hall.

Wishing to gain from the butler some information concerning the Scott family, I said: "He lived before the time of Sir Walter?" "Behind, lady," he replied, gently correcting me; and presuming I had his meaning, I answered, "I see." The ancestor was a descendant. We tendered our shilling gladly, as but small recompense for the very interesting visit, which, though mildly waved aside as "too much," was ultimately accepted. We passed the "Peel (tower) of Goldiland," going and returning, as also a dilapidated fountain by the river's side, a few paces from the road. The inscription, in Latin, was almost obliterated, and when and by whom erected I could not decipher. A hospitable line was legible, concluding with the friendly address: "Drink—farewell, and may God be gracious to thee." Few travelers, other than commercial ones, visit Hawick, and yet it is in the midst of a lovely country, well worthy inspection. It is an important manufacturing town, noted for its cheviot cloth, or tweeds, so called.

Not far from Hawick, is Kelso, and at Eduan, a couple of miles distant, was born, in 1700, James Thompson, the author of "The Seasons." About a quarter of a mile from the village, a plain