actions, won for Frederic William IV "golden opinions" from all right thinking men.

The year 1848, however, beheld a different scene. The flame of insurrection, kindled in France, spread rapidly over Continental Europe, and Berlin saw a large proportion of its citizens in arms against their sovereign. From that time to this, the popularity of the Prussian monarch has experienced many vicissitudes. Few princes have been more highly lauded by one party, few more sneered at by another; and none, as the writer of *their* biography believes, have ever been more basely calumniated. But four characteristics, for which Frederic William IV has been from early youth celebrated, and to which much of his popularity and some of his political failures may be traced—namely, his eloquence as an unpremeditated public speaker, his ready wit, his irresistible love of fun and frolic, and these ever coupled with the most urbane affability and kindness of heart—had never been disputed by any party; and it is in illustration of the three last that the following anecdote, given to the writer by a person then familiar with the court, is presented to the reader.

Very soon after his accession to the regal dignity, Frederic William IV, who, like most German princes, was an early riser, a great pedestrian, and a dispenser with etiquette whenever such was possible, went out one morning alone, to take a walk in the deer park of Sans Souci.

In one of the drives, which are all open to the public, he encountered an old woman, who was exerting all her powers of arm and voice to urge forward an obstinate ass, laden with some garden produce for the Berlin market.

Her exclamations and gesticulations amused the king, who, after watching for a little while her ineffectual exertions, asked if she always had as much trouble with her refractory donkey.

"Oh no," replied the old dame, (who had not the faintest idea that, in the plain-dressed and plain-spoken man before her, she beheld her sovereign,) "Oh no, sir; when Fritz is with me, he thrashes behind, and I drag on before, and then it goes well enough; but Fritz got a job of work this morning, and could not come with me, and the self-willed beast knows well enough I am alone."

"Well, my good dame," said the king, laughing, "do you drag on before, and I'll thrash behind, and we'll see if we can't make him go."

And so the king did, almost up to the last gate of the deer park, when, unwilling to go farther, for fear of being recognised, he dealt the donkey such a tremendous blow with his walking-stick, that the beast fairly ran on, leaving the old woman neither time nor breath to return thanks for the kind assistance.

The king, after relieving himself by a hearty laugh, hastened home to the palace, and, bursting into the queen's apartment, his forehead beaded with perspiration, and his whole face radiant with the enjoyed frolic, he called out, "Well, Elizabeth, what think you I have just been about? Only helping an old woman to bring her cabbages to market."

"Ah, Fritz,"* said the amiable and well-beloved queen, holding up a reproving finger, "such doings were scarcely permittable in a *prince; but in a king!*"

"Pooh, pooh!" replied the merry monarch, "I was only acting Fritz, you know; and besides, who'll tell me it is the first, or will be the last, *ass I have helped to push forward!*"

The witticism was as pat as the truth was undeniable. Not a word could be said against it, and ere long the anecdote became current in the private court circle.

* Among all classes, the familiar German abbreviation for Frederic, as Fred. is in English.

OVER THE BORDER.

In addition to the multitudes who cross the frontier-line between England and Scotland on the ordinary engagements of life, thousands pass it from south to north at this season of the year, either with the sports of the field in view—grouse-shooting and deer-stalking—or intent upon making acquaintance with the lakes, glens, forests, and bracing air of the Highlands. The passage is accomplished without the slightest difficulty; but in former times the case was very different. Not that Nature then placed any formidable obstacles in the way which have since been removed; for the Tweed and the Esk are fordable streams, while the main ridge of the Cheviots is readily scaled. But when the two countries formed distinct kingdoms, often at war, without being polite enough to preface it by a formal announcement, there was no crossing the Border except sword in hand; and even when peaceful relations subsisted between the governments, the borderers themselves wielded their weapons against each other with right hearty goodwill, to obtain plunder or avenge some wrong, and never allowed strangers to pass without levying toll upon them. If the unlucky wight pounced upon could not pay in goods, he must in person, and was unceremoniously ensconced in the dungeon of some square grim tower till his ransom arrived. It mattered little whether the parties pillaged, and taken for a prey, were from an opposite side of the frontier or not; for as whole clans depended entirely upon rapine for subsistence, they were not particular from whom it was obtained. Their chiefs, whose names are now borne by nobles, frequently abetted their lawless proceedings as profitable to themselves, or led them on in the foray. Wanting provender, they took it with the strong hand as the readiest mode, marched with their retainers rapidly by night to some homestead, village, or town, seized the corn, drove off the cattle, and perhaps fired the houses to distract the unfortunate inmates. Some ecclesiastics also were addicted to this freebooting, according to the old ballad:—

> "O, the monks of Melrose made gude kale (broth)
> On Fridays when they fasted;
> They wanted neither beef nor ale
> As long as their neighbours' lasted."

The mottoes of the chieftains were often of a brigand description. Thus, the Murrays had, "Forth

fortune and fill the fetters;" the Drummonds, "Gang warily;" the Buccleuchs, "Best riding by moonlight;" the Hardens, "We'll have moonlight again;" and the Cranstouns audaciously proclaimed, "Thou shall want ere I want."

The frivolous claim to the Scottish crown, so pertinaciously advanced by Edward I, with the unhappy attempt he made to obtain it by conquest, was long remembered with great bitterness in the northern kingdom. Shakspeare has forcibly described its natural effect in his "Henry V," where the king is supposed to be conferring with his barons and advisers on the best means of attacking France:—

> "We must not only arm to invade the French,
> But lay down our proportions to defend
> Against the Scot, who will *make road* upon us
> With all advantages."
>
> "They of those *marches*, gracious sovereign,
> Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
> Our inland from the *pilfering borderers*.
>
> "We do not mean the *coursing snatchers* only,
> But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
> Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
> For you shall read, that my great grandfather
> Never went with his forces into France,
> But that the Scot on his unfurnished kingdom
> Came pouring like a tide into the breach
> With ample and brim fulness of his force;
> Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;
> Girding with grievous siege, castles and towns
> That England, being empty of defence,
> Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood."

The word *march*, used by the poet, is of Saxon origin, and signifies a boundary. Hence the districts forming the Scottish border are commonly called in our annals the Northern Marches, or the Marches of Scotland; and the people are often styled Marchmen. The English title of Marquis, and the German Margrave, are derived from the same word, and meant originally officers who had command on the frontiers of their respective countries.

At an early period, functionaries were appointed to keep watch and ward on the Scottish frontier, with the style of Lords Warden. This was for purposes of offence and defence in war, and to repress marauding in time of peace. For greater security, the country was divided into three parts, distinguished as the east, middle, and west marches, each of which had its own warden. The post was commonly held by the great barons of the north, the Percys, Cliffords, Nevilles, Scroops, and Dacres, who signalized their wealth by rearing the magnificent castellated mansions of Alnwick, Raby, Norham, and Naworth, as well as indicated significantly the power and turbulence of their neighbours by the necessity for such strongholds. The Scottish kings had similar officers on their side of the frontier; but their more limited means compelled them to be content with smaller and simpler erections. They consisted generally of a peel-house, or square embattled tower, with walls of massive thickness, surrounded by a moat, or on the borders of some stream.

A lord warden had power of life and death. He could hang and imprison at pleasure. At a moment's warning he could summon every male, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, within his territory, to arm, and march into the field. His ordinances sometimes ran as follows:—"That every man do rise and follow the fray upon blowing of horn, shout, or outcry, upon pain of *death; that* no man practise with rebel, thief, or murderer, but that the same be opened to my lord warden; that no subject speak with any Scotchman, except upon licence so to do by my lord warden, or his deputy." Equally stringent regulations prevailed on the northern side of the Border, for it was enacted that no manner of person of any degree should intercommune with any English without special licence. Bloodhounds were kept in certain places, to be let loose upon fugitives; and by means of beacons on the hills, a fiery communication extended from the Border, northwards to Edinburgh, and southwards towards Lancaster, to give notice of the advance of an enemy. By an Act of the Scottish Parliament, in 1455, one bale or faggot was to indicate that the English were approaching in any manner; two bales, that they were coming indeed; and four bales, that they were unusually strong. Sir Walter Scott has given a graphic description of these ominous fires:—

> "Ride, Alton, ride for death and life,
> And warn the Warden of the strife;
> Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
> Our kin and clan and friends to raise.
> The ready page, with hurried hand,
> Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,
> And ruddy blushed the heaven;
> For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,
> Waved like a blood-flag in the sky,
> All flaring and uneven;
> And soon a score of fires, I ween,
> From height, and hill, and cliff were seen;
> Each with warlike tidings fraught:
> Each from each the signal caught;
> Each after each they glanced to sight,
> As stars arise upon the night.
> They gleamed in many a dusky tarn,
> Haunted by the lonely earn;
> On many a cairn's gray pyramid,
> Where urns of mighty chiefs lay hid;
> Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
> From Soltra and Dumpender Law;
> Till Lothian heard the Regent's order,
> That all should bowne them for the Border."

Lands were frequently held, with the obligation imposed upon the holder to blow the horn from the top of a hill, or a high tower, to alarm the neighbourhood when an enemy appeared. This service, called cornage, from *cornu*, a horn, was afterwards changed into a corn rent. At Brougham Hall, Westmoreland, the seat of Lord Brougham, there is a horn preserved, of very early workmanship, believed to have done duty on such occasions.

A good account of his stewardship as warden, thought the eighth Harry, was rendered by Thomas, Lord Dacre. He reported by letter to Cardinal Wolsey: "There never was so mickle mischiefe, robbry, spoyling, and vengeaunce in Scotland than there is now, without hope of remedye, which I praye our Lord God to continewe." This, be it observed, was written to a minister of religion by a person whose office it was to preserve the peace. The Dacres had their title from Acre, in Palestine, at the siege of which, under Richard Cœur de Lion, one of their ancestors distinguished himself. Better still, in the esteem of the same king, was the return made by Sir Thomas Wharton, Governor of

Carlisle and Warden of the West Marches. It obtained for him a peerage. A document preserved in the State Paper Office gives an account of a four months' foray, in which the following items figure: 192 towns, towers, churches, and farmsteads cast down or burned; 403 Scots slain; 816 prisoners taken; upwards of 10,000 head of horned cattle and 12,000 sheep carried off. Possibly this raid is one of those recommended in another State Paper, entitled, "The openyons of Sir Thomas Wharton and others, for annoyance as they trust in God, shall be done to Scotland this wynter by the West Marchers of England." The Scotch were not at all behindhand in retaliating. Lord Dacre reports an inroad upon his estate, eleven of his own servants slain, and others taken prisoners. The Earl of Northumberland writes, respecting a missive from some Scotch chiefs, to the effect that they would pay him a visit at his house of Warkworth, and give him light enough to put on his clothes at midnight.

Though it was eminently true of the north of England and the south of Scotland,

> "That near a border frontier in the time of war,
> There's ne'er a man but he's a freebooter;"

yet in the most peaceful times the region swarmed with "gentlemen of the night, minions of the moon," usually called moss-troopers in songs and chronicles of the district. The name refers to the mosses or peat-bogs, near which the most formidable established themselves, as places of refuge too dangerous to be penetrated except by persons perfectly acquainted with them. The Solway Moss and the Tarras Moss were particularly noted. Into the first-named morass an unfortunate body of horse precipitately plunged after the battle of the Solway, in the reign of Henry VIII, and were instantly engulphed. This account remained traditional till the last century, when a man and horse, in complete armour, were found by some peat-diggers. Many thousand tons of earth had to be tipped into that part of it crossed by the Caledonian Railway before the ground acquired sufficient consistency. In this neighbourhood, between the rivers Esk and Sark, was the far-famed Debateable Land, which, as no authority was exercised in it by the kings of either nation, naturally became the resort of the most desperate offenders after their expulsion or flight from their own country. It is related that a favourite cow, belonging to James I, not liking her quarters in England, found her way back unguided to Edinburgh. The king remarked, that he was not so much surprised at the animal's instinct in smelling out the road, as that she got through the Debateable Land without being stolen. It has been aptly said that, had he been reminded of this desire of returning north being singular, not evinced by any of his train besides the cow, he would probably have answered, she was a brute and knew no better. At last, in 1552, commissioners on both sides met, and regularly divided the Debateable Land by a ditch and march stones between the two kingdoms.

The marauders were a daring, active, and athletic race, of fierce and easily excited passions, thoroughly acquainted with the country for miles on both sides of the Border. They are sketched, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in the person of William of Deloraine.

> "A stark moss-trooping Scott was he,
> As e'er couched border lance by knee;
> Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,
> Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross;
> By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
> Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds;
> In Esk, or Liddle, fords were none,
> But he would ride them one by one;
> Alike to him was time or tide,
> December's snow, or July's pride;
> Alike to him was tide or time,
> Moonless midnight, or matin prime:
> Steady of heart, and stout of hand,
> As ever drove prey from Cumberland;
> Five times outlawed had he been,
> By England's king, and Scotland's queen."

In return for black-mail or protection-rent, they spared the property of those who paid it, and engaged to defend it from aggressions. But all possessions not thus secured were regarded as fair spoil, preference being given to live stock, as the most serviceable prey and the most readily removed. In Dumfries-shire, a deep circular hollow bears the name of the Beef Stand, owing to its having been used as the hiding-place of stolen cattle.

Favoured by chiefs of note, who availed themselves of their aid in their own quarrels, the moss-troopers committed such excesses that James V determined to proceed against them in person. Accordingly, having first secured the implicated nobles, the Earl of Bothwell, the Lord Maxwell, Lord Home, Scott of Buccleugh, and Ker of Fernyhurst, the king led a considerable force into the south in 1529, under the pretext of enjoying the pastime of hunting. Having separated from the main body, he passed by the stronghold of the chief of the Tweedies, with a few attendants, without calling, upon which the Thane pursued him in hot haste, and demanded corporal satisfaction on the spot for the insult. James discovered himself, and brought the pursuer to his knees for pardon. He next proceeded to the peel-house of Piers Cockburne, notorious for his depredations, who was seized unawares while at dinner, instantly pinioned, and hanged over his own gate. The wife and family were allowed to escape. She is supposed to be the heroine of the ballad of "The Border Widow," according to which, she ventured to take charge of the body of her husband. The writer represents the widow uttering the affecting lines:—

> "I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
> I watched the corpse, myself alane;
> I watched his body night and day;
> No living creature came that way.
>
> I took his body on my back,
> And whiles I gaed, and whiles I satte;
> I digged a grave, and laid him in,
> And happed him with the sod sae green."

Adam Scott, known as the King of the Border and the King of Thieves, suffered the same fate. His tower remains in ruins in the vale of Ettrick. But James's wrath was speedily directed against Johnnie Armstrong, the head of a powerful clan, whose tower, now used as a cowhouse, is also extant in Eskdale, within an hour's ride of Cumberland.

On the approach of the sovereign, Johnnie

determined to show a bold face. He proceeded to meet him, at the head of thirty-six well-mounted men, arrayed in their best attire. But never did man more *miscalculate* respecting the effect of an imposing appearance. "What wants this knave," said James, "but a crown, to be as magnificent as a king?" and he ordered him to instant execution. Johnnie pleaded hard for his life, offering four-and-twenty milk-white steeds for his ransom, then four-and-twenty "ganging mills," with as much good red wheat as would keep them in grinding for a whole year. It was all in vain. As a last resource, he offered to maintain himself, with fifty men, and serve the king at a moment's service at his own expense; never to hurt or injure any Scottish subject; and engaged likewise, within a certain time, to present to him, alive or dead, any man in England, duke, earl, lord, baron, or of any other degree. James was inexorable, upon which the freebooter assumed an air of proud indifference, according to the song which bears his name, saying—

"To seek het water aneath cauld ice,
Surely it is a great folie;
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me."

Johnnie and his retainers were hanged on some trees near Carlinrigg Chapel, ten miles south of Hawick; and from that time, according to the local tradition, the trees withered away. The severity of the king cost him dear. Chiefly owing to it, his army would not fight at the battle of the Solway, which the English, therefore, readily won with a far inferior force; and within a month after the engagement, James died of a broken heart.

The Armstrongs long remained formidable borderers, in possession of the greater part of Liddesdale. One of them, named Sandye, was a partisan of England. There was a long correspondence respecting him between Lord Dacre and the English Privy Council, for he had threatened to turn Scotsman unless properly protected by the Lord Warden. Another, a noted man, celebrated in song as Kinmont Willie, being taken prisoner, was conveyed to Carlisle; but, as this occurred on a day of truce, his release was at once demanded. On being refused, a party of two hundred horse came before break of day, made a breach in the walls, and carried him off in triumph, before the astonished garrison could prepare for resistance. An amusing incident occurred during an attack upon the clan by the warden, Sir Robert Carey. While he was besieging them closely in Tarras Moss, they contrived, by ways known only to themselves, to send off a party into England to plunder his lands. On their return, they sent Sir Robert one of his own cows, with the message that, fearing he might fall short of provision during his visit to Scotland, they had taken the precaution to send him some English beef! Two verses are extant, called "Armstrong's Goodnight," said to have been composed by one of the name the night before he was executed:—

"This night is my departing night,
For here nae longer must I stay;
There's neither friend nor foe o' mine
But wishes me away.

What I have done through lack of wit
I never, never, can recall;
I hope ye're all my friends as yet;
Good night, and joy be with you all."

One of the last Border reivers of celebrity was an Armstrong, who came to an untimely end. Twelve head of cattle were driven off from Teviotdale, and traced to Liddesdale, where he resided. He was seized at night in bed, and brought to trial. Though no precise evidence could be adduced against him, the jury found him guilty, on the ground of his general character, and he was hanged at Selkirk.

Not less notorious were the Græmes, a numerous and powerful clan, of Scottish origin, but settled chiefly in the Debateable Land, or on the English side of the Border. From them the Netherby baronet, Sir James Graham, descends. Though generally giving military service to England in the wars, their depredations were impartially distributed between both countries. They are described as "all stark moss-troopers and arrant thieves, yet sometimes connived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise four hundred horse at any time, upon a raid of the English into Scotland." A saying is recorded of a mother of this clan to her son, which became proverbial: "Ride, Rowly, hough's i' the pot," meaning, that the last piece of beef was in the pot, and it was high time to go abroad for more. Among the Scots of Harden, the production of a clean pair of spurs, in a covered dish, signified to the hungry band that, provisions being exhausted, they must ride out for a fresh supply. Sir Richard Graham was one of the attendants of Charles I, when Prince of Wales, on his romantic journey to Spain. While at Bayonne, they could get no flesh meat at the inns, as the season was Lent; but, strolling in the neighbourhood, they came upon a herd of goats with their young ones. At this sight Graham whispered to the Duke of Buckingham that he would snap up one of the kids and make some shift to carry him safe to their lodgings. The prince overheard the proposal. "Why, Richard," said he, "do you think you may practise here your old tricks upon the Border?"

No one contributed more to repress the excesses of the borderers than Lord William Howard, commonly called "Belted Will," ancestor of the present Earls of Carlisle. He was the second son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, and succeeded to Naworth Castle, with its fine domain, in right of his wife, a sister of Lord Dacre, who died without heirs male in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Being appointed Lord Warden of the West Marches, his rigorous measures struck such terror into the moss-troopers, that with his very name the mothers stilled their babes. Fuller, the church historian, remarks, that he sent many of them to that place where the officer always does his work by daylight. Yet he was a studious man, fond of books, and wrote much. Naworth, eleven miles east of Carlisle, surrounded by lofty venerable trees, is one of the best specimens existing of an old baronial residence. It consists of two high towers, connected by masses of masonry, inclosing a quadrangular court. The apartments occupied by

Belted Will, a bed-room, oratory, and library, are still shown. They convey no pleasant idea of the life of a lord warden, being separated by strong doors from the rest of the castle, while connected by secret winding passages with dungeons below, in the wall of which a solitary ring remains to which prisoners were attached. In this building he regularly maintained 140 men as his body-guard. Once, when employed with his books, a servant came to tell him that a captive had just been brought in, and desired to know what should be done with him. "Hang him," was the peevish reply, not relishing the interruption. After finishing his meditations, he directed the man to be brought before him, and then learnt that his order had been literally obeyed. The common place of execution was a grove of old oaks near the castle, on which many a marauder, English and Scotch, struggled his last.

The free and easy gentlemen of the Border had singular notions of morality. They regarded their profession, that of forcibly converting *tuum* into *meum*, as strictly lawful and honourable, evincing spirit, and taxing courage. It was not robbery at all to trot off a man's cattle by moonlight to furnish them with joints and steaks—no such thing—only a fair reprisal for a liberty of the kind, taken with the stock of some third cousin of their great grandfather's. They were temperate in the use of intoxicating drinks. Having also pledged their faith, they kept their word, and warmly espoused the cause of a brother in trouble, offering large sums for his ransom. They rarely took life wantonly, and often fought in the pure spirit of chivalry, like Percy and Douglas at Chevy Chase. Old Froissart relates that the English and Scots, when they met, belaboured one another most unmercifully with spears, swords, axes, and dirks, till, victory having declared itself on one side, both parties separated well content, courteously saying, "God thank you." The outlaws long remained Romanists after the Reformation had been established, chiefly owing to indifference to all religious forms. Sir Walter Scott makes his moss-trooper say to the monk—

> "Penance, father, will I none;
> Prayer know I hardly one;
> For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
> Save to patter an Ave Mary,
> When I ride on a border foray;
> Other prayer can I none;
> So speed me my errand, and let me begone."

The first to visit them as a preacher was Richard Cameron, the founder of the well-known sect called after his name. He took for his text, "How shall I put thee among the children," etc. In the application, he said, "Put you among the children! the offspring of thieves and robbers! we have all heard of Annandale thieves." Their power was broken as their numbers were thinned, though their spirit survived to the last century. Many were sent to the continent to serve as soldiers; others were expatriated to Ireland, and forbidden to return on pain of death; not a few were consigned to the scaffold without even the formality of trial; and it is even said that, in some instances, assizes were held upon them after they were executed. This remarkable mode of proceeding, adopted at Jedburgh, originated the proverbial expression of "Jeddart justice."

These reminiscences of the district strikingly bring before us the happy change exhibited by present circumstances. No occasion now for wardens, beacons, and bloodhounds along the Border; and no need for caution there to avoid the lawless rover's sudden arrest. You are whirled over it in a second or two by the Caledonian Railway across the Esk, or by the North of England across the Tweed, and find the country on both sides smiling with cultivation, the evidence of peace and industry, and the people essentially the same in honourable dealing and amity of spirit. In the next number we shall take our readers on to Edinburgh.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

Most readers of the miscellaneous part of newspapers must have observed during September, 1859, frequent mention of the spots on the sun; particularly of one huge spot newly seen upon it. I have in my possession a small astronomical telescope—very small, as such telescopes go, (being only two inches in "aperture" or diameter,) but still quite large enough to show spots on the sun. With this telescope I went to work as soon as the newspaper remarks appeared; and during several days, with several magnifying powers, and at various times of day, I examined the sun. Sometimes I looked directly at the sun, through a dark-red or yellow glass, but more usually I looked *on the image* thrown through the telescope on a sheet of white paper. By the way, I would recommend this method of observation, familiar to all habitual observers, to those who are beginning, or intend to begin telescopic observation. Set the sliding tube of the telescope at the right "focus," (leaving alone all dark glasses,) hold a sheet of white paper at a moderate distance from the eyepiece, (the magnifying glass, at the end next the eye,) and a bright white circle will be thrown upon it. This is the image of the sun; and of course, whatever spots are on the sun's face at the time, will appear in the paper picture; that is, if the magnifying power be sufficient. As to that, I have seen a large spot plainly, in a small hand telescope not eighteen inches long. When the spots are thrown off thus on paper, it is not difficult to take a drawing of them; only we must not forget that, as the sun is in constant (apparent) motion in the sky, so the image will be in constant motion on the paper; the motion being swifter, as the magnifying power is greater.

But I have made a long digression about the method of observation, and must hasten on to say what I observed. At first sight I was fairly disappointed. There were spots, certainly, but none, as I thought, at all out of the common; and this impression continued for two or three days. At length, however, after a little more time spent in observing, drawing, and measuring, I came to the conclusion that one of these familiar despised spots was, after all, the "great spot" itself. Though so