

inspiration in the scenery alone, we shall assuredly fail to find it there. I presume the usual feeling of those who begin in adult years their personal acquaintance with this pastoral country is disappointment, more or less distinctly felt and acknowledged. Wordsworth's exquisite *Yarrow Visited* undoubtedly conveys a truthful picture of the disenchantment which actual contemplation of the scenery is apt to produce in the minds of those who have formed their preconceived impressions from poetry and romance. When Washington Irving was taken up by Scott to a commanding height around which all the borderland lay extended, he could not conceal his mortification. 'I saw,' he says, 'a great part of the Border Country spread out before me, and gazed about me for a time with mute surprise, I may almost say with disappointment. I beheld a mere succession of grey waving hills, line beyond line, as far as my eye could reach, monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees, that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their profile; and far-famed Tweed appeared a naked stream, flowing between bare hills, without a tree or thicket on its banks.'

The casual traveller to this region usually finds at least three fundamental faults with it—featurelessness, treelessness, and monotony. To him it is a smooth bare sweep of bushless hills, rising ridge beyond ridge, interminable in their continuity of tame outline and oppressive in their sameness of colour.

For my own part, I have never been able to understand the charge of want of feature. True, the hills do not mount into crests or peaks, nor are their sides abundantly gashed with ravines, or roughened with many crags and precipices. Yet, of feature, and most expressive feature, every one of them is full. Nowhere else in Scotland can the exquisite modelling of flowing curves in hill forms, due partly to the