

# QUENTIN DURWARD

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

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## BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE

Sir Walter Scott was born on the 15th of August, 1771; he died on the 21st of September, 1832. During the three-score years of his life, he was a member of the Scottish bar, he served for almost thirty-two years as a sheriff of Selkirkshire, and for twenty-four years he was clerk to the Supreme Court of Session. He was the author of thirty-two novels and stories, of more than a half dozen narrative poems of considerable length; he edited the complete works of Dryden and Swift, wrote a History of Scotland, a Life of Napoleon, three unsuccessful dramas, besides a large number of lyrics, essays, and reviews. In 1812 he laid the foundations of his baronial mansion at Abbotsford, and by 1825 he was laird of an estate of upwards of a thousand acres. In the following year, owing largely to his own negligence, his business affairs collapsed, and but for the heroism with which he met this calamity, he might have ended his career in a court of bankruptcy. "If I am hard pressed," he writes in his diary, under the date of January 24, 1826, "and measures used against me, I must use all means of legal defense, and subscribe myself bankrupt in a petition for sequestration. It is the course one should, at any rate, have advised a client to take. But for this I would, in a Court of Honor, deserve to lose my spurs." Obedient to his principles of chivalry, he devoted his six remaining years to an exemplary attempt to meet his obligations in full, and though his effort was imperfectly successful, it served to lend a certain tragic dignity to a life that had hitherto been somewhat too jauntily prosperous.

Since Scott's death, his life and works have been the subject of comment or review to almost every British writer of consequence; and yet, though many of these criticisms, notably those of Carlyle, Arnold, Ruskin, Kingsley, and Bagehot, are valuable and interesting as expressions of opinion, nothing of first-rate importance, excepting only the unabridged diary, published in 1890, has been added to our knowledge of his character since the publication of Lockhart's biographical volumes, the last of which appeared in 1838. Of the briefer biographical studies possibly the best are those by Hutton and Yonge, — the latter contains a valuable bibliography, — while the *Life of Scott*, by Professor William Henry Hudson, is an agreeable and convenient digest of Lockhart's elaborate work. But none of these can serve as a substitute for the original biography, which is as essential to the right appreciation of Scott's character as Boswell's *Life* is to Johnson's, and which, though not so brilliantly written, brings the reader acquainted with an individuality almost equally interesting, and in some respects more delightful. Not the most distinguished of British men of letters, devoid of the subtler and rarer poetic gifts of Burns, of Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Keats, or even Byron, and lacking the firm mastery of prose narrative that in a later generation produced such novels as *Henry Esmond*, the *Egoist*, and the *Return of the Native*, a peculiar charm yet attaches to his name because he is essentially the singer of a bygone epoch and the chronicler of a political and social system from which our own democratic society and government are derived.

It was Scott's fortune to live at a period when the ancient manners of patriarchal and feudal Scotland were rapidly yielding to the revolutionary influences which had already made momentous progress in the less remote parts of Europe. In spite of the union with England, which took place in 1707, the Jacobite or Stuart party remained strong in the northern kingdom, and twice undertook a rebellion to restore the heir

of the exiled Stuarts to the British throne. After the second of these insurrections, in 1745, the Highland chiefs were deprived of their patriarchal powers, and the heritable jurisdictions of the Lowland nobility and barons were abolished. As a result of the rigor with which England proceeded to stamp out the brands of disaffection, a complete change overtook the Scottish domain, and the folks of the old leaven, as Scott somewhere calls them, who still cherished a lingering though hopeless attachment to the house of Stuart, vanished from the land. Among persons of this ancient race, distinguished, many of them, by their "singular and disinterested attachment to the principles of loyalty which they received from their fathers, and of old Scotch faith, hospitality, worth, and honor," it was Scott's accidental lot to reside during his childhood and youth, and it was with the purpose, he tells us in the postscript to *Waverley*, of preserving some idea of the ancient manners of which he had witnessed the almost entire extinction, that he was led to embody in imaginary scenes and to ascribe to fictitious characters a part of the incidents which he had received from those who were actors in them. Fully two thirds of Scott's romances have their scenes in Scotland, and of that number about one half deal with the lives of persons who are supposed to have lived in the eighteenth century, when the theory of the divine right of kings finally succumbed to the conception that the voice of the people is in the main the voice of God.

The accidental circumstance to which he owed his intimate acquaintance with the life and manners of an era that was the last in the history of feudalism, and that, even in his lifetime, gave way to the pressure of the rising democracy, occupies an important and interesting niche in his *Autobiography*, "I showed every sign of health and strength," he writes in the delightful *Ashestiel* fragment that now constitutes the first chapter of Lockhart's *Life*, "until I was about eighteen months old. One night, I have been often told, I showed great

reluctance to be caught and put to bed, and after being chased about the room was apprehended and consigned to my dormitory with some difficulty. It was the last time I was to show such personal agility. In the morning I was discovered to be affected with the fever which often accompanies the cutting of large teeth. It held me three days. On the fourth, when they went to bathe me as usual, they discovered that I had lost the power of my right leg." In a vain attempt to cure this lameness, from which Scott never recovered, his parents sent him, when three years old, into the country, to Sandy-Knowe, the residence of his paternal grandparents. It was here at Sandy-Knowe that, according to his own account, he had the first consciousness of existence, and it was here, too, that his education in the romantic and traditional lore of Jacobitical Scotland began.

There is always some danger of misconception in placing too great emphasis upon any one incident in the life of an individual so complexly formed as Scott; but there can be little doubt that this early misfortune had much to do with determining the bent of his career. Had his progress from birth to manhood been entirely normal, the probability is that his memory would now be lost among the obscure records of the Scottish bar; for both his parents, excellent persons though they were, seem to have been very serious-minded individuals, and not endowed with romantic imaginations. Of his father Scott tells us, in what is said to be a portrait of him in *Redgauntlet*, that he would have shuddered at his son's acquiring the renown of a hero, and laughed with scorn at the equally barren laurels of literature. And his mother, even when she indulged him, as she occasionally did, in the reading of Pope's translation of Homer, or of the *Arabian Nights*, exerted herself to repress his enthusiasm for the wonderful and the terrible, out of which his poems and romances ultimately grew. Had he remained a constant inmate of the home in Edinburgh, he might have become as grave and stern

as his severely theological father. But his grandmother, under whose tutelage his illness brought him, had lived in the Border region not only in the days of the Chevalier Charles Edward, the last Stuart pretender to the British sovereignty, but also while the famous Border depredations were still living traditions on the tongues of men. She used to tell him, he says, "many a tale of Watt of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikenwood, Jamie Tellfer of the fair Dodhead, and other heroes, — merry-men all of the persuasion and calling of Robin Hood and Little John." Of Diel of Littledean she told him, too, many a story "grave and gay, comic and warlike"; and to supplement the romantic influence of this charming old lady, he enjoyed the care of his "kind and affectionate aunt, Miss Janet Scott," who not only told him stories of the Border, but used also to read to him from the Bible, from Josephus's *Wars of the Jews*, and what from the point of view of his future literary work was of perhaps greater importance than any of these, repeated to him the stirring old ballad of *Hardyknute* until he had gotten it entirely by heart. From this to Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* was not a great leap, and it was beneath a huge platanus tree in the garden of this same kind aunt, then resident at Kelso, that some years later he first became acquainted with the collections of the good old bishop, which he himself always valued among the most precious of his literary acquisitions, and to which he owed the suggestion for his own *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the first of his independent literary enterprises.

It was, moreover, to his residence at Kelso, to which when a boy of seven illness again took him, that he traced "the awakening of that delightful feeling for the beauties of natural objects" that never deserted him and that enabled him to build for his stories the admirable background of woods, and mountains, and rushing streams, to which they owe their most salient attraction. "The neighborhood of

Kelso," — the quotation comes from his *Autobiography*, — "the most beautiful if not the most romantic village in Scotland, is eminently calculated to awaken these ideas. It presents objects not only grand in themselves but venerable from their associations. The meeting of two superb rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, both renowned in song, the ruins of an ancient abbey, the more distant vestiges of Roxburgh Castle, the modern mansion of Fleurs, which is so situated as to combine the ideas of ancient baronial grandeur with those of modern taste, are in themselves objects of the first class; yet are so mixed, united, and melted among a thousand other beauties of a less prominent description that they harmonize into one general picture and please rather by unison than concord. . . . The romantic feelings which I have described as predominating in my mind naturally rested upon and associated themselves with these grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents or traditional legends connected with many of them gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for my bosom. From this time the love of natural beauty, more especially when combined with ancient ruins or remains of our fathers' piety or splendor, became with me an insatiable passion." When it is added that opposite him rose the purple peaks of Eildon, the scene in which tradition lays the meeting of his favorite bard, Thomas the Rhymer, with the Queen of Fairie, — an incident which throughout his life had a great fascination for Scott, — it will not be difficult to comprehend how signal a part his pathetic deformity played in shaping him to the pleasant tasks of the last and the greatest of the Border minstrels.

Between the periods of Scott's residence at Sandy-Knowe and his sojourn with his Aunt Janet at Kelso he had his first experience of school, and in October, 1779, he entered the high school of Edinburgh. At this seminary he received the usual grounding in Latin, history, and mathematics, but here,

as at the university, and later in the courts, it was the by-product of his industry that counted most in preparing him for the profession of authorship. At the high school he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a youth who became a lifelong friend, who shared with him his enthusiasm for the history of ancient Scotland and its clans, who had an equal fondness for romance, and who was equally devoted to the long excursions on foot and horse, which then, as ever afterwards, served his education better than the schools. A very large part of Lockhart's biographical narrative deals with the "raids" which from time to time Scott made into the various interesting regions of the Border country, into northern England, and into the Scotch Highlands. Every Saturday, and more frequently during vacations, this high-school friend, Irving, tells us, he and Scott "used to retire with three or four books from the circulating library to Salisbury Crags, Arthur's Seat, or Blackford Hill, and read together. The books we most delighted in were romances of knight-errantry, — the *Castle of Otranto*, *Spenser*, *Ariosto*, *Boiardo*, were great favorites." Their passion for romance led them to learn Italian in order that they might read their chosen authors in the original; and it was about this time that Scott, outstripping his companion in his eagerness to extend the range of his literary excursions, though not more than twelve years old, acquired, without assistance, a sufficient knowledge of Spanish to enable him to read in the language of their author the droll pages of Cervantes. But their tramps about Edinburgh were of yet more consequence than the reading of many books. They went wherever they might indulge their delight in romantic scenery, and it is likely that no antiquary searched the places distinguished by remarkable historical events with more painstaking diligence. Already at this early period Scott was a virtuoso in the revivification of ancient pageantry. "Show me an old castle," he writes many years afterwards, "or a field of battle, and I was at home at



once, filled it with its combatants in their proper costumes and overwhelmed my companions by the enthusiasm of my description." And yet another cherished object of these rambles was the collection of ballads and local traditions, subsequently to be put to use for purposes of his own. In a letter of 1830, he states that he had bound up "things of this kind" to the extent of several volumes before he was ten years old, and Lockhart speaks of "ballads in six volumes, which from the handwriting had been begun in 1783, and which are still preserved at Abbotsford."

This business of collecting ballads, entered upon as a pure diversion, proved, in the course of time, the most profitable in which Scott ever engaged. His career as an author did not begin until he was a trifle over thirty years of age, but "before he had passed the threshold of authorship" — Lockhart is again our authority — "he had assembled about him, in the uncalculating delight of native enthusiasm, almost all the materials on which his genius was destined to be employed for the gratification and instruction of the world." How great this enthusiasm was, every one knows who has read the prefaces written by him for the definitive edition of his poems and novels in 1829, or the many anecdotes brought together by Lockhart in the ample volumes of the *Life*; but for those of us whose entire lives have been spent in a country too young or too fortunate to have a history involved in the shadowy confusion of tradition and legendary lore, it is not easy to conceive of a literature living apart from the printed page and handed down from generation to generation solely by word of mouth. To find a company of lads as eagerly in pursuit of songs and stories as in our boyhood we were of birds' eggs and butterflies is altogether disconcerting. And yet it was in very much this same care-free fashion that Scott prepared himself for his vocation. There is in his memoir of his friend, John Leyden, a story that admirably illustrates this point. When, in 1800, Scott undertook the preparation

for Ballantyne's press of his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, he enjoyed the friendly assistance of many of his fellow-collectors, among them this same John Leyden. "In this labor," writes Scott, "he was equally interested by friendship for the editor and by his own patriotic zeal for the honor of the Scottish Borders; and both may be judged from the following circumstance. An interesting fragment had been obtained of an ancient historical ballad; but the remainder, to the great disturbance of the editor and his coadjutor, was not to be recovered. Two days afterwards, while the editor was sitting with some company after dinner, a sound was heard at a distance, like that of the whistling of a tempest through the rigging of a vessel which scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near; and Leyden (to the great astonishment of such of the guests who did not know him) burst into the room, chanting the desiderated ballad with the most enthusiastic gesture and all the energy of what he used to call the 'saw tones' of his voice. It turned out that he had walked between forty and fifty miles and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed this precious remnant of antiquity."

The quest of ballads, begun thus early in his youth, laid the basis for the work which he was destined later to perform; but there is no indication in the first three decades of Scott's life that he intended to make a profession of literature. Indeed, to the very end of his days he deprecated the notion that a gentleman could well afford to earn a living through the exertion of his creative fancy. "The general knowledge that an author must write for bread, at least for improving his pittance," he enters in his diary under date of December 18, 1825, "degrades him and his productions in the public eye." From the beginning it was his resolve to gain a livelihood by the practice of law, and in 1786 he was apprenticed to his father, who was a writer to the Signet. Six years later, after having spent several years in more or less desultory

study at the University of Edinburgh, he passed his private Scots law examinations, and was admitted to the privileges of the Scottish bar. But in spite of his frequent protestations that he was primarily concerned with the business of his profession, and notwithstanding his undoubted ability, he never succeeded in cutting much of a figure in the courts. His virtual failure there he himself always attributed to the supposition that the public was made suspicious of his legal acumen by his known addiction to the distracting arts of the romancer. However this may be, he very soon determined to secure an official position which would yield him a stated and regular income without making too great a drain upon his time and energy. In 1797, through the kindly offices of his kinsman, the Duke of Buccleuch, he obtained the sheriffship of Selkirkshire; and in 1806, through the exertion of similar patronage, he secured the reversion of the clerkship to the Supreme Court of Session. These positions entailed upon him the devotion of a large proportion of his hours to routine tasks during six months of the year, but, on the other hand, they eventually brought him a certain annual income of £1600. From the beginning of the century, however he might strive to disguise the fact by means of pseudonyms and overt attention to official business, his main affair in life was to be the composition of books.

This result appears to the reader of his biography as inevitable from the period of his residence with his Jacobitical grandmother and his Aunt Janet at Sandy-Knowe. But just as the accidental circumstance of his lameness was the indirect means of arousing his interest in the materials out of which his poems and novels were later to be constructed, so now another fortuitous occurrence was to reveal to him the use to which his accumulated treasure might most advantageously be put. Immediately upon his admission to the bar in 1792 Scott began to divide his attention between his professional duties and the study of German. Two years later a certain

Miss Aiken gave in Edinburgh a reading of William Taylor's as yet unpublished translation of Bürger's ballad, *Lenore*. Scott was not present at the reading, but the account of the ballad which he got from a friend so stirred his curiosity that he sought out the original of the poem and was inspired by it to attempt a rhymed translation of his own. In October, 1796, he published this translation, together with a version of Bürger's ballad of the *Wild Huntsman*. Three years afterwards he rendered into English verse the splendid *Erl King* of Goethe, and in 1799 he published a translation of Goethe's romantic tragedy, *Goetz von Berlichingen of the Iron Hand*. To the first of these poems Lockhart attributes the impulse which led Scott to prepare the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* after the model of Percy's *Reliques*, in which he included, together with the best of the ancient ballads in his collection, several imitations of his own, among them the spirited *Glenfinlas* and the *Eve of St. John*; and in the troopers and feudal barons of *Goetz*, whose memory to this day hangs entrancingly about the hills of the Rhine, the same authority discovers the prototypes of the predatory bandits and knightly adventurers who move in dashing procession across the stage that stretches from the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* to *Castle Dangerous*. The first two volumes of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* appeared in 1802, the third volume in 1803. In 1804, Scott published his text of *Sir Tristram*, the metrical romance which he attributed to Thomas the Rhymer; and in 1805, as a natural outgrowth of these editorial achievements, he produced his first entirely original volume, the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Up to this time, the year of the publication of the *Lay*, the story of Scott's life is one of the most delightful in the world. His own account of it in the *Ashestiel* fragment is comparable to the narrative which Mill gives of his youth in his admirable *Autobiography*, and not infrequently reminds one of the story of his boyhood which Goethe has preserved for us in his beautiful *Wahrheit und Dichtung*. Not even Goethe's early

years were more rich in wholesome activities of all kinds, more varied in interest, more vital, fresh, sane, and healthily enthusiastic. He was a first-rate sportsman, delighted in hunting and fishing, rode well, tramped, in spite of his lameness, wherever his antiquarian curiosity invited him, was the best of good fellows, and pursued his literary labors solely because he found pleasure in them, — an agreeable source of amusement to himself and his friends. In comparing the story of his youth with that of his subsequent years, one is tempted to wish that the *Lay* had been a popular failure, for in that case Scott would probably have produced only such further poems and stories as a normal devotion to his art and his themes would spontaneously have elicited. It is with some justice that Lockhart says of the *Scottish Minstrelsy* that it is not surpassed by any similar body of poetry preserved in any other country, and for freshness of treatment and naïve simplicity and beauty the *Lay* was never afterwards equaled by Scott. *Marmion* is more carefully constructed, the *Lady of the Lake* more consciously brilliant, but even they share in some measure with *Rokeby* and the *Lord of the Isles* the taint of the pot. However, in the history of British poetry nothing had been known to compare with the demand for the *Lay*. Scott's immediate profits were so substantial that they awakened his latent ambition to accumulate a fortune, to become the founder of a minor branch of his family, and to establish himself as laird of a baronial estate. Henceforth the motive of his productivity radically changed, and he employed his talent neither to increase his reputation as an artist nor to meet the exigencies of living, but to satisfy a childish spirit of display. It was possibly the consciousness of this fact that led him to belittle the dignity of literature as a profession, and to disguise his authorship, not only of a number of his later poems, but also of the entire series of the *Waverley* novels under a nom de plume. In short, this commercial triumph brought a note of insincerity into all his

subsequent literary activity, and prevented him from recovering the unpremeditated ardor that characterizes all the enterprises of his youth. Nothing so greatly interferes with one's admiration of Scott's character as the generally admitted truth that of all writers of comparable capabilities he is the one whose work most strikingly abounds in marks of slipshod and hasty workmanship, the one who most patently permits pecuniary considerations to curb his instinct for perfection.

The story of Scott's business ventures is almost exclusively the story of his connection with a press whose imprint is still found upon a great number of books issued from Edinburgh to this day. As early as 1799 he had become interested in the printing establishment of a former schoolmate, James Ballantyne, who, at the time when their acquaintance was renewed, edited and published a newspaper at Kelso. The journal was a weekly, and therefore engaged the services of Ballantyne's press only a few days out of the seven. Scott, it seems, was already beginning to feel discouraged at the slowness of his professional advancement; the idea of entire withdrawal from the bar had, no doubt, already occurred to him. With this end in view, he had accepted the sheriffship of Selkirkshire, just as in 1806 he was to apply for the reversion of the clerkship to the Court of Session. But in 1797 he had been married, and although his wife brought him a dowry worth two hundred pounds a year, he was loth to retire from the active practice of his profession without making more ample provision for his growing family than that of which he was then secure. The sheriffship yielded him a salary of three hundred pounds, and from his father and an uncle he inherited sufficient property to bring his annual income up to a thousand pounds. But in the press of Ballantyne he saw an opportunity substantially to enlarge his financial resources. He began with the suggestion that his friend should get some little booksellers' work to keep his types in play during the part of the week when his newspaper left them idle. The

first fruit of this hint was a small volume containing several of Scott's translations and imitations. This was followed by the volumes of the *Border Minstrelsy*, the printing of which so exhilarated Ballantyne that while the third volume was passing through the press he removed bag and baggage from Kelso to Edinburgh. With the assistance of Scott he got more booksellers' work than his capital was adequate to handle. He turned to Scott for money. Scott complied with his request; but this first loan was unequal to the emergency, and when Ballantyne came to borrow the second time Scott met his request with the proposal that he should be admitted to a third share in the business of Ballantyne & Co. Ballantyne acquiesced, and for twenty years, or until the failure of the press in 1826, Scott continued as sleeping or silent partner in the firm. His reason for keeping this business connection a secret Lockhart attributes to the fear that a commercial alliance might not be considered compatible with his reputation as a poet, just as later his hesitancy to have his financial dependence upon his novels generally known was a principal cause of his concealing his authorship of them. In 1805 he addressed his first letter to Ballantyne as his partner, and from that time, to cite the words of his biographer, he became infected with the proverbial rashness of mere mercantile adventure, while at the same time his generous feelings for other men of letters and his characteristic propensity to overrate their talents combined to hurry him into a multitude of arrangements the results of which were often extremely embarrassing, and ultimately, in the aggregate, all but disastrous.

Had Scott's ebullient nature been able to stop here, it is conceivable that no harm might have come of his commercial experiment. The history of his subsequent productivity makes it clear that he was more than competent to meet whatever obligations his inexperience as a practical publisher might have devolved upon him; but several circumstances, in addition to those already alluded to, served to overstimulate him



and to lift his feet from the firm ground of discretion. To begin with, his wife, formerly Miss Charlotte Carpenter, had very marked leanings to the pomps and vanities of the world; and although she gracefully adapted herself to the humble environment into which she entered when she became Scott's bride, it is evident from her letters, written immediately before her marriage, that she had no desire to remain forever in comparative social obscurity. One recalls in this connection that it was one of Scott's chief sources of satisfaction in accepting the baronetcy which George IV conferred upon him in 1820, that it would please his consort to be called Lady Scott. Moreover, the possession of land, with its associated conception of feudal largess and hospitality, appealed strongly to him, and as he advanced in years and prosperity the passion for piling acre upon acre came to rival his earlier passion for the enjoyment of romantic scenery. The following excerpt from one of his letters to his elder son is typical of many scores of similar passages in his published correspondence. "I am trying a sort of bargain with neighbor Nicol Milne," he writes. "He is very desirous of parting with his estate of Foldonside, and if he will be contented with a reasonable price, I am equally desirous to be his purchaser. I conceive it will come to about £30,000 at least. I will not agree to give a penny more, and I think that sum is probably £2000 and more above its actual marketable value. But then it lies extremely convenient for us, and would, joined to Abbotsford, make a very gentlemanlike property worth at least £1800 or £2000 a year. I can command about £10,000 of my own, and if I be spared life and health, I should not fear rubbing off the rest of the price, as Nicol is in no hurry for payment. As you will succeed me in my landed property, I think it right to communicate my views to you. I am much moved by the prospect of getting about £2000 or £3000 worth of marl, which lies on Milne's side of the loch, but which can only be drained on my side, so that he can make no use of it. This



would make the lands of Abbotsford worth 40 s. an acre overhead, excepting the sheep farm. I am sensible I might dispose of my money to more advantage, but probably to none which, in the long run, would be better for you, — certainly to none which would be productive of so much pleasure to myself." In a like strain is a passage in a letter written about the same time to his wife. "I have got a delightful plan for the addition at Abbotsford, which, I think, will make it quite complete, and furnish me with a handsome library, and you with a drawing room and better bedroom for company, etc. It will cost me a little hard work to meet the expense, but —"

Immediately after his marriage Scott had taken a pretty little cottage at Lasswade, on the Esk, with but one room of good dimensions, in the midst of a delightful garden in which he spent much of his leisure in training flowers and creepers; and in 1804, at the instance of the Lord Lieutenant of Selkirkshire, who pointed out to him that the law required every sheriff to reside at least four months in the year within his own jurisdiction, he removed to Ashestiel, a few miles from Selkirk, to a place than which, says Lockhart, a more beautiful residence for a poet could not be conceived. Here his life was at its best and rightest, and again one wishes that Scott might have rested content with the simple and unostentatious pleasures that marked his life at this charming little estate. "Every day," writes Skene, his companion of the time, "we had some hours coursing with the greyhounds, or riding at random over the hills, or of spearing salmon in the Tweed by sunlight. . . . There are few scenes at all celebrated, either in history, tradition, or romance of the Border counties, which we did not explore together in the course of our rambles. We traversed the entire vales of the Yarrow and Ettrick, with all their sweet tributary glens, and never failed to find a hearty welcome from the farmers at whose houses we stopped either for dinner or the night. . . . We found inexhaustible