

that the strange witchery with which the scenery fascinates us, springs mainly from what can neither be seen nor heard—from the human associations that have consecrated every spot within its borders. No one can feel this more deeply and gratefully than I. And yet am I none the less convinced that these human associations, in so far as they are the offspring of poetic imagination, owe far more than is generally recognised to the peculiar physical features of the region in which they took their birth, and which, indeed, often suggested as well as coloured them. To the influence of the scenery, amid which the deeds of daring were done, and the tales of love were told, the ballads and songs owe much of the distinguishing qualities of the border minstrelsy. The recognition of this influence, however, will in no way lessen the pleasure with which, indulging in dreamy thoughts of the past, we linger by Gala and Tweed, Ettrick and Yarrow, with their castles, and peels, and chapels, lonely and grey, and the traditions that seem to cling with a living power to every ruin and hillside. And though, sharing in Wordsworth's experience, we may 'see but not by sight alone,' and allow 'a ray of fancy' to mingle with all our seeing, we come back to these bare hills and quiet green valleys ever with fresh delight, and find that as we grow older they seem to grow greener, and to enter with a renewed sympathy into the musings of the hour.¹

¹ To the reader who has not wandered through these uplands in sunshine and storm, I cannot hope to convey an adequate idea of their fascination. Besides the interesting passage in the *Life of Scott* above referred to, and Wordsworth's delightful poems of *Yarrow Unvisited* and *Yarrow Visited*, many admirable descriptions of the scenery of these regions will be found in Scott's novels, as, for instance, in *St. Ronan's Well*, *The Abbot*, and *The Bride of Lammermuir*.