

Seventeen years more have passed (1831); and now Wordsworth visits Yarrow along with Sir Walter Scott who is soon to go to Italy for health.

He wishes Scott farewell:

"For thee, O Scott, compelled to change  
Green Eildon hills and Cheviot

May classic fancy, linking  
With native fancy her fresh aid  
Preserve thy heart from sinking."

"Flow on forever Yarrow stream  
Fulfil thy pensive duty  
Well pleased that future bards should chant  
For simple hearts thy beauty."

#### ST. MARY'S LOCH.

Our auto-car has during the reverie carried us up the banks of Yarrow, and we see the Lake from which the river flows. This is St. Mary's "silver wave." Wordsworth in his first poem said:

... ..  
"Let the swan in still St. Mary's Lake  
Float double, swan and shadow."

These lines have given rise to much playful discussion.

Scott pluralized "Swan" and made a different picture from Wordsworth whose idea was to bring out the loveliness of the swan and its shadow.

An American tourist has increased the amusement by declaring that he could not see even one swan when he made his visit to the loch.

We had a different experience: Two swans were there among the reeds, but unfortunately the lake was rough from a high wind which was prevailing. We accordingly missed seeing the reflection of either of the swans in the stormy lake. For us there was no "silver wave."

We departed on our homeward journey thinking of the Ettrick Shepherd, the genius of the place—whose monument stands at Chapelhope on another part of the shore of the Lake. After a good run on a winding road through the high hills we reached Inverleithen on the Tweed—"fair Tweed" of the poets, and then went westward bound for Peebles. On the banks of a beautiful rivulet running into the Tweed, we stopped, and our evening meal over, we were soon on our way through Peebles. Here we admired the fine arched bridge reminding us that Royalty often passed in the old days on their way to the hunt in Ettrick Forest, and that King James I, the poet king of Scotland had here laid the scene of his poem—"Peebles to the Play." The sun was sinking in the west when we turned northward to make our homeward dash to Edinburgh. We had before us the slopes of the Pentland Hills, and passed beautiful stretches of heather on the hillsides and in the hollows.

#### ALLAN RAMSAY AGAIN.

Passing over the Pentlands a spot of poetic interest was reached by us, within twelve miles of Edinburgh. East of the road a few hundred yards ran a beautiful rivulet to the Esk. It is mentioned in the "Gentle Shepherd" and on its banks is a spot much frequented by picnic parties from Edinburgh. It is the finest picture in the "Gentle Shepherd."

"Gae far'er up the burn to Habbie's How  
Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow;  
Then 'tween twa birks, out owre a little lin,  
The water fa's and mak's a singin' din;  
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,  
Kisses, with easy whirls, the bordering grass."