

ushered in a glorious morning—its beams fell as a sheet of gold on the broad ocean, melting down and chaining its waves in repose. To the south lay Lindisferne, where St. Cuthbert had wrought miracles, with the Ferine Isles where he lived, prayed, and died, and the proud rock on which King Ida reigned.* They seemed to speak in the morning sun-beams—smiling in sleep. To the north was gigantic St. Abb's, stretching out into the sea, as if reposing on its breast; amidst their feet and behind them, stretched the Moor and its purple heather; while, from the distance, the Cheviots looked down on them; and Hamiton, manured by the bones of slaughtered thousands, lay at their hand.

Yet, before sunrise, thousands were crowding to the gay scene, from every corner of Berwickshire, and from Roxburgh and the Eastern Lothian. The pavilions exhibited more costly decorations. Fair ladies, in their gayest attire, hung upon the arms of brave knights. An immense amphitheatre, where the great tourneyings and combats of the day were to take place, was seated round; and at one part of it was a richly canopied dais, where the young king, with his blooming queen, and the chief peers and ladies of both countries, were to sit, and witness the spectacle. Merry music reverberated in every direction, and the rocks and the glens re-echoed it; and ever and anon, as it pealed around, the assembled thousands shouted—"Long live our guid King James, and his bonny bride." Around the pavilions, too, strutted the courtiers, with the huge ruffles of their skirts reaching over their shoulders—their scented gloves—flat bonnets, set on one side of their heads like the cap of a modern dandy—pangled slippers, and a bunch of ribbons at their knees.

Amongst the more humble followers of the court, the immortal Dunbar, who was neglected in his own day, and who has been scarce less neglected and overlooked by posterity, was conspicuous. The poet-priest appeared to be a director of the intellectual amusements of the day. But although they delighted the multitude, and he afterwards immortalised the marriage of his royal master, by his exquisite poem of "The Thistle and the Rose," he was doomed to experience what genius could neither procure the patron-

age of kings nor church preferment, and, in truth, it was small preferment with which Dunbar would have been satisfied, for, after dancing the courtier in vain, (and they were then a race of beings of new-birth in Scotland) we find him saying—

"Greit abbaiss graith I nill to gather
But ane kirk scant coverit with hadder
For I of lytil wald be fane."

But, in the days of poor Dunbar, church patronage seems to have been conferred somewhat after the fashion of our own times, if not worse, for he again says—

"I knaw nocht how the kirk is gydit,
But benefices are nocht leil divydit;
Sum men has sevin, and I nocht ane!"

All around wore a glad and a sunny look and while the morning was yet young, the sound of the salute from the cannon on the ramparts of Berwick, announced that the royal bride was approaching. The pavilions occupied a commanding situation on the heath, and the noble retinue of the princess could be observed moving along, their gay colours flashing in the sun, a few minutes after they issued from the walls of the town. A loud, a long, and a glad shout burst from the Scottish host, as they observed them approach, and hundreds of knights and nobles, dashing their glittering spurs into the sides of their proudly caparisoned steeds, rode forth to meet them, and to give their welcome, and offer their first homage to their future queen. There was a movement and a buzz of joy throughout the multitude; and they moved towards the ancient kirk.

The procession that accompanied the young princess of England into Scotland drew near; at its head rode the proud Earl of Surrey, the Earl of Northumberland, warden of the eastern marches, and many hundreds more, the flower of England's nobility and gentry, in their costly array. In the procession, also, were thousands of the inhabitants of Northumberland; and the good citizens of Berwick-upon-Tweed, headed by their Captain, Lord Thomas Darcy, and the porter of their gates, Mr. Christopher Clapham, who was appointed one of the trustees on the part of the king of England, to see that the terms of his daughter's jointure were duly fulfilled.

There, however, was less eagerness on the part of the young monarch to behold his bride than on that of his subjects. We will not say that he had exactly imbibed the principles of

* Bamborough.