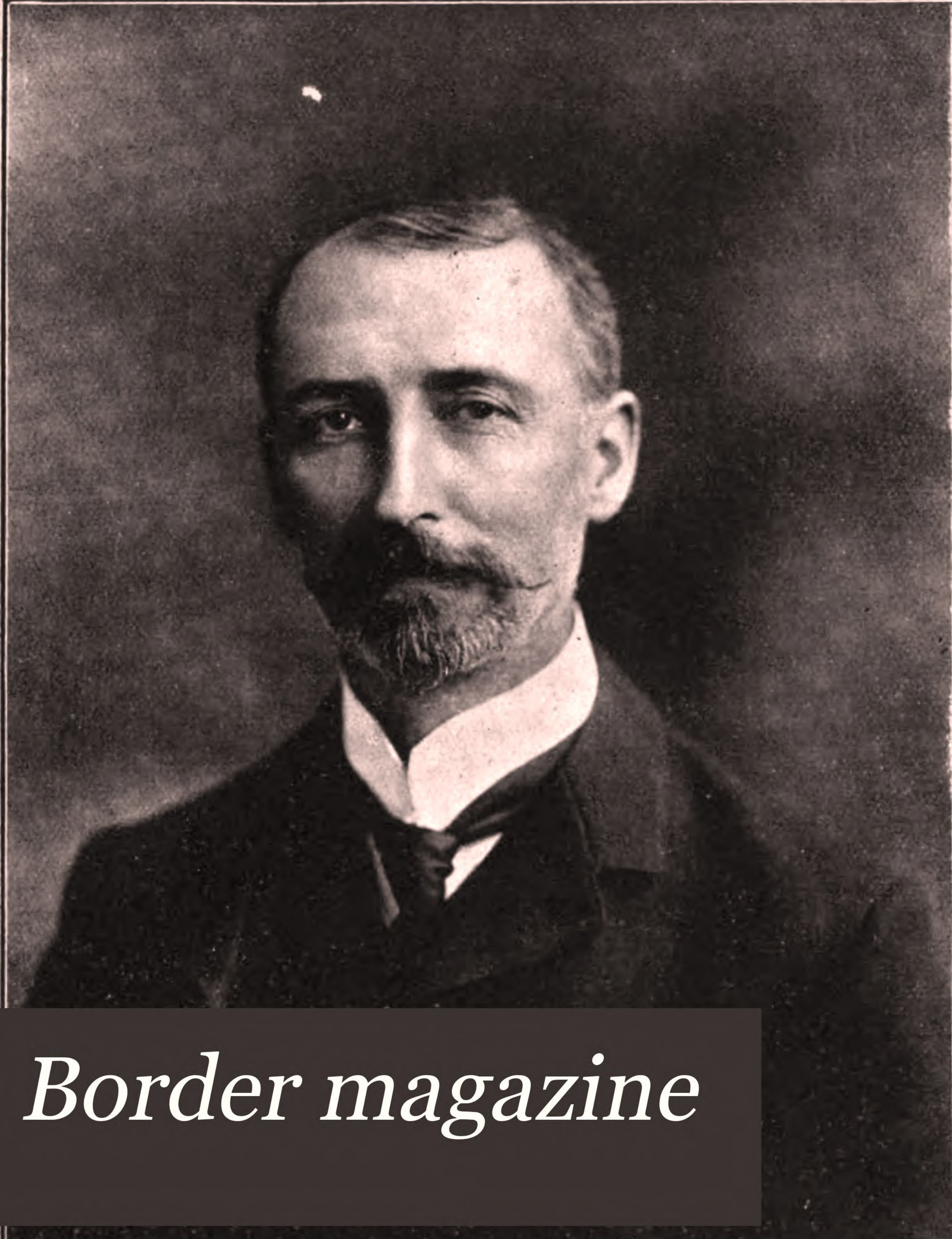


Border magazine

A REMEMBRANCE OF THE ABBOTSFORD FAMILY.

THE

BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM SANDERSON.

VOL. VII.

JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1902.

JOHN MENZIES & CO.,
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW, AND ALSO AT ABERDEEN, DUNDEE AND CARLISLE.
LONDON: D. R. DUNCAN, 186 FLEET STREET.

INDEX.

Poetical Pieces marked thus*, Reviews in Quotation Marks.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Barclay Bros Newcastle.

MAGNUS SANDISON.

1857-1901.

From Photo. taken the day before H.M.S. COBRA left the Tyne.

MAGNUS SANDISON,
Elswick Shipyard.

18TH SEPT. 1901.

A. Bryans.
E. Lee.
R. Richardson.
J. Abel.
J. W. Webb.
T. Boyd.
W. T. Orton.
J. E. Hamilton.
T. Bailey.
R. Mackenzie.

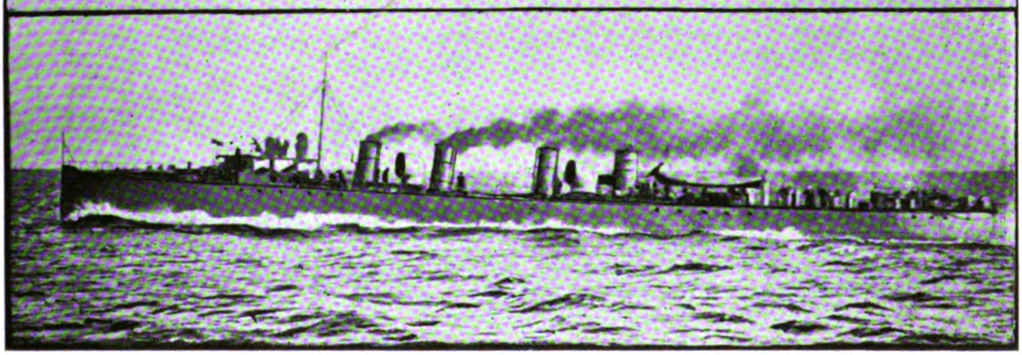
ROBERT BARNARD,
Parsons' Turbine Works.

J. Puncheon.
G. Spillett.
W. G. Ewart.
— Dinning.
G. Macgregor.
R. Patterson.
— Crichton.
J. Patrick.
T. Wilcox.
F. Keeping.

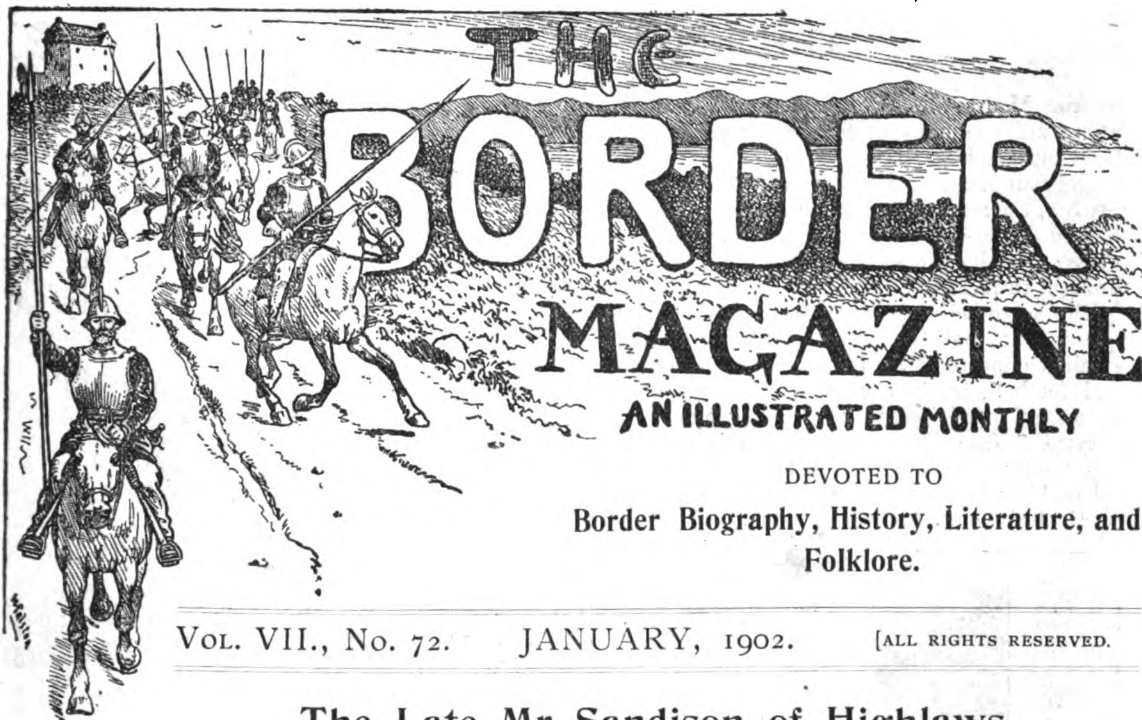
T. J. Wood.
F. Cole.
W. Turvey.
L. Tuffrey.
F. P. Montague.
G. Waldron.
H. C. Sellings.
E. J. Hoare.
G. J. Edwards.
A. Johnson.
W. E. Rose.
H. Edwards.
W. Griffiths.
C. Hardy.
G. Woolford.
J. W. Head.
W. J. Webb.
F. Norton.
E. L. Barrett.
A. Currie.
C. King.

Lieut. ALAN W. BOSWORTH-SMITH.

W. Redfern.
J. Burnett.
R. Adams.
T. J. Hughes.
M. Cannon.
T. Kiernan.
F. W. Gates.
C. E. Coates.
J. Seymour.
W. J. Ford.
W. A. Hayter.
C. E. Borrett.
J. Harfield.
A. Davidson.
T. M. Auld.
J. Wassell.
E. Lavender.
W. E. Farmer.
W. T. Kendall.
I. A. Comley.
H. J. Bridge.
J. McGinn.



350 Tons Displacement — 10,000 Horse Power. — 35 Knots Speed.



DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

VOL. VII., No. 72. JANUARY, 1902.

The Late Mr Sandison of Highlaws.

THE North Sea never fails to levy a tribute from her sea-faring sons of the Berwickshire Coast. The ever memorable storm of the 14th of October, 1881, gathered in no fewer than 129 souls from Eyemouth alone, where almost annually some household or other is stricken.

Highlaws, but a short mile from the scene of those oft repeated sorrows, now numbers its owner with those who have not returned from sea.

The inauguration of railway enterprise opened up a field of operations which early attracted the notice of Mr Magnus Sandison, a native of Caithness, and builder of the conspicuous monument crowning the summit of Ben Vhraggie, near Dunrobin Castle, and numerous other structures in the North of Scotland. Entering into partnership of the late Mr Graham, he executed the Newbattle section with the massive Eskbank viaduct at Dalkeith, and the Minto section of the Waverley Route, along with the Lamberton section of the East Coast Route near Berwick-on-Tweed. The completion of the North British Railway witnessed his retirement to his estate of Highlaws in Berwickshire, and there on the 6th of September, 1857, his eldest son Magnus was born, and brought up amidst a healthful combination of sea side and country life.

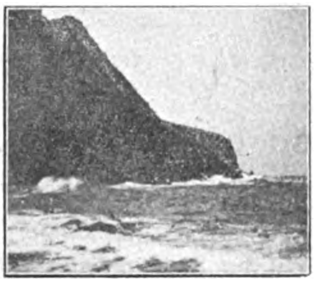
Five years after his father's decease in 1862, the boy's school life commenced in Hawick while he was residing with his grandfather, the late Rev. Wm. Munro, who (for half a century a revered minister in that town) formed an interesting link with a fast receding event in Scottish history. Mr Munro remembered in his childhood's days at Berwick-on-Tweed having a hand laid on his head and hearing the words, "what bonnie black curly hair you have!" uttered by an aged lady, who was the widow of one of General Cope's dragoons, slain in the battle of Prestonpans sixty years before.

A change to the Midlands took place in 1869, and the education of Magnus Sandison and his brothers was continued in Penrhyn House School, Edgbaston, then conducted by Mr W. D. Nicol, B.A., in that busy town so long associated with the names of Boulton and Watt.

From Berwickshire to Birmingham in those distant days was rather an undertaking for young school boys travelling alone, but half-yearly homeward journeys soon rendered the route familiar, whilst residence in the neighbourhood of stirring scenes of industry was not without a compensating advantage. Visits to the many engineering and other factories near Ladywood, to Messrs Winfield's Cambridge Street Rolling Mills (then in the height of their prosperity), and further afield to Smethwick and Dudley, awakened that interest in matters mechanical which strongly characterised the after career of Magnus Sandison.

The year 1872 saw the transfer of his studies to the Madras College, St Andrews, within whose walls so many of our Border youth have been prepared for life's duties. After a thorough grounding in mathematics by that veteran teacher, the late Dr W. O. Lonie, he entered the United College of St Salvator and St Leonards, where his educational course in the East was brought to a close.

The surroundings of St Andrews, less frequented at that time than now, afforded unrivalled opportunities for golfing, swimming, and football, in their respective seasons, with an annual participation in the long since suppressed "Kate Kennedy" celebration. But country rambles to Boarhills, Magus Muir, and other historic scenes proved more attractive, particularly when instituted for the ransacking



FOUL WEATHER AT HARKER'S HAVEN.

of some fossil treasure store in the East Neuk of Fife. Dura Den was a favourite locality, and when Mr Sandison with three other young geologists was belated on one occasion in its romantic recesses, a long dark trudge back to St Andrews was avoided by their camping out for the night. One of them afterwards remarked that "fossil fish for supper and bracken beds to follow proved uncommonly hard fare, especially with a camp fire that wouldn't burn."

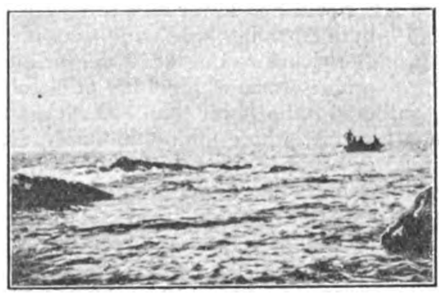
But a sterner education had now to be faced; and in Jany. 1875 the academic precincts of St Andrews gave place to the grimy workshops of Glasgow. There his early displayed inclination towards mechanics was directed into its natural channel and fostered by a notable engineer —H. R. Robson, Esq.—to whom personally the articles of indenture for six years were made out.

Mr Robson's name is a prominent one in the annals of marine engineering. To his exertions this country owes the institution of the now universal system of examination and granting of certificates of competency to marine engineers, Mr Robson himself holding the office of first and sole examiner for Scotland. His invention of the Spring Loaded Safety Valve for Marine Boilers was of world-wide importance.

Under Mr Robson's auspices, Magnus Sandison entered the Anchor Line Engine Works of the Finnieston Steam Ship Co., and for years to come took his stand in the long file of sleepy workmen who relieved the tedium of waiting at the turnstiles of the Old Stobcross Ferry by unmeasured growling at the Clyde Commissioners and all their works.

His first sea-going experience was an unusual one, in the ferry boat "Claughton," built for the Liverpool and Birkenhead traffic; dirty weather was encountered on her run to the Mersey, compelling her to seek refuge under the lee of the Isle of Man.

On Mr Robson retiring from active work, the firm's name was altered to Messrs David & William Henderson, and in their drawing office Magnus Sandison was selected in the closing years of his apprenticeship to work at the inventor's designs for the Bell-Coleman Dry Air Refrigerator, and afterwards to assist in fitting



FAIR WEATHER NEAR EARNSHEUGH.

up and running such plant on board ship and ashore.

The engineering class of Mr W. J. Millar, C.E., formed in connection with the Inst. of Eng. and Shipbuilders in Scotland (of which body Magnus Sandison became a graduate) found him a steady attender along with Mr Robson's second son, who afterwards lost his life in an heroic attempt to save a drowning lad at Kirkintilloch, where a monument commemorates his bravery.

Latterly Professor Rowden's engineering classes at the Andersonian University were taken up along with a course of lectures delivered by Professor Forbes in the same Institution. Some regular evening work did not deter him from attending other lectures on very different subjects.

Lengthy excursions on foot formed his principal pastime on one or other of Glasgow's shorter holidays. His staying powers were evidenced by such long walks as from Glasgow to Stirling and back without stop; Glasgow to Leith and back to Edinburgh similarly, and Edinburgh to Berwickshire by a route covering fully fifty-five miles.

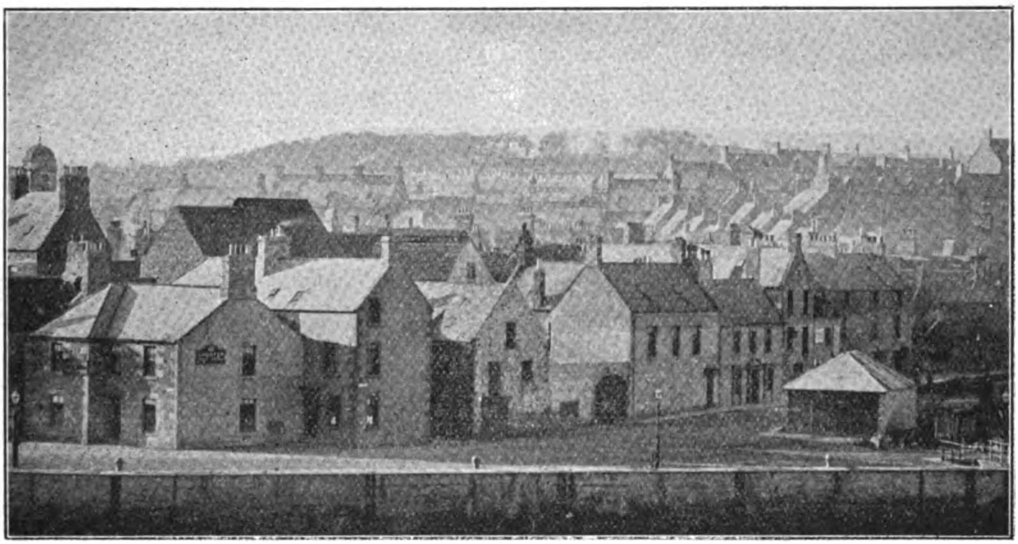
Leaving Finnieston, he entered the Fairfield Company's drawing office at Govan, and finally quitted the Clyde for Messrs Hawthorn, Leslie & Co.'s St Peter's Works on the Tyne. Off that river a trying experience befel him on board the Chilian cruiser "Esmeralda," his right foot having slipped into the crank pit of one of the engines, and sustained an injury from which a less hardy individual might not perhaps have rallied. With characteristic coolness, however, he climbed up from the engine-room and walked aft to a cabin, but hours elapsed before surgical assistance could be obtained, and several months' inaction followed. A voyage to Valparaiso was afterwards made in the "Esmeralda" for the purpose of handing her over to the Chilians.

Leaving St Peter's Works in 1884, he entered the service of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell & Co., as superintendent engineer of their Elswick Shipyard. At that time Mr W. H. White, now Sir W. H. White, was head of the Warship Department, but he was succeeded in 1885 by Mr Philip Watts, as Managing Director and Chief Naval Architect at Elswick, and again in December 1901 as Director of Naval Construction at the Admiralty on Sir W. H. White's resignation through ill-health. Mr Sandison continued in the service of the firm up to the 18th of September, 1901, when he was lost in the ill-fated "Cobra."

Messrs Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Ld., furnish the following statement of his sixteen years' connection with them:—

"Between 1884 and the present time, nearly one hundred War vessels of every class have been built at Elswick, and the machinery for each of them has been constructed under the supervision of Mr Sandison, who represented Mr Watts and the Elswick firm in all questions relating thereto.

The vessels built during Mr Sandison's connection with the firm include:—



From Photo by Flett, EYEMOUTH FROM THE EAST—HIGHLAWS IN BACKGROUND. Eyemouth.

First-class Battleships of the largest tonnage and power for the British and Foreign Navies.

A number of first-class Armoured Cruisers of exceptional power for the Government of Japan.

Several very swift Protected Cruisers for the Governments of Chili, Argentina, and Brazil—in addition to a number of Cruisers for the Chinese Government.

A number of smaller vessels of varying types were built at Elswick and engined there during Mr Sandison's term of office.

We shall not be far wrong in saying that Mr Sandison was present at every trial carried out by these and many other vessels built at Elswick.

The whole of the machinery used in building their vessels at Elswick Shipyard was under the care and supervision of Mr Sandison, who throughout his sixteen years of service enjoyed the goodwill and esteem of the whole of his colleagues."

The question of the Economical Propulsion of Warships at low powers early engaged his attention, and led to his devising an ingenious arrangement of cylinders applicable to compound, triple, and quadruple expansion engines, which he jointly patented with Mr Philip Watts, and had the satisfaction of seeing the looked-for results attained in the Chilian corvette "General Baquedano." These engines were fully described in a paper read by him before the Institution of Naval Architects on the 5th of April, 1900. A vessel of the Russian Volunteer Fleet is having twin screw engines of 16,500 indicated horse-power

From Photo by De Lan, Tweedmouth.

HIGHLAWS FROM THE EAST.

fitted on this system, and others are in contemplation. The steering engines of some large cruisers were also designed on somewhat similar lines, for effecting economy under the variable conditions of steaming at low speed and at full power.

In addition to being a member of the Institution of Naval Architects, Mr Sandison was a member of the Council of the North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders, in whose transactions his communications on "Forced Draught," "Main Steam Pipes," &c., are to be found. He was also a member of the Tyneside Geographical Society.

Seldom in the West of Scotland, he had no opportunity of connecting himself with the Glasgow Border Counties' Association. Its object, however, had his warm approval, and in Dec. '98 he came specially from Newcastle to the annual dinner, afterwards recalling with extreme pleasure his meeting with old and new friends on that occasion. The kindred society in Edinburgh has his name on its membership roll.

Engineering duties left little leisure for taking part in the public concerns of his native county, but he took a close interest in local matters, and visited his Berwickshire property as frequently as possible.

His domestic life was a happy one. On September 13th, 1888, he married a daughter of the late Mr John Wright of Charnwood, Dumfries, and though the loss of his first-born was a severe blow, it only drew him closer to the four children who came after. With a wide circle of home friends his hospitality was frequently extended to those naval and engineering representatives of foreign Governments whom he met with in his official capacity at Elswick Shipyard.

The dreadfully sudden manner in which H.M.S. "Cobra" was recently lost some 40 miles E.S.E. of Spurn Head, and within two miles of the Outer Dowsing Lightship, is vividly depicted in the narrative of one of the twelve survivors, J. G. G. Percey, Chief Engineer of that ill-fated Torpedo Boat Destroyer.

From Photo by De Lan, Tweedmouth.

HIGHLAWS LOOKING WEST.

A few extracts will suffice:—

"On September 17th (Tuesday) we left the Tyne about five o'clock (p.m.), and experienced very heavy weather in the latter end of the first and in the middle watch. . . .

"Mr Sandison, Mr Barnard, and myself consulted about the excessive rolling and the difficulty the men had to keep their legs and work. . . .

"At seven o'clock in the morning, the captain (Lieut. Alan W Bosworth Smith) sent for me on the bridge and pointed me out a lightship on the starboard bow. . . .

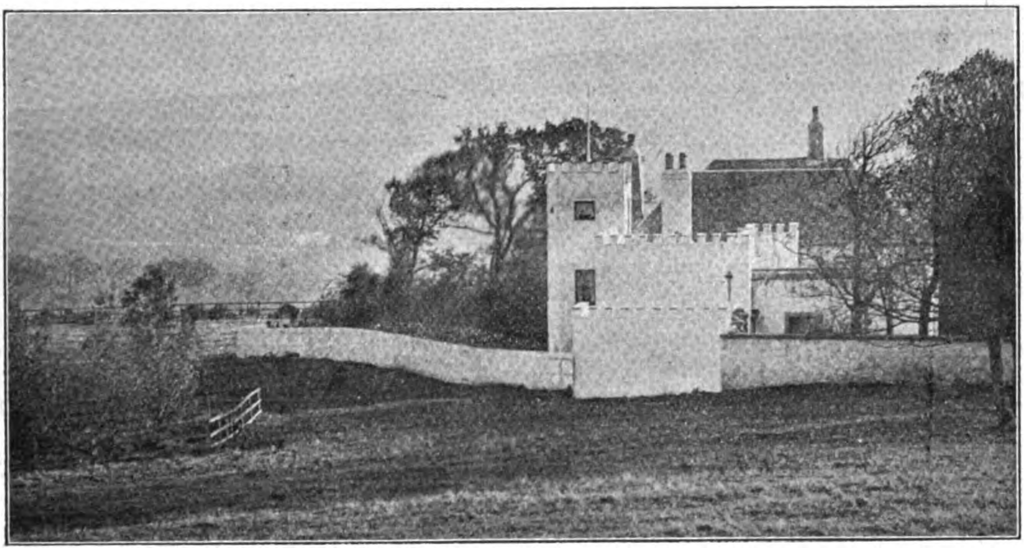
"We were rolling very heavily at the time. . . .

"We decided to steam a mile nearer to the lightship, and while we were going Mr Sandison went forward to see if they had ascertained the name of the lightship. During that time I felt a distinct shock as if we had gone over something. I went down to the deck and found that the ship was breaking in two, and almost immediately she parted. I was left on the aft part and Mr Sandison and the captain on the fore part." . . .

Thus, fully thirty miles out from the Lincolnshire coast, and at half-past seven on that Wednesday morning, was the might of the North Sea once more revealed; with over sixty of those on board, the subject of our sketch passed suddenly away, and of his remains no trace has since been found.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

"Quite a gloom was cast over Eyemouth when it became known that Mr Magnus Sandison, of Highlaws, was on board the ill-fated torpedo boat destroyer Cobra, he being the managing engineer of the Elswick Shipyard, and on board the vessel representing the Armstrong firm. Much sympathy is felt for Mrs Sandison and family, also the Misses Sandison, who are all much beloved in Eyemouth, in their sad bereavement. Very touching reference was made in St John's United Free Church by the Rev. John Miller, after preaching a very impressive sermon from the text, I. Corinthians, xii., 31—"Covet earnestly the best gifts." The rev. gentleman, referring to Mr Sandison, said:—"There is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet." Once again, in this sea-girt island of ours there are homes which have been darkened and desolated by the cruel ravages of the sea. . . . You all knew our friend, Mr Sandison, some of you better than I did. You know what a true son he was to his mother through the long years of her widowhood. You know how bravely he faced the struggle of life, and with what splendid industry he gave himself to its work. You watched, some of you with deep interest and pride, his growing advancement, and rejoiced as you saw him rise, step by step, to the position of influence and importance to which he ultimately attained. You know the irreproachableness of his conduct. He wore the white flower of a blameless life. Those that knew him best, that came closest to him, got the impression of a high principled Christian gentleman."



From Photo by Flett — HIGHLAWS FROM THE NORTH. — Eyemouth.

On September 9th, 1583—

"We met with very foul weather and terrible seas, breaking short and high, pyramid wise."

AND

Sir Humfrey Gilbert—

"Sitting abaft, with a book in his hand, cried out to us in the Hind so oft as we did approach within hearing,

'We are as near to Heaven
by sea as by land.'"

The Hon. Mark F. Napier on "The Modern Scot."

THE opening event for the season in connection with the London Scottish Border Counties Association was on Thursday evening, 7th November, when the Honourable Mark F. Napier delivered an eloquent address in the Frascati Restaurant, Oxford Street, London. There was a large gathering of London Borderers and their friends, who listened with rapt attention to Mr Napier's oratory, and punctuated his periods with cordial applause. The BORDER MAGAZINE has pleasure in presenting to its readers the following exclusive report:—

Many years ago, said Mr Napier, it was my lot to be steaming lazily across the Bay of Lyons in a small tramp of some six hundred tons burden, bound from Barcelona to the fairy island of Majorca. On board we were not a happy lot. Forward, the greasy, sodden deck was covered by a mournful mass of ragged humanity, cast down in every posture of misery and dejection. They were Carlist prisoners taken in arms against the Republican Government, awaiting the rebels' fate—imprisonment or death—and aft, the whole cabin and deck were occupied by the officers and men of the military escort, who, with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets, redolent of garlic and smeared with the mud of much marching, were hardly an inviting crew of bed-fellows amongst whom to search for a cranny for the night's shakedown.

The night was clear and cold, and as I leaned over the side watching the curling wreaths of phosphorescent foam sent forth upon their aimless journey by the gentle rolling of the ship, I mused sadly upon the miseries of war, and counted my own country happy in the possession of justice, freedom, and contentment, which kept the cruel dogs of war so far removed from our gates. The Spanish captain paced the bridge, an embroidered smoking cap on his greasy head, his lean and hungry body wrapped in frock coat which showed signs of a long, lurid past, and his feet encased in what had once been patent leather shoes, and which were more suggestive of a dancing saloon than a quarter-deck.

The figure did not inspire me with much confidence, and feeling cold I fled to the engine well, where at least were warmth and light, and where I hoped to doze the night through watching the sweeping power of the crank and shaft, and wondering at the greasy mystery of the sidelong eccentrics.

Two rickety camp stools were there—one occupied, the other free. I seized the free one and soon had leisure to examine my companion. His tall and sinewy form was enveloped in the long folds of a Spanish mantle. A broad and massive brow and shaggy eyebrows set square upon a well cut nose were designed to protect a pair of deep-set eager eyes that seemed to peer into the far-off distance like those of some mediæval watchmen on a tower, rather than to belong to the respectable modern Spanish merchant that I took him to be. The groaning of the engines, which I noticed were built in Glasgow by a man of my own name, the reek of the heated oil, and the moans of the men on the deck, many of whom were wounded, vexed the ear of night and banished sleep; so I talked the long hours through with my companion in the best Spanish at my command. He and I were the only civilians on board, and our lonely position, and the forlorn conditions of our fellow travellers, created a greater sympathy between us than our short intimacy would seem to warrant, and when dawn broke glorious upon the fairy isle, and we swung into the port of Palma, I felt sorry that I must part with my Spanish friend, who, with great patience and courtesy, had helped me to pass so pleasantly the cold and tedious hours of the night. He seemed to me a man of broad views, wide experience, and deep religious temperament—the whole tinged with a sort of romantic melancholy which has always seemed to me well embodied in Sir Joshua Reynold's beautiful picture, now in the National Gallery, and which goes by the name of the "Banished Lord."

He took leave of me with a proud and gracious dignity, and I turned to watch my luggage lowered into the boat. The villainous boatman cast it roughly over the side, completely regardless of its value and of my feelings. The philosophic calm which had so long possessed my soul was at once dispelled, and not knowing enough Spanish to swear by, I visited upon the head of the offending boatman a cataract of the choicest Border expletives at my command, mostly, I think, collected near Hawick. Thus relieved, and a little ashamed of my display of impatience, I turned to my Spanish friend at once to apologise, and to take my leave. A look of great surprise and benevolent interest came into his eyes, and grasping my hand with painful fervour he exclaimed—Gad man! Why didn't ye tell me ye was a Scotsman; and we twa been playing a' nicht at bein' Spanish Hidalgoes when we baith hail from the Border. Come awa doon; we maun hae a wee drap for the sake of the auld folks at hame! His name, I think, was Johnstone, and he hailed from Annandale. He had been long in Spain as an engineer, had married a Spanish wife, built railways, and, as he told me later, had so lost the use of his native tongue that he could better express himself in the language of his adoption than in that of his birth.

This man was merely an example of the type of thousands of Scots whom you will find all over the face of the world, men valued and trusted wherever they go, not only in Canada, the United States, the States of Central and South America, but in China, Japan, India, Singapore, Italy, Greece, Asia, Africa, it is all the same; in banks and counting-houses, in the planning and execution of titanic engineering works, in agriculture, in horticulture, in medicine, in war, in policy—the same qualities of self reliance, fertility of resource, faithful service, integrity, singleness of purpose, seem in varying degrees to pervade them all, and tend to make them fit servants of science—a nation of wandering exiles, patient and enduring soldiers of civilization, to whom the world owes much gratitude, and pays considerable sums of money, and who carry the fame and honourable traditions of our race to all lands, and yet who bear with them in all their wanderings, and nearest to the hearts, the memory of their national scenery and folk lore, the pride of their race and clan, and the hope that some day when their work is done and their toils are o'er they may find an asylum and last resting-place near the village where first they toddled barefooted callants to the school, or paidled in the sparkling burn, or sat on a Sabbath morn at the feet of their minister absorbing theology as cold and hard as the rocks about them, but on which many of them will find a moral foundation as sure and lasting as their lives.

Many such men have I known in my life, hailing from all parts of Scotland, but seeming to my partial fancy to emanate mainly from the more southern and western and eastern parts than from the north: though when you can get a Calvinistic Highlander with the passion, eloquence, and fire of the north combined with the cold, hard logic and contentious spirit of the south, a cursed and hard bitter spirit—such as we have recently seen in the late Duke of Argyll—such a man will go far and leave a trail of much good, or, perchance, much evil, but at all events plenty of something attempted and done—a deep impression for good or ill upon the annals of thought and action in his time.

As I sat in the library of the National Liberal Club, and raised my eyes while brooding upon the fate to be inflicted upon my brother Scots to-night, they fell upon the eloquent yet massive lines of the granite bridge which bears the name of a place greatest, perhaps, after Trafalgar, in British history—I mean the Waterloo Bridge—begun, oddly enough, before Waterloo, and finished in 1817 by Rennie, the son of a small Scottish farmer. This man marched to fame across his own bridges—Kelso, Musselburgh, Waterloo, London, Southwark, Holyhead, Hull, Sheerness—the first to make a stone bridge flat, and the greatest to combine strength of materials with beauty of outline; a man who could pile tons of granite over your head into a lofty arch with lines as light as gossamer, and stems as stout and graceful as those of the oak or mountain fir.

What was there about James Rennie, the peasant farmer of Phantassie, in the shire of Haddington, to send forth from that unpromising nest one son who became famous as an authority in agriculture, another who was a distinguished sculptor and politician and student in Rome—and one who entered politics from the quaintest of all motives—not the furtherance of a political programme, authorised or unauthorised, but, if you please, as a means and with a view to improving the state of the arts in this country—not in his own country, but in England. The ingenious electors of Ipswich returned him to Parliament in 1841. He not long after resigned his seat in favour of one Aitken, another Scot, and he next turns up as Governor of the Falkland Islands, raising that pleasing community from a state of abject misery to one of great prosperity and contentment. Then there is another brother, who, instead of being a ploughman, to which state the Almighty had probably called him, must needs be a civil engineer. He, poor man, was much interested in chocolate making and biscuit manufactories. What on earth had he to do with chocolate and biscuits? Why was he not content to sup parritch with milk, if he could get it, or if not without—like the good man his father, or the good wife his mother before him? What on earth had he to do meddling with and inventing the screw propeller, and being the first man to put the new force which was to revolutionize the shipping of the world into the first of Her Majesty's ships to possess it? Surely it would have been more considerate to have left that useful discovery to be made by some Oxford or Cambridge don, say one who had earned a fellowship as an encouragement to useful learning! Who kept John Rennie alive during all these wanderings? Not the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, you may be sure; and what business had he in 1784 to be taking a journey south for the purpose of enlarging his knowledge and visiting Watt, the great engineer? Will any man tell me why on earth Watt did not kick him hastily out of the house for interrupting his studies and making an inroad upon his provision? Can you imagine a worse way of passing your vocations than in working as a millwright, so as to be able at some future time to establish a business on your own account? Why not trudge to Monte Carlo and have a cast with the dice? And what on earth had this man to do with Andrew Meikle the millwright, the inventor of the thrashing machine at the Houston Mill, by Phantassie; and with Robert Stephenson, surveyor to the Commissioners for Northern Lights and the Bell Rock Lighthouse, near the entrance to the Firths of Forth and Tay?

Or what mysterious force was there in the dark, cold glens of Annandale from which you might judge would issue the fiery spirit and trumpet voice of Thomas Carlyle, which, resounding through the echoing aisles of literature has filled for these seventy years the whole English-speaking world. The grandson of a carpenter, and the son of a mason, he learned reading from his mother and arithmetic at five from his father. How on earth he acquired French and Latin, and Greek, and geometry, and algebra, and rhetoric, and philosophy, and later on German, and then became independent as a teacher, and saved something of money from his seventy pounds a year, and moved gradually onwards, outwards, a martyr to disease; toiling to London and in London, his work unsold, rejected, yet still his spirit maintained by that unquenchable fire within, — supporting his brother as a medical student out of his income of £200 a year, and stocking the farm of another brother, Alexander, and still all the while sending home help to his parents! A wild seer, shaggy, unkempt, like the Baptist living on locusts and wild honey. Deluging the world with fiery denunciation of chatter, and becoming at last the strongest force in British literature for the middle half of the nineteenth century, and setting the enduring impress of his character upon generations of English reading men through all the world!

And now turn we further north, and to the realms of war, to where was born Ralph Abercromby, who shares with John Moore the credit of renewing once again the martial ardour and military reputation of the British soldier to Menstry (near Tullibody) not known, I fear, upon the Border. The family hailed from Birkenbog, name suggestive of slaps and stiles, and deep moss hags. A Whig in politics, he contested and won a Parliamentary seat and fought a duel with his opponent, refused to vote at the bidding of a powerful patron, and by his opposition to the American War forfeited his chances of professional advancement. But the country needed him, and he added the French West India Islands to the possessions of the Empire. It so happened that another Scot, one Dundas, held the Secretaryship of State. In the frightful confusion of 1799 he seems never to have wanted foes worthy of his steel—Frenchmen, Dutch, Spaniards—in the West Indies or the Eastern Mediterranean, it was all the same to him, and he went his way culling glory and territory as he went till at last he fell wounded in the arms of victory at Aboukir. "What is this you have placed under my head," asked the dying General? "Only a soldier's blanket," answered John Macdonald, his brother Scot, "Only a soldier's blanket! Make haste and return it to him at once." And so died the great Ralph Abercromby—noble, self-denying, and just to the end.

And as with Abercromby, so with Moore: we must look to Scotland for the origin of one of the most striking personalities in British history —the greatest of three gifted brothers, the others being Sir Graham Moore and James Carrick Moore. And as Abercromby had his Dundas, so had Moore his Elliot from the Borders to back him.

Ever ready to learn, and with an open mind to improve, he, with the help of a brother Scot, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie—another Highlander, I fear,—created a new force of Light Infantry, breaking the battalion into skirmishers, support, and reserve, adopting the improvement from the enemy much as we are now slowly emulating the mobility of the Boers. Who among British men can ever hope to equal, still less to surpass, the noble dignity and steady constancy of that life and death? So single in purpose, so serene, and so magnanimous. Who that has ever read it can forget the description, by another Scottish soldier in his army, of Moore commanding in his last fight, suddenly appearing at a critical point of the battle,—suddenly appearing as though from the clouds— the horse arrested in its gallop, thrown upon its haunches, with fore feet firmly planted in the ground—furious action suddenly turned to the stillness of the statue? The horse thrown back and the form of the Commander bending forward intently taking in the scene, a moment's study of the dispositions, a few decisive orders and horse and man leaping back into life and vanishing to some other part of the stricken field. They hastily laid him to rest with his martial cloak around him, and Soult, his victorious enemy, with a noble feeling of regard for his valour, raised a monument to his memory, which must remain forever green and fresh in the minds of his fellow-countrymen. Alas! I cannot find that we can claim his great prototype, General Wolfe, who died in glory on the heights of Abram, when the hero low was laid to the sound of the drum. But among the great Generals afterwards brought to the front in the Peninsular War, and brought up in the school of Moore, we find the names of Hope, Graham, and Crawford, and it is with perhaps a pardonable pride that I cite the words of Sir Henry Hardinge, in which he writes that among the Generals, Hope, Graham, Paget, Hill, and Crawford, and felt and submitted to Moore's ascendency, and of the younger officers it was ever the proud boast of the Napiers, Colborne, the Beckwiths, and Barnard that they were the pupils of Moore and not of Wellington. Nay, more, he inspired the historian. "The description of Moore's retreat in Napier," says Sir Henry, "is perhaps the finest piece of military history in the English language, not only because the author was present, but because his heart was with the leader of that retreat. And if Napier felt towards Wellington as the soldiers of the 10th Legion felt towards Cæsar, he felt for Moore the personal love and devotion of a Cavalier towards Montrose." Or shall we for a moment turn to the great company of Elliots, who hail from Roxburghshire, and who in the fields of war and policy and letters have done great service to the State, and bequeathed a glorious heritage of fame to their descendants, clansmen, and compatriots? Who can read without a thrill of pride the story of how the grim old Heathfield, seventh son of the third baronet of Stobs, hung on like death to "The Rock" for three mortal years, and braved and baffled all the assembled might of France and Spain?

"The men are splendid," nobly wrote a recent General of his troops, battered, mauled, and repeatedly rolled back as they were before a withering fire such as no troops in the world had ever braved before; "the men were splendid, and were not to be denied;" but what could be nobler than the devotion and cold resolve of Wauchope on the cruel morn of Magersfontein which broke on the ruin of the flower of the Scottish regiments, and shed tears and wailing through a thousand Scottish homes? And on ocean, that wide field of Britain's glory, you will find that the Scot was no laggard in war though he may have had less time than some others for love. What of Duncan and Dundonald, Keith and Hall, Sydney Smith and Lork Northesk, and a hundred others, whose names are written on the heart of Scotland? And in the field of oratory, at the British Bar—who can forget the great clan of Erskine, absolutely endless in the roll of fame—Thomas storming the Queen's Bench, in London, when a stripling from the army holding his first brief? He wrung a hearing from the unwilling ears of justice, and when Lord Mansfield said to this boy—"Sir, Lord Sandhurst is not before the Court," he shouted—"Then I will bring him before the Court, for he is the man that has done this injustice." The whole Court was wrapped in silence, and when he had got his say his client was released from prison, and became the most popular man in England. There was a splendid act for a soldier boy to do, and the finest and most romantic thing in the history of the English Bar. I think of Scott and Campbell, who graced the woolsack in the English House of Lords. We can well look back on a proud list of noble Scottish men, noble types on whom we may hope to build our future fame. It is a splendid heritage, but a fearful burden of responsibility. And we Scottish men who live in London may well remember with humility as well as pride the great deeds of our forefathers, and strive if we can to emulate their patriotism, their noble determination, their high ideals, and their great success.

Mr Napier was enthusiastically thanked for his address on the motion of Sir John Jardine, and an excellent programme of music was thereafter discussed.

The old name of Earlston, still occasionally heard, was Ersilton. 'The dede folk o' Ersilton' are proverbial for 'no bein' to lippen to,' as they were said occasionally to come alive again after they had been buried, and would knock on the coffin lid till they were let out. At least one old woman is related to have done so within the memory of the last generation. Ersilton, or Ayrsildoun, is the Gaelic Air-seall-dun (look-out hill), and the name aptly denotes the situation of the place, the adjacent Black Hill, to which it was doubtless first applied, having an extensive view from its top, down the valley of the Tweed to St Boswells, and across Teviotdale to the Cheviots. On the summit of the Black Hill are the remains of a British vitrified fort.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr William Sanderson, *81 Oxford Drive, Glasgow.*

TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. Walker & Son, *Galashiels.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1902.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have much pleasure in wishing our readers the Compliments of the Season, and expressing the hope that one and all will enjoy a Happy New Year. With this number we begin our seventh volume, and this is an admirable opportunity for widening our sphere of influence. We are doing what we can to make the Border Magazine the connecting link which shall unite the chain of Borderers all over the world, but our readers can do more in this respect than we are able to accomplish. Fellow Borderers! the magazine is your own, and it depends on you, to a large extent, to make it an unqualified success.

We are indebted for the various views illustrating the sketch of Mr Sandison to Messrs Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Ltd., Elswick Shipyard; the publishers of the *Graphic*; Messrs Barclay Bros., Newcastle: W. V. Amey, Portsmouth; West & Son, Southsea; De Lan, Tweedmouth; and Flett, Eyemouth.

Volume VI. of the Border Magazine is now complete, price 5/6. Cloth Cases, stamped in gilt, for binding the numbers for 1901, price 1/6, are also ready. Odd numbers, to complete sets (with a few exceptions) may also be had. Annual Subscription, including postage to any address, 4/,

Character Sketch for next month will be the late Sheriff Vary Campbell, by Rev. Dr Glasse, Old Greyfriars' Church, Edinburgh.

The Border Keep.

KILWINNING ABBEY.

Kilwinning holds a high place in the annals of Scottish Freemasonry, but although we may not be all Freemasons we can at least "give the grip" of friendship and wish ane an' a' a Guid New Year, and mony o' them. Even an old Dominie can be cheerie at times, and this season of the year appeals specially to him, for he can recall with delight the pleasures of Hogmanay any New Year, and can imagine he hears the voices of the bairns, as they went in the darkness of Old Year's morning to get their cakes at house and ha', and he almost imagines that the Keep is about to be invaded by the juvenile raiders. What a hearty welcome they would get—but there! ye maunna mind an auld man's maunderins.

* * *

Speaking of Masons, we often wonder who were the builders of some of the ruins of our country, and we are inclined to think that they may have been different in many respects from ourselves, but could the stones "cry out" they would probably tell us that those who placed them in the distant past were very much like the men of the present day in many respects. Of the origin of one of the most valuable of our ruins the "Westminster Gazette" says:—

A well-informed correspondent writes us that the committee of antiquaries which is superintending the excavations at Stonehenge, undertaken in connection with the scheme for strengthening the foundations of the trilithons, have made discoveries that place the period of origin beyond cavil. A number of blunt implements have been found some feet below the surface, and there is no doubt that these were used in the shaping of the stones, and consequently that Stonehenge is the product of Neolithic man. These results are alleged to upset both the old notion as to the circles having been formed to commemorate some British victory in Roman or post-Roman times, and Professor Flinders Petrie's recent conclusion (from the supposed astronomical data) that Stonehenge is several centuries younger than the Christian era.

* * *

I don't know much about Stonehenge, never having been there, but I have more intimate knowledge of the Roman Camp at Lyne, which was thus referred to in the "Peeblesshire Advertiser":—

At a recent meeting of the Societies of Antiquaries of Scotland, held in their library at the Museum, Queen Street, Edinburgh—Sir Thomas D. Gibson Carmichael, vice-president, in the chair—Dr D. Christison, secretary, read a paper in which the results of the excavations of the Roman Camp or station at Lyne, undertaken by the Society last season, were described and illustrated by lantern views. This Camp had attracted less attention of old than the other strongly fortified works of its kind in Scotland, from its lying out of the beaten track of the Roman armies, but it was noticed by Chambers that its position served to protect the connecting routes between the main east and west lines of communication. Some additional interest was lent to it by its traditional name of Randal's Walls, and as it was not clear that any Roman relics had ever been found on the spot, it was considered desirable to investigate the site completely. Permission having been freely given by Lord Wemyss, the proporietor, and Mr Ritchie, the tenant, operations were begun last August, and carried on for the space of about three months. After referring to the descriptions of the earth-works at Lyne by Camden, Pennecuik, Gordon, Roy, and other writers of the last century, and describing the site, on a level plateau in a bend of the Lyne Water, as similar to the sites chosen by the Romans for their stations at Birrens, Ardoch, and Camelon, he adverted to the remarkable fact that all the Roman military works as yet excavated in Scotland have proved to be earthworks, notwithstanding the abundance of stone in the country, and its frequent use for the buildings within the fortified limits. No other country could show, for such a limited area, so many examples of the skill of Roman military engineers in constructing entrenchments, and adapting them to the requirements of the particular sites. Lyne was not inferior to the others in the ingenuity of its defensive details, for there was great diversity not only on the different sides of the fortification, which was in the usual form of an oblong enclosure, with parallel sides and rounded corners, but even in positions of the sides themselves. The inner or main rampart, with its trench, alone is carried round all the four sides, and is strengthened by other works according to the requirements of the different parts. The four entrances, nearly in the middle of each side, also differed from each other, and from the entrances of all the other Roman works previously examined. After describing these pecularities in detail, he proceeded to the description of the streets and buildings in the interior, the arrangement of which was nearly similar to that at Birrens and Ardoch, having a range of solidly-built and buttressed stone buildings across the central part of the enclosure, with two ranges of long, narrow buildings on either side, and a roadway running round the whole, inside the ramparts. The three central blocks of buildings were squares of about 100 feet, and a fourth was about 100 feet by 20 feet. The other buildings were about 150 feet long, the widest being 30 feet in width, and the others about half that width. The whole area enclosed within the ramparts and ditches is about 550 feet by 450 feet, and there are two annexes of about one-fourth that size, which seem also to have been occupied. The relics found were very few, consisting mostly of fragments of Roman pottery, including amphoræ and the usual red and black ware, with a few pieces of Samian. Two spear-heads of iron and a quantity of iron nails and indeterminate fragments of iron implements were also found. A few pieces of window-glass, of the usual Roman character, and portions of a square glass bottle and a beaker, and two coins of the early Empire, complete the list of the finds.

* * *

If any reader of this column has a burning desire to add to the literature of our country he might paste in his hat the following:—

Writing in a recent number of the "Bookman" on "Coming Scottish Literary Developments," Dr William Wallace predicts the rise of a school of fiction dealing exclusively, and even realistically, with the Scotland of to-day. Attention has frequently been called in these columns to the mass of undeveloped local matter that lay waiting for the coming man, who would bring to his task artistic perception and a chastened desire for boomed circulations. Dr Wallace anticipates the advent of a Scottish Zola, who will adequately picture the slum life of Glasgow and Edinburgh—a field absolutely untouched save by the pot-boilers of weekly newspapers. He also asks: "Who that knows anything of the comedy of Scottish middle-class manners as it is played—sometimes very seriously played—in the hydropathic establishments with which our country is dotted, can doubt that they supply a field to a new artist in fiction—a field, too, quite as worthy of cultivation as St Ronan's Well proved to Scott?" Will the hint of so discerning a critic be given in vain?

* * *

A Dominie is not supposed to know much about cookery, but even Sir Walter Scott in his notes to "St Ronan's Well," made reference to the famous cookery book which bore the name of the redoubtable Meg Dods. The editor has handed to me a volume entitled "Tried Favourites" Cookery Book, by Mrs E. W. Kirk. The book is published by Mr J. B. Fairgrieve, Edinburgh, and is a model of conciseness. It is really astonishing how the authoress has managed to keep away from the beaten track and yet give all that is necessary in such a publication. The arrangement of the recipes and articles specially connected with cooking is novel and admirable, while every housewife would do well to commit the "Useful Hints" to memory, and even "a mere man" would in this portion get value for the one shilling charged for the volume.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Tibbie Shiel's.

By Rev. T. D. Miller, M.A.

"ALL roads lead to Rome," and not less surely do they take the traveller to "Tibbie Shiel's," for that very much out-of-the-way resort stands at the junction of valleys that run east, south, and west, and can be reached practically from every point of the compass. But whether approached through classic Yarrow or Ettrick Forest, by Birkhill or Paddyslacks, there is a long tract of moorland to be traversed that is but scantily furnished either with timber or population.

The sheep-holdings or "hirsels" that one passes on the way are of necessity extensive, and the homesteads are separated from one another by long distances, in some cases, of four or five miles. The dwelling-house and offices, usually whitewashed, stand out conspicuously on the hillside, surrounded by a few acres of cultivated ground that supplies, in the summer time, a framework of vivid green, contrasting pleasantly with the yellow and brown of the hill-pasture. They meet the eye, these outlying homesteads, like an oasis in the desert; and when one is footing it through the Borderland, they can provide a meal of simple but toothsome fare, the flavour of which is, at least partly, due to the appetising breezes that frolic amongst the hills.

After travelling some sixteen miles from any one of the neighbouring villages, the several starting points of the coaches that run to St Mary's Loch, we reach the little wayside inn that stands on the ribband of land dividing the Loch of the Lowes from its more majestic twin-sister. The building has been enlarged in recent years to suit the requirements of the summer traffic, and though it still boasts no more imposing title than "St Mary's Cottage," it offers at least comfortable quarters to the Border tourist.

Happily, the extensions of the premises have hardly perceptibly altered the original modest "biggin," and the visitor, with a mind sensible of local influences and awake to poetic memories, can still see and appreciate "Tibbie Shiel's" externally and internally, much as it was in the early days of last century, when it became known in the literary circles of Modern Athens as a bien little inn that afforded good sport, good fellowship, and a willing service.

A little inn, indeed, it was, not even "a but and a ben," only a kitchen and bedroom in one, with sleeping loft overhead, which had its access through a narrow trap-door, and in which Tibbie and her household sought repose when the two closed-in beds below were given over to her guests. And yet there are memories clustering round the little place that entitle it to recognition as a national monument.

The dingy, low ceiled, worn-flagged kitchen has a more subtle aroma than the usual morning one of frying bacon. It is fragrant with the memories of John Wilson and James Hogg. One cannot think of "Tibbie Shiel's" apart from the companionship and colloquies of these two brother poets; and it is very meet that the Shepherd's monument should overlook this rural rendezvous, for it was chiefly his personality and breezy nature that drew the Professor so frequently to the spot, and gave to the sequestered mountain hospice a distinction higher than is enjoyed by any other Scottish hostelry.

The cottage lies embosomed among hills that in autumn are draped in a rich garment of purple and green, and towards evening, when the giant slopes are either bathed in warm sunlight or sunk in soft shading, all their severe outlines are concealed, the verdure looks like a mantle of velvet, and the tints of violet and gold, and deeper shades of indigo and brown, all blend harmoniously, and fill the lakes with warm colouring, till the water seems turned into wine—

> "Nor fen, nor sedge,
> Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
> Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
> At once upon the level brink:
> And just a trace of silver sand
> Marks where the water meets the land.
> Far in the mirror bright and blue
> Each hill's huge outline you may view."

And yet the scenery around "Tibbie Shiel's" is lacking in the breadth and variety that are essential qualities of the picturesque. The landscape is bare, and, to many minds, disappointing. It would be affectation to deny it, for Scott himself, in spite of his predilection for the Border country, was ready to acknowledge the melancholy and monotony of the scene throughout the greater part of the year; and Veitch, another devotee, and Borderer, attributes to this striking feature of pastoral sombreness, all the impassioned song associated with the lower vale, which has made the name of Yarrow a household word wherever the English language has been carried.

Scott declared that he liked the very nakedness of the land, which is sufficient proof that in the poetic nature there are feelings that thrill responsively to every phase and aspect of nature, savage and tame alike; and although he spoke with a Borderer's fervour, there is no reason to suppose he used the language of extravagance or poetic license. That he did delight especially, however, in viewing these same hills in the season which paints them superbly purple, is very evident from his own declaration that if he did not see the heather once a year he thought he would die.

There is nothing of the leafy luxuriance of the Trossachs to be seen around St Mary's Loch, and the rounded hills, imposing in their way, are lacking of the savage grandeur of the Grampians. When the autumnal tints and fleeting shadows have forsaken the heights, their long brown uniform slopes must become little less than depressing. Even the shores of the lake can offer nothing that is satisfying to the artistic eye—

"Shaggy with heath, but lonely, bare,
Nor tree nor bush nor brake is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine,
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour:
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness."

Block kindly lent by TIBBIE SHIEL'S COTTAGE AND THE LOCH. Innerleithen Alpine Club.

But "Tibbie Shiel's" has an attractive force that affects other minds beyond those of a sad and pensive caste, and it has drawn thousands of sightseers from both hemispheres, who have come less to view the landscape than to visit the favourite resort of the coterie of bright spirits that enlivened the literary world in the third decade of last century.

John Wilson, better known as "Christopher North," the man of powerful physique and poetic nature, may be said to have discovered "Tibbie Shiel's." As "the bright particular star" of the early "Blackwood," whose "Noctes" excelled in popular estimation, with a single exception, all his other many and varied contributions to literature, he gave to "Tibbie Shiel's" its glamour and its glory. Just as he made the Ettrick Shepherd "famous over four continents," so he touched this lowly, four square sheiling with the wand of his brilliant wit and poetic fancy, and transformed it into a Temple of Fame.

When the three jovial cronies of the "Noctes" foregathered on the green in front of "Tibbie's" they differed as to the most suitable term in which to describe the hostelry. One suggested "beehive," the second "ant-hill," and the last, what proved the more acceptable title, "wren's-nest;" and if many of the neighbouring herds met of a forenight round the inn-board, the kitchen-parlour must have looked as crowded as a nestful of fledgelings.

There was no choice of apartments for North and the Shepherd, when tired nature compelled them to conclude their literary carousals. The two box-beds of Tibbie's kitchen were the best she could offer her honoured guests, and the curtained cubicle between them, doubtless with a small square window at the end, now converted into a door uniting the old and new buildings, afforded the necessary seclusion as a dressing-room, while the loch was conveniently near for the morning-tub.

All the smoke-grimed antiquated furniture still remains in the inn as it was in Tibbie's time, and it is worthy of more than a passing glance, altogether outside of its associations, because so characteristic of the plenishing of a Scotch rural abode, a hundred years ago. In front of the nearest bed is a curious settle of pitch pine, stained with use and peat reek, which has the middle division of the back hinged like a wicket gate, to permit of freer access to the bed. It is eloquent of a device to accommodate stiffened limbs and rheumatic joints. On the low ceiled walls there are antique cabinets, with numerous nooks and crannies, protective receptacles, some of them, of Tibbie's special wares; while on the long narrow mantelpiece are her brass candlesticks, which, we may suppose, shed a dim radiance over the board, when the "Shepherd's" symposia were unduly protracted. Not the least remarkable is the huge roasting-pot, still in constant service, an earlier invention than the roasting-jack, the lid of which has an upturned outer edge, adapting it to support a fire of peat, so that the contents are roasted both on the upper and under sides simultaneously. It is of a pattern known in Ireland as a bastable, still much in use in those districts where turf is the only fuel available.

But beyond the interest that attaches to Tibbie's *lares et penates*, the thought that comes uppermost when we cross the threshold of the cottage kitchen is, that, here, four score of years ago, were held many of those feasts of reason and song that have been so graphically described in the pages of "Maga."

This was a favourite haunt of "Christopher North," and here he revelled in the refined fancy and true mother-wit of the mountain bard, whom he styled the "Shepherd." He appreciated him at his proper value as one of the most gifted of Scottish peasantry, and he found, in his racy converse, a valuable stimulant and recreation after the toils and strain of professorial life. "Tibbie Shiel's" became to him a centre of mental refreshment as well as of bracing, open-air enjoyment. He delighted in the loch, the moor, and the mountains, but especially in the fellowship of a kindred spirit—one who not only was possessed, like himself, with the divine afflatus, but was quite as keen a sportsman besides, for the Shepherd had landed many "a great yellow-fin of Yarrow," and was equally at home among the larger "grey-lochers" of St Mary's.

There can be no question about the fascination exerted by the gentle art over Professor Wilson's mind. He was a born angler. From youth to age the pastime never palled. One of his schoolmates wrote of him, "he excited our admiration by his excellence in fishing." He hankered after "the big ones," even in school hours, and when he imploringly told the teacher of his desire to go fishing, "go and fish," was the kindly man's ready response, and Euclid was discarded for the angle: What schoolboy would not choose so tolerant a regime and love so sympathetic and reasonable a soul? In a familiar passage, Hogg rehearses an instance of his skill in later years, and catalogues the result of the day's sport down Newhall Burn and up the Tweed to Peebles, where the tired angler was to sojourn for the night. "Your creel was fu'—your shooting-bag fu'—your jacket pouches fu'—the pouches o' your very breeks fu'—half-a-dozen wee anes in your waist-coat, no' to forget them in the crown o' your hat, and, last o' a', when there was nae place to stow awa' ony mair, a willow-wand drawn through the gills o' some great big anes." No wonder, with such a record among the "happy hunting grounds" round "Tibbie Shiel's" that the remembrance continued a source of pleasure long after his angling days were over. The time came when he had to write "into the Yarrow I shall never again throw a fly," but he could still recall with delight the sunny hours spent upon its banks.

His biographer tells that in his last hours "it was an affecting sight to see him busy, nay, quite absorbed, with the fishing tackle scattered about his bed." His trembling hands took the gaily dressed flies from the fishing-book, and drew them carefully along the white coverlet, and he told those in attendance upon him of the streams and the pools where the tiny lures had done their deadly work. The poet and the philosopher vanished before the piscator, and the big enfeebled man was a boy again, pouring out his fishing lore, and intent upon the merits of red and black hackles, "hare lugs" and "teal-wings."

In latter days the local poet has lamented the scarcity of trout in the streams that "North" frequented. One must needs go further afield now than "Tibbie Shiel's," or even the lonely pastoral vale of Megget, to get a basket that can compare with his.

> "For he who angles Yarrow ower
> (Maun changes ever waken?)
> Frae our Lady's Loch to Newark Tower,
> Will find the stream forsaken."

The pike has done his fell work in the Loch itself. Where he is permitted to follow his own sweet will there is little trouting even for the expert angler.* St Mary's is not yet, however, wholly depleted, for a veteran sportsman's half-hearted pronouncement is, "there are big ones still for those who are able to take them out."

Wilson was large-hearted enough to be willing to share his pleasure with others. He showed his affection for his students by inviting them

TIBBIE SHIEL'S COTTAGE.

to spend a long summer's day in his jovial company at "Tibbie Shiel's," where he initiated them into the mysteries of the silent hills and haunted glens, over which the Ettrick Shepherd was presiding genius. He could have found for them no fitter cicerone, for Hogg's mind was stored with the legendary lore of his loved Borderland, and he brimmed over with poetic thought and fancy—just the sort of guide, "not garrulous but full," to make the day a memorable one for the college neophytes.

The "Shepherd'" was "the king of the mountain and the fairy school," and had peopled the heathery slopes and mountain streams with elfins, sprites, and brownies, till his fellow-herds "that whistled through the glen," came to think of his fanciful creations as uncanny realities and feared to venture among the hills after nightfall, in case of disturbing their moonlight revels.

It is not a little strange that the author of the "Queen's Wake" should find no place in Morley's "Collection of British Authors," for his position in literature, at least as a song writer, is a very secure one. His lyrics, such as "When the kye comes hame," "My love she's but a lassie yet," and Jacobite odes as "Flora Macdonald's lament," and "The wee, wee German lairdie," have done for him all that he desired in ensuring him a place in the esteem of the lovers of Scottish poesy, alongside of "Allan Ramsay, Robbie Burns, and Allan Kinninghame."

His genius, nursed by nature, owed nothing to the customary aids to knowledge, the schools and seminaries of learning, but was ripened and enriched while he roamed among the hills with ink-horn and pointed stick, and laboriously transcribed to odd scraps of paper his bewitching fancies. His was purely mother-wit, and when it got full play in an effort to rival the table-talk of "glorious John," the kitchen-parlour became transformed into a palace of wisdom, and the homely evening repasts into *noctes coenasque deum.*

It was after one of those "nights," dear to all readers of the early "Blackwood," when the evening's potations had excited even a stronger thirst than they had at first assuaged, that the Shepherd surpassed all previous demands by calling on the kindly hostess to "bring in the Loch."

"Tibbie Shiel's" has been made easily accessible by the coaches that run on stated days from Selkirk and Moffat, and the "visitors' book" of "St Mary's Cottage," as the inn is euphemistically called, tells of many who have been drawn thither the better to imbibe the spirit, or sound the depths of the pathetic ballads, and sweet pastoral poetry that the scene has inspired.

As one approaches the spot the mountains seem to crowd closer around, and, as the road winds, they re-arrange themselves in fresh combinations like the shifting scenery of a stage. River and loch, mountain and glen abound with suggestive memories of a poetic and romantic nature, for they link together, by the bond of a common inspiration, some of the finest names of modern English literature.

The latest volume in the series of "Visitors' Books," which contain much food for thought, lies to hand and speaks less in the language of the "Passionate Pilgrim" than of the cycling tourist, more concerned with the material comforts of life than with the spiritual aspects of

*It is gratifying to learn that an effort is being made to rid the Loch of a ravenous pest, and that many pike have been already netted and destroyed.

nature; but it affords in the appended remarks its own peculiar testimony, for the "splendid tea," and other refreshments that delighted the palate, recorded perhaps with disappointing frequency and brevity, speak too plainly of the bracing air and other health-giving qualities of the locality. They serve, too, to emphasise the assurance of the stalwart landlord of the inn, whose invalid relative had come over from Moffat to spend a few days under Tibbie's historic roof-tree, that it was "a fine change frae the toon." The recommendation would admit even of a wider scope.

A Remembrance of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., painted by the Late Stewart Watson.

Memorandum made in 1839 as to this Painting by Mr Watson.

"MANY years ago I received an invitation to visit Abbotsford, for the purpose of painting miniatures of Sir Walter Scott and his family. These miniatures are now in the possession of Lady Scott (widow of Colonel Sir Walter Scott), through whose kindness in placing them at my disposal I have been enabled to paint a picture. I had long thought of representing a scene which took place during my visit. Sir Walter, accompanied by Mr John Lockhart and the other members of his family, also a few friends then residing at Abbotsford, paid a visit to Newark Castle, for the purpose of showing that classic district to Miss Edgeworth. This party forms the subject of my picture"

Referring to this interesting time, and the scene as pictured by the artist, Mr Lockhart writes, "The next month—August 1823—was one of the happiest in Scott's life. Never did I see a brighter day at Abbotsford than that on which Miss Edgeworth first arrived there. The weather was beautiful, and the edifice and its apurtenances, were all but complete; and day after day, so long as she could remain, her host had always some new plan of gaiety. One day there was fishing on the Cauldshiels Loch, and a dinner on the heathy bank. Another, the whole party feasted by Thomas the Rhymer's waterfall in the glen—and the stone on which Maria that day sat was ever afterwards called 'Edgeworth's stone.' A third day we had to go further afield. He must needs show her, not Newark only, but all the upper scenery of the Yarrow, where "fair hangs the apple from the rock,"—and the baskets were unpacked about sunset, beside the ruined chapel overlooking St Mary's Loch—and he had scrambled to gather bluebells and heath-flowers, with which all the young ladies must twine their hair,—and they sang, and he recited, until it was time to go home beneath the softest of harvest moons. Thus a fortnight passed—and the vision closed; for Miss Edgeworth never saw Abbotsford again during his life."

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with a reproduction of the picture mentioned above as a supplement to this issue of the Border Magazine, feeling sure that they will appreciate this glimpse into the home life of Sir Walter Scott and his family.

Note.—The persons represented in the Photograph (beginning at the left) are Mr Archibald Constable, Mr James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; Mr Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott, Miss Ann Scott, Mrs Lockhart, Lady Scott, Miss Edgeworth, Colonel Scott, Miss Scott (niece of Sir Walter), Miss Edgeworth's sister, Mr Charles Scott, and Mr Thomas Shortreed. Scott had for his friends and contemporaries all the notable men and women of the last brilliant epoch of distinctively Scottish national life.

A Lammas Storm.

A GREEN valley, with steep hills on all sides; a road running through the length of the valley, and an old horse pulling an old cart along the road. That is all the scenery, except a shepherd's cottage on the side of a hill.

We thought we should like to do the thing in an original way; we were sick of bicycles, automobiles, waggonettes, and so forth. We did not want to walk, for that was old-fashioned; besides, there were eleven of us, and among the eleven were some whose walking days were for the most part in the rear. No, we would have nothing which the ordinary resources of an old-fashioned farm-yard would not provide, so that is how the cart came to be on the road. An afternoon's fun was what we wanted, and if the accommodating of eleven boisterous persons of mixed ages in an old cart, and the guiding of that cart from the Loch to Birkhill, would not provide us with fun, we thought we were justified in looking upon ourselves as very extraordinary people indeed. The accommodation was beautifully managed; it was a masterpiece of ingenuity, quite in keeping with the reputation of the major-domo of the party. The said major-domo hired a dog-cart and drove off with all the old folk, leaving a happy remnant to pack themselves in and around the cart. A serious question had arisen at the beginning of the proceedings which threatened to cast a halo of anxiety round the minds of the company, and that was the question of the speed of the cart-horse. But the young man, who drove her from her native farm, solemnly assured us that she had covered the two miles therefrom in little more than half an hour and ten minutes, and he further asserted his belief that, by a little extra pressure, the party might squeeze three and a half miles an hour out of her.

This reassuring information, and the fact that someone had come not unprovided with carrots, encouraged the promoters of the expedition very much. But meanwhile another question of even greater importance had arisen, as to who was to be the driver. A general inquiry elicited the glorious fact that three or four of us had, on some previous occasions, actually driven a hay-cart through a hayfield without coming into contact with the outskirts of the field or unduly frightening the grazing cattle. Such a mine of unexploited genius would almost have turned our heads, but we kept cool for the sake of the old mare, and a unanimous vote placed the youngest of the party in the driver's seat. With many "hups" and "highs" and "whoas," the expedition started on its way; and many a joke of ancient origin, and many a chaffing word, were heard that August afternoon in the old Yarrow vale.

But soon we were to pass from the enjoyment of the lighter side of things to witnessing one of those terribly brilliant displays that Nature gives to the ordinary man seldom more than once in a life time. All forenoon the sky had carried a businesslike look, and appeared, so to speak, loaded. Yet we had prophesied, in our desire for a good time, that there would be no storm. For had it not thundered for seven and a half hours on the Saturday before?

Somehow we felt, as we rounded the hillside into the upper glen, that there was something coming, for away up on the Muchra heights a great black cloud was hanging. The glen was becoming darker, and the cloud was growing. Far to the west the sun shone on the big White Coomb, but back there behind us the blackness was awsome.

We did our best to increase the pace, but the horse did not seem to understand our efforts, and simply crawled along. Even when a young fellow got her by the head and dragged with all his might the effort was scarcely perceptible. And all the time that black thing was coming up behind.

Suddenly it grew cold, as if some one had opened a window in a warm room. The cold increased, and then from the heights a broad grey curtain seemed to be let down. It swept over the green hillsides and turned them greyish green. On it came, making straight for us, a wet shroud of rain, fairly slapping the hills with its force. But ere we felt its cold greeting there came from everywhere at once a blaze of brightness. The valley was for a moment bathed in a light as fierce as the threatening blackness of the clouds. Then the noise! It was glorious, awful! Time after time the flashes came, but the old horse still jogged on. The cart and its occupants were drenched, in spite of wraps of every description. The storm grew worse till it seemed as if the lightning and the thunder were engaged in a contest of destruction. The hills lay like great tethered lions, roaring at one another in futile rage. Sometimes they even seemed to snarl. How impotent we felt! A few little humans only, down in the bottom of that great amphitheatre of strife.

But the crisis of the storm! None of those who beheld it will ever forget that. A loud crash on our right, and we looked to see if the hill had burst! Yea, verily, it had! A tongue of molten metal seemed to squirt from her great flank, and earth, stones, and sheep were sent into the air. It was wonderful! A wriggling, twisting, angry thing had wreaked its vengeance on that old hillside. And now, from out the smoke and dust, a flock of frightened sheep rushed off in all directions. A feeling of tragedy was in the air; something had happened up yonder.

"There's a lot of sheep killed!" was the cry. "Oh, I hope not!" came the afterthought.

Still we had to go on. The rain would not wait for us, and we were becoming rapidly soaked. Birkhill was yet a mile away, though we could see its homely chimney through the wet. The thunder rolled, and the lightning was as vivid as ever, but we had seen what we knew to be the height of the storm. All attention was concentrated upon getting into the welcome shelter of the shepherd's house, where we knew the advance-guard had prepared warmth for both outer and inner application. And so it was. Our party took possession of the cottage, for the time being, while the gentle shepherd's wife, good body, bustled to and fro, from kitchen to parlour, and from parlour to kitchen, carrying plates of scones, plates of cakes, jugs of milk, pots of tea, pots of jam, and everything that goes to make up a splendid set-down tea. Then we made a record which, for very shame, we have all conveniently forgotten. Suffice it to say, that the board which groaned under its plenty on our arrival, looked thin and emaciated when we left.

Afterwards came the inevitable grouping for a photograph, that ceremony, without which no outdoor social gathering is complete. But there was something on the minds of most of us; and many were the glances that were directed to the green shoulder of hill now shining in the sun. The tragedy of the afternoon had given place to the serious beauty of a softly lighted evening, yet we knew that up yonder lay the records of catastrophe.

Two of us set off, therefore, to see what damage had been done, and after a steep climb of half a mile we reached the scene of the disaster. Up on a knoll above the burn lay eight dead sheep, scattered about over the grass as if they had been dropped from heaven. Not a living creature was near, save a little bleating lamb that went from one to another of the bodies. Calling to the mother that would answer her no more, and turning to greet us with a questioning cry, she added a touch of pathos that, blending with the soft, sad sunlit melancholy of the scene, will never be forgotten by those who saw it.

The earth was ploughed up for many yards, and a distance of thirty-seven feet separated the two outlying bodies. The flock must have been moving along toward the heights in their customary thin white line when the bolt came and picked out its victims.

Going down the burnside we saw the shepherd and his son, fishing away in the swollen pools, in blissful ignorance of what had happened above. He came at our call, and thanked us for telling him, for he said, "I wad never hae gane up the hill there the nicht again." He was a fine specimen of the hill shepherd; faithful and steady, a man conversant with Nature and the hills in all their moods. But no amount of good shepherding will prevent the erratic thunderbolt from doing its grim work, and all he could do was to reconcile himself to a forenoon's skinning on the morrow.

Our cart-party arrived home before the darkening, after an experience as unique as it was exciting. For, as the worthy Megget farmer declared, "Ye've seen what ither folks hae duist heard tell o'."

HARRY FRASER.

THE last vestige of thatched roofing in the Market Square of Kelso was removed in the month of April 1846.

Links with the Clyde.

By W. S.

QUITE recently I spent a week-end in that well-known Clyde resort, Largs, or "The Lairgs," as the natives call it, and during my short stay succeeded in getting some connecting links with the distant Borderland. This was made more easy by my host, a Border poet, who keeps his eyes open wherever he sojourns. It is a disputed point as to the extent of the influence of the Norsemen in creating place names in the Borderland, but here in Largs the people speak of the Vikings of the north without any hesitation, and have little difficulty in proving their influence on the country. The influence was so strong in the twelfth and thirteenth century that the Norsemen claimed sovereignity over the Western Isles and Firth of Clyde. This being resented by the Scots,

HACO KING OF NORWAY

fitted out a fleet in the autumn of 1263 and came over to the Clyde to put his western kingdom in order. Stormy weather, and the determined stand made by the Scots, brought about disaster to the hardy Norsemen, and so the historic battle of Largs struck one more decisive blow for Scottish freedom. Haco himself escaped with a sadly reduced fleet, but the bones of a large portion of his army found a resting place in this district.

By many, the burial place of these hardy Norsemen is said to be the large mound known as the Gallow Hill, which stands in the centre of the town. This mound resembles the Hawick Moat, and not a few authorities believe it to be a moat hill which existed before the battle of Largs. By these authorities the mound is believed to have been used as a place of public execution. An excavation was made in the mound in 1873 by Dr Phene of Chelsea, and what he found there confirmed him in the idea that it is the burial place of the Norsemen. Notwithstanding this verdict by the eminent archæologist, the general belief is that he was wrong. Another mound not far distant is believed to have been the hill where justice was administered and laws promulgated. On this latter place are three pillars which were erected by the late Sir Thomas Brisbane for astronomical purposes. Strange though it may seem, these three pillars are, to some extent, connected with the Borders, for Sir Thomas, who was an enthusiastic astronomer, erected costly observatories at various places, including Makerstoun, near Kelso. This gentleman was

Governor-General of New South Wales, and gave his name to the capital of the younger colony of Queensland. His life story is one that is well worthy the attention of young aspirants for fame and usefulness, for he succeeded in crowding into his career much that benefitted his fellows at home and in the colonies. On the death of Sir Walter Scott, the chairmanship of the Royal Society of Edinburgh became vacant, and Sir Thomas Brisbane was unanimously elected. After the perils and hardships of his varied life he spent the evening of his days in peace and honour in the family home at Largs—the home which had belonged to the Brisbanes for 500 years. His biographer thus describes the end of this great man:—"Sir Thomas Macdougal Brisbane breathed forth his spirit into the hand of God on the morning of Friday, the 27th January, 1860. From the same old mansion-house of Brisbane, even from the same bed in which he was born nearly eighty-seven years ago, he was taken to his heavenly home."

Opposite the burial vault of the Brisbane family, in the badly-kept old kirkyaird of Largs, is the Skelmorlie Aisle, which is generally conceded to be the most magnificent mausoleum in the west of Scotland. The interior is very fine, and in splendid preservation, but I will not enter into details, though it is seldom we see such fine work in a building erected so far back as 1636. Even this last resting place of the dead is connected with the Borderland, for here lie the remains of Sir Hugh Montgomerie, who slew Earl Percy at the

Battle of Chevy Chase,

on 19th August, 1388, and was himself slain by an English archer, who—

"Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The grey goose wing that was thereon,
In his heart's blood was wet."

There is an annual fair held at Largs where fun and frolic take the place of business, but it is questionable if the inhabitants carry out at the present day one of the old customs connected with their fair. It seems that the good folks took a lesson from the general practice of the Jews during the seventh or Sabbatical year, for every man, woman, and child cleared off their debts at the fair. Not a few merchants, &c., would be delighted if this wholesome custom were re-established, not only in Largs but all over the country. From the foregoing it will be seen that no matter where we go we can find links with our homeland, and I now close with a few lines by my poet friend:—

Largs that in past times witnessed daring deeds,
When Alexander Third the kingdom ruled
Right royally, and for his people's good
Met to repel invaders fierce and rude,
Who swarmed like wild-fowl o'er the Norroway foam,
When haughty Haco's Norsemen brought to bay,
Felt the stern dint of Caledonian steel.

Impromptu by Sir Walter Scott,

On Witnessing the Deceptions of Mr Alexander, the Celebrated Ventriloquist.

Of yore in old England it was not thought good
To carry two visages under one hood;
What should folks say to you, who bear faces such plenty
That from under one hood you last night shewed us twenty.

Stand forth, arch-deceiver, and tell us in truth:
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth?
Man, woman, or child? or a dog or a mouse,
Or are you at once each live thing in the house?

Each live thing, did I ask? each dead implement too,
A workshop in your person, saw, chisel, and screw.
Above all, are you one individual? I vow
You must be at least Alexander and Co.

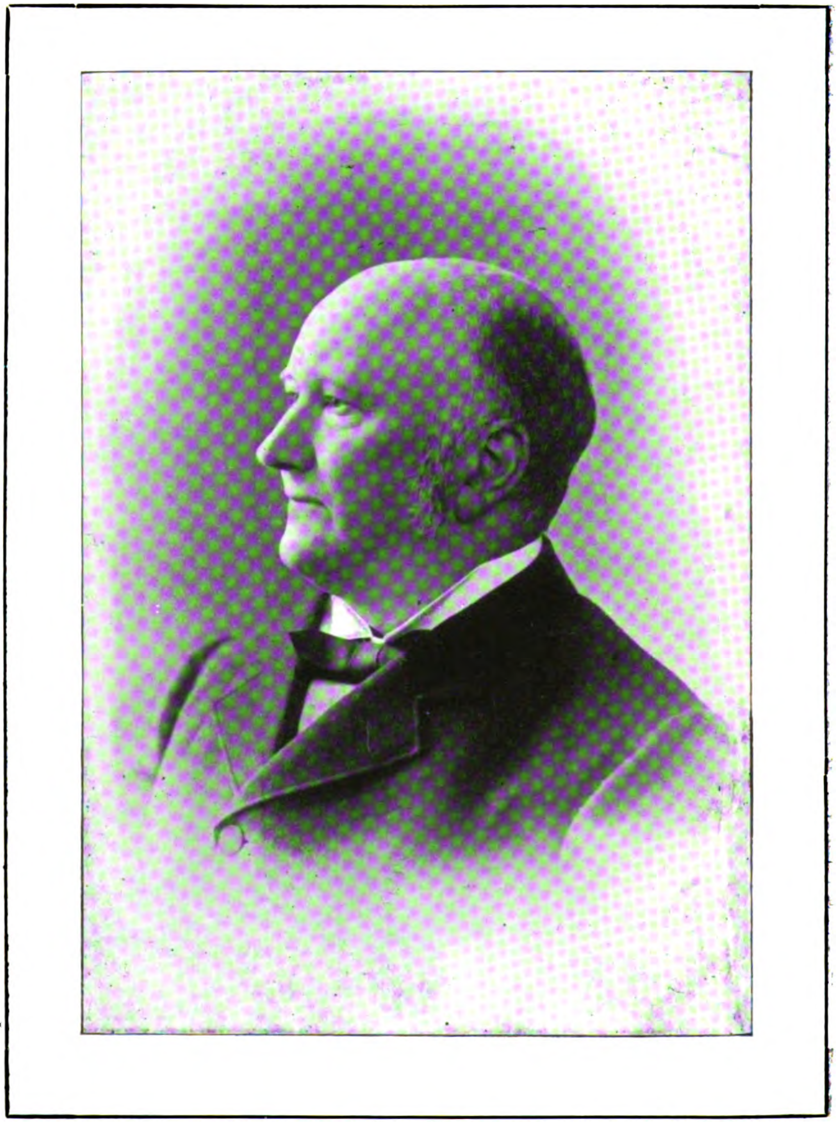
But I think you're a troop, an assemblage, a mob,
And that I, as the Sheriff, must take up the job,
And, instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the Riot Act and bid you disperse.

[Referring to the above, the Border gentleman in London, who so kindly sent the Impromptu to us, thus writes:—"I found it in manuscript among some old papers which I was turning over. It must have been there, I would imagine, for something like fifty or sixty years. I have no recollection whatever as to its history, but it is in my own handwriting, though I have unfortunately omitted to add to the MS. how I came by the original. My wife and I are both from the Borders—both over four-score years—and I have been a subscriber to the Border Magazine from the first year of its issue, or shortly after. The last number showed every prospect of a long life, which I hope it will enjoy.

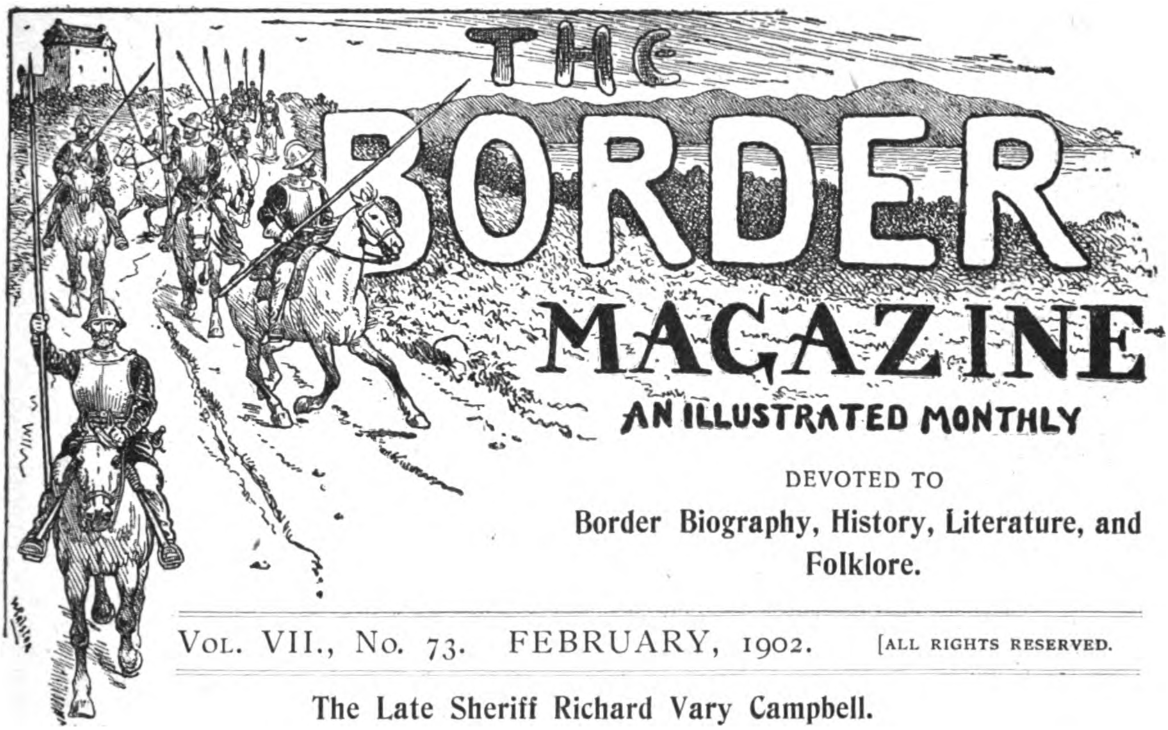
Among my early recollections is the first Berwickshire election after the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, at which, as a boy, I "assisted." Some day I may send you some jottings of that stirring event. J. R."]

Music is the only universal language, except that of the eyes. Perhaps music is the language of heaven. It is a mistake to suppose that it is wanting in definite articulation to truly sensitive ears. Every living creature, not absolutely dumb, can use it and understand it for some practical purpose without the aid of grammars and lexicons.

Environs of Eyemouth in 1645
From old map which belonged to the late Mr Sandison.



SHERIFF RICHARD VARY CAMPBELL.



DEVOTED TO
Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

VOL. VII., NO. 73. FEBRUARY, 1902.

The Late Sheriff Richard Vary Campbell.

BY THE REV. JOHN GLASSE, D.D., GREYFRIARS' CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

IT was only late in life that I came to have any intimacy with Sheriff Vary Campbell, but I have talked about him with several friends who had the privilege of a longer and closer acquaintance with him. In every case they spoke of him with esteem and affection. I have seldom met a man who had more favourably impressed men, and it is the highest tribute one can pay to his personal qualities.

At the very outset of life he took a distinguished place among his fellows. He was one of the cleverest boys in the High School of Glasgow, and went to college with a reputation. By this time, however, he had become an apprentice in a law office, and this not only occupied most of his time during the day, but frequently involved night work. He was thus considerably handicapped in his studies at the University, but such was his ability and application that here also he carried off prizes, and took his B.A. with the highest distinction in Mental Philosophy. After another year at Glasgow, he left with the degree of M.A., and went to Heidelberg and Berlin. This sojourn on the Continent was of great value to him. It made him familiar with German, and it extended his acquaintance with philosophy, particularly in its relation to law, but it was also largely responsible for his liberal ideas in theology. He never lost his interest in this subject, and his opinions with regard to it were entitled to respect. They were not, as sometimes happens with people educated in certain departments, mere ignorant prejudices. They were at least the result of considerable reading and earnest reflection, for Sheriff Campbell was not only familiar with the best literature on this subject in English and German, but also in French. He was specially fascinated by the brilliant wit and charming style of Renan. It was, however, a sober theologian like Sabatier that made the most effective appeal to his judgment, for neither on this nor any other subject did he favour extreme opinions. Altogether this visit to the Continent in his student years, apart from its professional importance, did much in the way of general culture. He took the degree of LL.B. in Edinburgh in 1865, and was at the time of his death the senior bachelor of the University, a distinction of which he was rather proud.

There never seems from the first to have been any hesitation about his career. His tastes and talents all lay in the direction of law. The Juridical Society in Glasgow furnished him with opportunities to develop his legal and speculative tendencies, but it did him perhaps a greater service in enabling him to cultivate a faculty of ready speech. This was further exercised and improved at Rectorial elections. These were splendid occasions for the youthful orator, and the Sheriff never failed to make the most of them for the Liberal party. It was impossible for a man of his temperament to be ignored in such contests. He rushed into them with the joy of battle, but always conducted himself as a generous if somewhat ardent antagonist.

He started well at the Bar, and as junior counsel secured a fair amount of practice. The knowledge gained in the Glasgow office was of great use to him, and gave him an insight into commercial questions that he could not otherwise have obtained. It was no doubt for this reason that he was invited to deliver a course of lectures on Mercantile Law to the Edinburgh Bankers' Institute. These were afterwards published, and the book may still be recommended to the attention of students.

He was made Advocate Depute in 1880 by Mr Balfour, now Lord President of the Court of Session. The appointment was the reward of valuable services rendered to his party; while the duties of it were so faithfully and ably performed that a considerable reputation was earned as a criminal lawyer. His name was even suggested for the office of Solicitor-General, but if ever seriously entertained by him it proved to be one of several disappointments in store. Then came the split in the Liberal party, and the Sheriff cast in his lot with the Unionists. This may in the long run have been rather to his professional advantage, but his friends never doubted that in taking the step he was actuated by conscientious convictions. He offered his services to the Unionists of the College Division in Glasgow against Sir Charles Cameron. The wire-pullers, however, were dilatory, and he was somewhat late in entering the field, but he made an excellent fight for the seat. He spoke with great vigour under all circumstances, and not only considerably reduced the majority of his opponent, but prepared the way for the victory of his successor, Sir John Stirling Maxwell.

About four years afterwards, in 1890, he was appointed Sheriff of Dumfries and Galloway. He held this office till 1897, when he was transferred to the Sheriffdom of Berwick, Roxburgh, and Selkirk. There was no special reason apart from convenience for making the change. He was extremely popular in both situations. There was much to interest him in the scenery and associations of all these counties. He made many friends within them, and his work was never irksome to him; while he often remembered with pride that as Sheriff of Selkirk he was a successor to Sir Walter Scott. It must be confessed, however, that much of the pleasure he derived from his office arose from the consciousness of being capable properly to discharge its duties. He was eminently suited for the position. To a sound knowledge of law he added not only a general acquaintance with affairs, but an exceptional gift of common sense that gave great weight to his decisions. They were very seldom reversed and secured him a high reputation for judicial sagacity.

It was in this connection as a Maritime Sheriff that he became one of the Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses. He had indeed acted for a short time as a substitute before his appointment as Sheriff, and gave altogether to this department about twelve years of service. He was at his death one of the oldest and most experienced of the Commissioners. It is needless to emphasise the respect and confidence that he enjoyed among them. He seldom missed a Board meeting, was a member of nearly every committee, and made himself thoroughly conversant not only with all questions regarding the lighting of the coast, but with the general administration of the lighthouse service. He took a special interest in the welfare of the keepers and their families. There was, writes an official, "no kinder-hearted gentleman that they could unburden themselves to," and they will long remember with gratitude his efforts for the education of their children. He was extremely popular at the inspection voyages on board the Pharos, not only with the Commissioners but with the crew, and proved himself to be the very soul of good fellowship to all concerned.

One cannot say of Sheriff Campbell that he ever gave to party what was meant for mankind. He was one of the most public-spirited men of his time. It was almost inevitable that he should sever his connection with Liberalism. He had little sympathy with democratic ideals or for that matter with ideals of any kind. His mind was essentially practical and conservative, but with no tendencies at all in the direction of Toryism. An appeal to antiquity or privilege would have met with a feeble response from him, but his Liberalism was suspected even as early as 1874 by a student whom he had occasion to examine for the degree of LL.B. This gentleman afterwards became his friend, and assures me that he "even then shewed conservative leanings, as I imagined, for one of his books was Wilhelm von Humboldt's Sphere and Duties of Government." One was tempted at times to class him with the philosophical radicals from the emphasis that he was accustomed to lay on the liberty of the subject, but he differed from them in refusing to subject himself to the dominion of theory. It would, perhaps, be most accurate to define him politically as a Whig. He was consistently opposed to coercion whether in the form of Irish Nationalism or Trade Unionism. Liberty was his watchword, and he rendered it excellent service in his endeavours to effect University Reform. In 1876 he gave evidence before the University Commissioners in favour of restoring the degree of LL.D. to the position which it had formerly held in Scotland, and still holds in England and on the Continent. It was in his opinion rather absurd to confer such a distinction on, perchance, a Lord Provost or a Bailie, while it should not be available to a well-educated lawyer like himself. He was associated in Glasgow with the late Professor Herkless and Dr McVail in this agitation for University reform, and his name was in 1889 suggested as a Commissioner. The appointment in consequence of some arrangements between opposing factions went to another. After the Reform Act of the same year was passed he was along with his other two friends selected as a Council candidate for the University Court, but was defeated on a poll.

The energy of Sheriff Campbell is eminently conspicuous in nearly all the movements of his time. He took much interest in the affairs of his country, and was one of the chief promoters of that measure to secure Private Bill Legislation, so much used and prized in recent years by public bodies in Scotland. It was also mainly owing to his efforts that the distinction of Q.C., or as we now put it K.C., was obtained for the leading advocates of Parliament House, and it was always a subject of genuine surprise, as well as sincere regret to his friends, that the honour was never conferred upon himself. It was not of course necessary to increase their respect, and its absence, therefore, involved no humiliation to him. They were conscious enough that though often effective on the platform he was not equally successful at the Bar. His manner was nervous and impatient, even brusque, and unfortunately manner seems to count for something even with agents and judges. We have all the defects of our qualities, and those of Sheriff Campbell mainly belonged to an energetic personality. He was impulsive and dogmatic, sometimes even vehement, finding it more natural to storm a fort than mine it. The world is apt to resent frontal attacks, and the gift of persuasive oratory is a priceless treasure. The Sheriff did not possess it, but the fairies were not unkind when they gave him as a substitute intellectual vigour and sagacious judgment. One cannot have everything.

There is not much more to tell about his life. He was at the time of his death Chairman of the old Edinburgh Tramway Company, and enjoyed generally the confidence of the commercial community. He had for many years represented the Faculty of Advocates as a Director of Chalmers' Hospital, and took a deep interest in everything affecting the comfort of patients and nurses. The breadth of his sympathy is also indicated by his connection with the Masonic craft. He was a member of Mary's Chapel, and was present at the annual dinner of the Grand Lodge previous to his death. An eminent clergyman of the Church of Scotland went home with him on that occasion, and found his conversation, as every one did on all occasions, so agreeable and instructive that he was almost ashamed to confess the hour of his departure. Had the Sheriff been alive he would have been still more identified with Freemasonry as a distinguished member of the Rose Croix Chapter recently instituted at Hawick.

Sheriff Campbell had, as we have seen, his share of disappointments in life, but he was abundantly satisfied with his official capacity, and his marriage about two years before his death with the widow of Alexander Wylie, Esq., W.S., linked him, through his residence at The Pirn, Stow, still closer with the Border, and added greatly to his happiness.

I cannot conclude this brief biography without making some reference to his position in the Church. He was at the time of his death an elder in Old Greyfriars', Edinburgh, and sat in the General Assembly as a representative for the burgh of Cullen. There was no more popular member of our Kirk Session, and I found myself on all theological and ecclesiastical matters in thorough agreement with him. Here again he was distinctly conservative in the best sense. He was a warm friend of the Church, and proud to have had through his forbears a ministerial connection with it, but he was strongly convinced that the Church could not maintain its present relation to the State without being in harmony with the best thought, as well as the finest feeling, of the age. It was for this reason that he became a member of the National Church Union, and took a deep interest in all its work. He had made a special study of the Confession of Faith and believed that the Church in the exercise of its spiritual independence had large powers of interpretation. The matter came up for discussion at the last meeting of the General Assembly very much owing to the action of Sheriff Campbell at the previous meeting. He there carried a motion to inquire into the whole powers of the Church with reference to this subject. A committee was appointed, of which he was one, to bring up a report. It was very much divided. The Sheriff prepared an elaborate statement of his position, and it almost became the finding of the committee, for there were five on either side, but it appeared before the Assembly as the second dissent. The report held that the Church might explain or define doctrinal points on which the Confession was ambiguous or silent, but it had no power in present circumstances "to modify, abridge, or extend" any article of it. The dissent written by Sheriff Campbell was really a valuable pamphlet on spiritual independence. It claimed entire freedom for the Church Courts to determine "cases of heresy or error in doctrine brought before them judicially," and argued that as a "statute or contract is after all simply what the Courts construe it to be and mean," so is it with any deliverance of the Church as to the doctrine contained in the Confession of Faith. It is not a mere statement of a theological system, but is according to his contention "a charter or code of regulations for the conduct in future of a living Protestant Church composed of free Christian men," so that its recognition by the State makes it "a constitutional document conferring statutory powers, liberties, and also duties." The report led to an extremely able discussion, in which Sheriff Campbell made an excellent appearance, and so impressed the Assembly that the finding of the committee, greatly modified by an addition of Dr Scott in the direction of liberty, was only sustained by a vote of 178 against 146. The result was hailed with much satisfaction by his party, and though the committee was discharged he was not prepared to acknowledge defeat. It was not a matter that the Church could afford to shelve. It failed to satisfy the legitimate demands of her intelligent supporters in the country, and threatened like an Old Man of the Sea to hamper her usefulness and exhaust her vitality. A few days before his death he expressed to me his resolution to continue the struggle, and found a confirmation of his position in what he considered to be the sound decision of Lord Low with reference to the litigation over the property of the Free Church. The party of progress have thus in all the circumstances good reason to mourn the loss of Sheriff Campbell.

It is a relief, however, to turn from these controversial subjects and remember him simply as a man. There is a uniform testimony to his genial qualities. He was most affable and entertaining to his equals, but this gift is so common that one rather likes to dwell on his wonderful sympathy with the younger members of his profession, and his kindly interest in the humblest people. He found a distinct pleasure in the society of his juniors. The feeling was mutual. They profited by his wisdom and he enjoyed their freshness of outlook. It was a case of teaching and learning, but neither was ever conscious of the operation, and he would have scorned the idea of improving the opportunity. There was nothing pretentious or premeditated in his intercourse with others. Everything was spontaneous and human. He made no claim to superiority in any direction, but one felt him to be all the better and greater in consequence. There was no patronising of any one, and for this reason the poor received his attentions with gratitude and rewarded him with affection. He had much to say on theology, but nothing at all about religion. He kept it according to the injunction of the Master for his closet. One might not record his name among the saints of the world, but he will be content if, like Abou ben Adhem, we remember him as one who truly loved and faithfully served his fellow-men.

The borough of Lauder was the first place that petitioned the Parliament of Scotland against the Union, in October, 1706.

Death of a Lady who knew Sir Walter Scott.—At Jedburgh, on January 8th, Miss Forrest died at the residence of her brother, Mr Aaron Forrest, Abbey Place, Jedburgh, at the age of 84 years. She was a woman of vigorous intellect and retentive memory, and she possessed a great store of local history and knowledge of archæological subjects. One of her cherished memories was the fact that Sir Walter Scott said a few kindly words to her when she was at play as a girl in Friars, Jedburgh. Her father was a gunsmith in High Street, and Sir Walter often visited his shop, both on business and friendly pursuits. Many of the antiquities that Sir Walter collected, and that are now preserved at Abbotsford, were repaired in Mr Forrest's shop. Miss Forrest's grandmother sang old Border ballads and Scottish songs that they might be taken down by a friend and sent to Sir Walter, and from the appearance of some of these verses in one of the Waverley Novels the members of the family were led to surmise that Sir Walter was the author before the public acknowledgment was made. Mr Aaron Forrest, who survives his sister, has a distinct recollection of Sir Walter Scott's last appearance in Jedburgh.

In Carlyle's Country.

IT has been our lot on several occasions to visit Ecclefechan, where, on the 4th of December, 1795, Thomas Carlyle was born, and where, more than four-score years after, on a bleak, sleety day in February, 1884, he was buried in the churchyard.

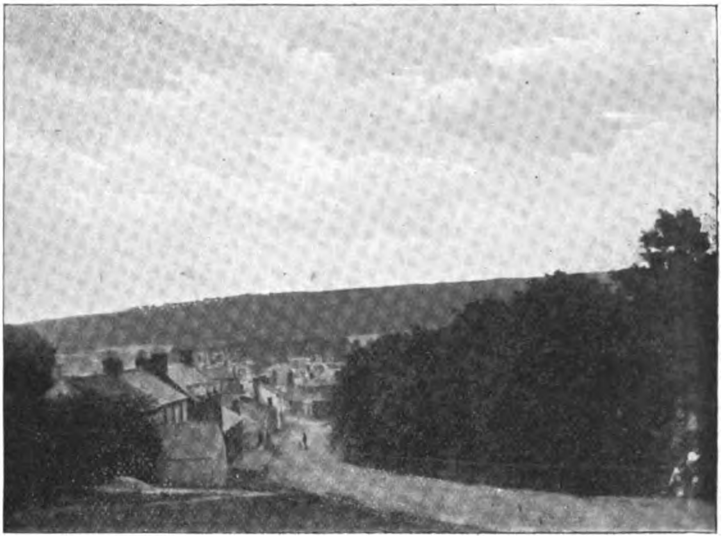
Approaching the village by "the kindly beech row," or the road where, in the spring of 1810, on his first return from college, Carlyle met Edward Irving, the visitor is greatly impressed with the beauty and stillness of the place. Here the two young men, arm in arm, "talked for miles down the river bank, where there was no sound but our own voices, amid the lullaby of waters and the twittering of birds."

On entering the village we pause at the spot near the old coach-road, where, as we are told by the biographer of Diogenes Teufelsdrockh, in "Sartor Resartus," "the brave old linden stretched like a parasol of twenty ells in radius, overlapping all other rows and clumps, towered up from the central Agora and campus Martius of the village, like its sacred tree. The old men sat under its shadow, Gaeschen (little Diogenes) often greedily listening, and the weary labourers reclined, and the unwearied children sported, and the young men and maidens often danced to flute music."

The brave old tree, which was not a linden but a plane, has long since disappeared, and in other respects the scene has changed since young Carlyle listened with eyes and ears to the old men at these open-air gatherings. There was general regret when the "Ecclefechan tree"—a sort of land-mark for generations—was cut down. It is said to have been purchased by members of the Carlyle family.

The renowned village consists mainly of a double row of one-storied houses, lining the old highway from London to Glasgow. Many of the houses in Carlyle's day were tenanted by hand-loom weavers, but now the click of the shuttle is never heard. Most of the older cottages and other houses are said to have been erected by Carlyle's father and uncle. The place looks clean and orderly, but wears an unusually somnolent air. It was not always thus, however, for we are told that a generation ago it was one of the noisiest places in the south of Scotland—the daily coming and going of coaches, and the large cattle and other fairs, which attracted the elements of an unspeakable hurly-burly, keeping it lively, and making it of some importance.

In "Sartor Resartus" the village is called Entepfuhl, or "duck pond," and it would be very difficult to give it a more appropriate name. A burn runs through the place, and till some forty years ago the stream expanded into a pond, crowded at all times with ducks. Car-



From Photo by Geo. M'Robert, Edinburgh.

ECCLEFECHAN.

lyle describes the burn as "gushing kindly by," the houses "standing in trustful derangement among the wooden slopes;" and "among beech rows;" and past the "paternal orchard," which belonged to his father, and flanked the village as "extreme outposts from below."

In Carlyle's time most of the owners of the houses kept pigs, and these were driven out daily to the village common. "Impressive enough," says Diogenes Teufelsdrockh, "was it to hear in the early morning the swine herd's horn, and know that so many hungry, happy quadrupeds were on all sides starting in hot haste to join him for breakfast on the heath; or to see them at even-tide, all marching in again with short squeak, almost in military order; and each topographically correct, trotting off in succession to the right or the left, through its own lane to its own dwelling, till old Kunz, at the village head, was left alone, blew his last blast, and retired for the night."

Herds of swine are not now to be seen, and even old Kunz, or rather old Scott, "clad in darned gabardine and leather breeches" is forgotten by the villagers. "The Heath," however, still remains, and may be found at "the village head."

The house in which Carlyle first saw the light is a plain, unpretending building, with a "pen" or arch way through it, standing on the main street a little back from the burn. The interior contains numerous relics of the Chelsea sage. The visitors' book contains some famous names, such as Talmage, Hall Caine, Rosebery, Lord Young, and a host of others from all countries.

In this "arched house," in a little chamber off the sitting-room, and over the arch-way is the room in which Carlyle was born. It is a mere cupboard of a place, with a bedstead in a recess, closed in by curtains, and altogether meagre and uninviting.

This, however, is not the room mentioned by Carlyle and some of his biographers, nor is it the one pointed out to visitors. Believing the large room to be the one in which Carlyle was born, Mr W. Allan, M.P., has written the following lines on a pane of glass:—

From Photo by Geo. M'Robert, Edinburgh.

MARKET SQUARE, ECCLEFECHAN.

Pilgrim! Behold a sacred shrine of Fame,
'Twas here the mighty Chelsea Sage was born;
While lives his native country's glorious name,
So long his work the ages will adorn.

Sept. 12th, '96. WM. ALLAN.

God often calls his kings o' men
Frae oot a humble but-and-ben.

WM. A.

The worldly circumstances of the Carlyles having improved they removed in 1796 to a larger house, unnoticed by several writers on "the homes of Carlyle," and in which eight children were born. This cottage still remains, but has been converted into a cow-house and village shambles. The orchard wall, on which young

Diogenes ate his supper of "bread crumbs and boiled milk," whilst he meditated upon "this strange universe," is recognisable even to-day.

Not far from it stands the old Secession meeting-house, formerly the Relief Church, of which "old James" was a member, and which his son Thomas describes as the "poor temple of my childhood, thatched with heath." Its minister, John Johnstone, gave young Carlyle his first lessons in Latin. Many of the worshippers came from twelve to twenty miles to their church, and Carlyle tells how he remembered seeing "their plaids hanging up to drip."

The village graveyard is a somewhat gaunt, unkindly looking spot, along the beech-fringed road leading to Hoddam Castle, with a high "kirkyaird yett." Nor are there any in the neighbourhood who remember Carlyle as he lived in the village. Some of the old folk, whose parents were his companions or "neebors," seem to have received clear impressions regarding the home and early up-bringing of the sage.

There seem to be few admirers of the great writer in the clachen. Indeed, the race is not at all highly spoken of. "They thocht themsel's nae sheep shanks;" "They ne'er sell'd their hens on a rainy day;" "They warna guid to neebor;" "They were bitter speakin' bodies," are some of the expressions met with; whilst "Tam" is sometimes spoken of as having descended frae "the fechtin' masons."

From Photo by Geo. M'Robert, Edinburgh.

WHERE CARLYLE WAS BORN.

blank wall shutting it from view. A well-trodden path leads up to the grave of the famous Ecclefechanite. A plain, upright stone marks the spot, and bears the date of his birth and death, with a crest and motto. The enclosure contains other two stones.

As the graveyard is of considerable antiquity, some of the stones bear the marks of the sixteenth century. A number of men of note have here found a place of sepulture, the most notable being Dr Arnott, Napoleon's doctor at St Helena, whom a villager declared to be a more famous man than "Tam was."

There are no Carlyles in the village now. "A' that is, is in here," said one as he closed the

From remarks like these and tales which are current it is easy to realise that the Carlyles were not favourites. As for the prophet, he may be a king of literature, and may sway the minds of more men than any other writer, yet his influence is unfelt here. Others may drink from the streams of thought which flow from the great philosopher, but the inhabitants of those regions leave them severely alone. "We can see naething in Tam," said one, "and far less in 'is buiks to make a sang aboot."

Hall Caine was about the bit when he wrote, "I doubt if it would have been possible for Carlyle to select a burial-place in all the world where his memory would have been less likely to gather to itself a halo of affection or reverence than in the village of Ecclefechan."

The neighbourhood surrounding the village with its "little Kuhbach" is extremely pretty and full of interest. Many fine views are obtained of the village from neighbouring slopes. Relics and memories of the Roman times, of the great struggle for the Scottish Crown, and of Border wars and forays are to be met with on all hands.

G. M. R.

There was a rather high fail-dyke at the wast side o' it; but, wi' a bound, I leapt on to the tap o' it. Wi' the force o' ma leap, hooever, I had very near owerbalanced masel; an', naturally, I threw oot ma arms at the same time, wabbling, till I gat ma balance.

Weel, just as I stood for a single moment in ma balanced position, an' afore I could take another step, a man's hat appeared frae behind a heidstane, a gun was pointed, an' a shot fired within thirty yards o' me! The shot riddled ma jacket, an' ae pellet just drew bluid on the skin, but nae mair. The next moment twae men bolted frae the cover o' the heidstane, an' ran like deer to the eastward. In an instant, I comprehended the whole affair; an' in a boilin' passion, on the impulse o' the moment, I gave the men hot pursuit ower the hill. Ane o' them—he who fired the gun—was a stout chap, an' tuik the lead in the race. The other was a slicht-made youngster, an' I fand that I wad overtake him before lang; but I wanted to catch the ane that fired the gun, if I could. After a gude race doon hill I was gainin' on them, till they reached a sort o' deep gully, wi' a bit burn to cross. The big ane wi' the gun crossed it aheid o' the other a gude bit, an' tuik the opposite brae like a hare. The slicht-made chap missed his foot an' fell in the burn, and lay there withoot offerin' to rise. Hooever, I was

From Photo by Geo M'Robert, Edinburgh.

THE VILLAGE BURN AND "ARCHED HOUSE."

A Ghost in St Mary's Churchyard.

I HAD been sent up to Chapelhope to plaster a room an' a closet. There was a Selkirk lass, Jean ——, servin' at that time at Henderland; an' I had a message to deliver to her frae her mother afore I cam' back. I let it be twae or three days afore I gaed doon to see her; but ae fine munelicht nicht I set aboot it. Sae, after I had seen every ane away to bed—an' masel too away to mine, as it were, in the stable-loft—I slipt cannily doon again, an' tuik the near road ower the hill to Henderland by the auld kirkyaird. I had just on ma workin' claes, an', of coorse, like a plasterer's, they were vera white. I gaed briskly alang the hill face till I gat the length o' St Mary's Kirkyaird.

sae bent on catchin' the other ane to gie him a threshin', that I tuik nae note o' the lad, but wi' ae bound leapt ower the tap o' him, an' held on after the ane wi' the gun, for fully a quarter o' a mile. But it wadna do. He beat me clean at uphill rinnin', an' I gave it up, an' returned to ma quarters at Chapelhope by the turnpike road, an' slipped cannily back to ma bed in the stable-loft, withoot a cratur seein' me, or ever suspectin' that I was even oot o' ma bed. I got eneuch o' visitin' the lasses for that nicht, I reckon.

As I was suppin' ma parrich next mornin', I heard a whisperin' gaun on atween the mistress an' the lass that did the kitchen wark, in a bit pantry off the kitchen; an', sure eneuch, it was aboot a ghost that had been seen the nicht afore at the auld kirkyaird!

"I never heard the like o' that!" said the mistress. "What was't like? Did he really shoot through it?"

"Yes; he shot throwe an' throwe it," said the lass; "an', ye ken, Tam's a gude shot, that never misses at the gun-shootin's; an' it never was a bit the waur, but flew after them a mile an' mair; an' puir Jock fell doon just when it was at the catchin' o' him, but it just flew ower the tap o' him, wi' an awfu' smell o' brimstone; an' then he fented, an' when he cam' to himsel', he wondered where he was, wi' the water rinnin' aboot him. Syne he wan hame, an' he is awfu' bad, they say, whiles ravin'; an' they hae sent doon to the Gordon Inn, to tell them to catch the doctor, if he comes by, an' send him up till him. Is'nt it awfu'?"

"Wow! but it is awfu'!" replied the mistress. "I dinna ken whae they'll get noo to watch Mr Grieve's grave. I think, if I had masel cleaned up, I wull slip through to Tibbie Shiel's, an' see if they hae heard ony particulars."

As sune as I comprehended the drift o' the case, says I to masel: Noo, perfect secrecy is ma part in the drama, an' let the story work it's way in the watergate. It is certain to lose naethin' in the repitition. Accordingly, by the afternune ye wad hae thocht a' the hirds o' the water were doon gettin' an' retailin' a' the particulars o' the ghost; an', short as the time had been, it had already got a considerable share o' embellishment.

"Tam —— tauld mey oot o' his ain mooth," said an auld hird frae Birkhill, "that he was just lookin' at the mune wadin' through the lift, whan, in a moment, an awesome figure, a' white—he is sure it was aucht feet high, an' wi' muckle wabblin' wings an' a tail—raise oot o' the yirth, at the dyke side. At first, he maist fented, an' the sweat brak on him; but he minded he had a Bible on him, sae wi' some trim'le he tuik aim at it, an' let bleeze; but, wow, lads! he saw the mune throwe 't, an' whae could shoot "Binram's Ghost?" For I'm clear it's him! He hasna been seen syne the ninety-aucht, whan there was an awfu' famine after. Ye may be siccar that somethin' is gaun to happen the kintra. Like eneuch, some judgment on huz, as we deserve, an' this a warnin'! I wuss there mauna be a bluidy time comin' wi' a' this Reform Bill wark!"

By the Saturday nicht the watergate was rather divided on the ghost, a new-licht party havin' sprung up, an' raised the speculation that it had been a gang o' resurrectionists, an' that a "made-up" ghost had been hoisted up to frichten away the watchers at the kirkyaird, an' that the chasin' part o' the story was the effect o' imagination on the part o' the twae frichtened men. But this second party were in a minority, an' their objections were borne doon by the orthodox voice o' the auld schule o' believers in ghosts.

As for masel, I never durst breathe a word aboot ma share in the transaction till I gat hame to Selkirk, an' even no for three months after that; because there were constantly fresh additions made to the story, an' a word o' mine wad hae spoilt it a'. Hooever, in its latest version, I wadna hae kenned ma ain ghost story. I can noo tell it ower amang oorsells, a' I am thankfu' that I am here to tell the story, insteid o' bein' shot, as I sae vera near was, on the tap o' the fail-dyke at St Mary's auld kirkyaird.

Yeavering Bell (near Wooler).

AN OLD MAN'S SONG.

I.

THE summer sun was glinting low,
And lent a charm to hill and dell.
When, light of step, with breast aglow,
I met my love on Yeavering Bell.
In joy we wandered free as air
Till evening's star began to shine
In beauty rare, yet not so fair
As she whose hand I clasped in mine.

II.

But earthly forms must ever bear
The dragging tear and wear of time:
With slowing steps and silvery hair
No hill romantic now we climb.
But sometimes we recount again
Life's early joys, and griefs as well,
And that glad time seems near me when
I met my love on Yeavering Bell.

M. G.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr William Sanderson, *81 Oxford Drive, Glasgow.*

TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. Walker & Son, *Galashiels.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1902.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our January number seems to have given great satisfaction to our readers, if we may judge by the number of congratulatory letters we have received, and we hope that the good start thus made will be but the beginning of better things to come. We are making arrangements for a character sketch of the late William Moffat, the famous elocutionist who delighted audiences all over the country, and we feel sure that this recalling of the memories of by-gone times will appeal to a wide circle of readers.

We note with pleasure the increasing number of Border societies at home and abroad, and we would feel indebted if the secretaries would favour us with short paragraphs describing their associations. We earnestly desire the Border Magazine to be the connecting link.

The Border Keep.

STIRLING CASTLE.

What stirring scenes have been enacted around "Stirling's rocky base," and how important has this old stronghold been in the days when Scottish history was being made. Of histories we have many, but it is questionable if Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather" will ever be surpassed as a means of imparting our country's story to the youth of our land. The title of the book is rather against it as a serious book of history, for there are people, who never having read Scott's work, consider it to be a collection of myths and traditions. I can well remember a conversation which took place in a Border village debating society many years ago, when the subject of a course of Scottish history was discussed. Several text books were recommended, and among them Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather." This latter proposal roused the indignation of one of the old members, who made some such remark as:—"Not at all! we want nae tales here, naething but genuine history." As Stirling is practically the key to the Highlands in a tourist sense, its outlines are made familiar to the visitors from many lands, and it is well perhaps that the travellers should carry away with them two such impressions as are made by the bold frowning castles of Edinburgh and Stirling.

* * *

Farmers are often charged with conservatism in the matter of adopting new crops when the ordinary crops cease to pay, but this charge could not be brought against some of the Border farmers of 120 years ago, as the following paragraph from the "Galashiels Telegraph" shows:—

TOBACCO-GROWING ON THE BORDERS.—At the Teviotdale Farmers' Club at Hawick on Thursday, 3rd January, Mr W. M. Price, factor on the Minto estate, mentioned the tobacco-growing experiments on the Borders a century ago. One report said it was introduced in 1778 by Mr Thomas Main, and that the first trial was made at Newstead, near Melrose. Another report gave credit for its introduction a few years later to Dr Jackson, who, after residing several years in America, settled down near Kelso. The success of these first attempts led many farmers, and even ministers to attempt its cultivation. It was afterwards grown with success at Kelso and in the neighbouring parishes, and disposed of at great profit. The growers occasionally cleared £70 per acre. But an Act of Parliament was passed prohibiting the cultivation of tobacco, and compelling those who had it growing on their lands to sell it to the Government at 4d per pound. When the Act came into operation, a 13-acre field at Crailing had just been sold at £320 sterling, but under the operation of the Act, Government obtained the whole for little more than £104. The county lost about £1500 by that Act, which was passed while the tobacco was growing.

* * *

Another link with the great literary past, will be found in the next paragraph, taken from the same source as the above:—

As of late there has been a considerable revival of interest in George Eliot and her work, the fact may appropriately be recorded that Mr Samuel Kinnear, who in his profession as a proof-corrector "read" the first of George Eliot's works in Messrs Blackwood, Edinburgh, was 85 yesterday. Mr Kinnear likewise corrected the proofs of Mrs Oliphant's initial work, and saw "through the press" Sir Archibald Alison's "History of Europe." The venerable printer remembers the visits of "Christopher North," Dr Hill Burton, General Hamley, Captain Speke, and others to Blackwood's composing-room. Mr Kinnear is one of the few survivors who took part in the great Reform demonstration in Edinburgh in 1832; and he enjoys the unique distinction of having heard from the lips of his father, who was a contemporary of Burns, and saw him in Smellie's printing office in 1786, a description of the appearance and demeanour of the Scottish bard.

* * *

Those who have seen Sir Walter Scott are now a very small band indeed, and every now and again we hear of another passing away. In the "back end" there died at Hawick Mr James Rutherford, tailor, at the age of eighty-one years. He could relate many interesting reminiscences of his youth, but, doubtless, few gave him greater pleasure than to relate how he came into contact with the great Sir Walter. When a lad, Rutherford, like most Border boys, took part in the rare old sport of guizarding, and on one occasion appeared at Abbotsford along with some other boys. These wandering minstrels of a winter night were not despised by the mighty minstrel, who listened with evident pleasure to their simple performance, and rewarded Rutherford with half-a-crown for his spirited rendering of "Scots Wha Hae."

* * *

The two following paragraphs are from the "Glasgow Evening News," a smart readable journal, to which I have been frequently indebted for interesting items:—

The snow storms that have recently swept over the country, while responsible for much inconvenience, do not approach in severity those to which our ancestors were familiar. The most dismal on record occurred early in the seventeenth century, and it is yet spoken of in the Border dales as the "thirteen drifty days." Tradition has it that the fall of snow did not cease until the fourteenth day, and that, in the extensive district of Eskdalemoor, which had previously maintained upwards of twenty thousand sheep, only about forty were found alive. One old farmer known as "Gouffin' Jock" is reported to have consoled himself for the loss of his hirsel by seizing a rusty sword, and exclaiming, "Come thou awa', my auld frien', thou an' I maun e'en stock Bourhopelaw ance mair." By way of making his meaning more intelligible, he then proceeded to chant the following lines:—

"There's walth o' kye i' bonny Braidlees,
There's walth o' ewes i' Tine;
There's walth o' gear in Gowanburn,
An' they shall a' be thine."

It is to be sincerely hoped that the modern farmer, whom the times will not permit to replenish his stock after the manner of the old reiver, will never find himself deprived of his means of livelihood in the same melancholy fashion.

* * *

I had thought that the race of old tea packmen was now extinct in Scotland, but a correspondent tells me that he recently met an interesting specimen of the class in Galloway. He had travelled through the country for five-and-thirty years without a break, having called on his customers at the regular time in every instance. How difficult it must have been to accomplish this may be realised by his own words— The hardest fecht I ever had was in the New Galloway road. I min' weel hoo I had to push my way through a snaw drift a hunner and fifty feet lang, the snaw ower my heid a' the time. I was nearly lost, but I did it." When it was suggested he was due a rest, he replied—"I canna dae't; I maun walk."

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

"The Soft Lowland Tongue of the Borders."

THE peculiarities of the Border dialects and accents must ever form subjects for much curious speculation, and the reasons or causes of them must be left to abler pens than mine. There are, however, few more interesting studies than this of language and its evolution. Recently I came across a few facts of history which at least throw a ray or two of light upon the tongue of the Borderland.

First, let me recapitulate a little of the general history of the Anglo-Saxon races. It is well known that when the Baltic Saxon bands (Angles, Jutes, Frisians, Saxons) came first to Britain, it was in several companies and at wide intervals of time. Each band seems to have set up a separate kingdom of its own, and there were, latterly at least, four kingdoms each owning allegiance to its own king, viz., Northumbria (mostly Angles) in the north, Mercia in the Midlands, and East and West Saxons, as represented by the Essex and Wessex of to-day. Of these, Northumbria was distinctly English as distinguished from Saxon. Though not by any means the first bit of English composition, still the first to be written in England, was Cædmon's poem. He lived in the seventh century, and is said to have been a poor servant of the monks of Whitby, in Northumbria, and consequently wrote in English, as did Bede who followed him, and translated part of the New Testament into English. It is to this fact, in all probability, that the language of the Saxons in Britain came to be known as English. The kingdom of Northumbria was ruined and its records scattered by the terrible visitation of the Danish pirates, who made the mouth of the Humber their base of operations. Even the copies of Cædmon's poem and the writings of Bede that have come down to us are the West Saxon copies of Alfred the Great; but for all time the written speech of the island became known as English. The effect of the Danish invasion on the language is apparent to this hour in Yorkshire, where we find such expressions as "I is," "thou is," and that is in exact accordance with the present practice of the Danes, just as they also say "I thinks," "thou thinks." A people's language is the collective work of the whole nation, into it everything of importance in their history ultimately finds its way. But this is a digression.

When the old Northumbrian tongue again appeared as a written speech it was in the pages of William Dunbar, the Chaucer of Scotland, of Allan Ramsay, of Robert Burns, of Sir Walter Scott; for it would appear that what we call to-day Lowland Scotch is simply the modern version of the real old English tongue, as distinguished from the Saxon of the southern kingdoms, for we must not forget that the kingdom of Northumbria extended from the Firth of Forth to the Humber. A study of the place names affords abundant evidence of this. When the Saxons came first to Britain they found a Cymric population, who seem to have been at least among the first inhabitants of the island. At all events, they had given to hills and rivers names which are poems, and live in the Saxon speech of to-day like strangers. As a rule, I think it will be found that the most prominent features of the landscape retain the Cymric name, as witness Tinto, or Tintock, not to mention Dunedin, the old name of the capital, before the English invasion transformed it to Edwinsburgh, or Edinburgh.

But there are far more plentiful relics of old English occupation. For example, we have Haddington and Duddingston, Elphinston, and Dolphinton—these were the "tons" or towns of English Haddings, Duddings, Elphins, and Dolphins; just as we have also the English "ham" or "home" in Coldingham, Chillingham, and Tyningham. The late Professor Veitch in his charming book on the "History and Poetry of the Scottish Borders," ascribes the pathos and sadness of some of the older ballads, particularly those of Yarrow, to the regrets and sorrows of this "far-back decaying nationality—that of the Cymri of Strathclyde, whose bards Taliessin and Merdyn (or Merlin) poured out impassioned wailings over what seemed an inevitable fate."

What wonderful modifications there have been, however, since then. A copy of the original of Cædmon's poem looks like a foreign language to us to-day. Among other forces there was the Norman invasion, when for 200 years French was the language of our island. Besides, as regards Scotland, there was the ancient league with France, which has left in our language a long and persistent strain of French words, more particularly that vocabulary which seems to be most popular in the Lowlands with those who still speak "braid Scots." We canna be fashed ("fache"—troubled, afflicted), "Our mutton jigot ("gigot"—leg of mutton) is served on an ashet ("assiette"—plate), and our drinking water in a caraf ("carafe"—decanter); with grossets ("groseilles"—gooseberries) and petty-coat-tail ("petite gatelles," now "gateaux"—little cakes) to follow, showing we do not live on kickshaws ("quelque chose"—whatever things are handy—odds and ends.") One might keep up a bi-lingual dialogue such as that for a long time if the parenthesis were not such an ugly symbol on the printed page.

All this is capable of a satisfactory explanation; but what are we to make of local dialects such as we find in almost all Border towns. Here, for instance, is an illustration which I cull from an old Border print. It is written from Selkirk, over the signature of "J. C.":—

In the local dialect of Selkirk the word, or rather the sound, "oo" has now acquired, by long usage, a well-recognised place as the equivalent for the substantive "wool" and the pronoun "we." No one who uses the pure vernacular of the Borders says "wool," but "woo," "oo," or "ow," according to locality, the latter form being common in Selkirk. The pronoun "we" is very rarely heard, except in reading or in public speaking. In conversation, "oo" flows naturally, spontaneously, and with a fine liquidity from the tongue, in such forms of expression as:—"Oo're (we are) gaun a' thegither;" "oo've (we have) been a' thegither," and many other such-like phrases, which will readily occur to every one acquainted with the subject.

A third application of this useful little word as an equivalent for "us" and its local forms of "huz," "hiz," and "iz," has gradually grown up in Selkirk, and may have reached neighbouring towns within the last thirty years. It is worth noting as a curious instance of one of those changes which a language imperceptibly undergoes with the lapse of time. A few examples will illustrate this:—A young man about twenty said: "He should have had mair work for oo;" "he whiles swears at oo." One about twenty-five remarked: "There's a gude deal o' jealousy among oo in little toons like this." Four persons from about twenty to twenty-seven are chargeable with the following: "There are three o' oo;" "he began to swear at oo;" "he telled oo to gang up;" "its (the 'Scotsman') gotten among three o' oo;" "if there's ony difference, ee can let oo ken." The next are from boys and girls from about four to twelve. A little girl said about a visitor: "She's biding wi' oo yins." "Is that gude for oo?" said another girl, when offered something she did not like the look of. Some boys guisarding said: "Wull ee let oo ack?" Lastly, a little girl said to an enumerator, who had a number of schedules in his hand, during the late census: "Hev ee ony for oo?"

These few examples will show what forms this new use of "oo" takes, and the firm hold it has already obtained over the public. To whom we owe its introduction, it would be hopeless now to inquire; but whoever its introducer was, he has surely had ample reward by its wide acceptance, as it may be said to be used everywhere—at the fireside, on the street, in the school-ground, in the factory, ay, even in the counting-house; and it seems likely to become, in spite of School Boards, permanent as a variation of the local speech.

At all events, it is no worse than the localisms of some other districts—take, for instance, the word for wool in common use in Yorkshire "wull."

In this seagirt home of ours we derive our pedigree from a variety of nationalities, and in all probability that may account for many of the varieties of our speech, as it certainly is the reason why so much that is essentially British is made up of distant and antagonistic elements. For example, we have as national characteristics world-wide enterprise and the most devoted Conservatism, the most aggressive freedom and inexorable laws and class legislation. Our people are scattered over the whole earth by their energy, their enterprise, and their wars, but the heart of every man of them yearns for the old homeland.

But there are going on to-day, imperceptibly, vast changes in our mother tongue and modes of expression, for the English language, like the empire, is a kind of *omnium gatherum.* There is, for example, the English written in books, and still to be found in some newspapers; there is the English of the thieves' kitchen, and the tinkers' camp; there is the Frisian English of some of the East Coast fishing villages; and there is that great and growing dialect which some have called "Americanese." Probably nothing in the future will more largely modify the English tongue than this infusion of Americanisms. Like the vigorous race by which it is coined it is bubbling over with vitality. It has no stereotyped literary form which may not be altered without the consent of an "Academy of Letters." In fact, in America our language seems to have gone back to the preliminary stage when spelling, vocabulary, and grammar are all more or less unsettled, and any one with imagination or genius enough is at liberty to graft his own improvements on the main stem. There are few things more distinctly American than the prompt way cousin Jonathan invents words and phrases to suit his requirements as he goes along—a happy phrase in a novel or public speech, or even a casual joke, which happens to hit off a phase of the social or public life of the hour is promptly adapted and added to the common stock. It may be trivial or even vulgar, it is often painfully ineuphonious, but it is invariably expressive. One might multiply examples:—Everyone knows the meaning of "taking a rise" out of another person or "getting the bulge on him;" nor are we unfamiliar with the significance of "buldose," "mugwump," "copperhead," and "skallywag." We say nothing of "swell," or "boss," or "masher," or "dude," or "boom;" they have "caught on," and are to be met with in the common speech here almost as frequently as in the country of their nativity; for it is the simple truth to say that we are all learning Americanese as fast as we can. We are not puzzled when we are told that somebody has an "axe to grind," or that somebody else has explained that "it is not his obsequies." Our men of business "plank the bottom dollar," or "fly around" when there is a "big thing" in prospect, or a chance of "striking oil." Our public men "run the machine," or are said to be "sitting on the fence" to see "which way the cat will jump." We have not yet begun to speak of men being "cranks," or "brainey," or of things being "bully," neither has it yet become a common custom to invite our friend to drink by asking him to "nominate his poison," nor have we adopted that gem of expression, "jerking chin music," when we mean speaking; but at our present rate of progress we should "get there" very soon.

They are not elegant these Americanisms, but they are certainly expressive. With all their apparent vagueness they are rarely misunderstood. Altogether our old English tongue in the "free and independent republic" seems to have entered on a new career, for a language that is coining and minting phrases and new forms such as these, year in year out, can hardly be said to be anything else than in the full vigour of life.

J. A. D., G.

On Eskdale Hills.

ONE day as I wandered amongst the Eskdale hills, which were the scene of many a struggle in the Covenanting days, it struck me how easy it would be for large bodies of people to hide in the deep hollows. I had walked far and must have been tired, because, when I sat down for a short rest, I fell fast asleep and had a dream: a strengthening, soul-stirring dream of long ago. Here is the dream—

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid."

The old 121st Psalm that floated soft and sweet from the souls of these poor and humble Borderers that summer morning seemed to be a waft of the songs that are sung by angels. The pure timid voices of the women and children, and the deep and tremulous voices of the men lifted to God, their God, humbly seeking his help and protection, praying that strength might be given them to bear the terrible strains put upon them by the cruel brutes in shape of men who hunted them to the death.

They were told that they must not have a free thought on the subject of religion. They must submit and worship as they were told. God could not be loved by a free thinking man. God heard not the beseechings and the prayers of beings who praised without form or ritual. They must sell their souls to sin and self, and mock the Almighty, by listening and approving the ravings of purse proud, but clinging, cowardly, pulpit seekers. And here they were, deep in the solitudes of their native valley, braving death by praising their Father above all others, in their own simple way.

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes." 'Twas one of David's Psalms, but how new it seemed to them, putting into words the thoughts they found too deep to utter or express. When the last note had died away, clinging as it were with lingering love to the high hill-sides, the eldest led the prayer. "Here, and as we do, did they praise Thee, O God. Here did they find solace in you. Here did you return their love. Why should you permit it to be changed? Why should our simple love for Thee be turned to ridicule? Oh, God, our God, send down Thy blessing upon us, we pray Thee; make us humble and pure; may we always trust in Thee. Oh Father, drive away our enemies; keep off our foes, so that we may love Thee and praise Thee more and more; love Thee and praise Thee more and more. Amen, amen."

And as the last amen was on their lips, someone on watch cried, "The sodgers, the sodgers." It was too true. Alas, alas, what is man, that he should judge betwixt God and man? May God forgive these soldiers, for they came, and the people fought for their lives, for their children, for their religion, and—and—. But true faith in God above all won the day, not that day, alas, but the by-and-bye. And I awoke on Eskdale's hills with that old, old Psalm ringing in my ears.

"SHIELBURN."

Tam o' Philogar.

A BORDER BALLAD FROM THE RECITAL OF MATTHEW GOTTERSON.

TRADITION has now little to relate regarding the infamous Tam o' Philogar, whose character is portrayed in the following ballad. His rieving and cruelty were carried on chiefly along the watershed of the Cheviots, on the upper glens of Roxburghshire and Northumberland. The sparse population in these districts made it comparatively easy to him for a time to carry on his savage exploits. It may be noted that on no part of the Border hills in the olden time were there finer trees than on Philogar. The huge Keil or Keilder Stone stands in a very desolate spot on an eastern slope of the Peel fell, and is on the very edge of Northumberland, and at an elevation of thirteen hundred feet above sea level. In size it is about as large in every way as an ordinary country house of two storeys; and on its somewhat flat top grow blaeberry and cloudberry plants and heather. There is a well-known legend, which Scott and other writers noticed, that if a person walk thrice round the stone against the sun and then strike it he will hear a groan from its interior. On one side of the stone there is a very deep and fairly open rent, into which a person can see distinctly for many feet. Some years ago the writer visited the stone, and had with him a boy of fourteen belonging to the district. When looking into the deep rent the boy in his Liddesdale doric said, "I'se been in there, sir." This seemed impossible, but he immediately went to another side of the stone and pointed out the entrance, a very small hole at the foot of the stone. The writer still looked incredulous, and the boy at once said, "If we had the dirt scrapit away ye could creep in yersel'." He was right. The stone mav therefore have been used occasionally as a hiding-place in the marauding days, and the occupant could easily give a groan when any wayfarer struck it. It is therefore possible, if not very probable, that the legend may have arisen from such circumstances as these remarks suggest.

The raid is bitter and ill to bear
  Wi' Tam o' Philogar in the van:
His deep-laid night wark is mair to fear
  Than a braid day onset, man to man.

Wi' craft o' the fox, a heart o' stane,
  And greed and cruelty rulin' a',
The harried house and the widow's grane
  Are but to him as the last year's snaw.

On the Liddel heads the sheilings bare
  And clootless lands o' his onslaughts tell;
And sorrow hangs i' the vera air
  Where dauntless Wullie o' Singden fell.

And drear and dowie's the Coquet height,
  Where the Brownhart halflins raced and ran;
A' foully slain i' the dead of night—
  And Tam o' Philogar was the man.

But grief is quickened to rage at last;
  The ca' for revenge flees far and wide;
And Tam o' Philogar hears the blast,
  And daurna venture again to ride.

Baith sides o' the Border his misdeeds
  Hae bitterly borne for many a day;
And now the men o' the waterheads
  Surround Philogar in grim array.

Auld Redlees proved him a leader gude,
  And weel the lye o' the strength he knew;
The rush was fierce as a Lammas flude,
  And the yetts and doors to flinders flew.

The tower was strang, but nane could forget
  The cry for revenge, even wilder now;
So walls were scrambled, for bluid was het,
  And sune Philogar was a' alowe.

Bauld Redlees munted the turrit stair
  Wi' valerous heart, but there was slain;
And close beside him, wi' fiendish glare,
  Was Tam o' Philogar prisoner taen.

The trees o' Philogar bear the gree
  For length and strength ower the countryside;
And sune on the sturdy hanging-tree
  Tam kicks and spurs as if keen to ride.

At close o' the fray his head was taen
  Where the weird winds seldom cease to blaw,
And fixed on high on the grit Keil Stane,
  The eerie haunt o' the corby craw.

Baith women and men hae rest and peace,
  And sleep secure frae gloamin' to morn,
Sin' Tam o' Philogar lost his lease
  O' the life that brought him hate and scorn.

Book Gossip.

IN a former issue of the BORDER MAGAZINE we had pleasure in reviewing DRUMMLEDALE: LIGHTS AND SHADOWS FROM THE BORDER HILLS, by C. M. Thomson (Selkirk: Geo. Lewis & Co.), and now that a new and cheaper edition lies before us, we can only heartily recommend the book to those of our readers who may not possess a copy.

We also noticed some time ago "Scenes of Scottish Life," by Joseph Wright, and made special reference to the article on page 75, "The Cuckoo on Tweedside." Mr Wright's book has gone through many editions, and has been widely circulated.

Doubtless there are a few of the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE who make the violin a special study, and they may get not a little enlightenment from the brochure, "What are the broad distinguishing marks of a Stradivari Violin?" issued by Balfour & Co., London.

The Scottish Border—Its Laws and Poetry.

By T. Hodgkin, D.C.L.

On Thursday, Nov. 21, Mr T. Hodgkin of Barmoor Castle, Northumberland, delivered a lecture at the London Institution, Finsbury Circus, on "The Scottish Border—its Laws and Poetry." There was a good attendance, although the weather was most unfavourable.

The lecturer, in his introduction, pointed out the peculiar character of the Anglo-Scottish Border, not as in the case of the Welsh Border, a frontier line between two different races, but a merely political line between men, all of whom belonged to the same great Anglian race and spoke the same Anglian speech, of which Lowland Scotch is the best and noblest representation. The lecturer attributed mainly to the disastrous attempt of Edward I. on the independence of the northern country the hostility which for three centuries existed between the nations on either side of the Border, and which, while it enriched our literature and brought out some noble qualities of the race, must be considered on the whole to have been a misfortune for both countries.

He then entered somewhat minutely into the geographical features of the Borders, describing (1) the course of the Tweed; (2) the range of the Cheviots (which he painted with the loving hand of one whose home is in sight of their long ridges); and (3) the valleys of Liddesdale and Eskdale. He showed that it was in this third portion that the Border was weakest: England and Scotland being for many miles separated only by a small and easily forded river. It was in this district that the two great raiding clans of Elliott and Armstrong lived, cattle-breeders or cattle-lifters by profession: and the neighbouring region of Bewcastle on the Cumberland side of the Border by its desolation perhaps still bears witness of their repeated incursions. The lecturer then briefly described the office of the three Wardens of the Marches, and gave the names of some of the chief holders of that office—Lord Hunsdon, Sir John Foster, Lord Scroope on the English side; the Humes, the Kerrs, and the Maxwells on the Scottish. In this connection, after briefly alluding to the long blood-feud between the Maxwells and the Johnstones, he read the touching ballad of "Lord Maxwell's Farewell."

The lecturer then gave a short description of the proceedings on "a day of Trewes," and found a good deal to admire in this rough but effectual attempt to administer justice among the wild population on either side of the Border by the co-operation of the Wardens on the opposite sides, meeting together during an interval of enforced tranquility (a kind of Truce of God), in order to enquire into the wrongs and outrages alleged by either side against the other. The solemn regard which was generally paid to the sanctity of "the day of Trewes" was illustrated by the one conspicuous exception, the capture and imprisonment of William Armstrong, commonly called "Kinmont Willie." With the spirited ballad describing his rescue from Carlisle Castle by "the bauld Buccleugh," the lecture, which appeared to be listened to with interest by the audience, concluded.

Provost Kennedy, Moffat.

Mr ALEXANDER MARSHALL KENNEDY, Provost of Moffat, was born at Leitholm, Berwickshire, in 1861. He has served the public for six years in the Town Council and six and a half years in the Parish Council. A life-long abstainer, he was for a few years secretary of the local Young Men's Christian Association. For

PROVOST KENNEDY.

twenty-five years he has been associated with the Volunteer movement, and is presently Captain and Hon-Major. He is a Liberal in politics. His father, who died about four years ago, retired from the Provostship ten years ago, after serving two terms. The Provost is chief partner of the firm of Messrs T. Kennedy & Co., milliners, drapers, clothiers, and upholsterers, who carry on a large business in Well Street.

[We are indebted to the Editor of the "Scottish Reformer" for permission to use the above notice and block.—Ed. "B. M."]

A Day's Salmon Fishing.

THE following paper, which appeared originally in the "Sporting Magazine," embraces the adventures of a few days' salmon fishing in the neighbourhood of Kelso, in which a novice, handling the rod for the first time, under the guidance of an experienced old fisherman, throws his fly among the aristocracy of the deep.

We had a few preliminary arrangements of rod-fastenings, lines and hook, a beautiful drake-wing about an inch long. Soon, however, we were launched into the top of the stream, that seemed both dark and deep. "Thraw away, thraw away," he said; and round my head with gentle twist the rod inscribed a crescent tailing, and then delivering the line in a faithful straightness, touching the water at midway, and the remote fly dropping into the river with noiseless splash, like the snow-drop from the heavens.

"My certie!" exclaimed the old fisherman, "ye'll de, ye'll de, I'll uphaud; we'll hae a basket foo' the day." The idea of a basket full of salmon—how agreeably it sounded.

"They won't come," said I, throwing away like a Trojan, in anxious suspense for a quarter of an hour, till just as we approached the bottom of the stream, as the fly was coming round to nearly direct below the bottom of the boat, in an instant, straight went the line; and bent the faithful cane. "Strike him!" he cried, "'tis but a grilse. Haud him awee, and up the tap o' the rod. Noo, let him gang;" as the fellow's quick eye saw him about to make his dart up the stream; and away he shot, with dashing effort to escape. "Haud the rod doon the water," he cried. "Noo, wind up, wind up! haud the rod up! keep the line tight! he's comin' doon! you'll sune hae him noo; he's maist dune." He was mistaken. One rush more terrific than the last, and a fierce jump into the air, almost frightened me out of my wits. "Gie to him, gie to him (he said), when they rise sae; hae but faigs he's a bonny one, new rin frae the sea, and as clear as a bit siller." He now seemed quiet, but ready for mischief. We went ashore, the ordinary plan so soon as it can be done with safety after a fish is hooked. After a few minutes more of vain attempts, he lay exhausted near the land. The old fellow with his click watching the favourable moment, secured the prize, and a beautiful grilse of about 9lbs. weight lay on the pebbly beach.

Then went we on with varying success among the streams during the morning part, filling the basket with half a dozen grilses from 7lbs. to 11lbs. apiece; and several others that ought to have been there but for my eagerness.

As the day advanced, the western clouds rose from the horizon and overcast the heavens. A blustering wind sprang up. "We maun gang up to the deep water," he said; "it 'ill do there noo." He fastened his boat to the holding place, and away we walked up to the pool —a deep flowing part of the river, hemmed in between two banks, looking like a very abyss, its colour as black as ebony, the surface now curling with the stormy wind, like the ripple of the sea tide.

A brighter and a larger fly was put on. We got into the boat belonging to the place, and as he sat down he smilingly turned round and said, "Noo, I mean ye to catch a sawmon."

At but the third cast into this never-to-be-forgotten place, just as the fly dropped into the billowy surf, up rose, fierce as tiger springs upon his prey, in glorious majesty, "a monarch of the brook," unseen to my eye; but oh, ye Gods! how I felt him. He shook the boat underneath me, or I shook it with alarm. My heart beat as if a hundred hammers internally assailed my breast. Rallying, however, in an instant, I was fortunately ready for the desperate plunge, well known to a salmon fisher, that this powerful and energetic animal makes as his first effort to escape the hook, now fastened in his beak. Away he ran, bolt across the river, as if determined soon to be beyond our reach, the wheel buzzing round, as if sped by a thousand hands, the line running through my fore-finger and its neighbour with the rapidity of lightning, and cutting it so deeply it was marvellous I did not feel it till after the engagement was over.

The line was now nearly out, and I became alarmed. He seemed for an instant still, and hung heavily on it. I almost feared it was fast on a rock between us. He kept me not, however, long in suspense, but turned about; all evidently was clear; and up the river he moved in sullen stateliness, taking with him nearly the remainder of my line, now extended a terrific length. He seemed as if he felt now over-matched, as down the river he came, so quick upon me I could hardly keep my line straight—at all times most needful—and return it with sufficient quickness to its triple revolving reel. He came nearly close to the boat. "Take care," said the old man, "he don't play ye a trick." The warning was well timed, and most necessary. He gave us but one look of his dark powerful back, and his splendidly glistening sides, showing the prize at hand to be a fish of full 20lbs. weight as he afterwards proved; and with a whisk of his tail, as if in maddening wrath at the restraint, he dashed wildly forward, slap up the river, with a ferocity and desperation that none but a salmon-fisher can dream of.

I declare I thought him gone, and that he must inevitably break me; but these violent struggles, as I afterwards learned, are but proofs of failing strength—the more violent, as in all things, the shorter the duration.

We now got to the shore and landed, and having a fine deep water, free from rocks, the scene was brought to an earlier close than I expected. Great steadiness, however, was required; intense watching of the disposition and movements of the fish; keeping the line always straight, and the top of the rod up, excepting when laid down as it were across, in opposition to the course taken by the fish—thwarting him in his various attempts to escape, but ever ready to yield to his efforts, when made too impetuous for the strength of your tackle to restrain.

Soon, as was the case in this instance as I have now described, becomes the power of man, when knowing how to direct it, omnipotent over the victim of his prowess. In little more than twenty minutes from his being first hooked, was he to be seen floating, almost done, with his broadside turned a little up, sure token of exhaustion, within reach of the harvest home click, which soon made him ours, and a beautiful sight he was, as we laid him extended on the grassy bank.

"Now," said the old boy, "what do ye think of sawmon fishing?" "Grand," said I, "grand!" "I kent you would like it," rejoined he, "by the turning of your ee, it looked so gleg." "A man must be blind," said I, "whose eye wont fire at such sport." "There are mony a blind ane, then," said he, "who ne'er mind it; but then to be sure," added he, "they maun be puir dull bodies."

"To our work then again," said I. "Ay, but you're getting unco fond noo!" exclaimed he, as we launched again into the broad water, and wound up our day's sport by catching three more very fine grilses.

For a fortnight did I thus amuse myself.

THE root of the word Gala is either the Gaelic gaolach, lovely, or geala, white.

THE BORDER ALMANAC.—Messrs J. & J. H. Rutherfurd, Kelso, have again published their well-known Almanac. This is the thirty-sixth year, and besides the usual valuable local and agricultural information, it contains an obituary of leading men connected with the Borders. It is a vade mecum for all interested in agricultural pursuits.

A Border Sculptor.

AT a meeting of the Berwickshire Naturalist Club on the 17th October, Sir George Douglas gave a very interesting account of certain Border celebrities, remarking on the undeserved neglect which is overtaking many whose names were once famous. His vivid sketch of Andrew Currie, of Darnick, and the suggestion that others should assist in an effort to keep the memories of such men green, embolden me to put down a few personal recollections of the talented Border sculptor.

This interesting man was born on November 6th, 1813, at Howford Farm, near Ettrickbridge, Selkirkshire, which his father rented; hills and streams surrounded his birth-place, and he learned from the earliest years to appreciate the beauty of nature. After his marriage, when he settled in Earlston, he was always busy with his knife, and, during leisure hours, shaped many skilful Gibbons-like bits of foliage and life-like representations of birds, every delicate feather showing, or moulded clever original groups in the red clay, some of which is still found near the Black Hill—an "auld wife" on the look out, her hand over her eyes, her garments wind-swept; a shepherd and his dog, or a classical head copied from some picture.

In wood-carving he excelled to the end of his life, even when his eyesight failed him somewhat and he could not do anything which required much detail. He was no mechanical worker, but possessed the true soul of an artist: to him a delicate vine tendril, the dainty curves of a leaf, or a slender foxglove were "a joy for ever," and he would produce them with little effort; but when inspiration was not there, when he did not discover a model to suit his fancy he found it difficult to "buckle to" and finish what he had begun.

This proved to be so with the book-case which he carved for the library at Cowdenknowes about 1854. Almost every leaf is different, and nothing upon it is without meaning, from several quaint and graceful heads to clusters of bulrushes and dock-leaves, but often have I heard tell that, if questioned as to when he intended to proceed with his task, and how near it was to completion, he would smile, consciously shake his head, and make some evasive answer, his eyes twinkling, for he was well aware of his own inability for steady, plodding labour.

His dear practical old wife suffered from the mutable moods of genius, but understood them well, and to the day of her death was a ministering angel to her husband, never worrying him, never insisting on punctuality, setting his food on the hob to keep warm until he chose to take it, and studying his material comfort and varying humours in a manner worthy of high praise, for they must have seemed to her strangely unnecessary and incomprehensible.

He did not study in any school, but was self-taught, his powers of observation and retentive memory standing him in good stead. In 1859 he left Earlston and settled in the village of Darnick, near Melrose, where he had a studio close to the old tower. A few years later he became a Roman Catholic. He carved several beautiful things in wood at this time and established his reputation. The "fairy stand," where fairy figures and graceful flowers mingle, the "Paschal Lamb" still at Abbotsford, and many smaller pieces which are equally clever.

When I first remember Mr Currie, he was a vigorous man of about sixty, with bright brown eyes, in which fun and humour lurked, he had well formed features of a somewhat Jewish caste, fine bushy hair, and a beard which was turning grey. As a girl I used to ride over once or twice a week from my home to take lessons in modelling, which were to me most interesting. I always considered his friendship a privilege, and no one could have been a pleasanter or more sympathetic companion. He was a gentleman in the true sense of the word, and his sweetness of character and simplicity endowed him with a great charm; when quietly working in his studio he would give his thoughts rein, and allow those who listened a glimpse into the world of dreams which was his possession, and where selfish emulation, disturbing envy, or even ambition, had no place.

Love of the Border country was one of his strongest characteristics; he knew almost every foot of ground for many miles round his first home and Earlston, and there was no legend or tradition with which he was not well acquainted. I sometimes think sadly that much must have been lost when he died, for he gathered his stories from the old people of his boyhood, but, like so many, kept them mostly in his head, whence in quiet moments they would come forth, apropos of some subject on hand, for a certain diffidence and shyness made him unwilling to tell a story when asked to do so, or to give information on any particular subject: in which circumstances he would reply in his slow, reflective way, "Well, I'm sure I can't say."

I often regret that I did not write down all I heard from him at that time, quaint tales of fellow-villagers that would have filled a volume, and legends of old Melrose, "Gladswood with its milk-white ewes," Leaderhaughs, the Black Hill, where St Cuthbert as a boy herded his sheep, Cowdenknowes, and Thomas the Rhymer; for his heart remained in Earlston, the village where he began his married life so humbly, and in his last years he still spoke of it with romantic affection, as a far-off haven of happiness surrounded with all the glamour of love and youth and early friendships, as vague and beautiful as the land of færie to which the Laird of Learmonth so mysteriously departed.

Yet these regrets did not make him restless or miserable; far too unpractical and without ambition to succeed in the world, he lived chiefly by selling to tourists busts and bas-reliefs of Sir Walter Scott, Hogg, Burns, &c., and copies in wood or plaster of ornament from Melrose Abbey; what mattered it so long as a true and satisfying portrait of Sir Walter had been obtained?

The colossal statue of the Bruce, which now stands in front of Stirling Castle, overlooking Bannockburn, Mungo Park's monument in Selkirk, and that of the Ettrick Shepherd at St Mary's Loch, are some of his largest works; also a figure of a moss-trooper, a commission from Sir Frederick Graham of Netherby.

He delighted in the Waverley novels, and immense was his satisfaction when asked to undertake two of the figures for Scott's monument in Edinburgh. Edie Ochiltree and Old Mortality were those chosen, and he threw his whole soul into the work. Sir Walter's light-hearted beggar is especially successful, he has a sly waggish expression and an easy attitude, as if swinging along, his stick in his hand and a wallet over his shoulder. In Old Mortality there is less scope for originality, but the face is serious and serene. "The Flowers of the Forest," and the "Ewe-milker" are two dainty figures of his.

But he never made money, and it went to my heart to see him working at the first rough chipping and the plaster casts himself, when he should only have superintended and put finishing touches. However, it all interested him, and if a cast was good he experienced genuine pleasure, and would work up the fine plaster until it looked like marble.

Now and then for pastime, and especially if he could get a bit of his loved red clay from the Black Hill, he would model grotesque little faces; his sense of humour was strong, and although never spiteful, he would have his joke in a quiet way, against artists whose ideas were greater than their powers, and who depended for success on the modern fashion of booming. Alas, most of them prospered while he stayed behind, but none will be remembered for the child-like charm and single-hearted selflessness that were characteristic in the old sculptor. His gratitude to early benefactors never waned, and when the family which had befriended him in former years, left Cowdenknowes, and he was asked to add a piece to the well-known book-case in order to make it fit into a new room, he thought all out with the greatest care, putting his best work into the clever addition, a figure of King David the First of Scotland holding a chart of Melrose Abbey (carved out of a piece of wood as old as the Abbey itself), "True Thomas" with the doe which led him astray, and, woven amongst delicate leaves, a ribbon with the words "Farewell to Leader's river, Farewell to Ercildoun." It will always be valued, not only for its artistic worth, but as a remembrance of a true old friend.

Mr Currie would have lived in Darnick to the end of his days, but for a great trouble that came to him in the death of his wife. Her loss was irreparable, and he daily and hourly missed her love and care. Feeling lonely and lost, without some one to look after his house, he married again, and as his second wife elected to live in Edinburgh, he removed there about two years before his death, which took place quite suddenly while walking down Melville Drive on the 1st of March, 1891.

He was buried in Melrose, and many who had known the old man and missed his well-known figure, gathered to pay a last tribute to his memory, and to see him laid to rest in the Border country he loved and understood as few can understand it in these roving days, when the spirit of nature finds no resting place amidst the busy ceaseless rush for notoriety and self-advertisement.

LILLIAS E. COTESWORTH.

Scotch Caution.

JAMES HAY used to observe: The Southrons affect exaggeration and superlatives; the Northerns extenuation and diminutives. The Scotch, being a very positive people, are fond of negatives. "Twa nay-says are hauf a grant," says Ramsay. "Nik!" is the readiest answer to its friendly advisers or moniters of an average-bred Scotch child of from four to fourteen years old. No doubt the true etymology of Auld Nick is Nik! the devil being an embodied negative, opposed to everything that is good. If you remark to an old Scotsman that "it's a good day," his usual reply is, "Atweel, sir, I've seen waur." Such a man does not say his wife is an excellent women. He says—"She's no a bad body." A buxom lass, smartly dressed, is "no sae verra unpurpose like." The richest and rarest viands are "no sae bad." Mrs Siddons's acting and Jenny Lind's singing were designated as "no bad." A man noted for his benevolence is "no the warst man i' the worilt." A Scotsman is always afraid of expressing unqualified praise. He suspects that if he did so it would tend to spoil the object of his laudations, if a person, male or female, old or young; or, if that object were a song, a picture, a piece of work, a landscape, or such, that those who heard him speak so highly of it would think he had never in his life seen or heard anything better, which would be an imputation on his knowledge of things. "Nil admirari," is not exactly the motto of the normal Scotsman. He is quite ready to admire admirable things, but yet loath to admit, even by inference, that he has never witnessed or experienced anything better. Indeed, he has always something of the like kind which he can quote to show that the person, place, or thing in question is only comparatively good, great, clever, beautiful, or grand. Then when anybody makes a remark, however novel, that squares with a Scotsman's ideas, he will say: "That's juist what I've offen thocht!" "That's exactly ma wey o' thinkin'!" "That's juist what I aye say!" "That's juist what I was actually on the point o' sayin'!"

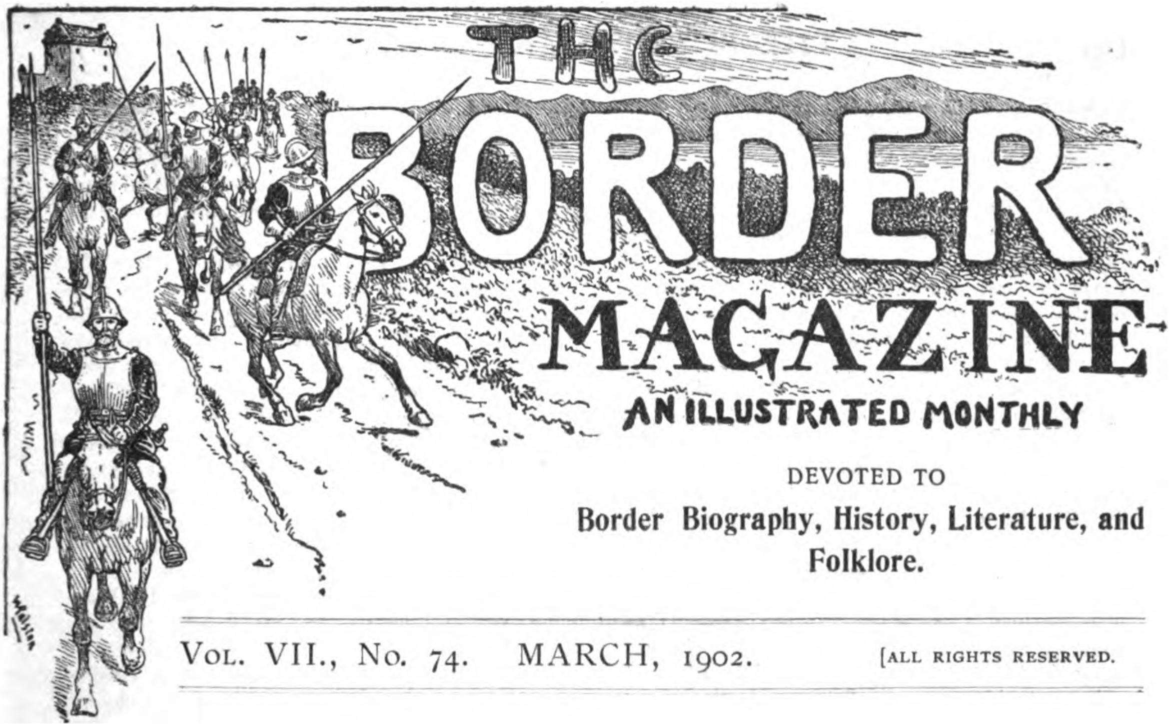
MR WALTER EASTON, publisher, has just issued a Jedburgh series of pictorial post cards. They comprise views of Jedburgh from Allerley Well Park, the Abbey from Abbey Green, the Abbey from the river, the Castle, and the new Public Library. Produced by collotype—the most accurate mechanical process—they form artistic souvenirs of the old Border town.

AN English tourist visited Selkirk, and, being a keen disciple of Isaak Walton, was arranging to have a day's good sport in the Ettrick or Yarrow. Being told that the cleg, or horse-fly, would suit his purpose admirably for bait, he addressed himself to Kirsty, the maid of the inn:—'I say, my girl, can you get me some horse-flies?' Kirsty looked stupid, and he repeated his question. Finding that she did not yet comprehend him, he exclaimed, 'Why, girl, did you never see a horse fly?' 'Na, sir,' said the girl, 'but I aince saw a coo jump owre the Reid Heuch!'

Printed and Published by A. Walker & Son, Galashiels.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE "BORDER MAGAZINE" No. LXXIV.

SIR THOMAS LAUDER BRUNTON, LL.D., M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S.



DEVOTED TO
Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

VOL. VII., No. 74. MARCH, 1902.

Sir Thomas Lauder Brunton, LL.D., M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R S.

BY W. B. THOMSON, Hon. Secy. London Scottish Border Counties' Association.

SIR LAUDER BRUNTON was born at Bowden in 1844. Where is Bowden? The question is frequently asked of a native of that quiet little village so pleasantly situated on the south-side of the Eildons. Even some Borderers, otherwise intelligent, do not know the place at all. Others, by a strange local geographical error, seem to connect the village with the asylum for lunatics which is at Melrose. A young lady once described Bowden as a queer little place where the fronts of the houses are at the back. She came from Earlston. Yet Bowden was the birth-place of Thomas Aird, the friend of Carlyle, and of Andrew Scott, and James Thomson, the Hawick poet, and we remember a writer in this magazine some time ago said that Bowden had produced a number of notable men. The subject of our sketch is perhaps the most distinguished on the roll.

Sir Lauder is the son of the late Mr Brunton of Hiltonshill. On his mother's side he is descended from the very old Border family of Stenhouse. The family are supposed to have come originally from Yorkshire, but it is clear they were established on the Borders more than 350 years ago. Sir Lauder has now in his possession a deed of charter, under which certain lands in the vicinity of St Boswells were granted to the family of Stenhouse by Adam, Earl of Melrose, in 1539. For fourteen generations the family held the estate of Whitelee.

Sir Lauder's education began at the parish school in his native village. Subsequently he attended a school at Melrose, conducted by the Rev. James Wood. From there he went to Edinburgh Institution, where he studied under Dr Robert Ferguson, and thence he passed to the University.

It is rather curious how Sir Lauder came to adopt medicine as his profession. His own inclination was engineering. His father intended him for law, and he actually took the law classes for a year, but with characteristic energy he took up the study of chemistry and physics to fill up his spare time. He went in for the examinations on these subjects and came out first man of the year. That decided his profession. After a year's experience in Edinburgh Infirmary he graduated M.D. and B.Sc., obtaining honours and a gold medal for thesis "Digitalis," and the Baxter Scholarship in Natural Science.

Some years ago a brief sketch of Sir Lauder's career was published in "Men of the Time." The following extract from it will give some idea of the work this eminent Borderer has accomplished:—

"In 1867 he made some observations on the pathology of angina pectoris, which, together with the knowledge he possessed of the physiological action of nitrate of amyl, led him to the successful application of the drug to the treatment of the disease. This application affords one of the earliest and best marked instances of rational as distinguished from empirical therapeutics. After spending about three years in foreign travel and study, he was appointed Lecturer on Materia Medica at the Middlesex Hospital, London, in 1870, and in the following year he was appointed to St Bartholomew's Hospital. In 1874 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1886 he was appointed a member of the commission to report upon the treatment of hydrophobia, and went to Paris to examine Pasteur's system. In 1889 he was deputed by the "Lancet" to represent it at the invitation of the Nizam's Government, on the second commission appointed at Hyderabad, to investigate the action of chloroform. He wrote the section on Digestion, Secretion, and Animal Chemistry in Sanderson's "Handbook for the Physiological Laboratory," which was the first text-book of practical physiology published in this country. In conjunction with Sir Joseph Fayrer he investigated the action of snake poison, and discovered that life could be greatly prolonged, though not ultimately saved, by the use of artificial respiration. His work has been chiefly directed to ascertaining the action of drugs with a view to their application in disease; and he has published, alone or in conjunction with others, numerous papers on this subject, as well as the Goulstonian lectures on "Pharmacology and Therapeutics," in 1877; the Croonian lectures at the Royal College of Physicians in 1889 on "The Connection between Chemical Structure and Physiological Action;" and a text-book, in which he has treated the action of drugs from a physiological point of view."

Sir Lauder gives one very charming reason for his undertaking the three years foreign travel. When a boy at school, like most other boys before and since, he was much interested by the Bible story of Joseph, and he decided that when he could he would go and see the place where Joseph had lived. He went as soon as he got the chance after taking his degree. Sir Lauder still keeps the child's story book from which he learned the story of Joseph. His travel included, besides Egypt and Syria, Turkey, Greece, and Italy. He also spent a considerable period studying and working in the best Continental laboratories at Vienna, Berlin, and Leipsic.

It was through the influence of his friend, Professor Burden Sanderson, that Dr Brunton came to London in 1870. Since then his fame has steadily increased, and his is now one of the leading names in the medical profession in London, or, indeed, in the country. He married in 1879 Miss Louisa Stopford, daughter of the late Archdeacon of Meath.

Sir Lauder has been a busy writer. In addition to the works already mentioned he published in 1897 a course of lectures on "The Action of Medicines," which had an extraordinary sale. But his energy has not always been confined to professional matter. In 1897, at the urgent request of the late Professor Robertson Smith, he gave the Thomson of Banchory Lectures in the Free Church College at Aberdeen. He is the author of "The Bible and Science," a work written to show in a brief and popular way that the Darwinian doctrine of evolution instead of being atheistic is the reverse, and is not opposed to the Biblical account of the Creation. Sir Lauder also delivered an address some years ago before the Church Congress at Birmingham on a similar theme. His attitude did not please the clerics. It doubtless, however, met with the approval of his friends, Huxley and Darwin.

Sir Lauder's work and ability have brought him many well deserved honours. In 1897 he was selected by the English Committee to deliver the oration at the International Medical Congress in Moscow. In the following year Edinburgh University conferred on him the degree of LL.D., and he has the coveted distinction of being an Honorary Member of the Pharmaceutical Society. There are only about fifty such members in all. In recognition of the distinguished position he has attained in his profession he was knighted in January, 1899. He is still a young man, as ages go among physicians, and we doubt not further honours still await him.

Sir Lauder Brunton is of tireless energy. A huge consulting practice keeps him busy night and day. He rises early and goes to bed when his work permits. But he finds time for a number of hobbies. He is fond of art, and no mean modeller in clay. A clear and convincing, though perhaps not eloquent, speaker, with a peculiar charm of manner, he occasionally presides with much acceptance at the meetings of the London Scottish Border Counties' Association, of which he was the first Honorary President and life member, and in which he takes great interest.

He is a keen student of old Border customs and traditions, and some day when he has time we may expect from his pen some literature on various interesting subjects, such as Primitive

Land Tenure on the Borders, Survivals of primitive Border customs, &c., subjects in which he is well versed.

Sir Lauder is fond of travel, and spends most of his holidays abroad. He has travelled in every country in Europe except Portugal. But amid all his work and varied interests he retains a warm affection for the scenes of his youth, and there is no more loyal Borderer in London or elsewhere than Sir Lauder Brunton.

Sir Lauder is a life-governor of the Royal Scottish Hospital, and one of four physicians, all men of eminence in their profession, who give their time and professional services gratuitously to the Corporation of the Hospital in the interests of poor and needy Scotsmen in London.

John Maxwell.

FROM the "American Textile World," published by Messrs Guild & Lord, 620 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., we extract the following interesting article:—The subject of this sketch was born February 23rd, 1814, at Hawick, Roxburghshire, Scotland. His father came from Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, and began the manufacturing of hosiery at Hawick, in which trade he had previously served his apprenticeship. His son John learned the business with his father, after having attended the parish school at Hawick.

Many manufacturers whose names have been prominent in the United States came from this section of Scotland; among them may be mentioned: Robert Blaikie, George Hogg, Walter Aiken, and Alexander and Angus McKinnon.

Mr Maxwell emigrated to the United States at the age of twenty-six, and arrived in New York in May, 1840. At this date the knitting industry in America had hardly come into existence. Manufacturing of all kinds was depressed by the low tariff policy which prevailed, and which was maintained by the ascendancy of the South in the councils of the nation. A few hand knitting frames were scattered here and there throughout the country, but there was no indication of the great future in store for this branch of manufacturing. General Harrison's election to the Presidency in 1840, and his policy of protection to American industries gave new life to business, and the knitting industry shared in the prosperity.

In 1843 Mr Maxwell went to Cohoes. At that time there was but a single one-set knitting mill at this place. This mill contained a few flat frames operated by power, which had been invented by Timothy Bailey; the mill was operated by Egberts & Bailey. These are said to be the first knitting frames operated by power in this country. Upon his arrival in Cohoes Mr Maxwell secured the contract to make ribbed cuffs for this mill.

One of his earliest ventures after coming to America was the inventing of a knitting machine attachment for making plaid patterns. The idea was suggested to him by some English hunters who were stopping at the same New York hotel. They wanted plaid patterns on their knit hunting jackets. Mr Maxwell invented a sliding presser worked by hand which effected the desired result. He received $7.00 a pair for trousers made on this frame. There was a fair profit on goods at this price at a time when nearly everything was imported free of duty.

In 1853 he secured a patent for an improved power knitting machine. This was the time when circular machines made their appearance. The first circular frames were operated at Cohoes by a Mr Caldwell. They were of English make, and ran horizontally, the cloth being drawn over a pulley and cut into lengths. The circular type rapidly superseded the flat frames.

In 1856 Mr Maxwell went to Amsterdam and started the first knitting mill in that place with machines of his own make and patent. Adam W. Kline was his partner in this enterprise. Mr Maxwell sold his goods direct at this time. On one occasion, when business was poor, he with one of his employees started on the road, and sold goods at auction throughout the Western part of New York, keeping his mill busy while other mills were stopped. On this trip he returned home but once, and then only for the purpose of taking a degree of Masonry.

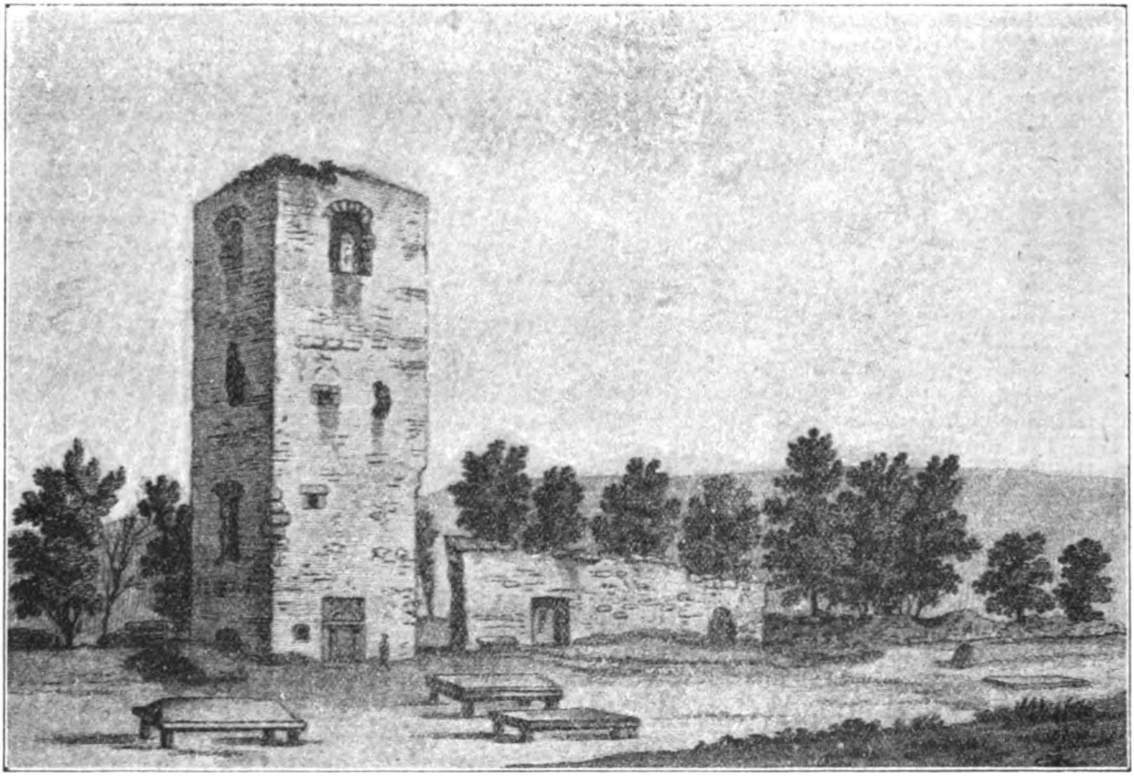
Mr Maxwell is now over eighty-seven years of age, and is still in active business, being President and Treasurer of the Wilton Hygiene Underwear Knitting Co., Philadelphia.

CURIOUS GRANT TO KELSO ABBEY.—Mr S. S. Fyfe, in his "Summer Life on Land and Water at South Queensferry," says:—Amongst the curiosities of royal grants, we must not omit to mention that King Malcolm gave to the convent at Kelso a right to half of the fat of the crapsies or whales that might be stranded on either of the shores of the Firth of Forth—no rare occurrence, as we shall see when we come to disport Natural History—but the statistical account (voce Dunfermline) would insinuate, on no better authority than the bones of cetecea disinterred around his palace, that whales in those days were a royal dainty!

St. Andrew's Church at Peebles.

By Robert Renwick.

THE reign of the first David was characterised by many constitutional changes and developments, among which the rise and organisation of royal burghs occupy a conspicuous place. Nearly a score of Scottish towns claim the distinction of incorporation in David's time, but in some were grouped together in a mass, compared with which the isolated abodes scattered throughout the district were unimportant, and Peblis or *the* shielings was sufficiently descriptive of the locality. The original bond of unity was probably formed by the introduction of Christianity and the founding of a church, for it is not without significance that the figure of St Andrew appears in the burgh's armorial bearings. John of Fordun, writing between the years 1384 and 1387, and narrating the discovery at Peblis, in



ST ANDREW'S CHURCH AT PEEBLES (A.D. 1790).

Original in Grose's "Antiquities of Scotland" p. 220. Reproduced from copy in "A Peebles Aisle and Monastery," published in 1897. Block kindly lent by Messrs Carson & Nicol.

cases the evidence is not so complete as it is with regard to Peebles, the position of which in the front rank is fully established. And yet this municipal course of nearly eight hundred years has only been the continuance in another form of an existence which commenced at a much earlier period. Etymologists trace the name to the British word "pebyll," a tent, and Peblis thus signifies the shielings. All dwellings were in one sense shielings, but here they 1261, of what was regarded as a portion of the true cross, surmised that the relic might have been deposited there in the third century. This circumstance is mainly noticeable as indicating the opinion which prevailed in the historian's time regarding the antiquity of the town. Apart from such collateral evidence there need be little doubt that in the sixth century Peebles shared in the benefits derived from the evangelisation of Strathclyde, and when, at a later period, Prince David restored the ancient see of St Mungo, it was reported that among its possessions there were "in Pebles a ploughgate of land and a church." But in the interval between the time of St Mungo and that of Bishop John many transitions had been experienced. In the course of the fluctuating warfare waged between the Anglo Saxons of Northumbria and the Britons of Strathclyde, the former more than once overran Tweeddale, with the result that the earlier ecclesiastical customs were partially superseded by those in vogue among the new-comers Owing to the teaching of St Cuthbert, prior of Melrose and bishop of Lindisfarne (A.D. 651-87), the Strathclyde Britons conformed more closely to Romish practices, and it was probably in consequence of the changes introduced by Wilfrid, who held the Northumbrian see, that Peebles Church was first dedicated to St Andrew. In commemoration of an incident which occurred during Wilfrid's visit to Rome, he dedicated his monastery of Hexham to St Andrew (A.D. 674), and in the closing years of his life (705-9), he there founded two chapels and dedicated them to St Mary and St Michael. Acca, Wilfrid's successor, was an enthusiastic collector of saints' relics, and the relics of St Andrew were brought by him to Hexham. On account of some ecclesiastical dispute Acca was expelled from his see in 732, and is said to have gone to the Pictish kingdom beyond the Forth. It happens that some time between the date just mentioned and 761 the place then called Kilrymont, and now known as the city of St Andrews, received the apostle's relics, whereupon a church was founded there and dedicated to his memory. In addition to the church there were also several chapels, including two bearing the names of St Michael and St Mary. According to Dr Skene, late historiographer-royal, a group consisting of a principal church dedicated to St Andrew, with chapels to St Michael and St Mary, affords presumptive proof, wherever they are found, of derivative connection with a church founded by Bishop Wilfrid. If it is allowable to substitute altar for chapel it may be said that in Peebles the combination existed for a period further back than local records extend. "Sant Michaellis altare and Our Lady altare in Sant Androis Kyrk," are referred to in 1450, but the date of foundation of these altars cannot be traced. Peebles Church, referred to in Prince David's inquisition of 1115, was superseded by a new edifice in 1195, as thus narrated in the contemporary chronicle of Melrose:—"A.D. 1195. The Church of St Andrew, the apostle, of Pebles, was dedicated by Joceline, bishop of Glasgow, on Sunday, the fourth of the kalends of November [29th October]." Though it is not definitely stated that the new church retained the name of its predecessor, there is a strong presumption in favour of that view. St Andrew was adopted as the patron saint of the Pictish nation in the eighth century, but at what time the inhabitants of Peebles claimed his protection eludes research. A fair formerly held on 29th November, the eve of St Andrew's day, seems to have been a survival of times long antecedent to the institution of the burgh. Most of the other Peebles fairs, including Beltane, were either erected or confirmed by Royal charter, but such sanction was apparently superfluous with regard to the fair associated with the festival of St Andrew. This fair has now fallen into desuetude, and even so far back as 1652, by which time faith in patron saints had subsided, it was showing signs of decay. A council minute, dated 15th November of that year, instructively narrates that "the twentienynth day of November, commonlie callit Sanct Androis day, hes *thes mony aiges bygane* bene keept as ane publict and free faire within this burgh." From very early times the church and the fair, religion and commerce, were frequently in close alliance, and it is not improbable that in Peebles both the church and the fair of St Andrew date from the eighth century.

By a charter dated 1266 the church of Peebles was assigned to the archdeacon of Glasgow as his prebend. This, however, may only have been the continuance of a former practice. In this connection it is worthy of note that when King David, in the year 1126, granted a charter at Peebles, Ascelinus, the archdeacon, was one of the witnesses. For anything that is known to the contrary the church may have been the archdeacon's prebend from the institution of the office till its termination. The archdeacon's diocesan and cathedral duties necessitated frequent and prolonged attendance in Glasgow, and, accordingly, much of the parochial supervision devolved on a residential vicar.

The church opened in 1195 was probably enlarged from time to time, and it is known that at least one addition, that of the Geddes aisle, was made in 1427. Exclusive of the western tower, occupying a space of about twenty feet square, and two north aisles, the church latterly measured about 120 feet in length by forty feet in width. In 1481 there were eight altars in the building. The chaplains serving at these altars lived in a tenement situated on the south side of the Old Town, adjoining the dwelling of the archdeacon, by whom the accommodation was provided. In 1543 the altars had increased in number, and for the better arrangement of the establishment it was thought desirable to form the whole into a collegiate church, consisting of a provost and twelve prebendaries or chaplains, with two youths for service in the choir. Certain lands and annual rents were set aside for the maintenance of each of the prebendaries, and chambers were allotted to them for residence. The annual rents were of small amount individually, but being numerous they produced a considerable revenue in the aggregate. Moreover, they continued to accumulate till, in consequence of the Reformation, masses for the dead were declared to be illegal. The burgh records narrate many endowments for anniversary services, one of which may be cited as a specimen. On 14th April, 1546, James Thorbrand, a burgess of Peebles, bestowed an annual rent of 10s on "Sir Johnne Kere, chapellan of oure Lady altar of the Geddes ille, foundit and feftit within the paroch kyrk of Sanct Andro of Peblis. . . . the said Sir Johnne and his successouris, chapellanis of the said altar herfor yeirly causand ane anniversare to be done for the saule of the said James the day of his deces, and for the saule of umquhile Katheryn, his spouse, with *Placebo* and *Dirige* at evyn and messis said and soung on the morn, as use is at the said altar, with the chapellanis foundit and feftit within the said kyrk of Sanct Andro; and the said annuell rent of ten s. to be distribut amang the said chapellanis, beand present, as the laif of the anniversaris ar distribut. And the said Sir John and his successouris, chapellanis of the said altar, salbe collectouris, uptakaris and distributowris of the said annuell rent of ten s., and set the hers and caus the hand-bell to pas throw the toun and fynde wax." In explanation of some of the expressions here used it may be mentioned that vespers were called *Placebo* and matins *Dirige* from the opening Latin words in the hymns for the dead. The "hers" was the framework on which lighted wax candles were placed at the celebration of the anniversary. In Peebles, as elsewhere, it was a common practice to send a hand-bell through the town on the occasion of an anniversary, calling for prayers for the departed.

The elaborate arrangements connected with the establishment of the collegiate church did not long remain in operation. Before the close of the bitter nine years' war, and on the eve of the Reformation, "our auld enemeis in Ingland" burned the building, and though some repairs were effected it was never fully restored. In 1560 the Church of the Holy Cross was adopted as the parish church, and that of St Andrew was allowed to pass into a permanent ruin. In consequence of the restoration of the tower, through the beneficence of Dr William Chambers, that part of the structure is made substantial, though it has lost its former picturesque appearance. Fortunately the "cauk and keel" of Captain Grose, that

> "Fine, fat, fodgel wight,
> O' stature short, but genius bright,"

for whose illustration of Alloway Kirk, Burns wrote "Tam o' Shanter," have preserved the lineaments of the ruins as they existed over a hundred years ago. From that sketch, here reproduced, it is observable that, at the time of Grose's visit, the meagre remains of the church, consisting of fragments of the north wall, were not much more perfect than they are to-day.

THE equivocality of many of the names of places in Scotland has given occasion to a very amusing saying regarding a clergyman. He was born in the parish of Dull, brought up at the school of Dunse (quasi Dunce), and finally settled minister in the parish of Drone!

Solway Side.

OH! I maun gang frae Solway Tide,
  That tide that flows sae strong;
Oh! I maun gang frae Solway side,
  And leave the Solway's sang.

But oft hereafter I shall see,
  When low the lichts I turn,
The velvet beauty o' the bee,
  The lippin' o' the burn.

And I shall dwell by Solway Tide
  In spirit and in licht,
And drink the sweets o' Solway side
  In visions o' the nicht.

The whaups' clear shrilling bugle blows
  Where Urr slips to the sea,
And through the soft hairst air there flows
  The robins' crystal glee.

The broom grows bonnie by the burn,
  The bracken on the brae;
There's wealth o' sweets at every turn,
  And routh o' melody.

The heather burns upon the hills,
  The blue bells licht the green;
Dear, dear delicht my bosom fills
  And floods my waken een.

The storms hae e'en a majesty
  That to my mem'ry clings,
As wild and free frae cloud to sea
  The gleamin' lichtning swings.

Oh! I maun gang frae Solway Tide,
  Frae Solway's waters blue,
But weel I ken by Solway side
  The hearts are kind and true.

JOHN SMELLIE MARTIN.

The Gates of Eden.

NOT the original Gates of Eden nor yet those emanating from the fertile brain of Annie S. Swan, but the delightful opening in the Eskdale hills named so by the divine of London City Temple.

When Dr Parker was wont to spend his holidays at Langholm, and that was frequent, this was his favourite haunt. Several times a day he traversed the Gallowside, a beautifully wooded road leading from the town into Eskdale. It is bounded on one side by the Esk and the Duke of Buccleuch's park with Langholm Lodge, and on the other by a long plantation of tall pines and a fine undergrowth of flower and fern.

From Photo by Geo. M'Robert, Edinburgh.

THE GATES OF EDEN.

Local tradition has it that some of the Bauld Buccleuchs hung a number of neighbouring lairds on the trees in the wood and then appropriated their land. Hence its name.

The road-way enters Eskdale at the point shown in our illustration, which the great preacher regarded as exceedingly charming and worthy of the above name. The main road winds round the foot of Peden's View, whilst that to the right passes the Brackenwrae, and leads on to Milnholm, now in the hands of the Carlyles.

It was while here on a holiday that Dr Parker preached his first sermon in Scotland, in the North U.P. Church. Many years have come and gone since then, yet not a few remember his glowing words and graphic picture.

Jean Gordon, the Meg Merrilies of Sir Walter Scott.

By the Late R. Murray, Hawick.

JEAN GORDON is one of the best known of all the Gypsy race. She was left a widow in the year 1727. Her husband, Geordie Faa, was slain at Huntly Wood by Robert Johnstone, one of the tribe. Johnstone was apprehended, then tried at Jedburgh, and found guilty. He was sentenced to be hung, but somehow or other he managed to make his escape from prison. Fifty pounds of a reward was offered for his apprehension; fourteen months afterwards the jailor of Carlisle brought Johnstone back to Jedburgh, and he was hanged on the Castle Hill on the 28th of August, 1728.

Jean Gordon having been hospitably received at the farmhouse of Lochside, near Yetholm, she had carefully abstained herself, and tried to hinder others from committing any depredations on the farmer's property. But her sons (nine in number) had not, it seems, the same delicacy, and stole a brood-sow from their kind entertainer. Jean was mortified at this ungrateful conduct, and so much ashamed of it, that she absented herself from Lochside for several years, and took up her abode on the English side of the Border.

"It happened, in course of time, that in consequence of some temporary pecuniary necessity, the goodman of Lochside was obliged to go to Newcastle to raise some money to pay his rent. He succeeded in his purpose, but returning through the mountains of Cheviot, he was benighted and lost his way.

"A light, glimmering through the window of a large waste barn, which had survived the farmhouse to which it once belonged, had guided him to a place of shelter; and when he knocked at the door, it was opened by Jean Gordon. Her very remarkable figure, for she was nearly six feet high, and her equally remarkable features and dress, rendered it impossible to mistake her for a moment, though he had not seen her for years; and to meet with such a character in so solitary a place, and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a grievous surprise to the poor man, whose rent (to lose which would have been ruin) was about his person.

"Jean set up a loud shout of joyful recognition—'Eh, sirs! the winsome gudeman of Lochside! Light down, light down; for ye maunna gang farther the night, and a friend's house sae near.' The farmer was obliged to dismount, and accept the Gypsy's offer of supper and a bed. There was plenty of meat in the barn, however it might be come by, and preparations were going on for a plentiful repast, which the farmer, to the great increase of his anxiety, observed, was calculated for ten or twelve guests, of the same description, probably, as his landlady.

"Jean left him in no doubt on the subject. She brought to his recollection the story of the stolen sow, and mentioned how much pain and vexation it had given her. Like other philosophers, she remarked that the world grew worse daily; and, like other parents, that the bairns got out of her guiding, and neglected the old Gypsy regulations, which commanded them to respect, in their depredations, the property of their benefactors. The end of all this was an inquiry what money the farmer had about him; and an urgent request, or command, that he would make her his purse-keeper, since the bairns, as she called her sons, would be soon home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean's custody. She made him put a few shillings in his pocket, observing it would excite suspicion should he be found travelling altogether penniless.

"This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of shakedown, as the Scots call it, or bed-clothes disposed upon some straw, but, as will easily be believed, slept not.

"About midnight the gang returned, with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language which made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering they had a guest, and demanded of Jean whom she had got there.

"'E'en the winsome gudeman of Lochside, poor body,' replied Jean; 'he's been at Newcastle seeking siller to pay his rent, honest man, but deil-be-lickit he's been able to gather in, and sae he's gaun e'en hame wi' a toom purse and a sair heart."

"'That may be, Jean,' replied one of the banditti, 'but we maun ripe his pouches a bit, and see if the tale be true or no.' Jean set up her throat in exclamations against this breach of hospitality, but without producing any change in their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and light steps by his bedside, and understood they were rummaging his clothes. When they found the money which the providence of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation if they should take it or no; but the smallness of the booty, and the vehemence of Jean's remonstrances, determined them in the negative. They caroused and went to rest. As soon as day dawned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she had accommodated behind the hallan, and guided him for some miles, till he was on the highroad to Lochside. She then restored his whole property; nor could his earnest entreaties prevail on her to accept so much as a single guinea."

Clever though Jean was she could not always manage to keep her sons in order. Now and then some of them made their appearance in the Circuit Court, and there got what the law commanded. The last remaining three of her sons and two of their wives were convicted of sheep-stealing in May, 1730, and the sentence of death was passed upon them all. This is the trial of Gypsies referred to by Scott in his introduction to "Guy Mannering," in which he says, "All Jean Gordon's sons were condemned to die on the same day." The jury were equally divided on the case; but a friend of justice, who had slept during the whole discussion, suddenly woke, and gave his vote for condemnation in the emphatic words, "Hang them a'!" Unanimity is not required in a Scottish jury, so the verdict of guilty was returned. Jean, who was present, exclaimed, "May the Lord help the innocent on a day like this!" All these condemned prisoners were hanged on Monday, the 5th of June, between the hours of two and four.

Fears having been entertained of an attempt to rescue the prisoners, the eight incorporated trades of Jedburgh had to provide forty men and the town twenty to act as a guard. Deacon

Hope, who had seen some service in his day, was appointed captain of the local force. Things, however, passed off quietly as far as the Gypsies were concerned; and tradition says that while John Gray, the burgh hangman, was carrying out the high behests of the law, a fearful thunderstorm occurred, which was the means of dispersing the multitude gathered together to witness the revolting spectacle.

Jean Gordon was now left childless, and reft of all her breadwinners. She got herself into the clutches of the law, and two years after the conviction of the last of her sons, she was placed at the bar of the Circuit Court. She presented a petition setting forth that she was old and infirm, and had long lain in jail, and was willing to leave Scotland never to return. She was accordingly banished, with certification that, if she returned, she would be imprisoned for twelve months and scourged once a quarter. After her exile she seems to have led a wandering life along the English Border; but her heart was aye in Scotland, and her feelings were with royal Charlie. She chanced to be at Carlisle upon a fair, or market-day, soon after the year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality in favour of the Stuart line, to the great offence of the rabble of that city. The mob inflicted upon poor Jean Gordon no slighter penalty than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time, for Jean was a stout woman, and in the struggle with her murderers she often got her head above the water, and, while she had voice left, she continued to exclaim at such intervals, "Charlie yet! Charlie yet!"

A Reminiscence of '32.

THE number of people who remember the agitation and excitement which preceded and followed the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832 must be a diminishing quantity—still fewer must survive who can say that they actually took a part, however small, in the stirring scenes following on that event.

My father, resident at that time a few miles from Greenlaw, was an ardent politician, and gratified me, then a youth at school, but scarcely less ardent than himself, by taking me to all the meetings and political events within reach. When Earl Grey, the hero of the hour, was making his popular progress through the country, I nearly suffered martyrdom in an immense gathering to hear him, in the Market Square at Kelso. We were, of course, greatly interested in the first election for our county of Berwickshire under the new Act, the contest taking place between Mr Baillie of Mellerstain, representing the Tory interest, and Mr Charles Marjoribanks of Lees, who represented the Whig party—the same in honour of whom a monument now stands in the town of Coldstream. The election was, of course, conducted in the old and often rowdy manner of a public nomination of candidates from an open outdoor erection called the Hustings, familiar enough to most of the present generation, since the handing in of nomination papers to the returning officer is only of very recent operation.

The manners of those on the Hustings, and the offensive words and worse things sent down on the seething masses below were not over refined, but nothing to be compared with the cries and howls from the noisy crowds. I remember that Mr Baillie seemed to have given some offence by selling or prosecuting parties for stealing the small wood forming the prunings in felling the timber on his estates. This formed a basis for indignant cries of "craws nests," indicating meanness in selling what in the popular estimate was only worth and should have formed a perquisite of the crows for the building of their nests.

When addressing the intelligent electors, and the noisy rabble who were not electors, Mr Baillie was rudely and persistently interrupted by the senseless cry of "craws nests," in which I fear, my youthful zeal led me to join.

The greatest excitement prevailed during the election day, and culminated on the day of the poll. When the successful Whig drove to Greenlaw for the great event, his enthusiastic admirers met him some miles out of the burgh, unyoked his carriage horses, and dragged his chariot in triumph to the Court House. I succeeded in lending my feeble aid, along with my father, in this triumphal progress. If my memory serves me aright after so long an interval, his majority was forty-nine. Of this, I remember, he made great store, and recommended the ladies to wear the figures on their bonnets, and was mightily cheered at the suggestion.

It was with some feelings of regret that I lately observed that good old Greenlaw, with its Court House and sadly-deserted Castle Hotel, has been deposed from its former prominence as the county capital in favour of its more flourishing neighbour Duns.

J. R., London.

When Lord Castlereagh cut his throat, old Watty Scott, of Jedburgh Town-head, said it was 'the best thing he ever did in his life.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *81 Oxford Drive, Glasgow.*

TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. WALKER & SON, *High Street, Galashiels.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1902.

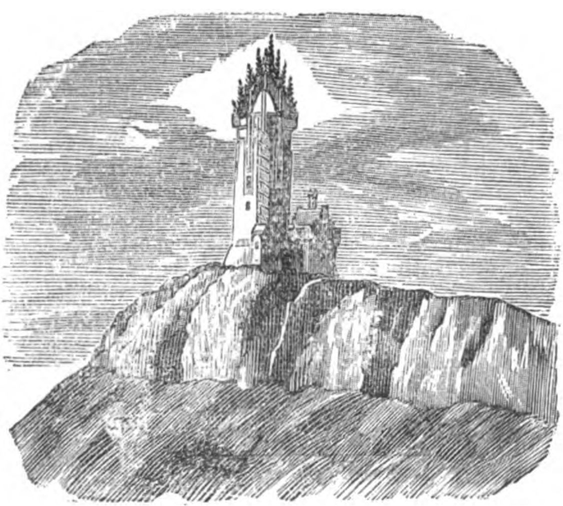
LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE still continue to receive most gratifying evidences of an increasing interest in the BORDER MAGAZINE, and we trust that our endeavours to attract new readers by means of the varied character of our articles will meet with the approval of those friends who have been regular subscribers for a length of time.

As it is manifestly impossible to include all the prominent Borderers in our character sketches, we will be pleased to receive one column articles on Border ministers, provosts, and others. If possible a portrait block, which can generally be obtained, should be sent with the manuscript, but failing that, a good sharp photo. The short article on Provost Kennedy of Moffat, in our last issue, explains exactly what me mean.

The Border Keep.



The Wallace Monument.

It does not require the monument on the Abbey Craig to preserve the memory of the "Hero of Scotland," but it is well that there should be such a shrine, wherein may be preserved any relics or memorials of our great freedom maker, whose fair fame can never be lessened by any modern besmirching. Whoever thinks that Scottish nationality and sentiment are declining has but to spend some time at any of our hero shrines to be undeceived. I have been much struck with the high order of many of the speeches delivered at the recent Burns anniversary celebrations. With the critical eye of an old dominie I have perused these orations, and I am compelled to admit that they show an amount of general education, of which we as a nation have reason to be proud. With two such names as Wallace and Burns at his command, no Scottish speaker should fail to carry his audience with him when he appeals to his countrymen on the subject of Scottish nationality.

The writer of golfing notes in the "Scotsman" says:—

When James I. of England, in April 1603, entered Berwick amid the thunder of artillery and the merry pealing of bells, it is reported that on being informed that the Armstrongs and other clans had committed grievous depredations on the Borders, he shouted in reply—"Borders, man! our kingdom hath nae borders but the sea; it is our will an' decree that ye ca' them na langer the Borders, but the Middle Counties." In spite of this Royal decree the Borders are still with us. Have we not a member for the Border Burghs and a Border Golfers' Association. Had King Jamie, himself a golfer, predicted that golf would be boundless, he would have come nearer to present-day experiences. He could hardly have forseen, however, that the Border raids of those times when the freebooters knew no law save—

"The good old law—the simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can,"

would be followed three hundred years later by a raid of golfers in search of plunder as far south of the Tweed as Goswick. There some time ago a good round hundred "gowfers" gathered to divide the spoils of the Border Association, Selkirk Souters, Hawick Teries, and some Braw, Braw Lads from Gala, mingling with the men of Berwick, Kelso, Jedburgh, Melrose, Innerleithen, St Boswells, and Peebles in a struggle for some twenty prizes.

* * *

As Lord Rosebery has been mentioned frequently of late in the press it may be interesting to note that upon his visit to Carlisle in 1899 in connection with the excursion of the Caledonian Locomotive Department, he was greatly interested in the reference which was made by the Mayor of Carlisle to his relative, Sir Archibald Primrose of Dunipace, who, as one of the rebels who had joined Prince Charlie in the '45, was executed along with others of the garrison whom the Prince left in Carlisle when he retreated to the north. He afterwards wrote to the Mayor asking whether the spot in St Cuthbert's Churchyard, Carlisle, where Sir Archibald is buried, could be identified. In a letter, dated October 7, the Mayor said that though he had called to his aid the local archæological experts they did not think it possible to identify Sir Archibald's grave. The old church of St Cuthbert's was pulled down and rebuilt between 1770 and 1778. The north-west angle of the present church, and the same angle of the old church, are believed (from foundations seen in a vault in 1880) to nearly coincide; but nothing is known as to the length of the old church or how many windows it had. In all probability Sir Archibald's grave is just inside the present church on the north-west side. The register says nothing about the burial of Sir Archibald and his comrades in arms, probably because no religious service was held.

I have long held the opinion that Burns, instead of being the drunkard we were led to believe, was, considering the times in which he lived, a very temperate man. This opinion is not without reason, as the following reference to a recent gathering proves:—

Mr A. B. Todd, Cumnock, proposed "The Immortal Memory" at the anniversary dinner of the Thornhill Burns Club, and in doing so said in some respects he stood in a unique position to Burns. His father (born in 1768), who, like Burns, was a farmer, and in the same parish of Mauchline, knew Burns intimately, and had some business transactions with him, and saw and met him frequently on market days at Kilmarnock, and never saw him intoxicated, and never heard him give utterance to an oath. This opinion of his old Cameronian father might, he thought, be considered a very complete refutation to the blustering and unguarded assertions of the late Rev. George Gilfillan, and of the more recent and elaborate depreciatory attacks of Mr Henley.

* * *

So many of my readers bear the name Elliot that I feel sure they will be interested in the following paragraph by J. R. R. in the "Weekly Scotsman":—

THE NAME ELLIOT.—Lower, referring to this name, says:—"A name of doubtful origin. A William Aliot came into England with the Conqueror, and the name seems to be connected with Alis and Ellis." But Hals, in D. Gilbert's "Cornwall," speaking of the Eliots, Lord St Germain's family, says—"These gentlemen I take to be of Scots origin, and so denominated from the local place of Eliot, near Dundee." Nisbet says:—"The surname of Elliot in the south is said to have come from a village called Elliot in the north, and with that name came to the South Border in the reign of King James I. of Scotland." Long says the name is from Elias or Eligah, and Lower admits this may be so. Stodart says:—"Elwald, a personal name, became a surname, and was gradually altered to Elwood, Ellot, or Allot, finally to Elliot or Eliat." The name, though very widely spread, certainly seems in most instances to have come from North Britain, where a great clan so-called existed. In proof of the commonness of this surname it may be mentioned that during the French Revolutionary War a regiment of volunteers was raised on the Border all of whom were Elliotts. They invariably marched to the tune of:—

"My name it's little Jock Elliott,
And wha daur meddle wi' me?"

The arms of numerous families of the name are given in the second volume of Stodart's "Scottish Arms," and the first volume of Nisbet's "Heraldry," especially the former, along with much general information and family history. In W. & A. K. Johnston's "Scottish Clans and their Tartans" will be found a pictorial illustration of the Elliot tartan, the prevailing colour of which is green, intersected with thin lines of red.

In the original of the above, the well-known line was quoted as "My name it's wee Tam Elliott," but that is neither here nor there.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Rabbie Heckspeckle's Gruesome Customer.

ONCE upon a time there lived in Selkirk a shoemaker, named Rabbie Heckspeckle, who was celebrated both for dexterity in his trade, and for some other qualifications of a less profitable nature. Rabbie was a thin, meagre-looking personage, with lank black hair, a cadaverous countenance, and a long, flexible, secret-smelling nose. In short, he was the Paul Pry of the town. Not an old wife in the parish could buy a new scarlet rakelay without Rabbie knowing within a groat of the cost, the doctor could not dine with the minister, but Rabbie could tell whether sheep's head or haggis formed the staple commodity of the repast; and it was even said that he was acquainted with the grunt of every sow, and the cackle of every individual hen, in his neighbourhood; but this wants confirmation. His wife, Bridget, endeavoured to confine his excursive fancy, and to chain him down to his awl, reminding him that it was all they had to depend on; but her interference met with exactly that attention which husbands usually bestow on the advice tendered by their better halves: that is to say, Rabbie informed her that she knew nothing of the matter; that her understanding required stretching; and, finally, that, if she presumed to meddle in his affairs, he would be under the disagreeable necessity of giving her a top-dressing.

To secure the necessary leisure for his researches, Rabbie was in the habit of rising to his work long before the dawn; and he was one morning busily engaged putting the finishing stitches to a pair of shoes for the exciseman, when the door of his dwelling, which he thought was carefully fastened, was suddenly opened, and a tall figure, enveloped in a large black cloak, and with a broad-brimmed hat drawn over his brows, stalked into the shop. Rabbie stared at his visitor, wondering what could have occasioned this early call, and wondering still more that a stranger should have arrived in the town without his knowledge.

"You're early afoot, sir," quoth Rabbie. "Luckie Wakerife's cock will no craw for a good half hour yet."

The stranger vouchsafed no reply; but taking up one of the shoes Rabbie had just finished, deliberately put it on, and took a turn through the room to ascertain that it did not pinch his extremities. During these operations, Rabbie kept a watchful eye on his customer.

"He smells awfully o' yird," muttered Rabbie to himself; "ane would be ready to swear he had just cam frae the plough-tail."

The stranger, who appeared to be satisfied with the effect of the experiment, motioned to Rabbie for the other shoe, and pulled out a purse for the purpose of paying for his purchase; but Rabbie's surprise may be conceived, when, on looking at the purse he perceived it to be spotted with a kind of earthy mould.

"Gudesake," thought Rabbie, "this queer man maun hae howkit that purse out o' the ground. I wonder where he got it. Some folk say there are dags o' siller buried near this town."

By this time the stranger had opened the purse, and as he did so, a toad and a beetle fell on the ground, and a large worm crawling out wound itself round his finger. Rabbie's eyes widened; but the stranger, with an air of nonchalance, tendered him a piece of gold, and made signs for the other shoe.

"It's a thing morally impossible," responded Rabbie to this mute proposal; "mair by token, that I hae as good as sworn to the exciseman to hae them ready by daylight, which will not be long coming" (the stranger here looked anxiously towards the window); "and better, I tell you, to affront the king himsel' than the exciseman."

The stranger gave a loud stamp with his shod foot, but Rabbie stuck to his point, offering, however, to have a pair ready for his new customer in twenty-four hours; and as the stranger, justly enough, perhaps, reasoned that half a pair of shoes was of as little use as half a pair of scissors, he found himself obliged to come to terms, and seating himself on Rabbie's three-legged stool, held out his leg to the souter, who, kneeling down, took the foot of his taciturn customer on his knee, and proceeded to measure it.

"Something o' the splay, I think, sir," said Rabbie, with a knowing air.

No answer.

"Where will I bring the shoon to when they are done?" asked Rabbie, anxious to find out the domicile of his visitor.

"I will call for them myself before cock crowing," responded the stranger in a very uncommon and indescribable tone of voice.

"Hout, sir," quoth Rabbie, "I canna let you hae the trouble o' coming for them yoursel'; it will just be a pleasure for me to call with them at your house."

"I have my doubts of that," replied the stranger, in the same peculiar manner; "and at all events, my house would not hold us both."

"It maun be a dooms sma' biggin," answered Rabbie; "but noo that I hae ta'en your honour's measure——."

"Take your own!" retorted the stranger, and giving Rabbie a touch with his foot, that laid him prostrate, walked out of the house.

This sudden overturn of himself and his plans for a few moments discomfited the souter; but quickly gathering up his legs, he rushed to the door, which he reached just as Lucky Wakerife's cock proclaimed the dawn. Rabbie flew down the street, but all was still; then ran up the street, which was terminated by the churchyard, but saw only the moveless tombs looking cold and chill under the grey light of a winter morn. Rabbie hitched his red nightcap off his brow, and scratched his head with an air of perplexity.

"Weel," he muttered, as he retraced his steps homewards, "he had warred me this time; but sorrow take me if I am no up wi him the morn."

All day Rabbie, to the inexpressible surprise of his wife, remained as constantly on his three-legged stool as if he had been "yirked" there by some brother of the craft. For the space of twenty-four hours, his long nose was never seen to throw its shadow across the threshold of the door; and so extraordinary did this event appear, that the neighbours, one by one, agreed that it predicted some prodigy; but whether it was to take the shape of a comet, which would deluge them all with its fiery tail, or whether they were to be swallowed up by an earthquake, could by no means be settled to the satisfaction of the parties concerned.

Meanwhile Rabbie diligently pursued his employment, unheeding of concerns of his neighbours. What mattered it to him that Jenny Thrifty's cow had calved, that the minister's servant, with something in her apron, had been seen to go in twice to Lucky Wakerife's; that the laird's dairymaid had been observed stealing up the Red Loan in the gloaming; that the drum had gone through the town announcing that a sheep was to be killed on Friday?—the stranger alone swam before his eyes; and cow, dairymaid, and drum kicked the beam. It was late in the night when Rabbie had accomplished his task, and then placing the shoes at his bedside, he lay down in his clothes and fell asleep; but the fear of not being sufficiently alert for his new customer, induced him to rise a considerable time before daybreak. He opened the door and looked into the street, but it was still so dark he could scarcely see a yard before his nose: he therefore returned into the house, muttering to himself—"What the sorrow can keep him?" when a voice at his elbow suddenly said—

SELKIRK FROM PHILIPHAUGH.

"Where are my shoes?"

"Here, sir," said Rabbie, quite transported with joy; "here they are, right and tight, and mickle joy may ye hae in wearing them: for it's better to wear shoon than sheets, as the auld saying gangs."

"Perhaps I may wear both," answered the stranger.

"Gude save us!" quoth Rabbie, "do ye sleep in your shoon?"

The stranger made no answer; but, laying a piece of gold on the table, and taking up the shoes, walked out of the house.

"Now's my time!" thought Rabbie to himself, as he slipped after him.

The stranger paced slowly on, and Rabbie carefully followed him: the stranger turned up the street, and the souter kept close to his heels. "'Odsake! where can he be gaun?" thought Rabbie, as he saw the stranger turn into the churchyard; "he's making to that grave in the corner; now he's standing still; now he's sitting down. Gudesake! what's come o' him?" Rabbie rubbed his eyes, looked round in all directions, but, lo, and behold! the stranger had vanished. "There's something no canny about this," thought the souter; "but I'll mark the place at anyrate;" and Rabbie, after thrusting his awl into the grave, hastily returned home.

The news soon spread from house to house, and by the time the red-faced sun stared down on the town, the whole inhabitants were in commotion; and after having held sundry consultations, it was resolved, nem. con., to proceed in a body to the churchyard, and open the grave which was suspected of being suspicious. The whole population of the Kirk Wynd turned out on this service. Souters, wives, children, all hurried pell-mell after Rabbie, who led his myrmidons straight to the grave at which this mysterious customer had disappeared, and where he found his awl still sticking in the place where he had left it. Immediately all hands went to work; the grave was opened, the lid was forced off the coffin, and a corpse was discovered dressed in the vestments of the tomb, but with a pair of perfectly new shoes upon its long bony feet. At this dreadful sight the multitude fled in every direction, Lucky Wakerife leading the van, leaving Rabbie and a few bold brothers of the craft to arrange matters as they pleased with the peripatetic skeleton. A council was held, and it was agreed that the coffin should be firmly nailed up and committed to the earth. Before doing so, however, Rabbie proposed denuding his customer of his shoes, remarking that he had no more need for them than a cart had for three wheels. No objections were made to this proposal, and Rabbie, therefore, quickly coming to the extremities, whipped them off in a trice. They then drove half a hundred tenpenny nails into the lid of the coffin, and having taken care to cover the grave with pretty thick divots, the party returned to their separate places of abode.

Certain qualms of conscience, however, now arose in Rabbie's mind as to the propriety of depriving the corpse of what had been honestly bought and paid for. He could not help allowing that if the ghost were troubled with cold feet—a circumstance by no means improbable—he might naturally wish to remedy the evil. But, at the same time, considering that the fact of his having made a pair of shoes for a defunct man would be an everlasting blot on the Heckspeckle escutcheon, and reflecting also that his customer, being dead in law, could not apply to any court for redress, our souter manfully resolved to abide by the consequence of his deed.

Next morning, according to custom, he rose long before day, and fell to his work, shouting the old song of the "Souters of Selkirk" at the very top of his voice. A short time, however, before the dawn, his wife, who was in bed in the back room, remarked that, in the very middle of his favourite verse, his voice fell into a quaver; then broke out into a yell of terror; then she heard a noise as of persons struggling; and then all was quiet as the grave. The good dame immediately huddled on her clothes, and ran into the shop, where she found the three-legged stool broken in pieces, the floor strewed with bristles, the door wide open, and Rabbie away! Bridget rushed to the door, and there she immediately discovered the marks of footsteps deeply printed on the ground. Anxiously tracing them on—and on—and on—what was her horror to find they terminated in the churchyard, at the grave of Rabbie's customer! The earth round the grave bore traces of having been the scene of some fearful struggle, and several locks of lank black hair were scattered on the grass. Half distracted, she rushed through the town to communicate the dreadful intelligence. A crowd collected, and a cry speedily arose to open the grave. Spades, pick-axes, and mattocks, were quickly put in requisition; the divots were removed, the lid of the coffin was once more torn off, and there lay its ghastly tenant, with his shoes replaced on his feet, and Rabbie's red night-cap clutched in his right hand!

The people in consternation fled from the churchyard; and nothing further has ever transpired to throw any additional light upon the melancholy fate of the Souter of Selkirk.

The landlord of the Gordon Arms, on the road from Selkirk to Moffat, had an English party staying at his house one very rainy season, when it seemed next to impossible to step out of doors without getting wet through. In answer to some grumbling from the strangers on this account, Boniface apologetically said:—'Weel, gentlemen, I confess I think perfect shame o' the way oor wather's behavin' enoo!'

"Evidence" Murray of Broughton.

SEVERAL Peeblesshire families of repute sympathised, either openly or secretly, with the attempt in the '45 to reinstate the Stuarts upon the Throne. Amongst these were the Murrays of Stanhope, the Hays of Drummelzier, the Burnetts of Barns, whilst the most prominent individuals were John Murray of Broughton, and the Earl of Traquair. These two were closely associated in the conspiracy for the purpose of raising the discontented in England against the reigning house, and securing the active intervention of France and Spain. Murray, who was energetic, and enthusiastic, often chafed at the cautious proceedings of the Earl, and not unfrequently expressed his contempt for his apparent coolness and inactivity. When he turned King's Evidence he revealed the part which Traquair took in connection with the ill-fated enterprise.

John Murray, who was connected with the Murrays of Philiphaugh, and nearly related to the Murrays of Stanhope, was born in 1715. He was sent first to the University of Edinburgh, and next to Leyden. Thence he took a trip to Rome, where he soon got into touch with the "Court of the Exiles." With strong Jacobite leanings, he threw himself heart and soul into the cause of the Pretender. About 1738, when he was twenty-three years of age he returned from the Continent with Captain Hay, who was entrusted with important despatches to the heads of the party in Scotland. They sailed from Rotterdam to Sunderland, went north, paid a visit to Hay of Drummelzier, and took up their quarters in Edinburgh. Not long after this Murray married the daughter of Colonel Robt. Fergusen, a Dumfriesshire proprietor. This young lady was exceedingly beautiful, and when James VIII. was proclaimed King in Edinburgh she took a very prominent part in the ceremonial, and elicited admiration by her personal charms and great enthusiasm.

Murray was recognised as a man of good education, ability, and zeal, by the leading Jacobites in Scotland, and he was appointed agent for "the King," an office for which he refused to accept any remuneration. Then began in earnest his correspondence with Highland chieftains and foreign ministers, his negotiations with the Earl of Traquair, and the Scotsmen who were with Prince Charles in France. Lord Traquair, in 1741, acquainted him with the formation of an association for advancing the interests of the Pretender, and he knew who pulled the wires, and how they were pulled. An apparently well-founded report was secretly circulated amongst the adherents in Scotland that arrangements had been concluded for an invasion of England by France in the autumn of 1742, but time passed and hopes were blasted. It turned out that "Bohaldy" had been deluded, or had deluded his friends in this country. ("Bohaldy" was, along with Lord Sempill, a confident of the Prince, and resided with him abroad.) Scotland, however, was quickly divided amongst trusty supporters, who were to take charge of certain districts, in which they were to raise men and collect money. To Lord Traquair was naturally assigned Peeblesshire with the neighbouring counties; but Murray declares "that he knew well his Lordship never endeavoured to raise a man. "I defy him," he says, "to shew that he ever took much trouble about it."

While in Edinburgh in 1744 Murray was informed that he was a suspected person, and ought to leave the city. So, in a day or two, he made an excuse, which he was aware would be bruited in public, that he was to be absent in Peeblesshire at his brother-in-law's funeral. Meantime, as he was preparing to start he received a letter from the Countess of Traquair, enclosing another in cypher from her son conveying the gratifying information that the French troops were ready to embark for England. Lord Traquair and Murray met at the funeral, and both agreed to go to Drummond Castle, to be out of the way of arrestment. A short time after their return to Peeblesshire they heard at Traquair House that the projected invasion, like the former, was a mere canard, and Murray severely blamed his Lordship for being "led by the nose" by persons like Sempill and Bohaldy. He afterwards affirmed that if the thing was to do over again he would not be easily persuaded to have any connection with men of the Traquair and Bohaldy stamp. Moreover, Murray censures Lord Traquair for the outbreak of the rebellion in the following year, and the landing of Prince Charles; because to him had been consigned a communication for the Prince, in which it was clearly made evident that, with the exception of the Duke of Perth, all the chiefs were opposed to the undertaking at that time—which communication never reached the proper quarter.

As matters were beginning to be hot for Murray in Edinburgh, he sent, by an express, a letter to Mr Scot of "Houndhillshope" (Hundleshope), near Peebles—along with the key of his private closet in Broughton House—desiring him to carry away and hide a strong box which he would find in the apartment. The box contained dangerous papers, and must be removed to a place of safety. Mr Scot did as requested. But being Sheriff-Depute of Peebles he, no doubt, felt a little uncomfortable at being appointed custodier of treasonable documents. Therefore he wrote to Murray that "the cask of rum" must forthwith be called for, as he would not retain it longer than the 10th June, and would then "stave it in." Murray—aware that the cypher by which he corresponded with "the King" and Prince, as also journals, letters, &c., were in it—became much alarmed. However, to his great relief, he discovered that Scot had buried it in his garden and planted cabbages above its resting place! Whether he subsequently recovered it we are not aware. But perhaps it was one of the two which he sent from Broughton House to Kinloch Moidart, where he met Prince Charles.

On the 23 July (old style), 1745, Prince Charles Edward Stuart landed on Eriska Island on the west of Scotland, and took up his temporary abode with Angus Macdonald. The chief of that clan, Locheil's brother, and several others, who arrived to greet the Prince, joined in entreating him to return to France as they were firmly persuaded that the enterprise would not succeed without the help of a French army. But the Prince stood firm. He would try his fate even with a hundred men. He dispatched "Kinloch Moidart" to the south to inform the Duke of Perth and Murray of his arrival. Murray was at Broughton House when the messenger reached him with the tidings. He started off at once (it was a Saturday morning). He left orders for "two boxes," which contained printed manifestoes and proclamations to follow him. He reached Leny near Callander on Sunday or early on Monday. "Kinloch Moidart" was waiting for him, under Mr Buchanan's roof. His busy mind had conceived a plan for deceiving General Cope and the Lord Advocate (Craigie), who were both in Edinburgh. Accordingly, he engaged James McGregor, son of Rob Roy, to carry false intelligence to the capital and put the authorities on the wrong scent. Murray and "Kinloch Moidart" met the Prince near Loch Shiel, and Murray gave him information and advice. On the 19th of August (o.s.), the Standard was unfurled in Glenfinnan, and Charles made a brief and touching speech to his assembled friends. Two or three days afterwards Murray was chosen secretary to the Prince, whom he henceforth accompanied till the fatal battle of Culloden was fought—at which, however, being ill at Elgin, he was not present.

All are acquainted with the occupation of Edinburgh. Murray, who knew the city well, accompanied, perhaps guided, Lochiel and his 900 followers from Colinton to the Netherbow—on that September morning when Edinburgh capitulated to the Prince. But it was in the councils held at Holyrood that division began, and the estrangement was made between Lord George Murray and John Murray which was never healed. Charles Edward leaned more to the advice of the latter than of the former, and this preference was a bitter pill for Lord George.

It was during the residence of the prince at Holyrood that the visit to Traquair House occurred. The Earl, notwithstanding his previous promises, had not moved a finger in the cause. Charles resolved to try what he could do by personal appeal. We do not know the particulars of his journey or of the interview. Perhaps Murray accompanied him. There must have been several attendants, riding near enough to their Prince to render assistance if he was recognised. But no tradition of the route taken now lingers. We cannot tell whether—of course the old Edinburgh road was followed—they rode through Peebles and across Tweed Bridge. The clatter of the horses' hoofs would awaken excitement among the inhabitants, who, doubtless, aware that the rebels were not far away, might imagine that the horsemen were the vanguard of the army. At any rate, unrecognised the Prince reached Traquair House. Refreshments would be forthcoming, and the conversation would be deeply interesting to both parties. At length the Earl and Prince appeared at the door, walked side by side, in close consultation, up the broad green avenue, and reached the old gates—the pillars of which were not then surmounted by the famous bears. Would that photography had been in existence, and a snap-shot taken of the close of that historic interview when the Earl, with uncovered head, bade farewell to his illustrious visitor, who mounted his horse to ride back disappointed and sad to his followers in Edinburgh! The Earl solemnly assured the Prince as he parted from him that these great gates would be closed never to be opened till he entered them as King! Poor solace! The gates remain closed; the avenue is still untrodden!

Murray, as has been said, was ill and confined to bed in the town of Elgin when Culloden was fought. On that day he was carried in a litter to Glenmoriston, where he received the news of the crushing defeat of the Prince. After wandering about often alone, disheartened and miserable—sometimes trying, but in vain, to arouse and reunite the western clans, he reached Kilbucho disguised as a drover, and determined to rest with his relatives the Dicksons. The profuse and rather ill-timed hospitality of his aged aunt gave rise to the rumour that he was a rebel seeking shelter. His own house was occupied by Dragoons, and he bethought himself of his sister's house at Polmood, where he went to bed at two in the morning, and at five was arrested by the Royalist soldiers. His subsequent career, his imprisonment in London, his evidence as to Lovat's and Traquair's share in the Rebellion, and his pardon by the Government are all well known. They are duly chronicled in his Memoirs published by the Scottish History Society, and are well worthy of perusal. His wife went to Holland and died there. He married again, a young lady of "great personal charms," a Miss Webb. By his first wife he had three sons, and by his second, six children—the oldest of whom was Charles, the actor, whose son was Mr W. H. Murray of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. Of course, by his revelations he earned the hatred of the Jacobites, and also the contempt of the opposite party, who scorned the man that had turned traitor to his friends. Long after his trial, while living in London, he received a visit from a mysterious stranger. His son Charles was in the room when a tall, dignified, rather "red faced" gentleman entered. When he left Murray said, "My son you have seen your King!" What took place at that interview no one knows. It was one of the extraordinary visits paid by the Prince to this country. Broughton estate was sold to Mr Dickson of Edrom, M.P. for the Burghs, in 1764. It was probably in connection with the sale that Murray came to Edinburgh, and had occasion to see Mr Walter Scott, W.S., father of Sir Walter. He had tea in the house, and when he left Mr Scott seized and threw out of the window the cup which had been defiled by Murray's lips. It is said that young Walter gathered up the fragments and preserved them. Little is known of Murray's later years. In the introduction to the "Memoirs," from which we have gleaned much of the foregoing information, an unauthenticated statement is given that he became insane and died in a private asylum.

In the "Glimpses of Peebles," a facsimile of Murray's writing and signature is given. It is a receipt to Mr James Paterson, "Tenant in Cloverhill," for "a two hundred and thirteen pound six shill and eight pennies Scotts, as a year's rent." The date is 9 December, 1741. There is also the narrative of a visit paid to Broughton House by Prince Charles when Murray asked the same Mr Paterson to meet him. "The Prince filled up a glass of whisky and asked him to drink success. He lifted the glass and drank to 'all good intentions.' Murray said, "Ye're an obstinate man."

A. W.

Braid Scots and its Power in Vowels.

TWO gentlemen from Yorkshire, engaged in the wool trade, called at the house of a respectable farmer on the Berwickshire side of the Tweed; and having rapped at the door, it was promptly answered by a blooming lass of two-and-twenty, who turned out to be the farmer's daughter. In reply to the interrogatory, "Is Mr —— within?" the lass informed the gentlemen that her father and mother had gone to Duns. "Then, hinny," said the Yorkshireman, "can you tell us if your father has disposed of his wull yet?" "I'm sure, sir, I dinna ken what he's dune wi'd," said the lass. "Then do you think he has not sold, hinny?" "O', I dinna think he wad sell'd, sir; he only had it made wi' Mr M , the lawyer of Coldstream, twa years syne." "What do you say, my lass?" retorted the Yorkshireman. "I ken he's made his wull, sir; and I think it's lockit in the drawers." "Oh, my lass, it's not his will, it's the stuff that grows on the sheep." "Aye, aye! that's the oo, sir." So much for Yorkshire wull and Scotch oo. There is a common Scotch story of a conversation carried on over the counter in vowels. A matron is "shopping," and, looking up from the fabric under inspection, puts the question, "Oo?" "Ai, oo," is the reply. "A' oo?" is the next interrogatory. "Ai, a' oo," responds the draper. But the customer has still another question to ask—"A' ae oo?"—for she must not only know that the article is "wool," and "all wool," but that it is "all one sort of wool." And the draper satisfies her with the answer—"Oo ai, a' ae oo."

Galashiels as it Was.—At a public meeting in Galashiels in 1846, Mr James Sterling, architect, stated that he had seen almost the whole town built. He came to it in 1802, at which period there were only thirteen slated houses in it, and but eight manufacturers. Now there were seven paid ministers in the town, and there had been as many houses built since Martinmas last as would have accommodated the whole population then. There were then very few mills: the Waulk mill was standing uncovered, working away in the open field; and he believed there were but four sets of machines. He himself took down the original Gala Shiel, from which the town derived its name. It was the house which old William Bauld lived in—a storey and a half house, near the parish school.

Scott and the Scottish Regalia.

By the Editor.

PROBABLY the portion of Edinburgh Castle which is most attractive to visitors is the Crown Room, in which are preserved the jewelled insignia of Scottish Royalty. The world has always taken a peculiar interest in the emblems of power, and many battles have been fought in their defence. Even among uncivilised nations this is the case, for we have seen in recent times a West African kingdom shaken to its centre about the apparently small matter of a gilded stool, and we have witnessed triumphant warriors returning to our shores with an umbrella, the symbolic importance of which was far in excess of its intrinsic worth.

The Scottish Regalia consists of the crown, the sceptre, the sword of state, and my Lord Treasurer's rod, and the story of these precious relics is a most interesting one.

At the time of the union of the English and Scottish Parliaments in 1707, the Regalia being of no further use was locked away in a huge oaken chest. Some time after the disappearance of the Regalia gave rise to a public panic, which, however, died down without any steps being taken for the recovery of these national treasures, although the Crown-Room was entered in 1794 without their discovery being made. The mystery remained until 1817, when the public feeling was again aroused on the subject, the result being that George IV. issued a warrant empowering the officers of state to open the room and make a search. Among the Commissioners who were appointed to perform this duty we find the name of Walter Scott, who, in his "Provincial Antiquities," thus describes the proceedings:—

EDINBURGH CASTLE.

"It was with feelings of no common anxiety that the Commissioners, having read their warrant, proceeded to the Crown-Room, and having found all there in the state in which it had been left in 1794, commanded the King's smith, who was in attendance, to force open the great chest, the keys of which had been sought for in vain. The general persuasion that the Regalia had been secretly removed, weighed heavy on the mind of all while the labour proceeded. The chest seemed to return a hollow and empty sound to the strokes of the hammer; and even those whose expectations had been most sanguine, felt at the moment the probability of disappointment, and could not but be sensible, that should the result of the research confirm these forebodings, it would only serve to show that a national affront and injury had been sustained, from which it might be difficult, or rather impossible, to obtain any redress. The joy was, therefore, extreme when the ponderous lid of the chest being forced open, at the expense of some time and labour, the Regalia were discovered lying at the bottom covered with linen cloths exactly as they had been left in the year 1707. . . . The reliques were passed from hand to hand and greeted with the affectionate reverence which emblems so venerable restored to public view after the slumber of more than a hundred years were so peculiarly calculated to excite. The discovery was instantly communicated to the public by the display of the Royal Standard from the Castle, and was greeted by the shouts of the soldiers in garrison, and of a multitude of persons assembled on the Castle-hill; indeed, the rejoicing was so general and sincere, as plainly to show that, however altered in other respects, the people of Scotland had lost nothing of that national enthusiasm which formerly had displayed itself in grief for the loss of these emblematic honours, and now was expressed in joy for their recovery."

It will be seen from the foregoing that we of the present day who advocate the preservation of the Scottish national life, and are sometimes laughed at for our pains, have had a good example set before us.

ANCIENT ROXBURGH.—The origin of the name of Roxburgh has been a good deal debated; but surely the vernacular pronunciation of the name Rossbrugh, or Rosebrouch, clearly indicates it, the terms signifying the strength or castle on the ross or promontory, which exactly coincides with the situation of the Castle, which is on the projecting elevation on the point of land where the Tweed and Teviot meet.

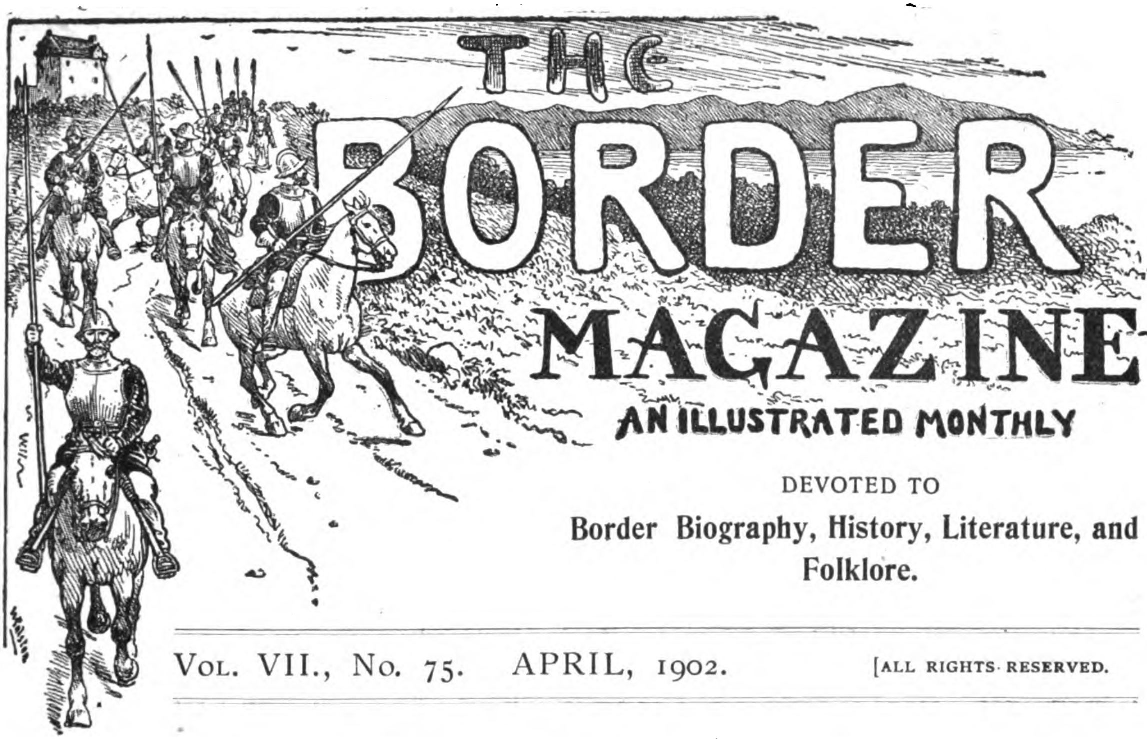
Berwickshire Ornithology.

THE ornithology of Berwickshire and East Lothian is remarkably rich. On all the high grounds of the district, the golden plover (Charadrius pluvialis), and curlew or whaup (Scolopax arquata), and the heath-cock, black-cock, black-grouse, or moss-bummer (Tetrao tetrix), abound and breed. In winter, the two former leave for the sea-coast, which is plentiful in sea-fowl at all seasons. Almost every British species either breed or may be seen occasionally about St Abb's Head and the famous Bass Rock in especial. The principal are the Guillemot or Scout (Colymbus), the razor-bill auk (Alca torda), the puffin or Tammy Norry (Procellarius puffinus), the kittiewake (Larus tridactylus), the herring gull (Larus melanotus), the sea crow or cormorant (Corvus marinus), of which there are two species, the greater and the green, the kestril (Falco timunculus), the jack-daw (Corvus monedula), the martin or white-rumped swallow (Hirundo riparia), the shore piper or sandpiper (Tringa hypoleucus), the domestic pigeon in a wild state (Columba livia), and in the winter season various kinds of ducks (Anas boscas, crecca, &c.) The rare red-legged crow or chough (Corvus erythropous), which once frequented St Abb's Head, is now extinct. On Earnsheugh, one of the neighbouring peaks, where the sea-eagle or osprey, called in Scotland the ern, formerly built its next, the common gull (Larus communis) and the peregrine falcon or sporting hawk (Falco peregrinus) breed. The ern (Falco ossifragus, or perhaps Vultur albiulla, the Pygargus linnularius of Turner), was once found in the upper part of the vale of Leader; hence Earnscleuch. Some have concluded from the name Cranshaws, meaning the crane's wood, that the crane (Grus cinerea) once waded among the dreary marshes in that upland parish, in the heart of the Lammermoors. If so, it has long since become extinct. The raven (Corvus corax) is also, as far as we know, no longer found among the hills and glens in the south-east of Scotland, except only near the summit of the lofty cliffs in Henhole, the wildest of the rugged ravines or cleuchs on the north side of the great Cheviot. The redstart Sylvia phœnicurus) is a rare bird in the district, but it frequents some of the sheltered woodlands at the end of spring. The cuckoo (Cuculus canorus) is often heard in the higher and wilder portions of both counties, especially where young fir plantations exist. The redwing (Turdus iliacus) and the snipe, heather-beater, or heather-blutter (Scolopax gallinago), visit us in October, on their way southwards. Such of them as stay till the end of the year find their food, in hard frosty weather, at the green well-heads, bobbin' quaws, or fresh springs, where the wild ducks likewise congregate. Flocks of migratory birds, leaving the Arctic regions at the approach of winter, may often be heard without being seen, as they fly over our heads, a great way up in the air, principally at night; and many a belated traveller, or wooer returning home, whose nerves happened not to be very strong, has been terrified by the sounds they made, fancying they were supernatural. The screech-owl, however (Strix stridula), has more often been to blame for causing these panic terrors. A dreadful creature of this species, whose haunt was on the west side of Mellerstain Hill, near a place called the Yallow Door, was long known, and perhaps is still, by the name of Roarie. The dipper, water-pyet, or water-craw (Sturnus cinclus) stays with us throughout the winter, during which season its food consists almost entirely of water insects and larvæ, picked off the stones at the bottom of burns and rivers. That curious bird the dotterel (Charadrius morinellus) is a summer visitant. It may be seen in flocks in the month of May, for about a fortnight, in the upper part of both counties, on the skirts of the Lammermoor Hills, from Innerwick, Oldhamstocks, and Abbey St Bathan's, to Earlston, Lauder, Channelkirk, and Fala. It loves to settle and feed on the new ploughed moors. It is easily shot, and is excellent eating. It has its popular name from its uncommon sluggishness and supposed stupidity, a vulgar notion being that it will sit still to be knocked down with a stick. We have never met with anybody, however, who had performed or witnessed this feat; and it is probably of a piece with that item of folklore which is meant to delude boys into the fallacious hope that they may go out and catch sparrows, shilfas, and gooldies by laying salt on their tails. The fieldfare, or, as it is commonly called, feltiflyer (Turdus pilaris), comes to us in great flocks in winter time. It has its names, both Scotch and English, from its flying over and alighting on the bare stubble fields or upland pastures. The lapwing, peewit, or pease-weep (Vanellus cristatus, Tringa vanellus), is common on all the moors. The hoopœ (Upapa epopos) has occasionally been shot; likewise the little grebe or dobchick (Colymbus auritus), flying to us from the south. The sea eagle (Haliætus albicilla) was shot at Tyninghame about ten years ago by the Earl of Haddington, then Lord Binning, who also had the good luck to bring down a honey buzzard (Pernus apivorus.) The smew (Mergus albellus) and the Egyptian goose (Anser Egyptiacus) have likewise both been shot at Tyninghame, and are now in the Earl's collection. So are the shield duck or shoveller (Anas clypeata), and the gadwall or gadwell (Anas strepera), noted for the loudness of its voice. This bird has long and pointed wings, and a vigorous and rapid flight. It appears to dislike exposure, and hides itself, if the locality permits, in thick reeds and acquatic herbage. It is rarely found in the British Isles, being only known as a bird of passage. The eastern parts of Europe seem to be its favourite habitat; but Russian naturalists have observed it in Caucasia, and it has been found in North Western India. Tyninghame, where it was shot by Lord Binning, lies quite out of its usual route, and it would be vain to try to guess what wind brought it there. The shoveller, which has its name from its remarkably long and terminally broad bill, is not quite so rare, yet still uncommon. Lord Binning once kept a live specimen of Pallas's sand grouse (Syrihaptes paradoxus) in confinement about eighteen weeks. It is common in some parts of the Continent, but more rare in Britain. The sea-gull occasionally flies a good way inland, and takes up its abode in very unlikely places. Thus, some years ago, the person in charge of the poultry at the farm of Dryhope, in Selkirkshire, was not a little surprised to find a sea-gull in the farmyard, apparently on the best of terms with the domestic water-fowls. At feeding time the stranger was in the middle of the flock, as if it had been bred on the farm; but on the henwife attempting to catch it, it took to flight, only, however, to make a few gyrations overhead, and then to alight again in the farmyard. Ultimately it followed the others into the poultry-house, when it was caught and had its wing-feathers cut; and ever afterwards, as long as it lived, it was daily to be seen in the farmyard, where it became quite a favourite, as tame as any of its chosen companions, and looking as if it highly appreciated the hospitality extended to it. A similar case was reported from the farm of Rachelfield, near Smailholm, some forty or fifty years since.

PEEBLES CORN EXCHANGE.—This building, the foundation-stone of which was laid on the 19th September, 1859, by His Grace the Duke of Athole, was formally opened on October 30th, 1860, by a public dinner, when about one hundred of the landed proprietors, and tenantry in the county, and a number of gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood were present.

Printed and Published by A. Walker & Son, Galashiels.

THE LATE WILLIAM MOFFAT, ELOCUTIONIST.



DEVOTED TO
Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

VOL. VII., No. 75. APRIL, 1902.

The Late William Moffat, Elocutionist.

BY THOMAS DOBSON.

WERE any apology necessary for the publication of this biographical sketch of the late William Moffat, it may be sufficient to say that for nearly twenty years he was well known all over Scotland as a public reader, and his modesty of demeanour on the public platform was admired and noted by his audiences, while his personal friends held him in the highest respect.

Mr Moffat was generally admitted to be the best reader of Scots and delineator of Scottish character of his time, and never failed to maintain the interest of his audiences, who sat spellbound for hours, while he thrilled them with pathos or convulsed them with laughter. He was an adept at condensing scenes and sketches from such authors as Scott, Galt, Norman Macleod, George Macdonald, Charles Dickens, &c., and we feel sure that many Borderers in various parts of the world will recall with pleasure the new light that was thrown upon the Waverley Novels when they first heard them read by Mr Moffat.

As a teacher of elocution, Mr Moffat was eminently successful, and it is the proud boast of any reciter of the present day to be able to say:—"I was a pupil of Moffat," for he was beloved by the pupils of his private and collegiate classes.

No mere man has ever lived a perfect life, but I believe that William Moffat came as near it as is possible to those who have to mingle among and work with their fellows in everyday life. He was a good husband, father, and friend, modest, patient, forbearing, and large hearted, while his elevating effect on our public platforms cannot be over-estimated.

William Moffat was born at Harelaw, Haddingtonshire, on the 26th April, 1831. His father, Thomas Moffat, was one of the factors or managers of the estate of the Earl of Wemyss, and may possibly have been a relative of the great missionary, Robert Moffat, who was a native of Ormiston, which is only a few miles from Harelaw. His mother belonged to the family of Hume, of Edinburgh, and was a sister of the original Hume, of Brodie & Hume, plumbers, etc., of Register Street, Edinburgh.

Thomas Moffat died when his son William was about four years of age, and a few years later, in 1837 or 1838, Mrs Moffat with her family of one son and one daughter, and her sister, Miss Janet Hume, migrated to Innerleithen, where her brother had two houses, in one of which they took up their abode.

Shortly after coming to Innerleithen, William Moffat was sent to the Parish School, and was placed in the same class as the present writer, our lesson book being what was known at the time as "The Spelling Book." He had round, chubby cheeks, large bright eyes, and wore a hat shaped something like those worn by students at many of the large public schools of to-day, only it was more elaborate. As he was seated next to me, I mustered up courage to ask him where he came from, but his answer rather astonished me, and I have never forgot it. With a smartness which a "new scholar" rarely exhibits, he immediately replied—"Doon the lum." The boy on the other side of him laughed loud and long, which added to my discomfiture, but any feeling of resentment was soon got over, and the "new scholar" and I became great friends, and continued so to the end of his life.

For four or five years we were almost inseparable companions, and passed through the various classes together. Although taking few prizes, he was one of the best all-round scholars

MISS KATE MOFFAT.

of the school, and his kindly disposition pleased master and pupils alike. Although a good scholar, he exhibited no special aptitude for reading or reciting, but it was after school hours that the histrionic talent began to shew itself. He did not seem to care much for the ordinary schoolboy games of those days, such as "hole and taw," football, "Scots and English," "crinkey," etc., but he seemed to find delight in bows and arrows, wooden swords, etc., which he used in the enacting of "Norval and Glenalvon," "Lochiel's Warning," and similar pieces. We were great in imagining all sorts of battles, skirmishes, and retreats, and were well posted up in the story of Wallace and Bruce, these two great national heroes being our beau ideals of everything brave, noble, and good.

On leaving school William Moffat went to Edinburgh, and was apprenticed as plumber and gasfitter to his uncle Hume, already mentioned. During his apprenticeship he applied himself to his business, and mastered its various details; but in his leisure hours he took a great interest in public recitals, occasionally attending the Theatre Royal, which then stood on the site of the present General Post Office, to hear the prominent actors. Among other famous men of their day, he heard Mackay as "Bailie Nicol Jarvie," and Powrie as "Rob Roy," and I remember accompanying Mr Moffat during one of my visits to the capital to hear the famous Macready as "Shylock." Some of the imitations which he was able to give of these actors at that time gave strong evidence of his natural ability in that direction.

During the winter months Mr Moffat attended the classes of the late Mr Melville Bell, then in the hey-day of his popularity as a teacher of elocution. As time went on he "tried his hand" at reciting in private, and astonished his friends by the proficiency he shewed in delineating character by good reading, as well as by facial expression and appropriate gestures.

On completing his apprenticeship he remained as journeyman with the firm for some time, and then removed to Innerleithen, where he began business on his own account. At that time Walkerburn was beginning to rise into importance, and the work he secured there, combined with that in Innerleithen, soon made his business connection of considerable importance. Business, however, did not absorb all his attention, for he gave ready assistance to any movement which had for its object the moral and intellectual elevation of the people. At the annual soirees of the local Total Abstinence and Horticultural Societies, Mr Moffat was invariably asked to give a few of his shorter recitals, which, to a large extent, made these annual gatherings distinct successes. At the Saturday Evening Entertainments, carried on for several years by the first mentioned Society, he did yeoman service, both as a reader and a lanternist, the magic lantern being a greater rarity than it is now.

Mr Moffat's only sister Kate had meanwhile fallen into bad health, and after a somewhat lingering illness passed away some time in the fifties, before she was out of her teens. Like her brother, she was quiet and modest in demeanour, and of kindly disposition. He was deeply affected by her early death, and soon after he wrote a pathetic poem on the subject, for, although it was not generally known, he had a decided talent for writing poetry.

Mr Moffat continued in business in Innerleithen till the beginning of the sixties decade, when, at the instance of the late Dr Graham, of Edinburgh, who had heard him reciting at the above-mentioned soirees, he began seriously to consider the advisability of taking up public reading and teaching elocution as a profession. Dr Graham, himself an accomplished reader and reciter, expressed himself in high terms as to Mr Moffat's abilities, and advised him to begin in Glasgow, where he thought there was a fine field for him.

After taking counsel with his mother and friends, Mr Moffat decided to follow Dr Graham's advice, from whom, as a preliminary step, he took a course of lessons. In the meantime he took unto himself a wife—the writer's eldest sister—and began housekeeping at Velvet Hall, one mile and a half from Innerleithen. Having completed his course of lessons with Dr Graham, he went to London and became a pupil of Mr J. Smart, at that time a famous teacher of elocution in the British Metropolis. He also studied under Mr John Ryder, an actor of celebrity, who gave lessons more particularly to aspirants to the stage. Chancing to be in London when Mr Moffat was there, I, of course, was in his company for a few evenings. One of them, I remember, we spent very pleasantly in St James Hall, where Charles Dickens was giving one of his famous recitals from his own works. The principal reading was from "David Copperfield," and I shall never forget the pathos which the great author put into his rendering of the incidents connected with "Little Emily's" disappearance. The whole reading was given in such a quiet and undemonstrative, yet most effective way, that it was impossible not to be deeply affected by it. Mr Moffat enjoyed it immensely, and was greatly taken by the facial expression of Mr Dickens, which was inimitable.

Not long after his return from London, Mr Moffat and his wife removed to Glasgow, and took up their residence in Sauchiehall Street. It is interesting to note that the same house was afterwards occupied by Mr Vallance, a noted elocutionist and reader. In this modest flat Mr Moffat spent the earlier years of his married life, and most of his seven children were born there. In spite of the anxieties connected with establishing a professional connection which extended over the most of Scotland, especially the Borderland, these years were full of happiness. He possessed the qualities of the typical Scotsman in quietly but determinedly pushing his way, and his efforts were soon crowned with success. In a few years Mr Moffat had made many friends in almost every important town in Scotland, as well as in the country districts. His reading engagements soon became both numerous and regular, and in some towns he was chosen both for the opening and closing evenings of the course. It was a rare case where he was not asked to return the following winter. The Glasgow Y.M.C.A. soon recognised his sterling merits as a reader, and he was for many years on their winter syllabus.

One of the main secrets of Mr Moffat's continued success as a public reader lay in the fact that he spared no pains in preparing readings during the summer months for use in the coming winter. Scott was naturally his favourite author, but, as has already been shewn, he drew largely from other writers, and threw a fresh light upon their works. On one occasion, at Port-Glasgow, when giving readings from Dr Macleod's "Starling," his fine rendering was made more striking by the entrance of a starling, which flew round and round the hall. Mr

MR GRAHAM MOFFAT.

Moffat occasionally resided with the Rev. Dr Ogilvie, the uncle of Mr J. M. Barrie, who was then a youth. The latter, now a famous author, had the pleasure of hearing Mr Moffat read selections from "The Bride of Lammermoor," and, as he expressed it recently to one of Mr Moffat's sons, he considered it one of the finest things he had ever heard from the platform.

It may be here mentioned that during his career as a public reader, Mr Moffat gave many readings gratis, or for a nominal fee, to charitable and other institutions, and also in connection with the different Church institutions in and around Glasgow.

In addition to his public readings, Mr Moffat worked assiduously as a teacher of elocution, his first class, if I remember aright, being in the old Andersonian University. This University connection caused many people to add Professor to his name, but he never so styled himself.

Not long after, he secured the appointment of teacher of elocution to the Mechanical Institute of Glasgow, a position he held for many years. In course of time, at the suggestion of friends, he started classes or taught in public or private academies in Greenock, Paisley, Motherwell, and Kilmarnock, while in Glasgow his similar engagements were very numerous. For some five summers Mr Moffat conducted a highly successful class in Jedburgh, which old Border town was a favourite resort for himself and Mrs Moffat, and there they made hosts of friends. For many years he taught private classes in his own residence in Glasgow, and many gentlemen, who are now prominent citizens, speak to this day of Mr Moffat as their kindly and genial friend. One of his best pupils was Mr Thomas Harrower, whose name in now well known as a public reader of great merit.

Mr Moffat had not completed his fiftieth year, when he began to have forebodings of the approach of the grim enemy of mankind. While on a visit to his mother in Edinburgh, a few months before the end came, he expressed these forebodings to her. He said he should have liked for the sake of his young family to live some years longer, but if it was the Almighty's will that he should be taken away soon, he was ready to go. He had felt weakness in the region of his heart, but hoped it would pass away. This hope, however, had before long to be given up. Early in December, 1880, while fulfilling a reading engagement at Ardrossan, he felt that he was getting worse, and on arriving home the next morning he rapidly sank and passed peacefully away on the evening of the 12th December.

The news of his sudden demise caused a great shock to his many friends in the different towns where he was so well-known and so highly appreciated. As one of his friends expressed it, "the words 'Moffat's deid!' passed from mouth to mouth like an electric shock." He was indeed one of those men whom to know was to like and even love. As the saying is, "his word was as good as his bond," and though it is twenty-one years since he passed into the unseen, many are still alive who cherish the memory of the man and his friendship as a precious possession.

His remains were laid beside those of his father in Aberlady Churchyard, in the presence of many friends and admirers, amongst whom was the late Principal Cairns, of the U.P. College, Edinburgh, who had learned to know and appreciate Mr Moffat while he was teaching elocution to the students of that College.

Mrs Moffat and her eldest daughter now reside in Dundee, while the other five surviving members of the family, having inherited their father's abilities, have devoted themselves to histrionic pursuits. Mr Dickson Moffat, with his talented wife, is well-known all over Scotland, while Mr Graham Moffat and Miss Kate Moffat have a similarly wide reputation as public entertainers. They do not confine themselves to Scotland, but frequently cross the Border and delight large audiences. The latter two, whose portraits we reproduce, have this season fulfilled several important engagements in London. Mr Sanderson Moffat and Mr Watson Moffat have selected the stage as their profession, and have gained a good standing in theatrical circles.

The Memory of Burns.

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

An Extract.

SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

......We have the testimony of an occasional inmate in that crazy clay-built shed beside the Doon that, until misfortune visited there, the life within its walls was rich in happiness. It is at this period that we catch our first clear glimpse of the future poet — a duddy wee boy upon Ayr town streets, thinking a boy's "long thoughts." In those early years he owed much to two men. The one is the pleasing figure of the tutor Murdoch; the other the well-nigh heroic figure of William Burness, the poet's father. A sincere and practical Christian, lifted above his station by a passion for enlightenment, a talent for imparting instruction, chill penury repressed his noble rage. Hardship became his daily bread; misfortune rained her blows on that obscure and shining head, that knew not compromise with independence or integrity. A phthisis sapped his strength, and bore him off before his time. But let no Burns Club in the land, I rede, so far forget its truest interests or its noblest functions as to omit a passing tribute to this clear exponent of the worth and intellect of Scotland's peasantry. A third influence exercised over the precocious stripling was of more questionable tendency. It was that of the well-graced Lothario, Richard Brown.

The older man, romantically staged, wielding that fascination which in the eyes of generous British youth surrounds the seaman's calling, Brown captivated the eager adolescent imagination. And his it was to apply the fuse to that heart of tinder, whose blaze in turn was bright, warm, radiant, sultry, fierce, and self-consuming.

And it was certainly incomparably the most fertile in poetic inspiration, so perhaps that early farming period is the most attractive to contemplate in the poet's career. I need not remind you that his writings teem with pictures, vignettes, glimpses, of his life, as he follows his daily avocations. And this not only when we pause to listen to his tender moralizing over the ruined field-mouse's nest; or see him hesitate to crush the mountain-daisy, or turn the weeding-hook aside to spare the "symbol dear;" salute his "auld mare" on the New Year's morn, bewail the death of his pet yowe, or hearken in fancy to her dying words;—not only then, in such set pieces, but when incidentally we see him "croonin' at pleugh or flail" his self-made songs; driving his cart or walking to his toil, conning his song-book as he goes; or in such a passage as the sweet pastoral exordium to the "Brigs of Ayr,"

"Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough";

or, again,

"Forjesket sair, wi' weary legs
Rattlin' the corn out owre the rigs,
Or dealin' thro' amang the naigs
Their ten-hours' bite;"

(we remember those thriftier days when the farmers would do this in person); or, in the fine induction to an inferior poem, "The Vision," seated despondent by his smoky ingle-cheek, listening the "rattons squeak about the riggin'"; or, yet again—in higher mood, for this was his "best season for devotion"—hearing the storm-wind on some winter's day "howling in trees, or raving o'er the plain"; or, last, not least, on some dark night of rain and of west wind, donning his plaid and stealing forth,

"And owre the hill to Nannie."

"Sweet woods an' haughs" of Coila form the background to these pictures. And in every case he is himself the foreground figure. And yet a figure never obtrusive, never unduly self-conscious, never monotonous. From this mannerism it proceeds that Burns is the poet whom we readers and students of poetry seem to know better than any other. From this, in the first place, and, in furtherance of this, from his transparent genuine nature, his spontaneous and abounding self-revelation. Of this last, we find perhaps the fullest and finest manifestation in those Epistles, addressed either to his rhyme-composing brethren, as he called them—the Lapraiks and Rankines, Davie Sillars and Willie Simsons—or to such men of like kidney with himself as James Smith or Gavin Hamilton: letters composed apparently "currente calamo," and obviously without "arrière pensée" or thought beyond. At this period he was "making himself." Perhaps I should rather say that he was already made; for he had already broken free from the authority of the dominant school of poetry—the school of Gray and Collins, of Shenstone and Thomson; and already he had rehearsed the articles of his "Credo" both in art and life—articles from which he never swerved. In art he is for nature above artifice—nature pure and unadulterate, fetterless and free:—

"What's a' your jargon o' the schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools,
If honest nature made you fools,
What sairs your grammars?"

And, after a thrust at who would "climb Parnassus by dint o' Greek," he continues:—

"Gie me ae spark o' nature's fire,
That's a' the learnin' *I* desire!
Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart!"

As to his philosophy of life, his writings abound with decrying of the selfish pursuit of gain and worldly advancement, abound with praises of him who lives his life, and loves his love, and is content:—

"For thus the royal mandate ran
Since first the human race began:
The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but he!"

Doubtless this particular philosophy lays too exclusive stress upon the social, as distinct from the private virtues. But had the social virtues alone sufficed for canonization, then Burns would be a very saint. For no man ever possessed them in richer measure. And it is this doctrine of nature and of sociality, this ready and warm-hearted self-communication, this immunity from thought of self, from pose, this un-Byronian carelessness of how the light falls on the picture: these, which complete the work of bringing him near to us, of making him the most intimate, most familiar of all poets—him whose personality is best known to us. And to know is to love him. For he is irresistible.

I have said that at this period his powers were already developed. But hearken to his own description of himself:—"A poor insignificant devil, unnoticed and unknown, stalking up and down at fairs and markets, jostled by men of business on every side as an idle encumbrance." Unknown, unnoticed, an encumbrance! And yet it is but truth to say that throughout this penultimate decade of the Eighteenth Century, there was but one man living in Europe who could be compared with him,—compared with him for native fire and vigour and vitality, for splendour of allied intellectual endowment, for a lovable nature—in the presence of this esteemed assembly I resume, for combined greatness of heart and mind. That man was the protagonist of the biggest world-drama of modern times, half-creature half-creator of the French Revolution, the orator and statesman, Mirabeau.

It is Carlyle who parenthetically suggests this psychological resemblance. But Carlyle had a habit of writing history as though he were in the confidence of Providence, or had been admitted behind the scenes which he describes. Now, this is a practice which does not recommend itself to students of to-day. We are content to deal with events as these are recorded, and to leave their rationale or justification to those (if any) who have access to information on that subject, which we have not. This notwithstanding, I believe that something more than a merely ingenious (and so, barren) parallel may be worked out between Burns and Mirabeau:—between the swart-browed babe of Alloway and the infant Hercules of Le Bignon; the lyric lover of Jean, Mary, and Clarinda, and the abductor and impassioned correspondent of Sophie de Monnier; between the Poet of Democracy and the Deputy of the Tiers-Etat in '89; between the rustic voluptuary who died worn-out at the age of thirty-seven, and the aristocratic viveur who succumbed at forty-two. Both perished colossal forces half-revealed, less than half-expended; both died of incompatibility with their mundane surroundings, of having

"Lived so much
In their large hours."

Each possessed that first of human accomplishments—the gift of speech (for you remember that Burns's conversation was pronounced superior to his writing); each had the art of winning hearts, of dominating men, no matter where or in what company: Burns showed it in Nance Tinnock's howf and Lord Monboddo's drawing-room, Mirabeau in the Court of King Louis and in his various prisons. When Burns declares the inviolable sacredness of manhood, he but epitomizes the evangel of the Tribune of the French people. And as I believe that no great man's reputation is complete should it lack the seal and consecration conferred by a high type of womanhood, so I now pit the suffrage of that fine flower of fashion, the Duchess of Gordon, against the reluctant approval of the fairest, most heroic of modern queens—the approval of Marie Antoinette.

But more by far than any of these things, there is one gift which unites the Boanerges of the National Assembly, the reconciler of irreconcilables, him who came near to ride the storm and might have averted The Terror—there is one last gift which unites him with our own sweet northern singer, our sly and pawkie satirist, our well-loved Robbie Burns. That gift is this: the love of his fellow-man. For

ROBERT BURNS.
The National Poet of Scotland, born 25th Jan., 1759

this was the common life-fountain, or heart-spring of those two so diverse lives: the love, whole-hearted, genial, sunny, tearful, stormy, often misdirected, stronger than life and stronger than themselves—the love of brother-man. This was the affection which we had not heart enough to reciprocate, not wit enough to recognise, not strength enough to yield to; this was the master-passion which perished and was wasted—and which lives and brings us here!

It is true that both these men had faults. They were great men; their faults were great, or at least look great to little men. For, if we want faultless characters here below, we must seek them, I fear, among the respectable mediocrities: the Lafayettes and George Washingtons, not the Burnses and the Mirabeaus. But, I submit that, great as their faults were, their virtue more than redeemed them. Hear, in proof of this, the opinion of an acquaintance of the poet, one Mr Prentice, "a strictly moral and religious man." I quote from Scott Douglas's edition of the poet's works, the fourth volume, page 167. One day Mr Prentice heard that certain persons had been apologising for Burns's errors. "What!" exclaimed he, emphatically, "Do *they* apologise for *him?* I tell you that one-half of his good and all his bad, divided among a score o' them, would make them a' better men!" I love the memory of the man who spoke those words.

. . . .

The point which I have sought to emphazise is this: that Burns is the poet who, of all poets, has most clearly, fully, unreservedly revealed himself; whose personality is best known to us; who, consequently, comes nearest to our hearts. To attain to this kind of effect at all is the especial privilege of the lyric, as opposed to the epic or dramatic poet; but Burns in this especial function of his art, exceeds all others of the world's great lyrists, tho' in certain other functions some of them exceeded him. He lacks, for instance, the rapt and rushing exaltation of a Pindar; he lacks the wings—the angel wings or bird wings—of a Shelley. These gifts were incompatible with his peculiar gifts. His place is on the earth, not in the skies. But so is ours. Again, he lacked the even art and serene temper of a Flaccus. It is Catullus who runs him closest on his own ground, "proximus sed longo intervallo"; for Lord Byron's self-absorption is as a cloud between himself and us. This gift Burns has before them all: to stand before us, firm, substantial, animated, impassioned, now as when alive; to stretch his honest and toil-hardened hand across the breach of years and death; to radiate still and spread abroad the warmth of his own heart, until our hearts catch warmth from it, and glow, and are enkindled.

This gift he has: thus much he is to all who know, and understand, and care for poverty. To Scotsmen he is more. We are a wandering race, a scattered people, never ('tis said) so much at home as when abroad. But in that manlike figure of the Ayrshire bard—that stalwart incarnation of our national faults and virtues, our failings and our kindly affections—we recognise a stand-by and a rallying-point, whither our hearts may turn like homing birds. And thither, true as needles to the pole, they set, incline, converge to-night—thither, not only hence, but from far abroad; thither from China, thither from Peru, thither from sweltering plains of Ind, from farthest snows of outmost Labrador. For mortal Burns has undergone a rich and mighty change. Death has transfigured him, and he is grown the symbol of that Scotland which we love.

Burns was a grand, not flawless, artist; a great man, not a perfect. Impious and rash were he who should pretend to anticipate the final balance of another man's account. It is patent, however, that one class of virtues, one virtue, Burns possessed in richest measure: the virtue of loving-kindness. I spoke of it as his love for his fellow man—I was inaccurate; it was not restricted to mankind; it was more comprehensive and embraced all that has life.

> "He prayeth well who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast. . . ."

So sang a poet, a large-hearted though unhappy man. If this be true, then Burns' prayer was surely heard! And now let one of Time's most lofty spirits pour forth the glory of his inspiration on my else impotent conclusion. For it is not I who could hope to rise unaided to that height of moral wisdom and of moral insight, that divine appraisement of poor human virtues, which breathing as with authority of very heaven, is summed up in these words: "The greatest of these is charity."

Craws: A Country Rhyme.

From Transactions of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club.

Late and early flee the craws:
On the wing as morning daws,
Ceasing only in their flight
When the gloamin' meets the night.
Watchers o' the earth and sky,
Coming changes they descry:
Every watchfu' shepherd knaws
His best weatherglass the craws.

When at morn they seek the shore
Landward storms will rage and roar;
When they seek the lily lee
Fair and lown the day will be;
When they roost in upland heather
Steady is the summer weather;
When they search the wheatland vast
Worm and weevil perish fast;
When on stubble close they gather
Wi' the morn comes nippy weather;
When they skim the muirs in snaw
Frost will soon gie way to thaw;
When in crowd they skyward soar,
Wheel and sail in great uproar,
Jerrin', cheerin' without stint,
They but haud their parliament,
And uphaud their ancient laws:
Steadfast is the House o' Craws.

J. S.

A Border Bible Woman.

By Margaret Fletcher.

My knowledge of Miss Campbell's antecedents prior to the period of her instalment by Lord Polwarth of Mertoun as district Bible-reader is wholly insufficient to warrant anything like an attempt at a biographical sketch; indeed, of her parentage or manner of life before that time at which my first recollections of her have their rise, I know nothing whatever. It was only when, by earnest endeavour, she succeeded in forming a branch of the Y.W.C.A. in St Boswells, and besought my aid as a worker that my connection with her began.

Her familiar figure, tall, gaunt, and angular; her lean, cadaverous visage; her decent black gown, long, loose, black cloth jacket, and close-fitting bonnet, adorned with sprigs of red or purple flowers; her faithful umbrella, and the small black leather bag, out of which she never failed to draw a seasonable tract or pamphlet, must be still fresh in the memories of numberless dwellers in the parishes of Mertoun, Maxton, and St Boswells, all of which she perambulated so regularly for very many years.

Her forwardness in pushing the supreme business of the "Master" greatly offended the taste of not a few of those amongst whom she visited, her indulgence in a pipe and a chat at a friendly fireside were matters for censure from others; while by a small proportion the sincerity of her professions was either questioned or altogether disbelieved in.

I feel assured as I look back and recall her earnest activity, that Miss Campbell was not less an ardent and assiduous labourer in the "Master's Vineyard" than a devoted and attached servant to the earthly employer she so highly esteemed.

Only once to my knowledge did she venture to pass a comment on the gentleman whose agent for good she was. Lord Polwarth, as is well-known, had at one time made himself no small reputation as a breeder of prize sheep and cattle, and it was in reference to fresh honours he had just gained that Miss Campbell remarked sadly to a member of my family, "She daursayed it micht be a' richt eneuch, but she dootit his lordship was gaun a' to bulls an' beas' thegither."

Her prayers were occasions never to be forgotten. Did she offer up a prayer at a sick-bed, her loud strident tones of supplication resounded all over the house, and during her prayers at the Sunday evening meetings of the Y.W.C.A., it required all the respect for her really estimable qualities which her audience entertained to prevent the ripple of amusement, which overspread it when she began to speak, from becoming apparent. Losing herself, as it would seem, in the ardour of her appeal, she alternately advanced and retired in a manner irresistibly trying to the risible muscles of the younger among her hearers. It was quite a matter of doubt for a moment one summer's evening whether she might not walk straight out at the door, which had been opened wide to admit the fresh air.

Her prayers were offered up, now in an easy, friendly, colloquial style, and again with a manner and in tones of the deepest fervour. Her petitions were made in sequence, with an impressive pause between each.

"Bless Bos'ells, Lord," she would plead; "bless the young weemen o' Bos'ells," "bless young weemen everywhere as a cless," "bless the young folks o' Bos'ells of every seck"—thus she would proceed through a lengthy and most comprehensive prayer. It was never clearly understood, I believe, whether seck was intended as referring to sect, or whether Miss Campbell multiplied sex by more than two.

Whatever may have been the result of her unflagging zeal, it is but too certain that her utter lack of tuition stood as a perpetual stumbling-block to her chances of acquiring any solid influence over the minds of the young. When the good woman failed to recognise that there was anything unusual in speaking of boughs as buchs, or of sepulchre as sepulker, the older and more enlightened among her hearers saw only her pathetic limitations and valued her for her earnestness notwithstanding, but to the young idea, fresh from the finish of the sixth standard, such lapses in pronunciation were but so many signals for foolish sniggerings, or for the too ready sneer.

In the matter of recalling or remembering names, Miss Campbell was extremely unready, and her many mistakes in that way were the cause of much mirth, harmless enough. On the occasion of a combined meeting of all the district branches of the Y.W.C.A., if I remember aright, she was much exercised about the business of "calling the roll," being particularly anxious for some reason, which did not appear, to preserve on this evening a perfect equality among the various members.

Now Miss Campbell had certain strong views as to the advisability of suppressing "uppishness" among the girls, not one of whom she would consent to speak of as Miss, but there were, at the same time, one or two workers among the associates whom she was accustomed to address by that title—and here lay the difficulty—on the one hand, the danger of fostering a false pride in the bosom of her "young folk" by the use of a title she usually denied them, and on the other hand, the fear of causing offence to the workers by cutting their usual title off!

Ultimately the workers were approached privately, and the case laid before them. As it was found that none of them were in any way ashamed of their Christian names, Miss Campbell breathed a sigh of relief, and it was satisfactorily arranged that for one night at least the roll was to be called on the lines of perfect equality and fraternity.

The greater part of the humour of the situation, however, lay in the fact that when the evening arrived and the roll was called, the ladies failed at once to answer to their own names, these being so mangled and mutilated as to be almost unrecognisable. One lady looked vainly round the audience in search of some person unknown and hitherto unheard of, it was only after repeated sniggers and nudges from the girls on either side of her that she began to realise that the name called was her own—with the initial letter of both Christian and surname chopped completely off.

A second lady received her Christian name in its diminutive form, a thing which had probably never before happened to her until that evening. A third was called by a name to which she had no earthly title and had never heard of before!

Poor Miss Campbell. I think of her more tenderly now she is gone, and sincerely regret that in her life-time I failed at times to bear quite patiently with her somewhat too eagerly proffered ministrations. May she now be reaping the liberal harvest of good things, which in my poor human way of judging she so richly deserved.

The Gypsies of Yetholm.

OF late years a great change has come over the manners and customs of the Gypsies who find a home in the Border village of Yetholm. The romance which has so long hung around them is fast disappearing. The husbands and the grown-up sons are almost all employed like the rest of the population, and most of the maidens are at service in various parts of the Border. The children that remain at home are the youngest members of the family; and, before the School Board days, they had been good attenders of the school, and are as well clad as are the children of the other families in the village.

Recent legislation, combined with the philanthropic efforts of the late Rev. John Baird of Yetholm, and the practical Christianity of the late worthy minister of the parish (the Rev. Adam Davidson), have perhaps caused greater progress in the paths of civilisation and of prosperity than was ever formerly attained.

The Gypsies have handed down from generation to generation a language of their own—a language which bears affinity to that which is spoken by the Gypsy on the Continent of Europe and the vast plains of Asia.

The following is a list of the words used by the Gypsies at Yetholm, and the corresponding words in Hindostanee, extracted from the memoir of Mr Baird:—

YETHOLM.	HINDOSTANEE.
Nak, the nose.	Nak.
Kan, the ear	Kan.
Rate, night.	Rat.
Pawne, water.	Panee.
Mas, flesh.	Mas.
Balo, a pig.	Balo, hog.
Yag, fire.	Ag.
Mul, wine.	Mool.
Rook, a tree.	Rookh.
Sik, taste.	Chik.
Ranne, or Rain, a lady.	Ranee.
Choure, a knife.	Choore.
Tchor, a thief.	Chor.
Thud, milk.	Dhood.

The word "Gypsy" is probably a corruption of "Egyptian." The Gypsies are said to have migrated from the East about the beginning of the fifteenth century. The name Bohemian, given to them by the French, is probably derived from the old Gallic word boem, a sorcerer. They are called Wanderers by the Germans, Heathens by the Dutch, Tartars by the Danes and Swedes. In Italy they are called Zingari; in Turkey, Tchingenes; in Spain, Gitanos; and, in Hungary, Pharaoh Nepek, or Pharaoh's people. There is sufficient evidence to prove that they are not Egyptians, but that they migrated originally from Hindostan, at the time of the invasion by Timur Beg. There is a tribe near the mouth of the Indus much resembling them, who are called Tchinganes. The Gypsies call themselves Sind (Scinde), and their language is so nearly like the dialects of India, that a question addressed to some Gypsies by a friend in the Hindostanee language, was understood and responded to by the persons for whom it was intended. The best works on the subject are Grellman's "Versuch uber die Zigeuner," and Holyland's "Historical Survey of the Customs, &c., of the Gypsies." The statements with reference to the Gypsies contained in the "Bible in Spain" have been questioned, and apparently with good reason,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *81 Oxford Drive, Glasgow.*

TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. WALKER & SON, *High Street, Galashiels.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1902.

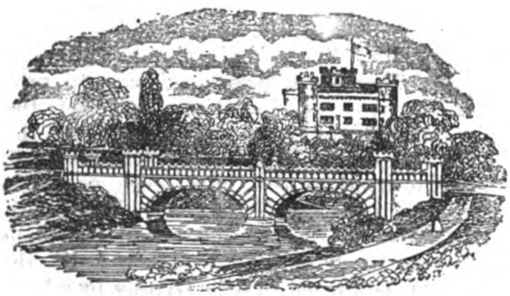
LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE success of any Magazine depends to a some extent on the number and quality of its advertisements, and the *Border Magazine* is no exception to the rule. Advertisements are a public convenience to both buyer and seller, and our readers who are induced to make purchases through the medium of our advertising columns will confer a favour on the advertisers and publishers if they will make mention of the *Border Magazine* when ordering goods or sending for Price Lists.

We are much gratified at the continued appreciation of our efforts to increase the variety and attractiveness of the contents of our Magazine, and we feel sure that the readers take a personal interest in its success. One well-known Border minister writes:—"I enjoy seeing the *Border Magazine* very much, there is a fine fresh scent of the hills about it."

The Border Keep.



EGLINTON CASTLE.

Having spent some pleasant hours in the grounds of Eglinton Castle, I can testify to the liberality of the Earl of Eglinton, who throws open his grounds to the public every Saturday. The inhabitants of Kilwinning, the nearest town, are permitted to use the extensive grounds as a public park, and it must be a pleasure to the proprietor to see others enjoying his property without abusing it. I was much interested in the spot where the famous but ill-fated Eglinton Tournament took place. That attempt to revive the glories of a byegone age greatly impoverished the estate, and even had the weather proved favourable I doubt if a revival of old time chivalry would have been possible. Although the Tournament is but a far back memory now, yet some of the older inhabitants of Kilwinning can recall the year '39 when it took place, and when every cottage almost in the district was requisitioned for the use of the distinguished visitors.

* * *

In the fa' o' the year there passed away at Brampton, Canada, Mr Robert Brown, a native of Stow, and an enthusiastic Scot. "Comrade," writing in the "Peel Banner" (Canada), thus refers to this old Borderer, who had reached the age of seventy-five:—

The passing away of Mr Robert Brown, for a third of a century a resident of this town, demands more than a mere perfunctory obituary notice. A Scotchman to the heart's core, he had many sterling marks that characterise a native of the land of Burns, Scott, and Carlyle. Loyal to his adopted country, proud of its progress, glorying in the virility of the young nation, he may nevertheless, and especially in late years, be said to have lived mentally in the glen of the Gala. All roads led to Stow. Independent in expression of thought, he had a thorough scunner of the trivialities of superficiality, and could not thole the conventional tricks that are supposed to lead to success. The evolutionary process of freedom from Wallace to the Reform Act left all the marks of heredity on him, and nothing but death itself could have untied the filial band that knit him to the land of his sires. Like many of his countrymen, he was devoted to reading, and although not above reading things not too intellectual if only they were Scotch, he was nevertheless not a patron of the flimsy, though popular, present day library. He had a laudable feeling of clannishness (that much misunderstood form of altruism), and was perfervidum ingenium Scotorum. His native place was only seven miles from Abbotsford, and he was seven years of age when the great Wizard of the North died, and it was his delight to ramble amongst the haunts made famous by Scott and other worthies. And I am not sure that his own last resting place—the Glen—was not endeared to him from its name. It is hard to say whether his annual reading of Scott was more a duty or a delight, but his intellectual equipment was not wholly parochial. "Parting is such sweet sorrow;" it was pleasing to a countryman's ear to listen, a day or two before the filial band was finally cut, to the sub-conscious murmurings of innocent boyhood by the banks of the Gala. Farewell! Braw, braw lad o' Gala Water!

* * *

We hear of another link with Sir Walter Scott in a recent issue of the "Weekly Welcome":—

In Dunfermline there is still alive an old lady who seventy years ago served as a domestic servant with Sir Walter Scott. The lady I refer to is now 83 years of age, is still very active for her years, and is in excellent health. She is the proud possessor of a plaid which belonged to Sir Walter. One night in the early twenties she had occasion to go to her home, when a storm arose. By the way she met Sir Walter, who was surprised to meet her in such a stormy night. Taking his shepherd tartan plaid from off his shoulders he wrapped it round the girl, and she has carefully preserved it since. The plaid has had many admirers, and many have been the offers the owner has refused for the relic. It was kindly lent to the local Burns Club to wrap round the chairman at the last anniversary of our national bard.

* * *

While I am on the subject of Scott, I will quote a pleasant description of Abbotsford, which appears in Mr James Hay's "Sir Walter Scott."

Scott had a painter's as well as a poet's eye for scenery; indeed, he compared a planter to a painter for the exquisite delight afforded by such employment. "The planter," he said, "is like a painter laying on his colours—at every moment he sees the effects coming out. There is no art or occupation comparable to this; it is full of past, present, and future enjoyment."

When the Laird was in Edinburgh attending to his official duties, he sighed for Abbotsford, and took the liveliest interest in all that was going on there. He writes to the land steward—"George must stick in a few wild roses, honeysuckle, and sweet briar in suitable places, so as to produce the luxuriance we see in the woods, which nature plants herself. Get out of your ideas about expense; it is, after all, but throwing away the price of planting. If I were to buy a picture worth £500, nobody could wonder much. Now, if I chose to lay out £100 or £200 to make a landscape on my estate, and add so much more to its value, I certainly don't do a more foolish thing."

It is pleasant to see from the Laidlaw MSS. with what alacrity and zeal Scott's noble friends helped him with kind contributions. The Duke of Buccleuch sent bushels of acorns; the Earl of Fife presented seeds of Norway pines; a box of fine chestnuts came from Lisbon—the box was sent on from Edinburgh to Abbotsford unopened—and before the factor heard of them, they were peeled and rendered useless for planting. "Confound the chestnuts and those who peeled them," exclaimed Scott; "the officious blockheads did it by way of special favour." Scott told his friend Morritt that he never was so happy in his life as in having a place of his own to create. He was perpetually buying land from the needy greedy, neighbouring proprietors, to add to his original purchase. "It rounds off the property so handsomely," he says in one of his letters. There was always a corner to round off. For these neighbouring lands he paid far beyond their market value. On one occasion, when a friend remarked that for a certain tract he had paid an exorbitant price, Scott replied good naturedly, with a shrug of the shoulders, "Well, well, it only is to me the scribbling of another volume of nonsense."

Abbotsford, meanwhile, from a rustic cottage, in the wizard's hands grew into a fairy palace. The furniture and decorations were of the most gorgeous and princely description, the wainscots of oak and cedar, the floors tesselated with marbles or woods of different dyes, the ceilings fretted and carved with the delicate tracery of a Gothic abbey, the storied windows blazoned with the rich coloured insignia of heraldry and the walls garnished with the time honoured trophies, while scattered through the mansion were rare specimens of art, and sumptuously bound books, gifts of King George and other friends. His antiquarian tastes were visible everywhere. Except his wife's boudoir, every room was a museum. Over one mantelpiece hung the sword of the great Montrose, on another lay the pistols of Prince Charlie. Nor was religion or sport forgotten. The beautiful marble heads of nuns and confessors, and antlered heads of noble stags adorned the hall, while Maida, the famous staghound, kept sentinel over the Omnium Gatherum. Such was Abbotsford, which of all the creations of his genius will probably be the first to perish.

Dominie Sampson.

"The Queen of the South" Visited.

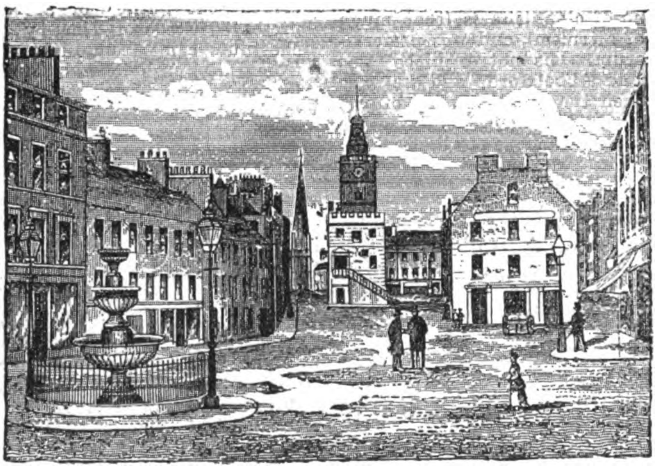
FROM the Eskdale hills to the auld toon o' Dumfries, or "the Queen of the South," as it has been termed, by rail is anything but direct. To avoid the "round about," and also for exercise we dropped from the train at Longtown and tramped to Gretna. The morning was bright and warm, and nature fresh and gay. The earth

> "Teamed with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
> And rang with infant mirth."

Our way lay across the Solway Moss, where, in the retreat of the Scots in 1542, many a noble soldier was swallowed by its treacherous morasses—some of whom were disentombed centuries afterwards. We had a glimpse of Gretna Green, of run-away marriage fame, where, when the celebrations were at their height, as much as £1000 per year was realised. Gretna Parish, it may be added, owing to its frontier position, was at one time the scene of incessant feuds and forays. It was also the retreat of numerous bands of desperate and incorrigible smugglers.

We passed from Gretna to Lockerbie, through a beautiful, level, and productive tract of country. The "city" of Ecclefechan, so closely associated with one of the world's "Toms" was an object of interest on the way. Around Lockerbie there are some of the most interesting tracts of land in Annandale. Like other southern towns, it originated in the protection and influence of a castle or fortalice. It was long famed for its markets, and boasted the largest lamb fair in Scotland. So great was its traffic in pork that as much as £1000 was paid down in a day.

Dumfries we found full of attractions. The ancient spelling of the name, by the way, was Dunfres, from the Gaelic "Dun," and "fhreas," signifying "a mound covered with copsewood," or "a hill fort among shrubs." Historians tell us that a village bearing the name existed here as early as the eighth century. In the twelfth century, especially in the time of Wallace and Bruce, it was of great military importance. Its castle had a chequered history. The town shared largely in the disasters which overspread the country during the Charles'.



HIGH STREET, DUMFRIES.

(From an Old Drawing).

Wanderings through the town revealed many elegant edifices, streets, narrow and romantic, and well-stocked shops not a few. The Mid Steeple, erected in 1707, and of which every Dumfriesian is proud, forms a striking feature in the High Street. The Nith adds much beauty to the town. Its banks, above and below, diffuse verdure and picturesqueness, and are rich in promenading retreats for the citizens.

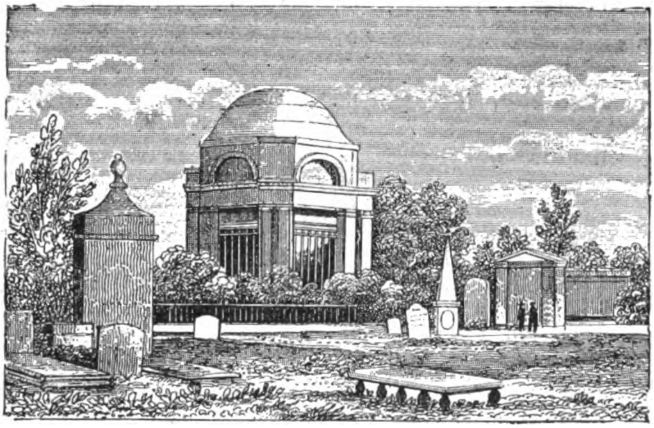
Notwithstanding the rubbish and weeds, St Michael's Cemetery was worthy of a visit. Numerous monuments and mausoleums rise above the ashes of the gifted and the wealthy. The greatest attraction is Burns' mausoleum, a neat edifice, in form like a Grecian temple. The interior had a fine emblematic mural structure, which represents the genius following the plough in his rustic dress and poetic mantle. The town boasts of a handsome statue of the poet, who came to live within its walls in 1787. In the house in Bank Street he penned many of his matchless songs. He died in Mill Street in July, 1796.

Writing of Dumfries generally, a recent correspondent says:—Perhaps no town in Britain has made a bigger change for the better within (or very little over) fifty years than Dumfries. Before that time it was at a complete standstill for 600 years. There were no factories, no public works, no railways, no gas, no water supply, except what was brought from the Nith and sold in the streets at two cans for a halfpenny, no new buildings, no drains, no scavengers, no improvements, no work of any kind except in nurseries or the fields. A mason would have starved in the town. Ashes and filth lay in cartloads up every close, pigs were kept in hundreds behind the houses and in cellars. Old men say it was a "finished up" town; it was never free from smallpox and fevers. Nothing was exported or imported but coals. Sometimes as many as forty coal wherries would be lying in the Nith at a time. Now there is not a vessel comes the length of Dumfries. They had to eat what was grown in the district or want. Salmon was 4d per lb.; mutton, 3d to 4d; beef, 2s 6d to 3s a stone; eggs, 3d a dozen.

The cholera of 1848 came as a blessing in disguise, and roused both the authorities and the inhabitants. Now it is not surpassed by any town in the kingdom for beauty and cleanliness or public buildings. We have railways to north, south, east, and west, three large tweed mills, hosiery factories, iron foundries, markets of every description, cattle marts patronised by dealers from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland. For its size I don't think there is now a better-equipped town to be found.

After peeps at other objects of interest, and visits to public works and offices, we faced Eskdale-ward with no small appreciation of "the Queen of the South." Travelling by another route than that by which we had come, we were soon sweeping through scenery which has been described as most captivating, and over Locher Moss, at one time impassible, and said to have been—

> "First a wood, and then a sea,
> Now a moss, and e'er will be."



BURNS' MAUSOLEUM.

A couple of hours were spent at Annan, which was made a Royal burgh by James V. in 1538, and is well-known as the birth-place of Edward Irving, and then home, where—

> "Eskdale's capital unrivall'd stands,
> 'Midst rare and beauteous scenery."

G. M. R.

THE DEDE MAN'S RAW. — There was in Jedburgh, in the middle ages, as in all European towns, an hospital for lepers. It stood at the south end of Jed Bridge, on a piece of land belonging to the Cathedral. The lane leading to it is still called Dede Man's Raw. The bridge had a toll-house on it and a covered archway.

"Wadin' the Mosses," a Border Reminiscence.

THESE were glorious rambles that we had in the "April holidays" long, long ago. Easter was then an unrecognised and shadowy date, but April with its holidays was a tangible reality looked forward to and back upon as was no other period of the fleeting year.

Trout-fishing, rabbit-hunting, and bird-nesting were the ploys most indulged in, but the first was frequently given up for the two other diversions. What an excuse, what opportunities for rambling do not rod and basket furnish, and under pretext of fishing what wider enjoyment may be had. In wandering up a hill-burn, one can taste the delights of the explorer, and can indulge the inclination to watch and study wild nature.

How often we used to begin patiently and industriously, casting carefully over every pool and stream for two or three miles, till tired of want of success, or drawn away by something more attractive and exciting, rods were taken down for the day. Once, immediately after hooking a nice burn trout of about five ounces, and while bringing him gently down stream, away from the overhanging banks, a teal duck rose at our feet and immediately fell with a flop into the water and then fluttered and spun round as if making frantic efforts to escape from reach.

To jerk the rod over our head and send the trout flying into the heather was the work of a second. To take a running leap after the duck was the work of another. Then for full two hundred yards did we pursue the bird, actually striking at it and throwing our cap at it, thinking we had got hold of a soft thing in moulting flappers, till with an exultant quack our seemingly disabled duck rose in the air and flew off strong on the wing in wide and ever increasing circles, and we then realised that her strong maternal instinct to protect her young by enticing us from them had enabled her most successfully to make April fools of us. Back to the search, the first article found being the cap stranded on a gravel bank in mid stream. After much diligent seeking we discovered the nest, marvellously well concealed in the heather, and containing nine or ten fluffy brown balls in the very stage of being hatched, and with portions of shell adhering. One addled egg pushed outside the nest we added to our collection, which before the day ended included two of each of the following—whaup, water-hen (stankie of the Borders), coot (bell-kite), water-ousel (waitter-craw), rail, and — whisper it gently — snipe, not to mention a dozen or more of peetwit or green-plover—never more than one of these taken from each nest. Of the latter a savoury fry was made by the loch-side in a tin pannikin over a peat fire. The trout was added to this. He was found with difficulty, having been swung out yards across the moor and having wriggled into a tuft of bent.

But some of the grandest and never-to-be-forgotten rambles or "splores," as an old nurse used to call them, were the long days of "wading the mosses." Those most favoured were in a chain lying on the uplands on the then boundary of Roxburgh and Selkirk shires, and they never failed to be productive of incident or sport of some sort. Though not provided with rods on these occasions, various sorts of fish were swept into the schoolboy net. Trout were guddled from the small burn, and did not one of us once capture, without the aid of any implement whatever, and carry to dry land an enormous pike weighing eleven pounds? This monster was at first thought to be dead; but an attentive examination showed the heaving gills and slightly waving tail. He was, after the habit of his kind, basking in the sun on the top of the water. There he lay on his side with his head pushed into the weeds, unconscious of the four pair of eyes fixed on him, and of the plans laid to compass his capture.

Two boys guarded the exit from the old marl-hole where he lay, one shouted instructions from the bank, while the fourth (the writer) plunged in, and after some splashing and grabbing seized the fish round the middle, and along with an armful of weeds dragged him to "terra firma"—surely an uncommon feat, and certainly one ever to be remembered by the captor and his chums. What a business the killing of the leviathan was! He was hammered with the heel of a boot; he was battered with a cope-stone from a dyke, and his throat was cut, or rather sawed, with a not too sharp knife, and after his stomach was examined (for we were scientists in those days) and found to contain some small fry and a young water-hen, he was stabbed again and again in the locality of his still palpitating heart.

Though thirty-five years have elapsed since then I can still recall the incidents and feel the joys of these days. The start with the pocketful of jam sandwiches (generally consumed early in the day), the eager tramp across country over the breezy uplands, the excitement of the arrival at the scene of operation, and the picturesqueness of the surroundings. The crackle and bending of the old withered reeds, and the ripple on the surface of the loch to the lightest puff of air, the fleecy clouds drifting across the sky, the blackheaded • gulls (pickmaws) in flocks, screaming overhead and their shadows flitting along the banks, the far-off tremor of the whaup's cry, and the muffled drumming of the snipe, all succeeded each other and blended in most perfect harmony. Our preparations were, to take off jacket, waistcoat, trousers and socks, keeping on only boots and shirt—the latter rolled up under the armpits if necessary, and then to splutter on, half swimming at times And these wadin's were not unattended by danger, for in places there was a sort of false bottom floating a few feet under the surface and formed by the roots of the weeds matted and tangled together. On one occasion a boy made a flounder and disappeared altogether. He re-appeared to his alarmed companions coughing and spluttering, but not otherwise perturbed. I remember when asked, "What are ye splutterin' at, Doddy?" he replied, "Ye wad splutter yersels wi the waitter ga'in' doon the wrang road an' a moothfu' o' padda-redd." The day was often wound up at "Jov'al Jenny's." How few remember this worthy woman! her broad face beaming with good humour, and shining like a well burnished copper pot, and her high, shrill voice, for "Tam," her man, was dull o' hearin', and if there was not a high wind outside there was a gale within. She kept the toll-house on the Roxburgh boundary, and 'twas said a still as well. Anyhow a steaming hot tumbler was always to be had when desired. Jenny's great delight was to provide a high tea at the close of an expedition. I can see the spread now. Scones, oatcakes, old fashioned Hawick bakes, a bap or two (mostly discarded), Selkirk bannocks with berry jam—a delicious compound made from all the small fruits of the garden, with tea and frothy milk to wash them down. We often had to draw upon Tam's wardrobe and sit at the festive board in his Sunday claes while our own garments were being dried. I cannot forget the old woman's rage, real or simulated, when once a half-crown which one of us had furtively slipped into the trouser pocket fell out and rolled on the floor. "Never dae that again, callants; or ye dinna come back here," was her threat. The freedom, the freshness, and the wholesomeness of the days of "wadin' the mosses" made an impression that years and changes may dim but cannot efface. I can yet call up our sensations as we trudged homeward in the gloaming, light of heart and tight about the "breek-band heid."

TEVIOTDALE.

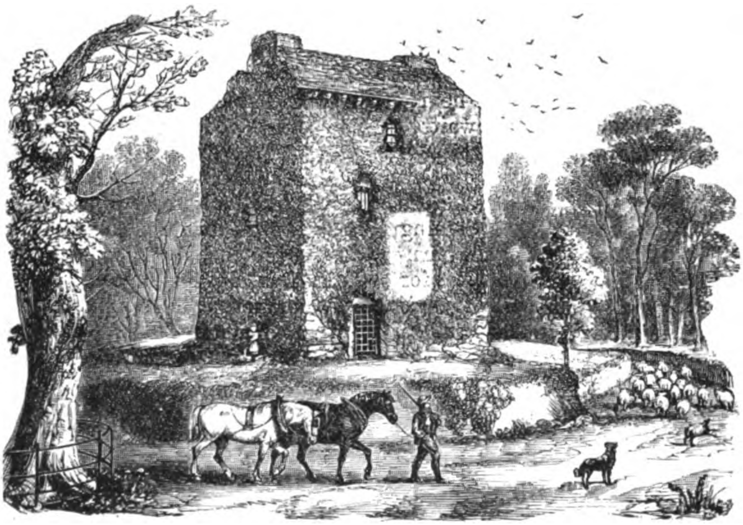
The Burnets of Barns.

"BURNET OF BARNS" was a name once well-known in Peeblesshire, and even beyond it. Seventy years ago the family dwelt in the large and comfortable mansion erected by James Burnet in 1773. It is picturesquely situated on the banks of the Tweed, and is hard by the Old Tower, one of the best specimens of a Border Keep in existence. Between their abandonment of the Keep and their settlement in the modern house, the Burnets resided in a building, now entirely removed, a little to the west. A considerable part of the Parish of Manor belonged to them at one period, but portion after portion was sold, as the exigencies of their circumstances required, and what was retained was heavily burdened. The last laird, who devoted himself to agricultural improvements, became so involved in pecuniary difficulties that he was compelled to dispose of the estate which he dearly loved. It can easily be imagined that it was a bitter trial for him to abandon the place which his forefathers had owned for more than four hundred years, around which so many associations clustered, and to which he was so deeply attached.

Captain Burnet—a tall, stout, well-built man with commanding presence—was familiar in the town and neighbourhood of Peebles, to a generation that has almost entirely passed away. In early days his ancestors had, of course, been Roman Catholics; his immediate predecessors and himself were staunch Episcopalians. He was, therefore, interested in, and contributed to, the erection of an Episcopal Church in the county town, in 1836, of which the Rev. Mr Lorimer was the first clergyman. One of the Captain's daughters, however, married the Rev. James Cruickshank, minister of the Parish of Manor, who was afterwards translated to Stevenston, in Ayrshire. Two of his sons entered the army, and distinguished themselves in the Sikh War of 1845-46. One was killed at the battle Sebraon. A third, William, became a merchant of Ferozepore, and the other at Moodkhee or in Jamaica, returned about thirty years ago to his native county, and resided at Haylodge, Peebles. A sister of Captain Burnet married Dr Young, who went to Peebles in the early part of last century, purchased the property of Acrefield (the name of which he changed to Rosetta, in memory of the battle at which he had been present), and built the house which still exists. It was said that Sir Ralph Abercromby, who commanded the British forces in Egypt, and was mortally wounded, died in his arms.

The Burnets appear in Peeblesshire as early as the twelfth century. The first land they seem to have acquired was in Broughton; and the farm of Burnetland transmits the evidence of their early occupation to the present day. Robert Burnet was one of the witnesses to a charter in the reign of David I., who ascended the throne in 1124, and died in 1153. Burnetland continued in the family long after they migrated to Manor, for it was not till the beginning of the seventeenth century that a part of it was sold to Tweedie of Wrae. Along with other farms it passed, in modern times, to John Murray, secretary to Prince Charles Edward Stuart; was purchased in 1769 by Mr Dickson of Ednam, M.P. for the Burghs; and later by Macqueen of Braxfield, whose descendants still possess it.

In 1498 the Burnets had established themselves in Manor. Caverhill was then held by "John Burnet of that ilk." If we credit the date carved on the old Tower of Barns,—and there is little reason to doubt that it is correct, though perhaps cut at a later period—it was completed in that year. It has, therefore, stood in wonderful preservation during all the marvellous changes which have been witnessed on Tweedside since James IV. was King. Its first occupants were John Burnet and Margaret Caverhill, who were married in 1472. Burnet obtained through his wife's relative a tack of the property which bore her name and was adjacent of Barns. The house of Caverhill stands conspicuous on an eminence overlooking the lower part of Manor valley, and in all probability occupies the site of that in which Margaret was woo'd and won.



THE OLD TOWER OF BARNS.

The grim structure of the Burnets came to be regarded with feelings of awe. It was the abode of bold and daring lairds, with whom might was right. They added to their territorial domains and their influence by marriage with owners of the soil who were wealthy and powerful–the Bairds, absorbed by the Naesmyths; the Baddebies, the Veitches of Dawyck, the Lowis' and others who have disappeared entirely from the locality. There were, in humble circumstances in Peebles, families of "Lowis'" and Baptie (corruption of Baddebie), but these have gone too The Naesmyths ceased to be a county family by the sale of Posso and Dawyck. Sir James, the last of these lairds, died a few years ago. The late Professor Veitch traced his descent from the Vaches, who held Dawyck before the Naesmyths. The Burnets were connected with the Earls of Traquair, for, about 1580, William Burnet married Margaret Stewart. This William had a nickname of evil omen. He was called "the Hoolet" on account of his love for and success in midnight marauding expeditions. He was the terror of a wide neighbourhood. On one occasion he was with a band, including the Master of Yester, Hunter of Polmood, Cockburn of The Glen, and Hoppringle of Peebles, who set upon and attempted to murder John Livingstone of Belstane in Carluke, whom they waylaid when he was taking a quiet walk near his own house. They pursued him to his door, which he closed and barricaded. They fired through the windows; they thundered at his "yett"; they seized upon and subjected to brutal treatment his wife and daughter, whom they met accidentally in the environs of the dwelling. William was mixed up with many bloody feuds, and John Murray of Blackbarony, became surety for his appearance at Holyrood to answer for his misdeeds. In course of time he died and was buried in St Gordian's Kirkyard, far up the lonely glen.

His sons, William and John, followed in the footsteps of their sire. And once the former was bound down to keep the peace in a thousand merks. In 1681 he was charged, with many others, with committing a murderous assault on Rev. David Thomson, incumbent of Manor.

Notwithstanding all these, and many similar performances, the characters of the Burnets were not worse than those of the lairds around them. They had good qualities as well as bad. The latter are recorded in the public records, the former are "writ in water," and are unnoticed and unknown. In such turbulent times every man's hand was against his neighbour. Pleasant memories linger of the last Burnet of Barns and his family.

Far away from human habitation in the silent uplands of Manor there is a spot at which every antiquarian lingers. It is the site of the ancient Church of St Gordian — commonly called St Gorgham. It is believed to have been erected in the dim and distant past, as the successor to a place of worship in early Christian times. Though the stillness is now unbroken save for the gentle rippling of the burn, and the occasional bleating of the sheep, it was not always thus. There are, in the upper part of the romantic glen, numerous vestiges of former habitations, which show that a considerable population lived there at a remote period. Within the stone enclosure a very few grassy mounds remind the pilgrim that here was St Gordian's Kirk. It must have been a building of some extent, and if not imposing, was, at least, not destitute of ornament. There was "a great east window," in front of which, as is learned from the inscription on the chaste Ionic cross erected in 1874 by Sir John Naesmyth, one of the ladies of Barns, left written instructions, that she was to be buried. In all likelihood there were stones—sculptured stones possibly—in the interior of the Church, for representatives of the great families of Manor were interred there for generations. William Burnet, the father of the "Hoolet," desired to be "interred in St Gorgone's Kirk in Manor." There was an Altar of the Holy Cross very conspicuous. To it certain properties in the Crossgait and old town of Peebles were mortified by John Burnet and Sir John Hannakyn, who was the Vicar in 1197. Lands were assigned to the living by the Lowis', Bairds, and other proprietors of ancient times, and, of course, masses were regularly said for the repose of their souls. The bell, which sounded through the glen more than 400 years ago, still summons the worshippers to the modern Church in another part of the Parish. It bears the legend, "In honore Sancti Gordiani, MCCCCLXXVIII." The font —rescued from its mean use as a trough for watering cattle, and removed from the Cross Roads near the present village—is restored to its original place. Baptism, according to Presbyterian form, has been administered by the late Rev. P. MacVicar out of this venerable relic of the Roman Catholic Church. Around the site of St Gordian's lie—unhonoured and unmarked—graves of lairds and ladies, dependants and serfs, "gentle and simple." It is sad that no ancient memorial exists of any of the families buried here until, and long after, the Church was removed to its present position about the middle of the seventeenth century. There are in the existing Manor churchyard, enclosed by an iron railing, the graves of the Burnets since that period. The inscriptions form an interesting chapter in the history of this old Peeblesshire family.

As to St Gordian little or nothing is known with certainty. Information regarding the various saints, who bore his name, and the suppression of his Church in Manor, is to be found in "Glimpses of Peebles," pp. 52 to 57.

Towards the middle of the 18th century the Burnets were suspected, not without reason, of warm sympathy with Prince Charles Edward Stuart. It does not clearly appear that they took any active part in promoting his cause, and they are not mentioned even along with the Earl of Traquair, whose caution prevented him from committing himself. But they must have been intimate with the Jacobite families, such as the Murrays of Stanhope, the Hays of Drummelzier, and with John Murray. One good feature in the character of the latter is that he knew more than he told. He did not mention any one whom he could screen, and he never alludes in his evidence to the Burnets. Nevertheless a detachment of Royalist soldiers was despatched to Barns to capture the laird and search his house. This detachment was intercepted by

Mr Johnston, the minister of Lyne, who, though a zealous upholder of the reigning house, wished to save his neighbours. He met, fortunately, the soldiers marching past the manse, and insisted on the officer and his men turning in to partake of much-needed refreshment. He plied them with meat and drink in the most hospitable fashion, and sent off a boy across the Tweed to give timeous warning at Barns. The troop arrived at the old house (west from the tower), and found the nest empty — the bird having fled. Moreover, all or much of the silver plate had been hastily consigned to the dungeon of the keep, where some of it was discovered long years afterwards. The Burnets of that day kept up a correspondence with some friends of pronounced Jacobite proclivities. Professor Veitch in an article in "Blackwood's Magazine" (July, 1894), mentions that Mr David Beatt, who proclaimed James VIII. at Edinburgh—a ceremony that was graced by the beautiful Mrs Murray—excused himself, in September, 1747, for not visiting Barns as "I have enter'd with Miss Flory McDonald, who needs very much to be advanced in her writing." She could not be put off as she had waited in Edinburgh some weeks for his return.

In the avenue of Barns a group of cottages still retains the name of "Crosshouses," while behind is a field called "Kirkfield," and a round eminence planted with trees styled "Kirkhill." All this seems to support the tradition that there was a Chapel of the Holy Cross in immediate proximity to Barns, but all trace of it has disappeared.

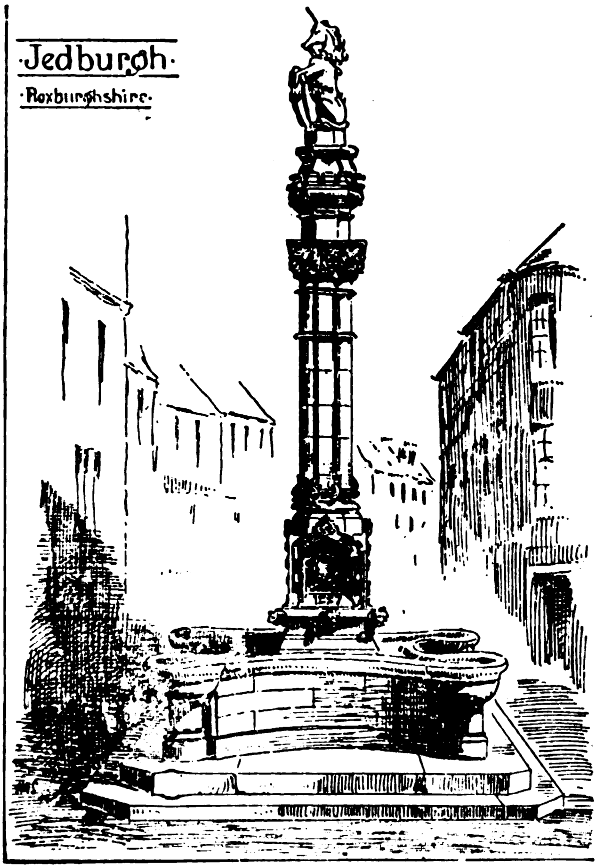
A. W.

National Ballads.

FLETCHER OF SALTOUN'S ever-memorable remark about national ballads occurs in his "Account of a Conversation," and in this way :—"'Even the poorer sort of both sexes,' said Christopher, 'are daily tempted to all manners of lewdness by infamous songs sung in every corner of the streets.' I said, 'I know a very wise man so much of Sir Christopher's sentiment, that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. And we find that most of the ancient legislators thought they could not well reform the manners of any city without the help of a lyric, and sometimes of a dramatic poet.'" It is noteworthy that this proverbial saying bears to have been quoted by Fletcher from "a very wise man," though it has long been attributed to Fletcher's own self. In the records of our old authors such a remark is not to be found, and universal belief has fixed the authorship upon him. It was probably with a little stern egotism that he referred to himself as being "a very wise man." This remarkable saying has been said to have been uttered by men as widely separated as Burns and Cobbett. In our literature, this was the earliest acknowledgment of the power of ballads. But the fact that in Scotland the kings kept bards and jougleurs, who strolled about the country singing their ballads at burgh street corners, among villages and at farmhouses, goes to show that the author of that happy saying was a Scot. In Scotland at that time ballads alone formed the literature for the people. Over the country they grew like wild flowers. Satiric smiling pacquils spread over the land like briar roses. Ballads breathed the hopes and fears of the people, and went straight to their hearts. Their highest and holiest matters were said in the old minstrelsy. In times of national wars and national troubles, their strains stirred the people's blood like trumpet sounds; and the burdens of their loves and sorrows found most expression in the sweetness of their own songs. Down in the Border Land the ballads were the best; and it is not improbable that Fletcher had them in his memory when his lips spoke of their power. And, strange to say, the lives and manners of these Border marauders, bold and brave, and hearty in their lawlessness, agree to a nicety with the burdens and descriptions of their popular ballads. A spirit of lawless daring, a light laughing scorn of personal danger, gladdens their lives, and the music is full of the clanking noise of gallant mosstroopers returning from the Borders with flocks of sheep and heads of cattle with Englishmen in pursuit, waving their spears and lances, and the ringing yelp of a bloodhound on the reivers' tracks. Fletcher was among, if not the first, to point out the great influence which songs possess in the social and political welfare of the people. With the true reformer's spirit, he saw that real progress has first to be made in the national heart. And in his own country it receives a home-thrust in pointed facts. Burns did more for Scotland than all the law-makers of the Scottish Conventions or the Scottish Parliaments. The sentiment possesses not a little of the genuine power of culture. Half a truth though it may be, as most sayings are, it has long passed current on the people's lips, and found lodgements in their hearts

At the Mercat Cross.

IN these days when all announcements that are of importance to the public are made with almost lightning rapidity through the medium of the press, it is difficult for us to imagine the importance of the Market Cross in the days of our forefathers. From the steps of that shapely pillar, round which the life of the community seemed to move, all important announcements were made, and hence it became the rallying point for all those who, like the ancient Athenians, spent much of their time in "hearing something new." The extended use of printing, and the advent of the newspaper did away with the necessary for such open-air recitals, and so "the Cross" came to be applied more to a particular locality than to the pillar itself. Often in disrepair, and its usefulness gone, the actual Cross was found to be an obstruction, and was pulled down, the stones, especially of the pedestal, being often used for building purposes. The Crosses which were not destroyed were too often thrown into some obscure corner, to be recovered in recent times by a generation which understands their archæological value. The revived glories of the Market Crosses of Scotland, combined with their ancient history, are well brought before us in a sumptuous and splendid volume entitled "Scottish Market Crosses," by John W. Small, F.S.A. (Scot.), architect, Stirling, author of "Scottish Woodwork of the 16th and 17th Centuries," "Leaves from my Sketch Books," &c., &c. This new work, the first book published on the subject, consists of a series of about 120 Drawings of old Scottish Market Crosses. These have been lithographed from the stone by the author, and occupy a plate 9½ in. by 6½ in., with descriptive letterpress to each plate on a separate sheet.



JEDBURGH CROSS.

The general remarks give a short account of all the known old Market Crosses, while the letterpress accompanying each plate particularises each example. A comprehensive index, alphabetically and otherwise arranged for reference, is included in the volume.

This work is issued in one handsome volume, buckram, gilt top, Small Paper Issue, at 25s per copy net; Large Paper Edition, 50s per copy net. The issue is limited to 500 copies. The drawings were effaced from the stones as soon as the 500 copies were printed.

The work is published by Mr Eneas Mackay, publisher, 43 Murray Place, Stirling, to whom we are indebted for the accompanying illustration (reduced from the original drawing) of Jedburgh Cross.

Among the other Border Crosses, mentioned and illustrated in the work, are Melrose, Peebles, Bowden, Coldingham, Paxton, Duns, Greenlaw, Selkirk, Galashiels, West Linton, Swinton, Preston, Crailing, &c. Of the handsome volume the "Aberdeen Free Press" thus speaks:—

"This really imposing volume brings vividly home to one the extent and interest of the subject, and the need of more attention being devoted to its study while so considerable a number of these ancient constructions are still in existence. Mr Small deserves the highest credit for his labours in this particular field. If not the first to direct antiquarian attention to the subject, he was one of the first to take it up in a practical way, and now he has produced what must ever rank as a standard work, if not the standard work, on this extremely interesting topic. Furthermore, it must be a source of gratification to all interested in the intellectual well-being of Scotland to find a work of this character wholly produced from the provinces. The introduction is a valuable and clear summary of most that is known concerning Market Crosses—of their development from the Cross ecclesiastic to the Cross civic, and of the various ceremonials that were wont to be enacted under their shadow. Turning to the body of this volume, we find about 120 plates each bearing a representation of some particular Market Cross, and accompanying each is a separate page of descriptive letterpress. With regard to the plates, Mr Small has been at extreme pains to bring out the detail in every case. In that respect he has been very successful, and covering so wide a representation of our Market Crosses, the work is simply invaluable on that account alone. It must not be forgotten that Mr Small has accomplished the most difficult part of this, as of every undertaking—he has shown the way. He has given us a book that is most valuable as it stands, and one that is hardly likely to be surpassed, if at all, without the expenditure of very large means. And it will be valuable in this respect, too, that it will certainly stimulate inquiry in a hitherto largely neglected department of historical and antiquarian research."

W. S.

Oh that Saumon!

LORD, what a stoun, a glorious stoun:
My sowl played dirl against my croon,
My feet near loupit frae my shoon
  When first I heuk'd a saumon.

And when he splashed the stream to faem,
An' showed his shinin back an' wame,
The bluid flew through my veins like flame,
  An' keen I held my saumon.

But should an earthquake shake the grun,
Nae greater shock my heart could stun,
Than when, wi' crack as sharp's a gun,
  The rod brak wi' my saumon.

Despair brought frae my lungs a roar
That gart the sheep rin frae the shore,
The boatman like a heathen swore,
  An' curst baith rod and saumon.

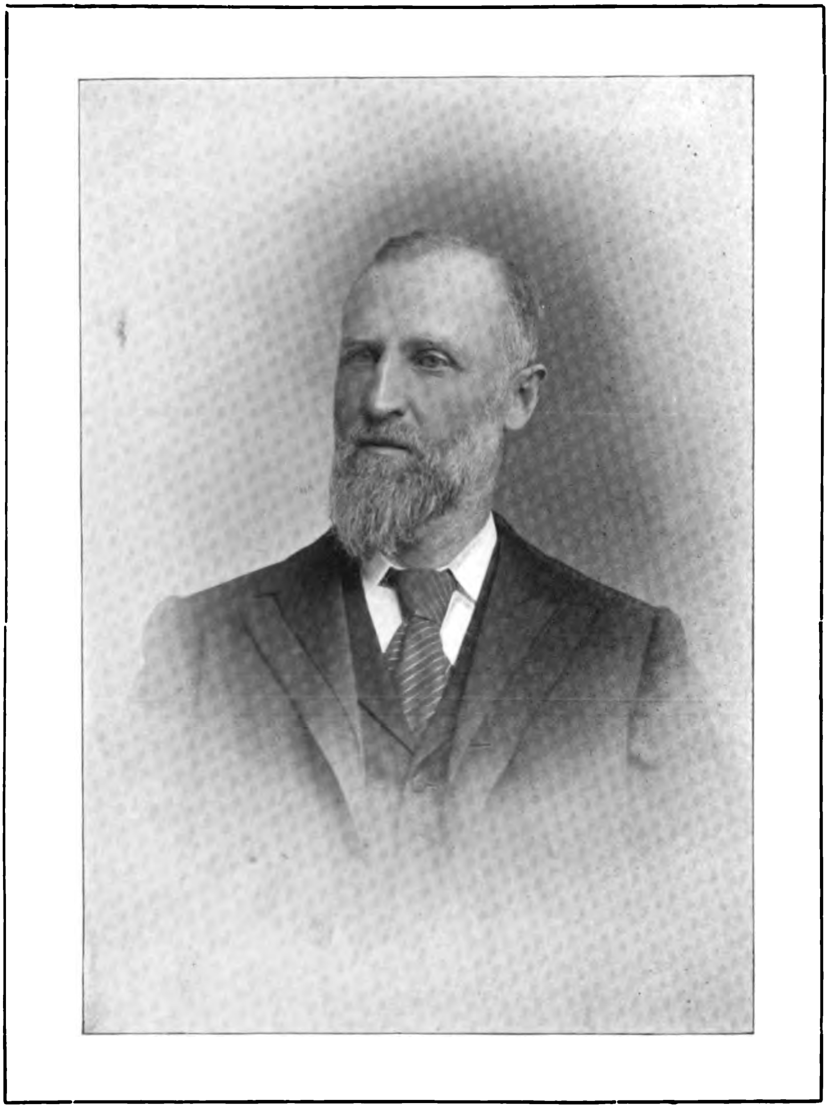
A hunder nichts and mair sin syne,
I've dreamed that gaucy fish was mine,
And jumped to see the whuslin' line
  Cut up-stream wi' the saumon.

But, oh! the waukening up is bad,
To mind I've neither fish nor gad;
It makes me punce the sheets like mad,
  The lord forgie that saumon!

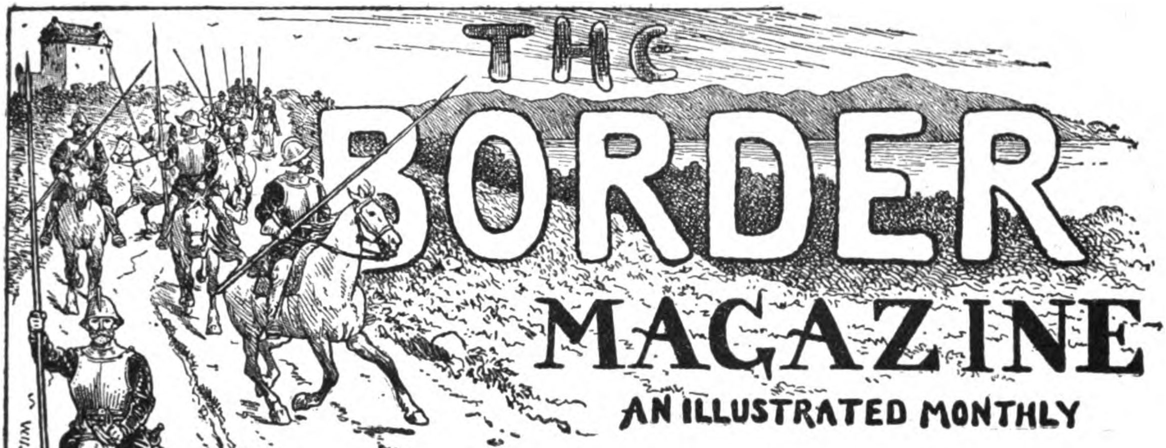
J. S.

PROGRESS OF GALASHIELS PROSPERITY.—In 1832 a small property in High Street of Galashiels was sold for £45; in 1842 it was again sold for £100: and four years later it once more exchanged owners, for the sum of £135, thus tripling its value in the course of the fourteen years.

Printed and Published by A. Walker & Son, Galashiels.



THE LATE JOHN SWORD, PROVOST OF JEDBURGH.



AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

VOL. VII., No. 76. MAY, 1902.

The Late Provost Sword, Jedburgh.

BY J. LINDSAY HILSON, PUBLIC LIBRARY, JEDBURGH.

THE subject of our sketch was a native of the valley of the Jed, that delightful and romantic spot which has furnished to many writers so varied an assortment of incidents as fit subjects for their themes. The association of long-past events with the water-gate of the Jed has cast a halo of romance upon the whole of its surroundings, and the wooded banks present ever-changing pictures to the eye. Of the town itself, Burns says in his diary, "Charming, romantic situation of Jedburgh with gardens, orchards, &c., intermingled among the houses, fine old ruins, a once magnificent cathedral, and strong castle." "Jed, pure be thy crystal streams, and hallowed thy sylvan banks!"

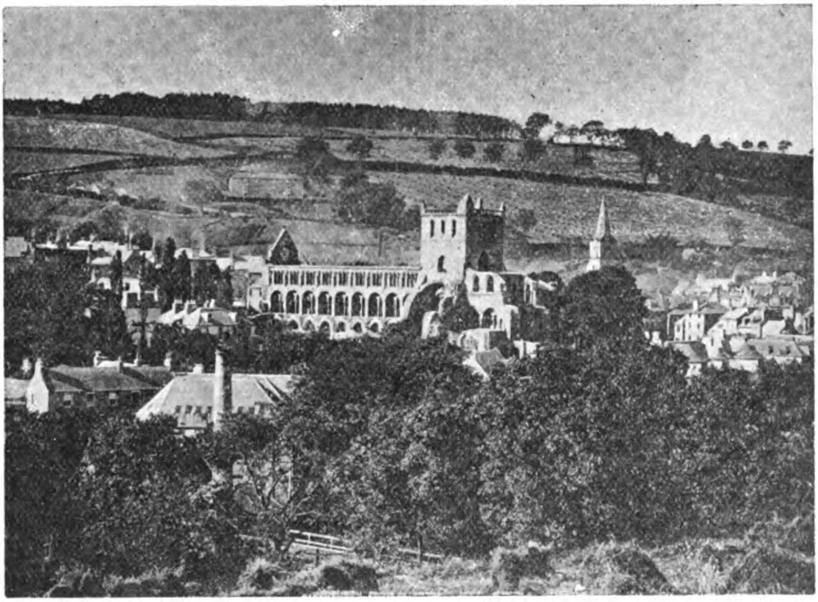
In the near neighbourhood of Langlee, is Lintalee, famous on account of the battle between the English and the Scotch, which took place near this spot.

> "Twas in yon glen that Richmond's Knight
> Was caught by Douglas in the toil;
> In vain were numbers, valour, might--
> The well planned ambush all could foil."

The Capon tree still "standest telling of the past;" and Ferniehorst Castle, "whose battled keep still towers embosomed in the woods," reminds the visitor of those days when the Kers, as Wardens of the Middle Marches, were ever foremost in the fight, making their adversaries feel the crushing effects of their left-handed blows. Wordsworth and his sister visited this spot, and in the "Recollections of a Tour in Scotland," there is found the following:—"The Valley of the Jed is very solitary immediately under Fernieherst; we walked down the river, wading almost to the knees in fern, which in many parts overspread the forest grounds. It made me think of our walks at Allfoxden, and of our own park—though at Ferniehorst is no park at present—and the slim fawns that we used to startle from their couching places among the fern at the top of the hill."

The Sunnybrae Scaurs, between the second and third bridges, have been noticed by Ruskin in his "Modern Painters," in these terms—"There are perhaps no scenes in our island more interesting than the wooded dingles which traverse them, the red rocks glowing out on either side, and shelving down into the pools of their deep, brown rivers."

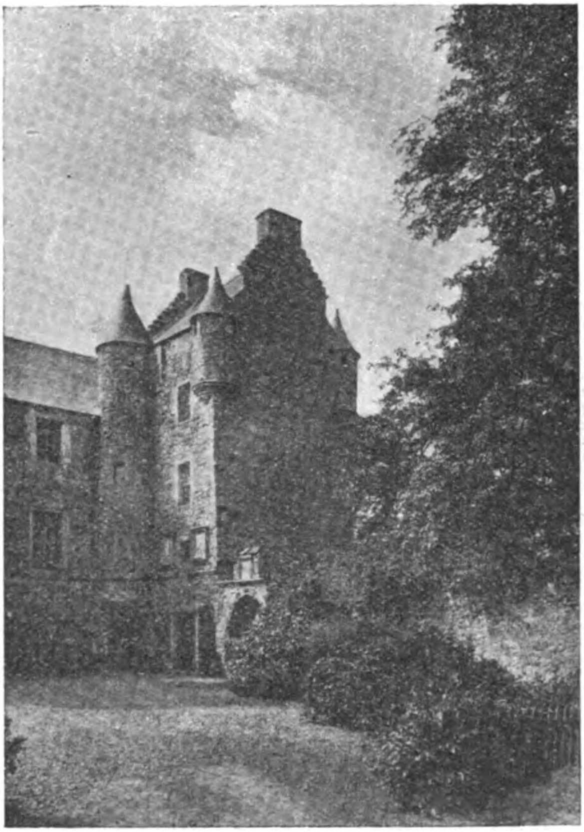
John Sword's birthplace was about two miles from Jedburgh, at Langlee, then the property of Mr Fair, where his father occupied the position of steward and shepherd. Of a family of eight children, John was the second eldest, and he was born on the 21st of March, 1848. On the mother's side connection is claimed with a younger branch of the Cavers family of Douglas. His grandfather, John Douglas, had some associations with Dumfries, and on leaving that place he received from the Thistle Lodge of Freemasons, on 1st November, 1799, a parchment certificate stating the esteem in which he had been held while resident in the town. He died at the age of eighty, some forty-six years ago. When John was barely two years of age, his father removed to Harietsfield, near Ancrum, which place was the family residence for the next twenty-two years. In his early childhood he was of a thoughtful disposition. Being of this nature it is easy to understand that he was fond of books, and that the learning of his lessons was no burden to him. For a very short period he attended the school at Ancrum, but it was given up, in favour of the one at Fairnington, originally spelt Farindun, Faringdune, Farneden. This place comes into historical notice in the early years of the twelfth century. At that time it was in the possession of a family of the name of Burnard, and it was from Richard of that ilk that the monks of Melrose obtained their first portion of land in that district. There was a chapel, or hospital at Fairnington, in 1186, which belonged to the Bishop of Glasgow. On the estate is Downlaw or Dunlaw, on the top of which are the ruins of an observatory or summer residence, erected by the Baron, and which is known as the Baron's Folly. The title and dignity of a Baron was conferred on Robert Rutherfurd, by Catherine of all the Russians in 1777. In the village, the population of which at that time was about one hundred, he established a school, paying the salary of the teacher, granting him an additional allowance for keeping a Sunday school, where the children were "instructed in the principles of religion and morality." It was at the school then belonging to this place, that John Sword received his education; and that he must have been well grounded in the three R's is shown by his aptitude for figures in after life. A younger sister and he seem to have daily walked to school together, and of these happy days sweet and pleasant memories remain to the survivor. He was ever of a cheerful disposition; singing and whistling, or reading the lessons together, they plodded over the Folly Hill and through the heather to the wayside school. An incident exemplifying the old saying of the child being father to the man may be given. The subject of lesson had been the fable of the lion, and the net, and the mouse. After reading it, he turned to his sister and said to her, "never miss an opportunity of doing a kindness to another." In after-life truly may it be said of him that he carried this into every-



JEDBURGH.

day practice—the left hand not knowing what came out of the right hand pocket.

The schoolboy days sped on, and these being the times when no merit or leaving certificates were thought of, and he being thirteen, it was necessary to think of a trade. It was decided that he should learn the grocery business, and with this object in view, he was apprenticed in 1862 to the late Mr Craw, Market Place. The business had been formed in 1756, and Mr Craw, who was shrewd and careful in the selection of his apprentices, took a liking to the lad, and gave him every encouragement, the result of which was, that after he finished his apprenticeship he stayed on in the shop, and eventually on Mr Craw's retiring from business, he purchased the goodwill, and entered in 1876 into possession. The trade in his hands extended considerably; in a very short time it became necessary to acquire additional premises. In later years he was assisted to a great extent by his brother-in-law, Mr George Baird, who, along with a nephew, succeeds him in the business, and this help enabled him to devote considerable time to public work. As a young man he was a member of the Literary Association, and knowing the advantages which he had derived from this Society, he always impressed upon young men the great amount of benefit which would accrue from their associating themselves with similar institutions. The family had always been connected with Blackfriars' Church, of which the Rev. John Polson was minister. As a boy, he attended regularly the Sabbath school, and on reaching man's estate, he became a teacher in the same school where formerly he had been taught. In the fortunes of the church he took a lively interest, ever having its affairs much at heart.

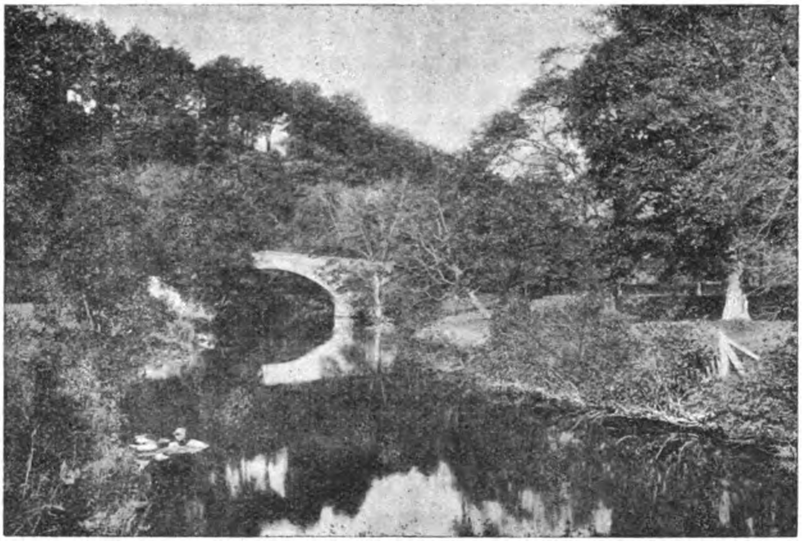


FERNIEHERST CASTLE.

On the 10th of July, 1878, he was married to Miss Mathieson, a daughter of Mr George Mathieson, of Pittsburg, America, who was a native of Jedburgh. Her death took place somewhat suddenly in August, 1895. In the following summer, the Provost took a trip to America, and on his return home he printed his experiences, and from the shrewd, pithy sentences, it was easily seen that his powers of observation had been highly critical.

Provost Sword was for some years a member of the Burgh School Board, and as such took an intelligent and practical interest in the educational affairs of the town. He was a strong advocate of the purchase of the Sessional Schools, but at that time the idea did not catch on. Within the last year, however, the present Board began negotiations, and the property is now under their control. As a member of the Public Library Committee, he also did good work, and it was while he was Provost that the new building in Castlegate, gifted by Mr Carnegie, was opened by Mr Hew Morrison. As an agriculturist, Provost Sword came into touch with very many farmers in the surrounding district. For many years he had been tenant of Lochend, in the near neighbourhood of Jedburgh, and in the management of it he took great interest. This occupation of necessity brought him much in contact with farmers and those engaged in agricultural pursuits. He was an active member of the Jedforest Sheep and Dog Show, and at its annual exhibition in the Lothian Park he generally was an exhibitor.

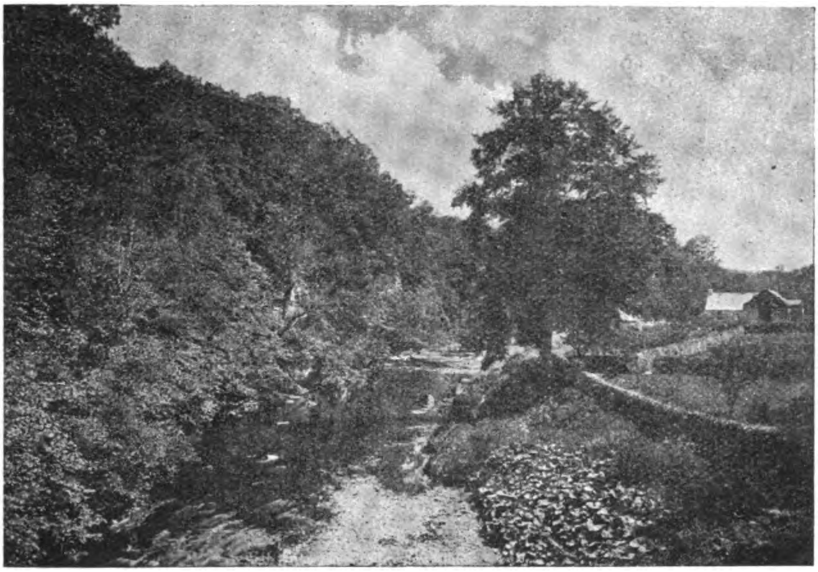
Politically, he belonged to the Conservative party, although thoroughly tolerant to any one of opposing views. At the time of an election he was a keen worker, and did much in a quiet and unobtrusive way to further the interests of the party. In his political opinions he was not dogmatic in giving expression to his ideas, but, like others of his characteristics, they formed the subject of much quiet and forcible reasoning in his own mind. When it was necessary for him to appear on the political platform, he did not hang back, but, as has been said, it was more in quiet, persevering working for the cause that he felt he could best use the talents which lay to his hand in this particular walk of life.



SECOND BRIDGE, ON THE JED

In social life the Provost was of rather a quiet and retiring nature. He had a keenly sensitive disposition, but, however much he might be touched by anything which affected his feelings, he had remarkable control over himself. Pawky, and with a genial fund of quiet humour, he could preside at a social gathering with great acceptance. Whatever the nature of the meeting, his desire was to keep up the tone of it, while, at the same time, encouraging every one to enjoy to the full the occasion of their being brought together. To anything verging on the vulgar, or questionable, he gave a wide berth, ever making it his endeavour to bring the best out of a man in whatever rank of life he might move. He was a member of the local Bowling Club, and as a curler his hearty companionship will long be remembered by the players on the Lanton Hill pond.

But it was chiefly in connection with municipal life that he was best known in the town. He had been a member of the Council for some years, but had retired for a period, when, in 1896, he was asked by his friends to again place his ability at the service of the public. Agreeing to the request, he came forward and was returned. By his fellow-Councillors he was elected Provost of the Burgh. To all the different schemes and proposals brought forward for discussion and development he gave an intelligent attention. He did not jump hastily to a conclusion, but once satisfied that an idea was on safe lines for the welfare of the Burgh, he spared no trouble in trying to carry the measure through, and often in spite of a good deal of opposition. At the time of the Diamond Jubilee he organised the celebrations which were held in the town, and he attended in London the reception by Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, of the Mayors and Provosts of the United Kingdom. He was present on more than one occasion at ceremonials held by the Lord Mayor of London. His presence at these gatherings was not from a desire to gratify his own private feelings, but rather that the town having chosen him as its chief, should be officially represented when the occasion was offered. But it was in connection with the erection of the Public Hall that his name will be most associated. As is known, the Corn Exchange, which was the place where public gatherings were held, was burned in October, 1898. The Company having intimated that the building would not be replaced, it was necessary for the Council to take steps to provide a proper place. After much negotiation and discussion it was resolved to purchase a property in Abbey Place and erect a hall upon the site. Impressed with the necessity of having a building suitable in all respects, the Council fixed upon plans, which, with the price of the stance, brought the cost to something like £6000. To meet this the borrowing powers of the Council could only reach to £4000, and to find the remainder was the problem which had to be solved. From the first the idea of a bazaar found most favour with the community, and it was by means of this, and a subscription list, that the money was all obtained. To say that the Provost was the life and soul of the movement is not conceding too much. All along the line he was almost boisterously sanguine that the money would be forthcoming, never doubting that the accounts would be square, and "a pickle over." It is common history now that his forecasts were true; but however easy it may be to look back and think how simple it all turned out, there is not the shadow of a doubt, that in the achievement of the result no one can realise the enormous strain which must have been thrown upon the



ON THE JED—LOOKING UP FROM FOURTH BRIDGE.

Provost. Still above it all, his cheery hopefulness always prevailed. The great success of the bazaar is in the remembrance of every one. It was fitting, indeed, that the ceremony of opening and naming the new hall should be performed by Provost Sword, to whom was handed by the venerable Town Clerk, Mr James Stedman, who can lay claim to being the oldest Town Clerk in Scotland, a silver key, as a memento of the occasion. In words of simple dignity and force, he gave a brief retrospect of the town's history, concluding by declaring the hall open. The first day, the bazaar was opened by the Duchess of Buccleuch, and the Provost presided on that occasion. At the close of the ceremony, the Earl of Dalkeith, in proposing a vote of thanks to him, said:—"I cannot say too much in expressing your acknowledgment of what he has done. Perhaps some of us have suffered by the Provost's great tact, and courtesy, and kindness, because it has been absolutely impossible to refuse him. . . . It is impossible to say how much we owe to the Provost for his exertions in respect to this bazaar." It may be said that at its close he laid down the burden of life. On the Saturday he was at his shop for the last time; and the streets of the town, on which he had for so long been a familiar figure, were to know him no more. Literally, it may be said of him that he died in harness. A Provost in a South of Scotland Burgh lately said:—"My public work is my hobby, and every minute I can spare from business is devoted to municipal affairs, and to helping my fellow-men. I am proud of the fact that our humblest citizen can see me at any time, and will always find me ready to champion his cause if he is suffering from any injustice or being dealt with unfairly." Very aptly does this sentiment describe the position of our late Provost.

After an illness of four months, during which time he had the best of medical skill, Provost Sword died on the evening of the 9th of February in his fifty-fourth year, at his residence of Normanie. He experienced at times considerable suffering, but through it all he was cheerful and patient. His funeral took place on Thursday, 13th February, the place of burial being Castlewood Cemetery. A very large attendance of friends showed the respect in which he was held by the community. Indeed, it may be said that there were more mourners present than at any other funeral of recent years. The members of Town Council and other public bodies were there in an official capacity, and on the following Sunday his fellow-Councillors attended Blackfriars' Church, in which place he had worshipped so long, and where the Rev. John Polson, his minister for many years, preached a funeral sermon. In it occurred the following passages, which may also very fitly close this brief notice of the late Provost Sword:—

"It has been my privilege to follow the career of our departed friend pretty closely from his boyhood, and I have done so with growing appreciation and wonder. Very quietly and steadily he won his way into the hearts of all ranks and classes. Many Provosts have rendered most excellent service in my time, and he was one of the most useful of them all. His public spirit is enshrined in the beautiful hall he did so much to bring to a happy completion, and his name will endure with it to many generations. Many of the poor will miss him sadly. The shadow of his departed spirit is on me now, and at his own request, I speak with much restraint, but this much I will say, that notwithstanding the shattering of many hopes he bore his affliction with singular composure and resignation. . . . 'The memory of the just is blessed.' Let us cherish his memory as an inspiration to all that is just, and pure, lovely, and of good report."

KIRKYARD MONUMENTS.—At a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland in Edinburgh, Dr Christison, the secretary, read a paper on "Carvings and Inscriptions on the Kirkyard Monuments of the Scottish Lowlands." He stated that the comparatively rude and homely designs of the Lowlands, had been almost ignored by artist and antiquary alike, but there was connected with these much that was quaint and interesting. He passed in review varieties of monuments in different districts, showing that they resolved themselves into three classes—recumbent slabs, erect headstones, or mural monuments. Attention was called to the curious symbolism which they often exhibited tending mostly to warn or threaten the sinner. With regard to the art of these sculptures considerable dignity was sometimes given to the heads of figures. Comparing the Lowlands with the Western Highlands there was, he said, an entire absence of all warlike weapons on the tombs. This was in striking contrast to the Highland usage. Compared with England the range of subject was much wider and the symbolism more varied, but perhaps the most remarkable difference between the two countries was the apparently much earlier origin of the post-Reformation tombstones in Scotland, this, no doubt, being due to the powerful impulse of the Reformation in the Northern Kingdom.

Were Captain Cook's Forebears Borderers?

THE word Scoti is said to mean "wandering," and Gibbon, in allusion to Scotsmen, has drily remarked that it is a characteristic appellation. Those finding their way into England have suffered not a little odium owing to their successful competition with Englishmen in the industries of the Empire. Dr Johnson, as we know, has said that the fairest prospect ever presented to the view of Scotsmen is the road into England—the opinion, by the way, of the old mosstroopers. Their number in England is, no doubt, great. When Lord Brougham was one day in Manchester, a gentleman pointed out to him the great number of Scotsmen who were at the head of the mercantile business in that city. Lord Brougham was struck with the circumstance, and said—"It reminds me of what occurred in the Liverpool Theatre many years ago, when I was on the northern circuit. I was dining with Mr Gladstone, father of Mr William Ewart Gladstone. We went to the theatre, and the play was 'Macbeth:' old Kean was then playing Macbeth. When Macduff said, 'Stands Scotland where it did?' a man in the gallery cried out, 'Na, sirs; there's pairt o' Scotland in England noo—there's John Gladstone and his clan.'"

But while this charge is made against "John Gladstone and his clan"—i.e., innovating Scotsmen—it might yet be asked how much, but for this transplanting of the more northern race, the United Kingdom would have lost. The names of a great number of eminent Scoto-Englishmen will at once suggest themselves to the reader, such as Macaulay, John Stuart Mill, and Mr Gladstone. Even Pope, the poet—a very unlikely subject—was probably a scion of the Papes, Paips, or Popps of Dornock, Sutherlandshire. At all events, we are told, it is stated in the fifth volume of the "Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ," that Alexander Pope, minister of Reay in 1732, "in the summer of that year rode his pony from Caithness to Twickenham, that he might visit his relative and namesake, the poet, who presented him with a copy of the subscription edition of his 'Odyssey,' in five vols. quarto." And coming down to lesser lights, we have the class represented by such men as Douglas Jerrold and Ebenezer Elliot; and no doubt a special inquiry on the lines suggested would bring out many curious results.

For instance, was Captain Cook, the celebrated circumnavigator, of Scotch parentage? This question may seem to many people as outre as that Lord Nelson was a Dutchman. In the case of Captain Cook, however, there are many things presumably in favour of his northern descent. His English biographers confess that the information they possess regarding his parentage is very slight and meagre. The facts, as stated by Englishmen, seem to be these:—James Cook was born about 1695 (it is not said where), and with his wife Grace resided at Morton, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. From thence they moved to Morton, a village near Stockton, where he lived in a mud cottage and worked as a day labourer. Here in 1728 his son James, the world-famed navigator, was born. Eight years afterwards the family removed to Great Ayton, where the father was appointed hind or bailiff of a farm, the proprietor of which, taking a kindly interest in the son James, sent him to school at Ayton. The parish register of Morton contains the following entry, under the date of November 3, 1728:—"James, ye son of James Cook, day labourer, baptized."

In the "Memoirs of the Colman Family," by George Colman the younger, where an account is given of a tour in the north of England in 1775, there is the remarkable statement that in the village of Kirkleatham, two miles from Redcar, Captain Cook's father resided—a venerable man of eighty years of age, who, in order "that he might gratify a parent's pride and love of perusing his son's first voyage round the world," had learned to read only two or three years previous to the date there mentioned.

Now comes the evidence in favour of Cook's connection with Scotland, and what is more, with the Border Counties. Jeffrey, in his History of Roxburghshire, under the heading of "Edenham" (Ednam), says:—"Edenham is said to be the birthplace of the father of the famous Captain Cook. The tradition of the family is that the father of the captain was born here, from which he went to Ayton, in Berwickshire, and from that place to Martin Cleveland, in England, where the great captain was born. In confirmation of this tradition, the parish record bears:—'Dec. 24, 1692, John Cooke, in this parish, and Jean Duncane, in the parish of Smailhume, gave up their names for proclamation in order to marriage. A certificate produced of her good behaviour. John Cooke and Jean Duncane were married, Jan. 19, 1693.'—'1694, John Cooke had a son baptized, called James, March the 4th day.' The same register also bears that John Cuke, the grandfather of the captain, was an elder of the parish in 1692, during the incumbency of Thomas Thomson, father of the poet of the 'Seasons.'"

Again when treating of Smailholm, Mr Jeffrey further remarks:—"Jean Duncan, the mother of Captain Cook resided in the barony of Smailholm at the time of her marriage with John Cook of Ednam. It is probable the pair were married at Smailholm."

Nor is it to be supposed that Mr Jeffrey is alone in the opinion that Captain Cook's father was a native of Ednam. In the "New Statistical Account" (1839), the Rev. Joseph Thomson, then minister of the parish of Ednam, remarks:—"There is some reason to believe, from a comparison of the Biography of Captain Cook with the parish register, that the father of the circumnavigator was a native of Ednam."

Further information or speculation on this interesting topic would be welcome. Thus, the question might be asked if there has been no ambiguity in the use made of the two "Aytons"—the one in Berwickshire and the one in the Midland Counties. Again, the statement of Colman that the father of Captain Cook was unable to read until in his old age, does not square with the idea entertained that all Scotsmen—even the labouring classes—were taught to read;—a belief which is especially emphasised and corroborated by at least the returns on the state of education in the Border districts in the "New Statistical Account" of a somewhat later date. The fact, too, that his father had been an office-bearer in the Church would be a kind of guarantee, one would imagine, in the matter of early education. But it is just possible that some fact or some tradition bearing on the genealogy of Captain Cook may have escaped the notice of the historian of Roxburghshire and the curious in such matters, and which it might be important to chronicle.

Traditional Origin of the Naesmyths of Posso in Peeblesshire.

THE founder of the family name of Naesymth is said to have derived his name from the following circumstance:—In the course of the feuds which raged for some time between the Scottish kings and their powerful subjects the Earls of Douglas, a rencontre took place one day on the outskirts of a Border village, when the king's adherents were worsted. One of them took refuge in the village smithy, where, hastily disguising himself, and donning a spare leather apron, he pretended to be engaged in assisting the smith with his work, when a party of the Douglas followers rushed in. They glanced at the pretended workman at the anvil, and observed him deliver a blow upon it so unskilfully that the hammer-shaft broke in his hand. On this one of the Douglas men rushed at him, calling out, "Ye're nae symth!" the assailed man seized his sword, which lay conveniently at hand, and defended himself so vigorously that he shortly killed his assailant, while the smith brained another with his hammer; and a party of the king's men having come to their help, the rest were speedily overpowered. The royal forces then rallied, and their temporary defeat was converted into a victory. The king bestowed a grant of land on his follower "Nae Smyth," who assumed for his arms a sword between two hammers with broken shafts, and the motto, "Non arte sed Marte," as if to disclaim the art of smith, in which he had failed, and to emphasise the superiority of the warrior. Such is said to be the traditional origin of the family of Nae-Symth of Posso in Peeblesshire, who continue to bear the same name and arms.

It is remarkable that the inventor of the steam hammer should have so effectually contradicted the name he bears and reversed the motto of his family; for so far from being 'Nae-Smyth,' he may not inappropriately be designated the very Vulcan of the nineteenth century. His hammer is a tool of immense power and pliancy, but for which we must have stopped short in many of those gigantic engineering works which are among the marvels of the age we live in. It possesses so much precision and delicacy that it will chip the end of an egg resting in a glass on the anvil without breaking it, while it delivers a blow of ten tons with such a force as to be felt shaking the parish. It is, therefore, with a high degree of appropriateness that Mr James Nasmyth has discarded the feckless hammer with the broken shaft, and assumed for his emblem his own magnificent steam-hammer, at the same time reversing the family motto, which he has converted into "Non Marte sed Arte."

Mr Nasmyth was born in Edinburgh in the year 1808. From his earliest youth he was fond of mechanical pursuits, and watched the operations of artizans in various manufactories, until he at last acquired great skill in the handling of tools, and no inconsiderable amount of chemical knowledge. The School of Arts of his native town, which he attended for some time, contributed to extend his knowledge in science and mechanical art. After finishing his education in the University of Edinburgh he went to London, laden with models of machines and mechanical drawings, and obtained an engagement in the engineering establishment of Messrs

Maudsley & Field, at a very humble salary. In 1834 he settled in Manchester, engaged a floor in an old cotton mill, and soon had such a stock of machinery on his premises that the floor gave way, and he had notice to quit. Like all self-made men, Mr Nasmyth had many difficulties to encounter; but at length he succeeded, founding the well-known firm of Nasymth, Gaskell, & Co., from which he retired with a competency in 1856. Besides the steam hammer, which has made its inventor famous over the whole world, Mr Nasmyth is likewise the author of the steam pile-driver, which effects an immense saving of time and labour in the construction of harbours, bridges, &c., and renders possible the undertaking and successful completion of such wonderful works as the draining of Zwyder Zee.

Who is right?

MR DICKSON, M.P. for the Burghs of Peebles, Selkirk, Linlithgow, and Lanark, bought the estate of Broughton, which belonged to John Murray, Secretary to Prince Charles Edward Stuart. He is described variously. In the Memorials of Murray, published by the Scottish History Society, he is called Mr Dickson of Havannah, whose agent was Mr Walter Scott, W.S. (father of Sir Walter), while Murray's agent was Mr Thomas Tod, W.S. In Chambers' "History of Peeblesshire," he is mentioned as "James Dickson of Edrom." In the Statistical Account of Broughton, published in 1793, he is designated "Mr James Dickson of Edrum, M.P. for this district of burrows." Mr Renwick, in his "Historical Notes on Peeblesshire localities," also alludes to him as "James Dickson of *Edrom*." On the other hand it is confidently asserted that he was Mr James Dickson of *Ednam*." Edrom is in Berwickshire, while Ednam is in Roxburghshire.

Moreover, in Chambers' the date of the sale is 1762, the year given in the Statistical Account, and in Renwick; while in the Memorials it is said, "Mr George Murray has in his possession the missives of sale of Broughton of date 24 May, 1764."

The Dicksons of Kilbucho were related to John Murray, for "Dickson married Margaret, the eldest daughter of Sir William Murray of Stanhope. Their son, the laird at this time, was John Murray's cousin." (Memorials. Note p. xxvii.)

At the same time as James Dickson "of Broughton and Kilbucho," was M.P. for the Burghs, John Dickson, younger of Kilbucho, was M.P. for the County. The former was the Dickson of Havannah, and Edrom or Ednam. What relation was he to the Dickson of Hartree and Kilbucho? The latter was an acquaintance of Carlyle (Jupiter Carlyle of Inveresk), who met him at Lichfield, while on a tour in England about 1746 or 1748.

Carlyle in his "Autobiography," p. 199, thus describes him: "As three make a better travelling party than two (Charles Congalton and himself) society was improved by this junction; for though Kilbucho was a singular man, he knew the country, which he had often travelled; and his absurdities, which were innocent, amused us. As well as he knew the country, however, when he came to the river Esk, and to the usual place of passing it—for there was no bridge opposite Gretna Green—although he had insisted on dismissing the guide we had brought from some distance to show us the road, yet nothing could persuade him, or even his servant, to venture into the ford which he professed he knew so well. The tide was not up, but the river was a little swollen. Congalton and I became impatient of his obstinate cowardice, and, thinking we observed the footstep of a horse on the opposite side (what we thought a horse's footstep turned out a piece of sea-weed which the tide had left), we ventured in together and got safe through, while the gallant knight of the shire for the county of Peebles, with his squire, stood on the bank till he saw us safe through. This disgusted us not a little, but as I was to part from him at Gretna, and go round by Annan and Dumfries to visit my friends, I had only half an hour more of his company, which I passed in deriding his cowardice. Congalton, anxious to get soon to Edinburgh, accompanied him by the Moffat road. But, strange to tell of a Scotch laird, when they came to the Crook Inn, within a few miles of Kilbucho, which lies about half a mile off the road as it approaches Broughton, he wished Congalton a good-evening, without having the hospitality to ask him to lodge a night with him, or even to breakfast as he passed next morning. I was happy to find afterwards that all the Tweeddale lairds were not like this savage."

ENQUIRER.

"The Burnets of Barns."

[The accidental transposition of a line on page 75 in the last number of the MAGAZINE caused a misreading. The sentences ought to run thus:—"One was killed at the battle of Ferozepore, and the other at Moodkhee or Sobraon. A third, William, became a merchant in Jamaica," &c.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *81 Oxford Drive, Glasgow.*

TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. WALKER & SON, *High Street, Galashiels.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1902.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

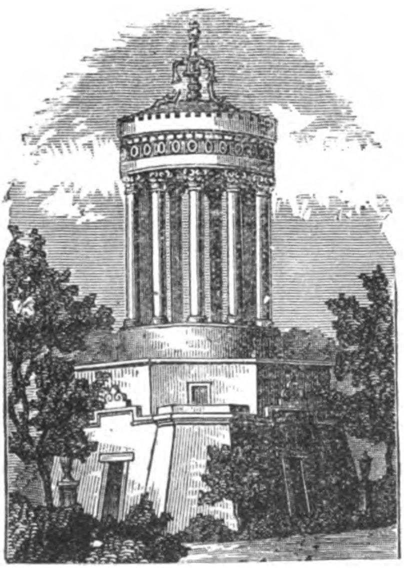
EDITORIAL NOTES.

As our readers will have noticed, it is our desire to make the BORDER MAGAZINE a judicious blend of things new and old, and so our next issue will, to some extent, be a Coronation number.

WE are continually receiving evidence of the pleasure our Magazine brings to Borderers in distant parts of the world, so we trust that our readers, who may have friends in distant lands, will send them copies of our June number.

IN the present number we begin our sketches of the various Border Associations and Unions, and we again invite secretaries to send in a few particulars regarding their societies. Attention to this small request may be the first step to bring about a federation of the scattered Borderers all over the world.

The Border Keep.



Burns' Monument, near Ayr.

Our beloved Borderland, with its fine roads, easily accessible hills, and countless walks by riverside and glen, should be the home of numerous rambling clubs, and I am happy to say that there are an increasing number of these physically and mentally recreative combinations. It is a healthy sign to see Churches and Y.M.C.A.'s taking an interest in such matters, and, doubtless, these institutions find that a rambling club is a capital method of keeping their members together during the summer. The Innerleithen Alpine Club, whose excellent book has been reviewed more than once in the BORDER MAGAZINE, set a good example to the other parts of the Borders, and it is a great pleasure to read the record of the Club's outings. A somewhat similar volume now lies before me, and though having no bearing upon the Borderland can be read with pleasure by anyone. The book, which can be had post free at 2s 6d from Messrs A. Bryson & Co., 92 Trongate, Glasgow, is entitled "The Outings of the Sylvan Ramblers," and consists of the records of four dozen outings, principally in the vicinity of Glasgow, beginning with Ayr and Burns' Monument. The volume is illustrated with numerous wood-cuts similar to the one here reproduced, and gives a good idea of the interesting surroundings of Glasgow. Having frequently accompanied the Glasgow Sylvan Ramblers in their outings, I can testify to the pleasure and profit to be derived from such innocent and health-giving recreations, and would again recommend the starting of many Border Sylvan Rambling Clubs. Now is the time to begin, and I feel sure that, before autumn arrives, all those who take my advice will be glad that they did so.

* * *

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM KNOX.—"Old Dovemount," writing to the "Hawick News" lately, says:—

An incident in Knox's life will no doubt be of interest to your readers. Being up at Hawick one day, he stepped into Stainton's smiddy up Melgund to shun a shower. Dinner hour arrived, and as the crack was good and the rain still coming down in bucketfuls, Stainton asked his unknown visitor to share his midday meal. Knox, with true Scotch modesty, declined; but the smith persisted. At length, laying his hand on his shoulder, he said, "Come away, man—'Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?'" This quotation from Knox's own poem fairly conquered him, and Stainton had the pleasure of his company.—Another correspondent, referring to the above, says:—Many of our older town-folk will still remember Mr James Smith, blacksmith, Melgund Place, a man who, like Longfellow's model, "could look the whole world in the face, for he owed not any man." Some of his sons have since held positions of trust both in this country and abroad. Before coming to the Melgund smithy, Mr Smith was tenant of Cauldmill; and it was here one stormy afternoon in the early twenties that a stranger sought shelter from the blast. In the course of conversation the smith soon discovered that his visitor was no ordinary wayfarer. As the wind whirled the leaves past the smithy door, Mr Smith quoted the lines of the then well-known poem by William Knox—

"The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid"—

when, with tears in his eyes, William Knox, for so the stranger proved to be, modestly said that he was the author of the lines just quoted. The blacksmith, hastily calling on his wife to prepare a meal, took the poet into the ingle nook, and the crack that night was long and couthy. The guest stayed with the worthy couple all that morning. William Knox, author of the famous poem, "Mortality," was born at Lilliesleaf in 1789, and died at Edinburgh in 1825.

* * *

The passing away of a distinguished Borderer, who was a member of the London Scottish Border Counties Association, is worthy of note. He was the second son of the late Rev. Andrew Milroy, who was parish minister at Crailing, and came out of the Established Church at the Disruption. The London "Times" thus refers to the deceased, who was trained at the Edinburgh Academy prior to going to Oxford:—

The Rev. Andrew Wallace Milroy, who died at Marseilles on March 3, aged 60, was formerly scholar of Queen's College, Oxford, and was placed in the first class in classical moderations in 1862 and graduated with a first-class in *Lit. Hum.* in 1864. He was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Oxford (Dr Wilberforce) in 1868 and priest the year following by the Bishop of London. From 1868 to 1870 he was vice-principal of St Edmund's-hall, Oxford, and in the latter year he became curate to Canon Duckworth on his appointment to St Mark's Hamilton-terrace. In 1874-75 he was curate of Tooting Graveney. At the same time he was appointed reader at the Rolls Chapel and became preacher there in 1879, retaining that post as long as the chapel lasted. In 1879 he accepted from his college the rectory of Newnham with Mapledurwell, Hants, which he held for ten years. In 1889 he was appointed by the vicar of Carisbrooke to the vicarage of St Mary, West Cowes, and in 1893 his college conferred on him the vicarage of Carisbrooke, which he held till his death. He had served as Acting Chaplain to the Forces at Parkhurst since 1895. Mr Milroy had been interested for many years in Queen's College, Harley-street. He was professor of Latin from 1870 to 1887, resigning the office when he went to the Isle of Wight, but he continued till a few years ago to be associated with the college as professor of Church History.

* * *

The patriotism of the Rev. David Macrae is well known, and his sentiments on this subject are well summed up in a letter he recently sent to an evening paper:—

Scotland has a national life and a national history of her own—a history of which any nation might be proud—and she will make a fatal mistake if she denationalises herself and lets her independent life and history be lost in the life and history of England. But her business is, on the one hand, to rid herself of her vices and failings, and, on the other hand, to strengthen all the elements that have made her name known and honoured for centuries all the world over. It is by thus developing her national life from its own root, giving it all the benefit of progressive culture, that Scotland will not only honour and ennoble herself, but make herself an even greater strength than she is to the United Kingdom, and a greater influence for good in the world. Nationality has a distinct and divine purpose as well as personality, and, cultivated in harmony with its divine ideal, is a help, not a hindrance, to universal brotherhood. As every noble man is a strength to the community in which he dwells, so every nation is fitted, if true to itself, to become increasingly a strength and blessing to the whole community of nations—not least, surely, a nation with the grit, grace, and gumption of Scotland.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Jock o' the Side.

BY J. G. GRANT.

"He is weel kenn'd is Jock o' the Side,
A greater thief did never ride;
He never tyres
For to breck byres;
Ow'r muir and myres
Ow'r gude a guide."
—Ballad by Sir Richard Maitland, 1588.

A TYPICAL Border reiver was Jock o' the Side, of whom a statesman-poet of the time, Sir Richard Maitland, has drawn no flattering portrait in our motto. He was a nephew of the Laird of Mangerston, residing with his mother, the strong-minded Lady Dowie, some two miles or so from Mangerston House. Linked with a congenial comrade, one Mike of Wingfield, and with his fierce cousins, the Laird's Jock, Fair Johnnie, and Billy Willie, Jock o' the Side doubted not, by a foray into England, to do what in modern parlance would be called "a good stroke of business." How far he succeeded will soon be shown.

The scene opens on the banks of the River Liddell, not far below Castleton, at the spot where the aforesaid Mangerston House (now splintered by the rude hand of Time into fragments of an old mill wall) then frowned over river and forest, a fit abode for men of the Ishmælitish order, perpetually either attacking or attacked. It was a building, indeed, whose castellated form and strength made the domestic term "house" seem rather inappropriate, if not derogatory: so much more was its aspect that of a military stronghold than of a peaceful family residence. But, in those days, the residence of a Border chief demanded the utmost strength that good ashlar-work and skilful contrivance could give it: the bitter feuds and predatory habits of the inmates causing daily and hourly peril of siege. So that James the Sixth, on viewing the tremendously thick walls of such a fabric, exclaimed to those about him, "By my certie, my lords, the carle that built this hoose was a knave in his heart!" The chief of Mangerston, or Laird, as he was called—father of the three worthies on whom Dick o' the Cow had dealt so cunningly only a few days previous—was a man now verging on old age, and for some time, therefore, had delegated to his moss-trooping sons all duties of raid, foray, and hatred; in other words, of rapine, revenge, and murder, the latter being far too generally the child of the former.

A bright morning of early May had drawn the old Laird to a seat on the highest of his towers; from which, indeed, every approach of friend or foe, by land or water, was perceptible. At present, such visitation seemed promised only, or threatened, as the case might be, by three mounted figures; one a female, apparently of some distinction, and behind whom the others, powerful-looking men in plate and mail, rode as dependants and guards. They drew near at the utmost speed to which their strong horses could be urged; and, being well known to the gateward, were instantly admitted. In the female traveller Laird Mangerston recognised his sister, Lady Dowie; a widow whose fierce spirit had certainly not gone down into the grave of her husband; and, instantly descending to greet her, he was struck with the mingled expression of anger, sorrow, and anxiety on her stern, hard features.

"What news, what news, my fair sister?" he exclaimed.

"Ill news, my brother," answered the dame; "ill to tell and worse to bide! The foray is nought; the fool Dick o' the Cow has fooled us all—fled to a far-off home—and the attack on Askerton has fooled us yet more and worse. Mike of Wintoun is shot dead, and my son Jock o' the Side is prisoner—Scroop's land-sergeant has him in grip in that accursed castle on Tyne bank!"

"Ha!" cried the Borderer, rousing himself fiercely at the news, "is it sae? We'll loosen the grip, and have him on Liddell bank again right speedily. Up with thy stout heart, Dame Grizzie; and get jack and head-pot on to thy stout vassals! This shall be a raid worth twenty. Sharp steel or bright gold, one or both, shall win back Jock o' the Side, I promise ye. Sixty and three yoke o' gude owsen have I in croft and byre; and my barns and faulds are a' weel filled forby; and, by the Rood o' St. Johnston, I'll lose them a' before Jock o' the Side loses a hair o' his beard!"

"Ah!" cried the afflicted mother: "but that blood-thirsty Scroop is a hot and hasty man; he will hang my brave Jock as he would a fox or a kestrel, before tongue can speak or hand be lifted to save him!"

"Not sae, not sae," iterated Mangerston; "he loves gold and gear, and will tarry for the chance of clutching a brave ransom."

"Alas!" said the dame; "men say the accursed woodie* is already building."

"Tut, tut," shouted the chief; "I tell thee the beams are not sawed and the rope is not spun that shall hang thy brave Jock! Ho, there! summon hither my Jock—the "Laird's

* Woodie. Anglice—Gallows.

Jock"—and his brethren three, Johnnie the Fair, Billy Willy, and Wat o' the Cleugh; and raise the water† on baith Liddell and Tyne; and, above a', cry hither Hobbie Noble; he has a brain under his basnet, and, English though he be, will be true to Armstrongs and Elliotts; cry them a' here, and we'll lay a dainty plot to free Jock o' the Side."

When Sir John Falstaff cried out with such unction for "one that could steal well—a fine young thief of three and twenty, or thereabouts," Jock o' the Side would have been worth fifty pottles of sack "finely brewed" to him; for a more accomplished thief never existed! He knew the whole mystery of the craft. He had "millions of mischief" in him, without one alloying grain of conscience. For all which excellent qualities his mother, uncle, and cousins, and all their "kith and kin," loved him beyond expression. For his own part, like most men of genius, he heartily loved his calling. He did not merely say with Sir John, "A man must work in his vocation," he worked in it with a sort of rapture. Stouthrife and spulzie, as Border violence and robbery were called, were the delight of his soul. No richest acres of corn or meadow-land had half the charm for him of a wild moor or fell, when he drove over it a yoke of stolen cattle from south to north. Sun nor moon was half so cheery a light to him as the blaze of a farmstead, after he had "ranshacted" it of all its gear. In fact, he was the very counterpart of the Border hero "good at need" in one of Sir Walter's epics:—

A stark moss-trooping wight was he
As e'er couched Border lance by knee.
Through Solway sands, through Tarras Moss,
Blindfold he knew the paths to cross;
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds:
In Esk or Liddell fords were none
But he would ride them one by one.
Alike to him was time or tide—
December's snow, or July's pride;
Moonless midnight, or matin prime.
Steady of heart and stout of hand
As e'er drove prey from Cumberland.

Jock's only deviation from profitable business habit and rule was in the instance of helping the luckless Earl of Westmoreland to escape from the wrath of Elizabeth; but, even then, he "kept his hand in," as the phrase is, by stealing the Countess's horses; and had the further gain of exchanging clothes and equipments with the Earl—coarse jerkin and rusty jack, for rich doublet and Milan mail—the flying Earl having to pass in the disguise of a common Borderer. At length, however, Jock's better stars withdrew their lustre, and in the desperate attack on a rich "steading" and a powerful "peel," he was seized and hurried a prisoner to Newcastle, as narrated by his venerable mother.

For the others, Wat o' the Cleugh was simply of the same Border stamp as his three brethren already described; but Hobbie Noble deserves better notice. He had done business on a large scale on both sides of the Tweed and Cheviot, and had the honour of being as many times outlawed "by England's Queen and Scotland's King" as Jock o' the Side himself. Cumbrian by birth, Liddesdale by adoption, and, therefore, half-brother to the Armstrongs, he was as "leal and true" to them as they were afterwards false and treacherous to him. But to that, anon. We hasten to the place of muster and consultation named by the old Laird, who thus opened his scheme for Jock's deliverance.

"Noo, lads, 'lithe and listen,' as the harper chiels say. First, ye maun get aw yer horses shod the wrang way—back-end foremost, heel in front, and front ahint. And ye maun cover your gude steel armour wi' yer auld jerkins and clokes, and thereby luik no like gentlemen (as ye are), but puir Southland corn-cadger boddies takin' the road for peaceful profit, ye ken, and, forbye that, ye maun pit branks and brechan on aw yer nags, and hae yer swords, spears, and pick-axes and iron gads, and scaling ladders, and sic like gear, a' carefully and cannily hidden. And in that pawky discreet manner I'se warrant ye'll get cannily into Newcastle toon, and forthwith devise the pulling o' Jock out o' his dour prison. I trow, Kinmont Willie was as sair tackled in Carlisle toon when Buccleugh gat him free, without breaking a bane, or spilling a blude-drop, and that was clever and Christian-like, baith, I'm thinking."

"Enough said! enough said!" cried several of the hopefuls, "We'll hae Jock by his ain ingleside before the sun-blink o' to-morrow e'en."

"And," said Hobbie Noble, "we'll no cumber oursels nor our nags wi' scaling ladders; a good tree cut down on Tyne bank, wi' twenty nogs on baith sides, will help us weel up to the wa' top and down again."

These arrangements were speedily made, and the party so timed their setting out, that before dark they had ridden the whole length of Northumberland, from near Coldstream, on by Wooler, Rothbury, Mitford, and Ponteland, to a spot near Newburn, on the Tyne, about six miles or so from Newcastle. There a few scattered trees of good size attracted them, and

† "Raise the water"—rouse the men of both river banks, to the rescue.

they speedily cut down one which apparently had the required number of "nogs" for their scaling purpose. With this unsuspected utensil laid on two of their horses, they rode boldly to the "canny" town; and, by virtue of their disguises and clever acting, together with the promise of a douceur to the gateward, were admitted by the strong Westgate; from which a street corresponding with the present one so named, communicated by Postern Back-row with the Castle Garth. Further geographied or topographied our antiquarian research does not strictly enable us to be. Nor is it, indeed, very clear, even to the learned in such matters, whether the present "castle," or the northern tower and portal called "Newgate," was the prison-house of Jock o' the Side; our metric authority speaking only of "Newcastle Gaol," which at one period was certainly the said northern tower and entrance portal of Newgate, though at subsequent periods the great main fortress itself did duty in that way.

But whatever "stony girth" shut poor Jock from his friends, they were on the alert; and, at the dead midnight hour, when all was silent and unsuspecting, the zeal of civic and military guardians alike "quenched in dark clouds of slumber, the tree with the nogs was placed steadily against a tower wall. Alas! it was found (like Buccleugh's scaling ladders before) too short by three ells. What was to be done? Simply this—the man on the highest nog was to let the others climb to and from his shoulders to the tower parapet, from which a rope, prudently provided by Hobbie Noble, assisted to the descent within by the removed tree.

Traversing, slowly and silently, the tower-sides, they heard, from a low grated aperture, some dolorous words in a voice never to be mistaken by them. It was Jock's.

"Aha! Jock, ma man!" said the "Laird's Jock," stooping, and whispering—"Art lilting or groaning? sleeping or waking?"

"God for his mercy!" exclaimed the prisoner, "are ye here? Oh, man! man! wha's wi' ye?"

"Houts!" said his namesake, "wha sud there be? Wha but yer gude cousins—Johnnie the Fair, and Billy Willie, and the Laird's Wat: and, to the boot of them, stout Hobbie Noble. A' to be hangit, nae doubt, the morn's morn—if we're sic fuils as to let them. But heeze up your heart, Cousin Jock! We'll hae ye on the outside of a nag speedily, and that's better than the inside of a tolbooth, ony day."

"Hae! Tak' this gude Reeve's chizzle, and help to loosen these filthy iron bars."

"Wark ye within, and we without, and God speed the warkers!"

No doubt, to set free a notorious thief and homicide is, as Captain Fluellen said on a similar occasion, "not a thing to rejoice at." But "blood is thicker than water"—cousins must help cousins—and a blessing sometimes lights on strange shoulders. So that in a very brief time, thanks to rusty iron bars, in rotten stone sockets—the captive was hauled out of durance, and the whole adventurous party got fairly outside the prison walls again. As for those of the town, we grieve to add that the poor gate-ward, startled from sleep by those rough travellers, was incontinently knocked on the head, his keys torn from his girdle, his gate opened, and the late groaning captive, though still loaded with chains, lifted like a feather's weight on to a stout nag to ride—laughing and joking—northwards, of course!

They had a broad "beck" to cross near Newburn—so broad and so deep that none but such riders would have risked the passage.

"Thirty and three years," said an old man from the window of a hut near the bank, "have I seen this 'beck' rise an' fa', but I never saw it rise as it has noo risen! It winna ride, lads; it winna ride!‡ Awa' wi' ye round to the brig!"

But the hardy men of Liddesdale laughed scornfully, plunged in, and after some scrambling and splashing, and more oaths than prayers, got safely over, just as a roused-up deputy of the Land Sergeant, with a pursuing party, drew breath and bridle on the opposite bank. He, too, looked cautiously at the deep foaming beck, and exclaimed to his followers, "It winna ride, men! dinna be rash!" Then to the escaping Borderers, "Ho, there! ye fause thieves, tak' your brother thief, and ride to the deevil: but aff wi' his fetters, and fling them honestly to me!"

"Hardly! hardly! Maister Deputy Land-Sergeant!" cried the Laird's Jock, "We hae a skeely smith on Liddellbank, and he'll mak' yer grewsome airn fetters into gude horse shoon and pleugh shackles. But eh, mon, see till our stout Jock o' the Side; how winsome and trig he rides: and no to be hangit till ye, and your maister the Land-Sergeant, and his maister, the Lord Scroop, a' dance wi' him on the same tow!"

And thus was Jock o' the Side saved from the gallows tree! But, as the poet says,—

> There is matter yet for more of such:
> And I to this would add another tale.

‡ "It winna ride," the phrase used when a ford was thought utterly impassable.

Diversions of a Country Gentleman.

THE new volume just issued, bearing the above attractive title, now lies before us, and we feel sure it will find a ready place in many a Border home. When we say that the author is that deservedly popular Border "country gentleman," Sir George Douglas, Bart., we at once indicate the quality of this literary production. As a writer on country subjects, Sir George takes a very high place, and Borderers in particular are deeply indebted to him for crystallising and preserving much that is valuable in connection with the customs and folklore of the Borderland. Doubtless many of our readers who have perused some of the author's most delightful contributions to current literature have desired to have these in permanent book form. This natural wish is complied with by the issue of the present volume, which contains thirty-one articles, extending to over 300 pages. The publishers are the well-known London firm of Hodder & Stoughton, while the printers are the famous Edinburgh firm of T. & A. Constable. The type is large and clear, and has a delightful antique appearance about it, doubtless the result, to some extent, of the width between the lines, and the strong paper, which is so pleasing to handle after the many flimsy productions of the present day. The subjects of the present volume range from "A By-path of Border Smugglers" to such an up-to-date sketch as "A Motor-car on Border Roads." In such articles as "Carting the Bee-hives," "Eel-Spearing," "Stubble and Turnip-field," "Reminiscences of Poachers," "The Yetholm Ba'-playing," &c., the readers who hail from the Borderland will be at once carried back to the scenes and incidents of their youth, while lovers of historic lore or character sketches will delight in such subjects as "An Outlaw's Lair," "The Wizard's Grave," "A Scottish Lady of the Old School," "A French Campaigner in the Lothians," "A Possible Original of Smollett's Lieutenant," "On Classic Ground in Cumberland," &c., &c. We most heartily recommend this handsome volume to our readers, and trust that its distinguished author will be long spared to "gather and bind" the golden grain of Border lore.

W. S.

EVERYTHING is always being righted, but nothing is ever quite right, still less are all things ever right; probably that never will be. Progress implies imperfection, and imperfection stereotyped or solidified implies wrong.

Galashiels Spinning in Olden Times.

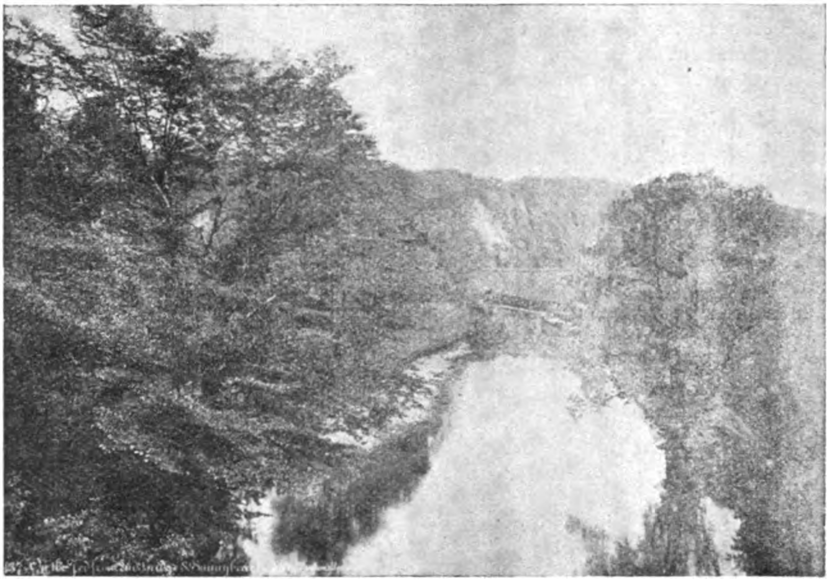
THE era of the fine foreign wool manufacture in the town may be said to have begun with the arrival of a bale of Spanish merino. For a long period this was the staple material for fine cloth in the kingdom. The very name of merino is Spanish, being a contracted form of majerino, the term applied to the Government flocks in that country. In 1788 Sir John Sinclair sounded the alarm over the fact that four millions of pounds weight of Spanish wool were imported, a quantity which Galashiels could use up in a year, and he deemed it fit time to urge the extension and improvement of sheep rearing at home. But the fine Cheviot fleece at that period possessed qualities almost akin to merino, and out of the pick sorts beautiful fabrics were manufactured. That grists of very small yarn could be spun ought to be kept in mind by those who see nothing before them now but the finest wools and perfect machinery. This recalls an incident in proof of what they could do in Galashiels in the times before the foreign bale had come.

There was a hosier in Perth, Alexander Christie, who used to get a portion of his yarn from Galashiels. He wished to have a description which in quality would resemble the Shetland yarn always so much in favour, and with this view he gave an order to William and David Thomson, manufacturers, Rosebank Mill. They bought the wool from Leith for the purpose—fine Cheviot lamb. This they mixed with the pick of the Cheviot fleece, and spun the batch to sixty cuts. Mr Christie thought it might be drawn finer still, and to gratify him, one of Mr Thomson's sons went to Wilderhaugh and asked Andrew Sanderson if he could draw it further. This he undertook to do, and drew the yarn to seventy-two cuts on a hand jenny. Andrew remarked that if the wool had been carded on the Wilderhaugh machines he could have drawn it to eighty cuts.

The wool of this batch cost 42s per stone. These facts relating to the early history of the Galashiels trade may be worthy of being noted down. Some years ago our townsman, Mr Adam Cochrane, junior, read an admirable paper on the Galashiels trade before one of the sections of the Social Science Congress in Edinburgh. The valuable and interesting facts therein made known might well form the foundation of a more ample sketch of the woollen trade in the South of Scotland, and the particulars now given may be of use as bearing on the subject.

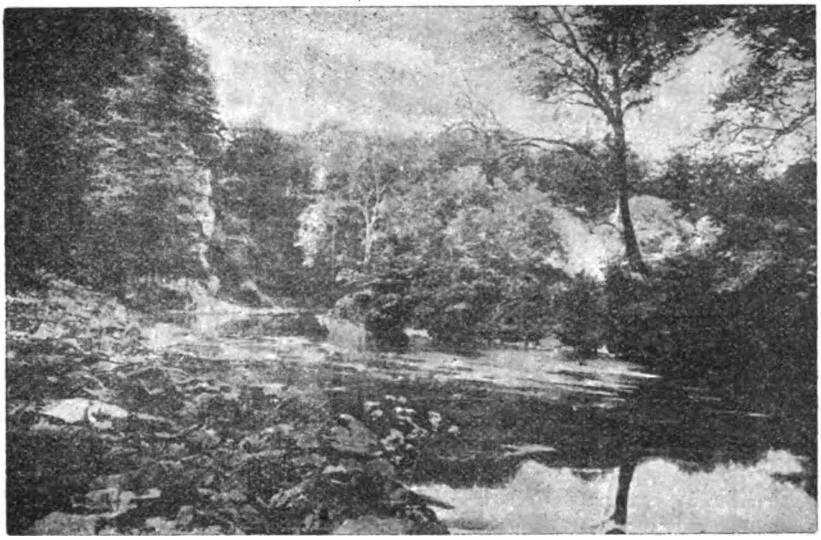
The Crailing Caves.

CRAILING village, on the main road between Jedburgh and Kelso, is an instance of a place passing into the verge of extinction, in a district remarkable for its fertility of soil and rural importance. Near to the Mansion-house, the seat of John Paton Esq., are the remains of an ancient burial-place, which—the last time we visited it—we were sorry to observe in that state of neglect which in a few years may lead to obliteration. Yet, for the due preservation of some of the gravestones, a small sum was mortified to admit of a yearly payment to the parish schoolmaster, who was to have them in charge. It is an interesting discovery that in this burial-ground of the Cranstons there are very well-carved effigies of the old Border knights, which throw light upon the costume of the men of times long gone bye. The most interesting discovery connected with the Crailing estate is the bringing to light, after they had been lost to all history and tradition, a series of caves in the precipitous banks of the Oxnam Water hard by. This took place some few years ago. The discovery was quite accidental, the trace of them being come upon by a person in pursuit of a rabbit among the banks. They are about a field's-length distant from Crailing Brae Heads, and Mr Paton having caused to be cleared away all the debris of the banks, and proper footpaths to be formed, they are easily accessible, and may be reached in a half-hour's walk from Nisbet Station. As remains of very early times, they possess much archæological interest. We should not be surprised to learn that they date back to the period of the Bos Primi genus, or the great Elk. It is hardly possible to conceive of any condition of the surrounding country which would make them attractive as places of resort and habitation, unless one of remote antiquity. There must have been a reason why the dwellers in them selected the situation in preference to places in the valleys. As retreats, with the accessories which savage life could suggest, they must have possessed advantages over places of less natural defence. If their occupants followed the chase and the trapping of wild animals, they would find in these caves habitations which could not be easily destroyed, and to which they could always betake themselves. In them they would have many of the advantages of the Lake dwellings, which abounded in this and other countries, and with the Oxnam brook purling at the base of the precipitous cliff, they required neither cesspool nor ash heaps.



SUNNYBRAE SCAUR, ON THE JED.

Many of the caves which have been brought to light in other parts of the country, such as at Settle and Torquay, have been indebted in their origin to natural-formed cavities in rocks, but the shape and arrangement of those of Crailing, and all the others of Teviotdale, has been fashioned entirely by human hands. The question is, by whom were they made? There are writers who claim for the cave-period an antiquity as distant as the glacial epoch. We will not venture to discuss this question; but we think the whole Teviotdale group of caves, consisting of those of Crailing, Ancrum, Graemslaw, Sunlaws, Hundalee, Mossburnford, are evidently of the same date—all dug out of the face of the red sandstone, of similar shape, and with the river flowing past below them. As we have already noted, there must have been some strong reasons of preference for such situations over others. The rude, round, beehive-like huts built in the wood-encumbered valleys would be far easier of erection than caves, the excavation of which would require tools both hard and sharp. If the people were migratory in their habits, perhaps they came there in the winter season when all the streams would be swarming with large fish. We know how much the movements of savage tribes are regulated by the seasons for obtaining supplies of fish. The Teviotdale caves, being permanent, would always be ready for occupation, when roving pursuits among the hills were discontinued for a time. The question may suggest itself why there has been such an absence of bones of animals, weapons, or tools, in these places? No record or trace of anything of the kind exists. Where the aboriginal hamlet is pitched among sand dunes by the side of firths or large rivers, there are usually accumulations in which remains of interest are found. But in these red sandstone caves the apartments have never been large, and all the refuse would be tumbled down the rock face to be swept away by the river—a ready means of clearance. Living implies dying too. There is a probability that the graves opened from time to time in the district may have belonged to the period of the cave-dwellers. The whole vale of Teviot has been studded with these aboriginal graves. Openings of such have been made at Blinkbonny, Bonjedward, at several spots in Jedburgh, at Lanton Mains, Newton, Spittal; most of them disclosing remains of very great antiquity. The presence of these rock-hewn caves and rude sepulchres points to the fact that the valley must have been inhabited from earliest date. Doubtless its fertility and amenity of climate would make it a region for resort. The weapons, in the shape of stone-axes, exhumed from time to time in the locality, in all probability are those which were handled by the people of those remote times. It may be asked, if iron implements were not in use at the period when the Teviotdale caves were excavated, what were the tools with which the rock could be indented? But light is gradually being thrown upon the varied manner in which stone implements have been used. The rock, too, in all the



ON THE JED—LOOKING DOWN FROM FOURTH BRIDGE.

scaurs in which the caves are to be found, is soft and friable, and would yield to the skilful assaults of men who set themselves to dig out a dwelling, which would have a more permanent character than the beehive huts which dotted the valley.—OLD NEWSPAPER.

The Catrail.

DURING the Roman occupation of Britain, Ptolemy and other Roman authors speak of four distinct peoples, or at least divisions or tribes, as occupying northern Britain—the Ottadini, the Selgovae, the Damnii, and the Novantae. According to Welsh tradition, however, these seem to have been driven inland and consolidated into one kingdom after the landing of the Saxon hordes on the eastern seaboard. Amid the confusion and ceaseless strife of the Saxon conquest, anything like reliable records seem to have been destroyed, and all that we know about this period is derived from the later Welsh bards and monkish chroniclers, who were probably too remote from the time and place of which they wrote to be anything like reliable as historians. This much may, however, be put down as fairly certain, that the bulk of the genuine British stock were consolidated into the Cymric kingdom of Strathclyde, that it included the valley of the Clyde and the central and western part of Scotland, Galloway, and the western portions of the north of England, and that this was the power which made all the resistance to the Saxon invader in the south of Scotland. Tradition and popular imagination have woven a wonderful web of romance around this kingdom, but probably very little that is absolutely reliable is known concerning the real facts. Welsh tradition preserves the memory of several great battles, particularly those of Arderyth, in 577; of Stanemore, in 584; of Kirkener, in 596; of Dagestan, in 603; and of Cattraeth, it is uncertain in what year, and these seem to be fairly authenticated. If tradition and the evidence of ancient ballads are to be trusted, the struggle was fierce and relentless on both sides, with varying success, for as John Richard Green in his "Short History of the English People" observes, the "Britains were a brave and warlike race, though often more eager to rush than wise to foresee." But as the long sequel has shown, the stern tenacity of the Saxon ultimately gained for him the supremacy.

That the line of the Catrail, running from the Peel Fell on the Cheviot range as far north as Torwoodlee, near Galashiels, where it apparently ends, was a frontier line of defence in this struggle has been long and vigorously upheld. Much erudite confirmation from both philological and antiquarian research has been put forward in support of this view. For instance, it is alleged that the very name Catrail is derived from the Cymric word "Cadrhilliau," meaning war trench. The presence of so many forts throughout its entire length is often given as further confirmation of the same view. Some have even gone the length of discovering that the place names on the eastern or Saxon side of the Catrail must be referred to Saxon roots, while in like manner the names on the western side are derived from the Cymric tongue. In a general way that may very easily be accounted for, considering the Saxon came from the eastern seaboard; but that the Catrail forms any line of demarcation in this respect cannot possibly be upheld. Besides, considered as a line of defence to be defended by the western tribes against an attack from the east, the Catrail offers very unsatisfactory evidence. In short, it gives no evidence at all that that was its purpose, as it simply accommodates itself to the nature of the ground over which it passes without any apparent regard whatever to either attack or defence. Besides, consider its extent; consider the large number of earthworks of the Catrail type running in all directions all over the Borderland on both sides of the Cheviots, and it will at once become apparent that some other explanation must be found for them than that of military works.

When you ask any of the country people living near the Catrail for an explanation of its purpose, the information invariably comes unhesitatingly, and with the note of personal conviction that leaves no room for doubt, that it was a road for the transit of stock. All things considered, this popular belief is the most satisfactory

The northern end of the Catrail is always given as at Torwoodlee, near Galashiels, but all those who are most intimately acquainted with it are in no wise satisfied that it really ended there; however, it has not been traced yet beyond that point. Winding round Torwoodlee House it describes a course south-west, about midway between Gala House and Mossilee, and on by Hollybush Farm to the Rink Camp, passing into the fosse of this camp and out again, still keeping a south-west course, and crossing the Tweed where Howdenpot Burn joins that river, and on to another fort near the Yair. From there it runs westward by Peat Law, Crib's Hill, and the Three Brethren Cairn to a place popularly known as Wallace's

Trench. It may then be traced along the south-east slope of Minchmoor. It crosses the Yarrow near the Free Church, then runs to the east of Sundhope Farm-house, Gilmanslaw, and Gilmanscleuch, and crosses the Ettrick at Deloraine. Passing between the hills of Copelaw and Sauchielaw to Clearburn, it runs on to Thorniecleuch and Bellenden, where it intersects the old drove road from Tushielaw to Roberton; thence to Hosecoteshiel and Deanburncleuch, where it enters the county of Roxburgh. It is traceable not only as a distinct trench, but also in the colour of the crops of Borthwick Water district, in Teviotdale and Allan Water. In its ascent of the Carrage Hill it is remarkably well preserved. It is seen crossing the hills which divide Teviotdale from Liddesdale, and from thence proceeds to the Peel Fell, about four miles north-west of Kielder Castle. And here again is an apparent end, or as competent authorities would call it, merely a gap; for it is about as clear as inference can make anything that it certainly was connected with the works of a Catrail type much further south.

Gordon, the author of the "Iter Septentrionale," has the honour of having first pointed out this ditch so early as the year 1762. He measured parts of it then and found it to be from 25 to 18 and 16 feet wide, with ramparts 6 to 10 feet high, and from 8 to 12 feet thick. Dr Douglas, of Galashiels, in his account of the parish, mentions that "he surveyed the whole course of the ditch from Galashiels to the Peel Fell before writing the Statistical Account of the Parish," published about the end of the eighteenth century, and he gives the measurements as 26 and 25 feet broad in well preserved parts, and as narrow as 16 feet where the ramparts seem to have fallen in.

But it varies greatly in both width and depth throughout its course. Where it ascends Whitehillbraes, for instance, it is only a few inches deep because of the close proximity of the rock to the surface. How that part could form any barrier against attack it is rather difficult to see; and that, moreover, is characteristic of the work throughout. It bends round immovable obstacles and accommodates itself to the nature of the ground. That it should stop at a moss is only to be expected, considering how unstable a moss is. Mr Francis Lynn, of Galashiels, in the course of an able and exhaustive paper published in the "Transactions of the Antiquarian Society," describes a part leading up to a moss where the excavations on the line at either side are unusually wide and deep without any corresponding increase in the ramparts, and it is only a fair inference that the debris excavated had been used to form a roadway across the moss, but which has disappeared with the lapse of time.

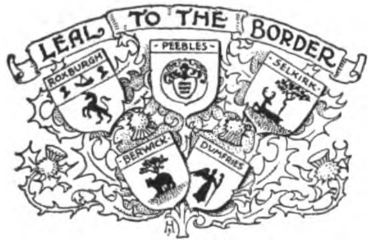
Much has been made of the fact that the Catrail runs along ridges, while we find it most convenient to make our roads in the valleys; but if the formation of the Catrail track is to be referred to a period before the Roman invasion say, might we not expect that that would be precisely the best place to form a roadway. The people would be compelled to go where they could—the land had not been drained. And the presence of so-called forts or clusters of dwellings along the line of the roadway may be referred to a precisely similar reason; just as we might also expect to find all the other remains of the social and political life of the age along those lines of communication which would form a kind of centre of the tribal life.

That the earliest or Basque race were an agricultural and pastoral people we have ample evidence in the immense terraces formed on the hillsides for agricultural purposes, and which are ascribed to them.

Besides the line of Catrail already referred to, there is another dyke or rampart locally known as "Herrit's" or "Herriot's Dyke" (a synonymous Danish term, properly "herredsdige"), signifying district trench, runs between the Lammermoors and the Merse, near the foot of the hills all the way from about Hutton on the Whitadder to Boon on the Boondreigh, a small rivulet, the name of which implies, in the old British or Welsh tongue, that it ran past "the end of the trench," "bon trych." Yet another line has been traced behind Abbotsford, and running up the hill and over Bowden Moor and on to Jed and Rule Waters, with connections with various "camps." Of the significance of any one of these, reliable history gives no sign. G.

Roxburgh and Eyemouth Dismantled.—In the month of March, 1549, we read that there were "Instructions sent to the Earle of Bedford, the Lorde Paget, Sir William Peeter, and John Masone, his Maties, Ambassadors in Fraunce; authoresinge them to yielde to the Deliverye of Roxburghe and Aymouthe to the Scotts in this Treatie, so as they Yielde to the Raising of them, and never to Refortefie them againe, and to Reserve the Kinges Title to Scotland; and Hostages to be Deliverede as well for Deliverede as well for Deliverie of Bulloine as for Payment of the Money for the same. And rather then Peace should be Prejudiced, the Fortifications of the Isles of Alderney and Sarke shal be Raised."

Border Associations.



LONDON BORDER ASSOCIATION CREST.

As indicated in our editorial notes in the February issue of the BORDER MAGAZINE, it is our desire to give a short account of the Border Associations in various parts of the world. To enable us to carry out this desirable feature, and so make our Magazine a real link between these Societies, we appealed to the secretaries to forward to us a few particulars of their Associations. London has been the first to respond to our appeal, and we have pleasure in presenting the following particulars:—

P. W. RAMSAY MURRAY, TREASURER OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH BORDER COUNTIES' ASSOCIATION.

The London Scottish Border Counties Association embraces the counties of Berwick, Dumfries, Peebles, Roxburgh, and Selkirk. It was founded in 1896, and has a membership of 260. Ladies are admitted as members. Its objects are like those of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Associations—social, charitable, and educational. The first president was Mr Andrew Lang, who was succeeded last year by the Right Hon. the Earl of Dalkeith, M.P. The Hon. F. Mark Napier is chairman of council. The work of county associations in London has to be carried on under conditions of considerable difficulty owing to the distances many of the resident members require to travel to reach a central meeting-place. Most of the members reside in the suburbs, and, business over, the London business man is not inclined to stay late in town, and is still less inclined, once he has reached his home in the suburbs, to return, the more so as he has usually plenty of local attractions to engage his own and his family's attention. The meetings of the London Scottish Border Counties Association, however, which are held once a month from October till May, are, on the whole, well attended. The Association has not yet got permanent rooms. Meetings are held in the Holborn Restaurant, or some other suitable central place. The honorary secretary is Mr W. B. Thomson, Bartholomew House, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.

W. B. THOMSON, SECRETARY OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH BORDER COUNTIES' ASSOCIATION.

ABOUT 1750, the Teviotdale mealdealers, who found a market for good part of their produce at Dalkeith, had nothing but pack horses as a means of carriage. In their journey northward, they used the Cadger's Gait, or line of the Roman Watling-street. From the banks of the Tweed at Mertoun they passed by Legerwood to Lauder, thence to the King's Seat, west of Lowrey's Den, or Soutra Hill, where they slept on a green mound wrapped in their great-coats, before proceeding to Dalkeith next day. There were no cart road over the hills into Lothian then. The first roads were made right over the hill tops, and not along the sides of the valleys, as it was impossible to drive a cart on a slope without constant risk of overturning, while the bottoms were boggy, and therefore impassable. Instances of made roads leading straight over hill tops may still be seen in the case of the old Jedburgh turnpike leading from Ancrum Bridge, the road from Kelso to Lauder over Birkenside and Soutra Hills, and that over Minchmoor from Traquair to Selkirk, all but the latter long since disused.

Printed and Published by A. Walker & Son, Galashiels.

KING EDWARD.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

VOL. VII., No. 77. JUNE, 1902.

God Save the King!

THOUGH Little Jock Elliott is reported to have said: "Let the Queen and her troopers gae whistle," and time and again proved his ability to back up his boast with deeds, these days are gone, and we question if King Edward has a more loyal portion of his dominions than the Borderland. In these days of patriotic Imperialism it is difficult to think that thirty years ago Republican sentiments were quite common, and it was no unusual thing to hear it said that Albert Edward would never ascend the throne. Even one in the ranks of the nobility was found to champion the Republican cause in the House of Commons. These rather unusual proceedings on the part of one of her Baronets drew from the late Queen Victoria the humorous remark: "Dear me! I remember stroking his hair when he was a little boy, and I am afraid I must have stroked it the wrong way." In this brief article it is no part of our intention to tell the story of the King's life, for that is "known and read of all men," but we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without expressing the hope that he and his fair Consort will be spared "Long to reign o'er us," and that their future may in every sense be "happy and glorious."

Even yet we may come across people who imagine that our Sovereign Ruler, while Prince of Wales, led a butterfly life of pleasure. But those who looked below the surface could tell a different story, yet it will not be fully known until the late Queen's official life is published, how well her eldest son acted up to his motto, "Ich dien" (I serve). Replying to an American who wrote sarcastically about the Prince's manifold engagements, His Royal Highness' Secretary wrote:—"He (the Prince of Wales) cannot help feeling that you are a little hard and unjust upon him in your book. There are many things which he is obliged to do which the outside world would call pleasures and amusements. They are often anything but a source of amusement to him, though his position demands that he should go through a certain round of social duties which constantly bore him to death. But while duly recording those social 'pleasures,' you pass over very lightly all the more serious occupations of life; and I may mention, as a proof of what he does, that during the last week he opened or laid the first stone of three polytechnics, and opened —— at ——. I doubt whether any of the Social Republicans who are so fond of crying him down would much like to do this." Those in high places must often become very tired of all the "pomp and circumstance" which are inevitable accompaniments of their public life, and we doubt not that occasionally

> "The King sighs for the peasant's place,
> And tires o' courtiers' din."

Although doing his full share of ceremonial work during the life-time of Queen Victoria, our King never got a fair chance of showing his powers, for Parliament had a strange objection to his taking any prominent part in their own special sphere of statesmanship. On one occasion it may be remembered that Parliament so far departed from its unwritten rule as to appoint him a member of the Commission on the housing of the poor, and it should not be forgot how well he availed himself of that opportunity. Coming to the throne at the beginning of a new century, and following such a glorious reign as that of Queen Victoria, our King takes no light burden upon his shoulders, but he has already proved that he can rise to the occasion, and we have every reason to expect that the glories of our Empire will be in no way dimmed under his sway. His wonderful tact is well known, and to this quality, we have no doubt, he owes much of his popularity on the Continent. A recently published French work, entitled "Edouard Intime," by a Parisian editor, bears out to some extent our contention. The volume is thus reviewed in a Scottish evening paper:—

"The author provides, for the information and entertainment of his readers, a 'popular' biography of King Edward, which is in many respects more well-informed and interesting than any of its kind yet to be got in English. The qualifying 'Intime' of the title might suggest otherwise, but M. Aubry, the author of the book, has produced a document wholly inoffensive and discreet. What is of importance in the book is that it shows good feeling towards this country, and a great regard—almost an affection, indeed—for the personality of our King. As it is likely to be the most popular and widely-circulated French book called forth by the Coronation this year, we have pleasure in directing attention to it, and in setting it in the scale against all the outrageous assaults made in the name of truth and journalism on this country by Continental writers during the past two or three years.

"King Edward, our French writer admits, is likely to continue the peaceful traditions of his mother, as he is himself one of the most peace-loving beings in the world, with no taste for the carnage of war; Queen Alexandra is 'without a single enemy in the world, being charity, discretion, and goodness personified.' What sort of King will Edward make? the writer asks; and, while confessing that he has hitherto been somewhat of an enigma to the Continental observer, it is concluded that His Majesty will be a liberal and democratic friend of progress. 'He has but one idea—that his reign shall be useful.' England could not wish for a monarch more in touch with her actual needs, more modern, more desirous of putting his influence at the service of her material interests. These interests were never greater than now, for it is a marvellous kingdom Edward has come to, though at the beginning of the nineteenth century all the other people of Europe thought 'perfide Albion' was on the point of disappearing from the scene, and Arnaud in 1801 had the confidence to tell an applauding French parliament that 'the hour of distress and humiliation has at last come for that implacable enemy.'

'But these are facts familiar to us; what our Frenchman has to say regarding the personality of the King is more novel. In all his attitudes, in the least of his gestures, the King, we are told, has an elegance quite 'recherche.' His toilet, always simple and refined, attests the man of taste: he has the air of the 'grand seigneur,' without at the same time making too much of it. He has dictated the masculine dress of the world for years and made the fortune of Poole the tailor, a humble workman once in Paris whom he discovered there, and by whose influence he has effected a happy æsthetic change on the costume of Britain which made us before that the laughing-stock of the Continent. As for His Majesty's mind, he is credited with a very active brain, a lively wit, and a rare faculty of assimilation. His culture is more universal than profound, and he seduces one by his absence of dullness and his exquisite tact—'two qualities rare in the United Kingdom,' adds our critic, who could not naturally be expected to give us all ha'pence and no kicks."

We cannot say if the Borderland will be honoured by a visit from His Majesty at some future time, but it is quite possible that he remembers his visit when a youth, and how the ferry wife at Dryburgh threatened to "dook" him in the Tweed because of the pranks he played while crossing in her boat.

Of his Royal Consort, Queen Alexandra, we need say little, for her praise is in everyone's mouth. We recall with what joy we welcomed the fair Dane who came to be "Our future Queen," and we know that the experience of the thirty-nine years she has been with us has amply proved that the "Danish invasion" of 1863 was a fortunate thing for Great Britain. If our King has the admirable quality of tact, her Majesty is no less favourably endowed, a fact which is borne out by her continued popularity from the day she landed on our shores until the present time.

That the reign of their Majesties may be long ___ The Kirk and Burn harmoniously ___

Bowden Parish Church.

Proposed Restoration.

Kelso: Printed by J. Smith, "Mail" Office.

Bowden Parish Church. ❈ Proposed Restoration.

THIS Church is one of the oldest, as it is one of the most quaint and interesting, of Scottish Parish Churches. Founded in 1128 by the Monks of Kelso, and older, therefore, than Melrose and Dryburgh Abbeys, it has been for the long period of nearly 800 years a centre of religious life.

The decay of the roof, for the renewal of which the Heritors of course are responsible, has suggested the advisability of the larger work of restoration. Plans have been drawn up by Mr M'Gregor Chalmers, Glasgow, an architect of skill, and also an antiquarian and ecclesiologist, providing for a thorough and also a careful and reverent restoration.

Externally, the old familiar lines are to remain. The south wall, which was rebuilt in 1794, is to be restored as far as possible to its original state, the windows being rounded at the top. The high east end, a distinctive feature of the church, and almost unique in Scotland, is to be retained. A small porch and vestry are to be added.

Internally, the church is to be entirely remodelled and renewed. The old-fashioned and cumbrous galleries are to be reduced. The fine old pew belonging to the house of Riddell Carre of Cavers Carre, one of the most perfect specimens of the "Laird's Loft" in the country, and dating from 1661, is to be removed from its present position to the west end of the church. His Grace the Duke of Roxburghe and Major Riddell Carre have kindly consented to the inclusion, within the area of the restored church, of the spaces immediately above their respective family burial vaults. A chancel

That the reign of their Majesties may be long The Kirk and Burn harmoniously

Their several lessons blend

is to be formed, and a lofty chancel arch erected. The north transept is to be opened up in the form of a gallery. The roof is to be of timber, and vaulted, and all the furnishings are to be of oak. The interior of the church will be very beautiful, and entirely in keeping with the age and history and associations of the church.

For this work a sum of £2000 is required. The Heritors have promised £200, in fulfilment of their strictly legal obligations in respect of a new roof. The Kirk Session have adopted the terms of the Ecclesiastical Assessment Act of 1900, whereby all Heritors of annual rental of £50 and under are relieved from financial obligations. The congregation, by no means a wealthy one, have already, in the course of a month, subscribed £500, while £200 have been forthcoming from other sources, mostly local. In all, £900 have been promised or paid. As a restoration of the kind contemplated goes beyond the ability of a country congregation, and the strictly legal obligations of Heritors, and as, moreover, the preservation of such ancient fabrics is a matter in which the country as a whole takes special interest, an appeal is being made to those outside the district who are interested in the history and antiquities of Church and Nation, and who may be willing to help on this particular movement.

The object is a worthy one, and is entirely in keeping with the desire, prevalent throughout the country, that the ancient monuments of the past should be carefully preserved and handed down to posterity, not only unimpared, but if possible adorned.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Rev. JOHN BURR, the Minister, by whom they will be gratefully acknowledged.

BOWDEN MANSE, ST BOSWELLS,
December, 1906.

That the reign of their Majesties may be long and prosperous will be the desire of every reader of the BORDER MAGAZINE, and we have no doubt that each and all will join us in saying—

GOD SAVE OUR KING AND QUEEN.

Lines on Bowden.

THE vales of Ale and Teviotdale
  A wealth of landscape yield,
From east and west expanding wide
  And stretching far afield.

The lofty Cheviots full in sight,
  Stand up a frontier host,
The Beacon Crag of Ruberslaw
  Keeps vigil at its post.

The emerald mounts of Minto lie
  Embosomed in the view,
A grand tableau which fills the eye
  With pleasure ever new.

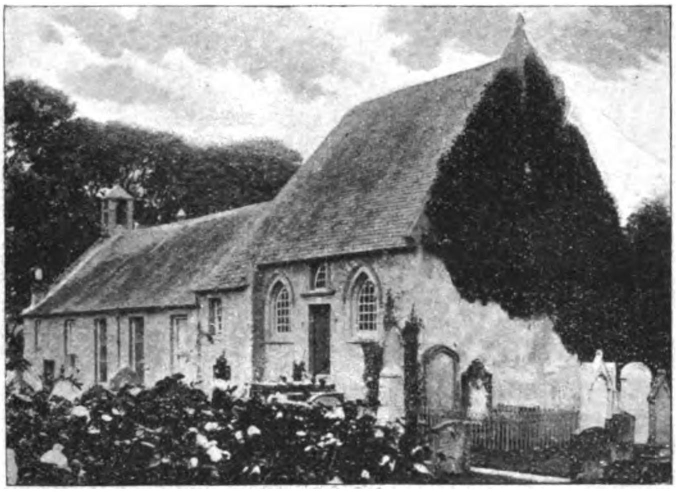
The Kirk and Burn harmoniously
  Their several lessons blend,
Terrestrial life's a running stream,
  And stagnant death its end.

The rosy morn, the sunny noon,
  The shadowy evening tide,
Successively exhaust their course,
  And into darkness glide.

The kirkyard preaches "dust thou art;"
  Its wavy mounds of green
Are mute remembrances of things
  That will be and have been.

And there's a voice behind them from
  The Eildons towering high,
Those "spies" with resurrection news
  Of life above the sky.

Still these are but interpreters
  Of things which are revealed,
And Bowden long has had that roll
  Unloosed which had been sealed.



BOWDEN PARISH CHURCH.

But Bowden needs not look abroad
  For Nature's rare display;
Its own rude elegance is choice
  As hedgerow flowers in May.

The old kirk by the Bowden Burn
  Stands hoary, ivy-clad,
Enshrined in a necropolis
  Of generations fled.

No buttressed tower or campanile
  Attracts the æsthetic eye,
No structural form and comeliness
  Impress the passers-by.

Thither the families go down
  "The joyful sounds to hear;"
Their faith and hopes and memories all
  Find concentration there.

A hallowed spot whose kirkyard dust
  To multitudes is dear;
All visit it with chastened thought,
  Some not without a tear.

And long a banner for the Truth
  It has uplifted high,
Some valiant for the Covenant
  Have even dared to die.

Antique, old-fashioned, primitive
  Of patriarchal ways,
Time here moves on with stilly glide
  Of uneventful days.

Retired and calm, though not remote,
  Sequestered, but not sad,
In humble, homely quietude
  And solace always glad.

Referring to the foregoing, which he has sent to us, our old friend, J. R., London, writes:—"In reading the interesting article on Sir Thomas Lauder Brunton in the BORDER MAGAZINE for March, I found the enquiry—'Where is Bowden?' I possess some verses referring to the quaint village, and written by the Rev. Robert Thorburn, who died in London in 1888, in his 89th year, and whose remains rest with generations of the family in the quiet kirkyard of Bowden."

His Majesty's Territorial Regiment.

THE King's Own Scottish Borderers, until 1887 known as "The King's Own Borderers," were raised in Edinburgh by the Earl of Leven in 1688,—one authority says from amongst the noblemen and gentlemen who had come over from the Continent as the adherents of William, Prince of Orange, while another account says they were raised from a number of Cameronians. Tradition declares that the regiment attained its full strength of a thousand men in four hours! Their first employment was the blockade of the Castle of Edinburgh, their next the battle of Killiecrankie. After the Jacobian rebellion, they served in Ireland, and then on the Continent with much gallantry, Minden being the scene of their first distinction. The 25th also shared in the latter part of the famous defence of Gibraltar, and afterwards did most excellent service as marines—in which capacity they on one occasion assisted in the capture of a treasure-ship containing about one million sterling—and gloriously terminated their marine career by the famous fight of the glorious 1st of June, off Ushant. The following year they were ordered to the West Indies, and at Granada evoked universal praise for their heroic conduct. The 25th joined the British army in Egypt towards the close of the campaign of 1801, and six years later returned to the West Indies. The name Martinique recalls their share in the capture of that island. For many years their world-wide duties were diverse and often arduous; in 1864 they were engaged crushing the Fenian raid into Canada, and fourteen years later earned the latest distinction

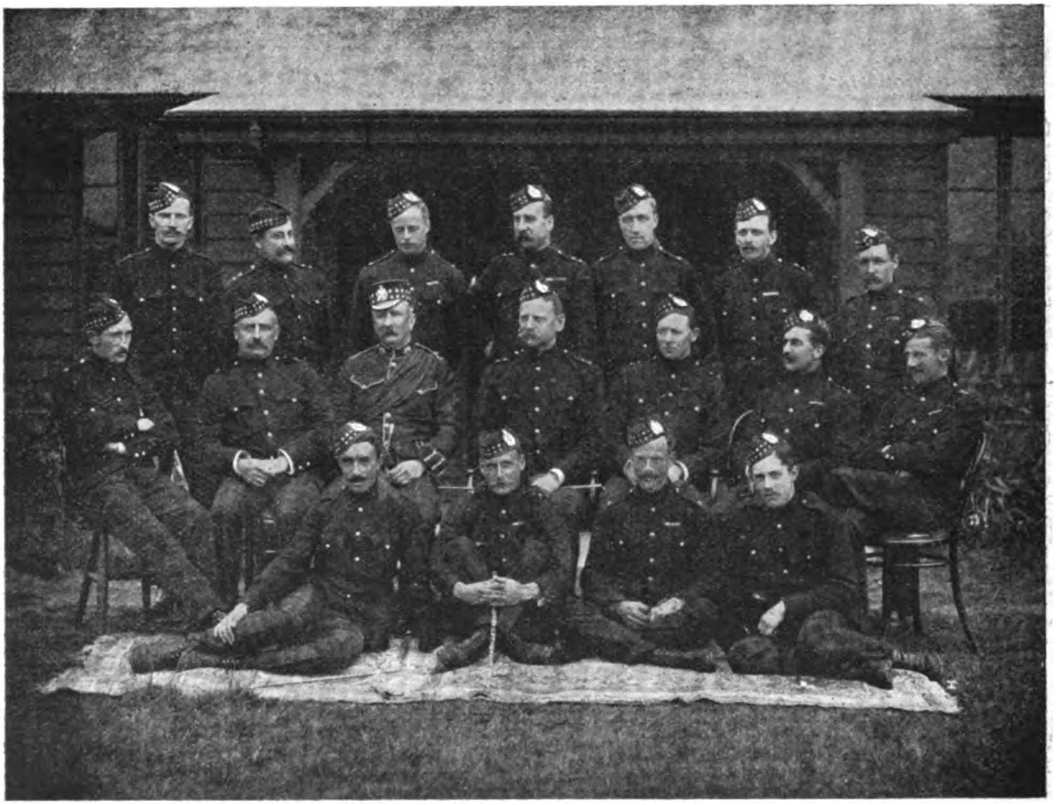
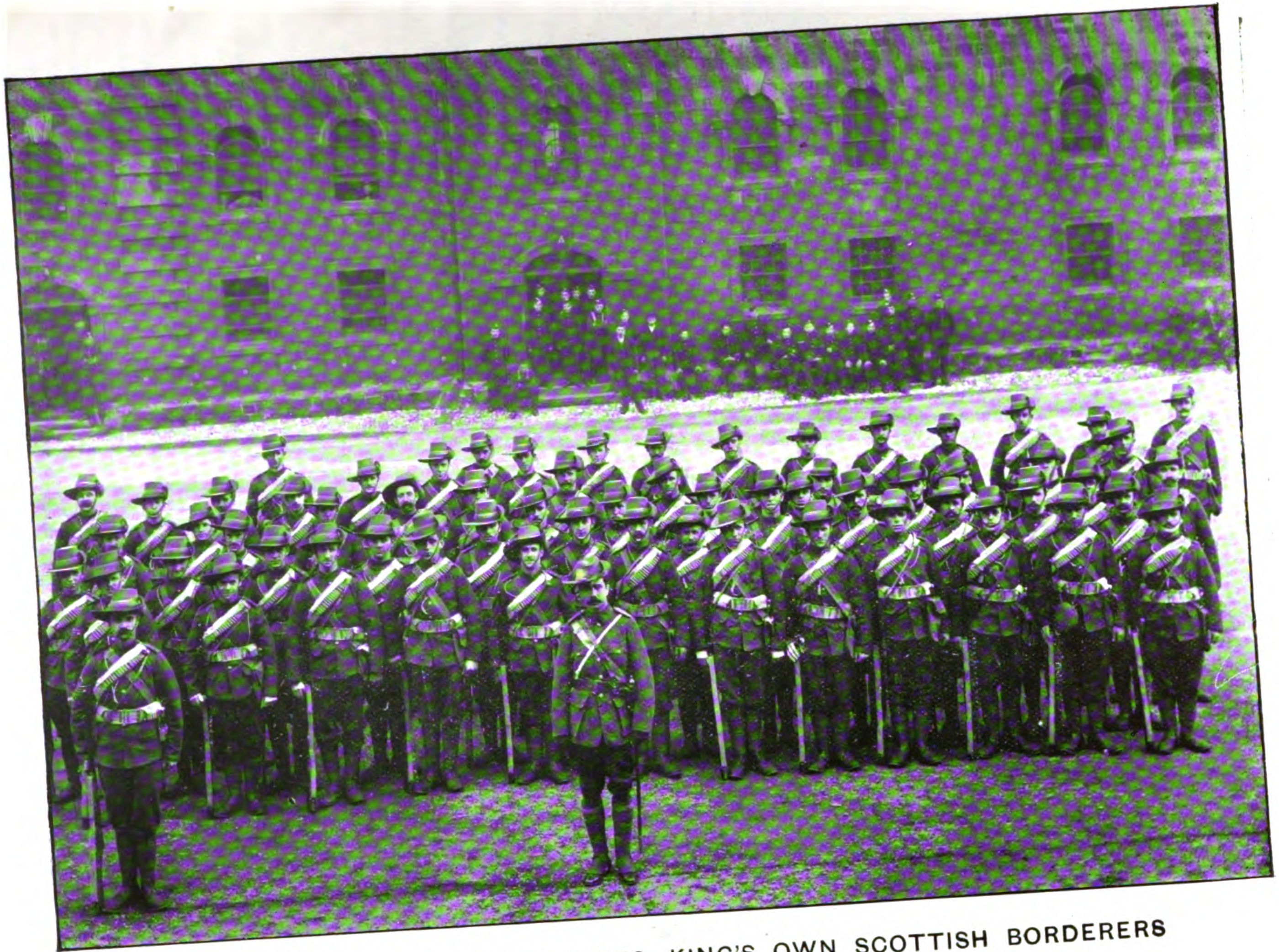


Photo by Elliott & Fry, London.

REGIMENTAL GROUP OF OFFICERS K.O.S.B. (York, 1895).

Top Row, Left to Right,—Lt. G. Hannay, Capt. Hemphill, Capt. Campbell Johnstone, Capt. G. Verner, Lt. E. M. Young (killed S Africa), Capt. A. W. Thillusson (deceased), Qr. Master Webbe
Middle Row,—Lt. Clutterbuck, Major Romanes, Major G. Hewat, Col. H. Hogarth, Capt. J. T. Pratt (killed S. Africa), Capt. M. G. Wilkinson, Capt. A. W. Pennyman.
Lower Row,—Lt. D. Gunn, Lt. F. Carruthers, Lt. Cobbold, Lt. Chandos Leigh.



THIRD VOLUNTEER SERVICE CORPS KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS

on their colours by sharing in the Afghanistan campaign of 1878-80. Since then the Regiment has seen much active service in India and South Africa, where they have fully maintained the glory of their past records. As badges the Regimental uniform bears the Castle of Edinburgh on a St Andrew's Cross within a thistle wreath, with the Royal Crest on the cap and the Castle of Edinburgh on the collar. The mottoes are "Nisi Dominus Frustra," "In Veritate Religionis Confido," and the Guelphic motto, "Nec aspera terrent." On the colours are the White Horse, and the sphinx with "Egypt," and the names of the following battles:—"Minden," "Egmont-op-Zee," "Martinique," and "Afghanistan, 1878-80."—J. W.

A Scottish Coronation.

IN his Scottish story "The Steamboat," John Galt makes one of his characters while present at the Coronation of George IV., speak thus:—"In Scotland the coronation of the kings was ever a most devout and religious solemnity, as I have specially read in the account of what was done at Scone, on the New-year's day of Anno Domini 1651, at the crowning of King Charles, the second of that name—a prince who, according to all history, was not one of the soundest protestants, but who nevertheless conducted himself on that occasion in a most sincere manner. Replying to the lord chancellor, when that pious man told him, with all due formality, how his good subjects desired he might be crowned as the righteous and lawful heir of the crown and kingdom, 'I do esteem,' said King Charles, 'the affections of my good people more than the crown of many kingdoms, and shall be ready, by God's assistance, to bestow my life in their defence; wishing to live no longer, than I may see religion and this kingdom flourish in happiness,'—the which was as good a speech as King David himself could have made to the children of Israel, and far better than a profane liturgy out of a book. Then King Charles, having made an end of speaking, was conveyed by his nobles to the kirk of Scone, which was fittingly prepared for the occasion, and Mr Robert Douglas, a minister of Edinburgh, and moderator of the General Assembly, preached a most weighty sermon from Second Kings, chap. xi. 12 and 17; and, after the blessing, the king renewed the covenants. First, the national covenant, then the solemn league and covenant, were distinctly read; at the close of which the king, kneeling down upon his bended knees, and holding up his right hand, did take upon him, as it were, at the footstool of his Maker, the solemn vows anent the same.

"When this was done, he then ascended a stage in the middle of the kirk, and the Lord Lyon presented him as the king of Scotland to the people; and the people having testified their acceptance of him as such, he again descended from the stage, and, falling on his knees, the great coronation oath was administered in an awful manner; to the which his majesty replied, 'By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, I shall observe and keep all that is contained in this oath'—at which there was silence and dread in the kirk, and a sensible manifestation of the devout simplicity of our true and reformed religion.

"Having taken the oath, King Charles was then invested with the types and symbols of royalty; but there was no creeshy papistry practised there, every thing was done in a spirit of meaning and of understanding, the nobles, one by one, touching the crown on the king's head, and saying aloud, to the hearing of the people, 'By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, I shall support thee to the uttermost;' and then, holding up their right hands towards heaven, swore to be loyal and true subjects, and faithful to the crown.

"But what ensued was the grandest solemnity of all, and to the which there was no comparison in the wearisome paternostering of this day. When the nobility had sworn their allegiance, the Lord Lyon went forth and declared the obligatory oath to the people; and all present lifting up their right hands, stretched them towards the king, who was seated on his throne on the stage, and cried with one loud and universal voice, 'By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, we become your liegemen, and truth and faith shall bear unto you, and live and die with you, against all manner of folks whatsoever, in your service, according to the national covenant, and solemn league and covenant.'

"Then the minister addressed himself with the earnest voice of a servant of the King of Kings and Lord of Glory, and pointed out to the poor frail creature that had been thus invested with the ensigns and homages of sovereignty, how he was obligated, as the temporal type and representative of Him to whom all thrones and princedoms do pertain, to ettle, to the utmost of his ability, to do that which would be pleasant in the sight of his Heavenly Master, without whose favour he could hope for neither homage, nor honour, nor prosperity, but only confusion of face and sorrow of heart for ever."

Scott and the Coronation of George IV.

WHEN George the Fourth paid his first and only visit to his northern dominions in 1822, Sir Walter Scott was the man who had the principal charge of the arrangements. The King arrived at Leith on the 14th August, and on Sir Walter going on board the King greeted him with these words: "What! Sir Walter Scott, the man in Scotland I most wish to see!" However empty and formal the many recorded speeches of the "first gentleman in Europe" are, there is no doubt that the compliment he paid Sir Walter in these words was thoroughly sincere, and echoed his genuine feelings. As early as 1812 the King, when Prince Regent, had evinced an interest in Scott. In a conversation with Lord Byron he surprised that nobleman with his knowledge and taste in literary matters. After paying Byron some compliments on his poetical achievements, he said he preferred Scott to any bard past or present, and the English poet did not loose any time in conveying to his northern contemporary the appreciative criticism from such a high source. In the following year (1813), on the death of Pye, the Prince Regent offered the vacant laureateship to Scott, who, in a reply which is a masterpiece of epistolary diplomacy, declined the honour. The birthday odes and poetry-to-order business was not to Scott's taste at all, and he declined it without giving offence in high quarters. In 1815 Scott was in London, and the Prince Regent commanded a visit. He said, "Walter Scott's charming behaviour about the laureateship had made him doubly desirous of seeing him at Carlton House." "A snug little dinner" followed, at which the Prince proposed the health of the Author of Waverley, looking significantly, as he was charging his glass, to Scott. Scott—the great Unknown—was equal to the occasion, and replied that he would take care that the real Simon Pure heard of the high compliment paid him. His Royal Highness was not to be done however, and before the company had resumed their seats, he called for another of the same, for the "Author of Marmion," remarking: "Now, Walter, my man, I have checkmated you for aince," an allusion to the well-known Eldin story with which Scott had just entertained the company.

When he ascended the throne in 1820, on the death of his father, George III., the King conferred a baronetcy on Scott, and when the poet kissed hands, he said: "I shall always reflect with pleasure on Sir Walter Scott's having been the first creation of my reign." It seems thus perfectly natural that Scott's feelings towards George IV. should be those of a warm-hearted admirer, and it is not surprising that Scott, with his passion for courtly pageantry and high ceremonials, exhibited an almost boyish eagerness to be present at the Coronation of his patron.

Scott's letters, descriptive of the scenes in London, and the ceremony in Westminster, are the most interesting accounts we have of that occasion.

Preparations were soon made for the Coronation, and Scott made application for a seat in the Abbey. Writing to Lord Sidmouth he also applied for a seat for his friend, James Hogg. In doing so, he was actuated by motives which show the exceeding kindness of his heart. It had occurred to him that Hogg, with the gorgeous scene in his mind, might write some "Shepherd's Letters" on the event, and thereby reap some pecuniary advantage, and he had also learned that the Royal Literary Society intended to confer several pensions on men of genius, and by introducing Hogg to the charmed circle of the metropolis, Scott thought the Shepherd's future would be assured.

Alas! the best laid schemes went very far agley in this instance. Lord Sidmouth, being overwhelmed with business connected with the forthcoming pageant, answered by the pen of the Under Secretary, who stipulated that his wishes should be granted, if he and the Shepherd would dine with him at Richmond Park after the ceremony, where he promised "the Duke of York and some other Jacobites" would be of the party. Scott communicated the pleasing news to the Shepherd, who wrote back from Yarrow, with "the tear in his eye," as he put it, saying he was very sorry to decline the kind invitation of his friend, but the 21st of July—the day of the Coronation—was "Boswell's Fair," and he really could not miss this great annual Border gathering. Hogg had just been installed a store farmer in Mount Benger, and he considered his absence from St Boswell's Green would be unfavourably commented on. Hogg's preference does seem ridiculous, and it might have been better for him, had be accepted Sir Walter's offer and benefitted by the plans his friend proposed for his future literary fame and material welfare, but the Shepherd was at that time firmly resolved to succeed as a farmer, and as a farmer he took his choice in the matter. Let those who speak sneeringly of Hogg's "flightiness" remember this incident to his credit. In London Sir Walter met Allan Cunningham, and "honest Allan" gave a somewhat similar answer to

Scott's query, if he was at the Coronation? "No," said he, "places were dear and ill to get, I am told it was a magnificent scene, but having seen the procession of King Crispin at Dumfries I was satisfied." A reply which mightily amused Scott.

Sir Walter was well received in London by all classes, but perhaps the compliment which pleased him best, was paid him on the night, or rather the early morning, after the Coronation. He was returning from the banquet with a friend. Having missed their carriage they found themselves in the jostling crowd. Sir Walter was afraid that some accident might occur to his lame limb, and, addressing a sergeant of the Scots Greys—who were keeping a clear road for the dignitaries—he requested permission to pass up the middle of the street. The man answered, shortly, that his orders were strict, that the thing was quite impossible. While he was endeavouring to soften the martinet, some new excitement caused the crowd to sway, and Scott's companion, alarmed for his friend, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Take care, Sir Walter Scott, take care!" The stalwart dragoon on hearing the name, said, "What! Sir Walter Scott? He must get through. Makè room, men, for Sir Walter Scott, our illustrious countryman!" The men answered: "Sir Walter Scott! God bless him!" and the way was immediately opened up.

The ubiquitous descriptive reporter had not then come into being, and Sir Walter's description of George the Fourth's Coronation, written the day after the pageant in the form of a letter to the "Edinburgh Weekly Journal," is one of the best accounts we have of perhaps the most gorgeous scenes the grey old Abbey of Westminster has looked down on.

There is necessarily much in the forthcoming Coronation ceremonial that will be exactly the same as that of 1821, but in regard to the feeling of the populace towards it, there is at once a similarity and a difference. To the subjects of George IV. the ancient customs connected with it were as much of a novelty as they are to us, for sixty years had passed since the crowning of a monarch had engaged the people of these realms, but the chronicler of King Edward's Coronation will not, like Sir Walter Scott, have to lament the fierce hostile attitude of a large section of the populace, whose taunting cry was "Queen, Queen."

Our Sovereign will be crowned with his Royal Consort sharing his honours, and it will be no meaningless shout that will rend the air when the people cry, "God Save the King!"

J. A. A.

A New Hawick Song Book.

WHAT may be termed "local patriotism" is very fully developed in the good Border town of Hawick, and we have no doubt there will be an immediate and large sale for "The Book of Hawick Songs and Verse," which has just been published by Mr James Edgar, 5 High Street, Hawick, whose publications have been frequently mentioned in these pages. The book, which is sold at the low price of sixpence, contains nearly sixty songs and poems, all having a direct local interest. This Song-Book contains most of the old favourites, while not a few new pieces lend freshness and vigour to its pages. We are sure that the Hawick folk will feel indebted to Mr Edgar for his latest publication, while those who are not privileged to be "Teries" will derive much pleasure from a perusal of its contents. The book will be specially welcome to those who are far away from the "Scenes of Infancy," for it cannot fail to recall to them the lang syne with all its heartsome joys.

W. S.

CURIOUS TRADITION OF ECKFORD PARISH.—Near the south-west corner of the field to the west of the manse is a bog, which has of late been drained, and with which is connected a curious tradition. It is averred that on this spot a smith's house, with his smithy and other appurtenances, once stood, and that the members of his family were of a very disorderly description of character. On the morning of a Sabbath, while the people from the vicinity were passing on their way to church, the whole place exhibited a scene of tumult and confusion; but on their return from it, a few hours after, every vestige of a human habitation had disappeared, and nothing was to be seen but the bog, with which the place was supposed to have been cursed. That this bog would never be drained, was long believed in the district, and circumstances for a time seemed to justify the opinion. Several attempts were made for this purpose, but all proved for a time to be utterly ineffectual. On one of these occasions, however, a smith's anvil was found buried in the marsh, and this was considered as at once confirmatory of the truth of the tradition. The anvil was in tolerable preservation, and was intended to have been given to the late Sir Walter Scott, to whom an account of the tradition had been communicated. The hill, at the bottom of which the bog was situated, is called the "Smithy Hill."—"New Statistical Account of Eckford Parish" (1836.)

How James VI. went to his Coronation.

THE Magistrates of Berwick-upon-Tweed have (says "The Newcastle Journal") frequently played an important part at Imperial functions bearing on the destinies of England and Scotland. To this day the ancient borough is specially mentioned in certain State proclamations as a corporate part of Great Britain. One of the most notable ceremonials in which the municipal heads of Berwick took part occurred at the death of Queen Elizabeth of England and the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the English Crown. In the winter of 1602-3, when the health of Elizabeth was visibly declining, James was solicited by some of his friends in England, and in particular by the Earl of Northumberland, who was then esteemed the most powerful of the English nobles, to secure his succession to Elizabeth's Crown by endeavouring to seize it while she was yet alive, and before any other pretender appeared; but to the honour of James he rejected all such counsels. He thanked Northumberland for his friendship and offers of service, but disapproved his dangerous advice, and desired the Earl to send him no more letters of that strain.

The first information of Queen Elizabeth's death was brought to King James at Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, by Sir Robert Carey. Leaving the English Court on the forenoon on which the Queen died—24th March, 1603—Sir Robert posted to Scotland with great speed, and by his orders the King of Scotland was proclaimed next day King of England, at Widdrington, Morpeth, Alnwick, and Berwick. The Mayor, aldermen, and commons of Berwick at once sent a letter of congratulation to the King. It bears date March 26th, 1603, and is full of high-flown expressions of duty and attachment to the new Sovereign; and informs him that "they had with present expedition, and with what solemnity the leisure of time would afford, published and proclaimed his sacred Majesty King of England, France, and Ireland; and entreats him to pardon such defects as by ignorance, omission, or otherwise, by the straitness of time, had happened in the performance thereof." As James was to enter England by way of Berwick, he, on the 27th March, sent the Lord Abbot of Holyrood House to take possession of Berwick and to receive the allegiance of the Governor and the Mayor. These officers cheerfully gave the required oaths, and delivered into the hands of James' messenger the keys of the gates and Mayor's staff, which were immediately returned, and assurance given in the King's name of the charters, privileges, and liberties of the town being preserved inviolate.

At the same time the King sent an answer (bearing date Holyrood House, 27th March, 1603), to the town's letter to him, addressed "to our trusty friends the Mayor and aldermen of Berwick." The royal retinue consisted of about 500 persons on horseback, and included amongst those of noble rank the Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Mar, Murray, and Argyle, and the Lord Hume. The King on the first day of his journey came to the house of Lord Hume at Dunglass, where he was splendidly entertained, and next day the cavalcade reached Berwick, having been joined on the way by many of the kindred, name, and dependants of Lord Hume. Many Englishmen also met his Majesty on the road, with their tributes of congratulations.

On his arrival at Berwick boundary the King was received with great demonstrations of reverence and welcome by the marshal, Sir John Carey, accompanied by the officers of the garrison, at the head of their several regiments of horse and foot. While these discharged from their muskets, the cannons thundered from the walls, and loud acclamations of joy were raised on all sides. As the King entered the gate the keys of the town were delivered to him by William Selby, the gentleman porter, on whom the King conferred at that instant the honour of knight, and returned the keys. Proceeding to the Market Place, through the armed soldiers of the garrison, he was there received by Hugh Gregson, the Mayor, and his fellow magistrates. The Mayor presented to him a purse of gold and the town's charter, and Christopher Parkinson, the Recorder, addressed him in a solemn congratulatory speech. The King received the honours very graciously, restoring the charter and assuring the town of his favour and protection. At the church the King gave public thanks to God, and the Bishop of Durham preached an eloquent sermon. His Majesty next went to the Palace, the cannons were again fired, bonfires lighted, and the town resounded with shouts of joy.

Next day the King visited the fortifications, port, and magazines; and while the officers and soldiers of the garrison were drawn up in martial array on the ramparts, he fired in their presence one of the great guns planted there. On the following day the King made a present to the officers and soldiers of the garrisons, and declared his grateful acceptance of the loyalty and affection of the inhabitants of the town. He then resumed his march to the south, and, on entering Northumberland was received by Sir Nicholas Forrester, Sheriff of that county. The King spent a whole month in his journey from Berwick to London.

Replies to "Who is right?"

WITH a courteous promptitude which we highly appreciate, the query of "Enquirer" in our last issue, was answered by two well-known authorities on Border history, as follows:—

Edrum, Ednam, Havannah—Which is right? "Verify your quotations!" is an excellent rule, but its observance is not always practicable. The writer of the Statistical Account referred to by "Enquirer," was a contemporary of Dickson of Broughton, and those who followed his lead apparently relied on his opportunity of obtaining knowledge and trusted to his accuracy. Entries in the printed lists of "Services of Heirs," however, indicate that a mistake has been made, and seem to show that the purchaser of Broughton did not take his other territorial title from Berwickshire, but from that locality which has become classic as the birthplace of the poet of "The Seasons." On 7th April, 1772 (to quote from the lists just referred to), William Dickson, Captain in the Royal Navy, was served heir to his uncle, James Dickson of Ednam, merchant in London, formerly of Broughton, who died 14th November, 1771. The lands taken up by the heir are described as the barony of Broughton and half of Burnetland, &c., in Peeblesshire. Other two services, one dated in 1772, and the other in 1787, give the same designation. Kilbucho is not referred to. Is the addition "and Kilbucho" in the Broughton laird's designation not also a mistake?

In "Murray's Memorials" there is cited a passage in the "Lyon in Mourning" (iii. p. 228), where, under date 1769, "Mr Dickson, commonly called Havannah," is mentioned. This London merchant probably traded to the West Indies, and may have been popularly known by the name of the famous port with which he had his business connection.

R. R.

Edrom is undoubtedly wrong. The will of James Dickson of "Ednam and Sydenham, in Scotland, M.P. Peebles, Selkirk, and Linlithgow," was proved 30th December, 1771. There are still Dicksons of Sydenham near Ednam.

T. C. B.

Death of Mr Thomas Usher.

THE death took place at his residence, 17 Oxford Street, Edinburgh, on Sunday, 27th April, of Mr Thomas Usher, secretary of the Edinburgh Border Counties Association. The deceased had been in failing health for a good many years, but so recently as last Thursday he was able to attend to his duties in Edinburgh Sheriff Court, where he had been employed as a clerk for about thirty years. The Usher family has been connected with the Borders for between four and five hundred years, and with the parish of Melrose since 1547. In 1572 a John Usher purchased the estate of Totfield, and from him the present Usher family are descended. The property was in 1816 sold by the deceased's grandfather to Sir Walter Scott, and now forms part of the estate of Abbotsford. The last laird's eldest son was James Usher, S.S.C., and at 11 Brown Square, Edinburgh, then a fashionable locality, where Mr and Mrs Usher lived, the deceased was born in February, 1826, so that he was over seventy-six years of age. Mr Usher's mother was a daughter of the Rev. Thomas Gray, minister of Broughton, so that he was a Borderer on both sides of the house. He received an appointment first in the Edinburgh County Buildings, and a few years afterwards in Edinburgh Sheriff Court House, which he has held ever since, residing until about two months ago in Duddingston. His wife died about ten years ago. For a good many years Mr Usher was secretary of the Edinburgh Conservative Working Men's Association, and took an active part in the unsuccessful Edinburgh plebiscite in favour of the public library system some years ago. He was the originator of the Edinburgh Border Counties Association, which was formed in 1865, with Mr Usher as its secretary, a post he held down to his death. The Association, with its membership of over 500 and accumulated funds, amounting to well on for £3000, has done much during its existence for the preservation of Border memorials; among its services being the purchase of the Rhymer Tower at Earlston, and Leyden's Cottage at Denholm, and the erection of a memorial to Hogg on the site of the cottage in which he was born. In these and other works undertaken by the Association, such as the organising of the Scott Centenary Celebration in 1871, and the Leyden, Brewster, Carlyle, and Thomson Centenaries, Mr Usher took a leading part. He had no desire for worldly wealth or position, but laboured ungrudgingly in causes in which he had an interest.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *81 Oxford Drive, Glasgow.*

TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. WALKER & SON, *High Street, Galashiels.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1902.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

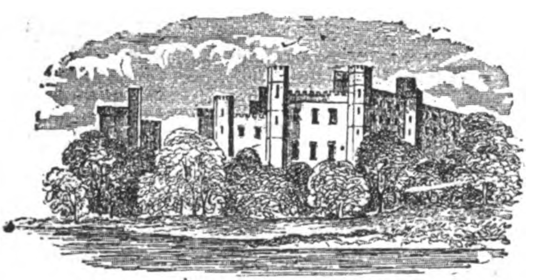
EDITORIAL NOTES.

As we believe that the majority of our readers take a keen interest in the welfare of what is really their own Magazine, we are pleased to state that the publication makes steady progress. We trust that those who have been occasional readers during the winter months will continue to "take out" the *Border Magazine* during the long days of summer, and that not a few may be privileged to peruse its pages among those scenes which must ever be dear to the heart of every true Borderer.

As this issue, to some extent, takes the form of a Coronation number, several interesting articles have had to be held over, but these will appear, as far as possible, in our July number.

REFERRING to the *Border Magazine*, one of the leading Border Litterateurs writes:—"I am glad to say I like it more than ever."

The Border Keep.



SCOONE PALACE.

An old relative of mine used to assert that the good town of Perth should have been the capital of Scotland by reason of its central position and safe distance from the seaboard. Evidently some idea of this kind filled the minds of the ancient Scots, as a large number of their Kings were crowned at Scone Palace near Perth. The situation of the place is admirable, and it is a pleasant place to spend a day, as I can testify from personal experience, so I would advise my younger friends to strengthen their patriotism by visiting the spot which played such an important part in our national history.

* * *

The Scottish Kings were crowned at Scone upon a stone seat, which is thus referred to by an evening paper:—

Tradition says that the sacred stone beneath the chair was the actual stone on which Jacob laid his head when he dreamed of the angels. Later tradition states that in 513 A.D. Tergius, a Scottish prince, obtained the stone for his coronation from the Irish kings of Munster, who knew it as the "Lia Fail," or Stone of Destiny. Kenneth II. is supposed to have moved it from Dunstaffnage to Scone.

Leaving tradition for history, there is no doubt whatever that Edward I. removed the stone from Scone and made a chair, perhaps the one existing, to fit it.

It is not surprising to find kings crowned upon stones, for they have from remote ages been regarded with veneration. "Jews, Greeks, and Romans," says Mr Edward Clodd, "were on a par with the Hindu villagers of to-day in the worship of standing stones; unwrought stones had place of honour in classic temples, representing the greater gods, and receiving care and decoration as well as worship. In the Temple of Heaven at Peking seven unhewn boulders guard the fortunes of the Imperial dynasty, and with the ceremonial seats hewn in the solid rock for Mexican rulers may be classed the stone of Scone, which is underneath the seat of the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey." The Scots were attached to their holy stone as is seen from the continued attempts they made to recover it. In treaty after treaty it was pledged to them, but "the people of London would by no means whatever allow it to depart from themselves." It was not until the year 1603 that the old saying, "Wheresoe'er this stone be found, there must Scotia's kings be crowned," was again fulfilled, and then, in the person of James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, a Scottish king was once more crowned upon the precious relic. Once, and once only, has the chair been taken out of Westminster Abbey, and that was when Oliver Cromwell was proclaimed Lord Protector in Westminster Hall.

* * *

Mr Andrew Lang on the Coronation Stone.—Mr Andrew Lang, writing in "Longman's Magazine" on the "Chair of Destiny," or Coronation Stone, says:—

Sacred stones are universally human foible. The Coronation stone, the stone of Scone, at Westminster, did not come from Palestine, by way of Ireland, though the Fenians once tried to steal it on that account. The children of Israel have made no attempt to recover it. The stone is a piece of sandstone of a kind common at Scone, but probably this piece had once a sort of sacredness, and was used at the Coronation, or whatever other ceremony, when a new Pictish king came to his uneasy throne. He more probably stood on it than sat on it, to judge by Irish practice. Some think it was the portable altar of an old Irish missionary saint, but it is not so very portable, being 26 inches long, 10¾ inches broad, and 10½ inches deep. The holy man would have a light altar, like St Cuthbert's, now in Durham Cathedral. The Scot has a fancy for stone seats in chairs. There is the Black Stone at Glasgow University, on which myself have sat, uncomfortably, in a viva voce examination. Why a Black Stone? Has it any history? Was it a pagan fetish, before St Kentigern converted the Glasgow bodies? The odd thing is that we had a Black Stone seat at St Andrews, an older University. We read in the report of a Royal Commission of 1588, or thereabouts, of "examinations on the black stone." But I have never heard more about the black stone since that remote date. Was it a prehistoric sacred stone, preserved through the Middle Ages and the Reformation?

* * *

A friend sends me the following interesting Border links with past Coronations:—The Border Earldom of Traquair which has been in abeyance since the death of Charles, the eighth and last Earl, was a creation of Charles I., and was conferred on Sir John Stuart of Traquair by that monarch in honour of his Coronation on 22nd June, 1633. On the death of the Lady Louisa Stuart in 1874 the direct line was broken and the lands of Traquair in Peeblesshire passed to the Maxwells of Terregles, the representatives of the Earls of Nithsdale. The head of this family is Lord Herries. The present proprietor of Traquair, Mr Herbert Maxwell Stuart, is a cousin of Lord Herries.

* * *

The present Duke of Buccleuch was born on September 9th, 1831, the day on which King William IV. was crowned. The Duke, whose title is, of course, a Scots one, sits in the House of Lords as Earl of Doncaster. His full name and titles are William Henry Walter Montagu Douglas Scott, Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, Marquis of Dumfriesshire, Earl of Buccleuch, Dalkeith, Drumlanrig, and Sanquhar, Viscount of Nith, Torthorwald, Eskdaill, and Baron Douglas of Kinmont Middlebie and Dornock in the peerage of Scotland, Earl of Doncaster and Baron of Tyndale in the United Kingdom. The Duchess, who is Mistress of the Robes, was Lady Louisa Jane Hamilton, third daughter of the Marquis of Abercorn.

* * *

So many readers of the Border Magazine are interested in South Africa that I feel sure they will be pleased to read the following example of kind heartedness among the men who are fighting our battles in that distant land:—

Some time ago, the "Diamond Fields Advertiser" states, it became known that a trooper in the South African Constabulary had left behind him a widowed mother, dependent upon him. The dead man's kit, worth little more than £1, was put up to auction among his comrades, and after spirited bidding realised no less than £92. Among the fancy prizes given were for two half-penny boxes of matches, £2, 3s; a piece of soap, £1, 16s; a couple of shilling hair-brushes, £7; and two 3s 6d razors, £18, 11s. A day's pay was also contributed by every member of the troop, bringing the total to £190, and a cheque for this amount was forwarded to the mother.

* * *

Writing in the "People's Journal," W. McCombie Smith, Blairgowrie, thus refers to Sir Walter Scott and Melrose Abbey:—

It is generally known that notwithstanding the beautiful description of Melrose Abbey by moonlight, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Scott really never saw it by moonlight. It is not, however, generally known that this fact was revealed under the following circumstances:—Bernard Burton wrote to the poet in behalf of a young lady who wished to have the description of Melrose by moonlight in the poet's own writing. Scott sent it, but added these lines at the end—

Then go, and muse with deepest awe
On what the writer never saw,
Who would not wander 'neath the moon
To see what he could see at noon!

Dominie Sampson.

A Brave Maiden and Sir Patrick Hume.

By Susie B. Miller.

A MOST interesting story concerning Reformation times is told in connection with the life of Sir Patrick Hume, afterwards Earl of Marchmont. It is now more than 300 years since Sir Patrick lived with his wife and family in Redbraes Castle, a mile from the village of Polwarth. Polwarth, which is a singularly picturesque spot, lies in the heart of Berwickshire, at the foot of the heather-covered slopes of the Lammermoor hills. The church, which is the

Photo by A. Lothian, Duns.
Sir Patrick Hume, 1st Earl of Marchmont.

scene of this story, is one of the oldest in the land, having been founded in the ninth century and dedicated to St Mungo. It stands half hidden among the sycamore trees, on a steep bank, rising up from a little burn, some three-quarters of a mile to the south-east of the village. During the strifes at the Reformation period many churches and abbeys were ruined and totally destroyed, but that of Polwarth escaped without harm. Lying too near the Borders to avoid the course of intermittent war, it ran many a risk, yet still it nestles there among the sycamores and rowan trees, although the ivy has crept up and covered the tower, and the lichen-stained tombstones in the ancient churchyard are fast falling into decay.

Redbraes Castle occupies a sheltered position a little further to the east and was approached by a noble beech avenue. All that now remains of it are the two back wings, now known as the offices, and which form the dwelling-place of the shepherd and the gardener.

Sir Patrick Hume was one of the most distinguished patriots and statesmen of his day. He was thrown into prison in 1675 for having remonstrated against the tyranny of the Duke of Lauderdale, and about ten years later he was accused of having taken part in the Ryehouse Plot. He was not believed when he declared that the object of the long and close conferences he had held with the Duke of Monmouth was only to consider what might best be done to secure Scotland against the Papal rule, and in the event of a Roman Catholic successor to prevent his having arbitrary powers. In consequence of the discovery of this plot, Sir Patrick's intimate friend, Baillie of Jerviswood, was executed, and he himself only escaped a similar fate by fleeing to the Continent. But for a month he could find no opportunity for so doing, and during that time he was obliged to keep in close hiding. His hiding-place was a very strange one, and therefore the less likely to be thought of by his pursuers. It was the family burying-ground, an underground vault beneath Polwarth Church, and in that dark, gloomy place Sir Patrick made his abode for a whole month. Day and night he sat there in the dusky gloom, with only a faint glimmer of light from a grating at one end, which, however, was too high up for him to see anything but the grass growing high round the opening and the stars piercing through the darkness at night. As it would have been too great a risk to have had any artificial light inside, reading was impossible, but Sir Patrick used to wile away the long hours by repeating to himself Buchanan's version of the Psalms, which he knew by heart.

All the while his enemies were busy searching for him, and parties of soldiers were scouring the country, but none had any idea where he was except his wife, Lady Polwarth, and their eldest daughter, Grisel. They, however, soon admitted James Winter, the house carpenter, into their confidence, and with his help a bed and bed-clothes were carried one night to the vault, for Lady Polwarth could not bear the thought of her husband having no other resting-place than the cold, damp stone floor.

Grisel Hume at this time was eighteen years old. She was a girl possessed of a vast amount of courage and bravery, and at a very early age she showed tact and wisdom and a spirit of enterprise far beyond her years. Now, when her father lay hiding in the dismal vault all her good qualities came strongly to the front. Every night when others were asleep Grisel would noiselessly leave the house, and with a supply of food and drink and a tiny lantern she would thread her way through the darkness down the long beech avenue, out into the lonely road and turn in the direction of the church. It was at the dead of night and all was quiet and still, save the hooting of the owls or the rustle of the wind among the trees. At the least sound Grisel would cautiously slip down at the foot of the hedge or behind a shrub, always fearful of being surprised by any of the soldiers who were constantly scouring the country in search of her father. Her dread of this overcame her natural fear of walking alone in the dark, and even when she reached the churchyard all its terrors were lost on her. Crossing the low moss-grown wall she would grope her way among the graves and tombstones till she reached the entrance of the vault, and then finding her way down, she would meet with a tender and joyous welcome from her father. She spent the long hours of every night sitting there with him, and after she had refreshed him with the viands she had brought she would give him all the home news, tell him stories of the younger children, and do all she could to cheer and amuse him. At the first approach of dawn she would fondly take her leave of him and hurry homewards so that she might get back to the house before daylight. The first night on which she went one of these errands of love she was terrified by the barking of the minister's dogs, and feared they might give the alarm. So next morning the minister was sent for by her mother who told him there was a mad dog loose in the country, and thus induced him to destroy his.

Grisel found some difficulty in procuring the food for her father without the knowledge of the servants, lest they should wonder what she wished it for, and their suspicions be excited. She very often had to convey part of her own dinner off her plate into her lap. One day a sheep's head was cooked specially for Sir Patrick, but first it was placed on the family dinner-table. Grisel pretended she was eating it while the younger children were taking their broth. Suddenly, Alexander, a boy of nine, having finished his broth, began to make enquiries for his share of the sheep's head. To his dismay it had vanished. He had last seen it a few minutes before on his sister's plate, and that was now empty. "Mother," he called, "will you look at Grisel; while we have been supping our broth she has eaten the whole of the sheep's head, bones and all!" When Sir Patrick heard this he was greatly amused and said that "Sandy" must have his share next time.

When the search for him became less vigorous Sir Patrick found a hiding-place at Redbraes in a hole in a room on the ground floor. Grisel and James Winter had made this hole by night, and, not to make a noise, had used their hands to scrape up the earth, till Grisel's nails were torn to the quick. But this place was not considered safe, and in a disguise cleverly prepared by Grisel, St Patrick was enabled to escape across the Tweed and reach London in safety.

By proclaiming his views on religion, and by showing his aversion to that of the king, who was in reality a Roman Catholic, Sir Patrick

Photo by A. Lothian, Duns.
GRISEL COUNTESS OF MARCHMONT, WIFE OF PATRICK 1st EARL

had taken a step which brought him and his family into great misfortune and almost to poverty. Let us now follow out the story of his life in these reduced circumstances, and see how bravely and manfully he bore his trials, and how also the whole family cheerfully adapted themselves to their lot, and especially the noble Grisel, who was always so brave, so ready, and so wise, was none the less needed in Holland in her devotion, economy, and management, than she was for her tact and wisdom in Scotland.

It was only after having passed through many perilous adventures and risks of being discovered that Sir Patrick at last succeeded in reaching the Continent in safety. He found it a very difficult matter to leave Redbraes Castle, and find his way through Berwickshire and across the Borders without being discovered by one or other of the bands of soldiers who were still scouring the country in search of him. At last he got on board a vessel bound for Ireland. While sailing over to that country he was one day placed in a rather embarassing situation. He was going under the name of "Dr King," and one day he was called upon to attend a sailor who had broken his leg by falling from the mast-head. "Dr King" felt quite incompetent to attempt to doctor the leg, but he also felt that it would never do to acknowledge his ignorance. At last, however, he made up his mind to try, and he went to the man, did his best for the leg, and ultimately cured it.

Sir Patrick passed through Ireland in the disguise of a Scotch pedlar which Grisel had made for him, and after enduring many hardships he arrived in Holland, where he at once sought the protection of the Prince of Orange, who was in sympathy with Sir Patrick's Protestant views, and settled at Utrecht.

All this time the family at Redbraes had been living in great suspense, fearing every day that they might hear of his capture, and perhaps his execution. Their joy, therefore, was very great when they at last received a letter from Sir Patrick himself, telling them that he was now safe from all enemies, and asking them all to come over at once and live with him in Utrecht. Accordingly they all set to work in order to leave Redbraes as soon as possible, although it was indeed a great grief to leave that beautiful home which they loved so much. Grisel gathered together as many of her father's books as they could conveniently take with them, and also nearly all the jewels and plate belonging to the family, and shortly after the arrival of Sir Patrick's letter Lady Hume and her children set out to join him, their natural sorrow at leaving being overbalanced by their joyful hope of again meeting him, and of once more living all together—in peace if not in plenty. One member of the family they were obliged to leave behind. This was Julian, a girl of fifteen, who had been very ill and was not sufficiently recovered to be able to undertake the journey. Sir Patrick met his wife and family at Rotterdam, and conveyed them to the humble dwelling at Utrecht, which was now to be their home. What a different life they had to lead there from that to which they had been accustomed! At Redbraes they had every comfort, besides much wealth and luxury. They had servants to wait on them, and beautiful gardens and parks to walk in. Now, in Utrecht, they lived in a small house whose only outlook was the noisy street. All Sir Patrick's estates had been forfeited to the Crown, and he had scarcely enough money to provide the necessaries of life for himself and his family. But each one of them took up willingly and cheerfully the daily tasks which fell to their lot, without a murmur or complaint; they were a bright, happy, and contented household, and the troubles and anxieties of their new life passed lightly over.

Grisel, as ever, was entrusted with all important matters, and with her usual sagacity and enterprising spirit she carried everything out in such a way that it is doubtful whether the family could have got on without her. No one could feel dull or gloomy in her presence, for her ever lively and buoyant spirit seemed to put life and brightness into everything. She travelled back to Scotland alone several times to try and recover debts which were owing to her father. On the first of these occasions she had some very trying experiences. She had found her sister Julian now well enough to travel, and the two girls had set out for the Continent together. Crossing the Channel they had a most unpleasant voyage. Grisel did not mind the discomforts, but everything seemed to be against her invalid sister. The ship was overcrowded and they encountered a violent storm. There was only one cabin bed, and this Grisel and her sister were entitled to as they had paid for it beforehand in order to secure it. But they soon found there had been very unfair dealings on the part of the captain, and that he had let the berth to several other passengers besides themselves, but none were permitted to have it, and he ended by taking possession of it himself. The poor girls had nowhere but the floor to rest on, their only pillow being a bag of books, which they were taking back to their father. Their brother was to meet them at Rotterdam, but to their surprise and disappointment they were landed at Brill, tired, friendless, and forlorn one cold, wet, stormy night. The only way in which they could reach Rotterdam was by walking there on foot, but Julian was too ill and fatigued to walk a step further, and had already lost her shoes in the mud. But Grisel with all her undaunted courage and bravery determined that they should set out, so she took her sister on her back and carried her, and thus they reached Rotterdam, where they found their eldest brother Patrick, and his friend, George Baillie of Jerviswoode, who conveyed them in safety to Utrecht. For three years and a half did the family of Sir Patrick Hume live in Holland, a happy and contented household, "poor in this world's goods, but rich in mutual affection." They could not afford to keep a servant, and so instead of passing their days in ease and pleasure Grisel and the elder girls had now to employ their time in doing all the housework. Grisel acted as cook, while Christian, her second sister, was housemaid. They had to scrub the floors and wash dishes, and the after part of the day was generally spent in sewing and mending clothes.

One night they heard the bell ringing and discovered that it was to proclaim that a collection was being made from house to house for the poor. Sir Patrick and his family wished to subscribe with the others, but they had absolutely no money save an "orkey," which was the smallest coin. Sir Patrick could not get any of them to go and give this, for they were all so ashamed. At last he went with it himself, saying, "Well, then, I'll go with it; we can do no more than give all we have." This shows how low they had fallen in worldly circumstances, and they might have classed themselves with those for whom the collection was being made.

Sir Patrick acted as schoolmaster to his children, and from him they got a thorough education in all the ordinary branches, and were taught, as well, Dutch, Latin, and French.

When the day's work for all was over, many happy evenings did they spent in talking, reading, and innocent mirth. Christian was an accomplished musician, and often after she had finished her dusting and washing she would help to pass away many a pleasant hour with her beautiful playing and singing.

Sir Patrick's house grew to be a favourite resort for others who, like himself, were exiles from their country on account of the opinions which they held, and almost every day some of them would find their way to his table, and it was only by the thrift and economy of Grisel that he was enabled to meet these demands on his hospitality. All the responsibility of the management of the house devolved upon her, and with all these guests to entertain she had many a time of difficulty to make both ends meet. It was with great reluctance and sorrow that after a while, one by one the jewels and other valuables they had brought with them had to be parted with.

Patrick, the eldest son, had enlisted with his friend, George Baillie, in the Prince of Orange's Guards. They had both of them to enter as Cadets, and stand as common sentries, thus doing the duty of private men. Often, in order that her brother might look as well as any of his comrades, Grisel would spend her few spare hours in making the point lace cravats and cuffs for him which were then worn by the soldiers.

At last the Revolution came, and with it the restoration of the Humes to all their former wealth and prosperity. Sir Patrick did not need to change his views in order to have his worldly circumstances once more reversed. He really found himself placed in fortunate circumstances or unfortunate circumstances just according as his opinions did or did not correspond with those of the Sovereign. And the opinions which were now about to bring him

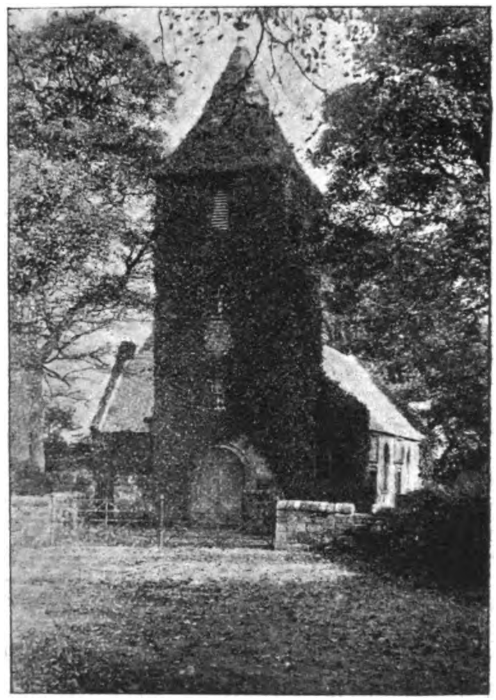


Photo by A. Lothian, Duns.

POLWARTH KIRK.

honour and riches were just the same as those which he had held when he had imperilled his life and lost his property three years previously. But a Protestant king was now about to ascend the English throne, one who would encourage Sir Patrick in his endeavours to suppress the Roman Catholic religion and reward him for his services.

When the Prince of Orange went to England in 1688 Sir Patrick and his son accompanied him, and proved of the greatest assistance to him, and when the Prince was shortly afterwards crowned King William III. he speedily restored to his faithful adherent all his lost estates, and created him a peer of Scotland with the title of Lord Polwarth.

There was no time lost in recalling the family from Holland, and before long they were all living once more in peace, happiness, and plenty at Redbraes Castle. Julian, alone, was not permitted to share in this joyful return to the old home. She had never recovered from her illness and had died in Utrecht shortly before her father started for England.

Grisel was delighted to be once more back in Scotland. She and her mother had crossed over in the suite of the Princess of Orange, who was soon after made Queen Mary II. The Princess had been so attracted by the sterling qualities of Grisel, her good sense, and lofty character, and not less by her beauty, that she wished to keep the girl with her always as one of her Maids of Honour. But Grisel refused this. The noble girl had too much affection for her parents, and her brothers and sisters, to permit of her leaving them, even for the splendour and gaieties of Court life. There was another reason also which made her wish to go back to her native land and live among her own people. For many years a secret attachment had existed between her and young Baillie of Jerviswoode. They had been co-refugees in Utrecht, and now when Grisel was returning to Redbraes George Baillie was returning under similar circumstances to inherit his estate of Mellerstain not many miles distant. But although Mellerstain then became her home, Grisel's family never learned to do without her, and she was constantly going back and forward to Redbraes.

Many responsible posts were given to Sir Patrick, now the Earl of Marchmont. His happiness and prosperity reached its height when the office of Lord Chancellor was bestowed upon him, and shortly after that of King's High Commissioner to Parliament. While discharging the duties of the former post memories of his past hardships were, on one occasion, strikingly brought back to him. One day he had to deal with a case brought up by a sea-captain. The captain when he saw the Earl would not believe that he was the Chancellor, but to the surprise and indignation of those about him persisted in saying he was Dr King. Lord Marchmont himself had at once recognised the captain as the seaman whose leg he had doctored when escaping to Ireland. He sent for the man and asked if he had ever seen any one who resembled him. The man replied that he thought he resembled one Dr King, whereupon the Chancellor said, "You are right enough, honest man, and I hope to doctor your cause better than I could do your leg."

Earl Patrick's wife died in 1703, and after that the home at Redbraes became much broken up, and at last he found himself living quite alone, although his loving daughter Grisel Baillie was often with him. He had retired altogether from public office, and at last Grisel persuaded him to leave his now lonely residence, so he bought a house in Berwick and there spent the remainder of his years. There also did the devoted daughter continue to visit him and look after his affairs. She had many duties in connection with her own home, for her husband was so much taken up with political affairs that he had made over to her the entire management of his estates, but in spite of all this she found time to go to her father regularly, when she would look over all his accounts, settle matters with his steward, and act as his general superintendent.

Earl Patrick died in 1724 at the age of 83, after having proved to his satisfaction that although he had at one time of his life taken a step which involved bringing his family into misfortune and poverty, that very step was the source from which the greatest fortune had afterwards fallen on them all.

Long life and prosperity were measured out to the daughter who, at an early age, had saved her father's life at the risk of her own. Lady Grisel Baillie lived to the age of 83, loving and beloved. She was buried by her own wish at Mellerstain, beside her husband, who had predeceased her some years.

The portraits in this article are from photos of paintings in Marchmont House by kind permission of Mr Lothian, Duns.

A Noted Hawick Magistrate.

THE lamb-wool stocking manufacture of Hawick, to which every business there is so subordinate, was begun about 60 years ago, by one of the Magistrates, the late Mr John Hardie, merchant. Bailie Hardie was a man of quick talents and of a decided mind, and had been oftener raised to the magistracy of the burgh than any man of his day, or any other person who has since been in the office. A number of curious anecdotes are told of this gentleman, which are well authenticated.

The Bailie had been in bad health one season, and was ordered to the sea-bathing by his surgeon, who told him that he was to take ten or twelve baths. The busy citizen set off early on the Monday morning for Berwick. On the

Thursday following, the doctor was astonished on seeing the Bailie in his shop on the market-day, as usual. They were friends, and possessed some constitutional affinities, which impelled them at times to throw out an oath at any man freely, rather than they would have put an artificial face on, and either of them hesitated less in using freedom with the name of his Satanic Majesty than in tampering with the reputation of their neighbour. "What the deil, sir," exclaimed the doctor, "did I not order you to take ten or twelve baths?" "And did you imagine, doctor, that I was to stay in Berwick ten or twal days? Ye ken that was impossible." "What the deil did ye ask my advice then?" returned the angry surgeon. "What the deil is all your noise about?" rejoined the half-crusty Bailie; "I'll do as I please." "You may do that," cried the son of Æsculapius, and wheeled about to leave the shop. "Stop, stop, man!" said the doctor's patient, "and I'll tell ye a' about it. Ye ken weel that if I had stayed ten or twal days frae my business, I might hae stayed a' thegither; but ye'se hear, doctor. I got to Berwick on Monday afternoon, and was unco weel on Teisday morning; so I tuik three baths afore breakfast-time—[the doctor bit his lip]—and I had other three in the forenoon—that was six; and I didna gang near the water after dinner-time. [The doctor stared at the Bailie, and shook his head.] On the Wadensday I got four plunges afore my breakfast, and twae after't—that was twal! And what do you think o' that, my man? Was that no following your directions? And here I am as fresh as a leek again in my ain shop, and I believe as sound as a bell." "You may live in a snow-wreath next, or pass through a fiery furnace!" said the doctor, and walked off.

A big tatterdemallion fellow was in the town spaeing fortunes. He had got into the Bailie's kitchen, and was practising his impositions on the servant girls. He affected to be dumb, and with various sorts of mummery he was fleecing his audience of their ha'pence. The burgh Magistrate had no faith in witchery, and having observed the old juggler at his work, had called two of the town officers to be in readiness, should matters turn out as he suspected. While the fortune-teller was levying his contributions in the kitchen, the Bailie was giving the necessary orders to his officers; and, having armed himself with a stick, and taken a small quantity of gunpowder in his hand, he proceeded with a lighted candle where the spaeman was performing his tricks. It was almost dark, when the Bailie made his stick tell on the shoulders of the imposter, at the same time that the gunpowder illuminated the apartment. The women screamed, and the dumb vagabond roared out:—"Murder! murder!" "Carry the scoundrel to the prison, Tinlin, and put him in the stocks," said the Bailie. "Oh, for God's sake!" cried the half-petrified imposter, "let me away, sir! let me away!" "Carry the villain off," continued the decisive Magistrate, "and let him be drummed out of the town to-morrow, as a lesson to spaemen." The officers did their duty, and it was current in the town for many years that Bailie Hardie could make the dumb speak.

On one occasion this shrewd and intrepid public functionary had a difficult and hazardous duty to perform. Not sixty years ago, at the annual festival of the Common Riding, the Cornet of the day thought proper to make rather a narrow and unusual selection of his company, which gave great offence to a large portion of the inhabitants. As the Common-Riding day approached, the discontent increased, and a party of young men in the town had chosen a Cornet of their own, under whose banner they were to muster, in opposition to the standard-bearer that had been appointed by the Magistrates and Council. On the morning of the festival, the rival parties were preparing to ride the marches of the burgh, and the Magistrates had serious fear that disorder and riot might be the consequence. The two cavalcades approached the West Port separately, by the two streets which led to it; and on the heads of the opposing divisions arriving at this narrow pass, they found the Magistrates, attended by a respectable body of citizens on horseback, guarding it. It was understood to be the intention of the individuals who composed the party in opposition to the regular Cornet, to pass the Port before him, and to keep him and his company behind them in the march to the Common. This being known, Bailie Hardie, who was at that time First Magistrate, drew his horse across the Port, and spoke to the multitude as follows:—"I have reason to believe, lads, that some of you intend mischief this day; and I am sorry for't; but I must tell you that I am here to protect the peace and character of the town, and the first man who attempts to pass me before the Cornet, I will make an example of him!" The Cornet and his company advanced, and the adverse party in an instant were also in motion, when one of the latter, on a strong cart horse, sprung forward to show his followers the way; but the decisive Magistrate was on the alert, and with an oaken stick felled him to the ground, which made his party hesitate, while the Cornet and his company marched unmolested to the moor.

The Scott Country.

It has been known for some time that the Rev. W. S. Crockett, Minister of Tweedsmuir, was at work upon a volume dealing with the above subject. We confess to have looked forward with keen expectation to the appearance of this volume, for our personal knowledge of the genial author enabled us to form some idea of the value of this, his latest production. Now that the beautiful book has reached us just before going to press, we see at once that our expectations, great though they were, have been more than realised. In a short notice it is impossible to do anything like justice to a book of over 500 pages, and we trust that before we can again refer to it, the volume will be in the hands of all true lovers of the Borderland. The publishers are the famous firm of Adam & Charles Black, and the price is 6s—a very low price, considering the contents of the volume. Limited though our present space is, we cannot refrain from quoting the following words from the author's preface:—

A locality glorified by such names as Sandyknowe and Kelso, Ashestiel and Abbotsford, Melrose and Dryburgh, Traquair and Ercildoune, Tweed and Yarrow, has no difficulty in establishing its claims to be *par excellence* the "Scott Country," and in popular parlance it is generally so described. To tell somewhat of its story—the age-long memories that encircle it, its wealth of literary association, and the singular charm of its scenery—is the aim of the present volume. For years it has been my ambition to write such a book, which should contain in brief compass the plain record of practically all the salient features in the history of the Border. Born and brought up on its storied soil, under the shadow of the ruined tower "where, by the Leader's haughs and lea, the Rhymer's wizard-harp was strung," and close to Cowdenknowes,

"So famous in old song,
Where shepherds tuned their Doric reed
Its yellow blooms among;"

within easy distance, too, of Sandyknowe on the one side, and of Abbotsford on the other; and having now my home at the source of the "fair river," it were impossible to remain irresponsive to the spirit of the district.

The volume, which is beautifully illustrated, is well and concisely described in the following publisher's note:—

The "Scott Country" tells the story of the famous Borderland and its undying associations with Sir Walter, its greatest son. His early years at Sandyknowe and Kelso are sketched by one who is himself a native of that very district. Scott's first Border home at Ashestiel, and the making of Abbotsford, the Ettrick and Yarrow of Scott, the memories that cluster round Melrose, the district of Hawick, and the country of "Marmion," all have a place in the work. Not a spot of historic and romantic interest but is referred to all along the line of Tweedside and its tributaries from Berwick to the Beild. The Border country of Scotland has already been the subject of a very extensive literature, but the "Scott Country," being presented upon a more compact and comprehensive plan than has yet been attempted, will, we feel sure, be a source of satisfaction to every reader, whether Border-born or not. To the Scot abroad the volume will recall many a familiar memory, and at home it should take its place as a standard work of its kind, the author being, according to Dr Robertson Nicoll and others, perhaps the most capable living student of the Border and its literature. The "Scott Country" contains 162 illustrations, many of them quite new, and the price is such as to bring it within the reach of all.

THE DUCHESS'S ADVENTURE.—The Duchess of Buccleuch once received (says "M.A.P."), on the occasion of an unexpected visit of the late Queen to London, a command at very short notice to dine with Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. At luncheon at Montagu House on the same day the Duchess wrote down an order for her carriage in the evening, and handed it to the groom of the chambers, who was in waiting. A few minutes before eight o'clock she came downstairs to the hall ready to start, when she learned from the repentant and remorseful functionary that he had quite forgotten to send the order to the stables. What was to be done? Unpunctuality at the Royal dinner table was unthinkable, and there was no time to rectify the blunder. "You must take a four-wheeler," said the Duke, "and moreover I must come with you, for the sentries at the Palace will make difficulties about admitting a cab unless I am there to explain." The cab was called, and the ducal pair hurried to the Palace, only to find the sentry at the entrance an obdurate Scots Guardsman, who flatly refused to let the four-wheeler pass through into the sacred precincts. Rain was falling heavily, and there was the whole width of the great courtyard to traverse before shelter could be obtained. The Duke explained, argued, insisted, but all in vain; the sentry was deaf to every appeal. His orders were that no hired cab could or should drive through the gates, and he intended to obey them. Finally, the Duchess had to alight, and hurrying across the court in the pouring rain, found she had luckily five minutes to spare, and occupied them in drying her satin slippers at a roaring fire. One hopes (but that I did not hear) that the worthy guardian of the gates received a word of commendation for his fidelity to orders.

MR W. YOUNG KINLEYSIDE has been appointed Secretary to the Edinburgh Border Counties' Association.

Glasgow Border Association Crest.

IN the Border Magazine for March, 1896, we dealt at some length with this important Association, but many readers do not possess the early numbers of our Magazine, so we take the liberty of quoting a portion of the article referred to, making any alterations necessary to bring it to date.

The Glasgow Border Counties Association as now constituted was formed in 1872 by the amalgamation of the Roxburghshire and Berwickshire Associations, and comprises the counties of Roxburgh, Berwick, Selkirk, and Peebles. For many years previous to this, however, similar associations are known to have existed in Glasgow, among which may be mentioned the Tweedside Society, which was formed in 1813, and is still in existence. A Berwickshire Society and a Roxburghshire Society flourished for many years, the latter having been formed in 1857, and was incorporated with the present Association on its formation in 1872. Business meetings are held quarterly, but the Literary Society, which may be said to be the backbone of the Association, meets very frequently. For six months in the year—October to March—two meetings are held every week, one on Wednesday evening for literary study, and the other on Saturday evening for social recreation. These meetings are largely attended, and have proved of immense benefit to many on their introduction into city life. Many firm, lasting, and profitable companionships have been formed and cemented thereby, for surely no young man could form a better companionship than with those who before him have left their native hills and glens, and whose advice and experience is invaluable to the uninitiated in the ways of city life.

In addition to these agencies, the Association has likewise a successful Fishing Club and Cycle Club in active operation during the summer months, affording to their members healthy pastime, besides giving continuity to the affairs of the Association. The Whist Club and Draughts Club may likewise be mentioned, and during the winter session monthly Saturday Evening Concerts are held, which are well patronised and much enjoyed. Besides these meetings, others on a much larger scale are from time to time held under the Association's auspices. The nucleus of a Library has been formed, and the Border newspapers are found in the Rooms, at

William Robertson,
Hon. President of Glasgow Border Association.

94 West Regent Street, at the Saturday Evening meetings. There is also a "John Leyden" Bursary in the University of Glasgow, subscribed by friends and members to perpetuate the memory of this well-known Border poet and scholar.

The management is vested in a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and a large body of Directors, together with a number of Patrons, Hon. President, and Hon. Vice-President, The President's chair has been honourably filled for a long series of years by Mr William Robertson, of whom a character sketch appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE for September, 1896, but having now resigned, Mr Robertson has been elected Hon. President, with Mr Thomas White as Hon. Vice-President.

The newly-elected President is Mr John

JOHN MIDDLEMASS,
PRESIDENT OF GLASGOW BORDER ASSOCIATION.

Middlemass, who was born at Cumledge Mills, near Duns. He received his elementary education at the country school of Preston (Berwickshire), under a lady teacher, and, at the age of ten or eleven, he was sent to Wallfield Academy, Duns. This Academy was in its days a famous school, there being generally about forty boarders, mostly from England, and some very fine scholars emanated from it. Mr Middlemass went to Glasgow in 1882, and entered the office of the large engineering firm of Messrs Merrilees, Watson & Co. He went through almost all the departments until he was appointed cashier, which important position he has held for over twelve years.

Mr Middlemass joined the Glasgow Border Counties Association in 1883, and was one of the founders of the Literary Society. He has been twice President of the latter Society, and for sixteen years has held the position of Treasurer of the Association. He has thrown himself heartily into the work of the various branches, and has taken a very keen interest in all things pertaining to the Glasgow Borderers.

The Vice-President is Mr William Sanderson, while the Treasurership is now in the hands of Mr Robert Bell—both active members of the Association.

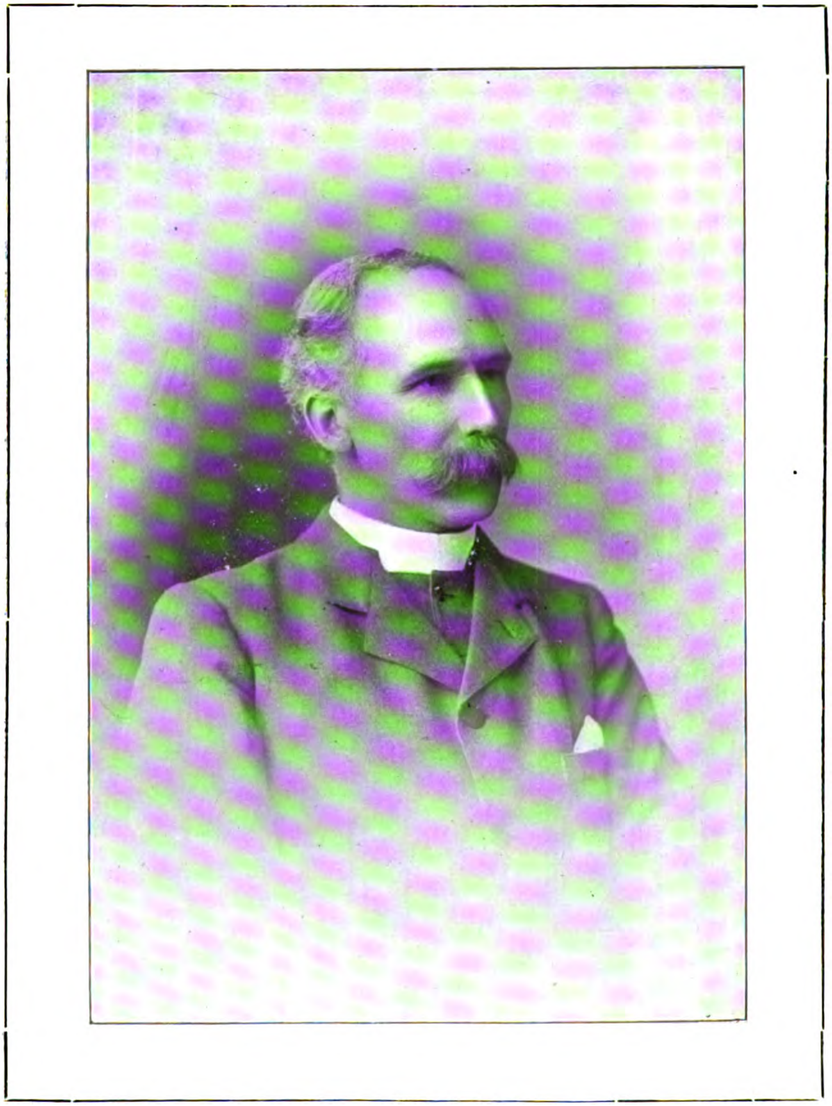
The arduous, but honourable, position of Secretary is held by Mr John Hogarth, who is a native of Berwickshire, having first seen the light at the farm of Shielfield, in the parish of Lauder. His education began at the Public School at Oxton, and on his parents' removal to Lauder, was continued at the public school there, where he received a sound, practical grounding in the three R's, as well as in many other subjects not usually embraced in the curriculum of country schools.

Although his forebears have been for generations engaged in agricultural pursuits, his leanings did not tend in this direction, and on leaving school he chose the noble profession of the Law as his vocation of life. He entered the writing offices of the late Mr Broomfield, solicitor, Lauder, where he spent his apprenticeship, and remained there for some years. Being desirous of extending his knowledge of the profession, he procured an appointment in a large office in Glasgow about twelve years ago. After passing through the various departments, he entered into partnership with one of his earliest friends in Glasgow, and started business in the city of his adoption. Immediately after coming to Glasgow, Mr Hogarth became identified with the work of the Glasgow Border Counties Association, and has ever since taken the deepest interest in its affairs, doing whatever lay in his power to advance its usefulness. On the removal of the late Mr P. V. Mauchline, Mr Hogarth was appointed secretary of the Association, a post which he has held ever since.

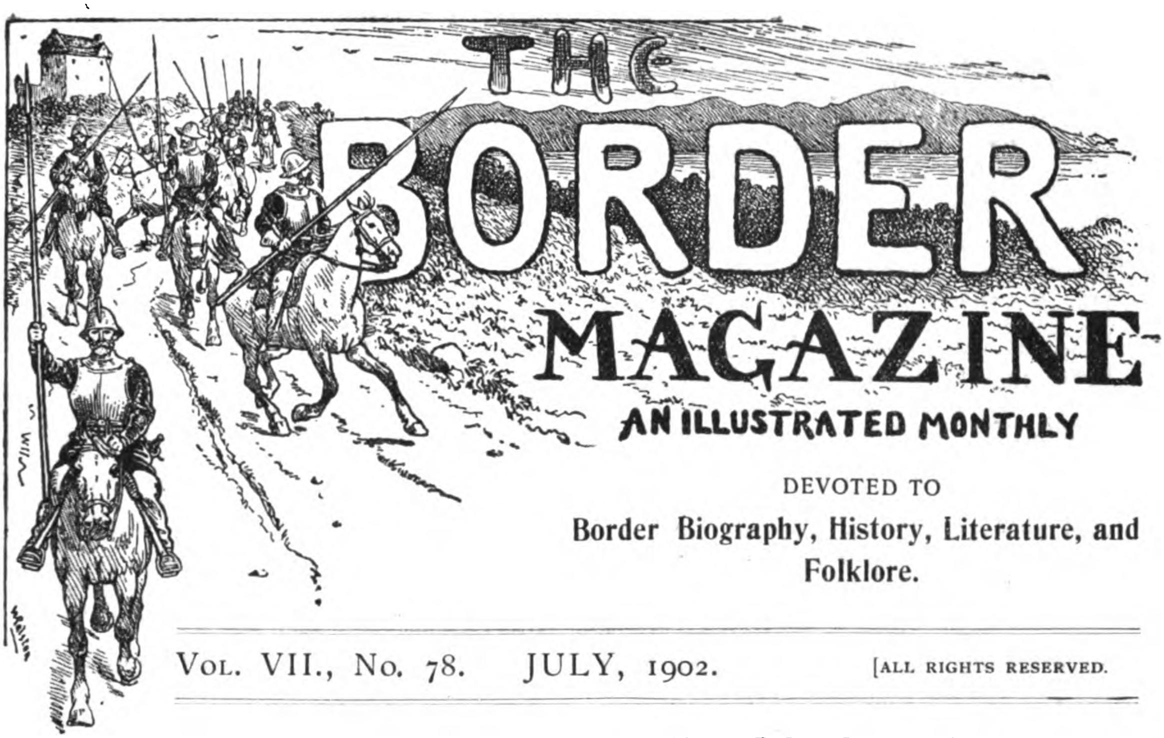
JOHN HOGARTH,
SECRETARY OF GLASGOW BORDER ASSOCIATION.

BERWICK GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—The foundation stone of the Grammar School at Berwick was laid on March 22, 1820, by Lord Ossulton, in the presence of the Mayor and many spectators. His Lordship expressed his earnest wish that the building might prosper, and that learning might flourish.

Printed and Published by A. Walker & Son, Galashiels.



THE LATE REV. W. P. RODGERSON, M.A., B.Sc., LASSWADE.



DEVOTED TO
Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

VOL. VII., NO. 78. JULY, 1902.

The Late Rev. W. P. Rodgerson, M.A., B.Sc., Lasswade.

BY THE REV. JOHN RITCHIE, B.D., GORDON.

IN the Rev. William Patrick Rodgerson a notable Border man has passed away. He belonged to a family which had been for generations resident in the neighbourhood of Annan, and of which his children are now the only representatives.

He was born in 1858, and received his early education in the school of Annan. At the age of fifteen, he proceeded to the University of Glasgow, and matriculated in the faculty of Arts. Young as he was, his career as a student was one of great distinction. He took a high place in all his classes, and graduated M.A. with first-class honours in mathematics. A year later he added to his titles that of B.Sc.

His desire for class distinction did not however prevent him taking an interest in things outside. He took an active part in the work of the University societies, and read papers at different times before the members of these bodies. One of these essays, a treatise on Darwinism, written before he was twenty, was perhaps his most noteworthy effort. Reading it over lately, I found that even then he had that rare mastery of facts and power of lucid interpretation which always distinguished his study and exposition of a subject, and also that taste for scientific research and keen delight in nature which were to the end characteristic of him. For a youth of barely twenty the essay was a remarkable feat, and viewed in connection with other papers of a like nature, it gave to those who knew him the impression that this was a man with a future.

On leaving the University he travelled for some time, visiting, amongst other places, Algiers, where he spent the winter of 1879. Returning to Scotland in the following year, he entered the Divinity Hall of the United Presbyterian Church. In his studies there he took peculiar delight, being specially attracted to the question of the bearing of modern criticism upon the Christian faith. That such criticism did not in any way endanger the religion of Christ he was convinced. That it could only throw further light upon it he was certain. To him the whole tendency of this department of thought was in the direction of establishing religious belief on a strong and sure foundation. His work as a student of theology was thus eminently satisfactory to himself. It did not lead him to alter in any way his conceptions of sacred truth. It only led him to take of it a deeper and more spiritual view, and sent him forth to his life's work, not only with a highly cultured mind, for his career in the Divinity

Hall was as honourable as his career in Arts, but also with a mind free from doubt and armed with strong convictions.

After receiving licence, and working for a short time as a probationer, he was called, in March, 1885, to the charge of Lasswade. Into this work he threw himself with the greatest enthusiasm, rejoicing in the opportunities it afforded him of using his many and varied powers. His efforts were heartily appreciated by his people. His learning, his eloquence, his human, brotherly sympathy, his power to make the truths he touched live and speak, captivated their mind and heart. They found it impossible to listen to him without feeling he was a true and trustworthy leader, who knew his own mind, and was persuaded the stamp of Heaven's truth was upon every word he uttered. Sunday after Sunday his hearers hung upon his words as those who found in them healing and satisfaction for heart and spirit, and who learned from them deliverance from any intruding doubt. Valuable in many respects, his ministry was perhaps specially useful because of its power to dissipate that incipient scepticism which so often accompanies an age of transition like the present. It was no doubt due to the breadth of his mind and his power to look at a subject from every point of view, that he was thus able to smooth away the difficulties of those who found their faith and their reason tending apart.

His success as a preacher was undoubted, but it was not lightly won. For though his mind was rapid and alert, yet he demanded so much of it that it was only by slow degrees his work grew under his hand. He could not be satisfied until the truth he felt burning within him had found expression in every way worthy of it. Like Emerson's old painter, who exclaimed, "It is in me and must go forth of me," he wrestled and strove until his mind rose to the height of his subject, and then there was nothing that existed that did not "in turn arise and walk before him as an exponent of his meaning." Ranging over all the extent of his abundant reading, and laying under contribution science, art, history, he piled illustration on illustration until the truth he had set himself to paint stood up before him in all its strength and beauty.

To one whose ideal of work was as high as this, for he applied the same thorough method to every department of his work, there was little time for any literary enterprise. When, therefore, I come to speak of his achievements in this direction, I have to deal more with the possible than with the actual, more with what he might have done than with what he did accomplish. What he actually did is confined to an occasional magazine article. One of these articles is at present before me, and it affords an admirable illustration of his broad and enlightened method of dealing with a question. His mental attitude was always suggestive to me of that passage in Emerson, in which that writer speaks of the reader of poetry who finds the railway and the factory offensive in breaking up the landscape, while the poet sees them fall within the great order. Where a smaller mind would fail to find a place for some new fact, and either retain his old view unaltered or abolish it in favour of one entirely different, the vaster range of his vision only found a further revelation of the great order. In the article referred to this is apparent. It is entitled "The Creation of Man," and it appeared in the "United Presbyterian Magazine" for May 1896. Starting from the idea that it is not essential to the Christian doctrine of creation to believe that all things were made in a mechanical way, he pointed out that even in Genesis a different conception of creation is found. "If this, the mechanical idea," he asserted, "is the idea underlying the second chapter of Genesis, it is not easy to reconcile it with the more spiritual conception in the first. There seems no comparison between an Eternal Spirit brooding over the chaos of unformed matter, and, so to speak, hatching the forms of life by His divine potency and a Being moulding clay after the manner of a human potter." He concluded that God "when he works with matter does not act like a human mechanic, who must needs stand outside of his material and attempt to mould or chisel it into shape. Being an all-powerful, all-pervading, and in-dwelling spirit, He works from within, animating and inspiring the material itself and guiding the living matter towards the production of the desired results." He was of opinion "the time had come for us frankly to admit that the physical derivation of man, from a pre-existing being of a lower organisation and capacity, is not opposed to Christianity." While, however, he was thus firmly convinced that evolution constituted a further revelation of truth, he was equally certain how far it should carry him. "Jesus Christ," he affirmed in the conclusion of this article, "cannot be explained by the theory of evolution as that is generally understood. Nor have we any reason to believe that man can be fully explained by that popular theory. There are things in us that never came from the dust of the ground. In whatever way God created the first man, it is self-evident that we possess features that can only be accounted for on the belief that we are children, not simply of a brute ancestry, but of God."

Interesting in itself, this article is also interesting because it is typical of his method of dealing with other problems which the advance of learning is forcing upon the Church. As he dealt with creation, so also did he deal with such a subject as inspiration. Thus in the same article he wrote, "There are many things in the Bible that are not of the essence of revelation. Writers often speak, as Paul said, not of the Spirit but of themselves. Indeed, when dealing with matters beyond the immediate subject of inspiration, the holy men were not lifted above the limitations and ignorance of the age to which they belonged." This idea he further developed in a paper on "Myth and Legend as a Vehicle of Revolution." In this he showed how little terror the scrutiny of the higher critics had for the sacred record, and how a proper use of the results of this scrutiny could only tend to establish its authority on a firmer basis. From fragmentary utterances such as these one can gather somewhat of the message he would have given to his age had health and strength been spared to him. Unfortunately these were denied him. During the last four years of his life he had to maintain a strenuous and weary contest with the disease which ultimately carried him off. In pursuit of health he went for a voyage in the autumn of 1900. After visiting Australia and New Zealand and spending some time in each country, he turned his face homeward in the following year with all hope of recovering well nigh abandoned. Landing at Marseilles he proceeded to Dax, and there underwent treatment for some months. Slightly benefitted by this he returned to Scotland and resumed his work, and for some time bravely persevered with it. Even his indomitable will had, however, at last to give in. He was present at the celebration of Communion in the Church on the first Sunday of November. This was his last appearance among the congregation he had served so faithfully, and that was apparent to all who saw him that day. He lingered on through the winter in great suffering, and, finally, on the 28th of January, 1902, passed to his rest. Only forty-three years were allowed him for his work in this world, and yet we cannot say his work was unfinished or his message undelivered. His name is not indeed associated with any literary achievement, as we who knew him at one time hoped it would, but it is forever wedded to a vivid personality which did for all who were brought into contact with him what many books could not do.

Carlyle somewhere compares the effect which lightning produces on tinder to the effect which a man of truth produces on things vain and worthless, and that thought was often in my mind when talking with William Rodgerson. The flaring up and utter destruction of the tinder when struck by the lightning was just the effect his burning words produced on any cynicism, or despondency, or other unwholesome garbage which had gathered in the heart.

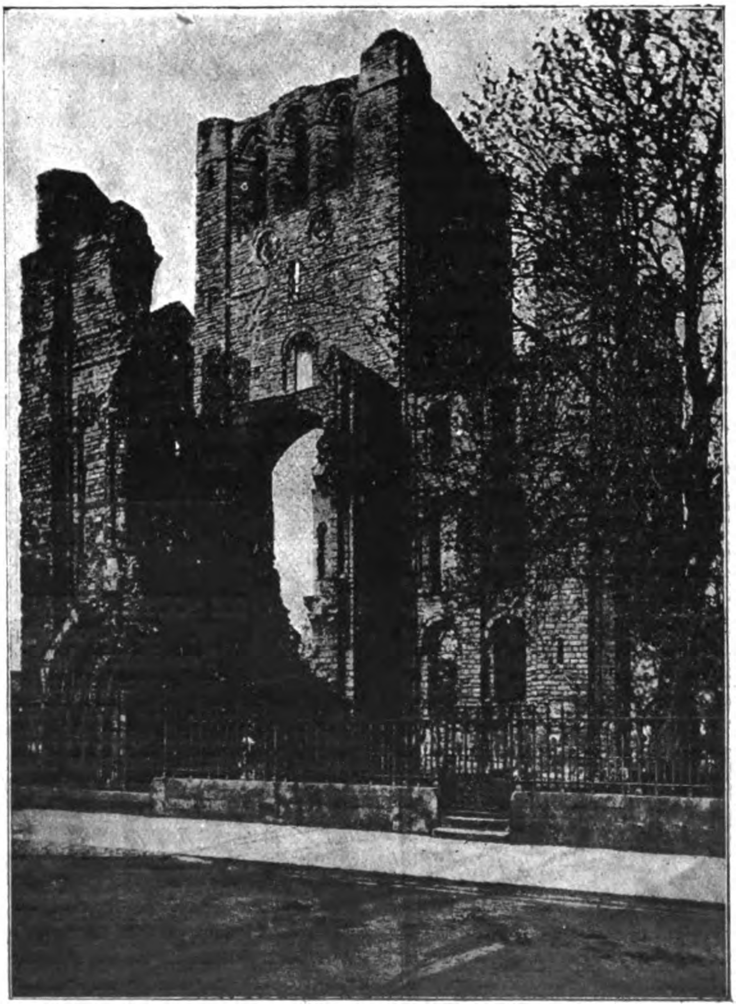
The wide charity, the strong faith, the clear-eyed grasp of man's duty in this world, which inspired his thoughts and became manifest in his speech, constituted a force which searched out the heart of those he talked with as the wind searches out the forest, removing the dead wood and leaving only the fruitful. A pure souled, high-principled man, loving and loveable, giving himself royally to the work laid to his hand, sparing no effort and grudging no sacrifice to make that work good, he lived his devoted life, and, in the height of his days, ended it, leaving in the hearts of his people, and of all who knew him, a monument that will not fade nor cease to inspire till these hearts are turned to dust.

A Border Coronation.

"THE SCOTT COUNTRY," by the Rev. W. S. Crockett, Minister of Tweedsmuir, has met with praise and approbation from all lovers of the Borderland. In our previous issue we shortly commented upon this latest addition to Border literature, and now that we have had time to peruse its enchanting pages, we feel bound to express our gratitude to the author for his great research and care in selection. Of course it was quite impossible, within the compass of one volume, for Mr Crockett to go fully into every subject he touches upon, but he has given us a book which will be of the greatest value as a treasure-house of reminders to those who are well informed on the subjects of which he treats, while to the beginner it will prove a veritable enchanted gateway to the delectable land.

In that section which is devoted to Kelso, Mr Crockett writes:—

The history of Kelso is largely the history of Roxburgh Castle, the most famous, as it was by far the strongest of our Border fortresses. Built by the Saxons of Northumbria on a highly defensible position, a natural bulwark on the peninsula between the Tweed and the Teviot, it was held by them for long years as a kind of capital—the Marchidun or Marchmound of their kingdom. As time wore on, and Scotland began to take shape, when we are able to throw off the dust of tradition, and get at the facts of history, the place had become the abode of David I.—his favourite residence, indeed, the Rawicsburg, Rokisburg, or Roxburgh of days still more stirring. Few castles had a more brilliant or a more chequered story. Here the royal saint held Court. Here he planned those noble abbeys, whose very ruins are now the boast of the Borderland. . . . In 1460 occurred the most memorable and melancholy siege in Scottish history, when James II. determined to capture the castle from the English, who had long held it. Every man between the age of sixteen and sixty, it is said, was summoned to the task. What a day for Tweedside and Teviot! The Scottish arms triumphed, and the enemy were driven out; but the pride of victory and joy at having their own again were rudely quenched by the unhappy and untimely death of the soldier-Sovereign. Whilst watching the discharge of a big Flemish gun, the "Lion," about 3,000 pounds in weight, not long introduced into the country, the piece suddenly burst. A heavy splinter struck the King and killed him on the spot.



KELSO ABBEY.

For a good description of the above memorable siege, we refer our readers to Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," but, strange to say, Scott makes no reference to the interesting fact that immediately after the tragic death of James

II. his son was crowned in Kelso. It was on Sunday, the 3rd of August, that the King fell as above described, and we can well imagine how the inhabitants of the Borderland were thrilled when they heard of the sad death of their young King. Evil tidings sped fast even in those days when means of rapid communications were practically unknown, and we find that on Friday, the 8th, five days after the tragedy, the bereaved Queen and her son (a promising boy in his ninth year), the heir to the throne, had arrived in Kelso. On the Sunday following the Coronation of James III. took place within Kelso Abbey, in presence of the Bishops and other church dignitaries, as well as the chief nobility of the country. Kelso Abbey, an illustration of which we are able to give through the kindness of Mr Crockett, is not as rich in historical events as some of the other Border Abbeys, but it is the only place in the Borderland where a Scottish King has been crowned. Did space permit we should have liked to conjure up the scene within the old Abbey, when the boy-King received what was too often a crown of thorns. This incident forms a striking historical parallel to the recent history of Spain, where the Queen-Regent has succeeded in guiding the ship of state through most troubled waters. In like manner Margaret, the widow of James II., took upon herself the Regency in a country that was full of distracting factions. The quality of this romance may be seen by the following speech which she delivered at a Council of War, when the army, discouraged by the death of her husband, thought of raising the siege of Roxburgh Castle:—

> Fy, my noble lords! think not now shamefully to give up an enterprise which is so bravely begun, or to abandon the revenge of this unhappy accident which has befallen before this illomened castle. Forward, my brave lords, and persevere in your undertaking; and never turn your backs till the siege is victoriously ended. Let it not be said that such brave champions needed to hear from a woman, and a widowed one, the courageous advice and comfort which she ought rather to receive from you!

Thus encouraged the Scots never ceased until the Castle fell, and Scottish territory once more extended as far as the town of Berwick, which alone remained in the hands of the English. They went even further, for they captured Wark, and ravished the surrounding country. These achievements kept the Scottish army fully engaged till near the close of 1460, and on the 22nd of February, 1461, the first Parliament of James III., the boy-King, was held in Edinburgh.

Among Border Place Names.

THE record which the geologist has discovered for us among the rocks beneath our feet, and which he has been able to read for us, is a very wonderful one indeed; but when we go down among the tap roots of many of the place names and much of the common speech of our everyday life, we find a story no less wonderful, and which touches us much nearer than the geologist's can do, revealing, as it does, the "riddle of the painful earth" in its more human aspect. Carlyle assures us that what we call human history is "a labyrinth and a chaos;" the stream of human life rolls on somehow, anyhow, leaving in its train a strange litter of wreckage indicative of stormfulness and struggle. Speech being the articulate expression of the human will and impulse everything of importance or of interest in the human lot must ultimately be found there in some form or another. In the root meanings of many of the Border names it is very interesting to observe how the varied history of the district is consolidated; how indelibly all the peoples who moved across the stage and did their several tasks here have left their impress upon it for all time.

When we go deep enough we find that our common speech is a strange Mosaic of Cymric, Danish, Saxon, and a little Latin. It has been alleged that seven words was the net result of the Roman occupation on the language of our island. Be that as it may, the remaining three (above mentioned) afford a sufficiently bewildering mixture.

Take, for example, the names of the Rivers. There is Rule Water, etymologically the red flood, from the Cymric ("ruadh tuil") (Welsh rhull), brawling stream, and well named it is as anyone will testify who has seen it sweeping grandly down after a sudden thaw. The Jed, the river of the woods (from the Gaelic "gad," "gaid"—Welsh "coedd," "goed," wood). Formerly it ran through an almost impassable forest, of which there are still some traces, as the "Capon Tree," near Jedburgh. The Tweed is a Flemish name, meaning the second river, in contradistinction to the Tyne, which was reckoned the first. The old Cymric name for the Tweed was "Alaun"—the beautiful river; so also The Allan, Elwin, and Alne or Ale, are beautiful streams from the same root (alaun) beautiful. The Slitrig is the stream gliding swiftly through narrow ravines (llithr ag). The Till is the river of deep holes (tyllag). The Teviot is the wide spreading river (tefiog).

Other Cymric place names may be instanced as Meigle Hill above Galashiels. Situated as it is near to the line of the Catrail it may have been used as a signal station, as it has its root in the Welsh or British word "mygol," signifying reeking, smoking from "mwg" smoke.

Another conspicuous hill-top commanding as fine a panoramic view as can be had anywhere, is Penielheugh, in Roxburghshire, derived from the Cymric "Pen-iul," landmark hill, to which the Saxons added "heuh," the root of the Scotch heuch and English height; and yet another example is found in Earlston from the Cymric "Air-seal-dun" "outlook hill," for in all probability that was the original name of the hill before the town was built. Minto comes from the ancient British "min toic," softly swelling, and that exactly describes the smooth green hills in that neighbourhood. The Dunion comes from the Gaelic "Dainnionn," stronghold, fortification, from the strong resemblance to an earthwork of its summit.

Torwoodlee is the field of the felled trees (Welsh, tor gwyd). The Eildons, the Trimontium of the Romans, seem to have received their modern name from the conquering Saxons (Ilddon) the Beacon Hills. Rankleburn, derived from "rhan-cyl," "the glen of division." Henwoody (from the Welsh "hen gwyddwig," an old woody fastness), though now as bare and wind-swept as the Lammermoors.

In the Cymric tongue, "Cad" means war, and it has often been given in confirmation of the view that the Catrail was a military work that this root enters into so many of the place names in the vicinity of the war trenches (cadrhilliau). Caddon Water is "Cad afon," battle river. Caddonlee is a battle field. Catcleuch is the valley of conflict. The Rink, near Galashiels, and near Edgerstone, derive their names from the ringlike form of the camps or forts found there—"rink" being an old dialectic form of ring. Carfrae is the fort on the wild stream. Deuchar Tower may have been originally "Deuochrag," two-sided—from "deu," two and "ochr" side or edge, while Tushielaw in all probability at one time marked the extreme point of the Saxon or Danish dominion, "tws" in Welsh signifying extreme.

Another large series of names seem to have been derived from the Danish or Saxon source. The word for multitude, crowd, army, host, in old Anglo-Saxon is "here;" in Danish it is "haer;" and these, used as a prefix, are found in many of the place names on the eastern or Saxon side of the line of the Catrail. There is Harwood and Harcase in Roxburghshire, respectively "battle wood" and "battle course or highway" (Danish "haer-kaas"). In Berwickshire there is a Harlaw or "battle hill," and the same name occurs again in Northumberland, and also Harelaws and Hareshaw from the same root. There is also a Harehill, or "battle hill," near Birdoswald.

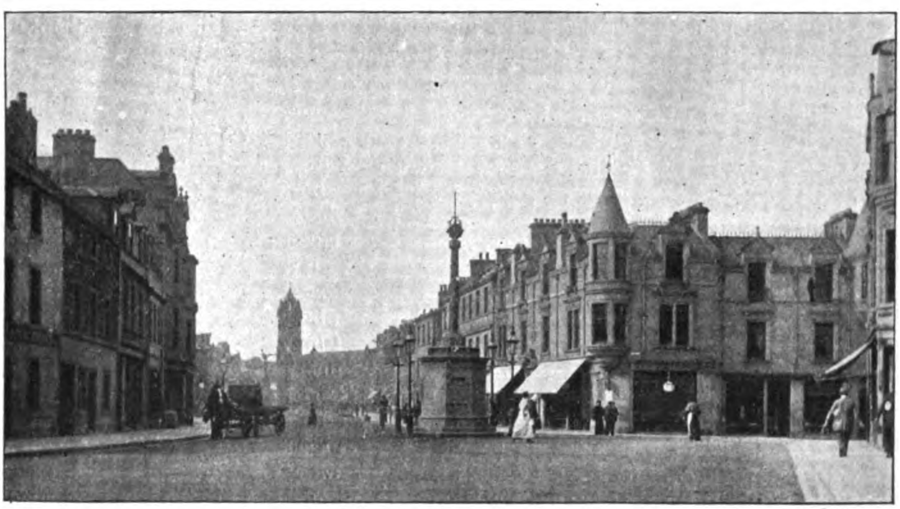
No one can study these lists of place names without being impressed with the large place which war must have held in these far-off times. Of the advanced state of civilization to which the Britons had attained under the Romans the beautiful Mosaics and pavements and other remains which are sometimes dug up bear eloquent testimony—for these are no relics of our Saxon forefathers, but the remains of the Roman world which their sword swept utterly away. It must not be forgotten that when the Saxon came first to Britain he came as a mere barbarian—a destroyer of civilization. Every writer who speaks of the early Saxon people bears witness to their fierceness. "Foes are they," says a Roman poet of the day, "fierce beyond other foes, and cunning as they are fierce. The sea is their school of war and the storm their friend; they are sea wolves who live upon the pillage of the world." A century after their landing they were still described by a British chronicler as "wolves, dogs, whelps, from the kennels of barbarism, and hateful to God and man," but of friendship or intercourse with the stranger there is never a word.

J. A. D., G.

Burning of Peebles in 1549.

IT is known from various independent sources that the English ransacked the town of Peebles and burned many of its buildings in 1549, but the precise period of the year and the circumstances under which the calamity occurred have not hitherto been disclosed. Towards the end of the nine years' war, begun in the reign of James V. and carried on intermittently with unexampled ferocity, the invading forces retained only a precarious hold of their fortresses on the east Border. Historians generally treat the evacuation of Haddington, in the month of October, as marking the finish of the last campaign, and pass on to the proclamation of peace in April, 1550, as if the intervening period had been devoid of incident sufficiently important to be chronicled. Probably, however, this reticence is chiefly owing to lack of information, and can scarcely be accepted as evidence that military movements had ceased. In a letter to the Lord Protector of England, written in July, by

Sir Thomas Holcroft, who apparently had command of an English detachment, that officer intimated a design to "burne Peobles," but in a subsequent letter, dated 25th September, he refers to a rumour of Scottish troops having been placed in Peebles, thus indicating that as yet the town had escaped disaster. There is a long hiatus in the Town Council records previous to 1554, and consequently no contemporary information regarding the burning can be procured from that quarter. Fortunately, a MS. "Commoun Buk of Resignationis and Sesingis," embracing the year 1549, is in existence, and a few particulars which it supplies help to confine the possible date of the burning within narrow limits. Up to 10th December, 1549, writs relating to the transfers of property make no allusion to the catastrophe. For four weeks after that date no deed is recorded. On 8th January, when the writing is resumed, reference is made to a property in Northgate "than brynt be Ynglismen." On 27th March a burgess and his spouse "in thair greit necessitie and mister" (i.e., need), sell "ane brynt lande of thairis," situated in High Street. Similarly, on 16th April, a father and son, "in ther gret necessite and mister," sell a property in Bridgegate, "than beand brynt be our auld innimeis of Yngland;" and on 14th May George Patersoune and spouse sell their property in Northgate, "brynt be our auld innimeis of Ingland," it being stated that this was done "in their gret necessite and mister, for ane soum of money in gold and silver" paid to them. These cases, among others, are noticed in the records merely because properties had to be sold to meet the pressing needs of the owners, but it may be assumed that most of the despoiled burgesses were by themselves able to restore their buildings, and these being retained and not transferred to purchasers the register is silent with regard to them. Most parts of the town seem to have suffered, and it is characteristic of the warfare of the period that the ecclesiastical buildings did not escape. The parish church was permanently damaged, while the Cross Kirk and Monastery of Trinity Friars required large expenditure before the buildings were put in a suitable condition. The ports and fortified buildings likewise suffered, and this indicates that the burgesses were not subdued without a struggle.



THE CROSS AND HIGH STREET, PEEBLES.

From the facts disclosed by the property register, taken in conjunction with others which have been alluded to, it may be safe to infer that the burning of Peebles occurred within a week or two after 10th December, 1549. As already mentioned, historians give no particulars whereby the attacking forces can be identified, whence they came and whither they went. Calendars of State papers are equally silent. Perhaps some reader of the BORDER MAGAZINE may, from knowledge of local records or otherwise, be able to supply particulars regarding the movements of the English subsequent to October, the closing incidents of what in many respects is the sorriest chapter in Scottish history.

R. R.

John C. Catlin, Champion Bellman of Galashiels.

BY GEORGE DESSON, ALVA.

A QUARTER of a century ago there was no better known public character in the Borders of Scotland than John C. Catlin, the "champion bellman, sensational billsticker, and town crier of Galashiels." John adopted many professions in his time. During his career he had been barber, printer, paperhanger, millworker, bellman, town-crier, and billposter. John commenced the struggles of life as a barber's boy, doing the soaping for his father, who followed the humble but honourable occupation of shaver and hairdresser in the town of Grantham, in Lincolnshire.

At fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to the printing trade, and for fourteen years he followed that occupation, during which period of his life he took unto himself a wife. John's better half was an actress, and this had a tendency to draw him closer to the stage. The printing trade got slack, and John applied for and accepted a situation as a sort of lion's provider, property man, and billposter for a company then performing in his native town, Mrs Catlin finding employment on the stage. The roving, free and easy life of a showman suited John to a "t," and for seven years he stumped the country, occasionally taking part in some simple drama when any of the actors were absent or working off a debauch in bed. It was as a member of a travelling theatrical company that John was first introduced to the public of Galashiels some forty-two years ago.

The town then had only a fourth of the present population, and before many nights a company of actors usually got acquainted with most of the local play-goers. John, therefore, soon became fast friends with many of the mill-workers, and this proved in a few years afterwards of some service in procuring for him work in one of the mills. The Border scenery had a charm for John, and he resolved, if spared, to settle down some day on the banks of Gala. It was not, however, till some three years after this that he found a domicile in the land of Scott, having in the interval visited in his professional capacity all the principal towns in Scotland north to Arbroath. Beyond the Brothock, John remarked to the writer, he never ventured, as he found the broth there "desperately thin," and further north would have been certain starvation. The privations to which travelling showmen are subjected, were now beginning to tell on both John and his wife. "Fancy," said John to the writer, "playing King in 'Macbeth' at night to empty benches, supposed to be surrounded by all the luxury of a monarch, and next morning sitting down to a red herring for breakfast."

Many were the strategies he had to adopt in order to eke out an existence. On one occasion, after being nearly starved out of Montrose, the company were in a fix how to get their wooden booth and stage paraphernalia removed to Brechin, where they were billed to perform the following night. All the capital the company had at their command was four shillings. An idea struck the manager; the four shillings were turned into coppers, and John was despatched to Brechin to engage carts to convey the whole effects, including live stock. John, of course, had to obey orders, and with his pockets full of coppers, which he kept turning over during the time he was arranging with the carter to perform the work, succeeded with the scheme, and the carter, all unconscious of the poverty of his employer, proceeded to Montrose, and returned in time with the effects to have them erected in an open space by the advertised time. Fortunately business was good the first night, and John was enabled to pay the carter next morning, otherwise poinding of the effects would have been the result of the manager's ingenuity. The cunning of the travelling showmen is proverbial, but John found a match one night in the person of a Perth policeman. The company were on tramp between Alyth and Stirling. The stage effects had been sent by rail, and they were all on the rocks. John was the only one who could be bled, and that only to the extent of one shilling. They landed in the Fair City about midnight, weary of foot and very dry. The first person they met was a policeman. John asked the defender of law and order if he could direct them to where a drop could be had. He assured them that the publicans of Perth were all strict law abiders, and that they would not supply them, but he undertook to procure for them a drop. The shilling was transferred to the officer, and the drouthy actors had to mourn their loss, as the policeman never returned. It was usual for the company to borrow all the stage furniture and other accessories necessary for the production of their plays in each town they visited. On one occasion they were to perform the drama, "Susan Hopley," at Alloa. A living donkey was necessary, and John was sent in search of one. After an unsuccessful hunt among the local carters, John found the object of his search in companionship with one Tam Scott. The single apartment, which Tam regarded as his castle, was divided in two by a curtain along the centre. From the other side of the curtain Spriggens, for that was the donkey's name, was called out, and a bargain struck with John for the loan of the animal. The latter proved, however, to be a contumacious sort of fellow, and on the way to the booth he played a few pranks, and winded up by up-

JOHN C. CATLIN.

setting an old woman and otherwise creating such a sensation that the inhabitants packed the booth at night to see Spriggens on the stage. Discovering from hard experience that a rolling stone gathers no moss, John at last bade adieu to a showman's life, and took up his abode in Galashiels, where he earned a livelihood by hanging wallpaper and doing other odd jobs. This occupation not proving very successful, he found employment in Victoria Mill, and afterwards in Comelybank Mill, where he worked for a few years. But again he ventured into business on his own account, this time as a paperhanger, billposter and bellman. Before leaving Comelybank Mill he was met by the workmen and presented by them with a paste pail, a brush, a ladder, and a splendid hand-bell. On the latter was engraved the following inscription:—"Presented as a token of respect by the workmen of Comelybank Mill to John C. Catlin, practical paperhanger, sensational billsticker, and champion bellman of Galashiels." Over his residence John hung a signboard bearing his name and the latter portion of the above inscription. Wallpaper in those days was a luxury, and John's fame as a genius at the art spread over the district, and by and by he was employed by all classes to decorate their residences within and their dead wall without. His services as a bellman were in great demand. John's Lincolnshire dialect created great amusement to the Galaleans at the outset of his career. One day a lady drew him up in Bank Street and remarked in broad Border dialect, that he "wad mak' a capital bellman if he could only speak Scotch," to which John replied, sarcastically, "I can speak the Queen's English, madam, and that's more than you can do." John was the buffet of many a wag, and it was not unusual to hear him announcing the disappearance of some boozing cronie, who had gone on the spree and not turned up to work. John's remuneration for such jobs invariably consisted of a dram, with the result that he frequently overstepped the bounds of moderation. John's best days may be said to have been when he was a member of the Gala Water Lodge of Good Templars. It was at this period of his life that he attended the annual dinner of the members of the United Kingdom Billposters' Association in his native town, Grantham. John had only been once previously in his native town from the time he took farewell of his parents, and nearly all his old schoolmates were scattered. There was one, however, left, and he was the chairman at the dinner, and had the honour of being Mayor of his native town. John was kindly and hospitably received by his old schoolmate, and the eulogistic remarks which the Mayor made towards the humble bellman were recorded at the time in the local newspapers. The death of his wife was a severe blow to John, from which he never recovered, although he re-entered wedlock. Soon after his second marriage, John lost the power of his legs, and having no other means of support than his own labours, he had to wend his way to the poorhouse, where he died a few years ago at a ripe old age, mourned and sadly missed by his old patrons and friends.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *81 Oxford Drive, Glasgow.*

TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. WALKER & SON, *High Street, Galashiels.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1902.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WITH this number we complete the first year of our editorship, and desire to return our hearty thanks to the various contributors who have loyally stood by us in our efforts to make the *Border Magazine* a bright and attractive publication. We are also indebted to our regular readers who have by their own steady support, and recommendation to others, secured an increasing circulation, and we trust they will excuse us if we once more appeal to them to recommend still further their own magazine, so that the object we have in view may be accomplished, viz., the making of the *Border Magazine* a link to bind together the scattered members of the Border Brotherhood.

The Border Keep.

THE SCOTTISH STANDARD.

It has recently been stated by the highest authority on the subject that the Royal Standard is the personal flag of the reigning Sovereign, and that no other person is entitled to make use of it, but we are afraid that it will be difficult to persuade the people that the highly pictorial banner can no longer be made use of unless by special permission of His Majesty. Few people are aware that the Royal Standard is not exactly the same when used in England, Scotland, or Ireland, and we go on using the English form of it, ignorant of the fact that by so doing we are striking a blow at our nationality. Only three nations are represented on the Standard —England by three small lions, Scotland by the lion rampant, as shown above, and Ireland by the Irish harp. When the flag floats in England the three lions are repeated in two separate quarters, and this is the form of banner we are all familiar with, but when it floats in Scotland or Ireland the quarters representing these nations should be shown twice, while England should only appear once. It is a most absurd arrangement and could be avoided entirely by Wales being represented on one of the quarters. By this means the King's special flag would be improved in appearance, the nations would be properly represented, and the "predominant partner" would only get her fair share of representation.

* * *

THE LATE MR JAMES IRVINE, OF ELEY BROTHERS, LONDON.—The editor of "Arms and Explosives" writes in April:—

"Just as we go to press we hear the sad news that Mr James Irvine died suddenly at Brighton on Easter Sunday. It is difficult at such short notice to realise what a loss has been sustained in the removal of one who has grown up with the modern cartridge business, and has probably done as much as, or more, than any other individual to create the very high standard of work to which we are all accustomed. The firm of Eley has throughout his life had the benefit of his great enterprise and experience, and although he had many able collaborators, his own work on the practical side stands definitely to his credit. Our sympathy goes out to the son who has lost such a father, to his co-directors and colleagues who have lost so valuable an ally, and to those in the trade who have lost a friend. We cannot at this moment do more than give expression to our feelings of regret, and we speak of him only as we have known him personally and by repute, since he had carried out his more strenuous work of life before the present writer first came to know him." The deceased was for 31 years connected with the famous firm of Eley Brothers, London. He was born at Newstead village, Roxburghshire, and his father died when Mr Irvine and the rest of the family were young, leaving them dependent on their mother. James was trained as an engineer by Messrs Brodie & Aimers, Galashiels. The deceased was in his 66th year, and has left many relatives and warm friends in the eastern portion of Roxburghshire to mourn his departure.

* * *

We Scots are said to have a "guid conceit of ourselves," but it is quite evident that there is something in the climate of America which intensifies that feeling, if the following is to be taken as an exact representation of Scottish sentiment:—

When a Scot in America goes the way of all the earth, his fellow-Caledonians bemoan him, as it is right and fitting that they should, and the resolutions of sympathy with his wife and children are not infrequently couched in language both chaste and sympathetic. There was a Campbell who died recently in St Louis, and the Caledonian Society appointed three of its members to draw up a deed of condolence. These described the departed Scot as a lovely character whose affections were ever fresh and green, a man of many kind and unpretentious charities, of warm and generous nature, social and friendly as well. To which tribute were added these words:—"Born in Aberfeldy, on heaven's edge, under the touch of the heavens' music, when it chose the Birks to sing its psalms which rose to heaven."

The three following paragraphs are taken from the "Glasgow Evening News":—

It will interest many to learn that the inhabitants of Dumfries intend to signalise the Coronation week by a competition for the "siller gun." This is a small toy musket which King James I. gifted to the seven incorporated trades of the burgh in 1589, on condition that it should form the prize of an annual shooting match. But during last century the competitions would seem to have fallen into disfavour, as, on looking through the town records, I find that the trophy only changed hands seven times. It was last won on 8th September, 1831, when the victor was a tailor named Alexander Johnstone.

* * *

There are numerous local traditions of the phenomenal strength of Glenmanna, the Nithsdale shepherd. If all of them are true, he must have been a Samson, beside whom the Sandows, the Apollos, the Donald Dinnies are puny and insignificant indeed. Here is one story of his many athletic exploits that is preserved in a book of Border anecdote published many years ago. It was at that period when Government had the power to billet marching soldiery in any private house or houses selected on the route of march, and on the occasion of the story Glenmanna had half-a-dozen billeted on him. He was on his hill at the time, and on his return he found that the impudent fellows had not only consumed his evening porridge meal, but killed a calf for later supper, and insulted his goodwife into the bargain. The shepherd's rage was unbounded. Seizing the first soldier readiest to his hand, he wielded him with such effect as a weapon of offence against his comrades that they incontinently decamped from the premises. The infuriated Glenmanna followed in hot pursuit, arming himself by the way with the shaft of a cart, which he hurriedly tore from the body of the vehicle. With this ugly weapon he accounted for two of the soldiers in the chase and continued the hunt after the remainder. The pursuit ended only at Drumlanrig Castle—miles away—where his quarry took refuge, and where he was at length mollified by the Duke of Queensberry, in whose high favour the sturdy shepherd stood.

* * *

I have just seen the grave of a local celebrity revered in his old age as the only man then alive who had seen the first umbrella hoisted 'mong the classic hills of Yarrow. This was a Mr Francis Scott, of Eldinhope, who lies in the lonely burying-ground of St Mary's, near the loch of the same name. He lived until he was 94, and up till his 90th year regularly rode to church—a distance of ten miles. From his accounts, the umbrella must have penetrated the lonely vale before it was seen on the streets of Glasgow, and its appearance certainly seems to have amazed the inhabitants. At that period Paul Jones was alarming the good folks of the capital by his warlike demonstrations in the Firth of Forth, and it was the day after his appearance there that an Edinburgh writer—name not recorded—walked to Yarrow's stream beneath an umbrella. Not even the introduction of fanners to separate the chaff from the corn—which was held to be sinful as interfering with the winds and ways of heaven—was more resented by the good folks of that time. DOMINIE SAMPSON.

David Blythe, the Uncrowned Gipsy King.

DAVID BLYTHE was born at Wooler in the year 1795, and was the rightful representative to the Gipsy Crown at Yetholm, but for some personal reason he did not accept the honour, and allowed his sister, Esther, or "Eta," to be proclaimed Queen in his stead. His father, Charles Blythe, was a grandson on the female side of the famous Willie Faa, who reigned for long as King of the Gipsies on the English side of the Border. The first mention of the name "Faa," or Fall, appears during the reign of James IV., when that gallant monarch was glad to conclude a treaty with the celebrated Johnny Faa, the Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, who resided at Rothbury, in Northumberland, and was well-known all over the Borders for excelling in fearless and desperate exploits. As time went on, and waste lands were being brought into a state of cultivation, and more especially since the "sun of knowledge snuffed out the taper of superstition," the tribe got scattered, and gradually began to learn trades, finally settling in the village of Kirk Yetholm, and following the more respectable callings of muggers, besom-makers, and tinkers.

I may say the tribe has been the means of forming a prominent part of Border history, and Sir Walter Scott was so impressed with their character that he immortalized their name in his writings. The individual Gipsy, upon whom the character of Meg Merrilees in "Guy Mannering" is said to be founded, was well-known, about the middle of the eighteenth century, by the name of Jean Gordon, who had great sway among the tribe, and possessed the savage virtue of fidelity in the same perfection.

David Blythe was proud of his race, and delighted in telling of their history, particularly of Madge Gordon, who was a grand-daughter of the celebrated Jean Gordon, and is said to have resembled her in appearance. She was probably known to Sir Walter Scott, whose description of Meg Merrilees might very well apply to Madge. David could remember seeing her standing with a tall stick at the gable-end of her house at Yetholm. She was a remarkable personage, of a very commanding presence, being nearly six feet high, had a large aquiline nose, penetrating eyes, even in her old age, and bushy hair that hung around her shoulders from beneath a Gipsy bonnet of straw. When David was a boy he thought she was "no very canny."

For many years David led a wandering life, living most of the time under canvas. Being observant, and possessed of a remarkable memory, it was a great pleasure to hear him relating his experiences and stories. He never was healthier than when travelling about, and, like many old men, he thought the present generation degenerate. He would say:—"The folk now are no like the folk lang syne, they've naether bane, nor the constitution. Ma wife's grannie dee'd when she was 105, and liked a bit mouthfu' to the last. There's nae pease and barley bannies noo-a-days. Man, I mind at Yetholm, lang syne, when the baker frae Kelso cam' aince a week wi' three shillings' worth o' bread, and the next week wi' what he didna sell. Ma certy, the thrifty wives in thae days used to hide the wheaten bread in the bottom o' the clock, and when onybody went to the baker's for a loaf, the shop-woman generally asked: 'Are ye a' weel the day?'"

David was a keen sportsman, and knew the song of every bird. A striking instance of this is given by the late Dr Stuart, Chirnside, in his character sketch of "David Blythe." The grasshopper warbler, which is a rare and very restless, cunning bird, appeared at Ninewells, near Chirnside, once. When the doctor heard it, he consulted David as to the species, whereupon David described its note like the winding ratch of a fishing reel, and remembered having heard a bird of the same kind while he was encamped at Penmanshiel Wood, years before. In nature a true, wild man, he was very fond of a shot, and had the greatest contempt for the game laws, which he considered to be the most unjust statute in the calendar. "When I used to be travelling o'er the moors lang syne, and cam' on a moor-fowl's nest, I used to step aside and think I wad hae a crack at the covey some day. But noo-a-days everywhere ye gang, ye're pestered wi' keepers and bailiffs. Ye daurna look at a grouse, far less take ane." David was a keen fisher, and plied the "gentle art" until his sight failed him. "Man," he remarked, "I canna see the end o' ma line noo; but I'm like the weaver o' Ousenam (Oxnam), gin they'll only haud on by the ae end, I'll hing on by the ither." He had many a fishing story to tell, among which was this one about the village natural at Yetholm:—"Hae ye catched ony, Jock?" he asked, and received the reply:—"Hoo could I catch ony, when Wull Faa has been doon and jagged a' their mouths?" About the month of October, when the sea or bull-trout run up the rivers to spawn, there is great temptation among country folks to capture them, and very often the parties are caught and tried for poaching. One of David's sons was seen to lift a dead kelt on one occasion, and was summoned before the Sheriff at Duns, where he was fined in the usual penalty. David, on hearing the sentence pronounced, got up, and shaking a bag of sovereigns, exclaimed in great indignation, that he had plenty to pay the fine with, but they would get him to keep! So the son had to go to jail. In his latter years, David was very fond of following the otter hounds, and had many a run on the Whitadder. He also took a keen interest in fox-hunting, and was ever ready to join in the "meet." One day Dr Stuart saw him sitting at his door, and expressed surprise that he was not away seeing the hounds. "Whaur are they, d'ye say?" and on being told, "banged up" and ran, saying, "I am off, for I'm no lazy, tho' I no like to work ony." He was always ready with the tongue, and never failed to express himself upon occasion. One day as David was shivering on the road watching the pony, while his daughters were hawking at a house, a local doctor came along and entered the same house. On coming out, David addressed him in these terms, "Ye no take lang to sell your things; what a cadging life we have for a leevin'! Whae are ye gaun to pussion next?" Another good story he told ran thus:—"When, as a callant, travelling wi' my faither, and passing Yeavering and Lanton Mill on Bowmont waiter, on an autumn morning, I saw in the miller's gairden apples hinging like ingans on a string. Human flesh and blood couldna stand this, and, banging the mooth-pock out o' the cairt, I was into the gairden in a moment, and filled my pock. When coming to the end o' the walk, losh, man, there was the miller wi' his airms out ready to receive me. I ne'er took time to look ower ma shoother, but turned and thro' the waiter into the cairt and off at the gallop. Returning at night wi' fear and trembling, expecting to be nailed, I looked for ma freen, the miller, and there he was sure enough, but, losh man, wad ye believe it, it was a scare-craw, dressed in an auld suit o' the miller's, which made me rin sae fast in the mornin'."

David was a tinsmith to trade, and hawked his ware in every homestead around the Borders, but settled down in Tweedmouth, and latterly in Chirnside. He was enterprising and delighted in telling of a trip to Birmingham, which he once undertook in order to get into touch with the ready-made market with which he found he could not compete by means of the articles he made himself. He travelled with his pony and cart there and back, and was much impressed with what he saw, profiting in after years by the connections he then made.

Wandering people have many varied experiences, and David used to tell how when, on one occasion, encamped at the end of the Old Cameronian Church, Chirnside, in the middle of April, he was snowed up, and had to be dug out by the villagers in the morning. On another occasion, while travelling over Soutra Hill, he camped on the King's Inch, when, early in the morning, a young lad driving a horse and cart came up and got on the crack. In course of conversation he told David that his cart contained the silver plate of a gentleman in Lauderdale, and that he was going to deposit it in a bank at Dalkeith. David, amused at the lad's simplicity, seized him by the collar and demanded him to deliver up the silver on penalty of his life. The lad nearly fainted with fright, and no doubt learned a lesson to keep his own counsel when entrusted with valuables.

While encamped on the Yarrow, three miles below St Mary's Loch, he once had the pleasure of meeting Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. David thus described the meeting:—"I had just landed wi' my horse, wife, and family, and was looking about for a loanin' to graze the beast, when a shepherd wi' twae collies cam' doon the loanin' and telt me to lowse the horse, and he wad find plenty scope on the hillside, but not to gang on the haughs, as the lambs were spainin'." David did not know who the shepherd was at the time, but was informed at John Gordon's public-house, and had a long chat with Hogg the following day. He was well acquainted with Hogg's songs and poetry, and having met the author he felt still more interested.

He thus relates another experience he had:—"When campit below Hawick lang syne, I was aye up early in the mornin', for ma faither never kept us up late. Ye see, we whiles had to tak' the lend o' some ither folk's gress, and it wasna convenient to be seen. We keepit twae horses and a foal, and I had just got haud of them when I sees a man comin' alang the road, as fast as he could put his feet to the ground. This turned out to be David Haggart, wha was wanted for murdering the jailer at Dumfries, which he did wi' a stane in a stockin', and he was noo rinnin' for bare life." On arriving at Hawick they "lowsed" at the Sandbed, and on the opposite side of the road David saw a bill describing Haggart, and the offence for which he was wanted. He held counsel with his father if he should tell the authorities what he had seen, but his father replied:—"Let them find him that want him. Keep you ye're mouth close."

Many years ago a dreadful murder occurred at Fans, Gordon Moss, Berwickshire. Arising out of a drunken quarrel at Earlston Fair, it caused a great sensation in the district. David was camped on Greenlaw Green, when Rob Scott, the criminal, was brought from Jedburgh to be executed at Greenlaw Moor. He saw Scott in a cart, tied down with ropes, arrive at the jail in the grey dawn of a summer morning, and afterwards heard a blacksmith hammering the irons on his legs.

On one occasion at Greenlaw Fair David was busy unpacking his dishes, when, as he related:—"a farmer well booted and spurred, at the tail o' a wheen shairney beasts, comes right into the middle o' ma dishes, breaking ever sae mony o' them. Says, I, 'Ma man, ye'll hae to pay me for this damage!' 'Awa wi' you and your mugs,' says he, 'I hae nae time to be bothered wi' you.'" David went off to the minister of the parish, the Rev. A. Home, who was a Justice of the Peace, and asked his advice, but the minister refused to interfere, which caused him to remark afterwards, "Man, I never could bide ministers since." Coming along the road he met the Town Clerk of Duns, and told his case. "Just you gang to ma clerk in the Town Hall and give him sixpence, and he'll tell you what to do," said the J.P. "Summon him to the court," said the clerk, which David accordingly did. Continuing his story, David said:—"It was a fine summer day when the court was held, and ma cairt was lowsed in the Market Square, and I was lying on some strae atween the trams, when by cam' the farmer. Says he:—'It's a fine warm day! Come awa up to the 'Horn' and I'll gie ye a bottle o' yill and settle this business.' 'Na, na,' says I, 'ye'll maybe find it warmer yet, we'll settle it at the court.'" The Sheriff was surprised that the farmer had allowed the case to go so far, and awarded claim for damages. On meeting the farmer coming out of the court, David remarked:—"I wonder a braw chiel like you wad come to court on the summons o' a mugger."

Horse-stealing was a favourite pastime on the Borders, and a gang of thieves from Bewcastle, on the moorland region of Cumberland, were famous in their day. David used to tell the following story:—"Lang syne at St James' Fair, Wattie Douglas o' Yetholm was bargainin' in a tent wi' a man who wanted his beast, but when Wattie cam' oot o' the tent he found the beast gane, and he could hear nae tell o' it. Not to be done, Wattie took the road over the hills by Copeshawholm (Newcastleton), inquiring at the folks as he gaed alang if they could tell where he could get a beast as his naig had broken doon and dee'd. At last he cam' on a man wha said his neebour had a naig for sale, which might suit him, but that he was in the bog casting peats. Wattie turned doon and beheld his ain naig quietly grazing on the hag. Gaun up to the man, he says:—'I'm needin' a beast, will ye sell?' 'O' gin ye please me wi' a price, the horse is yours,' said the man. On the horse being run out, Wattie said it wasna soond, and he wad like to see him run on the hard road. After the man had run it, Wattie said he wad like to try him, and on getting on its back, wi' a stout stick in his hand, he galloped off as fast as he could and reached Yetholm in safety."

David delighted in telling the writer these and many other stories, and was pleased that he had lived through a period of so much progress. Railways, steamboats, and the telegraph were all introduced in his time, and he used to say:—"Man, things are driven at such a speed noo-a-days, ye are at the other side o' the world, or into eternity, before ye ken where ye are."

Like many young folks of his time he was married by Patie Moodie at Coldstream Bridge in 1817. His wife, Esther Faa, who was his cousin, was virtually the last pure-blooded member of the Faas. He used to say:—"I was weel eneuch pleased wi' the marriage till the arrival o' the first youngster. When the water had to be flung on its face, I had to gang alang the doors at Yetholm to Weaver Cairns, the elder. Says he:—'Guid callant, so ye're come at last!' 'Ay, man,' says I, 'that bairn o' mine 'll hae to be 'kirstened; what am I to dae?' 'Just step alang to the minister,' says he. So off I gaed and tell't my story. The minister said:—'What can I say to ye? You're twae young folks, what can I say? What ailed ye that ye didna come at first? Fetch the bairn alang to the manse on Sunday, and I'll gie it its name, but ye'll have to pay the kirk dues 5s.'"

David died at Chirnside on 17th February, 1883, and was laid beside his wife in the churchyard of that village. Of his family only one (Betty) is alive. He enjoyed excellent health to the last, and delighted in walking along to Croft Hill, Chirnside, where an excellent view of the Cheviots and the scenes of his wanderings could be got. His mind seemed continually to go back to the days of his youth, and he loved to talk of the hills and glens of the Cheviots, which are so beautifully portrayed in the following lines by Robert Storey:—

"We stand on Lanton Hill; not far behind
The verdant Howsden woos the summer wind:
That mountain, with its three wild peaks before,
Is styled by dwellers near it Newton Torr;
The oak-clad ridges there of Ackeld swell,
And here the bolder slopes of Yeavering Bell.

While towering yonder, with its patch of snow,
And proudly overlooking all below,
Is Cheviot's mighty self, his throne who fills
The admitted monarch of Northumbrian hills."

J. R.

A Borderer's Run to Carlisle.

IT is now more than twenty years since we first set foot in Carlisle, the "city on the beautiful waters." The morning was exceedingly bright. The scenery lying between Langholm and the city probably looked its best. Objects of interest attracted our attention on all hands. Stirring and tragic scenes depicted in many a Border song and story were recalled to mind.

On reaching "Merry Carlisle," we turned to its Castle, perhaps the most interesting object in the city. It occupies a most prominent place in the annals of the Border. Indeed, it has been said that an epitome of British history may be read within its walls. Here the Romans reared one of their northern forts; the Saxons repaired its crumbling embattlements; and the Danish sea-rovers burnt it to the ground. Here kings and princes held council in days of yore. Edward the "Redoubtable" held his great parliament within its gates, and deliberated with his nobles on the possibility of subduing Scotland. Then Wallace and Bruce attempted to scale its walls, and many a siege has it withstood from the incursions of the Scots.

Standing on its ramparts and looking towards the Scottish Borders, one is impressed with the scenery, and reminded of these days when sturdy Scots tried to capture the stronghold. For 200 years it bore the brunt of the "weasel wars." What must it have been like when the young Pretender with his Highland men frae hill and glen besieged it and made a triumphal march into the city?

Mary Stuart here found her first English prison, and from the windows of her tower she took her last glance of the land she loved, and over which she had ceased to rule. George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, was a prisoner in its dungeon for three months. Major McDonald, the Fergus McIvor of Scott's "Waverley," was confined in the cell within the thickness of the eastern wall. Marks are still to be seen, below the window bars, which are attributed to the efforts of Scotch captives in trying to gain a peep of the hills of their native land. Doubtless, Auld Kinmont Willie, rescued by the Bauld Buccleuch, may be reckoned amongst those home-sick prisoners.

After lingering about the Castle walls we turned our attention to St Mary's Cathedral, situated near the centre of the city. Though badly handled in olden times it is still a noble structure. Previous to its degradation by Cromwell's troops it is said to have been of enormous dimensions. It is still a large and impressive building. Being built on rising ground it is seen from all parts of the city and neighbourhood. Its architectural features are magnificent. The exterior is lofty and proportionate. The interior has great dignity and beauty. It contains much that is curious and delightful. The walls are studded with tablets to the memory of Carlisle's good and great.

The transept, the choir, the organ, and the ceiling have much that is bewildering to the eye. The great east window, "the first of the decorated style in England," is a massive and imposing piece of workmanship. The various scenes and subjects depicted are of a most interesting character. The ancient glass in the window, which fills the tracery, is of the period of Richard II. (1382-94.) Throughout the great building there is much which makes the visitor's visit a real treat.

Our wanderings through the city were also full of interest. It boasts of some fine buildings. Like all other cities, it has its slums and unattractive spots. Its old Cross was erected in 1682. We visited some of the churches and charitable institutions, public reading-rooms, and places of a like character.

The history of this ancient city is worthy of perusal. Camden speaks of it as flourishing in the time of the Romans. Prior to 1747 there was little or no manufacturing in Carlisle. Since then, however, it has shown no small amount of enterprise, and its iron and cotton trade, and biscuit-making has become famed the world over. Its markets are considerable, and its neighbourhood has much that is attractive to visitors. In short, a run like ours to the fair city will repay anyone.

G. M. R.

DIZZY'S VENTURE.—Mr John Murray's "Reminiscences of Disraeli" are exceedingly interesting. Disraeli was scarcely out of his teens when he laid before John Murray his scheme for a daily newspaper; and the boy, who was intent upon securing the aid of Sir Walter Scott and Lockhart, actually travelled to Melrose and talked both these worthies into his views. The result was the ill-fated "Representative," which, after a short but painful illness, died. Financially, the experiment was costly, for Mr Murray's grandfather lost nearly £30,000 by it.

A Bright Border Sunset.

THE above words form the happily selected title of a little book which has been written by Mr George McRobert, of Edinburgh, whose valuable contributions to the BORDER MAGAZINE have long been highly appreciated by editor and reader alike. Those who have read the numerous articles Mr McRobert has contributed to our pages need not be told that his style is pleasant and eminently readable, and we have no hesitation in recommending the present product of his pen. The book, which is nicely printed and contains several very good illustrations, is a memorial sketch of the late Mr Andrew Byers, whose name is a household word in Langholm and the district, and whose work as an evangelist will not easily be forgotten. Christian and temperance workers would do well to procure this memorial of a cheerful, earnest worker, the record of whose triumph over difficulties is sure to prove an encouragement to those who are doing what they can to elevate and benefit their fellow-men. The author has succeeded so well in making the subject of his sketch live again that it hardly required the excellent portrait (which we reproduce), to show what manner of man he was. Brightness and cheerfulness are the outstanding features of the book, and while it is of necessity thoroughly religious, there is not a dull page in it. Langholm folks in particular will be interested in the numerous illustrations of scenes in their district which embellish the pages of Mr McRobert's publication, but the general reader will be at once interested in the subject of the sketch. The book is published at the low price of sixpence, and would make an admirable gift book for Christian workers. The Rev. Dr. A. Whyte says:—"Your capital sketch of Andrew Byers will do good to any one who reads it." The book may be had, post free, for 7d from Geo. McRobert, 1 Murieston Crescent, Edinburgh.

THE LATE MR ANDREW BYERS.

W. S.

The Forthcoming Aird Centenary Celebration.

IN these days much attention is given to the celebration of the centenaries of eminent men—especially poets—and it is well that it should be so, for the world is all the better for being taken away from the rush and roar of daily life and asked to dwell for a few moments on the calmer and more contemplative phases of existence. Next month there falls to be celebrated the centenary of Thomas Aird, a Border poet and litterateur, whose work is not so widely known as it ought to be. Dumfries has the honour of starting the movement, but doubtless many "Bowden Boys" will lend their influence to do honour to the memory of Bowden's famous son. Among the patrons of the celebrations may be found, The Right Hon. Lord Young, LL.D.; the Right Hon. Sir R. T. Reid, K.C., M.P., G.C.M.G.; Sir James Crichton Browne, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.; Sir George B. Scott Douglas, Bart.; Mr J. M. Barrie, M.A., LL.D., and many others who are prominent in the world of law and letters. We have pleasure in quoting a portion of the circular which has been issued by the Dumfries Burns Club:—

On 28th August, 1902, 100 years will have elapsed since the birth of Thomas Aird, the Scottish Poet, who died on 25th April, 1876, and is buried in St. Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries. Though not a native of Dumfries, Thomas Aird spent the greater portion of his life here, and his name is closely associated with this town. After a few years spent in Edinburgh, Aird, who had already made a name for himself in the literary world, came to Dumfries in 1835, as Editor of "The Dumfries and Galloway Herald," and he resided here until his death. During that period he wrote his best known works. It has, therefore, seemed fit to the Dumfries Burns Club that the anniversary of the Poet's birth should be celebrated in Dumfries in a worthy manner, and that it most properly falls upon them to undertake the celebration. Accordingly, the Dumfries Burns Club have taken the initiative of forming a Committee of representative gentlemen in Dumfries to act as an executive, and they have secured the patronage of a number of well-known gentlemen. The Committee have in view the erection in Dumfries of some lasting memorial of the Poet, and they feel sure that the admirers of his genius and character will assist them in their object.

We trust that many of our readers will lend a helping hand to this worthy object, and those wishing to contribute, or who desire further information, should communicate at once with the hon. secretary, Mr James Geddes, 8 English Street, Dumfries.

Sir Walter Scott as Poet and Novelist—a comparison.

By Margaret Rae.

IN his double rôle of poet and novelist, Sir Walter Scott stands unique. Other novelists have written poetry, interspersed their works with stanzas and longer poetical efforts, but to only one man was it given to see the world at one time ablaze with enthusiasm over his verses, and at another to hear it ringing with the praises of his stories. As the avowed author of the first, and as the unknown "Author of Waverley," who produced the second, he wore in his life-time his double crown in the Empire of Literature. If, in the course of time, one of those crowns has been found to shine with a more enduring lustre than the other, he is still the more fortunate than many monarchs whom posterity has discrowned altogether.

As poet, Scott doubtless owed his popularity in a great degree to his novelty. The poetry of the age comprised Thomson's "Seasons," Cowper's "Task," Collins' "Odes" ("To Pity," "To Sympathy," "To Mercy," etc.); Young's "Night Thoughts," Watts' "Hymns," Blair's "Grave;" even the drivel of Hayley's "Loves of the Plants" was extolled and quoted. Into this philosophic, and sentimental, and melancholy world burst Scott. And lo! another world! A world where men fought and loved, feasted and sung, lived and died; a world ringing to the clank of bridle-chains, and flashing with the light from sword blades; a world where marauding bands rode gallantly in the moonlight, and mailed knights went gaily to wounds and death; a world of castles and dungeons, lists and battle-fields; a world where life was one "Gentle and joyous passage of Arms." And Young's "Night Thoughts" grew suddenly very uninteresting, and Collins' "Odes" (even to "Pity" and "Mercy,") were found to be very pitiful and calling for much mercy. The "Loves of the Plants" were felt to be but poor substitutes for the loves of men and women, and the reader revelled in songs of "His hawk, and his hound, and his gay ladye."

Scott's first published poetical effort was of so humble a nature as to be but a translation of a German ballad—the ballad of "Lenore." It was speedily followed by more translations, and then, as our poet found his wings, by original ballads in imitation of the ancient minstrelsy of the country. Scott, with the enthusiasm of a lover and the reverence of a devotée, had collected and preserved, stored in his marvellous memory, old ballads of love and war and witcherie; tales of ridings and reivings; mystical remnants of old superstitions; at once all the glamour and the fear, all the poetry and the pain of feudal times. His mind was steeped in such love, and coloured with its fantastic tints, and as his muse grew stronger he drew upon its almost unexhaustible stores, and began to give to the world his fiery, racing, metrical romances. And the world received them with such eagerness, such enthusiasm, such unbounded, unstinted praise, as never fell, before or since, to the lot of any author. Publishers fought for them, the public, though the price was exorbitant, bought them by thousands of copies, and always demanded more.

Yet Scott was not a great poet. His poems are not great works. He is at all times a minstrel, and nothing more. The modern representative of the bard who weaves into song the exploits and adventures of heroes. His work is vivid, direct to its end, full of picturesque incident and brilliant colouring. It deals with elemental passions and the motives common to all men, but it is concerned with externals only and with primitive, uncomplicated feeling. There is no need to wrangle over deeper meanings hid in Scott's lines, but at the same time there is no time nor place for details of individual humanity, nor for the deeper thoughts and emotions. The movements of life are his material, and to its hidden springs of action he does not rise. So amongst the immortal poets he does not rank.

But it may be that in that very fact is found reason for his popularity. For where one man is stirred to the depths of his being by the strains of the noblest singer, a hundred find refuge from their surroundings, relief from the flatness and greyness of their lives, in the lines of such a writer as Scott is in his poems. They can stride over the mountain side with Roderick Dhu, or catch that glorious burst of song across the water—"Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances"—can be carried across Loch Katrine in Ellen's boat, or hear her sing her tender

> "Ave, Maria, maiden mild,
> Listen to a maiden's prayer;"

can speed with Malise the tidings of blood and fire to every homestead in the glen, or sing with Norman,—

> "The heath this night must be my bed,
> The bracken curtain for my head,
> My lullaby the warder's tread,
> Far, far from love and thee, Mary."

But if, in the judgment of posterity, Sir Walter has failed to keep the pre-eminent place among poets assigned to him by his contemporaries, he afterwards took up a position in another walk of literature, where his sovereignty, to this day, has never been questioned. His novels were the natural outcome of his poems. As his genius grew and widened, it could no longer brook the trammels of rhyme and rhythm, and it burst away, alive, unfettered, with a glorious sense of its own power and strength. Before Scott there was no novelist as we understand the word. His nearest and best predecessor was Richardson, with his pale abstractions of damsels, Pamela and Clarissa. Practically, Sir Walter created the novel, and from amidst the bewildering crowds of writers who have followed in his steps, Sir Walter still towers, untouched and untouchable. What he has done for his native country it is impossible to overestimate. He discovered Scotland for the Scots, as well as for the rest of the world. He was the champion of her past, and he has made her past beautiful. He has lighted up our country and given her a charm to all the nations of the earth. We take long journeys to gaze upon spots that he has made the theatre of his tales, and real places are made famous by his imaginary scenes. What would now Loch Katrine be without fair Ellen Douglas; what would Aberfoyle be, did we not know Rob Roy? The Highland glen would lose half its beauty, could we not imagine Vich Ian Vohr's stately four descending it. The Porteous' riot is not so much an incident in Scottish history as an incident in the Heart of Midlothian. The Solway Firth is where Redgauntlet saved Darsie Latimer. King James still rides through Stirling streets. Visitors to Arthur's Seat turn from the sight of the Castle to find out where Jeanie Deans' cottage stood. For the characters in Scott's novels are more real to us than much of the flesh and blood we meet. They are our friends.

His language is loose, occasionally even ungrammatical; his sentences are often faulty in construction, often clumsy and involved; his plots are rough and abrupt. They but serve as strings on which to thread the pearls of his character drawing. There is no indistinctness in the outlines of his actors. They are men and women. They stand out from the page, clean and distinct, never confounded, never repeated. There was but one class of men he could not draw, and he laughingly owned the defect himself. The man who is always inferior in interest to several of the other characters in each tale. Waverley was supposed, was designed to be the hero of the novel that bears his name, yet how he yields the palm of interest to the gallant, brave, unfortunate young chieftain, McIvor; to the Baron, with his heavy learning, and his honest foolishness, and his true heart. Francis Osbaldistone is a pale phantom beside Rob Roy; the worthy Antiquary is a tower of strength beside Lovel, who must also yield to the old beggar Edie Ochiltree. What is Bertram compared to the immortal, the inimitable Dandie Dinmont? and so on in almost every case; while the Heart of Midlothian is without a fault, mainly because there is no attempt at a hero at all, but the whole interest centres in the heroine, who has no beauty, and no wit, and no fortune to qualify her properly for a heroine, but only marvellous modesty, and never-failing good sense, and absolute and unchanging truth.

What wonder was it that a second time Scott found the world at his feet? What wonder that a new book from his pen became the event of the year, eagerly looked for, ravenously received, and lived in till the next appeared. "Opinion," said Lord Holland, when asked what he thought of Waverley, "none of us went to bed all night, and nothing slept but my gout." Were it possible for us to lose our friend contained in the Magician's pages, never was so great a loss in any Border raid, no Highland emigration would so depopulate these hills and glens as they are depopulated by his imagination!

Thus the discrowned king of poetry bears, unafraid, his diadem as sovereign of all story-tellers. Thus he, who lifted the veil from the face of Scotland, still holds his place, not only in Scottish hearts but the wide world over where-ever humanity goes, for the interest of his books is human, and so undying. It does not consist in the whimsicality of his plot, in the wit of his dialogue; for what is so named in one generation is called affectation in the one case, and puerility, even vulgarity, in the other, by the generation that succeeds, but it lies in the even abiding interest of men and women who act and speak like men and women and not like ill-defined puppets. He robed them in the garments of his fancy, and surrounded them with the glamour of romance, he set them in mediæval times and lighted up for them the mediæval mists, but, after all, it is the men and the women that we follow, and love, and know.

"A BORDER SYNOD."—Under this title the Rev. Arthur Pollok Sym, B.D., minister of Lilliesleaf, has published in pamphlet form his notes on Statistics of the Church of Scotland within the bounds of the Synod of Merse and Teviotdale, originally read before that Synod. Hawick: W. Morrison & Co., Ltd.

When Reivers Ravage the Country-side.

A MAIDEN sat by a cauld hearth-stane,
A gatherin' fear shone frae her een,
Her faither and brother baith had gane
To meet a maraudin' band yestreen;
And as she waited and listened lang
Wi' strainin' ears, for the welcome soond
O' men returnin' wi' clash and clang,
A plaintive ditty she softly crooned.

When the English ravage the country-side,
The men-folk a' to the fray maun ride,
And the women and bairns at hame maun bide,
Though their hearts be numbed wi' sorrow.

The maiden's faither and brother baith
Wi' their clan and kinsmen met the foe
In deadly combat, but cruel daith
Stalked through the conflict and laid them low;
And still the maiden sat broodin' there,
For hope in her heart did brightly burn,
And whiles she stoppit to breathe a prayer
To Heaven for them that wad ne'er return.

When the English ravage the country-side,
The women and bairns at hame maun bide,
And the men-folk a' to the fray maun ride,
Though they ride nae mair on the morrow.

On mony a hut and lordly ha'
That bordered England and Scotland baith,
The direful shadow o' dool did fa'
When reivers raided and scattered skaith;
On mony a maid and matron fair
Bereavement fell wi' a heavy hand,
And the widows' wail and orphans' prayer
Rang mournfully through the stricken land.

For women and bairns at hame maun bide,
And the men-folk a' to the fray maun ride,
When the reivers ravage the country-side,
Though for them there should be nae morrow.

TEEKAY.

Peppermint.

WE hear little now-a-days of the old fashion of preparing a decoction from mint leaves for medical use in cases of stomach irritation. Yet it used to be a household maxim to have such in readiness for family use. In every humble garden mint was cultivated. Its smell was rather relished, and an "auld wife's Sunday bob" for taking to church was generally made up of mint or southernwood. The sight of such in the hand of any church-goer at the present day would suggest old recollections with elderly folks. The medicinal virtues of mint consisted of its anti-spasmodic effects. Householders who studied health used also to prepare rhubarb roots, to be taken as a drink for bilious ailments in the spring. Of the uses of mint we have a trace in a conversation connected with Galashiels. When Gilbert Thomson, grandfather of William and James Thomson, Acklington Park, Northumberland, came from Aberdeen to Gala House about the year 1760 as an applicant for the situation of gardener, he, in reply to the question what he could do, said "that he had a knowledge of and could plant forest and fruit trees; could manage a kitchen garden; could buy and sell stock; brew ale; rear swine and distil peppermint." A universal genius of this kind could hardly be other than welcomed by the Laird of Gala, and the new gardener settled permanently in the district. Gilbert Thomson ultimately engaged in the early manufactures of the town, and his descendants were long connected with the woollen trade.

Excavating a Roman Town.

PROBABLY no man in the three kingdoms has had more experience in uncovering Roman remains, buried under the superincumbent rubbish of some seventeen centuries, than Mr William Tailford, the care-taker at the Chesters Lodge, near Chollerford, on the North Tyne, Northumberland. It is some forty-one years since he began digging at the instance of the late Mr John Clayton, F.S.A., the proprietor, and now Mrs Clayton keeps a jealous eye upon the labour of love of her husband, and Dr Budge, from London, has re-arranged the fine collection of Roman remains in the museum at Chesters Lodge-gates. Three gigantic Roman milestones at the door act as tell-tale signs of what is inside. The station of Chesters, in the line of the great Roman Wall of Hadrian, which spans the North of England, between Bowness on the Solway, and Wallsend on the Tyne, a distance of seventy miles, has no finer station than this to show along the whole line. Its Roman name is Cilurnum, and not the least interesting relics are the remains of the piers of the bridge which here spanned the North Tyne. It contains an area of 5¼ acres in the form of a parallelogram. The ramparts are five feet thick, and it has six gate-ways. The forum pavement shows the wearing tramp of feet; the treasure chamber is open to the winds of heaven. While cutting a drain though the park a wonderful building was discovered on the east side, which Mr Tailford, after painstaking labour, has disclosed. Antiquarians differ as to its former use, but it has a very perfect heating apparatus; one of the chambers has niches as if for deities; there are the remains of a cistern, and a very perfect drainage system. Mr Tailford discovered on the east side 36 human skeletons, and the bones of a horse and a dog. Here and there the bones of the animals upon which the old Romans have fed are picked up, and lie bleaching in sun and wind with broken pottery, nails, and glass. The bones are mostly those of the deer, ox, and wild boar, and only now and again are the bones of the horse found. Querns of lava, from Andernach in Germany, are also picked up in fragments. It is a treat of no common kind to wander over the remains of this Roman town with Mr Tailford, who has spent forty of the best years of his life in laying it bare to the gaze of the curious visitor. Saturday and Tuesday are the two open days for visitors.

R. C.

A Day in Yarrow.

WHEN thy spirit pulse beats low,
  And for rest ye long,
Come where quiet waters flow,
  Redolent of song.
To the winds thy problems fling;
  Butterflies are on the wing,
Feathered warblers pipe and sing
  Shady woods among.

Why should we be doleful, sad?
  Better ne'er been born!
Innocence is joyful, glad,
  Never quite forlorn.
To the wild-bee haunts we hie,
  Couched in heather lowly lie,
Drink the wine of air and sky,
  All the happy morn.

Lovely vales our steps invite,
  Streamlets murmuring sound,
Overflowing with delight,
  On enchanted ground;
From the mistland of the hills,
  Downward speed the rippling rills,
Till within our fancy thrills
  Melody profound.

Nature, vocal, true, sublime—
  Could we understand—
Modulates each rustic rhyme
  With a master-hand:
Mystic music round us springs,
  Resonant, her thousand strings
Vibrate to unuttered things
  In a concert grand.

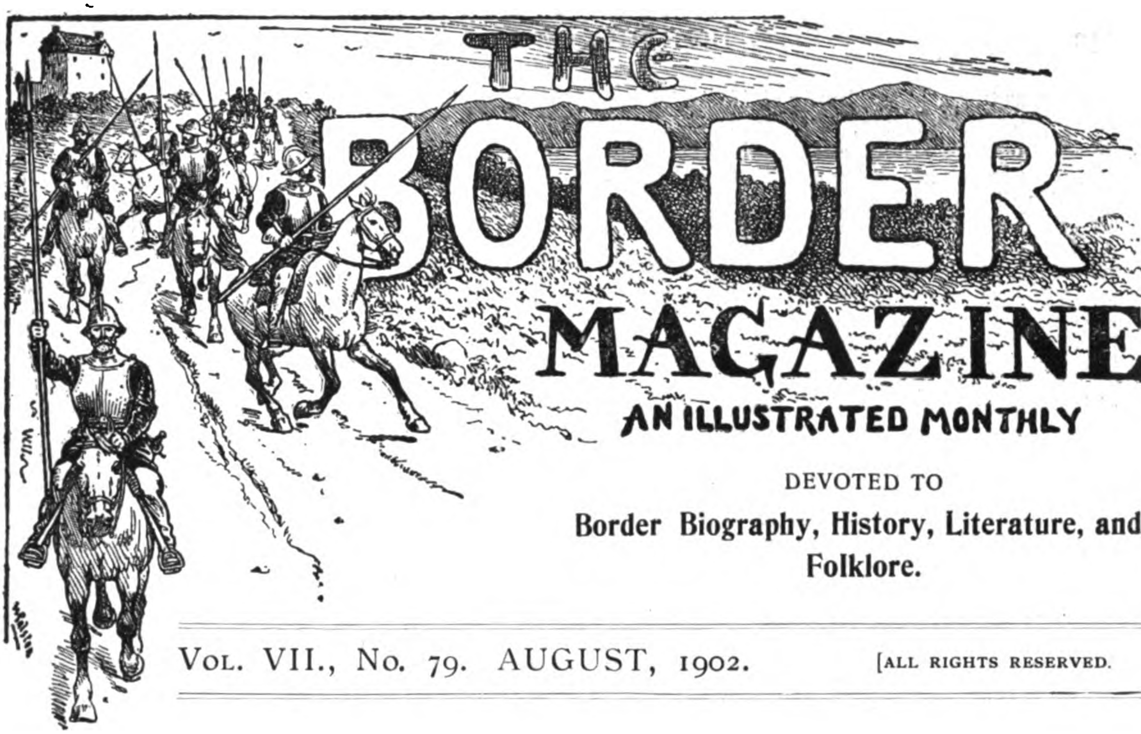
Subtle harmony of chords,
  From an unseen choir,
Inexpressible of words,
  Rising high and higher;
Earth rejoicing comprehends,
  Soft the diapason blends,
In a pæan pure ascends,
  Calming heart's desire.

Come where Yarrow still flows sweet,
  Who its charm would miss?
Past and present wooing meet,
  Raptured in a kiss.
Toiling, fretting, why? O why,
  Ceaseless striving? list their cry!
Day is passing, night is nigh,
  Life alone is bliss!

J. ALSTON.

Printed and Published by A. Walker & Son, Galashiels.

THOMAS AIRD, BORDER POET AND LITTERATEUR.



DEVOTED TO
Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

VOL. VII., No. 79. AUGUST, 1902.

THOMAS AIRD,

Border Poet and Litterateur.

(Extracts from the Biography written by the Rev. Jardine Wallace, B.A.)

THOMAS AIRD was the son of James Aird and his wife, Isabella Paisley, and was the second of nine children. He was born on the 28th of August, 1802, in the parish of Bowden, Roxburghshire, under the shadow of the Eildon Hills, in the enchanted Borderland, close to the Abbeys of Dryburgh and Melrose, which the genius of Scott has made for ever memorable.

The family of Aird belonged for generations to that substantial and independent class named Portioners, who cultivated their own land, held in feu off a neighbouring nobleman, and who frequently combined with this some other employment. His parents, who professed the religious principles of the Antiburghers, were persons of admirable character and intelligence. They brought up their children anxiously in the fear of God, and enforced a careful, though somewhat strict observance of Sunday—

"Such as grave livers do in Scotland use."

The venerable pair died each at the age of eighty-six, having spent sixty years together in married life; and their gifted son never ceased to revere the memory of those whose holy affection had guarded his youth from evil and kept it pure.

Thomas received his first lessons at his father's knee, and, like so many eminent men, was educated afterwards at those parish schools which have been for generations the just pride of Scotland. He showed his love of letters at an early age by running off one day to the teacher at Bowden with his book concealed about his person; and he was so bent upon instruction that his parents, in order to gratify him, took his elder brother from school to fill the place of usefulness at home which he had vacated. After this he attended the parish school of Melrose. A letter in rhyme, which was kept till worn to shreds by his surviving brother, James, was his first known attempt at verse-making. Thomas was no book-worm however. He excelled in all outdoor sports, and as he grew older his excursions sometimes extended to Williamslee, the sweet pastoral farm of his uncle, Mr Andrew Paisley, near Innerleithen, and to the St Ronan's Games, held annually in that vicinity.

In 1816 Aird went to reside in Edinburgh, which for nearly twenty years became his second home. There he attended the University, and made the acquaintance of Thomas Carlyle, his life-long friend and correspondent. In the middle of his studies he resided for several months, as tutor, in the family of Mr Anderson, farmer, of Crosscleugh, close to the famous hostelry of Tibbie Shiel, and here he frequently met with the Ettrick Shepherd. Aird was designed by his relatives for the ministry of the Church of Scotland, for which he always entertained a profound and patriotic attachment. Before quite completing his academic course, however, he changed his purpose, owing to a feeling of personal diffidence, and embraced the freedom of a literary life.

At that time the fame of Edinburgh as a seat of learning was altogether unprecedented. The press was pouring forth the unrivalled works of the author of "Waverley;" the "Edinburgh Review" was carrying all before it; "Blackwood's Magazine" was about to start on its brilliant career, and in the literary circles of Edinburgh appeared also, from time to time, the greatest churchman since the days of Knox, the illustrious Chalmers. It was natural that a youth of capacity and ambition like Aird should wish to enter the listed field and enrol his name among the immortals. His first venture, published in 1826, was entitled "Murtzoufle; a tragedy in three acts: with other poems." Though little regarded at the time the volume displays unmistakable genius, and is remarkable for the maturity of mind exhibited by one who had only reached his twenty-fourth year. In 1827 Aird published his "Religious Characteristics," a prose composition of quaint imaginative power and exalted Christian tone, which was favourably reviewed in "Blackwood" by Professor Wilson, who became the fast friend of the author. Upon the death of Mr James Ballantyne, in 1832, Aird edited for a year the "Edinburgh Weekly Journal." In 1835 he finally left Edinburgh for Dumfries, and, upon the recommendation of Professor Wilson, became editor of the "Dumfriesshire and Galloway Herald," a weekly journal professing Conservative principles. Of his profession Aird entertained a lofty estimate. "The newspaper," he said, "was the gospel of God's daily providence working in man's world;" and in accordance with this high ideal he set himself to his task. By conviction he was a staunch supporter of Conservatism in Church and State, and when occasion required he could wield his pen with startling vigour, dismissing his subject and opponents in a few pithy and trenchant sentences. He took kindly to his adopted home, and soon learned to love its sweet river walks, its glimpses of the sea, and sylvan beauties. Shunning society and its temptations he courted the muses in the shade, and the result of his studious life appeared in 1845 in the publication of "The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village." This work brought Aird for the first time into general celebrity, and its charm consists in its admirable prose delineations of Scottish character, and its descriptive sketches of the various seasons. The "Old Bachelor" was followed in 1848 by a full edition of his poems, on which Aird's fame as a man of genius principally rests. It is to the honour of Thomas Aird that his poetry, as his life, was intensely religious and pure. In 1852 appeared his life of Dr Moir, who expired while on a visit to his friend at Dumfries in the previous year.

Except the necessary paragraphs once-a-week for his paper, Aird wrote little after fifty years of age, partly owing, perhaps, to his secluded habits, and partly to circumstances of health. In appearance he was a strong man, of a tall and handsome person, with a beautiful head and striking presence. But the active frame was united to a high-strung nervous temperament, which unfitted him for continuous labour, and made him painfully sensitive to varied forms of suffering.

In 1863 Aird retired from the editorship of the "Herald," after a service of twenty-eight years. He was entertained to a public dinner on the occasion and presented with a handsome testimonial. Owing to his simple tastes and frugal habits, he had acquired a comfortable independence, and his last years were passed in much peace and quietness. He was never married, and his wants were unostentatious and few. An aristocrat in theory, he was a democrat in practice, and pursued without ambition his own path. His books, or rather his thoughts, were his companions, for his library was not an extensive one. Aird lived and died in communion with the Church of Scotland, and between him and his venerable clergyman, the late Rev. Dr Wallace of St Michael's, there existed the warmest affection and regard. Dr Wallace, who died at Dumfries, 20th November, 1864, was also the clergyman of Mrs Burns, the widow of the poet.

Thomas Aird died on Tuesday, 25th April, 1876, in his seventy-fourth year, leaving behind him an honourable name in the literature of Scotland. Wilson, Hogg, Lockhart, De Quincey, Moir, Cunningham, Pollok, Motherwell were among the friends and contemporaries of his youth, and with him passed away almost the last representative of a brilliant race.

[The foregoing was submitted to Aird's biographer, the Rev. Jardine Wallace, B.A., and met with his entire approval. It is interesting to note that other two articles in this number are by his talented sons. Ed. "B. M."]

Aird's biographer recently communicated the following article to the "Dumfries Courier and Herald":—

UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS

OF

THOMAS AIRD, POET AND JOURNALIST.

The following "Biographical Preface" was written by Thomas Aird, and found among his posthumous papers. It was intended by the author as a prefix to the last issue of his poems, and his only biography, in brief and meagre outline. The circumstance was in harmony with Aird's shy and unobtrusive nature, though not satisfactory to his surviving relatives. On the advice of Mr John Blackwood, of Edinburgh, his esteemed publisher and friend, they resolved on a fuller account of his life by one well acquainted with him, and accordingly the present memoir of the author was published in 1878. We are confident, however, that Aird's admirers will read with interest the intended "Preface" as affording us a touching proof of the infinite modesty of the man and the humble estimate which he took of his own writings and genius:—

"BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE."

"Thomas Aird, author of the following poems, was born in the village and parish of Bowden, Roxburghshire, on the 28th of August, 1802. He was the son of James Aird and his wife, Isabella Paisley, and was the second of nine children. His ancestors, both by the father and mother's side, had been respectable feuars in the parish for many generations. Young Aird was educated at the schools of Bowden and Melrose and at Edinburgh University. His friends designed him for the Church; but before the necessary course of study was quite gone through, he had conscientious doubts about his own fitness for the sacred office.

After leaving College, Aird resided in Edinburgh for several years, supporting himself mainly by private teaching, and writing occasionally for the periodicals. His autumn vacations were usually spent in his native district, his chief recreations being fishing excursions on the Tweed and rambles about Eildon Hills in the loving study of natural history. On the death of Mr James Ballantyne, he edited the "Edinburgh Weekly Journal" for a year. In 1835, on the recommendation of his friend, Professor Wilson, he was appointed editor of the "Dumfriesshire and Galloway Herald," a Conservative newspaper just started at Dumfries. This office he held till 1863, when he retired into private life. His friends and fellow-citizens, without distinction of party, gave him a public dinner and a piece of plate on the occasion of his retirement. Though now set free from the professional labours which bound him to Dumfries, he continued to reside in the neighbourhood of that town, so much did he like the place and the people. In the autumn of 1871 he took the chair at a great meeting in Dumfries in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Sir Walter Scott's birthday. He had the honour of proposing 'The Memory of Burns,' as well as 'The Memory of Scott.' This was the last time Aird could be induced to address a meeting, for though he was ready enough to take his share in the ordinary duties of citizenship, yet he was by nature averse from anything like public display.

Aird was never married. His life upon the whole was uneventful and quiet. Aird had the worthy satisfaction of living on a friendly footing with not a few of the ablest and best men of his time.

A prose volume of tales and sketches, under the title of 'The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village,' and the following poems are Aird's principal writings."

We may state that the above "Preface" was placed in our hands for our disposal by Mr James Aird, of Galashiels, brother of the deceased, and the last survivor of the family. This amiable and refined gentleman has attained to the great age of ninety years, and enjoys the veneration and respect of a wide community. He is naturally proud of his brother's memory, and is still able at his advanced age to appreciate with gratitude the public feeling of sympathy which has been elicited in Scotland, and especially in Dumfries, in connection with the approaching Centenary.

The Centenary of Thomas Aird.

BY THE REV. ROBERT WILFRED WALLACE, M.A.

(Condensed from the "Gallovidian.")

A HUNDRED years make a long period in the generations of the sons of men. It will come with a shock of surprise to many not old men who knew Thomas Aird that this year is the centenary of his birth. It was not yesterday, indeed, but to treacherous memory it seems no long time since his dignified figure was seen on the streets or by the Dock. "Labuntur anni." Much water has flowed under the bridge since those days.

Aird died in 1876, in his 74th year, and on the 28th of August it will be a hundred years since he was born.

There are many notable men, and we cannot remember the birthdays of them all. We do not expect the great world to stop in the midst of its manifold engagements and meditate on the life of a man who in the days of health and vigour was known to few. But it would be well for Scotland to recall to its memory one of its gifted sons who never by word or deed gave it cause for shame; a simple, noble, upright character: a man of letters, skilled and versatile; a poet true if not great. Especially should the South be proud of him, the Eastern marches where he was born, the Western where he died. In Dumfries, where he spent forty-one years, he deserves the commemoration towards which a movement is being made.

The Dumfries Burns Club has rightly taken the matter up, for Aird was a member of that Club, and was an enthusiastic lover of Burns.

. . . .

Such a devoted, and at the same time discriminating lover of Burns, with a reason for the faith that is in him, will be deservingly remembered by a Burns Club.

The outward framework of the life of Thomas Aird is marked by a very few simple facts. He was born in the parish of Bowden, Roxburghshire, and to the end of his days that "enchanted" land was dear to him. Hear him in the "Songs of the Seasons":—

> "Above the mist the sun has kissed
> Our Eildons, one yet three:
> The triplet smiles like glittering isles
> Set in a silver sea.
> Break, glades of morn; burst, hounds and horn;
> Oh then their woods for me!"

While he was dying, we are told, "in conversation he turned wistfully to the scenes and memories of his boyhood, and spoke much of his sisters of Melrose and the Tweed—'the ever-dear Tweed,' as he once wrote, 'whose waters flow continually through my heart, and make me often greet in my lonely evenings.'"

His biographer hints that his early training was of the old-fashioned severe character. He learned habits of simplicity and obedience. There can be no doubt that this training stood him in good stead. He was a high-spirited, adventurous boy, and those who in later life saw in him nothing but the mild poet, the quiet observer of nature saw only half the man. To quote his own confession, he was "no cheek-surrendering Quaker," while his letters and his criticisms show a trenchant vigour never afraid to strike.

Some of the poems published in the Edinburgh period hold their place in his collected works, and a volume in prose, "Religious Characteristics," shows the deep interest in spiritual things which mark all his writings.

In 1835 he went to Dumfries to become editor of the "Dumfries and Galloway Herald," and there he stayed till his death.

In 1845 appeared Aird's chief prose work, "The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village." It is written in a familiar, clear, and pleasant style, which wants, however, the distinction of most of his verse. The strongest feature of the book is the writer's keen observation, both of nature and humanity. Mr Carlyle noted this in a letter to Aird. "We have, in the evenings, gone over 'The Old Bachelor in his Scottish Village,' and find him a capital fellow of his sort. The descriptions of weather and rural physiognomies of nature in earth and sky seem to me excellent. More of the like when you please."

This power of observation came, of course, from love and sympathy. The poet loved nature in all its phases; he had a tender heart for every living thing. No part of the Memoir is so delightful as that describing his love of birds, and the wonderful way in which he made friends with them.

It is on his verse that Aird's fame rests. In this we find the same sympathy, the love of man and beast, and all natural things, the tender pity for the unfortunate so notable in the "Old Bachelor," and in addition a strong imagination loving to deal with the sublime, sometimes, indeed, soaring above the clear mountain tops into the clouds of mysticism. His faults are the defects of his qualities. Sometimes the very nature of his subject, sometimes what his biographer justly calls "obscurities and involutions" of style, make it hard to follow the course of thought. His marked love of Ezekiel shows his affinity to a mystic mind. Again his other leaning to the simple and natural leads him occasionally to the Wordsworthian mistake of bringing in matter so homely that it becomes ridiculous in a poetic setting.

> The maid unslung a mandolin and played,
> High singing as she played, a battle piece
> Of bursts and pauses, keeping time the while,
> Now furious fast, now dying slow away:
> His pigtail wagging with emotion deep
> The old soldier puffed his sympathetic pipe.

Or take this marvellous line from "Wold":—

> *Mount.*—"You're hurt, my lord; you bleed so."
> *Wold.*—Where? My arm? Why, what a gash!"

But it is not often that Pegasus thus slips away from him leaving him seated on the ground.

Beyond these defects, a feature which stands in the way of Aird's popularity is that much of his work is cast in the form popular in his day, and that form was unsuitable to his genius. The magnificent success of Scott set everyone to the writing of tales whether he could do it or not. As long as the language exists, Lockhart's life of his father-in-law will be read, but already his novels have found their way to the top shelf and are covered with dust. So a good deal of Aird's work, though well written, showing thought, insight, sympathy, fails because cast in a form of which the writer has not the knack. His stories do not grip. His characters, as a rule, are not convincing. Of the tales, "The Demoniac" is by far the best. The subject lends itself more to pure imaginative treatment than the others, and the result is a story both powerful and pathetic.

But we must turn a glance on Aird at his best. While seldom giving us a finished picture, his sketches from nature are always both true and beautiful. Here is a winter scene:—

"Fieldfares and redwings on the dun-blanched leas,
And flocks of finches from the stubbles bare,
Still rise before you with thin glinting wings,
As for yon upland through the fields you strike.
'Tis gained. You see the icy cliff remote
Gleam like an opal. Down on the far town
Hangs, like some visible plague, a cloud of smoke,
Steaming, discoloured, dusk, but yellower edged;
And oft some window through its reeling skirts
Red glances. Lo! far off, away beyond
The valley's northern bound, the tops of hills,
Snowy, serene in spotless purity,
Standing high up in the clear morning air."

Look at this delightful little picture of evening:—

"Then sitting in their garden-plot they saw
With what delicious clearness the far height
Seemed coming near, and slips of falling light
Lay on green moorland spot, and soft illumined shaw."

Aird not only saw himself, but he makes his readers see. How vivid this couplet! It flashes like morning light:—

"Yon Alp, he lifts his snowy horn
To catch the virgin rose of morn."

"The Swallow,"—"*The little comer's coming, the comer o'er the sea*," — "The Shepherd's Dog," "My Mother's Grave," "Grandmother," all more or less well known, are, with his poems on nature, the best examples of the sympathetic, observing faculty we have noted.

Of the more purely imaginative poems, that which has caught the popular ear is "The Devil's Dream on Mount Aksbeck." Its weird power, the combined strength and sweetness of its lines, won for the writer well-deserved praise. As the object of this paper is to direct attention, by quotation, to Aird's work in general, it may fitly come to an end by a reference to "The Churchyard," another transcendental piece less known, but not less worthy to be known than "The Devil's Dream."

The re-appearance of the dead, so often the subject of unsuitable witticism, or a drivelling credulity, is treated with dignity and sublimity both of thought and expression. One or two short extracts are enough to show the merit of the poem:—

SONG OF THE CHURCHYARD CHILDREN.

"Our good Lord Christ on high
Has let us forth a space,
To see the moonlit place
Where our little bodies lie.
Back He will call us, at His dear command
We'll run again into the happy land.

Unto the Lamb we'll sing,
Who gives us each glad thing!
For Mercy sits with Him upon His throne;
For there His gentle keeping is revealed,
O'er each young thing select a glory and a shield,
Wide be his praises known."

The Moral Influence of Thomas Aird.

BY THE REV. C. STUART WALLACE, M.A.

"LET us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us." In the course of this month we shall reach the centenary of the birth of Thomas Aird; and, if there is any virtue that has come out of him, it is a fitting occasion on which to say so and to express our gratitude.

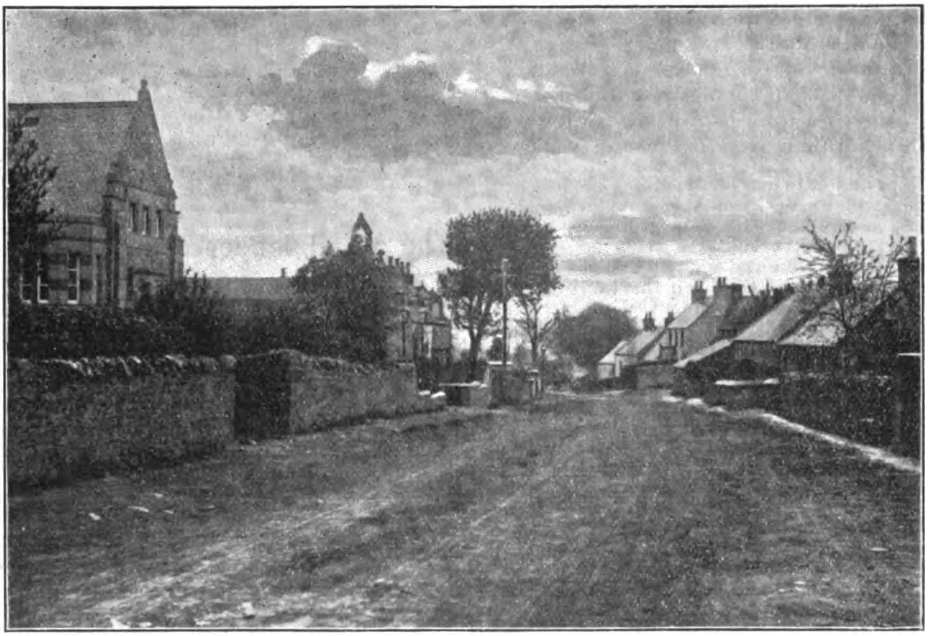
It is true that Aird can scarcely be said to be living at the present time by the works he composed—at least so far as the general public is concerned. He only lives in the memories of those who knew him and liked him, or in that of the occasional reader who has stumbled on his few volumes. Nor in the opinion even of that select number can it be said that all his works have an equal value or that they can be read with interest. It is not by all the books which they wrote that men achieve immortality. In the volumes of the greatest, the wisest, the brightest, there are long pages which are not worth reading once. One sometimes feels a sympathy with that good man, George III., in his opinion of parts of Shakespeare. "Is there not," he asked Miss Burney, "is there not sad stuff in Shakespeare?" adding, "I know it's not to be said, but it's true. Only it's Shakespeare, and nobody dare abuse him." "As we owe," said Dr Johnson, "as we owe everything to Shakespeare, he owes something to us. We fix our eyes on his graces and turn them from his deformities and endure in him what we should in another loathe or despise."

It is not, therefore, for great, complete, perfect works that we look in a man whose day is past. Sometimes, it is the conception of the poem or book which engages our attention though we may be wearied by the way in which the details are treated; sometimes, it is the expression—the short expression—of a noble sentiment; here a line catches the eye; there a thought; and, even where we do not have great nobility of conception or striking felicity of phrase, there may shine through a clear representation of the character of the writer.

I believe that what has just been said applies very closely to Thomas Aird. He had a gift of song; he had nobility of conception—at least frequently; he had at times a most pleasing felicity of phrase. For these things we are indebted to him. But above all, the influence which he exerted has, it appears to me, arisen from the fact that he has presented to us the character of a man who lived and moved in a circle which we know well; in circumstances which we understand; and who by the gift of letters was able to bring before us his life and his interests and his friends and their ways. His influence, therefore, arose from his moral effect. His nature was admirable, lovable, dear to all dwellers on the Borders; and because he expressed it well in lyric, in poem, in story, in essay, we feel, first, that we have him clearly among us and then that he is someone whom we like.

I take an instance or two of this. First—His character as a Son and Friend. He was born in Bowden of grave and religious parents who cultivated a small piece of land. The character of the parents was the foundation of the character of the son. An orderliness, a frugality, a seriousness, a religiousness pervaded it from the beginning to the end.

"To see the old men," I quote his own words, "on a bright evening of the still Sabbath, in their light-blue coats and broad-striped waistcoats, sitting in their southern gardens on the low beds of camomile, with the Bible in their hands, their old eyes filled with mild seriousness, blent with the sunlight of the sweet summer-tide, is one of the most pleasing pictures of human life. And many a time with profound awe have I seen the peace of their cottages within, and the solemn reverence of young and old, when some grey-haired patriarch has gathered himself up in his bed, and, ere he died, blessed his children." The tone of this passage is the tone of Aird's own life—the sweet, industrious, Scottish country-life, where the years were good and serene, and lasted generally with excellent health till eighty-five.



BOWDEN.

The influence of his early days is shown also in his lines on his "Mother's Grave," where he reaches a tenderness nowhere else displayed, but also a poignancy which makes one unwilling to quote them.

The same features reveal themselves also in his Friendships. In the Memoir by the Rev. Jardine Wallace we have naturally a greater selection of letters addressed to him than of those written by his own hand; but all of his literary brethren (many of whom attained eminence, and one at least reached fame) speak of him in the same way. "Go on and prosper! that is always our wish . . . for one whom we love so well." These are the words of Carlyle. "I find everywhere," says Carlyle of one of his poems, "a native manliness, veracity, and geniality which . . . is for ever welcome." "Good be with you, my good friend."

This goodness, this seriousness was plain to all.

To this kind of nature was joined in Aird, though it has not been so in many others, an open-hearted sympathy and admiration of all life and beauty. He loved his "ever dear Tweed;" he describes the October morning and the sun kissing "our" Eildons above the mist; the mysterious hour of the gloaming; he delighted in the hawthorn-blossom; he rages humorously at early-rising chanticleer; with infinite pathos he tells the story of his maid-servant's death; we see his darling chaffinch, who took crumbs of bread from his mouth; "one day as I was musing on the gate up the road, she sat down on it close beside me, and let me touch her with my finger"; the warmth and breadth of his tone regarding Scott and Burns; his ready sympathy even for the Devil in the most powerful of his poems—"'He is the father of curses . . . he is cursed and damned already. . . .' 'I am sorry for it,' quoth my uncle Toby." All these passages may be read with interest, with love for the writer, with an increasing tenderness for nature and human life.

Some of his poems cannot be read. He would have been the first to say so; and he reminds us in that very much of Dr Johnson. "I thought it had been better," said the great doctor as he left the room when someone read aloud his early Tragedy. A wretched being dared to say that it was "the finest tragedy of modern times," to which the doctor replied—"If Pot says so, Pot lies."

But enough of Aird is before us to warrant the tenderness we feel for the man and the admiration we feel for the author. There is no use of exaggerated praise. If he had never lived it would be absurd to say that the world would have been a great deal poorer. It would not be true. But he was essentially a Border poet; and both in his character and his verse he appeals to Border men and women. He caught its style; what he sang of its rivers and hills he sang from pure love; and it was because his soul rose up in love of man and beast that he wrote at all.

If he had never lived, the Borderland would be poorer by a noble character, a sweet poet, and a graceful essayist.

Memories of Bowden, the Birth-place of Thomas Aird.

By the Rev. George Dodds, B.D., Liberton.

FAR off in a colonial city in an evening many years ago now two Bowden men formed part of a large audience which was assembled to hear a concert. Expectation ran high, for the concert was a Scotch one, and the singer the famous Kennedy, for the lays of home are sweet to the ear and the heart of the exile. Kennedy was "ill to beat," but he failed that evening in the opinion of at least one of our friends, who remarked to his neighbour, "I've heard T—— S—— of Bowden sing that song far better than that." The remark was no sooner made, when, to the intense astonishment of the critic, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and on turning round he saw the face of the Bowden musician, happy to meet a friend so unaware and a compliment so genuine. We tell this tale not to prove that the world is small and the coincidences of human intercourse sometimes very surprising, for both these things are commonplace to us all. We tell it because there is an atmosphere about it, into which one finds oneself always coming when in imagination or in actuality one goes back to Bowden. To the native of Bowden it seems as if so many things were there at their best—that go where one will, one only finds at the utmost a bad second after Bowden. Did ever larks sing like those which built their nests among the golden whins on the "Common?" Were there ever primroses so fair as those that scent the spring shadows of "the holy dean," or snowdrops so pure in their whiteness, so worthy of a place in a saint's robe as those that covered with resurrection promise some sheltered spaces in that peaceful place where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep?" Did ever stream give a home to such lovely trout, or flow to river with such music, or through banks of such greenery as Bowden

Burn? Nor does the winter blast bite and bluff more fiercely among the icy fastnesses of the Jungfrau than it can do on Bowden Moor—not to mention the summit of Eildons. The very "scroggs" of Maxpoffle glen were finer once than Newton pippins are. We wonder if they would be so now! Hawthorn tells of an American village which was just the right distance from its background of hills to give the inhabitants the impression that the rocks there shaped themselves into the features of a great stone face of singular benevolence. Only from the village fields could this be seen, and those who went either further away from the mountain or nearer to it than the village was, lost the impressiveness of that vision in stone. It has always seemed as if Bowden, like that American village, were just the right distance away from the world to yield some of the best things in nature and in character. A friend of ours, writing in a recent number of the BORDER MAGAZINE on the most famous native of Bowden alive to-day asks, "Where is Bowden?" Londoners often ask questions of that kind! And the village is only seven hours from London, one and a half hours from Edinburgh—which is better than most villages can make it, and quite near enough too. What capacity and opportunity for development lie in such a propinquity. Only let some enterprising villager indulge his initiative and utilise the force which has been wasting in Bowden Burn since the ice age and light the village with electric light. Lay out a better golf course on the Common, improve the green up to what it is capable of and what it deserves to be, and Bowden, with its magnificent air, its views beautiful beyond description, will yet be but in its infancy. It has always been a good place for the rearing of human beings, but that should be but half its mission, and the smaller half. In this age of cities we want places which can restore and refresh; and there are elements about Bowden which might make it one of the first of such places in the kingdom.

But the editor wishes me not to prophecy, but to recollect, which perhaps means to indulge the fancy that the past is better than the present. To the less poetic life which is about us to-day the centenary celebration of a Bowden poet seems to proclaim that. Bowden is a mete nurse for all poetic children. We believe there is hardly a Bowden boy—at least of the kind who were to be found there up to the advent of School Boards—who did not stage all the history he knew somewhere in the spacious country that rolled down from the slopes of Eildon to a far horizon. Somewhere he found a location for all events, especially those in Biblical story. A certain garden, lying in the southern sun, did duty for the Garden of Eden. In a square patch of land in the "back sides" to the north, farmed by an elder of the kirk, Noah had built his ark, when the west burn came down in flood and floated the strange ship; and when the flood was over and all that was left of Bowden was only the far strewn thatch which the waters had scattered, the Bowden boy found no difficulty in poising Noah and his family on the sharpest Eildon, from which both raven and dove went forth over the abating waters. There was a certain manger which helped so much the meaning of the divine story that to visit that stable became to boyish life what the sacrament was to the village saint; and there was one place more where a few select souls might once or twice have been seen with faces as of children in a vision, for to them it was associated with the first reading of the story of "the place where they crucified Him." Much reading and many books, and the crowded years that come and go, can not quite efface those early impressions.

Other features come also to mind, as, for example, the number of persons out of about two hundred and fifty souls who had some peculiarity which made them noticeable, and occasionally the object of what cannot be otherwise described than school-boy cruelty. Nothing speaks more to the fact of the advancement of medical science than the almost total absence of the abnormal from village life now. We remember one who had a face more like to Savonarola than anything we have ever seen in the flesh, and who used to carry at her back a key of her one-roomed thatched cottage, which was large enough to have locked a castle. It had an ugly suggestion, and helped much to make one, who in kindlier circumstances might have proved a genius, to be the very incarnation of terror to children. The terrible impression she made was helped by her extraordinary intercourse with, and friendship for cats. She had several as well trained to her ways as one could find to-day in any circus, and their special delight was in suddenly springing from the floor to the shoulder of any visitor who might enter into the cottage. Certainly some years earlier their owner, because of her appearance and her cat companions, would have been burned as a witch on the common, at a place where, as tradition went, other witches had been burned and where the grass would never grow because of those primitive fires. And she was only one of a number of village peculiarities who nowadays would hardly have got the credit of being ordinary human beings, and who, both harmless and for the most part happy, were allowed the freedom of homes of their own.

The history of any Scottish village is always much associated with its ministers, and Bowden is not different in this respect. Our memories do not go back so far as to the venerable man who left the manse in 1843, but we know from many how much he was to the village, being doctor, friend, pastor, and preacher all in one. And yet as a proof of how much a man's public life may belie his private he was one of the men referred to when it was said that the Free Church was like a badly baked pie, the pepper was all in one corner. The corner referred to was the Free Presbytery of Selkirk. Mr Jolly's successor in the Free Church was a man of great learning and culture, whose influence survives yet in other lives made better by his presence. His successor in the Parish Church was one whose memory will be ever green in Bowden—filling as he did for something like fifty years, so ideally the important sphere of a parish minister. One circumstance only concerning him need be related, and it will be enough to declare the manner of man he was. In their early Bowden days the minister and his wife had their home laid waste by a great sorrow. Their only child was taken from them. Just over the wall which separated the churchyard from the manse policies a square patch of ground was railed off to hold the little form that was carried from the stricken household. It was long ere the anguish passed out of the parents hearts, while the memory of it was never to die, and it was well-known in the village, though seldom spoken about, that every night year after year, through summer grass and winter snow, that good man went to his boy's grave and spent some time there in solitary prayer. A foot-path, worn by reverent feet, wound underneath the giant-limbed plane trees and through amongst the tombstones to that remote corner of the churchyard. It is one of the sacred memories of Bowden now—memorial which witnessed to a love and a sorrow which a life time could not quench.

Such silent, deep affections seem to flourish best in old world places, and sometimes they were to be found undisturbed even by harshness. Two old maiden sisters lived together in a thatched cottage that stood with its gable to the village street—the one timid and gentle, obedient to the least wish of the other, who almost tyrannized over her. It happened that the harsh sister died first, and it was naturally expected that the grief of the survivor would be considerably mitigated by being free from her troubler. But it was far otherwise. Jean's grief was very pitiful to behold, and she did not long survive it. "Mag," she said to one she could trust, "was gey hard whiles, but it's terrible dowie now that she's away."

Dear old Bowden, safe from outward changes, save those which will be for the better, for no smoke is ever likely to pollute your pure air, nor factory turn your limpid streams into ink, but are you as safe from inward changes which will be greatly for the worse? Are there about a dozen boys in your school to-day reading Cæsar or Virgil as once there were, before educational work became the perfection of mechanism which it seems to be now? Is the green turned nightly in the golden summer time into a palaestra, where boys and men mingle in those sports that have had so much to do with the making of the British race? Is the old passion for books alive among your children as once it was when they were both scarcer and dearer than now? Did groups gather around some steady household lamp in the long winter evenings when the shadows of the window flowers were silhouetted on the white blinds, to discuss the Boer war with the intelligence your fathers discussed the Franco-German war and your grandfathers the Crimean? Can the passer-by at nightfall hear as once could be heard "those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide" in many a village home, as the evening thanksgiving and petition hallowed the village night? Do the children behold with the old awe from the "kirk laft" or from the uncovered side seats the august but simple ritual of the holy supper, or feel the power of its silences with the thrill of vision in them as some did who are children no longer? We cannot keep the past with us. Customs and feelings vanish like the thatch of the ancient roof tree, and other manners prevail. But if the best of the past is not taken up into us so that it appears in new forms in the present we shall be poorer men and women than some of the grand figures we remember in home and street, in workshop, and in church in the Bowden of not more than thirty years ago.

Not a few of the old folks can recall "Auld Jamie and Tibbie Aird"—as they were familiarly called—the parents of that famous Borderer, whose birth centenary occurs on the 28th of this month, but reference to such memories may appear in the next issue of the Border Magazine, as the editor informs me that he intends in that number to give a short account of the Bowden celebration which was to be held in the village on the 25th July by the "Edinburgh Border Counties Association."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *81 Oxford Drive, Glasgow.*

TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. WALKER & SON, *High Street, Galashiels.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1902.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE have endeavoured to make this issue of the *Border Magazine* an Aird Number, and we trust that many of our readers will by this means be encouraged to take a deeper interest in the works of this eminent Borderer, the Centenary of whose birth is to be celebrated on the 28th of this month. In our last issue we referred to the scheme of celebration organised by the Dumfries Burns Club, and we hope it will receive the hearty support of many of our readers.

Such special numbers offer admirable opportunities for extending the circulation of our Magazine, and we invite our readers to post an occasional copy to far-away friends, who will doubtless welcome its appearance and probably become regular subscribers.

The Border Keep.

PASS OF GLENCOE.

Naught but the desert mountains and lone sky
Are here—birds sing not, and the wandering bee
Search for flowers in vain; nor shrub, nor tree
Nor human habitation greet the eye
Of heart-struck pilgrim; while round him lie
Silence and desolation, what is he.

* * *

I am not able to say if every word in the above gloomy description is strictly true, but there is no doubt that there is a strong belief in the mind of the genuine Highlander that nature and the fates conspire to keep alive the remembrance of the dark deeds connected with this lonely glen. The following cutting will be of interest in this connection:—

For over two hundred years a prophecy is said to have lived in the minds of the inhabitants of Glencoe which has peculiar significance at the present. In 1692 an old woman, locally known as "Corea," predicted that no soldier natives of Glencoe would ever be killed in war, and since the South African campaign commenced this superstition has been frequently recalled in the Glen. Natives assert that up till the present time, out of a large number of regulars and volunteers, who have been in many of the hottest engagements, where many lives were lost, every one has escaped scatheless. How much this can be attributed to the prophecy is a different matter, though natives ask why it should not be true, as the prediction that some of the perpetrators of the massacre of Glencoe should never have direct heirs to their estates was made at the same time, and has proved true.

* * *

A friend of mine, who is married to a Scottish lady, went recently to reside at Leyton, near London. As the property was new and my friend was the first tenant, the proprietor gave him the option of naming the house. My friend's better-half, true to her nationality, decided that her future home should be called Abbotsford, and this decision seemed to tickle the fancy of the landlord as his name happens to be Abbott.

* * *

It is really wonderful what we can learn nowadays from the public press, but we do occasionally come across items of information which fairly take away our breath. I thought I knew the names of most of our Border heroes, but I see from the columns of a widely-circulated Scottish weekly that, old as I am, I have still something to learn. In an otherwise admirable sketch of the Hawick Common Riding I discovered the following gem, and enjoyed the heartiest laugh I have had for some time:—

The enthusiasm of the Teri at Common Riding time is, after all, hardly to be wondered at. The festival in a way commemorates an event in the history of the town that every Hawick man is proud of. The story has it that after Flodden, when the best and bravest of Scotland's blood still stained the fatal field, a part of the English army was detailed off to lay the country waste as far as Edinburgh. As the majority of the male population of Scotland had been at Flodden, this would have been an easy task for the conquerors of James IV., but with the hour came the man, and that man a Hawick callant named Teri Odin. The English marauders, drunk with blood and loot, encamped one night at Hornshole, near Hawick. Teri Odin was a daring youth, and, hastily gathering together a band of young Hawick bloods, he set out for the English camp. The rest of the story can best be told in the words of the famous Common Riding song:—

"Armed with sword and bow and quiver,
Shouting 'Vengeance now or never!'
Off they marched in martial order,
Down by Teviot's flowery border.
Nigh where Teviot falls sonorous
Into Hornshole, dashing furious,
Lay their foes with spoil encumber'd:
Hawick destroyed, their slaughtered sires—
Scotia's wrongs each bosom fires—
On they rush to be victorious,
Or to fall in battle glorious.
Down they threw their bows and arrows,
Drew their swords like vet'ran heroes,
Charged the foe with native valour,
Routed them and took their colour."

In these matter-of-fact days it might be insinuated that it required no great courage to slay sleeping men, but it must be remembered that the English were trained soldiers, while Teri Odin and his followers were but youths. At all events, the end justified the means, and Hawick claims that Teri Odin by his plucky act saved Scotland. To mark his approval of the courage of the youths of Hawick, Drumlanrig presented the town with the moor or common that adjoins it. The youth of the town were also for all time coming accorded an honourable place at the riding of the marches. The Common Riding festival is thus in part meant to perpetuate the memory of Teri Odin.

* * *

Lady Dalrymple (says "M.A.P.") was Miss Susan Grant Suttie, daughter of Sir James Grant Suttie (who lived at Maines House, Chirnside), and married in 1878. She is a very pretty woman, with dark hair and a clear, fair complexion. Her health is not very strong, and she generally winters abroad, Bordighera appearing to have the same attractions for her as it has for Sir William Walrond and Lord and Lady Strathmore. Lord Dalrymple, who is eldest son and heir to Lord Stair, is a thorough Scotsman, was once in the "Blues," is now in the Ayrshire Yeomanry, and is known to his intimates as "Jock." He will, one day, have a good heritage, for Lord Stair is a man of many acres, and owns Lochinch in Wigtownshire, and Oxenford Castle, near Edinburgh. Few, save Scott lovers, know that the tragic history of Lucy Ashton, in the "Bride of Lammermoor," was founded on fact. But the real name of the lady was not Lucy Ashton, but Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair.

* * *

This is an old story, but it will stand retelling:—

Mr M'Neil told a story at one of his meetings which is really too good to be forgotten. A Borderer, he said, a big fellow, six feet if he was an inch, once asked him if he knew why the Border men were so tall. "Oh, yes," said he, in reply, "I know quite well. You were great cattle thieves in the old days, and were often strung up to trees. Your ancestors always happened to be cut down in time, but this process, carried on all through the generations, was a grand thing for shaking the reefs out of your spine." "And," the evangelist added, "I was never again troubled with that man's tallness."

* * *

In Praise of the Lowland Scot.—The two great nations—the American and the British—face the century, observes the "New York Outlook," with an appreciable blood difference that must have its effects in determining their destinies. The Americans are strengthening the strongest constituent in the composition of Englishmen—the Teutonic—and are building up the whole race to the standard of the Lowland Scots, the most virile as they are the most purely Anglo-Saxon element of the British nation of to-day.

Dominie Sampson.

Cessford Castle.

SITUATED within a few miles of the English border, Cessford Castle, in the parish of Eckford, Roxburghshire, was at one time considered to be one of the strongest fortresses in Scotland. This Castle was the manorial residence of Sir Robert Ker, commonly known by the name of Hobbie Ker, warden of the Scottish Middle Marches, and from whom the Dukes of Roxburgh are descended. This noble family derive their title of Baron from Cessford, whose first owner, Andrew Ker of Attonburn, obtained a charter of confirmation from Archibald, Earl Douglas, dated 1446. The Castle, although now in a ruinous condition, was of considerable extent, as may be seen from our reproduction of the excellent photograph, specially taken for the BORDER MAGAZINE by Dr Blair of Jedburgh, to whom we are much indebted. We quote the following interesting particulars from the "History and Antiquities of Roxburghshire," by Alexander Jeffrey, F.S.A. Scot:—

The Castle of Cessford stands upon a ridge inclining towards Cayle Valley, having the deep glen through which Cessford burn flows to the west, and on the south-east the ground slopes to a rivulet which joins the burn a little to the north of the Castle. The Castle is now a ruin, but enough of it remains to shew that it must have been, when entire, of great strength. The principal building is 67 feet long, 60 feet broad, and 65 feet high. The walls are of an average thickness of 12 feet. The Castle has been surrounded by an inner and an outer wall; no part of the former is to be seen, but portions of the latter, especially on the north-east, as well as a part of the offices, still remain. The whole course of the outer wall, which is about 300 yards, may be traced by its foundations, which are perfectly distinct. It was surrounded by a moat, furnished with water, it is said, from a spring above the farm-house. At the end of the eighteenth century the remains of the moat were to be seen, but the plough has now destroyed every vestige of it. In the month of May, 1523, the Castle was besieged by Surrey, in the absence of its owner, with a numerous army, well provided with powerful ordnance, with which he battered the donjon with little effect.

CESSFORD CASTLE.

While the guns were playing against the Castle, the Lord Leonard, Sir Arthur Darey, Sir William Parr, and others, by means of scaling ladders, entered the barnkin, where they suffered severely from the iron guns of the Castle and stones cast down upon them. They then attempted to scale the donjon, while the archers and ordnance kept the besieged engaged, but notwithstanding all the efforts of the besiegers they could not prevail against the Castle, which was gallantly defended. At last, when Surrey was despairing of success, the warden came within a mile of the Castle, but fearing the worst, offered to give up the place on his men being allowed to leave with their bag and baggage, to which

Surrey was but too glad to accede, as he could not have taken the Castle by force of arms. In a letter to Henry VIII., written by Surrey after returning to Alnwick, he says:—"I was very glad of the said appointment (capitulation), for in maner I sawe not howe it wolde have been won if they within wold have contynned their deffending." On the Castle being delivered up, it was thrown down by the ordnance, and, while the destruction of its walls was going on another party went to Whitton fort and cast it down. In 1545, Cessforthe, Cessforthe Burn, and Cessfort Maynes are in the list of places destroyed by the army of the Earl of Hertford. In 1666, Henry Hall of Haughead and a number of Covenanters were imprisoned in the Castle. It is said that the Castle ceased to be a dwelling-place of the Kers in 1650.

A number of ash-trees of considerable size, some measuring eight feet in circumference, are at present growing in the courts of the Castle, and within the ruined walls of the office-houses. About fifty yards west from the Castle stands a solitary ash-tree, and a place where a number of trees grow is pointed out as the site of the ancient gardens.

In the Old Statistical Account the minister of Eckford parish gives an account of a remarkable ash that stood at the Castle. It was called the Crow-tree, and measured at the base 27 feet 8 inches in girth; at six feet from the ground, 15 feet; and at the cleft where the branches diverged and spread, 14 feet 6 inches. The tree expanded its branches on every side. It was computed to contain 300 feet of wood. Although very old it was in a healthy state in 1793 and was much admired. It does not now exist.*

According to tradition there was a subterranean vault, known by the name of the dungeon peel, for concealing persons and goods. Access was only got by one aperture, which was opened or shut by a large stone with an iron ring in it. "This stone and ring," says the writer of the Old Statistical Account, "have been seen by some persons still alive." The dungeon proper, which is situated in the centre of the fortress, is still open to inspection, and consists of a damp gloomy apartment, 20 feet in length, 10 feet in width, and 13 feet in height, with a slanting air-hole looking to the east. The ancient key of the fortress was accidentally discovered by a boy. It was found in an aperture in the inside of the wall close to the main entrance, where, for nearly two centuries, it had probably lain undisturbed. It was of very antique form, and measured eleven inches in length. It is to be hoped that every care will be taken of the grey old ruin, so that future generations may still be able to gaze upon the strongest Border Castle.

George Desson, Alva.

[* The author may be mistaken in this matter, as the ash tree shown in the front of Dr Blair's photo is a very large and ancient one. —Ed. "B. M."]

A Temperance Prize Band.

THE record held by the Liddesdale Temperance Brass Band is somewhat unique and quite unknown amongst temperance bands. In a comparatively short time—for the band is still young —it has succeeded in gaining considerable fame, and has secured numerous prizes. Stated briefly, the following is its record.

Nine times it has occupied premier place in contests, six times it has been placed second, four times third, and twice fourth. It has won several quick-step prizes, fifteen medals, fourteen being gold, a number of instruments, and cash to the value of about £250.

In 1901 it was first in the open band contests at Carlisle and Hawick, and took the leading position in the international contest at Kirkcaldy, when the best English and Scotch bands competed.

Surely this speaks well for the principles of total abstinence, and is highly creditable to the little Border village of Newcastleton, to which this unique and happy combination of musical talent belongs. What wonder if the villagers are proud of their Temperance Band!

The record is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that the members are all working men, who are widely scattered all week long, and have few but week-end opportunities for practice together. In their enthusiasm, these tradesmen musicians encountered not a few difficulties, but setting a "stoot hert to a stey brae," they overcame all. Members carry their instruments wherever their work takes them. Indeed, these undaunted Border lads have succeeded where many similar enterprises have been swamped.

One interesting fact connected with this band is worthy of note, namely, that thirteen players are all grandsons of one man. He, in the pithy vernacular of the village, came of a stock that was "meusick daft." It is quite evident that this peculiar "daftness" is being handed down, and likely to continue for generations.

Undoubtedly much of the success of this Border temperance band is due to the eminent skill and taste of its conductor, Mr James Crozier, who is a native of the village, and comes of an abstemious family. He is well known over the south of Scotland and north of England for his musical ability and as a front-rank exponent of violin music.

Instead of their Temperance principles being in any way a hindrance to the band, they are in every way a positive help.—British Workman.

A Sorry Hero.

"I WONDER if you are talking of the Phil Joyce we used to meet here every summer? He came to Rutherford for the fishing. I met him in London, too, he was in Brown, Elder & Co.'s office, and went to Melbourne two years ago."

"The same man, undoubtedly; he is quite a big man now, I can assure you. Clara Weston is a lucky girl, not that she needed to care about money, for she might have married a Duke, I daresay, with the fortune she has of her own. But it's one of the odd things in life, that money always goes where money is. Mr Joyce seems to be an eminently handsome man from what I am told."

"A remarkably handsome man," the first speaker replied, in clear, even tones, she wondered if they were her own. "There can be no mistake about the matter, I suppose. I mean you are sure that you have been correctly informed?"

"Oh, quite sure, my dear. I had the information from the bride herself. You would not ask for better authority, would you?" said Mrs Reade, laughing. "I had a letter from Clara on her honeymoon, telling me the news. Ever since she went to Melbourne, eighteen months ago, Clara has hinted at what I might expect to hear; it had been a case of love at first sight on Mr Joyce's part." A pause ensued, which was broken by Mrs Reade.

"Why, if you have met Mr Joyce you would like to see the photographs of the happy pair, they came yesterday along with the news. Run up to my room for them, Molly."

"Some other day, Mrs Reade, thank you—do not trouble about them, Molly dear. Mother had no idea we would extend our walk so far, Katie and I must really hurry home now. You are to be in Kelso for some time yet? We will call and see the photographs the next time we are in the town." A few parting words followed, and Jean and Kate Mainwaring took their leave somewhat hurriedly.

"Mother, didn't Miss Mainwaring look queer and white when you were telling her about Clara and Mr Joyce?"

"I did not notice it, child. She has not much colour at any time."

"She could not have known Mr Joyce a long time, could she?"

"Good gracious, Molly, now you mention it—dear, dear, what have I done? What a thing it is to be such a chattering old woman." Mrs Reade's cheery face lengthened. "There was some talk, sure enough, of an engagement between Miss Mainwaring and young Joyce. I had entirely forgotten all about it. But that must have been nonsense, of course, she's only a child now and —"

"Jean's nineteen, mother."

"Well, my dear, what's that but a child? And she could only have been seventeen when Philip Joyce went out to Melbourne. No, no, there could have been no engagement. Still—there may have been an attachment. I wish I had not mentioned this wedding to these girls, Molly."

While Mrs Reade was thus pursuing her regrets, Jean and Kate Mainwaring were walking swiftly and silently home to the quaint old farm-house near Makerstoun, which had been their summer residence for many seasons. Jean's face was white and drawn. Kate had an angry red spot in each cheek, and her eyes were blazing. She had not ventured so much as to glance at her sister until they had reached their own door.

"Don't speak of it. I cannot bear it, Kate," said Jean, avoiding Kate's eyes, and as the door opened, swiftly turning and vanishing upstairs. Kate heard the bolt of her bedroom slide, and then with an angry sob the girl burst into the cosy morning room, where her mother sat busy over a bit of delicate embroidery.

Mrs Mainwaring looked up briskly.

"What a long walk you have had, dear. And what a colour you have. Where is Jean? Why what's the matter, Kate?" concluded the mother in alarm as Kate's agitation became apparent.

"Oh, mother, he's married, married. Mrs Reade blurted it all out by chance. It was dreadful. Oh the cad, how I hate him," and Kate shook her fist in impotent rage.

"Control yourself at once, Kate, and when you can find proper language perhaps you will tell me what has happened. Who is it that is married? And what possible matter can anyone's marriage be to you?"

"Oh, mother, can't you understand?" sobbed poor Kate. "There's no need for you to work at that any more. It is Philip Joyce who is married. He was married to a friend of Mrs Reade in Melbourne some weeks ago."

"Philip Joyce—that was to marry our Jean? Are you sure of what you say, Kate?"

"That is what Jean asked Mrs Reade, mother," said Kate, bitterly. "There is no mistake. Oh how I hate him—hate him," she repeated with a vicious stamp of her little foot. But remember, mother, that I never could endure him."

"My poor Jean," said Mrs Mainwaring,

trembling. "Where is she, Kate? I must go to her at once."

"It is of no use, mother. You know Jean when she is in trouble. She would not let me say so much as a word, and she's locked in her room now. I'm not sorry, you know, mother, that Jean is not to marry Phil. He never was half good enough for her. I am only sorry because she's grieved, and I'm angry and could shoot him, the—the—cad."

. . . . . .

Ten years later two ladies sat chatting over their tea on the lawn of a pretty country house, of which Kate Mainwaring, now Mrs Harry Fielding, was the proud mistress. Mrs Mainwaring had died shortly after Kate's marriage some five years ago, and Jean, after all those years spent in wandering about the world with an old aunt, was now paying her sister a lengthy visit.

"What a beautiful woman you have grown, Jean," said Kate, suddenly breaking a long silence.

"What an artful little flatterer you have become, Kate," replied Jean, with a bright smile which faded away into gravity as she roused herself to make a statement which clearly cost her much of an effort.

"Kate," she said at last, "I have news for you—news which you won't like to hear, and which, knowing this, I have kept to myself for six long months."

"Out with it, Jean. I'll take your apologies afterwards. You have done nothing very dreadful, I may venture to predict."

"I am going to marry Phil Joyce after all, Kate. He spent last winter at Rome, and Aunt and I met him constantly."

"My prediction has been rash," said Mrs Fielding, drily, after a long pause. "And what has become of the fortunate Miss Weston, the first Mrs Joyce, may I ask?"

"I knew you would take my news badly, dear. But, oh, Kate, I could not help myself. I have loved Phil all these ten long years."

"That was why you refused Gerald Tracey, I suppose?"

"That was why I refused Gerald Tracey. I could not bring myself to marry one man, loving another."

"Of course not." Kate's voice had a hard little note in it, and her brows were drawn into obstinate little lines. "But you have not given me the information I asked for. What has become of Mrs Philip Joyce?"

"She has been dead for some years. It is strange that Mrs Reade has never told you of her death,"

"I rarely see Mrs Reade now. I simply detest Molly Reade. Besides, Mrs Reade was not likely to introduce a subject I had plainly shewn her had not the slightest interest for me," said Kate, curtly.

"Kate, darling, say something kind to me," said Jean, entreatingly. "You have loved and married, dear. You ought to understand how it was with me when I met Phil again and found him just the same to me as ever. His marriage was all a mistake he told me."

Impulsive Kate could hold out no longer. Winding her arms about Jean's neck without a word she drew her close, and the sisters sat for a time in eloquent silence. It was broken by Kate.

"When is it to be, Jean?"

"Phil goes back to Melbourne in three months, and I promised to go with him. And, Katie, Phil is visiting now at Mrs Reade's. When he comes you will be kind to him, dear?"

"For your sake, Jean," said Kate, gently. "I cannot go further than that."

"I cannot understand how it is that you have not seen or heard of Phil, Kate. He has been paying visits in this neighbourhood for some weeks past. You would have known him anywhere, I am sure."

"I have no doubt I should." Kate's tones betrayed an acidity which was at once checked. "You forget, Jean, that Harry and I have been from October last till now with old Mrs Fielding. We were not likely to hear of Philip Joyce there. And Harry has never even heard his name, so far as I am aware."

"I had quite forgotten that you had been so long away from home. That explains it, of course."

"Here's Harry," exclaimed Kate, jumping up to greet her husband. "Will you have a cup of tea, dear? You look so tired."

"I don't mind if I do; and I am tired, that's a fact. I walked all the way from Bromley. It was a fairly hot tramp." Mr Fielding seated himself and mopped his hot face with his handkerchief.

"By the way, I heard the oddest bit of news in Bromley. I called for the Marchmonts—awful gossips. They are friends of those Reade's near here." Kate answered her husband's glance with an encouraging nod.

"Well, the Marchmonts were full of this latest piece of gossip. It seems Molly Reade has eloped."

"Molly Reade eloped!" echoed Kate.

It was Mr Fielding's turn to nod, with his mouth full of cake.

"I thought you would be surprised," he remarked, having found his voice again. "So was I. Never more so in my life."

"Why should she have done such a thing, Harry?"

"Just what puzzles me and everybody else. If ever a girl was mistress of her own actions and free to marry as she pleased, that girl I should say was Molly Reade. Her money—plenty she has of it, too—is all her own to do as she likes with. So the Marchmonts say. And I daresay her old mother, poor simple soul, would never have opposed her had she proposed to marry the gardener or one of the grooms."

"But whom has she married, Harry?" You have left out the most interesting part. Not the gardener nor groom, evidently.

"By no means. And that's where the queerness of the business comes in. The bridegroom's a most eligible party, I'm told. No earthly need to be ashamed of him. He's a fellow who has been staying with the Reades lately, from Melbourne, I believe. The happy couple were married in London yesterday and sail for Melbourne to-day. So a letter to Mrs Reade this morning states. The Marchmonts say the poor old lady is in a sad way. No wonder either."

"You have omitted the happy man's name, Harry." Jean spoke for the first time.

"His name? I'm not sure that I can remember it. The Marchmonts told me, I know, but I'm no hand at names. Stay, though—was it Jones, or something like it? Not Jones I think. Can't recall it, Jean, I am sorry to say."

"Will Philip Joyce do?" suggested Jean.

"That's it. But what in the world do you know of Philip Joyce, Jean? Eh!

"I was to have married Philip Joyce in three months' time, but he has preferred Molly Reade," said Jean, calmly, rising as she spoke and stepping through the open window into the drawing-room. Mr Fielding sat in open amazement and gazed helplessly at his wife.

"Pinch me, Kate. Am I dreaming, or am I mad?"

"Neither mad nor dreaming, Harry," replied Kate, with a dangerous expression on her pretty face. "But if it were permitted, loving wife as I am, I would ask you to follow Philip Joyce and do your best to put a bullet through him. You are not aware of it, but I tell you this is the second time he has jilted our Jean."

"The scoundrel," stammered Harry.

"Ten years ago Jean was engaged to this pretty gentleman, and he threw her over then as he has done now for money, I presume—the cad," concluded Mrs Fielding, wrathfully.

. . . . . .

Kate sought Jean after a time, and found her in the morning-room, standing quietly by the window with an air of composure, which rejoiced her sister's heart. Turning, she met her sister's eye fully and frankly.

"Do not fear for me, darling; I am cured of my long sickness. My love for Philip Joyce died a sudden death while Harry was telling his tale. I seemed to divine from the first what was coming."

"That's my own brave Jean. Harry and I will take care of you now, dearest."

"The curious thing is that I never in my life felt less in need of care or even of sympathy. I have a feeling of release. Funny, is it not? Seeing I have just been cast off for the second time by the man I have worshipped for twelve years," and Jean smiled half sadly, half whimsically. "After clinging to Phil all these weary years I seem to have no feeling left for him but contempt—contempt unmixed even with bitterness."

"There is nothing at all curious in your feeling so, Jean. The Philip Joyce you clung to never had an existence; your love created him."

"I believe you are right, dear. The glamour through which I viewed him has been rudely dispelled, and I see him for the first time in true perspective. He appears to me now as he has appeared to you all along, doubtless."

"He has appeared to me all along nothing but a hideous idol which you foolishly insisted upon setting up and worshipping," said Kate, between smiles and tears. "We ought to be grateful to Molly Reade. Better to be undeceived now than later, Jean."

"Yes! thank God for that," said Jean, fervently. "And yet I feel inclined to say poor Molly."

"I feel inclined to say nothing of the sort," snapped Kate. The husband she has got is good enough for her, and if he finds her out he will only get what he richly deserves," concluded the uncompromising young matron.

"But Jean," she whispered, coaxingly, after a pause, "If Gerald Tracey ever again asks you to be his wife you won't refuse him, dear?"

"If Gerald ever honours me in the same way again, Kate, I shall have a different answer for him. I have at last learned to value the love of a good man," said Jean.

MARGARET FLETCHER.

AN OLD PEAR TREE.—In the Lady's Yards, Jedburgh, may still be seen a pear tree planted by the monks, and still producing fruit. The Jedburgh pear has often been cried, we are told, in the streets of London.

The Edinburgh Borderers' Union.

IN pursuance of our design to bring before the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE the Border Associations which exist in various parts of the world, we have now pleasure in giving a short sketch of one of the strongest and most vigorous Border Societies—The Edinburgh Borderers' Union. We have had much pleasant intercourse with this Association and might give

H. W. HUNTER, ESQ., J.P., President.

many interesting personal impressions of the Society and its members, but we prefer to quote from the first number of our Magazine, where an excellent article on the above Union appeared.

Edinburgh being conveniently situated, and having a variety of outlets for pushing and ambitious young men, naturally attracts the more enterprising youth of the Borders, and here we find settled a very large number of Borderers. As might be expected from the old Border spirit and traditions which they inherit, they have made their mark as citizens, and are to be found well to the front in all ranks and in all professions. There have been Lords of Session, Lord Provosts, Bailies, Town Councillors, and other prominent citizens connected with the Borderland, while many of the leading ministers, doctors, and lawyers, as well as University Professors, teachers, merchants, contractors, and tradesmen have the same honourable connection. Besides these, there is a large number of Border men and women pushing their fortunes and earning a livelihood in the city.

With such a large field to work in, it was only natural that the proverbial clannishness of the Scottish Borderers should assert itself, and no doubt many canty gatherings of old friends took place in the city prior to 1865, in which year the Edinburgh Border Counties Association was established. That Association did, and is still doing, much good work, but it was felt that it did not occupy the whole field. Prior to 1874 a desire was frequently expressed to have an annual social meeting at which Borderers of both sexes and of every age and class might gather round the festive board. Accordingly Mr John Telfer (an office-bearer from the first and now Chairman of Council) after ventilating the subject in a series of letters to the Border newspapers in the autumn of 1874, called a meeting at which an enthusiastic committee was formed, with the result that a most successful soiree was held in the Waverley Hall on the 9th December, 1874. The late Thomas Knox, Esq., J.P., a well-known public man, an enthusiastic Borderer, and, at the time, Chairman of the Council of the Border Counties Association, presided, and it was then resolved to form the Edinburgh Borderers' Union.

The objects of the Union are:—First, To promote friendly intercourse among Borderers residing in or near Edinburgh; second, To cultivate a kindly interest in young Borderers who

STUART DOUGLAS ELLIOT, ESQ., Secretary.

come to reside in Edinburgh, to assist those who may be in search of employment, and to make such friendships as shall be conducive to both their temporal and spiritual interests; third, To afford assistance to Borderers whether members or not, who may stand in need of assistance and advice; and, fourth, To further the educational interests of the Borders by the distribution of school prizes or otherwise. All who are natives of, or relatively connected with the Counties of Roxburgh, Berwick, or Selkirk, or the Town of Berwick-on-Tweed, are eligible for membership.

The success of the Union has far exceeded the expectations of the promoters. The membership at present exceeds one thousand, and is being constantly added to. Besides giving pecuniary and other aid to those in difficulty, the Union in 1875 published a Centenary Edition of Leyden's poems, which met with a large and speedy sale. In 1881 it was the means of prompting the publication of a cheap edition of Mrs Gordon's "Home Life of Sir David Brewster," which was well received by the members and the general public. At various times prizes for essays and school prizes have been distributed. For twenty-eight years in succession an annual soiree has been held in the beginning of December, and the attendance has always been large and enthusiastic. General meetings

A. S. RUTHERFORD, ESQ., Treasurer.

have also been held in March, July, and October during these years, and lectures have been delivered on many interesting subjects by, amongst others, the late Professor Blackie, Professor Geikie, Professor Hislop, Dr David Pryde, &c. The July meeting takes the form of a picnic at some interesting place in the vicinity of Edinburgh, at which Border games are played and prizes competed for. In 1889 monthly social evenings during the winter months were instituted and have gradually increased in importance. These meetings take the form of concerts, soirees, lectures, and "At Homes," and are deservedly popular. In the same year a reference library of Border Literature was established, and has been largely increased since then. Annual Border excursions were started in 1890 and have been very popular. Most of the places of interest in the Borders have been visited. In 1893 a scheme was inaugurated for giving prizes to encourage the younger members, and Border children generally, to read and study Border literature. In 1894 a choir was formed, and Reading-Rooms were opened, and in 1897, by means of a most successful bazaar, Border Rooms were purchased in Bank Street. These rooms have been found to be of immense advantage to the Union and form a rallying point for Borderers visiting or resident in the city. In addition to the foregoing outlets for Border energy the Union has a Literary Society, Whist Club, Golf Club, and Cycling Club, and by these means there is really no "off season" for the Society's work.

By no means the least of their operations is the carrying out of an eight to ten days' excursion each autumn. In this way France, Ireland, Switzerland, Wales, and Holland and Belgium have been visited, on several occasions by over forty members. These outings have been extremely pleasant and sociable.

The management is in the hands of a President, two Vice-Presidents, Secretary, Assistant Secretary, Treasurer, and a Committee of fifteen. Each member of Committee (other Societies please note this) takes charge of a city district, and is assisted in the collection of subscriptions by a lady collector or collectors.

The office-bearers for this year are:—President, H. W. Hunter, Esq., J.P.; Vice-Presidents, Messrs William Elliot and T. Eyre Turnbull; Secretary, Mr Stuart Douglas Elliot, S.S.C.; Assistant Secretary, Mr G. Fraser Macnee; Treasurer, Mr A. S. Rutherford.

Character sketches and portraits of several of the prominent members of the Union, including the founder, Mr Telfer, and the indefatigable secretary, Mr Stuart Douglas Elliot, have appeared in the pages of the BORDER MAGAZINE, and we hope at no distant date to make our readers acquainted with several other members of this most excellent Society.

THE old Laird of Harden was one day riding past a steep bank near Craigower, when he stopped opposite a hole in it, and said to Jemmy Stewart: 'Jemmy, I saw a brock gang in there.' 'Did ye, sir?' said Jemmy; 'will ye haud my horse?' 'Certainly,' said the laird, and away rushed Jemmy for a spade to the fisherman's house. After digging for half an hour to no purpose, he gave it up in despair, and came back, nigh speechless, to his master, who had regarded him musingly. 'I canna find the brock, sir,' said he. 'Deed,' replied the laird, 'I wad ha wondert if ye had, for it's ten year sin' I saw him gang in there.'

On Broad Law.

(To an American-Scot.)

THE grandeur of the mighty Colorado canyons, where the sky is a mere ribbon of blue between the towering cliffs; the beauty and wonder of the great Yosemite, where you may stand at the waterfall's foot and need no other protection than your umbrella, so far up does the fall begin; the rich glow of the autumn woods in the far-off Sascatchewan, where the mingled beauty and sadness of the landscape bring tears to your eyes; the wild fierceness of the Rockies, breaking the sky-line with their rugged crests; the sweeping acres of the prairie, the deep rushing rivers and sea-like lakes of your adopted country; these, with all their glorious accompaniments of freedom and brotherhood, with all the thrilling experiences involved in life among them, all these I could take my fill of, could love and could reverence. But before my earthly journey had run its course I would want to come back to this bare old hill-top, and stand there, under a westering sun, while the shadows in the valleys grew deeper, and the light on the heights turned from yellow to russet brown. Then, when light and shadow were blended into one universal grey, I would sing my swan-song, and depart.

Man, I remember once coming up here from the Loch—yonder it is, down among the hills. It was a dull day, with a strong wind blowing the mists along the bigger heights, and when I got the shoulder of the Craig yonder, cold scuffs of mist were reaching down from higher up, that told me how my view was to be spoiled, and warned me to mind my path. But I knew the heights; many a time have I been caught in the descending clouds, and a mist was like an old friend.

When I came along that ridge to the east, and set my feet for the top here, there was only a twilight to guide my steps. The bent was whistling in a cold north wind, and the mist was drifting slowly by. It's an eerie thing a mist, and I thought as I came up the shoulder there that something spoke from the back of it. But it was only a lonely sheep that had paused in its feeding to assert itself by bleating into the face of the wind. Again, a live thing sprang up right in front of my feet, and circled round and round me in the dimness till I thought of Dr Faustus and the devil in the shape of a dog. But when I had made out the figure of a mountain hare, it disappeared over the brow

That old fence was younger then, and striking the line of it I reached the top. The top of Broad Law! Lonelier far at mid-day than the densest wood at midnight; eerier far in the mist, with the mountain hares around, than the dreariest marsh with the hovering will-o'-the-wisp; and lovelier far in the sunshine under the shining clouds than the fairest sylvan landscape beneath a sky of blue.

There I stood, on the top of that cairn; like a statue not yet unveiled, for the mist grew denser and denser till it hung close down around me as if to tell me I was not wanted there. I could not leave the spot, and strange thoughts, wild and youthful, went through my brain like an inward mist, drifting on and on, and yet carrying me with them till I seemed to come very near to the gates of heaven. The earth and human kind were left behind. Far down below they lay in their smallness and their meanness; and in my day-dream I pressed on for a sight of higher things, a Pisgah-vision, if it might be so.

Then a shimmering light shone through the mist to the northward; the grey turned to silver, then to gold, and behold, the mist was rent in twain like a veil, and a sunny picture smiled back through the rent, while the parted veil blew off in shreds on either side. Was it a heavenly vision that I saw, do you think? Yes, maybe it was, for Culter Fell shone green, and purple, and brown out yonder, and back of her old Tinto stood, darker green, and purple, and brown; and to the right and in between, thrown up in contrast, were green fields and hedgerows, where men worked all day by the sweat of their brows. It was a glorious rebuke to my youthful heart, telling me that the highest things are nearest, that man's destiny is found among men. A little cottage down in the glen sent up a pale blue smoke to heaven, and seemed to tell of quiet content within, that provided a worker who found his life's labour out on the heights, nor asked for a higher mission. A whispering presence was in the scene, which said, "Do the duty that lies nearest thee," and Broad Law became an altar, on which I laid down my offering for the All-Father to take up if He would.

Harry Fraser.

Success of "The Scott Country."—We have much pleasure in stating that the first edition of Rev. W. S. Crockett's delightful volume has now been exhausted, and a second edition is passing through the press. We congratulate Mr Crockett and trust that his valuable addition to Border literature will long retain its present popularity. The new edition will contain a map of the Borderland, several new illustrations, and minor alterations.

Scott and the Park Family.

IT is well known that the intimacy between Scott and Mungo Park's family was close and cordial. The interesting incident will be remembered where Scott, one day seeking the traveller, discovered him amusing himself, as he surmised, by throwing stones into the water, when Park explained that that had been his usual way of testing the depth of a river in Central Africa before attempting to cross it. It is interesting, too, to recall the last parting of these two great men on the top of Williamhope ridge, between Tweed and Yarrow. Park had called on Scott at Ashiestiel, on the eve of setting out on his second and last journey: had stayed overnight, and Scott saw him across the hills to Fowlshiels next morning. As they were about to part, Park's horse stumbled and nearly fell. Scott, fresh from the ballads composing the "Minstrelsy," and brooding over the incidents forming the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," remarked that such a mishap was not a luck omen. Mungo replied in an apt quotation from an old ballad, put spurs to his horse, and galloped off. "I turned and looked back," says Scott, "but he did not." There was no turning in his fervent spirit: no returning for him! Yet Scott did not forget the family to which he belonged. The following letters will show how much he was interested in Mr Archibald Park, farmer, Lewingshope. He was, says Lockhart, "a man remarkable for strength both of mind and body." He was frequently Scott's companion in his mountain rides. "He rose greatly in favour," adds Lockhart, "in consequence of the gallantry with which he assisted the Sheriff in seizing a gipsy, accused of murder, from amidst a group of similar desperadoes, on whom they had come unexpectedly in a desolate part of the country."

The first of the following letters is addressed to "Mrs Laidlaw of Peel." No year is included in the date line, but a note, added by another hand, makes it 1815.

MY DEAR MRS LAIDLAW,

"Any remembrance from you is at all times most welcome to me. I have, in fact, been thinking a good deal about Mr Park's [family?], especially about my good merry friend Archie, upon whom such calamity has fallen.

"I will write to a friend in London, likely to know about such matters, to see, if possible, to procure him the situation of an overseer of extensive farms in improvements, for which he is so well qualified; but success in this is doubtful, and I am aware that their distress must be pressing. Now "Waterloo" has paid, or is likely to pay me a great deal more money than I think proper to subscribe for the fund for families suffering; and I chiefly consider the surplus as dedicated to assist distress or affliction. I shall receive my letter in a few days from the booksellers, and I will send to Mr Laidlaw's care £50 to be applied to the service of Mr Park's family. It is no great sum, but may serve to alleviate any immediate distress, and you can apply it as coming from yourself, which will relieve Park's delicacy upon the subject. I really think I will be able to hear of something for him; at least, it shall not be for want of asking about: for I will bring him in as a postscript to every letter I write.

"Will you tell Mr Laidlaw, with my best compliments, not that I have bought Kaeside, for this James will have told him already, but that I have every reason to think I have got it £600 cheaper than I would at a public sale.

"Mrs Scott and the young people join in best compliments, and I ever am, dear Mrs Laidlaw, very truly yours, "WALTER SCOTT.

"Edin. 20th November."

The second letter is from Sir Walter Scott to Mr Mungo Park, son of Mr Archibald Park, Lewingshope, and runs thus:—

"SIR,

"I was favoured with your very attentive letter, conveying to me the melancholy intelligence that you have lost my old acquaintance and friend, your worthy father. I was using some interest to get him placed on the Superannuated Establishment of the Customs; but God has been pleased to render this unnecessary. A great charge devolves on you, sir, for so young a person, both for the comfort and support of his family. If you let me know your plans of life, when settled, it is possible I may be of use to you in some shape or other, which I should desire in the circumstances, though my powers are very limited, unless in the way of recommendation.

"I beg my sincere condolence may be communicated to your sister, who I understand to be a very affectionate daughter and estimable young person.

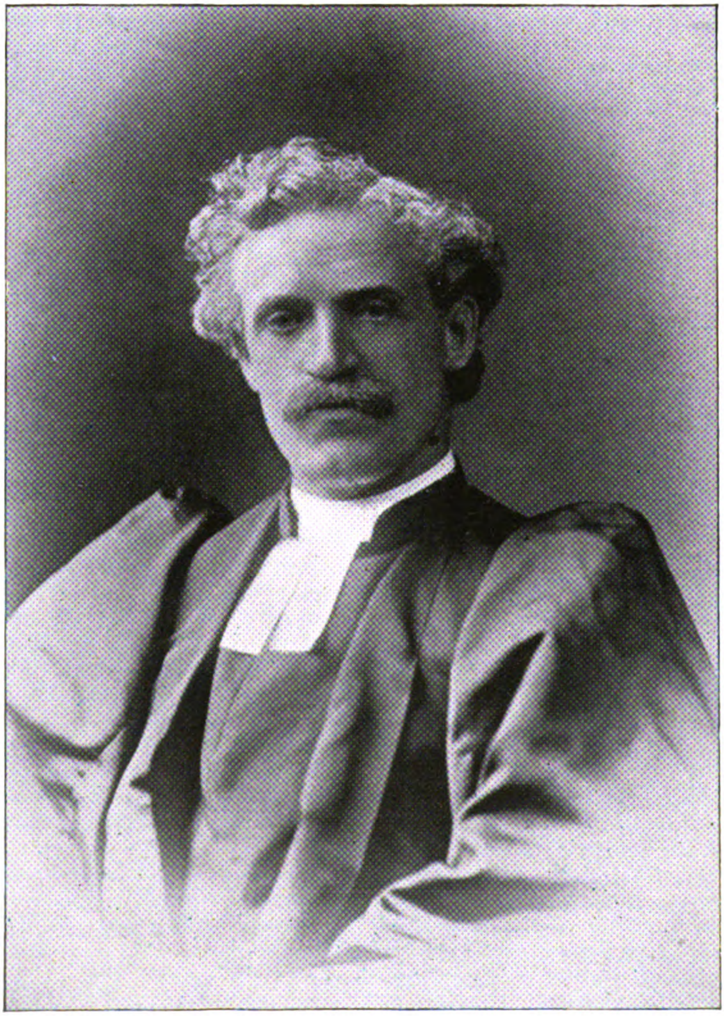
"Your obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Edinburgh, 17th May, 1820."

ANDREW D., of Gattonside, along with some other crack shots belonging to the neighbourhood, one year attended the Wimbledon Rifle Competitions. Their ball-cartridge grew "beautifully less" till it expended into nothing. So poor Andrew, still thinking himself on Dingleton Mains or in Gala Park, betook his way to the organised military stores to procure fresh ammunition. Scratching his towsie head, and, in meditative mood, he said, "Let mie sie, nie, can ye gie mie twae or thrie querter punds o' ba' cat-ridge." The somewhat illiterate Cockney storeman gazed for a moment in silent wonder on the foreigner. The fact is, the storeman knew little of the Scotch lingo in general, and nothing of the peculiar Border dialect in particular. So, after a moment's pause, he apologetically replied, "Beg pardon, sir, but they understand Gaelic and Dutch next door."

Printed and Published by A. Walker & Son, Galashiels.



THE REV. JOHN AITKEN CLARK, GORGIE, EDINBURGH.

MRS JOHN AITKEN CLARK GORGIE, EDINBURGH.

DEVOTED TO
Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

VOL. VII., No. 80. SEPTEMBER, 1902.

The Rev. John Aitken Clark, Gorgie, Edinburgh.

BY GEORGE MCROBERT, EDINBURGH.

THAN the subject of our sketch, the Rev. John Aitken Clark, Edinburgh, there are few more enthusiastic Borderers anywhere. Having first seen the light in Tweed Place, in the town famous in olden times for "Galashiels Greys," he is proud to rank, not so much amongst the "sour plooms," as amongst the "braw lads" of the "full stream."

Mr Clark's forbears were associated with Yair, on the banks of the picturesque Tweed, for generations. Humble foresters though they were, they traced their descent to the baronets who, in 1646, purchased the lands and barony of Penicuik, from Dr Alexander Pennicuik, and whose coat-of-arms was a huntsman, in Lincoln green, blowing a horn bearing the motto, "free for a blast." Our subject, however, is more proud of the fact that he has sprung from sturdy, honest yeomen, than that away back in the past his ancestors, booted and spurred, bore lance and spear.

His father, John Clark, who was well-known and much respected in Galashiels, and for thirty years a worthy elder of the East U.P. Church, was reared in the district of Yair and Fernielee. His parents for some considerable time resided in the ancient Castle, the seat of the Rutherfords, where the beautiful Alison Rutherford wrote her immortal version of the "Flowers of the Forest."

Every thing pertaining to the "shielings" and their picturesque environs has the admiration of our subject. The days by the Tweed, and along the Yair, plying the rod and line; his wanderings round the bonnie woods of Torwoodlee, over the braes of Yarrow, and through the shaws of Ettrick, are living memories with him. When quite a youth, the spirit of the Border, with its song and story, its impressive hills and pastoral glens, animated him so that he became a poet, and sings the praises of the "Wedale" still.

Mr Clark's love for the Borderland is an inheritance from his father, who knew Tibbie Shiel and other local celebrities, and whose knowledge of the Border ballads and folk-lore was extensive. Some of his earliest recollections are of walks and talks with his parent in Yair and Yarrow districts, who, on these occasions, would lead him to God's acre at St Mary's or Caddonfoot, where rests the dust of their fathers; point to some farm where he had acted as "blackfoot" to some swain; relate some story associated with the neighbourhood; or recite some well-known ballad, and thus for all time imprinting on the young mind many of the scenes found only in "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," and the Vale of Tweed.

On one of these rambles his father related how he and his "twa dugs" had been depicted on canvass. One day when acting as herd-boy at St Mary's Loch he and another herd clambered, on hands and knees, up the narrow pathway by the side of the Grey Mare's Tail. When well up they were requested by an artist, who was painting the falls, to pose for a little, and were duly "done in oil." Whether this painting was ever hung or not is another matter. The story embodied in Mr Clark's "Jouking the Shirra," appearing in the BORDER MAGAZINE some time ago, was another of these early tales from his father.

Wardrope, Thompson, and Menzies. Those were the days when you had to think yourself lucky if you got a whack over the head with half the books that youngsters nowadays have crammed into them. His attention to and progress in lessons were those of the ordinary healthy boy. The "barrin' oot day" is now but a dim recollection, but his remembrance of the cane which superseded the tawse are of a more lively character.

While doing his best to augment the family income, along with other youthful Galaleans, Mr Clark, with a view to "waggin' his heid in a poopit," resolved to equip himself for college. The odds against him were considerable, but with all the grit and doggedness of a Borderer, he faced and breasted the difficulties, and

CAIRNS MEMORIAL CHURCH, GORGIE.

through the good offices of the Rev. R. Key and others, ultimately entered Glasgow University. On completing his curriculum in the western metropolis with no small credit to himself, he undertook mission work in Pollokshaws, and afterwards in the Canongate of Auld Reekie, attending the U.P. Divinity seminary in the latter city the while. In the latter sphere he had some curious and pathetic experiences. He was then closely associated with the widely-known congregation of Broughton Place and with the late Rev. Dr Andrew Thomson.

When in the western metropolis Mr Clark cast in his lot with the members of the "Glasgow Border Counties Association," to whom he read a paper on the influence of Sir Walter

Ever since these far-away days, the charm of all that is enclosed in Yarrow vale—echoes of old legends, stirring strains of harper's songs, the tragic baptism of blood, and the "pastoral melancholy" that throbs with vital sympathy for the noblest aspects of human emotion and poetic thought, have never been far from the heart of this worthy Borderer.

"Should life be dull and spirits low,
'Twill sooth us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonnie holms o' Yarrow."

Mr Clark received his early education at Ladhope School, to which he went when seven years of age, and sat at the feet of Messrs

Scott, and otherwise interested himself in the work of that society.

On emerging from the Theological Hall, his fellow-students unanimously appointed him as probationer in charge of their Mission in Gorgie. With a view of working the Mission into a congregation, Mr Clark entered on his duties in April, 1898. In June he had secured sixty-three names of persons willing to join the new cause, when the Edinburgh Presbytery erected the Mission into a Church. He was called to be pastor of the charge, which then had a membe -ship of 150, and was ordained in January, 1899.

The new congregation, by dint of earnest work and telling preaching, has grown steadily. Since its formation in 1898, some 600 have joined the membership. As might have been expected, not a few of these are Borderers, and from the banks of the Gala. A new Church, for which a bazaar was held, to cost some £5600 and to seat 820, was duly opened in May, and as it is the last congregation formed from the efforts of the U.P. College Missionary Society, the building has been erected to the memory of Rev. John Cairns, D.D., and is to be known as the Cairns Memorial Church. The opening ceremony was performed by the Rev. David Cairns, Stitchell, brother of the late Principal.

It was at the laying of the foundation stone of the Church that Principal Rainy said:—"The congregation seems to have been happy in its initiation, happy in its progress, and I may say in Mr Clark's presence, happy in its minister, and in bearing such an honoured name."

On the same occasion the Rev. John Smith said:—"I feel that I have some small share in the proceedings, as Mr Clark was associated with me for a considerable time in the work of God, and I do most heartily congratulate him upon the outward and visible sign of it, in the signal success which has attended his labours in this portion of the vineyard. He has got three outstanding qualities as a worker—great fidelity to duty; remarkable enterprise; and a shrewd perception of the right thing to do at the right time. I believe that the conception of the idea of associating the name of Principal Cairns with this church is to be credited in the first place to him, and I am very happy indeed that the family have been pleased to fall in with it. In one sense, Principal Cairns needs no commemoration. He lives in the hearts of us all."

Seeing that Mr Clark is a shepherd, a forester, and a gardener, it was fitting that one of the first services in the new Church should be a parade of all the district friendly societies under the auspices of the Gorgie Gardeners, for whom he acts as chaplain. Some 900 hearers filled the Church on the occasion, and the special sermon was afterwards published by the society.

In all the labour connected with the raising of the new cause, and the erection of the new building, Mr Clark has been ably seconded by his good lady, who has all the characteristics of the best. Her practical interest and good works are ever associated with those of her husband, who has worthily earned the sobriquet—"the Bishop of Gorgie."

In his day Mr Clark has frequently appeared in "guid black prent." He has contributed not a few stories, sketches, and poems to the Border and other weeklies. These were invariably given over the nom-de-plume of "Aitken Welsh," which, by the way, is the name of his maternal grandfather, who was herd at Netherbarns, and came off Covenanting stock.

Mr Clark, who is a keen fisher and golfer, and also a cyclist and curler, had much to do with the launching of the Gorgie and District Borderers' Association, now entering its fifth session. Having been President all along, to his engineering is largely due the success of the venture. Borderers from all the counties have made it a rallying ground. The various "nights" have stirred the Border spirit of rivalry. Some of the gatherings have been quite a feature in the district. Not the least attractive item on last winter's billet was Mr Clark's lecture on Burns. It was worthy of the National Bard.

"Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
  Ye wander thro' the blooming heather,
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
  Can match the lads o' Gala Water."

THE OLD WALL OF BERWICK.—In excavating for the foundations of a new school which is to be built in Bell Tower Close, Berwick, partly on the site of the ancient rampart which was constructed after Edward I. sacked the town in 1296, the workmen have exposed part of the circular base of what is supposed to have been the broad stairhead tower. This formed one of the four towers on the north side of the wall, and was the one nearest the north or Edinburgh road. It is in a line with the Bell Tower, which has been restored, and which is yet in a good state of preservation. The rampart on which these towers stood is now in ruins, and is outside of the Elizabethan fortifications, which still exist in excellent condition.

The Scottish Labour Colony at Dumfries.

THE existence of a Labour Colony in the Borderland is not so well known as it should be, and believing that the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE will be interested in the subject, we will give a short account of this important institution. I was privileged recently to pay a visit to the colony and had a good opportunity of observing its inner workings, as I took the place of the superintendent while he was absent on holiday.

On our arrival at Dumfries we were met by Mr Albinson, the superintendent, and Mr Lawrie, the farm manager. As the colony is eight miles from Dumfries, and the weather being good, we had a most enjoyable drive, the various places of interest being described by our two friends.

As we approached our destination the first things to which our attention was drawn were the farm manager's house and his splendid field of oats. A drive through the fine avenue brought us at last to the headquarters of the colony, a large well-kept farm-house, where we were cordially welcomed by Mrs Albinson. My duties began the second morning, but instead of giving any detailed account of my personal experiences I prefer to give some authoritative statements about the origin and development of the labour colony, as supplied by Mr Albinson :

In that great centre of commerce, the second city of the empire—Glasgow—are many noble philanthropists, a few of whom took the lease of Mid-Locharwoods Farm, Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire, and as a beginning sent down six men. Instead of regretting the experiments, they have recently purchased the farm for £6250, and at the present moment are negotiating for increased dormitory and other accommodation, as, for want of room, applicants are being daily refused.

This charitable institution was established nearly five years ago for the beneficent purpose of providing food and shelter for the unemployed, poor, but willing and able-bodied men.

It is very economically managed, for the weekly maintenance bill per head is only from 5s to 6s, while the Government are prepared to pay 10s weekly under the Inebriates Act. It is, as one authority truly expresses it, "the right method among many wrong ones."

A few farm colonies exist in England and are doing good work, but it is in Germany and other Continental countries where they have been largely tested, and beyond a doubt have proved in a great measure a solution of the great vexed problem, "How to provide work for the unemployed." In Germany, where they are State-aided, since they came into existence vagrancy is almost unknown—a fact sufficient in itself to be a splendid reason for the establishment of colonies in every country, and each county, too. The Scottish Labour Colony is situated eight miles from the town of Dumfries, four miles from Ruthwell Station, and five miles from a public-house—(a very essential arrangement, seeing that some of the inmates are troubled with the drink craze). Mid-Locharwoods is admirably suited for its purpose, possessing, as it does, a good commodious house consisting of reading and recreation rooms, kitchen, etc., and its extensive outbuildings are all that a farmer could wish. The farm consists of 150 acres of arable land, 40 acres of reclaimed moss land, and about 300 acres of unreclaimed moss, and agricultural authorities agree that it is exceptionally well suited for a farm colony. Much of the produce is consumed on the premises, whilst the remainder goes to market. The moss peat, also, is an item in economy, as it takes the place of coals—a great consideration during high prices for the latter. Work could be provided for a large number of men for a considerable time in reclaiming the moss and bringing it under cultivation, if only funds permitted increased accommodation, which could easily be made by the tradesmen colonists, and thus swell the present limit of thirty to hundreds.

THE SCOTTISH LABOUR COLONY, DUMFRIES.

In co-operation with the colony is a night shelter

(Kyle St., Port-Dundas), under the Charity Organisation Society, where applicants are, in the first instance, tested, and if found willing and suitable workers are drafted down to the colony. This is proved by far the best method in contrast to taking them in from the streets or roads, though this has been done in a few instances. In special cases, where they prove exceptionally willing, a small weekly bonus is entered to their credit, to encourage them, from which is deducted clothing and other necessities, and the balance, if any, given to them on leaving, or sent to a relative. The majority, however, are content to work for food, shelter, and clothing, without a bonus, only too glad are they to find a harbour and refuge from the storm of life. Every care is taken for their comfort and well-being, religious services are regularly conducted by the various ministers of the district, but religion is never forced upon them. Every endeavour is made to find situations for them, so that when their term of residence is past they may have something permanent to go to. Thus the Colony becomes a kind of bridge for these poor fellows to pass over—from a fallen into a higher and nobler life.

Up to the present moment nearly 300 men of all ages, classes, creeds or no creeds, trades, and professions have been dealt with since operations began—from the schoolmaster, sons of gentlemen, to the ordinary labourer—all these have had another chance in life, another opportunity of pulling themselves together and starting life over again. The majority of this number have secured regular situations, and write most gratefully of the benefits received, one saying that but for the Colony he would have been dead; another, that unless a charitable institution like this had taken him up he must have sunk inevitably down in the dark waters of despair; a third, that without its aid he would not have been what he is to-day—a respectable, hard-working man, and a subscriber to its funds. Others have been restored to their friends, who before had despised them. A few have replaced their hitherto broken-up homes, whilst some have been emigrated to that vast field of agricultural labour—Canada—all of whom secured work on landing, and are doing well. It must also be stated that there are failures, but no one can expect that a great work of this kind, with such a variety of characters, will be without them.

In visiting this Labour Colony, one is struck with the stately old mansion-house, and good out-buildings, its gardens and orchards, its pure air and salubrious climate. Here cleanliness and order are a marked feature. On entering a spacious hall, and turning to the right, you are shown into a bright, cheery, almost handsome reading and writing room, where books, magazines, and papers (kindly provided by sympathisers), are strewn about. In this room, though there is the notice "Silence" posted up, these men, after their day's labour is over, freely discuss the topics of the day, and heated often are the debates. Having glanced at the small library, we cross the hall to the recreation-room, where the majority of the inmates are enjoying games of bagatelle, etc. Then upstairs are the dormitories, each containing five beds, with snow-white sheets and warm blankets, and a private locker (made by one of the colonists) "all to himself," and the well-scrubbed floor, together with the appropriate texts on the walls, forms a beautiful picture. Descending, we take a look at the well-stocked stores, and there it is worthy of note that good, wholesome food, and plenty of it, is provided—a necessity, one would imagine, from the nature of the work, i.e., agricultural—and pass thence into the kitchen, where the bright cooking range, the well-washed floor, the tiled hearth, are very inviting. Now we are in the wash-house, containing basins and bath accommodation, and on our way to the outside dormitory, which accommodates about twenty beds.

The experiences I gained at the labour colony will help me very much in my future work, for I was much encouraged by seeing the great possibilities of such an institution, where men who, Prodigal-like, have reached the lowest depth, can rise into newness of life.

Much good work is being done, but financial help is much needed. All information will be gladly given and contributions acknowledged by the hon. treasurer, H. W. Auld, 139 St Vincent Street, Glasgow, who will also forward collecting cards to any who would like to help.

A. Kater.

Where Tweed and Teviot Meet.

Where the Tweed and the Teviot meet,
On the gowaned grass I lie,
The mavis is singing on yon lime tree,
The wind is whispering by.

I think of the long ago,
Full thirty years—how strange!
My boyhood is back, but this old boy
Has undergone a change!

The rapture of youth is all away,
The dreams that once were mine,
And the wingèd thoughts have fled me now,
And the visions that were divine.

The girl I loved she wandered here,
With a voice as sweet and pure
As the voice of the stream—O gracious time!
When life was a magic lure.

Fair Teviot and Tweed, bewitching streams,
Young are you still as then,
You wed and live in eternal youth
Though old grow the sons of men.

George Deans.

Sonnet.

On lordly Tiber's marge oft have I stood;
I've wandered o'er the vine-clad banks of Rhine;
By Guadiana's stream I've quaffed the wine
Of fair Castille, or bawled with accent crude
An Andalusian lay, in amorous mood,
Inspired by some Sevillian maid divine,
Whose loveliness had fired this heart of mine,
And whom by Guadalquivir I had wooed.
I've seen the Liffey, Boyne, and Shannon great,
Old Father Thames, and Severn's mighty bore;
Full well I know the Tweed, the Forth, the Tay,
The Dee, the Don, and rapid Spey in spate.
I know and love them all, but no one more
Doth hold my heart than Lothian's Esk in May.

W. Saunders.

Old World Superstitions and Stories of Ettrick and Yarrow.

IT was my great privilege when a child to listen to these tales direct from the lips of an old lady who had them in her girlhood out of the mouths of her mother and grandmother, and from numbers of old-time inhabitants of these lovely and lonely valleys.

The following stories have ever possessed for me the strongest fascination, and some of them may interest others as being illustrative of the superstitious beliefs and manners of thought which obtained among the simple dwellers in Ettrick and Yarrow during a period embracing the greater part of the eighteenth century.

Beautiful mystical Yarrow was especially the natural home of all that bordered on the superstitious. The myriad feet of fairies tripped over every blade of grass in the green shaws, and the "little folk" might almost be listened to as they nightly sat in council in many of the eeriest of the dowie dens. Brownies still hung about the most lonely farmsteads, and witches, if not openly pointed at, were yet covertly believed in, and such as were credited with the possession of uncanny powers were carefully avoided on every possible occasion and as carefully courted when contact with them was inevitable.

I was an eager listener, and my old friend an ideal story-teller, and during the long evenings of many a winter, when the curtains were drawn and the candles lighted in her cosy parlour, my nightly request would be for "a story." Mrs Fletcher would then relate in a low, thrilling monotone—while a creeping chill ran over my head and down my back—those quaint old-world stories of which I never wearied. I give them as nearly as I can remember, just as they were told to me.

The first story would probably be that of poor young Tibbie Bell, who lived at Auld Wark with her sister Jenny, and who for many years had suffered from a painful and lingering disease. Her sister had tucked Tibbie snugly in bed one morning and left her for a while to attend to some domestic work elsewhere.

On her return to the sick-room she was horrified to find Tibbie out of bed and sitting fully dressed on the window-seat, looking round as the door opened with a bright smile.

"Oh, Tibbie! what can you be thinking of? You that's been in bed for so long; you'll get your death of cold, silly lassie," cried Jenny, running quickly forward.

Before she had reached the window or had finished speaking the figure had vanished, and Jenny, with a cry of dismay, ran to the bed in the corner and drew aside the curtain. There lay Tibbie, tucked in as she had left her, quietly sleeping that deep sleep from which there is no awakening.

Another fascinating tale of the foregoing type was about the soldier that Mrs Fletcher's great-grandmother saw as she was walking home from Auld Wark to Ettrickbridgend one wild night in mid-winter. The road led over an exceedingly lonely bit of moorland, locally known at that time as the Slain Man's Lea, where a singularly bloody battle had been fought during the preceding century. The young moon was little more than a streak, almost entirely obscured by dark, driving clouds. These suddenly cleared off, and the thin thread of moonlight streamed weirdly down on the moor, disclosing to the startled eyes of the good lady the figure of a tall, stalwart soldier dressed in a remarkable uniform, who was quietly walking along by her side. At this sudden vision her heart almost stopped beating, until she remembered with a gasp of relief that a family near Bridgend had been for some time expecting a soldier son home on holiday leave. This, she thought, was no doubt Thomas Clarke's son, who had probably been over at Auld Wark seeing his cousin, Jenny Bell. With this comfortable reflection she gathered her breath again, and, rather pleased than otherwise to have company for the remainder of her lonely walk, she volunteered a remark on the weather. The soldier straightway melted into thin air, and the lady promptly fainted. By a fortunate chance the Selkirk doctor riding that way shortly afterwards discovered the poor woman more dead than alive, and with some difficulty got her conveyed home to Bridgend.

Yet another of these narratives of supernatural adventure was told of a gentleman who was one night crossing Ettrick Bridge on his way to the house of a friend some distance off. It was "the very witching hour of night," and the gentleman was nearing the middle of the bridge when the sudden clatter of horses' hoofs immediately behind caused him to look round, and at the same time to step hurriedly to one side. A horseman galloped up, pulled to, and remarking with much politeness that his horse with great ease carried double, courteously offered the belated pedestrian a lift. This the gentleman gratefully accepted, and was in the very act of springing up behind the rider when a distant clock with ghostly notes proceeded to proclaim midnight. At the first stroke horse and horseman disappeared over the parapet of the bridge, and the dark, swift-flowing waters closed hungrily over them. As the horse rose for the leap the horror-struck gentleman had just time to note that it was jet black, and that the rider's foot was cloven. One moment more and an awful doom had overtaken him.

With no great difficulty I would coax Mrs Fletcher into relating for at least the hundredth time another eerie tale which I recall as follows:—

The Broadmeadows family had been detained in London longer than was usual one season on account of the alarming illness of Mrs Boyd, the house was therefore partially shut up, only an ancient housekeeper and her niece having been left behind to look after the place. This pair were sitting quietly chatting one night in the summer gloaming when they were startled by the soft swish of a silk gown. Both looked round in surprise, and both saw quite distinctly the skirts of their lady's gown sweep round the door and disappear. Awe-struck, they heard the familiar swish-swish all the way up the stair and along the main corridor until at the door of Mrs Boyd's bedroom it ceased.

In due course came the news that the lady of Broadmeadows had died suddenly in London, and the day and date and hour of her death corresponded to a second with the time of the visitation in the housekeeper's room that summer evening.

Another night I would listen as eagerly as if I had never heard it before to the oft-repeated tale of Meg Dickson, the cadger, who was held to be a witch and whose husband had met his death in some mysterious manner, for which Meg was very generally believed to be responsible. Going her rounds one day with her cart and evil-looking donkey, Meg knocked at the door of a goodwife at Yarrowford and asked for a drink of milk. This was supplied at once, as the request of a witch was, of course, a demand, and to keep a witch waiting was to incur the risk of nobody knew what. Eagerly seizing the mug of milk, Meg emptied into it some queer whitey-looking powder out of a paper she had concealed in her bosom, drank the whole off at one prodigious draught, and forthwith fell down dead where she was standing. She was buried at midnight of that same day at the nearest cross-roads, in an unplaned deal coffin with a sharp stake driven through it.

Stories less exciting but equally delightful were not infrequently introduced by Mrs Fletcher when she gathered from my looks, it may be, that I had imbibed as much of a sensational nature as might for that time be good for me. She would then tell me the story of her grandmother, who, in her time, had been a beauty and an heiress, and who had attended a finishing school at Selkirk, riding "pillion" there and back morning and evening with her father's old man-servant to take care of her. One evening when old John Johnstone arrived to escort her home as usual his young lady was nowhere to be found, she had left school early in the day on some simple pretext, which had, not unnaturally, been readily accepted. Consternation prevailed among teachers and friends when it was found next day that the precocious damsel had been over the Border with a young drystone dyker who had been for some months pursuing his honest trade in her daily line of march to school, and whose handsome face had outweighed parents and fortune alike—for the young lady lost both. I was invariably filled with a mysterious feeling of awe on hearing it repeated that her parents had never again seen or spoken to their daughter, and that they had cut her off with a shilling.

I would probably hear again, too, of the great St Kitt's fortune which an adventurous granduncle of Mrs Fletcher amassed in the West Indies and which should have come into the family if things had gone as they were expected to do.

This uncle was killed during a serious rebellion of "the blacks" on his estate early in the century; he left no will, but it was understood that the money was to be had for the claiming, and the only difficulty in the way of a satisfactory conclusion to the affair arose from the fact that few of those concerned were bold enough to cross the seas and see the matter through.

After numberless family councils a young cousin at length volunteered his services, but, unfortunately, the very day before that on which he had arranged to start on his journey the poor fellow was accidentally killed—gored to death by an infuriated stag that had made its escape from the Castle park.

This decided the matter, no one could be expected to fly in the face of such a very direct intervention of Providence, and the quest of the St Kitt's fortune was forthwith forever abandoned. It had not been to be, as my old friend never failed to remark on concluding this narrative.

Of these less exciting tales I always enjoyed hearing how Mrs Fletcher's mother was an intimate friend of the Mistress of Foulshiels, and had frequently taken tea with Mungo Park during his visit to his old home on his return from Africa, and how she had walked through the country roads and fields to Bridgend escorted by the great traveller himself.

Dr Park had brought as a novelty from the

Dark Continent a black man, whose presence at Foulshiels seemed to have been the source of more panic than pleasure, at least among the babies, of whom the poor creature was unhappily extremely fond. One child evinced such wild terror at his approach that the mother was obliged to beat a hurried retreat from the tea-table, with her offspring on the brink of convulsions.

I loved to hear, too, how Mrs Fletcher herself had more than once seen the Ettrick Shepherd on a Fair Day at Selkirk with his collies at his heel, a lass on each arm, and a kindly joke for every one he met. The mention of Hogg was invariably the signal for long recitations from his poems. Mrs Fletcher had a keen appetite for poetry, and she would recite by the hour unweariedly the bits I best loved to hear. The "Queen's Wake" was much in favour, and over and over again I would listen delightedly to "Queen Mary's landing at Leith," to "Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow," or to "The Witch of Fife," that most blood-curdling of poems. "The Macgregor" more than any, I believe, appealed to my thirst for the supernatural; there was a ghostly horror about the closing verses which I felt to be particularly satisfying.

But best of all did I love to hear how Mrs Fletcher had one day seen the Shirra painfully hobbling on foot after the hunters who had just passed in full cry. Panting and perspiring, Sir Walter was forced to relinquish the chase and lean heavily against a gate to rest himself, while the hounds, doubling back hot foot after the fox, swarmed, clamouring, past him. Mopping his flushed face with one hand and flourishing his stout walking-stick in the other, he shouted aloud in exasperated accents, "damn this lameness."

Numberless stories of Selkirk, of the Haining and its old-time inhabitants, of Philiphaugh and its famous battle, and of the soldier who, all dripping with blood after the fight, burst into a cottage and seized from the hands of a young wife the meat she was preparing for her husband's dinner, making off again before she could so much as cry out; of the Hangingshaw and the black Johnstones; of the lighting of the beacons; of the French prisoners, one of whom lived in the house of Mrs Fletcher's grandmother; of the Pot Loch, and of the Pant Well, and the town idiot who witlessly insulted a Highland soldier drinking thereat, and was near being dirked in consequence—all these tales and many more float vaguely in my memory to this day. Most of them, unhappily, are made of stuff so dreamlike that to commit them to paper in anything resembling definite shape would be a work of impossibility. The story of the Pot Loch alone assumes a distinct form, and may be given as follows:—

A well-to-do tradesman of Selkirk town was one winter's evening crossing the Pot Loch which, the season being an exceptionally hard one, was frozen entirely over. As the Pot Loch was not only reputed bottomless, but was certainly haunted, it remains a matter of conjecture why the said gentleman should have made such a venture all by himself, and at night when the place was avoided even by the least superstitious of the natives. However it may have been, his temerity was rewarded by an adventure in the relating of which he ever after delighted to entertain his credulous and admiring cronies.

When half-way across the loch, so he affirmed, the ice suddenly gave way, and, to his horror, he found himself going down—down. He was amazed, however, when, instead of the wetting he had expected, not to mention the probability of death by drowning, he found himself comfortably landed at the fathomless bottom of the Pot Loch alive and hearty.

Pulling himself together after the first surprise was over, he discovered that he was in the streets of Old Selkirk, which had been submerged by the Pot Loch many generations before his time. The inhabitants, in spite of their somewhat antiquated dress, were all as much alive and as hearty as himself, and were pursuing their several avocations as cheerfully as the dwellers in the modern Selkirk standing high and dry so far above them.

Good Mrs Fletcher shook her head over this particular adventure, and recommended that it should be taken with a grain of salt. It did not look well she maintained that the worthy Soutar could never explain in a satisfactory manner how or when he found himself in his own house again.

With such tales as I have quoted did Mrs Fletcher beguile the many hours I spent in her company during childhood. It now and then chanced that the old lady would pause in the very middle of one of her most ghostly recitals and request that I would fetch the "snuffers" it might be, or some fresh candles. Then with nervous speed, and eyes tightly shut, I would compel my reluctant limbs to carry me through the little unlighted hall to the kitchen and back, keeping a hand on the wall as I went that I might thus enjoy the reassuring contact of something tangible, and hardly suppressing a yell of terror if the cat brushed against my legs.

How far it could have been wise thus to entertain a mere child whose imagination was already over lively may be questioned, but need not be here discussed. It is enough that no ultimate harm resulted from this very doubtful course of amusement. And the vast treasury of enjoyment provided to their recipient by these old-world memories may well excuse any unwitting imprudence of which my dear old friend may have been guilty.

MARGARET FLETCHER.

Jedburgh Gaol in the 18th Century.

JEDBURGH gaol was marked, like most of the prisons of the period, by a promiscuous assemblage of criminals, with full license for all the evils that such a system could produce. For many years a man and his wife ministered to the wants of the whole establishment, and nobody ever questioned their ability to do so. Many a jolly hour was passed in it. The fiddle was often heard beguiling its idle tedium; and a join for a beef-steak-pie, or a jorum of something hot, was a frequent indulgence which drew no frowns on the brow of the complacent warder. Escapes were of frequent occurrence, but they were thought quite reasonable exceptions to the retentive qualities of the bars and bolts of those days. On one occasion, a prisoner, who was an adept at the violin, kept playing most vociferously, while his companions were working a hole in the arched floor. They all of them made their exit; and he himself, as he was on the point of leaving, bade good-bye by striking up, with a fiddler's glee, "Off she goes." It is told of a magistrate in the burgh, that he was once waited on by the gaoler, to whom a prisoner had just been consigned, who told his honour that the door of the prison was off the hinges, and he did not know what was to be done. The magistrate was in a fix for some time; until at last he hastily desired the gaoler "to get a harrow, and clap it up at the door, with the teeth inmost; an' if that wadna keep them in, the prisoners werena worth the keeping in." The debtors had a merry time of it, too; for there were even then the victims of "bad times." On fine summer evenings they were not forbidden to take a stroll on the ramparts; and it is told of one of them that he used to take a country excursion as far as the neighbouring castle of Ferniehirst, and enjoy a supper of curds and cream, with something stronger to boot. The condemned cell answered all its purposes, if it held its prisoner secure by the foot, even though it allowed him its range forward to the window, through whose bars he could hold a gossip with the people outside. He would lower down a jug by a string on market days, and, on the score of sympathy for his fate, obtain a trifle in coppers. Such was the old Jedburgh prison, with its rude liberties and lax indulgences. As we have said, it was the fitting adjunct of the times, and of a state of society in the old burgh, in which a dram-drinking, red-nosed, red-collared old catchpole served all the purposes of our modern invention of civic police, kept the burghers in reasonable awe and good order, and was on the best of terms with them, and who had only to shake his staff-head to make little boys stand in awe, and have his name quoted, like another Cœur de Lion, to make refractory brats submit to motherly authority. We have alluded to the prisoners taking up their position at the gaol windows, and talking to the people outside. About sixty years ago, a man of the name of Tweedie was confined on some charge. Seeing a boy pass, riding on a pony, he called out to him, "Whose pony is that?" and on the boy telling him, he contemptuously bawled out that it was an old greasy brute, for that he had stolen it off Berwick Common some time before. The owner of the pony, on hearing of the prisoner's sally, remembered that when he bought it in Kelso market the seller refused to bring it into the street, which now explained the matter sufficiently. Tweedie was long a candidate for the honours of the gallows; and he gained them at last, as he suffered at Morpeth. He was once on the point of being executed at Jedburgh for horse-stealing. The day fixed was a Saturday: but the magistrates, who had the carrying out of these matters, took it on themselves to delay it till the following Tuesday, which was market-day, when it was most likely to produce an impression. A little after the time fixed by the judge for the execution on the Saturday, an express arrived from Edinburgh in foaming haste—its bearer crying, as he entered the town and galloped along the streets, for the execution to be stayed.

When Rob Scott, who was hanged at Lightfield, near Mellerstain, in the year 1823 or 1824, for the barbarous murder of two men on the road-side there, on an Earlston Fair evening, was lying in Jedburgh jail waiting his trial, his wife, an honest, simple-minded woman, went over on purpose to get him out for a while, as she said she could not manage to harvest their corn herself, and she promised that her husband, like Regulus, should go back again to meet his sentence, should the judges bring him in guilty.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *81 Oxford Drive, Glasgow.*

TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. WALKER & SON, *High Street, Galashiels.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1902.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE have been much gratified with the favourable reception accorded to our Aird Number, and one border litterateur was so much pleased with our reproduction of the striking likeness of the poet, that he has had a special copy made for framing.

A Borderer who has just returned from abroad thus writes:—"Allow me to congratulate you on a successful year. Long may the BORDER MAGAZINE flourish and come like a welcome breeze from the heather clad hills, bringing sweet recollections with it to all Borderers abroad."

So much of our space has been devoted to the Aird centenary that the centenary of the birth of another famous Borderer has passed without notice, but this we intend to put right in our next number. We refer to the fact that on the 10th of July, 1802, Robert Chambers was born in Peebles, and the story of his life is worthy of a more than passing notice.

OUR next issue will contain a specially interesting article on some old Border folks, with extra fine double portrait supplement, and this will be an admirable number for sending to friends abroad, or to those at home who are not regular subscribers. Will our readers kindly assist us in thus extending our circulation and sphere of influence? There are great possibilities in the BORDER MAGAZINE, but much depends on your helping hand.

The Border Keep.

BASS ROCK.

There is a wonderful fascination to most minds in such lonely rock islands as the Bass, Ailsa Craig, &c., more especially when their fastnesses have been used as a State prison. The history of the Bass is fairly well known and need not be referred to here, but I would like to quote Robert Louis Stevenson's description of his hero's approach to the lonely rock:—

There began to fall a greyness on the face of the sea; little dabs of pink and red, like coals of slow fire, came in the east; and at the same time the geese awakened and began crying about the top of the Bass. It is just the one crag of rock, as everybody knows, but great enough to carve a city from. The sea was extremely little, but there went a hollow plowter round the base of it. With the growing of the dawn I could see it clearer and clearer; the strait crags painted with seabirds' droppings like a morning frost, the sloping top of it green with grass, the clan of white geese that cried about the sides, and the black, broken buildings of the prison sitting close on the sea's edge.

* * *

How many Scotswomen know that we had once a Queen Magdalene. A writer in the "Girls' Own Paper" tells of her arrival in Scotland:—

A beautiful home-coming was that of Magdalene, the French Princess who married James V. She was far from strong, but one of the most lovable women that ever lived. James had met her in France, whither he had gone to make a match with another young woman who had been strongly recommended, and with whose folks indeed he had entered into a marriage-treaty. But she turned out to be not what he had pictured to himself at all; he found her "bossue et contrefaicte," and, shocked and displeased at having been taken in, he at once set himself to break off the engagement and to project another.

At this point he fell in with the Princess Magdalene, and an ardent affection at once sprang up between them. Notwithstanding the ill-health of the Princess, so the contemporary Scottish historian Lindsay tells us, "from the time she saw the King of Scotland and spake with him she became so enamoured of him, and loved him so well, that she would have no man alive to be her husband but he only."

The two were married at Notre Dame on the opening day of 1537, and soon after set sail for Scotland. They landed at Leith, the port of Edinburgh, on Whitsunday, and there the young queen, full of love for her husband and his country, knelt on the shore, took up a handful of sand and kissed it, invoking God's blessing on Scotland.

She was received in Edinburgh, we are informed, with triumphs and shows of unexampled grandeur, and what was far better, the affectionate reverence of the entire people. But the doom had already been passed upon her. She withered like an unrooted flower, and only forty days from her arrival lay a corpse in her husband's palace.

The death of the beautiful young creature in such interesting circumstances made a deep impression on the national heart, and it is understood to have been the first occasion of a general mourning being assumed in Scotland.

* * *

I cannot remember where I took the following cutting from, but the paper will please excuse the "lifting," as it is done in the interests of preservation. The cunning of the fox is proverbial, and the following shows that Reynard of Tweedside is quite as sly as his brethren of other parts.

Mr Tom Speedy of Liberton, the well-known naturalist, writes as follows in a contemporary:—While fishing on the Tweed below Coldstream Bridge, I had an opportunity afforded me of observing part of a fox hunt and the cunning displayed by Reynard in eluding his pursuers. I was engaged fishing from a boat on the river, when I was startled by the music of hound clamour, and on looking up saw a fox crossing a young grass field at a rapid pace. Immediately after the hounds came full cry round the corner of the plantation, but overshooting the trail, nearly down to the river side, when they quickly found themselves at fault. One hound, however, did not overrun the scent, but accurately followed the footsteps of the object of pursuit across the field. I observed he kept his nose close to the ground, and was perfectly mute, never once giving tongue. It appeared that Sir James Millar's hounds had met at Lennel House, and had been thrown off in the bank sloping down to the river. When near the landslip below the cemetery the fox made his exit from the bank, and getting outside, crossed the field as already described. Finding themselves at fault, the hounds quickly hunted about for the scent, and one dog, crossing the trail, instantly gave tongue. He was immediately joined by the pack, and the music became general. By this time the mute hound was at the other side of the field, and the pack, going at a tremendous pace, soon followed on his heels, and got out of sight. Twice I fished down the cast known as "The Prop," and having rowed up and changed my fly, was preparing to fish it for the third time, when I observed a fox in a very draggled condition approach the river from the field the chase crossed a couple of hours before. What surprised me was the closeness he came to the boat, as once in mid-stream he could have had no chance of escape had I chosen to row after him. Standing for a second or two at the water edge, he "took my size," his speaking eyes appealing to my sense of justice. He evidently made up his mind he would trust me, as he waded leisurely into the water, and swam for the opposite bank. The river was quite eighty yards broad, and as he swam about the same pace as a dog, it took him a considerable time to cross.

Expecting the hounds in pursuit, a number of thoughts crowded through my brain. Should I row before him and turn him back, or, as the "tow rope" was lying in the boat, should I lasso and hold him till the chase appeared in sight? No! The secret he confided with his indescribably appealing eyes must be kept sacred, and he crossed without molestation. In crossing he kept his head well out of the water, and as his back and tail were also exposed, he seemed much larger than his normal size. On landing he shook himself, gave me another look, then ran up the bank and scampered off into the plantations of Squire Collingwood. If his object in crossing the river was to elude his enemies, as doubtless was the case, it was superfluous, no hounds appearing in sight, evidently having lost him some distance off. Though brought up on Tweedside, and having witnessed many runs with the late Earl of Wemyss' pack, I never before saw a fox cross the river. I have, of course, often heard of them doing so. Though somewhat of a digression from the subject in hand, I may also mention that till a few weeks ago I never witnessed a hare voluntarily swimming, though several instances are recorded. While I was shooting at Liberton a hare rose wild and ran down the field towards the reservoir, which is about fifty yards wide at the place, waded gently in and swam for the opposite bank. Many years ago I witnessed a hare cross Norham Bridge, but meeting people at the end, it turned back. Unfortunately for puss, a number of people intercepted her, and after running backwards and forwards a number of times, she jumped from a height of fifty or sixty feet to the water, and swam ashore.

* * *

THE Borders, from the castle to the shieling, have always been a nursing ground of original genius and a school for original adventures of many types. If there are the Scotts and the Leydens, the Ettrick shepherds, and the Mungo Parks, there are also the wandering minstrels who have left undying lays, the smugglers, the gipsies, and the inveterate salmon poachers who still find warm work for the water bailiffs.—"Times."

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The Aird Centenary Celebrations at Bowden.

As indicated in our last issue, the Edinburgh Border Counties Association and a distinguished company assembled at Bowden on Friday, 25th July, to do honour to the memory of Thomas Aird, who was born in that quiet little village a hundred years ago. Bowden was gaily decorated for the occasion, and the proceedings were heartily carried through by natives and visitors alike. Aird, whose ancestors in the village can be traced for 300 years back, was born in the house which is now used as the village post office, and on the wall of this building a tablet has been affixed bearing the following inscription:—"Thomas Aird; born 1802, died 1876. Erected by the Edinburgh Border Counties Association, 1902."

Sir George Douglas, Bart., who was chairman during the proceedings and at the subsequent dinner at Melrose, after an interesting speech, introduced Sir James Crichton Browne, who delivered an oration, of which, by that distinguished Borderer's kindness, we are able to give a verbatim report. Borderers in all parts of the world must feel grateful to the Edinburgh Border Counties Association for the work they have done by marking in some suitable way the spots connected with the lives of eminent Borderers. There is much still to be done in this respect, and other associations might turn their attention to the subject.

Panegyric on Thomas Aird by Sir James Crichton Browne.

It may seem somewhat incongruous that I, a mere doctor, should venture to address you on a literary occasion like this. No doubt there have always, in modern times, been Scottish doctors identified with letters—Arbuthnot, Smollett, Armstrong, Currie, David Macbeth Moir, and John Brown—but I have no pretension to literary gift or attainment, and am here simply as one of that small and fast dwindling group of people who were personally acquainted with the deep-seeing and large-hearted man whose memory you are met to honour. If I could retrace my life and, in his words,

> be a boy once more,
> Curly-headed, sitting singing,
> 'Midst a thousand flowerets springing
> In the sunny days of yore,

one of the most impressive and benignant of the human figures of my early environment would be that of Thomas Aird.

For years I passed the door of sweet sequestered Mountain Hall, near Dumfries, where he lodged, daily on my way to and from school, and many a kindly look and cheery word did he bestow on the timid urchin, to whom also he gave his first introduction to nature study, for he presented me with a copy of Oliver Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," which I still possess; and he went bird-nesting with me many a time, not to pillage the mossy tenements in order to stock a fusty museum, but to learn the ways of the feathered folk and to admire their beauties. I think I can see the good man now as he lifted me amongst the glossy laurel leaves to get a glimpse of the turquoise treasures of the blackbird, or with up-lifted finger translated to me the melodious notes of the yellow yorlin into "Little bit of bread and no-o cheese," or held crumbs in his lips for his pet robin or his chaffinch "Tibbie" to peck at. But it is not only happy memories that have brought me here, but a participation in that sentiment which is uppermost in the minds of all of you, a sentiment of gratitude to a genuine Scottish poet who has added a fragrant white flower to the anthology of his country, and has done something to elevate and refine our lives. I am sure you do not wish me in giving expression to your sentiments and my own about Thomas Aird to use the language of exaggeration. His modest nature shrank from even the just mead of praise, and nothing could have been more distasteful to him than fulsome eulogy or a vain-glorious comparison. I shall speak of him, therefore, with the moderation and sobriety he would have approved, and merely claim for him that he was a poet, and a ripe and good one, although not in the first, nor perhaps in the second rank of the hierarchy. He was not a world-peak in the knowledge of all men, a Mont Blanc, a Himalaya, a Chimborazo, cleaving the rarer regions of the air, towering to the stars, but he was, as it were, a fair Eildon Hill, lofty enough for our admiration, which, glinting in sunshine, swept by the cloud shadows or filagreed with snow, is a pride and a glory to our border-land. Although not enthroned with Burns and Scott, not yet high pedestalled like his contemporaries, Campbell and Wilson and Hogg, he is entitled to a conspicuous niche amongst the tuneful choir of our Scottish Pantheon. He has left us poems of imagination, weird, and of epic grandeur, like "The Devil's Dream on Mount Aksbeck," that thrill and exalt us, poems of description, like "A Winter's Day," that display a deep, glowing enthusiasm for nature and a penetrating minuteness of observation of her finer mechanism that Thompson in his "Seasons" never attained; poems of the affections like "My Mother's Grave," that are, as he himself said of Thoma's "Mitherless Bairn," of "warp and woof imperishable, the threads being of pity and love, dyed in the blood of the human heart and woven by genius in her enchanted loom." The bulk of Aird's poetry is not great. A small duodecimo volume holds it all, but his prose was highly poetical and his life was a beautiful idyll. As all who were privileged to walk abroad with him can attest, he spoke poetry every day, he spiritualised the landscape before him, he touched every common object with the prismatic tints of fancy, and had he had a stenographic familiar to shadow him and take down in shorthand all his words, we should have had many volumes of exquisite and felicitous composition. He had his limitations. He did not enter the deepest penetralia of the heart. Its inner and most highly decorated chambers remained closed to him, for he was a Scottish bachelor, young and old, and seems never to have known "the maiden passion for a maid." The "softer flame" but feebly illuminates his pages. There are no truly amorous passages in his writings; his damsels were all vestals, his youths, Sir Galahads. While overflowing with geniality he lacked humour, his jokes are but verbal conceits, and he is sometimes betrayed into crude and almost ludicrous expressions while meaning to be serious, while his style is occasionally somewhat cumbrous and obscure, and just a trifle stilted now and then. His constructive faculty is weak, so that in his longer poems the plot is faulty and wanting in interest, and in his tales the ever-recurring rescues and coincidences are either improbable or commonplace. But take him all in all he was a true poet, whose numbers we should not willingly let die. Carlyle wrote that he found everywhere in his poetry "a healthy breath as of mountain breezes—a native manliness, veracity, and geniality which is withal so rare just now as to be doubly and trebly precious."

And not only was Aird a true poet, but he was a true man, wise, virtuous, high-minded, of a character thoughtful, composed and strong, with a bearing dignified and gracious. Well, ladies and gentlemen, it seems to me fit and right that we who knew this true poet and true man, who are of his kith and kin, who have sprung from the same soil with him, or who have refreshed ourselves at the rills of poesy that he set flowing, should meet here on the centenary of his birth to commemorate his achievements and to quicken our appreciation of them by gazing on the scenes that nurtured his early genius. It is good for us to be here to pay homage to a worthy hero, thereby salving our own souls, and to rewaken if possible some popular interest in a singularly pure and wholesome writer, of native breed and native grit, whose musings are rich in tenderness and freshness, instinct with humanity and charged with religious fervour.

It was in this house that Aird was born, one hundred years ago, when the August fields were golden with corn. Here "first the autumn sunlight fell on him from above," here first the cradle songs stirred his sense of melody. I am not going to trouble you with any biographical sketch, for his short and simple annals have been gracefully and succinctly recorded by the Rev. Jardine Wallace of Traquair, and are I suppose known to all of you. His career was a singularly uneventful one. For seventy-four years he pursued the even tenor of his way, darkened here and there by the sorrows that in the course of nature come to all of us, but unbroken by adventure, uninterrupted by misfortune. The most rousing incident in his history was really his conflict with the crowing cocks of Dumfries, which were a thorn in his flesh, as were those of Chelsea to Carlyle, and ultimately drove him from the town to his country retreat. Hypochondria got a grip of him as it does of all men of genius, and as he grew old there was some failure of health; but on the whole he was lusty and contented with his lot, unvexed by envy, unagitated by ambition, pensive but no sentimentalist, joyous but never a roisterer, alive to the demoniac forces that are heaving around us, but with faith in the angels.

But while I am not going to follow chronologically the steps of his easy earth journey, made easy by the simplicity of his tastes, the frugality of his habits, and the serenity of his temperament, I would say a word or two about the influences that determined his course and coloured his productions.

First of all, he was of good border stock, descended from a line of portioners, hardy, industrious, upright, and long-lived; his father and mother both reached their 86th year, and, secondly, he had the advantage of the best parental guidance. His mother, fond and watchful, and dominated by unsophisticated piety, had yet her literary tendencies; for although strongly convinced of the evils of novel reading, she could not stop when once embarked on "Thaddeus of Warsaw;" and his father, energetic and prudent, and set on seeing his children well-placed in the world, was not without his lighter side, for he sang to them fragments of old Scotch songs when the lessons were over. Under such government the house was a well-ordered and a happy one, notwithstanding that it was somewhat severely cloistered under anti-burgher principles; for we are told that in it whistling on the Sabbath was regarded as a heinous sin. But the severe and frigid Calvinism of the period must have been tem-

THOMAS AIRD.
(By kind permission of Editor of "Life and Work")

pered in the Aird family, for it did not sour or produce revolt. In his manhood, Thomas, gentle and tolerant, wrote of the Sabbath that it is "filled up with hopes most glorious that run over and bless all the other days of the week." "The good man's Sabbaths," he said, "are like oases in the wilderness, beautifully styled by the Arab 'the footsteps of God,' rare spots in the desert, full of green palm trees, with singing birds in the shade and welling water." Outside the home Aird had access to what has been to so many Scotchmen the portal to success, the parish school, in which he laid in a stock of sound knowledge although the dominie was only passing rich on £30 a year; and he had access also to what was perhaps the chief source of his inspiration, the lovely scenery and the romantic associations of this country side. The

Roman Road, Halidean, the Cross of Bowden, Melrose, and Dryburgh, stimulated historic thought, while the woods he wandered in, the dells he traversed, the feeders of the Tweed in which he angled, supplied him with the pigments which he afterwards blended in many a dainty word-picture. How saturated he was with loving local feeling we may almost gather from a single verse in one of the last of his poems:—

> Above the mist, the sun has kissed
> Our Eildons—one yet three—
> The triplet smiles, like glittering isles
> Set in a silver sea:
> Break, glades of morn: burst, hound and horn
> Oh, then their woods for me.

In Aird's boyhood, too, there lingered in these parts some after-glow of feudalism and of ancient chivalry, and patriotic fervour was perhaps warmer here than elsewhere, fanned by wild legends and gray traditions of many a stricken field. On the distant horizon may be seen Flodden Hill, that cruel spur of the Cheviots, and that must have pathetically affected him, for when an old man I have heard him repeat, with the tear in his eye, Jane Eliot Minto's fine lines:—

> I've heard them lilting at our ewe milking—
> Lasses a'lilting before dawn of day;
> But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
> The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Aird always dwelt lovingly on bits of poetry in which the sound is an echo to the sense, and it was the third line here,

> But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning,

which makes audible in cadence the meaning of the words, the dool of the broken heart, that specially appealed to him. But more potent even than picturesque surroundings and romantic associations must have been the spell thrown over his sensitive boyhood by the Wizard of the North, whose poems were then issuing from the press. He was three years old when "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared, five when "Marmion" was published, eight when "The Lady of the Lake" came forth, and we know from his writings how the enchantment of these took possession of him. Indeed, we might almost surmise that if there is such a thing as literary dedication Aird's came to him from Sir Walter Scott. We all recollect the consecrating look and word that Burns bestowed on Scott at Dr Ferguson's, when the clever boy gave the reference to Langhorne's lines that had moved Burns to tears; and it may be that some beneficent glance given to Aird by Sir Walter as he passed him in the street at Melrose may have set aside the awe-struck callant for the calling he pursued. At fourteen Aird passed into a wider sphere of influence than his home, for at that age—think of it! at fourteen—he entered the University of Edinburgh, and became immersed in the intellectual ferment that was there going on. He went there with a well-knit frame, strengthened by the sports in which he delighted, and with a quick, receptive mind suffused with literary enthusiasm, and he came in contact there with one of the great intellectual forces of his age, Thomas Carlyle, who became his life-long friend, and must in some measure have biased him. I am inclined to think that it was Carlyle's influence that led Aird to decline to enter the ministry of the Church of Scotland, for which his friends had designed him, and to which he was brought up, and to adopt letters as a profession. Not that Carlyle sowed in his mind any of those "grave prohibitive doubts" which at this very time, 1818, compelled him to wound his father and mother grievously by giving up thoughts of the ministry himself. He was the last man to tamper with a living and sustaining faith, or to perturb a calm conscience; but his example must have had its effect, and he probably brought home to Aird a profound sense of the responsibility of the sacred task, and a realisation of the greater freedom of the literary career. Aird never wandered from the fold. He was to the last a loyal adherent of the Kirk, and whether or not he accepted all the definitions of a dogmatic theology, he was a sincerely religious man and a good Christian; but he was impatient of any binding yoke, and his ardent æsthetical nature rebelled against the barren ugliness of the Church services then in vogue. "In matters of religion," he wrote, "the faults of the Scotch (want of courtesy and softness, disputatious habits, pride and self-sufficiency), are often carried to an offensive pitch. So determined are they to discard everything like outward ceremonial observance in their worship and keep their ground aloof from Popery and Prelacy, that they will hardly allow themselves to be decent in the House of Prayer. Then the rage of the Scotch for preaching! nothing but preaching. The very days of their sacraments are called 'preaching days.' They lay far too much stress on the intellectual gratification of hearing clever preaching compared with the far more important part of sanctuary duty, namely, prayer and praise." As regards ritual, there can be no doubt that Aird leaned to the Anglican form, which he characterised as

> a worship fitly framed
> Betwixt the sensuous and emotional;

and on matters of artistic taste generally he was not afraid to speak out. Thus he exclaimed, and there is still point in his reproach, although much less than at the time he uttered it:

> Scotland with all thy worth, irreverent thou,
> In solemn things irreverent, reverent less
> Of beauty, loving not the beautiful.

It is one of Aird's merits that he did something to win Scotland back to the love of the beautiful, not to lead her home

> To the glory that was Greece,
> And the grandeur that was Rome,

for he was never classical, and even in his Miltonic outbursts there is not a mythological allusion, but to liberate her from the trammels of the artificial Dutch garden, and to unseal her eyes to the profusion of unmanufactured loveliness that lies scattered around.

While attending the University of Edinburgh, as students of limited means did then and still do, Aird accepted a vacation tutorship: but it was not like Carlyle's tutorship, one that took him abroad, or enlarged his acquaintance with the world; for it was not far off, as Cresscleugh, in Selkirkshire, with the family of a farmer, Mr Anderson; and it is a curious fact that Aird was almost the least travelled of men. He never made the grand tour, then so popular, or, like the young buck lampooned in the "Twa Dogs":

> took a whirl
> To learn bon ton and see the worl',
> There at Vienna or Versailles
> To rive his father's auld entails,
> Or to Madrid to tak' the route
> To thrum guitars and fecht wi' nowte,

lines which Aird used to describe as the acme of sarcastic contempt. He was never in Paris, he was never in London, he never, as far as I can ascertain, crossed the border. He was exclusively Scotch, exclusively Lowland Scotch: the triangulation of his life had its vertices at Bowden, Edinburgh, and Dumfries, and beyond that area he scarcely went, save to pay a visit to his brother at Dundee. His culture was broad, but his experience was narrow, but it was at the same time intense; and hence, as Carlyle said, he was at his best in his descriptions of weather, and of rural physiognomies of nature in earth and sky, as seen in southern Scotland. But although Aird did not for his holiday take a travelling appointment, he probably derived no small benefit from his tutorship at Crosscleuch, for there, like Wordsworth, he luxuriated in the peaceful charm of the green braes of Yarrow, the ideal nursery of Scottish song, and there he was admitted to the friendship of the Ettrick Shepherd, who impressed him greatly, and whose gleams and snatches of fairyland he thought ineffable. There was nothing in any language, he said, to be compared with Kilmeny, in its strange, unearthly beauty and blissful innocence and purity.

Back in Edinburgh, Aird plunged into the literary vortex then swirling there, and in its gyrations he was brought into touch with its master spirits, Jeffrey and Cockburn, and Lockhart and Wilson and De Quincey, while he also came under the sway of the illustrious Chalmers. For nearly twenty years Edinburgh was his home and culture-bed, and there his genius came to its maturity, and much of his best work was done. There, in 1826, appeared his first publication, "Murtzoufle," a tragedy in three acts, crude, but forceful and saturnine, reflecting, I think, as did also later, "The Tragic Poem of Wold," the influence of Schiller, whose "Maid of Orleans," the noblest character in tragedy, he pronounced a counterpart of Samson, "Just a female Samson." There, a year later, came his "Religious Characteristics," a series of searching, superbly eloquent essays, which Wilson made the subject of a highly approbatory review in "Blackwood." "This excellent and powerful writer," he said, "thinks, feels, and speaks for himself, without arrogance and without presumption, but with a confidence founded less on the consciousness of great talents, although great talents are his, than on the far nobler consciousness of looking on human nature with an eye whose visual nerve has been strengthened by being constantly kept open in the light of faith, and fixed on objects not fluctuating, but permanent and eternal." In Edinburgh Aird continued to toil, supporting himself by teaching and contributing to "Blackwood" and other periodicals, and for a time conducting the "Weekly Journal,"—when its editorial chair was vacated by Ballantyne, who literally lived and died with Sir Walter Scott—until 1835, when he went to Dumfries to take charge of the "Herald" newspaper, and there he spent the remainder of his days in tranquility and fruitful industry. He was an able editor, defending Conservative principles in Church and State; he was, although much of a recluse, not shy, but meditative, an esteemed townsman, taking a keen interest in civic and parochial affairs, and ever ready with a helping hand to the stumbling and fallen. On all great literary occasions—as at a Burns banquet or a Scott commemoration—he was called to the front, and in spite of his diffidence responded to the summons as a matter of duty, delighting those who heard him speak by his curious insight, apt allusiveness, and quaint and racy diction. I was present at the public dinner given to him at the King's Arms Hotel when he retired from office in 1863, and I can vividly recall him as he stood at the top of the table, manly, broad-shouldered, hands clasped behind him, head rugged but well poised, thrown back, face beaming with benevolence, while, with true nobility of mien and suavity of manner, he thanked his friends for their goodness to him, and was reminiscent of the notable happenings of his sojourn amongst them. It was in Dumfries that the "Old Scottish Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village," the most popular of his prose works, took shape, being given to the world in 1845, and this delicious book, which one goes back to again and again with relish—it never palls on the palate—I am tempted to liken to "The Recreations of a Country Gentleman," with which Sir George Douglas has lately enriched us. Both books are incandescent with Scottish genius, both throw instructive and alluring side-lights on Scottish life and character, though on different levels of it, and at different times. Sir George is amongst the lairds and ladies; Aird consorts with feuars, cotters, cobblers, joiners, and blacksmiths, and how diverse the times are may be gathered from the old bachelor's averment that no one can thoroughly enjoy the luxury of a newspaper unless he has brought it from the post-office himself, and reads it in his own house, in his own quiet room, after drawing the curtains, lighting the lamp, and stirring the fire. Still putting aside fashions, conventionalities, and innovations, the books have much in common at the core, and still more remarkable to me is the analogy between Sir George's "Recreations" and Aird's poem on "Frank Sylvan." Sir George is poetical in his recreations, and Aird is recreative in his poems. Frank Sylvan was a Scottish country gentleman, and the poem, one of Aird's best, chronicles his pastimes, his plantings, his ridings, his callings, his huntings, his curlings, his penny weddings, christenings, fairs, and kirns, his strawberry and his Christmas feasts, all with hearty appetence, and paints in the bowery background of his life, and all the living things around him, with masterly precision and consummate grace—

> Homeward returning by the upward path
> Old Sylvan stands and listens. Through the meek
> Still day from far-off places comes the long,
> Smooth, level booming of the channel stones.
> Roar goes a stone adown some nearer rink,
> Right, left it strikes, triumphant shouts proclaim
> A last great shot has revolutionised
> The crowded tee. Down in the valley, lo!
> The broom-armed knights upon the gleaming board.
> Such rural sports beguile the winter's day.

Is there a man who has ever been at a bonspiel who doesn't realise the truth of that? Is there a man reared in Tweedside who does not vibrate to the invocation?

> beautiful dale,
> What time the virgin favour of the Spring

Bursts in young lillies, they are first in thee;
Thine lavish summer lush of luminous green,
And Autumn glad upon thy golden crofts.

Is there a man with an eye for the grotesque who doesn't appreciate this?

A Latin scholar on unwonted steed,
His heels turned closely in, his toes wide out,
His trousers ruffled up unto his knee,
His coat-tails pinned before him, to escape
The dusty hair of Rosinante's ribs,
And ever as he rises in his trot
With slow and solemn risings, the far-off
Horizon seen, a lucid interval
Betwixt the saddle and his seat of honour.

I am confident, at any rate, that Sir George Douglas appreciates Frank Sylvan, and that we may expect from him some sympathetic utterances about its author to-day.

While in Dumfries, Aird was not cut off from communication with kindred spirits; for the town then held several men of great intellectual calibre and learning, and he kept up a correspondence with the leading writers of the time, men like Gilfillan of Dundee, Carruthers of Inverness, and Professor Blackie of Edinburgh. Pilgrims, too, came to do him homage, men like Dean Stanley and Principal Shairp. He met Carlyle there almost every year. I have seen them many a time strolling on the green expanse of the dock together, and Delta, the beloved author of "Cassawappy," who had come to visit him, died in his arms.

I have briefly, I fear faintly, delineated the influences that in my view went to the making of our poet, dwelling, of course, mostly on those suggested by this place; but whatever the influences at work may have been, their outcome has been admirable. They have yielded us a national poet of pith and power, of penetrative vision, and of unblemished fame. I heard Professor Raleigh of Glasgow, when lately lecturing on the poets, and referring to their follies and foibles, propose a variation of the "Psalm of Life":

Lives of great men all remind us,
We may shroud our days in mist,
And departing, leave behind us
Work for the apologist.

Not so with Aird. His career is unclouded. No white-wash is wanted. There is no speck to conceal. There is no equivocal conduct to extenuate, no compromising circumstance to explain away. There is not a line of his writings we would wish to expunge. Independent in fibre, unostentatious, a scorner of vanities, capable of righteous indignation, but free from rancour, he dreamed the dreams poetical, and lived the gentle life. His aims were lofty, his spirit pure, and the music he has given us is not that of Silenus, but an echo, however distant, of the harmony that reverberates behind this veil of things and "vesture of decay." We have come here to-day to do him reverence, to enter into closer communion with him by drinking at the well-springs of his emotions. We proclaim him our Scottish Wordsworth, and we say to all our wandering border brethren who cannot return to the haunts of their youth and caress them once more, Have by you the song-book of this border minstrel for consolation in your bereavement. As you turn over its pages you will become conscious of an old-world odour, as of rose leaves and lavender, faint and delicate, strangely different from the Burlington Arcade perfumes that assail us to-day, not sensuous, but soothing and conceptional; and you will be translated on winged words to the happy homesteads, the pastoral valleys, the green hill-sides, the tangled woodlands that you love so well, a celestial refulgence shining over all. Long may Aird's bright effluence flow on. Cherishing him on our affections as we do,

We give our hearts for monument,
And ours shall be a large content.

North Britain according to Procopius.

PROCOPIUS, a Greek historian of the sixth century, and a native of Cæsarea in Palestine, wrote a history of the Roman wars with the Vandals, Moors, Persians, and Goths, from A.D. 395 to A.D. 553. He was secretary to the great Belisarius, whom he accompanied in most of his campaigns, occupying places of trust and importance. He was highly esteemed by the Emperor Justinian, who gave him the title of illustrious, created him a senator, and afterwards appointed him prefect of Constantinople. As a specimen of the geographical value of his notices of distant countries, the following is interesting. It is from his great work on the Gothic war, book iv. chap. 20:—"In this Isle of Brittia, men of ancient time built a long wall, cutting off a great portion of it; for the soil, and the men, and all other things, are not alike on both sides. For on the eastern side of the wall, there is a wholesomeness of air in conformity with the seasons, moderately warm in summer and cold in winter. Many men inhabit there, living much as other men. The trees with their appropriate fruits flourish in season, and their corn-lands are as productive as others; and the district appears sufficiently fertilised by streams. But on the western side all is different, insomuch indeed that it would be impossible for a man to live there even half an hour. Vipers and serpents innumerable, with all other kinds of wild beasts, infest that place; and, what is most strange, the natives affirm that if any one, passing the wall, should proceed to the other way, he would die immediately, unable to endure the unwholesomeness of the atmosphere. Death also attacking such beasts as go thither, forthwith destroys them." The district which Procopius libels in this atrocious way is the south of Scotland—the dwelling-place, at the very time he wrote, of numerous, powerful, and comparatively civilised tribes.

A Curious Border Marriage Custom.

MANY interesting customs are connected with the important ceremony of marriage, and every class in every clime has its special observances peculiar to the taking of the nuptial vow, so that good luck may be secured. Even "society" in these days has its own rites which must be observed by the happy pair if they desire peace of mind and future happiness.

HAWICK BRIDE'S JACKET.

In olden times every district had its particular wedding customs and every class its own ritual, but in the hurry of modern life a fusion of these rites has occurred. Many of these curious customs have—luckily perhaps—fallen into abeyance, but, strange to say, the special custom which we desire to mention, as observed by the factory operatives in the Scottish Borders, instead of being on the decline is actually on the increase, its popularity being more prominent than ever. This custom may be said to be a survival or development of the old Border custom of "creeling the bridegroom," but very properly the obnoxious portion of the ceremony has been omitted. In the older form of the custom, the bridegroom's coat was stripped from him and nimble fingers fastened a heavy fishwife's "creel" or basket to it. The unhappy victim was then compelled to don his garment, and, after the creel was filled with heavy stones, he was forced to run the gauntlet of his friends.

The "modus operandi" in the modern version as practised by the mill-girls of Hawick and Galashiels is somewhat different. When it leaks out amongst the lassies that one of their number has given in her notice for the purpose of getting married, her work-mates lay their heads together, and, watching their opportunity, they steal the jacket of the prospective bride. They thoroughly enjoy the amazement of the girl when she discovers the loss of her garment, but as these conspirators are relentless, she has to find her way home as best she can without this necessary part of her attire. If luck favours the plotters they will also take possession of the bride's hat. The writer knows of a case where the bride had to go home from the factory in a heavy snow-storm without either hat or jacket, her doleful plight only increasing the amusement of her comrades.

As soon as these garments have been secured, a subscription is made among the mill-girls, and the money thus collected is spent in purchasing various bright-coloured wools, miniature dolls, and sundry toys, while old feathers, ribbons, &c., are handed to the ringleaders in the plot, for every little helps in a case like this. Some of the girls thereafter meet at a convenient spot and decorate the stolen garments with the various articles in such a way that the most grotesque results are produced.

Our first illustration is a reproduction from a photograph of a jacket which was decorated by a party of Hawick mill-girls, and shows an amusing collection of dolls, trumpets, feeding bottle, and the suggestive wash-tub, which are firmly sewn on to the garment. Once a plain black melton jacket, it is now a blaze of gaudy colours. The inscription sewn on the back of

HAWICK BRIDE'S HAT.

the jacket, of which, owing to the ornamentation, only a few letters can be seen, runs thus:—"Bless the Bride and Bridegroom."

As a specimen of the sportive mill-girls' ideas of decorative art, we can present nothing finer than our second illustration, which shows the changed condition of what was originally a common sailor hat. The photographer, to set off the head-dress, has placed it upon a plaster cast of Robbie Burns, probably the most peculiar use ever made of a bust of our national poet. The main decorations consist of left-off feathers and flowers from ancient toques, while the long ribbons are gaudy-coloured strips of paper.

When the stolen garments are finished, they are carefully kept until the wedding of their owner takes place. At the customary dance after the wedding ceremony, one of the girls dons the gaudy garments, and, amidst the laughter of the assembled guests, dances a reel, at the end of which she returns the decorated pieces of apparel to the blushing bride, who

WORKING APRON OF A FACTORY BRIDE.

treasures them as a memorial of the days when she was a light-hearted mill-girl.

In cases where the bride-elect, warned by the fate of others, was able to prevent the taking away of the coveted garments, her work-mates must secure some other article, and, therefore, in our third illustration, we show a black linen apron which has been decorated instead of the jacket. Perhaps this specimen shows better than any of the others the great amount of labour bestowed in such decorations. A close observer will notice that almost the entire surface of the apron has been stitched over with coloured yarns.

CAP AND JACKET OF A HAWICK BRIDEGROOM.

Even the bridegrooms, who are employed in the Border factories, cannot escape this custom, and in our fourth illustration we represent a Hawick factory warehouseman's cap and jacket, as returned to him by the girls employed beside him. The cap looks more like a bird's nest, whilst the jingling bells attached to the jacket make every movement musical when the garment is donned.

As this curious practice is only carried out when the victims are popular amongst their work-mates, it is looked upon as an honour, and as the jacket, &c., upon their return are generally accompanied by some substantial contribution to the bride's presents as a token of respect from the merry mill-girls, the custom justifies its existence. JOHN G. GALBRAITH.

PEEBLES.—Peblys is said to be the British term for shielings. It is, however, the Cymric pebyll, tents pavilions, the plural of pabell, a tent, pavilion, tabernacle—one of those words of which there are some hundreds left behind them in South Britain by the Romans. When the kings of Scotland used to come out, as we know they did, "to play" on the banks of the Tweed, what would then be a pleasant, gentle, dry ridge, sloping down to Tweed Green on the one side and Eddlestone Water on the other, would naturally be turned into a tented field (maes pebyllog) while the Court remained there.—W. B., Bishopwearmouth.

The Ghost that Danced at Jethart.

IT is now a long while since that ghost danced at Jethart; but the grim stories which popular imagination and human credulity have gathered around the subject only arouse the more the curiosity of the inquirer; especially as we find he was no commonplace ghost—no mere scarer of rustic bumpkins, or frequenter of dilapidated farm buildings—but a right genial soul, who loved the company of ladies and gallants, not to speak of royalty, and who at Jedburgh made the most of his bright and brief careering. The legend carries us back to the time of Alexander III. of revered memory—to a time when Scotland was enjoying—what was not her wont—such an amount of rest from turmoil, that she could participate a little in harmless ostentation and brilliant pageantry. Such brilliant pageantry occurred in 1285 at Jedburgh, which Alexander had fixed upon, from the celebrity of its abbey and the attractiveness of its surrounding scenery, as a fitting place wherein to celebrate his marriage with Yolande, daughter of the Count de Dreux. Jedburgh was thus in high holiday; but at the banquet in the evening—more splendid, we are told, than anything of the kind previously seen in Scotland—held, it is said, in the great hall of the abbey, and at the very moment when the hilarity of the brilliant assemblage was at its height—when the dance had grown fast and furious, and all went merry as a marriage bell—there took place a remarkable, ghostly, blood-freezing, bone-shaking incident. "One of the exhibitions of the evening," says Mr A. Jeffrey, "consisted of a kind of military dance or procession. While this dance was performing, and while the mirth was unbounded, an unwelcome visitor appeared at the festive board, whose presence put a sudden end to the hilarities of the evening. At the close of the procession of maskers, a spectre glided into the room and mixed in the dance, at sight of which the music ceased in an instant, and the maskers fled in affright. In the midst of the turmoil, the spectre suddenly disappeared." But the tale is told as it never was told before by Mr Smith in his rhyming version, which we now submit to the reader:—

When gude King Aylsander was marry't—
  'Twas langsyne, kimmer, i' the toun o' Jethart,
Stane-biggit, abbey-crown'd auld Border clachan:
Whiles I hae thocht o' greetin' an' whiles lauchin',
  Just as fond Memory wi' the Past forgather't,
And doon Time's stream was carry't!

When gude King Aylsander was marry't,
  The Provost and the Bailies o' the toun,
The waukers, wabsters, wi' the smiths an' souters,
The mairchants, millers, an' the caudron-clouters,
  And every cadger frae the country roun',
Wad hansel in the weddin'—

Wi' dancin' to weel-bein' o' the King:—
  And Ringan Hastie cam',
The first toun-piper o' the ancient burgh,
  And a lang lad wi' a bassoon yet langer,
  And whillie-wha's and instruments o' clangor,
And kettle-drums an' fifes to pierce lugs thorough,
  And harps, and men to sing!

Then flowed the yill as large as Jed in simmer,
  And whangs o' cheese and bannocks
High tower'd in cairns alang the groanin' board,
Wi' pears and apples frae the carefu' hoard
  O' burgess loyal,
And haggis, tripe, and every dainty stored
  For feast sae royal.

And, like a hailstorm through the forest gran',
  A rushin' dinn'le,
Began the dance, sworn to keep on till morn:
E'en crazy eild until the swirl was borne—
And "Jethart's here!" roar'd out bow-legged Tam Tinnle;
  When sudden cam' a stan'!

But still the patter o' a pair o' feet
  Was heard fu' richt!
The lad had fainted wi' the lang bassoon,
And kettle-drums and fifes were in a swoon,
And harpers glower'd atween their silent thairms
  On sic a sicht!

It had a plume as it had been a baron,
  Wi' feathers hie;
A kilt wi' gold brocade an' siller lacin',
And dainty doublet, wi' a braw, braw facin'—
  But, hon-och-rie!
It was an atomy, a thing o' banes,
  That wadna dee!

It lightly trod the airy min-e-wae,
  And cracked its fleshless thoombs,
And linked wi' unseen partners doon the floor,
As country dance was never danced before,
  And girned an' boo'd to ladies on the dais—
  Then flitted frae the place!

"Ho, Tam the Tip!" cried out the Provost bauld,
  "Bring back yon loon!
We'll pit him where he winna be sae yauld,
And gie him time to blaw his parritch cauld;
He might hae hid his banes wi' decent garb—
  Affrontin' the toun!"

But ne'er was seen yon merrie ghost again
  In Jethart dear;
Her battle-axes fell on Southern shields,
Her sturdy spearmen won victorious fields,
  And "Jethart's here!"
Rung down the ages, as the battle plain
  Its heroes gather't;
But one, and only one, shall that remain—
  The Ghost o' Jethart!

Another such incident is known to the reader of the legendary history of Scotland—viz., that which took place in Linlithgow Palace, some time previous to the battle of Flodden, when—the king being one day engaged in his devotions—as we read in "Marmion," there

"Stepped before the monarch's chair,
And stood with rustic plainness there,
And little reverence made,"

a figure claiming to be no less than James the Apostle, and who, after uttering various counsels and warnings, disappeared in a mysterious manner, though attempts were made to seize and detain him. The explanation usually given of the Linlithgow apparition is that it was probably a pious fraud arranged in order to dissuade James IV. from his projected invasion of England. There may also have been some pious or Court purpose served, or intended to be served, by the ghost that danced at the marriage festivities of Alexander III. at Jedburgh, though that has not been made quite clear. "Sir Michael Scott," writes Mr Smith, "who was then living, was the best man to have explained it. But though he wrote about everything—'ram's flesh and bisheps, pot-herbs and wicked women, kings and emperors and the roasting of eggs, the dignity of friendship and whether fishes chew their food'—he has not told us a word in explanation of the Ghost that danced at Jethart!"

Disaster to Scotland, as we know, accompanied Flodden, which followed the fruitful admonitions of the strange monitor of Linlithgow Palace. The incident of the skeleton-dancer of Jedburgh was too remarkable not to be also linked on in some way to national vicissitude; and so we are told by an old poet, as if in necessary connection with that event:—

"The King soon after, falling from his steed,
Unhappily died: after whose death, ensuing
Woe to the land, sedition, wreck, and ruin."

The death of Alexander III., in the following spring, had a special bearing on the Border Land. "The later kings of Scotland of the house of Bruce and Stuart," says Professor Veitch, "were led either by choice or policy to reside north of the Border district—in Holyrood, Linlithgow, Dunfermline, and Falkland. The direct connection of the royal line with the valley of the Tweed may be said to have terminated with the death of Alexander III." "Perhaps," says Mr Cosmo Innes, "no other nation in Europe was so unhappily situated as Scotland, from the conclusion of the bright period that ended with the last Alexander till the Union. It may be added that the most unhappy part of this unhappy kingdom during that period—at least for the ordinary upland man and citizen and burgess—was the Border district. It was exposed to outrage, fire, and sword from the south. Every English army must pass through it; and each time this happened, the country was made desolate, either by the foe or by the inhabitants seeking to starve the enemy." Thus it will be seen how much depended on the life of Alexander III., which "closed fitly amid dark, weird, and ghostly omen"—in truth, not long after the appearance of the "Ghost that danced at Jethart!"

Burying the Plague.

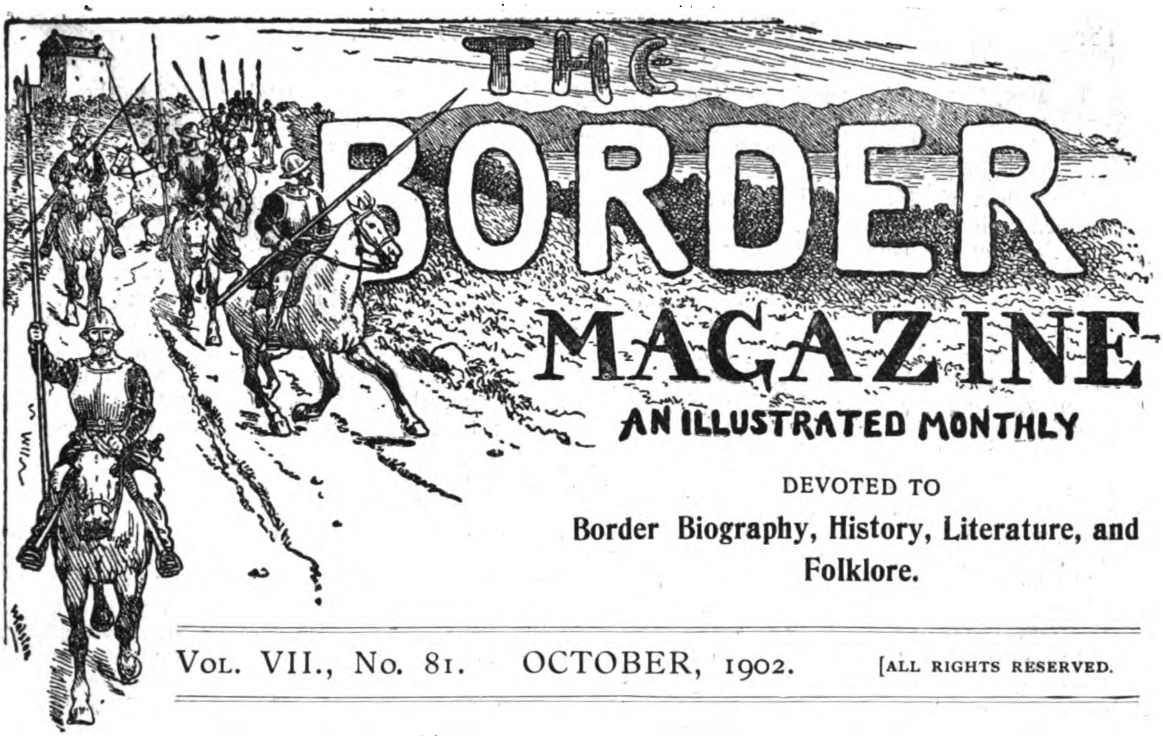
IN a wild and secluded spot in Teviotdale, a considerable mound of earth is shown, under which, it is said, the plague was buried. There is a singular and awful distinctness in the tradition connected with this spot. It was originally, say the people, a cottage, which contained the large family of a poor shepherd. At the present time, no trace of a place of habitation is discernable; it is a plain, ordinary-looking hillock, upon the surface of which the sward grows as green and the field-daisy as sweetly as if it were not, what it is, the tomb of human misery and disease. The plague was introduced into the house by a piece of finery which the shepherd's wife purchased from a wandering pedlar, and wore for some time upon her head. She was speedily seized with the dreadful distemper, and took to her bed. Some of the children also beginning to feel affected, the shepherd himself went to the nearest farm-house to seek assistance. The inhabitants of this place, alarmed in the highest degree for their own safety, rose in a body, and instead of attempting to relieve the infected family, spread the intelligence to the neighbours, who being equally apprehensive with themselves, readily joined them in the dreadful decision that mercy to individuals should be postponed to a regard for the general health. With this resolution, and disregarding the entreaties of the poor shepherd, they went en masse, and closing the door upon the unfortunate family, proceeded to throw up earth around and over the cottage, till it was buried at least five feet beneath the surface. All the time of this operation—about half a day—the inmates, aware of their fate, cried dreadfully; and it was not till a large turf had been laid upon the top of the chimney, and a deep stratum of earth deposited over all, that their wailings were heard finally to subside. The shepherd is described as having for some time gone round and round the place like one demented, uttering fearful cries, and invoking Heaven to save his family, till at last, being driven away by the people, he departed from the awful scene in a state of distraction, and was never more heard of or seen in that district.

Printed and Published by A. Walker & Son, Galashiels.

MISS ELIZABETH YOUNG.

MRS JOHN REDPATH.

BORDER TWINS, 1816-1902.



DEVOTED TO
Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

VOL. VII., No. 81. OCTOBER, 1902.

Border Twins, and other Border Folk.

1816-1902.

ON Saturday, May 31st, Miss Elizabeth Young and Mrs John Redpath, Duns, twin daughters of the late George and Agnes Young, were, on the completion of their eighty-sixth year, presented with their portraits (of which the supplement is a copy) by the members of Mrs Redpath's family. Born at Ladywell, near Duns, on June 1st, 1816, these venerable ladies have lived all their days in Berwickshire, the greater part on farms chiefly in the eastern district, but for many years latterly in Duns, the auld Border toon that "dings a'." Amongst numerous congratulations which they received from different parts of the kingdom, the most interesting was one sent from the Granite City, by the widow of William Alexander, LL.D., author of the immortal "Johnny Gibb of Gushet Neuk," &c., &c. In the early fifties of last century, Mrs Alexander, whose maiden name was Allan, spent several years in Berwickshire, first at Crumstane farm-house near Duns, where she became acquainted with the Youngs, and afterwards at Kelloe House near Edrom, where she taught for a number of years. A few months ago she was agreeably surprised to hear in her retired house in Aberdeen that, after the lapse of over half-a-century, both the twin ladies referred to were alive, and in possession of all their faculties. With the exception of their youngest brother Robert, who emigrated to the United States about fifty years ago, and who is also over fourscore years of age, they are the only survivors of a family of nine—three sons and six daughters. They belong to a long-lived family, for George Young, their father, died at the age of eighty-two, and their mother four years later at eighty-seven, while the two brothers and an elder sister passed away a few years ago, all above fourscore years.

The early life of Miss Young and Mrs John Redpath was spent upon the farm according to Border use and wont. After a very brief and imperfect school curriculum, they, like other farm servants' children, were put to agricultural work long before the age prescribed by the School Board of the present day. This early commencement of farm work was actually necessary, owing to the inadequate remuneration which the farm servant of that time received for his services, and the necessity for making ends meet and keeping out of debt. Thrift and independence have always been twin characteristics in the domestic life of the Border farm servant, and these noble qualities were early instilled into the minds of the twin girls, To Miss Young, the "senior partner," this early training in agricultural work proved of great advantage, when some time afterwards she was called upon to take the place of "bondager" to her father, which multifarious duties she discharged with great fidelity for a long series of years. When on account of advancing years the former strong man, the bread-winner of the family, was no longer able for the daily routine work of the farm, Bess Young, assisted by an elder sister, kept toiling on as a cottar, in order to provide a home for the old folks, and supply them with every comfort in their declining years. When the small pittance which the female worker at that time received for her laborious work on the farm is taken into account—tenpence per day, or five shillings per week was the maximum wage for a full week's work of fifty-seven, and in many cases sixty hours, all broken time being deducted—one cannot but admire the determined pluck and perseverance of this Border farm servant in thus keeping the wolf from the door on such a miserable pittance. Never was obedience to the fifth commandment more fully exemplified than in Bess Young's unwearied self-devotion to her parents, and never was such devotion more abundantly rewarded. After her father's death in 1867, Miss Young was most unremitting in her attention to her mother during the four years of her widowhood; and when at last the long-looked for invitation that called her home arrived, the aged pilgrim, in real childlike simplicity, whispered softly into her daughter's ear—"Bess! ye micht hand me owre the jug wi' the promises;" and then, with a confidence like that of a tired child when it rests its head on its parent's bosom, the wearied one, resting in the "perfect love that casteth out fear," shortly afterwards passed away peacefully in that long sleep from which there is no wakening "until the day dawn!"

Agnes Young, the other twin sister, was married to John Redpath, farm servant, at the age of twenty-five. The twin-likeness between the two sisters was so complete up till that time, that one of the wedding guests, after the ceremony was over, made the remark,—"I wonder hoo John Redpath (pronounced Ripputh) kens Nan (his wife) frae Bess, they're sae like yin anither!" But it was not merely on physiognomical lines that the twin sisters resembled each other, for it has also been the lot of Mrs Redpath to pass through many domestic trials. The heaviest of these trials was visited upon the family in the spring of 1861, when John Redpath, the father, was stricken with mental aberration, from the effects of which he died in Edinburgh, in October 1862. About that same time (1861) Mrs Redpath was, through over-anxiety and great physical weakness, prostrated by severe illness, her life for some time actually hanging in the balance. This sad parental affliction necessitated the removal of the family at the following Whitsunday from the farm of Broomhouse Mains, near Duns, where they had resided for eleven years, to the farm of Crumstane. To keep the family together, the eldest son, at the age of seventeen, engaged himself as a ploughman on the latter farm, while, owing to the eldest daughter having to take the mother's place as housekeeper, the second son, who was only fifteen, had to return from farm service at Littledean, near Ayton, to serve as bondager. After spending several years further upon the farm, Mrs Redpath and daughters removed to Duns.

Since the death of an elder sister in 1896, these Border Twins have lived together at 66 Castle Street, Duns, where they are lovingly cared for by Mrs Redpath's daughters. The most fitting encomium that can be bestowed upon each of these venerable ladies is that from the pen of the wise man—"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all!"

As this noble type of womanliness and its environment, so characteristic of the Borderland, is passing quickly away, a few reminiscences of oor ain folk in the early years of last century, told in the "soft lowland tongue o' the Borders," may be of interest to the readers of the Border Magazine.

The social and domestic life of oor ain folk on the Border in the early years of the nineteenth century was vastly different from what it is at the present day. If, for instance, one contrasts the wretched home of the farm servant of eighty years ago with a cow-byre of modern times, the latter, with all its scientific equipment and sanitary appliances is quite a combination of luxuries in comparison with the miserable house for the human being, whose walls were generally built of whinstone after the manner of a modern dyke, and unlike the model cow-byre of to-day were entirely free from plaster of any kind, while the hovel itself was equally destitute of internal furnishings. Four ungainly distorted joists stretching from wall to wall were the only "fixtures" of the house, and upon these bearers the husbandman's "laftin'," which formed part of his portable household gear, was laid in order to hide the usually red tiled, and also unplastered roof, and which at the same time formed an additional "upstairs" to the dwelling. The ground flat was next furnished by the "box" beds being duly "set up." These, when placed in position along with other chattels, created a new apartment—the "ben end o' the hoose." A small square window, with four panes of glass, some of them disfigured by a thick knot, the "bull's eye" in the sheet of crown glass (through which the bright sunlight attempted to penetrate on clear days, and a little daylight hardly struggled through on dark days), and a "bole" in the "ben end," admitted all the light of heaven obtainable in the dwelling. Such then was the domicile in which the farm servant and family were compelled to live, and for which the farmer exacted rent, not paid in hard cash but in kind, a system far more beneficial to the master than the servant. To compensate the farmer for house rent, the wife and mother was under the necessity of toiling on the farm during harvest time and on threshing days, no matter what inconvenience to herself and family this might entail. On these occasions, the first-born of the family, whether male or female, was obliged to "keep house" and look after the younger members; and as the youthful guardian, on whose small shoulders so much responsibility rested during the daytime, was seldom more than a child, very naturally many amusing incidents occurred, as the following true story may show. It was harvest time, and the reapers were wending their way home in the evening, when on turning a bend of the road they met a mournful procession of youngsters belonging to one family, in a great state of excitement, each one having his "daidlie"(pinafore) stuffed into his mouth, and howling his loudest. The tired mother's investigation elicited that, when preparing stoved potatoes for the frugal supper, the youthful cook had let the lid of the pepper box slip off, and had precipitated all the pepper amongst the "stovies." The poor lassie then thought that by washing down the pepper to the bottom of the pot she would get rid of it, and nobody would be a whit the worse or the wiser of the mishap. But unfortunately for her "the pruif o' the pudding lay in the preein' o't;" and the noisy demonstration on the part of the younger members of the family gave the show away.

The education of the younger Borderer of seventy or eighty years ago was sadly defective when compared with the standards of today. At that time the teaching was generally of the most rudimentary kind; and children who were fortunate enough to acquire a little reading, writing and spelling, with, in some special cases, a slight smattering of arithmetic, were considered to have received a good general education. The following may help to illustrate this point. A Border youth had been presented with a book in honour of his birthday or some other such event, and the father had duly inscribed his son's name on the fly-leaf, but in writing the Christian name he spelt it "Georg." The young birkie, being conscious that he had right on his side, had the temerity to suggest that his name would be more complete if it had the letter "e" attached to it. The suggestion was not appreciated, however, for both the youthful critic and his suggestion got knocked on the head when the crushing retort came,—"Man, ye're juist talkin' doonricht nonsense: if there was an "e" at the end o't, it would be 'Georgie!'" And, how, it may be asked, would the cultured young lady of to-day (when nursing as a profession is attainable by the humblest in life) care to have a potion like the following dispensed to her in sickness by "dear mamma?" About seventy years ago, when Nannie Young, the mother of the twins referred to, resided on the farm of Grueldykes, near Duns, a daughter of a neighbour cottar was confined to the house by illness, and on Mrs Young calling to see her she found the patient sitting up in bed making unsuccessful attempts to sup with a spoon the contents of a teacup, which at first sight appeared to contain syrup, but which proved to be a liberal dose of castor oil. As this product of the East Indies of seventy years ago was as unpalatable as it is to-day (or more so), it is no wonder that the distress of the patient evoked the sympathy of Mrs Young. The poor girl was trying ineffectually to follow out the imperious orders of her mother, and on seeing her visitor she piteously exclaimed, "Eh, Nannie, this is awfu'!" To the inquiry regarding the medicine, the answer came in broken sobs from the sufferer—"It's castor oil ma mither gied me: but try as I like I canna take it this wey!" Now Nannie was a couthy, active little woman, who always knew how to act in a case of emergency, so after sympathising with her, she, by gentle coaxing and persuasion, showed the patient how the nauseous draught could be disposed of with the least possible discomfort. After this had been done, Nannie next directed her attention to the nurse of the establishment, the girl's mother. Unfortunately, however, Nannie's lecture on this occasion, being of a private nature, cannot be reported, but as the writer, when a boy, had often the pleasure of enjoying the caustic mother wit and admiring the "smeddum" of the lecturer, he has no doubt whatever that, as it would be delivered in the old lady's inimitable style, it could not possibly fail to produce a deep and permanent impression on the unskilled nurse, for whose special benefit it was intended.

The religious life of the farm servant on the Border in the early years of the last century was emphatically marked by filial reverence, devotion to things sacred, and zealous and regular attendance on church ordinances and other means of grace, for which the half-hearted attitude of his successor of to-day towards things religious is a poor substitute. Half-day hearers, except in the case of the town resident, were practically unknown. The services at the "meetin'" on Sundays (there were always two held consecutively, the lecture and the sermon) usually commenced at a quarter-past eleven, and lasted about two-and-a-half hours; and although town members occasionally availed themselves of the privilege of retiring or entering during the interval (or "the half" as it was called) while a psalm was being sung, country members of the congregation invariably remained to the close of both diets of worship.

But the distinction is also striking between the Border minister of bygone days and his successors of to-day, especially as regards his fearless and outspoken pulpit utterances. Old Border residents narrate many incidents in the ministry of the late Rev. Mr Davidson, of the West United Presbyterian Church, Duns. From the pulpit this fearless preacher was wont to censure or commend his hearers in the plainest manner. On one occasion, a female member of his congregation, resident in the town, arrived at church after he had commenced his discourse. The reverend gentleman paused for a moment, and after making the following pawky remark, —"There's a wally-draigle: she'll hae been pittin' the greens (vegetables) into the kail pat afore she cam' here!"—he quietly resumed his discourse. On another Sunday, after publicly rebuking a female town hearer who also arrived late, and who by persisting to get to the top of the pew was causing a slight disturbance in the gallery, the preacher proceeded to pay a compliment to one of his country members, Tibbie Dodds by name. This lady was a well-known member of the congregation who occupied a prominent seat in the gallery behind the clock, and usually wore a gentleman's head-gear. The tittering amongst the worshippers can be overlooked when our reverend friend proceeded forthwith to extol Tibbie's moral perfections by remarking—"There's Tibbie Dodds comes a' the road frae Lockermacus ilka Sunday, and let me come into the kirk ony time I like, she's aye there afore me!" Tibbie resided at Longformacus in the Lammermoors, and was in the habit of tramping six and a half miles to the "meetin'" at Duns every Sunday, over one of the worst roads in the county. But probably the gravest rebuke ever administered to any church-goer was delivered by the same clergyman to a male member of his congregation. One day Mr Davidson was in the vicinity of Duns Mill when his attention was attracted to a ploughman in a field, who had got to loggerheads with his horses. The language of the man was so profane that it cannot be inserted here; and although the minister was too far off to rebuke the blasphemer at the time, he was near enough to see and to hear that the impious language proceeded from a member of his own congregation. On the following Sunday the minister's opportunity came. After relating the unpleasant incident, he addressed a few pointed questions to the congregation. "Does he belong to so and so?" (naming each of the different denominations in the town), and after giving an emphatic "no" to each question, he replied in a subdued, solemn tone of voice—"He belangs to oorsels." "And what shall we do wi' him?" was the next question. "Shall we name him? No! but we'll pray for him!" And but for the fact that during the intercessory prayer the culprit rose and left the church, none of the members of the congregation would have known to whom the minister referred. This type of Border farm servant was doubtless a rare one. Another incident in the life of this good man is noteworthy at the present time. In these days of pulpit competition and short leets, when a preacher's call to a larger congregation, coupled with a larger stipend, is generally regarded as "a call from the Lord," how would the disinterestedness of this old Border minister be rated? Mr Davidson, who was a bachelor, was in the enjoyment of a stipend of fifty pounds a year from his congregation (which consisted chiefly of the poorer working classes), and lived a happy and contended life on this small sum. On one occasion, when a deputation, empowered by the congregation to increase his small stipend, waited upon him, he received them very cordially, but as soon as the object of their visit was made known, he naively replied—"Na! na! I hae plenty; I dinna need ony mair! Ye had better keep it for the next yin; he'll need a' ye can gie him!" This prediction shortly afterwards came true.

But although these reverend worthies, the "men o' wecht" of bygone days, have long since been gathered to their fathers, their memory is still cherished and revered by the very small remnant of their hearers that is now left. To that very small remnant belong the venerable twin ladies mentioned in this article. May they have heaven's richest blessings dispensed to them in the fast-deepening gloaming of their lives; and may each hear at last the welcome commendation—"Well done, good and faithful servant!" At eventide may there be abundance of light. G. R.

Duns Law.

THERE is no finer view to be had of the "Garden of the Merse" than from Duns Law. Stretching to the west, Hume Castle and the peaks of the Eildon Hills are plainly seen, while to the south the Cheviot Hills stand out in bold relief, acting as the boundary wall between England and Scotland, and the lovely valley of the Tweed with its finely wooded banks displays a panorama of unequalled grandeur. Further to the south-east we enter upon scenery at once picturesque and beautiful, through the plains of Northumberland to Holy Island, while to the east the spires of Berwick, and a glimpse of the sea near Spittal "lends enchantment to the view." Halidon Hill and Lamberton Moor, rising to the left, mark out a beautiful stretch of country, and the valley from Ayton to Eyemouth, with its soft banks, lowly knolls, thymy slopes, and is again overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea, when the view is checked by the rising range of Lammermoor Hills, prominent of which is Cockburn Law. With such a scene before us, surely it is right and becoming that we should have some intelligent acquaintance of it.

Duns as a place-name is said to be derived from the Celtic word Dun (a hill or fort), and no one who has viewed the surroundings of the town from the heights behind the Castle, or examined the extensive pre-historic remains on Duns Law, will be disposed to dispute it. The first mention of Duns occurs in a charter granted in the reign of William the Lion (1165-1214), by Welgrave, Earl of Dunbar, in favour of the monks of Melrose, conveying to them a pasturage in Lammermoor. Hugo-de-Duns is one of the witnesses, and the name would appear to indicate that he was of Norman extraction, and may have been a retainer of the first Earl of Dunbar. After Bannockburn (1314), the baronies of Longformacus and Mordington, in Berwickshire, in which Duns was probably included, were bestowed by Bruce upon his nephew, Randolph, first Earl of Dunbar, but, as will

MARKET PLACE, DUNS.

appear in the sequel, lands in the neighbourhood of the Castle and town (East Borthwick and Grueldykes) were held by persons of the name of Dunse or Duns as late as the middle of the sixteenth century. According to tradition, the famous schoolman, John Duns Scotus, belonged to this family, and was born in Duns about the year 1265. The site of the house where he first saw the light of day is said to have been situated on the south-west slope of Duns Law, a few yards from the Pavilion Lodge leading to the Castle. The Scottish army assembled in the Park of Duns in 1318, before the brilliant attack on Berwick under Randolph and the good Lord James Douglas, and there is reason to believe that King Robert the Bruce was there at that time, although he took no actual part in the battle.

In proof of this, a charter under the Great Seal, in favour of Alexander the Seneschall, bears that the lands of Kimmerghame (or Kynbrigham) were resigned into the hands of the King in presence of his magnates at the Park of Duns. There are other documents and charters which go to prove that Bruce visited Duns more than once. Fifteen years after the capture of Berwick by the Scots, Duns Park was again the mustering place of another Scottish Army, under Sir Archibald Douglas, for the relief of that town, which was then besieged by the English, but on this occasion to suffer disastrous defeat. The great leaders of the War of Independence had passed away, and there was no Scotsman left capable of restraining, or wisely directing, the impetuous valour of his countrymen, which was recklessly thrown away at Halidon Hill.

Halidon Hill is about thirteen miles from Duns, and it is not unlikely that the length of the march, as well as the strength of the English position, contributed to the unfortunate issue of the battle. After this Edward III. was not long in seeking to gain a footing in the southern parts of Scotland, and Duns was one of the manors which were temporarily held by an English owner in this way. We read in the "Calendar of Documents" (1335), that Thomas-de-Bradestan for his long and faithful services was granted the manors of Duns and Chirnside, to be held by Thomas and his heirs for the yearly reddendo of a sword, at the Nativity of St John the Baptist, in lieu of all his services. He does not seem to have enjoyed it long, for, in 1342, it is recorded that the Church of Duns was annexed as a prebend to the collegiate Church of Dunbar, by Patrick, ninth Earl of Dunbar, and, in 1363, David II. confirmed a charter by Patrick, Earl of March and Moray, in favour of Alexander-de-Reclynton, of the dominical lands of Duns. About 1372 an incursion of the English into the Eastern Borders was checked at Duns by a somewhat whimsical expedient on the part of some youths of the town and district. The Earl of Northumberland had collected about 7000 men-at-arms, penetrated into Scotland, and overran the whole lands of the Earl of Dunbar, wasting them with fire and sword, marching as far as Dunse Park, where he encamped for the night. About midnight some cunning lads, "varlets and youths from the country, with some of their dependents," made a fearful noise with an instrument known in Scotland as a "Clochbolg" (supposed to be distended bladders with pebbles inside), and with horn trumpets; they went up to the troop of horses and frightened them so much that they broke their reins and fastenings and bolted off back to English soil, leaving their masters on foot. Lord Percy and his men, dazed with fear, and thinking the Scottish army was close upon them, got under arms the whole night, ready to do battle. Early in the morning, seeing their horses gone, they shouldered their lances and hastened back again in their armour ingloriously on foot. It is supposed that this exploit gave rise to the famous saying "that Duns dings a'," although the matter is disputed.

For more than a century after this event Duns is scarcely, if ever, mentioned by our historians, except by dry charters under the Great Seal. It seems to have changed hands very often, and been the rendezvous of many an English incursion and Border raid, in which the Hume's or Home's were prominent participators, their name being associated with the town since 1452, when James II. grants to Thomas Hume the lands of Cadeschele (now named Kidshiel), with the pasture and "garvage" of Dunse Park.

Alexander Lord Home, then High Chamberlain to James IV. (1510), was appointed warden of the Eastern and Middle Marches of the Kingdom against England, with grants of land within the territory of Duns. Three years later this Home, with eight thousand men, commenced a pillage in Northumberland, laying waste the country and capturing cattle. Returning with his booty he was surprised and defeated with great slaughter at a pass called the Broomhouse. by Sir William Bulmer. Home had to fly for his life, leaving his banner on the field and his brother, Sir George Home, with four hundred prisoners in the hands of the English. So much was King James incensed at this, that he resolved to lead his army in person against England, and then followed, one of the saddest events in our Scottish annals. When the gloom of "dark Flodden" lay deep and heavy on the land, what share of the grim slaughter fell on the little Border town we cannot tell. No doubt there would be men from Duns "with Huntly and with Home," who took part in the fatal struggle, when all was lost but honour.

Flodden ridge can be well seen from Duns Law, and it requires no violent effort of imagination to picture the eager faces that were doubtless gazing across the Merse on that fatal September day. Duns has preserved no traditions of Flodden, nor kept up any ceremonies, such as have made the hearts of the burghers of Selkirk and Jedburgh swell as much with pride as with sorrow.

Duns town was twice burned by the English under the Earl of Hertford about the years 1544-1545; the main part of the town at that time is believed to have stood on ground now known as "the Bruntons," and was rebuilt a little further to the south, the oldest parts being now represented by Teindhill Green, Easter Street, and Langtongate, while on the north side of Newtown Street, where it is joined by Gourlay's Wynd, may be seen a house with the expressive name of "Cleekmae," which was the first human habitation erected in that neighbourhood. Duns once more appears in history in the summer of 1639, when Charles I., intent on his rash attempt to force Episcopacy on his Scottish subjects, marched with his army to Berwick, when the Scots, under Sir Alexander Leslie, converged on Duns in two divisions and encamped on the Law. The King finding Leslie's position so strong, had recourse to diplomacy, and a "pacification" was arranged. A year later, Charles, in shameless disregard of the treaty, again attempted another invasion, but the Covenanters under Leslie assembled at Duns to the number of 25,000 men, leaving a garrison there, marched into England, by way of Coldstream, and took possession of Newcastle. The garrison at Berwick thought to have surprised the garrison at Duns, but were repulsed with loss.

The traces of Leslie's occupation of Duns Law are still visible, and part of the stone on which the standard of the Covenant is said to have been planted, may still be seen on the north-east side of the entrenchment, enclosed by a fence.

Duns has produced some notable men, prominent among whom was Thomas Boston (1676-1732), author of the "Fourfold State," and other works. A memorial tablet marks the house of his birth in Newtown Street. Duns Castle, the original tower of which dates back to the reign of Robert the Bruce, has been added to and modernized by successive landlords, and contains many historical and other portraits and pictures, including some very interesting relics connected with the Royal House of Stuart. The gardens are famous for the three splendid specimens of Araucarias, which are supposed to be the largest of their kind in Scotland, also the well-known myrtle tree, which was a sprig in the bouquet of the beautiful Miss Lucy Johnston of Hutton Hall, at a ball at Blanerne, and is upwards of a century old.

The Town Hall, in the middle of Market Place, is built on the site of the Tolbooth, and there was a Mercat Cross which was re-erected in recent years in the Public Park, the gift of a landlord in the district. The town has increased slowly in size and importance, and but for a mismanaged vote in the House of Commons last year would have been constituted the County town of Berwick, an honour and privilege it ought to possess. J. R.

In many parts of Scotland, and particularly on Tweedside, the word 'year' is pronounced 'ear.' This does not cause any confusion, because 'ear' is 'lug.' Occasionally, however, it has led to some misunderstanding with strangers. Thus: Jemmy Hawkins had been discoursing most eloquent music at a kirn supper ball, when, at the conclusion of a reel, a delighted visitor—an Englishman—came up and wished to compliment him on his admirable skill in playing. 'Man,' said the Englishman, 'you're a grand fiddler! Do you play by the ear, or how?' 'The year!' responded Jemmy, astonished at such a question. 'Na, na, sir; I only play by the nicht!'

New Edition of the Scott Country.—It is with much pleasure that we draw the attention of our readers to the second edition of Mr W. S. Crockett's highly successful work, the first edition of which was reviewed in these columns. Various improvements have been introduced into this new edition, among which are an excellent map of the Borderland, several new illustrations, and a slight change in the binding, which gives the volume a more compact appearance. Every true Borderer should be in possession of this work, and we would advise those who have not yet secured a copy to do so at once as the first edition sold very rapidly. To those who know the Borderland, Mr Crockett's beautiful book is full of refreshing reminders, while those who have only a limited knowledge of Border scenery and lore will receive such a foretaste of joys to come that they will feel impelled to a further study of our literature and a closer acquaintance with the enchanted Borderland.

The Romance of Ford Castle.

By R. Cochrane.

IN and around Ford Castle, six miles from Wooler, and close on the Northumbrian Border, Lord Roberts has been visiting a centre of historical and national interest. The original Castle dates from about 1287, having been built by Sir William Heron. Of the part where James IV. of Scotland lingered with Lady Heron before the battle of Flodden, only two mossy towers remain. Lord Delaval left Ford to his youngest and favourite daughter, Lady Tyrconnell, whose daughter and heiress Susan married the second Marquis of Waterford. When the third Marquis of Waterford was killed in the hunting field in 1859, his widow Louisa, Lady Waterford, resided here, and at Highcliffe. When she came here in 1859 an income from estates, at that time producing £10,000 a year, had been settled upon her.

Sir John Leslie relates how this happened: "I was walking out with Lord and Lady Waterford one fine bracing Sunday in September, at Ford, where the fields are large and the soil magnificent. She said, 'Waterford, what a delightful climate this is. I like this place. I feel far better here than at Curraghmore (their Irish estate.) After a pause he said, 'Do you like it, Loo? I'll leave it to you.' And so he did. And this was the beginning of what to Ford Castle and its surroundings was the blessing of that place."

The charm of Lady Waterford's beautiful and gracious presence is over the place still. She restored the Castle and Church, built the village, now one of the sweetest in Northumberland, improved farm houses, made roads and bridges, planted woods and gardens, and was an angel of mercy to the poor and all in distress. She also erected a fountain as a monument to her husband. She rests in the humble churchyard there and her works do follow her. Those who wish to see examples of her rare art gift should visit the schoolroom, which she decorated with the frescoes from "The Lives of Good Children," which Augustus J. C. Hare, who wrote her biography and that of her sister, Lady Canning, under the title of "The Story of Two Noble Lives," says, "will probably be the most lasting memorial of the pictorial genius of the lady of the Castle, who annually spent upon the estates more than

FORD CASTLE.

she derived from it, and mortgaged her own property at Highcliffe to pay for her improvements at Ford."

She arranged a room in the old tower of the Castle with tapestry; the walls of this room were over eight feet thick, and from the windows she had a view of Flodden field. "Who knows," she wrote to a friend, "but that it was in this very room that oily Dame Heron sang to the King the day before the battle; for however true that part of the story may be, he certainly stayed there, and we have his room, 'King James's room'—in this very tower—a room that has a curious old bed, but all the rest as bad as possible: it will, however, be great interest to make the room look the very date of his visit." And this Lady Waterford did, and by 1865 she was able to tell Mrs Bernal Osborne that the front of the Castle was restored to what it had been before the changes "of the trumpery Gothic style of a hundred years, with a good deal of mock-work, which was only screens, but intended to look like walls." Lady Waterford found Ford Castle, with its immensely thick walls, a more comfortable winter residence than Highcliffe, and it was here she died May 11th, 1891. More than once drawings by Lady Waterford were exhibited in London, and the profits therefrom were used in benevolent work at Ford.

The daughter of Lady Stuart de Rothesay, she was said to have been the most beautiful lady at the Eglintoun Tournament in 1839, and Hayter, the artist, was dazzled with her beauty when she entered his studio for sittings, and allowed her golden hair to flow freely over her figure, reaching far below her knees. In the visitors' book, kept by the schoolmaster of Ford, there are the autographs of W. E. Gladstone, Sir Edwin Landseer, Earl Grey, Augustus J. C. Hare (the biographer of Lady Waterford), Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, Dr Lightfoot, Earl Cowper, Earl Brownlow, Duke of Buccleuch, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duke of St Albans Sophia, late Queen of the Netherlands, Lord Armstrong, Earl Grey, the Duke of Teck, Princess Mary Adelaide Victoria Mary Teck, and "Charles Beresford." At Millfield two miles south, ancient British remains are frequently found, and here at Millfield Hill resided John Grey, before he became agent for Greenwick Hospital Commissioners at Dilston Castle; and here also his daughter and biographer, Josephine Butler, was born. A son of Mrs Butler's resides at Ewart Park, Wooler.

Traquair.

In summer's eve I love to roam,
By Caddon Bank so fair,
And view old nature's wondrous scenes
That cluster round Traquair.

O for a voice to sing the praise
Of such a place divine;
And tell unto the wide, wide world,
The glories that are thine!

O stately pile, could'st thou but speak,
What stories thou could'st tell
Of joy and sorrow in the past
Before the Stuarts fell!

With songs of chivalry and love
Thy portals once did swell;
The huntsman in the forest glade
He knew the echoes well.

Here Tweed, when bathed in silvery light,
Adds lustre to the scene;
All other pictures pale before
The glories of the sheen.

But now sweet stillness reigns supreme
Among those stately trees;
No sound to mar the glorious calm,
Save sighings of the breeze.

O famous home of old romance,
So lovely and so fair,
Thy stillness lingers near me now—
Our beautiful Traquair!

Innerleithen. C. E.

THE FLASS.—This Berwickshire farm is so called from a shallow lake or pond. Near Middlewich, in Cheshire, there is a place called the Flash, for the same reason. Perhaps it is now drained; on it there used to be swans.

TAM HA', of Hounam Kirk, had the reputation, justly earned, of being the 'biggest leear' in the Merse and Teviotdale. He was a perfect Munchausen. One day he came to Caverton Mill with a meal poke in his hand. 'What's asteer the day, Tam?' asked the miller. 'O, unco wark the day,' replied Tam. 'We hae the tyelyers, an' we hae nae meal. They're shooin' as if for a wager to get dune afore supper-time, an' their needles get aye sae hett that they've to rin oot an' cule them i' Kale. An' Kale's grown sae hett that the fish are a' comin' to the tap boiled. An' if ye dinna believe me, ye may gang down to the Caul, an' ye'll see the water steamin'.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *81 Oxford Drive, Glasgow.*

TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. WALKER & SON, *High Street, Galashiels.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1902.

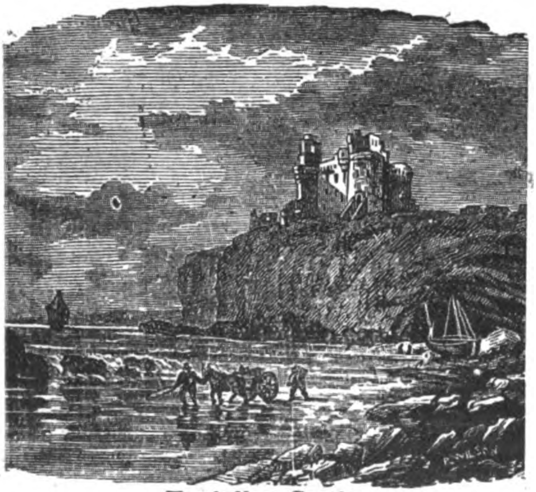
LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE are pleased to learn that our September issue was well received and that the excellence of the supplement was appreciated. One prominent contributor, who has given generous support to the Magazine from the very first, writes :—"The Supplement is beautiful—indeed the whole number is a specially good one. Hope it helps the circulation."

WE had intended in this number to have published a short article on the centenary of Robert Chambers, but we find that we will be able to present our readers with a good portrait of that famous Borderer, and so we have decided to give that article the first place in next issue. The supplement to our present number has a special interest from the fact that the entire issue of the beautifully reproduced portraits of the "Border Twins" was printed at the expense of the author of the article and sent to us as a present. We take this opportunity of thanking our contributor, and of saying that this is a form of Border enthusiasm to which we have no objections.

The Border Keep.



Tantallon Castle.

Readers of "Marmion" will remember what an important part this old Castle plays in the stirring incidents of the poem, so it will be sufficient if I quote a few descriptive sentences from "Picturesque Scotland."

The Castle is identified with the name of Douglas, though its earliest history is unknown. The Douglases obtained the barony of North Berwick at the time of Robert II.'s accession; and from that time the grim fortress of Tantallon was their stronghold. In 1479 it passed into the hands of the Earl of Angus, otherwise known as "Bell-the-cat." We read in "Marmion" that Angus had spoken strongly against the idea of risking battle at Flodden; and James IV., in a white heat, had contemptuously told him, if he was afraid, to go home. The aged counsellor, almost broken-hearted at such language addressed to one so brave as he had been, took the king at his word and returned to Tantallon. Thither King James allowed Marmion to retire for safe keeping, and here for some time he remained, listening with sinking heart to the news of those small triumphs of the Scottish army, which were so sadly corrected by the overthrow of Flodden. . . . Once again history brings us to Tantallon.

in 1528 to see the "gaberlunzie" King James V. laying siege to it, only to be baffled in the most humiliating fashion, and finally gaining it only through the flight of the then Earl of Angus, and by compromise with the Governor. At length, in 1639, it was taken by the Covenanters, under General Monk, and destroyed. So, dismantled and now ruined, remains Tantallon,—a grey witness there on its cliff, as it were, between land and sea, to the noble hearts which beat there and the strong men who defended it in the "brave days of old."

* * *

TURNING over the file of the "Kelso Mail" for 1833, we have the following "curious fact":—"We were not aware that among the inhabitants of this town there was to be found a single individual so very domestic and incurious as never to have crossed, or apparently ever seen Kelso Bridge, since the period of its erection, upwards of thirty years ago. A correspondent, however, on whose authority we can place the most perfect reliance, assures us that a person of about sixty years of age, who was born in this place, has lived in it ever since, and uniformly enjoyed good health, crossed the bridge for the first time on Monday last, and expressed his admiration of the architecture, in language which left no room to doubt that it was also the first time he had ever seen it."

* * *

Mr Alex. Robertson, in the course of an interesting article to "The Oban Times" says:—

"You asked me to send you some chatty notes about the Highlanders I met on my travels. I have done this, and now let me introduce a Lowlander, for I would be very ungenerous to forget the kindness I received from Mr William Lyall, whom I visited at the Estancia Lyall, on the Southern Railway. I spent a very memorable day inspecting the appointments of this well-ordered estancia. Mr Lyall is a native of Ayton, in Berwickshire, where he was a schoolmaster before he went to the Argentine in 1862. He owns another estancia some leagues distant, and manages both places with the help of his two brothers, both of whom I was lucky enough to meet at Canules. He has lately built a splendid mansion, on the inside verandah wall of which is a large oil painting of Kelso Bridge. This is the work of a Buenos Aires artist, who copied his subject from an engraving which I also saw. Mr Lyall is an accomplished horticulturist. He has splendid stock which must have cost him a pretty penny, for he brings his bulls from Forfarshire and his rams from Lincoln, but he reserves his enthusiasm for the estancia orchard, where I sampled many varieties of grapes, peaches, figs, pears, and strawberries. Mr Lyall told me the botanical names of the various species, but, indeed, I have forgotten everything except the flavour."

* * *

NINETY-FOUR years ago Walter Scott sat him down to write the autobiography of which he finished no more than the delightful fragment with which his son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart, introduced the "Life." "I have had more than my share of popularity," wrote Walter, in the second sentence. In the next, he expressed a doubt whether his "literary reputation" should "survive" his "temporal existence." The writer's "Marmion" had just been published. "I have not been blessed with the talents of Burns or Chatterton," he continued, in the same strain of modest self-estimation. Scott was still in his bardic stage. His "Lay of the Last Minstrel" had appeared three years earlier. "The Lady of the Lake" had still to appear. It came out in 1810. Scott, in short, had not yet discovered his true vocation, nor realised the fact that, as a poet, he must give place to Byron. Four years after "The Lady of the Lake," "Waverley" led Europe captive, and its author became Carlyle's "Walter Scott of the Universe." Contrast Scott's opinion of himself in 1808, with his deathless fame, as we know it in 1902. Walter Scott's hold upon the reading public is a phenomenon unique in literature.

* * *

OLD ROXBURGH.—A clear space of 200 or 300 yards appears to have divided it from Friars, which is understood to occupy nearly the same spot as the old Minorite Friary, while towards the west it seems to have run up close to the moat of the Castle. On the situation thus assigned for it, our local readers are aware that there is space sufficient for the erection of a considerable village, and it is more than doubtful whether the ancient Roxburgh was ever entitled to a higher appellation. The preferable situation of the town of Kelso, especially when the Castle of Roxburgh was occupied by an English garrison, and probably the milder sway of the Abbots, seems to have induced the inhabitants to transfer themselves and their property to Kelso, on the northern banks of the Tweed, which, too, was anciently considered a part of Roxburgh. Of this fact the most conclusive evidence is afforded in the charter of foundation of the Abbey of Kelso. David I., after mentioning in the charter that he had, with the advice of his councillors, determined on removing the Abbey from Selkirk, "because the place was not convenient" ("quod locus non erat conveniens"), proceeds to state, "I have transferred it to Roxburgh, in the church of the blessed Virgin Mary, which is situated on the banks of the river Tweed, in the place which is called Calkon" ("apud Roxburgum transtuli, in ecclesiam beatæ Mariæ Virginis,, quæ sita est super ripam fluminis Twede, in loco qui dicitur Calkon"). DOMINIE SAMPSON.

"Douglas, the Brave."

A Selkirk Common-Riding Hero.

By George Desson, Alva.

AMONG Selkirk Common-Riding enthusiasts there is no name held in such high veneration as that of Mr John Douglas, better known as "Douglas the Brave," whose portrait we herewith reproduce. At the disastrous battle of Flodden a detachment of about 100 of the inhabitants of Selkirk, under the Town Clerk, joined the Scottish army and fought like heroes. Capturing a flag from the English, the remnant of this brave band marched back to their native town bearing the trophy in triumph.

On reaching the Market Place a weaver named Fletcher, who had carried the emblem of victory, cast the trophy on the ground in token of sorrow and triumph. A descendant of this gallant weaver is interred in the old kirkyard, and on a slab erected on the gable wall of the ancient church is inscribed the following epitaph:—

Heier
Lyas Patrick Fletcher,
Deicon of the Viveres, who
Descised upon the 2 of
Desember, 1675. His age
vas 59 years.

For centuries the flag was retained by the Weavers' Corporation, and carried by them at the Common-Riding. Time, however, told on the ancient fabric, and as patriotic natives leaving for foreign shores got portions of the relic, these were replaced by modern additions, so that little of the original is now left. What remains is preserved in the reading-room of the Free Library, where the curious may see it. Since Fletcher first cast the colours in the Market Square many successors have observed the time-honoured custom, but none was privileged to perform the ceremony for so many years in succession as John Douglas. For nearly sixty years his manly and familiar figure was never missed at the annual Common-Riding celebration in his native town, and for fifty-five years in succession he performed the ceremony of casting the colours. Born in the year 1800 "The Brave" nearly reached his hundredth year before he joined the great majority, and although confined to bed for a few years before his death he had a most retentive memory to the last, and delighted to relate his recollections of byegone days in Selkirk. Apprenticed to the trade of a stone-mason, Douglas took part in the erection of the greater portion of the modern buildings in the town. The first tweed factory in Selkirk was the Under Mill, presently occupied by Messrs Waddell & Turnbull, and at the building of this factory Douglas bore a part.

When a young man he was engaged at his trade at the mansion of Abbotsford for about three weeks, and he had a distinct recollection of Sir Walter Scott, the genial "Shirra." Sir Walter was in the habit of coming out and chatting on various topics with the masons at work. "There was no pride about him," remarked Douglas, who had many a chat with Sir Walter, and remembered him in his capacity as Sheriff, and listened often to his decisions. Douglas

"DOUGLAS, THE BRAVE."

also recollected Sir Walter being mobbed for the attitude he took in connection with a Parliamentary election during the Reform Bill struggle. Being a keen angler, Douglas, while pursuing the art of Izaak Walton on the neighbouring rivers, frequently came in contact with Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd. Hogg, said our hero, was a capital fisher, and "aye awfu' chatty." Douglas was a powerfully-built man, and stood about six feet in height. He spoke the broad Doric. During the Chartist agitation the "Brave Douglas" took an active interest in the movement. Few newspapers reached

Selkirk in those days. Douglas could remember when only one paper was to be had in Selkirk, and it was called the "Globe." Advertising was done by means of the town's drummer—a public official who carried a fife and drum, and was attired in a conspicuous uniform. Kirks, too, were scarce, the Parish Kirk being the only one in the town.

Wages then were "gey little," and porridge and potatoes were the staple food. Douglas claimed to be the last man living who took part in the famous "Carterhaugh Ba." This was an event of 1815, and was got up by the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir Walter Scott, and several others of the gentry and nobility in the district. The game was on a gigantic scale, and was to decide the merits of the men of Ettrick and Yarrow on the one hand, and Selkirk, Galashiels, and Hawick on the other. The game was similar, we believe, to the present-day "Fastern E'en ba," played in many of the Border towns and villages. The match came off in the spacious meadow known as Carterhaugh, on the river Ettrick, a short distance above the junction of the Yarrow, some three miles west of Selkirk. The day was Monday, 4th December—a cold, bleak day. It was a general holiday in the Border district, and thousands flocked to the scene of action.

"The harp of Ettrick rang again;
Her bard, intent on fairy strain
And fairy freak by moonlight shaw,
Sang young Tamlane of Carterhaugh."

The match as it proceeded got most exciting, and Douglas remembered that the "ba" was kicked into the water, whereupon "Rab Ha'," a well-known character, swam in and brought it out in his teeth. During the match the Gala men had a dispute with their Selkirk allies, and in a "pet" went over to the side of the enemy. Notwithstanding, the Selkirk and Hawick men came off victorious. As the aged veteran concluded his graphic description of this famous Border event, he remarked, "Nae wonder that Selkirk and Hawick even yet canna get on wi' Gala." When Douglas was first chosen to carry the colours at the Common-Riding the festival was at the height of its glory. Its popularity has since considerably declined, but in those days thousands flocked from the surrounding country to witness the event. There were then five trades in Selkirk, the chief of them being the hammermen. All the trades took part in the procession, and as the horsemen reached the centre of the Market Square, near the Pant Wall, the standard-bearers of the different trades advanced to the centre of the ring and cast their colours in turn on the ground amidst the ringing cheers of the vast assemblage.

In the course of time trades died out in the town, and the hammermen's trade was the only one left to keep up the custom, and as representative of this trade Douglas for fifty-five years performed the ceremony. During his time he saw three flags worn to ribbons, the first one used by him being a relic of Waterloo, which had been presented to the town by a Waterloo veteran, a native of Selkirk. As at the present time, so in these days, the riding of the marches was finished up by horse-racing on the Gala Rig, on the Selkirk hills, to the south of the town. After the Common-Riding of 1886, Douglas resolved, on account of old age, to resign his post, but the following year being the Jubilee year he was induced by his admirers to repeat once more the ancient ceremony. The aged veteran was tenderly escorted to the centre of the ring, the colours placed in his trembling hands, and he waved them once round his head, the huge gathering (for it was a Galashiels holiday, and the crowd was greatly augmented by hundreds of excursionists from that town), breaking out into loud and prolonged cheering.

Shortly after this the "Brave Douglas" was stricken down with paralysis in his legs, and was confined to bed, from whence he never arose. In closing this brief and somewhat imperfect sketch of a man who served his fellow-townsmen gratuitously for the long period of fifty-five years, we would suggest the propriety of erecting some suitable memorial to perpetuate his memory, bearing the following inspiring verse which every true Souter recalls to memory on the eve of the annual festival of the Common-Riding:—

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 heart and with hand like our fathers before.

A Novel Fisher.—Some years ago, a person belonging to Hawick, who kept a ferret for destroying vermin, formed the idea of testing his skill in the fishing line. He, accordingly, having carefully attached short fishing lines to the body of the ferret, made him traverse Williestruther Moss, a large pond used as a reservoir by the mill-owners. On reaching the opposite bank of the pond, it was found that the ferret had actually captured two trouts, each weighing about half a pound. The little animal must have had a severe pull.

Timpendean Castle.

THE Castle of Timpendean, the ruins of which are so beautifully situated between the Teviot and the Jed, ranks amongst the oldest of the many fortresses that figured so constantly and so fiercely in the Border feuds and raids.

In those far-away days the county boasted peels and fortalices, excluding the minor ones, to the number of some forty. Many of these were of considerable size and strength, and served as places of defence or rallying points for forays. These are now nearly "a wede away."

Timpendean, some two miles north-west of Jedburgh, formed part of the territory of Bonjedward, and remained in the Douglas family from 1497 till the close of the eighteenth century. It now belongs to the Marquis of Lothian.

The Castle commands a noble view of Teviotdale, with its crags, knolls, and haughs. The view stretching away to the Cheviots is charmingly variegated with woods, water, and abrupt rising ground. That stretching away to the picturesque Eildons is particularly impressive.

Nearer still is Ancrum, nestling among the woods, with the dark green heights of Lilliard's Edge and Penielheugh and Monteviot, with its memories of Jean Elliot, author of the "Flowers of the Forest," further afield.

G. M. R.

Photo by Geo. M'Robert, Edinburgh.

TIMPENDEAN CASTLE.

The position, strength of wall, shot holes, ancient fire-places, and numerous trenches of Timpendean bespeak age and no small strength. Though it cannot rank with that of Jedburgh, Roxburgh, or Hermitage, its history is not without interest to the student. It is one of the few remaining strongholds that once lined the banks of the waters of Roxburghshire.

In some parts as many as three successive mounds and hollows can be traced, and these give a fairly good idea of the manner in which the fort has been entrenched. Some of these give evidence of having been dammed up and filled with water. The whole are much better preserved than earth works generally are.

FRIARS.—Before Floors was built, in 1718, the Roxburgh family made an occasional residence of the remains of the religious house of Friars, which was then called East Roxburgh. The gardens belonging to it were kept up until the year 1780, when old Coles, who was butler to Duke John, ploughed them up, and destroyed some beautiful vestiges of antiquity.

A Remarkable Scottish Family.

THERE are some families of a somewhat commonplace kind from which occasionally arises a more vigorous member who in some more important department of life does a conspicuously eminent work and disappears, leaving no successor, even as he had no predecessor. Sometimes, however, we find an individual, who not only distinguishes himself by his personal achievements, but who transmits his qualities to future generations—becomes, in short, the founder of a clan who as the years pass make their mark, deep and broad, on the Church or the world. A man of this sort was John Brown of Haddington, who lived and did his work in the eighteenth century, but whose descendants have occupied distinct positions of usefulness and eminence. John Brown was born, like so many Scotsmen that have played an important part in the making of their country, in a very humble walk of life. He had no advantages of any kind in his early years, but by means of hard and unremitting toil made himself acquainted with more than the elements of Latin and Greek as he tended his sheep on the hillside. It is told of him one day, when he presented himself at a bookseller's shop at St Andrews and asked for a Greek Testament, a gentleman present inquired who was to use the book. The shepherd lad said it was for himself. "I will give you the book for nothing if you read a verse," returned the gentleman. This was easily done, and John Brown went home rejoicing, bearing his treasure with him.

There was but little help to be got from bursaries, and there was no Carnegie Trust in those days, but with Scottish determination, perseverance, and self-denial he completed his studies for the work of the ministry, on which he had set his heart. It will scarcely be believed that the progress which the young man made excited suspicion in the minds of many, who accused him of being helped by the Wicked One. This preposterous story was circulated and believed, and did much both to depress the spirit and hinder him in his efforts after the acquisition of knowledge. At length, however, having overcome all obstacles, he was ordained in the earlier part of the century as minister of the Secession Church of Haddington. The integrity of his character and the impressiveness of his preaching soon made him a power in the district in which his lot was cast. It is said that the famous David Hume was on one occasion one of his hearers, and was so struck with the vivid manner in which Mr Brown realised and presented things invisible, that he said, "That man preaches as if he had Christ at his elbow." But the young man was destined to acquire larger and wider fame than that merely of a popular preacher in a small country town. He was a diligent student, and possessed an immense power of acquiring knowledge, especially in connection with his favourite subject. His learning was wonderful, considering how comparatively limited sources of information on Bible themes of a topical and geographical kind were in those days, and we marvel how one situate as he was found the books that were necessary for his purpose. But "where there's a will there's a way." His "Self-interpreting Bible" became a great favourite in many Scottish homes, and took a place beside "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" and "Boston's Fourfold State." His Bible Dictionary was not only valuable in itself, but was a pioneer in work which has been exceedingly fruitful and interesting in connection with the extension of Oriental travel and Palestinian and Assyrian research.

The sect to which Mr Brown belonged, though a small and struggling one, always attached high importance to a learned ministry. Their candidates for the office had to undergo a regular University training, and then pass on to their own Divinity Hall. It is not to be wondered at that the learned minister of Haddington should be appointed to a theological chair on account both of his great erudition and superior abilities—an office which he filled for many years with much distinction. This venerable man had five sons, all of whom were useful, and some eminent in their day. The eldest, John, was minister of the Secession Church of Longridge. He had not, indeed, the gifts and acquirements of his eminent father. Still, his mental powers were of no mean order, and the productions of his pen were widely popular on account of the winning and impressive manner in which they set forth evangelical truths. He was greatly esteemed as a faithful, kind, and diligent pastor, and as a preacher of more than ordinary power. It is many years since he passed away, but his name is still fragrant in the district in which he laboured, and it is always referred to as that of one whom the people delighted to love and to honour.

He also had a son whose name was John, who was destined to add new and brighter lustre to the family name. This John the third was ordained as minister of the Secession Church of Biggar about the beginning of last century, and at once acquired fame as a learned divine and powerful preacher. There was in

Biggar a dissenting church belonging to the sect of the Relief. It became vacant, and the Clerk of Session writing to the Committee urged them to send the best man on their list, "as they had a strong enemy to contend with." Such was the estimate of Mr Brown from a rival's point of view.

On one occasion when the young divine was visiting his flock among the hills of Peeblesshire, he met Mr Welsh, the laird of Mossfennan, an important personage in the district. They entered into conversation, and the laird asked Mr Brown to dine with him. Mr Brown accepted the invitation, and left a grateful memory. The laird was a stout old Conservative, and had been in the habit of looking on dissent and dissenting ministers with something like contempt. In speaking, however, of his ministerial guest from Biggar, he said, "I found him to be a Christian, a scholar, and a gentleman, and how surprised I was when he told me that he was a Burgher minister."

In the quiet manse of Biggar he laid in those stores of learning of which he made such good use in after years. He was called to Rose Street Church, Edinburgh, and then to that of Broughton Place, in both of which he was exceedingly popular, attracting large and admiring audiences. In course of time, like his grandfather at Haddington, he was appointed a Professor in the Divinity Hall of the Church, of which he had come to be esteemed an ornament. In this position he made himself felt at once. His lectures on New Testament exegesis were much admired, and, indeed, formed an era in the literature of that science. One of his colleagues, the witty and learned Dr Eadie, said there were two kinds of Scriptural interpretation—exposition and imposition. The latter had prevailed too extensively in the Scottish pulpit, and mere fanciful renderings often did duty for correct interpretation. Against this Professor Brown resolutely set his face. In quoting some of these imaginary renderings he would say, "This no doubt is truth, important truth, but it is not the truth contained in the passage." And with the truth contained in the passage and nothing else would this learned exegete be satisfied. When his lectures were published about the middle of the century they were warmly welcomed. A review of them from the pen of a favourite pupil—John Cairns, then of Berwick—in the "North British Review," created much interest and gave them favourable presentation. Mr (afterwards Principal) Cairns had a mastery of German theology which at that time was rare in this country. Availing himself of his special acquirements, the reviewer was able to compare or contrast the lectures of his Professor with similar productions by Continental authors, which gave the charm of novelty to a very able, comprehensive, and laudatory notice.

Mr Brown often revisited the scene of his early ministry. When he preached it was a great occasion, and the now famous divine warmly reciprocated the feelings of affection with which he was regarded. At the celebration of the jubilee of his ministry in Tanfield Hall, which was filled with an admiring audience, he referred to the members of his first charge as a people of much worth and intelligence. He said that the former minister, Mr Lowe, had observed regarding them, "that they were a sonsy, kindly folk, though we sometimes had our brangles." "I found them," continued Dr Brown, "to be indeed a sonsy, kindly folk, but we never had any brangles."

A break, however, was now made in the clerical succession of John Browns by John the fourth of that name, who became the most distinguished of them all—known afterwards as the warm and kindly friend of all dogs and men—the famous and much loved "Rab." He was born in Biggar in 1810, and always cherished feelings of affection for the place of his nativity—"the douce capital of the Upper Ward," as he called it. He was by profession a physician; in reality he was an artist and author, using as he alone could "the family pen."

When country towns and villages were beginning to show symptoms of what Dr Chalmers called "the incipient heavings of civilisation," an "Athenæum," no less, was established in Biggar. The moving spirit was Dr Christison, the minister of the parish, a man of fine mental gifts and extensive reading, with an exquisite sense of humour. Dr Smith, successor in Biggar to the Profession, and also his brother-in-law, asked his gifted nephew to favour their Athenæum with a lecture. The request was complied with, for, said his nephew, "Who could resist Uncle Smith—dear, lovable man." The lecture given was entitled, "Rab and his Friends?" This was the occasion of the appearance of a lecture which has made its author's name known and loved, not in his own land only, but in regions beyond. Dr Brown wrote many essays afterwards, but none that ever received a warmer welcome. In a certain sense "the Letter" which he wrote to Dr Cairns for insertion in the memoir of his father written by that eminent divine, may be said to stand next to it in pathos and tenderness of feeling. This was a direction in which John Brown was strong—as may be seen also in a booklet which has been most favourably received—"John

Brown and his Sisters," in which it is the privilege of the reader to make himself acquainted with a very precious kind of family life.

Under the name of "Horae Subsecivae," Dr Brown's general writings have been published, and are amongst those books which can be taken up and read again and again, and greatly enjoyed alike for the pathos and humour with which they are so sweetly and strongly pervaded.

On the night, ever famous afterwards, in which "Rab and His Friends" had been delivered in the humble Biggar schoolroom, the lecturer and the president met at supper in the old Secession Manse. It was a case of "Greek meeting Greek," and highly delighted indeed were those whose privilege it was to be present at "the feast of 'un'-reason and the flow of soul." A wonderful place for inspiration and expansion was that old manse. Even its quondam minister, the learned Professor, who was, as a rule, rather given to silence in society, unbent there, and with glowing face and eloquent speech recounted scenes of former days and gave his personal experience of men who were famous when the century was young. These genial gatherings in the old manse were much indebted to its mistress, who, as has been indicated, was a sister of the Professor. Possessed in a full measure of the special qualities of her race, she would have adorned and brightened any sphere in which her lot might have been cast.

Another Brown, a son also of the Professor, who worthily bears the name, is Alexander Crum Brown, the present occupant of the Chair of Chemistry in the Metropolitan University. His scientific powers, attainments, and achievements are well known, but it is only those who meet him in private life that are cognisant of the fact that he also has many of the qualities of head and heart for which his older brother was distinguished.

The Rev. Ebenezer Brown, of Inverkeithing, was also a son of the Haddington manse. He was a preacher of a peculiarly attractive and impressive style of eloquence, and when he officiated for his more famous nephew in Edinburgh he was always followed by admiring crowds. The Rev. Dr Thomas Brown, of Dalkeith, also hailed from Haddington, and gathered round him an intelligent and influential congregation, which still affectionately cherishes his memory.

One of the sons of the venerable Haddington divine—Samuel—settled down as a merchant in his native town. His son—called also Samuel—was a man of brilliant parts. He devoted himself to the study of chemistry, and almost sacrificed himself to his absorbing labours in that connection. He published a poem entitled "Galilee," which was regarded as a work of much merit, and giving promise of still better things. He lived on terms of friendship with the leading literary men of the day, and his too early death disappointed hopes of what he might have accomplished had longer life been granted. Another brother, Dr J. C. Brown, was a man of varied scientific attainments, but who specially interested himself in the science of forestry, of which he may be said to have been a pioneer. The results of his labours are now being practically recognised in high places.

Dr William Brown, latterly known as Dr William Brown, of Duddingston, the fifth son of the Haddington manse, was also a man of intellectual power, and filled for years the important post of secretary to the Scottish Missionary Society.

It is only the fringe of a large subject that has been slightly touched in this paper, but even from what has been advanced, it will be seen that among the many who have deserved well of their country few have deserved better than the stout divine who, during the course of nigh half a century, carried on his work so quietly but effectively as a pastor, a preacher, and an author in the retired rural town of Haddington.

In former times, there was a Laird of H—— who was notorious for getting himself tipsy every night at Selkirk, and staggering home by a footpath through the churchyard. His friends had tried many ways to reclaim him, but without any effect. At last a friend, who was on a visit, said he would personate a ghost in the burial ground, and frighten the Laird into sober habits. Accordingly, one clear moonlight night, the old gentleman as usual was making his staggering way through the old churchyard, when, lo! from behind the aisle in front of the church there confronted him a tall figure wrapt in white, who, in a stern, hollow voice, demanded who he was and what he was doing there. The Laird stopped and, steadying himself, answered—"I am—the—the—Laird. But wha the deil may ye be?" The ghost replied, in a hollow voice—"I am the spirit of your great grandfather!" "Ay, ay," said the Laird, with a hiccup; "and is this like a general rising, noo, or are ye just taking a bit daunder on yer ain account?" The ghost vanished.

History of Hawick from 1832.

IT is a pleasing thing to note the present-day desire for a knowledge of past times and the issue of local histories, for it is a tribute to the intelligence of the people, and produces a valuable addition to our literature. In our last volume we had the pleasure of noticing the History of Hawick, written by the late Robert Murray, and published by the enterprising firm of W. & J. Kennedy. That book dealt with the history of the town from the earliest times till 1832, but now another hand has taken up the unfinished work of our departed friend, and we have before us the story of Hawick's progress from 1832 until the present time. The volume which Messrs Kennedy have now placed before the public must be of intense interest to all Hawick people, especially those who are from home, but it also contains much valuable information for all who delight in the story of the development of the Borderland during the Victorian era. The book, which is well arranged, and contains many illustrations, is sold at one shilling. The printers, Messrs Vair & McNairn—to whom we are indebted for the use of the two blocks—have done their work well, letterpress and illustrations being clearly reproduced. Space prevents us making many quotations, but the following selections may whet the appetite of our readers.

The Rev. J. A. Wallace, minister of the Parish, seceded with most of his hearers and formed the Free Protesting Church, now ministered to by the Rev. W. A. P. Johnman. The Rev. J. MacRae was appointed Mr Wallace's successor in St Mary's, then the Parish Church, and he ministered there till the new Parish Church in Buccleuch Street was opened on 13th October, 1844. The degree of D.D. was conferred on him in 1864 by Glasgow University. He died on 8th January, 1892, aged 79 years, within a year or two of his jubilee. He had thus ministered to the parish a longer period than any of those who had preceded him since the Reformation. Many and varied were the experiences he passed through. He says—"As a witness and a sympathiser, I have mingled with every form of human suffering, I saw and felt it in the most awful aspect during the dread plague of cholera which ravaged the town in 1849. In that fearful visitation, which extended for months and wrapt this place in sepulchral gloom, I was never away."

Mr Murray, who taught the United Schools in Orrock Place, was well-known to the older inhabitants. He drilled his scholars thoroughly in Latin like most of the old parochial teachers, and we may fancy his horror when one of his pupils, construing Cæsar one day, read out—"Cæsar Galliam intravit summa diligentia omnibus copiis—Cæsar entered Gaul on the top of a diligence, his forces going in the omnibus." (It is perhaps right to add that just as a great many cities contended for the honour of being the birthplace of Homer, so the above gem is claimed by more places than Hawick.) We can imagine the old dominie grasping the bright youth by the ear and uttering his favourite saying when thrashing a delinquent, "I'll trim ye!" He died in 1853, lamented by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

REV. J. MACRAE.

In Mr Murray's time the scholars used to give a donation to the teacher at Candlemas which was known as "Bleeze Money," he in return giving a football. The boy that gave the largest sum was made King for the day, and the most generous girl was honoured by the title of Queen. Music and dancing was also indulged in inside the school, and whisky punch flowed pretty freely, being even partaken of by the boys, in a much diluted form however, while they repeated the rhyme,

Rum, punch, and toddy O,
Is good for everybody O!

The year 1842 is noted in the annals of the burgh by the publication of the first newspaper, viz., the "Hawick Observer and Scottish Border Intelligencer," which made its appearance on 30th April, and was printed and published by James D. Kennedy, at his shop in Sandbed. It was a quarto sheet of eight pages, and only saw six numbers, the last being published on 30th September of the same year. Its early demise was in no wise owing to want of support or vigorous management, but was simply due to the action of the Government in insisting on its being registered and printed on stamps. In the concluding number the editor states—"We started, as our readers are already aware, in belief that we could lawfully publish, at the expiry of each month, a brief summary of general and local events which had occurred during that period, as was then done by a goodly number

JAMES D. KENNEDY.

of publications of a similar nature, and also by many of larger dimensions. In No. 2 we published a letter we had received from the Commissioners of Stamps on the subject and other matter connected therewith. We have since learned that other publications, which have been for years in existence, have been stopped in this particular and now publish only as literary papers and local advertising sheets. We will not make any remarks upon the subject, our chief objection being now removed inasmuch as we have not been made solitary victims to the law, as viewed by Her Majesty's Board of Commissioners of Stamps."

The Lee Penny.

IN Scottish popular antiquities the particulars respecting the Lee Penny form an attractive chapter, and the subject is of much interest. The legends respecting this noted charm gave rise to several interesting incidents in Sir Walter Scott's novel, the "Talisman." The amulet is a stone of a deep red colour and triangular shape, in size about half an inch on each side, set in a piece of silver coin. It is affirmed that this curious piece of antiquity has been in the Lee family since a period immediately subsequent to the death of King Robert the Bruce. This monarch, when on his death-bed, entrusted Sir James Douglas—his dear and trusty friend—to carry his heart to Jerusalem, because, owing to his long war with England, he had been unable personally to assist in the Crusade. Sir James vowed, on the honour of a knight, faithfully to discharge the trust, and after Bruce's death, which occurred in 1329, had the monarch's heart enclosed in a silver case. Bearing the precious casket suspended from his neck, Sir James, attended by a suitable retinue, departed for the Holy Land; but learning on his journey that Alphonso, King of Leon and Castile, was at war with the Moorish chief, Osmyn of Granada, he deemed assistance to the Christian in such a contest to be thoroughly in harmony with the purpose on which he had started. Engaging in the fray, he was surrounded by horsemen, who rendered his escape impossible. In desperation, he took the precious casket from his neck, and threw it before him, calling out, "Onward, as thou were wont, thou noble heart! Douglas will follow thee." He followed, and was immediately struck to the earth. His dead body was found after the battle resting on the heart of Bruce. Upon its recovery, it was conveyed by his adherents homewards, and honourably interred in his own Church of St Bride at Douglas. Bruce's heart was entrusted to Sir Simon Locard, and was eventually borne back to Scotland and deposited beneath the high altar of Melrose Abbey, where its site is still pointed out. The pleasing poetess, Mrs Hemans, has some charming lines on Bruce's heart in Melrose Abbey, commencing—

"Heart! that didst press forward still,
Where the trumpet's note rang shrill,
Where the knightly swords were crossing,
And the plumes like sea-foam tossing,
Leader of the charging spear,
Fiery heart!—and liest thou here?—
May this narrow spot inurn,
Aught that could so beat and burn?"

The family name of Locard was changed to Lockheart or Lockhart, from the circumstance of Sir Simon having carried the key of the casket, from which was obtained, as armorial insignia, a heart with a fetter-lock, with the motto, "Corda serrata pando." From the same incident, the Douglasses bear a human heart, imperially crowned, and, according to "Chambers's Book of Days," vol. ii. page 415, have in their possession an ancient sword, emblazoned with two hands holding a heart, and dated 1329, the year in which Bruce died.

We gather from Sir Walter Scott that Lockhart proceeded to the Holy Land with such Scottish knights as escaped the fate of their leader, and assisted for some time in the wars against the Saracens.

The following adventure is said to have befallen him. He made prisoner in the battle an Emir of wealth and note. The aged mother of his captive came to the Christian camp to redeem her son from his captivity. Lockhart fixed the price at which his prisoner should ransom himself; and the lady, pulling out a large embroidered purse, proceeded to tell down the amount. In this operation, a pebble inserted in a coin, some say of the lower empire, fell out of the purse, and the Saracen matron testified so much haste to recover it as to give the Scottish knight a high idea of its value. "I will not consent," he said, "to grant your son's liberty unless the amulet be added to the ransom." The lady not only consented to this, but explained to Sir Simon the mode in which the talisman was to be used. The water in which it was dipped operated as a styptic, as a febrifuge, and the amulet possessed several other properties as a medical talisman.

Sir Simon Lockhart, after much experience of the wonders which it wrought, brought it to his own country, and left it to his heirs, by whom, and by Clyde-side in general, it was, and is still, distinguished by the name of the Lee Penny, from the name of his native seat of Lee.

The virtues were brought into operation by dropping the stone in water given to the diseased to drink, washing at the same time the part affected. No words were used in dipping the stone, or money permitted to be taken by the servants of Lee. People came from all parts of Scotland, and many places in England, to carry away water to give to their cattle.

In the "History of the Siege and Sack of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the year 1644," it is recorded:—"As one of the natural sequents of prolonged distress, caused by this brave but foolhardy defence against overwhelming odds, the plague broke out with fatal violence in Newcastle and Gateshead, as well as Tynemouth and Shields, during the following year. Great numbers of poor people were carried off by it; white tents were erected on Bensham Common, to which those infected were removed; and the famous Lee Penny was sent out to Scotland to be dipped in water for the diseased persons to drink, and the result said to be a perfect cure. The inhabitants (that is to say, the Corporation, we presume), gave a bond for a large sum in trust for the loan; and they thought the charm did so much good, that they offered to pay the money down, and keep the marvellous penny with a stone in which it is inserted; but the proprietor, Lockhart of Lee, would not part with it."

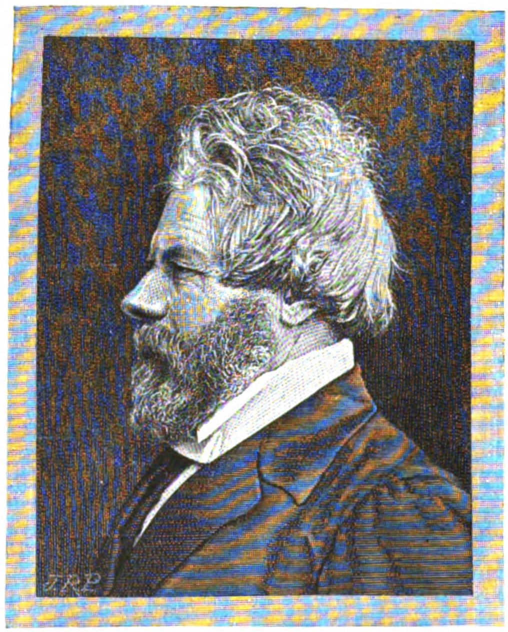
It is said that many years ago a remarkable cure is alleged to have been performed on Lady Baird of Sauchton Hall, near Edinburgh, who, having been bitten by a mad dog, was afflicted with hydrophobia. The Lee Penny was sent for, and she used it for some weeks, drinking and bathing in the water it had been dipped in, and she quite recovered.

"The most remarkable part of the history," as Sir Walter Scott says, "perhaps was, that it so especially escaped condemnation when the Church of Scotland chose to impeach many other cures which savoured of the miraculous, as occasioned by sorcery, and censured the appeal to them, 'excepting only the amulet called the Lee Penny, to which it pleased God to annex certain healing virtues, which the Church did not presume to condemn.'"

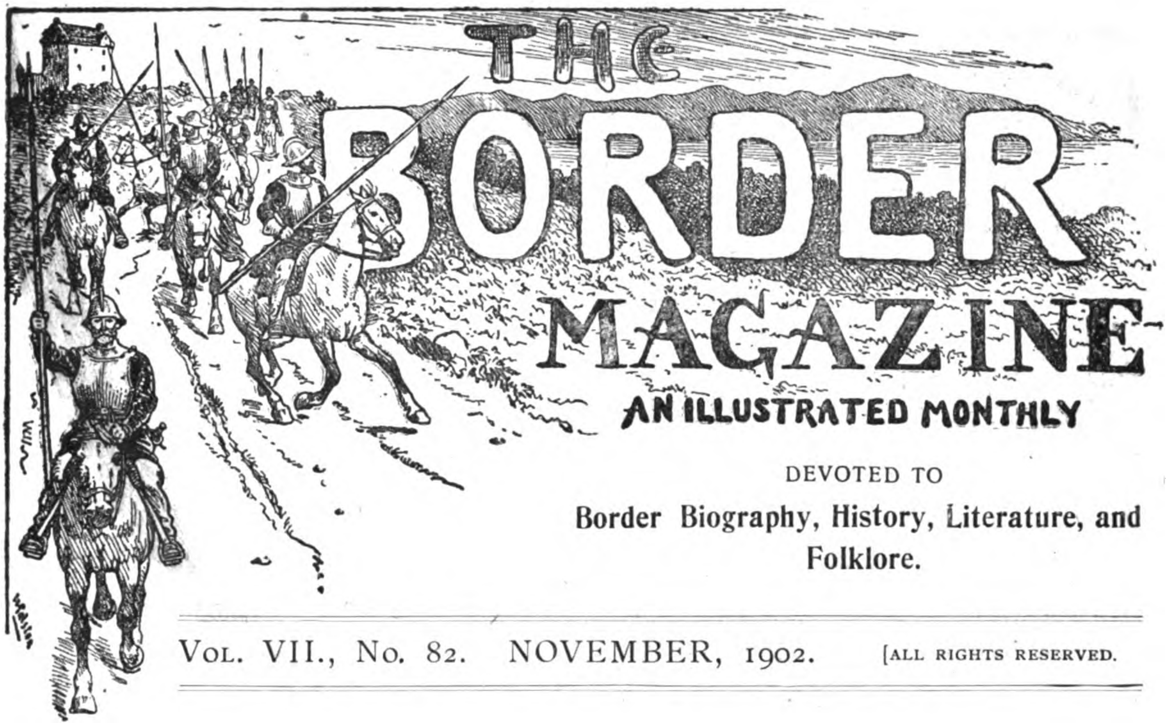
The Lee Penny is preserved at the Lee House, in Lanarkshire, the residence of the present representative of the family.

Oral Tradition.—All recollections of the "'45" have not yet died out. When the Highlanders, with Prince Charles at their head, were on their march south, they passed through Jedburgh on their way from Kelso. A crowd of townspeople went out to meet them. Among these was a young man named Scott, who could not restrain himself from saluting the Prince with—"God bless King Charles and his Albion army!" The Prince graciously accepted the compliment, replying—"Thank you, young man!" The Highlanders during their stay in Jedburgh, occupied what was long known as the Town Head Barn. It is said that the door of the barn received some injury on the occasion, which was not repaired a hundred and twenty years after.

Printed and Published by A. Walker & Son, Galashiels.



THE LATE ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDINBURGH.



DEVOTED TO
Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

VOL. VII., No. 82. NOVEMBER, 1902.

The Centenary of Robert Chambers.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE late David Kennedy, the famous Scottish vocalist, in relating a few of his early experiences to a friend of the present writer, said that when he was an apprentice painter in Edinburgh, his weekly pocket-money amounted to the sum of three halfpence, which he expended on "Chambers's Journal." Doubtless this experience of the popular singer in his young days would find a counterpart in the life story of many a Scotsman who was born before the present flood of cheap literature had almost overwhelmed us. Who does not recall the intellectual thrill that passed through him, as he felt his mind expanding while perusing some of the earlier publications of the famous firm of Chambers! And who does not sometimes wish that he were once more back to those earlier days, when "Chambers's Information for the People," "Chambers's Miscellany," and similar works opened up a world of thought and speculation, which could be freely indulged in without let or hindrance from the rush and roar of these modern times. It is to be feared that the younger race of readers may be apt to forget the pioneers to whom we are indebted for our present rich store of healthy literature, and so we think it fitting that the principal place in this issue of the BORDER MAGAZINE should be given to a short appreciation of a Borderer whose name is indelibly written in the annals of Scottish literature.

Robert Chambers was born in Peebles on the 10th July, 1802, and came of a good Border stock of the same name who held an honourable place among the Burgesses of the Royal Burgh. From his earliest days he seems to have been a keen observer of nature and his immediate surroundings, and thus he gives us a picture of his native town:—

> In the early years of the century Peebles was little advanced from the condition in which it had mainly rested for several hundred years previously. It was eminently a quiet place—"As quiet as the grave or as Peebles" is a phrase used by Cockburn. It was said to be a finished town, for no new houses (exceptions to be of course allowed for) were ever built in it. Situated, however, among beautiful pastoral hills, with a singularly pure atmosphere, and with the pellucid Tweed running over its pebbly bed close beside the streets, the town was acknowledged to be, in the fond language of its inhabitants, a bonny place. . . . To a child, of course, all things are new, and the first occurrence of anything to his awakened senses never fails to make a deep impression. I think I yet remember the first time I observingly saw the swelling green hills around our little town. I am sure I could point to within ten yards of the spot where I saw the first gowan and the first buttercup; first heard the hum of the mountain bee; first looked with wonder into a hedge-sparrow's nest, with its curious treasure

of blue eggs. A radius of half a mile would have described the entire world of my infancy: of that world every minute feature remains deeply stamped within me, and will while life and consciousness endure. There is a great deal of studious observation in a child. Casual, trivial, and thoughtless words spoken by his seniors in his presence go into him, to be afterwards estimated and judged of; so it is a great mistake to speak indecorously before children.

In the foregoing quotation we get a glimpse of the workings of that mind, whose patient investigations produced in after years the "Traditions of Edinburgh," the "Domestic Annals of Scotland," the "History of the Rebellion of 1745," and the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," and while we cannot all be gifted with such powers of observation, we should feel inspired to use and cultivate to their utmost extent the abilities we possess.

The life story of Robert Chambers and his brother William, who was two years his senior, is full of inspiration, and we would strongly advise our younger readers especially to read the "Memoir" published by the firm, of which the two brothers were the founders. Born into fairly comfortable circumstances, life began pleasantly for Robert Chambers and his brother, who were sent to the burgh school under Mr James Gray, whose treatise on arithmetic was a standard school book when many of us were at school. In referring to this portion of his career, we prefer to quote the words of Mr Chambers, as they are of importance in the light of present-day educational discussions:—

My first two years of schooling were spent amidst the crowd of children attending Mr Gray's seminary. On the easy terms of two shillings and twopence per quarter I was well grounded by the master and his helper in English. The entire expense must have been only about eighteen shillings—a fact sufficient to explain how Scotch people of the middle class appear to be so well educated in comparison with their southern compatriots. It was prior to the time when the intellectual system was introduced. We were taught to read the Bible and Barrie's "Collection," and to spell words. No attempt was made to enlighten us as to the meaning of any of the lessons. The most distressing part of our school exercises consisted in learning by heart the Catechism of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, a document which it was impossible for any person under maturity to understand, or to view in any other light than as a torture. It was a strange, rough, noisy, crowded scene this burgh school. No refinement of any kind appeared in it. Nothing kept the boys in any sort of order but flagellation with the tawse. Many people thought the master did not punish enough. . . . Boys for whom a superior education was desired were usually passed on at the beginning of the third year to the grammar school—the school in which the classics were taught, but which also had one or two advanced classes for English and writing. This was an example of an institution which has affected the fortunes of Scotsmen not much less than the parish schools. Every burgh had one, partly supported out of public funds. For a small fee (in Peebles grammar school it was only five shillings a quarter), a youth of the middle classes gets a good grounding in Latin and Greek, fitting him for the University; and it is mainly, I believe, through this superior education, so easily attained, that so many of the youth of our northern region are inspired with the ambition which leads them upwards to professional life in their own country, or else sends them abroad in quest of the fortune hard to find at home. I observe, while writing these pages, the advertisement of an academy in England, where, besides sixty pounds by way of board, the fees for tuition amount to twenty-five. For this twenty-five pounds, a Scottish burgher of my young days could have five sons carried through a complete classical course. The difference is overwhelmingly in favour of the Scotch grammar school, as far as the money matter is concerned. And thus it will appear that the good education which has enabled me to address so much literature, of whatever value, to the public during the last forty-five years, never cost my parents so much as ten pounds.

In addition to this early school training, the development of the intellectual powers of Robert Chambers was greatly aided by the circulating library of an enterprising local bookseller named Elder, whose stock of books was quite above the average of country booksellers in those days. Through this instrumentality the young scholar got a taste for the higher literature of which his companions knew little or nothing, and prepared him for a romantic discovery which must have had considerable influence on his future career. Rumaging one day in the attic of his father's dwelling, he discovered an old chest which was completely filled with the fourth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which his father had purchased from the above-mentioned bookseller. Of this incident he says:—

It was a new world to me. I felt a profound thankfulness that such a convenient collection of human knowledge existed, and here it was spread out like a well-plenished table before me. What the gift of a whole toy-shop would have been to most children, this book was to me. I plunged into it. I roamed through it like a bee. I hardly could be patient enough to read any one article, while so many others remained to be looked into. In that one on Astronomy, the constitution of the material universe was all at once revealed to me. Henceforth I knew—what no other boy in the town then dreamed of—that there were infinite numbers of worlds besides our own, which was by comparison a very insignificant one. . . . What a year that was to me, not merely in intellectual enjoyment, but in mental formation! I believe it was my eleventh, for before I was twelve misfortune had taken the book from us to help in satisfying creditors. It appears to me somewhat strange that, in a place so remote, so primitive, and containing so little wealth, at a time when the movement for the spread of knowledge had not yet been thought of, such an opportunity for the gratification of an enquiring young mind should have been presented.

It does not fall within the scope of this short article to describe the misfortunes which befell the family, suffice it to say that they had to leave Peebles and take up their residence in Edinburgh, where they endured considerable hardship. For a time Robert was allowed to remain in Peebles to complete his education, and thereafter removed to the new home in the capital. An idea can be formed of the straightened circumstances of the family when we learn that William Chambers, who had been apprenticed to an Edinburgh bookseller, had to live upon 1s 9d a week. The fate of Robert was in no ways different, so far as hardships were concerned, and we find him sharing his brother's humble lodgings in the West Port. Notwithstanding great hardships and privations, the brothers, together with two companions named King, formed themselves into a Scientific Society, and held their nightly meetings in the humble abode of Jamie Alexander, an old Highland street porter. Here they carried out experiments in chemistry and electricity, and otherwise expanded their minds. "Viewed apart from these solacements," writes William, "his (Robert's) life was dreary in the extreme. Half-starved, unsympathised with, and looking for no comfort at home, he probably would have lost heart but for the daily exercises at school, where he stood as a rival and class-fellow of Mackay's best pupils." Even during these dark days, Robert Chambers began to haunt the Wynds and Courts of Old Edinburgh, noting and treasuring up those quaint evidences of former greatness, the reproducing of which was yet to introduce him to many a prominent literary man. For a time it was fondly hoped that he might yet be able to attend college, but further family misfortunes made this impossible, and so, though much disappointed, he bravely bent his back to the burden. After a short spell of private teaching at Portobello, he entered the counting-house of a Pilrig merchant, where his duties were very arduous and the recompense a miserable pittance. Leaving this, he filled a similar position in Leith, from which he was dismissed, as he himself believed, because his employer considered him too stupid.

He had now, as he himself expresses it, "reached the bottom of the wheel," and he determined to lift himself out of his difficulties by his own industry. On the advice of his brother, he rented a small shop in Leith Walk at the rent of £6 a year, and these humble premises did duty as a shop during the day and as quarters for his brother and himself during the night. His whole stock consisted of a number of old and almost useless books which had been saved from the family wreck, but by dint of saving and industry his stock in a year's time had reached the value of £20. Shortly after this William began business also as a bookseller and printer, and boldly issued a pocket edition of the songs of Burns.

Through difficulties which would have baffled almost any one, the brothers pursued their separate careers and gradually began to make names for themselves; unitedly they started a small periodical, called the "Kaleidoscope, or Edinburgh Literary Amusement." Of this publication Robert Chambers was the editor and principal writer, and while this venture only lasted a few months, it probably pointed to him the way in which his talents lay. Matters were decidedly brightening for the industrious young Borderers, and after several removals they found themselves in commodious places of business, Robert in India Place, and William in Broughton Street. At this time Robert produced "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley," and this his first literary effort of any magnitude was printed, bound, and published by his brother. The "Traditions of Edinburgh" soon followed, and by this important work he at once leaped into literary fame, and secured the friendship of many prominent literary men, amongst whom was Sir Walter Scott, who probably recognised in him a kindred spirit, who was devoting much of his energy to rescuing fast-fading annals of the past.

In 1832, the cheap literature movement, which was the inevitable result of the removal of the legal fetters which had so long hampered the daily and weekly press, was set agoing by the publication of "Chambers's Journal." The venture was begun by William Chambers, but was largely contributed to by his brother Robert. The success of the "Journal" was phenomenal, and resulted in the two brothers forming that business partnership which is known the wide world o'er as W. & R. Chambers. It is unnecessary to enter into details of what this famous firm has done to provide cheap and healthy literature for the people, as their publications are known and read of all men, but we have thought it fitting that the attention of our readers should be drawn to the life story of one whose name is deeply written on the hearts of the Scottish people, and whose centenary we now celebrate, in common with those of Thomas Aird and Hugh Miller, the latter of whom was the friend and correspondent of Robert Chambers. Of the nobility of his character, we get a glimpse in a letter written in 1835 to an old friend, in which he says:—

I am continuing to pursue that course of regular plodding industry which you have witnessed since its commencement. Personally, I have now hardly anything to do with business, but I participate with my elder brother in the great advantage of uniting the duties of publisher with those of the author. Of the "Journal," about sixty thousand are now sold; and in England the circulation is steadily rising. That work seems now indeed received and sanctioned as a powerful moral engine for the regeneration of the middle and lower orders of society. We have just commenced the publication of a series of educational works, designed to embrace education—physical, moral, and intellectual—according to the most advanced views. To all appearance, this will also be a successful undertaking. While my brother has been married two years without any surviving children, I have now no fewer than four. . . . We all enjoy good health; and I often think I realise in my domestic circle that happiness which authors have endeavoured to represent as visionary. Men, it is allowed, are apt to speak of things as they find them; and, for my part, I would say that it is possible to lead the life of a literary man without any of those grievances and evil passions which authors picture so inseparable from the profession. I envy none, despise none, but, on the contrary, yield due respect to all, whether above or beneath me. I am but little disposed to pine for higher honours than I possess: they come steadily, and I am content to wait till they come. The result is, that hardly such a thing as an annoyance ever breaks the calm tenor of my life, and that there is not one person with whom I was ever acquainted whom I cannot meet as a friend.

Among the honours which came to Robert Chambers was the degree of LL.D., conferred upon him by the University of St Andrews, and we venture to say that there are few more worthy names on the roll of that eastern seat of learning. For a time he resided in London, where he formed many important literary friendships. While resident in the metropolis he worked hard at the "Book of Days," a miscellany of popular antiquities in connection with the calendar, and this herculean task, while it brought still further fame and literary success, proved too great a strain, and his health broke down. He returned to St Andrews, where he had formerly resided for many years, and after a lingering illness passed peacefully away on the 17th March, 1871. On the 22nd the mortal remains of this great and good Scotsman were consigned to their last resting-place in the Cathedral burying-ground of St Andrews, where repose many whose names are enshrined in Scottish history.

They who wait
No gifts from chance have conquered fate.

—Matthew Arnold.

Berwick Castle.

BERWICK, during the reign of King Alexander I., was part of Scotland, and the capital of the Lothians. It was a wealthy town, and contained a fine castle. It was also one of the chief seaports of Scotland. Upon the treaty entered into for the ransom of William the Lion, who was taken prisoner at Alnwick by the English, the castle of Berwick was surrendered to the English; but was returned by Richard Cœur de Lion in 1188. In 1214 the castle of Berwick fell into the hands of King John, who inflicted the most horrible cruelties upon the inhabitants. He even set fire to the house that he lodged in, and by his orders the soldiers fired the town. The English Parliament sat in Berwick when Edward gave judgment in favour of Baliol. In 1296, Edward took the place by storm and butchered the inhabitants without distinction of sex or age. The English again took possession of Berwick in 1298, and it remained in their hands for twenty years, during which they expended a large sum in fortifying the town and castle. In 1318, through the treachery of a soldier, one Peter de Spalding, the Scots gained possession of it by scaling the walls during the night. After the battle of Halidon Hill, which was fought in 1333, Berwick fell into the hands of the English, and so continued till 1355, when the Scots gained possession of it by night. In 1356 the Scots, unable to hold the fortress, capitulated, and were suffered to depart with all their effects. In 1378 some Scottish adventurers took possession, and slew the governor, Sir Robert de Boyton. They held possession for a week, when the Earl of Northumberland retook it with 10,000 men. In 1384 the Scots repossessed it, and burnt the town, but abandoned it for a large sum of money. On the accession of Henry III. the Earl held possession, believing that Richard II. still lived, and in 1405 surrendered it to the Scots, who burnt the town again. Richard, with 37,000 men, besieged it, and the garrison surrendered, and all were either beheaded or sent to prison. The Scots tried to recover it, but without success, in 1416. In 1461 Edward IV. surrendered it to the Scots, who held it for twenty-one years. In July, 1482, the town surrendered to the English, but the castle held out till August, when it surrendered to Edward IV. It was never retaken by the Scots. The castle was in complete repair in the reign of Elizabeth, but reduced to ruins in the time of Charles I. It was built in circular form, and had five gates, with carved statues of delicate work.

The Hawick Volunteers.

SELDOM has a finer and more interesting handbook in connection with a bazaar been issued than that which has been published from the "Hawick Express" Office for the bazaar held on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th October, in aid of the funds of the Hawick Detachment of the Border Rifles. The book, which is crown quarto in size, extends to between seventy and eighty pages. It is produced in a high-class manner, and forms a valuable addition to the permanent literature of the Border. The work is embellished with fully a dozen splendid half-tone blocks, secured specially for the handbook.

The frontispiece is a striking full-length portrait of the popular Commanding Officer of the Battalion, Sir Richard Waldie-Griffith, Bart., while excellent portraits are also reproduced of all the past Commanding Officers, viz.:—The late Lord Polwarth; the late Sir George Douglas, Bart.; Colonel Paton of Crailing; and Colonel Scott Elliot of Teviot Lodge, Hawick. A portrait of much interest is that of the late Captain John Scott-Chisholme of Stirches, one of the most enthusiastic Volunteers ever associated with the Hawick corps, and its first Captain-Commandant. Captain Chisholme was the father of Colonel John James Scott-Chisholme, who fell at Elandslaagte at the head of the Imperial Light Horse, on 21st October, 1899. The gallant Colonel was the last male representative of the old house of Stirches.

In addition to all the customary bazaar information generally to be found in a handbook of this character, it contains a number of literary articles of much local interest. The first of these articles deals with the rise of the Hawick Volunteer Corps in 1859, and traces its progress and development to the present time. A list of the first members of the corps is given, and a perusal of it shows that the vast majority of those gentlemen, who patriotically stepped forward at the call of duty, when invasion was threatened by France, have now crossed the bourne. On the 11th June, 1860, the Duke of Buccleuch, as Lord-Lieutenant of the County,

MEN OF THE BORDER RIFLES.

formally intimated to the corps that Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to approve of a company of Rifle Volunteers at Hawick, and that the corps had been numbered as the 4th in the county of Roxburgh, its maximum establishment to consist of one captain, one lieutenant, one ensign, and 100 men of all ranks. During the few months of the corps existence previous to this date it had been known under the name of the Upper Teviotdale Rifle Corps. The first commissioned officers of the corps were—Captain, John Scott-Chisholme of Stirches; lieutenant, Wm. Scott Watson of Bucklands; ensign, Wm. Dickson of Wellfield.

In those early days of the movement members had to pay for their own uniforms and accoutrements, as well as an annual subscription of ten shillings. This had naturally a rather deterrent effect upon the working classes joining the ranks, and soon a bye-law was passed to admit working men into the corps on the payment of one pound "in such portions and at such periods as the Council shall determine." For this payment the "bye-law" members, as they were termed, received a complete outfit, the uniform and equipment remaining, however, the property of the corps. The annual subscription for these members was also reduced to six shillings, payable in twelve monthly instalments. This system of "volunteering made easy" was much appreciated by the artizan classes, and a considerable addition was soon made to the ranks.

Concise and interesting biographical sketches are given of the various Commanding Officers of the Battalion, and with regard to Sir Richard Waldie-Griffith, it is stated that he served in the 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays) from 1872 to 1879, of which regiment he became a Captain. In 1891 he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Border Rifles, and since then he has thrown himself into the work of the battalion with much zeal and enthusiasm. With Sir Richard's command a new era opened in volunteering. Battalions were formed into brigades, and brigades into army corps. The Border Rifles became part of the Scottish Border Brigade, and on the formation of the Scottish Army Corps, when, for the first time, volunteer regiments were called upon to go into camp, for training along with regiments of the line, the Border Rifles were one of the few Scottish Volunteer regiments selected for that distinguished honour.

Another article of considerable length, and of peculiar interest is that entitled "The Call to Arms," and which deals very exhaustively with the experiences of the First Service Company of the Border Rifles in the South African campaign. It is contributed by "A Hawick Man," but we understand that it is an open secret that the author is none other than Major Haddon, Hawick, the able and popular officer who was in command of that Company. This article is illustrated by several pictures, one of which, "Men of the Border Rifles on the lines of communication," we are enabled to reproduce through the courtesy of the publisher. The experiences of the Scottish Cyclist Service Company, to which the Border Rifles contributed eleven men—eight of them from Hawick, are also described in a succinct manner, and Captain J. Herbertson, Galashiels, who was in command of the Second Service Company, places on record particulars of that Company's movements and work in the Transvaal.

The handbook is published at the nominal price of sixpence, and it is certainly a work which should be added to every collection of Border literature. The printer and publisher, Mr James Edgar—from whose press a number of interesting local works have recently been issued—deserves to be complimented, on this, his latest production.

Sweet Peas.

These,
Delicious sweet peas,
Tell of sun-kissed leas;
Of birds and of bees,
Of a white farm house, and a belt of trees,
Just stirred by the breeze.
A kind hand there has gathered these,
All these, delicious sweet peas.

They pass,
With the honied smell,
And the colour as well.
Like the flush of green in the valley out-spread,
Where the gentle flow
Of Gala below,
Is scarcely heard, as sweet and low,
Like a thread of silver its waters go!
We pass as they: from giving and getting,
From sad remembering and glad forgetting.
We pass out and change,
To a higher range;
I see the gate,
Let us labour and wait!

R. C.

A YOUTHFUL member of a rifle corps in a Border town, on his arrival at home one night, joyfully told his governor that he had just got his arms. "Airms!" quoth the ancient, drily, "I'm thinkin' gin the French come ye'll hae mair need o' your legs!"

The Monument.

IN all broad Scotland there is perhaps only one memorial that is known by the above designation, and where should it be found but at the Langholm, sometimes styled the muckle toon—where it stands guard over a tract of country rich with the memory of noble men and women, who suffered in the cause of right and God—Border heroes, patriots, and reformers.

The substantial obelisk, "seen grand against the sky," on Whita's summit—Langholm Hill, the highest in the Southern Highlands, is known over a very wide area on both sides of the Border and in distant lands, as "the monument."

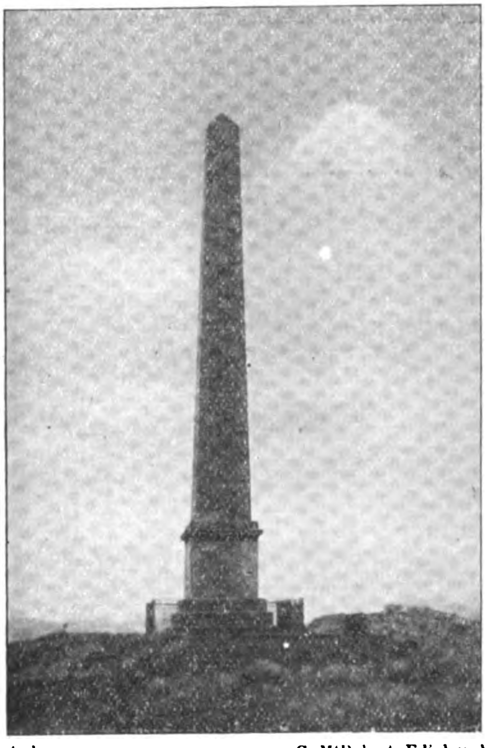


Photo by G. M'Robert, Edinburgh.
THE MONUMENT.

Since its erection in 1838 it has been regarded as a notable Border landmark, served as an excellent guide for weather prophets, and been an object of interest and rendezvous for visitors. To have climbed Whita's rugged steeps and been around "the monument" is to have accomplished a feat and seen all that's worth seeing in the neighbourhood of the romantic toon.

The massive pile was raised to the memory of General Sir John Malcolm, one of the "three knights of Eskdale," a famous soldier and statesman, and an author and poet of no mean order. Of him it was said that he had carved his way to honour, openly and honestly, before the world, and also that in the annals of the Indian Empire his name would occupy a prominent and enduring place.

Nothing could accomplish its purpose better than this huge pillar. It rises from the heather, and looks across the grey distance for miles, and constantly symbolises the strong lofty character of the worthy son of Eskdale.

In addition to "the monument," the English admirers of Sir John, anxious to mark their high esteem of his gifts and accomplishments, erected a statue by Chantery in Westminster Abbey—not the only memorial to Eskdale's sons in the renowned Abbey.

The hill on which "the monument" stands commands one of the finest views in the Borderland. The splendid panorama of beauty beheld is not easily equalled. Below is the picturesque town "by hills surrounded." There are the lofty woods, the Esk and its tributaries sparkling 'neath the sun. Here is a beautiful stretch of level country, studded o'er with cots and hamlets, and skirted by the Solway. Behind and to the right are the impressive hills of Liddesdale and Eskdale towering one above the other, whilst further afield is Criffel, Burnswark, the Cumberland hills, and much that is famous in Border song and story.

G. M. R.

RECORDS OF THE BURGH OF PEEBLES.—In the course of his explorations into the history of Peeblesshire, Mr W. Chambers fell unexpectedly on a literary curiosity of some value—a volume of records of the royal burgh of Peebles as early as the reigns of James II. and III., and embracing the period from 1456 and 1481, which must be allowed to be a tolerably respectable antiquity, for the first of these dates carries us back thirty-six years before Columbus discovered America. The volume, written in an antique character and uncouth in language, abounds in amusing particulars illustrative of the state of society in the fifteenth century, and besides throws some light on various local matters hitherto obscure, in particular the date of the lofty stone bridge across the Tweed at Peebles, which no one before had ever been able to determine. These Peebles records were among the oldest of this species of documents in Scotland.

Recollections of an old Country Parish Church near the Borders.

IT was neither a spacious nor an ornate church. It had an unpretentious belfry—no tower, no spire. It had been built during the closing years of the eighteenth century—a period distinguished by a severely simple style of architecture. Four walls and a roof were deemed amply sufficient for the house appointed for congregational worship. Furnishings were of the slenderest and most meagre description. People did not expect exceedingly comfortable accommodation. And there was nothing to distract the attention, or appeal to æsthetic desires. This Parish Church was in shape oblong. At each end was a door for entrance and exit. Outside one of these was a little grass-grown mound which was pointed out as covering the remains of a portion of the older church which had been removed to make way for that of which I write, and which had contained a retiring room for a laird's family in the interval between "sermons." When both the doors were open, it is unnecessary to say that the fresh air found ready access, and that the wind careered through the building and gambolled about the heads of the assembled people. There was no heating apparatus of any description, and, if there had been, the playful currents would have mocked the puny efforts of the luxurious worshippers to produce warmth. Two long windows flanked the pulpit on either side, and several smaller square ones gave light to the galleries and the area. That pulpit was unadorned. Its "book-board" was covered with faded red baize. On the summit of its canopy rested a white dove which silently surveyed succeeding generations of parishioners. The precentor's "dask" was narrow and cramped. No paint brush had ever polluted the woodwork of the pews. Only the four pillars which upheld the semi-circular "loft" fraudulently represented solid yellow marble, beautifully traversed by dark veins. But their arrant hypocrisy was exposed, when on examination they were inspected, and it was discovered that they were timber, and rotten at the base. Their doom was sealed, and the knell of the old church was rung. Of course the front pews of the galleries were occupied by the heritors. One displayed a black cloth—sign of mourning—hanging over the edge. Another a green drapery, from which age had extracted its pristine brightness. A third had a mere strip of ancient crimson. The others were bare. The total accommodation was for 400 persons, which at one time in the history of the Parish was amply sufficient. For it was a rural parish. Though dotted over with farms, the inhabitants were not numerous. The village was small. The staple industry being limited, outsiders were not attracted.

The Church was near the centre of the churchyard. Great umbrageous trees surrounded the last resting-place of the parishioners. Old gravestones appeared here and there. While on two or three "thruch" stones were carved the names of former ministers; a solitary rose bush marked the tomb of a venerable incumbent who forbade any other monument to his memory.

On summer days the people gathered early to the "kirk." The quiet "crack" was greatly enjoyed before the "jowin" of the bell called on them to enter the House of God. When visitors came during the holiday season the Church was generally crowded. Occasionally the gallery stairs were occupied; chairs were brought from the manse, which was close by, and placed outside the open doors, even the gravestones had their quota of hearers. As a vestry had never been dreamed of, the good "beadle" carried the Bible and Psalm-book from the manse, laid them reverently in their place, took a furtive glance round the congregation, and quietly proceeded to the bell-rope which was fastened outside, and when the "tinkling" music ceased the minister issued from the manse arrayed in gown and bands. The opening psalm given out, the tune was raised by the venerable precentor—a highly respected elder, whose unobtrusive but decided piety had a powerful influence for good, not only in his own family but on many besides. His voice in the declining years of his life had lost its richness and beauty, but he sang well, and his knowledge of music was accurate. In summer he always wore a bright flower in his button-hole. The congregation joined heartily in the praise, especially as they recognised that the leader was entering heart and soul into its spirit. Sitting at singing was then universal, so was standing at prayer. The minister read and expounded a passage from the Old Testament, taking generally the history of some well-known personage. Sabbath after Sabbath he continued such exposition—as, for example, David's life, weaving in at particular episodes the psalms composed by him to give expression to his feelings. This imparted an interest to the passage which many enjoyed. An old city minister who happened to be in church one Sunday was charmed by the arrangement and commended it. About twenty minutes was devoted to this subject, then followed a psalm. The sermon lasted no longer than half-an-hour. The whole service was at the most an hour and thirty-five minutes. The collection was taken in long ladles, and then the benediction was pronounced.

When the Communion came round (the summer "Sacrament" was always on the second last Sunday in June), the days were bright and warm as a rule, and great preparations were made for the observance. For a Sunday or two before, the nature and obligations of the Lord's Supper were dwelt upon, and fervent appeals made to the people to cultivate the spirit of worthy partakers. Classes for "young communicants" were held in the church during several weeks preceding it. The "Fast day," usually on a Thursday, was faithfully kept. The congregation was large and attentive. A neighbouring minister officiated, and at the close of the service the parish minister stepped forward from the manse pew beside the pulpit, and took his place in front of the precentor's "dask," constituted the Session by prayer, and handed to each person who passed before him a "token." This was a small leaden square with the initial letter of the Parish and "K" stamped on it, as "J.K.," "I.K." The Saturday service was at a later hour than twelve o'clock—the ordinary hour—probably three or half-past three, to suit those who worked in the mills. Again some minister, generally from a distance, preached, and at the close those who had not received "tokens" before got them then.

The Sabbath was a "high day" of solemnities. The church was crowded. The Session form, which extended from end to end of the church, was covered with white linen, was used as the "table," and was fully occupied. The service bore entirely on the occasion and in all its parts was fitted to produce reverence and love. A short "fencing of the tables" followed the psalm sung at the close of the sermon. There was nothing of terror introduced into it, as is customary in the Highlands. It was persuasive. The Commandments and Beatitudes were read. The 35th paraphrase was sung to "Communion"—the elders brought in from the manse the elements and placed them on the little covered table. The minister descended from the pulpit and took his seat on a narrow ledge, specially adapted for the purpose, below the precentor's desk. A prayer of consecration followed, the elders took up the tokens from the communicants at the table; a short address was delivered; the elements were handed round in the deep silence of the church; then another brief exhortation followed, and to the singing of the first four verses of the 103rd psalm to "Coleshill," the line being read, the occupants of the first table left the church by one door, while those who were waiting quietly entered by the other to take up the vacant seats. The same procedure was followed as at the first table. But as the minister communicated himself this second table was "served" by some reverend friend, generally from Edinburgh or Glasgow, who had come to assist. The third and the fourth tables were likewise "served" by the stranger. Husbands who had communicated had gone home, and their wives and others who could not leave their households at the beginning had thus an opportunity afforded them of coming to the church. The whole service was closed by another address and the singing either of a part of the 48th or the 2nd paraphrase. The service lasted from 12 to 3.30 o'clock, while at 6.30 p.m. the strange minister preached to a very large congregation. Many who belonged to other churches made a point of being at the Sunday evening service in the Parish Church. On Monday evening the concluding thanksgiving service took place, the white linen being left on the Session form and tables to mark the fact that this was also part of the Sacramental observance. The congregation was generally very large, especially if the preacher was a popular and well-known man.

These days are gone, gone for ever. Whether their disappearance has been for weal or woe we will not say. But the old memories return bright and fresh and vivid; and many a worthy and godly man and woman felt the benefit of all these diets of worship. Not a few were spiritually refreshed and strengthened. It is right that—when changes have swept over all things ecclesiastical—some record should be preserved to the present generation of their fathers' times. We are losing our hold on the past. That past has lessons for us we will do well to learn. And though some may not altogether approve, they can at least reverence that in which their "forbears" took great delight.

A. W.

Jedburgh Pictorial Post Cards.—To meet the present demand for these souvenirs, Mr Walter Easton, stationer, Jedburgh, has just published a new series of twelve capital colotype cards. Several of the views were specially taken for the series.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *81 Oxford Drive, Glasgow.*

TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. WALKER & SON, *High Street, Galashiels.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1902.

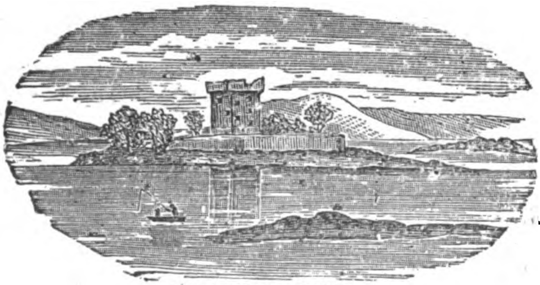
LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

DURING the winter months we trust our readers will do what they can to secure *annual* subscribers for the BORDER MAGAZINE, for upon such stable supporters the success of the publication to a large extent depends. The B. M. can be procured through all booksellers, but should any difficulty be experienced in this matter, the Publishers will be pleased to post direct to any address each month's issue on receipt of the annual subscription of four shillings.

We continue to receive gratifying testimonials of the pleasure Borderers derive from our little magazine, and we trust that the circulation will so increase that we may be able to enlarge its size somewhat, but this depends very much on our readers who can help us by sending an occasional copy to distant friends.

The Border Keep.



LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

"No more its arches echo to the music
Of joy and festive mirth,
But naked stands the melancholy walls,
Lashed by the wintry tempests cold and bleak
That whistle mournfully through the empty hall,
And piecemeal crumble down the tower of dust."

A few weeks ago I spent a delightful holiday at a farm which overlooks Loch Leven, and, as I looked down upon the beautiful lake with its island on which appears the historic Castle, I could not help thinking of the fateful 2nd of May, 1568, when Scotland's beauteous Queen made her escape from that prison where she had been compelled to sign away her birthright. Sir Walter Scott in "The Abbot" gives a graphic description of the events which took place during Queen Mary's confinement in Loch Leven Castle, and those who desire to read one of Sir Walter's most graphic delineations should turn to his description of the unhappy Queen's resignation of the crown of her fathers.

* * *

The following paragraph from an evening paper refers to a most important work in which Sir Walter Scott had a hand:—

Much interest is being taken in Mr Alexander Gardner's issue of the new and complete edition of Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials in Scotland." We have already mentioned the fact, but the following details will be of interest:—The work embraces the period from 1488 to 1624. It was first suggested by Sir Walter Scott, and may almost be said to have been carried out under his supervision. The selections were made by Mr Pitcairn, and afterwards submitted by him to the critical examination of Sir Walter and that famous legal scholar, Mr Thomas Thomson, the Deputy-Clerk Register of Scotland.

It is now proposed to print the work in the seven parts into which it was divided by the editor. The parts will contain from 300 to 400 quarto pages each, and are intended to follow each other at intervals of about six months. The impression will be limited to 225 copies of specially-made cream-laid paper at 15s per part net, and 75 copies of handmade paper at 25s per part net. The entire work will be under the editorial care of Rev. W. M. Metcalfe, D.D., F.S.A. Scot.

* * *

The following is rather belated, but it is worth preserving:—

The "Rambler" in the "Hawick News" writes:—"In view of the merry-making in the 'auld hoose' of Wauchope, Rulewater, the other Saturday evening, it is interesting to recall the fact that when journeying in the Borders many years ago, Robert Burns, our national poet, slept in this house, the very room being still pointed out. There is also a punch-bowl in the new house—a very large and splendid mansion—which the poet used on the occasion. Mr T. Macmillan Scott, the present laird, at present resides at Harrowgate, the new house being let to Mr Norton. In the old house there is a curiosity in the form of an immense copper which was utilised in past times for making ewe cheese."

* * *

Though Hugh Miller was not a Borderer, the following scrap will be of interest while his centenary is being celebrated:—

Reminiscences of Hugh Miller are in season. I met an old mason last evening who knew Miller when he edited the "Witness" in Edinburgh. He was a townsman of the famous geologist, and along with a couple of fellow apprentices came South to seek their fortunes. Miller apparently kept up acquaintance with the masons from the North who frequented the capital, and he was often seen chatting with them in the hewing sheds. When he found the boys one afternoon at a new building which was being erected in Leith, he showed great interest in them, invited them to his house more than once, and saw that they were well fed, knowing that on their meagre wages they would not fare sumptuously. The next time the old mason saw Miller was in Cromarty. The country was ringing with his name, yet he was still the same unassuming, kindly man; and he could be seen of an evening seated on a stool in front of the cottage fire, supping brochan with a few old cronies who called to chat with his mother, or, perhaps, writing one of his stirring articles in the firelight, using a bellows laid across his knees for a desk, as was his custom when as boy he composed his verses and wrote his "Village Observer."

* * *

Lord Reay, says "To-Day," is a Dutchman by birth and education, though of Scotch descent. His story belongs to the romance of the peerage. In the seventeenth century, when so many of the great English and Scotch families sent their cadets to fight for the House of Orange, Eneas Mackay, second son of the second Lord Reay, became a brigadier-general in the service of the States-General, and settled in the Low Countries, his grandson becoming a Minister of State and being ennobled. A quarter of a century ago the older line of the Mackays became extinct, and the headship of the clan and the Scotch peerage devolved upon the lineal descendant of Eneas, viz., Baron Mackay of Ophemert, the father of the present Lord Reay. The father, who was Vice-President of the Privy Council of the Netherlands, died within a few months of his succession to the title, and then the son, who was an attaché to the Dutch Embassy to the Court of St James, had become thoroughly acquainted with English society, and had acquired a profound admiration for our people and institutions, carried into effect a long-cherished project, and, abandoning his career in Holland—he was already a member of mark in the Second Chamber—came over here to start again in a larger field. In 1880 he was President of the Social Science Congress; in 1881 Mr Gladstone made him a peer of the United Kingdom; from 1885 to 1890 he was Governor of Bombay; and from 1897 he has been chairman of the London School Board. So that he has no reason to regret his change of nationality.

* * *

The Black Dwarf.—The prototype of Sir Walter Scott's Black Dwarf, Bowed Davie, was celebrated by William Nicholson, the Galloway poet, as Aiken Drum. Davie appeared taller when sitting than when standing:—"His forehead was very narrow and low, sloping upwards and backward, something of the hatchet shape; his eyes deep set, small, and piercing; his nose straight, thin as the end of a cut of cheese, sharp at the point, nearly touching his fearfully projecting chin; and his mouth formed nearly a straight line; his shoulders rather high, but his body otherwise the size of ordinary men; his arms were remarkably strong. With very little aid he built a high garden wall, which still stands, many of the stones of huge size; these the shepherds laid to his directions. His legs beat all power of description." Sir James Nasymth of Posso built a habitation for this monster:—"The door, window, and everything to suit his diminished, grotesque form; the door four feet high, the window twelve by eighteen inches, without glass, closed by a wooden board, hung on leathern hinges, which he used to keep shut." The being who dwelt in this kennel was a natural aristocrat, and had a dread of being buried "among the common trash." He certainly had his way in one sense, for the very coffin of the poor creature was a distortion.

Dominie Sampson.

The Border Ballads—their General Characteristics.

"Thou who for Ballads gapest aye,
Or printed, sung, or cried,
Thy mouth I'll fill abundantly,
Do thou it open wide."
Sir W. Scott to C. K. Sharpe.

"THERE was never ane o' my sangs prentit till ye prentit them yersel, and ye hae spoilt them athegither. They were made for singing and no for reading, but ye hae broken their charm now, and they'll never be sung mair. And the warst thing o' a', they're neither richt spell'd nor richt setten doon." So said Mrs Hogg, mother of the Ettrick Shepherd, to Walter Scott when talking of the ballads he had taken down from her lips to form part of his "Border Minstrelsy." Certainly we must all agree in thinking that no man was less likely than he to be guilty of spoiling such a subject, so the good dame's criticism serves only to describe the peculiar and subtle melody which belongs to the true ballad, a melody which, like those of nature herself—the dreaming hum of the insects, the soughing of the wind through the trees, the morning song of the laverock—can neither be defined nor reproduced. For the old ballad-makers lived much nearer to nature than we do; the artificial barriers which our modern civilization has reared between us and her did not then exist; they sang in the language which she taught them.

Who or what manner of men they were, the earliest of the original "makers," where they lived, or what districts can claim the honour of their birthplace, we can tell little or nothing of; with hardly any exception their very names have passed into oblivion; we can only hear the echo of their far-off voices. Indeed, it may be pretty safely asserted that none of our traditional ballads were the work of only one hand, they were the result of a long period of development. As one generation succeeded another, they were altered and modified, passages were added or were suppressed, to suit the varying circumstances of the times; the law of the "survival of the fittest" was a leading factor in their history. From the palmy days of the troubadours, when in court and castle they were ever welcome guests, down through the ages, till the "gentle art" having fallen more and more into disfavour, was at last left to the strolling musician or "gaberlunzie man," each minstrel was a law unto himself, he gave to his theme the tone and colouring of his surroundings. Even "Blind Harry" is supposed to have merely strung together to suit his own needs the traditional tales of the "Gude Sir William Wallace," which he found current among the people, and by the recitation of which, "before the great, he earned his food and raiment, which indeed he well deserved." It was only after the ballads began to be written down that their period of transition and of growth came to an end, and with it much of their vague and subtle charm. But though we know this, none the less do we honour those men who, in lone hill-shielings and in peasants' cots, from the lips of pedlars, shepherds, and country wives, have preserved for us such a storehouse of inspiration as is to be found in those rude lays, the traditional literature of our country in the olden time.

The Scottish ballad is to be found all over the Lowlands, from Aberdeen and the Mearns in the north-east, where we have the stories of the ruthless "Edom o' Gordon" and the terrible "Fire of Frendracht," to Galloway in the south-west, with its pitiful tale of "Lord Gregory," while lying between are Edinburgh and the shores of Fife, where luckless Marie Hamilton was led out to die, and grand old Sir Patrick Spens sailed away on that fateful journey, when

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship maun sail the faem,
The king's daughter o' Norroway,
'Tis we maun fetch her hame."

where "lang, lang" the fair ladies used to sit

"Wi' the gowd kaims in their hair
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair."

It is, however, in the Borderland, amid the lovely and romantic scenery of the Tweed basin, that we find the ballad in its greatest strength and beauty. Nor is the reason far to seek. For not only was it there that was carried on the grim, dour struggle between us and our auld enemies of England—long after the rest of the Lowlands was in a state of comparative peace—giving rise to many a heart-stirring episode; but it was there too, that the spirit of poesy—which cares little for fertile plains and rich pasture-lands, but ever prefers the misty glen and heathy moorland, the lonely haugh, and "the bucht i' the lirk o' the hill"—could find its most congenial home.

The Border ballads have been roughly classified as the Historical or Military, the Romantic, and the Mythological; though it is obvious that no hard and fast lines can be drawn between these sections, and that they will frequently overlap. There are few of the ballads that do not breathe a militant spirit, fewer still that are not literally steeped in romance, while over all —or nearly all—in a greater or less degree, there is ever present a sense of touch with the Unseen, the shadow of an all-controlling and irresistable fate. But, however they may be divided, we find in all the same matchless qualities; the same vigour and terseness, the same naked and uncompromising truthfulness, the same wondrous suitability of words to express the idea desired. For we must never forget that these "sangs were made for singing (or rather chanting) and no for reading;" standing before his audience the minstrel put off no time in vague or ambiguous phrases; he knew nothing of hints or innuendoes or of the "courtesies of debate;" he said what he had to say in the simplest and most direct language, language that spoke to their very hearts.

"I got them in the field fechtin'
Where cruel king thou durstna be"

shouts doughty Johnnie Armstrong, when James V., with unkinglike mockery, taunts him with the braveries of his attire.

"If ye likena my visit to merrie England,
In fair Scotland come visit me,"

is the parting salute from the "bauld Buccleuch" to Lord Scroope as he stands in dismay on the other side of the Eden, looking at the "wan water" which he dares not cross. Neither does the balladist waste much time in introducing his subject; usually he dashes at once into the very heart of his theme, and in a few words presents to us a picture glowing with life.

"Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill."

Have we not here the beginning of a hundred love quarrels? In the well-known

"There were three lords birling at the wine,
On the Dowie Dens of Yarrow;
They set a combat them between
To fight it on the morrow"

we have the whole circumstances of the case told in four brief lines.

Or take the more grim and tragic

"They shot him dead on the Nine-stane Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross,
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss."

Then how powerfully descriptive are some of the passages. When she went to the wedding of her false lover and the nut-brown maid

"The mantle that fair Annet wore
It skinkled in the sun."

The "bonny boy" who ran in haste on his mistress' errand—

"When he came to the broken briggs
He bent his bow and swam,
And when he came to the grass growing
He slacked his shoon and ran."

Or take the description of the river, where, of course, we know what is going to happen—

"The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring,
And the bonny grey mare did sweat for fear,
For she heard the water-kelpy roaring."

And do not our own hearts thrill at the words—

"Strike on, strike on, Glenkindie!
Of thy harping do not blinne,
For every stroke goes ower thy harp,
It stounds my heart within?"

Some of the stock phrases, common to many of the ballads, are singularly fine; they haunt the ear with their melodious beauty. Especially is this the case where the trick of alliteration is employed;—the knight mounts his "berry-brown steed" and rides over the "bent sae brown," or by the side of the "wan water," under the "lee-licht of the mune," to the bower where his lady-love is sitting "sewing her silken seam," or—

"O he has ridden ower field and fell,
Through muir and moss and mony a mire,
His spurs o' steel were sair to bide,
And frae his fore-feet flew the fire."

Or perhaps it is not love, but the chase, which engages his attention, and then—

"Won up, won up, my gude grey dogs,
Won up, and be unboun',
And we'll awa to Bride's braid wood
To ding the dun deer doun, doun,
To ding the dun deer doun."

Another touch of the balladist's art is the use of the refrain or "owerword," which, with the instinct of true genius, he knows how to introduce with wonderful effect. Take, for instance, "My Bonnie Wee Croodlin' Doo," and "All alone and alonie," where by the constant repetition of the same phrase, the feeling of common horror is gradually intensified in a way that no ordinary words could express. Another example of this is in that fine ballad—

"There were two sisters sat in a bower,
Binnorie, O Binnorie,
There came a braw knight to be their wooer,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.
He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
Binnorie, O Binnorie,
But he loved the youngest abune a' thing,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie,"

which we at once know will have a tragic ending; with such an overword it could end in no other way. Tennyson has made the same use of the refrain in his poem of "The Two Sisters"—

"We were two daughters of one race,
She was the fairest in the face,
The wind is blowing in turret and tree."

and in "Oriana," in both of which we can trace not only the form, but the spirit of the ballads. For, indeed, the greatest of our poets have been indebted to those "wild flowers of literature." Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, even Shakespeare himself, have found inspiration from those that were common to both sides of the Border. And when we come to our own land, what a host of names rush to our recollection—Fergusson, and Allan Ramsay, and Burns: Hogg, and Motherwell, everyone indeed, as Christopher North assures us, whose work has been worth anything, has been a lover of those old-world lays. And when we come to our own Sir Walter, himself the last of the great minstrels, and think of how he restored to our literature the spirit of chivalry and romance which it seemed to have well-nigh lost, we feel that we can dimly understand how much we owe to our grand old ballads. For has he not himself told us that it was from them that he first drank of the waters of enchantment?

"Methought that still with tramp and clang
The gateway's broken arches rang.
Methought grim features seamed with scars,
Glared through the windows rusty bars,
And ever by the winter hearth
Old tales I heard of woe and mirth,
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms,
Of patriot battles won of old,
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold."

JANE M. BUTLER.

Every great man is always helped by everybody, for his gift is to get good out of all things and from all persons.—Ruskin.

A Rare Border Book.

IT may be remembered that a year ago we drew attention to what is commonly called "the Satchell's book," and pointed out the great value Sir Walter Scott placed upon it. We stated that we were in a position to supply a limited number of faithful transcripts of this very rare and valuable book at TWELVE SHILLINGS, carriage paid. Our offer, which was not a trade transaction and brought us no profit, is still open, as one or two copies are left over after several of our readers have been supplied. The volume, which cannot be got except through the Editor of the BORDER MAGAZINE at less than ONE GUINEA, is thus referred to by the late Robert Chambers:—"There was certainly something considerably superior to the common book-trader in my friend Alexander Elder, for his catalogue included several books striking far above the common taste, and somewhat costly withal. There was, for example, a copy of a strange and curious book of which Sir Walter Scott speaks on several occasions with interest, a metrical history of the clan Scott, written about the time of the Revolution by one Walter Scott, a retired old soldier of the Scottish legions of Gustavus Adolphus."

A RELIC OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—An interesting document—a letter from Sir Walter Scott showing his connection with Edinburgh military affairs during the troubled period of 1803—was recently handed over to the keeping of the curator of the Edinburgh Corporation Museum. The letter was found in the city archives. It was addressed to Mr James Laing, clerk to the Lieutenancy of the City of Edinburgh, and was in response to a notice served by one of the town officers upon Sir Walter Scott, calling upon him to report himself and attach himself to the Royal Edinburgh Army of Reserve. The letter is dated from Lasswade Cottage on the 22nd July, 1803, and runs as follows:—Sir,—As I observe by the enclosed summons that I am drawn a soldier of the army of reserve, I beg to inform you it is my intention to claim the exemption provided in favour of volunteer cavalry, having been for several years a member of the Edinburgh troop of R.M. Lothian V. Cavalry. I understand from Colonel Dundas that the adjutant, Mr Adams, is to supply the Lieutenancy with a list of the corps, in which you will find my name regularly inserted. If further verification of the exemption is requisite have the goodness to acquaint Mr Adams or me —I am, your obedient servant, WALTER SCOTT.

The Late Mr David Watson, Hawick.

IN the 18th September, at the age of sixty-five years, there passed away one of Hawick's loyal sons, Mr David McBurnie Watson, and when we think of what he did for his native town we can well imagine that his place will not be easily filled. In company with the late Mr Robert Murray, we spent a delightful hour or two with Mr Watson, and his fine rendering of a selection from Dr Murray's Book of Ruth in the Hawick dialect will long be a pleasant memory to us. From the "Hawick Advertiser" we select the following biographical notes:—

Mr Watson was a native of Hawick, and was well-known not only in this community but throughout the Border district and elsewhere.

D. M B. WATSON.
(By permission of Editor of "Hawick News.")

In archæological matters and educational affairs he took a deep interest. His business career was commenced with Messrs William Laidlaw & Sons, manufacturers, where he remained for about thirty years, and was latterly cashier to the firm. When he resigned about twenty years ago he received a magnificent gift from his employers and the employees. He then started business as a commission agent, and held many important and valuable agencies for insurance and mercantile houses in various parts of the country. As is well-known, Mr Watson was one of the leading promoters of the Hawick Public Library and Reading-room, in whose affairs he never ceased to take a most active interest. As Secretary to the Committee he did a great amount of useful and hard work, and but for his work it is doubtful if Hawick would have had such a well-equipped place as the present library and reading-room. It was also mainly due to his efforts that there is such a large and valuable collection of antiquarian books in the reference room, as well as British Museum publications. His interest in Public Libraries caused him to become a member of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, and he was a regular attender at its annual conferences, as well as the meetings of the Scottish History Society, of which he was a member. Nowhere, perhaps, was he more at home than when he was over head and ears at work in matters of an archæological nature. He joined the Hawick Archæological Society in 1857, and in due time he occupied in turn the offices of president, vice-president, and secretary. He contributed a large number of important and valuable papers relating to the town and district, from archæological and industrial points of view. These included:—"Hawick Burgh Records"; "The Early History of Textile Manufacturers and their preparatory processes"; "The Early Manufactures of Hawick"; "Tailors' Corporation of Jedburgh"; "Note on John Paiterson's Meir rides foremost"; "Funeral customs and entertainments in Scotland"; "The Wallace Thorn," &c., &c. A man of great antiquarian tastes, few people knew the history of the town and district better than he did. He was probably the only local gentleman who possessed a complete copy of the transactions of the Archæological Society. Mr Watson was also a member of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club. He had a splendid collection of Border and antiquarian literature. In the science and art classes he took a great interest, and was secretary to the committee until these classes were taken over by the School Board.

He was extraordinarily neat handed, and some of the presentation illuminated addresses presented to public men at various times were executed by him. His skill and dexterity in this work was really marvellous, and required to be seen to be thoroughly appreciated.

The deceased was twice married. His first wife predeceased him about ten years ago; and a few years ago he experienced a crushing blow in the death of his two sons, one of whom, an exceptionally clever student, died in Australia. He is survived by his second wife, and one daughter (Mrs Steven, Berwick-on-Tweed), and to them the sympathy of all will go out.

The Late Mr Robert Sanderson, West Linton.

THE harp of the sweet singer of Lyne Valley is silent, for the angel of death came swiftly and called the poet from the scenes he loved so well, but the message of sweetness and light he has left behind him will long continue to wake responsive chords in the hearts of many. We have a very pleasant memory of a sunny afternoon when we spent an hour or two with our departed friend in his home at West Linton, and while we might speak from our own experience of his geniality and worth, we prefer to quote from the "Peeblesshire Advertiser," where a correspondent writes as follows:—"On Saturday morning, 20th September, a deep cloud of sorrow fell o'er the hearts and homes of those who reside in the village and district of West Linton, when it became known that during the night Mr Robert Sanderson, Inspector of Poor, had been removed suddenly by death. Mr Sanderson had been to all appearance in his usual state of health the day previous, and had, with his wonted activity, been performing his duties as on other days. After retiring to rest he took suddenly unwell, and before five A.M. had breathed his last. Mr Sanderson was widely known and universally respected, and his death will not only be a calamity to his own household, but to the village and vicinity round about. He had a decided love for his native village, and its interests were ever his first consideration. Kind and courteous, his home was a centre of attraction to villagers and visitors alike, and when information or instruction was wanted regarding things past or present, his memory, keenly alive to dates, was a perfect storehouse regarding the days gone by. None knew the history of his native shire better than he. Talents many and varied he had received from the Giver of all good, and like a faithful servant they were put out to usury. He was antiquary, musician, and poet. However small or large the spark of poetic fire may be, "A poet is born, not made." He had won for himself an honourable position among our "Modern Scottish Poets:" his writings have been widely read and appreciated, both in his native land and in America, where, among the "Scots Abroad," he will be deeply mourned. It was not only the humble who recognised his genius; he has had even an acknowledgment from Royalty itself, graciously given by our late Sovereign, Queen Victoria, and such laurels were by our poet humbly worn. In 1885, his many services to his native district were openly recognised by his many friends and admirers, who presented him with a testimonial, consisting of a handsome marble timepiece, an illuminated address, and a purse of sovereigns. He had a wealth of friendship in the musical and literary world, which was a source of great enjoyment to him. His various volumes, both sacred and secular, have been well-received, and are worthy of a prominent place in poetic literature, inspiration of the purest having been drawn from a highly cultured mind, which in the present age of sham and frivolity fails to be properly appreciated as common sense dictates. His disposition was kind and unassuming, and many of his poems are imbued with the deepest humility, while he deservedly enjoyed the admiration and friendship of many who stood high in literary fame, and who honoured him because of the superior gifts with which he was endowed. Now that the grave has closed over him e'er yet the bloom of the purple heather, which he prized so much, has faded from the slopes of lofty "Mendick," which keeps guard over his beloved vale, let us cherish the memory of one whose voice is for ever hushed, a memory which will be cherished while the true thoughts he has put in verse, prompted by a divine impulse within to do so, are handed down from one generation to another.

The very deepest and truest sympathy is felt for his widow and his family of six sons and two daughters by all classes of society in their sudden bereavement."

In the December number, 1898, of the BORDER MAGAZINE there appeared a character sketch of the late Mr Sanderson, with an excellent portrait and several views by Mrs Robertson, West Linton.

The Gorgie and District Borderers' Association, Edinburgh.

THIS is one of the youngest of our Borderers' Associations, having only come into existence in 1899; young though it is it has grown with great rapidity, and to-day shows as much vigour and enthusiasm as an average Borderer. Its history is akin to that of Gorgie itself, which is styled by its inhabitants "a west-end suburb of Edinburgh." About seven or eight years ago there were few, if any, houses in the Gorgie district except those built in Tynecastle for "faggot votes;" to-day there are about 10,000 people in the Gorgie district alone, and a good proportion of these are Borderers. Like their forefathers, the inhabitants of the Border towns, when they found that "meat" was becoming scarce at home, on account of the "slackness" in the mills, went on a "Forage," and came and took possession of the Gorgie district. They swarmed in hundreds, as many as fifty families leaving one town for Edinburgh at a May term. Still they came until in the homes, and on the

MR ALEX. SIMPSON
(Vice-President, Gorgie and District Borderers' Association).

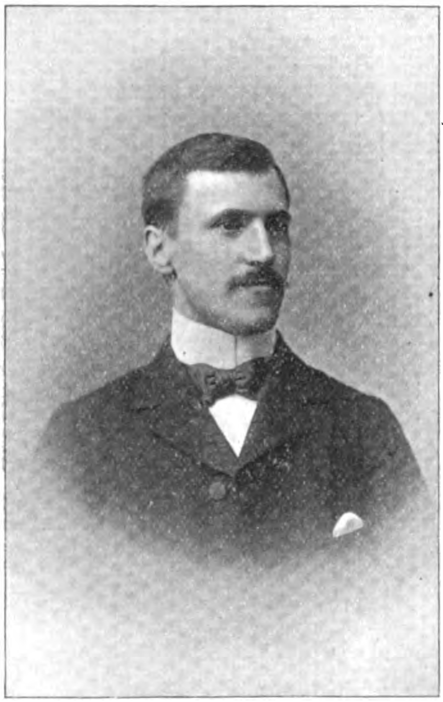
streets, and amongst the children you heard blending with the sharp, snell Edinburgh tongue "the soft lowland tongue of the Borders."

The spirit of brotherliness (we can call it brotherliness in spite of the present Border feud between Hawick and Galashiels which is raging in a contemporary), the spirit of clannishness, which is stronger amongst present-day Borderers than Highlanders, was soon manifested, and a meeting was called with the object of forming an association of Borderers. The Rev. J. Aitken Clark, Cairns' Memorial Church, was called to the chair, and representatives from Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, Selkirkshire, and Dumfriesshire were appointed to draw up a constitution. The result was the Gorgie and District Borderers' Association, which is now entering upon its fourth session, and which has become the rallying point of the Borderers of the "West-end suburb of Edinburgh." The object of the Association is to form a rallying point for the Borderers of the district, and a spirit of rivalry results in making the various county entertainments most excellent and enjoyable. Soon after the formation of the Association, a football club was started, which is not confined to Gorgie, but is called the "Edinburgh Borderers' Football Club," and the nucleus of a building fund for rooms has also been collected by means of a subscription sale.

The success of the Association has amply proved the necessity for its existence, and its further success is secured by the energy and enthusiasm of the members and office-bearers. The management of the association is vested in a president, vice-presidents, secretary, and treasurer, and a committee. There are also a large number of honorary presidents and vice-presidents. The first president was the minister of the Cairns' Memorial Church, Gorgie, and the vice-presidents were Mr Alexander Simpson (Berwickshire), and Dr George Dickson, M.B., C.M. (Dumfriesshire), and to these were added Bailie Telfer and Mr George McRobert.

MR WM. MITCHELL
(Secretary, Gorgie and District Borderers' Association).

Mr Alexander Simpson hails from the Berwickshire village of Coldingham, and is a most enthusiastic Borderer. Everything belonging to the Borders has Mr Simpson's regard, and his love and pride for Berwickshire especially is wonderful. Beginning life as a school teacher in his native village, Mr Simpson is qualified by education and mental qualifications to take the lead in many departments. On account of weakness in the eyes he left the Border town and came to Edinburgh and started a business career. In a very short time, by his sagacity and keen business capabilities, he made for himself a high reputation as an honourable, thrifty, and successful business man. His practical business qualifications he placed at the disposal of the Gorgie Borderers, and largely to his interest and enthusiasm is due the success of the



MR JAMES A. NISBET
(Treasurer, Gorgie and District Borderers' Association).

Association. Although politics has no part in the constitution of the Society it is well-known that the Borders is, or at least used to be, the bulwark of Radicalism, so Mr Simpson is well-known as a leader amongst the Dalry and Gorgie Liberals.

He is in his element when presiding at an entertainment given by the Berwickshire people, which has always been a prominent feature in the syllabus of the Association.

Dr George Dickson (Langholm) though a busy, successful medical practitioner, has always been ready to give his services to the Association, while Bailie Telfer and Mr George McRobert need no words of praise here; they are both well-known and esteemed by the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE for their abilities in the municipal and literary life of Edinburgh.

The first secretary of the Association was Mr James C. Cossar, whose duties have been lately undertaken by Mr William Mitchell, who comes from the banks of Gala, and received his first impressions of life amidst the stir and bustle of the town of Galashiels. After leaving Galapark School he entered the office of Messrs P. & R. Sanderson, Tweed Mill; he, however, migrated to Gorgie, and though kept busy in the office of the Caledonian Rubber Company, yet finds time to attend to the secretarial duties of the Association.

Another of the officials of the Association, and one who took an active part in its formation is Mr James A. Nisbet, who has all along acted as treasurer. Mr Nisbet is another of the "braw lads," claiming the town of 'Shiels as his birthplace. After the usual school experience he entered a chemist's shop in Galashiels, and after a few years he came to Edinburgh, when, as assistant to Mr Sutherland, chemist, Gorgie, he was soon recognised as a lover of all that pertained to the Borders.

Mr Nisbet is always willing to take an active part in any work connected with the Association. His love of music, his knowledge of vocal and instrumental music, and his wide circle of musical friends has made him an invaluable ally in the entertainments of the Association. It was largely owing to his engineering that a subscription drawing was successfully carried through under the auspices of the Association, and the foundation laid of a building fund which may yet prove of value for the furthering of the interests of the Association.

Though not connected with the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, there has always been a friendly spirit displayed between the Societies, and this has been expressed by the interchange of delegates at various meetings. Many of the members of the Gorgie Association are members also of the larger and older Union. We wish the Association all success in the coming winter, and hope it may still increase in numbers and in usefulness.

J. A. C., G.

When a true genius appears in this world you may know him by this infallible sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.—Swift.

Under Canvas.

IT was a lovely August morning, just such a morning as one may enjoy at St Mary's in July and August when it has not rained for twelve hours. A light cool breeze ruffled the waters of the loch and forced them with gentle persuasion in to the shore, which they softly lapped with an even rhythmic swish, in which there was somethink hypnotic. One wished to sit and listen to it forever.

The hills, green and placid, enamoured of the water duplicated themselves all round in its silvery depths, and the glorious summer sun glowed over all. Its warmth was rapidly drying and whitening the canvas of a tent which was daintily perched like some great white bird high up above the loch, precariously near the edge as it seemed to the casual onlooker. The skirts were tightly tucked up, and the breeze was whistling cheerily among the ropes, and playing about the recumbent form of a young man, who, attired in irreproachable summer flannels, and bearing about him all the evidences of a morning dip and a morning shave, lay stretched at ease on his back on a camp bed inside the doorway deep in a novel. Something tickled his nose, and he raised himself on an elbow impatiently.

"What on earth are you doing out there, Dick?" he fretfully enquired.

"Plucking a fowl," came the laconic reply.

"A fowl! You might be plucking all the fowls in a farmyard to judge by the feathers that are floating about the tent. Aren't you finished?"

"Not quite. This fowl has been king of the farmyard for many a year, if toughness goes for anything."

"It may be leather for aught I care, if you will only change your seat. Common sense might have sent you to the other side of the tent."

"Common decency might have sent you to help me, I think," retaliated Dick, huffily shifting his seat, however. "What's the good of a camping holiday if you do nothing but get yourself up and read novels!"

Disdaining to reply, Tom was again losing himself in his book, when a strong smell of burning filled his nostrils and brought him to his feet with a groan."

"What in the name of wonder are you doing now?" he queried, resentfully, as he stepped round to where his friend was conducting his operations.

"Singeing the fowl," was the curt answer.

"Singeing it! Is it really necessary?"

"So the cookery book says," replied Dick, as he plunged the now featherless bird into a lake of blazing newspaper.

"Take care, Dick, man alive your shirt sleeve is catching!"

With a jerk Dick threw up his arm and smothered the little jet of flame with his free hand, but that sudden jerk, alas, cost him dear, for the fowl slipping from his grasp promptly rolled down the steep natural terrace at his feet and plumped right into the loch!

The situation was irresistible. Tom's lethargy and Dick's dismay alike gave place to hearty peals of laughter.

"Good boy, Dick," gasped Tom as he took breath, "I've enjoyed that bird vastly more than if I had eaten it. Where's Harry?"

"Fishing over there," said Dick, with a comprehensive side nod; "he said he wouldn't come in till his basket was full."

"Oh, well! we'll do for lunch well enough. I fancied I heard Harry stealing out about the middle of the night. I say, Tom, I'll pare the potatoes for you to make up for my laziness this morning. It's a beastly job, but I'll do it. St Mary's trout and Bengershope potatoes are a feast not to be despised by kings. If— why what's that? It's not a collie's bark, I'll swear. A young lady, Dick, by all that's wonderful!"

The dog must be hers, I suppose; it's chasing that gull, the silly beast. If it comes much further at that pace it will go the road of the fowl."

"That's so, and the gull will be at home in the water, while the dog wont. What fools these small dogs are." Even as he spoke the dog, a pepper dandie, with its eyes fixed on the coveted quarry, ran full tilt over the edge not more than a few paces from where the friends were standing—the gull sailing serenely onward and dipping gracefully on the loch some half way across.

Tom's coat was already off, and he had taken a short cut down to the water, when the dandie's owner reached the spot flushed and tearful.

"It's all right," volunteered Dick, before giving her time to speak. "My friend is an amphibious animal, he'll fish your dog out right enough—here they come." At this juncture, becoming all at once aware of the figure he cut in his shirt sleeves, his nether garments still bearing evidences of his morning's work, Dick suddenly disappeared into the tent. It must be frankly admitted that he was never missed! Running to meet the dripping hero of the moment, the distressed damsel gathered the equally dripping dandie into her arms, and hugged him, regardless of damage to her fresh white frock.

"Oh, Dandie! you miserable dog, when will you learn obedience?" Dandie shook himself, then straightway sat bolt upright and spun his damp fore-paws in the air apologetically—"And how can I ever thank you sufficiently?" went on his mistress, turning her attention to the rescuer."

"By forgetting what has happened," replied Tom, promptly, with what Dick called his knightly air. "I am as much at home in the water as on land."

"I feel very far from home at this minute," smiled the young lady, who was rapidly recovering her spirits. "I have hopelessly lost my way. The Rodono, indeed, cannot be very far from here, but I have entirely lost my bearings. Perhaps you will give me a few hints as to the shortest way back again."

"Oh you must allow me to put you on the right road," said Tom, briskly; "spoken directions usually end in confusion—just give me five minutes to get into dry garments," and Tom, in his turn, disappeared inside the tent, followed immediately by Harry, who had returned in high, good humour, with a bumper basket.

"I say, who's the —"

"Oh, an adventure, my dear fellow, you must get Dick to tell you all about it, I'm in a hurry. In fact, it has been an eventful morning, eh Dick? By the way, I quite forgot to look for that fowl! I hope the trout and potatoes will taste good. You'll have to pare the potatoes, Harry. I daresay I shall lunch at the Rodono —don't expect me till you see me."

Having by this time got himself into another town-made suit, Tom plunged out, leaving Dick and Harry sitting staring at each other from opposite camp beds. Presently a mutual smile broke over their faces.

"There he goes—see," said Harry, who was seated opposite the doorway.

Tom was treading the earth by the side of the young girl with the gait of a man who might have been treading nothing more substantial than air, putting out a hand from time to time to prevent the white frock from coming in vulgar contact with the damp road side grass.

"Funny to be made like that, is it not?" said Dick, reflectively. "You and I may make the best of it, Harry, and enjoy ourselves as we can, Tom's done for so far as this holiday is concerned."

"Oh, she may be only a one day tripper from Selkirk or Moffat, perhaps," said Harry, hopefully.

"No such luck, she's from London, and she's here to stay, for a month at least. I heard of her yesterday at the Rodono—came the day before with an uncle and aunt."

"That's bad."

"Couldn't be worse. I purposely avoided telling Tom—he's booked now, however, for the Rodono during the remaining ten days we have. He'll lunch at the Rodono and dine at the Rodono, and after a day or two he'll develop rheumatics with sleeping under canvas, and will find it safer to take up his quarters altogether at the Rodono."

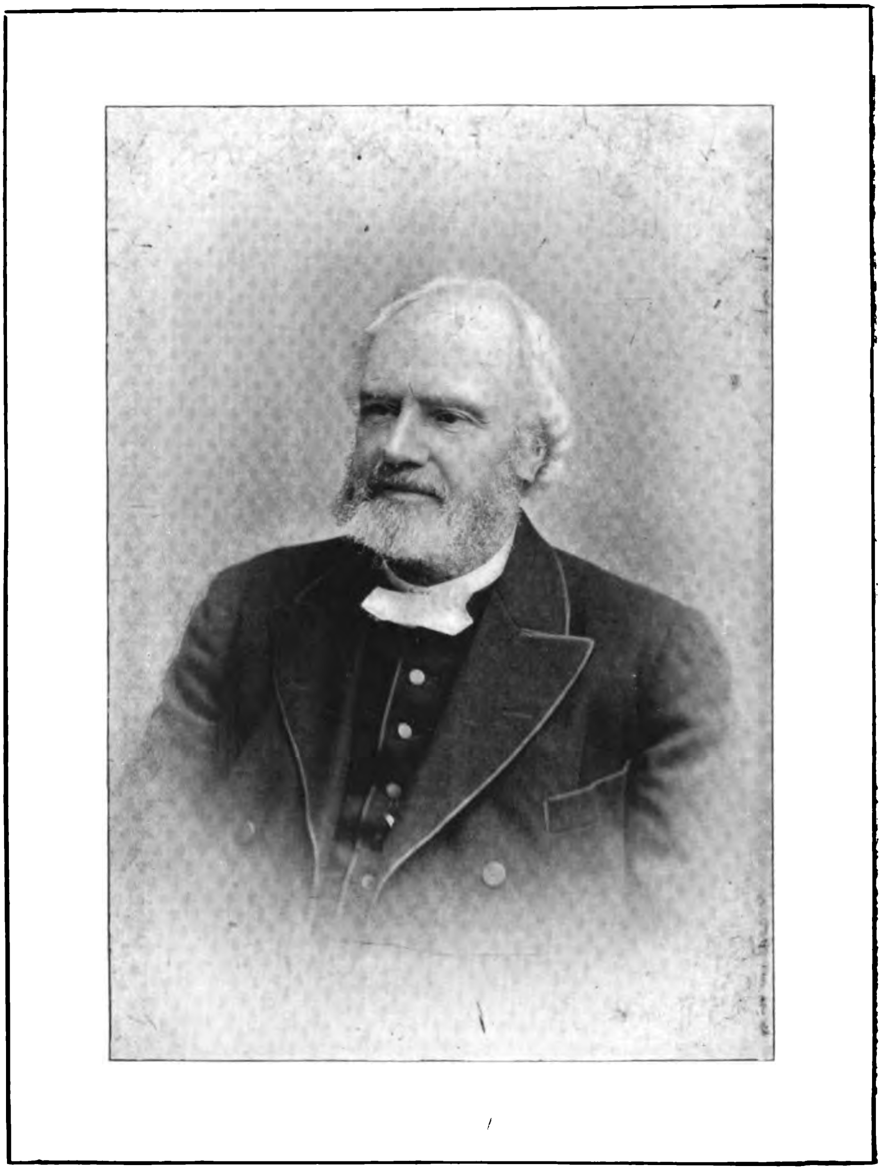
"I wish that wretched dog had got quietly drowned a little further up," said Harry, gloomily.

"Amen," replied Dick, fervently, "we might have staved off the evil day in that case. But the thing's done and you'll see I shall prove a true prophet, Harry." And so he did.

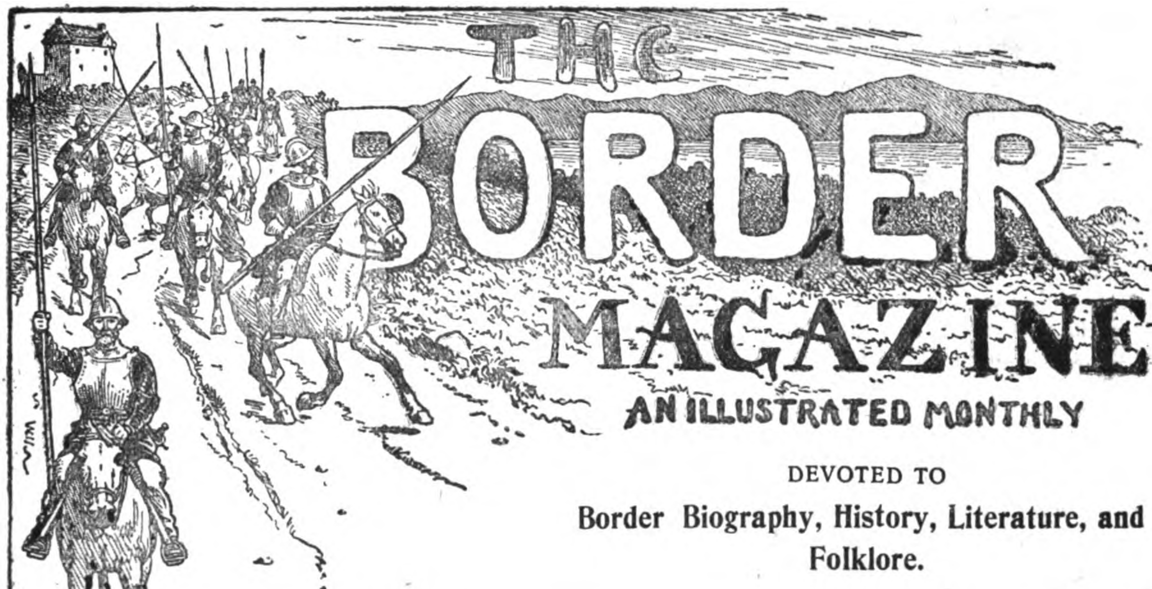
Tom went still further, however, than his friend had predicted, for he brought a bride and a pepper dandie with him to St Mary's the following summer. MARGARET FLETCHER.

AT a time when carters were rather scarce, or otherwise busily employed, the late Geordie T——, of Jedburgh, who was both an excellent neighbour and a clever workman, was sent away with a cart-load of household furniture to a party at some distance in the country. The day was hot and sultry, and Geordie's perspiration proclaimed him "wet without, and wet within." So he gladly "drew up" at the first road-side inn he came to, and, slipping into the "tap," he ordered "a bottle o' the best Embro' yill." There he met with an old friend whom he had not seen for many years previously, and "the twaesome got on the crack," and "aye the ale was growin' better," till at last "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious." But, as in the Shanter farmer's case, "Nae man can tether time nor tide, the hour approaches Tam maun ride"—Geordie was hoisted upon the goods in his cart, and "sent on his way rejoicing." Meanwhile, his friends in Jedburgh became alarmed on account of his not making a due appearance, and two lads were sent in search of him. They eventually discovered the horse and cart sticking fast in the middle of a deep ditch near the road-side. Geordie was lying on the top—his wits revolving at the rate of sixty miles an hour with the fumes of the drink—and shouting, in stentorian tones, to the horse, "Stop, stop, ye deevil! dinna gallop sae fast, or ye'll ha'e me an' the cairt at the tither side o' Jordan in less than nae time!"

Printed and Published by A. Walker & Son, Galashiels.



THE REV. JOHN POLSON, JEDBURGH.



DEVOTED TO
Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

VOL. VII., No. 83. DECEMBER, 1902.

The Rev. John Polson, Jedburgh.

BY J. LINDSAY HILSON, LIBRARIAN, JEDBURGH.

BLACKFRIARS CHURCH, or, as it was called in earlier days, the Burgher, or "Tounfit Meeting-house," has had a most interesting history. From its start there have been a succession of strong ministers who have had the knack of affectionately attaching themselves to their congregation, keeping in complete touch with the inward life, and sharing alike in the ups and downs which are the elements peculiar to charges in all denominations.

It is only some thirty years short of two centuries since the origin of the body, which is now merged in the United Free Church of Scotland. In 1737, on the occasion of the Porteous riots in Edinburgh, caused by disturbances in connection with an execution, the Government of the day, annoyed at the popular demonstrations, ordered that a proclamation should be read from the pulpits of the Parish Churches in Scotland, reproving those who were in sympathy with the cause which at the time had created considerable feeling. It happened to be the Communion Sabbath in Jedburgh Parish Church, when the announcement was made, and when the minister read the intimations there was intense indignation, and numbers rose and left the building, remarking "their minister had celebrated the death of a murderer before the death of the Saviour." The Seceders, with those from other parishes, assembled at Gateshaw Braes, near Morebattle, and there banded themselves together. In 1747, an elder and eighteen members dissociated themselves from the congregation at Jedburgh, and were shortly thereafter formed into a new congregation. This company were wont to worship in the "Tounheid Meeting-house." "Maister Robieson" was the first minister. He was succeeded by Mr Clark, who for many years earned the just esteem of his people, and in his place there came the third and last in the person of Mr John Baird. By this time the congregation was getting into difficulties, and ultimately it was dissolved, and nearly all the members joined Blackfriars Church.

The first name on the baptismal roll of the Blackfriars congregation is that of one who was baptised at Gateshaw (and one of whose descendants is Mr John Caverhill, Jedneuk, factor to the Marquis of Lothian), the minister being Mr Moncrieff of Abernethy. It is interesting to state that the charge at Abernethy is now attended to by Rev. W. T. Cairns, one of the ministerial sons of the Rev. David Cairns, senior minister of Stichill. Well, then, the party of daring doers for conscience sake, must have made an impression. Their action took a grip of the thinkers of the day. In the early period of the Secessionists, from 1738-46, there were some 120 children baptised, and the names of these occupy the premier place on the baptismal roll of the Church.

The first minister of the Church was the Rev. John Smith, who was ordained on the 24th September, 1746. He laboured here for some sixteen years, and to use the quaint phraseology of the time, was "transported" to Dunfermline in succession to Ralph Erskine. In his place, there was found as his follower, the Rev. Alexander Shanks, who was born in 1731 in the parish of Stobo, and got the usual education at the country school of the district. He was ordained to the charge on the 15th October, 1760. A man of singular force of character, and permeated with the teachings of his Bible, he with great plainness and terseness placed before his hearers the gospel message. His sermons were much appreciated and attracted considerable notice. Some of them were published, and one particularly, under the title of "Peace and Order," resulted in his attaining considerable prominence. It was brought under the notice of Mr Pitt, and a pension was offered the author. But, no; the honest follower of his Master said: "I am loyal from conscience, a Seceder from principle. I have done nothing more than my duty. I take no reward." On account of declining health Mr Shanks proposed to retire, but this did not meet with the approval of the congregation. It was resolved that he should have a colleague and successor, who was found in the person of the Rev. Peter Young, who was born at Frogden, and was the eldest of three sons. The family was connected with the congregation of the Rev. Robert Hall at Kelso. Peter studied at the Burgher College, entering the Hall in 1794, and shortly after completing his course was ordained at Jedburgh on the 15th of August, 1797. He speedily set himself the task of getting a personal knowledge of his members. About twenty years afterwards, in 1818, a new Church (the present building) was erected, capable of holding some 1500 people. His death occurred on the 18th October, 1824, in the 53rd year of his age and 27th of his ministry. He was followed by the Rev. William Nicol, who had entered the Hall for the usual course of study, and was ordained on the 17th of August, 1825. After a pastorate of some thirty years, Dr Nicol felt he must have some of the burdens of his office shared by a younger man, and, after a look around, the congregation fixed on the subject of our sketch, to whose career in the ancient Royal Burgh (after these preliminary congregational reminiscences), we will now devote our attention.

John Polson is a West-country man. There are two facts to be considered in the town and date of his birth. In the first place, he was born at Paisley. Now, it is well-known that this place had public attention drawn to it, by the saying of a well-known statesman, who indicated that it was of advantage to "keep your eye on Paisley." And then, the year of his birth was the great Reform year of '32. His father was William Polson, at that time a manufacturer of muslin. Leaving this line of business he became a member of the firm of Brown & Polson in the starch and corn flour trade. Being desirous, from family interests, to be more on his own footing, he left this firm and established the business of Wm. Polson & Coy., with which he remained connected, in a long and honourable position, until his death a few years ago. John received his early education in several schools in Paisley, at one of which the late Stewart Clark, M.P., was for a time a schoolmaster, and the late Mr Barbour, who attained the position of M.P. for Paisley, was a schoolmate. For a period he was at the Grammar School of the town, the principal of which at that date was Dr Brunton. Having mastered all the subjects of the school curriculum, the time came for his further pursuit of knowledge at the University, and from his proximity to Glasgow it was natural that he should look to that of the city of the West as his Alma Mater. Thither, therefore, he went, and there studied for four sessions, during a portion of which he taught in a public school. He is now a member of the Council of the University, and naturally has a warm side to the locale of his early training. When his University course was finished, having resolved to enter the ministry, he attended the Divinity Hall of the United Presbyterian Church in Edinburgh for five short sessions. During part of this time he did mission work under the late Principal Cairns at Berwick. One can understand that while under this gifted Father of the Church the seeds must have been sown in the mind of the young student which were to bring forth fruit an hundredfold in faithful congregational work of future years. In the teacher self was forgotten: childlike simplicity and transparent honesty and humility characterised all he did from childhood to the honoured grave, in which all ranks and classes of his fellow-citizens reverently laid his remains. A fellow-student says of him: "I remember John Cairns' first appearance as a student at Edinburgh College in 1834. He was fresh from the breezes of the Lammermoor Hills, and country-like in his dress and general appearance. But his superiority soon manifested itself in his classes, and when Professor Pillans propounded a question on any difficult passage and invited a solution John Cairns was the first to spring eagerly up with the desired answer." Pardon an example in later years of his absolute simplicity of character. When in the zenith of his power he was travelling on the Waverley route, and in the same carriage with him was a young girl not yet the length of her teens, a stranger to all present. Noticing that a box above the girl's seat was in rather a dangerous position he carefully adjusted it, and then continued to show the child all manner of attention, drawing lessons from the state of the river as it was passed, so different from its appearances in the earlier stages, which, he said, brought to mind the experiences of early childhood, with its simplicity and innocence, contrasted with the moral contamination acquired in after years from contact with the world. Coming from the influence of such a man it need not be wondered that the advent of the Rev. John Polson, who had been licensed by the Berwick Presbytery in the spring of 1856, was looked forward to with no ordinary interest, when, on the 12th of November, 1856, he was ordained as colleague and successor to Dr Nicol. It can be understood that this was a day of days in the history of the congregation. Consider the membership. Something like sixteen hundred; and look at the distances many travelled in order to be present at the weekly Sabbath services. One of them, James Davidson, of Hyndlee, "Dandie Dinmont," was a constant attender on the ministry of Mr Young, although ten miles distant up the Water Gate.

"The Teviotdale Record" of 18th November, 1856, thus refers to the occasion:—"Wednesday, 12th November, will long be remembered as a great and important day in the history of the Blackfriars U.P. Congregation. The setting apart to the solemn work of the ministry of a young servant of Christ is of itself an era in the history of any congregation, but the circumstances attending the ordination of Mr John Polson as colleague and successor to the Rev. W. Nicol, D.D., who has laboured so long and faithfully in the cause of Christ—the extremely large and influential congregation of which he has been appointed overseer—the great responsibility of having so many immortal souls to feed with the Bread of Life—"the preaching of Christ for awakening, Christ for confirming, Christ for sanctifying"—the long unbroken line of faithful pastors by whom he has been preceded—the prosperous secular affairs of the congregation—apart from many other considera-

THE CAPON TREE, JEDBURGH.

tions and circumstances that might be adduced,—all conspire to make this ordination of Wednesday last great and important. That Mr Polson may prove a blessing to the congregation and to the district where God has placed him is confidently anticipated." The services began at noon, the Rev. Mr Gibson, Melrose, preached the discourse, and the Rev. Mr Lumgair, Newtown, offered the ordination prayer. There was a dinner in the afternoon, and a soiree in the evening. On the Sabbath Mr Polson was introduced to the congregation by the Rev. Mr Macdougall of Paisley, and in the afternoon he himself preached from these words in Heb. xiii. 7—"They watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy and not with grief." The same paper already referred to, in a foot-note to its report, says—"Both discourses were listened to throughout with the most marked attention; indeed the whole of the services connected with this interesting occasion have been most impressive and instructive, admirably fitted to awaken, cherish, and strengthen the resolution of the sweet singer of Israel, embodied in the concluding song of praise—

"Now for my friends' and brethren's sake,
Peace be in thee, I say,
And for the house of God, our Lord,
I'll seek Thy good alway."

Such, then, was the aspect of affairs when Mr Polson assumed the active management of the congregation. Naturally, he would feel at first a little diffident as to his capabilities, but, of course, with the gaining of experience his powers increased. In 1877 a writer says of him—"His sermons are full of true and homely counsels wrought out in vigorous and manly sentiments, and always adapted to the feelings and conditions of his congregation." This, it may be allowed, was the keynote of his success. He knew his powers; and while quite conscious of his weaknesses, by the assertion of his stronger nature, he "sustained his reputation as a preacher, whose sermons, independent of his evangelical work during the week, have made him most popular among his people." Jedburgh for some decades after the settlement at Blackfriars was singularly strong in its ministers. In the Parish Church, Dr Ritchie, with his quiet, unostentatious manner, had the affection of his parishioners; Dr Purves, in the Free Church, in his solid reasoning, was "clear, eloquent, and authoritative—powerful to arrest and arouse the sinner;" Mr Barr, in High Street (as it was then called), "was always in the forefront when the cause of right was assailed, and in pulpit or on platform ready to maintain or defend what he thought truth or justice." Of the representative of Blackfriars, the proceedings at his semi-jubilee pronounced the verdict of popular judgment.

This interesting event took place in the Corn Exchange (now burned down) on the 8th November, 1881. The proceedings took the form of a soiree, at which there was present a large and representative gathering, embracing friends from a distance, and those in the town and district drawn from all religious persuasions. Municipal dignitaries and official life alike combined to do honour to the guest of the evening. The Rev. John Clark, of Abernethy, then Moderator of the U.P. Synod, occupied the chair. Interesting addresses were given, reminiscent of the path of progress and fidelity in the life of the pastor, and at a later stage of the proceedings, under the chairmanship of ex-Provost Deans, a most worthy and sterling elder of the Church, a presentation was made by Bailie Geo. Balfour, one of the standbys of the congregation, of an illuminated address, which, among other matters, stated it was given in appreciation of "unremitting and much-prized visitation of the afflicted and bereaved; labours which have been productive of much good." Remembering that however much satisfaction might be derived from having such a memento to look upon in after years, it was desirable that "something tangible" should form the present, the admirers accompanied the written words by the more weighty and valuable gift of £300. And in order that the quiet and worthy helpmeet of his life-work should not be kept on a lower platform, her feelings were rejoiced by being made the recipient of a handsome silver salver and dinner service. The occasion was of an epoch-making character. The effects of such live long afterwards, in renewed effort, and striving after increased earnestness that is "never found in the mere professor, however otherwise accomplished, or in the hypocrite, and which is as essential to the preacher as the sun is to the day."

Some ten years or so ago Mr Polson, from the state of his health, found it necessary to have some assistance in the discharge of his work. After consideration the Rev. James T. Dempster was ordained colleague and successor, and this arrangement obtained to within the last few months. As a result of his abilities Mr Dempster received a call, which he accepted, from Campbell Street U.F. Church, Glasgow. This, of course, opened up fresh questions, and Mr Polson, as the result of deliberation in the family circle and conference with the friends of the congregation, finally made up his mind to retire from the active pastorate, after forty-six years of a ministry, retaining the position of senior minister of the Church. He has gone to reside with a son and daughter in the neighbourhood of London. Before leaving he was presented with a beautiful illuminated address, expressive of the "love and veneration" of the congregation, and which was in these terms:—

To THE REV. JOHN POLSON.

On your retirement from active ministerial duty amongst us, we, the members and adherents of Blackfriars United Free Church, beg to assure you of our love and veneration.

For forty-six years you have with unswerving fidelity and devotion ministered to us in holy things; and whether in the pulpit, in our homes, or in public life, have ever set before us a high standard of faith and duty.

It is with the deepest regret we now say "Good-Bye," and in doing so, would beg that you will ever think of your flock—as they will ever remember you—with loving regard.

But while we sorrow over your leaving us, we are comforted in knowing that your well-earned leisure will be spent in the society of your eldest son and daughter, whose loving ministrations must ever be a source of satisfaction and joy to Mrs Polson and you.

We earnestly trust that through the goodness of God you may be spared for many years to enjoy the happiness and comfort of surroundings so congenial; and when, in a ripe old age, the Master's call comes, it is our heartfelt prayer, as it is also our confident hope, that you shall find:

We only bow
Our heads at going out, and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the King's
Larger than this we leave and lovelier.

Signed in name and on behalf of the congregation,
WM. D. SWORD, Session Clerk.
GEORGE BALFOUR, Chairman of Managers.

Jedburgh, October, 1902.

The address is splendidly illuminated, and the illustration at the top is a view of Blackfriars Church.

"The faithfulness and success with which Mrs Polson had done the duties of the home, the interest she had taken in the work of the Church, and, in general, her kindly sympathy and generous actions," were all alluded to in appropriate terms by Mr R. B. Balfour, son of the worthy Bailie of the semi-jubilee period, and, as a reminder of the happy domestic life passed at the Manse, a beautiful and striking photograph of that building was gifted to her. The hymn "Part in peace" was sung, and the benediction was pronounced by Mr Polson. What a fitting close to active energy!

"Unarm! the long day's task is done."

Blackfriars has had many attached and warm-hearted supporters. In addition to those already referred to, the names of Mr Walter Clark and ex-Provost Boyd ought to be mentioned. But, perhaps, there were none with whom it was a greater pleasure for Mr Polson to be associated than the gifted "Scottish Probationer," whose father was a member of the Church. The story of his life is well-known, but it cannot be too prominently brought before a Border circle. Just a year ago a mural tablet was erected to his memory in this Church, and a most impressive tribute to his worth, delivered on the occasion by the Rev. Adam S. Mathieson, a native of Jedburgh, now of Dumbarton. The connection of Thomas Davidson with this Church is an interesting link; one of those which help to forge the chain of memory, to which when all things change we fly—

"We bid thee bring us back the years,
The thoughts, the friends we loved so well;
Even our sorrows time endears,
Breathe on us thy magic spell."

Naturally, it might be rightly supposed that a man of Mr Polson's stamp would take a part in the work conducive to the moral and intellectual welfare of the town in which he lived so long. Of course, in a period of well-nigh fifty years spent in the full blaze of the public sun, it cannot but be expected that occasionally he found himself not exactly seeing eye to eye with some who shared with him the positions of helpers in the advancement of the common weal. But, stimulated with a knowledge of, and a respect for, the conscientious convictions of each other there were few occasions where it was not possible for some via media to be found, whereby the difficulty was bridged over without the feeling that one or other had sacrificed his most cherished principles. For many years he was a member of the School Board, during part of which time he acted as chairman of that body. From the commencement of the movement he was a member of the Public Library Committee, taking an active part in all its deliberations. When the Carnegie Library was opened some two and a half years ago by Mr Hew Morrison, on behalf of the donor, it fell to the lot of Mr Polson at the public dinner to propose a vote of thanks to Mr Carnegie. On that occasion he made use of the happy phrase, "'Revelling' in treasures of information is the superlative degree of enjoyment to be found in books." Putting this into personal practice he has from the store-house of a well-trained mind given of his best; his life was used for the prosperity of his flock, and now at the close of the day he may in full confidence pray—

"Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear.
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal
sphere."

[The photo from which the plate is executed is the work of Mr R. Jack, photo artist, Jedburgh.]

cards are among the finest we have seen anywhere, being most faithful and beautiful reproductions of the most notable views in and around Jedburgh. As they come from the famous studio of Messrs G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen, there is an entire absence of the amateurish work which is frequently seen in such productions. Where all are good it is difficult to make a selection, but we are specially pleased with "Jedburgh Castle," the "Norman Doorway," and "Jedburgh Abbey in 1793." The latter is from an old engraving, and shows the Manse where Mrs Mary Sommerville was born.

NORMAN DOORWAY, JEDBURGH ABBEY.

Glimpses of Jedburgh.

A SHORT time ago we spent a delightful day in Jedburgh, and the pleasing impressions we then received have been deepened and made more permanent by the receipt of the fine set of pictorial post cards recently published by Mr T. S. Smail, the well-known publisher. These post

We can well imagine the pleasure which will be experienced by far awa' Jethart folk when they receive these pleasing and highly artistic reminders of hame.

No one can do a man harm but himself. The injuries that others would do him may be turned to blessings. The injuries that he does himself may destroy his very soul.

HEARD ye the news, my Ladye 'Quair,
  Doon frae the Loudens Charlie's comin',
Heilan' lords wi' their claymores bare,
  Lowlan' lairds wi' their laddies drummin'.

And Ladye Quair has buskit her faire,
  And ridden oot her lane to summin',
Twenty clansmen o' the Traquair,
  To welcome the lad that's been "lang o' comin'."

They drank the wine of Ladye 'Quair,
  And toasted the cause o' the royal laddie,
And ilk ane kissed his sword and sware
  An oath as black as a rebel's shadow.

Twenty clansmen are in the square,
  And the Ladye faire wi' her waitin' woman,
The Earl looked pale, while a priest in prayer
  Carried a crucifix saftly hummin'.

Into the court wi' a martial air
  Rode a herald masked and hidden,
Twenty falcions gleamin' bare,
  Rose from their scabbards all unbidden.

"A message in haste for my leige Traquair,
  Saddle and ride for Charlie's comin';
Rivet your yetts and make them shuire,
  Dinna ye hear the laddies drummin'.

They rivetted up the yetts o' 'Quair,
  And the Ladye turned on her palfrey clever,
She shook her gauntlet at ilka bear,
  And cuist the key in the moat for ever.

The bolts are cuil and the yetts are shuire,
  And the yeoman's gane to obey the summin';
Owre the Tweed and ayont the 'Quair
  They've joined the prince on his way to Lunnin'.

She rode by her knight did Ladye 'Quair,
  They waved their scarfs to the laddies cheerin',
And she's gotten a lock o' the Prince's hair,
  A lock she'll aye be prood o' wearin'.

Lone in the turrets o' eerie Traquair,
  The Ladye sat when the mune was glintin'
Braidin' the lock o' the Prince' hair,
  The lock that she got frae the Laird o' Linton.

She dreamed a dream that Ladye 'Quair,
  She saw her knight and his spear was broken,
She saw her Prince wi' his gowden hair,
  And they stuid at the yetts that wadna open.

She saw them look up at the glowerin' bear,
  She saw them look doon at the hoose and shiver,
She saw them turn and her hairt was sair,
  For she'd cuist the key in the moat for ever.

Heard ye the news, my Lady 'Quair,
  Owre the Minch your men are comin';
And the bonnie Prince wi' the gowden hair,
  Upon the Heilan' hills is roamin'.

A haufu' o' men came owre the muir,
  Their tartan was torn, their spears were broken,
And sadly they scaled the yetts o' 'Quair,
  The rivetted yetts they couldna open.

Dool and sorrow hae 'fa'n Traquair,
  And the yetts that were shut at Charlie's comin',
He vowed wad be opened never mair,
  Till a Stuart King was crowned in Lunnin'.

True to his oath was Lord Traquair,
  Green is the avenue rank and hoary,
And the bears look down wi' an angert glare
  On the bolted yetts and the vanished glory.

From a Water Colour — By GEORGE H. TAIT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *81 Oxford Drive, Glasgow.*

TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. WALKER & SON, *High Street, Galashiels.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1902.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With this number we complete our seventh yearly volume, and, while we desire to extend very greatly our circulation, we look to the future with hopeful feelings. We have pleasure in intimating that among the attractions of our January number a sketch of the veteran Border publisher and litterateur, Mr Rutherfurd of Kelso, from the able pen of Sir George Douglas, Bart., will occupy the premier place.

We trust that our readers will not forget to send an occasional copy of the BORDER MAGAZINE to far awa' freends, and if possible secure them as annual subscribers, or send their addresses to the Editor, and he will be pleased to forward free sample copies. To accomplish this, a post card is all that is necessary.

A prominent clergyman who cannot be accused of forgetting the Borderland, referring to an article we recently published, thus encouragingly writes:—"It has made me resolve to do more on behalf of my fellow-Borderers and the BORDER MAGAZINE. I have before me a heavy programme of work this winter, but if you can suggest any way by which I can help you in your work I will be delighted."

It is in this spirit that we claim the assistance of our readers in our attempt to strengthen the bonds of Border brotherhood by the establishment of a literary link which shall bind together the sons and daughters of the Borderland in all parts of the world.

The Border Keep.

PRODIGIOUS!

Another milestone on life's journey has been reached and the pleasant melancholy of the season enters the hearts of everyone, except those who are entirely callous. There be such persons who care not a jot for times and seasons, but I envy them not, for their withered hearts know nothing of the unspeakable joy of recalling the past and allowing the panorama of memory to unroll before the mind's eye. In these modern days of rush and worry it is difficult to settle down, even for a few minutes, to do a bit of thinking, but the self-restraint necessary to accomplish this is a paying speculation in the long run, for the heart is calmed and refreshed, and all the senses are sharpened by the peaceful moments thus enjoyed. An old dominie is not supposed to know much about the surging tide of modern life, but he has been too long accustomed to watch the progress in life of the young folks who have passed through his hands, not to be aware of the ever increasing intensity of the struggle for existence. More than ever he is convinced of the truth of the old saying, "It is better to rub than to rust," and from observation and experience he is convinced that even physical health is to be derived from an intense life, provided the heart is kept young by keeping in touch with the homeland and the hallowed associations of youth. I would remind my fellow-Borderers that they have a specially rich inheritance of heart reviving memories, and I hope that through all the coming years they will prove "Leal to the Border."

* * *

The rush of modern life is apt to sweep away the old landmarks, but I am pleased to notice that one historical house in London has been saved. The subject is thus referred to in an evening paper:—

Under Mr Yerkes's "Tube" scheme a historical house in Albemarle Street, of which Mr John Murray, the publisher, is proprietor, was scheduled for destruction. This would have been nothing less than a national disaster, and Mr Murray was prepared to resist it to the death. It was in this house that Sir Walter Scott and Byron and Southey and Crabbe first shook hands, and it was in the drawing-room fireplace that Byron's memoirs were consigned to the flames. Here also it was Washington Irving proudly informed his friends that he frequently met "such personages as Gifford, Campbell, Foscolo, Southey, Scott, Belzoni." The walls of the house are hung with portraits of many of its illustrious visitors, and they number almost all the well-known men of letters since the Murrays first took up their abode there. In response to Mr Murray's urgent representations, Mr Yerkes has spared the building, and has selected a neighbouring house in Dover Street instead.

* * *

The following cutting from another evening paper may remind some of my readers of the harvests of long ago, when, as yet, the whirr of the reaping machine was not heard in the land, and the patent binder had not driven the workers from the field:—

I had recently a talk with a veteran agriculturist, whose recollections go back to the middle of last century. He remembered the days of the sickle, when the reapers used to "kemp" over the rigs of grain, and the grieve regulated the size of the sheaves with his guage. The number of threaves—or pair of stooks, with twelve sheaves in each—determined the wage in each case, and it is astonishing to find what a large breadth of the growing crop used to be cut and set up in the course of a day. Speaking of late harvests, my informant said that he remembered several "maidens" that had been celebrated in his boyhood late in October. He fixed the dates by references that were indisputable, and named three farms in a Lowland district at which, in the year 1845, the merry-making at the close of the reaping time had taken place between the 20th and 23rd of October. He had himself danced in the three granaries at the respective celebrations. The fiddler, he said, was located on the top of the fanners, light was supplied by candles placed at intervals around the walls, and the laborious harvesters gaily prolonged their revelry till something beyond the second cock-crow. As the bulk of the grain had to be carted home after the "maiden," it will be seen that in this year of grace there is still some margin before we reach the conditions of those brave days of old.

From the "Weekly Scotsman" I take the following "Link with Sir Walter Scott":—

The old folk who remember seeing Sir Walter Scott are yearly becoming fewer. In the early days of the present year the death occurred at Jedburgh of one who had pleasing recollections of the great novelist in the person of Miss Forrest of Abbey Place. She is survived, however, by another member of the Forrest family who can also claim the distinction of having known Sir Walter. This is a brother of Miss Forrest, Mr Aaron Forrest by name, who, aged though he be, can cast his mind back to the time when Scott's figure was a well-known one in the Border town of Jedburgh. To our representative Mr Forrest communicated the facts relating to the last occasion on which his eyes rested on Sir Walter.

"He was coming," Mr Forrest related, "down past my father's shop, which was situated two doors above the Spread Eagle Hotel. He then wore a bonnet of the blue cloth of the Lothian and partly Tam o' Shanter shape."

This style of head dress—no portrait of Sir Walter shows him in anything like it—was new at the time, and Mr Forrest's description is interesting.

"There were ribbons which hung down his back, and it had also a peak at the front."

Whether owing to the fashion set by Scott or not it is hard to say, but the bonnet afterwards was much worn and was regarded as fashionable.

Mr Forrest's father was a gunsmith, well-known on the Borders, and among his customers was the laird of Abbotsford. When Sir Walter's two sons went to India they had their guns made at his establishment, and several of the guns which are yet to be seen in the armoury at Abbotsford passed through the hands of the Jedburgh gunsmith before being added to the museum.

Mr Forrest's grandmother, too, was well-known to the illustrious employer of the gunsmith, and while the latter dressed up the antiquities, the old lady contributed her knowledge of antiquarian lore freely to Sir Walter. She sang many of the stirring ballads and songs of the old, wild, free life of the Border, of moss-troopers and monks, matrons and maids, which were copied by a relative and sent to Abbotsford. As snatches from these appeared in the Waverley novels the Forrest family guessed the identity of the author before the secret of the Great Unknown was given to the world.

After Sir Walter's death, Mr Aaron Forrest informed our representative, when Abbotsford was first opened to visitors, he was among the first to visit that now classic shrine, walking all the way from Jedburgh.

It was shortly after this that Mr Forrest joined his father as a gun and fishing-rod maker, and during the seventy-two years which have elapsed since then he has been located in the historic Border town of Jedburgh. The many changes which have been brought about since his boyhood would make interesting reading and are fully worth retelling, but in the meantime the connections with this Forrest family and Sir Walter will suffice.

It may be added that Mr Forrest joined the Volunteer force when it was called first into being, or to quote the old Borderer's words—"I joined the service when it rose and was No. 1 of the Border Battalion."

He was an efficient Volunteer for about thirty years. He is still one of the most interesting personages on the Border side. DOMINIE SAMPSON.

George Noble, Poet.

By George Watson, Edinburgh.

THE tourist travelling from Jedburgh to Hawick by way of the Dunion, when three miles on his way, passes over a small bridge, under which runs Newton Burn. To the right hand of the traveller, on the angle formed by the road and the burn, stood until five or six decades ago a house known by the appellation of Kerfield. In it was born, towards the latter stages of the eighteenth century, George Noble, one of those persons who, if born of parents in better circumstances, would have risen to a much greater degree of influence and higher position than was their lot. But if not born thus favoured, George Noble was endowed with natural talent and genius, and these he, with the few facilities at his disposal, endeavoured to develop. In this, however, he was sadly handicapped by the fact that he had received scarcely any education. It was his lot to follow out the humble occupation of a day labourer; but, when his day's task was o'er, he would betake himself, book in hand, to some shady hedgerow or the shelter of some friendly tree, there to regale the intellect and intensify his aspirations. So far was it from being the custom to have recourse to books and to seclude oneself from the more indolent and less beneficial habits, that his fellow-labourers looked askance at him, and this seclusion adding to his natural modesty and retiring disposition, he was pronounced by the ignorant peasants to be a little "daft." But he is more truthfully characterised thus:—"His favourite pursuits," says a writer to one of the local newspapers about ninety years ago, "are mathematics and philosophy, and this union of tastes [mathematics with philosophy], generally existing separately from each other, seems to characterise a mind of extraordinary vigour."

Astronomy and optics were two of the sciences in which he indulged, and it was but natural for him to make the acquaintance of Mr James Veitch, the philosopher of Inchbonny, near Jedburgh, from whom Noble received many hints on these and cognate subjects. He was soon a frequent visitor at Inchbonny, and often traversed the hilly road between that place and his abode in order to have a celestial survey through Veitch's powerful telescopes. These visits were made at the period when Sir David Brewster, then a youth, received at Inchbonny the rudiments of his afterwards vast scientific knowledge.

Not only at the shrine of Urania, but also at those of Calliope and Thalia, George Noble worshipped. A poet of some merit, it is indeed unfortunate that, on account of his limited means, he was unable to do more with his poetical effusions than to send them to the nearest newspaper office for publication in its columns. It was not until 1812 that he commenced versification, and although his first attempt, "An Ode on the New Year," was but a crude effort, yet such was his aptitude that in a short time he made a very marked improvement in his compositions; so much so, indeed, that his poems soon attracted the attention of that Macænas of Border talent, the Earl of Buchan, and paved the way to their acquaintance. Buchan caused to be erected on the brow of the hill behind Dryburgh Abbey an immense statue of Sir William Wallace. The national hero is represented in the ancient Scottish dress and armour, and with shield suspended from his left hand, with his right leans lightly on his spear. The figure is designed from a portrait, supposed to be authentic, which was purchased in France "by the father of the late Sir Philip Ainslie of Pilton." "It occupies so eminent a situation," says Chambers, "that Wallace, frowning towards England, is visible even from Berwick, a distance of more than 30 miles." By the traveller by rail between Melrose and St Boswells it is seen to decided advantage amongst the tuft of trees on the hill top. The statue, which was designed by Mr John Smith, sculptor, Darnick, is 21½ feet in height, and stands on a pedestal 10 feet high. Upon this pedestal the statue, formed of red sandstone painted white, was raised and by his Lordship dedicated on 22nd September, 1814—approximate to the anniversary of the victory at Stirling Bridge, 1297. Inscribed upon the pedestal is the following:—

ERECTED BY DAVID STEWART
ERSKINE, EARL OF BUCHAN
WALLACE.
"Great Patriot Hero!
Ill requited Chief!"
A.D. MDCCCXIV.

It is an honour and a tribute to the subject of our sketch—who, we may be sure, would be present at the ceremony—that in front of the statue there should be placed, standing on a cluster of boulders, a large urn, on which are inscribed the following lines by our poet friend, George Noble:—

Erected to the memory of Wallace.

The peerless knight of Ellerslie,
Who waved on Ayr's romantic shore
The beaming torch of liberty,
And roaming round from sea to sea,
From glade obscure or gloomy rock,
His bold compatriots called to free
The realm from Edward's iron yoke.

On the evening of the eventful day that the monument was dedicated, a large number of gentlemen met at Ednam to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of the poet Thomson. Sir George Douglas, Bart., occupied the chair. The Earl of Buchan, of course, was there, and proposed the toast to the memory of Wallace. Present at this meeting was our local poet, who, on being introduced, was received with such kindness that he was perceptibly affected by such a reception. The toast of the evening, "To the Memory of Thomson," was drunk, immediately following which George Noble read an Ode which he had composed for the occasion. It was greatly enjoyed by the company, who were surprised that so excellent a piece should have been written by a person of so little education. The assembly showed their appreciation by presenting him with £5, 10s, which kindness the poet gratefully acknowledged in an early number of the "Kelso Mail." As the poem is well worthy of reproduction, we give it below.

We must add but little more to our biography of this votary of the muse. It was unfortunately not allotted to him to continue long in the course in which his prospects were so promising. The burden of toil which he, as a day labourer, had to bear was too much for his health, and he was obliged to give up this occupation. Through the influence of his friend and patron, the Earl of Buchan, he secured a situation as a clerk in a colliery at Gateshead in the County of Durham ; but, broken down in constitution, he had not long to live in his adopted country. He died at Gateshead in the year 1816. Shortly after his death it was proposed to collect the poems which he had written during the four years in which, on the inspiration of the muse, he had wielded so proclive a pen, with a view to publishing them together with a sketch of his life. As it was intended to raise to his memory a memorial with the proceeds of the sale of the work, it is to be regretted that the scheme, although entered upon with zeal, never passed beyond the initial stages.

AN ODE ON THOMSON.

Beyond the Cheviot mountains high,
  Behold again the annual morn
Soft dawning o'er the autumnal sky,
  When Thomson, Nature's Bard, was born;
'Twas then the Muse with rapture smiled,
And flung her mantle o'er the child,
And viewed with joy the lambent ray
Of heaven-born light around him play;
While she the youthful Poet led
Along the sylvan banks of Jed—
Bade Nature's beauties charm his ardent soul,
As in succession round the varying seasons roll.

When the mild call of genial Spring
  Bids the fair flowers and leaves expand,
And zephyrs light, on tepid wing,
  Breathe soft along the smiling land,
O'er blooming Nature's wide domain
Afar he swelled the dulcet strain;
Fair in his song creation round
Arose, with vernal beauty crown'd;
While, borne, on amber pinions bright,
Love sheds o'er all its purple light,
Deludes the youth with soft seductive wile
Or on domestic life bestows its happier smile.

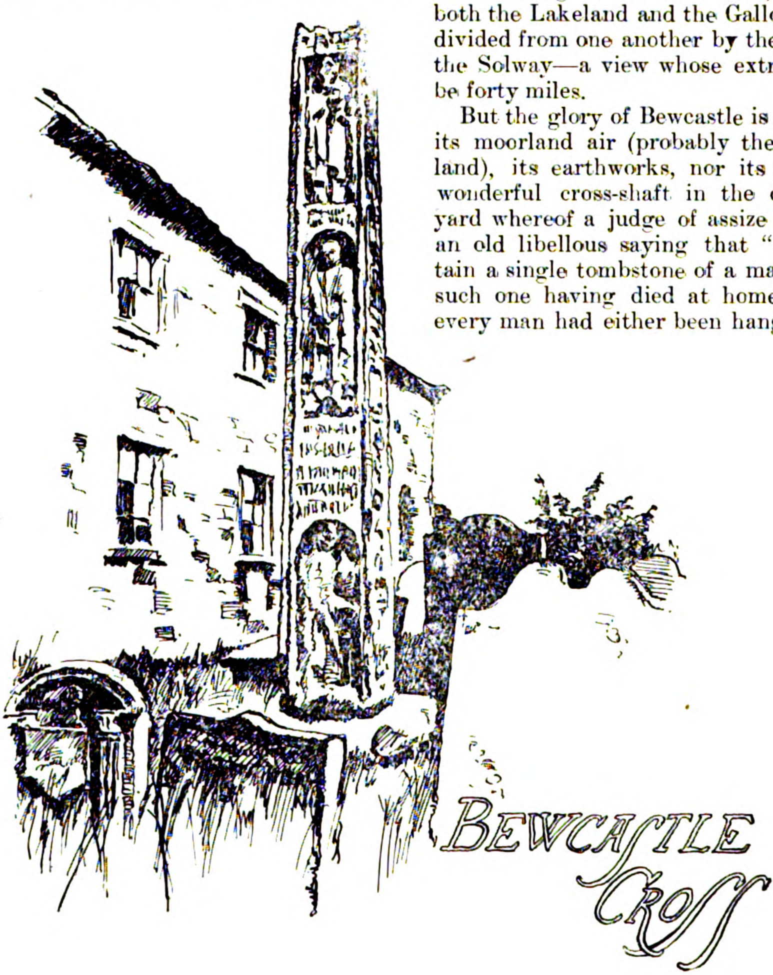
Now high in heaven, with fervent heat,
  Refulgent glows the Summer sun;
He to the woodland's cool retreats,
  Retires, the scorching rays to shun;
There, the bright season to display,
Again he wakes the mighty lay,
In strains sublime, while, rolling loud,
The thunder peals from yonder cloud,
With terror seized, the timid maid
Close to her lover clings for aid,
While, winged with fate, the vollied lightning flies—
Struck in his folded arms, the destined victim dies.

But see! where, o'er the fertile plain,
  Kind Autumn spreads his bounteous stores,
Rich wave the fields with golden grain,
  And plenty round profusely pours.
Now busy o'er the smiling lands
Behold the jovial reaping bands
Cut down the yellow treasure fair;
Behind, the gleaners pick their share.
With vivid tints to Nature true,
The joyous scene his fancy drew—
Pour'd forth his song, soft as the western gale,
And charm'd each feeling heart with young Lavinia's tale.

E'er while, majestic on the storm,
  He with sublime sensation saw
Stern Winter's dark terrific form,
  On clouds condensed round Ruberslaw.
While the careering tempest flies,
Impetuous through the murky skies,
On high his notes resounding soar,
Responsive to the whirlwind's roar:—
Anon, borne on the northern gale,
In mournful accents now they sail,
And bear along with plaintive wail
O'er the wild heath the hapless traveller's woe,
Who far from home expires amid the drifting snow.

And now by sacred Liberty
  Inspired, he swells the exalted strain,
Or bids Britannia's heroes fly
  To arms, her honour to maintain!
Then, borne on philosophic wing,
To Newton's memory strikes the string,
While his lov'd patron claims the tear,
Sacred to worth and friendship dear.—
Now hark, his magic numbers swell
'Mid bowers where indolence doth dwell;
While round in soothing murmurs fly
The breeze-waked harp's soft symphony.
And now the Tragic Muse inspires his song
With scenes of soft distress, to melt the listening throng.

Sweet Poet of the circling year!
  Sad for thy death did Scotia mourn,
And still for thee the filial tear,
  She sheds o'er thy respected urn;
And bids her generous sons entwine
The verdant laurel round thy shrine.
Meanwhile thy chaste and moral page
Shall be revered through every age,
And point the radiant path you trod
Through Nature, up to Nature's God!
This is the noblest monument of Fame,
And stampt with virtue's seal eternal to thy name.



Off the Beaten Track.

By A. W. Rumney

If not exactly "nine miles from nowhere," Bewcastle is at least ten miles from anywhere in the shape of a town or a railway station. The choice of a base lies between Brampton and Gilsland, both on the Newcastle and Carlisle line. Indeed, very few maps, even of a large scale, give the name at all, which, properly speaking, is that of a parish and district rather than of a village, but of late years has begun to be applied to the tiny hamlet of Shopford, the Roman station, the ruined castle, the church and the rectory, planted on the sloping grassy upland, uniting the North-east corner of the great Cumbrian plain with the vast moorlands of the Cheviots, and commanding a westward view, which includes both the Lakeland and the Galloway mountains, divided from one another by the silver streak of the Solway—a view whose extreme limit must be forty miles.

But the glory of Bewcastle is neither its view, its moorland air (probably the purest in England), its earthworks, nor its castle, but the wonderful cross-shaft in the churchyard, the yard whereof a judge of assize recently quoted an old libellous saying that "it did not contain a single tombstone of a man of full age, no such one having died at home in his bed, as every man had either been hanged for highway robbery or burglary, or been transported across the seas." This runic cross competes with that at Ruthwell, just across the Solway, for pride of place amongst the crosses of the kingdom, and is said to date back to 664 A.D. Unfortunately, the actual cross is now missing, and only the elaborately-carved fifteen feet long shaft remains. The three panels on its western face contain figures, the uppermost thought to represent John the Baptist, the central one Our Lord, and the lowest a man with a hawk. The translation of the runes is:—

"Hwœtred, Wæthgar and Alwfwold set up this slender pillar in memory of Alcfrid a king, son of Oswy. Pray for the high sin of his soul."

The other sides, being less exposed to the weather, are even in better preservation, the tree of life on the east face being wonderfully perfect. During the past year the barn-like church has been unroofed and remodelled, its old three-decker pulpit and useless gallery being removed. Though, technically, in Cumberland and England, Bewcastle is so much in the "debateable land" between Scotland and England that very many of the occupants of its widely-scattered farm steadings are Presbyterians, but in the work of this restoration they have shown great catholicity in leading material. Once a year, too, they give the vicar a day's coal carting from the pits beyond Naworth. In the church porch is a recently exhumed Roman altar, whose inscription declares it to have been set up to Cocidius by the commander of the Bewcastle garrison. This "station" lies, by the way, ten miles to the north of the great wall of Hadrian, and must have been in the nature of an outpost, commanding a view for many miles of the only practicable route by which the Scots could make an advance on the wall. On the north side of the churchyard, *pace* the above-quoted judge, a modern tombstone proclaims the grave of

"One of the best moorgame shooters in the North of England; in the time of his shooting he bagged 59 grouse at seven double shots."

The castle itself is not of great interest in a land where castles are more plentiful than blackberries, though, considering that 250 years have passed since it was "reduced by Cromwell" (of course), the condition of its 40 feet walls is excellent.

On a fine day the expedition to Bewcastle can be extended on wheels another four miles northwards over rough and hilly field roads to the Flatt, a shooting lodge of substantial size with a farmhouse adjoining, at either of which the vehicle may be left, whilst the tourist undertakes a two mile tramp through grass of the very longest and toughest up the moor to Christenbury Crags, which appear strangely near on the sky-line, and much more like a fortress than the ruined Bewcastle. A closer inspection shows them to be a cluster of eccentric rocks after the style of those at Brimham and Frogatt Edge, and gaining much in effect from the otherwise unbroken grassy surrounding. The view from the crags themselves, some of which afford a little rough scrambling and are said to have often given hiding to mosstroopers, is similar to that from Bewcastle, but even more extensive owing to the greater height. The pedestrian can get a direct moorland route between Bewcastle and Gilsland, but the trail is so slight that it should not be attempted in misty weather and at any time only by one possessing a strong bump of locality, for, though Tib no longer reigns at Mumps Hall at Gilsland, but lies in Over Denton Churchyard, and the "Waste" is free from her cut-throat accomplices, it is yet much as in the days of "Guy Mannering." Let the reader conceive to himself a clear frosty morning, the scene an open heath, having for the background that huge chain of mountains in which Skiddaw and Saddleback are pre-eminent; let him look along that blind road, by which I mean the track so slightly marked by the passengers' footsteps, that it can but be traced by a slight shade of verdure from the darker heath around it, and being only visible to the eye when at some distance, ceases to be distinguished, while the foot is actually treading it."—"Cyclist Touring Club Gazette."

New Music.—The increase in the number of good local songs is a most hopeful sign of the present day, and we have no doubt that these simple heart strains will do much to keep alive that love of the homeland, which, next to religion, is perhaps the purest feeling that can thrill the human heart. In this respect the town of Hawick is well to the front, and we have therefore great pleasure in welcoming one more lilt in praise of that place. Messrs W. & J. Kennedy, Hawick, have just published (price 1/6 nett), "Our Bonnie Border Toon," the words being by Robert Hunter, and the music by Francis G. Scott. Both author and composer are to be congratulated on their work. We feel sure that our readers who secure copies of this new song will be much pleased with the easy flowing lines which are wedded to such suitable music, and will be delighted to add this new Hawick lyric to their ever increasing repertoire of good Border songs.

Time, which will mar the beauty of the architecture of a school, and crumble its structure to dust, though built of marble or granite, can never touch its truth with the "breath of decay."

The Historical Border Ballads.

FLETCHER OF SALTOUN in his famous epigram (and few sayings have been more frequently or more deservedly quoted)—"Let me make the ballads of a country, and I care not who make its laws"—has given verbal expression to a great truth. But it has also been said, and said truly, that if a country's ballads mould the character of its people, the character of the people moulds its ballads; that though a nation may or may not be responsible for its laws, it is for its folk-songs; they are part of itself; they are of its life-blood. Viewed in this light, what shall we say of those stories of "sturt and strife," the fighting ballads of the Border? They are not only the channel through which has come down to us the record of much of our country's history; in them we can see revealed the character of her sons—strong as they were for either good or evil, daring in fight, loyal to clan, faithful to friend, relentless to foe—with little of the merry light-heartedness of their southern neighbours, yet having all the fierce joy of the fighter—shewing a grim humour in the hour of danger, and a careless contempt for whatever an adverse fate might bring, though it were even death himself.

Like Bohemians of all ages and climes, the Balladists were no great upholders of lawful authority; it is not with the monarch, trying to bring order and security to his distracted land, but with the reiving mosstrooper, who snapped his fingers in the royal face, and continued to replenish his empty larder wherever he had a mind, that they seek—and generally successfully—to engage our sympathies. Take, for instance, the "The Story of the Outlaw Murray," who, we are told,—

"... keeps five hundred men,
He keeps a royal companie,
His merry men are a' in ae livery clad
O' the Lincoln grene sae fair to see;
He and his ladye in purple clad,
O, gin they live not royallie!"

So very royally indeed did they live that the King (James IV. it is believed) vowed that—

"I'se either be King of Ettricke Foreste,
Or King of Scotland that Outlaw shall be!"

But in the negotiations that follow the outlaw has certainly the best of the bargain; and in answer to his sovereign's messenger—

"He says yon Forest is his ain,
He wan it frae the Southronrie;
Sae as he wan it, sae will he keep it,
Contrair all kings in Christendie!"

and at once proceeds to call together the various branches of his clan, who, either through fear or friendship, come to his aid. So, when James arrives with his five thousand troops, he thinks the "dark Foreste" such "an awsome thing to see" that he deems it better to keep on the safe side of it, and offers to meet his refractory subject with four of his men, having himself but "five erles" to support his royal rank. This arrangement displeases the Laird of Buccleuch, who professes to think that

"For a King to gang an Outlaw till
Is beneath his state and dignitie."

And we can all appreciate the keen humour of James' well-known retort:—

"Now, haud thy tongue, Sir Walter Scott,
Nor speak of reif nor felonie,
For had every honest man his kye,
A right puir clan thy name wad be!"

So, when Murray gets the offer of being made Sheriff of Ettricke Foreste, on condition of his remaining loyal, he at once proceeds to make terms for his men also, declaring that—

"I had rather lose my life and land
Ere my merry men rebuked me!"

This favour being granted, he is next desired to name his lands, that the King may render them back to him; and his answer certainly does not err on the side of modesty:—

"Fair Philiphaugh is mine by right,
And Lewishope still mine shall be,
Newark, Foulshields, and Tinnis baith,
My bow and arrow purchased me.

And I have native steads to me,
The Newark Lee and Hangingshaw,
I have mony steads in the Foreste schaw,
But them by name I dinna knaw."

And we may well agree with the minstrel in asking—

"Wha ever heard, in ony times,
Siccan an outlaw in his degree,
Sic favour got before a King,
As did Outlaw Murray of the Foreste free?"

Far different was the weird dree'd by poor Johnie Armstrong of Gilnockie, who, if the old chronicler is to be believed, received but scant justice at the hands of James V. The King had sent him a "luving letter" of invitation to "come and speke with him speedilie." Whether or not from a spirit of bravado, Johnie set out to meet the monarch "at the head of thirty-six horse, arranged with all the pomp of Border chivalrie." So splendid indeed was his appearance that James asked angrily, "What wants this knave that a King should have?" and at once ordered him off to execution. Very touching are the successive appeals made by the luckless freebooter, only to receive the same answer to all—

"I never granted a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin with thee,"

till the spirit of the old reiver rises at the injustice of his treatment, and he breaks out with the well-known—

"'Ye lied, ye lied, now, king,' he says,
'Although a king and prince ye be,
For I've loved naething a' my life,
I weel daur say it, but honestie;

'Save a fat horse, and a fair woman,
Twa bonnie dogs to kill a deer;
But England should have found me meal and maut,
Gif I had lived this hunder year;

'She should have found me meal and maut,
And beef and mutton in all plentie,
But never a Scots wife could have said
That e'er I skaithed her a puir flee.

'To seek hot water beneath cauld ice,
Surely it is a great follie;
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and men.'"

Though we may be inclined to smile at poor Johnie's professed love of *honesty* yet when we remember that he kept true to the Border code of honour in leaving skaithless the Scots gudewives, we can sympathise with the balladist's assertion that—

"Johnie murdered was at Carlinrigg,
And all his gallant companie,
But Scotland's heart was ne'er sae wae,
To see sae mony brave men dee."

Very probably it was a descendant of this outlaw, William Armstrong of Kinmont, who has been immortalized as the "Kinmont Willie" of one of the most powerful of our Border ballads. It was while Lord Scroope and the Laird of Buccleuch were Wardens of the Western Marches of England and Scotland respectively, that Willie was surprised and taken prisoner during a time of truce, contrary to all the usages of Border warfare. Buccleuch at once wrote to Scroope, demanding the release of the prisoner, but "receiving not satisfactory reply, he swore that he would bring Kinmont Willie out of Carlisle Castle, quick or dead, with his own hand." Or, as the balladist has it—

"O is my basnet a widow's curch ?
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?
Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
That an English lord should lichtly me?

And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch -
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

O were there war between the lands,
As weel I wot that there is nane,
I would slight Carlisle Castell high,
Though it were builded of marble stane.

I would set that Castell in a lowe,
And slokken it wi' English bluid,
There's never a man in Cumberland,
Should ken where Carlisle Castell stude."

What follows is a masterpiece of narrative description; so terse, so rapid, so full of dramatic power. There are the hurried gathering of the clans; their night-ride to Carlisle through the darkness and storm; their meeting with the "fause Sakelde;" the grim humour of their successive answers to his questions as to the object of their journey—that they are going "to hunt an English stag," "to catch a rank reiver," "to herry a corbie's nest,"—until the silent "Dickie o' Dryhope" answers him with a lance-thrust through his "fause bodie;" the crossing of the Eden at Staneshaw-bank when "the water was great and muckle o' spate;" the attack on the Castle, where—

"Wi' coulters and wi' fore-hammers,
We garr'd the bars bang merrilie,
Until we came to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie"—

the rescue of the prisoner and the setting him (fetters and all) on the back of Red Rowan, "the starkest man in Teviotdale;" and the reckless gaiety of the old reiver, who flings his mocking farewell to "my gude Lord Scroop" before he is well out of his clutches, and then—

"'O, mony a time,' quo Kinmont Willie,
'I hae ridden a horse baith wild and wood,
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,
I ween my legs hae ne'er bestrode!

"'And mony a time,' quo Kinmont Willie,
'I hae pricked a horse out oure the furs,
But since the day I backed a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!'"

Then follow the return journey with Lord Scroope and his "thousand men on horse and foot" after them; the re-crossing of the flooded Eden without the loss of a single man; and the defiance flung by Buccleuch to his enemy on the other side, who, standing in bewildered dismay, can only exclaim—

"He is either himself a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be,
I wadna hae ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christendie!"

Almost equal to "Kinmont Willie" in dramatic power, though having the disadvantage of a much less heroic subject, is the ballad of "Jamie Telfer." Indeed, while reading it we feel that we can sympathise with Edward Waverley, who, when he found himself in a situation very congenial to his romance-loving soul—on the banks of a lonely lake, at deep midnight, in close proximity to the cave of a Highland robber, and with no other guide than a wild native, whose very language was unknown to him—kept out of his mental sight the only prosaic part of his adventure—the Baron of Bradwardine's milch-cows. When poor Jamie Telfer runs in hot haste with the doleful news that—

"A harried man I trow I be,
There's naething left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three,"

runs from the churlish "Laird o' Stobs" to "Jock Grieve" and "William's Wat," who, true to the claims of kin and friendship, help him "to Branksome Ha' to tak' the fray,"—he, too, finds in the doughty Laird of Buccleuch a tower of strength.

"Gae warn the water braid and wide,
Gae warn it soon and hastilie,
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face o' me!"

Then how graphic is the description—

"The Scots they rade, the Scots they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steadily,
And aye the owercome o' the thrang,
Was 'Rise for Branksome readily!'"

But in the fight which followed, young Willie Scott was killed; and beautiful is the well-known picture of old Wat o' Harden as he sees the son of his chief fall.

"He's ta'en aff his gude steel cap.
And thrice he's waved it in the air,
The Dinlay snaw was ne'er mair white,
Nor the lyart locks o' Harden's hair.

'Revenge! revenge!' auld Wat gan cry,
'Tye, lads, lay on them cruelly!
We'll ne'er see Teviotside again,
Or Willie's death avenged be.'"

And dire was their revenge, as the Captain of Bewcastle knew to his cost, when wounded and crippled, he found himself a prisoner, with not even the sympathy of his Spartan bride to console him, she having declared that—

"I wad lourd have had his winding-sheet,
And helped to put it ower his head,"

than that he should have been so disgraced. But the end of it all was accomplished—

"For instead o' his ain ten milk-kye,
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three."

It is, however, to the "Battle of Otterbourne" that we must turn to find all that is best in the Border military ballad. Not only has it all the vigour and terseness of "Kinmont Willie" or "Jamie Telfer," but it is full of touches of rare poetic beauty, along with that truly Scottish characteristic—the ever-felt presence of an overshadowing fate. On the morning of the battle says the Douglas—

"O, I hae dreamed a dreamy dream,
Beyond the Isle of Skye
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think the man was I."

But, Scotsman like, however, none the less does he make his foe feel the weight of his prowess—

"When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain;
They swakked their swords till sair they swat,
And the blude ran down like rain."

And in all our ballad literature there is nothing more beautiful than the last words of the wounded knight, words that to every true Borderer are rendered doubly pathetic when he remembers that they were often on the lips of our own hero, Sir Walter, when he, too, weary and heart-stricken, lay down to die.

"'My nephew good,' the Douglas said,
'What recks the death of ane?
Yestreen I dreamed a dreamy dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

'My wound is deep, I fain would sleep,
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And bury me by the bracken bush,
That grows on yonder lily lea.

'O bury me by the bracken bush,
Beside the blooming brier,
Let never living mortal ken
That e'er a kindly Scot lies here.'"

And even as his nephew requested that the captured Percy should—

"Yield thee to the bracken bush
That grows on yonder lily lea"

so do we bow in homage before the sacred shrine where our hero sleeps, within sound of the murmuring Tweed which he loved so well.

JANE M. BUTLER.

It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle; but to be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace, and a most commendable and manly thing.

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only.

Printed and Published by A. Walker & Son, Galashiels.