



THE REV. JAMES RUSSELL, D.D.

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REMINISCENCES

OF

YARROW

BY

THE LATE JAMES RUSSELL, D.D.

MINISTER OF YARROW

With Preface by

PROFESSOR CAMPBELL FRASER, LL.D., D.C.L.

Edited and Annotated by THE LATE PROFESSOR VEITCH, LL.D.

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P R E F A C E



THIS book carries its readers back into parochial life in other days in the pastoral vale of Yarrow, that ideal Border vale, and source of so much Scottish song and romance. It represents the parish as it was in the last decade of last century and in the earlier part of this, when the "Ettrick Shepherd" and Sir Walter Scott were among the parishioners, and when it was passed by "unvisited" (1803), "visited" (1814), and "revisited" (1831), by Wordsworth. The picture is part of a larger work, autobiographical and antiquarian, projected by its late pastor, Dr James Russell. It describes his own local experience and that of Dr Robert Russell, his father and predecessor, amidst the homely society by which they were surrounded. Although these 'Reminiscences' of manners and life in the Border country were left unfinished by the writer when he died, in January 1883, they add pleasantly, even in their present state, to our store of local anecdote and history. And the two principal figures, the father and the son, pastors in succession of this "church among the mountains" for

nearly a century (1791-1883), now themselves belong to the consecrated memories of Yarrow.

A chapter drawn from Dr Russell's manuscripts, touching the history and antiquities of Ettrick Forest, has been added to the more personal reminiscences, which form the larger part of the book. His first idea was to preserve for his sons some of his own memories of other days. Gradually the work grew. The following scrap, found among his manuscripts, explains the process:—

“I have been often importuned by friends to write a full description of this district, but I have hitherto declined, from felt inadequacy to do justice to the subject. It was not till recently, when, on receiving an honorary degree from my *Alma Mater*,¹ a strong wish was again expressed to the same effect, that I seriously entertained the idea. It was not, perhaps, unnatural that the task should be assigned to me of furnishing the chronicles of Yarrow. Born in its manse, nursed and bred among its breezes, with hereditary ties to its people, myself long the pastor of its parish, having explored every corner of its hills and dales, a visitor in every cottage, and not altogether unversed in its past and present condition, I might be supposed to have some slender qualifications for the work. Besides, it was my lot in my youth to write the Statistical Account of the parish, which attracted considerable notice at the time, and long subsequent experience might well be thought to have supplied additional information.

“That early account of Yarrow has accordingly been taken as the groundwork of the following pages—in describing the natural, civil, and ecclesiastical

¹ In April 1878.

history of the parish, within its ancient boundaries, before it was curtailed by the erection of the new parishes of Kirkhope and Caddonfoot. It is with diffidence, entreating the indulgence of readers and critics, that I charge myself with a task which, could I hope creditably to perform it, would indeed be a labour of love."

In consequence of the lamented death of Mr John Russell, in July 1884, the Rev. Alexander Williamson, of West St Giles' Church, Edinburgh, at the request of the representatives of Dr Russell, undertook the charge of arranging the 'Reminiscences.' Mr Williamson is also responsible for the two biographical chapters appended. The work has been revised and annotated by Professor Veitch, the historian and poet of the Border. Mr Tom Scott, the artist, a native of Selkirk, has contributed the illustrations which adorn it.

A circumstance, which I hope may be mentioned without egotism, explains how I have been asked to appear in this prefatory note. From 1861 till 1875 I lived almost every summer in remote and silent Yarrow, led to it first by accident, and then by the attraction of a retreat more suited than any other within convenient reach for the meditative and literary work of a Scottish professor of metaphysics at the season of the year when the class-room is closed. The region now suggests happy hours of relaxation and of reflective thought. At the easy distance of forty miles from Edinburgh, Yarrow is one of the few refuges for contemplative recreation still saved in this overcrowded island from the invasion of the railway. As an occasional resident, one soon found that the centre of the social system was in the manse, beautifully situated near

the "dowie dens" of the Border ballad—a manse redolent of olden times, with its quaint simplicity of adornment, in keeping with the genius of the place. The writer of the 'Reminiscences,' who personified and lived for the classic vale in which he was born, was there attracting his parishioners to goodness by the power of example. His hospitable abode was the common home of the parish, and he was himself the loved father of the whole parochial family. With gracious brightness of manner, gentle and refined, an inexhaustible store of local legends, his society was a constant pleasure. When other parishes in Scotland were disturbed by ecclesiastical strife, it was silent in Yarrow, where the ruling influence was always on the side of "sweet reasonableness." Friendship with the inmates of that manse is my apology for taking the place of others better fitted to speak.

White's 'Natural History of Selborne' shows how animate and inanimate nature within a narrow circuit may afford material for one of the classics of English literature. "The hill called the Hanger, with its long hanging wood;" the village with its straggling street of rose-clustered cottages in the sheltered vale below; the antique parish church, besides "the square piece of ground called the Plestor," with the "vast oak" in the centre; the picturesque "well-head;" and the leafy lanes of Selborne—all contributed to the fair scene amidst which the habits of the various denizens of air and water fully occupied the good pastor, Gilbert White. It is thus that a microscopic study of what is presented within a small space upon the surface of our planet, or within a short "tract

on the river of time," reveals a miniature world to the eye that can see.

It would be difficult to discover in this island a space of corresponding extent more charged with natural and human interest than the lonely vale which winds in a north-westerly direction from the Duke of Buccleuch's residence at Bowhill, and

" The shattered front of Newark's Tower,
Renowned in Border story,"

to Birkhill, at the head of Moffatdale, amidst "the hills whence classic Yarrow flows." The distance between them is about twenty miles—mostly rounded, grassy, treeless hills; in soft repose under the blue sky, wan and pensive in mists or in storms, radiant with splendour when under snow in sunshine, all silence or full of soothing sounds, with the "silvery current" of the famous stream meandering along "the bare and open valley" to which it gives its name. Nature, it is true, does not here obtrude its charms, and Yarrow is to each man what each man makes it. It is after prolonged stay that its power is felt, deepening with the intimacy of years. At first a stranger is apt to feel—

" What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under;
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."

But when one lives in it, and in this way imbibes its spirit, it is found to be instinct everywhere with the historic symbolism of Scott, and significant of the spiritual meanings of which Wordsworth was conscious.

The largest lake in the south of Scotland occupies the upper part of the valley. The country around it is familiar to the reader of 'Marmion':—

" All is loneliness :
 And silence aids—though the steep hills
 Send to the Lake a thousand rills ;
 In summer time, so soft they weep,
 The sound but lulls the ear asleep ;
 Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
 So stilly is the solitude."

The rich variety of Como or of Grasmere is wanting. But there is the restful feeling of the green undulating hills, with remains here and there of the forest which covered the now almost treeless country centuries ago, when it was the home of the House of Douglas, and after that a hunting-ground of Scottish kings. Memorials of medieval piety, on the site of the church of St Mary's,¹ with its lone churchyard, on the hillside above the lake; Bowerhope, now a home of the Laidlaws, nestling on its opposite shore, and the famed cottage of Tibbie Shiel at its southern extremity; memorials of feudal chivalry, in "Dryhope's ruined tower," and the scene of the "Douglas Tragedie," eastward of the church; with the tomb of "Perys of Cokburne and hys wife Marjory," connected with the most pathetic of Border ballads, to the west—all add their associations to the scene.

" Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
 A softness still and holy ;
 The grace of forest charms decayed,
 And pastoral melancholy."

¹ The parish church for centuries before the Reformation, and afterwards in the Presbyterian and Episcopalian establishments, till almost the middle of the seventeenth century.

The parish of Yarrow at the time of the 'Reminiscences' extended beyond the boundaries of the valley, into the vale of Ettrick on the one side and the vale of Tweed on the other. The population was about 1200, distributed on sheep-farms over more than 70,000 acres, of which not 3000 were cultivated, and perhaps 500 under natural or planted timber. The greater part was, and still is, the property of the Dukes of Buccleuch, whose beneficent ownership has covered the country with plenty and prosperity.

The half-century revived in this book presents a life changed indeed from that of which the Forest was the scene in its centuries of Border warfare, and in the struggle for the Covenant. The rout of Montrose at Philiphaugh in September 1645 closed the series of Border battles; and when Renwick preached his last sermon near St Mary's, shortly before he suffered in February 1688, the warfare of the Covenant was about to cease. The last sign of war within the Yarrow was when a portion of the Highland army, on its way to Carlisle, passed up the old road on the south side of St Mary's Loch, in November 1745.¹ The tide of modern life invading its mountains was then transforming the life of combat on the Scottish Border into one of pastoral contentment and peace.

¹ For information of this interesting and unrecorded tradition I am indebted to Lord Napier and Ettrick. It is not expressly corroborated in the published histories of the '45. Chevalier Johnstone says that the Prince's army marched by "three routes," and in several divisions, from Edinburgh to Carlisle. One division, it is well known, went by Jedburgh, Kelso, and Hawick, and the other by Peebles and Moffat. It seems that in the movement to Moffat from Peebles one party went by Tweedsmuir, and the others over the hills from Traquair, by St Mary's Loch and Moffat water.

“ Sweet Teviot ! on thy silver tide,
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more,
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore.
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle horn.”

In Ettrick Forest, towards the end of the eighteenth century, local sentiment, founded on tradition, was slowly disappearing. With faith in science, faith in legends was in process of decay. Ghosts and fairy visitations were of the past, and tales at the cottage “ingle nook” were more rarely heard. Scott was collecting the ballads of the Border minstrels, still lingering in oral tradition, with a hold so loose that the publication of his ‘Minstrelsy’ in 1802 in a manner dissolved their spell; and they disappeared among the dales when thus introduced into literature. But the shepherd's plaid and the blue bonnet of the *thé* Covenant were still the peasant's dress; coarse homespun coats were not yet supplanted by broadcloth manufactured in noisy factories at Selkirk or Galashiels. The kindly tie between master and servant, formed in feudal times, in which “domestics grew up and grew grey under the same roof,” was not yet changed for the contract that is fulfilled with impersonal unconcern. The farmhouses, unlike those which now adorn the vale, were thatched and low-roofed—a room in one end, the kitchen in the other, with small dimly lighted attics above. Tea and wheaten bread were scarcely known, each farm providing within itself its own

food and clothing. Neither spring-carriages nor gigs were seen on the narrow undulating road that then skirted St Mary's Loch, which was travelled only by pedestrians and riders. Letters reached the inhabitants only at irregular intervals. The chief newsmongers were beggars and pedlars; and a single copy of the 'Edinburgh Courant' served as a newspaper for the whole population from Newark to Birkhill.

It is this homely self-contained life that passes before us in the 'Reminiscences.' The social life of the people, incidents of ministerial visits, odd local characters, parishioners who reached extreme old age in a region favourable to vitality, the interior of manse and school and church, annual communion celebrations, pictures of clerical neighbours at a time when the Church of Scotland was less active than it is now, and glimpses of the General Assemblies of the Church in Edinburgh, with their halo of a far-off outside world, are presented in panoramic succession. A rumour of French invasion in 1804, which once more gathered the Border clans, alone suggested the troubled times of the past.

Yet the telescope as well as the microscope might be associated with the Yarrow of those days. Men whose effect on the age can be estimated only by a telescopic sweep of the horizon were then within the parochial boundary; although the design of the 'Reminiscences' does not admit them there to a place proportioned to their magnitude in the world outside. The resident literary lion of the parish was James Hogg, the shepherd-poet of Scotland, whose poetry and prose gave fit utterance to the spirit

latent in the weird, fairy-haunted region in which he lived—first a peasant's child in Ettrick parish; then a shepherd at Blackhouse, on the Douglas Burn, in Yarrow, in company with his master's son, the "Willie Laidlaw" who was afterwards the amanuensis and friend of Scott; lastly, resident at Mount Bengier and at Altrive, where he died. In 1813 his 'Queen's Wake' appeared, other poems and tales at intervals, in the first three decades of the century—all inspired by Yarrow. During eight years (1804-12) of the period of the 'Reminiscences,' Walter Scott, the descendant on his mother's side of a former minister of Yarrow, was living at Ashiestiel. The ballads and traditions of the vale inspired him too, and he spread the inspiration:—

" For thou upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow."

The 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' 'Marmion,' and the 'Lady of the Lake,' all came from Ashiestiel in those years; and there, too, 'Waverley' was written. Moreover, in feeding the genius of Scott, Yarrow in the end helped to direct the thought and sentiment of the nineteenth century, in England as well as in Scotland, in pursuit of a higher ideal. I have sometimes pleased myself with the notion that the lonely vale has thus had its own share in the romantic reaction of this century against materialism—that Yarrow is in this way associated with the Oxford of Keble and Newman, and with that awakened imaginative sympathy with the Past

which, partly through Scott, has been a spring of spiritual philosophy as well as of ecclesiastical catholicism. In olden times the strength and sentiment of the Scottish Border found vent in deeds of war and chivalry: in these latter days it has discharged itself in works of imagination and speculative intellect. If the greatest representative of imaginative literature that Scotland has produced was to be found in Yarrow in the half-century of these 'Reminiscences,' he who has most affected European thought by abstract speculation might have been found, in the half-century preceding, in the neighbouring Border county of Berwick, in the person of David Hume. The two Scotchmen of European magnitude in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were both of Border blood, and bore Border names—

"Homes that dwelt on Leader-side,
And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow."

Since 1875 I have found in two other summer retreats formidable rivals even to Yarrow—one the fair vale which descends from Dunmail Raise towards Fox How and Ambleside, perhaps the loveliest even in beautiful England, in which Wordsworth lived, and where all that is mortal of him rests besides the Rothay, in the churchyard of Grasmere; the region sacred to his memory, and connected too with the name of Arnold: the other, the home of my boyhood, on the shore of Loch Etive, beside the ruined Priory of Ardchattan, in the land of Lorne; with its Alpine scenery, the grandest in all the Highlands, if less soft and tender than Yarrow and without the cultured grace of smiling Grasmere; and which, like Yarrow

and Grasmere, moved the imagination of Wilson and Scott and Wordsworth, in the verse and prose in which each proclaimed its charms.

Notwithstanding, I am this summer again on the braes of Yarrow—the author of the ‘Reminiscences,’ and others of the bygone years, themselves now reminiscences of its past, adding to the former pensive sentiment of the place.

A. CAMPBELL FRASER.

KIRKSTEAD, YARROW,
September 1885.

POSTSCRIPT



THIS Second Edition of the "Reminiscences," now ready to issue from the press, comes to its readers with true pathos. The editing and annotating was the last literary work of one whose name must henceforth be united with those of Hogg and Scott, as chief representatives in this century of the patriotism and literature of the Border country. Professor Veitch had finished it only a few days before his death. The "Prefatory Note" which follows had also been sent to the printer in the end of last month; but before the final proof of this Note could reach the writer, he had already passed "from sunshine to the silent land."

This is not the place for estimating what the world owes to this brave Borderer, of noble heart, devoted to the True, the Beautiful, and the Good; or what the world of imagination and of abstract thought has lost in the poet and philosopher. For me, life looks changed indeed, now that the loving friend of almost half a century has been withdrawn from this world of sense:—

a loss for ever new,
A void where heart on heart reposed;
And, where warm hands have prest and closed,
Silence, till I be silent too.

A. C. F.

GORTON, HAWTHORNDEN,
September 15, 1894.

PREFATORY NOTE
BY PROFESSOR VEITCH



THE original material of the 'Reminiscences of Yarrow,' when put into my hands in 1886, had been submitted to some general arrangement, but it was still in great measure without order—having been obviously the work of intervals of leisure on the part of the author. For the selection and arrangement of the matter of the text, as in the first edition, I was thus mainly responsible. In view of a second edition, I have gone more carefully over the text itself than I had the opportunity of doing before. I have made such corrections in expression and sometimes construction as may serve to bring out the meaning more clearly, and as seemed proper in a publication which had not the benefit of the author's revisal. Quotations also have been verified, and notes revised and added.

J. VEITCH.

THE LOANING, PEEBLES,
August, 1894.

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REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS OF ROBERT RUSSELL—THE SIDE SCHOOL OF DENMUIR IN FIFE—COLLEGE LIFE AT ST ANDREWS—A FORCED SETTLEMENT—COMMUNION SEASONS IN FIFE—EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY—EDINBURGH FRIENDS—TUTORSHIP AT MERCHISTON HALL—BRUCE—MILLER—MASONIC ENROLMENT—LICENCE—ORDINATION AT ETRICK—MR RUSSELL'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE—FIRST DAYS IN ETRICK—OBJECTIONS TO READING SERMONS—BAPTISMS—STATISTICAL ACCOUNT—PEDLARS—PAROCHIAL SCHOOLMASTERS—STIPEND OF ETRICK.

THE life of a country minister, following the even tenor of his way, and quietly doing the work of an evangelist, is generally uneventful. Many of my father's contemporaries, who loved and venerated him, have followed him to the grave; and it may seem that the time has now gone by for any memoir. But not a few of his old friends still remain. From his long connection with the General Assembly, he was well and widely known in the Church. An earnest and successful ministry, protracted far beyond the average period, has left its mark in Yarrow, and his memory is still fragrant as the hills where he fed his flock. To the rising generation a sketch of what he was may not be devoid of interest and profit. I have felt it incumbent,

ROBERT
RUSSELL.

therefore, to yield to the request, often, and of late more strongly than ever expressed, to attempt a sketch of his personal and pastoral character. One reason has weighed with me—the growing demand for records of the past. No works are more popular than such illustrations of Scottish life and manners as are given us in many anecdotes by Dean Ramsay and Dr Rogers. The charm of such autobiographies as those of Carlyle and Dr Somerville, of Dr R. Chambers and Dr Wightman—men all belonging to the Lowlands of Scotland—lies in the reproduction of the past and its contrast with the present. The present sketch has no pretension to the graphic delineations or literary grace of these; while the close relationship between the subject and writer renders the task all the more delicate. But in the years that have elapsed since my father entered on his ministry, and still more since his birth, considerably above a century, striking evidence may be found how rapidly the world has advanced and society changed.

Parentage.

My father was born in the year 1766 at Wester Denmuir, in Fife, of which his father, James Russell, was farmer. His mother's name was Isabella Meldrum. The family removed to Balcarres Mill, which was rented from the Earl of Balcarres.

Longevity
of the family.

My father was one of a large family of eleven, most of whom, like himself, survived, in robust health, to a green old age. Mrs Aitken, the eldest, lived long at Balram, and was above ninety when she died. My uncle James, of Westertoun, visited us at Yarrow when he was ninety; was the picture of health, had a glow on his cheek, and was the image of my father, insomuch that Dr Anderson of Selkirk, meeting him on the road, thought for a

moment that my father stood before him. His dialect was peculiarly that of the "kingdom of Fife," and prevented him enjoying a visit he once paid to London, as the Cockneys could not understand him, nor he them. Another sister in London, Mrs Edie, when above eighty, used often to walk from Tottenham Court Road to Mr Morton's at Wapping (a distance of nearly five miles) and back. When on a bad night Mr Morton would put her into an omnibus, and pay the fare, she sat for a little, then got out, and walked home.

The first education my father got was at a side school near his home, conducted by an old man whose teaching was of a very primitive kind. The pupils were taught to say "Muckle *A* and little *a*, cruiked *S*, and percy *and*." That last was the name for the &, which often in spelling-books followed the *Z*—the percy, properly *per se*, descriptive of it,—which the man of the rod had simply by rote,—denoting that it stood by itself.

Early education.

Connected with the farm-house was an excellent orchard. As all the fallen apples were the perquisites of the boys, how they longed for a windy night to lay the fruit at their feet, and sally out the morning after a gale to gather up and divide the spoil! Near Priestfield was another orchard, owned by Andrew Myles, which he guarded as jealously as was the Garden of the Hesperides. The boys around were wont to try the old man's temper by stealing its tempting produce; and the way in which he usually put to flight the delinquents was to rush out with an old blunderbuss, sometimes primed with powder. One day the boys dressed a sack of straw so like a thing of real flesh and blood, that the dim eyes of the indignant weaver could

Youthful exploits.

not discover the difference. They fixed it to the top of the tree by a tie so slender, that the slightest touch or breath of air could detach it. Then raising the alarm, out rushed the man of treadles in a fury with *in terrorem* firearms; and when the obstinate urchin would neither, in answer to his summons, speak nor stir, he was prevailed on to give him a smell of the powder. Then certainly the plunderer fell as if shot to the ground, to his unutterable astonishment and consternation. This trick, however, was not tried again. An uncle of my father's—Mr John Dall, farmer at Priestfield—was a man of great excellence and intelligence, and had received a classical education. Towards him and his wife my father ever cherished a sentiment of great gratitude and respect, and preserved with much care an engraving of him in his large wig and court dress, which I still possess.

Mr Dall.

Cock-fighting.

There was a practice at the schools, which fortunately has long been obsolete. It was that of cock-fighting on Hansel-Monday—a cruel practice, and the very reverse of humanising. It was relished as much by the master as by the scholars—even more, perhaps, by the former, as to him it was a source, not of pleasure merely, but of profit. The cocks that would not fight—the *fugies*, as they were called—fell to his lot, and kept him in cock-a-leekie for many a day.¹

College life at St Andrews.

My father attended the Divinity Hall, for two sessions at St Andrews. One of the theological professors continued to deliver his lectures in Latin for three years of the course; and on commencing

¹ [One of his early teachers was Mr James Boucher, who kept a private school for some years, and was afterwards appointed Antiburgher minister at Cumbernauld.—A. W.]

the fourth year's work, he stated that when writing his prelections many years before, the students of that day had requested him to discontinue the Latin medium, which he did, and accordingly the lectures for that session would be in English. The wonder was that he had never, for the greater edification of the rising hopes of the Church, converted the previous sets of lectures into that language also.

At St Andrews, where my father enjoyed a bursary, the bursars dined at a common table. The rule was for one of the number to divide the dishes among the party into as nearly equal portions as possible—the guarantee for this equality being that he was himself the last to be served; so that if one portion happened to be less than the rest, it was sure to fall to his share. The love of mischief was as strong in those days as now. The students frequently cut and injured each other's gowns; but no offence was taken, as the more tattered or faded the gown was, provided it would hang together, it was looked on as a mark of longer attendance on the *alma mater*.

Tricks used also to be played on some of the professors—a habit, however, common to all *alumni* of a university. One of the old professors was wont to parade the courts at night to see that all the students were quiet in their respective apartments—a surveillance which the spirited youth did not quite approve. A party of them agreed to give the venerable inspector a rather rough handling, and on his remonstrating, and protesting that he was Professor —, they declared, as they renewed the jostling with greater vigour, that he deserved no mercy for his imposture, and for taking that

excellent man's name in vain. The annoyance to which another of the professors, then somewhat old and absent, was subjected, was this: a snow-ball was stuck in the canopy right above his reading-desk, which for a while was harmless; but as the room got heated, the snow began to melt, and came down on the manuscript of the good man's lecture, who, all unconscious of the source of the persistent drops, kept quietly, to the amusement of his class, brushing them away. From the age of sixteen the youthful student was independent of supplies from home, cost no one a farthing, and pushed his own way in the world.

My father, who took his degree at St Andrews in 1785, had attracted the notice of Mr George Hill, Professor of Greek, and, probably on account of the professor's favourable opinion, he was asked to take charge of a school which was under the patronage of the Bailies of Auchtermuchty, and which he taught for about a year and a half. He was afterwards engaged as tutor in the family of Spottiswoode of Dunipace.

A forced settlement at Kettle.

My father was present at one of those forced settlements which were occasionally the reproach of those times. It was when Dr Barclay was inducted at Kettle. The Presbytery had to take refuge in one of the galleries for the ordination, which was barricaded against the people. Some of them attempted to climb up by the front; but when their hands got hold of the boarding, the ministers with their sticks gave them a rattle over the fingers, and made them relax their grasp. The military had at length to be called in to quell the riot. Dr Barclay, after his settlement, by his culture and kindness and prudent conduct, gained the

affections of his people, and became a most excellent and acceptable minister. This was not, however, till a Dissenting meeting-house had been built in the parish.

No less objectionable were the scenes that occurred at Communion. The old compact was still in force between masters and servants, wherein the latter bargained to get to so many fairs and so many sacraments. When the Communion took place, the neighbouring parishes were left waste, both ministers and people mustering in great numbers. There was, of course, the service in church; there was necessarily another out of doors for those who could not find admission; while the crowds, and long continuance of the work, implied another necessity, the providing of refreshments, lest they should "faint by the way." Unfortunately the carnal things and the devotional were in too close proximity, for the baps of bread and barrels of ale were planted round the churchyard dyke. All day long there was an oscillation between the one and the other. When a popular preacher mounted the rostrum, the people all flocked to the tent; when a *wauf* hand turned up, the tide was all the other way—the tent was deserted, and the baps and barrels carried the day. There was an unceasing contest between the spiritual and the spirituous—the holy day was turned into a holiday, and scenes were enacted which testified that Burns's "Holy Fair" was no caricature.

Communion
seasons in
Fife.

During the winter in Edinburgh, when my father attended Dr Hunter's divinity class in the University, and continued his tuition of the young Spottiswoodes, he lodged with Mr and Mrs Oswald Lorimer. Mr Lorimer was son of a former minister

Edinburgh
University.

of Yarrow.¹ From his landlady he heard many a long story of the Braes of Yarrow and its families, at a time when he had, of course, no idea of the close relationship which was to bind him to them afterwards. He was also offered all Mr Lorimer's manuscript sermons, if they could be of any use to him—a kindly meant offer which, with many thanks, was declined.

Rev. Dr
Davidson.

During the sessions he remained in Edinburgh, my father received much kindness from the Rev. Dr Davidson of the Tolbooth Church, whose breakfast-table was always open to the students of divinity with whom he had any acquaintance. Taking a lively interest in their spiritual welfare, Dr Davidson was ever ready to direct their theological reading, and, if need be, to replenish their scanty purses. My father maintained his intimacy with him to the last. He frequently spoke of a visit paid to the Doctor, at the time of the General Assembly, at Muirhouse. He and a party of friends, strolling with him over the grounds, expressed their admiration of the beauty of the place. "Yes," said the good old divine; "but it would be a poor portion, if one had nothing better to look to."

Professor
Duncan.

Old Dr Andrew Duncan, Professor of Medicine, Edinburgh, had been in the habit of going to the top of Arthur's Seat every morning of the 1st of May for above sixty years, to see the sun rise, and drink the May-dew. He continued it to extreme old age. When eighty-four, he told my father he had that year accomplished the feat. Fearing he might not be able for the achievement, he made an experimental trip a few mornings before; and find-

¹ [The Rev. James Lorimer, D.D., was translated from Mouswald to Yarrow in 1765, and died in 1775.—A. C. F.]

ing his strength equal to it, he had his sip of May-dew as usual. And to prove that he was nothing the worse of the exertion, he repeated the journey a few mornings afterwards; so that three times within a week the octogenarian had before sunrise scaled the summit of Arthur's Seat.

Merchiston Hall, near Falkirk, is so named from the old castle near Edinburgh, which belonged to Baron Napier of logarithm celebrity, and is still in the possession of the Dowager Lady Napier. Rear-Admiral Sir Charles named his house in the south of England after it. It was then occupied by the Hon. Charles Napier, great-grand-uncle of the present Baron Napier and Ettrick, and there for four years my father lived as tutor. A brother of Charles Napier's, Patrick, was frequently at the Hall. He was a captain in the navy, under Admiral Digby. It was in his ship that William IV., our sailor-king, was placed as midshipman. Owing to some difference, the young sailor left. His superior, though remembering that he was intrusted with the charge of one of the royal family, felt that he had no alternative but to enforce the rules of the service. The Admiralty declined to interfere. Both parties went with their story to George III., who, without giving any formal opinion on the merits of the dispute, directed Mr Napier to be made a post-captain, which was a virtual approval of his conduct. It was a subject on which the captain invariably maintained a prudent reticence. The only person who sometimes ventured to banter him was his sister; but in answer to her blunt question, "Patrick, what made you and the prince part?" gave the uniform answer, "Mutual consent, madam."

Merchiston
Hall.

Bruce the
traveller.

It was at Merchiston Hall that my father met many distinguished men—among others Bruce of Kinnaird, the Abyssinian traveller, whom he spoke of as a very tall, handsome, well-built man, but distant and reserved. He was especially silent on the topic of his African travels—the truth of which had been doubted and the narrative burlesqued, so as very much to sour his mind, although all his statements, even the most startling, were fully borne out by subsequent explorers.

Mr Miller of
Dalswinton.

Here, too, my father was brought into contact with Mr Miller of Dalswinton, the inventor of steam navigation, of whom, as well as of his experiments, a detailed account is given in 'The Life of Dr Wightman,' chapter viii. After being tested on the lake of Dalswinton, Mr Miller transferred his experiments to the Forth and Clyde Canal, near Falkirk. My father was one of the many interested spectators. The engine was placed between two boats, and in this way the paddle-wheels did not exert so much force on the banks of the canal. The experiments with steam were successful; but it was then generally believed to be available only for calm water, and not a rough sea.

Canal voy-
ages.

My father was another day witness of a somewhat different scene on the canal at Falkirk, in connection with the "Innocent" boat, drawn by horses. A strong young man was going a trip of some twenty miles, to be absent for a few days, and his mother had come to see him off. She bore up bravely till he was just going on board, and then her feelings could no longer be suppressed. She flung her arms round his neck, smothered him with kisses; manifesting as great excitement as if he had been going thousands of miles away,

not to return for a lifetime, and by one of the new and not yet thoroughly proved steamboats, where there was some risk of explosion. She made it the burden of her song, or rather her lament, "Oh, my Jamie, I'll ne'er see ye again!" The passengers were intensely amused with this passionate but misplaced burst of tenderness and terror. The unfortunate object of it, suffused with blushes, could not tear himself forcibly away; but seemed mightily relieved when he at length made his escape from the embraces of parental affection and the mirth of curious onlookers.

My father retained a most pleasant remembrance of the four years he spent in Captain Napier's family, and the kindnesses he had received. He kept up a correspondence with them after he left for Ettrick in 1790. An agreeable surprise awaited him in 1835, on the evening of a Communion Sabbath at Traquair, where he was officiating, as he had often done before. One of the audience, who had come over from Innerleithen to hear him, and spoke to him afterwards, turned out to be Mrs Gordon of Esslemont, in Aberdeenshire, whom he had not met for forty-five years. A few days after, accompanied by her daughter, she paid him a visit for a day at Yarrow, when many an old scene was recalled. He was wont to watch the career of Sir Charles Napier with great interest, as, from his dashing gallantry at sea, he rose rapidly in his profession. They never met, I believe, after Sir Charles became known to fame. After my father's death I announced it to him, and sent him an extract from a letter written by his mother soon after my father went to Ettrick, in which she speaks of Charles's successful pursuit of his studies. I had

Admiral Sir
Charles
Napier.

a kind reply, and the promise of a visit should he ever be in this neighbourhood.

Although it is a digression, I may mention that at the outbreak of the Crimean War, Sir Charles paid a brief visit to Thirlestane. At Sir Charles's request, Lord Napier sent over to the manse of Yarrow a special messenger with an invitation to me to dine with him that evening. It was, I think, in October; and by the time I reached the Castle it was quite dark. On entering the drawing-room, I found only an old gentleman and elderly lady. As I was to be the only guest, they knew who I was; and I in my turn guessed them to be Sir Charles Napier and Lady Julia Lockwood. After sitting and talking a little by the light of a bright fire, Lady Julia said—

“Sir Charles, what long thing, like a ribbon, is that I have seen at your feet for the last five minutes?”

“Oh!” he replied, “that's only my garter.”

“Oh! I did not know that you gentlemen wore garters.”

“How, then, should we be able to keep up our stockings?” replied the K.C.B.; and then he coolly proceeded to tuck up his trousers and replace the garter. Unfortunately it did not seem to serve the purpose alluded to, for ere long the rebellious garter was trailing on the floor.

Soon after Lord and Lady Napier made their appearance, the conversation took the direction of table-turning. On this subject Lord Napier had been reading an article in the ‘Quarterly,’ explaining it on the principle of unconscious volition. Sir Charles said he had never seen *table*-turning, but he had seen *people*-turning. I remarked—

“Sir Charles, I would like to see the person who would turn you to the right about.”

“Well,” he said, “I have been turned to the right about, as you call it, within the last ten days, and by a lady.”

Miss Napier came in at the moment, and it was proposed that the experiment should be tried—she to be the experimenter, and the Admiral the subject.

“What am I to do?” said the young lady.

“Stand behind me, put your hands lightly on my sides, as if we were going to waltz, and wish me to turn one way or other, but don’t tell me which.”

Sir Charles added that he could turn more readily on one foot than on both, if some one would steady him. I volunteered, and took hold of his hands, as he held up one of his feet. There was a dead silence. At length, in about a minute and a half, the little squat man—a good deal like a plain honest Scotch farmer—began to move slightly to the right; I kept moving with him to preserve the equilibrium; by-and-by, like the tables, the movement became more rapid, till he began to spin like a top, Miss Napier and I keeping pace with him. It turned out that he had wheeled exactly as the operator had secretly willed.

During dinner something was said about his laborious early studies, when the Dowager remarked—

“Sir Charles, I thought you were a very idle boy.”

“I beg your pardon; ask *him* there,” pointing to me; so I quoted in his favour the testimony of his mother’s letter. I asked him if he remembered getting his letters from my father. He said he remembered nothing of letters; but he did of my

father taking him to the schoolroom, and showing him "The Babes of the Wood."

Sir Charles began to abuse the Government for supineness in not attacking Russia through the Baltic. Lord Napier told him he had quarrelled with Governments enough already, and just to keep a quiet sough, and see if this one would do anything for him.

"Sir Charles, could you take Cronstadt?" his lordship asked.

"Yes; at the sacrifice of a good many men, and with the help of gunboats." (Those last were just what the Government, who sent him out soon after, refused to give him.)

Masonic
enrolment.

Before leaving Merchiston Hall, my father was enrolled a Freemason in connection with the Falkirk Lodge, and after removing to Ettrick, letters followed him, addressed to Brother Robert Russell. On starting for his new sphere of usefulness in Ettrick, he received many presents from his kind friends at the Hall. Amongst others, a handsome well-bred horse and a set of saddle-bags, then essential for gentlemen travelling with dress-clothes or luggage of any kind.

Licensed as
a preacher.

My father was licensed by the Presbytery of Linlithgow on the 18th of June 1788, and was presented by Francis, Lord Napier, to Ettrick on the 5th of February 1790. His ordination took place there on the 6th May in that year.

Mr Russell's
ordination
at Ettrick.

It was a change, and a great one, from the Carse of Falkirk to the hills of Ettrick. But it was a step in his professional promotion which, bringing him as it did into intimate connection with the family of his patron, and placing him in the midst of a rural and warm-hearted people, he had never cause to regret.

With a letter of introduction from Lord Napier, he came to Bridgelands; and escorted by Mr George Rodger, his Lordship's country agent, rode up Ettrick, and found quarters under the roof of Mr Cunningham, his lordship's tenant at Thirlestane. My father's fine personal appearance, his gentle and genial manners, and, above all, his evangelical doctrine, ingratiated him at once with the people, and he received a most cordial welcome from all classes.¹ An old man, familiarly termed "Cow Wat," alluding to the high respect in which he was held, said to me one day, "Dr Russell was just a goddess among us;" a compliment not one whit the less that there was a slight confusion of the genders—as much so, as when, on another occasion, speaking of a little unbaptised granddaughter, he complained that they had had an "uncircumcised Philistine ower lang in the house."

Mr Bryden of Crosslee, in Ettrick, who was afterwards killed by the fall of a tree at Newark, knowing that a young minister when presented to a living has many expenses to meet—the furnishing of a manse, a double rate to the Widows' Fund, &c.—with frequently no patrimony, and a delay in drawing his first instalment of stipend, most generously volunteered a loan of money to any amount he might require. Though my father's exchequer was not over full, and the stipend he had to draw upon when due was not over large, he managed by

Mr Bryden
of Crosslee.

¹ In reference to this, as noted by Mr Scott in his 'Ecclesiæ Fasti Scoticæ,' he was spoken of as "the beauty of holiness," a name given him, I believe, at first by a facetious co-presbyter, Mr Campbell of Lilliesleaf. [Curiously, the same designation was conferred on Dr Stone, Archbishop of Armagh in the middle of last century.—A. C. F.]

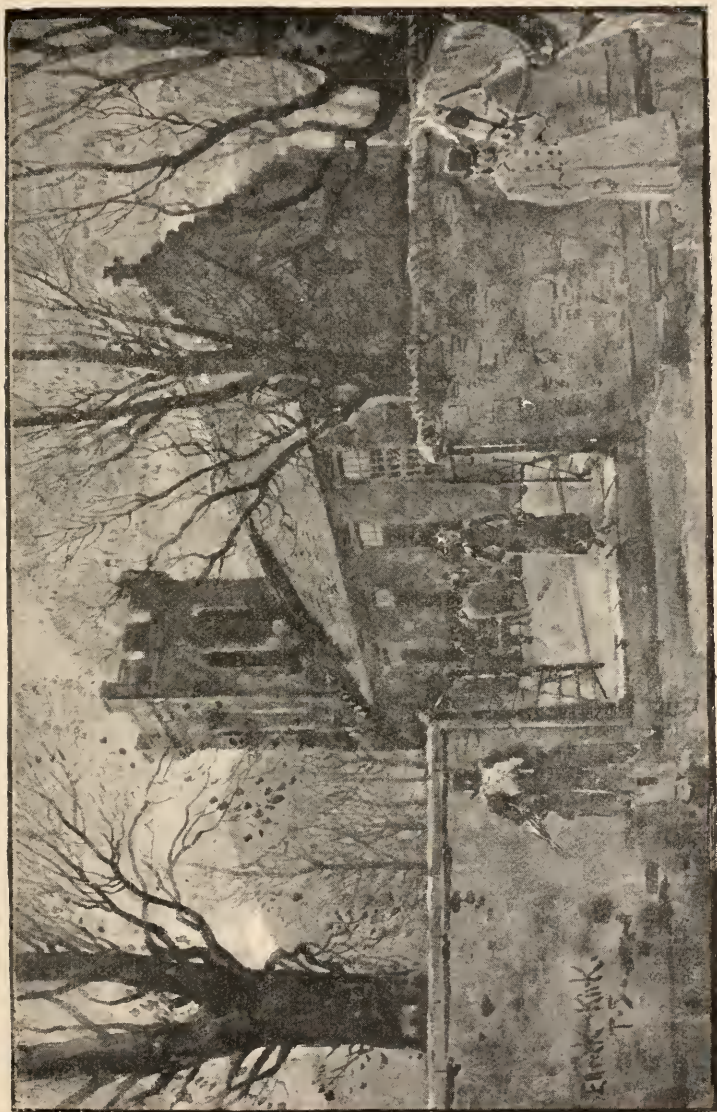
prudence to meet all calls upon him. But though this offer was not accepted, he never ceased gratefully and publicly to acknowledge the considerate kindness which prompted it.

Mr Russell's
personal
appearance.

My nonagenarian parishioner and excellent friend "Tibbie Shiel"¹ well remembered his coming to Ettrick, and the impression made on the people by his *personnel* and long fair hair, flowing in curls over his shoulders, after the fashion of the day. She then lived with her father in the immediate neighbourhood of the manse; and on the morning of the first Sabbath that he was to occupy the pulpit, happening to be playing about with some other children, she noticed clouds of smoke proceeding from the old thatched common stable, and gave the alarm. The minister, not having as yet got a servant, was content with "life in the bush," and from having lived in a coal region he was unused to peats, and ignorant how long their ashes retain their heat. A few he had thrown out into the old rickety building had ignited it; but from the promptitude with which the people mustered, the flames were prevented from spreading to the manse.

The large curls alluded to, which old Mr Campbell of Lilliesleaf called *cannons*, were an important part of a gentleman's toilet; being carefully concocted at night in paper, and unfolded earlier or later next day, as occasion required. My father

¹ [Mrs Richardson (Tibbie Shiel) died in July 1878, in her ninety-sixth year. She was born near Ettrick church: in 1813, after her marriage, she removed to an old-fashioned cottage at the upper end of the Loch of the Lowes, near Chapelhope; and thence, in May 1823, shortly before the death of her husband, to the well-known abode which bears her name, and in which she died.—A. C. F.]



found the damp climate of Ettrick very different from the Carse of Falkirk, and the reverse of favourable to their keeping in position, and he began to think that the time bestowed on them might be more profitably spent, and that they were scarcely in keeping with the higher ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. It was not, however, till the forenoon of a Fast-day, when he had ridden across the hills to preach at Ashkirk, that their fate was sealed. A considerable time was taken up adjusting them; and the old minister, Mr Haliburton, came again and again tapping at the bedroom door, impatient for the commencement of the service. Then my father resolved that they should not again be a hindrance in the discharge of ministerial duty, and had the long locks shorn off, which had proved to him a source of worry and weakness, not of strength.

My father's pastorate in Ettrick was a very pleasant one. Mr Anderson of Cossarshill, the lineal descendant of the author of the 'Fourfold State,' and in possession of many of his valuable relics, presented him with Boston's gold-headed walking-staff as a rod of office, to be retained so long as he continued in that parish, but to be returned when he left. The session, not so numerous or inquisitorial as in Boston's days, comprised but a single elder, Robert Hogg, the father of the Ettrick Shepherd—a somewhat curious character, by all accounts. I remember Wordsworth telling me some anecdotes about him which Sir Walter Scott had mentioned to him. At the first Martinmas of my father's incumbency, Robin came to him and said: "Sir, Mr Potts used always to allow me five shillings from the collections in the kirk at this

First days in
Ettrick.

time for gathering the bawbees, in order to buy a pair o' shoon." But to his disappointment my father replied that he could not take it on him to make this application of the public money.

His noble friend and patron, Lord Napier, occasionally came to the parish; but his house at Thirlestane being then very small, he rented Wilton Lodge, near Hawick, to which my father had a standing invitation. Of this he availed himself so frequently that one of the bedrooms was known as "the prophet's chamber."

Tushielaw, within the parish, was frequently occupied by Gibbie Chisholm, as he was termed, the laird of Stirches, a somewhat pompous gentleman. He volunteered a piece of well-meant advice as to the services in church, in terms which showed he was fully alive to his own consequence. "When I or Lord Napier is there, I hope you will be somewhat moderate in length; when we are not present, you can take your swing."

The people in general had no objection as to length—quite the reverse: they were more particular as to the manner of delivery. The *reading* was not the *preaching* of the Word in their eyes; they had the high authority, if not of the Bible, at least of the Catechism, for the distinction. It is one which continues still to be made, and it is amazing how ministers of great name and fame have sunk in popular estimation from not observing it. When Dr Chalmers officiated in the Free Church at Cappercleugh, shortly before his death, he kept closely to his notes, as was his wont; and one old Seceder, Jenny Biggar, of Eldinhope, regretted having gone so far to hear a man read a sermon, and said it was a perfect intake. My

Objections
to reading
sermons.

father, however, could please the good people of Ettrick in this respect thoroughly, for he never even attempted to read a sermon, save on a King's Fast-day during the war with the first Napoleon; and from his constantly losing the place, the experiment was not favourable to a repetition of it.

Private baptisms were another bugbear, no better than read sermons; though in a parish of such extent, and in inclement weather, they could not be altogether avoided. The minister was made aware that the people would waive their objections, provided "the occasion" was announced from the pulpit the previous Sabbath—a reasonable compromise with which he had no difficulty in complying. The consequence was that, as liberty of attending was accorded, few availed themselves of it. They were satisfied with having the opportunity.

Private
baptisms.

My father had scarcely been settled in Ettrick before he received Sir John Sinclair's circular regarding his projected Statistical Account of Scotland. He had not had much time or opportunity of becoming acquainted with the various particulars which that publication was designed to elicit and make known; but he proceeded without delay to obtain information from the best sources within his reach, and made the necessary return. The same duty devolved on him immediately after his induction to Yarrow. In both cases he thought that short and simple answers to the queries sent were all that was required, with a view to the information being embodied into one large digest. Hence the curtness and meagreness of the accounts, for which, nevertheless, Sir John tendered his grateful thanks.

Statistical
Account
of Ettrick
written.

It was one drawback of the parish of Ettrick that

Pedlars.

it was at a distance from many of the necessaries of life, being nineteen miles from Selkirk. There were, however, a number of pedlars and hawkers of various kinds, who brought the needed supplies to the doors of the people. One of the minister's first visitors of this sort was Rachel Baillie, long a well-known and much-liked character in the district, who was a maker of and dealer in horn spoons. He invested largely in these useful articles, silver being then far from common. Next year Rachel appeared again, offering her wares, when he told her he did not require any. Pressing him to a purchase, he reminded her of the spoons he bought from her the season before, which were as good as ever. Still returning to the charge, she said she had a particular reason for his taking some more. "Ye see, sir," she added, "in our line, if we dinna seek twice as much as we mean to tak', we would never do any business. Ye ga'e me at once what I asked, which was far more than their value, and I have never had an easy conscience since; but if ye will just try again, I *will* gi'e ye a bargain now." Whether he repeated the experiment history does not say, but we used to tell my father that it was just a dodge to take him in a second time.

Schoolmas-
ters of |
Ettrick.

Another peculiarity was the long tenure of office by the schoolmasters, and the rapid changes among the ministers. In 1790 the parish teacher was John Beattie, who with his father held the situation for the long period of 101 years, and whose son, had he wished, might have succeeded him, and perhaps held it for another fifty years.

Ministers of
Ettrick.

It was different with the clergymen. Some of the old people, going back to the second Boston, remembered no fewer than eight ministers of Ettrick

in succession. The reason of the frequent changes towards the close of last century was the retirement of a former minister, already mentioned—Mr Potts. Too much addicted to the mountain-dew, the distillation not of nature but of art, serious complaints were made of him by the people; for such unseemly scenes as mounting on a feal-dyke, taking off his wig, and belabouring the fancied horse unmercifully, were only too common. A libel was drawn up, but sufficient evidence could not be obtained in proof, and the Presbytery were fain to agree to an arrangement by which he left the parish, but took with him £35 of the stipend, which amounted in all to £80. Mr Potts lived for a long period after his retirement, enjoying his annuity. It was not every one that, with Goldsmith's village preacher, would count himself "rich with forty pounds a-year." Naturally it was looked on in Sydney Smith's light, not as a living, but a starvation; and the clergyman availed himself of the very first opportunity of a translation to a better income, if not a larger sphere of usefulness.

Stipend of
Etrick.

My father's establishment included George Brydon, the minister's man, whose annual wage was £5—a large deduction from the £45 of stipend. There was Barbara Shiel, the housekeeper, whose money allowance could not be much less; there was the annual payment to the Widows' Fund; there was the keep of a horse. Nor was this all; for one item of expenditure, one would fancy, would swallow up the whole income—the preparation of peats as fuel. In addition to his own beast of burden, he used to get another from his father in Fife, to assist in this process; for the peats had all to be carried down a steep hill in creels on horses'

backs. It was thus a great part of the summer's work for the man and the two horses, laying up fuel for winter. How the minister managed to keep the house above his head, and the wolf from the door, it would require a conjuror to tell. One would fancy it would be a puzzle to Cocker. But with *simplex munditiis* for his motto, he was content with such things as he had, and made no effort for a transference.

CHAPTER II.

VACANCY IN YARROW—TRANSLATION FROM ETRICK—THE KIRK-SESSION—A CAMERONIAN FAMILY—PAROCHIAL EXAMINATIONS—CHURCH ATTENDANCE—MR RUSSELL'S SUCCESSOR AT ETRICK—MIDNIGHT ORDINATION—MR RUSSELL AS CHAPLAIN TO THE LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER—REMINISCENCES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, AND THE COMMISSIONER'S ENTERTAINMENTS, PROCESSIONS, AND LEVEES—DEGREE OF D.D.

IN the good providence of God, promotion came without his seeking it, and sooner than he could have anticipated, through the death of his neighbour and co-presbyter, Dr Cramond, minister of Yarrow, which took place February 14, 1791.¹ At the funeral my father received hints from various influential parishioners how much they would like him to be their pastor; and a non-parishioner, Samuel Russell, sen., watchmaker, Selkirk, broached the matter very broadly in such terms as these: "Have you not thought of applying for the presentation?" and then, with a natural eye to the main chance, added, "If you would take an eight-day clock from me, I think I could speak a good word for you and lend you a lift, through a near friend of mine, Colonel Russell of Ashiestiel, one of the heritors." As my father had no eye to the

Vacancy at
Yarrow.

¹ [The Rev. Robert Cramond, D.D., from Aberdeenshire, was admitted minister of Yarrow in June 1776.—A. C. F.]

parish, and had already ordered a timepiece from an acquaintance in Falkirk, the son of Simon Dalglish, farmer in Fastheugh, he could resist the temptation to *simony* in another form, and thank his newly found friend for his disinterested offer. On the afternoon of the funeral day my father went to Single farmhouse, on the Ettrick, for the night, intending next day to cross the hills for a short visit to Lord Napier at Wilton Lodge; but as the weather looked stormy, he bent his steps homewards. At the request of Dr Cramond's family, he had been appointed by the Presbytery to preach the funeral sermon and declare the church vacant. The place of worship was filled to overflowing: every pew was crowded; a second complement found seats on the book-boards; the passages were packed; and as there was then no ceiling, a few of the bolder and more adventurous spirits perched themselves like fowls on the rafters.

Presentation
to Yarrow.

Some weeks elapsed before the contemplated visit to Wilton Lodge was made out. Among the first questions put by Lord Napier was this: "Have you heard anything of a presentation to Yarrow?" "Not a word," was the answer; and the subject dropped. Two mornings afterwards the same question was put, and the same answer returned. His lordship then said, "I waited week after week with expectation that you would ask me to apply for you; and if you had come, I don't know but there might have been a good chance of success, but I'm afraid it will be too late now." My father replied that as he had been so lately presented by his lordship to Ettrick, he never dreamed of leaving it so soon; but as Lord Napier's words had called forth unmistakable signs of regret and disappointment, his lordship

broke the suspense by saying, "Look at *that*." This was a letter from Duke Henry of Buccleuch, acknowledging Lord Napier's application, and saying that he had recommended Mr Russell to the Home Secretary for the vacant parish of Yarrow. Such recommendation, coming from the principal heritor, was virtually a presentation.¹ After Lord Napier had marked the effect of this communication, and seen the cloud of chagrin gradually clear away, he continued, "I certainly did expect a visit from you, and waited from day to day; but I began to think that if I delayed longer my application would be of no use. I am glad now that you did *not* come; for you can say that you received this appointment unsolicited." His lordship was right; longer delay would have been fatal. His letter just forestalled by a day one from Mr Johnstone of Alva, the second heritor in the parish, in favour of Dr Brown, who, disappointed of Yarrow, was soon after presented by the Crown to Eskdalemuir, and thus became a neighbour and very warm friend of my father's till the day of the Doctor's death.

My father was inducted to Yarrow on the 1st of September 1791. The most cordial reception awaited him from all classes. The two elders, who then composed the kirk-session, were men of the most primitive simplicity and deep-toned piety. The one was Mr Thomas Reid, farmer, Hutlerburn, who crossed the Kershope Swire, whatever the season or weather, for divine service, on foot, and often on a stormy winter's day, when my father would rather he had stayed at home, for he had

The Yarrow
kirk-session.

¹ [Mr Russell was minister of Ettrick from May 1790 to September 1791. The patronage of Yarrow was in the Crown, and the presentation was from George III.—A. W.]

fears regarding his safety in returning. His son Walter succeeded him in the eldership, and was wont to come and assist at the Communion long after he had left the parish. The other elder was Mr Alexander Scott, Ladhope, who was like-minded. They were both men to whom Grahame's description in his 'Sabbath' was very applicable—they are wise,

"Although their Bible is their only book."

So regular was Mr Scott in walking down from Ladhope, on the other side of the river, opposite to the manse, to cross for church by the old and now broken-down bridge at Deuchar, that my father could have set his watch by him.

In Mr Scott's latter days, when the eye had grown dim and the natural force abated, it was an effort to move from home. If his family said to him, "Won't you go to Sundhope to tea this afternoon?" the answer was, "No, I downa;" or, "Won't you go to Whitehope?" "I downa." "Will you go, then, to the manse?" "Get me hot water"—*i.e.*, for applying the razor—was the ready response. Much my father venerated these excellent men—"Israelites indeed, in whom there was no guile"—and much sweet counsel they took together. My father, along with Mr Ballantyne, Whitehope, was trustee for Mr Scott's family, many of them being minors at the time of his death.

A Cameronian family.

A very rigid family of Cameronians lived at Altrive Lake, to which the late Mr Scott of Edinburgh introduced the minister. The old man, great-grandfather of Andrew Stewart, was a weaver, and was busy at work with his sons. After a little conversation, my father said it was his custom, when it

was agreeable, to offer up a prayer in every house he entered. The sons of the Covenant could not with a good grace forbid it, and doffed their night-caps, but retained their seats at the loom. So well pleased, however, were they with the service, that, when it was ended, they rose from their high seats, asked Mr Scott and my father into the house, and set before them the best they had, in the shape of bread and cheese.

After completing the round of his large parish, with its *disjecta membra*, the minister kept up his annual visitation of its families. He would on these occasions gather the people into a school-room or barn, prepared for the occasion, and examine the servants and the young on a certain portion of the 'Shorter Catechism.' Well-trained as most of them had been at home and in school, they were expert in their answers, both to the questions themselves and relative matters arising out of his explanations. In some parts of Scotland the people were not always so familiar with this admirable treatise. Sir Henry Moncreiff was wont to tell of a woman, in the country parish of which he was minister before coming to Edinburgh, who applied to him for admission to the Lord's table. He found her very defective in her religious knowledge, and dismissed her with instructions to learn the questions connected with that holy ordinance, and call on him again. A week afterwards she appeared in the minister's study at the stated time, and to his gratification was very expert with her answers. At length, chancing to look up, he found that she was reading them from the printed page, and, stopping her, remarked that she should have learned them by heart; on which she made the

Parochial ex-
aminations.

unanswerable rejoinder—"Oh, Sir Harry! you that reads your sermon every Sabbath, winna ye let a puir body read her Carritchers?" My father never sought to puzzle his hearers, or—as was occasionally done in the case of a wrong answer—to lead them on the ice; so they were perfectly at their ease. In some cases, indeed, they became the catechists, as if they wished word about.

On one occasion he was enforcing the duty of communicating early, when he was met with the question, "What wud ye say to ane Watty Knox who was never a communicant at all?" And on another, when he was speaking of the wise men from the East coming to worship the infant Saviour, the party under examination, somewhat eccentric in his ways, interposed, "Your friend Campbell [of Lilliesleaf] told me that announced the calling of the Gentiles."

These annual diets were as acceptable to the people as they were edifying. The Etrick Shepherd, then a shepherd at Blackhouse, was often among the catechised, and was always well versed in the Scriptures. Where two farms lay contiguous, the families met at each place on alternate years. It was thus with Peel and Ashiestiel; and Sir Walter Scott—who, though himself an Episcopalian, had great reverence for old Presbyterian practices—liked nothing better than these recurring services. After being kept up for a number of years, these examination services were superseded by a simple word of exhortation on the part of the pastor.

The attendance at church in the earlier days of my father's ministry was then, as it continued to be more or less to the close, very large. The few

months of his incumbency at Ettrick had established his popularity, and brought some of his hearers there to cross the hills to Yarrow. Even from Crosslee on the Ettrick, and Shielshaugh lower down the vale; from Redfordgreen, and the wilds beyond it; from the head of St Mary's Loch; from Elibank and Ashiestiel on the Tweed,—many flocked on a Sabbath to Yarrow on foot, and helped to fill the church to overflowing. They were wont to doff their shoes and stockings till they came near the kirk, and trip it lightly through the greensward or blooming heather. At that time spring carriages being unknown, the farmers utilised their horses. Many a cart discharged its freight at the “loupin'-on-stane,” which still stands, a memorial of former days. From the upper reaches and glens of the Yarrow no fewer than eighteen animals met on the Craig bents alone, and of course proportional numbers from other quarters. Peter Mathison, who was afterwards the favourite and trusty coachman to Sir Walter Scott, came weekly on horseback from Ashiestiel across the moors (the distance nine miles—sixteen by road). His master, Colonel Russell, after long service in India, found ordinances nearer home, and used to say to my father: “I hope, from the great distance, you'll excuse my coming to church; but if it were to serve you anything, I certainly would stretch a point and give you a day's hearing” —a speech which, though it was not so intended, might be interpreted as meaning that the minister alone was to be the gainer. Several of the horses carried double, the gudeman with his gudewife behind on a pad or pillion; one worthy couple, a cadger and his better half, each of whom nearly

approached the standard of African beauty, a “load for a camel,” being of such portly dimensions that they covered the back of their yaud from head to tail—but fortunately the back was fitted for the burden. With such a gathering of horse-flesh, it can easily be understood that the common stable was as crammed as the church; but, as the horses were turned in loose, the fuller the better for their safety and good agreement.

Mr Russell's
successor at
Ettrick.

My father naturally took a deep interest in the filling up of the vacancy which his translation had caused in Ettrick. The patron, Lord Napier, made choice of Mr Paton, who was then officiating at Caerlanrig chapel, in the parish of Cavers, ten miles up the Teviot from Hawick. The salary there was small; and in that respect, even though ill-provided, Ettrick was promotion. Mr Paton's gifts were not of a very high order: though a good classical scholar, he never was a popular preacher. A Highlander by birth, his native tongue was Gaelic. Continuing to think in that language, he had to translate his thoughts into English, and in this way was never a fluent or effective preacher. His trials could not be over to admit of his ordination sooner than November, in 1791, and by that time severe weather had set in. The roads being slippery, my father walked across the hills to Thirlestane the day before, to be ready for the ordination. The next day the roads were one sheet of ice; and the Rev. Mr Oliver of Maxton, finding the post-chaise in which he was proceeding up Ettrick curling so much on the brae at Howden, durst not venture farther, and returned to Selkirk. He was to wait there at the manse, where the Rev. Mr Robertson was lying on a bed of sickness, till he heard the

Mr Paton's
ordination
near mid-
night.

result of the proceedings at Ettrick. The only member of Presbytery besides my father who made a compearance was the Rev. Mr Hay of Robertson, who was to preach and preside. Mr Paton, the presentee, being on foot, and carrying a heavy carpet-bag containing a change of dress, was long in turning up; and when he did, wanted to array himself in knee-breeches and silk stockings—very unsuitable either for the place or the season—a proposal which was overruled. Mr Hay, finding there was not a quorum, agreed to preach, but refused to ordain; and accordingly, my father, anxious that the parish should be provided with an ordained pastor without delay, proposed to Mr Paton that after some hurried refreshment they two should start on foot for Selkirk, where he knew he would find two other members of Presbytery at the manse, and have the ordination completed. Considering the shortness of the days, the state of the roads, and the distance of nineteen miles, this was no easy undertaking, especially for one who had that morning already walked the weary way. But where there is a will there is a way, and off the travellers started. When they had proceeded as far as Singlie, they were overtaken by the Presbytery officer on horseback, Andrew Johnstone, who was a character in his way. He was wont to be called in, after the ordinary Presbytery dinners, to have a glass of beer, and drink the healths of the members all round, addressing them by their Latin names, and the clerk as “Brother officer.” On coming up to the minister of Yarrow and the minister-elect of Ettrick, and riding alongside of them for a few paces, he said earnestly, “Oh, I wish it were daylight!” On being asked the reason

for such a desire, he replied, "That the people might see my majesty, the Presbytery officer riding in state, supported by two of the members." He was told to rest contented with the secret consciousness of his honour, and to ride on to give intimation of their coming at the manse. There the pedestrians arrived about 11 P.M.; and in the upper room, where the sick man lay, the ceremony of ordination was gone through with all due formality, and as solemnly as might be under the circumstances, before the appointed day had closed.

Mr Robert
Russell as
Chaplain to
the Lord
High Com-
missioner.

My father was appointed Chaplain to the Lord High Commissioner in 1805, by Francis, Lord Napier,¹ his friend and patron in Ettrick, on the resignation of that post by the Rev. Dr Martin, minister of Monimail, who had been Chaplain to the former Commissioner, Lord Leven. From Dr Martin he received a letter of instructions. He continued his services under the successive Lord High Commissioners—Earl of Morton, Lord Forbes, and Lord Belhaven—for the long period of thirty-seven

¹ My father used to tell of a civic celebrity who was confused as to the meaning of LL.D. Francis, Lord Napier, was Grand Master Mason when the foundation-stone of Edinburgh College was laid in the South Bridge, and to him the performance of that ceremony pertained. A dinner was given afterwards in connection with the occasion by the magistrates—the Lord Provost presiding. Of course the health of Lord Napier was proposed by the chairman. It so happened that the Senatus had on the same day conferred on him the degree of LL.D. A little later in the evening the Provost rose again, and said they had already drunk Lord Napier's health with Masonic honours, but he thought they should remember him also in his academical capacity, and he begged to propose his health as Doctor Latinæ Linguæ. Upon this, a smile went round the party, on noticing which the Provost appealed to Dr Blair, "Am not I right, Dr Blair?" "Perfectly right," was the courtly reply of the D.D., not wishing to correct the civic authority publicly, and accordingly Lord Napier was toasted under a new honorary title.

years, having never been absent from his post for a single day. When the Marquis of Bute was appointed in 1842, his attendance in the same capacity was asked ; but my brother being then on his death-bed, he was obliged to decline.¹ From all of them my father received the most uniform kindness. The purse-bearer was Mr Francis Napier, during the Commissionership of his cousin. He was the father of Mr Mark Napier, Sheriff of Dumfriesshire, who has often told me that the swords he wore when in full dress as sheriff were occasionally the Commissioner's, and occasionally his father's.

Lord Napier, who was in office for fifteen years, got a new court-suit every year, till he had as many as enabled him to appear in a different one on each day of the Assembly. His purse-bearer had a variety of vestments too; but not the stereotyped velvet suit which has been now for many years in use. When Lord Forbes was appointed, his man of business, Thomas Burnett, Esq., Advocate, Aberdeen, and nephew of Lord Monboddo, became purse-bearer. He was an excellent man—my own and my father's friend. I knew him well, being associated with him for many years while I was chaplain, and having with my wife paid him a very pleasant visit at Gardenstone, near Aberdeen, after he had retired, and shortly before his death. At that time he had given up all reading but that of his Bible and Prayer-book.

In my father's earlier official days, the Commissioner and the purse-bearer moved about in two state sedan-chairs, each carried by two footmen in

The Commissioner's
sedan-chair.

¹ [The Rev. William Lee, D.D., Professor of Church History in Glasgow University, son of the late Principal Lee, and at that time a probationer, was appointed in Dr Russell's room. —A.W.]

livery, and followed by a troop of idle boys—some-what *infra dig.* In this way they used to come across the Bridges from their hotel in Princes Street to the Merchants' Hall in Hunter Square, where the levees were held every morning, and from which those attending them walked bareheaded in procession on the two Sundays to St Giles's Church, and on the ten week-days of the Assembly to the old Assembly Aisle, where the debates were held. The peers went first, then the baronets, then the knights, then the esquires and doctors of divinity; followed by *hoc genus omne.*

Precedence
dispute.

A dispute arose as to precedency between the esquires and the doctors of divinity, which became sharp and keen for some years. A deputation of clergy, headed by Sir Harry Moncreiff, Principal Taylor of Glasgow, and others, waited on Lord Napier, that he might decide the controversy. Sir Harry was the mouthpiece, and, delicately alluding to his baronetage, which gave him a place before either of the rivals, said: "May it please your Grace, though not *personally* interested in this question, I do not on such an occasion choose to desert my brethren." No decision was given by Lord Napier; the doctors for a time ceased to walk in the procession, and the whole thing was by-and-by forgotten. Of course, when the day was wet there was no procession, the Commissioner and suite going in carriages.

The Assem-
bly Aisle and
important
debates.

The old Assembly Aisle was a narrow confined place, but it witnessed many a spirited debate. A fee was charged for admission to the small public gallery.

The Leslie controversy was about the keenest in those days. My father having known Professor

(afterwards Sir John) Leslie¹ at the University of St Andrews, spoke in his favour, having looked upon him in his college days as being as sound in the faith as any of his companions. There were then no professional reporters, but the debate was taken down in shorthand by Mr Lundie, afterwards minister of Kelso, and published in a pretty large volume. The Earl of Lauderdale was an elder of Assembly, and seemed to have a delight in replying to Sir Ilay Campbell, President of the Court of Session. Sometimes he hit him hard, and treated his arguments at length so cavalierly that Sir Ilay, who was near my father, muttered, "If the Assembly go on in this tumultuary manner, I'll never more set foot in this house."

There was little business before the Assembly in those days, due to the circumstance of there being fewer disputed settlements, or what disputes there were being settled in the inferior courts; and also to the lack of missionary zeal, there being no schemes supported by the Church of Scotland as a Church, and no deputations sent from other Churches. The Assembly met at 12, and often rose at 2 P.M., so that the members were often at a loss what to do till the dinner-hour, 4 P.M. It was different in later years, especially after the discussions on Non-Intrusion began, which ended in the Disruption. Then the public dinners were not till the breaking up of the House, which was at all hours of the night, sometimes of the morning. During one Assembly there was such a succession

Quiet and
stormy
times.

Commission-
er's dinners.

¹ [The reference is to the case of Mr (afterwards Sir John) Leslie, whose appointment to the Chair of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh in 1805 was opposed by a section of the clergy on the ground of his views on the subject of Causation. Leslie and his friends ultimately triumphed.—J. V.]

of late sederunts, that the Commissioner, Lord Belhaven, and the purse-bearer, Mr Burnett, were both worn out, and retired to rest, leaving my father, an older man than either, to entertain the company. One night he returned to the Palace (after the entertainments were given there) at midnight. No guests appeared, save the solitary Provost of Inverness. He said he had come down simply out of respect to the Commissioner; but seeing his Grace was not there, and that he himself had an engagement to meet a man of business two hours previously, who would be wondering at his non-appearance, he begged to be excused. My father accordingly was left to sit down alone at a table laid for a party of forty, with a profusion of dishes and a train of attendants. Mr Campbell of Selkirk used to say to him: "Doctor, you would give all the loyal and usual toasts—the Queen, the Royal Family, the Army and Navy, &c.;" to which my father replied, "No; I took a glass or two of wine, and then went home to my lodgings."

Fortune's
Tavern.

According to long-established practice, the Commissioner had two tables—one presided over by himself in Fortune's Tavern, near the Tron Church, where the guests were any members of the aristocracy invited, and his own personal friends. The other was in an adjoining room, and was called the purse-bearer's, of which the purse-bearer and the chaplain took charge. The dinner-hour was 4 P.M.¹ When the parties were small, the Commissioner used to send his compliments to the purse-bearer,

¹ [The old form of invitation ran thus in the name of the purse-bearer: "Mr Napier requests the honour of ——'s company at dinner on —— the —— inst. Fortune's Tavern — May 180—." No hour is mentioned, as that would probably be well known.—A. W.]

and invite him and his friends to join his table. Both tables were set out with ornaments and devices—models of buildings, tiny streams of water, &c.—the Commissioner's being somewhat more elegant than the other. Persons of rank, and judges, occasionally graced the purse-bearer's table; but the ordinary guests were the members of Assembly. Port and claret were the staple wines; but sometimes, after a due allowance of each, whisky-punch might be called for. There were a good many speeches, occasionally a few songs. Lord Napier had the happy forte, so valuable in public men, of remembering faces, and recognising former acquaintances, and made it a point to ascertain the name of every one at his table, and drink wine with all round.

The person above all others who knew how to appreciate the good things was Captain Burnett, captain of the Town Guard—an apology for the only military then about Edinburgh. This body, amid other duties, was in attendance on the representative of royalty. The Captain (well represented in 'Kay's Portraits') was a daily guest, and never retired during the twelve days' festivities without a bottle of port under his belt. He generally supported my father at table, and once paid him a visit at Yarrow. He and Mr Murray (father of the Agent for the Church) came to Cardrona the first day to visit Mr Williamson, and the next walked across the hills to the manse. But how the Captain, with his rotund form, accomplished the walk was a marvel.

Captain
Burnett.

During my father's long experience, and at a time when more potent beverages were in use, and more freely used than now, he never, save once, saw any-

Help in need.

thing approaching to inebriation. It was at the purse-bearer's table, and on breaking up, that Mr Napier drew my father's attention to a poor clergyman, who had not been much accustomed to wine, and was somewhat unable to take care of himself, remarking that they would all be affronted if he were found incapable of guiding himself on the streets. My father undertook the needful though somewhat unpleasant charge; and in company with others of the party they were coming down "the crown of the causeway" of the High Street, when his *protégé* stammered out, "If you wish to have my favour you'll allow me to walk on the plainstones"—a request at once complied with.

When the party reached the Tron Church, he got somewhat restive, and demanded, "Who are you that presumes to take my arm?"

His guardian, being somewhat nettled, retorted, "Friend, don't you know where you have been? If you are not a little more pliable, I'll leave you to your fate."

"Where have I been?" was growled out in a yet more surly tone.

"Don't you know you have just come from the Commissioner's table?" The words seemed to act as a charm and sedative.

"Oh," said he, meekly and penitentially, "I see how it is—how much you have been my friend—I must recommend you to my wife."

After that he marched along quite placidly, the promised recommendation being the burden of his song, all the way to the part of the town where he said he was staying. My father, fearing he might have given a wrong address, was much relieved, on mounting him to the top of a long stair, to find

Captain Somebody, with whom he was staying, at the door ready to receive him. My father never again met this unfortunate member of the cloth, and so missed the proffered recommendation.

Though many ministers liked the *sans cérémonie* style of the purse-bearer's table, others thought it was like a secondary table; and after Lord Napier's time the two were merged into one, the purse-bearer and chaplain taking the two ends, and his Grace occupying the centre, with the Moderator opposite. It then became one of the shows of Edinburgh for working and young people, especially on Sundays. On those days the largest parties were given, and the decorations were on a finer style.¹ The charge was 2d., but this was before I was privileged to be one of the guests. I remember that on one of these Sunday entertainments, in the Waterloo Hotel, when I went to the Post-office for the letters, I found an immense crowd before the door. It was during the discussion of the Reform Bill, when the Duke of Buccleuch had unfortunately said that the clamour of the Scotch people for the Bill was the hope of getting whisky cheap. The populace had known that his Grace was dining with the Commissioner, and were waiting for his exit. When accordingly he presented himself at the door, he was saluted with hisses, and a storm of voices crying out "Cheap whisky!" Lord Belhaven wished the Duke to take a seat in his carriage, but he declined; and, accompanied by the Marquis of Lothian and some of his friends, walked quietly along to the Douglas Hotel, the

Sunday
entertain-
ments.

¹ [One of the ornaments of the table consisted of a miniature procession of men in armour, with trumpets and drums and all the paraphernalia of ancient warfare.—A. W.]

crowd surrounding and saluting him with their yells till he reached it. Soon after this, on a representation from some of the clergy, Lord Belhaven abolished the public dinner on Sunday, and the lining of the streets on that day with the cavalry; preferring to drive to church, and dine simply with his lady, his purse-bearer, and his chaplain.¹

Earl of
Traquair.

On one occasion the late Earl of Traquair, then Lord Linton (a Roman Catholic), made his appearance; and walked up the High Street in the procession. His wish was to see the ceremonial at the opening of the General Assembly; but he had no idea, as he followed in the train of the Commissioner, that there was previously a religious service in the Church of St Giles. As soon as the retiring Moderator gave out a psalm from the pulpit, he became aware of the awkward position into which he had got, being present at a Protestant diet of worship. On the discovery he became extremely restless and uneasy, unable to decide whether to remain or retire. At last a happy thought occurred to him: he took out his pocket-handkerchief and held it to his nose as if it were bleeding, and under cover of this ruse retreated down-stairs. His factor, having heard of this incident, told my father he would require to do penance.

¹ [Dr Robert Russell, in a letter to his wife, says: "Went on Thursday to church in the carriage of the Earl of Strathmore with his lordship; returned with the Commissioner in the State coach drawn by six horses; dined with 122 others. On Friday evening occupied the Moderator's chair, who was detained in the Assembly till two in the morning. Went privately with the Commissioner to church on Sunday; a great crowd on the street notwithstanding the want of the usual parade. Dined at six in the evening with Lord and Lady Belhaven and a small party. Read a portion of Scripture, and conducted worship with the party assembled and all the domestic servants of his Grace, before retiring."]

A nobleman of a different stamp was present on another occasion, a former Earl of Haddington, who had been accustomed to the Presbyterian form of worship from his infancy; but the incipient innovation of the times—the service of song—grated on his ears and grieved his spirit of devotion (St Giles being the first church in Edinburgh where a choir was introduced), so that when the psalm was given out, and no voices sang it but those of the choir, he turned round to my father who was sitting behind, and said, “I came here to praise my Maker, and not to hear a concert.”

Earl of
Haddington.

Another nobleman, who had been very much abroad, the Duke of Hamilton, and was not at all so fastidious as to the distinctions between Protestantism and Popery, paid his respects to the Commissioner, Lord Napier. His foreign manners arrested the attention of all that were at the levee. Thoroughly French in his style of *entrée*, he made a spring first to one side of the room, and drawing one foot behind the other made a very profound bow; then another spring, another graceful scrape, and another bow on the other side. Going next day into the business room of Sir William Forbes, at the bank, my father found a gentleman there imitating to the letter all the grotesque gestures.

Duke of
Hamilton.

My father received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Edinburgh on the 3d of April 1811.

Degree of
D.D.

CHAPTER III.

MR RUSSELL'S CLERICAL NEIGHBOURS: MR HALIBURTON OF ASHKIRK; DR DOUGLAS OF GALASHIELS; MR PATE OF INNERLEITHEN; MR BOOTH; MR PATON OF ETRICK—MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY AND SYNOD—SUSPENSION FOR NON-ATTENDANCE—PULPIT-GOWN AND PARAPHRASES.

Presbytery of
Selkirk: Mr
Haliburton,
Ashkirk.

IN speaking of some of my father's contemporaries in the Presbytery, I begin with Mr Haliburton,¹ minister of Ashkirk, an old bachelor—his house-keeper being his sister Miss Peggy, as simple-minded as himself. In his latter days Mr Haliburton required an assistant. One of those worthies was an old preacher, Mr John Cockburn, whose habits were very different from his employer's. Mr Cockburn having been a private tutor in Edinburgh, and busied all day long in grinding with one pupil after another, his great delight, when his work was over, was to enjoy himself at a quiet supper and social glass with a friend, and to sit up to a late hour of the night. Mr Haliburton, on the other hand, was most abstemious in his habits, and early in his hours. During this period my father went to dispense the Communion for his co-presbyter, assisted by Mr Robertson from Sel-

¹ [Rev. Simon Haliburton, presented to Ashkirk in 1762, and died there in 1797, in his 75th year.]

kirk, whose pulpit was supplied by Mr Cockburn. The latter and my father were to conduct the services of the Monday. A little before the bell rang, John arrived from Selkirk, and came to my father, pleading in a very lugubrious tone that, from changing his bed, he had caught a very bad cold, and imploring him to relieve him of the pulpit duty by dividing or extending his own sermon. When after some little persuasion the request was agreed to, John became as blithe as possible, went to the press, produced the bottle, and begged my father, with double work before him, to take a refresher. This was declined; but John, having an eye to Number One in this piece of attention, did not forget himself. The service and Monday's dinner over, the Woll family and others having left, the minister, the assistant, and my father sat down to a simple supper, followed by a single glass of toddy. John Cockburn, who, after the relief from pulpit duty, and the refreshment from the press, had been in great spirits all day, began to think that, after his double work, my father should have some additional cheer. "No, no," interrupted the worthy host; "I know Mr Russell's temperate habits; we'll rather go to bed." My father backed up the old man, and seconded his suggestion. The hilarious helper, however, was not to have his hopes so summarily blasted. Returning to the charge, he pled hard and importunately that the minister of Yarrow had had extra work, and that two sermons were entitled to two tumblers. At last Mr Hali-burton so far yielded, saying that ten o'clock was his hour for retiring to rest, but if the hour had not struck, there would be a small second brewing. All depended on the hour, and that was the important

thing to be ascertained. There were two candlesticks on the table; but as neither old man would trust the other to test the matter, each seized a light, and, very much to my father's amusement (as he was left in the dark the while), marched to the lobby to look at the clock. Alas for the convivial Cockburn, whose trial was little short of that of Tantalus! ten had struck, and the anticipated tumbler was forfeited.

Mr Haliburton got into dotage, but his thoughts and heart were always in the right place—his Master's service was uppermost. When he came into the dining-room, where there was a mirror over the mantelpiece, he saw his own image reflected, and used to wonder what venerable person it was who always kept bowing to him in the room. Every day he thought was the Sabbath, and he used to put on his gown and bands for the service, but was not difficult to persuade that it was over, and to lay them aside. One day old Mr John Lang, writer, came from Selkirk to attend a heritors' meeting, and Mr Haliburton, thinking he had come to preach, urged him to go to church with haste, as the people would be out of all patience.

Dr Douglas,
Galashiels.

The Rev. Dr Douglas,¹ Galashiels, was in many respects a remarkable man, greatly respected in his parish, and known to all the country round. He wrote an excellent account of the agriculture of Selkirkshire, and was the founder of the Selkirk Library, which still continues to flourish, and in which there is a very good oil-painting of him. Dr Douglas may be said to have been the originator

¹ [Rev. Robert Douglas, D.D., admitted minister of Galashiels in 1770, and died in 1820, in his 74th year—termed “the father of Galashiels.” See Scott's ‘Fasti.’—A. C. F.]

of the prosperity of Galashiels. At the beginning of the century it was little more than a village; its chief manufacture, and that on a small scale, was a species of coarse cloth known as "Galashiels grey," woven from the wool of "the Forest." The principal of the trade was Richard (commonly called Richie) Lees, a man of great shrewdness, and of much public spirit, for he was the first to erect an iron bridge across the Gala. He was father of a very flourishing family, still represented in the town. He was often up Yarrow, and a great friend of my father's. The few manufacturers were very poor; there was frequent stagnation of trade, and consequently frequent failures; their credit was as low as possible, and their bills could not be discounted at the bank. At that time there was only one bank—a branch of the Leith one—kept by my friend George Craig, factor to Mr Scott of Gala. He used to tell my father that when a bill was presented with simply the names of the manufacturers or merchants on it, he had great distrust; but with any of our Ettrick or Yarrow farmers, it was all right. It was in this state of matters that Dr Douglas, a moneyed man, and shrewd man of the world, lent the influence of his credit and his name, and thus many a difficult crisis was tided over till better times dawned. Well may his memory be still fragrant in that now extended and prosperous town! The Doctor was more than the pastor; he did not deem it beneath him to take part in other callings. He started a brewery, keeping up the character of the Friars of Fail, who "made berry-brown ale." The Doctor proposed to make, and really did turn out, good ale; sometimes, however, it would happen that the

broost was not up to the mark. Thomas, the old butler at Yair, told my father on one occasion that the Doctor had sent them a bad barrel of ale, and he took it ill from him, for he had got many a good dinner and drink there. Sometimes letters were handed in to the manse, addressed Rev. Dr Douglas, brewer, Galashiels.

Mr Pate, Innerleithen.

Mr Pate,¹ Innerleithen, though not a member of Selkirk Presbytery, was an intimate friend and regular assistant of my father on the Monday of the Communion. He was nearly sixty years of age before he was presented to the living. For a considerable period previously he had been librarian to the University of Glasgow, and had discharged his duties with great punctuality. So rigid, indeed, was he in observing the hours, and keeping by the rules, that I have heard Professor Wilson say that if three o'clock (the hour for closing the library) struck while Mr Pate was half-way down the ladder with a book for some student in waiting, he would step up again and restore it to its place, when it would not have taken half a minute more to have handed it to the expectant applicant. The Professor had, however, a great regard for his old friend. The friendship continued after he became minister of Innerleithen; and I remember that on one occasion, when proposing his health at a public dinner, the Professor remarked—"The worst thing Mr Pate's enemies can say against him is, that he is a dry stick; but I am sure, if he is a stick at all, he is one through whom flows the genuine sap of kindness and hospitality."

His sermons.

Mr Pate's sermons, neatly composed, were written

¹ [Rev. James Pate, admitted minister of Innerleithen in 1809, and died in 1839, aged 90.—A. C. F.]

on long slips of paper arranged in their proper order. When he had delivered the contents of one, he slid it quietly down into the bottom of the pulpit, and then proceeded to the next; his idea being—a very groundless one—that in this way no one could discover that he was a reader. His popular name, however, of “Paper Pate” testified to the contrary. It was probably from the likelihood of such a thing occurring, in consequence of these loose papers, that the story arose of the worthy man repeating two or three times “Thirdly,” and rummaging in vain for it in the slips before him, when an old woman at the foot of the pulpit-stair handed it up, with the remark, “Here’s thirdly, sir.”

An old woman of the village of Innerleithen, known as “Daft Bet”—because, with lucid intervals between, her mind was off the balance—was a great thorn in his side, in spite of kindnesses that he showed her. The good man kept by the same form of prayer from one year’s end to another. Bet, as a regular church-goer, had this completely by heart, and was in the habit, accordingly, to the minister’s great annoyance, and the amusement of the congregation, of going over it in a low tone of voice a few words in advance of him. On other occasions, also, Bet would take part in the service. On the evening of a Communion Sabbath my father was praying for the forgiveness of our enemies; whereupon the virago, from her place on the top of the pulpit stairs, directed her keen eyes towards T——, the miller, against whom she had some umbrage, and, shaking her clenched hand, exclaimed, “Na, na!” On the Monday of another Communion, Bet had been locked up in the barn at Pirn to keep her out of the way, and some mischievous person having

His per-
secutor.

unlocked the door, the service in church had hardly commenced when her gaunt figure stalked in. She made directly for the minister's seat, which was nearly full; and the minister of the parish having put his arm over the door to bar her entrance, she coolly moved on, exclaiming—“Pate, Pate, ye canna keep me oot o' the kingdom o' heaven.” Taking up her position next at the Communion-table, she collected all the men's hats within her reach, and piled them one above another as high as they would stand; then gazing at the preacher, Dr Nathaniel Paterson, she imitated all his gestures. At last he paused and said, “Although I could go on, notwithstanding this indecent interruption, it would not be for edification. I shall therefore sit down till I see what is to be done.” Mr Pate durst not interfere, in case of another volley. At length, perceiving the beadle approaching to eject her, she beat a retreat, with a parting shot at the black locks of the preacher, and his not being much worth the hearing.

His stipend.

The good minister of St Ronan's thought it right to sue, like his brethren, for an augmentation of stipend. His neighbour, Mr Campbell of Traquair, having not merely the consent of his heritors, but one of them appearing by his agent in Court to plead for him, their lordships gave him all he asked—viz., 17 chalders. With this precedent of a parish just on the other side of the Tweed, Mr Pate followed, and was able to plead larger extent, higher rental, greater population, besides the additional expenses which a watering-place with numerous strangers involved. Unfortunately the counsel on the opposite side said that his learned friend had spoken of Innerleithen as an “old and fashion-

able watering-place," when he should have said "an old-fashioned watering-place." If not moved by this joke, the Court, taking into account the opposition of the heritors, decerned for only 15 chalders! That being the exact number of their lordships on the bench, the injured incumbent exclaimed indignantly, "Fifteen chalders, fifteen rascals!" and would have appealed the case to the House of Lords, had he not been advised that at his advanced time of life he might not reap the advantage of even a successful litigation.

The reverend divine could not bear Dissent in any form, especially within the sacred precincts of the parish. The United Presbyterians had got up a Sabbath-evening service in one of the hotels, at which Dr Jamieson¹ from Edinburgh, then a visitor to the valley, occasionally assisted. That was enough to black-ball him in the eyes of the minister of the Kirk, nor was it long ere an opportunity occurred of giving unmistakable evidence of the latent dislike. One beautiful summer evening, as Mr Pate and Mr Campbell of Selkirk were riding across to Traquair Manse, they met the learned lexicographer, on which Mr Campbell pulled up to speak with him. The Doctor said, "Is not that Mr Pate, the minister of the parish? I used to know him at Glasgow College." The said minister was immediately hailed, and reluctantly turned back, when the Doctor reminded him of their former acquaintance. The minister was quite oblivious. The Doctor insisted that there could be no mistake, as it was rather an unusual name. The minister, still unconvinced, or at least unwilling to acknowledge

His attitude
to Dissent.

¹ [The author of the 'Dictionary of the Scottish Language,' and well known on Tweedside as a devoted angler.]

conviction, solved the mystery by a very characteristic and somewhat uncomplimentary reply—"Oh! there were twa Pates at College: there was honest Pate, that was myself; and there was scoundrel Pate—it was probably scoundrel Pate that you were acquainted with." Then wheeling his horse and jogging on, he left the astonished Doctor to digest the rebuff the best way he could. Mr Pate not having been far from his grand climacteric when he got his living, and having passed nearly twenty years in single blessedness, the gossips were all agog when, on the eve of fourscore, he announced his intention of taking a wife. A better choice he could not have made than in the lady on whom his affections were set—so kind, sensible, and altogether suitable. Under her unwearied care he spent happily the evening of his days.¹ As years passed on, Mr Pate needed not only a helpmeet to take charge of his domestic establishment, but an assistant to aid him in his pastoral duties, and in the ordination of Mr Patrick Booth, in 1833, he was as fortunate as in the other matter. While most faithful in his ministerial work, Mr Booth consulted the wishes of his aged principal in everything, and rendered him all the affection and filial reverence of a son. With other infirmities, growing deafness came on the octogenarian; and, never dreaming of imputing his want of hearing in church to himself,

His assistant
and suc-
cessor, Mr
Booth.

¹ [Mrs Pate, whose maiden name was Potts, and whose family belonged to Jedburgh, died in 1875, at an advanced age, in Innerleithen, where she had continued to reside after her husband's death. She never ceased to take the liveliest interest in the affairs of the parish, was exceedingly generous, especially to the older people with whom she had been long acquainted, and was not only universally respected, but beloved. She was an excellent specimen of a Scottish lady of the old school.—A. W.]

he complained that "thae young chaps did not speak out like their fathers." Latterly, and not quite to Mr Booth's liking, he used to sit behind him in the pulpit; and when anything was said that did not please him, he entered his dissent by one of those short coughs with which his own sermons used to be interlarded when the cramped MS. interrupted his fluency.¹

My father's successor in Ettrick,² whose curious ordination has been referred to, though a good man and an excellent scholar, was never a burning and shining light as a preacher. From having to think in Gaelic and speak in English he was hesitating at the best, and sometimes came to a dead halt, requesting the precentor to sing eight lines till he recovered the thread of his discourse. Occasionally he made rather strange utterances from the pulpit. My father, on parting with him one stormy winter's day, remarked, "If Sabbath be no better, I'll give my people just one sermon." Mr Paton turned this up for the edification of his people, and after relating it added, "The day, instead of being better, is worse; and you all know Dr Russell has the whole stipend, and I only a divided one."

Rev. Mr
Paton,
Ettrick.

For a great many years after his induction, the old man, Mr Potts, to whom he was assistant and successor, lived on, as annuitants generally do. A rumour once reached him of Mr Potts' death, and on his way to Selkirk he called on some relations living at Newhouse to ascertain if they had heard the news; and, forgetting that their interests and

His stipend.

¹ [Mr Booth was minister of Innerleithen till 1859, in which year he died at Leghorn. He was genial and full of humour, a welcome guest as well as a faithful pastor.—A. W.]

² [Rev. Charles Paton. He died in 1818.]

wishes were not quite in unison with his, the simple man said, "I was afraid the tidings were not true;" and neither were they, so that the poor minister had just to subsist as best he could on "pourtith cauld" for a series of years. To make ends meet he got some nephews to stay with him at Ettrick—or Siberia, as they called it—who paid a high board; but any benefit derived in this way was counteracted by an expenditure over which he could exercise no control. Though a man of most benevolent feelings, he had a morbid desire to witness executions, which in these days were too common. A merciful man at heart, through sheer carelessness and neglect he was not merciful to his

His horse.

beast. From the weight it had to carry, and the want of proper food, it was generally skin and bone, with a galled back, and it shrank whenever its rider approached it; so that it was often found necessary to muffle its head before he was able to mount it. The horse and the rider were often to be met with, for Mr Paton was ever on the move and ever losing his way—sometimes, in crossing a hill, wheeling round a knowe, and, by another slope, returning whence he came.

His journey
to Edin-
burgh.

On one occasion he had been appointed corresponding member from the Synod of Merse and Teviotdale to that of Lothian and Tweeddale, which met on a Tuesday in April. All the rivers being in flood, my father saw him about 2 P.M. passing down the other side of Yarrow to cross by the old bridge. On arriving at the manse, nearly drenched to the skin, my father entreated him to remain for the night, promising to start with him at a very early hour next morning, so as to reach Edinburgh in time. No—his errand admitted of no delay; and

off he started. On reaching Traquair, the water had so risen that he had to wait till the flood had abated, as there was no bridge at that time between Innerleithen and Traquair, so that he could not proceed further than Peebles that night. After reaching Edinburgh, and putting up his horse at the Harrow Inn, he called for Mr Cunningham, proprietor of Hyndhope, and explained his mission. Mr Cunningham, perceiving his unwashed and unshorn condition (his dark beard having seen no razor since Saturday night), told him that if he had been an ordinary member of Synod he might have passed muster; but seeing that he was a stranger, and must go to the table to present his commission, all eyes would be turned upon him, and that he must previously go to a barber. He took the hint; but before he could be respectably rigged out, and had wended his way to the Synod Hall, the forenoon diet was over. Returning with his tale of distress to his friend, the latter comforted him by inviting him to meet a few friends at dinner at four o'clock, and added that they would walk up together to the evening sederunt. But the cheer was too good and the company too gay for an early break-up, and before the two worthies reached the door, the Court had risen again. And thus, alas! the poor minister of Ettrick, in spite of his long journey post-haste, perilous adventures, personal decoration, and repeated efforts, had to return home with his finger in his mouth and his commission in his pocket.

At another time business took him to the metropolis of England. How he ever found his way to or through the great city is surprising. During his absence, my father had got hold of a map of

And to
London.

London, and a guide to all its celebrities, which he had thoroughly mastered. On Mr Paton's return, he told the traveller that he also had been over all the streets of London, and expressed surprise that they had not met. The wanderer over Pictorial London talked long and learnedly of all the places of interest—Woolwich and its arsenal, Greenwich and its hospital, Wapping and its wharves, St Paul's Cathedral, the Temple and its gardens, Northumberland House and its lions, Westminster and its abbey, the West End and its parks, Covent Garden and its markets—and asked the visitor to the real London if he had been there, or there, or there. He was fain to confess that he had not seen any of those places. My father next described so fully the chapels and monuments of Westminster Abbey, the armour of the Tower, the lanes of the City, &c., as to leave no doubt on the mind of his listener that he had seen all with his own eyes, and cause himself to hang his diminished head at having made so little use of his opportunities. His next source of wonder was how they had never met. And when at last the mystery was cleared up, it was only to give place to intense mortification, arising from the belief that the people would all think it was the minister of Yarrow, and not the minister of Ettrick, who had visited London.

His hospitality to Dr Chalmers and Mr Shaw.

The manse of Ettrick, remote as it was from the highways of the world, had frequent visitors. Many came to see Boston's monument, and these were the reverse of welcome to the then incumbent, as he always regarded their admiration and reverence for the old divine as a reflection on himself. It was different, however, with his own personal or clerical friends; although his sister-in-law, who

acted as housekeeper, was apt to show them the cold shoulder. The late Dr Chalmers and the Rev. Mr Shaw of Langholm were great friends, having been fellow-collegians and both from the "kingdom of Fife;" the former being the assistant at Cavers and the latter at Roberton, within a few miles of which they had many a meeting and merry-making together. One of their excursions was to Moffat, *via* Ettrick. They halted at the manse, where they found but scanty fare; but Mr Paton pressed them to dine two days after on their return journey, and remain all night. In returning across Bodsbeck Hill they lost their way; wandered long and floundered deeply among the morasses; and after many uncomfortable hours, at last reached the manse, cold, wet, and weary. Passing the shed-door they espied a newly slaughtered sheep, which gave them promise of better fare than on the outward journey. What was their disappointment and indignation when, as invited guests, no appearance was made by the lady or her sons, and they were set down to a little bread and the heel of an old cheese! With difficulty concealing their wrath, they did their best to appease their hunger. With the help of a good peat-fire and a single tumbler of toddy, they were just beginning to feel a glow of comfort, when the servant-girl appeared with salver in hand. The ministers inquired what she was going to do. Her mistress, she replied, had sent her to clear the table for the tea. Mr Shaw's blood was up, and with colour in his cheek, and a twinkle in his keen eye, he impatiently exclaimed, "Chalmers, I don't know what you are going to do, but I'm determined to have one other tumbler at least." His companion signified assent,

the intruder was turned to the right about, and the trio remained masters of the situation. The evening passed somewhat slowly, till the time arrived for family worship. Still neither the housekeeper nor her sons showed face, but kept up a running fire of conversation in the kitchen while the service was held in the room.

Mr Shaw, in telling this story, said he wondered how Chalmers, who officiated, could pray at all for the babel of tongues; but the only compensation was the hissing sound of a frying-pan, and a savoury smell proceeding from the kitchen. The travellers thought they were at last to be treated to a comfortable meal. Alas for human hopes! nothing but the heel of the old cheese was served up again. When provoked beyond endurance by insult and injury, the twain, followed by their simple host, proceeded to the kitchen, and found the party there sitting down to the smoking mutton, chops of which they had a presentiment. A regular *mêlée* ensued, in which the narrator alleged he seized the tongs and his comrade the poker, and fairly put the selfish and inhospitable party to flight. The kitchen thus cleared, Mr Shaw appealed to the trembling domestic as to the treatment they had received after their long cold journey, especially as there were ample supplies in the house. She protested it was not her doing, as she was ready to give them the best she had. Accordingly, the chops that had been meant for the kitchen were transferred to the room, and the two reverends, filled with plenty and flushed with victory, retired to rest mollified.

Scene in the
manse
kitchen.

The manse
offices.

Mr Paton had not been many years at Ettrick till the manse buildings got into sad disrepair. A

barrow was taken to bar the outer door, which he said was effectual against the cow and the pig, but not the poultry; while a folio volume of "Matthew Henry" filled up a hole in the floor. The Presbytery held a diet of visitation, and got plans and estimates. After the repairs were made, the Presbytery again met to inspect the work, when the contractor, Deacon Inglis, in reference to some of the extra charges, explained that his man's day's work when at a distance was no better than "a craw scratchin'"; and then remembering the name of the minister of St Boswells, interposed—"I dinna mean you, Mr Craw; it's the fleein' craws I was thinkin' o'." Mr Paton was never very talkative in the Presbytery, and still less so when any little piece of business was adjourned till after dinner. Once at Hawick he asked everybody when the market for *old* cows began. Most sellers would have made no allusion to age.

My father was most regular in his attendance on the meetings of Presbytery, partly from a sense of duty, and partly from relishing the social intercourse with his brethren. Though he had no pretensions to being a Church lawyer, his opinion was always listened to with great deference. When any student was before the Court on his trials, he was the member to whom was invariably entrusted the examination in Hebrew. In the early days of his connection with the Church that was a branch of study much neglected; there are traditions of would-be licentiates having the psalm written out for them by some friend in English characters, and cases where both examiner and examinee were parsing fluently with the book before them turned upside down.

Meetings of
Presbytery
and Synod.

The attendance at the half-yearly meetings of Synod was less regular, and no wonder. When there were no railways, scarcely any stage-coaches, and bad roads, it was no easy matter to accomplish a journey to Kelso or Duns from the uplands of the Ettrick or Yarrow. Besides, there was little business of any importance; and the few that assembled, after that little was over, spent the long evening in social enjoyment. Some of the brethren were loath to leave off their rubber at whist even for the supper-table; and Dr Douglas of Galashiels might be heard exclaiming, "Gentlemen, hold up your hands till the grace is said!" In these circumstances it was not singular if the more distant members were frequent defaulters, like my father; while those nearer the scene of action had little sympathy with their position. On one occasion the gathering had been so small, that those present resolved that the absentees should be summoned to next meeting, under pain of ecclesiastical censure, unless a sufficient apology was sent. My father, who had friends with him when that period came round, pled this excuse; but the Rev. Mr Campbell of Selkirk neither appeared personally nor apologised. The question arose what should be done to the man who had thus set his ecclesiastical superiors at defiance. Mr Thomson of Maxton, more in joke than in earnest, exclaimed, "Suspend him!" And no sooner said than done: suspension was passed on him from his judicial functions for six months. The suspended party felt bitterly aggrieved by this stigma of uncalled-for severity, and brought his case by petition before the General Assembly. Mr Campbell appeared at the bar and pled his own cause,

Suspension
for non-
attendance.

his plain simple statement and tall commanding figure attracting attention. Another member at the bar was the Rev. Mr Sheils of Earlston, quite a contrast outwardly to the minister of Selkirk. This led Dr Wightman of Kirkmahoe, who was full of excitement whenever he spoke, and whose fancy carried him to the third heavens, to say that "the thunders of the Church had lighted on the great Achilles, and passed over the slender willow of the brook." Sir Harry Moncreiff and other leaders of the Church took part in the discussion.

The resolution arrived at by the Assembly was to this effect: "That every Church Court had doubtless the power of enforcing the attendance of its members;" but this finding was coupled with "a recommendation that it should exercise such power with great leniency." The consequence has been that since that time it has never been exercised at all.

Decision of
the Assembly
in the
case.

The pleadings and subsequent discussion so tickled the sense of humour of Dr M'Knight, Clerk of the Assembly, that, besides the brief record in the minutes, he penned a long and very amusing poetical effusion, in which all the *dramatis personæ* are introduced, embodying and burlesquing the whole affair. This, from the name of the minister of Earlston, he designated "The Sheiliad." Many years afterwards, when Dr M'Knight was laid aside from duty by ill health, it was a recreation to him to retouch this literary production; and after he had resumed his duties at the clerk's table, a select party of friends, including Mr Campbell, my father, and myself, were invited to breakfast with him, and hear him read this last and

improved edition. Some of the lines only I can recall.

“ At Dunse it was moved,
 The case being proved,

 Because Mr Campbell
 Refused to peramble,

 So he was suspended,
 And his functions were ended.”

Dr M'Knight was wont to enliven the dull debates of the Assembly by frequent sallies of humour, and playing upon names. In a very crowded house he saw a Dr Small enter and unable to get a seat. So he sang out, “Make a *leetle* room for Dr *Small*.” On another occasion, when the Assembly appointed a committee on improving the psalmody, Dr M'Knight suggested that certain other names which he emphasised should be added—viz., “Mr Singer of Humbie, Mr Sangster of Fala, and Mr Pyper of Pencaitland.”

In the weary debates which occurred at a future period in connection with cases of supposed heresy—where Mr Johnstone of Renniehill figured prominently—Principal Lee frequently followed the example of his predecessor, Dr M'Knight, as clerk, by recording the proceeding in doggerel rhymes. Mr Johnstone used to appear as “Saint Andrew.”

Pulpit-gown
 in Yarrow.

In the early period of my father's ministry there was a strong popular prejudice against pulpit-gowns, which were regarded as rags of Popery. The presentation and acceptance of one has often caused great offence, and even led to a split in a congregation. My father had occasionally a crack on the subject with the old carrier, Robin Hogg, who

was a strong Burgher, and showed this prejudice. He used to ask his friend, "What was the difference between a black gown and a blue camlet cloak, such as old Dr Lawson put on on a cold winter's day?" The worthy man said, "He could not tell, but there *was* a difference." My father having been presented with a very handsome one by a friend, did not don it till the Communion Sabbath, when he fancied the congregation would be too solemnised in feeling to be critical. No offence was taken by any one, but no little curiosity was shown regarding it by one of the old *wives* who sat on the foot of the pulpit-stair. When he came down to address the first table, he found her taking up the skirt, and, spectacles on nose, minutely examining the material and texture of this new part of her minister's canonicals.

A still stronger dislike was felt in some districts of the country to the introduction of the paraphrases in public worship. In the parish of Eskdalemuir, Dr Brown in the whole course of his long ministry deferred to this feeling, and never used them. His assistants and substitutes were not so scrupulous. When I preached for him, I would give out as many paraphrases as psalms, and I well remember how some of the old people, who had put on their glasses and opened their psalm-books, finding it was what they proscribed, laid both aside, and sat silent during the singing. My father took here the same plan as with the pulpit-gown, and for the same reason,—he waited till the Communion had come round. When a large congregation had met in solemn assembly, he opened the services with the beautiful 35th Paraphrase, and to their credit, all joined heartily in the song of praise.

Paraphrases
in Yarrow.

CHAPTER IV.

INHABITANTS—CHANGE OF CUSTOMS—FARMHOUSES—COTTAGES
 —WANT OF ROADS—KAIN—TURNIP HUSBANDRY—POTATOES
 —STYLE OF FARMING—DRAINAGE—IMPROVEMENTS—BURNT
 CLAY—PARING AND BURNING—SOIL—CLIMATE—STONES—
 HOPES—SHEEP—SNOWSTORMS—SMUGGLING—EVIL EYE—
 LOCHS—ST MARY'S LOCH—GLEBE—THE "MART"—TEA—
 HEAD-POWER—WHEATEN BREAD—THE SOLITARY CARRIER—
 POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS—LETTERS—THE 'COURANT'—MR
 JAMES ANDERSON, SYART—CARRIAGES—FIRST GIG—IMPROVE-
 MENTS IN ROADS, ETC.—BRIDGE OVER ETTRICK—DEUCHAR
 BRIDGE—REBUILDING BRIDGE—SUDDEN COLLAPSE—UNPRO-
 FESSIONAL DOCTORS.

Inhabitants. BEFORE we come to later times, it may not be uninteresting to note what a writer says of the inhabitants of Yarrow and Selkirk in the middle of the seventeenth century:—

“The people inhabiting this shire are generally of strong and robust bodies, in regard the County is mountainous and necessitates them to travel much in attendance on their cattel, and their Diet sober and frugal. They are ingenuous, and hate fraud and deceit; theft or robbery are not heard among them, and very rarely a Ly to be heard in any of their mouths, except among them of the baser sort. Their way of living is more by pasture of cattel than by tillage of the ground, though upon the plains by the waters there is a very great increase of corn Commodities. The com-

modities this shire affords are great store of Butter and Cheese, of the finest sort for tast and sweetness, inferior to none that is to be found anywhere else, and that in such plenty, that many parts about it flourished by it. It affordeth also store of neat-hides and sheep-skins, and great plenty of wool, which is carried to Forreign nations, so that the cold Eastern Countreys bless this happy soil, being warmed with the fleeces of their sheep, which are sold and partly carried to the Northern parts of Scotland, but most what into England, the custom whereof at the Border is no small increase to His Majesty's Revenue. It affords also great plenty of well-spun worset, which is sold and carried for the most part into foreign nations."

At the beginning of the century the supplies for the house, in respect of dress and provisions, were of home produce. The big wheel and the little wheel were *birring* in every parlour and kitchen, and throwing off abundance of woollen and linen yarn to be worked up for family uses. The home-made clothing had infinitely more *biuld* and more durability than the fine broadcloth that now comes out with such finish from the manufactory. What webs of linen used to be seen spread out to bleach, after they came home from the looms! A good many of the smaller tablecloths we have were spun and afterwards woven at home, by old William Stewart, Sunnybank, who had learned the art at Dunfermline. This old man was a Cameronian, thoroughly a man of his word, who would never undertake a job if he were to be tied down to anything like a time, in case he were not able to keep it. "Na, na, mistress," he would say, "I'll no tak' it in hand, unless I'm to hae my ain time."

Change of
customs.

Farmhouses. The farmhouses were thatched, small, and low-roofed. They were on one model—a room in one end, the kitchen in the other, and through the kitchen another room, generally used as a bedroom, with perhaps two small attics above, reached by a trap-ladder, and lighted by a few small panes through the thatch. I remember Ladhope, Mount Benger, Newhouse, and Newburgh being in this style. The old house at Foulshiels, in which Mungo Park was born, shows by the windows such an arrangement. Bowerhope farmhouse was so low in the roof that my father at the exhortations had to stand between two of the rafters, so that the kitchen full of people and full of smoke was not the most pleasant place to speak in. Yet old Sandy Cunningham, the tenant, used to say: “Ministers may talk o’ heevin as they like; commend me to Bowerhope; I cud tak’ a tack o’t to a’ eternity.” In those houses, a great deal of simple but abundant hospitality was dispensed *sans cérémonie*, and without formal invitations. I have heard my father say that, having gone uninvited one day to Sundhope, the Dryhope, Whitehope, and Tinnis people all like himself dropped in by chance to dinner, and the family was in no way put about. A *loupin’-on stane* was a usual adjunct to the house, to assist the gude-wife in mounting on a pillion behind her husband when they went on horseback.

The cottages. The cottages for the hinds and shepherds were little better than dark smoky hovels. Their walls were alternate rows of stones and sods, their floor of earth, and their roof of coarse timber covered with turf and rushes. A hole in the middle or end of the roof, surrounded at the top by a wicker frame widening as it came down, plastered with a mixture



of straw and mud and supported by a strong beam, was the only chimney. If the rain or snow occasionally found entrance through this open space, it allowed of a number of persons gathering round the glowing peat-fire, and was convenient for smoking hams. A small aperture with a single pane of glass, and sometimes altogether open, and stuffed at night with old clothes, was the apology for a window. Occasionally the byre might be seen on one side of the entrance, the family apartment, which served alike for eating and sleeping, on the other. With such limited resources, the box-beds with shelves within were made a receptacle for all possible odds and ends; while, contrary to all sanitary arrangements, potatoes in heaps were stored beneath. It was quite a rare thing to have a *but* and *ben* for the exclusive use of the household. What a contrast to this state of things is the march of modern improvement—the substantial, handsome, and commodious houses with appendages that have sprung up, suited to the requirements of the farms, and built of stone and lime! Everywhere they gladden the eye of the passing tourist, and beautify the landscape. It is even more a matter of congratulation that our proprietors, his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch taking the lead, have in the erection of new buildings provided liberally for the accommodation of the peasantry on their estates—the cottages generally containing four apartments, and milk-house, with byre and piggery attached. Though these changes may not be appreciated by some of the denizens of the soil, who, tenacious of old customs, prefer still crowding into one apartment, they are doubtless in the right direction, and conducive to the health, comfort, and morality of the occupants

Barriers to
improvement.
Want of
roads.

In 1653, when the bridge across the Yarrow was being built, the lime was carried on horseback. Even so late as 1790, peats, the common fuel of Yarrow, were brought down from the mountaintops in the same slow and expensive manner. That want has now been supplied by good roads and easy access to railroads. The absence or shortness of leases was long a barrier to permanent improvement on farms partly arable. In 1794, there were on the Buccleuch estate in Selkirkshire only two farms for which the tenants had a lease, the rest being held only from year to year. It is not very many years since the leases were only for nine years, and frequently not signed till half of the term had expired. Yet such was the reliance in the justice and moderation of the noble proprietor that tenants had no scruple in improving their farms; and when at any time these were open, there was great anxiety on the part of outsiders to obtain them. Like heirlooms, they descended from father to son, a circumstance to which beautiful allusion is made in 'Marmion':—

Leases.

“And while his honest heart glows warm
At thought of his paternal farm,
Round to his mates a brimmer fills,
And drinks, ‘The Chieftain of the Hills!’”¹

Fixity of tenure has been the rule on the Buccleuch estate for generations, when the rent fixed by the proprietor has been accepted—a rule that has been acted on by the present proprietor, who on many public occasions has declared that he looks on his tenantry as his family. At the same time, it would be matter of regret if the high character of an indi-

¹ [Int., Canto II.]

vidual should lend a sanction to a practice which, on every sound principle, is objectionable. Many things might occur to dispossess the tenant, such as his own indiscretion, offence given by some of his servants, or the succession of an exacting heir. In the face of such contingencies, he would naturally be chary of expending his capital without any security for compensation. Fortunately a wiser policy prevails in this quarter, as over Scotland generally. Leases are granted for terms ranging from fifteen to twenty-one years, which hold out encouragement for permanent improvements, of which the tenant would in time reap the profit. There is also an increase of rent obtained afterwards by the proprietor, and a benefit is conferred on the public.

Formerly there were conditions in many a lease Kain. which pressed injuriously on agriculture. I allude to the obligation laid on the farmer as part of his rental to carry fuel, hay, corn, &c., for his landlord, to supply a certain number of *kain* or tame fowls, and to give a *darg* or day's work by man or woman when wanted. In some leases a certain quantity of lint or tow was required to be spun. There was another remnant of feudal manners in the form of *thivlage* or restriction to a particular mill, where the tenant was bound to grind his corn, and often at a higher rate than what was demanded at other places. These exactions, which were felt to be a grievance, or at least a great inconvenience, are now things of the past, and not likely ever to be restored.

Attempts were made about the middle of last century by farmers in different parts of Roxburghshire to raise some small fields of turnips, both in broadcast and in drills. But the crops were mostly stolen by idle and curious people before they at- Turnip
husbandry.

tained their full growth. The first successful experiment was carried out in 1759 by Mr William Dawson of Frogden, an eminent and enterprising agriculturist, and with such spirit that he soon had 100 acres under crop. The celerity with which his cattle became fat for the market, the excellent condition of those which he reared, and the luxuriance of succeeding crops, soon made proselytes to the new system in his immediate neighbourhood; but so slow was its progress that it was introduced only after the lapse of fifty years into this quarter, to the lasting advantage of the cultivators of the soil.

Potatoes.

Potatoes found their way into the country before turnips. Some years before 1745 it was regarded as a curiosity to see a few growing in a garden! When they were transferred to the field they were cultivated first in lazy-beds (an appropriate name)—*i.e.*, they were laid on a bed of turf and covered with inverted turf dug from the trenches around it, and such earth as the trenches supplied. The next mode of treatment was to supplant the spade husbandry by the plough, and drop the potatoes into every furrow—a practice which was tenaciously retained till the larger returns procured by planting them in drills, considerably apart from each other, gradually superseded it. Mr Scott of Woll was among the first to adopt this improved method, about the year 1760; and what was regarded for a considerable time as a novelty, became what it has continued to be, a favourite and staple article of food alike in cottage and in hall.

Style of farming.

At the end of last century and the beginning of this, the style of farming was what we would now call very primitive, or, what conveys the same idea,

antiquated. Artificial manures, rotation of crops, improved implements, and machinery, were unknown; the custom of our forefathers was the rule. There was high farming in one sense—*i.e.*, they were not deterred by the height or steepness of the ground—many of our high hills bear unmistakable marks of the plough. A feal-dyke served as a fence; one crop of oats followed another; little was done to enrich the ground, and when it was worn out, a new field was fixed for the same rude treatment elsewhere. These were the days of low rents, cheap labour, rude implements, and plain living, so that the farmer could afford to employ plenty of hands and horse-flesh. The team was quite imposing. When in after-years a man was guiding a one-horse plough by the wayside, a septuagenarian passing by held up his hands in wonder, exclaiming, “There used to be three oxen and four horses in the yoke, under charge of a ploughman and gadman.”

The valleys seem to have been more thickly peopled than now. The MS. of 1649¹ says that the water of Yarrow, after “passing the lochs, hath on either side many villages and gentlemen’s houses.” At that time, at Kirkhope, there were no less than thirty-five houses in front of the ancient tower. The numerous remains of old houses, and even hamlets, in many places, corroborate the conclusion.

Population
formerly
greater.

In these days there were several tenants with families on one farm, with not always the best agreement among them. On Tinnis there were four. The hill-pasture was held in common, but

¹ [By William Elliot of Stobs and Walter Scott of Arkilton.]

the arable land was in runrigs. This arrangement was often the source of petty jealousies, if not disagreement. In reaping time, kemping went on—*i.e.*, each party driving their sickle fast and furiously, but making very rough work, each striving to have his patch first cut down. On one particular occasion towards the close of the harvest, one of the competitors with his band started by the pale moonlight, hoping to steal a march and win the *kirn*; but to his sad disappointment it turned out in the morning that he had missed his mark by mistaking a neighbour's lot for his own.

Winnowing
by wind.

As might be expected in a secluded district like this, improvements were introduced with difficulty and by slow degrees. The old system of winnowing by the wind on an elevated spot long prevailed. A footpath over the brow of a hill still bears the name of the Cauf Roads, the summit being the place on which the chaff was carried away. Here, as elsewhere, fanners were denounced as interfering with the course of Providence.

Bone-dust.

The iron plough was looked on as a poor substitute for the heavy wooden one, which bulked more largely and “filled the eye.” Bone-dust, too, met with no small prejudice at its introduction. An old and faithful servant had almost struck work when told to sow it sparingly along the drill. He paused, took out his snuff-box, and, with a pinch in his hand, remonstrated, “I’ve never been fooled till now; what guid wud that dae?” The master mildly asked him just to do as he was bid, and if the crop were a failure the blame would not rest on him. The crop was a more than ordinary one, and, as seeing is believing, the worthy grieve was convinced against his will.

Drainage, which has extended greatly, has brought its drawbacks, as it has cut off the supply of water from many a cottage-door where it never failed. Drainage.

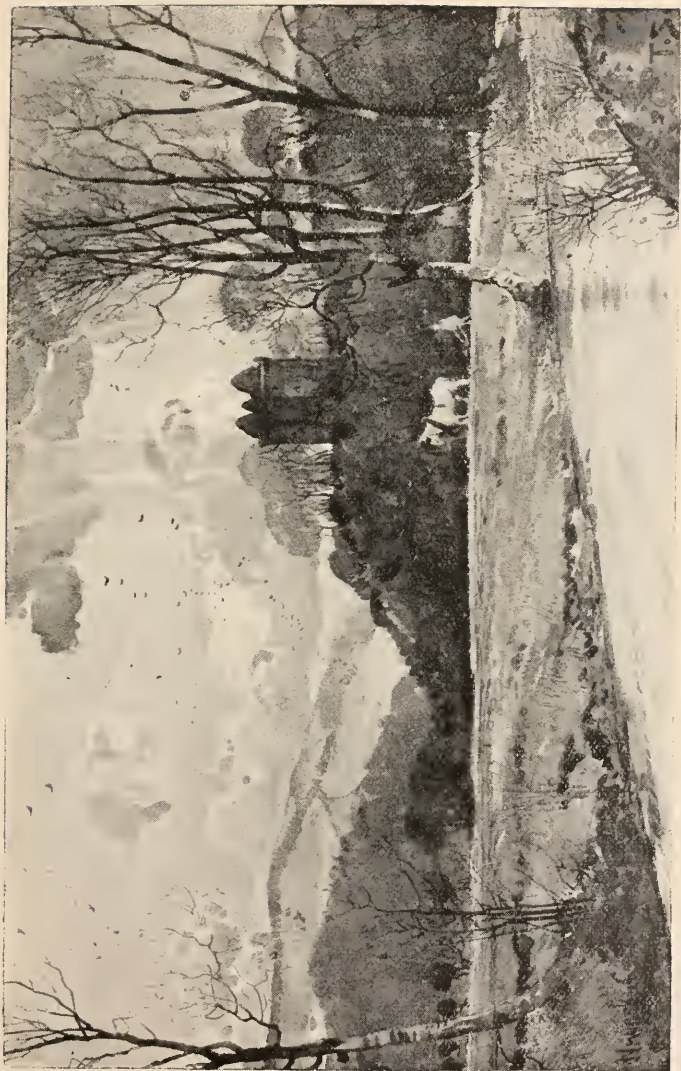
At the beginning of the century an impetus was given to improvement. Irrigation was one of the hobbies of the day; and it was decided that water-meadows should be formed on many of the Yarrow farms. A letter to that effect fell into the hands of Charles Ballantyne of Tinnis, just as the bell was ringing for church. He could scarcely realise the idea of this innovation; and the letter in his pocket being more in his thoughts than the lecture from the pulpit, he was observed to take out the document a dozen times during service, and con it again and again, unwilling to believe his eyes. The scheme was persevered in. Irrigation.

For some years wonderful crops of natural hay were the result. By-and-by, however, the waters of the Yarrow being too pure for fertilising, and the sediment of upland streams being deposited in the stacks,—no top-dressing was thought of in these days,—the crops gradually diminished, the water was withdrawn, and the meadows again flowed as a field. But besides this, other changes were introduced. A considerable portion of hill-ground was mapped out for feuing, cultivation, and plantation. The farm of Catslackburn was parcelled out into some fourteen feus, on which such artisans as a smith, joiner, mason, tailor, shoemaker, and weaver might be located, to aid the farmers in their improvements, and meet the wants of the people. There was one barren moor, covered with stunted heather (Whitefield) and a few peat-mosses, through which passed the public road. The farmer of Whitehope had Feuing of hill-ground.

continually cast feal and divot, used for firing and roofing—the minister of Yarrow by law enjoying the same privilege. So freely had both parties gone to work that the ground had been given up in despair when not a single turf could be got. This servitude prevented his Grace's factors doing anything to change its aspect; and as the minister's glebe was eight miles away, and he had not even ground to graze a cow, permission was given to utilise this land if it were possible. Heaps of stones were scattered over it—a number of which the man in authority should have respected. To an antiquary these silent cairns were of more value than waving corn. But these were days of vandalism. This same official had laid violent hands on a still more interesting relic of a former day, and allowed the old Castle of Newark to be dismantled and mutilated, to build a modern farmhouse in its front. And after such an outrage, one wonders not that the old cairns were regarded of no more value than old Newark; and backed by this high authority, and what, indeed, was the fashion of the day, the piles of stones were taken to build the necessary dykes.

Cairns.

On more than twenty different spots of this moor were large cairns, in many of which fine yellow dust, and in one of which an old spear head, was found. Two unhewn massive stones still stand, about 100 yards distant from each other, which doubtless are the monuments of the dead. The real tradition simply bears that here a deadly feud was settled by dint of arms: the upright stones mark the place where the two lords or leaders fell, and the bodies of their followers were thrown into a marshy pool called the *Dead Lake*, in the adjoining haugh. It



is probable that this is the locality of "the Dowie Dens of Yarrow." About 300 yards westward, when the cultivation of this moor began, the plough struck upon a large flat stone of unhewn greywacke bearing a Latin inscription. Bones and ashes lay beneath it, and on every side the surface presented verdant patches of grass. It was examined by Sir Walter Scott, Dr John Leyden, Mungo Park, and others of antiquarian lore. From the rudeness and indistinctness of the carving upon the hard rock, only the following characters can be deciphered—"Hic memoria et . . . hic jacent in tumulo duo filii liberali."¹

Breaking up
ground.

Operations for breaking up were at length commenced. The farmers had kindly sent ploughs to assist in the work; but the ground was as hard as iron, and the plough was able only to scratch the surface; so the attempt was given up in despair. But necessity is the mother of invention, as well as perseverance. The minister, anxious for a few acres of pasturage, was not to be daunted. Having a strong horse, with more bones than blood, and a man not burdened with work—to these two docile servants was relegated the task of subduing the stubborn soil. A section was taken every season. The work of breaking up was slow, and carried on with difficulties. The furrow at first was very light and rugged; and the ploughshare, ever and

¹ [Better reading by Miss Russell of Ashiestiel:—

"Hic memoria Ceti
Loi Finn q Fii Princi
Pei·Nvdi
Dumnogeni·hic jacent
In Tvmylo Duo Filii
Liberali."

See "Yarrow and its Inscribed Stone," in *Blackwood's Magazine*, Nov. 1893.—J. V.]

anon coming against a firm-set stone, was brought to a stand. While the obstacle was being removed with the pick, the beast of burden could draw breath for a fresh and vigorous start. By repeated processes of this sort, the soil was in course of time tolerably torn up; and a liberal application of lime and marl—then expensive, owing to the distance and bad roads—helped at once to pulverise and stimulate it. But the cairns were not the only impediments to the cultivation. On three different spots there were peat-mosses of considerable depth. These were from year to year dug out and utilised for fuel; the holes were filled with the stones that annually cropped up, and on these was laid a layer of earth so deep as to admit of being ploughed. Fully £200 was expended in breaking and improving the original barren moor—more than it was worth to purchase; but the minister found his reward, and had the happiness of seeing it covered with wonderful crops; and a frequent walk to watch the progress was a healthful recreation after the mental work of the study.

Burnt clay.

About sixty years ago there was a considerable mania for preparing burnt clay to improve grass fields—Irishmen being employed in the process. A large circular kiln was made, with walls composed of massive sods: within this the turf taken from the surface of a considerable area was placed, and with the help of peat-fires was burned down. Additions were made daily, till after the lapse of weeks and months, the whole enclosure was filled. When the fire showed symptoms of breaking through the barrier walls, a fresh damp divot was inserted to check the flames. The work and watch had to be kept up on Sundays as well as week-

days, to prevent the fire going out; and after the contents of each kiln were fairly reduced to ashes, there they remained, to be applied as a top-dressing to fields intended for permanent pasture. The effect was wonderful, and lasted for many years on the two farms of Whitehope and Tinnis, where the experiment was made. But the preparation was expensive; the necessary labour on the Sabbath was too many; other manures were beginning to be used as stimulants, and the burnt-clay system was soon brought to a close.

Towards the end of last century large crops were raised by means of paring and burning, to the great advantage of the tenants, but much to the prejudice of their farms and their successors. It was desirable only when the soil, being deep, could bear it, and at a distance from other manure. But as it reduced to ashes some of the best land, and was productive of more harm than good, it was generally abandoned. Something of the same sort was raised at a later period.

Paring and
burning.

The soil is pretty much diversified, and varies in quality according to its situation. That on the haughs is in many places a light but not unfertile loam, lying on a subsoil of gravel or sand, occasionally on till. Further up or nearer the source of the waters it becomes still lighter, and owing to the nature of the climate less productive, and better adapted for pasture than for tillage. The soil of the hills yields in general two kinds of natural pasture: where it is wet and spongy, the grass is long, coarse, and *sprattly*; where light and dry, the herbage is short and nutritious, with sometimes a mixture of fine heath. It is a great advantage

Soil.

when these different kinds of pasture are on the same farm, as part of the former is cut in the beginning of autumn while it still retains the juice, and laid up as hay for food to the sheep during the severe frosts or deep snows of winter. A number of Highland cattle are now generally grazed on the hills where this coarse pasture abounds, and they consume what is not cut. Besides, as a new sward soon springs, provision is at the same time made for keeping more sheep than before.

Climate.

Climate, too, is as varied as the soil. In low situations the air is often clear and salubrious, when in the upper parts of the parish it is raw and rainy, from the vapours that hover upon the tops of the hills, which arrest and empty the passing clouds. This excess of moisture is in wet seasons injurious to vegetation, and retards the grain in coming to maturity. In hot seasons, on the other hand, it accelerates the growth of both natural and artificial plants, and secures an abundant as well as a comparatively early harvest.

Stones.

In many places the arable land, both on the low and hilly ground, is much covered with small stones, which, although they considerably retard its cultivation, are no obstacles to its productiveness. Such ground has by experience, both here and elsewhere, been found to produce worse crops after the stones have with much labour been removed, unless some additional manure be applied. This is not a little remarkable, and the cause is not easily explained; but most probably the effect is due to their retaining moisture below, and reflecting heat above and around.

The hills being everywhere intersected by small

burns, glens or hollows are formed, called *hopes*,¹ Hopes. which are of great advantage in sheep-walks, as they afford shelter in stormy weather, and produce more abundant pasture than on exposed hillsides. The straths of Yarrow and Ettrick are throughout the lands of hopes, as the term is annexed to the name of nearly twenty different farms. Sometimes, indeed, we have a duplicate of it, when a lower hollow leads to an upper, as in Lewinshope-hope, Dryhope-hope.

The parish is principally pastoral. Sheep are the Sheep. staple produce, and constitute the principal part of the live stock. The original breed of sheep was the black-faced, the mutton being of superior quality. On high and exposed hills they are the hardier and healthier breed. Towards the end of last century they were gradually supplanted by the Cheviot (white-faced), so called from their being natives of the Border range of mountains. The export commenced about 1768 on the lower farms. The wool was utilised in almost every household, the washing, carding, and spinning, being in the hands of the thrifty goodwife; the hanks to be then transferred to the weaver's shuttle. The result was a web thick and warm, sufficient to clothe the family, and sometimes a shepherd's plaid with comfortable bield. This still is kept up on a small scale. The larger bales went to Galashiels, then a thriving village, famous for its manufacture of coarse woollen cloth, which went by the name of Galashiels grey. As every one knows, Galashiels is now a town with a large population, where, from foreign wools employed, manufacture is carried to great perfection.

Snowstorms were then much more severe than Snowstorms.

¹ [*Hope* is literally *haven*, or *sheltered place*.—J. V.]

now. Tradition speaks of the thirteen drifty days of March, which were so fatal to the flocks. The long storm of 1794 and the great blast of 1795, which never ceased for a week, are often talked of. There have been others since, approaching these in severity or continuance and loss of stock. No provision was made for winter. Recourse was had to low fields in Annandale, which were in great measure clear of snow, and reserved for starving flocks from a distance. This system was disadvantageous and costly in many ways. A heavy grass *meal* had to be paid when the flocks remained for any length of time. But the loss was that many were not removed till the last hour, when already they had suffered considerably, and frequently arrived, through heavy roads, at their destination just when the thaw came, and had to trudge back, draggled through the melting snow. The Annandale reserves are no longer available, and farmers provide what hay their bogs supply for winter's wants, or feed with what is imported from abroad.

The winter of 1860 was pre-eminently calamitous, the ewes so reduced in condition as to have no nourishment for the lambs, which were destroyed with the intention and effort to bring through the mothers. The loss of stock in the Forest was computed at £40,000, without taking into calculation the results on succeeding years. The wonder is, that in such seasons, considering their toil and travel on high and exposed ranges of hills, shepherds as well as sheep do not often fall a sacrifice. Such occurrences are very rare. Sir Walter Scott, in his introduction to the fourth canto of 'Marmion,' vividly describes the perils to which they are liable and sometimes succumb:—

“ When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dank and dun ;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
Against the casement's tinkling pane ;
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain ;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine ;
Whistling and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid :
His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs, and mountain-sides,
Where fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles :
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,—
Loses its feeble gleam,—and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale ;
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffened swain :
The widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail ;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,

Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek to break his rest."

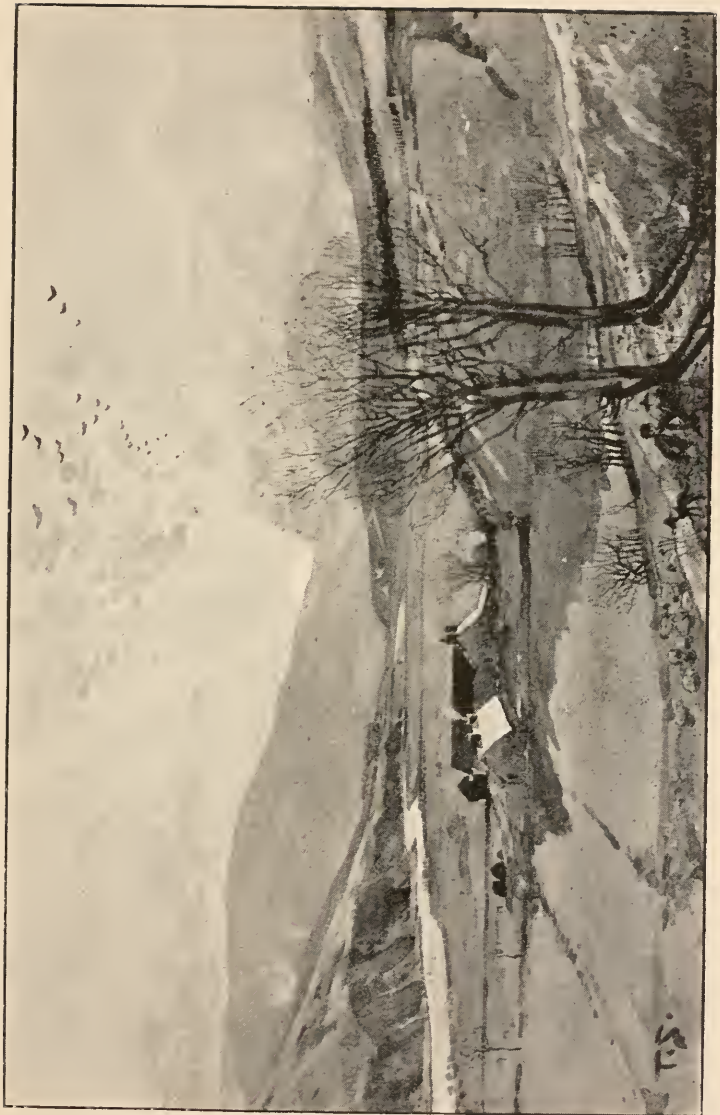
Perished in
the snow.

These lines were suggested by a sudden fall of snow, beginning after sunset in 1808; and on the night when they were written, an unfortunate man perished within a few miles of Ashiestiel, exactly in the manner here described; and his body was next morning found close to his own house. One sad accident took place near Birkhill, where a fine young shepherd fell over an icy precipice, and was by his father seen lying apparently killed in a ravine dangerous of approach, and where, unaided, he was helpless to render assistance. Aid was obtained, the sufferer was borne home, but survived only a few painful weeks, from serious injury to the spine. Another youth in Meggat more recently fell a victim to an October storm—having incautiously started for the hill on a drifty morning without breaking bread. After many hours of deep marching through the snow, he sank from pure exhaustion at no great distance from his own door.

Narrow
escape.

One remarkable instance of escape from a similar fate is worth recording. The individual referred to was the late Mr Alexander Laidlaw, then shepherd, and afterwards farmer in Bowerhope.¹ Passing over some treacherous snow on the hillside, his weight had the effect of detaching the large mass; and

¹ [Mr Alexander Laidlaw was a native of the Forest, in which, with the exception of a short time passed in the North Highlands, he spent his life. He was an intimate friend of the Ettrick Shepherd, a contributor to the 'Scots Magazine,' a frequent writer of essays for the Highland Society, and was nearly related to Scott's friend, the author of "Lucy's Flittin'." He was held in much regard by his landlord, the late Lord Napier, and was for many years a respected elder in the parish of Yarrow. Mr Laidlaw died in 1842, at Bowerhope, on St Mary's Loch, now occupied by his grandson.—A. C. F.]



down came the avalanche, bearing him in its fall, and burying him under it. No alarm was felt till he failed to make his appearance at dinner-time, when, on inquiry being made, the other shepherd reported that he had last seen him crossing that part of the hill. Off a party hastened to the rescue: the appearance of the ground gave no uncertain indication of what had occurred; the clearing of the incumbent snow began; his dog marked the spot where he lay before it was reached; he was found alive and with a measure of consciousness, for on an attempt being made to raise him up, he begged the explorers to take care of his arm. He was carried home, and having been put into a warm bed, he was soon himself again. Humanly speaking, his preservation, after being fourteen hours under the snow, was due to his own presence of mind when the mass was settling down, and his making a desperate effort with both hands to clear a space around his face. He lived many years after, on the same farm, to tell the marvellous tale of his deliverance from a snowy grave.¹

About fifty years ago, smuggling was carried on to a considerable extent. It was generally counted a very slight offence to defraud the revenue in this form, and informers were not to be found. The recesses of the mountains afforded ready oppor-

Smuggling.

¹ [This incident has been graphically described in print by Mr Laidlaw himself. Only three years ago, a shepherd, James Thomson, a vigorous man under thirty, was lost in the drift of a wild winter day. He had gone up the glen of the burn on the farm of Whitefield, about a quarter of a mile west of Yarrow Kirk, and skirting "the Dowie Dens," on the stormy 7th of December 1882. While returning and making his way to his cottage, near the foot of the burn, he had become exhausted, and succumbed to the terrible drift and cold. Some days afterwards he was found lying against a wire fence at no great distance from his home.—J. V.]

tunities for the preparation of *mountain-dew*, and the old corn-mill supplying the materials, the part of the river at which it stood was appropriately termed the "*maut* pool." The still was a very primitive affair, consisting generally of a hole dug in some quiet nook; the roof was formed by some strong branches covered with turf; there was no outward indication of its whereabouts. The farmer was usually let into the secret, lest, in riding or coursing over his farm, he and his horse might come to grief. An accident of that kind did once occur at one of these illicit underground chambers. The cow of the smuggler, wandering on the hill, stumbled on the rickety roof and fell into the depths below. The difficulty was to release her without seeking assistance in the neighbourhood, and thus perhaps giving publicity to his midnight misdemeanours, when a lucky thought occurred to him. There was a hayrick of his master's at no great distance: bringing armful after armful, he dropped them into the pit below, and gradually raised its floor, till the imprisoned animal was nearly elevated to a level with the ground, and was thus enabled to regain *terra firma*. The roof and the rick were done up as before, and no one was the wiser as to what had happened. It need scarcely be added that those addicted to such ways derived no profit from them, as they became frequently their own best customers, and had to shut the mouths of their droughty neighbours by many a flowing glass. It was just the old story—

"Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rab and Allan cam to pree."

Superstition. The belief in an evil eye lingered till a com-

paratively recent period. The Ettrick Shepherd has graphically portrayed what witches were wont to do, in his poem, "The Witch of Fife." The "Witches' Knowe" is still pointed out as a mound on the top of a hill, where they were supposed to hold their gatherings; and many still remember an old woman who dressed in a very fantastic style, and was accredited with supernatural power. One farmer, on whose ground she had her cottage, stood in great awe of her, which, coming to her ears, she knew how to turn to account. She frequently brought him a shilling to be changed into two sixpences: he gave the sixpences, but was careful never to take the equivalent, in order to keep on safe and pleasant terms with her. Any disorder among the horses or cows was set down to her malice.

The principal lake in Yarrow, or indeed in the south of Scotland, is St Mary's, connected by a stream with a smaller one which has the fantastic appellation Loch of the Lowes (lochs). The former is seven and a half miles in circumference, and in some places thirty fathoms deep; the latter one mile and a half, and eleven fathoms. It is evident that they have originally formed one lake, whose margin extended a considerable way to the north-east. The difference of level is only fifteen inches, and the narrow neck of land which now separates them has been raised by the opposite currents of the Corsecleuch and Oxcleuch burns.¹ In the table- Locūs.

¹ [It is probable that the Loch of the Lowes was the original name of the whole lake, and that St Mary is a name given in the ecclesiastical time. Loch of the Lowes is commonly supposed to be equivalent to *Lacus de Lacubus*: for this there is no authority save mediæval chronicles, and the name is meaningless. The derivation is probably Loch of the *Lowes*, *hlæwes*, *lows*,

land to the south is a number of small lochs—Shaws, Clearburn, Hellmoor, and Akermoor—whose size varies from a mile to a mile and a half in circumference.

Fish in the
lochs.

Most of the lakes are stored with pike, perch, eels, and trout. It is curious that the pike are now seldom seen in St Mary's, where they were once abundant and larger than in the upper loch. A favourite resort with them still on a hot summer day is a shallow recess at Rodono, where a rifle-ball is often discharged at them with effect. In the description of these lochs in 1649, it is stated that all these kinds of fish were "taken about Michaelmas, and salted in puncheons for the people's winter provision." Mention is at the same time made of another species which was utilised in a similar way: "There is also taken in thir lochs a little fish, called by the country people red-waimbs. It is about the bigness of a herring, and the belly of it wholly red. It is never seen nor taken but between All Hallows and Martinmas, the space of ten days, and that only in the little stream that runs betwixt the two lochs. It is very savoury meat; and at that season the country people, with plaids sewed together like a net, have taken such store of them that they carried them home and salted them up in vessels for the food of their families." The fish here described was doubtless the char, seeing that it was met with only within a very limited space, and during a brief season of the year; and as the inhabitants of the district, seizing their opportunity, captured it in such a wholesale way, it is not to be wondered at that is, hills; both locally appropriate and in accordance with Anglo-Saxon designation.—J. V.]

that its numbers should gradually decrease. In the MS. account of Selkirkshire, with the date of 1722, while the other species of fish are noted, there is no reference to this one, from which we may infer that even by that time it had entirely disappeared, and it has not been heard of since.

It is somewhat curious that this lake, with its quiet pastoral surroundings, should have given occasion to various disputes—that its waters should have been as the waters of Marah, or rather of Meribah. The first litigation arose regarding the proprietorship. It had been the belief for generations that they had been given by royal charter to an ancestor of the present Lord Napier; and both in the first 'Statistical Account' of the parish, published in 1792, and in the last, published in 1833, it had been stated that both up to high-water mark were exclusively the property of that noble family. In the exercise of that conferred right, as it was universally believed to have been, the family had acted most generously to the public. All and sundry were permitted the liberty of rod-fishing, provided they had not recourse to the use of the "otter." All respectable individuals, on application to the factor, were granted the use of the boat; and as many of the clerical profession came to St Mary's Cottage, the keeper of the boat was authorised to grant it, without formal leave being asked. The present noble proprietor, on learning that the Selkirk mills were often put on short time during a dry summer, at once agreed to the request to be allowed to put a sluice at the mouth where it flows into the Yarrow. This enabled them to draw off by degrees, as wanted, six feet perpendicular, and keep works going for six weeks, and that without

St Mary's
Loch.

any compensation, or putting any value on what he termed "useless water." He even suggested that they were at liberty to turn to practical account the Loch of the Lowes also. It will be apparent, therefore, that no one had any possible grievance to urge in connection with his claims, seeing that if he possessed an exclusive right, he had exercised it in no exclusive spirit. It was not till the late John Scott, W.S., purchased the property of Chapelhope (afterwards designated Rodono, from the barony of that name, in the chartularies of Melrose Abbey), that the right was challenged. The title-deeds, which he inspected with the eye of a lawyer, bore that he held his property *cum lacubus et piscationibus*, on which ground he claimed a joint right to the lakes. Lord Napier, while acknowledging the hardship of a neighbour, who was about to build a mansion on their margin, being unable to launch a boat on their surface, would not, and indeed could not, *brevi manu*, make the concession; he naturally stood on his patrimonial privileges, and regarded it as a duty to hand down to his children what he had inherited from his ancestors. The case was accordingly brought before the law courts, with nothing certain save the law's delay and uncertainty. Strong evidence was produced on behalf of Lord Napier, that from time immemorial he and his ancestors were regarded as the sole proprietors of both lakes; that when sand or gravel had been taken from its shores, a boat placed on its surface, or water drawn off from its mouth, it was with his permission. It was held that the statement in public documents like the successive 'Statistical Accounts,' and these remaining unchallenged, were strong corroborative

proof. Even the unwarranted attack by the Ettrick Shepherd in the 'Queen's Wake' on Lord Napier, for the removal of a boathouse erected without leave, tended to confirm it, as his lordship wrote on the margin of his copy: "I suppose this is a return for my not acceding to his request that I would debar all others, and grant the proprietorship solely to him." On the other hand, it was pled that had the original charter been valid now, Lord Napier's rights were indefeasible: but that a later charter was less liberal in its grants. The case went for trial before the Lord Ordinary, and then the Inner House, when the verdict was in his favour. On appeal to the House of Lords, it was reversed, and decision given that the other proprietors having lands abutting on the lochs had equal rights.

Another dispute arose, not with regard to the waters of the lakes, but a portion of land by their shore. When a new church was erected, in 1640, at Yarrow, as more central for the parish than the one at St Mary's, the glebe remained where it was, and any attempts at an excambion had failed. Being unenclosed and lying within the farm of Kirkstead, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, it was for the benefit alike of his Grace and the minister that both should be let to the same tenant. By mutual agreement at the commencement of every lease, it was stipulated that the minister should receive so much per sheep for sixteen souns, or eight score, which it was understood to keep. Curiously enough, there being no church lands in what was a very extensive parish (at one time twenty-five miles long by eighteen broad), no grass glebe has been designed, and the minister receives

in lieu of it £20 Scots, or £1, 13s. 4d. for the keep of two cows and a horse, the equivalent by statute, but a somewhat inadequate allowance! The question at length arose whether the soums to which the minister was entitled meant a definite portion of land for pasturage, or a right of servitude over the farm. The chamberlain and law agent for his Grace held the latter view, while the Presbytery and minister were in favour of the former. The old Presbytery records, to which reference was made, threw no light on the matter, beyond speaking of the glebe; but contained proceedings which took place at various meetings for the purpose of setting apart a grass glebe. A formal designation of such a glebe for two cows and a horse, with the consent of all parties interested, was made in 1722, and its boundaries described so clearly and minutely as to be yet recognised. In lieu of this, successive incumbents had only been receiving the annual sum of £1, 13s. 4d. As guardians of the living, the Presbytery, therefore, felt called upon to have the point as to what were the incumbent's rights in regard to a glebe proper and a grass glebe cleared up in the courts of law.

After a long and anxious search among the documents of the Register Office, and just when the case was about to be called in Court, a document was found by which the Court, on appeal by certain heritors, had set aside their previous decision, on the ground that there were no church lands in the parish of Yarrow. This was an unlooked-for discovery; and considering that there were such lands hard by in the parish of Ettrick, it had not been for a moment doubted that they were to be found on the ground termed *Kirkstead*,

and around the old church of St Mary's; and, indeed, their existence was acknowledged by all parties not long before. This, however, explained how the small money equivalent was still in force, and, at the same time, was sufficient ground for this part of the case being fallen from.

The other part of the case, however, was taken into Court and pled before Lord Barcaple as Lord Ordinary. It was urged that in works on Church law—Dunlop and Duncan—the right of a minister to so many soums implied sufficient land to support them; a letter of the Duke of Buccleuch of date spoke of his inspecting the minister's glebe; a number of witnesses of advanced years, and long acquainted with the grounds, testified to a portion of Kirkstead and churchyard being the glebe: but the Lord Ordinary, proceeding on its being the practice to be paid for so many sheep, held a contrary view, and decided accordingly. The Inner House overturned this judgment, and an appeal was taken to the House of Lords. A compromise was, however, effected.

To return to a notice of customs and social arrangements. One custom, now discontinued, was common—killing a *mart* at Martinmas for the winter's supply of butcher-meat. The fat ox was cut up, and, having been well salted, was put into tubs. The meat was apt to become rather salt before it was finished. The "mart."

Old Mungo Park, father of the traveller, was in the habit of saying very long graces, of which some of the family were a little impatient. His son Adam, afterwards a doctor in the navy, suggested that it would be a good plan to say just one long grace over the beef-tub, once for all. Long graces.

Tea. Tea was a rare and somewhat costly beverage, at 8s. per lb.; salt, heavily taxed, was a dear commodity too. Hair-powder was in common use, but the tax put on it afterwards restricted its being used. Oat-cakes and bannocks of barley-meal, with an admixture of peas, were the ordinary table fare. Wheaten bread was scarcely known. Now the change is not for the better; and it is a matter of regret, as medical men attest, that "bannocks o' barley-meal," so lauded in song, and valuable as an article of diet, are much discarded, and that the oatmeal porridge that was wont to rear our sturdy peasants, the country's pride, and so essential to the formation of bone, muscle, and sinew in the young, is to be seen chiefly on the tables of the great. A solitary female, Jean Dunlop, used once a-week to carry on her back all the bread that was used in Yarrow. Her bag contained a quartern-loaf for the manse, another for Whitehope, and a few penny rolls for some other families. In later times four carts piled to the top with loaves were sent from Selkirk to Moffat, so celebrated was the Selkirk bread; and now there are daily spring-carts supplying the valleys of Ettrick and Yarrow.

Head-powder.

Wheaten bread.

The solitary carrier.

Postal arrangements.

Letters.

Communication was very slow and correspondence very small in those days. It was thought a great step when the mail-coach from London completed the journey to Edinburgh in two days instead of three. Postage of letters from London was 1s. 1½d.; from Edinburgh, 7½d.; from Hawick, 4½d. Of course very few letters were written, and those who were within reach of an M.P. used to apply for a "frank." Since I remember (unless there was a chance hand on a Wednesday) our letters reached us only once a-week, along with our bread

and butcher-meat, by the weekly carrier, Robbie Hogg. His arrival used to be a great event, the letter-bag being turned out, and a rummage made for our own. Afterwards the Moffat carriers gave more frequent opportunities of getting letters; but they were very apt to carry them on to Moffat, and bring them back the following week. The introduction of the penny post and extension of post-runners have revolutionised the means of communication with other parts of the world. The amount of correspondence has increased more than twentyfold. The daily newspaper is a necessity and a fact, while the regular and rapid circulation of periodicals of all kinds brings "the Dowie Dens" into close and immediate communication with the world without. Already the prediction seems fulfilled, "Men shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

The news of the day was slow of finding its way into remote valleys like ours. Beggars and pedlars were the great newsmongers. Like the postage of letters, the tax on papers and journals also restricted the circulation of the latter; and, excepting a few who might venture on a weekly newspaper for themselves, families clubbed together to divide the perusal and the payment. When my father came to Yarrow, one solitary newspaper, the 'Courant,' served the whole Watergates and even a district beyond. It was read first of all by James Burnet, formerly tenant in Whitehope, who had retired to Selkirk. It then passed to Philiphaugh, Foulshiels, Lewinshope, Tinnis, the Manse, Whitehope, Sundhope, Bengerburn, Mount Benger, Dryhope, Henderland, and at last reached Mr James Anderson at Syart. The news, of course, was not

Newspapers.
The 'Cour-
ant.'

news, or at least very old, before the final destination was reached. On one occasion, in consequence of a long snowstorm and detention by the way, the old farmer received fourteen all at once! He told my father, however, that he was never better served; for being the last of the readers, he got the papers kept till a rainy day came. A primitive but truly worthy man this was, and for politeness quite a gentleman of the old school. When the old Duke of Queensberry had a great part of the wood on his estates cut down, some fine old trees at Syart were sentenced to destruction like the rest. But the farmer had effectually pled "Woodman, spare that tree" on behalf of one, and for a singular reason — not its age, or associations, or appearance, or umbrageous arms, but, as he expressed it, "to hang a dog thereon."

I remember him in his latter days, an old man, but with somewhat of the spirit and affectation of youth. He came regularly to Yarrow Sacrament, and sat with his nephew, Mr Thomas Anderson, in the Sundhope seat. Unwilling to use spectacles, he had a large-printed Psalm-book, which he held at the very utmost arm's-length, and thus made the failure of sight the more conspicuous. After his death, his sister, Miss Mary, came to reside at Selkirk; but when her health failed, she spent the closing years of her life at Sundhope.

From the state of the roads spring-carriages were very little seen or heard of in this quarter. Mrs Campbell of Kailzie remembered crossing Minchmoor in her father the Lord Chief-Baron Montgomery's family coach, a strong-built one, as it behoved to be, drawn by four horses. The only other four-wheeled carriage I have heard of cross-

Mr James
Anderson,
Syart.

Carriages.

ing that break-neck road was the present Duchess of Buccleuch's pony-phaeton, some twenty-four years ago. She made the proposal one morning at breakfast, to cross and call for Lady Louisa Stuart. The Duke, Lord Melville, and Mr Pringle of Whytbank (the two latter of whom I met at Broadmeadows, calling on the forenoon of the same day), strongly opposed it. But her Grace took her own way, and started with Lady John Scott as her companion, attended by a single out-rider. They got on without much difficulty till, on the Traquair side of the hill, they got into the very heart of heather-burning. Lady John lost courage and walked. The Duchess sat still, her ponies stood fire, she made out her call, and returned *via* Yair.

It used to be spoken of as a wonder, and almost a tempting of Providence, when Mr Scott of Harden (grandfather of Lord Polwarth) drove his carriage and two spirited ponies along the narrow and undulating road that then skirted St Mary's Loch. Many long years afterwards, when Lord Jerviswoode's son George came to Hutlerburn to reside for a time with the Rev. Mr Cuthbert, he was accompanied by an old servant of Mr Scott's (then Lord Polwarth). When I happened to say to him that this country-side would be new to him, he replied, "No; I rode through it a long time ago with my master, and that was the only time I ever saw him angry at me. We came to the Birkhill path, which he was afraid to descend on horse-back. He accordingly dismounted, and gave his horse to me. But on looking back, and finding me riding the one horse and leading the other, he was very much astonished and displeased." A solitary

post-chaise might sometimes be seen passing along our highways. The first spring-carriages I remember were my uncle Henderson's; the Yair carriage, that was sent to take my father, mother, and sister on a visit there; one with old Francis, Lord Napier, on his last visit to my father; and his son, Captain Napier's. They were all hung on leather springs.

Mr Milne's
(of Dryhope)
gig.

The first gig ever introduced into Yarrow parish was that of Mr Thomas Milne, who came as tenant to Dryhope in 1812. He was lame, and could not ride, and such an unusual luxury was for that reason excused in a farmer. It was a large yellow gig hung on leather, and was unharnessed on Sundays at the waterside at the foot of our garden—the horse being put into our stable. Mr Milne had a large green cushion in the corner of the Dryhope seat in church, on which to repose the lame limb. He was celebrated for his stock of cattle and sheep and poultry. Occasionally he came into the manse to dinner on Sundays, and was very kind in giving us children one shilling each. My father did not at all approve of our learning the habit of taking, or even expecting, money in that way, and the kind man fell on a plan of giving the much-prized gratuity on the sly. When he and my father went out to take a stroll in the garden, he put his hand with the shilling behind his back, from which quickly and unperceived we slipped it away.

Mr Ballan-
tyne's
(Tinnis) gig.

The next gig that made its appearance, but a good many years afterwards, was that of Mr Ballantyne of Tinnis. Being a county gentleman—the laird of Phawhope—this piece of luxury was not deemed too stylish or out of place. It was some years later still before my father could be

persuaded to treat himself to a spring-carriage. It was one built by Mr Croall, on four low wheels, with a patent-leather dickey or coach-box, and a roomy seat behind, which turned out to have been the body of an old gig: for this he had the conscience to charge £43.

One of the greatest improvements of more recent times has been in roads and bridges. The former, if not in a state of nature, were rough, narrow, and undulating. A decided preference was given to going over a hill rather than round it, no matter how steep, or projecting with big boulder-stones. One simple farmer used to say he liked a road thus constructed, as the top of the knove was always clear of snow in a storm, and the stone was a good solid foundation, forgetting that the snow was proportionally deep in the hollow, and that the stone soon became a stumbling-block, from the washing away of the earth around it. Up to a comparatively recent period there were no bridges across the rivers, save at Deuchar and Ettrick-bridge. The only means of crossing was on horse-back or mounted on stilts, and yet from practice scarcely an accident occurred, even when the river was deep and the ford rough. Now the safety of the public has been provided for by numerous substantial bridges, both of wood and stone. The bridge at Ettrick-bridge, according to the tradition related to me by the Ettrick Shepherd, was built by Auld Wat of Harden when he resided at Kirkhope Tower. He had gone on one of his foraging expeditions across the Border, and plundered one of the noble houses of Northumberland, the Nevilles' (I think) of Ravensworth. The young heir of the estate had been carried off too, and placed on the

Roads and bridges.

The first bridge over the Ettrick.

top of the baggage. The return party prospered till they reached the Ettrick, when on crossing, the boy dropped into the river unperceived and was drowned. Harden, bitterly grieved at the occurrence, resolved as a penance to build a bridge at the ford, exclaiming that "the one life lost should be the means of saving a hundred." In Macfarlane's collection of MSS. it is mentioned as near the dwelling of the laird of Harden at Kirkhope; and in a more recent MS., in 1772, it is thus described: "It hath two large arches, and one smaller, being built of freestone, with Scott of Harden's arms on the forefront of the bridge. The pillars thereof are built upon a rock. It is four¹ miles to the south-west from Selkirk." The old bridge, which stood about a stone's-cast above the present one, had a stone in it with the Harden coat of arms—viz., a crescent moon, with the motto, "Cornua reparabit Phœbe," in allusion to the frequent raids by moonlight. When the present bridge was erected, and still more recently, when it was widened and repaired, the stone was transferred to the building, and may still be seen.

Deuchar
bridge.

Like that across the Ettrick, the old bridge at Deuchar has a somewhat curious history. The Ettrick Shepherd was wont to say that it was built by one of the Earls of Buccleuch, and that the arms of that noble family were formerly to be seen upon it. No corroboration of this tradition could anywhere be traced till the discovery of Mr Hodge's MS., of date 1722, containing this notice: "South-west from Hangingshaw is a very good bridge, with two arches built of freestone, with the Dutches of Buccleuch's arms in the forefront

¹ [The distance is seven miles.]

thereof. At the noar-west end of the bridge there stands an old toure, called Dewchare toure." More recently, in 'The History of Peeblesshire,' Dr William Chambers has supplied the time and circumstances of its erection. In that interesting volume he quotes largely from the old records of the burgh, which he had been the means of discovering and rescuing from a damp cellar, where they had lain concealed and entirely forgotten. In these he found a variety of particulars, not only illustrating the manners and supplementing the history of past times, but significant of the legislative authority possessed by town councils. It was an authority even more high-handed than that of presbyteries and kirk-sessions. From sundry notices we learn that works of various kinds, such as making roads and building bridges, were executed by compulsory contributions of labour under magisterial enactment. Had this been confined to the burgh or neighbourhood there would have been less cause of wonder or complaint; but it extended to distant service in other counties. Thus, "The council ordain that all able horses in the town shall carry in sklaitis from Stobo to the house of Craigmillar, belonging to the President of Session, ilk person contravening under the pain of five pounds Scots." And a similar extract, of date 27th June 1653, bears: "Upon the humble desire of Patrick Scott of Thirlstane, to have ane brig across the Yarrow, the magistrates of Peebles ordain that all in the town who have horses shall send the same for a day, to carry lime for the said brig, under the penalty of 40 shillings." Patrick Scott was chamberlain to the then Earl of Buccleuch, and thus the Etrick Shepherd's tradition is borne out.

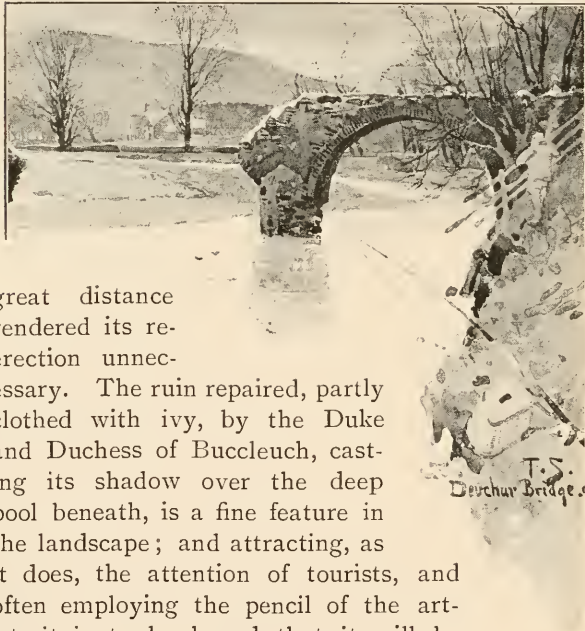
Rebuilding
of the bridge.

The original bridge had stood for eighty years, when, owing to a great flood in October 1734, the south arch was broken down. It was estimated that £200 would be required to restore it. This was thought to be too large a sum to be laid on the already heavily taxed heritors; and civic rulers having no longer the power of enforcing assistance in such cases on their constituents, it was resolved, after six years' delay and drawbacks, to bring the matter under the cognisance of the Synod of Merse and Teviotdale. A petition accordingly was prepared, setting forth that the parish was of great extent; that it was intersected by two large and rapid rivers, the Yarrow and the Ettrick; that, as the church stood on the north of both, three-fourths of the population had to wade across the now unspanned Yarrow; that in cold wintry weather this was not only uncomfortable, but occasionally accompanied by fatal effects; that heavy rains and high winds, driving the water out of St Mary's Loch, made it often past fording, even with horses; and that in consequence the parishioners were debarred from regularly attending public ordinances, and liable to many other inconveniences, particularly as regarded baptism for their children and burial of their dead. On these grounds it was earnestly requested that the Synod would overture the General Assembly to recommend a voluntary and widespread contribution towards rebuilding the broken bridge, and removing the evils complained of. The Rev. Mr Bannatyne, minister of Yarrow, warmly supported the application. It so happened that he had made himself very unpopular in the parish, on account of having read from the pulpit a proclamation by Government denouncing all that had taken part in

the Porteous Mob at Edinburgh, a paper with which many clergymen would have nothing to do. Aware of this circumstance, the Rev. Mr Ramsay, minister of Kelso, with a stroke of mischievous waggery, remarked that, "much as he sympathised with the position of his reverend brother, he did not see, if he (Mr R.) were rightly informed of the feeling of the people, that matters would be mended by entertaining the proposal made; for if a portion of them were at present hindered, from the want of a bridge, getting to church, the other portion was prevented running away." A laugh caused by this *jeu d'esprit* might have been fatal to the petition; but the Synod, after maturely weighing it, and considering that what it craved was at once just and necessary, readily agreed to its prayer. It does not appear that any substantial help was obtained from other quarters; for soon afterwards Mr Thomas Borthwick, tenant in Shaws, started a subscription-paper amongst the farmers and parishioners, by means of which £100 was raised. The money was inadequate for the proper execution of the work, and an arch was erected quite out of keeping with the original Roman arch that had been spared and still stands. Altogether it had a very singular appearance, for it was considerably wider and higher than its companions, while at the same time so steep and causeway-like on the south side, that it was with difficulty an empty cart could cross. Besides, there was little earth on the stones that formed the arch to steady and protect it. The marvel was that it held together for a full century. Latterly it began to diverge from the line of curve, and owing to the percolating of the rains and subsequent frosts, it suddenly collapsed like its predecessor. One win-

Its sudden
collapse.

ter's afternoon its fate was sealed. George Rutherford, the roadman, noticing the inevitable catastrophe, had crossed a little before for some paling to bar all access from the public road, but durst not repeat the crossing for the remainder. Suddenly the "auld brig" collapsed. A new bridge at no



great distance rendered its re-erection unnecessary. The ruin repaired, partly clothed with ivy, by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, casting its shadow over the deep pool beneath, is a fine feature in the landscape; and attracting, as it does, the attention of tourists, and often employing the pencil of the artist, it is to be hoped that it will be preserved from future dilapidation.

Unprof-
sional doc-
tors.

Vaccination was little practised, and seldom at the hands of a medical man. Mothers who sought it for their children generally kept them till the Rev. Mr Nicol of Traquair came over on the Saturday of the Communion. He made a point of arriving a few hours before the service began, bringing lymph

and inserting it. It was long believed that phlebotomy twice a-year was conducive to health; and in spring and autumn, Mr Ballantyne, Dryhope ("Old Phawhope" he was called), came an hour earlier to church with his lancet. Other great bleeders were old Robert Hogg, Yarrowfeus, and Mr Morton, from Ettrick-bridgend, who continued the practice even after their hands had got shaky. Mungo Park gave Mr Morton his lancet when he last left for Africa, and he presented it to the Rev. John Gibson, who became minister of Kirkhope.

CHAPTER V.

CONSCIENTIOUS SCRUPLES—DISSENT AND THE CHURCH—THE MINISTER'S MAN AT YARROW, DUDDINGSTON, INNERLEITHEN, WILTON, ST JOHN'S (GLASGOW), ETTTRICK—SIMPLICITY OF CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE—HENDERSON, REID, AND OTHERS—BEGGARS: JOCK GRAY, JOHNNIE DOUGLAS, JOCK DICKSON.

Conscientious scruples.

WHEN the late Mr Charles Cunningham,¹ farmer, Newhouse, was married to Miss Henderson, daughter of John Henderson, farmer in Langhope, my father, as parish minister, tied the knot. The ceremony over, he remained all night. In the course of the evening old Mr Henderson came to him and said—

“I'm sair put till't about the kirking o' the young folks.”

“How so?” said my father.

“Oh! ye perhaps ken that I'm an elder in the Meeting-house at Selkirk?”

My father replied that he was quite aware of that.

“Well,” he proceeded, “our folk are very strict. Did not I, on one occasion, go up to Broughton to see my brother-in-law ordained as the parish minister! The thing got wind among our people, and naething would serve them but I maun tak' a

¹ Father of Rev. Adam Cunningham, minister of Crailing, and one of three brothers—one Laird of Hyndhope, another farmer in Hyndhope, and the third shepherd there also.

public rebuke; and there wud have been nae help for it, hadna auld Dr Lawson stood my friend. But I wadna wish to gi'e them ony cause of offence a second time."

"Certainly not," rejoined my father.

"Now, what I wud like wud be that they were kirket in the Meeting-house."

My father assured him that it would be the same thing to himself where the young people went to church. Encouraged by this liberality, the old elder continued—

"Will ye speak to Charlie, for I dinna like?"

"Oh, certainly!" was the reply; and no sooner said than done.

The bridegroom, however, was not so prepared for the concession as was his spiritual adviser, and demurred. It was then agreed that it would be ungracious to refuse the first request made by his father-in-law, and that the arrangement would be perfectly agreeable to himself. After a little parley and persuasion, Charlie yielded conditionally—

"Weel, weel; if I gang wi' her the first day to Selkirk, she sall gang wi' me the next to Yarrow," which my father thought a very reasonable compromise; and thus the peace alike of the honeymoon and the Meeting-house remained unbroken.

So strong was the spirit of religious bigotry, and the refusal of Burghers and Antiburghers to enter a parish church, as late as the first quarter of this century, that often they would attend a funeral in Yarrow churchyard on a Sunday (then a frequent day for interments), when the sad ceremony would close just as the bell was ringing for church. The narrow-minded Dissenters, much as they respected my father, met him at the church

Attitude of
Dissent to
the Church.

gate, walking out as he walked in; then took the hill for their homes in Ettrick, thus lifting up their testimony against the State Kirk. So bitter was at one time the antipathy between themselves, that if they did enter the rival place of worship, given up to their minister (their own being under repair), they spoke of "getting a good meal out of a dirty dish." But gradually this prejudice and bitterness began to abate. Some of the old people were not so able for long Sabbath journeys as once they were.

After I was licensed, which was in 1831, and had frequent open-air services at Mr Morton's door, three of the most staunch Dissenters became my regular hearers; and being somewhat deaf, they took their places by my side—viz., Geordie Stewart, Tommy Gowenlock of the Cathaugh, and Jamie Murray, Howford Mill—the latter honouring me by presenting. This was done in the old-fashioned way, giving out the line; though sometimes there was a little miscalling of the words, such as—

"Do justice to the faitherless pair;"

Or—

"In whiteness they shall view."

So strong was the attachment of some to their own church, that neither the greatness of the distance nor the badness of the day was a barrier to their attendance. Robbie Hogg, a Seceder at Yarrow Feus, used to walk every Sunday to Selkirk, nearly twelve miles, to enjoy the ministrations of the venerable Dr Lawson, and afterwards of his son, who succeeded him. When unable to walk he rode; and when, from rheumatism, he was unable

to bestride a horse, he rode sideways, and this till he was nearly ninety years of age.

More zealous still, an Old Light Seceder hind at Eldinhope was wont on every alternate Sabbath to trudge all the way to Midlem, to hear a minister of his own denomination. In doing so he passed Yarrow Kirk, marched through Selkirk, where there were various churches, thus travelling, going and returning, fully forty miles. While serving at Hayston, near Peebles, he worshipped at the same shrine, a Sabbath-day's journey of fifty miles! With such bodily exercise, a weariness to the flesh, one would have thought he would have profited little by things spiritual. It might have been well to have followed the example of a worthy U.P. elder at Ecclefechan, who after walking six miles to the Meeting-house on a hot summer's day, could not in spite of himself help falling asleep during the service. At last he hit on a way by which he could minister alike to the wants of the body and the spirit. Starting an hour earlier than need be, he was in time to take his nap, and then in comfort to take his part in the worship. This Yarrow pilgrim seems, however, to have been of sterner mould, for his master testified that after accomplishing such a feat, he was just as fit for his work on the Monday as on other mornings. Would that we all could thus make the most of both worlds!

The minister's man was in former times a person *sui generis*, and whether the office was combined or not with that of beadle, which in country parishes was almost invariably the case, he was marked by many peculiarities and singularities. As, with the change of times and manners, the olden type has all but disappeared, it may not be uninteresting

Minister's
man.

to present a few specimens of the order. Dr Paterson, in the appendix to his 'Manse Garden,' remarks that even then they were dying out, and he gives a graphic description of the "minister's boy," who was beginning to supersede them.

One of these important functionaries, a long time in my father's service, was Walter Brydone, nearly related to Patrick Brydone, author of 'Travels in Sicily.' Many stories lingered long in the neighbourhood of his peculiarities. One anecdote my father was fond of relating. He had been in a distant part of the parish on some duty, and was astonished to hear on his way home that Duke Henry of Buccleuch had, through the over-zeal of his *factotum*, been taken prisoner on his own ground. The particulars were these. Wat, who was not over-burdened with work, was standing with his hands in his pockets, looking about him, when he saw a lady and gentleman in a light gig, followed by a rider, approaching. The roads not being in the best state of repair, they turned aside and passed along a strip of grass by the river-side, rented by his Reverence from his Grace. Wat, thinking they were people going to Moffat Well whom he might not see again, overlooked the deviation. Ere long, however, the party returned, and took the same route as before. He then thought it right to interfere, and sang out in no mellow or measured tone, "What sort o' road is that ye're takin'?"

The elderly gentleman on the pony became spokesman, "Your roads here are not very good, my lad."

"That's nae business o' mine; if ye're no pleased wi' the roads ye should apply to them that hae the chairge o' them."

“Who may these be?” replied the rider, feigning ignorance.

“There is Pringle o’ Yair, and Pringle o’ Torwoodlee, and Pringle o’ Haining—ye may gang to them and compleen o’ the bad roads; but that’s nae reason for treadin’ down the minister’s grass, and that’s eneuch.”

“What’s your name, my lad?”

“I’m no’ obleeged to tell ye my name; but if ye’re very anxious to have it, ye’ll find it in the session register o’ Selkirk. I think I am mair entitled to hae *your* name,” and suiting the action to the word, he made a bolt and seized the bridle of the pony.

The Duke, entering into the joke, said, “I see, my lad, we are your prisoners,” and taking out the back of a letter, with his pencil wrote, on the front of the saddle, “The Duke of Buccleuch, the Countess of Dalkeith [mother of the present Duke¹], and Colonel Rutherford of Edgerston,” and then handed it to his captor. The latter, at once perceiving his awkward mistake, relaxed his hold of the rein, and with great cunning and *naïveté*, but with somewhat of a hang-dog look, stammered out—

“I canna read.”

“I am not surprised at that,” remarked the Duke; “I’ve often been told by my friends that I am a bad scribe. But take that slip to your master; he’ll know where to find us if he is disposed to prosecute.”

My father, annoyed at the occurrence, rode down next day to Bowhill to express his regrets. The Duke had gone to Selkirk, but the Earl of Dalkeith

¹ [The fifth Duke, who died in 1884.]

assured him there was no need of apology—that the Duke was making a very good story of it, and wishing all his own servants were as faithful to his interests as my father's man was to his.

Another celebrity was Jamie Sword, of whom a great many amusing anecdotes have been told.

Duddingston
"man."

Old Professor Pillans used to speak of the man in the establishment of his brother-in-law, Mr Thomson of Duddingston, the celebrated landscape-painter. He had quite a literary taste; and often, when he had a little spare time, or as a reward for any extra exertion, his master used to send him, for perusal, his copy of Shakespeare, an author of whom he was fond to enthusiasm. The circumstance passed with him into a proverb; so that on the occurrence of any piece of rare good fortune, or faring somewhat better than usual in the kitchen, he was wont to say, "It's no' every day we get Shakespeare to read."

Innerleithen
"man."

Tam Tait was the great oracle of Innerleithen. When he wanted to compliment any preacher on the effectiveness of his sermon, it was generally in these terms—"Yon was the very thing I wad hae said mysel', sir." Tam was a poet too. He had a long commemoration of the St Ronan's games, two of the verses of which I remember. Alluding to the uniform of the club, he proceeds:—

"There's poiet Hogg in his green coat,
And it was faced wi' yallow,
Wi' medals bright to crown the might
O' ilka gallant fallow.

And some get medals for their might,
And some get bonnets blue,
And some get noughts, but strain their limbs,
Which cause them sair to rue."

A more remarkable specimen of the genus was Andrew Leggat, servant to the Rev. Dr Charters, minister of Wilton. The Doctor, my mother's old friend and pastor, was himself a peculiar type of man. He belonged to what was called the Moderate party in the Church, and lived, greatly respected, to a good old age. He published various volumes of sermons on the practical duties of religion. His style was laconic, consisting of very short sentences, and used to be referred to by Dr Andrew Brown, Professor of Rhetoric in Edinburgh. He was withal a gentleman of means, having got a considerable property by his wife. His man Leggat was therefore more of the coachman style, the old family servant, his duties being to drive the carriage and pair of horses, look after the glebe—a large one of ninety acres, mostly in grass—and go occasional messages. Somewhat slow in his movements, and fancying that by going on horseback he would be more expeditious, when sent on an errand to Hawick he thought it necessary to go and catch one of the carriage horses at the extremity of the glebe, nearly a mile away. The consequence was that one of the maid-servants had gone to the town and was back again before Andrew was equipped for the journey. Frequent complaints were made of Andrew's old-world and rather disobliging ways by the female servants; but the Doctor's verdict in all such cases was this—"As long as I have a house, Andrew shall have a chair." Andrew was an Antiburgher of the most rigid type—he never heard his master preach. When the Doctor was away officiating at some neighbouring church, Andrew would take a nap in the carriage till the service was over. The Doctor had promised to

Wilton
"man."

take the service on the Saturday of the Communion at Ashkirk. The carriage came round to the door; and the maid-servant having put the minister's greatcoat into the vehicle and slammed the door, the coachman, thinking this was the minister himself, drove off, and never discovered the mistake till he arrived at Ashkirk, and found no minister there! The Doctor, apprised of the circumstances, had to borrow a horse, and ride as fast as possible after the runaway wheels. He arrived just when the coachman was in a quandary, wondering what had become of him; and all the remark he made was, "Andrew, ye've got before me." It said much for the mutual forbearance of both parties that the engagement of minister and man lasted above twenty years.

St John's
"man."

The old beadle, Graham, at St John's, Glasgow, was quite a character. He naturally looked on the minister as his own special charge; and after having a long *tête-à-tête* with one of the elders at the plate, regarding the affairs of the Kirk, as soon as the bell stopped he used to say, "I maun awa' and put him up."

Ettrick
"man."

My father's man, during his short sojourn at Ettrick, was a tall awkward lout of a fellow, named Geordie Brydon. It was a recreation to the young minister to assist in the labours of the field. One fine day in summer, when it was an object, according to the old adage, to make hay while the sun shone, he was busily engaged in this operation, when, accompanied by his son Jock, old Johnnie Gray, a rigid Old Light Seceder, passed by. After mutual salutations, the affairs of the Church came to be discussed, the old man remarking, "If I only saw the work of reformation begun

among you, I would put my shoulder to the wheel; but I havena time to insist." After this observation had been repeated several times, Geordie, finding the swaths of hay getting heavy on his hand, lost all patience, and put an end to the colloquy by the sharp retort on the wordy wayfarer—"The minister has just as little time to insist as ye have."

Another day this factotum was endeavouring, but in vain, to dig up a large stone from the glebe, when his master, active and athletic, came to his aid, and speedily made it *budge*. "So much, George, for the Mason word," remarked the minister to his marvelling fellow-labourer; "we must have you made a Mason." The credulous countryman was nothing loath to be enrolled a member of the craft, seeing it was likely to invest him with such magic power. When told, however, that the ceremony could only take place in the Thirlestane burial-vault, and at the dead of night, the resolve of the candidate, who was simple and superstitious to a degree, was materially shaken. He accordingly said that he must consult his wife. The result of this reference to his better half, as reported by him next day, was "to have naething to dae wi't, for he would see the deil."

Simplicity of character was visible even among the farmers. Walter Henderson was tenant in Mount Benger, and well to do in the world, being worth £3000, a large sum in those times. Over-indulgent as a father, he was reduced to penury in his old days by his two sons, who wasted his substance in some Highland farms, so that he was fain to apply for charity from the poor's funds, at the meetings for distributing which he had often formerly presided. It happened that at a neigh-

Simplicity of
character
and man-
ners.
Mr Walter
Henderson.

bouring public sale he had bought a barometer. His minister, having heard of the circumstance, met him not long after, and asked how he was pleased with his purchase.

“Not at all,” was the rejoinder; “it’s no’ the thing ava.”

“In what way?” was the next query.

“Weel,” said the worthy parishioner, more at home among sheep than in science—“weel, it wasna casting up sic weather as I wad hae liked; so, thinking there was something wrang, I took it doon, and examined it outside and in. At last I discovered a lang glass tube wi’ a hole in the end o’t, and never doubting but that was the faut, I stopped up the hole; but if it did ill afore, it did naething at a’ after that.”

Mr Thomas
Reid.

Mr Thomas Reid, farmer, of Hutlerburn, was one of my father’s elders. When there was nothing but a footpath across Kershope Swire, that good man, summer and winter, in storm and sunshine, made a duty of occupying his place in church. Many a time when there was deep snow on the ground, and the track obliterated by the drift, my father would much rather he had stayed at home. The minister’s annual examination was a great event in the family, which consisted of the elder, his daughter Miss Peggy, and his son Walter. The minister was always treated to the best which a frugal board supplied, and his visit was the occasion on which anything new in the way of luxury or refinement was produced. On one of these rounds a tea-equipage was *hauseled*; on another, two mould candles and a pair of snuffers. My father, sitting round the fire on a winter’s evening with the family circle, observing the wicks grow

long, addressed his elder, "Tammy, snuff the candles." The honest man, who was not prepared for the perilous experiment, was eagerly eyeing the novelty, and, curious as to its working, took up the snuffers, opened and shut them, opened and shut again, then cautiously laid them down, saying, with a jog of the elbow, "Watty, dae ye it." The son, as much of a canny Scotsman as the sire, returned the compliment, both as to the action and the word, "Dae it yersel', faither." Then another poke, and another parrying of the delicate operation, "Na; dae ye it, Watty." How was the difficulty which each was so anxious to shift from himself to be solved? After a momentary pause, very much to the amusement of my father, who was watching the pantomime, Watty, standing up, cut short both the colloquy and the candles, took his fingers, made before snuffers, pricked off the ashes, and put them under the candlestick.

Another farmer, unused to the ways of the world, made a pilgrimage to the metropolis. What struck him most of all was the number of braw cripples, fancying it was from necessity and not comfort the ladies used the sedan-chairs which then moved about the streets. And in the next place, the folly of the Edinburgh people in building a bridge where there was no water to cross. The same simple farmer sold his lambs one year at St Boswells Fair to an Englishman who promised to pay them next year. He had taken no note of his name or place of residence; but fancied the buyer would be true to his word, and easily known by headmark. When the next fair came round, the seller made his appearance, but no buyer. The farmer went the round of the field, asking all

A Yarrow
farmer in
Edinburgh

His bargain. his acquaintances, "Saw ye a man wi' a blue coat and brass buttons?" But none had lighted on him, any more than himself, and accordingly home he wended his way, a wiser and sadder man. At his house, too, the minister was wont to pay his catechetical visits, and these were occasionally marked by some amusing incidents. On one occasion the family Bible could not be found. The head of the household said he was sure they had it the last time the minister was there examining. That happened to be a year before. When at length the volume was discovered and produced, my father was turning over the leaves before the domestics entered, and lighted on the page recording the family births. The old man seeing this, jumped up, snatched away the Bible, and with four wafers sealed down the place, that no profane eyes might peer into it. When the time came for retiring to rest, the stranger's room had been turned into a granary, the floor being littered with peas, and a shovel was got to clear a way through an immense heap of peas to the bed!

Beggars. There were beggars of a peculiar type in my father's days, who kept by certain districts, and were there as a regular institution. Andrew Gemmell, the original of Edie Ochiltree, was still able to go his round after my father came to Yarrow, at the patriarchal age of one hundred and three. He was taken from one farmhouse to another on horseback, tied on so as to maintain his seat.

Blind Jock Jamieson was another, and has been sketched to the life by Dr William Chambers.

There were others, such as Willie Tweedie, who went about with fox-hounds, with whom reynard was the one idea; and fancying all he met were

on the same outlook, the stereotyped demand was, "Confess you saw him."

Jock Gray,¹ supposed to be the original of Davie Gellatley in 'Waverley,' was another, who has also been commemorated by Dr Chambers in the memoirs of his brother. Jock, who had in his composition as much of the knave as the fool, was accosted by my father—"John, you are one of the most idle boys in the parish; you might at least herd a few cows." "Me herd cows! me herd cows! I dinna ken gersh frae corn," was the knowing reply of the seeming simpleton. He wore knee-breeches, his stockings fastened by glaring scarlet garters. His powers of mimicry were considerable, and were generally exercised on the older ministers, such as Mr Nicol of Traquair, Mr Pate of Innerleithen, and my father. I am sorry I never heard my father "taken off," for I believe Jock was very successful with him. The younger ministers he could not venture on. When the late Mrs Campbell of Selkirk asked him to imitate her husband, he said she must first give him "a bit o' paper," Mr Campbell being a reader. It is of him the story is told that on one occasion he had gone into the pulpit of Ettrick before Mr Paton mounted. When the minister came in and saw his place pre-occupied, he called out, "Come down, John." "Na, sir," was the rejoinder, "come ye up: they're a stiff-necked and rebellious people; it'll tak' us baith." He was a frequent attender—hearer he could hardly be called—in Yarrow church, and, sometimes with *dunts* of bread-and-butter in his hand, used to shift about from seat to seat, so that my father had to order him to sit still. On one occasion he pushed

¹ [Jock Gray was from Midlem or its neighbourhood.—J. V.]

into the seat occupied by the Eldinhope servants. Not relishing his company, the ploughman planted his big hobnailed shoe on Jock's bare foot, which soon made the intruder retreat, singing out lustily, "Oh, my taes!" On one occasion he took his place beside Henny Scott, an old foot-carrier to Selkirk. She moved a little bit up the seat, and seeing her frightened, so did her waggish companion: as again and again she shifted, he edged along too, till she could move no further for the wall. The poor old body came into the manse when the service was over almost in a fainting state, telling my mother that she thought Jock was going to kiss her! One evening Jock had not been able to find lodging, and at a late hour set up a loud howling at the west side of the manse garden. My father instantly sent his man round to the relief, as he supposed, of some lost wanderer, with instructions to put him under roof for the night. The cause of all this anxiety used to amuse the people afterwards with an imitation of my father's account of the scene. "I was sitting at the parlour fire one evening, just before going to bed, when suddenly I heard, as I thought, cries from some creature in distress, proceeding from the west side of the garden. I at once sent my man, Jamie Sword, to his assistance, when, who should this be but that strange person Jock Gray?" Jock often travelled with his old father Johnnie, and a few yards behind him. When they lodged at any of the cottages, the old man, who had a gift of prayer, conducted the family worship, Jock acting as precentor. Often have I heard him sing the rhyme of his own composition.

[Dr Russell does not give the lines, but the following is the version given in the 'Life of Robert

Chambers' by his brother. Jock, it is said, seldom sang the song in the same way, being partial to omissions and additions:—

“ There's daft Jock Gray¹ o' Gilmanscleugh,
 And Davie o' the Inch;
 And when ye come to Singley,
 They'll help ye in a pinch.
 And the laddie he's but young,
 And the laddie he's but young;
 And Robbie Scott ca's up the rear,
 And Caleb beats the drum.²

There are the Taits o' Caberston,
 The Taits o' Holylee;
 The ladies o' the Juniper Bank,
 They carry a' the gree.
 And the laddie he's but young, &c.

There's Lockie o' the Skirty Knowes,
 There's Nicol o' Dykeneuk,
 And Bryson o' the Priestrig,
 And Hall into the heap.
 And the laddie he's but young, &c.

The three Scotts o' Commonside,
 The Tamsons o' the Mill,
 There's Ogilvy o' Branhholm,
 And Scoon o' Todgiehill.
 And the laddie he's but young, &c.

The braw lads o' Fawdonside,
 The lasses o' the Peel;
 And when ye gang to Fairnielee
 Ye'li ca' at Ashiestiel.
 And the laddie he's but young, &c.

¹ [Gray here should be Scott. The personage referred to was the brother of the farmer of Gilmanscleugh. He was well known to John Laidlaw, shepherd in Whitehope from 1833 to 1836.—J. V.]

² [Caleb Rutherford, town-drummer of Hawick.]

There is Lord Napier o' the Lodge,
 And Gawin in the Hall,
 And Mr Charters o' Wilton Manse,
 Preaches lectures to us all.
 And the laddie he's but young, &c.

There are three wives in Hassendean,
 And ane in Braidie-Yairds,
 And they're away to Gittenscleuch,
 And left their wheel and cairds.¹
 And the laddie he's but young, &c.

There's Bailie Nixon, merchant,
 The Miss Moncrieffs and a';
 And if ye gang some further east,
 Ye'll come to Willie Ha'.
 And the laddie he's but young,
 And the laddie he's but young;
 And Robbie Scott ca's up the rear,
 And Caleb beats the drum."

This is a quaint catalogue of the persons on whom, doubtless, Jock used to make a call in his rounds.]

At Kershope one night, when Jock was more eager for the meat that perisheth than the other, he frequently during the prayer lifted the lid of the pot, and was heard, in terms more terse than proper, expressing his wonder when his parent would be done. Latterly the two were inseparable. They used to go twice a-year into Edinburgh to Professor Paxton's Communion. On one of these occasions Smellie Watson got hold of Jock and took a capital oil-painting of him, which was exhibited in the museum connected with the "Scott Centenary." With all his oddities, the half-witted man had strong filial affection; and when his old father, with whom he had wandered for so many

¹ [Hand-cards for carding wool.]

years, died at Selkirk, he took at once to his bed, and within a week followed him to a bed of dust.

Johnnie Douglas was another of these staid and sturdy beggars that kept by a certain beat. He was an old man at the time I remember him, but a good man; "an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile," and a welcome visitor wherever he went. His district included Yarrow, Ettrick, Eskdale, and Liddisdale. His wardrobe was never allowed to go to rags, but was replaced in his journeyings when any part began to fail. Some friendly farmer found a place for him where to lay his head during the dark and stormy months of winter. And when the time of the singing of birds came, it was necessary for him to be off and doing. The Communion services in the different parishes were the marked seasons in his calendar; and his peregrinations were so nicely and systematically arranged that none of them were missed. He had always a fixed and favourite house of refuge where he located himself, within easy reach of the kirk, and from which he could easily attend on all the days of service. These diets of worship were more to him than his necessary food; he drank in all he heard. How I used to wonder at his marvellous power of memory, when, reaching my father's manse in his rounds, he recounted minutely the various sacraments which he had attended, all the ministers that preached, their several texts, and the treatment thereof, down to heads and particulars. His cheek glowed and his eye kindled while he spake, for the very rehearsal brought back what had been a time of refreshing to his own soul. Old Mr Gibson of Shaws, who was very kind to him, and harboured him often, used to delight in teasing him on tender and even sacred points; telling him,

Johnnie
Douglas.

for instance, that a new Bible was to be brought out, which awakened all his godly jealousy, and led him in wonder to ask if it was what they called "The Koran." The poor old man,

"Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair,"

took no thought about the morrow. When asked to what parish he properly belonged, if he had required to appeal to it for support, he could not tell, but used to say he would never need to apply, for none of his people had ever been long ill. And so it was. After but a few hours' sickness, he was gathered to his fathers.

Another curious character, Jock Dickson, used to make his appearance here annually, who could not be called a beggar, for he had wherewithal to live upon. His father was minister of Bedrule, and went by the name of "Cool-the-kail," from his preaching so long: the people used to be back sometimes from Jedburgh, after service, before he had wound up. Jock, being a son of the manse, used to make the round of the manses that had any knowledge of his father; but these gradually diminished, and at the time I remember him they had dwindled down to a few. He got a new suit every year, according to his own special cut—a long blue coat, with very wide and long tails, and a double row of brass buttons down the back as well as in front, knee-breeches, and shoes with buckles. In some of the towns, he used to tell us, the boys were wont to follow him, crying after him, "Daft Jock Dickson! Buckles and pouches! buckles and pouches!" He certainly was a "wee daft;" and though he played a good knife and fork, he had little to say. But for all that, he was

always welcome, my mother having come from Hawick, and known about his father.

Such characters are now unknown. There are Tramps. tramps in seasons of scarcity or commercial distress whom no one knows or interferes with. But statutory poor-law providing for all really in need, they are prevented billeting themselves on any particular locality.

One method of detecting a swindler was ingeniously adopted by the late Lord Napier, who had been long at sea. Two pretended shipwrecked sailors came to Thirlestane with a long and lugubrious story. He had a suspicion that they were mere land-lubbers, and having an engraving of the ship which he had himself commanded, he laid it before them, and pointing to various parts of it, asked them to name them. Of course they were quite *at sea* in a very different manner from what they pretended to have been.

A beggar of another stamp came to the front door of Traquair Manse—a Frenchman who had no other language than his own. The maid answered the summons, but could gather nothing of what he wanted from the jabber of words and face of gesticulation he exhibited. She went to Mrs Campbell and explained her difficulty, and got a penny for the applicant. He received it with a low bow, but kept exclaiming, to her further perturbation, "*Mercy, mercy.*" Off she ran again to her mistress, unable to find out what more he wanted. Mrs Campbell allayed her fears by telling her he was expressing his grateful thanks in the French form *merci*.

CHAPTER VI.

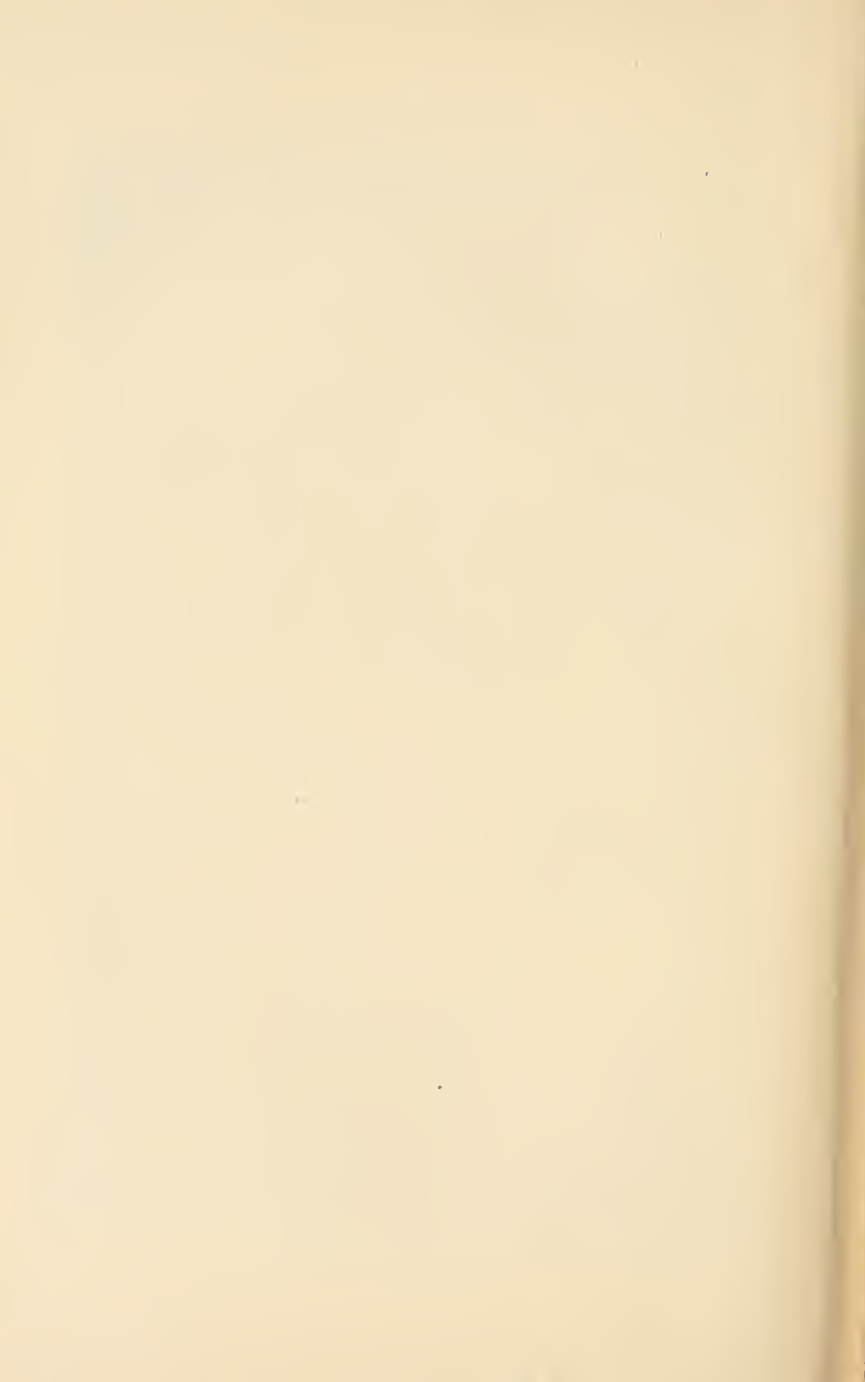
OLD MANSE OF YARROW—DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS—LINFOOT SCHOOL—PARISH SCHOOL—TEACHERS—SCHOLARS—HOLIDAYS—BOARDING-SCHOOL—DANCING-SCHOOL—DINNER-PARTIES AT THE MANSE—VISITORS—SIR DAVID WILKIE—THE OLD CHURCH—DOGS—LADLE—COMMUNION SEASONS IN YARROW—SAD EVENTS—THE MINISTER'S HORSE—FRUIT-TREES—MY FIRST VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

Personal
early recol-
lections of
the old
manse.

I HAVE a pretty distinct remembrance of the old manse of Yarrow. I should scarcely call it old, for it stood only seventeen years, having been very insufficiently built. The west gable was so open and pervious to rain that latterly it was slated from the roof to the ground. I could not have been more than two and a half years old when the present manse was being built in 1811. The old manse must have stood and been our residence during the following winter. The appearance of the kitchen is distinctly impressed on me, as seen after the *scaling* of the kirk, with our then minister's man, Andrew Elliot, and the old bellman, Robert Murray, sitting at the end of the table at dinner. I can recall also the fear and trembling with which on a winter's evening I went from the kitchen to the parlour by a dark passage, the window of which (still visible in the remaining wall) looked into the churchyard. I could not then have been more than



Yarrow, Mainz, 83.



three years old. The only articles of furniture which I now recognise as transferred from the old manse to the new are the small tongs and poker in the nursery, which formerly graced the parlour (there was no drawing-room in the olden time), and the carpet in the white bedroom, which was woven at Hawick, and covered the floor of the same apartment. The former days were better than now, in so far as pertained to the durability of the fabrics turned out by the looms.

I recall with equal vividness kneeling at my father's knees and repeating my evening prayer. The Lord's Prayer came first in order. Then followed what he had taught us: "Bless my father, and my mother, and my sister, and my brother, and my aunt, and all my relations, and all mankind. Incline my heart to do Thy will and walk in Thy ways. Make me a good and an obedient child. Preserve me from the dangers and the evils to which childhood is exposed, and uphold me unto Thy heavenly kingdom.

" ' Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep ;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.' "

To musical talents my father had no pretensions. Almost the only occasion on which they were exercised was at family worship, in conducting the psalmody. St Paul's was the stereotyped tune, and this we had morning and evening. At a future period, my sister, and, after she left for a home of her own, my brother, relieved him of this part of the service, their tunes being more varied.

So long as we were children, the domestic arrange-

Domestic arrangements.

ments were very simple. The present library was the family bedroom, in which were two fixed beds, with curtains in front. My father and mother occupied the one next the window, we three children the other—a handy arrangement for getting us easily disposed of and overlooked, and a comfortable one besides on a winter evening, as our berths were near the parlour fire. A closet was at the end of our bed for greatcoats, and a wooden bunker at the window for washing. My brother and I continued to sleep there after my sister had her own room, and my father and mother did so up to the last. The old oak chest of drawers (now in the nursery), which belonged to my grandfather Turnbull, formed part of the furniture.

School-days at Linfoot

When five years of age, I was sent to school at the Linfoot. The former school and schoolhouse were on the west side of our greenhouse, where Johnnie's garden now is. It was simply a clay-built thatched cottage, occupied by Sandy Wilson, teacher, and his sister. After the other buildings were erected at the Linfoot, it was transferred to the farm of Whitehope; and within my remembrance was tenanted successively by James Anderson, hind—his brother John Anderson, shepherd (who married Mary Beattie, sister of Miss Beattie, sewing-mistress at Linfoot, and mother of Willie Anderson)—and Walter Dalgliesh, now living at the old school. The school when I entered it was still in high repute. Including the boarders, there would be an attendance of one hundred scholars, so that it was necessary to have a form round the walls to accommodate supernumeraries. The place assigned me was at the short second table, overlooked by the immediate eye of the master at his

and Whitehope.

desk. Miss Christian Scott of Todshawhaugh (afterwards wife of James Dickson, Esq. of Housebyres) then boarded with Miss Beattie, sat at the head, I next her, and then my sister. I was put immediately under Miss Scott's charge, and thought her a very hard taskmistress; but that, of course, was my boyish idea. The third table was used for the boarders' dinner, the master sitting at the end and presiding—the announcement being made by the maid-servant at the door communicating with the house, for the *scaling* of the school and the feed of the inmates, "Denner's ready, maister." What a row there used to be when Mr Scott left the school for a little between the playhours! The school was made the playground. A rush was generally made to the desk where the stationery was kept, and some quills stolen from the packages. But no sooner was the master's footstep heard than a rush was made back again to the forms. The making of these quills and daily mending was a serious matter for the master—steel-pens being then unknown. I remember him yet, spectacles on nose, standing near a window, and serving in turn a long line of urchins that were waiting for a few magic touches of his keen-edged knife. The boarders I remember best were Clement and Tom Brown from the Tower Inn, Hawick (the former was afterwards guard of the mail-coach from Edinburgh to Langholm, and afterwards innkeeper at Langholm); Hugh Bell, Walter and John Hislop¹ from Langholm, the Staverts of Saughtree, John Anderson of Henderland, Lawrence Anderson of

¹ [Mr Hislop was farmer at Stobshiels in the Lammermoors. He was a genial man, and full of reminiscences of the past. He has died since the date of the first edition.—J. V.]

Cramalt, Robert Thorburn of Juniper Bank, Alexander Haldane,¹ and —— Casslin from England.

Yarrow parish school.

The teacher to whom Yarrow school was indebted for its celebrity was Mr James Scott, who was appointed in 1784, and resigned office in 1818, and was thus schoolmaster for the long period of thirty-four years. The school had fallen off under the superintendence of Alexander Wilson, who took things very easily, as may be gathered from his lazy style of fishing. He sat down on the bank of the river, and was always better pleased when small fry came to his hook, for he could throw them over his shoulder, and secure them without moving; but the bigger required too much tug-tugging, and frequently obliged him to get to his feet. Nothing could be more unwelcome than a new scholar, for that implied trouble. When, for instance, Miss Jane Cramond and Gideona Burnet (afterwards Mrs Dunlop) presented themselves as two young girls, his salutation to them was in these terms, very rude and certainly very infelicitous—"What has brought you, ye drucken sots?" A much more congenial employment than teaching in school was collecting the poor-rates throughout the parish. Rigging himself out in his best—black coat, cocked-hat, and knee-breeches—he started *con amore* on his mission, like a gentleman of the old school, picking his steps so carefully that you could have fancied there was a dub in the way. He met a cordial reception wherever he went; and so much the better if the farmer did not pay his contribution on the first visit: it was a good excuse for a second. In addi-

¹ [Mr Haldane, a valued friend of the late Dr Russell, settled in Illinois. Dr Russell, for some years before his death, corresponded with him regularly.]

tion to these offices he was precentor in the kirk—his one stereotyped tune being Stilt, which has become better known as York. For discharging this duty he received but a trifling remuneration per annum. His salary as schoolmaster was only £5, and the fees trifling; but, notwithstanding, he managed to amass and leave at his death £100. Mr George Scott succeeded him; and after being nearly two years in Yarrow, was transferred to the school of Minto.

When Mr James Scott came, the school began to flourish. It was held in a cottage close by the common stable, at the west of the manse garden; but the place soon becoming too small, it was transferred to the church, till a new school and schoolmaster's house were built at the Linfoot. There being no school in these days either at Yarrowford or Mount Benger, pupils came from a considerable distance—such as Craig of Douglas on the one side, and Newark on the other. The education would nowadays be considered very plain and limited. There was no Greek, or Latin, or French, or mathematics, till about 1816 or 1817; when a cousin of the teacher's, who had been at college, came to reside with him. From him my sister learned French, and myself the rudiments of Latin. He was afterwards licensed, and got St Andrew's Church, Montreal, which became very flourishing under his ministry. The ordinary branches were reading, but no examination on the lessons; arithmetic, but no explanation of the rules; and writing, according to the round hand in Butterworth's copy-lines, or the master's own. This branch was remarkably well taught. Mr Scott used to make all the quill-pens himself; then come

Mr James
Scott,
teacher of
the school.

behind the writers and twist their fingers into the proper position, and if any blot or bad writing was noticed, deal a hearty "wap of the lug" or give a cuff, first on one ear, then on the other. The penmanship, indeed, of the school was so good and uniform, that the handwriting of the boarders, however scattered they might be in the world, could be recognised long afterwards. Two branches were taught very carefully and successfully, which in these days were not common even in parish schools—viz., English grammar and geography, with the use of the (6 in.) globes. Some of the old people were very sceptical as to some of the doctrines enunciated—as the revolution of the earth round the sun. Mr Scott's old mother used to say it could not be; for the Kershope hill was always opposite her house—not considering that both house and hill followed the course of the earth to which they belonged, whatever that might be. Mensuration and land-surveying in particular received great attention; and many a time the teacher and his older scholars might be seen in the neighbouring fields with their chains, taking the acreage, before laying them down, as they did very neatly, in plans on paper. In reference to the marking down of all their arithmetical operations in books, I remember Mr Peter Johnston of Alton, near Moffat, after all the ministers had given their opinion as to the state of the Academy at the annual examination, getting up and complaining that Mr Gordon, the rector, did not make his scholars "set down all their counts in a book, as they used to do at Yarrow school." "Often," he added, "I'm at a market and cannot make some calculation; I come home and look at my old Yarrow count-book, and I have it at once."

The first thing that struck me when I went to school, being scarcely five years old, was the movable head-gear of the master. He wore a small yellow scratch-wig, and having sometimes occasion to scratch the head under the wig, there was a disturbance in the whole front; so that, on coming home, I told my mother in amazement that "the master's hair came off." One of my very juvenile acts of indiscreetness was this. My cousin Robert Laidlaw from Philiphaugh was staying with us, and Mr Scott asked me one day if my cousin Rob was away—a query which I communicated to said cousin, who said, "Well, if he asks you that again, and calls me your cousin Rob, just tell him that I'll call him auld Jamie." The opportunity was not long of occurring, when, true to instructions, I gave his message *verbatim*. "What! callant!" rejoined the pedagogue, a little petrified and wondering if he heard aright, when I repeated the impertinence more distinctly than before, and sent the good man away in disgust. But he made no more inquiries for my "cousin Rob."

Mr Scott was a strict disciplinarian, and the mode of correction was of rough and ready sort, more curious than cruel. The hand, or what was in the hand, or at hand, was employed by turns. And then the corporal punishment was administered most impartially so far as the different parts of the body were concerned; all, indeed, from crown to sole, seemed offenders. If a boy had a "tousy pow," that was temptation for the teacher to lay hold and shake it as terriers do tiny rabbits. The handle of a large garden-knife was mercilessly dug into some thick skull; a massive bunch of keys rattled about the ears; a hard fist gave a box on

the ear, or both ears were boxed alternately; there was a sharp hazel-wand for shoulders, a stout pair of tawse for inflicting "palmies" on the hands, a thick coil of ropes was occasionally vigorously applied to the back or legs. Handiest of all, a little black ruler gave a rap over the knuckles of some unfortunate boy not doing counts or copy rightly; but oftener on the bare exposed "taes" of those sitting on forms round the school. Thus armed, the "usher of the black rod" was wont to march about through the benches, and was sure to find some lazy delinquent. I must myself have been a well-behaved boy, as I do not remember being subjected to any of these kinds of torture. A poor fellow, John Flowers from Kershope, we used to think the scapegoat of the school; for his toes being always in the way of the master when going his peripatetic rounds, and whether he was in the fault or not, got regularly a rattle with the ruler. Fortunately they got used to it. What a rumpus, what a row, what a rollicking whenever the man in authority was called out! But the sound of his voice or footstep sent all back to their seats, mute as church mice. He was in the habit of opening the school with prayer, but knowing the tricky, restless lot he had to deal with, he invariably kept his eyes open; and almost daily when the devotions were ended, the magic rod was in requisition to punish defaulters.

Holidays.

There were no holidays save on the Saturday afternoons, but still there were certain occasions when those were accorded. One was when Francis, Lord Napier, then residing at Wilton Lodge, paid my father a visit. He invariably went to the school to ask for the master and his mother (pass-

ing over a very small and fanciful stone bridge which the boarders had built across the "hen-syke"), and look into the school, when, in reward for the industry that pervaded it, he requested that the children might be released for the day. Another occasion was this. The schoolmaster was a great bee-master, and sometimes, in spite of the care and vigilance of "Nans" (the mother), the young swarm would take wings and fly away. Then on the announcement being made, another swarm was let loose: the teacher and his whole train of pupils gave chase, it might be over the "Cauf Roads"—*i.e.*, the top of the hill, having been the place for winnowing corn—or Kershope Swire. The scholars were armed with all the old kettles and trays and frying-pans they could lay hands on, and kept up beating them, in the hope that such a tempest of sound would make the fugitives stop in their flight: often it was a forlorn hope. But the great, because an annual, occasion was the arrival of the minister's victual from Hassendean. From time immemorial four bolls of oatmeal and four bolls of barley had been paid in kind as stipend from that farm of the Duke of Buccleuch's below Hawick, the origin of which is unknown. It is now commuted into money. The cavalcade consisted of four men and eight horses, each horse with a boll on its back, and came across the hills by Ettrick-bridge. Saturday was always the day chosen, that the beasts of burden might have the Sunday's rest after the long journey. The party, as soon as they neared the manse, sent on before to announce their coming by the ringing of the church bell; and this was the signal for the school to break up, that the young people might witness

the arrival of the troop and the delivery of the stores. Once a-year the bigger boys had tea at the manse and a feed of gooseberries.

Sacred
music.

One of the duties of the schoolmaster was to be present in the church, and though Mr Scott had not the sweetest of voices, he had considerable knowledge of music, a reasonable variety of tunes, and plenty of confidence for the task. He used to have classes in the school on winter evenings for his boarders and others who could attend—he walking round like an eavesdropper to hear who were singing in tune. The boarders being trained in this way, performed the part of a band, sitting in the Communion pews, in front of the desk where their chief presided, taking beside him sometimes a little boy to be immediately under his wing, or a big one to aid him in the psalmody. Occasionally another band of young men struck up strongly in the feuars' loft, singing *rotundo ore*, or prolonging the notes, as if to put the proper leader off the tune; when he would cast the most angry glances in that direction.

Boarding-
school.

It was chiefly, however, in connection with the boarding establishment that Yarrow school was famous. Mr Scott's mother, whose maiden name was Agnes Noble (familiarily known as Nans), was quite a character: kind, active, economical, she was, with her one servant, as invaluable in her department as Mr Scott was in his. She had a most exalted idea of her son, mentally and physically, and used to say that her Jamie was a fine buirdly man, just like Mr Dalgliesh (Fastheugh) or the minister!—the fact being that in his *physique* he was as little and insignificant as they were tall and athletic. After the fame of the school had been established,

the inmates came from all quarters—Edinburgh, Leith, and even the West Indies; but the staple of the boarders were from the Border counties, and comprised the Dandie Dinmont family from Liddesdale, with the sons, and occasionally the daughters, of all the principal families. There were sometimes between twenty and thirty of them; and how they were stowed away, in a comparatively hampered house, with simply a kitchen, a parlour, and three bedrooms, would puzzle a conjurer. There were two beds in all these apartments, and an extra bed in one; and the beds were narrow, under the shelving roof with very little head-room, so that the pack—viz., three in a bed, and three beds in the room, and only a skylight window with four small panes for ventilation—would not have quite met the sanitary ideas of the present day. And yet, though the boarding establishment was kept up for fully thirty years, a medical man was never called in all that time, save on two occasions, when measles found their way into it, and one of the boarders (Mr Lawrence Anderson) had typhus fever. No death occurred among them. The master was himself the medical officer, salts and senna were his *sine qua non*; and like Sir Walter's blacksmith, for more serious cases there were these "two simples, laudamy and calamy:" the latter he used to measure on the point of his penknife. I remember him coming to the manse on one occasion and prescribing for me a dose of salts. I revolted at the draught, but promised, if my mother would let me get into the small room alone, I would take it. Thinking I was long of finishing a simple gulp or two, she looked in and caught me in the act of emptying the medicine into the japanned water-

jug of drinking water! I was glad to do penance by swinging off the nauseous draught.

The great secret of the uniform good health of the boarders was their wholesome food and open-air exercise. The daily programme was generally this: "Up in the morning early;" the boarders turned out to the river-side as their lavatory, and, with soap and sand, had a good scrubbing there. After an hour's trouting, they returned, hungry as hawks, and adjourned to the front door as their breakfast-parlour, where there were a series of *daises* (raised sod-seats) on which they established themselves. To this their breakfast was brought, in the form of substantial porridge, served out in large wooden trenchers; one of which sufficed to supply four, by cutting it into quarters with a knife, each consuming his own section. Some of those wooden bickers were bought by my mother at Mr Scott's roup, for holding pigs' meat—

"To what base uses we may return, Horatio!"

Dinner, generally of broth and beef, was served up on one of the long school tables at 1 P.M., after which many of the youngsters bolted off to the playground or "Clinty Pool," for bathing and swimming. The lessons over for the evening, all the rods were on the river again till dark; so that, with so much oxygen and exercise through the day, the young fellows could pass the few hours of sleep, even in a crowded, ill-ventilated room, with impunity.

I may add that the charge for board and education at the first was only £8, and never, even in dear years, amounted to more than £18 or £20; but presents from the parents helped to keep the pot

boiling. It deserves also to be noted that a good dish of trouts could then be got at almost any time in a few hours—no pools better than one opposite the schoolhouse door on the Kershope haugh, and at the Mill. And notwithstanding the many fishers at work for so many years, the trouting (now so poor) was good at the last as at the first. I should also have mentioned that the boarders had a good deal of work in a garden in front by the river-side, which was broken in by them and kept very tidily.

Mr Scott's popularity continued to the last. I remember there being 106 scholars within the old school walls, when sitting-room could scarcely be found, some sitting on forms round the school, and others on the window-sills. He gradually contracted the number of his boarders, and then resigned the school in 1818—a wise step on his part, for he had made a competency, having saved £4000 or £5000, and being anxious, as he told me, to have some time for reading and reflection in the evening of his days, after a long and busy life. He accordingly bought a small property near Hawick (Silverbuthall), where he lived for nearly twenty years, and died. Many of his old acquaintances or scholars, myself among the rest, were often his guests within his own gates. He intended to leave the bulk of his fortune to Mr B—— of H——, whose father had been a kind friend to him in Yarrow; but Mr B—— told my father that after he got his own fortune he released Mr Scott from any promise of that kind he had made; and accordingly it was divided among distant relatives, jealous of each other, who had worried the old man's last days with reciprocal complaints. After Mr Scott left Yarrow, a num-

ber of his old boarders and scholars presented him, at a public dinner—Mr Ballantyne of Phawhope in the chair—with a massive silver punch-bowl and ladle. He gifted it before his death to Thomas Ballantyne, my nephew; and it is now in the possession of Robert, my son.

I commenced Latin at school under Mr John Scott, the cousin of the teacher whom I have already referred to, and who spent his summer holidays in Yarrow. My father, glad of the opportunity of reviving his own studies, was my tutor at home.

Dancing-school.

The room above the common stable had frequently been used as a dancing-room, the large boarding-school of itself furnishing a sufficient number of pupils for the teachers of manners. The names of Menzies, Fiddes, and Borrowman occur to me as the earlier professors of the art. The dancing-lessons were, of course, always wound up with a ball, attended by the minister and all the farmers' families. David Brunton (father of our precentor), who had a small inn at Yarrowford, was the caterer on the occasion, and furnished out a supper; one standing dish always being a crow-pie, as the ball was always in spring. An impression, however, got abroad that dead crows picked up at the foot of the trees, rather than young ones brought down from the nests, formed the contents; so the pies came to be at a discount.

The first dancing-school I was at was in 1815, when I was seven years old. Mr Parker was the master and violinist also. The boys sat on the opposite side of the room from the girls, each boy having a partner assigned to him. Mine was Christian Buchan, then residing with Miss Beattie,

and now widow of Mr John Scott, Melrose. I remember that the dancing was discontinued for nearly a week on account of the death of Mr Thomas Ballantyne, farmer in Whitehope. He was a hearty, jovial man, and was so stout that his coffin could not find room in an ordinary hearse; and the body of a post-chaise had to be removed, that it might be placed on the framework. I remember well watching the long procession at his funeral from the door of the common stable-room.

The next dancing-master was Mr Howard, two years after. He had a nephew, Joseph Howard, who played the fiddle well, and afterwards became one of the orchestra in the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. A strathspey of his own composition, noted in pencil, was long to be seen on one of the sides of a window in the dancing-room.

The only one sad event that occurred to cast a cloud over the happiness of Yarrow school was the melancholy death of four young ladies in the Ettrick. Two of them were the Misses Scott of Singlie, who stayed in one of the cottages behind the school, built by their father for the accommodation of his family. The two others—Miss Arras of Rink, and Miss Anderson from Netherbarns (who had been born in the West Indies)—were boarders at the schoolhouse. On Saturday they had all crossed the hill, to spend till Monday at Singlie. After arriving there they had gone to bathe in the deep pool at the foot of Singlie garden before dinner. The servant, thinking they were long in reappearing, went in search of them, and saw in the bright sun the bodies in the river. Mr and Mrs Scott were dining at Kirkhope; but

Sad events.

the alarm was soon raised, and with the help of neighbours the bodies were brought to land. It would appear, from the shelving nature of the ground, that the first had slipped into the deep water before she was aware, when another and another, hastening to the rescue, were involved in a common fate, for they were found holding each other's hands. When brought out, life was extinct. A sad duty devolved upon my father, as he was asked to go to the schoolhouse to break the sad news to Nans, whose first exclamation was, "Who'll now wear my sheets?" for Miss Anderson was the *fiancée* of her son the teacher, and she had been getting the "providing" ready. Mr Scott was at Sundhope. My father sent for him to the manse, there to communicate the melancholy tidings; and, of course, he too was sadly overcome by them. The circumstance caused a great sensation in the district; and after the funerals my father preached a sermon suitable to the occasion.

A poor man
frozen.

Another sad circumstance I can recall in my early boyhood. A poor man, labouring under religious melancholy, had left his home near Selkirk, and wandered up Yarrow on a cold frosty night. He had denuded himself of one piece of clothing after another till nothing was left, and he was found dead from exposure on the road a little below Deuchar Mill, his feet much cut by the ice, but clinging still to his Bible. A neighbour came to my father's bedroom window, and roused him by this intelligence, inquiring where the body was to be put. The remains were conveyed to the church, and after lying there several days, and being identified, were buried near the east gate of the churchyard.

My mother was in the habit of giving two large dinner-parties in the course of the year. They took place in winter, at the then late hour of four o'clock. The company comprised the Parks of Lewinshope, the Ballantynes of Whitehope, the Ballantynes of Tinnis, the Andersons of Sundhope, Mr Milne of Dryhope, the Ettrick Shepherd, the Scotts of Ladhope, the (two families) Scotts of Eldinhope, Mr Walter Scott of Bengerburn, Mr Walter Brydon of Mount Benger. What a making of blancmange and orange-cream (my great delight) according to the receipts, dog's-eared at the place, in Mrs Fraser's cookery-book! The part we children played was to watch the dishes as they emerged from the dining-room door, and get a tasting of the puddings. That was promised us, if we would be good children, and not make a noise. When we went to tea, we got something beforehand to make us "menseful"—*i.e.*, moderate in what we partook of. We were enjoined to begin with plain bread, and proceed to the better, taking a piece of each, and a little more of the latter *if pressed*, and confine ourselves to two cups of tea.

Talking of pressing, my mother had the old-fashioned style of it; and if you were not sharply on the outlook, had a second or a third helping on your plate before you were aware of it. Once at a dinner-party here, she was trying her persuasion on the late George Ballantyne, and wound up by saying that he would find the dish particularly good: he made the characteristic reply, very much to the amusement of the Ettrick Shepherd, who was on the other side of the table, "I'll just take your word for it, ma'am!" It was usual at the stylish entertainments in my boyish days for the

Dinner-
parties at
Yarrow
manse.

host to ask each lady in turn for a toast—the name of a gentleman; the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Napier, Mr Pringle of Whytbank, the M.P., were generally among those given. Then each gentleman was asked to give the health of a lady. This was intended to suggest topics of conversation when it began to flag. Sometimes we children were permitted to come in after dinner and get a tasting of wine (“the Scotch dessert”); but it was on condition of drinking the health of the company all round—a trying ordeal truly, and provocative of many blushes!

Visitors to
the manse.

The visitors I remember last coming about the manse were my aunt Morton, walking over the hill to church from Ettrick-bridgend, on a hot summer's day. But more memorable still was Mr Morton's first Sunday visit after he returned from his vacation, which he spent almost invariably among our friends in Fife. He had presents for all of us—such as a Bible for my sister, penknives, or pencils, or *peevies* for us boys. My cousins, the Hendersons, were frequently sent up in the carriage to be out of the way when company was expected, or the Communion came round; and occasionally their servant, Mary Patullo, accompanied them. Sometimes, when they came alone, the home-sickness came upon them before the carriage was out of sight on its return to Selkirk. Once two of them got the length of the Deuchar Mill on their way home before they were caught and brought back.

Sir David
Wilkie.

The short visit of Sir David Wilkie, son of the Rev. David Wilkie of Cults, the author of a learned book on ‘Annuities,’ to Yarrow Manse, was a very pleasant one to my father. An interesting account

of their meeting is given, in the life of Sir David, in a letter by Mr William Laidlaw to Allan Cunningham. He gives the *ipsissima verba* in which the distinguished artist was welcomed, but has fallen into an inaccuracy as to Sir David not being invited to dinner when he called in the forenoon, and his subsequent depression of spirits. My father was hurt on reading this statement, and positively asserted that he was asked to dine, but pled a previous engagement to Whitehope—promising, however, to return in the evening. He did return, and assuredly then there was no appearance of depression. He and my father had a long kindly conversation about former scenes, and old familiar faces, including that of the much-trying Andrew Myles, to which I, then a boy, listened with becoming silence. I was as much interested, however, in a small portfolio which Sir David had laid on the sofa where I was sitting, and once and again took a sly look at the pencil sketches of heads and figures it contained.

The church would appear to have been built in 1640—at least, that is the date on the dial, with the mottoes, “Time is short,” “Watch and pray.” It stands due east and west, and has been built in the old style of masonry—the walls lipped with lime on the outside, the heart filled up with loose stones, into which hot lime was afterwards poured, thus forming a concrete harder than the stone. In 1826, when the church underwent a thorough repair, two masons, in breaking out a new aisle door, laboured a whole day before they could make an opening through the wall. During the earlier years of my father’s ministry it was unceiled; and when he preached Dr Cramond’s funeral sermon,¹ the crowd

Church of
Yarrow.

¹ P. 24.

was so great that the people, besides filling the passages, were sitting double in the pews (one set on the seats and another on the book-boards), while a number of adventurous youths took possession of the open rafters above, where they appeared

like hens on their perches.

At the Sacrament, too, in addition to



DIAL ON YARROW CHURCH.

the crowd within, were great numbers on the *through-stones* and graves outside.

I have alluded to the repair the church underwent in 1826. It was greatly required—more light and warmth were needed. Originally there was a series of six small windows in front, which admitted a little light; a few square ones were inserted above, for sake of the pulpit and galleries. Now all were thrown into six large ones, the aisle door shifted, and partitions and passages attached to all the

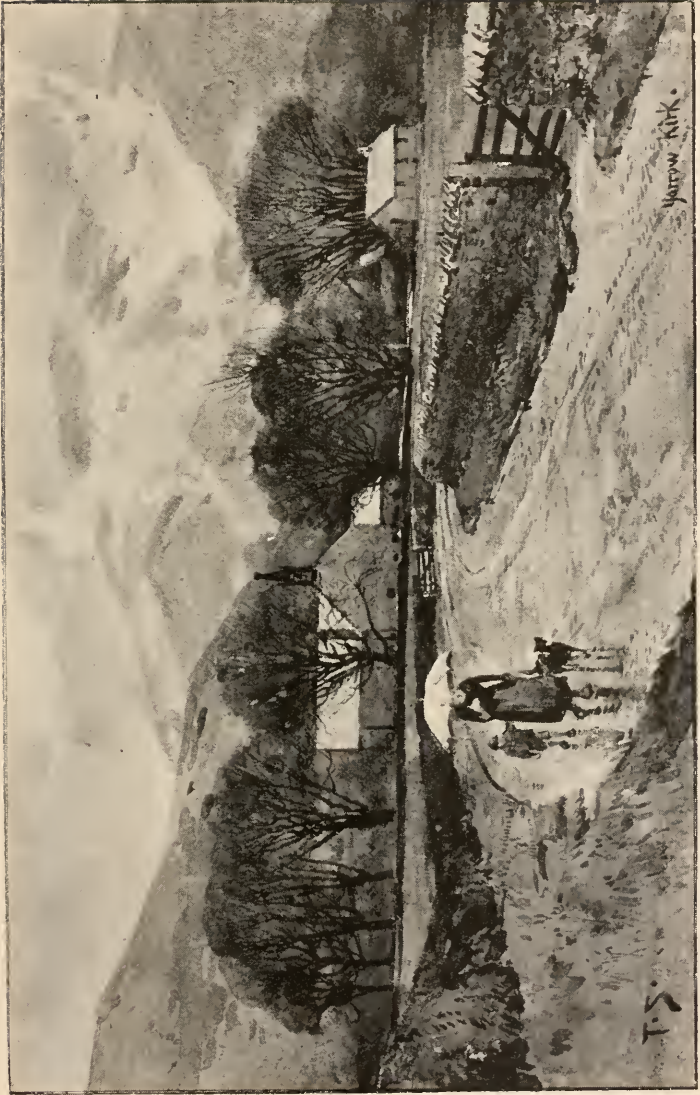
doors. The small belfry was enlarged, and it was then we discovered the inscription on the church bell, "Presented by James Murray to the Kirk of Lochar." In the casting, an "L" had obviously been substituted for a "D." There is no kirk known as Lochar in Scotland, and the chapel of Deuchar or Dochar stood hard by. The Murrays were the lairds of Deuchar; and on the principal church being removed from St Mary's, and the chapel at Deuchar suppressed, the bell seems to have been transferred from the one to the other.

The interments which had taken place in the course of nearly two hundred years, and the wish for proximity to church walls, had had the effect of raising the ground of the graveyard around the church considerably above its level. In front, the earth outside was two feet, and at the corner of the aisle fully four feet higher. In consequence, the lower walls were covered with a green damp, and the rain-water flowed into the passages. In winter the water froze, and my father used to say that he often got a slide to the pulpit. To remedy this, the heritors resolved to have the accumulated earth removed, and a walk six feet broad made around the church. This produced a considerable "hue and cry" throughout the parish, on the part of those whose fathers' sepulchres were interfered with. The apparent resurrection work caused something like an insurrection. A good many parishioners came to my father, inquiring if he had any hand in the matter, and were so far satisfied on being told that he had so far to do with it, that, instead of six feet as had been arranged, he had taken it upon him to restrict the width of the walk to four. These repairs were fully three months in being completed. During

that period my father preached in the churchyard at the back of the common stable, under the shade of the old plane-trees. It was shade more than shelter that was required; for during the three months of that very dry summer, from the middle of May to that of August, not a drop of rain fell. The only drawbacks to the solemnity of the service arose from the number of collies which came with their masters, and chased each other or quarrelled with each other as the spirit moved them, and the neighbourhood of the many horses in the stable, among which there was no more harmony than among the dogs—the noise proceeding from their kicking and neighing, by turns, often putting the minister fairly *hors de combat*.

Dogs in church.

Talking of the dogs suggests another great improvement made on the church. There were no doors on the seats, and nothing but a narrow deal in each as a footboard, and no separation below between them. The planking on the passages was very deficient, a great deal of the earthen floor was thus exposed; and it can easily be imagined that when the shepherds from Ettrick, as well as from Yarrow, came to church, each man as regularly accompanied by his dog as encased in his plaid—no matter what the weather or the season—frequent rows ensued. On the slightest growl from one, all pricked up their ears. If a couple of them fell out and showed fight, it was the signal for a general *mêlée*. The rest that were prowling about, or half asleep at their masters' feet, rushed from their lairs, found a way through below the pews, and among the feet of the occupants, and raised literally such a *dust* as fairly enveloped them. Then the strife waxed fierce and furious, the noise became deafening, the voice



Yarrow Kirk.

T.S.

of the minister was literally drowned, and he was fain to pause, whether in preaching or in prayer. Two or three shepherds had to leave their places and use their *nibbies* unmercifully before the rout was quelled, and the service of the sanctuary could be resumed.

These scenes were more unseemly than a solitary cur, with some rude ear for music, joining in the psalmody, and were of old standing in Yarrow. Old Mr Scott of Eldinhope used to relate how Dr Cramond bade the old beadle, Sandy Rae, put out the noisy delinquents, and got for answer, "I dinna like to meddle wi' the folk's dougs, sir;" somewhat more polite than another rejoinder, "I'm no gaun tae get mysel' bitten; they may pit them oot that brought them in." The appearance of a strange dog any day in church was the signal for the whole fraternity holding a conclave; and if not satisfied with its appearance, giving it no peace during the service, unless it could find an open door to beat a retreat. So much, indeed, were the curs recognised as a regular portion of the congregation, that the closing arrangements were made with reference to them. The going round of the elders with the ladles put them all on the *qui vive*, and, for peace's sake, the congregation sat till the blessing was pronounced. Their rising was attended by a perfect storm of barking, a general canine jubilee. A clergyman from a distance who one day officiated was struck with this singular peculiarity and seeming irreverence of the congregation, and was told in explanation that it was "to cheat the dougs." The flooring of the church, and fitting the seats with doors, by which each shepherd could keep his *fidus Achates* beside him, was the first blow to the long-established order

of things, the almost weekly *collie-shangies*. The shepherds began to perceive that their dogs were not so very indispensable to them on the Sabbath as they supposed; the division of the parish lessened the number still more; and as at the opening of Kirkhope Church I had requested the congregation to keep their dogs at home, and stand at the blessing, their example in regard to the latter practice, when they came over to the Communion, was followed by the Yarrow hearers too.

Collection
by ladle.

When I first went to church myself, then a very little boy, the most interesting and exciting part of the service for me was to drop my tiny offering into Jamie Sword's ladle, which I did with great formality, whispering, "Jamie, that's my halfpenny." Our seat was a square one immediately under the pulpit, at the left side; and being the minister's, it differed from most of the others in being floored. But the planks were so yielding and insecure, that I was always afraid of their giving way; and then the consequences! The Rev. Dr Lorimer had made it his dying request that he might be buried under his own seat in church, and this wish was complied with; and knowing this fact, I trembled lest in some evil hour we should be precipitated into the vault below, and instead of the congregation of the living, mingle with the dead. I was a very restless worshipper, my delight being to creep through and through below the table. Not without a spice of mischief—inseparable from boy nature—I used to torment an old female, half pedlar, half carrier, of the name of Henny Scott, who sat in the seat immediately behind ours. Henny, very devout in her way, gave vent to sundry groans, and where anything in the sermon struck her particularly, shook her

head with great solemnity. To the amusement of Mrs Scott of Eldinhope, whose pew was the second behind ours, I imitated all Henny's manœuvres.

Our own Communion was one of our happiest seasons. There were holidays and no lessons. There were friends about the house, and good dinners. The minister of Ettrick—Mr Paton, then Mr Bennet, then Mr Smith, generally officiated on the Fast-day; Mr Campbell of Selkirk, and Mr Nicol of Traquair, and afterwards Mr Campbell, on the Saturday. These two assisted also on the Sabbath. The Monday services were conducted by Mr Pate of Innerleithen and Mr Hamilton of Ashkirk. As children, our amusement on the Monday morning was to get out the ministers' horses and give them a good *airing*, or rather gallop. Mr Pate's horse was so fat, that instead of a backbone there was a hollow along the back, so that a saddle would hardly fix on it; but, indeed, it was so soft that no saddle was needed. Mr Campbell (Selkirk) had always a good charger. He used to tell us that he and his brothers played the same pranks in their early days at his father's manse at Lilliesleaf. Mr Sked of St Boswells had a pony called George, a great favourite. He himself being a very little man, his boots just suited a boy's feet. One of the young hopefuls, after walking into said boots, used to mount the pony and gallop it a good many miles; and then the little parson, unconscious of the morning's exercise, used to say, as he came to see his favourite, "What a warm stable this must be! George, poor fellow, you are very hot!" Buckskin breeches and top-boots were then the fashion for gentlemen on horseback. Mr Campbell and Mr Hamilton both came in that costume, and preached

Communion
at Yarrow.

in it. The only difference was, that in the case of the former he hid the tops; the latter scorned any concealment, and in riding attire marched up to the pulpit.

The annual
Communion
season.

My father had just one Communion in the year, in the beginning of August, and latterly on the second Sabbath of July. In this he conformed to the custom of those days; and, I believe, was influenced by the feeling, prevalent in many quarters still, that it had the sanction of the Mosaic dispensation in its yearly Passover, and the belief that it was observed with more solemnity than it would have been had it been celebrated more frequently. I am not sure but the solemnity thus imparted to the occasion, and the seriousness of mind and demeanour with which it was observed, allowed of greater laxity at other seasons. With some the Sacrament was viewed in the Romish light of a sacrifice, a satisfaction, a something like the condoning of the offences of the bygone year. It is to be feared, moreover, that the number of the services before and after have detracted from the real significance of the ordinance itself—"the Preaching," and not "the Communion," being the name by which it was commonly known. The young communicants were invited to come and speak to the minister at the manse on the Tuesday and Wednesday previous. For their greater convenience no hour was fixed. They dropped in, accordingly, at any hour from the forenoon till night, and the same routine of examination and exhortation had to be gone through with each, so that before the two days were over my father was well-nigh exhausted.

Fast-day.

On the Fast-day my father opened the services

himself by the morning prayer, a practice which had been long observed as in consonance with the occasion of a day of fasting and humiliation, the parish minister being supposed more fitted than a stranger to call to remembrance and confess the particular sins with which he himself and his people were chargeable. Two ministers officiated, and two also on the preparation Saturday, and up to nearly the close of his ministry my father continued the practice of "pirlequeying" the preachers—*i.e.*, of giving a summary of their sermons. The etymology of the term is ambiguous. I have heard the derivation given as *par la queue*, "to take by the tail, or handle." We have still in common parlance the old French word a *queue* for a pigtail of the hair behind, to take a queue from a person. This was a somewhat difficult duty, a task requiring peculiar tact and a power of ready talk, as well as continuous attention during the service and retentive memory afterwards. It occasionally happened that the views of the two preachers did not harmonise with each other, or perhaps with those of their reviewer, and then the difficulty was to preserve one's own orthodoxy, and not go directly in the teeth of the previous speakers. My father had these qualities to a marvellous extent, especially the faculty of memory. The first time Mr Campbell of Traquair heard his own sermon summarised, not having been accustomed to anything of the sort, he was very much at sea. My father began by giving his introduction almost *verbatim*, and he began to think, very much to his astonishment, that there was to be a rehearsal of the whole. Mr Pate of Innerleithen neither liked nor attempted the prac-

tice, but admitted that he had himself derived benefit from the after-remarks of the Rev. Mr Findlater of Newlands on one occasion, so that he had been induced to add a head to his discourse before delivering it again. The people generally were very fond of this sort of *résumé*, as it brought what they had heard vividly to their recollection, and within a narrow compass, and sometimes made plain what they had failed to understand before. But here, too, there was the liability and likelihood of abuse; there was a temptation to listlessness and inattention at the first, when they knew they were to be stirred up by way of remembrance.

Communion
Sabbath.

None could preside over the services with more grace and gravity than the minister of Yarrow, whether in the palmy days of youth or when in the enjoyment of a green old age. His commanding appearance and benevolent expression and dignified bearing at all times won the respect of his people; and when on a sacramental occasion he walked out in his court-dress and cocked-hat and powdered hair, there was something more striking and venerable still in the eyes of his rural flock. I have often heard the Etrick Shepherd speak of it with admiration. When he entered the pulpit he came fresh from his study and his closet, his memory charged with the careful meditations of the week, and his feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace. In the crowd that thronged every pew, some standing in the passages, and others seated on the graveyard without, he found a most eager and sympathetic audience; and it was out of the abundance of the heart the mouth spoke—it went from the heart

to the heart. Thoughts that breathe and words that burn fell from his lips. More especially when he came to the consecration prayer and Communion address, his lips seemed touched as with a live coal from off the altar: with a holy fervour, a heavenly rapture, he would expatiate on the wonders of redeeming love. His closing addresses were uniformly practical and comprehensive, with a word in season for all; and in his later years, when he touched on the long period of his ministry, and the many melancholy changes in his flock, and the time of his own departure being near, many even of the sterner mould were melted to tenderness and to tears. Truly those days of the Son of Man were days much to be remembered: many letters from abroad of his old parishioners contained the most touching allusions to them, and testify that no change of time or clime could efface the endearing and enduring impress they had left. When seated at the Lord's table, or singing the Lord's song in a strange land, the thoughts of other years involuntarily mingled with the services, and their hearts would be carried back to the holy and beautiful house where they themselves and their fathers worshipped, and were wont to seal their vows.

The Sabbath service was a protracted one. It began at 10.30, and with an hour and a-quarter of interval, did not close till about 7 P.M.; so that those who came from the extremities of the parish—Corsecleugh, Dryhope-hope, Redfordgreen, and Ashiestiel—had to start at an early and return at a late hour. There were seven full Communion tables. Refreshments of bread and cheese and milk were provided in the kitchen of the manse for all

corners of the people generally: a bowl put in the "minister's well" for those who liked a cooling draught of spring water: bread and ale in the barn, furnished by some of the publicans of the parish (David Branton, Yarrowford, was the first I have heard of: then John Scott, Ettrick-bridge, of the sign "Entertainment for man and horse;" then George Turnbull of the Gordon Arms, and John Leigh, his successor): and refreshments in the dining-room and parlour of the manse for the farmers and their families. The ministers and elders dined at the manse during the interval. A sumptuous "Monday's dinner," to which some of the principal parishioners were invited, completed the service of carnal things.

When we were young, we used to have nice reading on the winter evenings. My father and, sometimes, my sister were the readers, myself and brother the listeners. Rollin's 'Ancient History' was one book that was devoured, and Robertson's 'America,' a more interesting one for the young, was another.

The minister's horse was often as familiar an object in the parish, and known for its peculiarities, as the minister's man. My father brought a fine animal with him from Merchiston Hall as a present from Captain Napier, with a pair of saddle-bags. He had another valuable horse, which his man allowed, when in the cart, to tumble over into the Bridge pool; but both escaped uninjured. It was not so fortunate in coming down Ladhope Shank with peats from the "Minister's Moss," as it fell and had an eye put out, which made my father cease getting fuel from that quarter. The horse I remember first and best was "Burdie," a strong, jet-black, Irish horse, very fat and sleek, about 15 hands high.

with a *set* tail, and his rough legs well trimmed. He had also a strong-set mane. Burdie was the sole unaided animal power in breaking up the Whitefield. When my father got leave from the Duke of Buccleuch's factors, Mr A. Ogilvie and Mr Keir, to use that waste muir in any way he liked, the farmers sent their ploughs to aid in breaking it in; but after several abortive attempts they had to yield. The surface had been all removed, and the plough would not touch the hard ground below. It was, therefore, by slow degrees that the impracticable ground was broken up; the redoubtable Burdie putting his shoulder to the yoke, rushing forward by a convulsive effort for a short distance, till brought to a stand by some fast stone, over which the plough grazed, and was thrown out. Then Jamie Sword would leave the plough-stilts, and, with pick in hand, set to work to excavate the boulder, which gave the beast of burden time to draw breath, and resume the rough tearing-up process. In this way—illustrating the old stanza,

The White-
field.

“ One foot up, another down,
On we go to London town ”—

constant progress was made, and the waste muir was at length turned into tolerably fertile fields. All the dykes of the present enclosures were built from stones dug out of the ground, while hundreds upon hundreds have been tumbled over the *scaur* into the river, and every year brings a fresh crop.

A more singular turn-out was witnessed one day by my father at Yarrow Feus—a horse and a cow put into the yoke, waited upon by three weavers (the Stewarts), one holding the stilts, another grasping the horns of the cow to prevent injury to her

Primitive
agriculture.

yoke-fellow, and the third as goadsman urging on the pair.

Burdie.

As a boy I had some adventures with Burdie. Driving out to our fields, I thought it the manly thing to stand up and hold the reins. Burdie stopped suddenly at one of the gates, and out I dropped at his heels; but the sensible animal refused to take advantage of my position, and did not lift a hoof, so that I escaped scathless.

On another occasion, during harvest, the corn was being led into the stackyard, then on a gently rising ground, now occupied by our offices. The cart was just emptied of the stooks, and, by way of giving assistance, I took the horse by the head and led it out of the gate. Unfortunately, not looking behind me, one of the wheels came in contact with the dyke, and brought a good part of it rattling down; on which the frightened animal made a bolt forward with the cart, and threw me down among his feet, but passed over without doing me the slightest injury.

I retain another reminiscence of my bigger boyhood, though I could not be more than ten years of age. I had the honour of riding on Burdie to the Selkirk March fair, with my mother behind me, on a *pad* or pillion. My father, mounted on a pony, rode by our side. Burdie had always a tendency to grease in one of his hind-legs, which made it thicker than the other. It was worse in winter, like the *yaud* of Dr Douglas, which he took to the market for sale, with the same peculiarity. An intending purchaser, remarking on the somewhat enlarged heel, was answered by the honest Doctor, "It's naething the noo; if ye only saw it in winter!" This swelling was accompanied with frequent itchiness; and night

after night I remember the thump - thumping in the stable, from the animal scratching one foot with the other. Burdie lived to a venerable age in our service. My father's factotum in those matters always advised, to the disgust of us young people, to keep an old horse another year. "Doctor," he would say, "it's aye savin' siller."

Another matter in which my father gratified us was in planting fruit-trees in our little lawn. He was long averse to it, but at length consented. Among the rest were two Siberian crabs, recommended by the Rev. Mr Bennet of Ettrick for their hardiness and the beauty of their fruit. Each of us children chose one tree as our own. My sister's was an apple-tree in front of the east drawing-room window, which grew large, and was wonderfully prolific. My brother Walter's was the small crab-tree near the gate, and mine the crab-tree still in front, the only one of the set now remaining. Every stroke of the axe that was laid at their roots in the course of improvements and levelling was a blow to my heart.

I have mentioned my riding for the first time into Selkirk on the occasion of a March fair. I remember, as yesterday, my anticipations of delight on being promised my first visit to the metropolis. I was then just ten and a half years old. The facilities of travelling were not so great then as now. We went *viâ* Peebles. Jamie Sword and Burdie, in the cart, transported my mother, myself, and the luggage, with a hamper of ham, eggs, &c.; and my father rode over on a borrowed pony. We started between 3 and 4 A.M., drove across the Blackgrainrig into Traquair, crossed the ford at Innerleithen, where the Tweed was fordable, and arrived in Peebles between 8 and

Fruit-trees.

First visit to
Edinburgh.

9 A.M. After the humble equipage of the morning, we drove in style into Edinburgh in our own hired post-chaise. We rested an hour at the Wellington Inn, half-way, and got to town in less than five hours—the cost, with the driver, being £2, 2s. The only public conveyance at that time between Peebles and Edinburgh was a caravan which went by Howgate. It was superseded by a “fly,” so called, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because it did not fly. It was simply a post-chaise, carrying three passengers inside, at ten shillings each, and one outside. Then it gave way to the Peebles coach, which in turn has yielded to the railway.

At the time of this first visit to Edinburgh, my sister was boarded with Miss Hall, 13 Great King Street, and my uncle and aunt Henderson also were residing, for the education of their family, in the house 15 Gayfield Square. They had taken lodgings for us in No. 6 St James Street, on the first flat. Mrs Williamson, our landlady, was a tall, rosy-coloured dame, who described herself as a “wild American,” and was very communicative. Her husband, a builder, had been contractor for Nelson’s Monument. One day he took me to see that building, and treated me to a tart from the confectioner’s shop which was in the area of it. I was rigged out in a new blue suit, consisting of jacket (for the first time), waistcoat, and trousers, by a Mr Cushnie, Leith Street Terrace. The only place I recollect going to, besides Gayfield Square, was the gallery of the old Assembly Aisle with my mother, to see the Commissioner’s suite, with my father in attendance, and hear the debates. A charge of one shilling was made; but generally the old messenger, with a brown wig, who delivered the dinner-cards,

was going about, and got us in for nothing. My father used to mention the pride with which old Charles Ballantyne, tenant in Tinnis, was wont to recount his passing "scot-free." He presented himself on the last Monday of an Assembly, and the doorkeeper, holding the door fast, looked at him for a *douceur*.

"What does the man mean?" exclaimed the Yarrow farmer.

The doorkeeper said that no one got in there without paying a shilling.

"The man's mad," quoth the indignant visitor. "I think I'm more entitled to get a shilling for coming to countenance you the last day."

The keeper, thinking him some half-witted person, allowed him to pass.

CHAPTER VII.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AGED PEOPLE—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE—
SOBRIQUETS—ANDERSON AND BOA—DESIRE FOR MINISTERIAL
VISITATION—THE MINISTER SUPERSEDED—QUAINT EXPRES-
SIONS.

Recollections
of some aged
people.

CASES of alleged longevity are sometimes problematical. Dr Guthrie makes mention of a family in the far north with a living line of ancestral marvels; an old man being mistaken for the wonder which strangers flocked to see, while the same cottage contained also the father and the grandfather—the latter shrivelled up to a mummy.

Miss Gray,
Edinburgh.

The oldest individual whom the present writer remembers was Miss Gray,¹ Great King Street, Edinburgh. He saw her in her 107th year, and prayed with her. She was then sitting by the fire—her eyes bright, her cheeks rosy, her intelligence unimpaired as in days long gone by. When in her 100th year she worked for her minister (Dr Muir of St Stephen's) a fringe for a counterpane, which they labelled in his drawing-room as a memento of his friend. She used to tell that among her very earliest recollections was having seen the Rev. Mr Cunningham, Prestonpans, then in his 110th year, and so vigorous that he retained his

¹ [Miss Elizabeth Gray, daughter of William Gray of Newholm, was born in 1748, and she died in Edinburgh in 1856, in her 108th year.]

habit of weekly walking from Prestonpans to Edinburgh and back, a distance of eighteen miles!¹ Truly, there were giants in those days. Miss Gray's father died in 1757—99 years before her, and her eldest brother 130 years—incredible facts, had not their births and deaths been in the parish registers of the parish in which they were buried.²

But to come to our own locality. There is a well-authenticated case of an individual in the early part of last century having reached the advanced period of 106 years. Jean Rae, Deloraine, departed this life in 1838, and could tell of the *forty-five*, when she assisted at Branhholm in putting some cattle and household articles beyond the reach of the passing Highlanders. She had long received parochial relief; retained her quick eye and fresh appearance, like Miss Gray, to the last; and what is very rare, she was a great-great-grandmother, the five generations being alive at once. The Rev. Alexander Johnston of Lyne and Meggat, the latter adjoining Yarrow, continued to preach in his 102nd year.³ His utterance, however, was somewhat indistinct. The Ettrick Shepherd remembered him, among his last pulpit appearances, giving out the “wacht-y-wacht Psalm,” or the 88th. The old man

Jean Rae,
Deloraine.

Mr Johnston
of Lyne.

¹ [The register of the parish ministers of Prestonpans does not confirm what is here said about “Mr Cunningham,” as that name does not appear in the list for last century. The reference may be to the Rev. Charles Cunningham, minister of Tranent, who was ordained in 1740, and died in 1793, in his 92d year.—A. C. F.]

² [The eldest surviving brother of Miss Gray died in 1811—so that she survived him only 45 years. But there seems to have been a still older brother, who died young in the first half of last century.—J. V.]

³ [He was baptised August 7, 1686, and he died suddenly March 8, 1788, in the 102nd year of his age and the sixtieth of his ministry. He preached on the Sabbath previous to his death.—J. V.]

durst not trust his money in any bank, but kept the gold in the manse—he and a nephew, M'Ghie, who stayed with him, keeping watch over it by turns day and night. Some of the other relations fancied the manse might contain more than turned up, made a minute search, and lighted on what they concluded must be a *treasure-trove*; but, alas! instead of gold, the bag contained leaden tokens.

These are extreme instances of longevity; but there are many others that approach them. My father, though only eighty-two at his death, hastened by a fall, had been in the ministry for fifty-seven years, and never absent from church, save on the last Sabbath, on account of illness, and belonged to a family of nonagenarians. Numbers of the parishioners, especially in and around Ettrick-bridge, have reached or overpassed the four-score years and ten, of whom it might be said “the eye had not waxed dim, nor the natural force abated.” Some families are more marked in this respect than others. That of Scott is a notable example. Side by side in lone St Mary's churchyard are laid two brothers—Charles and Walter (Catslackburn)—one of whom was ninety-two when he died; the other followed him when ninety-three. It was interesting to hear the survivor, then quite blind, talk of his brother as if he had just gone to the other room, and they were soon to meet. Close by rests a cousin—Mr Francis Scott, Eldinhope—aged ninety-four. When ninety he used to ride to church, a distance of ten miles to and fro, on an old pony—the united ages of horse and rider being 120. Three weeks before his death he still occupied his place in the sanctuary, and dined at the manse—that Sabbath being the occasion of the baptism of my

The Scotts.

younger son.¹ Mr Scott having attended Yarrow Church for a longer period than any of his contemporaries, appropriately put a timepiece into the front gallery, to remind the worshippers of the lapse of time. He remembered the first umbrella ever seen in Yarrow. It was brought out by a writer from Edinburgh the day after Paul Jones came up the Firth, and drew the multitudes of Edinburgh to the Castlehill, whence, with telescopes, they watched his movements. He also saw Lunardi in his balloon pass over Eldinhope in 1785. In Yarrow churchyard also, there lies a group of near relatives of the Scotts. A good old lady, brought up in the parish, has a marble slab inscribed to her memory, and recording her age—ninety-three—and her gift of £100 for the poor of the parish.

It is singular, too, how length of days has attached to individuals of the same name, but with no relationship. Robert Hogg, who was a carrier to Selkirk from Yarrowfeus, was ninety-one or ninety-two when he died. The Hoggs.

Robert Hogg, father of the Ettrick Shepherd, died at Altrive Lake, upwards of ninety. Walter Hogg, tenant in Newhouse, died aged ninety-seven. A daughter of his at Rabbithall, where she died, had nearly reached the same long term.

In the 'British Chronicle,' a Kelso newspaper, dated Friday, April 15, 1785, there is the following announcement—"We are informed that there is presently living at Dryhope, in the parish of Yarrow, one Marion Renwick, aged 102, who has Marion
Renwick.

¹ Mr John H. S. Russell. [This amiable youth died in July 1884, in his twenty-fourth year, when about to be licensed for the ministry in the Church of Scotland, beloved and lamented by all who knew him.—A. C. F.]

all her faculties entire, hearing excepted. She was baptised in the house where she now resides by the Rev. James Renwick, a fortnight before he suffered in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh in the year 1682 (?) on the account of his religion.”¹ Renwick preached his last sermon on a quiet spot among the hills, still pointed out on Riskenhope, and on that visit baptised a child. In the first ‘Statistical Account,’ published in 1793, mention is made of a person who had reached the advanced period of 106, and in all probability this was the person.

Tibbie Shiel.

Tibbie Shiel, already mentioned, survived, with her faculties wonderfully entire, till ninety-five years, at her little hostelry at the head of St Mary’s Loch. At the foot of the same sheet of water, Dryhope Haugh, an early acquaintance of hers still lives—from her own statements and those of others, considerably older than Tibbie—Isabella Tait.² She and her husband had a married life of sixty-five years. Till lately she did all the work of the cottage—cleaning, baking, washing and dressing—and still continues to wash, sitting on a chair.

Power of
applying
epithets and
making terse
criticisms.

One clergyman in the South, who frequently in his discourse introduced the verse he was expounding, was known as “Heckle-text;” another, who got very excited in the pulpit, as “the walloper;” of a third, who was short and small, but of ready utterance, it was said that “he was a’ guts and gab.” Old William Rae, Rabbithall, used to speak of his wife Peggy Hogg as “the ault woman that maks our meat.” She was too good a “help-meet” for him.

¹ [As Renwick was executed on the 17th February 1688, this person could have been only 97 in 1785, and if alive in 1793, only 105 years of age.—J. V.]

² [Isabella Tait died at Dryhope Haugh in December 1882.—A. C. F.]

He compared Mr Scott's (portrait-painter) long and intricate sermon on the millennium to a "ravelled hank o' yarn;" and said of Mr Stevenson, a preacher from Melrose, who generally finished his discourse very abruptly, that "it gaed out like a fish licht." The late Dr Simpson of the Tron Church succeeded his father there. While only a preacher, the precentor one day failed to appear, when he had to take the desk and conduct the psalmody; so well, that an old elder expressed his delight by a somewhat equivocal compliment, "Mr William, ye should never go higher." His excellent successor, Dr John Hunter, was previously minister of Swinton. When introducing Mr Bennet at Ettrick, he stayed at Thirlestane with his cousin, the late Lord Napier. On the Monday after the service, Lord Napier asked one of his workmen how he liked his relative, who was then in somewhat delicate health, when he received this characteristic reply, "He's a waefu'-looking cratur; but, eh, he opened his mooth weel!" On its being repeated to the preacher, he good-humouredly said, "I have no doubt the good man meant it for a compliment, but he might have said the same thing of an ass!" The late Mr Campbell of Lilliesleaf had a most powerful voice, and was a most rousing popular preacher. The usual observation after firing off at Yarrow was, "Eh, how he roared! and, eh, how he swat!" When Dr Gillan, then a young man, preached one day in Hawick, and with all the fire of youth thundered away as if he "would ding the poopit to blads"—a thunderstorm broke over the church, which drew the remark from one of the hearers, "Yon was grand scenery for Dr Gillan's sermon." The late Mr Campbell of Traquair used to assist regularly at the Yarrow

Communion. There was a solemnity in his manner and voice that made him a favourite with every one, especially with the Ettrick Shepherd, who used to express his admiration, but with this reservation, "I wadna like to hear yon man every Sabbath; he would mak me far oure guid."

Replies to
ministerial
admonition.

While ministers are thus the object of remark, it frequently happens that they are amused, or, it may be, amazed at the remarks addressed to themselves. There is sometimes a readiness of repartee and smartness of reply in evading advice they tender, which in spite of them provokes a smile. When one individual was being admonished for his non-attendance at church, he has been known to plead that he has sent his son—as if one could delegate such a duty; or that, if he had not attended the services of his own pastor, he had gone nowhere else. There are some curious distinctions drawn in the way of duty. While in Scotland loud and prolonged laughter would not grate with any degree of harshness on the ear, the slightest whistling is looked on as a desecration of the Sabbath. A little boy who was thus indulging himself, unconscious of what he was doing, was once reminded by his father of the sacredness of the day, when he made the simple and natural reply, "I thought there was no harm in it, for I heard the little birds whistling outside." While respect is due to the conscientious scruples of Sabbatarians of the olden time and type, one cannot but marvel at the rigid manner in which they would observe the very letter of the law. When Dr Hunter, Swinton, paid a visit over a Saturday to the Rev. Mr Mitchell, an excellent old minister across the Border, and agreed to relieve him of his pulpit duties on the morrow, the

two friends kept up their conversation to nearly midnight. Mr Mitchell then remembered that he had still to shave, and had only half accomplished his purpose when the clock struck twelve. Then a nice case of casuistry occurred. The good old man could not possibly profane the Sabbath by such a process, and at the same time he could not properly appear in church only half-shaven. His perplexity was great. Dr Hunter at last suggested that the clock might be fast, when another was looked at which indicated a few minutes still short of the hour, which solved the difficulty without a breach either of propriety or of the Sabbath.

Two blacksmiths, John Anderson and John Boa, excellent workmen at their trade, met on one occasion, when the conversation turned on the question, which was the first trade in the world? The one, calling Scripture to his aid, was clear it must have been gardening. "Adam was put into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." The other son of Vulcan, standing up for the honour of his calling, and looking to the requisite implements, immediately interposed—"Ay, John; but whae made the spades?"

Anderson
and Boa.

Both of these worthies being engaged in hot and sometimes hard work, occasionally quenched their thirst with something stronger than water. One of them coming round a corner from the ale-house soon after sunrise was confronted by his minister, who was starting on a journey, and who met him with the salutation, "John, you've been early at it." Nothing daunted, the smith replied, "Ay, sir, ye maun begin early if ye want a guid day's wark." This cool rejoinder was not quite so good as that of the old woman in Fife, a *spinster* in the literal

sense of the word, who had been disposing of her wares, the week's yarn, at Cupar market. Returning in the evening to her home, after a good sale, somewhat elevated, she fell in with her minister, Dr Campbell, who addressed her, "Janet, I see you're rather *reeling*." "'Deed ay, sir; ye ken ye canna aye be spinning."

John Boa.

The other knight of the anvil, John Boa, had gone from home on some secular errand, and having been in too convivial company, had on his way back parted company with his beast of burden. My father met the saddled animal at a walking pace on the road without a rider, and then, some hundred yards behind, the owner following up with a less steady step. A few words of admonition were addressed to him, and deep regret expressed that one of his years, a father and grandfather, should have so far forgotten himself. There is an old saying, *in vino veritas*, or in other words, drink brings out the truth. But sometimes there is a sad misapplication of it—and so was it here. The reply was not far a-seeking, and out came the mumbled words—"Houts, Doctor! ye ken as weel as I do, that it's a' 'foreordained whatsoever comes to pass.'" The pastor not venturing, under the circumstances, to continue the discussion, left his parishioner in possession of the field. Previously to this, when he was a member of Mr Lawson's¹ congregation, there was an utterance of his still more ill-timed. Having walked seven miles to Selkirk on a hot summer's day, the Saturday of the Communion, he was overcome with sleep, and dreaming that he was with some of his boon companions, he duly woke up in the middle of the

¹ Seceder minister at Selkirk.

service, exclaiming, "Come, lads, let's get the reckoning paid, for I've leisters to make for Lord Hume the nicht yet." This was a breach of propriety which could only be condoned by a compearance and reprimand before the congregation, to which, however, the culprit refused to submit.

Ministers occasionally get a retort which shuts their mouth. The Rev. Mr K—— had been a tutor in the family of Lord Chief-Baron Montgomery, who got him presented to S——. No great preacher at the best, he took his pulpit-work very easily, and made no great preparation when the patron's family were absent. The Chief-Baron, however, came out occasionally on Saturday evening from Edinburgh, when he was not looked for, and his appearance in the family pew took the minister by surprise. On one occasion the audience and the discourse were alike poor. The preacher hastened from the pulpit to pay his respects to his chief, when the following colloquy took place:—

"A very small audience to-day, Saunders!" (the familiar name by which he was addressed.)

"The weather was unfavourable," was the excuse.

"Nothing in the weather to prevent the people coming out," the Chief-Baron remarked; when the minister apologetically said—

"Had I known your lordship was to be here, I would have been better prepared."

The apology called forth the withering reproof, "Saunders, you should remember that the Lord Almighty is always here."

In general our peasantry are too glad to have a visit from their minister in cases of dangerous sickness or approaching death, and indeed are apt to

Chief-Baron
Montgomery.

Desire for
ministerial
visitation.

attach too much importance to it. There are exceptional cases. Old Nelly of the Fanns (Laidlaw), a shrewd woman of the world, and little accustomed to complain, was laid on a bed of sickness which threatened to be unto death. I paid her several visits, and, as an old acquaintance, was cordially enough received. Mr Gibson, then officiating at Kirkhope, called afterwards; and either because the cares of this world were at the moment pressing heavily upon her, or that she did not wish to think that she was then so near the borders of the world to come, the reception was of a colder cast. When the servant announced his arrival, the old woman very drily answered, "What has brought him here?"

After a few words of exhortation, he proposed they should join in prayer; when, to the vexation of her son, she interposed, "I canna do wi' ony *din*."

But so far from being too weak to be disturbed in that way, before he had retired from the door her tongue was going with its wonted volubility.

The late Mr Campbell of Selkirk had the brewery of Mr Haldane close on the approach to his manse. A good deal of dirty water and *débris* frequently spread over the road; and one day Mr Campbell called on David Haldane to remonstrate with him regarding the nuisance, and beg that it might be discontinued. Besides being unneighbourly, Mr Campbell added that it was contrary to certain Acts of Parliament.

"Acts of Parliament!" exclaimed the man of malt. "Acts of Parliament! It would be more like your profession if you were expounding the Acts of the Aposties."

It is usual for the minister of the parish, when

he attends the funeral of a member of his own congregation, to conduct the funeral service. On one occasion the rule was departed from. The beadle of Yarrow, Mungo Scott, residing at Whitefield, had lost a daughter. The funeral was on the Sabbath forenoon, as in those days often happened—the purpose being to secure a number of hands to carry the coffin when hearses were not used. My father was in attendance. After the company had met, Mr Ballantyne, Whitehope, asked my father to offer up a prayer; when Mungo, his own beadle, and father of the deceased, determined to be priest in his own house, at once doffed his blue bonnet, and, to the astonishment of all present, proceeded to pray.

The minister
superseded

It is usual also, when the parish minister goes to a cottage in his round of visitation, to conduct a short religious service, if agreeable to the occupant, when belonging to another denomination. In this way I visited a family of the Congregational persuasion at Fauldshope, and had no sooner concluded a prayer than the head of the household abruptly broke in with his. It was done, I believe, from the kindest motives, and in the fulness of his heart—the purport of it being that our Christian fellowship might be sanctified and my ministerial labours be blessed.

and assisted.

People have sometimes a quaint and curious way of expressing themselves that strikes a stranger. Instead of begging any one to say grace at a meal, the formula is occasionally, “Set us agoing,” which conveys the pleasing idea that the blessing is an essential preliminary to the breaking of bread.

Quaint ex-
pressions.

Old James Mitchell used to complain of his guests that they were very “partial”—not a very

intelligible expression, but apparently hinting that they were not making the round of the good things on the table.

There were in my father's early days two farmers, brothers, of the name of Scott, in Catslacknowe. One of them died, leaving no family. The son of the other, hoping to get his uncle's share of the farm, inquired, "Father, what are ye going to do now?" which elicited the answer, while he suited the action to the word, "Rob, I'm going to be master, so long as I can wag that little finger."

Mr Walter Anderson, farmer, Crosscleuch, was, what farmers are often charged with being, somewhat of a grumbler. When the weather was not exactly to his mind, and especially if there was a long continuance of wind and rain, and damage threatened to the hay crop, he used to say, forgetting that he was reproaching Providence, that such weather was "a perfect shame to be seen."

Zeal.

As a proof of what zeal, or rather superstition, will do, the following may be mentioned. A family of Stewarts, Cameronians, lived in the parish of Ashkirk when one of its members died. The burial-ground was St Mary's churchyard, about fifteen miles across the moors. The mourners passed by Sundhope on their way. On the day of burial there was a perfect torrent of rain, and the burns and rivers were in high flood. The late Mr Anderson had a horse and cart waiting to take the bearers and their burden across the swollen stream. But, no! the party would not accept the assistance; and in they plunged, almost waist-deep!

CHAPTER VIII.

EMINENT PERSONS CONNECTED WITH YARROW—SIR WALTER
SCOTT—WILLIAM LAIDLAW—JAMES HOGG—WORDSWORTH—
TIBBIE SHIEL.

WE have to enrol the name of Sir Walter Scott among the eminent men connected with Yarrow. For eight years after the death of Colonel Russell—from 1804 to 1812—Ashiestiel was the country residence of his nephew. Scott may be regarded, indeed, as the central figure in the distinguished group, because connected with almost all of them by direct descent or family ties, intimate friendship or literary fame. His removal from Lasswade to Ashiestiel, besides fulfilling the requirements of the law as Sheriff of Selkirkshire, had many advantages. It brought him within the margin of the Borderland, with whose scenery he was already familiar, whose minstrelsy he had preserved, and in whose legends he delighted. An easy ride across the hills took him to his favourite stream—the classic Yarrow. One of its upland and now ruined towers reminded him of the “Flower of Yarrow,” from whom he was proud of being lineally descended. In its quiet churchyard reposed the dust of his great-grand-

Sir Walter
Scott.

father, by the mother's side,¹—the Rev. J. Rutherford; and many a visit he paid to the large memorial tablet, or, as he styled it, "a pilgrimage to the shrine of his ancestors." Lower down the valley, arose "Newark's stately tower;" and close by, "sweet Bowhill," the residence of his chief, whose large estates all around afforded the bard of the clan, then in his manly prime, every variety of field-sport.

The mansion of Ashiestiel, beautiful for situation on the Tweed, and interesting to the antiquarian as having grown up around the old tower, was quite to his taste. The house, though comparatively a small one, and with the inconvenience of five outer doors, was amply sufficient for the accommodation of a few choice friends. His favourite recreations, in which they were delighted to share, were greyhound coursing on the moors; leistering salmon, or what was called the "burning of the water," of which he has given a glowing description in 'Guy Mannering;' and exercise on horseback. The management of his small farm, and the care of his distant relative's woods, gave him healthful occupation in the intervals of the chase.

He was fortunate in securing the most faithful and devoted of servants, who were uniformly treated as if they had been members of his family. Two of them entered his employment about the same time—Tom Purdie as farm-steward, and Peter Mathison as coachman—who continued his affectionately de-

¹ It was from his mother that he inherited his talents. She had mental powers of a high order, and as the daughter of an eminently learned physician, she had received the best education of the day, and was noted for her various accomplishments. By no means comely, at least after the bloom of youth, she was still studious of her personal appearance; and when she sat for her portrait to Raeburn, her instruction to the artist was, "Mak' me bonnie."

voted friends from this time until death parted them. Purdie's death was like a death-blow to his attached master.

Another important part of the establishment was his favourite horses and dogs; and so much a feature were they in the place, and such the mutual attachment, that it has been quaintly but truly said that "Scott's life might be fairly divided—just as history is divided into reigns—by the succession of these humble friends."

While he had these attractions out of doors, there was everything within to make a cheerful home. He had a wife that idolised him, and stood up stoutly for his reputation, and olive-branches growing up rapidly around his table—the little "prattlers" by his side. His income from continued legal and literary pursuits sufficed for the exercise of a moderate hospitality; for as yet, though known to fame, he was not encumbered with the crowd of strangers of all kinds and from all quarters of the world, which afterwards made Lady Scott speak of their domicile as "de Abbotsford Hotel, but without de pay." As yet, too, he was free from the corroding cares and financial difficulties that clouded the evening of his days. Having thus all that heart could wish, the eight years he spent at Ashiestiel were, by his own admission, the happiest in his eventful life.

There was one thing he prized greatly in this pastoral retreat—viz., the comparative leisure he enjoyed for the exercise of his pen, a leisure greater than he enjoyed before or afterwards, and which was carefully turned to good account. The Forest supplied him with ample materials, and was indeed

"Meet nurse for a poetic child."

Besides executing much work which would have established the reputation of any man, it was from Ashiestiel that he sent forth 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and there he composed 'Marmion' with much care. The closing stanzas of the one, and the introductions to the first and second cantos of the other, containing as they do glowing and picturesque descriptions of his mountain home on the Tweed — the classic Yarrow suggesting doughty deeds and proud huntings in days of yore — the scenery and associations of

"Lone St Mary's silent lake,"—

proved that the Forest, to which he had somewhat reluctantly migrated, could supply ample materials for his pen. 'The Lady of the Lake,' where the scene is transferred from the Lowlands to the Highlands, and which kept up the prestige of its predecessors, came out before he took his departure from Ashiestiel. It was there, too, he wrote the opening chapters of 'Waverley,' which, having been regarded unfavourably by a friend, was laid aside, till it was resumed, extended, and published ten years afterwards, the first of a numerous series of novels from his fertile brain, that were of world-wide fame, and worthy of one who, as he sometimes facetiously described himself, "had an attic storey to his head." Amid many changes, there is still much at Ashiestiel to recall the great poet-tenant, who was once the *genius loci*. The small square room in which he was wont to write remains much as it was, but now fitted up as an armoury and library. A large folding arm-chair may also be seen, which was taken to Abbotsford during his last illness for the repose of his shattered frame,

and afterwards restored to its place. The old ford in the river, now disused, at the entrance to which formerly stood "the riding stone," as a guide to horsemen when it would be safe to cross, has an interest, as the scene of many an adventure and misadventure. Sometimes accidents occurred when Tweed's fair river was neither broad nor deep. It chanced upon a time that Dr Leyden was a guest of Sir Walter. One day after lunch, at which they were joined by Mr Laidlaw, the mighty tenant of Peel, the three went out on horseback, taking the road across the water. The author of the 'Scenes of Infancy' was mounted on a pony belonging to the farm, and being in great spirits, he began to descant on the wonderful docility of the Arab horses, and the skilful manner in which their owners managed them. Just when he was gathering up the reins and about to give a practical illustration of their feats of horsemanship, a sharp turn in the road was reached. The pony, descrying the water where it was wont to drink, made a sudden bolt, and rushing down the steep descent, plunged the unprepared rider right into the water. As he rose from his cooling bath, Laidlaw, laughing the while in his sleeve, with a sly humour, sang out to his discomfited friend, "Ay, ay, Dr Leyden; is that the way the Arabs ride? I think there's no' mony o' us will follow their example." The ford, never a good one, was perilous after a flood, being converted into a deep pool. Scott himself was wont to swim over on his charger. A kitchen-range, pitched out of an upset cart, lay for weeks in its depths as a horse-trap. Hard by stands a noble old oak, about twelve feet in circumference, spreading its umbrageous branches over the river

Dr Leyden's
misadventure.

and its bank, that used to be an object of admiration and place of retreat to the poet. He might have addressed it as he does "yon lovely thorn," which he personifies and bids recount

"The changes of his parent dell."

The "Shirra's Knowe."

There is, however, another spot with which he was more closely identified. This is a knoll on the adjoining farm of Peel, covered with some tall old ashes, beneath whose shade much of his poetry was penned, and where at eventide he went out to meditate. It still bears the name of the "Shirra's Knowe." With nothing to disturb his reverie, with no sound to reach his ear save the gentle murmur of Glenkinnon Burn, no wonder that it was a familiar haunt. How dear to him must have been the spot, when he used to say that the greatest compliment he had ever received in his life was from the neighbouring unsentimental farmer, who, for years after he had left, had been at special pains to keep his favourite turf-seat in good repair. How dear to him, indeed, was the whole scenery of the Tweed and its tributaries, with a fondness ever-deepening as life drew to a close! When he felt in his sojourn abroad that the hand of death was upon him, his yearnings for home were intense—

"Moritur et moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos." ¹

It would almost seem as if he had an early presentiment of such a longing, for the prayer he put

¹ [This line is quoted after Sir Walter Scott; but it is inaccurate. The original, referring to Antores in the *Æneid*, is—

"Cœlumque

Adspicit, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos."

into the lips of the aged minstrel, the creation of his fancy, was afterwards precisely his own; and most appropriately are the verses inscribed on the monument erected to his memory in the town where he so long presided as Sheriff:—

“By Yarrow’s stream still let me stray,
 Though none should guide my feeble way;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
 Although it chill my withered cheek.”

Another remarkable man in many ways was William Laidlaw, so long the cherished and confidential friend of Sir Walter. He was born in 1780 at Blackhouse, on the Douglas Burn, under the shadow of its ruined tower. It was there that Scott made his acquaintance, in one of his frequent excursions into the uplands of the Forest, to add to his store of ballads. Laidlaw was then a very young man; but the extent of his acquirements was already as marked as the vigour and originality of his mind. Finding his enthusiasm about the Border minstrelsy almost equal to his own, the compiler took to him at once, and the correspondence which began shows that the new acquaintance warmed into a very tender affection. After Laidlaw had prosecuted, somewhat unsuccessfully, the vocation of a farmer in different places, Sir Walter invited him to Kaeside, close by Abbotsford, where he might enjoy his society as a neighbour, aid him in any literary efforts, and make him at the same time factotum on his estate. This offer was accepted with the greatest possible delight—holding out, as it did, the prospect of spending the remainder of what hitherto had been a checkered life under the shadow of the genius which he had

William
 Laidlaw.

worshipped almost from boyhood. Nor was this all. It brought him into daily contact and intercourse with the leading literary and scientific men of the day; and such competent judges as Wordsworth, Wilkie, Davy, Mackenzie, Moore, and Lockhart were invariably struck with his rich stores of varied information. So gifted by nature, so extensively read, and with such opportunities of cultivating his taste and enlarging his attainments, it is much to be regretted that he has left behind him no work on a scale worthy of his powers. He was content to admire the genius of others, rather than display his own. There were times, indeed, when he could not forbear, contrary to the task assigned, giving expression, whether of praise or protest, to the spirit that was in him. Among his multifarious and joyfully discharged duties was that of amanuensis, when his friend was disabled from plying his own ready pen by some disease or growing infirmity; but here his frank and open nature somewhat interfered with what should have been his purely mechanical task. Sometimes, as when the author was dictating the copy of the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' Laidlaw entered with such keen zest into the interest of the story that he could not suppress exclamations of surprise and delight, which did not tend to despatch. It was difficult when, as the Sheriff, and one whose name was a tower of strength, Sir Walter was required in 1831 by different parties, at the instance of Mr Pringle of Whytbank, to draw up against the impending Reform Bill an address which was designed to be adopted by the freeholders of the Forest. Again the friendly hand of William Laidlaw was called forth, and his political feelings were put to a pain-

ful trial. Sir Walter says in his diary: "Though he is on the t'other side on the subject, Mr Laidlaw thinks it the best thing I ever wrote." This might be; but there were certain modifications, which the amanuensis used to mention, but the diary ignores. The dictation had not proceeded far when expressions of reprobation were used, and Mr Laidlaw interposed—

"Hout, tout, Sir Walter, that will never do."

"Go on, Willie—go on," was the reply.

Again and again the same remonstrance was made and the same rejoinder given. The result proved that the remonstrant was in the right. The county gentlemen disliking the length and strength of the protest, which took four days to write, preferred a shorter one from the pen of Mr Eliott Lockhart of Borthwickbrae. This Sir Walter felt keenly, though he seeks to gloss over his disappointment in his journal.¹ Sir Walter's pecuniary difficulties (1827) made it necessary to dispense with Laidlaw's services for some years, when he found on the banks of his native Yarrow a domicile from which he could pay a weekly visit to Abbotsford, and hear how matters progressed. It was a happy day for both when he was once more reinstated in his former dwelling and duties. He took charge of the estate, till his loved master, after vain search of health abroad to restore his shattered frame and overwrought brain, returned to die. The familiar face was the one thing that roused him from his bewilderment after reaching his home; and, sad as it was to the onlooker to witness such a change, it gladdened his heart to be greeted with the affectionate welcome, "Ha, Willie Laid-

¹ [See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. ix. p. 41 *et seq.*]

law! Oh, man, how often I have thought of you!"¹

Laidlaw is known as the author of the article "Selkirkshire" in Sir David Brewster's 'Cyclopedia,' the 'Statistical Account of the Parish of Innerleithen,' and many valuable contributions to literary and agricultural journals.

"Lucy's
Flittin'."

Among a few published verses, the beautiful lyric of "Lucy's Flittin'" has long been a special favourite with the public, though it is doubtful if Laidlaw ever succeeded as a song-writer. A more simple and pathetic picture of the scene it describes it is impossible to conceive. It speaks loudly for his high sense of honour that, when pressed more than once to do what Boswell did by Johnson, 'to recall and reproduce the table-talk and familiar remarks of his idol, much as his friendship might be trusted with such a task, and much as it might have gratified the public, he stoutly and even indignantly repressed the idea.'²

[What follows on James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was delivered by Dr Russell in the form of a lecture more than once. The MS. is not to be found, and its contents are here reprinted from a notice of the lecture in the 'Southern Reporter,' as given at Selkirk, April 14, 1881.]

James Hogg,
the Ettrick
Shepherd.

The name of the Ettrick Shepherd still lingers among our hills as a household word; and while the rising generation may form some idea of his genius from his numerous works, and gather lessons of self-help from his striking example, it may interest them to be presented with a few personal reminis-

¹ [Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. x. p. 207. There is another version of this expression—"Ha, Willie Laidlaw! I know I'm at home now."—J. V.]

² [William Laidlaw died at Contin, near Dingwall, in 1845.]

cences of the man. As a lyric poet, he is often associated with Burns. The two, for many years contemporaries, might have met; and on one occasion were not far apart from each other, when Hogg was a shepherd among the hills of which Burns speaks, "whence classic Yarrow flows." The Ayrshire bard and his friend Mr Ainslie, on a walking excursion, left Kelso in the morning, and reached Selkirk early in the afternoon, tired and hungry from their trip. While partaking of some refreshment at the principal inn, they heard the loud sounds of merriment proceeding from the apartment above, on which Burns, with a tone of irony, said to the waiter, "My lad, you seem to have a prayer-meeting upstairs." "Oh na, sir!" was the reply; "it's juist a when o' the fermers an' their freends met thegither and enjoyin' themsel's, at a kind o' club they have." The poet then sent a polite message stating that two tourists, strangers to the town, had arrived, and would be glad to join the company. As two of the party were wont to relate long afterwards, looks were exchanged round the table, and inquiries made about the appearance of the men, when the waiter described them as being "very like country drovers!" Naturally enough, thinking they would be no great accession to the already hilarious circle, the members of the club instructed him to say that it would not be convenient. When it transpired next morning who the tourists were, they were chagrined above measure at having lost such an excellent opportunity, and the only one they ever had, of "a nicht wi' Burns." At that time Hogg was ignorant of his very existence—so slowly in those days did news travel; and it was not till the year after his death that he heard the name. The casual recital of

“Tam o’ Shanter” fired the ambition of the mountain swain; and this, followed by the tidings of the universal lamentation caused by Burns’s untimely decease, led him not only to ponder over the fate of the Ayrshire bard, but to resolve to become his rival. If he has not quite succeeded, the two have yet much in common. Both of them were leal-hearted Scotsmen, proud of the country of their birth. Both sprang from the people; and if the one followed his flock, the other

“Walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain-side.”¹

Both are among the best known and most popular of our song-writers. Both were remarkable for their convivial powers—the jests and flashes of merriment that set the table in a roar, while from that very cause they were occasionally tempted to prolong their sittings to the “wee short oor ayont the twal.” Both having had a good Bible training, and strongly imbued with religious feeling, have left behind them a few beautiful Hebrew melodies and gems of sacred poetry. Both had a long struggle with “pourtith cauld,” and were frequently frustrated in their most cherished aims; and resolving to leave for ever the scenes of their youth in search of fortune, the one had penned a “Farewell to Ayrshire,” the other a “Farewell to Ettrick.” Both amid their difficulties were favoured with gleams of sunshine from the patronage of the great; for if Burns received encouragement from the Earl of Glencairn, Hogg found friends more generous far in the successive Dukes and the late amiable Duchess of Buccleuch. Both,

¹ [From Wordsworth’s “Leech Gatherer; or, Resolution and Independence.”]

when introduced to the best literary society of Edinburgh, conscious of their powers, were completely at home—mingling in the table-talk with an ease that astonished the circle around. The fame of both has extended to other lands, while the centenary celebrations and memorials of stone at home are the records of the high estimation in which they are held by their fellow-countrymen.

In his autobiography, Hogg says that he was born on the 25th January 1772, but he was wrong as to the day as well as the year. In fixing on the anniversary of the birth of Burns, there was perhaps the latent idea that he was to take up the harp that had fallen from the hand of the earlier bard; and what was a poetic fancy at the first seems to have been repeated so often that it came to be regarded as a fact. Then, as to the year, he was at length undeceived by the parish register, which records his baptism on the 9th December 1770. I remember his expressing deep regret at the discovery he had made, inasmuch as “he had two years less to live,” forgetting that he had lived these two years already. There is no doubt as to the place of his nativity—a humble cottage at Ettrickhall; a stone with his initials, built into the wall by the wayside, marks the spot where it stood. His father, Robert Hogg, was in no way remarkable. Originally a shepherd, by exchanging his calling for that of a farmer, he had brought himself to the verge of bankruptcy before the poet’s birth. His mother, Margaret Laidlaw, was a person of a very different stamp, distinguished by her strong natural talent, true Scottish humour, and abundant Border lore, in the shape of ballads, songs, and traditional stories. Her songs lulled his infancy; her ballads amused

Date of
Hogg’s birth.

Margaret
Laidlaw.

his boyhood; her stories were often, but never too often, told in his hearing; and these, drunk in at an early period, formed the groundwork of his intellectual being, deeply impressing his memory and inspiring his minstrelsy. He has himself depicted with characteristic simplicity and detail the poverty of his birth, the briefness of his school-days—a few months in all, at desultory intervals; and the scantiness of his education—consisting of a little reading, an apology for writing, and no arithmetic. When only seven years of age he was sent to service, upon a half-year's wage of a ewe-lamb and a pair of shoes. For many years he was a cowherd, which he looked upon as the lowest of employments, or engaged on the rough general work of a farm. Every pittance he earned he handed directly to his parents, who in return supplied him with what poor clothing he had. Two shirts were the most he could muster, which grew so rickety that he was afraid to get out of them, in case he might never again get in. It was not till he reached the age of sixteen that he attained the object of his ambition, and as his true manhood assumed the shepherd's plaid that had been worn by generations of his fathers. He had now more time for reading, but the difficulties in the way well-nigh daunted him. If it was poetry he attempted, before he had got to the end of a line he had commonly lost the rhyme of the preceding one. As to correspondence, even with his family, it was almost out of the question, for he had actually forgotten how to form several letters of the alphabet. He had either to have recourse to print, or patch up the words the best way he could without them. Accordingly, when, some years after, he contemplated appearing before

Hogg's early life.

the public as an author, writing out his songs was a more serious affair than a race or a wrestling-match. He first stripped off his coat and vest; yet, notwithstanding, his wrist took the cramp, so that he rarely could make out more than six lines at a sitting. These were difficulties with which Burns had never to contend. After all, even with the best elementary education, eminent men of letters are sometimes poor men of *letters*, so far as penmanship is concerned. Dr Chalmers, for instance, used to tell that when he was at college his father generally hung up his epistles on a peg till he came home to read them himself; and if at any time one appeared plainer than the rest, he remarked, "Tam maun be writin' for siller!" It says much for the perseverance of the self-cultivated bard, that after such an unpromising commencement, he acquired a penmanship at least distinct and legible.

It was a happy change when, in 1790, having reached his twentieth year, he came to Blackhouse, the ten years he spent in that glen being a marked era in his history. He has been described at that period "as rather above the middle height, of faultless symmetry of form, and of almost unequalled agility and swiftness. His face was round and full, and of a ruddy complexion, with light-blue eyes, that beamed with gaiety, glee, and good-humour—the effect of the most exuberant animal spirits. His head was covered with a singular profusion of light-brown hair, which he was obliged to wear coiled up under his hat. On entering church, he used, on lifting his hat, to assist with a graceful shake of his head in laying back his long tresses, which rolled down below his loins; and many an eye was turned on him as with light steps he ascended the stair to

At Black-
house.

the gallery, where he sat.”¹ So much for his personal appearance. But what of his intellectual development? His master, Mr Laidlaw, treated him with the kindness of a father, and allowed him the free use of a considerable library, of which the Shepherd eagerly availed himself. But better than any book-lore was the intimacy he formed with his master’s son, who directed his studies, criticised his rude literary attempts, and whose companionship and advice in after-life were invaluable.

It might be a surprise, but doubtless, also, a satisfaction, to the members of the Mutual Improvement Society, on whose invitation I appear here,² to be told that they were anticipated in their good work well-nigh a century ago in the mountain solitudes and among the shepherds of the Forest. A club was formed of Hogg, his elder brother, his friend Laidlaw, and Mr Alexander Laidlaw, afterwards farmer of Bowerhope, for mutual improvement and mental culture. Shut out from the busy world, but conscious of their powers, they were preparing themselves to take part in it by acting on Solomon’s axiom—“As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.” The subjects they discussed were of that useful practical character which fitted them for a higher occupation and a wider sphere of action than that in which their lot had been cast; and they were all subsequently more or less distinguished by contributions to literary periodicals and essays which were awarded prizes by the Highland Society. Their meetings were frequent, the

¹ [From a description by William Laidlaw, slightly changed. See ‘Memorials of James Hogg,’ pp. 21, 22.—J. V.]

² [This refers to the occasion on which the lecture was delivered.]

place of rendezvous being a lonely cottage at Ettrick-head, and about twenty miles distant from Blackhouse. So zealous was Hogg in the cause, that on one occasion he set out under a threatening sky, the plaid round his shoulders, and the essay for the evening in his pocket. It proved the beginning of the long storm of 1794, of which he has given a graphic account in his 'Shepherd's Calendar;' and after it fairly burst, and he had battled manfully with the elements, he was reluctantly compelled to abandon the journey midway. But besides these formal meetings, others often occurred casually, and in the open air, at which they discussed their favourite themes, and where, as might be expected, poetry held a due place.

The ten years at Blackhouse were the spring-time of the Shepherd's genius. In the long winter evenings and summer days, opportunities for reading were never wanting. On the hills, with his dog Hector, he was left very much to his own meditations. There he saw nature in all her varied aspects, and had communings with her; there he pondered on the mystic legends and fairy-tales of the past; and there, as he nourished his genius, he would indulge bright dreams of astonishing the world by the creations of his fancy in after-years. It was but little he accomplished while in the glen, and his first efforts at versification—he himself being judge—were somewhat poor; but, what was flattering to his vanity, they procured him the title of "Jamie the poeter." There was one song, however, which he composed and had put in print before leaving Blackhouse, which was received with prodigious enthusiasm at the time, and has been a favourite ever since—viz., "Donald M'Donald." The occasion

Early poetic efforts.

of it was the threatened invasion of Britain by Bonaparte; and breathing as it did so much of the spirit of hostile welcome and defiance, it was sung with hearty applause at clubs, convivial parties, and political associations. Many amusing anecdotes were told by the writer in connection with it, one of which might suffice. "I once heard it sung," he says, "in the theatre at Lancaster. It took exceedingly well, and was three times encored; and there was I sitting in the gallery applauding as much as the rest. My vanity prompted me to tell a jolly Yorkshire manufacturer that night that I was the author of the song. He laughed excessively at my presumption, and told the landlady that he took me for a half-crazed Scotch pedlar!"

In Ettrick.

In 1800 Hogg went back to his native valley, to assist his old father in the management of his small farm. It was there that Mr Scott, afterwards Sir Walter, under the guidance of Laidlaw, first made his acquaintance, and that of his mother, who was a perfect repository of old ballads. After singing "Auld Maitland" to the author of the Border Minstrelsy, a curious colloquy took place. He asked if it had been printed, and received the caustic answer — "Oo, na, na, sir, it was never prentit i' the world; for ma brothers and me learned it frae auld Andrew Moor, an' he learned it and mony mae frae auld Babby Mettlin [Maitland], that was house-keeper to the first laird o' Tushilaw." "Then that must be a very auld story, indeed," said he. "Ay, it is that! It is an auld story! But mair nor that, except George Wharton and James Stuart, there was never ane o' ma sangs prentit till ye prentit them yersel', an' ye hae spoilt them atgegither. They war made for singing, an' no' for reading;

and they're nouthar richt spelled nor richt setten' down." ¹ Laidlaw enjoyed the joke amazingly, laughed heartily, and said, "Take ye that, Mr Scott." The party next day paid a visit to the ruins of the old chapel of Buccleuch, in hopes of finding the stone font of blue marble out of which the ancient heirs of the noble house had been baptised. Mr Scott thought he had discovered at least an ancient helmet; but Laidlaw pronounced it to be a piece of a tar-pot, which turned the laugh against the Sheriff again, so that, half mortified and half amused, he strode away, muttering, "We've just ridden all the way to see that nothing was to be seen." Innumerable stories might be told of the strange and entertaining things that were said and done by the Shepherd, when many a time and oft he was the guest of his best patron and warmest friend—whether they met around the dining-table, at the "burning of the water," a coursing match, or gymnastic games.

After a few years spent in Ettrick, the next decade was a series of adventures, or rather *mis*-adventures; it was filled up with several journeys to the Highlands, and various attempts to establish himself as a sheep farmer, from which he returned even poorer than before. He now resolved on following literature as a profession. 'The Mountain Bard' was the first considerable work he brought out; and of some of the ballads Scott and Southey speak in terms of the highest praise. This was followed by a treatise "On Sheep," in which he was quite at home. 'The

In the
Highlands.

¹ [For the somewhat inaccurate version of this anecdote given in the first edition I have substituted the narrative of Hogg himself, as given in his 'Autobiography'—vol. ii. p. 461, Thomson's ed.—J. V.]

Brownie of Bodsbeck'—a tale of the persecuted Covenanters, drawn partly from history, partly from traditionary sources—his best prose work, had a wide and well-merited popularity. Then came a memorable era in the Shepherd's life—his crowning work, which, if it did not greatly add to his riches, increased his reputation. When 'The Queen's Wake' appeared, the literary world was taken by surprise. He might say, like Byron on the morning after the publication of 'Childe Harold,' "I awoke and found myself famous." The idea was a novel and happy one. Each ballad has a beauty and witchery of its own. By undivided consent, however, the palm has been assigned to "Kilmeny," which, for beauty of description and ethereal brightness of colouring has never been approached. No wonder the writer has been felicitously termed "Poet-Laureate of the Fairies."

At Altrive.

In 1817 he came to settle permanently in Yarrow, at Altrive Lake, a piece of ground given him rent free by the liberality of the late Duke of Buccleuch. After the death of his amiable Duchess—a loss he himself never recovered—he said one day to Scott, "My friend, I must now consider this poor man's case as *her* legacy;" and to this feeling Hogg owed his new possession. By this time his fame had spread and attracted visitors from a distance. Accordingly, when a new house became necessary to supersede the "auld clay biggin," the instructions to the architect were very simple, but one of them somewhat singular—viz., "he must so arrange the apartments, that all the reek should come oot at ae lum!" As the kitchen-fire was supposed to be always going, there would thus be no outward indication of his being at home or abroad—

a professed protection against the tribes of tourists that were beginning to tax his time and tread on his hospitality. Hitherto he had lived a bachelor, but by-and-by he discovered that there was a higher than single blessedness, and brought home a most excellent wife.¹ This led to an addition to the house; and by way of adding to his income, he took a lease of the neighbouring farm of Mount Benger. But farming was never the Shepherd's *forte*, and this step only increased his difficulties.

[Dr Russell then proceeded in an interesting and humorous manner to describe the Shepherd in his various avocations—as he appeared with fishing-rod in hand; in his shooting-jacket on the 12th of August, followed by his greyhounds, as expert in their duties as his faithful Hector and Sirrah had been in theirs; at a public entertainment; at a country wedding, where he was always welcome, as the life and soul of the party; and in keeping up the ancient sports of his countrymen.]

Sometimes Hogg's tastes took an antiquarian direction, as in digging a Druid's grave. Sometimes our versatile hero set himself to the investigation of

Hogg's
tastes.

¹ [The following letter has been preserved:—

“ALTRIVE LAKE, *May 5, 1820.*

“REV. SIR,—It was my sincere wish that my partner and I should have been united by you, there being no divine of our Church for whom I have ever had such a sincere regard and unchanged esteem. But I found that, owing to the distance of our places of residence, my scheme was impracticable. I had, however, in the view of it, ordered you out the best hat the city could afford; and I beg that you will still accept of it as a small testimony of my affection and esteem for your friendship. We would be happy if you and any of the ladies would honour us with a call as soon as convenient; and if you could dine and spend the afternoon so much the better.—Yours ever,
most respectfully,
JAMES HOGG.

“Rev. Dr RUSSELL, Yarrow.”]

a disputed question in natural history, as in proving that the parr was the young of the salmon. One marked feature in his character was his intense sympathy with the joys and sorrows of cottage life, and his generous aid in bringing the means of education (all the more valued from his own early disadvantages) within the reach of the peasantry around him. It was in the bosom of his own family, however, where he entered into all their innocent glee, that he was seen to most advantage. It speaks volumes for his home affections, that when spending a season in London, near the close of his life, and where he was fêted and flattered by all parties, he sent down a "New Year's gift" for his children, in the form of a few simple prayers and hymns, written expressly for their use. As the kind master of a household, indulgent to a fault, he was wont, as the Sabbath evening came round, and following the example of Burns, to take down "the big ha' Bible" for family worship, and exercise his children and domestics in the Shorter Catechism.

Decline of
health.

In the three months' visit to the south already referred to, he was quite a lion to the Londoners. Many were familiar with his name—some had read his works—others had wondered at the brilliant, mingled with the racy and ridiculous, things put into his mouth by Wilson in the 'Noctes.' He was accordingly followed and feasted by the highest in rank and literature, while his quaint sayings and queer doings were remarked and retailed by all parties. He returned home pleased with himself and all the world, and under the belief that after such a campaign he had many long years of health and happiness before him. Alas! he was reckoning without his host. That round of gaiety and excite-

ment, maintained for months, from which he augured that his iron constitution was unimpaired, was the very means of undermining it. That robust frame began to give way—he appeared less at kirk and market, and even those sports of which he was so fond had less zest than before. One fine day in July he asked his son to accompany him to Blackhouse on horseback, an exercise he had not ventured on for years. He took a long sweep round the hills and the place where the seven brethren fell, and pointed out all the scenes amidst which he had spent some of his happiest days. Shortly afterwards they were on the moors again, for he would not miss the 12th of August while he was able to carry a gun. He requested his son to go with him along the heights of Riskenhope. They came to an opening where a glimpse was to be had of the valley of the Ettrick, and the cottage in which he was born. He sat down to gaze at them, and remained in solemn and undisturbed silence for half an hour, as if he felt that that look would be the last; and so it was. Not long after he was seized with a sudden attack of jaundice—an alarming disease for one that had reached his years. Often I saw him, an uncomplaining sufferer, as he lay on a bed of sickness, when the hand of death had touched him. I came again, but it was to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, for the silver cord had just been loosed, and the golden bowl broken. In a few days more they bore him to the quiet churchyard of Ettrick, near to the spot where he had first drawn breath, and laid him in the place of his fathers' sepulchres. Many a sorrowing friend was there, many a shepherd in his grey plaid; and one was there, beside his only son, who might be called the chief mourner,

for he loved him with the affection of a brother.
Who that was present could forget the noble form



THE BURIAL-PLACES OF HOGG AND BOSTON.

of John Wilson—a model for a sculptor—as he stood
at the top of the grave, his cloak wrapt around him,

his head uncovered, his long auburn hair streaming in the wind, while tears flowed down his manly countenance? Absorbed in his own sad and solemn meditations, with difficulty he tore himself away from the dust of one so dear to him. But if the poet departs, not so the words he leaves behind him; and in the case of the Shepherd, there are many the world would not willingly let die.

According to Lockhart, Scott looked on him as the most remarkable man that ever wore the maud of a shepherd. He found in him a brother poet, a true son of nature and of genius. It might be thought these sentiments were inspired by warm friendship and personal liking for the man. But the estimation in which he was held when living has not abated, but rather increased, after more than half a century has passed by. Take, for example, a few sentences from one to whom Hogg was known solely by his works, who was intimately familiar with the facts of Border history, as well as the beauties of Border literature and poetry, and who, a hard-headed logician, was not likely to be carried away by any freak of fancy. It is in these appreciative terms that Professor Veitch speaks of him: "The Ettrick Shepherd stands out in this century as one of the Scotchmen of truest, finest native genius, filling a place in Scottish poetry which is unique, having done certain things which no other Scottish poet has done so well. . . . When shall we see such another shepherd? There is not in all Border history a more complete type of a man of power, nourished by the Border glens and streams, haughs and hills, story, ballad, and tradition, than he. There is no more complete example anywhere of the rise to

Scott's estimate of Hogg.

intellectual eminence of a nearly entirely self-taught man. What exquisite sweetness, melody, and truthfulness to nature in many of his lyrics and descriptions!"¹

Wordsworth.

Wordsworth, though neither a native nor a resident in Yarrow, paid passing visits to its vale, and will have his name associated with it so long as his beautiful poems, which it inspired, shall survive. To show what a bright and vivid impression its scenery and associations had made on his memory, I may be permitted to mention an interview which I had with him many long years afterwards. It was on my first visit to the English lakes, in September 1842. I was staying at the hotel at Ambleside; and, before leaving, it occurred to me to take a walk in the direction of Rydal Water. It was a lovely forenoon; and, lured by the beauty of the scenery, I sauntered on till I was close on Rydal Mount. A feeling of regret arose that I had not asked a letter of introduction to the poet from the widow of the Ettrick Shepherd, still resident in my parish, and at whose request I had written an intimation of the Shepherd's death to Wordsworth. It was too late, however, for that; and I thought—"Well, if I cannot see the bard

¹ 'History and Poetry of the Scottish Border,' pp. 485, 492. (2d ed., vol. ii., pp. 284, 285).

[The following "testimonial" was written for some purpose of which we are not now aware; but it is interesting as showing the opinion the Ettrick Shepherd held regarding Mr Russell:—

"ALTRIVE LAKE, Dec. 7, 1833.

"I have known Mr James Russell intimately from his boyhood, and have marked his whole progress in learning with admiration. I esteem him very highly as an associate, a gentleman, and a sound and eloquent preacher of the Gospel of Jesus. And I venture my credit that, with the blessing of God, he will prove a most useful and profitable pastor to any congregation, both for example and precept.

JAMES HOGG."]

himself, I should like to have a look at this 'Poet's Corner,' where he has so long taken up his abode." I accordingly knocked at the lodge, and asked if there would be any objections to my taking a walk in the grounds. The keeper said very politely that if I would send in my name I would get permission at once; to which I replied that if that was necessary I would not disturb the family, as I was an entire stranger. By way of compensation, I wandered up the hill behind, where I had a charming view of the premises, as well as of the two valleys and sheets of water—Windermere and Rydal. On descending, I saw a party of three pacing slowly up and down the approach that led to the cottage. I recognised the venerable poet at once—then, I think, in his 72d year—from his resemblance to a medallion I had often seen of him on a silver snuff-box of Professor Wilson's. The two others were his wife and one of his sons. I watched the garden parade till a servant appeared with a wheelbarrow and luggage, which was taken down to the public road, along which the mail-coach was soon expected to pass. The family party accompanied it, while I followed at a respectful distance. Mrs Wordsworth and her son went to make a call at a cottage, while the old man stood guard over the luggage. Now or never, thought I; there is an opportunity of exchanging a few words with this great man.

Accordingly, plucking up courage, I stepped forward and said, "Mr Wordsworth, I have no right to intrude upon you, for I have no letter of introduction, but I come from a part of the country which you know something about." Interview.

"Where is that, sir?"

“I come from Yarrow; or rather, I should say, I am the minister of Yarrow.”

“To me, my dear sir, that is the best of all introductions,” was the hearty answer, while he warmly shook my hand. “Yarrow! a name that will be ever dear to me. I have written some small things about that pastoral valley, which you may have come across in the course of your reading.”

I instantly rejoined—

“Oh, Mr Wordsworth, who has not read those exquisite poems of yours, that have doubled the charm which had gathered round our classic ‘braes’ before?”

He then gave me an account of the circumstances under which his successive poetical effusions were framed. He described his coming, in 1803, to Clovenfords and Melrose, where he had a tryst with Scott, but had not time to turn aside to the tributary stream. His feelings of regret found expression in ‘Yarrow Unvisited.’ That, I remarked, is now a long time ago—forty years, save one!

“Yes,” he replied; “just forty years, save one! and what changes since!”

He proceeded to speak of the time when his long-cherished dream, many years afterwards, was realised, and to tell me in the substance, if not the words, of his own stanza—

“When first descending from the moorlands,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Etrick Shepherd was my guide.”

He spoke of Hogg’s poetry, of the primitive cottage in which he dwelt, his old father, who lived with him, of some of whose peculiarities Scott had told

him. I was able to give him in return full particulars of Mrs Hogg and her family at Altrive Lake, in which he was greatly interested. Resuming the thread of his story, he proceeded, with much emotion, to portray his last visit. "I had come down with my daughter to Abbotsford, to take farewell of Sir Walter, just before his setting out on his journey to the Continent, from which he returned to die. We spent two days with him; and, according to his wont with visitors for that period, the first day's excursion was to Melrose, the next to Newark. It was then and there the idea occurred to me of 'Yarrow Revisited.' It was a most interesting but in many respects a melancholy visit. Sir Walter was sadly changed from the days of other years. When he got upon his old stories, he told them very much with his former humour and zest, but the story was no sooner over than the cloud closed in on that noble intellect. He gave my daughter, ere we parted, a book of poetry (Crabbe's, I think), and I said, 'Now, Sir Walter, you must enhance the gift by writing your name on the volume.' He did so; but the dear old man made a mistake in spelling his own name."

We then talked of the various Lake poets; of Southey's great grief and domestic affliction; among the rest, of Professor Wilson. I mentioned that I had been one of his students; that I had just been reading his *éloge* on Burns in an essay introductory to an edition of his works; and that while it was most appreciative of the genius of the poet, I thought it was too apologetic of his errors. "Yes, I love Wilson as a son, but his essay is too much of a whitewashing of Burns; and I regret it all the more for its influence on young men, coming as it

does from your Professor of Moral Philosophy. When I was in the land of Burns, I heard, on the best authority, that his death was brought on by lying out all night exposed, after being at a drunken convivial party. I, too, in my time, have written two poems on Burns,¹ and spoken of him with the reverence due to the genius of a great man, but without attempting to conceal his faults."

All the time of our wayside interview the poet stood in close juxtaposition to me, speaking, as it were, into my ear, which was due, I believe, to his failing sight. After more talk on other topics, I took leave of him by saying, "I fear, Mr Wordsworth, now that your tuneful brethren all are fled, the Forest Sheriff gone,

' And death upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-Poet's eyes,'

there will be little inducement to visit these Forest scenes again; but if you do, I trust you will make the manse of Yarrow your home, and take the minister of Yarrow as your guide." To which he kindly replied, "I do hope some time or other to renew my acquaintance with that classic ground, with which I have so many dear associations; and I won't fail to take advantage of your proffered hospitality." He then, with a hearty grasp of the hand, bade me adieu.

This intention was never carried out. A good many years afterwards, in company with a friend from the Forest (Dr Anderson of Selkirk), I called for Mr Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, but found he

¹ [Probably "At the Grave of Burns," 1803; "To the Sons of Burns," 1803.—J. V.]

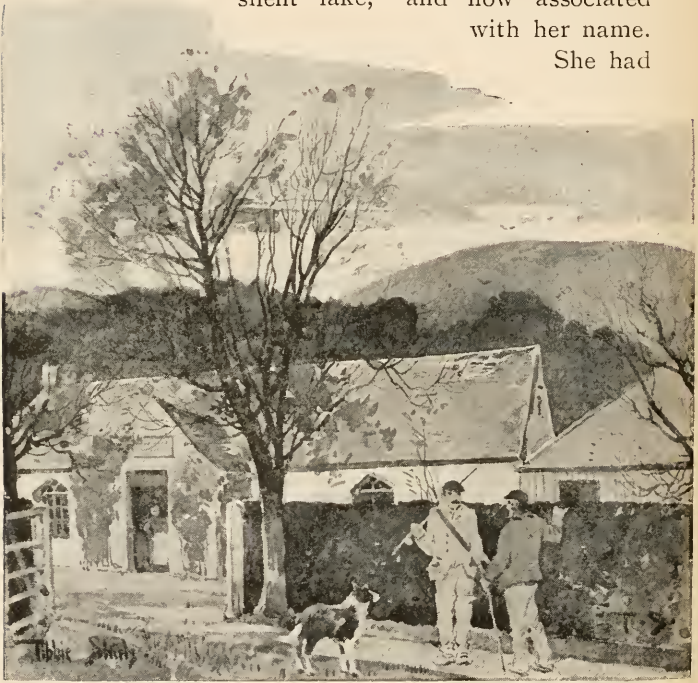
was not at home. Walking on to the little inn at Grasmere, and waiting there for the coach, we met with Hartley Coleridge, who explained to us the reason of the poet's absence. Young Coleridge—himself a poet of no mean order, but not of the steadiest habits—who was at that time a ward of Wordsworth's, told us that "he had gone on a visit to the M.P. for the district, with a view of enlisting his influence against a threatened invasion. A railway was projected into the Lake scenery. The poet felt as if the railway was to pass through his own body—the iron had entered his soul—his blood was up; and he was determined to do his utmost to avert the profanation." The M.P., however, was powerless, or unwilling to exercise any influence he might have. Wordsworth next invoked another power—the Spirit of the Lakes—and a strong poetical remonstrance was addressed to the promoters; but, alas! they were deaf to the voice of the charmer. The railway was constructed accordingly, and proved a boon rather than bane, affording new facilities for tourists visiting the Lake scenery, by bringing them to its borders.¹

Associated with these eminent persons, mention must be made of a Yarrow parishioner of humbler origin, but whose name is known far and wide—Tibbie Shiel. She has been already referred to, but further notice of her will not be unacceptable to the readers of these pages. She was born in Ettrick in 1782, and married Robert Richardson, a Westmoreland man, who was employed by Colonel Napier as a mole-catcher. Through

¹ [The reference here is to the sonnet on the projected Kendal and Windermere Railway—beginning, "Is there no nook of English ground secure?" Written October 12, 1844.—J. V.]

the Colonel's kindness "Tibbie" and her husband became tenants of the cottage built in 1823 at the head of "lone St Mary's silent lake," and now associated with her name.

She had



TIBBIE SHIEL'S COTTAGE.

been in her youth in the household of Mrs Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd's mother, and consequently knew the poet well, and was wont to say of him that he "was a gey sensible man for a' the nonsense he wrat." Her picturesque cottage became the resort of Christopher North, the heroes of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' and other literary celebrities. Eliot

Warburton dates the preface of his 'Darrien' from Tibbie Shiel's. She was a sagacious woman, gifted with a large amount of common-sense and a fund of quiet dry humour; withal, she was deeply religious. Her husband died in 1824, and for fifty-four years after, till her death, she resided at St Mary's Loch. She had a family of seven. One died in infancy. Of the others—three sons and three daughters—two daughters predeceased her, the survivor being Mrs Mitchell, Crosscleugh, near the cottage; two sons went to Canada between forty and fifty years ago, and the third, William, remains at the old home.¹ She died on 23d July 1878, in her ninety-sixth year. Her funeral took place on the Saturday thereafter. The morning was dull and rainy, but the sun broke through the clouds, and a very large company assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had been always greatly esteemed. She was buried in the quiet churchyard of Ettrick, beside her husband and the Ettrick Shepherd and Thomas Boston.

[Dr Russell preached the funeral sermon on the evening following her funeral, at St Mary's churchyard. His text was Luke ii. 29—"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." He said:—

"It may have occurred to you, dear brethren, that there was a special reason for my selection of the text as the subject of our meditations to-day. Your thoughts, like mine, doubtless turn to the house of mourning within view, from which yesterday so large a company of sorrowing friends carried its honoured head to the house of silence. I have known few to whom the words of Simeon more truly apply, or from whose lips at the last his prayer

¹ [William Richardson has died since this was written].

could be more appropriate. That prayer in her case was signally answered. She had seen the salvation of God; she departed in peace; and she goes to her grave in a good old age, like a shock of corn in its season, full of years and honour. We cannot, therefore, marvel; we dare not murmur, and we would not unduly mourn. She was one of the celebrities of the Forest for the last half-century; and where or when shall we find her like? No longer can we look on her venerable form in the old arm-chair, or receive the kindly greeting that awaited us. No longer can we listen to the fireside talk, rich with the reminiscences of the eminent men that in former days gathered round it, or the racy anecdotes of their holiday life and recreations. Edward Irving, in his popularity and prime, and with his commanding presence, had sought shelter beneath her thatched roof, when a few labourers only were her lodgers, and left his blessing behind him. Robert Chambers, in his rambles over our Lowland valleys, paid her a passing visit, and made honourable mention of her in his 'Picture of Scotland.' Sir David Brewster was another of her early visitors; and when he returned, after the absence of forty years, had a distinct remembrance of the hospitality then received, and the words then exchanged. Anglers and tourists, such as Mr Russel of the 'Scotsman,' Professor Aytoun, and Mr Tod Stoddart, found out her pleasant retreat, and soon flocked to it in numbers. The Ettrick Shepherd had been known to her from her girlhood, when she was in the service of his mother. Many a time and oft she recounted the details of his first meeting with Scott in the wilds of Ettrick; and when afterwards the Shepherd and herself had both settled in Yarrow, he was the frequent inmate

of St Mary's Cottage. After watching as a neighbour by the sick bed of her friend, she stood by while he breathed his last; and none was more interested in the proceedings of the memorable day, when his statue overlooking her home was inaugurated, and thousands of his countrymen assembled to pay homage to his memory. Professor Wilson, too, with his family, was wont to make that cottage his residence while indulging his favourite sport of the rod, or dashing off some brilliant article for 'Blackwood.' So dearly, indeed, did he love the spot, that it was made the scene of one of the celebrated 'Noctes,' which had the effect of spreading still wider the fame of its hostess. Clergymen of all denominations were specially welcomed by her, and had uniformly to conduct the family worship, at which all the guests were expected to attend—a rule not always relished by those who came simply for recreation or to tarry for the night.

“But there was one family in particular to whom she was largely indebted, and whom she could count among her warmest friends—the noble family on whose lands she resided. Successive generations of Napiers delighted to honour her; and numerous were the friendly letters, as well as tokens of remembrance and regard, that she received when they were far away.

“How many of all classes and from all countries did she welcome to her dear old house, which, seemingly limited in its accommodation, had an elasticity truly marvellous! With what readiness she could recognise the strangers of former years, and long after recall all the incidents of their visit! The place once so remote from the highways of the world, by

'lone St Mary's silent lake,' that it verified the description of Marmion—

'Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude'—

has in this respect at least been greatly changed. Though no railway has yet disturbed its 'pastoral melancholy,' it has of late years been occasionally the rendezvous of hundreds on a single day, attracted partly by the scenery, but partly also by the venerable nonagenarian—alas! now no more—whose name had become a household word, and to whom all deemed it their duty personally to pay their respects.

“Let me now say a few words regarding the religious character of the departed, which was as remarkable as the social. She was my own and my father's friend. She remembered well his coming to Ettrick so long ago as 1790, his personal appearance, and the text from which he first addressed his flock, 'I will very gladly spend and be spent for you.' The friendship then begun has been hereditary, so that I have had the best opportunity of knowing her worth. Early deprived of her husband, she put her trust in Him who claims it as His prerogative to be the Father of the fatherless and the Judge of the widow; and with the divine help and blessing, she creditably brought up the large young family left to her charge. Like the virtuous woman, she looked well to the ways of her household; and to her management was due the good order that characterised her whole establishment when it became a public resort. A quiet, almost queenly dignity of manner checked any flippancy and familiarity of speech or impropriety of conduct that might be

attempted by some thoughtless stranger: she was the mistress of her own house. A true and devoted Christian, she would permit, on the part of those within her gates, no infringement of the sacredness of a Scottish Sabbath. Withal, she was no sour or repelling Presbyterian. None, as I can testify, so ready to rejoice with those that rejoiced, as on some anniversary or marriage festivity. On the other hand, as I can bear witness to, none more willing to kiss the rod, or bow to the sovereign Will that appointed it, when sickness entered her dwelling, or the desire of her eyes was removed with a stroke. Hers was the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price. Her piety, earnest yet unobtrusive, was displayed not in loud profession, but in a life hid with Christ in God. The faith she cherished was eminently illustrated when the eye began to wax dim and the natural force abated. God's Word was her comfort amid her often infirmities. The lessons of her childhood were never forgotten; and out of the great treasure of her heart she could bring forth, as occasion served, the good things with which it was stored. While her prevailing feeling was, 'I would not live alway,' with no shade of weariness or repining she waited her appointed time till the change should come. It was my privilege as her minister to visit her in her affliction, and pleasant were the hours when we drew near the mercy-seat, and with the Word of God in hand took sweet counsel together. When heart and flesh failed, she looked to One who was the strength of her heart and her portion for ever. She had borne the burden and heat of the day, and at eventide it was light with her. She could say with Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest

Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.' With the blessed dead she now rests from her labours, and her works do follow her; while she sleeps in the place of her fathers' sepulchres, near to the spot where she first saw the light—near to the grave of the Shepherd bard, who was her lifelong acquaintance—and near also to that of another, whose works were precious and whose dust was dear to her, the author of 'The Fourfold State.'"]

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOWIE DENS—SONGS AND REFERENCES TO YARROW—PARISH OF YARROW—THE FOREST—NAMES AND ANTIQUITIES—DAVID I.—ALEXANDER III.—AGRICULTURE IN OLD TIMES—WAR OF INDEPENDENCE—JAMES IV. AND V.—COUNTRY AND PEOPLE—PHILIPHAUGH—THE COVENANTERS—OLD TOWERS—ST MARY'S CHAPEL—WAT OF HARDEN AND MARY SCOTT—BALLADS AND MINSTRELSY—REBELLION OF 1715—THE FALSE ALARM—YEOMANRY AND MILITIA—FOOTBALL MATCH ON CARTER-HAUGH.¹

“THE Dowie Dens of Yarrow” have been known to fame from days of yore. Forming part of a royal forest, and furnishing many adventures of the chase,—lying near the Scottish border, and frequently involved in feudal strife,—embracing in their annals many doughty deeds of arms and stirring scenes of love,—it is not wonderful that they have given birth to legends and ballads in abundance. The deep gloom of the densely wooded district was sufficient to suggest the name. The old ballad records the impression made on the followers of James IV. on approaching it:—

The Dowie
Dens of
Yarrow.

“They saw the derke forest them before,
They thought it awesome for to see.”

¹[The contents of this concluding chapter form part of an historical account of Yarrow and the Forest on which Dr

Besides, the many scenes of slaughter and sorrow which it had witnessed between hostile tribes, make the epithet still more appropriate. Sir Walter Scott has associated the name with the old ballad beginning "Late at e'en drinking the wine," and confined it to the locality where he supposes that the slaughter which it commemorates took place. And no doubt the exquisitely tender phrase is akin to the oft-recurring refrain of the ballad, "The dowie houns of Yarrow." But the occurrence there related does not seem of sufficient importance to have originated the designation. It is more likely to have taken its rise from the deep and gloomy shades of the ancient forest, or a succession of tragic incidents that imprinted their "dule and sorrow" on the district. The poetry of the vale is characteristic, for many of the strains that have been preserved have a tone of overpowering sadness, and a wail of unavailing sorrow. The dim tradition remained, while the facts were forgotten; and once that the keynote had been struck, bard after bard lent a contribution to the plaintive minstrelsy; and even now the harp is not altogether hushed. The Border peels that once like so many warders studded the valley, some of them still beautiful in their ruins, have each its own story to tell. The scenery, too, has not been without its attractions — the rich, well-wooded, picturesque appearance of the lower reach of the Yarrow contrasting with the comparatively bare hills of the uplands, lying in their soft repose and "pastoral melancholy," but doubly pleasing when

Russell was engaged for some time before his death. The work was not completed, and this chapter has been made up from scattered pieces of MS. Beyond what is here given, there are but a few fragmentary summaries and jottings.—J. V.]

decked out in the green of the bracken or the purple of the blooming heather.

To the air of sadness pervading the district, we are indebted for such plaintive strains as those of Hamilton of Bangour, Logan, and other bards. As Professor Veitch has beautifully said—"Ballads of

Yarrow
songs and
references.



THE DOWIE DENS.

this description, which thrill us the most, and which have most vividly and deeply stirred the soul of men in subsequent times, have their locality in one valley—that of the Yarrow—the stream of pathetic song. Rough and rude was the life there for many generations; but the blood-stains on its grassy holms have watered and nourished growths of sentiment so tender, so true, so

intense, as to be for ever a gain and a blessing to the human heart."

Even when the "Dowie Dens" lay far remote from the highways of the world, in the very name of Yarrow there was a strange and nameless charm. The Ayrshire bard speaks of

"The hills whence classic Yarrow flows;"

and Lockhart terms it "the sweetest of Scottish streams;" while the Ettrick Shepherd, who spent the best days of his life on its banks, and there breathed his last, many a time and oft sang its praises. In a burst of enthusiasm, Christopher North exclaims—"We called thee, Yarrow, the beloved of bards of old! Aye flowing in the brightness of thine own peace along the vale, yet wert thou often invoked by minstrels with the voice of weeping. Thine became a hereditary character, if not of sorrow, yet of sadness; and all that is pensive or pastoral has ever seemed to breathe over thy braes." While yet "unvisited," it aroused the fancy and awoke the harp of Wordsworth in the poem so entitled; while "Yarrow Visited," and "Yarrow Revisited," testify to his enhanced delight, after his "waking dream" had become a reality. To some minds the scenery of the Yarrow has been as impressive as its poetry, due in part, doubtless, to the reflex influence of what had been said and sung. The landscape comes to be all that fancy painted it—the locality borrows a beauty from the legend. Wordsworth, by his own confession, was under such a spell when he wrote—

"But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,



Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation ;
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy ;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy."

It was the favourite and lifelong resort of Scott. His first literary work was to gather from the lips of its simple peasantry the "minstrelsy" that lingered among its glens ; and the descriptions of its scenery, which appeared soon afterwards, form the finest portions of the 'Lay' and 'Marmion.' Following in the wake of the poet, and rivalling the pictures of his pen, the pencil of Sir Noël Paton has added fresh interest to the "Dowie Dens" by six beautiful illustrations, painted and engraved, of the successive scenes described in the ballad. The genial author of 'Rab and his Friends,' in his first introduction to it on a bright summer's noon, could not divest himself of the idea that he had set foot on enchanted ground, and had lighted on the happy valley of Rasselas, where sin was unknown. It was under dark skies on a chill April day, with a sprinkling of snow on the ground, that Dr Robert Chambers, in quest of materials for his 'Picture of Scotland,' made his *entrée*. To an ordinary eye the scenery was dreary and cheerless enough ; but in his enthusiasm he found a peculiar charm. "As Mr Wordsworth has remarked, the sight of Yarrow does not destroy aught of the romantic picture which the mind may have previously drawn of its local character. On the contrary, unless the present writer has been strangely deceived by his imagination, there is something in the real scene which, while it is perceptible in no

other vale, seems rather to elevate that conception. There is something highly *peculiar* in Yarrow. There is more than natural silence on *those* hills, and more than ordinary melancholy in the sound of *that* stream. There is dolefulness instead of joy in the summer wind, and sternest winter mingles with the withering breeze of autumn."

Carlyle's
visit.

It is interesting to learn from Carlyle himself that one of the earliest, if not the very earliest, of his literary attempts was a piece of "the descriptive tourist kind," giving some account of his first impressions of the Yarrow country, so famous in Scottish songs and legends. In 1817, when he was twenty-one years of age, he sent it from Kirkcaldy to the editor of some magazine in Edinburgh; but what became of it he never knew, the editor having returned no answer. The loss is greatly to be regretted; but Professor Masson has, in his reminiscences of "Carlyle's Edinburgh Life" ('Macmillan's Magazine,' December 1881), so far made amends for it by giving the substance of the paper from the writer's own lips. "This," he says, "must have been retained in Carlyle's memory, for he described to me once with extraordinary vividness his first sight of the vale of Yarrow as he struck it in one of his walks to Annandale. It was a beautiful day, and he had come upon a height looking down upon the stony stream and its classic valley. As he stood and gazed with something in his mind of Wordsworth's salutation, 'And is this Yarrow?' up from the valley there came a peculiar, repeated rhythmical sound, as of *clink-clink-clink*, for which he could not account. All was solitary and quiet otherwise, but still the *clink-clink-clink* rose to his ear. At last, some way off, he saw a man with a

cart, standing in the bed of the stream and lifting stone after stone from the bed, which he threw into the cart. He could then watch the gesture of each cast of a stone in among the rest, and note the interval before the *clink* reached him. The Yarrow songs were familiar to Carlyle; and among the many scraps of old verse which he was fond of quoting or humming to himself in his later years, I observed this in particular:—

“‘But Minstrel Burne cannot assuage
His grief, while life endureth,
To see the changes of this age,
Which fleeting time procureth:

For mony a place stands in hard case,
Where joy was wont beforrow,¹
With Humes that dwelt on Leader-side,
And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow.’”

And not further to swell the list of men of genius and feeling who have paid like compliment to this land of song, let us adduce the lamented Dr Norman Macleod, who, familiar as he was with the grand and romantic glens of the Highlands, was wont to say that his highest idea of earthly happiness was to spend a long summer's day in Yarrow, with a few choice friends, stretched at full length on the grassy sward, amidst the blooming heather, looking up to the bright sky, and leisurely smoking a cigar, when the outer world was completely shut out, and the first person who spoke of Church affairs should be bastinadoed.

Dr Norman
Macleod.

¹ [Other reading —

“Where blythe folks kenn'd nae sorrow.”—J. V.]

When in Canada, as one of a deputation sent to inquire into the ecclesiastical condition of our countrymen there after 1843, Dr Macleod sat down beside a respectable man like a shepherd, who was on a farm outside a hotel in Galt. The deputy opened the conversation by saying, "What a glorious country this is!"

"Yes, it is a very good country," was the reply.

"And such majestic rivers!"

"Yes," was the laconic answer.

"And such grand forests!"

"Yes; but there are nae linties in the woods, and nae braes like Yarrow."

Another anecdote related to the time when Dr Macleod was a student, and when the utility of missions to the heathen was much discussed. He mentions that on a particular occasion he was rejoiced at the opportunity he had of seeing the captain of a ship who had been among the South Sea Islands, where the Gospel was said to have made a marvellous change for the better. The stranger was Captain Park, nephew of the traveller. Mr Macleod, appealing to him as one who had had the best opportunity of judging, put the question, What good was being done there? The other, fancying the inquirer was one of those young men of a sceptical turn of mind, made answer, "I am not prepared to discuss the question of sending missions to the heathen, but I will tell what happened to myself. In knocking about the world, I was on one voyage shipwrecked on the island of Owhyhee. With the sailors I managed to clamber on to some rocks, where we anxiously awaited the morning. Our only chance of safety lay in the natives coming to our rescue;

but our hopes were greatly damped by the idea that they were all cannibals. The day dawned, and by-and-by we perceived that we had attracted the notice of the islanders. There was a running to and fro, a rushing to their canoes, and simultaneously they put off to us. As they appeared we made signs of peace, which to our great relief were returned. We were taken on board their tiny vessels, rowed quickly ashore, conducted to their wigwams, and our wants were supplied with dry clothing and ample food. It was Sabbath morning. Afterwards we saw them changing their attire, too, and, pointing to a simple church at no great distance, they asked if we did not wish to accompany them. This we were only too glad to do. The church was neat, and attendance good. The fancied cannibals were educated and intelligent Christians. And what was our delight to find the simple Presbyterian service we were accustomed to at home, and the old Psalm-tunes sung that I was wont to hear in the church at Yarrow!" This the narrator told with a glow of enthusiasm.

Surely it will be granted that it must be no ordinary district that has had such a deep interest and attraction for so many of our famous countrymen, living at sundry times, in various walks of life, and of different tastes and types of character. Now that the district is better known, and the access easier, the interest has deepened rather than abated, so that crowds of tourists, foreigners as well as countrymen, have been induced, alike by its scenery and associations, to "turn aside to Yarrow."

It may interest antiquarians to note the various names under which this parish has been known from

Parish of
Yarrow.

early times — Ecclesia de Foresta, Rectoria de Foresta, Ecclesia de la Foreste, Ecclesia Beate Marie Virginis, Saint Marie Lowis, Saint Marie Kirk of Lowis *alias* Forest Kirk, Saint Marie, Saint Marie Kirk of the Lowis, Sanctæ Mariæ Ecclesia de Lacubus, Kirk of Lowis, Saint Mary Kirk of Yarrow, Parish of Ettrick Forest.

Before the Reformation the church was in the Deanery of Peebles and Diocese of Glasgow. The earliest notice of it is in 1292, when, on occurrence of a vacancy, Master Edmund de Letham was presented by Edward I., as Overlord of Scotland. The said presentee four years afterwards swore fealty to Edward at Berwick, and as "parson of the Church of the Forest," received Edward's writ to the Sheriff of Peebles to restore him to his lands and rights as one who had taken the oath of allegiance. The advowson of the church was undoubtedly at first, and probably, with a temporary exception, at all periods vested in the Crown: it continued so till the late Act abolishing patronage. The parish was originally of large extent, embracing the valleys of the Tweed, the Yarrow, and the Ettrick; and besides the church at St Mary's, there were connected with it the chapels of Deuchar and Kirkhope, and for a period that of Rankilburn or Buccleuch. The charter granted by King David II. to the monks of Dryburgh gave them the patronage of the "Kirks of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Ettrick Forest." The parish has from time to time been brought within reasonable bounds. In 1650 the lands included in Buccleuch parish were disjoined from Yarrow to Ettrick, the reasons given in the decret being that they were "lyant far distant from their awin parach kirk," and were

therefore annexed to Ettrick, “quharunto they ly mair ernest” (near). More recently Yarrow has been greatly contracted by the formation of what originally belonged to it in the Ettrick district into the parish of Kirkhope, *quoad civilia*, a most beneficial change for all parties, carried out at the instance of the present Duke of Buccleuch,¹ who took upon himself the providing of a new church,² manse, and glebe. This was followed by the transference *quoad sacra* of some of the *disjecta membra* of Yarrow on Tweedside to the new church and parish of Caddonfoot, erected mainly through the liberality of the Pringles of Whytbank, and found to be very much for the convenience of the inhabitants of the district.

The Deans of the Chapel Royal, under the Crown, are titulars of the teinds. They were wont to take a *grassum* (a considerable sum of money in hand) for nineteen years, the Dukes of Buccleuch being tacksmen, and paying a small annual rent. These grassums being now prohibited by Act of Parliament, the Deans, after deducting the stipends of the ministers of Yarrow and Kirkhope, annually draw the surplus. Teinds.

Yarrow parish forms a principal part of the Sheriffdom of Selkirkshire or Ettrick Forest. This seems to have been from a very early period a forest in the double sense of the word, as a wooded territory and a hunting-ground, and to have been included in the *Sylva Caledonia*—a name well known in the early history of the country. According to the earliest extant records it was a royal demesne.

¹ [The Fifth Duke.]

² There were ample means for its endowment and expense of process.

About the middle of the twelfth century King David I. granted to the church and monks of Melrose a charter of all their easements of pasture, wood, and pannage in his forests of Selkirk and Traquair—a grant afterwards confirmed by Malcolm IV. and William the Lion. In the early days of Melrose Abbey we read of the Forest; but even then spaces had been cleared, for the monks drew their principal revenues from pasturage of sheep and cattle. Penal statutes were enacted for the preservation of the wood. In the Exchequer Rolls of Scotland, reaching back to 1264 A.D., Selkirkshire is described as a royal forest, well replenished with wild boars and other game for the King's use. Sir William Wallace was installed Governor of Scotland in "the Forest Kirk." The name Selkirk, indeed, is derived from two Celtic words, signifying "the Kirk in the Wood."¹ Such a district was well suited for the pleasures of the chase, as the old lines bear:—

"Ettrick Foreste is a feir foreste,
In it grows manie a semelie trie;
There's hart and hynd, and dae and rae,
And of a' wilde bestis grete plentie."

Sir James
Douglas.

This district came to be subdivided in later times. When Robert the Bruce recognised and rewarded the services of Sir James Douglas, he granted him a charter of "the forests of Selkirk, Ettrick, and Traquair." The forest in Meggat is also occasionally mentioned, and it is difficult to ascertain the exact lines of demarcation between these portions of territory. Subsequently they were merged in one,

¹ [The etymology of Selkirk is a very debatable point. Old forms were *Selechyrche*, *Scelechyrca*, *Selechirk*, &c.—J. V.]

under the name of "Ettrick Forest," or simply "The Forest." The Lords of Douglas thoroughly enjoyed the sports of their mountain home. When not engaged against a foreign foe, or in settling a neighbouring feud, they were wont to sally forth from their tower on Douglas Burn, pursuing the wild deer, with which their glen and glades abounded. This was a favourite and frequent pastime with James IV. and James V., with their numerous retainers:—

" Of such proud huntings many tales
Yet linger in our lonely dales;
Up pathless Ettricke and on Yarrow,
Where erst the Outlaw drew his arrow."

A pass between the two valleys preserves the traces of one of these expeditions. It retains the significant name of the "Hart's Leap": the distance of the leap, being distinctly visible at the time when the ground is covered with snow, is still marked by two grey whinstones twenty-eight feet apart, which are said to have been raised by the King and his followers. The forest of Meggat, adjoining that of Ettrick, had a royal hunting-seat, and on one occasion it yielded five hundred head of game. At another time, as Lindesay of Pitscottie tells us, the King summoned many lords and gentlemen, to the number of twelve thousand, with their deerhounds. They "assembled at Edinburgh, and thair fra went with the King's grace to Meggatland, in the quhilkis bounds war slaine at that time aughteine scoir of deir." The country around is celebrated by Lesly as affording shelter to the largest stags in Scotland. No wonder that, after such repeated and wholesale destruction, the sport of hunting was much

"Hart's
Leap,"
Forest of
Meggat.

spoiled before the reign of Queen Mary. In 1566 she set out with Darnley for Meggatland, attended by various nobles; but so disappointed were they with the scarcity, that they held a council at Rodono,¹ and issued an ordinance that the deer should not be shot under the pains of law. But, already, it would appear, the wood as well as its wild occupants had begun to be cleared away, and the Forest to be gradually converted into a sheep-walk. This also we learn from Pitscottie, that James V. "had 10,000 sheep going in the Forest under the keeping of Andrew Bell, who made the King as good an account of them as if they had gone in the bounds of Fife." Consequent on this change, and occasionally on account of public services, the clearing was carried out by royal authority. When his Majesty rewarded the Souters of Selkirk, these "Flowers of the Forest," by a large grant of land for their loyalty at Flodden, he at the same time gave them liberty to cut down as much of the Forest as would rebuild the town; and who can doubt that this privilege was fully taken advantage of?² The fearful havoc which from time to time was made by the freebooters among the castles and steadings of the district could not be repaired without laying the axe at the root of what had been the growth of many years. Besides, to that source recourse was had by lords and lairds to replenish an empty exchequer. Accordingly, by the middle of

¹ [The oldest form of *Rodono* is *Rodanoch*—as in Charter of Alexander II. to Melrose.—See *Munimenta de Melros*, i. 235. The later form is *Rodono*—in the time of James I. and II. See *Munimenta*, ii. 493, 571.—J. V.]

² There were those who took the law into their own hands. Walter Scott of Howpasly was convicted of destroying the woods of Etrick Forest.

the seventeenth century—though the boast was sometimes made that one could walk from Ettrick Kirk to Selkirk touching trees all the way—there must have been many vacant spaces between them. The same thing was said of the ground between Yarrow manse and the old schoolhouse. In 1649, a contemporary writer condescends on merely a few favoured spots, such as Elibank and Kirkhope Tower, “well busket with woods;” while “for four or five miles above their confluence the Ettrick and Yarrow are furnished with pleasant and profitable woods, especially for building.”

In 1722 even these remnants of the past had in a great measure disappeared; and the only marked features in the landscape were the plantations and orchards around the mansion-houses of ancient families, such as “Kirkhope, Oakwood, Bowhill, and Hartwoodmyres, on the Ettrick; Sundhope, Deuchar, The Hangingshaw, Broadmeadows, Newark, Harehead, Philiphaugh, on the Yarrow; Elibank, Ashiestiel, Yair, Fairnilee, Whytbank, Gala, on the Tweed.”

Decay of
trees.

It is curious to find remains of our ancient forests in unexpected quarters—buried beneath the surface sometimes of the sea, sometimes of the soil. Recent researches in physical geography have brought to light a fringe, and occasionally a broad belt of submarine woods, along certain parts of the southern and eastern shores of England. Trees, consisting of oak, elder, elm, yew, chestnut, hazel, and Scotch fir (with some of the cones obviously bitten by squirrels), are still standing upright, rooted in their own vegetable soil, although beneath the waves. In many instances they have attained to a great size, and the condition of the wood attests that the

sinking of the land occurred at no very distant period. In like manner, our peat-mosses bear witness to the fact that Selkirkshire was formerly an extensive forest. Large oaks and other trees have been found embedded there, fresh and firm as when they overshadowed the ground above, and at different depths, corresponding to the period when they fell. In former days the tops of the hills were generally bare, but in some places they too have had a covering. "The channel of the water at Manorhead shows alternate sand and peat-moss, and inlaid there are birken boles more than one thousand feet above sea-level."¹

The only remains of the old forest above-ground, and where, it is believed, the identical trees still stand and grow, are few and far between. A solitary ash here and there, yet vigorous under its venerable aspect, an "ancient thorn" like the one which the author of 'Marmion' apostrophises, may be occasionally met with. There is a scattered group of oaks on West Fauldshope Hill; but they are remarkable for their age alone, being small and stunted, in consequence of the rocky nature of the ground. There are, however, considerable areas of natural wood, such as may still be seen by Glenkinnon Burn on Tweedside and in Tinnis Steel on the Yarrow, which have sprung up from the old prolific stock.

Denuded of trees as the uplands of Selkirkshire now are, it was long the current belief that they would speedily and spontaneously spring up were it not for the pasturing of flocks and herds; and this has been clearly verified. An interesting experiment has been made by the late Duke of Buccleuch at

¹ ['History and Poetry of the Scottish Border,' vol. i., p. 14.]

Howebottom, near his mansion-house of Bowhill, whereby one can form some idea of the appearance of the Forest in its former glory, and what were the prevailing trees and shrubs that clothed it. In 1829 he enclosed a large irregular area of hill-ground, about 300 acres in extent, and ranging in height from 600 to 1000 feet above sea-level, then simply withdrew the sheep and cattle from the enclosure, and left it subject to the operation of nature's agencies. In doing so, his Grace, as he himself says, had a twofold object in view. One was to improve the picturesque effect of the Bowhill woods to the west, and another to allow the growth of whatever might prove to be the indigenous trees and plants of the Forest, which had been kept down by the continued grazing of stock for many years. To appreciate the change, one has only to take a glance at Fauldshope Hill, the type of what Howebottom formerly was, a bare and treeless pasturage, covered with rough heather and the common hill-grasses and rushes. A few years ago the Rev. Mr Farquharson of Selkirk, eminently fitted for the task, from his knowledge and love of botany, made a careful examination of the ground and the growth of fifty years, and communicated the result in a paper, well worthy of perusal, read before "The Berwickshire Naturalists' Club,"¹ from which we make a few extracts:—

"If the experiment of the noble proprietor has failed to secure the reappearance of the native oak, Its results. it has fully accomplished his other intention, that of adding to the picturesqueness of the Bowhill grounds. It is easier to give details, and to enumerate the species of trees and plants growing in it, than

¹ Proceedings of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club for 1878.

to convey an idea of the beauty of this wild spot. What strikes one looking on it from the opposite side of the valley is its boskiness—a certain richness and fulness in the outlines of the trees and bushes, which have had room to grow, and which, standing singly, or gathered into small groups, present most pleasing objects to the eye. A landscape-gardener would discover endless subjects of study here, and carry away innumerable hints; while the mere lover of the picturesque will find his eye turning again and again from the larger features of the scenery around, and resting with delight on this charming piece of bush-country. Viewed from Selkirk, in the early part of the present autumn, Howebottom has been especially attractive, with its groundwork of bright green bracken, its large beds of purple heather—surely never blooming more splendidly than this year—and its rounded masses of trees and brushwood, all lying in the embrace of the dense woods, and backed by the flowing outlines of the hills.

“In the month of August this year (1878), I made a tolerably minute examination of the trees and plants growing in Howebottom. With the exception of a few trees which have been planted for ornament, and which will be more particularly noticed afterwards, all the wood on the ground must be accounted native; the berries from which it has sprung have been carried by birds, or the seeds transported by the agency of the wind, during the fifty years the ground has been ‘hained.’ The mountain-ash (*Pyrus aucuparia*), the birch (*Betula alba*), and the hawthorn (*Cratægus oxyacantha*), are the most abundant trees, occurring in nearly equal proportions, although unequally distributed over the ground. Thus, birch-trees are most numerous, as

might be expected, in the neighbourhood of the old birch-wood at the south-east corner of the ground. The hawthorn appears most abundantly in the middle ground, and under the shelter of the high surrounding woods; while the mountain-ash prevails in the upper regions, and indeed it alone grows in the highest and most exposed corner, becoming there a stunted tree or shrub, but still holding its ground, although evidently sore battered by the winter winds. There are a good many Scotch firs (*Pinus sylvestris*) along the line of the Bowhill wood, and a few occur at a distance from the wood. Some specimens of the ash (*Fraxinus excelsior*) are scattered up and down the whole area, but not one oak, beech, or elm, nor a single holly. Next to those already mentioned, the most conspicuous objects are three species of willow—*Salix aurita*, *S. caprea*, and *S. cinerea*—which are abundant and flourish vigorously, *S. caprea* often rising to the dignity of a well-stemmed tree. When I have named these eight species, I have exhausted the list of native trees and tree-like shrubs growing in Howebottom; for I scarcely think a place in the list should be given to the solitary plane (*Acer pseudo-platanus*) on which I lighted.

“As regards smaller shrubs, the raspberry is pretty abundant; but I saw only one rose-bush (*Rosa canina*) and no trace of the bramble. A few plants of juniper (*Juniperus communis*), which is rare in the district, grow among the heather on the height.

“Turning now to plants of humbler growth, it may be remarked that some species have occupied large spaces, to the exclusion of every other. Taking a view of the whole ground, perhaps the bracken (*Pteris aquilina*) is the plant that has most conspicuously asserted itself. Many acres bear bracken

and nothing else, except the scattered trees and shrubs that stand among the fern. At one spot, where it has found both soil and shelter good, it attains a height of over six feet, and presents a serious obstacle to the steps of the wandering botanist. Elsewhere, and especially towards the highest part of the ground, the common heather or ling (*Calluna vulgaris*) occupies large spaces, and is evidently spreading, to the eradication of grasses and other plants around the territory it has already subdued. I looked for *Erica tetralix* and *E. cinerea*, but found neither of them. The grasses I found most vigorous and common were *Aira cæspitosa* (whose local name is, euphoniously, *bull-snouts*!), *Holcus lanatus*, *Agrostis vulgaris* and *Agrostis canina*, and *Molinia cærulea*. Among these *Aira cæspitosa* predominates, and may be said to be the grass of the place. In moister spots, as at the sources of rills, and on flat places by Shielshaugh Burn, *Juncus acutiflorus* prevails. At the date of my visit, over the whole lower space, and especially where the soil was at all moist, the eye was everywhere caught by strong plants of *Angelica sylvestris*, *Scabiosa succisa*, *Senecio Jacobæa*, and *Spiræa ulmaria*. At an earlier period of the year, perhaps other species might be equally conspicuous.

“The lesson I draw from the Howebottom experiment is, that in the old Forest of Ettrick there was not a stately and uniform growth of large timber. I infer that the ground along the valleys was clothed with a dense brushwood of hawthorn, birch, and willow, mountain-ash mingling with these, but flourishing more freely on the hillsides; while above this lower growth rose at intervals ‘*manie a semelie tree*,’—the fir, the ash, the oak: for although Howe-

bottom offers no evidence that the oak is indigenous to the district, remains of it preserved in our peat-bogs attest that it once flourished as a native in the vales of Ettrick and Yarrow. As to herbaceous plants, Howebottom has produced no rarities; but I think the present state of its vegetation shows that, given favourable conditions of soil and of shelter, certain strong-growing plants, such as *Calluna vulgaris*, *Aira cæspitosa*, *Pteris aquilina*, will strangle their weaker neighbours, and occupy the ground to the exclusion of every other species."

Before any written records of these hills and dales, we have an unwritten history which carries us back to the dim and distant past. Unlike the full statements of Tacitus or Cæsar, it is brief and fragmentary, but at the same time legible and intelligible so far as it goes. Shakespeare speaks of finding

Historical
events.

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything;"

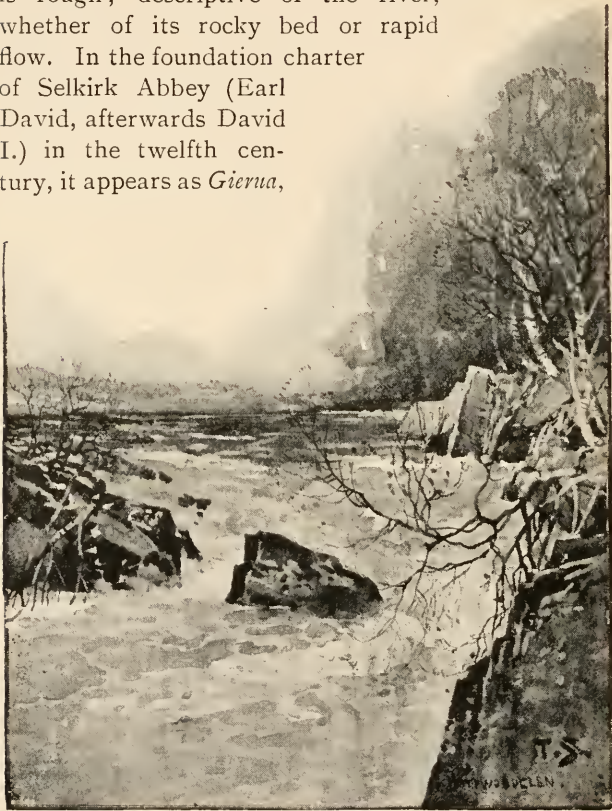
and from such sources as these, mute and material things though they are, important lessons are to be gathered. There are "trees" in perfect preservation within the precincts of our old houses that throw light on the old lines already quoted:—

"Ettricke Foreste is a feir foreste,
In it grows manie a semelie tree."

The names of our rivers, such as Tweed, Yarrow, and Ettrick, and of our "running brooks," like Altrive and Deuchar burns, speak to us, as with the noise of many waters, of tribes and races that have long passed away. The name Yarrow has a common etymology with that of several streams in

Names and
antiquities

the kingdom—*Garw* in the British, *Garbh* in the Gaelic, and *Garow* in the Cornish, signifying what is rough; descriptive of the river, whether of its rocky bed or rapid flow. In the foundation charter of Selkirk Abbey (Earl David, afterwards David I.) in the twelfth century, it appears as *Gierua*,



YARROW AT HAREWOOD GLEN.

afterwards softened into *Zarof*, *Yharrow*, and *Yara*. The standing memorial “stones,” stone hammers and hatchets, cairns and cromlechs, sepulchral cists and stone circles, attest the nature of their worship, the

prevalence of their warfare, and the manner of their burial, ages before Christianity had banished superstition from the land, and exerted its humanising influence. On Dryhope Haugh there stood a large cairn called *Herton's Hill*, in the midst of which, when the stones were removed about seventy years ago, to enclose the surrounding fields, some urns were found, besides a coffin formed of slabs, and containing ashes. There may still be seen, to the westward of Altrive Lake, on rising knolls, five considerable tumuli. None of them has been opened, but the surface of the largest exhibits a mixture of charcoal and ashes. Its top was surrounded by a circle of stones, thirty yards in circumference, with a small square of stones in the centre that were taken away to build dykes.¹

There are no historical events worthy of notice connected with this district till we come down to the reign of David I. His accession to the throne was the introduction of a period of progressive and almost unbroken prosperity for a century and a half, under a succession of beneficent sovereigns. Conspicuous for his liberality to the Church, to his piety we owe the foundation of Melrose Abbey, which afterwards grew into such a noble pile, and in connection with which churches sprang up in the country around. He resided often in the castle at Selkirk, where he built a monastery, and established mills which were in the possession of the Scottish monarchs in the time of Bruce. Owing to the settled form of government which he established, the interests of all parties alike, whether baron, burgher, or peasant, were carefully protected. Though some

¹ [Supplied from the 'Statistical Account of Yarrow,' written in 1833 by Dr James Russell, when a probationer of the Church.]

times misunderstandings with England arose, his successors, following his example, acted on the enlightened conviction that their true policy was peace. In the meantime the intermarriages which were formed among the different races—Celtic, Saxon, Norman, and Norse—had the effect of amalgamating the upper classes. By the time of Alexander III. many of the institutions for which we are indebted to David were in full operation. There was, for instance, the Royal Treasure Chamber, in connection with which sheriffs had districts assigned them all over Scotland. These were very important functionaries; and what with the execution of King's writs, holding civil and criminal courts, the collection and disbursement of the multifarious royal revenues, their office was no sinecure. The Exchequer¹ Rolls of Scotland, going back to the end of the thirteenth century, now being published, in which those accounts are engrossed, throw much light on contemporary history and politics, and give us many a curious glimpse into the home life of royalty, as well as the customs, manners, and amusements of the times. In 1265 Alexander de Synton was Sheriff of Selkirk. The Douglasses or their deputies seem to have held this same office during their possession of the Forest. It was afterwards conferred on the members of other families of distinction, till it fell into the hands of John Murray of Falahill, the deputy of Lord Erskine, and the supposed "Outlaw" of traditional song. Usurped, seemingly, in the first instance, it was confirmed to him subsequently by James IV. in 1509, and continued hereditary in his family till the abolition of such jurisdictions in 1748.

¹ The word was derived from the chequered cloth covering the table on which the accounts were reckoned.

About the same time the Forest was divided into three "wards," that of Tweed, Yarrow, and Ettrick. Each ward had a ranger, who collected the rents, accounted for them to the Exchequer, and, as a remuneration, was entitled to appropriate the proceeds of one forest stead. In the ward of Yarrow, which is frequently mentioned in charters, Tinnis was set off for the ranger. Other two offices are mentioned in history in connection with the Forest—a chancellor and a chamberlain over the whole of its lands. Curious entries are made in the Rolls by these dignitaries regarding the duties appertaining to them. In 1434, for example, the chamberlain of James I. states as part of the royal expenses the price of "six barrels of tar, bought and delivered, for the King's sheep within the Forest of Ettrick." Occasionally, to reduce the staff and the cost, more than one office was vested in the same individual.

A few references to the records may suffice. Alexander III., as we learn, had castles and manors in nearly every county of the Lowlands; and it was his practice to move with his Court from one of them to another, looking after the administration of justice, consuming the produce of the adjoining demesnes, and occupying his leisure with hawking and field-sports. In the account of the Sheriff of Selkirk, entries are made of so many wild boars captured, killed, and salted from the Forest of the King. Roxburgh and Jedburgh castles were favourite resorts; and seeing that Ettrick Forest abounded in game, there was in all likelihood a stronghold there also, at Auldwark, not far from the modern Newark. Mention is made of a house of wood within those castles, which was still the prevailing building material of the country. Though coal, both native

Alexander
III.

and sea-borne, was in occasional use, peats were the ordinary fuel; and certain lands were held under the obligation to furnish so many cartloads for the King's use. Again, among the public events of Alexander's reign, only known through the Exchequer Accounts, are two of those meetings of the great men of the kingdom, held at Edinburgh, which preceded the regular Parliament. They were termed "Colloquia;" and on these occasions beeves and sheep were provided for the King's use by the Sheriffs of Edinburgh and Lanark. We gather, also, that the criminal law was still in a very rude state. Compurgation had not passed wholly out of use; a very large proportion of offences were punished by fire; and even capital sentences for homicide might be commuted for the payment of a number of cattle, proportioned to the rank of the person slain. Generally speaking, one-tenth, and in some instances one-eighth, of the fines of both Justiciary and Sheriff were claimed by the Church, not by the law of tithes, but in virtue of early royal grants. When the Crown remitted a fine, the Church was generally held entitled to its share.

Agriculture
in old times.

In connection with the administration of the Crown lands, we have a few glimpses of the agriculture of the time. The steelbow system of cultivation was usual. A large portion of the rent was paid in oats, wheat, barley, malt, fodder, cattle, swine, and poultry. Of the three species of grain noted, oats was by far the most extensively grown—the usual price being a merk for a chalder. Ale was the great beverage of the mass of the people. Beef was largely consumed by the royal household. Sheep, valued at one shilling each, are mentioned chiefly in connection with the Lothians. The swine

which grazed in the royal forest, while slaughtered for the royal table, seem to have been the chief food of the lower classes. Each cost one shilling and sixpence, and a hen one penny. Gardens were attached to the royal palaces. The wages of workmen were proportionally low—being from thirteen to eighteen pence per week. The annual salary of a chaplain was four pounds.

To come down to the War of Independence, we find Ettrick Forest, and more particularly the Braes of Yarrow, associated with the fortunes of its leaders and supplementing their forces. After a long period of resistance and many reverses, Scotland had been conquered. The nobles and leading men, consulting their self-interest, had sworn fealty to Edward, and the nation groaned beneath his feudal restrictions and despotic rule. It was then a champion came to the front whose name has ever since been a household word. A man of gigantic stature and incredible strength—William Wallace—stung to the quick by the oppression of his countrymen and the desolation of his home, gathered around him a band of attached followers, ready to share his fortunes and shed their best blood in his service. He was content for a while to maintain a guerilla warfare, in which he performed remarkable feats of valour. Growing bolder by success, and throwing off all disguise, he raised the standard of open rebellion, and in the absence of Edward in Flanders, gained in 1297 the memorable victory of Stirling Bridge, which was followed up by pursuing the fugitives across the Border, and laying waste their territory with fire and sword. Scotland once more was free. Shortly afterwards, as related by Blind Harry, he called a meeting at the Forest Kirk, in Selkirkshire. The

War of Independence.

old kirk of St Mary's of the Lowes was often so called; but the church of Selkirk, the chief town of Ettrick Forest, is more likely to have been the one meant. This meeting was numerously attended by the principal nobility and personal friends, and then and there, in the name of King John, he was unanimously elected Governor of Scotland. It was only for a brief period that he retained the honour and authority with which he was invested. Returning hastily from abroad, Edward collected a large army to check his progress. In this he succeeded in the battle of Falkirk, which was forced upon Wallace, contrary to his own masterly tactics of delay. The defeat of the inferior army of the Scots was complete. The circular clumps of Scottish spearmen, who valiantly withstood the well-mounted English horsemen, were finally broken and dispersed. "The centres of the clumps of spears were occupied by the archers of the Forest, already famous for their skill with the bow, acquired while hunting the deer on the hills of the Tweed, the Ettrick, and the Yarrow. After the fight, their tall and shapely forms as they lay dead on the field won the admiration, and, we may hope, the sympathy of the victors."¹ Among the slain, and to his great grief, Wallace recognised the body of Sir John the Graham,² and taking it in his arms he kissed the pale face, exclaiming—"Alas! my best brother, my true friend, when I was hardest bestead!" The

¹ ['History and Poetry of the Scottish Border,' vol. i., p. 316.]

² In the ballad of "The Gallant Grahams," he is thus honourably noticed:—

"In Wallace days, when they began,
Sir John the Graham did bare the gree
Through all the lands of Scotland wide;
He was a lord of the south countrie."

defeated patriot betook him to the desultory warfare in which he had indulged at the first, which served to harass the enemies of his country in their camps and marches. The story of his latter days is soon told. He was proclaimed an outlaw—was taken as a captive—was arraigned and condemned as a traitor—then barbarously executed as a victim to proud Edward's revenge in 1305, when he was only about thirty-five years of age. With his death all hope of Scottish independence was for a season quenched.

But if there were

“Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,”

there rose up

“Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,”

and led to victory. The later leader had in his early years again and again taken the oath of fealty to Edward, and it was not till the signal triumph of Wallace at Stirling that he resolved on joining the national standard; but, instead of making common cause with the conqueror, he preferred carrying out his own tactics. Exposed to many dangers, he came scathless through them all. He sustained many a defeat from the inferior number of his forces, but his personal prowess restored the confidence of his countrymen in the ultimate success of his cause. Fortune smiled on him in the end. One of Yarrow's loveliest glens furnished him with his most trusty and distinguished supporter, Sir James Douglas. Douglas paid the penalty of his father's opposition to Edward I., who, cherishing a hereditary hate, refused to restore his patrimonial estates, which had been seized upon by Lord Clifford. But his

Douglas of
Blackhouse.

good broadsword, worthy of the inspiring slogan with which he and his descendants afterwards went forth, "A Douglas!" soon won them back. Entering the service of the King, he signalised himself by his patriotism in many a hard-fought fight. At Bannockburn he commanded one wing of the army, and for his gallantry on that occasion he was made a knight-banneret under the royal standard—a rare and very distinguished honour. Taking a leading part in all the Border warfare, he captured the castles of Berwick and Roxburgh from the English. Ettrick Forest and the adjacent country were also recovered from their hands, and in reward of his services these were conferred on him by royal grant about 1322. Once more in possession of his ancestral lands, Blackhouse, he was wont to retreat to his remote and solitary tower on the Douglas Burn, when recruiting for his sovereign and friend. While the death of Edward weakened the strength of Bruce's English opponents, his son and successor, unable to crush Scotland by force of arms, sought to effect his purpose through the intervention of the Church. At his instigation, the Pope withheld the title of king from Bruce, and placed him and his adherents under an interdict. War accordingly broke out afresh, in which the skill and valour of the Scottish leader prevailed, till complete success culminated in the famous battle of Bannockburn. A treaty of permanent peace was at length concluded between the countries so long at war. Again Sir James Douglas comes to the front. By a renewed treaty of peace, he was put in possession of the lands which he had forfeited in Northumberland. By another stipulation a marriage was solemnised between David, the heir to the Scottish

Last years
of Robert
Bruce.





throne, and the sister of the King of England, in carrying out which the bride was handed over at Berwick to Sir James, as one of the Commissioners for the Bruce himself, then too infirm to be present. Bruce, worn out with hardships, retired into seclusion in the castle of Cardross. He contemplated his death with calmness and resignation, and not without deep expressions of penitence for the sins he had committed, as well as of sorrow for the blood which he had shed. Not content with his munificent grants for the restoration of Melrose Abbey, ruined by continual wars, and for the personal comfort of its inmates, he makes them the subject of his last bequest. There are few more interesting State-papers than the pious and paternal letter addressed to his son and successor, of date 11th May 1329, only a month before his death, wherein he commends the monks to his special care, and directs his heart to be buried within the walls of their monastery. To give weight to his earnest expectations, he then invokes "the blessing of the Son of God, who taught sons to obey their parents, and declared of Himself that He came into the world not to do His own will, but the will of His Father who is in heaven." It is well known that his wish in regard to his heart was changed still nearer his end, when he charged Sir James Douglas, his lifelong friend, to carry it to Palestine, for the purpose of depositing it in the Holy Sepulchre; and that, on the failure of that mission, it was after all buried in Melrose. His body was interred in Dunfermline; and it is singular that, in opening the grave in 1818, the breast-bone, in perfect preservation, was found sawn in two in order to remove the heart. Thus died the brave soldier, the steady friend, the humble Christian, in

the fifty-fifth year of his age and the twenty-third of his reign.

A number of curious entries are made in the Exchequer Accounts. The King's interest in education is shown by payments made for maintaining the young at schools while pursuing their studies. Before 1328, Sir Thomas Charteris, the clerk of the audit of the King's house, is mentioned as *firmarius* of the royal lands and mill in the shire of Selkirk, at a rent of 20 merks.

Black death.

Before the peace between the countries was ratified, Scotland had to meet a worse enemy than a Southern foe. The pestilence that walketh in darkness was more to be dreaded than the destruction that wasteth at noon. A great plague, known as the "black death," had devastated the whole of Europe, and for many months ravaged a great part of England. This led some to suppose that it was the judgment of Heaven for Edward's repeated efforts to subjugate and annex the northern kingdom. It was not long, however, till it crossed the Border. It spread with disastrous rapidity and virulence among the ranks of a Scottish army encamped in the Forest, for five thousand of their number fell, and were hastily buried beneath the surrounding oaks.¹

James IV.
and V.

The Douglas family continued lords of Ettrick Forest till their forfeiture in 1455. These lands and the castle of Newark were again annexed to the Crown, and became once more a hunting-ground of

¹ [This was not the only occurrence of the pestilence in the Border district. "The contagious sickness of the pestilence" was within the bounds of the Sheriffdoms of Roxburgh and Peebles in May 1605. It continued with varying severity in the district for three years. See 'Register of the Council,' vii. 51—J. V.]

the Scottish monarchs. After being the dowry of Mary of Gueldres, James IV., under his marriage-contract, made them the jointure-lands of his queen, the Lady Margaret of England. Seizin was given her in June 1503, at Galashiels, by John Murray of Falahill, Sheriff of Selkirk; and the deed was witnessed, among others, by Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch. But a difficulty afterwards arose as to the possession. Sir Walter, who had exerted himself in suppressing the rebellion of the Douglasses, had in consequence been made keeper of the castle; and, singularly enough, though he had been an eye-witness of the Queen's legal investiture, when she presented herself at the gate with an escort of forty horsemen she was denied admittance, and made to wait till an order arrived from the King. After her second marriage with the Earl of Angus, he seems to have collected the rents, and applied them to his own use, which caused her to complain to her brother, Henry VIII., that she never got a penny of them, though they ought to bring her in four thousand merks yearly.¹

We have seen that at an early period the revenues of Melrose Abbey were chiefly drawn from the pasturage of sheep and cattle, which implies that they were already kept in very considerable numbers. We have seen that under James the Forest was turned more and more into a sheep-walk. He, however, denied the fact to his uncle Henry, as if pastoral pursuits, held in such estimation by patriarchs and prophets of old, were unworthy of a

James V.

¹ The Sherifdom of Etrick Forest was formally given to John Murray of Falahill—"the Outlaw"—in 1509. His descendant, John Murray of Philiphaugh, received £4000 of compensation in 1748, on the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions.

modern prince. "In good faith," he writes, "I have no sheep, nor occupy no such things; but such as have tacks and farms of us, peradventure have such numbers of sheep and cattle as ye speak of." Under the Crown, the proprietors of the Forest held their lands as rentallers—or the King's *kindly tenants*—as they had done under the Lords of Douglas. Very few of them received charters until the year 1587, when James VI. came of age. The quit-rents paid to the Crown by the kindly tenants continue burdens on the estates to the present day, and are collected by the chamberlain of Ettrick Forest.¹ There are several holdings for a dog-leash, a bow, a pair of arrows, &c., in allusion to the ancient sports.

State of
country and
people.

It may be interesting to learn something of the state of the country, the condition of the people, and the prevailing manners in those early times; and the 'Liber de Melros,' printed for the Bannatyne Club, presents us with ample and trustworthy details. In the preface the editor has paid the monks this well-merited tribute: "Upon a fair estimate of the material submitted to us, we shall find the monks, freed as they were from domestic ties, always zealous for their order, and for the welfare of their territories and their tenants, as conducing to its prosperity; encouraging agriculture and every improvement of the soil; leading the way in an adventurous foreign trade, and in all arts and manufactures; cultivating the learning of the time; and latterly enjoying and teaching to others the enjoyment of the luxuries of civilised life, while they exercised extensive hos-

¹ [These are given as now amounting to £235, 3s. 7½d. The smallness of the sum arises from the fact that the yearly *fermes* or rents for a term were continued without change or possibility of increase under the feu-charters.—J. V.]

pitality and charity." The Crown was held to be the origin of all real property, and royal confirmation was necessary for the completeness of titles. The subdivision of property was much greater than is consistent with the idea of many overgrown estates held by leading nobles, and the degradation of other classes. Occasionally we find the lord of a large territory distributing it among his retainers; but we also find persons holding lands of their equals, and even their inferiors in rank, subject to the feudal services of vassalage. The boundaries of such lands were of a primitive and somewhat perishable nature—such as "the old elm," "the white thorn," "the ozier bed," "the green ditch," "ancient castle," "oaks marked with crosses," "the crosses and trenches made by King David." The great Roman roads or causeways which intersected the district were made available for the same purpose; and where ancient monuments could not be utilised, standing stones or stone crosses were erected. Great attention was doubtless paid to agriculture, as well as to improving the breed of horses; while the minute portions of land in which gifts to the Abbey were frequently bestowed appear to indicate its value. Strict rules were laid down for the protection of hay meadows and standing corn. Wheat was grown with other crops, and wheaten bread used on holidays. Roads, but probably of rude construction, were common; for we constantly read of the green-way, the high-way, the king's-way; and wheel-carriages of different sorts were in general use. Where a right of way was wanted through an adjoining territory, a considerable price had to be paid for it. But what strikes us as more singular in those early days, mills driven by water as well as wind were employed for grinding

corn; although the rude and laborious process of the hand-mill kept its ground in some districts till a comparatively recent period. The revenues of the Abbey were principally drawn from the pasturage of sheep and cattle. Of these there appears to have been a much greater number than has been commonly supposed. The minute arrangements for their keepers, their folds, and the separation of their pastures, as well as the high penalties for a trespass, attest the care then bestowed on this kind of stock. Encouragement was at the same time given for the preservation of all kinds of game, and especially the red-deer; and tillage was strictly forbidden where there was either forest or good pasture-ground. In certain gifts of territory to the Abbey, the game was carefully reserved by the donors, in such express terms that even the names of the favourite animals are specified. The monks were strictly prohibited from hunting with hounds or nets, and also from setting traps except for wolves. Even the trees in which the hawks and falcons usually build were to be held sacred, and on no account to be felled. But notwithstanding these jealous prohibitions, the monks ere long transgressed them, and exercised the privileges of fishing, hunting, and hawking as they chose. We learn from the simple and faithful chronicles of the Abbey that great precaution was also taken, so far as penal statutes could secure the object, for the preservation of the wood—a scarce and valuable commodity. When the right of cutting it was conceded for some particular purpose—such as building, or fuel for a salt-work—to that the privilege was expressly confined. Coal was doubtless worked at an early period in Scotland; but only in the easiest levels and in small quan-

tities, from the imperfection of machinery. Peats formed the common fuel of the country, and a right to a peatery was of paramount importance.

The Scottish sovereigns, during the reigns referred to, had frequently in their visits another object in view than hawking, or hunting the wild beasts of the Forest. The Border freebooters were higher game, and more difficult to deal with. There is honour among thieves; and when, as often happened, they became turbulent past endurance, and transgressed the recognised limits of Border rapine, they were summarily brought to justice, and even execution, by the strong arm of royalty. The type of character among the Lowlanders was formed by the double influence of climate and clanship. In all countries mountaineers are found to be a free, brave, and independent race; but the system under which they lived in the hill-country of the Borders tended greatly to foster other virtues. The most marked feature was an instinctive habit of obedience on the part of the people, softened and sweetened by their loyal attachment to their chiefs. There was the prestige and pride of ancestry, which would have led them to die rather than disgrace it. There was the strong and inspiring bond of brotherhood. And nothing would have induced them to hang back or prove false to their clan in the day of battle. But every district had its clan; and living in near neighbourhood, there were necessarily many causes of quarrel. There prevailed among them the vices as well as the virtues of a rude and early age; and once their strong passions were raised, they were fierce and relentless as lions. Woe to the foe that offered injury or insult to any of the fraternities! At the call of the bugle-horn, hundreds would muster

Freebooters.

speedily to wipe out the blot. Even when one of their number was seized by treachery, or retained in unlawful bondage, all would haste to the rescue, and, with the swiftness of the whirlwind, sweep down on the offenders. Should no immediate opportunity of revenge present itself, they would nurse their wrath, and were content to bide their time. Feuds were handed down, indeed, from father to son, and were regarded as a sacred inheritance. It can readily be understood that when the clans resided on opposite sides of the Border, the mutual jealousy and hatred should be intensified—that they should have mustered in numbers to carry merciless devastation into the territories of their opponents with fire and sword, and that every such raid should bring a speedy and equally savage reprisal. Such was the state of things in these now peaceful straths—might being right—for many generations; till at length, under the administration of James VI., the supremacy of law gradually superseded the reign of plunder, turbulence, and terror.

Battle of
Philiphaugh

The next event of any historical importance connected with Yarrow was the battle of Philiphaugh, fought in 1645, between the Marquis of Montrose and David Leslie, in which Montrose was defeated. The lower part of the parish opened up a route for the flight of Montrose's troops, some following the banks of the river, and others taking the high road across Minchmoor. The ballad that bears the name is devoid of all poetical merit, being a simple record of what took place, and in tolerable accordance with the facts of history. It is obviously the production of some unknown bard, a stern supporter of the Covenanters. More familiar with the sword than the pen, they abjured "the profane and unprofit-

able art of poem-making;" but here was an opportunity not to be lost of rejoicing over a once dominant but now defeated foe. In their eyes the Marquis was the impersonation of all evil, and the more so from his having been one of the keenest of their partisans before espousing the fallen cause of the King. No sooner had he raised the royal standard, than, at the head of rude Highland clans hastily gathered together, he gained six victories in succession, reconquered a kingdom, and occupied its capital. His advance was indeed like a triumphal march, till it was unexpectedly arrested by Leslie.

“ On Philiphaugh a fray began,
 At Harehead wood it ended;
 The Scotts out o'er the Græmes they ran,
 Sae merrily they bended.

Sir David frae the Border cam',
 Wi' heart and hand cam' he;
 Wi' him three thousand bonny Scots,
 To bear him company.

Wi' him three thousand valiant men,
 A noble sight to see!
 A cloud o' mist them weel concealed,
 As close as e'er might be.”

At Philiphaugh Montrose found what seemed a secure field for the encampment of his infantry; but to add to the natural defences of the place, trenches were thrown up on each flank. Along with his cavalry, he himself retired to Selkirk, where he lodged for the night in a house still called by his name, little dreaming of the rude awakening of the morrow. The story goes that the gudewife had just been putting a sheep's

head into the pot, when her visitor passed the kitchen door; and, ignorant who he was, remarked that she wished it had been Montrose's head: she would in that case take care to hold down the lid. The firing of guns at that moment arrested his attention more than the random but ill-timed remark of his landlady. The circumstances which contributed to the disaster of that ill-fated day are related at some length by Scott in connection with the ballad. Montrose was disappointed in reinforcements from the Borderers, whose military spirit was now in a great measure broken. What was more wonderful, he was ignorant that General Leslie, released from his English campaign, and with a force double his own, and chiefly cavalry, was within a few miles of his camp—a proof that the country around was unfriendly to his cause. In consequence of this lack of information there appears to have been no provision of scouts, otherwise Leslie, even under cover of a dense mist, could not have taken him so completely by surprise. And then the separation of horse and foot, who were dependent on each other for support, was a fatal error. The first notice of danger which Montrose received was the noise arising from the unexpected attack and unresisted slaughter of his bewildered infantry. The confusion was doubly confounded when a large detachment, as the ballad describes, making a wide circuit, assailed them from another quarter. The Marquis, leaping on his steed and mustering what of his cavalry at the moment he could, hastened to the rescue, and made a desperate but unavailing effort to rally his men. The day was hopelessly lost, and “the gallant Grahame,” the hero of many previous successful fights, was fain

to follow in the wake of his flying soldiers, never drawing bridle till he had crossed the heights of Minchmoor, and taken refuge at Traquair House.¹ The bulk of the fugitives took the route up the banks of the Yarrow: many of them were captured and cut to pieces on a piece of ground near Newark Castle, still known as "Slain Man's Lea," where the Covenanting preachers are reported (slanderosly doubtless) to have remarked, "Eh, but the wark gaes bonnily on!" So ended this memorable battle, which brightened the prospects of the champions of the Covenant, and which proved the last in Ettrick Forest, the scene of so many bloody frays.

There are various interesting incidents connected with this battle. Sir Walter Scott notes a tradition transmitted to him by the Ettrick Shepherd, which is still retained in the Forest. The Earl of Traquair, attached to the Royalists, had crossed the height on horseback, attended by his blacksmith, who carried bags of gold for the payment of the troops. Meeting the flying soldiers, on their way down the Yarrow, they at once guessed the flight and ill-fortune of the day, and joined in the race. As one of Leslie's troopers was gaining on them, the Earl, being the better mounted of the two, made the blacksmith take *his* horse, leave him, and bear the bags to a place of safety. This he alleged he did, by casting them into a well near old Tinnis. The honest farmer of Tinnis, Mr Charles Ballantyne, hearing this story one evening a century and a half afterwards, was up with the earliest dawn to ransack the well, but unfortunately without success.

¹ [Montrose remained at Traquair House for a very short time, and then rode on to Biggar the same day.—J. V.]

If ever hidden treasure was there, it was the familiar adage, "He who hides knows best where to seek." Curiously enough, however, a number of silver coins of that day were afterwards turned up by the plough on a haugh of the Tinnis. The Ettrick Shepherd got possession of them from the wife of the farm-steward, William Dalgleish, and handed them to Sir Walter Scott, who in acknowledgment of the valued coins presented her with a book of prayers, 'The Morning and Evening Sacrifice,' suitably inscribed. This, however, was but a small *treasure-trove* compared with what some labourers of Sir John Murray, the present proprietor,¹ discovered while digging in the neighbourhood of the battleground. There were numerous silver coins, which the owner had not found opportunity to recover in the hurry of escape: they were claimed by the Exchequer, but a number, of which it had duplicates, were returned. In another place the workmen lighted upon a dozen old-fashioned bottles full of wine, but of what kind it was impossible to tell, as in the course of two centuries it had lost all its flavour. Unfortunately, from the filling up of the trenches by a farmer many years ago, to prepare for the plough, the appearance of the encampment has been greatly obliterated; but the present proprietor,² with great good taste, has erected on the site a massive monument of rough whinstone, bearing an appropriate inscription.

Montrose, it is said, threw his military chest into a deep pool, called the Myster (treasure) Pule, near Harehead wood, at the opening of the Yarrow, telling the devil to keep it till he came back to seek

¹ [The late baronet of Philiphaugh.]

² [Then Sir John Murray.]

it. This pool was drained some years ago, and nothing was found in it but a Lochaber-axe. Another story is that the bearer flung it into a cottage at Foulshiels, and escaped for his life. The sole inmates of the cottage were an old man



THE COVENANTERS' MONUMENT.

and woman, who, on perceiving the fortune which had thus unexpectedly fallen to them, began to dispute what should be done with it, when some of Leslie's men, entering at the moment, appropriated the treasure to themselves.

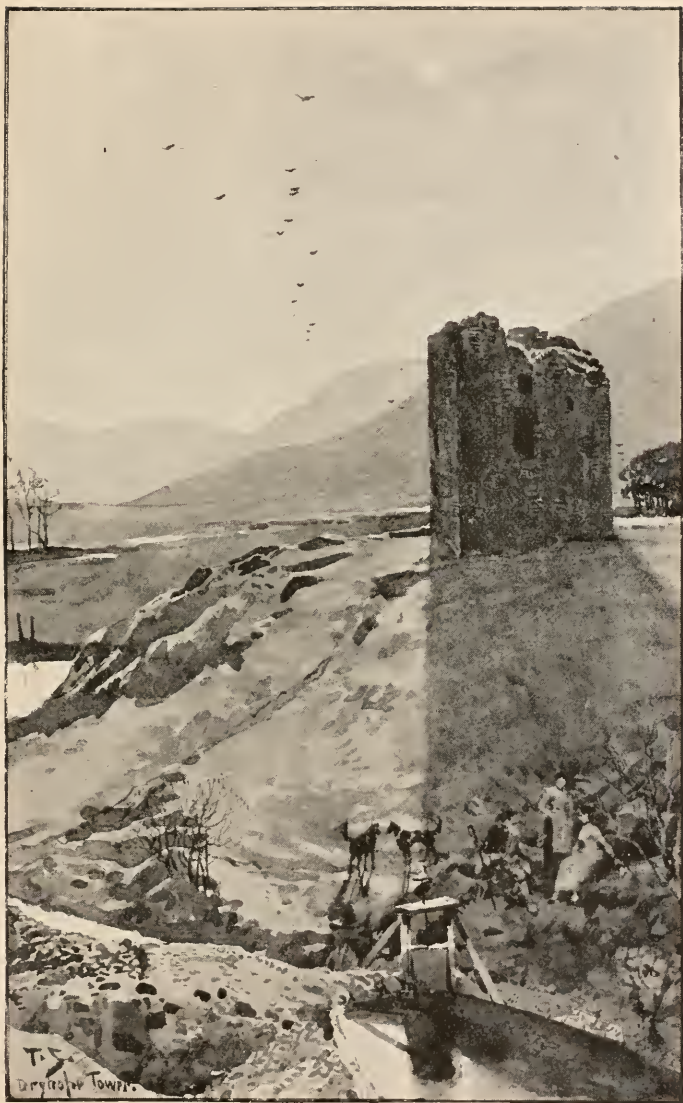
At a later date, the district of the Forest was to

The Cove-
nanters.

a considerable extent associated with the sufferings of the Covenanters. Their scattered and persecuted remnant sought refuge among the mountains whence the Yarrow flows. So steep were the places over which Claverhouse rode, as to induce the popular belief that his black charger was the embodiment of the prince of darkness. At a sheltered spot still pointed out among the hills at Riskenhope, James Renwick, the last of Scottish martyrs, preached for the last time, and baptised a child in the waters of the brook. It is said that when he prayed that day, few of his hearers' cheeks were dry; and one can understand the power of a man who was ready to be offered, and who felt that the time of his departure was at hand. Soon after, on the 17th of February 1688, he suffered at Edinburgh. Not far from Riskenhope is Chapelhope farmstead, long tenanted by the Laidlaws, maternal ancestors of the Ettrick Shepherd, and celebrated in the district for their protection of the Covenanters. From their account of the wanderings and gatherings and hair-breadth escapes of the persecuted, he drew materials for his beautiful and popular tale of 'The Brownie of Bodsbeck.'

Ancient
towers and
occupants.

The ancient towers were a feature of the valleys in the parish of Yarrow as it was, embracing the Tweed with its tributaries, the Yarrow and Ettrick. Along the banks of each in former times was a line of Border peels, often a zigzag one, so arranged that one looked to another; and intelligence could be transmitted in letters of flame in an incredibly short space of time. They were generally in elevated positions, commanding a good look-out, and near a supply of water, and, when it could be attained, with steep banks on some sides of them,



T. S.
Drysdale Tower.

as at Harden or Newark, or with a wood around, as at Newhouse.

They were worthy of preservation as memorials of the times, and associated with many ancient and honourable families renowned in arts and in arms. Some of them were burned down when clans were in conflict with each other; but what was allowable in the period of Border warfare was without excuse in our times of peace. Even the grim grey ruins were interesting features of the landscape, and worthy of being spared. But, worse than "time's destroying sway," the ruthless hand of vandalism has swept the greater part of them away, as standing in the way of some fancied improvement, or to employ the material for building some modern dyke or dwelling. Even Newark Castle, the stateliest of them all, was thus desecrated through the bad taste of the factor of the day, so recently as the beginning of this century, and the best of the stones from the walls and enclosing fence pulled down for the building of a farmhouse, immediately in front, on the Slain Man's Lea. The present noble proprietor¹ was so displeased and disgusted with the proceedings, that when he came into power he swept the modern house away, and restored stones that in an evil hour had been abstracted, and put the ancient pile into a state of perfect preservation.

A brief notice of the few towers that remain, their occupants, and incidents connected with them, may not be altogether devoid of interest.

The foundations of the old tower of Deuchar yet remain, affording shelter to the shepherd's garden. Hard by there was formerly a church, and quite a *clachan* within a comparatively recent period. The

Deuchar.

¹ [The late or fifth Duke of Buccleuch, born 1806, died 1884.]

houses were occupied by a motley set of joiners, coopers, carriers, disbanded soldiers, paupers, and a beadle.

Catslack.

On the top of a ridge overlooking the farmhouse of Catslackburn stood the old tower of Catslack. Many remember the walls of it, standing three feet high. They interfered somewhat with the cultivation of the field, and the stones were handy for cauldng the river; so that, in keeping with the destructive practices of a former age, they were all removed by the feuar, and not a trace of the tower is left behind. The interest is increased, and the regret for such an event deepened, by a tradition which is mentioned in the family records of the 'Scotts of Buccleuch,' printed for private circulation. The castle is spoken of as a place of importance and strength in those times; and it is mentioned that a remote ancestress of the present Duke perished in the flames when the castle was stormed and burned. She is said to have retreated to the highest part of the building, and, leaning out of the window with extended arms, appealed for help to the Murrays of Sundhope. The appeal was vain; and in that attitude she fell a victim to the flames.¹

Hangingshaw Castle.

Hangingshaw Castle had a commanding position half-way up the hill, with a long straight avenue in front, and behind flanked by noble beeches. A few feet of the walls, with a broken-arched chamber, were still to be seen within the memory of man. The more modern mansion-house that stood hard by was burned to the ground while still in possession of the Murrays—a circumstance that crowned their

¹ [This is founded on a somewhat vague tradition. It is not at all certain that it had any reference to the incident of the Catslack Tower.—J. V.]

misfortunes, after contesting at great expense the Selkirk group of burghs for a seat in Parliament with Sir Lawrence Dundas, who was backed by all the influence and pecuniary support of the Government of the day. When the house was burned (about 1768), amid the hurry and confusion of the occasion the infant daughter — Eleanor — of Mr Murray, lying in her cradle, was forgotten. The nurse, with great courage and presence of mind, got hold of a rope and basket, with which she rushed through the smoke to the high tower. Putting the child into the basket, she let it down carefully through a bole,¹ and waited till it had been caught below. The child afterwards became the wife of Sir James Naesmyth of Dawyck, and grandmother of the present baronet. Through this connection the descendants inherited the tallness which distinguished the Outlaw Murray, who is said to have been 7 feet high. Her son, the late baronet, was 6 feet 3 inches; and she had seven splendid daughters. The present baronet is 6 feet 1 inch. In the bewilderment of the conflagration, one of the domestics pitched out from a high window a valuable looking-glass, and carried down in her hands a pair of tongs and poker! Mrs Cockburn of Fairnilee wrote a beautiful poetical "Lament" on the broken walls; and there is a touching story of a poor woman going daily for a long time to weep for hours over the desolate ruins. As a feature of the overflowing hospitality of a bypast period, tradition records that every person who called, no matter how trifling the errand, was treated to a draught of strong ale out of a capacious vessel termed the Hangingshaw ladle, which was filled to the brim and

¹ [Small window or opening in the wall.—J. V.]

must be drained to the dregs. Sir John Murray¹ and Mr Johnstone of Alva have each a large silver cup to represent the traditionary ladle.

These were the times of bribery and corruption previous to an election. The bailies and councillors of Selkirk were entertained for days at The Hangingshaw, by way of gaining their votes. A farmer in the neighbourhood was installed to keep ward over them. After partaking to the full of delicacies which the house supplied, they longed for their accustomed breakfast of porridge, expressing a wish to wash it down with some of the "fizzing stuff" they had drunk at dinner the day before!—viz., champagne, then a costly beverage. Sir Lawrence, on the other hand, curried favour with the souters' wives, and was wont, in saluting them, to drop guineas into their mouths, which induced a knowing dame on one occasion to sing out, "Come ower my dochter too, sir."

St Mary's
Chapel.

The chapel of St Mary's of the Lowes was situated on a rising ground, between two burns, commanding a beautiful view of both lakes, to which it gives the name—St Mary's Loch and the Loch of the Lowes. For many generations it was a place of worship in connection with the Romish Church, and afterwards with the Episcopalian and Presbyterian. Its sacred character did not exempt it from the turbulence of the times. It was injured by the clan of Scott in a feud with the Cranstouns in 1557, but continued to be used for service during the seventeenth century. The vestiges of the building, and also the chaplain's house, can still be traced, and the burying-ground is now all but disused, the last families that buried in it—the Andersons, Scotts,

¹ [The late baronet of Philiphaugh.]

Grieves, and Brydons — being now extinct.¹ A funeral in such a wild and sequestered spot is wont to be a very solemn spectacle, there being scarcely a human habitation within sight, and no sound to break the silence of the grave save the sighing of the wind, the occasional bleating of flocks, or the lonely whew of the plover. Though there is no ancient ballad in connection with the scene, it has not been left unsung. Sir Walter, in his introduction to the second canto of 'Marmion,' happily pictures the contrast between the past and present:—

"Nought living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near;
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath laid Our Lady's Chapel low,
Yet still, beneath the hallowed soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And, dying, bids his bones be laid
Where erst his simple fathers prayed."

The Ettrick Shepherd, in his beautiful poem of "St Mary of the Lowes," recounts various classes who here found a resting-place. What a striking effect has a religious service which the present writer has held there for many years! There is invariably a wide gathering of the shepherds, on what to many is holy ground, as the place of their fathers' sepulchres; while on the one hand the tower of Dryhope recalls the strife of Border clans, and the hills of Riskenhope on the other hand bring back the struggles of the persecuted Covenanters. Beyond the precincts of the demolished chapel on the east is a small mound called "Binram's Corse," where are

¹ [Some of these families have still representatives in the country.—J. V.]

said to lie the remains of a necromancer priest, a former chaplain. Sir Walter speaks of

“That Wizard Priest, whose bones are thrust
From company of holy dust;”

and out of the floating traditions the Ettrick Shepherd has woven a beautiful story, termed “Mess John.”

Wat of
Harden.

Auld Wat and Mary Scott were both celebrated in their day and way—the one for bravery and the other for beauty. In 1563 he succeeded to his father and the possession of a large estate. His principal residence was the castle of Harden, on the Borthwick, on a commanding site, greatly superior to either Branxholm or Hermitage, overhanging a deep dell, or, to take its more appropriate name, “den,” in which the stolen cattle were secured,—strongly defended on all sides, with an outlook from the turrets to the eastern Border, so that when the beacons were lighted the inmates got the first glimpse of the blaze, and were foremost in the fray. He had, besides, the towers of Oakwood and Kirkhope, on the Ettrick. He was prominent in several Border frays. Though unable to use the pen, his hand could well wield the sword. He was remarkable for his courage and military accomplishments, as well as for his prudence and sagacity. Between the Scotts of Buccleuch and Harden there was always a close alliance in matters of Border interest.

[Wat of Harden, or “Auld Wat,” as he was called, figures in the ballad, “Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dodhead.” At the summons of Buccleuch, Harden responded to Telfer’s appeal in the night for help, and succeeded, along with other Teviot lairds, in rescuing the cattle which had been carried



Oakwood Tower.

off by the Captain of Bewcastle. The ballad is a very picturesque one, and shows the feeling of Border clanship at its best. The following are some of the stanzas. "Auld Buccleuch" says—

"Gar warn the water, braid and wide,
Gar warn it sune and hastilie;
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them ne'er look in the face o' me!

Warn Wat o' Harden and his sons,
Wi' them will Borthwick Water ride;
Warn Gaudilands¹ and Allanhaugh,
And Gilmanscleuch and Commonsie.

Ride by the gate at Priesthaugh Swire,
And warn the Currors o' the Lee;
As ye cum down the Hermitage Slack,
Warn doughtie Willie o' Gorrinberry."

Harden and his companions overtook Bewcastle, after he had passed the Frostylie, and there, after a severe fight, recovered the prey.]

When "Auld Wat" took part with Bothwell in attempting to seize the King at Falkland, the penalty he had to pay was the demolition of his house of Harden. His retainers had the worst of it in a fray with Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, and some of them were taken prisoners. When James VI. ascended the English throne, these forays into England were less common.

Little is known of the biography of his bride Mary Scott. beyond the fact that she was as celebrated for her beauty as he for his bravery. In the course of a married life extending over nearly thirty years, she presented him with four stalwart sons and six

¹ [Goldielands.]

daughters, from whom a number of the leading families of the Lowlands are descended. Just as the valour of the men that fell at Flodden immortalised them as "The Flowers of the Forest," the gentleness and grace of Harden's choice procured her the name of "The Flower of Yarrow." This has been for generations alike her poetical and popular designation. The distinction is said to have been originally due to the gratitude of an English captive, a beautiful child, whom she rescued from the rough hands of Harden's freebooters on their return from a raid into Cumberland. The youth grew up under her protection, and is believed to have been the composer both of the words and the music of many of the best Border ballads. We have thus been indirectly indebted to one Scott for these touching strains, as afterwards principally indebted to another.

Muckle-
mou'd Meg.

There is the well-known tradition of the marriage of a son of Scott of Harden to a daughter of Elibank, who is remembered as "Muckle-mou'd Meg," under the compulsory alternative of the gallows-tree. Scott had been taken in a foray on Elibank, and on being confronted with the alternatives of the gallows and a not comely bride, chose the latter. Tradition has it that they were married then and there. Mr Fraser has discovered a document in the Polwarth charter-chest, which contains a formal marriage-settlement between the parties. On the strength of this, the correctness of the old tradition has been impugned. But there is no cogency in this argument as against what is essential in the tradition itself. It is quite possible that a preliminary engagement or *handfasting* took place, which was followed by a formal marriage.

The Border peels lead us naturally and appropriately to speak of Border poetry, for in many instances the occupants of the one were the subjects of the other. The wars waged between the rival kingdoms, the feuds and forays of the different clans, the daring deeds that signalled the rescue of comrades when taken prisoners, the stratagems employed in predatory raids, the loud wail of broken hearts over fallen heroes, the resolve of deadly revenge for supposed wrongs, and occasionally the breathings of love with which even stern breasts were stirred—these supplied ample materials for the minstrel's song. The ballads of the Border form a literature of their own, and on a somewhat extensive scale. The production of unknown bards, and the record of spirit-stirring events deemed worthy of preservation, they were caught up by many a listening ear; they were chanted at the courts of princes, in the banqueting-halls of nobles, and around the humble hearths of their retainers, while they were handed down as a precious legacy from sire to son.

Border
poetry.

At the same time it must be admitted that the literature as we now possess it is not of the highest order. Many of the ballads—some probably of the best kind—perished, and those which have survived appear under serious disadvantages. Oral tradition is at the best an uncertain channel of transmission, however retentive the memory and sympathetic the heart. They could not fail to be largely metamorphosed through the lapse of time and from repeated rehearsal. As Sir Walter Scott says, "The more popular the composition of an ancient poet, or *maker*, became, the greater chance there was of its being corrupted; for a poem transmitted through a

Ballads.

number of reciters incurs the risk of impertinent interpolations from the conceit of one rehearser, unintelligible blunders from the stupidity of another, and omissions equally to be regretted from the want of memory in a third."¹ Now to such a process our Border ballads have been subjected; and taking them as they are, there are many things which a modern critic might be disposed to challenge. There is frequently a poverty of thought, carelessness of expression, and looseness of rhythm which offend us. Commonplace verses occur; the story is needlessly spun out; there is a dull and tedious repetition of the same words. But it ought to be borne in mind that the stanzas are now in a very different state from that in which they came from their authors. Amended, mutilated, and modernised, they have in consequence been greatly marred; the new readings wanting the freshness and raciness, the pithiness and poetical fire of the original.

Their characteristics.

Under such circumstances, it is a matter of wonder that we possess so many ballads of very considerable merit. Whoever the unknown bards might be, they were not without qualifications requisite for such a task. One can trace a quick and keen power of observation, the perception at a glance of the leading circumstances which impart an interest to the incident narrated, the faculty of embodying the details so as to place the entire scene vividly before us, and all in keeping with the characters that play their several parts. Besides, these ballads are curious as specimens of the early poetry of the nation. They give a graphic picture of the names, customs, sentiments, and religion of the age. They are not without value to the historian, as the means

¹ [Minstrely, vol. i. Int., p. 19 (ed. 1868).]

of confirming, correcting, or supplementing information supplied from other sources. It has been truly said: "Had the Scottish songs been preserved, there is no doubt a very curious history might have been composed by means of minstrelsy only, from the reign of Alexander III. in 1285 down to the close of the civil wars in 1745. That material for such a collection existed cannot be disputed, since the Scottish historians often refer to old ballads as authorities for general tradition." With all their alleged faults, those ballads have beauties and redeeming qualities of their own to an unprejudiced mind. With all the simplicity of the narrative, they are true to nature; and, in spite of the rudeness of the age, a person of refined taste will meet with bursts of passion, approaches to sublimity, and touches of pathos which nothing can surpass.

It was well, therefore, that, with such recommendations, what survived of these ballads was collected and preserved in a permanent form about the beginning of the present century. They had hitherto been intrusted to floating tradition; and the well-exercised memories of many families could retain a very large amount of legendary lore of this kind. But at the period referred to, social changes were at work, likely ere long to put an end to this state of things. The manners and character of Scotland were daily being more assimilated to those of the sister kingdom; our remote and lonely glens were being opened up and brought into intercourse with the outer world; the spirit of activity was abroad; agricultural improvements were being carried out—so that amid the wants and activities of a utilitarian age the lays and tales of other days ran the risk of

The Min-
strelsy of
the Border.

being obliterated. Fortunately the custodier was at hand. The last minstrel, and the best, was more careful of the productions and reputation of others than his own. The lays of these older minstrels could not have found one more fitted for collecting, comparing the different versions, then compiling and illustrating them, than Scott—himself a poet of Border extraction, full of enthusiasm for the past, well read in Border antiquities, having easy access to the best sources of information, and aided by fellow-labourers of congenial tastes; foremost among them William Laidlaw and James Hogg, whose acquaintance he had previously made at Blackhouse. It was altogether a labour of love to receive the contributions that were sent him, or to take down the verses from the lips of the old cottagers among our hills, till he himself possessed more ample store than any one of them. He refers with pride to a period in his own life, when a memory that ought to have been charged with more valuable matter, enabled him to recollect so many of these old songs as would have occupied several days in the recitation. The Ettrick Shepherd records one of many instances of his unrivalled memory. While they were waiting for a considerable time on the banks of the Tweed for a light, whereby to leister kippers, he says: “Scott desired me to sing him my ballad of Gilmanscleugh. Now, be it remembered that this ballad had never been either printed or penned. I had merely composed it by rote, and on finishing it, three years before, I had sung it once over to Sir Walter. I began at his request, but at the eighth or ninth verse I stuck in it, and could not get on with another line; on which he began it a second time, and recited it

every word from beginning to end. It being a very long ballad, consisting of eighty-eight stanzas, I testified my astonishment."¹

It was not, however, without a feeling of regret on the part of the reciters, that what had so long been their own peculiar treasure, and guarded with jealous care, should be put to the press and become public property. We have a sample of this in Margaret Laidlaw, mother of the Shepherd, who in her own cottage had chanted the ballad of "Auld Maitland" to Scott. On inquiring at her if she thought it had ever been printed, she scouted the idea: "Oo, na, na, sir, it was never prentit i' the world. . . . There was never ane o' ma sangs prentit till ye prentit them yersel', an' ye hae spoilt them athergither."² This old-world literature, as we have hinted, would soon in all probability have been less retained in the tablets of memory, but the "prentin'" doubtless helped to loosen its hold on the popular mind. On the publication of succeeding volumes of the 'Minstrely,' the spell was broken; and these relics of Border song, thus laid bare to the light of day, have, like the friendly and familiar spirits of Border superstition, on being noticed with peculiar kindness, almost entirely disappeared from the memories of the people, and that, too, in consequence of the very effort made to preserve them.

We may now give a few brief notices of the ballads connected with Yarrow parish, none of which had been published before the date of the 'Minstrely.'

"The Border Widow's Lament," a fragment obtained from recitation in the Forest of Ettrick, is generally believed to relate to the apprehension and

Margaret
Laidlaw
and Scott.

Yarrow
Ballads.

"The Border
Widow's
Lament."

¹ Hogg's Autobiography.

² [See above, p. 188.]

execution of Cockburn of Henderland, a Border freebooter, by James V., in his remarkable expedition in June 1529, which was fatal to many other marauders. The Cockburns had gifts of the lands from Robert III. in 1383. From the records of the Justice Courts, they were for generations a turbulent family, and frequently indicted for manslaughter; and the individual in question appears to have kept up their character. Crossing the hills with his retinue, by a thoroughfare known sometimes as the King's, sometimes the Thief's Road, because traversed by both, Cockburn is said to have been pounced on unexpectedly while sitting at dinner, and hanged on the gate. The vestiges of the Tower of Henderland are still visible, and hard by a mountain-torrent rushes from the hills, through a rocky chasm named the Dow Linn. "To the recesses of this linn the wife of Cockburn is said to have retreated during the execution of her husband; and a place called the *Lady's Seat* is still shown, where she strove to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of his existence."¹ In the ballad, one of the most plaintive on record, describing in the most simple but vivid terms the whole transaction, there is, first, a picture of conjugal happiness suddenly blasted by the King and his retinue, on the instigation of a foe. In the fulness of her broken and bleeding heart, she dwells on the details of the scene that followed—the surprise; the summary slaughter of her lord; her house, through the desertion of servants and neighbours keeping aloof, left desolate; her solitary watchings by the body of her lord; the preparations for the burial; the laying it with her own hands in

¹ Minstrelsy, "Lament of the Border Widow."

its resting-place; the advice to the dust so dear to her—and then, in a verse of exquisite beauty, she pledges herself, by a most tender token, a lock of his yellow hair, to a love strong as death:—

“Nae living man I’ll love again,
 Since that my comely knight is slain;
 Wi’ ae lock o’ his yellow hair
 I’ll chain my heart for evermair.”

In a deserted burial-place attached to what was the chapel, and near the Tower of Henderland, there is a large stone broken in three parts. On this there are carved a cross, sword, and shield, with the brief inscription—“Here lyes Perys of Cokburne and hys wife Marjory.” This slab is generally believed to mark the graves of the famous freebooter and the true-hearted lady who survived and lamented him.

Perys of
 Cokburne.

It is disappointing to discover that historical documents give a different version of the execution from what tradition tells us and the ballad suggests, and that it is not the freebooter to whom the inscription refers. It is obvious that Cockburn was not hanged, but beheaded; the execution took place, not on the gate of the tower, but in Edinburgh. “The man who suffered was William Cockburn. His son, also William, in 1542 lodged a petition against the justice of the sentence and of the forfeiture, and he seems to have got the lands of his father restored to him.”¹

¹ See ‘History and Poetry of the Scottish Border,’ p. 283 *et seq.* [Second edition, vol. ii. pp. 18, 19.]

[The executions of Cockburn and Scott are usually referred to as examples of severity on the part of the King—James V. They are really as nothing compared to what was done by commissioners under James VI., after he had left Scotland. Sir William Cranstoun was the most prominent actor in the summary execution of lawless Borderers from 1605 to 1607.

The Rebel-
lion of 1715.

The Rebellion of 1715 produced a great commotion in the Lowlands as well as the Highlands of Scotland; and doubtless Yarrow shared the excitement and alarm which, according to the 'Memoirs of Boston,' were produced in the adjoining parish of Ettrick. The rumours of it which were afloat reached the ears of the author of the 'Fourfold State' in his remote abode, and a communication he received from an association in Edinburgh, resolved on resistance with an armed force, did not tend to reassure him. When the rising actually broke out, "he took occasion from the pulpit not only to show the people their danger, but to excite them to a due concern for religion and liberty, and to be ready to act in defence thereof." Subsequently, on a peaceful Sabbath morning, he "received a letter from one of the lieutenant-deputes for the shire, with an intimation for all betwixt sixteen and sixty to rendezvous at Selkirk, and

Sometimes he observed a form of assize; as frequently there was no trial at all, but summary execution—"a quick despatche of a grete many notable and notorious theves and villanes." How many may have perished in this way we can but conjecture. But we have record of thirty-two "execute be watter and gallous" at Hawick, Peebles, Jedburgh, and Dumfries, at the end of 1605, and of fifteen more in Dumfries, Annan, and Jedburgh, in 1606. Then there were scores of proscribed outlaws to be hunted like vermin. See Register of Privy Council, vol. vii., Introduction and References.

Besides "The Lament of the Border Widow," there are four other ballads directly connected with the Yarrow—viz., "Willie's rare and Willie's fair," "The Douglas Tragedy," "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," and "The Outlaw Murray." The first was originally printed in Ramsay's 'Tea-Table Miscellany' in 1724. The others are to be found for the first time in print in the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' to which reference may be made. There is also the romantic ballad of the "Gay Goss Hawk," the final scene of which lies in St Mary's Kirk. For an account of these see 'History and Poetry of the Scottish Border,' p. 405 *et seq.* (Second edition, vol. i. p. 181, vol. ii. p. 173.)—J. V.]

desiring him to send the roll of those to the review." At a meeting called for the purpose, after some discussion, the said roll was made up; but the blame of the proceedings was thrown on the minister, so that he became the object of bitter reproach by all parties, and some even threatened to burn the manse. Next day, when they met at Selkirk, the displeasure had not abated; and accordingly, as the simplest way out of the difficulty and perplexity, he secretly committed the document to the flames, choosing rather to bear the censure of the civil court than to alienate altogether the affections of his people. At length the Philistines seemed to be upon them. While the southern army was being formed, to the terror of the inhabitants many of the rebels entered and lodged in the parish on their way north—the general, with one detachment, bearing their standard; the Earl of Winton with another. More than once a false alarm was raised of their approaching in greater numbers, and upon one Sabbath watchmen were stationed on the tops of the hills during divine service. When at length the Highland section of the hostile forces had landed at North Berwick, "an intimation was made next Sabbath, by the lieutenant-depute's orders, entreating all to meet at Kelso, with their best arms, on the morrow, to receive orders, so as the county might be defended." And what was the result? The zealous pastor, though naturally timid, and accustomed to wield the sword of the Spirit rather than the sword of steel, appeared at the place of rendezvous, but without a single one of his flock. "When I went to Kelso," he writes, "the horse was out to observe the enemy, and the town was looking for their approach to attack them, for they were at Jedburgh the night

before. People from all corners, and from our neighbouring parish of Yarrow in particular, had come to the help of the Lord against the mighty, which made me ashamed, considering that there was none of ours there." It is pleasant, while lamenting "the woful unconcernedness" of the one parish, to have such testimony borne by this good man to the courage and loyalty of the other.

The false
alarm.

The Border warfare and Covenanting struggles over, our valleys enjoyed a long period of peace, and Sir Walter in his 'Lay' has vividly described the change:—

"Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
 The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
 No longer steel-clad warriors ride
 Along thy wild and willowed shore;
 Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
 All, all is peaceful, all is still,
 As if thy waves, since Time was born,
 Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
 Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
 Nor started at the bugle-horn."

And yet once more the bugle-horn was sounded—the glaring bale-fire blazed—sweet Teviot and her sister streams saw the steel-clad warriors ride rapidly by their shores. Fortunately it was a false alarm, but the excitement for the time was none the less great. The people of Scotland had been numerously enrolled in a military capacity, with the view of contributing to resist the long-threatened invasion of Napoleon. Beacons were erected throughout the country and along the coast, to give the signal, in such an event, for those found fit for service to repair to their respective places of rendezvous, while every one held himself in readiness to start on the shortest

summons. During this period of suspense, and on the evening of the 2d of February 1804, the watchman on the commanding station of Home Castle, deceived by some accidental fire in Northumberland, lighted up his beacon, when the signal was repeated through all the valleys of the Scottish Border. In these days of improved telegraphy, were any such rumour to arise, the truth could be at once elicited and the panic allayed. But the tongue of flame told only one tale of the enemy on our shores, which was received with unquestioning faith; and never, even when the country was the scene of unceasing warfare, was the call to arms more readily obeyed.

The Selkirkshire Yeomanry were among the first to muster, well armed and completely appointed for the fray; and some curious incidents were connected with that hurried march. Mr Pringle of Whytbank, the deputy-lieutenant of the county, happened to be on a visit to Lord Napier, the lord-lieutenant, then residing at Wilton Lodge, on the banks of the Teviot. The butler entered the drawing-room, and with the utmost coolness made the announcement: "My lord, supper is on the table, and the beacon's blazing." The host, turning to his guest, gravely remarked, "Whytbank, if the beacon's blazing, little supper may suffice; the sooner we ride to Selkirk the better."

On their arrival, the sergeant of the Yeomanry was sent off to warn the men in the valleys of Ettrick and Yarrow. The streams were in high flood, but the errand being express, once and again he swam the deep river where ford there was none. Then followed a turnout to a man—the members of a family aiding in the equipment of the trooper.

Mr Anderson of Sundhope used to describe the hubbub in the house caused by the midnight surprise; and his sisters, all in tears, when he coolly directed them to bring him an old pair of boots, remarking that if he fell into the hands of the French, he was determined they should not get possession of a new pair which had just come home.¹

Mr James Scott of Gilmanscleuch, who was proud of being what is termed a *buirdly man*, was wont to say that if others got *one* bullet through their breast, he would have got *two*. This, indeed, was an after-dinner boast, when the menacing danger was over; but there was no reason to doubt that he would have presented a bold as well as a broad front to the foe on the field of battle.

One heroine, Mrs Park of Carterhaugh, who had been lately married, and whose husband was at a distant market, might well have hailed the excuse for his non-appearance; but instead she sent his charger and uniform to meet him on his way home, that he might join his companions-in-arms. The widowed mother of another member of the corps did the same under similar circumstances—an act in

Mrs Park of
Carter-
haugh.

¹ Such an incident as the above furnished the author of 'Waverley' with a similar night-scene in 'The Antiquary':—

"Our Antiquary, his head wrapped warm in two double night-caps, was quietly enjoying his repose, when it was suddenly broken by the screams of his sister, his niece, and two maid-servants.

" 'What the devil is the matter?' said he, starting up in his bed—'womankind in my room at this hour of night!—are ye all mad?'

" 'The beacon, uncle!' said Miss M'Intyre.

" 'The French coming to murder us!' screamed Miss Griselda.

" 'The beacon! the beacon!—the French! the French!—murder! murder! and waur than murder!' cried the two hand-maidens, like the chorus of an opera.

" 'The French!' said Oldbuck, starting up;—'get out of the room, womankind that you are, till I get my things on! And, hark ye, bring me my sword.'"

both cases worthy of the Spartan mother, who put the shield into the hands of her soldier-boy, with the charge, "*With* this or *on* this, return." Sir Walter Scott was much struck with the answer of the last-mentioned lady to some compliment he paid her on her noble conduct. "Sir," was the reply, "none can know better than you that my son is the only prop by which, since his father's death, our family is supported. But I would rather see him dead on that hearth than hear that he had been a horse's length behind his companions in the defence of his king and country." It was left to his biographer to record the exertions of Sir Walter himself. He was enjoying himself with his wife at Gilsland, when he received intelligence which induced him to believe that a French force was about to land in Scotland. Losing not a moment, he mounted his good steed, which carried him to Dalkeith, the place of rendezvous, a distance of fully a hundred miles, within twenty-four hours; and on reaching there he was delighted to find, along with many others, his own troop of Edinburgh Volunteer Cavalry, of which he was quartermaster, and, above all, the Yeomen of Ettrick Forest—the country of which he was Sheriff. These stalwart troopers made a remarkable march. Located in different quarters, some of them in remote glens, they met and were embodied at Selkirk under their captain, Mr Pringle of Torwoodlee, and reached Dalkeith about one o'clock on the day succeeding the first evening signal, though the roads were in a bad state, and many must have ridden forty or fifty miles without drawing bridle. For the greater part of their route they had the firm belief that they had to face the French. It was

only on meeting the mail-coach at the head of Gala Water, and finding the guard ignorant of any excitement in Edinburgh, that they began to suspect some mistake. On reaching the place of their destination, they learned for certain that the signal-fire gave a false alarm. But all is well that ends well. The muster which they made in common with others put the enthusiasm and ready patriotism of the country unmistakably to the test: they were received with open arms and unbounded hospitality in the houses on which they were quartered; and after a right jolly evening they returned to their homes unharmed—happy as if crowned with laurels, and ready if need be to fight another day.

The Yeomanry.

It was a matter of deep regret when the services of a body of men like this—a cheap and efficient defence for the nation—was dispensed with by the Government. Writing in his diary, of date 12th March 1828, Sir Walter Scott says: “The dissolution of the Yeomanry was the act of the last Ministry. The present did not alter the measure, on account of the expense saved. I am, if not the very oldest Yeoman in Scotland, one of the oldest, and have seen the rise, progress, and now the fall of this very constitutional part of the national force. Its efficacy, on occasions of insurrection, was sufficiently proved in the Radical time. But, besides, it kept up a spirit of harmony between the proprietors of the land and the occupiers, and made them known to and beloved by each other; and it gave to the young men a sort of military and high-spirited character, which always does honour to a country. I wish Parliament, as they have turned the Yeomen adrift somewhat scornfully, may not have occasion to roar them in again.

“The eldrich knight gave up his arms
With many a sorrowful sigh.”

On the disbanding of the Selkirkshire corps, a parting banquet was given them by their then captain, Alexander Pringle, Esq. of Whytbank. The party, including the present Duke of Buccleuch,¹ a number of the neighbouring gentry, and the Ettrick Shepherd (Sir Walter Scott, unfortunately, could not be present), numbered 120, and was most enthusiastic. The Shepherd sang some of his best songs, and Mr David Thomson, poet-laureate of the troop, recited a touching “Lament” composed for the occasion:—

“Last night I heard a lady cry,
And vent her feelings with a sigh,—
Maun Captain Pringle’s gallant band,
That flourished sae ’neath his command—
That gae us ilka year a dance,
And saved us i’ the war wi’ France;
Maun they—I canna understand it,—
An’ are they really a’ disbandit?
That gallant corps, our county’s pride,
That taught our young men how to ride,
To walk the streets wi’ martial grace,
An’ look a body i’ the face!
No’ like the boobies, heather-bred,
That’s fit for neither board nor bed—
That look as silly, faith! as sheep,
And gaunt as they were gaun to sleep.
The King at Portobello sands
Did mark them out frae a’ the bands,
And asked the Duke, ‘Whose men are those,
So neat and handsome in their clothes,
Wi’ Forest branches in their caps?
I never saw such goodly chaps.’

¹ [The late or fifth Duke.]

The Duke, of course, extolled their zeal,
 Their ardour for the common weal,—
 How in the Forest they were bred,
 And how a pastoral life they led—
 How that their sires on Flodden field
 Were never seen an inch to yield—
 How they a banner bore away,
 Which may be seen unto this day
 'Mang 'Souters ane and souters a',
 In an auld kist 'i' the *Back Raw*.
 I heard the story told by Grieve,
 And here repeat it by his leave.
 Wha doubts may speir at Mr Rodger,
 That's baith a notary and a sodger.

While thus the ladies mourn the sorest,
 A wail is heard o'er a' 'the Forest'—
 Blackandro shakes his heathery pow,
 Newark makes a' the moan he dow :
 Rough Ettrick roars, and Yarrow rins
 To hide her in her dowie linns ;
 And little Caddon—woe, indeed!—
 Rins underground to hide her head ;
 The Gala Water's looking blue,
 And Tweed is raging, roarin' fou.
 Meanwhile the cock on Selkirk steeple,
 To the amusement o' the people,
 Is whirled about by every gale,
 Wi' the Town Council at its tail."

8th September 1828.

Militia.

The state of the country, from its neighbourhood to France, led to the raising another body of men, which produced among the inhabitants of Ettrick and Yarrow, as elsewhere, a great excitement. A militia, or body of soldiers chosen by ballot, intended for national defence, and to be employed for a certain number of years, within the limits of these realms, had been in existence from an early period of our history. But a supplementary militia was ordered

by Government in 1793, for the defence of the country at that juncture. All persons not labouring under bodily infirmity, or not specially exempted, between certain ages, were compelled to be enrolled, and to be exercised in drill for a certain period annually, unless they provided substitutes, which to a poor man was a costly matter. In the case of a rebellion or invasion, this force might be marched to any part of Great Britain. Such a compulsory and stringent measure was most unpopular, and led to riots in various quarters. The parish schoolmasters were made the returning officers of the names of the parties thus liable to serve. On the day fixed for reporting to the sheriff at Selkirk, the people of the good old burgh town, augmented by a large influx from the rural districts, were in a state of great ferment; and the officials, of course, connected with the new movement were special objects of enmity. When the court was over, the mob had gathered in great force, and the sheriff, Mr Scott of Woll, though protected by constables, received rough usage, and had the skirts of his coat torn away, before he found shelter within the door of Mr Lang, the sheriff-clerk. Mr Scott, schoolmaster, the returning officer for the parish of Yarrow—then of large extent—had necessarily made himself obnoxious to the large list of men reported on for service, and had to escape secretly from the town. Finding their bird had flown, a number of the wrathful rustics set off in pursuit, and it was only on reaching Selkirk Bridge that they gave up the chase. *Timor addidit alas.* The unfortunate and really unoffending officer of the law—the cause of this unwonted outbreak on the part of a pastoral population—never drew breath till he had reached

his own house. Even then he did not deem himself safe, and sought the shelter of the manse for the night, while the minister's man was sent to the schoolhouse for the protection of his mother—an unnecessary precaution, as it proved, for the worst of the storm had blown over.

Football-
match.

Another occasion (1815) on which the men of Yarrow played a prominent part is also worthy of note. There is an old song beginning—

“Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
And doun wi' the Yearl o' Hume,
And up wi' a' the braw lads
That sew the single-soled shoon.”

This is generally believed to commemorate the supposed different behaviour of the two parties at the memorable battle of Flodden—the Souters, so named from their being the principal craft of the burgh, having displayed the greatest gallantry; while Lord Home was regarded, though most undeservedly, as having, through cowardice or disaffection, caused the defeat and death of his sovereign. The late Earl of Home having received some good-humoured banter from his brother-in-law, the late Duke of Buccleuch,¹ on the disparaging terms in which his ancestor is spoken of, proposed to take representatives of the two parties, and test their pluck by a match at football, a favourite sport in days of old. The Souters, wearing slips of fir as their distinctive badge, were taken under the special charge of the sheriff, and were led on by Dr Clarkson, their chief magistrate. The men of Yarrow, decorated with sprigs of heath, were selected as his followers by the Earl of Home, who appointed the

¹ [Charles William Henry, fourth Duke.]

Ettrick Shepherd as his aide-de-camp. The place selected for this spirit-stirring match was the extensive plain of Carterhaugh, near the junction of the Ettrick and Yarrow, not far from the scene of the battle of Philiphaugh. A distinguished party met on the occasion, consisting of the Duke of Buccleuch, his family and kinsfolk, along with all the leading gentry of the neighbourhood—an assemblage of which the present Duke is now the only survivor.¹ The ancient Buccleuch banner, emblazoned with armorial bearing, and with the word “Bellenden,” the old war-cry of the clan of Scott, was then displayed as on former occasions when the chief took the field in person, whether for the purpose of spoil or sport. It was borne and displayed by Master Walter Scott of Abbotsford, to the sound of the war-pipes, and amid the acclamations of not less than 2000 spectators. That this singular revival of an ancient military custom might not want poetical celebrity, verses, composed specially for the occasion by Scott and Hogg, were distributed among the spectators. Scott’s lines are entitled “The Banner of the House of Buccleuch,” and have as chorus:—

“ Then up with the banner, let Forest winds fan her,
 She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
 In sport we’ll attend her, in battle defend her,
 With our hearts and our hands, like our fathers before.”

“ The Ettrick Garland, to the Ancient Banner of the House of Buccleuch,” by the Shepherd, thus opens:—

“ And hast thou here, like hermit grey,
 Thy mystic characters unrolled,

¹ [This refers, of course, to the late or fifth Duke of Buccleuch.]

O'er peaceful revellers to play,
Thou emblem of the days of old?
All hail! memorial of the brave,
The liegeman's pride, the Border's awe!
May thy grey pennon never wave
On sterner field than Carterhaugh!"

The ball was thrown up between the parties by the Duke of Buccleuch, and the first game was gained, after a severe conflict of an hour and a half's duration, by the Selkirk men. Then a little hitch occurred, as the story used to be told by Jamie Inglis, one of the important dignitaries of the day.¹ The Earl of Home had alleged that the game had not been very fairly won, upon which Inglis marched boldly up to him, and brusquely asked, "Does your lordship know who I am?" The Earl, a little startled, made no reply. "I give your lordship to understand that I am convener of the trades of Selkirk, and unless you sustain this round as fair and honourable, I call off the trades, and no more sport this day. Your lordship will make your choice." The nonplussed peer was fain to succumb, and the match was renewed. The second game was still more severely contested, and after a stubborn struggle of more than three hours, with various fortune, and much display of strength and agility on both sides, the Yarrow men gained the victory. A decisive game was proposed, but as

¹ He was a singular character. He held the double office of Presbytery and sheriff officer. In proposing healths at any little treat, he reversed the usual order, beginning with that of Mr Lang, sheriff-clerk, and his immediate employer; then the Duke of Buccleuch, and then the Queen. A famous pedestrian, and going at a swinging pace of about six miles an hour, he was upsides with the mail of former times, and has been known to walk to Edinburgh with a letter, and return with the answer on the same day—a distance of seventy-two miles.

some difficulty arose in arranging the numbers of the voluntary auxiliaries to equalise them, and the day was drawing to a close, it was deemed better to let the combatants depart with equal honours. A challenge was then given, and accepted with acclamation by the players on both sides, for playing the match out at the first convenient opportunity. But the Duke, anxious for the maintenance of the good understanding that had always prevailed between his Selkirk neighbours and Yarrow tenantry and retainers, wisely put his veto on the renewal. In closing his account of this affair, Lockhart adds that, when Mr Washington Irving visited Scott two years afterwards at Abbotsford, he told his American friend that the old feuds and local interests, and rivalries and animosities of the Scotch, still slept in their ashes, and might easily be roused: their hereditary feeling for names was still great; it was not always safe to have even the game of football between villages,—the old clannish spirit was too apt to break out.

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTERS

BY

REV. ALEX. WILLIAMSON

CHAPTER X.

DR ROBERT RUSSELL.

MARRIAGE AND FAMILY—JUBILEE DINNER—SECESSION OF 1843
—RETURN OF PEACE—POSITION IN THE CONTROVERSY—FREE
CHURCH IN YARROW—PRESENTATION—DEATH, AND NOTICES
OF HIS LIFE.

DR ROBERT RUSSELL married, in 1803, Agnes, *seventh* daughter of Mr Walter Turnbull of Firth, Roxburghshire, who was born on 30th July 1771, and died on the 2d of October 1843, at the age of seventy-two. In accordance with the superstition of the times, she was frequently requested to pass her hand over sick persons—especially such as were paralysed—that they might be healed. Dr Russell's family consisted of two sons and a daughter. Dorothea was born in 1804, James in 1809, and Walter in 1811. Walter died 23d May 1842. Dorothea married Mr George Ballantyne, Whitehope; died in 1834, after giving birth to a child; and was buried in the churchyard of Traquair. Mr Ballantyne died on 3d June 1860, at the age of sixty-nine, and was interred in the same quiet and romantic spot. Dorothea Russell was esteemed a beauty, and became a special favourite, not only in her own family circle, but throughout the wide district of Yarrow and Ettrick. One who

Dr Russell's
marriage
and family.

was at school with her in Yarrow, when she was thirteen years of age, describes her locks of dark-brown hair hanging in natural ringlets over her neck; and her hazel eyes, which had an expression of extreme modesty and gentleness. He adds that she was called by her companions the "Flower of Yarrow." The following lines were composed by the Ettrick Shepherd on her death:—

"As fair a flower as ever blew
Has perished like the morning dew.
The parent stem that gave it birth
Has sunk into its mother earth.
My wife! my baby! oh how sweet!—
But there's a place where we shall meet;
Beyond yon blue and diamond dome
We'll find an everlasting home."

Jubilee
dinner.

In 1841, on the occasion of his jubilee, the Presbytery of Selkirk entertained Dr Russell to dinner at Ladhope Cottage. A contemporary account is as follows:—

"The chair was filled by the Rev. John Campbell, minister of Selkirk; and besides a few of Dr Russell's nearest relations, the Presbytery were honoured with the presence of Lord Napier, whose grandfather Dr Russell had for many years accompanied as chaplain while the representative of royalty in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

"In proposing the toast of the evening, the Chairman said he did not mean to detain the company by any lengthened and elaborate eulogium on the public usefulness and private worth of their reverend guest, as fifty years spent in the faithful discharge of his honourable duties had a voice

which spoke more loudly in his praise than any studied panegyric could possibly do. Dr Russell had been his father's friend before he became his own; and the intimacy which was commenced in his boyhood, when he used to accompany his father on his visits to Yarrow to assist in dispensing the Sacrament, had continued, since he was able to take his father's place, without a moment's interruption. During all that time he had never heard an angry word from his venerable friend; and the feeling of esteem and respect with which the Doctor was invariably regarded by his clerical brethren, was matched by the sincere and cordial veneration uniformly testified towards him by the population of the district in which he lived—equally by the inhabitants of the towns and villages, of the hamlets, of the glens, and the lone shielings of the mountains.”

“Dr Russell replied in a very interesting and affecting speech, alluding with much feeling to the painful recollections called up by the present occasion. Not a single face did he see around the festive board of all those that had welcomed him when first he took his seat at the Presbytery table. He felt the honour done him the more deeply, as, during his connection with the Presbytery, none of its members had received a similar mark of respect, nor, so far as he knew, at any former period. He dwelt with feeling on the friendly intercourse that had so well been preserved among the members of Presbytery, notwithstanding their differences in the views they severally took of public business; and expressed his fervent desire that this spirit might long continue to reign among them, and that they might all live to receive, in their turns,

the same token of respect with which he had been honoured that day."

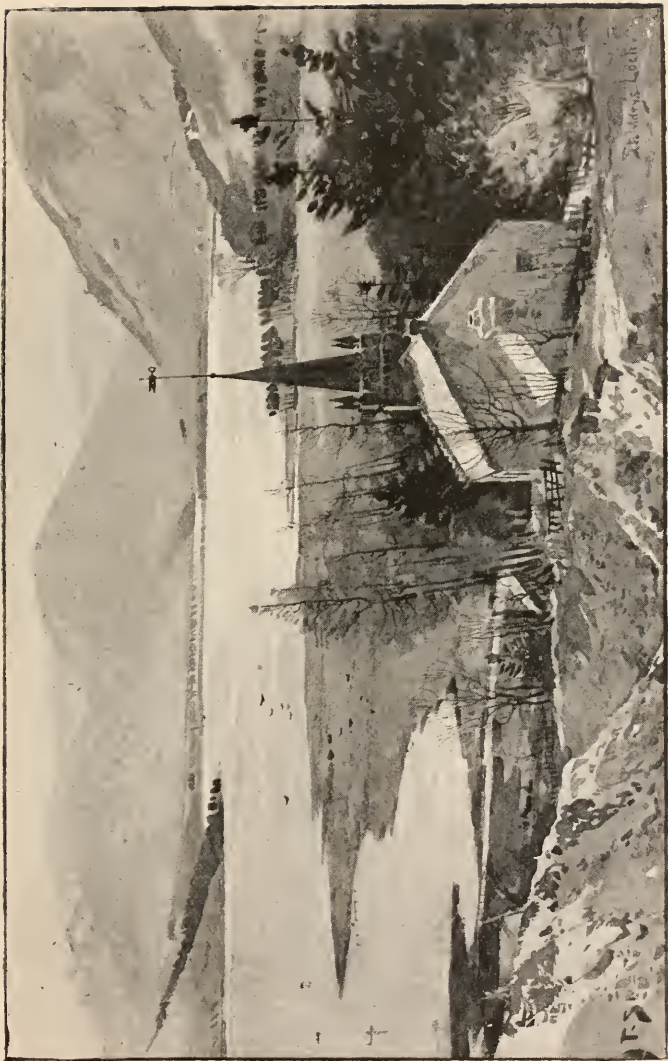
The Secession of 1843.

The evening of the aged minister's life was tranquil and pleasant, though for a brief space a shadow fell across his path. He mourned that his beloved parish was embroiled in the ecclesiastical war which led to the Secession of '43. Into the quiet pastoral solitudes of Yarrow the din of controversy penetrated, the sounds of strife were heard by "lone St Mary's silent lake" and along the banks of the classic stream. Homes hitherto peaceful were disturbed by the arguments of contending parties; "Moderate" and "Non-intrusion" newspapers, pamphlets, and tracts were eagerly sought after and distributed; the leaders of the Non-intrusion party appeared on the scene; old friendships were, at any rate for a season, broken up; families were divided; and not a few considered it their duty to bid farewell to the Parish Church, with which many bright and sacred memories were associated, in order that they might cast in their lot with those who formed the Free Church.

In due course a new church was erected near Yarrowfeus, and a considerable congregation was gathered within its walls. Afterwards, another was built at Cappercleuch, overlooking St Mary's Loch, and opened by Dr Chalmers, who held out the hope—which has never been realised—that the people of the district would have a minister placed amongst them. This church was intended to suit the dwellers in Meggat, a part of Ettrick, and the outlying portion of Moffat.

Return of peace.

When a few years had come and gone, the keen feelings which had been roused died out; and both parties regretted the severe terms in which they had



characterised each other's proceedings. The rapid cessation of parochial strife, the return of peace, goodwill, and mutual confidence, were very largely due to the attitude maintained, throughout all that period of heated discussion and painful division, by Dr Russell, and by his son, who had been appointed assistant. The latter officiated in the recently erected church at Kirkhope, where a large congregation regularly worshipped. By his urbanity, kindness, and fidelity in the discharge of his duties, as well as by the attractiveness of his pulpit ministrations, he succeeded in retaining to the Church of Scotland a large proportion of the inhabitants of that part of the parish.

Both Dr Russell and Mr James conducted themselves in such a manner that they won the admiration of those who differed from the views they held. They adhered to the Church of their fathers—but they went in and out among the people with a prudence, tact, and Christian charity which cannot be too highly commended; “walked circumspectly” amidst those who were opposed to them, refused to regard them as enemies, and succeeded in turning aside wrath, mollifying antagonism, and charming away the bitterness which mixed with the ecclesiastical conflict. In due time harmony was restored throughout the length and breadth of the parish, though the separation which had taken place continued.

The door of the Manse of Yarrow was open to all-comers, no matter what were their opinions—whether they remained “residuaries” or became “seceders.” A friendly hand was held out even to many of the ministers who came to supply the pulpit of the Free Church before and after a minister was

Position in
the con-
troversy

inducted. Dr Anderson of Selkirk writes as follows : "On the occasion of a Fast-Day in Yarrow, when I was as usual at the Manse, the Rev. Mr Sorley, the Free Church minister at Selkirk, who was well known for his zeal in the cause of the secession, was seen driving past to officiate in the new church. Mr James Russell ran to the gate to intercept him, and invited him to return to dinner when his duty was done. He accepted the invitation, and a most enjoyable evening was spent along with Mr Phin of Galashiels, who had been officiating in the parish church."

One who took an active part in connection with the Free Church in the district, but went, some years after the "Disruption," to Australia, writes thus: "I well remember the form and features of the Rev. Dr Russell, and have never looked upon his equal. His commanding figure, fine countenance, and calm dignity of manner, all tended to make him the very *beau ideal* of a clergyman. I have been very thankful that I met the Rev. Mr Russell before I left home. It prevented me taking away with me the smallest remains of a root of bitterness. I can look upon our meeting with complacency, and take it away with me as a sunny memory. It impressed upon me the lesson, that we ought to cherish only those feelings and affections of soul which can find exercise in heaven, and war against those evil passions, sinful desires, and carnal affections that can have no place there. Mr Russell was truly kind; and, if spared, I will write to him and learn how he has succeeded in the action regarding the glebes. I think his pleas were fair and reasonable."

It was a matter of congratulation to Dr Russell

and his successor that a minister was ordained to the Free Church in Yarrow who was animated by a spirit similar to their own. In the Rev. Thomas M'Crindle they found a true Christian minister, whose aim was to do good to his people, and to maintain the "unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." For about forty years he was settled in Yarrow, where he was universally esteemed for his geniality, simplicity, singleness of purpose, and genuine piety. It may be mentioned here that Mr James Russell and he became warm friends, and never hesitated to assist each other in the frankest and kindest manner. Mr M'Crindle was a very frequent and welcome visitor at the Manse, and Mr Russell was equally frequent and welcome in the Free Church Manse. When it was necessary, as was sometimes the case, that there should be no service in the parish church, Mr Russell advised his people to attend the services of Mr M'Crindle; and Mr M'Crindle invariably gave like advice to his congregation. Thus there was presented a beautiful picture of peace and brotherly love in that charming valley which had once been torn by strife—a picture which it would be well for Scotland, and for the Christian Church, if it were reproduced in every parish of the country. Mr M'Crindle retired in 1881, to the regret of the whole parishioners. He died in Fife in the spring of 1885, and his memory will long be cherished in Yarrow.

Free Church
in Yarrow.

In 1844 Dr Robert Russell was presented by his parishioners with a massive piece of silver plate as a token of their attachment. The following correspondence took place in reference to that presentation:—

Presenta-
tion to Dr
Russell.

"DELORAINE, 20th December 1844.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—A few of my neighbours, impressed with the idea that it would be gratifying to your parishioners to have it in their power to contribute to a small token of esteem for you, who have been their respected friend and much esteemed minister for fifty-three years, requested me to begin a subscription to give them that opportunity. The proposal was welcomed in all quarters of the parish: the lists were rapidly and numerously signed; and I have great satisfaction in presenting you with the pieces of plate, which accompany this letter, as the result.

"I may say that, without exception, there never were contributions given with greater goodwill. Many of the labouring class, indeed, sought me out to express their feeling towards their worthy pastor, by enrolling their names amongst the subscribers.—Believe me, with great respect, rev. and dear sir, your affectionate friend,
JOHN SCOTT."

"YARROW MANSE, 25th December 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I hasten to acknowledge my having this day received your letter, and the massive pieces of plate with which it is accompanied. Valuable in themselves, they are doubly valuable when I view them as the spontaneous expressions of esteem for myself and satisfaction with my ministry, on the part of my parishioners. The assurance you give me of the eagerness and hearty goodwill with which all classes of them came forward on this occasion, is not the least gratifying circumstance connected with the splendid gift. I will not affect to say that it is wholly unmerited; to do so would be a reflection on the generous friends whom I am bound, for many reasons, to regard and cherish. But, believe me, it was altogether unlooked for; and now, sir, to you, individually, and through you, to the numerous contributors, I beg, as far as can be done, by a few feeble words, to convey my most grateful thanks. I will retain a lively recollection of the kindness that prompted this munificent present so long as I live; and when I am gone, it will remain in my family a memorial of the manner in which my character and pastoral labours were appreciated. These labours, protracted to a period much beyond those of any of my predecessors, are drawing to a close. The intimate and endearing ties of more than half a century must soon be broken. The memory of the past comes over me, mournful, yet pleasant

to the soul. All around I see but the children, or the children's children, of those with whom I started upon the journey of public life; and these solemn changes, leaving me wellnigh alone, tell me that 'I must soon put off this earthly tabernacle.' But I indulge the soothing idea, the pleasing hope, that for the remainder of my days I shall dwell among my own people. I can have no greater joy on this side the grave than to hear that they 'walk in truth, that their souls prosper, and that they grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' I shall never 'cease to make mention of them in my prayers,' and to promote, to the utmost of my power, their temporal, spiritual, and eternal interests; and though at no distant period I must be parted from them, let me trust the separation will be only for a season. 'There remaineth a rest for the people of God;' a glad reunion in the 'house of many mansions;' and I look forward to the day when 'the Lord cometh to make up His jewels,' in the humble confidence that I shall have many of those among whom I have so long ministered for a joy and a crown of rejoicing, and of whom I shall be enabled to say, 'Here am I, O Father, and the children whom Thou hast given me.'

"And now I 'commend one and all of them to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build them up, and to give them an inheritance among them which are sanctified.'

"With the renewed expressions of my gratitude and gratification, believe me always to be, my dear sir, yours most sincerely,

ROBERT RUSSELL.

JOHN SCOTT, Esq."

The following is the inscription upon the Plate:—

PRESENTED,

WITH TWO SILVER SALVERS,

TO

THE REV. ROBERT RUSSELL, D.D.,

ON COMPLETING THE FIFTY-THIRD YEAR OF
HIS MINISTRY IN YARROW,

*In Token of their Attachment to him, their Revered
Pastor and Friend.*

1844.

Dr Russell's death.

Dr Russell died on the 18th March 1847, the father of the Synod, in his eighty-second year, and the fifty-seventh of his ministry. During his long life he was never confined to bed for an entire day, and not even at the last was he compelled to keep his room. He was only absent from church for two Sundays through the lengthened period of his ministry; and no medical man ever prescribed for him till three days before his death. By his will he left £100 for the religious instruction of the young in the parish of Yarrow.

Estimate of his character and labours.

In a funeral sermon preached by the Rev. John S. Gibson, minister of Kirkhope, who knew him well, it is said: "Brief as was his connection with Ettrick, and though more than half a century has elapsed since he quitted it, the impressions produced by his ministrations have not yet been effaced; and the aged inhabitants of the district still revert to the period of his incumbency as to a hallowed spot in their memory. The elements of his success as a preacher of the Gospel were varied. Though not peculiarly characterised by original or inventive genius, he had the faculty of conceiving clearly the subject which he treated, and of taking firm hold of its leading features. Possessing this chief prerequisite to the production of a like clearness of apprehension in the minds of his audience, he was aided by a rare mastery of language which was un-failing. Add to this that his personal appearance was most prepossessing; that in his manner there was a dignified simplicity, a pervading seriousness and sincerity, which indicated that he spoke no more than that which he himself experienced; that his views of divine truth were richly evangelical,—and one can understand why his pulpit services were so

singularly acceptable and impressive. . . . His conversation unlocked a copious store of information, gathered from professional and other quarters. His memory was singularly retentive; whatever was once imprinted on his mind was indelible. He had looked upon Principal Robertson. His chaplaincy to the Commissioners of the General Assembly brought him every year into personal communication with many of the distinguished of the land, both in rank and letters, and with a large proportion of the clergy. . . . His character was eminently kind and social, and his natural cheerfulness shed happiness over all in his presence." In the appendix to Mr Gibson's sermon, Mr Russell adds some reminiscences of his father's latter days. He says:—

"Soon after the opening of the year, he had an opportunity of meeting a goodly gathering of my Sabbath scholars, with their parents and friends. It was, indeed, a season of refreshing. Every party distinction being forgotten, there were no spots in our feast of charity. Sweet was the counsel that we took together; while the psalms and hymns and spiritual songs of the youthful band that alternated with the interchange of cordialities, were but the expression of melody made in the heart. Among the many things which will embalm that evening in my memory, and combine to render it the most delightful in my life, this was not the least, that it brought my father forth once more from his domestic retreat into personal converse with a number of his people, to pray with them and for them; to testify how much he owed, and loved, and desired the eternal wellbeing of them all; especially that it brought him among the lambs of the flock, on whose young hearts he might imprint his image and his words, and to

Notice of his
latter days
by his son.

whom, with all the piety and primitive simplicity of a dying patriarch, he might give his parting blessing.

“On the Friday before his death, the last occasion of his leaving home, he was still engaged in his Master’s work. Though he had been complaining through the week, he was anxious to attend the diet of exhortation at Sundhope, as he had done statedly during his long ministry. He availed himself of the opportunity to visit a pious couple, bowed down with infirmities, in the neighbourhood of the schoolroom where we met; they were the oldest members of his, the one being on the borders of fourscore years and ten, and the other having considerably overpassed the mark. He was enabled to exhort, and comfort, and pray with them, greatly to their mutual joy. He bade them a solemn, and repeated, and affectionate farewell; and at leaving, said that ‘it would probably be the last time he would see them, but that he trusted they would meet in the kingdom of heaven.’ He was feeling his own frailty, and knew that whichever might be the first, the others must shortly follow. On retracing his way, when about to enter our little schoolroom, he fell with great violence on the steep and slippery path which leads to it, and dashed his head against the wall. Nevertheless he escaped comparatively unhurt. . . . Having recovered from the stunning, he was able to sit out the service and enjoy the hospitality and society of kind friends afterwards; there was little change upon him, save that he looked paler, and that his usual cheerfulness was slightly abated.

“On the Sabbath he was anxious to go to the sanctuary, and prepared himself accordingly. Most reluctantly he agreed to remain at home. He spoke

of it with much feeling to different individuals in the course of the day as a very sore trial to him—remarking that he had not been out of church for above forty years, except once or twice when there was death in the family, but that he could not expect this to last always. So uninterrupted indeed was his health, arising from the temperance and regularity of his habits, no less than his cheerfulness of heart, which did good like a medicine, that his friends scarcely remember his being confined to bed at all. Even at the last, when enfeebled nature gave way, little more than one wearisome night was appointed him. He was able to conduct the devotions of the family as usual up till the evening of the day preceding his death. On that morning, after prayers, he took up the Word of God, which, with his Hebrew Bible, was his constant companion and daily manual. . . . He had come to a full age, having already summed up the allotted term of fourscore years, when the strength, being but labour and sorrow, is soon cut off. He had seen his family, one after another, fade away as a leaf. He had seen his whole parish changed; but a gleanings was left of those who, in his early days, had gone with him to the house of God. He had seen his brethren in the ministry around once and again removed. He was long the father of his Synod, and well-nigh the father of the Church to which he belonged; there were but two his seniors in a body numbering above a thousand. Need we wonder, in these circumstances, that he applied to himself the touching prediction of the Temanite—‘heard it, and knew it for his good?’ . . .

“After partaking of a little dinner, he suddenly became faint and feeble. On being seated, and

having somewhat recovered, he said to me, 'I regret taking up so much of your time, when you have to prepare for the approaching Fast. But what could I have done without you? I hope I may be spared to you a little longer.' When I expressed my fears, he added, 'If it be the Lord's will to take me away, I trust I have an interest in my Saviour. It has been my study to glorify Him on the earth both in public and private, and I look forward to being glorified with Him in His heavenly kingdom.' . . .

"Shortly after, he was gratified by the arrival of the Rev. Mr Smith of Ettrick, for whom he cherished the deepest regard, not only as a kind neighbour and warm friend, but as the pastor of a flock that had been his own first charge. Mr Smith having prayed with him, he listened with delight to the details of a meeting of Presbytery, on the day preceding, for explaining and advocating the missionary schemes of our Church. Various matters were talked of relative to Sabbath observance, and affecting the interests of religion generally. The conversation turned to another topic, which was never forgotten when they met. The very name of *Napier* touched a chord in his heart, and drew around it a crowd of endearing associations. Early and opportunely had he been brought into contact with one of that noble house, who combined all that was lofty and Christian in character with all that was dignified and graceful in manners—to whose patronage he owed his future advancement—and whose friendship, strengthened by years, and bequeathed to children's children, was, amid many earthly blessings, the pride and pleasure of his life. He had seen five generations of the line; and, accordingly, he asked particularly of the welfare of all its living branches.

“On the day of his death, he remarked, ‘It won’t be very long now.’ ‘No,’ I said, at the same time suggesting the words, ‘Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. This God is my God for ever and ever: He will be my guide even unto death.’ A little past eleven o’clock I repeated Simeon’s prayer, ‘Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word’—he concluded it, ‘for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.’ And these were his last words, save requesting a change of posture. At a quarter to twelve, he fell asleep—we doubt not, in Jesus.”

The tombstone which was erected to his memory bears the following inscription:—

Inscription
on his tomb-
stone.

ROBERT RUSSELL, D.D.,

MINISTER OF YARROW,

DIED 18TH MARCH 1847,

IN THE EIGHTY-FIRST YEAR OF HIS AGE, AND THE
FIFTY-SEVENTH OF HIS MINISTRY.

A faithful Pastor,

Approved by the earnest preaching of the Gospel, and by
the example of a meek and blameless life;

Beloved and venerated by his people
for his manifold worth,

and generally esteemed in the Church.

He rests from his labours, and his memory is blessed.

*Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes
have seen Thy salvation.*

CHAPTER XI.

DR JAMES RUSSELL.

MR JAMES RUSSELL'S SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS—LICENSED AS A PREACHER—ASSISTANT AND SUCCESSOR TO HIS FATHER—THE MINISTER OF KIRKHOPE—ASSISTANTS AT COMMUNIONS—MR RUSSELL AS A PARISH MINISTER—AS A PREACHER—ST MARY'S SERVICE—RENOVATION OF YARROW CHURCH—MR M'CRINDLE'S FRIENDLY RELATIONS WITH MR RUSSELL—HIS LITERARY WORK—LECTURES AND SPEECHES—CHAPLAIN TO LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER—DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF DIVINITY—HIS FAMILY—HIS DEATH.

Mr James Russell's school and college career.

It has been already mentioned that James Russell was born in Yarrow Manse, on 1st December 1809. To the personal reminiscences of his early days, and his description of the schools at which he was educated, it may be added that he was the only classical scholar in the vale; that his training was thorough; and that the care and attention of his excellent teacher were not thrown away.

In November 1822, he entered the University of Edinburgh, without having attended any intermediate school; and though he had barely reached the age of thirteen, he speedily distinguished himself as a student. He took a high place in all the Arts classes. Amongst his fellow-students was the late Principal Forbes. Professor Wilson spoke of him as "one of his most distinguished students,"

and Professor Pillans became one of his intimate friends, often visiting him at Yarrow Manse.¹ Thus did this student—who had no educational advantages in his youth, save what he derived from the instruction of a humble parochial teacher—win some of the highest honours in the metropolitan university. In the parish school of Yarrow he was not only fully prepared for college work, but so admirably “grounded” and trained, that he was enabled to outstrip competitors who had enjoyed privileges deemed much superior. Nor was Yarrow singular in its possession of a teacher of great merit. Many of the parochial schools of Scotland were taught by men who, having received a university education, were the means of inspiring a love of learning in the breasts of pupils who went direct from their care, to carry off at the universities the reward of cultivated talents, industry, and perseverance.

When James Russell entered the Divinity Hall, he did not disappoint the expectations which were formed of him in the Faculty of Arts. At that time in the Hebrew class only, then conducted by the Rev. Dr Brunton, prizes were bestowed; and he carried off the first for an essay. All his exercises were marked by research, thoughtfulness, and elegance of diction; and he stood high in the estimation of his professors for diligence and studious habits.

¹ On one occasion, towards the close of Professor Pillans's life, when he paid a visit to Yarrow Manse, he astonished his host by narrating at breakfast how he had risen early that morning and kindled his bedroom fire, made a cup of coffee for himself, then ascended to the top of a neighbouring hill, and returned in time to meet the family before they assembled at table. He was much gratified by finding some of his former students scattered over the parish.

His licence
as a
preacher.

He was licensed by the Presbytery of Selkirk in June 1831; and it might have been supposed that he would have chosen a sphere of work different from that of a quiet and comparatively unknown country minister. He had opportunities of which few could boast; and if he had availed himself of these, he might soon have occupied a more prominent position in the Church than that of minister of Yarrow. Not only did his successful college career bring him under the notice of his professors, but his father, as chaplain to the Lord High Commissioner, came into contact with many patrons, who would willingly have done him a favour by presenting his son to some important living. The ambition of the young preacher, however, did not lie in such a direction. His desire was "to dwell among his own people," and to make his home in the beautiful and classic vale of Yarrow.

The Duke of Buccleuch, with the munificence which characterised his benefactions to the Church of Scotland, had built the chapel at Kirkhope, to serve for distant parts of the parishes of Ettrick and Yarrow. In this chapel Mr James Russell officiated for several years, and gathered a large and attached congregation. The Communion was never dispensed within its walls until its disjunction and erection into a parish *quoad omnia*; and consequently, on the occasion of its annual celebration in the church of Yarrow, all the hearers flocked across the hill to attend the ministrations of Dr Russell and those who assisted him on the Thursday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday.

Assistant
and succes-
sor to his
father.

The venerable minister wished to be relieved of a portion of his labours, and Mr Russell was appointed assistant and successor in the parish of Yarrow in

July 1841. The patronage was in the hands of the Crown, and Lord Belhaven wrote to his father after it was received that "I had intended to have presented the document to you when we met in Edinburgh, but that is of no consequence. I rejoice much in having been the means of giving you and all around you so much satisfaction." He had formerly been personally recommended to the King by Lord Belhaven, and "his name taken down by the Secretary of State."

It was not until 1845 that a minister was appointed to Kirkhope,¹ the Rev. John S. Gibson, son of Mr Gibson of The Shaws, Ettrick, who held the charge until his death in 1877. The endowment of Kirkhope was completed in 1851; and a handsome manse was built by the Duke of Buccleuch in a charming spot overlooking the Ettrick, which tumbles in a series of cascades over the rocks far below. Mr Gibson was much respected and esteemed; but unfortunately failing health compelled his residence abroad for some time, and he obtained as assistant and successor, Mr Macmillan, who is now minister of the parish.

The minister
of Kirkhope.

As in the time of Dr Russell, so in that of his son, the assistants at Communion were almost invariably drawn from neighbouring parishes. And when a change occurred by death or translation, the old bond of union with these parishes was not severed, but the new ministers were invited to occupy the places of their predecessors at Yarrow Communion. For a long period there were two consecutive services on the days of preparation, and two also on the Thanksgiving Monday. That custom was,

Assistants
at Com-
munion.

¹ The church was built by the Duke of Buccleuch in 1839.

however, abandoned a good many years ago, though the present writer remembers that when first he officiated at the Monday service, in 1860, as minister of Innerleithen, he was required to preach two sermons. It is interesting to note the number of ministers in neighbouring parishes during the lives of Dr Russell and his son. For instance, from Innerleithen there had officiated on the "Monday," during, at least, seventy years—Mr Pate;¹ Mr Booth; Mr Williamson (now of West St Giles, Edinburgh); Mr Menzies, afterwards of Duns; and Mr Boyd. The ministers of Melrose had been Mr George Thomson,² Mr Murray, and Dr Herdman. The place of Mr Campbell of Lilliesleaf,³ at the Communion season, was taken by his son, Mr Campbell of Selkirk,⁴ succeeded by Dr Farquharson. In Gala-

¹ In all probability Mr Johnston also officiated. He was Mr Pate's predecessor, and had a somewhat singular history. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh in 1771; was ordained in Shetland in 1772; became a Relief minister in Kinghorn in 1779; was received back into the Church of Scotland by the Presbytery of Edinburgh in 1788; and was finally presented by the Duke of Queensberry to Innerleithen in 1797, where he died in 1808, in the thirty-eighth year of his ministry. He published a sermon in refutation of certain doctrines promulgated by Mr Nicol of Traquair. In 1875 Tibbie Shiel told the writer that she had heard him preach in Ettrick Church, and mentioned his subject, "Naomi," with certain particulars of the discourse, adding that it produced a great impression on the congregation.

² Mr Thomson was ordained minister of Melrose in 1788. His son George, a licentiate of the Presbytery of Selkirk, was tutor in Sir Walter Scott's family, and also the original of "Dominie Sampson."

³ Mr Campbell of Lilliesleaf, who, from his style of preaching, received the *sobriquet* of "Roarin' Willie," was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh in 1758; was ordained to the Meeting-house, Berwick, in July 1759; and inducted to Lilliesleaf in October 1760. He died in 1804, in the seventy-eighth year of his age and forty-sixth of his ministry.

⁴ Mr Campbell of Selkirk was licensed in 1800, and ordained at Selkirk in 1806. He died in 1857, aged seventy-nine years, in the fifty-second year of his ministry.

shields Dr Douglas's¹ successors were Mr Nathaniel Paterson, who became Free Church minister in Glasgow, author of 'The Manse Garden;' Mr Veitch, afterwards Dr Veitch of St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh; Mr Phin (afterwards Dr Phin, Edinburgh, Convener of the Church of Scotland's Home Mission Committee), and Dr Gloag, who retired in 1892. In Traquair were Mr Walker;² Mr Nicol;³ Mr Campbell; and now Mr Jardine Wallace. In Ettrick were Mr Paton, who died in 1818, and Mr Bennet, who died in 1822; Mr Smith, Mr Duncan, now of Crichton; and Mr Falconer. In Kirkhope were Mr Gibson and Mr Macmillan. Thus, while all these successive changes occurred in neighbouring parishes, for a period of not less than ninety-two years the ministers of Yarrow were — father and son!⁴

The present writer recalls with pleasure his annual visit from Innerleithen on the Communion Monday, which latterly fell in the month of July. Though many years have passed since these engagements ceased, and he has occupied another position in the Church, the memories are always bright and refreshing. The whole of the road from manse to manse

¹ Dr Douglas, who has been mentioned already, was licensed by the Presbytery of Haddington in 1769; went to Galashiels in 1770; received his degree of D.D. from Aberdeen University in 1797; was the means of getting a new parish church built in 1813 (the handsome edifice called St Paul's was erected in 1883); and died in November 1820, at the age of seventy-four, having been fifty-one years a minister.

² Mr Walker was ordained in 1780, and died in 1802, having been thirteen years minister of Traquair.

³ Mr Nicol was an able man, and one of his sons, the late James Nicol, was Professor of Geology in the University of Aberdeen.

⁴ For eighty years or more, almost without a break, Dr Robert Russell, and afterwards his son, officiated on the Fast-Day in Innerleithen Parish Church, and also in Traquair.

comes vividly before him. The ancient House o Traquair appearing among the green woods; the site of the "Bush aboon Traquair;" the picturesque church and manse; the view back to the Tweed from the "Paddy Slacks;" the first sight of the Yarrow from above Mountbenger; the scattered cottages, with their bright flowers creeping up the walls or blooming in the windows; the green hills, so still, and grand, and solemn; the sparkling stream, with its gravelly channel; the solitary standing-stone away on the left; the old bridge; the quaint church in the romantic churchyard; the manse peeping through the foliage; the sudden turn into the finely mown lawn, intersected by beautiful flower-beds, trim without stiffness, brilliant without gaudiness; the grateful shade of the old trees in the charming grounds; the familiar figure of Dr Russell waiting at the door, to give, with a courtesy entirely his own, a cordial welcome,—all these scenes combine to form a picture which can never be obliterated or grow dim. Few gardens were more tastefully kept than that of the minister of Yarrow, and few manses were distinguished by greater hospitality than the Manse of Yarrow.

Dr Russell
as a parish
minister.

As a parochial minister Mr Russell was greatly beloved. His house-to-house visitations were highly appreciated, and his intercourse with his people was kindly and pleasant. His genial and sympathetic nature attracted both old and young, and caused his presence to be equally sought in the house of mourning and the house of mirth. He entered readily into all innocent amusements, and charmed every festive company by his playful humour, inexhaustible fund of anecdote, readiness of repartee, and the undisguised pleasure with which he participated in

the gaiety of the young. On occasions of domestic happiness, when a speech was deemed indispensable to preface a toast or to convey good wishes, he was invariably chosen as the spokesman; and with an admirable tact, a marvellous felicity of language, a rare choice of expressions, he conveyed congratulations of friends in a manner which, while it could not fail to gratify the recipient, never passed into fulsome flattery or gross adulation. On the other hand, there were few who could minister so gently and affectionately at a sick-bed or beside the dying—speak so tenderly and appropriately words of admonition or comfort, “reprove, rebuke, exhort with such long-suffering and tenderness.” His visits gladdened many a sufferer in the scattered homes of Yarrow, and warmest testimonies have been borne to his winning and unostentatious ministrations to the sorrowing and distressed.

Dr Anderson of Selkirk writes: “In our frequent rides up Yarrow, my father and I were always made welcome at the manse, often going to breakfast, getting the loan of a horse, and returning to dinner or tea, almost invariably finding some other visitor. Both Dr Russell and Mr Russell showed hospitality of the most genial kind without grudging. All sorts and conditions of men found the house of Yarrow a ‘home house.’ In my day Dr James Russell often accompanied me, and while I tried to relieve the bodily ailments, he most successfully poured balm into the wounded spirit—in truth, he was *speciallly* fitted for that part of his work, as I have had many and many a time occasion to know. I remember on one occasion sitting with James and his worthy father on a snowy afternoon, when the door-bell rang. The old Doctor remarked, ‘That will be a ride to

the Lochs for you!’ Sure enough it so proved, and the place was seven miles above the Lochs. I was there detained all night in a shepherd’s cottage, near the spot where, on a similar occasion, Mungo Park was taken for an angel!”

As a
preacher.

As a preacher Dr Russell was, especially in his early years, very popular. He was not endowed with the powerful voice which his father possessed, but his style was earnest and persuasive. His sermons were composed with much care, and were elegant and ornate, without rising into any flights of eloquence. He never wrote them fully out; but he had a habit of noting down the beginning of sentences, and then drawing a line in red or blue or black pencil, which conveyed a meaning to himself, but unfortunately to no one in whose hands the manuscript was placed. Hence it is impossible to read the notes he has left of sermons, speeches, or lectures. His manner in the pulpit was quiet, and to the last he observed the old custom of preaching with black silk gloves on his hands.

Annual ser-
vice at St
Mary’s Kirk-
yard.

He began and carried on to the last an annual service in summer at the churchyard of St Mary’s, on the hillside overlooking the loch. It was held in the open air, and large numbers of people came to the romantic spot. It was an impressive scene, and brought to mind a gathering of the Covenanters. The preacher stood in front of the old broken wall of the lone churchyard, and the congregation was seated on the heather before him. The music of “Martyrdom,” or “Kilmarnock,” or “Bangor” broke the silence of the everlasting hills, and was wafted across the placid waters. The words of eternal life were proclaimed in presence of the silent witnesses of frailty and mortality. It was there that Dr Russell



T.S.

preached the funeral sermon of his venerable parishioner, Tibbie Shiel.¹ If the evening on which this annual service was held turned out stormy or disagreeable, the congregation assembled in the Free Church at Cappercleugh.

The parish church of Yarrow underwent repairs in 1826, and again in 1876. On the occasion of its being reopened in 1876, Mr Russell preached a sermon, of which the following is an extract, and which gives some interesting historical notices of the building:—

The renovation of Yarrow Church.

“We meet to-day in our wonted sanctuary, thus renovated, restored, and beautified. To me it is endeared as the place where for more than half a century my father lifted up his voice, and I have entered into his labours; for many of us it is associated with the memory of friends that have been loved and lost. It may not, therefore, be altogether unseasonable or uninteresting if I set before you a few details connected with its past history and various changes—some of them to a modern ear startling enough. Erected in 1640, it takes us back to the times of Charles I., the persecution of the Covenanters, the battle of Philiphaugh, and the restoration of the Presbyterian religion. Formerly the principal church was St Mary’s, with subsidiary chapels at Deuchar and Kirkhope; and that of Yarrow seems to have been built, on the suppression of all the three, in a central situation for the whole parish. It has thus for us the claims of a venerable antiquity, while it contains some curious relics of the past. The bell which summons us to service, and gives still no uncertain sound, is nearly as old as the building itself, judging from the well-defined words

¹ P. 203.

around it, 'Gift of James Murray to the Kirk of Louchar, 1657.' By a mistake in the casting, Louchar has been substituted for Douchar. The donor was doubtless the laird of Deuchar, and nearly related to the Murrays of Philiphaugh; and from the inscription it would appear that for a time the name of the old church in the neighbourhood had been transferred to the new one. An old dial may be seen in front, with the initials of the maker's name, and the date of the church's erection. It bears these brief texts, which should be written on every heart, especially when we enter the sanctuary, 'Time is short,' 'Watch and pray.' As to the modern time-piece in our midst, besides telling the passing hour, it has an interest as being the gift of one who during a long lifetime, and notwithstanding the distance, was a weekly worshipper here; and a few Sabbaths before his death, at the very advanced age of ninety-four, he was an interested hearer still. As worthy of special notice, there is a mural tablet in the back wall to the memory of the Rev. John Rutherford, the first minister of Yarrow after the Revolution, and ordained here in 1691. He was previously school-master of Selkirk. The inscription, written by his son, one of the medical professors in the University of Edinburgh, and a pupil of the celebrated Boerhaave, is in classical Latin; and, after a tribute to his worth in his pastoral and domestic relations, closes with these quaint lines—'Oh, thrice happy thou! Thy fame is above the lofty mountains and green banks of Yarrow; thy spirit beyond the stars.' He was maternal great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott. It was from that side of his house the poet derived his genius; and while residing in this parish, at Ashiestiel, he used occa-

sionally to visit what he called 'the shrine of his ancestors.'

"Bare and barn-like the church must have been at the first. In 1791, when my father preached the funeral sermon of his predecessor, Dr Cramond, the roof had a primitive appearance, without any ceiling; but so crowded was the audience that one section sat on the pews and another on the book-boards, while some were perched on the joists above. The walls, cemented in a style of masonry frequently adopted at an early period, are to this day strong as the everlasting hills. I can myself, as a boy, remember the time when, beyond the massive walls and very full congregation (the parish being then undivided), the silvery locks of some cottage patriarchs, and the picturesque forms and attire of the old women on the pulpit-stairs, the building had little to recommend it. There was a range of small Gothic windows in front below; completely out of harmony with them, and belonging to a later period, were a few square ones above, to admit a little light to the pulpit and galleries; the panes of glass had the variegated tints of age; the swallows built and twittered without; while at one dilapidated corner the bats had found a nest within, and might occasionally be seen peeping out or flitting about during the service. The outer doors, even when shut, being open all round, the wind and rain found easy entrance, so that the passages were frequently pools of water, and on a winter's day a sheet of ice. From the accumulation of earth outside, in some places four feet above the area, and there being no lath and plaster within, the inner walls were covered with green damp. No stove was ever dreamed of to correct or mitigate such evils; and assuredly there

must have been, if not giants in those days, a hardier race than now. The floor was wholly of earth, except a narrow plank in each seat for the feet to rest upon—the seats being all open below. To complete the picture of this unattractive interior, let it be remembered that all the shepherd's, and many of the masters, came attended by their dogs, which did not help to enforce the Scriptural precept, 'Let everything be done decently and in order.' Meeting as the latter did in numbers, with a stranger occasionally among them, almost every Sabbath witnessed an exciting and unseemly scene. A petty quarrel frequently ended in a general fight, which many strong arms and heavy blows with difficulty quelled. Meanwhile a perfect cloud of dust was raised from the dry floor, and the voice of the minister, whether engaged in preaching or in prayer, fairly drowned. It was only by the audience remaining in a sitting attitude that the blessing could be pronounced in peace.

“In 1826 our time-honoured but time-worn pile underwent a thorough and much-needed repair. For three months my father and the congregation met in a corner of the graveyard, beneath the shade of its spreading plane-trees, with the blue sky for their canopy, the green sod for their seat. Singular to say, that being known as the dry summer, so hurtful to the pastures and the crops, not a drop of rain fell during the whole of the out-of-door service. Meanwhile, the accumulated earth round the church was cleared away; new outer doors were opened and inner passages made; the windows were greatly enlarged; the area was provided with substantial flooring; while doors were put on the pews for the sole purpose that the owners might keep beside them

their four-footed companions, which had been such disturbers of the peace. Since that period, we have had occasional and partial improvements in the way of partitions, painting, and heating. But again, after the lapse of years, a complete restoration has been required both without and within, and you have only to look around for the result. We owe a debt of gratitude to the heritors, always most liberal, who have so readily carried out improvements in keeping with the times; while we have every reason for entire satisfaction with the effective and tasteful manner in which their plans have been executed."

It is not to be supposed, because his parish was rural and quiet, and free from the continuous labour and worry, excitement and bustle, of a city charge, that Dr Russell abandoned all his former studies. He took the greatest interest, indeed, in the cultivation of his glebes, and was an ardent gardener; the manse, at least in summer, was seldom without many guests, who enjoyed his generous hospitality; but he attended faithfully to his parochial duties, and never ceased to be a student. His reading was extensive, and he invariably put it to some good purpose. During the winter months he instituted an annual course of lectures, which were delivered in the parish schoolhouse, and often repeated at Yarrowford. He always gave one, and filled up the programme by the aid of his numerous friends, who never hesitated to render him assistance, because they were in general repaying their debt to him. Among his papers are sketches of lectures he had delivered, the subjects being very varied. "Reminiscences of Travels on the Continent," "Assyrian Inscriptions," "Life in Japan," "Arctic Expeditions,"

Mr Russell's
literary
work.

“James Hogg,” “John Wilson,” and “Balloons,” are the titles of some of them. In the last-mentioned he relates an anecdote of the famous Lunardi, whose balloon passed over Yarrow in 1785, and was seen by Mr Scott, who somehow had heard that it was to pass above St Mary’s Loch. He saw a curious appearance like an inverted umbrella, and cried out, “Lunardi, come down!” never thinking his words would be heard. Long afterwards, in reading Lunardi’s life, he was astonished to find it stated that when passing over the heathy hills of Selkirkshire the aeronaut heard the words, but saw no one.

The ‘Statistical Account of Yarrow,’ which was from Mr Russell’s pen, is full of information of all kinds—agricultural, antiquarian, historical. He took great interest in antiquarian research, and among his papers are numerous letters from learned antiquarians in regard to the inscribed stone already referred to, and other relics of bygone days in Yarrow.

His lectures and speeches.

He frequently delivered lectures in Selkirk and the neighbouring towns, and always attracted large and attentive audiences, who never failed to be instructed by the information given, and amused by the anecdotes or reminiscences he introduced to maintain the interest and to brighten the treatment of the subject. He shone at the annual social meetings which took place—for example, at Selkirk in honour of the birthday of the Duke of Buccleuch, and at Innerleithen in honour of that of the Earl of Traquair. The latter was celebrated for the good-humoured contests of wit between him and his intimate friend, Mr Booth, the minister of Innerleithen. Those who were present on such occasions still recal the passages at arms which occurred, and the

mirth excited by some successful sally on either side. And on the first meeting after Mr Booth's death in Leghorn in 1859, Mr Russell, in a touching speech, paid a warm tribute to the memory of his departed friend. Mr Russell took a prominent part in the inauguration, in 1860, of the Hogg Monument at St Mary's Loch, the foundation-stone of which had been laid by Mrs Russell. There was a great gathering present from all parts of the country, but the day was most unpropitious: the rain poured in torrents; and it was necessary that the soup-plates in the marquee at the banquet should be emptied of water before being used for the purpose for which they were intended.

It was as chaplain to the Lord High Commissioner that Dr Russell became known throughout the Church. He succeeded his father in this honourable office, in which he had been wont to assist him. It is not indeed a lucrative office, because no salary is attached to it, but it is responsible, as many of the arrangements for the entertainment and comfort of members of the Assembly during the residence of his Grace at Holyrood Palace devolve on the chaplain as well as the purse-bearer. The latter office was admirably filled for a great many years by Dr Ramsay, whose familiar face was ever gladly welcomed in the Throne gallery of the Assembly, as his kindly and courteous attentions in the "ancient halls of Holyrood" are gratefully remembered by all those who had the pleasure of receiving them.

Mr Russell, of course, learned much of the duties from his venerable father, and consequently was prepared to discharge them when the invitation came. It had occasionally been the custom of

As chaplain
to the Lord
High Com-
missioner.

noblemen who received the appointment of Lord High Commissioner to choose the minister of the parish in which they resided. But where a clergyman had acted as chaplain so long a period to a representative of the Crown as Dr Robert Russell had done to Lord Napier, it was but natural that his son should be requested to continue, as he was able from his knowledge to be of great use.

When Lord Bute was Commissioner, Mr William Lee,¹ son of Principal Lee, as already mentioned, was asked to discharge the duties; and when Lord Belhaven, on a change of Government, resumed the office, Mr Russell was invited to give his services. The Earl of Mansfield in 1852 asked Rev. Dr Crombie of Scone, his own parish minister; but again in 1853 Mr Russell returned with Lord Belhaven. In 1858-9 the Earl of Mansfield was again her Majesty's representative, and Dr Crombie was once more chaplain. From 1860 to 1866 Lord Belhaven held the office, and Mr Russell resumed his old place. Subsequently he was chaplain to the Earl of Haddington, Earl of Stair, Earl of Airlie, Earl of Rosslyn, Earl of Galloway; again to the Earl of Rosslyn; and, lastly, to the Earl of Aberdeen. Thus, for many years did he discharge the duties of this office, and commended himself alike to the Lord High Commissioners and to the members of the Assembly, by his urbanity, courtesy, affability, and the trouble which he took to suit their convenience and meet their wishes. It may be said, without disparagement to any other, that there never has been a chaplain who brought to bear on his duties greater grace and dignity, or made himself more universally

¹ In 1842: note, p. 33.

popular. An old frequenter of the Assembly cannot recal its appearance without the familiar face and form of James Russell on the left hand of his Grace the Lord High Commissioner. He was always cordially welcomed by the noblemen who were her Majesty's representatives, and who, even after they ceased to occupy that high position, continued the friendship which had been formed during their tenure of office. Among his letters are many showing the feeling with which they regarded him and his family. Nothing can exceed the heartiness with which they invite him to resume his post. As one specimen, a sentence may be quoted from the note of a distinguished peer who was for some years Commissioner: "I was sorry I missed you on Tuesday when you called, as I should have liked to have shaken you by the hand, and thanked you for all your kindness and attention to me and mine during our reign at Holyrood. I trust that if spared again to be her Majesty's representative, we may have the advantage of your services, and the pleasure of your agreeable company. With our best remembrances to Mrs Russell," &c. Mr Russell often spoke with pleasure of the visit he paid on one occasion to the Earl of Airlie after the meeting of Assembly, and the great kindness which was shown to him at Cortachy Castle.¹

¹ Among the late Dr Russell's letters is one from Dr Ramsay, the purse-bearer, nephew to Lord Belhaven, dated "Wishaw House, 24th December 1868," informing him of the death of "our dear and valued kind friend," and the crushing sorrow of Lady Belhaven, who particularly desired his presence at the funeral. Dr Russell was also sent for when Lady Belhaven died, and remained at Wishaw House till after the funeral on 13th September 1873. Accompanied by Mrs Russell and Dr Ramsay, Dr Russell invariably spent the week following the close of the Assembly at Winton Castle with Lady Ruthven.

Degree of
Doctor of
Divinity.

Mr Russell received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Edinburgh in 1878, and the news of the honour which was to be conferred on him caused much gratification in Yarrow, and among all his numerous friends. There was a spontaneous movement in the parish to present him with the hood and robes suitable for his appearance at the ceremony when the degree was to be conferred. The meeting was in the Assembly Hall, and the Rev. Professor Charteris, as Dean of the Faculty of Divinity, presented him along with the others who were to receive the same distinction; and the reception accorded to him was highly gratifying.

His death.

Dr James Russell died on the 9th of January 1883. For some time previously his health had been failing, but the end was somewhat sudden. He preached in Yarrow Church on the last Sunday of the year, and made a touching reference to a member of his congregation, a shepherd, who had perished in a snowstorm a few days previously, within a short distance of his home. He was anxious to occupy his pulpit again on the following Sunday, but was persuaded to accept the services of a substitute. He was not able to be present in the church, but he saw and conversed cheerfully with those who went to inquire for him. Dr Muir of Selkirk visited him, as also his old and intimate friend, Dr Anderson. His last moments were peaceful and pleasant, and he died expressing his faith in the Redeemer whom he had so long commended to others. The funeral took place in Yarrow churchyard, and was attended by a very large company of mourners—almost all the adult male and female parishioners, the school children,

many farmers and shepherds, and a concourse of friends from all parts of the country, including the



DR RUSSELL'S BURIAL-PLACE.

members of the Presbytery of Selkirk. The services in the church were conducted by the Rev.

Dr Herdman of Melrose; and the Rev. Dr Allardyce of Bowden offered up prayer at the grave, which is close to that in which the remains of his father were laid thirty-five years before. Kindly references to his character and work appeared in the principal newspapers of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the Border districts, as well as in one or two Canadian journals. These, along with the funeral sermon, preached by the Rev. Dr Herdman of Melrose, allusions by Rev. Jardine Wallace of Traquair, Rev. Mr Macmillan of Kirkhope, and Rev. Malcolm Carment, Yarrow Free Church, with tributes in verse by Professor Veitch and a clergyman in England, were published in a little "In Memoriam" volume, for the gratification of his numerous friends.

A few months afterwards, two handsome memorial windows were placed in the church of Yarrow in remembrance of Dr Robert and Dr James Russell, ministers of the parish for nearly a hundred years. On the reopening of the church after they were finished, Dr Donald Macleod of Glasgow, one of Her Majesty's chaplains, preached, and referred in touching terms to those who were intended to be held in remembrance by the beautiful windows. The subscriptions came not only from parishioners, but from persons of all ranks throughout Scotland, in token of their respect for one who, in all the different positions he occupied, had shown himself to be a man of ability and scholarship; of refined and cultivated tastes; gentle and courteous in his bearing; genial and attractive in his character; devoid of bitterness, jealousy, and bigotry; full of charity and those "things which make for peace"—an earnest, zealous, and faithful minister, a kind and devoted friend, a true Christian gentleman. The

“Russells of Yarrow” had not only been a household name for generations in the district, and throughout the Church, but the Manse of Yarrow had been the centre of “light and leading” in the parish, the home of all homely and beautiful graces, in which not only hospitality abounded, but happiness, peace, and benevolence flourished.

“The stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

Dr James Russell married, in March 1851, Janet Margaret Shand, daughter of John Shand, W.S., Edinburgh. His family consisted of a daughter, Isabella Lister, who died in childhood; Robert, who at present occupies a responsible position in Helena, Montana, U.S.A.; and John, who, having passed through the Arts course in the University of Glasgow, entered the Divinity Hall with a view to become a minister of the Church of Scotland. He was a diligent student, and by his gentle and amiable character endeared himself to his own and his father's friends. The anticipation formed of a career of usefulness was sadly disappointed by his early and lamented death at Lewinshope, in Yarrow, on 3d July 1884, where he resided with his widowed mother.

His family.

Death of his son John.

“Oh soul!
Short while a pilgrim in our nether world,
Do thou enjoy the calm empyreal air;
And round the earthly tomb let roses rise,
An everlasting spring, in memory
Of that delightful fragrance which was once
From thy mild manners quietly exhaled.”

TRIBUTES IN VERSE TO THE MEMORY
OF DR RUSSELL.

I.—THE following stanzas by the late Professor Veitch, Glasgow, appeared in the *Scotsman* of January 15, 1883. They are reprinted in 'Merlin and other Poems,' p. 21.

THE REV. JAMES RUSSELL, D.D.

In Memoriam.

A morn of mist and weeping rain,
As well befits our sorrow,
Hangs o'er thy vale, and o'er thy stream ;
Thou grievest—rueful Yarrow !

The courtly grace, the kindly face,
Thou keepest not his marrow ;
A quiet, self-sufficing life,
He lived by thee, O Yarrow !

Of restless aim or fickle fame
No comfort would he borrow ;
But he would live the people's friend,
And be thy lover, Yarrow !

By deed of blood, by hopeless love,
Thou every heart canst harrow ;
Thy spirit in our gentle friend
Was purified, O Yarrow !

The strife of life he heeded not,
 His joy to heal the sorrow
 That fell upon each humble heart,
 By thy clear wave, O Yarrow!

On every hill, in every glen,
 To meet him was good morrow;
 Now blythesome lark may o'er him trill
 On thy dowie houms, O Yarrow!

I've seen thee oft at winter tide,
 But ne'er so sad beforrow;
 Ne'er fern so sere, nor bent so wan,
 Nor birk so bare in Yarrow!

The pastor and the friend is gone;
 Be his a brighter morrow
 Than ever dawned upon thy vale,
 Even thine! O winsome Yarrow!

II.—The lines which follow were sent to a friend shortly after Dr Russell's death. They are by the Rev. W. Hume Elliot, Ramsbottom, author of 'The Country and Church of the Cheeryble Brothers.'

"Dowie," "dowie" are the "dens,"
 Dolor deep pervades the glens,
 Frae cot tae ha' nae heart but kens
 A friend has passed awa'.

Saft and solemn brood the cluds,
 Plaintive echoes fill the wuds,
 An eerie moan comes frae the floods
 For him that's noo awa'.

Droukit, droukit dreeps the brae,
 Nature weeps our keenest wae,
 A thousand rills her grief betray
 For him noo ta'en awa'.

True and gentle aye was he,
 Honoured baith by laigh an' hie,
 His life a grace-born courtesie —
 We'll miss him that's awa'.

Lownsome-heartit, yet wi' glee,
 Frae routh o' Forest lore, could he
 Make audience bright as flowery lea,
 Or sun-lit laugh o'er rippled sea—
 Alas! he's noo awa'.

O' Scott, an' Park, an' Hogg, an' North,
 He'd show the genius, paint the worth,
 Wi' stories lippin' fu' o' mirth—
 Dool's ours noo he's awa'.

A polished shaft, wi' culture rare,
 He deftly would man's need lay bare,
 And gently wile frae many a snare—
 The minister awa'.

Devout, yet cheerfu'; wise, yet free;
 Grace, sense, and ready sympathie,
 Like golden fruit on goodly tree,
 Were his that's noo awa'.

His highest aim his people's good—
 The truth received, the wrong withstood—
 His Master's glory humbly would
 He seek that's passed awa'.

Thou gentle heart, we mourn to-day!
 The gloomy winter makes us wae,
 For a' within seems wintry, tae,
 Since thou hast passed awa'.

Hush! Christ-born hope darts o'er the tomb,
 And winsomely illumines the gloom,
 Assuring us "Yet there is room"
 For us wi' him awa'.

As glides fair Yarrow ceaseless by,
 As sings the laverock sunward high,
 As star or sun ascends the sky;
 Redeemed and love-constrained, we'll try
 To follow him awa.'

III.—The authoress of the following was a life-long friend of Dr Russell, whom she had known from childhood, namely, Mrs Annie Burton Easton, Mellendean, Manitoba. Mrs Easton has written 'The Tide of Life and other Poems.'

By drumlie burn and dreepin' fen,
 We mourn the lee-lang day in sorrow;
 For death has snatched a trusted friend
 Far frae the bonny vale o' Yarrow.

There's no a heart on a' its braes
 But hope in dool frae him could borrow;
 Now a' the dool is that he's gane,
 And nane tae heal our waes in Yarrow.

The grass-grown grave, the grey headstane,
 Frae each a tale his lips could borrow;
 For they wha sleep beneath, tae him
 Were kenned wha shares their rest in Yarrow.

In ivied kirk, wi' moss-grown wa',
 He oft proclaimed a brighter morrow;
 The loss is ours, and his the gain,
 His hame is fairer far than Yarrow.

An' though wi' grief our hearts be wae,
 We winna mourn in hopeless sorrow:
 In brighter realms we'll meet again,
 We only say "Farewell on Yarrow."

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