

"Oh, were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is nane;
I wad slight Carlisle Castle hie,
Though it were builded o' marble stane!
I wad set that castle in a low,
And slocken it wi' English blood;
There's never a man in Cumberland
Should ken where Carlisle Castle stood!

"But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be;
I'll neither harm English lad nor lass,
And yet the Kinmont shall be free!"
He has called him forty marchmen stout,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
Wi' spur on heel and splent on spauld,*
And gloves o' green and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a',
Wi' hunting horns and bugles bright;
And five and five cam' wi' Buccleuch,
Like Warden's men array'd for fight.
And five and five like a mason gang
That carried ladders lang and hie;
And five and five like broken men,
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

And as we cross'd the 'bateable land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Wha suld it be but the fause Sakelde?
"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "come tell to me!"
"We gang to hunt an English stag,
Has trespassed on the Scots countrie."

"Where be he gaun, ye marshal men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "come tell me true!"
"We gaun to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."
"Where be ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi' a' your ladders lang and hie?"
"We're gang to harry a corbie's nest
That wons na far frae the Woodhouselee."

"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "come tell to me!"
Now Dickie o' Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word o' leart had he.
"Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he:
The never a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust his lance through his fause bodie!

Then on we held to Carlisle town,
And at Stanshaw Bank the Eden we cross'd;
The water was great and meikle o' spait,
But the never a man or horse we lost.
And when we reach'd the Stanshaw Bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet.
When we cam beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders again' the wa';
And sae ready was bauld Buccleuch himsel'
To mount the first before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
"Had there not been peace between our land,
Upon the other side thou'dst gaed!"

"Now sound out trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch,
"Let's waken Lord Scroop right merrilie!"
Then loud the Warden's trumpet blew,
"Oh! wha daur meddle wi' me?" †

Then speedily to work we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole through a sheet o' lead,
And sae we won to the castle ha'.

They thocht King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
It was but twenty Scots and ten,

* Armour on the shoulder. † Learning. ‡ A well-known Border tune.

That put a thousand in sic a steer!
Wi' coulthers and wi' fore-hammers
We garr'd the bars bang merrilie,
Until we cam' to the inner prison,
Where Willie of Kinmont he did lie.

And when we cam to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
"Oh! sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?"
"Oh! I sleep saft, and I wake aft,
It's lang sin sleeping was fley'd* frae me;
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that speir† for me."

The Red Rowan has hent‡ him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale—
"Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Tell o' Lord Scroop I tak' farewell.
Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroop,
My good Lord Scroop, farewell," he cried;
"I'll pay ye for my lodging maill!
When neist we meet on the Border side."

Then shoulder high, wi' shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's aims play'd clang!
"Oh, many a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I've ridden a horse baith wild and wud;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs hae ne'er bestrode."

"And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I've prick'd a horse out owre the furs§;
But sin' the day I back'd a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!"
We scarce had won the Stanshaw Bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men, on horse and foot,
Cam' wi' the keen Lord Scroop along.

Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden Water,
Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim;
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.
He turn'd him on the further side,
And at Lord Scroop his glove flung he—
"An' ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me."

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroop,
He stood as still as a rock o' stane;
He scarcely daured to trew¶ his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.
"He is either himsel' a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wadna hae ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christendie."

Berwick Bridge.

BETWEEN bridging the Tweed in the seven-teenth century and throwing cantilevers across the Forth in the nineteenth there is a wide difference; but the engineering of the reign of Charles I. was of a steady and enduring character, and proof of it remains to this day in the structure which spans the Border river at Berwick. Builders were in no hurry in those days, and ancient documents inform us, in a manner that can easily be remembered, that the bridge was constructed "in the space of twenty-four years, four months, and four days, ended the 24th day of October, 1634, in the tenth year of the

* Frightened. † Inquire. ‡ Lifted. § Rent. ¶ Believe.

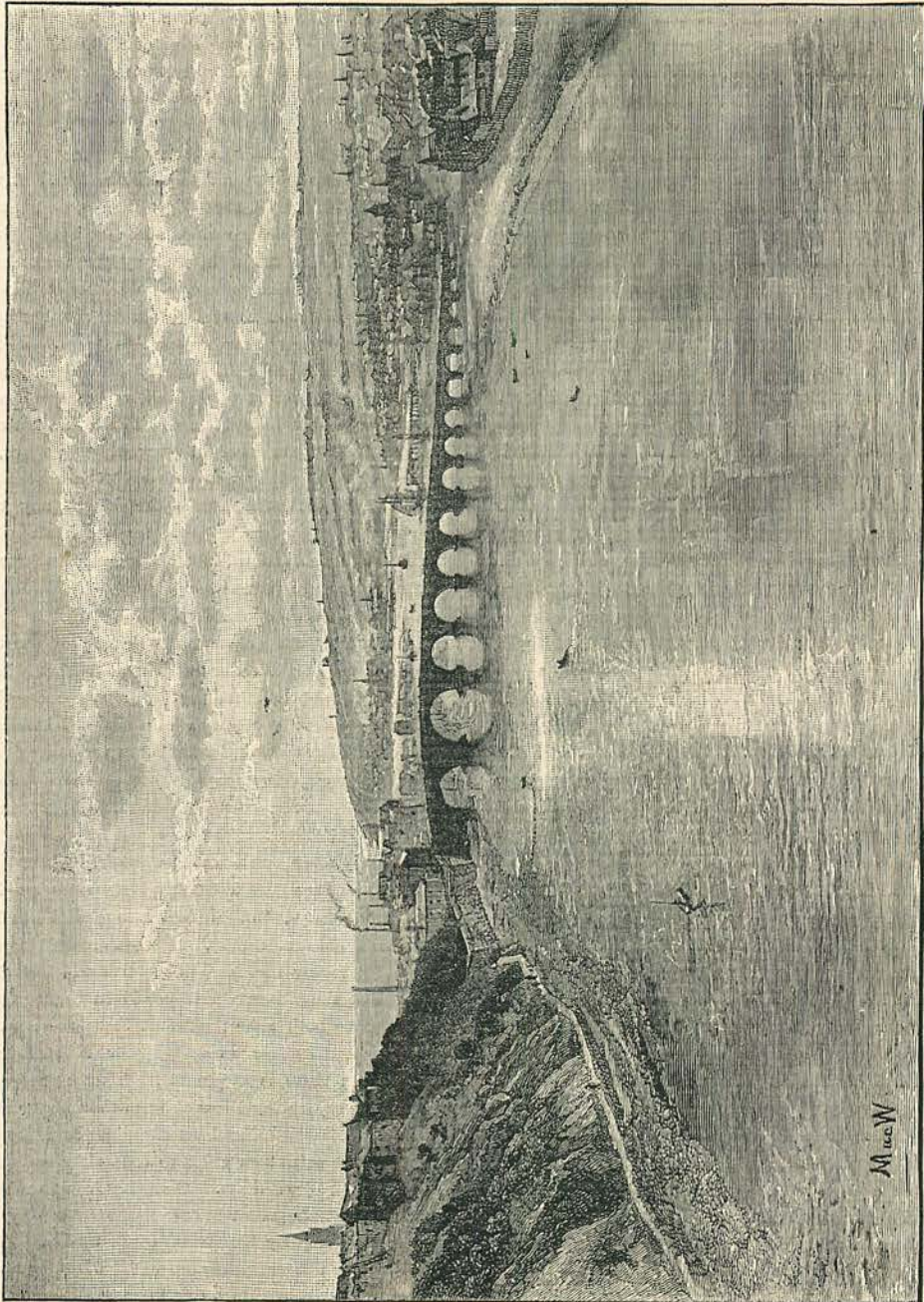
reign of King Charles." Such was the care bestowed upon it, however, that for more than two-and-a-half centuries it has withstood all floods and storms, and still betrays no sign of weakness in its firmly planted pillars. When the bridge was finished, it was found that, save £39 18s. 6d., it had cost altogether £15,000; and, although this was a goodly sum, at the rate of wages then paid, it must be admitted that a work of such stability was cheap at the price, seeing that it was of "so much good consequence to the subjects of England and of Scotland." There was a clause in the Royal grant directing that any surplus should be "employed towards the building of a church at Berwick"; but the overseers were evidently determined to satisfy temporal needs rather than spiritual wants, and Fuller informs us, with a touch of irony, that "there does not appear to have been any of this money applied to the building of a church."

Previous to the reign of King Charles, communication across the Tweed at Berwick had always been precarious. A wooden bridge was thrown over the river about a hundred yards above where the present stone structure stands; but in the reign of King John, as we read in Leland's *Collectanea*, "the bridge of Berwick brake with great force of water, because the arches of it were to low." It was restored by William, King of Scotland. As time rolled on, however, the inhabitants desired more security against the "braking" propensities of the turbulent stream, and eventually advantage was taken of the Union between England and Scotland to establish a permanent link from bank to bank. The work was inaugurated by King James, under the Great Seal of England, in the sixth year of his reign, and "two honest and discreet burgesses" were charged with the daily overseeing of the workmen and labourers, while "the Mayor and six of the best and most sufficient Aldermen and Burgesses of the town" were to subscribe their names weekly to the pay-books. These accounts were discovered by Dr. Fuller, and given in detail in his "History of Berwick." It is interesting to note that the wages paid ranged from 2s. 6d. per day and 15d. per tide down to 4d. per day and 2d. per tide. But a businesslike Bishop of Durham came upon the scene in August, 1620, and "received less contentment than he expected, finding that the expences of his Majesty's monies rise apace, but the bridge riseth slowly." Whereupon, with an early appreciation of the advantages of contracting, he determined "to bring the whole business to a certaintie upon articles both for the charge and the time of finishing the whole work." The energy thus imparted to the undertaking bore fruit, we have no doubt, in the curtailment of the time occupied in the erection of the bridge; but what with the delay caused by the scarcity of material, and floods which brought down "strange abundance of stacks of hay, corn, and timber"—in one case sweeping away the old wooden bridge and overthrowing a whole year's work in the new—it was fourteen years after the bishop's

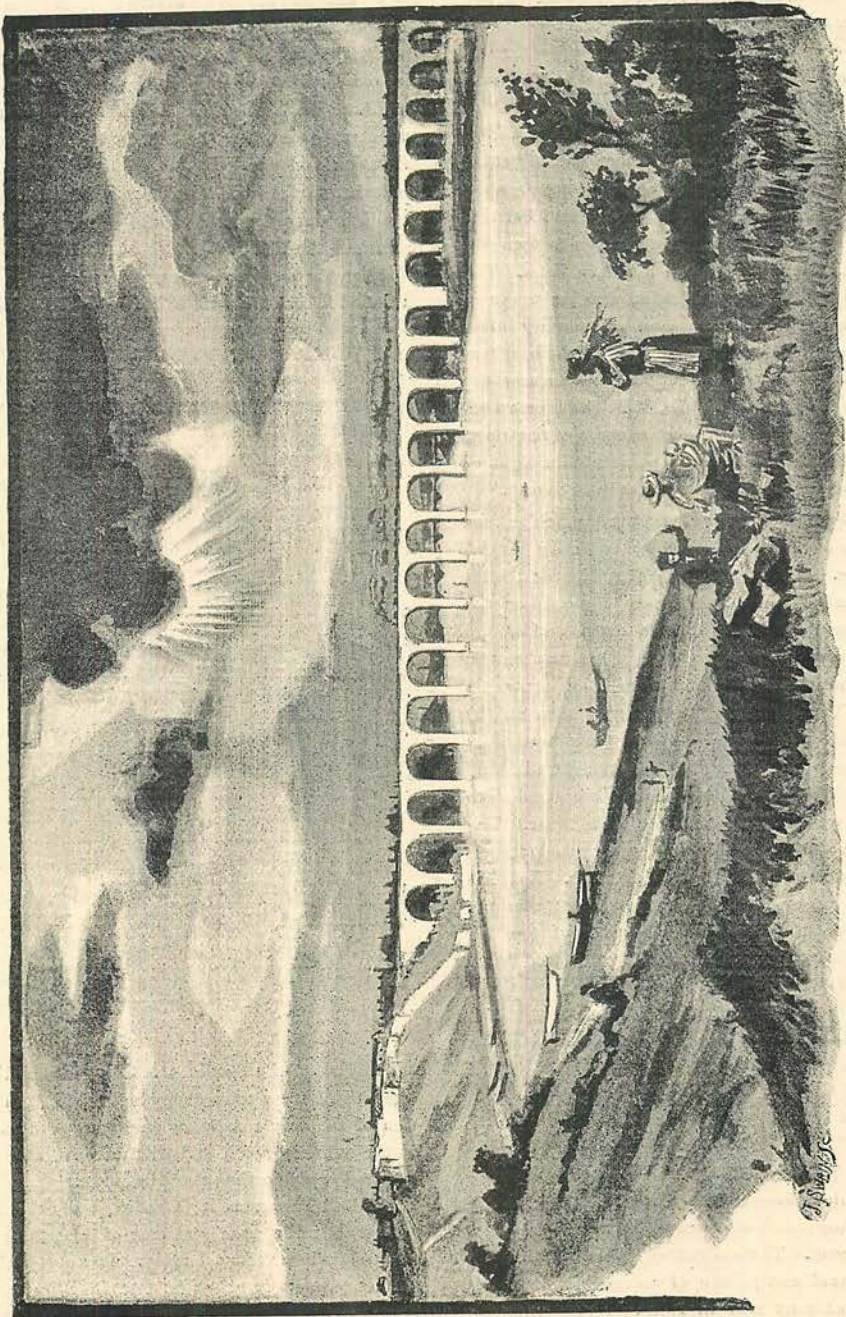
visit before the undertaking was completed. His lordship considerably reported to the King upon "the good and faithful service" of the Mayor of Berwick, Sir William Bowyer, knight, "during divers years past," about the work of the bridge, and his Majesty, well pleased, directed that the sum of £100 be paid to Sir William at the rate of £20 per annum for five years. We trust that the worthy knight was as "well pleased" as his Majesty.

There was one incident in the building of the bridge which is worth more than passing mention. It was on the 2nd of June, 1633, that King Charles, on his progress to Edinburgh to be crowned, was met by a deputation from the Border town, headed by the Recorder, Mr. Widdrington, of Gray's Inn, who addressed his "most gracious and dread sovereign" in language that must have tickled the monarch and his train. While he assured the King that his Majesty's presence brought as much joy and comfort to them all as ever the loss of the town of Berwick brought sorrow to the English or Scottish nations, "you have in your Majesty's eye," proceeded the grandiloquent orator, "the representative body of a town that hath been the delight, nay, the ransom of kings; a true Helena, for which many bloody battles have been fought, lost, and regained, several times within the compass of one century of years." And he concluded by most affectionately wishing "that the throne of King Charles, the great and wise son of our British Solomon, may be like that of King David, the father of Solomon, established before the Lord for ever." We have thus a clear connection established between King Charles and Berwick Bridge, but it is a mistake to assume that it was across the present structure that James, "the British Solomon," passed to ascend the throne of England.

Though Fuller wrote about a hundred years ago, his description of the bridge will still bear to be quoted. "It is built," he says, "of fine hewn stone, and has 15 spacious and elegant arches. It measures 1,164 feet in length, including the landstalls. Its width is 17 feet. At each of the pillars, which are 14 in number, there is an outlet to both sides; without these there would be much greater danger in walking or riding along the bridge than there is at present." Then he refers to the sixth pillar separating Berwick from the County Palatine of Durham, sods being formerly placed on the battlements at this point as a guide to constables and others in the execution of warrants. There is now no necessity for the sods, but the pillar is still distinguished by having battlements slightly higher than the others. Berwick, being a walled town, possessed gates which were closely guarded at night within living memory. The south gate of the town shut up the northern end of the bridge, while two strong wooden barriers, 148 feet distant from each other, and projecting beyond the battlements on each side, were placed midway across. These hindrances to



BERWICK BRIDGE.



ROYAL BORDER BRIDGE, BERWICK.

traffic, however, could not long be tolerated as the century advanced, and they were therefore entirely swept away.

Our view of Berwick Bridge (from a drawing by Mr. MacWhirter) is taken from the Royal Border Bridge, a lofty railway viaduct crossing the Tweed near the Old Castle, and connecting the North-Eastern with the North British Railway. The Royal Border, of which we also give an illustration (taken from a photograph by Mr. J. Herriott, Berwick), was opened by the Queen on August 29, 1850. Much of the ruins of the Castle was destroyed in the course of the erection of the railway bridge, and Berwick Station has obliterated a large portion which formerly crowned the high ground on the northern bank. The Water Tower, the Breakneck Stairs, another tower in Tam the Miller's Field, a large mass of masonry called Long John, and the Bell Tower—by which the burghers were warned of the approach of the Scots—are now the principal remains of the Old Walls, which may be traced by the side of the ancient moat, on the north of the town, from the river on the one side to a point within sight of the sea on the other, the line being from west to east.

To distinguish it from the Royal Border Bridge, the structure whose history we have traced is locally termed the Old Bridge. Our illustration shows Berwick, with the spire of the Town Hall, on the high ground on the left, while Tweedmouth lies at the south end of the bridge, and Spittal, a rising watering place, on the same bank at the mouth of the river, the sea being shown in the distance. The New Road, a pathway seen on the left, is a favourite promenade—completely sheltered from the north winds—which leads through a romantic-looking gateway in the Water Tower of the Old Castle and on to some pleasant woods lying further up the river. The artist has been very successful in catching the summer aspect of a picturesque and interesting scene. But Berwick, cramped up as it is within the ramparts of the Elizabethan period, which took the place of the Old Walls, has quite an old-world look about it, and is full of quaint scenes and memories.

fellows whose business it was to defend their country and their homes.

Berwick, that once important Border town, has naturally enough suffered severely from the numerous sieges and assaults to which it has been subjected. Its once impregnable castle is now a heap of shapeless stone; its old fortifications are razed to the ground; while the monastic institutions, of which it had so *many*, have all disappeared, leaving but faint indications of their situation and size. But while these and other ancient relics are in a ruinous state, or are altogether non-existent, one link connecting us with the older life of Berwick still remains—the Bell Tower.

After the siege and capture of Berwick in 1296, King Edward I. caused a wall to be built round the town, provided with numerous towers. This was further strength-



The Bell Tower, Berwick.

THE English side of the Border is studded with numerous old castles, pele-towers, and other places of strength, all rich in lore and legend. These silent witnesses of past pain and sorrow, of raid and pillage, of battles lost and won, are for the most part now in ruins. Some there are that have escaped the common lot, and are to be seen in much the same state as when inhabited by our forefathers. From these strongholds the student can learn much of the habits, customs, and mode of warfare of the brave

ened by a deep fosse or moat. Some idea of the size and strength of these towers may be formed from an inspection of the only remaining one, situate in the Greenses at the extreme north end of the town, and about four hundred yards north-east of the castle.

The Bell Tower, as it is called, was originally of five storeys, but the wear and tear of successive ages have reduced its height considerably. It is octagonal in shape, and at present is about 50 feet in height. There are apertures or small niches on each flat, facing the north, south, east, and west, with a doorway, originally level with the fortifications, on the east and west sides respectively. Above the door-lintels are spaces from which stones have been removed. Old inhabitants say that on