

ramparts. Before noon the Marshal, Sir John Carey, at the head of the garrison, composed of horse and foot, marched out of the town towards Lamberton, firing 'feu-d'-joies' as they went, while the cannon still pealed and the people shouted. The thunder of the artillery became more frequent—the bells rang merrily—the volleys of the garrison became louder and more loud, as though they again approached, and "He comes!—he comes!" shouted the crowd; "Hurra! hurra! the King! the King!" The garrison again entered the town, they filed to the right and left, lining the street. In front of Marygate stood William Selby, the gentleman porter, with the keys of the town. The voice of the artillery, the muskets, and the multitude, again mingled together. James of Scotland and of England stood before the gate—Selby bent upon his knee, he placed the keys of the town in the hands of the monarch, who, instantly returned them saying, "Rise Sir William Selby, an', saul o' me, man, but ye should take it as nae sma' honour, to be the first knight made by James, by the grace of God, an' the love o' our gracious cousin, King o' England an' Scotland likewise."—His Majesty, followed by the multitude, proceeded down Marygate, through the files of the garrison, to the market-place, where the worshipful Hugh Gregson, the mayor, his brother aldermen, the bailiffs, and others of the principal burgesses, waited to receive him. The Mayor knelt and presented him with a purse of gold and the corporation's charter. "Ye are a leal and considerate gentleman," said the king handing the purse to one of his attendants—"worthy friends are ye a'; and now take back your charter, an' ye sall find in us a gracious and affectionate sovereign, ready to maintain the liberty and privilege it confers upon our trusty subjects o' our town o' Berwick." Mr. Christopher Parkinson, the Recorder, then delivered a set and solemn speech, after which the king proceeded to the church, where the Rev. Toby Mathews, Bishop of Durham, preached a sermon suited to royal ears. On the following day, the demonstrations of rejoicing were equally loud, and his Majesty visited the garrison and fortifications; and as he walked upon the ramparts surrounded by lords from Scotland and from England, and while the people shouted, and the artillery belched forth fire, [smoke, and thunder, the

monarch, in order to give an unquestionable demonstration of his courage in the presence of his new subjects, boldly advanced to the side of one of the cannons, and took the matter from the hands of the soldier who was about to fire it. Once—twice—thrice, the monarch stretched forth his hand to the touch-hole, but it touched it not. It was evident the royal hand trembled—the royal eyes were closed—yea, the royal cheeks became pale. At length the quivering match touched the powder, back bounded the thundering cannon and back sprang the terrified monarch, knocking one of his attendants down—dropping the match upon the ground, and thrusting his fingers in his ears—stammering out, as plainly as his throbbing heart would permit that "he feared their drum was split in twa." Scarce had his Majesty recovered from this demonstration of his bravery, when a messenger arrived with the intelligence that the Armstrongs and other clans had committed grievous depredations on the Borders, and had even carried their work of spoilation and plunder as far as Penrith.

"Borders, man!" quoth the king, "our kingdom hath nae borders but the sea. It is our royal pleasure that the word border sall never mair be used: wat ye not that what were the extremities or border o' the twa kingdoms, are but the middle o' our kingdom, an', in future it is our will an' decree that ye ca' them nae longer the borders, but the middle counties: an' now, Sir William Selby, as we were graciously pleased yesterday, by our ain hand, to confer on ye the high honour o' knighthood, tak ye twa hundred and fifty horsemen, and gae up the middle counties, commanding every man in our name, capable o' bearing arms, to join ye in crushing and in punishing the thieves and rieviers; hang ilka Armstrong and Johnstone among them that resists our royal will—an' make the iron yetts o' the towers be converted into ploughshares—awa, sir, an' do your wark surely an' right quicky."

On the following day, Sir William Selby set out upon his mission; and before he had proceeded far he found himself at the head of a thousand horsemen. They burned and destroyed the strongholds of the Borderers—they went, and the more desperate among them who fell into their hands were sent in fetters to Carlisle.

It was early in May, and the young lea-