

*the Lake* especially having brought many hundreds of visitors from "ow're the Border." In 1817 (three years before he was created a baronet) the unsuccessful *Harold the Dauntless* was the last poem with which he strove to please his readers. Before this *Waverley* had seen the light, and the great writer had drifted into a new and even more wonderful eddy in the brilliant stream of his life.

With the proceeds of *Rokeby* the author was enabled to fulfil a long-cherished desire—that of landed-proprietorship. A cottage called Clarty Hole, with much adjacent waste ground—desolate in aspect even in better days—lay close to the Tweed, and in proximity to Melrose, Ashiestiel, and Selkirk. The small property was soon re-named with the title of Abbotsford. It would be needless to describe here in detail how "Clarty Hole" ultimately became a valuable estate; how woods, planted by "Scott of Abbotsford," grew up and relieved the moorland barrenness, and how a baronial residence at last threw towards the shallow waters of the Tweed the long shadows of its Gothic peaks and gables.

Disaster had several times threatened to overwhelm the house of Ballantyne & Co., but the enormous success of the novels had again and again staved off ruin. But Scott's best years were now occupied in a severe struggle with adverse circumstances. His work deteriorated in quality; his serenity of mind, his health of body, yielded to the terrible strain. Finally, the