

the labours of his pen; and, at last, how, after accomplishing more than half of the herculean task, the over-wrought brain gave way, and the death shadows gathered. I thought too of that other pathetic scene, in this busy study, when his last illness was far advanced, and he desired to be placed once more at his desk, the scene of so many toils and triumphs, but the trembling fingers refused to hold the pen, and sinking back among his pillows, silent tears rolled down his cheeks. Of one other scene I also thought—when the last sands were fast running out, and reaching his feeble hand to his son-in-law, Lockhart, he said, “my dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.” Five miles from his beloved Abootsford, in Dryburgh Abbey, he sleeps with his wife and children by his side.

I next turned my face southward, and, flashing along the rail, was soon “o’er the border and awa’,” in among the stately homes of England, amid “their tall ancestral trees.” Soon I was among well-remembered scenes, where eight years of my life were spent; and felt the warm pressure of friendly hands and looked once more into kindly faces that I had not seen for twelve long years, and was once more rambling amid haunts associated with many a memory of the past, on the pleasant shores of the Solway :—

“Give, oh give us English welcomes,
We’ll forgive the English skies;
English homes and English manners,
And the light of English eyes.
Give us, for our props in peril,
English valour, pith and stress,
And for wives, sweet English maidens,
Radiant in their loveliness.

“Foreign tastes perchance may differ,
On our virtues, or our laws,
But who sees an English matron
And withholds his deep applause?
Who beholds an English maiden,
Bright and modest, fair and free,
And denies the willing tribute
Of a fond idolatry?

“Lovely are the maids of Rhineland—
Glowing are the maids of Spain :—
French, Italians, Greeks, Circassians,
Woo our homage—not in vain.
But for beauty to enchant us,
And for virtue to enthral,
Give our hearts the girls of England,
Dearer, better than them all.”

Whatever difference of opinion there may be about English maids and matrons, there is a wonderful charm, felt nowhere else, about English rural scenery. A repose and grace, and air of quiet enjoyment and solid comfort, seem to envelope alike lordly mansion and lowly cottage. Very magnificent and imposing are the mansions of the nobility and upper classes, with their trimly-kept lawns, and grand