

Yarrow, Ettrick, St. Mary's Loch, Leader Haughs, Tweed-side,—especially along those upper reaches of the river where it mirrors, in its calmer pools, the classic ruins of Melrose and Dryburgh, and the young woods of Abbotsford,—the Gala-water, Teviotdale, Lammermuir, Galloway, and Nithsdale, the springs of the Doon, the hills that rise over the source of Dee, and the 'moors and mosses many' where the 'Stinchar flows,'—are all to be sought and found in the Silurian region of Scotland. It will scarce do now to estimate the scenic merit associated with these names at its actual value. The words of sober truth would seem, according to Wordsworth, 'strange words of slight and scorn,'—

'What 's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere,
As worthy of our wonder.'

Even the indomitable good-nature of Sir Walter was scarce proof against what he deemed the disparaging, but, I doubt not, truthful, estimate of Washington Irving. 'Our ramble,' says this accomplished writer, in his *Abbotsford*, 'took us on the hills, commanding an extensive prospect. "Now," said Scott, "I have brought you, like the pilgrim in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, to the top of the Delectable Mountains, that I may show you all the goodly regions hereabouts. Yonder is Lammermuir and Smailholme; and there you have Galashiels, and Torwoodlee, and Gala-water; and in that direction you see Teviotdale and the braes of Yarrow, and Ettrick stream winding along, like a silver thread, to throw itself into the Tweed." He went on thus to call over names celebrated in Scottish song, and most of which had recently received a romantic interest from his own pen. In fact, I saw a great part of the border country spread out before me, and could trace the scenes of those poems and romances which had in a manner bewitched the world. I gazed about me for a time with mute surprise, I may almost say with dis-