The Border magazine

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM SANDERSON,

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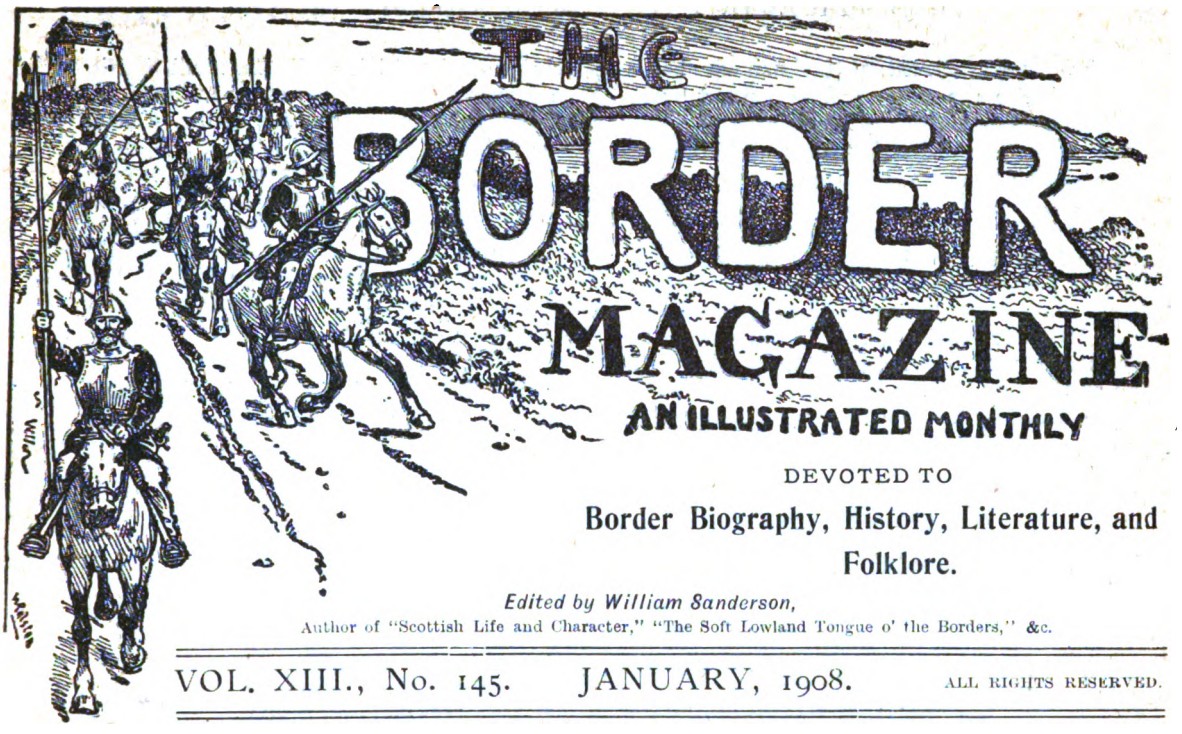
INDEX.

Poetical Pieces marked thus *, Reviews in Quotation Marks.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

DR JOHN TURNBULL SMITH, LL.D., J.P., D.L.



VOL. XIII., No. 145. JANUARY, 1908.

JOHN TURNBULL SMITH, LL.D., D.L.

WITHIN fair distance of the Tweed at Drumelzier, where it flows past the grave of Merlin the Sage, stands the ancient Church of St Begha or St Bees at Kilbucho, in the county of Peebles. Indeed, what is now called the parish of Broughton was formed by the incorporation of Kilbucho, Glenholm, and Broughton, and the new Parish Church stands in Kilbucho. Here then was born on the 5th of August, 1843, the subject of this article. There may have been in this year of the so-called Disruption of the Church, certain conditions in the horoscope of John Turnbull Smith which were destined to develop into his becoming in these later years one of the staunchest supporters of the Church of Scotland.

In those days the Church was ably served, according to Knox's wise scheme, by a body of scholarly parochial schoolmasters, many of whom had studied for the Church and were superior Classical scholars. Of these was the schoolmaster of Kilbucho, whose son John, after drinking in knowledge at the well of St Bees, was to become one of the foremost educationists of the capital. Another of the master's pupils was Alexander Dickson of Hartree, who became Professor of Botany at the University of Edinburgh. It was he who presided at the jubilee dinner of the veteran schoolmaster, and presented him with a timepiece and a purse of sovereigns in name of friends and former pupils of Kilbucho and Dolphinton, whither the family had removed in 1849, when the younger son John was in his sixth year. The evening of Mr Smith's days was spent at Hamilton, where he passed away aged 86, being survived by his wife, Helen Turnbull, for other six years, when she rejoined him, aged 89. Two daughters died some years ago, but the elder and only other son Thomas, who was agent of the Bank of Scotland at Gorbals, Glasgow, and Provost of Govanhill, is enjoying a well-earned retirement at the age of 74.

With the view of becoming a Chartered Accountant, John Turnbull Smith was indentured in October, 1859, to the late Mr Kenneth Mackenzie, C.A., a younger brother of the late Mr John Ord Mackenzie of Dolphinton. He was admitted a member of the C.A. Society in 1867. Even before this date his apprentice-master had given him a share in his business, and the partnership continued until the death of Mr Mackenzie in 1880. Thereafter Mr

Turnbull Smith carried on the business alone. In addition to a large general accountant business, he became auditor to the Church of Scotland, to the Highland and Agricultural Society, to the Leith Dock Commission, to the Royal College of Physicians, and to other public institutions. His private appointments included those of auditor to the Earl of Wemyss, the Earl of Zetland, the Right Honourable Arthur James Balfour of Whittingehame, and others.

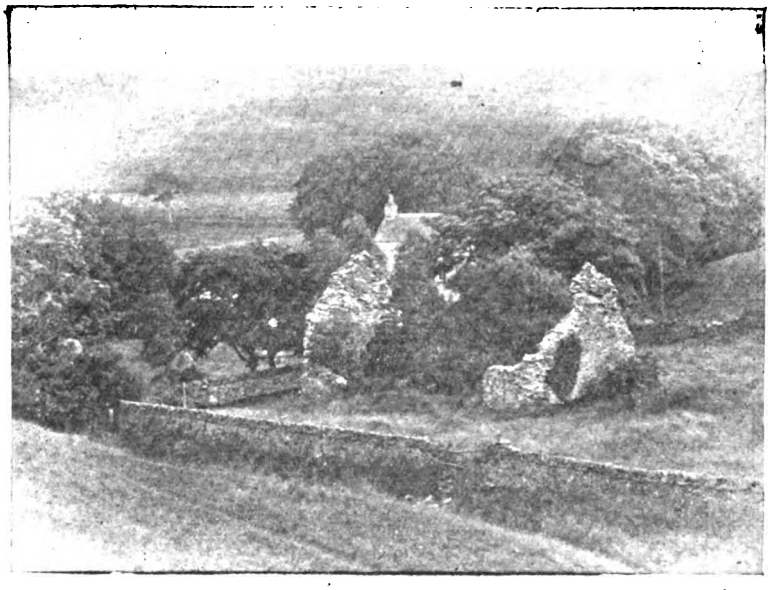
In 1883 Mr Turnbull Smith was elected a director of the Life Association of Scotland, and on the death of the then manager in 1885, he was asked by his co-directors, including the late Earl of Stair, K.T., who was chairman of the Association, to accept the post of manager. This Mr Turnbull Smith acceded to, and he has held that office ever since. His relationship with his directors, with his fellow-officials, and with all connected with the Association has always been most cordial and friendly. Shortly after becoming manager of the Association the Faculty of Actuaries elected him a Fellow of their Faculty, and he subsequently held the appointment of honorary treasurer to that body. For three years he held the office of chairman of the Managers' Association in connection with the Scottish Life Offices. The foregoing is a necessarily brief resumé of the purely professional life of Dr Turnbull Smith. Such a successful development of his business life might have sufficed for any ordinary man, and so it has in most cases, but the subject of this biography is "by ordinary." Insurance work and accounting have formed his vocation; but among his avocations which he has carried on as earnestly as his business, are (1) The Merchant Company, (2) Education, (3) The Church of Scotland, (4) The Sabbath School and Church of St Bernard's.

IN THE MERCHANT COMPANY.

Mr Turnbull Smith joined the Merchant Company in 1882, and was elected an assistant in 1887, an office which he held for three years. In 1890 he was made treasurer of the Company, and in the following year he was elevated to the Mastership. Next year he was re-appointed, and on demitting office in 1893 he became senior assistant for one year.

As an assistant and as treasurer of the Company, Mr Turnbull Smith was also a Governor of the great charitable and educational institutions connected with the Company, and as Master he became Preses of the various Boards. As treasurer he was collector of the Widows' Fund, and was on that Board for a period of five years.

On vacating the chair in 1893 Mr Turnbull



KILBUCHO CHURCH AND MANSE.

Smith was re-elected to the Board of one of these Institutions—The Merchant Maiden Hospital—an office which he held for four years. But a more important appointment conferred on him in 1894 was the honorary treasurership of George Watson's Hospital, an office which he held until 1899. During all this time he was Convener of George Watson's Boys' College, probably the largest school of the kind in the United Kingdom. At all the examinations of the various schools of the Merchant Company, Mr Turnbull Smith and his wife were indefatigable in their interest and attendance; and one recalls the keen competitions for, and the pleasure the pupils showed in receiving at their hands the valuable watches and other prizes presented to the scholars by those two generous friends year after year.

On resigning the treasurership of the Company in 1899, he was elected honorary treasurer of George Grindlay's Endowment, an office which he vacated in 1901.

In addition, Mr Turnbull Smith has represented the Merchant Company on the following Boards:—(1) The Edinburgh Savings Bank, 1891-93; (2) Peterhead Harbour Trust, 1891-93; (3) Trustees for Bathgate Academy, 1891-93; (4) Governors of Fettes Trust, 1891, continuously to date; (5) Robert Christie's Bequest, 1892-3; (6) Burgh Committee on Secondary Education, 1892, continuously to date.

In 1891 Mr Turnbull Smith gave evidence on behalf of the Merchant Company Institutions before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Town Holdings.

In 1892, on the 14th December, he and Mrs Turnbull Smith gave a conversazione in the Museum of Science and Art, which was attended by the members of the Merchant Company, the staffs of the Company's schools, and representative citizens, 2000 invitations being issued.

In his valedictory address to the Company as Master, Mr Turnbull Smith outlined his scheme for the creation of a Central Board to be representative of the four Hospitals with a joint purse arrangement among them, and having a Superannuation Fund for teachers. These important proposals were afterwards developed, and were carried through by the Merchant Company Endowments Act of 1895.

During all these years Mr Turnbull Smith had worked among those diverse interests, quietly rejoicing in the work he had been permitted to do, and gratified with the successful results achieved. He sought no other reward. But his fellow-citizens thought otherwise. Accordingly, on the occasion of his retiring from the Mastership of the Merchant Company, he and his accomplished helpmeet were made the recipients of valuable testimonials. His successor in the Mastership, in making the presentation, said:—"Mr Turnbull Smith, it is my pleasing duty, on behalf of many friends connected with the Merchant Company and its Trusts, to present to you as a mark of our great esteem this silver tray and fruit service, and to Mrs Smith this pearl and diamond necklet, with the hope that in after years they may recall pleasant memories of the time when you were our much respected Master, and of the amicable relations which always existed 'twixt you and every one connected with the Company. May they also in some slight measure acknowledge the unfailing courtesy with which Mrs Smith and yourself grudged neither time nor trouble in our interests. The inscription on the salver is as follows:—'This tray and a silver fruit service were presented to John Turnbull Smith, Esq., on his retiring from the office of Master of the Edinburgh Merchant Company, by members of the Company, Governors of the various Trusts, and headmasters and officials connected therewith, in recognition of his eminent and valuable services to the Company and its Institutions during the past six years. There was also presented at the same time to Mrs Turnbull Smith a pearl and diamond necklet in acknowledgment of her active and graceful co-operation during her husband's term of office as Master. 10th November, 1893.'"

Mr Turnbull Smith, in accepting the presentation, said that he appreciated the presents for their own beauty and value, but to him they were a thousand times more beautiful and valuable because behind them was the affectionate esteem of the givers. The value of these presents were also enormously enhanced to him on account of the address having connected them so closely with Mrs Turnbull Smith, who had in the most interested way shared with him the pleasures and responsibilities connected with his term of office, and who by her sympathy and support had made the performance of his Merchant Company duties along with his other duties possible. He little thought then, when, six years ago, he was asked to allow himself to be nominated as one of the assistants of the Merchant Company, that his official connection would culminate as it had done that day. He now re-

called with the greatest possible satisfaction that six years ago they placed him at the top of the poll for the vacant assistantship, that three years ago they unanimously and cordially elected him to the office of treasurer, and that two years ago they as unanimously and cordially conferred upon him the highest honour they had in their power to bestow when they placed him in the Master's chair. The duties which the Master of the Merchant Company was called upon to discharge were not child's play, but demanded an amount of time and attention which could not well be overestimated. His duties in connection with the Merchant Company had been made light and pleasant by the spirit of ready helpfulness that had prevailed throughout the Company, and very specially among the assistants, the Governors of the various Trusts, whether Merchant Company representatives or those of the Town Council and clergy, the officials, and the headmasters and teachers of their great schools. During the past two years he had been greatly helped by the wise advice of their old Master, Bailie Macdonald, by the modest but untiring services rendered to him by the new Master, but perhaps most of all by their excellent secretary Mr Heron, upon whose appointment they might all congratulate themselves.

HIS INTEREST IN EDUCATION RECOGNISED BY THE UNIVERSITY.

As Mr Turnbull Smith was a son of the school, his interest in education was hereditary, but education had developed into an exact science since the days of Kilbucho and Dolphinton. Nevertheless this busy city man set himself to master the intricacies of the new order of things, and apply them to the vast Teaching Colleges under his care as Master of the Merchant Company. It may be mentioned in passing that the establishment in 1870 and 1871 of the Merchant Company Schools was the outcome of the movement which had originated in the Company and among the Governors of its Trust for the reform of the hospital system of maintaining foundationers. These are now the best equipped and most highly organised Teaching Colleges in Scotland, if not in Britain. But more: there is a network of Bursaries and Grants spread all over the Colleges and the University. Mr Turnbull Smith had much to do with all the foregoing; his interest in the Colleges was a living one, appearing in a very practical way at every examination and exhibition. Moreover, he was in touch with the Bursary schemes, with the careers of former pupils, with the intimate relationship developing annually more and more between the Merchant Company and the University. All this led inevitably to his coming to be regarded as one of the foremost educationists in Scotland. Academic recognition was but the natural reward of his unselfish labours in the cause of education. It came as an honour all the greater because conferred on one who was not previously a graduate. The University of Edinburgh is wisely sparing of her Degrees.

It was on the 10th of April, 1897, that John Turnbull Smith received the Degree of Doctor of Laws at the hands of the venerable Principal, Sir William Muir, Vice-Chancellor. At the Graduation Ceremonial a very hearty reception in particular was given to Mr Turnbull Smith, along with Sir Douglas Maclagan and Lord Russell of Killowen. Sir Ludovic Grant, in presenting him, said:—"The signal services which Mr Turnbull Smith has rendered to the cause of Secondary Education—a cause which the University cannot but be deeply interested in—give him a pre-eminent claim to academic recognition. He has for a number of years been the presiding genius of the Edinburgh Merchant Company, whose schools, I need hardly remind an Edinburgh audience, are institutions of the utmost value and importance. Admitted a member of the Company in 1882, Mr Turnbull Smith was elected successively assistant, treasurer, and Master, finally becoming Old Master in 1893. Of the manner in which he has thrown himself into the Company's work, especially the management and organisation of its endowed schools, it would be impossible to speak too highly. He has laboured with a devotion and zeal which are only less admirable than the ripe judgment and administrative ability with which they have been united. Amongst the many important educational movements in which he has played an important part, I would mention in particular the change in the tenure of the Chair of Political Economy in the University of Edinburgh, and the Act of 1895 for the better administration of the schools and hospitals. Though no longer its Master, Mr Turnbull Smith's official connection with the Company is not yet at an end, for he is Convener of the Educational Committee of George Watson's College, and represents the Company on the Fettes Trust, and the Burgh Committee on Secondary Education. The University rejoices to show her appreciation of educational work of such value by en-

rolling Mr Turnbull Smith amongst her honorary graduates in law."

DR TURNBULL SMITH AND THE LIFE ASSOCIATION.

Dr Turnbull Smith now received the congratulations of his many professional and private friends. It was felt by all that the honour was well earned and highly merited. None of the congratulations, we may well believe, delighted him more than those of the staff of the head office of The Life Association. They voiced their sentiments in the following terms:—"We, the members of the head office staff of the Life Association of Scotland, desire to offer to you our warmest congratulations in connection with the distinguished honour conferred upon you by the University of Edinburgh. Your great interest in, and untiring efforts on behalf of, education generally, and more especially in connection with the educational institutions of our own city, are well known to every one; and the appreciation by your fellow-citizens of the work done by you in this direction was shown by your election some years ago to the honourable position of Master of the Merchant Company.

"You have identified yourself for many years past with various public movements—civic, philanthropic, and religious—which have been stimulated and extended by your influence and generous liberality.

"You are also deservedly held in esteem for your shrewd business qualities, coupled with unfailing courtesy.

"As an expression of our satisfaction at the honour done to you on this occasion, we beg your acceptance of the accompanying Doctor of Laws gown, hood, and trencher, which have been subscribed for by all the members of the staff. We trust that you may be long spared to enjoy the present and other honours which have been conferred upon you."

(Signed by all the members of the staff.)

DR TURNBULL SMITH AND ST BERNARD'S SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Another ceremony, one even of a more gratifying nature, inasmuch as it was connected with his beloved Sunday School work among the young, awaited Dr Turnbull Smith and his wife. In his more public work, however greatly he had been helped and encouraged by his wife, which, indeed, he was ever the first to acknowledge, she was too womanly a woman ever to appear prominently. Her influence was exerted entirely behind the scenes, by loving assistance, tactful sympathy, and that complete camaraderie that constitutes the true marriage. But now in St Bernard's they both appeared upon the same plane, indeed she had been a teacher in the Sunday School for a longer period than he, and he had actually obtained his wife from the Sunday School. But it will be better to allow the story to unfold itself as we proceed. On the 12th of April, 1897, the ceremony took place. Mr Begg, in making the presentation, said that the teachers, one and all, regarded their superintendent, Dr Turnbull Smith, as a model and as a friend. To his wonderful combination of zeal, organising power, and attention to every detail was largely due the high position which St Bernard's holds amongst the Sunday Schools of the country, while his unfailing kindness and courtesy gained him the friendship of both teachers and scholars. They rejoiced in the honour that had come to him, and felt that they had some share in that honour, as not the least important part of his work in connection with education had been done in St Bernard's. In choosing the form of their gift they felt it should be something that could be shared in by Mrs Turnbull Smith, who had been a real helpmeet in his work, and whom they regarded with feelings no less warm than they entertained towards himself. Accordingly they had selected an article of household adornment, and they trusted that Dr and Mrs Turnbull Smith might long be spared to possess it.

Dr Turnbull Smith, who wore his Graduation robes, returned thanks on behalf of Mrs Smith and himself in an interesting speech. In reviewing his twenty-five years' work as superintendent, he made feeling reference to some of his colleagues who had in that time passed away. He acknowledged the loyal help the teachers had all along given him, and especially the unfailing sympathy and support of his wife and fellow-worker. He owed her to St Bernard's Sunday School, as his fellow-superintendent, Mr T. J. Wilson, and Dr M'Murtrie, the late minister of St Bernard's, also owed their wives. To this work, too, might be traced his connection with educational matters, and any distinction they had brought him. In reference to the honour he had just received, and which he valued most highly, nothing had given him greater pleasure than the expressions of esteem and friendship of which it had been the occasion. Amongst these he was specially gratified by this gift from the teachers of St Bernard's, and by the kind thought which accompanied it.

The lady of whom Dr Turnbull Smith spoke so affectionately has been a teacher in St Bernard's Sunday School for thirty-eight years. At the time of her marriage to the superintendent of the Sunday School her name was Miss Katherine Murray Bewley, the eldest of four daughters of the Rev. B. F. Bewley, Rector of Wayford, Somersetshire. This lady in her married life has but carried to greater development the many practical interests of her earlier life. She has been a leader in all the schemes of helpfulness in connection with the parish. She would abhor the role of Lady Bountiful, but in a beautifully quiet, but thoroughly practical manner, and with sympathetic tact, she has spent a lifetime of loving service among the families of Stockbridge. More one dare not write concerning this silent, gentle influence.

DR TURNBULL SMITH AS AN AUTHOR.

In another way Dr Turnbull Smith has performed a great service for the Church. Last year he wrote and published a most interesting history of the Church and Parish of St Bernard's. No one was more fitted for this than he. He joined the church as a seatholder and member in 1861, and was ordained an elder on the 19th February, 1871, at the age of twenty-seven. He is now the senior elder of the church, and has been a trustee since 1879. Out of its fourteen ministers, he has "sat under" five. The Rev. Dr Matheson, mystic and poet, and A.K.H.B. were two of them. This book is written in three sections—Edinburgh, Stockbridge, St Bernard's. Most interesting notes are given of Old Edinburgh, and of the picturesque districts of Stockbridge and of Dean. But the book is most valuable from its history and reminiscences of St Bernard's and its fourteen ministers. Portraits of them all are given in the highest form of illustration, in addition to reproductions of other objects of ecclesiastical interest in the church. The volume has appealed most of all to those connected with St Bernard's, and many have been touched by its references more especially to the past. To any Stockbridge lad it is a mine of information, told in simple and interesting words. As a history of the congregation, it is specially valuable, giving an account of its origin and development from the beginning, and its value in this respect will increase with time. The book is one of the finest specimens of the printer's and bookbinder's arts. Type, paper, and illustrations are of the best. And yet it contains one very serious blemish! It is like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. The name of the most important layman in the congregation is not to be found. Dr Turnbull Smith does not once refer to himself, or to his work for and in connection with the church. Some such account might have been added by another hand. And thus the volume remains—an unselfish record of the church, its ministers, assistants, and others, and himself omitted! And herein is a parable. This typifies the man. He has risen to be a foremost citizen of the capital; he is the head of a large Insurance Association; he has been honoured by his fellow-citizens and by the University; and through all this successful career Dr Turnbull Smith has remained unspoiled. He has great intellect, but no pride of intellect; he enjoys great popularity, but is accessible to all; he must have earned a large income, but has used it as a trust on behalf of the poor and for religion; not content with working six days a week, he has given the seventh to the young, and by so doing has kept himself young in mind and soul and body. In this respect only has he emulated unconsciously the Jesuits, who devoted their very best men to become teachers of the young. Among the boys there is no greater boy. See him at the annual excursion of the thousand pupilled Sunday School, which he and Mr T. J. Wilson have personally conducted without an accident year after year. Look at him again on the Saturday afternoons at Peebles golfing with his young nephews and nieces and a host of other youngsters, who hail him as a sort of honorary uncle. And yet there is no more dignified and firm man of business amid all this modesty of demeanour. And this brings one to what is in one sense the culmination:—

DR TURNBULL SMITH IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

He is one of the most eminent laymen in the Assembly. He is trusted by all parties for his sober common-sense and calm judgment. Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Dr Turnbull Smith could settle the question of the Union of the Churches satisfactorily were all the ecclesiastics left out. And they would do so with the confidence of all the cliques. And until such laymen take the matter up it may probably never be settled. He approves of a United Church of Scotland on the basis of Establishment. He would never consent to secularise the endowments. He is vice-convener of the Endowment Committee, but for all that he views with strong disapproval the planting down of a church just because there is a rival

in the same street. But in those cases where population has grown and necessities increased there is no stronger advocate of church extension by word and purse than he. He speaks little in the Assembly; he acts more. And here again he carries out the principle of his life—Deeds, not words only. So this imperfect sketch of a great Edinburgh Borderer must close, but his life goes on. May it long continue here, blessed with the solace and company of his accomplished wife, the object-lesson of a true marriage, the type of an upright business man, the exemplar of a sincere Christianity.

C. B. G.

EDINBURGH BORDERERS' UNION.

THE thirty-fourth anniversary of that flourishing organisation, The Edinburgh Borderers' Union, was held on 6th December, 1907, and was presided over by Councillor Stuart Douglas Elliot, whose energy and geniality have done much to place the society in its enviable position. In

COLONEL STUART DOUGLAS ELLIOT.

the course of an eloquent speech, he said:—"There was one striking thing about the Borders, and that was that its streams of poets and poetry never seemed to fail, for never a year passed without one or more volumes of Border poetry being published. They had lately had Mr Inglis' volume of Hawick poems, and there was Mr Ballantyne's poem on Queen Mary's visit to Jedburgh, while they had also Colonel Elliot's contributions on the Jamie Telfer ballad, discussing how far it was reliable. He had been specially asked to call their attention to the coming issue of a volume entitled 'Rule Water and its Inhabitants,' by Mr Tancred of Weens. This book, he believed, would prove to be a very valuable contribution to local history; and it would be published at a price of 3/6 he thought—which would bring it within the reach of all. There was another publication to which he would like to refer, namely, the 'Border Magazine,' which had now attained to its twelfth volume, and thus bade fair to become a permanent repository of Border literature. The magazine contained articles on Border subjects, and he hoped that it would long continue to be published. He might mention that when the 'Border Magazine' was in its second volume he spoke about it to Mr Craig Brown on the occasion of the Union's visit to Floors Castle a good many years ago. At that time he (the Chairman) had got his first volume of the magazine bound, and in speaking about the publication to Mr Craig Brown, who was to have addressed them that evening, that gentleman remarked, 'I am keeping copies unbound until I see the second volume, as many magazines never reach that stage.' However, the 'Border Magazine' had not only reached its second volume, but twelve handsome volumes of the periodical had now been issued, and he hoped that the periodical would long continue to flourish."

BORDER BOOKS.

NO. II.—EPHEMERIDES.

"Ephemerides; or, Occasional Poems, written in Scotland and South Africa. By Thomas Pringle. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 65 Cornhill, 1828."

THOMAS Pringle, the author of "Ephemerides, was born at Easterstead, or Blakelaw, in the parish of Linton, Roxburghshire, on January 5, 1789. He was educated at the Grammar School of Kelso, and when seventeen years of age went to Edinburgh University. In 1811 he entered as a clerk into the service of His Majesty's Commissioners on the Public Records of Scotland. Pringle discharged his duties faithfully, giving complete satisfaction to his superiors in office. In 1816 he published a number of poems in the "Poetic Mirror." In 1817 he contributed several articles to the "Monthly Magazine," a periodical that was started after the "Scots Magazine" was stopped; about this time he became editor of the "Edinburgh Star" newspaper. In 1818 he married Margaret, daughter of Mr William Brown, a farmer in East Lothian. In 1819 he published "Sketches in Teviotdale," gave up the editorship of the "Edinburgh Star," and returned to the Register

Office. Finding the sources of his income did not supply his needs, he, with his father and brothers and some other relations, went to Cape Colony in the beginning of 1820, where the then Government, partly through the influence of Sir Walter Scott, allocated to them grants of colonial land. He attempted to establish a newspaper in Cape Town. He acted there as a physician and librarian, and he advocated by various means the independent occupancy of land by natives. His philanthropic and patriotic schemes were unsuccessful, and he returned to London. He appealed to the Government for help to the schemes he had advocated, but in vain. He was, however, appointed secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society. He devoted himself with renewed vigour to literary work, finished his African sketches, and in 1828 also published "Ephemerides." He died on December 5, 1834, in the 46th year of his age. "Ephemerides" contains quite a number of beautiful poems. The first one, entitled "Autumnal Excursion," takes up 32 pages, then follow eleven other short poems, which are followed by ten sonnets. These constitute the first part, being the poems written in Scotland. The second part, which contains the poems written in South Africa, are dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, in which he says,

"Accept this frail memorial, honoured Scott,
Of favoured intercourse in former day,
Of words of kindness I have ne'er forgot,
Of acts of friendship I can ne'er repay,
For I have found (and wherefore say it not)
The Minstrel's heart as noble as his lay."

The first piece in the African poems is "Afar in the Desert." This is followed by twelve other poems, which in turn are also followed by fourteen sonnets. The poems take up altogether 155 pages—there are notes of very considerable interest both to Part I. and Part II., in which Pringle expresses himself very freely in regard to the treatment which the Kaffirs had then received from the Cape Colony Government. In one of his notes he says:—"The actual condition of the Hottentots, as a people, is, in one word, a state of the most abject helotism." The notes occupy 60 pages, the total number of pages being 220. The size of the page is 7¼ by 4¼ inches. My copy, which is a first edition, is like the greater number of books issued in the third decade of last century, bound with blue-coloured paper boards and paper labelled back. It is matter of regret that Pringle's poems are not better known.

Hawick. J. C. Goodfellow.

A Portrait of Sir David Brewster for Jedburgh.—At a meeting of Jedburgh Town Council on 9th December, 1907, Provost Hilson read a letter intimating that the late Mrs Gordon, daughter of Sir David Brewster, had bequeathed to the town of Jedburgh a portrait of her father. The Provost said it was a very fine and valuable painting of Sir David, a native of Jedburgh, who was in his day a scientist of great eminence, and even in these later days his reputation remained very distinguished. The Council minuted their appreciation of the gift.

THE BORDER BOOKCASE.

"FOOTSTEPS OF SCOTT."

Still another book on the subject of Scott? Yes, and a good one at that! When we say that the author of this new volume is the genial minister of Tweedsmuir Parish, we have said enough to prove that the subject is dealt with "con amore." If we mistake not this is the twelfth volume by the Rev. W. S. Crockett, whose "Scott Country" is now known and appreciated all over the world. The "Footsteps" is a neatly bound volume, well printed on strong paper, and the price, 3/6, brings it within the reach of all. When we say that the book is embellished by ten illustrations in colour, reproduced from water-colour drawings painted specially for this work by the well-known Border artist, Tom Scott, R.S.A., the wonderful cheapness of the volume will at once be seen. The publisher is T. N. Foulis, of Edinburgh and London—a name which is getting into the front rank of prominent publishers—and we feel sure the work will have a wide circulation. Referring to Mr Crockett's latest success, a prominent evening newspaper says:—"No attempt is made to give a new life of Scott, which, in view of the publication of Mr Andrew Lang's 'Life,' and Mr Norgate's within the last year would be entirely unnecessary at this date. Mr Crockett, who is the author of 'In the Scott Country' and 'Abbotsford,' needs no introduction to lovers of Scott, who have by this time made themselves acquainted with most of the literature surrounding Sir Walter, his life and his land. The volume before us is composed of chapters biographical and topographical. It tells us some things that we already know—it would be difficult at this date in a volume of the kind to tell us facts entirely fresh about Scott—but at the same time, by means of many interesting side-lights, many of which are new to us, we are made conscious that local tradition in Abbotsford and elsewhere has still much to give in respect of Sir Walter, whose kindliness and feeling towards common things and common people are proverbial." Mr Crockett has put some of his best literary work into this volume, and he has condensed in such an agreeable way that lovers of Border literature will feel deeply indebted to him. In the closing paragraph he says:—"The centuries to come are not likely to see any more potent figure in the realm of romantic literature. With Shakespeare and Burns, Scott's place is surely among the unapproachables—a Mont Blanc in his own sphere. To him there can come no real successor. . . . Scott's gospel was to make men happy; and who, in his particular fashion, ever did so much in that direction? . . . To hint at the decline of Scott would be to predict the degeneracy of man; to imagine a time when man should have no eye for the beautiful things around him; no heart for the joys and sorrows of the race; no soul to despise things that were mean, or uphold things that were noble."

* * * *

"HAMELAND."

The Poems of Jeanie Donnan.

This fine volume of verse is published by John F. Brown, at the "Galloway Gazette" Press, New-

ton-Stewart, and is sent post free at the moderate price of 3/. The book should find a ready welcome in the homes of the Borderland, for Mrs Donnan has a sympathetic heart, and the variety of subjects she deals with must wake responsive heart-throbs in every reader. In the prefatory note, Sir Herbert Maxwell says:—"In wishing good-speed to my neighbour, Mrs Donnan's little cargo of verse . . . I feel no doubt that it will touch the hearts of many readers, as it has touched mine, and appeal to them as the spontaneous expression of a nature sensitive to the moods of nature and moulded by experience of the hard realities of human circumstance. Ever since, in the fourteenth century, John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, chose verse as the channel of his famous narrative, 'The Brus,' upon which philologers now set such high value as the very earliest extant example of Scottish vernacular literature, Scots men and women have turned readily to that mode of embodying and communicating their thoughts. To that channel Mrs Donnan has most naturally turned, and I think she may feel assured of a sympathetic audience in all parts of the world where her fellow-countrymen and women are to be found. Most cordially do I anticipate for her volume a full measure of success." All those who see the volume, and read the personal details contained in the introduction penned by D. M. H. from Whitburn Manse, will re-echo Sir Herbert's closing anticipation.

* * * *

"SECRETS OF BORDER ANGLING."

By W. Sorley Brown ("Rainbow.")

Here is a book that may be read with pleasure and profit by anglers of all denominations. The author is a thoughtful enthusiast; he has read and talked on his subject, considered it carefully, and then gone straight to the waterside to test his conclusions by experience. The result is that we have in the pages of his little book suggestions and definite conclusions which, though only offered to beginners, are in many cases not unworthy the attention of experienced anglers. He is open-minded, and gives the "pros and cons" of the subject under discussion. And he has a direct way of buttonholing his reader that makes the perusal of the book an easy task.

Chapter I. describes "The Glories of Angling." The author makes the remark, "it may soberly be said that the great majority of men who go in for fishing with a thorough keenness are above thirty years of age." This is true. And the reason is that a full realisation of "the glories of angling" comes not in youth, but later, after man's sixth sense, a true appreciation of "the glories of Nature," has become more fully developed, when the trials of an early rise and a long walk are more than repaid by seeing

"The sun peep over the mountain's rim"

and

"Gild pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

Perhaps the most valuable part of the book is Chapter X., "Notes on Rivers, Streams, and Burns worth Fishing." The author only deals with the waters he has angled himself. He gives his personal experience of seventeen Border rivers and streams. There will be, no doubt, differences of opinion as to his summing up on the respective angling merits of the different streams. But the chapter is manifestly an honest bit of personal experience, and deserves to be respected as such. Altogether this is a good book on angling even though it is a first attempt. It has the bones of a standard book on Border angling, revised, enlarged, and illustrated. We may add that it does every credit to the publisher, and is well worthy of filling a niche in any little Border library. The book is published by Alexander Walker & Son, Galashiels. Price 1/6.

* * * *

"MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS."

An Incident of 1566.

Mr G. Ballantyne, who is not unknown in the realms of poetry, has produced a long narrative poem on the above subject, which will be warmly welcomed by all who take an interest in Queen Mary's connection with the Borderland. The poem, which extends to 2440 lines, is divided into two portions, "The Reivers" and "The Justice Ayre," while a section at the end of the volume contains many valuable historical notes. The preface is written by the Rev. R. Borland, and contains an appropriate historical introduction to the incidents dealt with in the poem. The style is easy, and has that swing about it which is much appreciated by readers of Sir Walter Scott's poetry. All Borderers should possess a copy of this volume, which contains seven illustrations. This is an attempt to portray in poetic language one of the most thrilling episodes in the life of "Queen Mary of Scots." Among the incidents treated may be mentioned the capture of Armstrong of Gilnockie; the prophecy of Nance the witch; the combat between "Little Jock Elliot" and Bothwell; the death of Mangerton; Queen Mary's ride to Hermitage to visit her wounded Lieutenant; the adventure of the "Queen's Mire;" Queen Mary's illness and apparent death in Jedburgh; Darnley's laggard visit; "The four Maries;" Maitland of Lethington; and many other incidents connected with this stirring period. The book is printed and published by A. Walker & Son, Galashiels; price 1/6.

BORDER DREAM-DAYS.

When I was young, our Orchard seemed
A Forest; in it often dreamed
A very little boy, who stood
Enthralled, in that enchanted wood.
And many pageants, gay, and grim,
In those far days were vouchsafed him.
'Twas here St George the Dragon slew;
From here the Roc with Sinbad flew;
Aladdin here, and William Tell,
Bold Robin Hood, and Adam Bell.
And many others whom I knew,
Passed in array before my view.
But now, alas; with years gone by,
The Forest, in a grown-up eye,
Only a tiny Orchard seems
Unlit by youthful fancy's dreams.

Gateshead-on-Tyne. R. S.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *St Ronans, Rutherglen, near Glasgow.*

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1908.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LOOKING back over the twelve years during which the BORDER MAGAZINE has been before the public, we are full of gratitude to the large number of literary friends who have encouraged us in our work and given us valuable aid by their contributions to our columns. As before stated, we frequently suffer from an embarrassment of riches in this respect, and therefore we crave indulgence for apparent delays in the production of the articles sent to us. Owing to our limited space and the amount of material at our disposal it is desirable that new matter sent to us should be as condensed as possible. To our regular subscribers we are also much indebted, for without their support this BORDER MAGAZINE would have gone the way of its predecessors.

The Border Keep

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

Time was (with some who don't know better it still is) when it was considered vulgar to speak Braid Scots, but the swing of the pendulum and the advance of literary taste and research has changed all this, and now our sweet and powerful mother tongue is coming into its own again. Anthony Rowley, a clever writer, thus introduces the subject in the "Glasgow Evening News":—

"I have been reading Dr John Brown's Letters, and the Letters have sent me back to his inimitable Essays. I have been revelling in his account of Miss Stirling Graham's 'Mystifications'; how she dressed up and personated the character of an old Scottish gentlewoman, and completely mystified her friends and acquaintances. Miss Graham died in 1877, in her ninety-sixth year, at her beautiful seat Duntrune, in Forfarshire, the perfect type of a Scottish gentlewoman, Dr Brown has called her. It is a pity the type is growing so rare—I mean the type that can employ our old Scottish tongue as she could, making of it an extra attraction to her gentleness and womanliness. The average lady in Scotland to-day is chary of her mother tongue, and many are no longer familiar with it. It is the speech of the 'common people,' and if she ventured to speak it her fear is that she would be misunderstood by her equals, and familiarly welcomed by her inferiors as 'one of themselves.' It is a thousand pities that the Scottish language should be held in such low esteem by many cultured people. This same process of vulgarisation has already gone far with the Gaelic tongue. I have known thoughtful and cultured people taking great pains to acquire a knowledge of Gaelic, and after experimenting upon the Highland crofters and fishermen, deciding to hide their new light under a bushel, and keep it for private use. Whenever the crofter or the fisherman discovered that my friends 'had the Gaelic.' there was an immediate withdrawal of ordinary courtesy, and a large accession of impertinent curiosity and rude banter. Perhaps we shall change all that when Gaelic becomes a University subject; meanwhile, it is only taught by the fireside of very humble homes, and so the ordinary native is apt to regard all who can speak it as fellow-crofters masquerading as the gentry. The Lowlanders ought to observe carefully this coming University experiment, and, if it succeeds, see that it be applied also for the preservation and resuscitation of the Scottish tongue that was in use so recently among what was truly 'the best people' in Edinburgh society. When Miss Stirling Graham appeared at a party in the presence of Sir Walter Scott, Sir Henry and Lady Jardine, the Lord Chief Commissioner, and others, she was dressed up as an old lady, and was announced as 'Mrs Arbuthnott.' She entertained the company

with many a queer story 'in Scots'; one was of a Deeside laird who, in her vernacular, 'was salmon-fishing short syne, but the first bite nearly whummelled him into the water. 'Gie him line,' cried Wully Bruce, the fisher; 'that cheild maun hae play.' And sure enough the laird gae him line—three days and twa nights he warstled wi' the beast, and there wasna a bush, nor the stump o' an auld tree a' the way between the falls of the Feuch and the Linn o' Dee that he didna mak' steppin'-stanes o'. At length the line broke, and down cam the laird'—and so on in pithy and pawky Scots to the end of that exciting story well known to all lovers of Dr Brown.

* * * *

"My point is that it appears foolishness to discourage in our homes all forceful and homely speech of this nature; and to sanction the slovenly slang of our academy boys, and their imitative sisters. Surely it were better to have the high spirits of our young people expressed now and then in the language of Miss Stirling Graham, with its perfectly appropriate 'warstles, and whummels, and steppin'-stanes,' than to have them describing everything that happens as jolly, or chronic, or ripping. Some effort has got to be made to reserve ripping for things that do actually rip, and chronic for deep-seated foolish habits, and other evils that have lasted far too long. Better still, let us try 'the expulsive power of a new affection,' and begin to think more of our too often despised and neglected mother tongue."

* * * *

The foregoing reference to Dr John Brown makes the following Penicuik news item doubly interesting:—"On Monday, 25th November, 1907, the funeral took place of Mrs Dickson, wife of Mr William Dickson, Loanstone. The deceased, who was sixty-eight years of age, had also lived nearly all her life in the neighbourhood in which she died, and where, in her own circle, she was held in much esteem. Two circumstances served to widen that circle to a degree hardly possible, it might have been thought, in such an out-of-the-way hamlet as Loanstone. One was that persons interested in the location at Loanstone of the carrier's house in Dr John Brown's story of 'Rab and His Friends' were often referred to her for information, and the second was that she shared in the distinction due to her being the mother of one of the most remarkable scientists in the district. And the many learned persons who made a pilgrimage to the cottage for the purpose of exchanging opinions with him on botany, or geology, never failed to carry away a pleasant recollection of the kindly incisive manner of the mother who ruled the destiny of the son of whom she was so proud."

* * * *

Some time ago Lord Rosebery, at Glasgow, and Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, at Edinburgh, took occasion to impress upon us the great advantages we derived from the union with England, but both the Prime Minister and ex-Prime Minister pressed the point a little too far. The following letter by W. M. Graham-Easton, in one of the newspapers, rather cleverly sets the former right in one of his deductions at least. This writer says:—"The Prime Minister the other day in Edinburgh quoted an author who had pointed out that the poverty of the Scots of old was indicated by their having had the smallest coin in circulation of any nation, i.e., the doit. But this author was mistaken in his premises, like a great many more people who write about Scots matters, its history in particular. It so happens that those poor, wretched, starved, parchment-skinned Scots, of whom we hear so much, got this coin from one of the richest people in Europe at that time. The Dutch 'duyt' was value for the eighth part of a penny, or half a farthing. The Scottish doit was equal to one penny Scots, or half a bodle—equal to third of a halfpenny. In the year 1651 an Irishman was in Holland with his cousin, Lord Ardes. They had luncheon, he has recorded, in a country inn, and a dispute falling out over the reckoning, chiefly because 'there was a great Lord there,' the huisvrow bade them 'in plain Dutch words be content to pay willingly, for if the Prince of Orange was there she would not abate one doit.' Although the Scottish doit was of small value, it is not an indication of relative poverty, for as well might it be suggested that Holland was poorer than England, which was not the case. And England is richer by far than it was when farthings were first minted."

* * * *

There is nothing like taking time by the forelock. The coming year is Leap-Year, and eligible victims might, with advantage, be chosen early. The following law, said to have been passed by the Scottish Parliament in 1288, "Ordonit that during ye rein of her maist blissit majestie, Margaret" ("The Maid of Norway" would be about six years of age at the time) "for ilk yeare knowne as lepe yeare, ilka maiden ladie of baith high and low estait shall hae libertie to speak ye man she likes," &c. But, according to a curious little book, "Love, Courtship, and Matrimony," published in London in 1606, the English did not need to have the Leap-Year privilege forced upon them by Statute, but allowed it to become a part of the lex non scripta. "Albeit it nowe become a part of the common lawe in regard to social relations of life, that as often as every leap yeare doth return the ladyes have the sole privilege during the time that it continueth of making love, either by wordes or lookes, as to them it seemeth proper."

* * * *

Through a long passage in the quaint old High Street of Dumfries stands the Hole i' the Wa' Inn, in which is located the finest private collection of Burns relics in Scotland. Mr John Thomson, the proprietor of the oldest licensed house in the town, is a collector of the highest enthusiasm, one who is prepared at any time to surmount the greatest difficulties and make almost any sacrifice to gain possession of the least considerable article that can authentically be linked with the Scottish bard. In every room of the inn there are some precious relics of the poet, carefully guarded and preserved. Altogether the collection numbers between thirty and forty articles and documents, some of them of the very highest interest.

* * * *

It delights the heart of the old Dominie to know that so many friends enjoy his simple literary cracks, and he looks forward with pleasure to the year we are now entering upon, when he trusts to keep all his old friends and find not a few new ones. To one and all he wishes a guid New Year.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

FLODDEN AND THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

By A. GRAHAM, M.A.

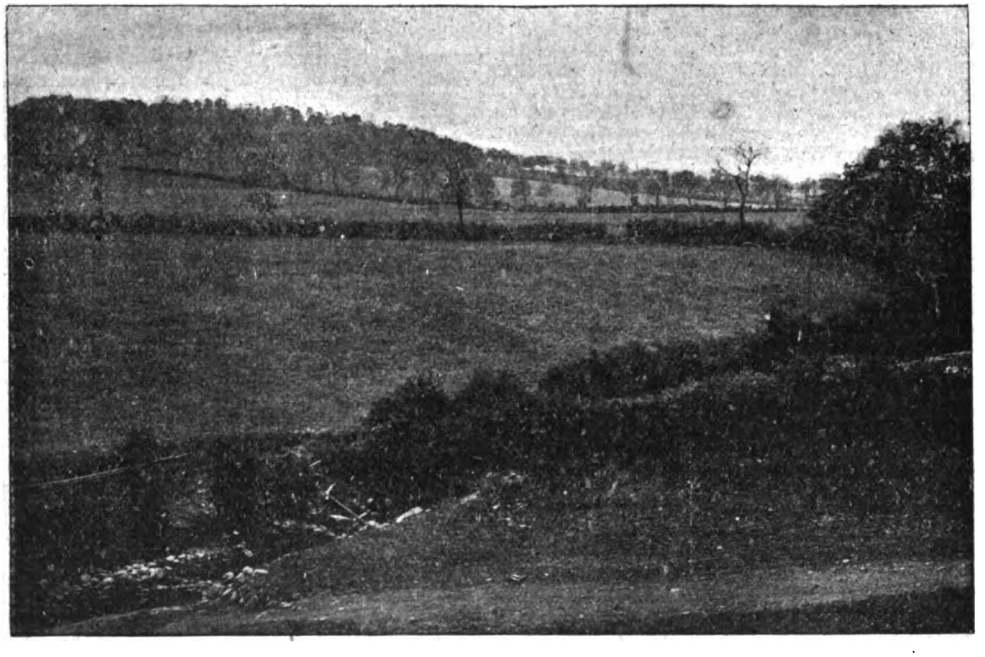
PART I.—FLODDEN.

"Red Flodden! when thy plaintive strain
In early youth rose soft and sweet,
My life-blood, through each throbbing vein,
With wild, tumultuous passion beat."
Leyden: *Ode on visiting Flodden.*

ON Friday, September 9, 1513, was fought "the famous fight at Flodden," as Buchanan says in his History, using the words of Livy in describing the battle at the Trasimene Lake, "memorable as few disasters of the Scottish nation have been, not so much by reason of the numbers slain, for in other battles double the numbers was lost, as that by the destruction of the King and his nobles few remained to rule a populace fierce by nature, and unrestrained by the dread of punishment." The disaster at Flodden was indeed a crushing one for Scotland, and many a generation had to pass ere the country recovered from the blow, for not only the King, but the flower of his nobility had perished in the fight, so that, as has been often remarked, there is scarcely a Scottish family of any distinction which does not number among its ancestors one member at least who fell at Flodden. The battle, which began at four o'clock on the afternoon of that fateful September day, and only ceased when darkness put an end to the carnage, seems to have been irretrievably lost mainly from want of discipline and lack of tactical skill and prudence on the part of the Scottish King (a), yet "no defeat bore less of dishonour," to use the words of a well-known writer, "no battle lost by chivalrous folly was ever so well redeemed by desperate valour." We may say of James IV. as Hannibal said over the dead body of his ablest antagonist, "There lies a brave soldier, but a bad general." But he, at least, unlike so many of his unfortunate race, met a soldier's death on the battle-field—*felix opportunitate mortis.*

"He saw the wreck his rashness wrought,
Reckless of life he desperate fought,
And fell on Flodden plain;
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clenched within his manly hand,
Beseem'd the monarch slain."

There is no need to "fight the battle o'er again" (b)—



FIELD OF FLODDEN.

that has been often and well done, too—but we may be allowed to refer the reader to the excellent account by C. J. Bates (c) and to Scott's vivid, realistic, and, in the main, accurate description in the last canto of *Marmion*, a battle-piece unsurpassed out of Homer. (d) No other battle seems to have produced a deeper impression on the heart of Scotland, and no other battle has been rendered more famous in song and story and ballad-lore than that of Flodden, where the "Flowers of the Forest were a' wede away":—

"Tradition, legend, tune, and song
Shall many an age that wail prolong;

Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield."

And yet upwards of two centuries were to come and go ere the storm of national grief and the "universal wail" which swept over the country and filled the land with dule and mourning were to find at last suitable and fitting expression in the touching threnody of Miss Jean Elliot of Minto, which bewails in words of simple and matchless pathos the sons of the Forest, who fell fighting so gallantly around their King, with "no thought of dastard flight," on that Friday afternoon on Flodden Field, and who sleep their last sleep in Branxton's deadly barrow and by the waters of the sullen Till. *Gloria Victis!* What though their names be unknown to history, yet "tradition, legend, tune, and song" have made them for ever immortal—

"Such graves as theirs are pilgrim-shrines."

The Border counties seem to have suffered severely, and none more so, perhaps, than the "Forest" (Selkirkshire), whose yeomen, as Crown tenants, would naturally form the King's bodyguard. According to tradition, the burgh of Selkirk furnished a contingent of some seventy men, of whom only one or two—the town clerk, William Brydone, and one Fletcher (e)—returned to "tell red Flodden's dismal tale." Fletcher, who is said to have left four brothers dead upon the field, captured a pennon from the English, and it and the sword of the town clerk are still carefully preserved in the Royal burgh. (f) Brydone is said to have been afterwards knighted by James V., some say by James IV. on the battle-field.

"Frae every cleuch and clan,
The best o' the braid Border
Rose, like a single man,
To meet the royal order.
Our burgh toun itsel'
Sent its seventy doun the glen;
Ask Fletcher how they fell,
Bravely fechtin' ane to ten—
O Flodden Field!"
J. B. Brown: *Selkirk after Flodden.*

Flodden Hill, on which the Scots at first encamped, is now planted with oak and yew and the sombre fir, and the ground where the battle raged fierce and furious around that "death-devoted ring" is now under the plough, and in September the reaper is busy among the cornfields, and "all is peaceful, all is still." The weary pilgrim may yet quench his thirst with "a cup of (blessed water"—"clear as diamond spark" at Sibyl's Well, and thank her memory—it is close by the wayside, near the village church of Branxton; he may visit the pretty village of Ford and its castle, whose sprightly and gay chatelaine, Lady Heron, is said to have beguiled the infatuated king; he may have a look through the "King's Room" and read the inscription:—

"King James ye 4th of Scotland did lye here at Ford Castle, A.D., 1513,"

and he may climb Flodden Hill and sit down on the "King's Chair," from which James may have surveyed the English host—

"With all their banners bravely spread
And all their armour flashing high,"

and view the beautiful panorama spread out before his eyes, the silver Tweed and the sullen Till, still spanned by the same "Gothic arch" of Twizel Bridge, by which the English vanguard under Lord Howard crossed the river previous to the battle, and then commune with himself, like Xerxes of old, on the changes and chances, the brevity and the vanity, of all things human.—*Sunt lacrimae rerum.*

Notes.

(a) The following lines (modernised) are taken from Sir David Lyndsay's *Complaynt of the Papyngo*, written about 1530—

"Of Flodden Field the ruin to resolve,
Or that most dolent day for to deplore,
I nill,* for dread that dolour you dissolve.
Show how that prince in his triumphant glore
Destroyed was—what needeth process more?
Not by the virtue of English ordinance, †
But by his own wilful misgovernance.

Alas! that day had he been counselable,
He had obtained laud, glore and victory;
Whose piteous process be so lamentable,
I nill * at length it put in memory.
I never read in tragedy nor story,
At one journey †† so many nobles slain,
For the defence and love of their sovereign."

If James had been but "counselable," and had exercised a little prudence and common-sense, all might have been well, and then—

"Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockburn."

But it was not to be. The King seemed fascinated, as it were, by his own impending destiny. *Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*

(b) An account of the battle has already been given in the B.M., vol. i, pp. 117, 193, 205.

(c) "Flodden Field," by C. J. Bates (Archæologia Aeliana), Newcastle, 1904.

(d) "Of all the poetical battles which have been fought from the days of Homer, there is none comparable for interest and animation—for breadth of drawing and magnificence of effect—with this."—Jeffrey in *Edinburgh Review.*

(e) 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.

(f) There is a Selkirk tradition that the wife of one of the burghers who was "thinking long" of her husband, and despairing of his return, wandered forth to seek him, and was afterwards found lying at the root of a tree, with her baby clinging to her cold breast, at a spot thence called Ladywood-Edge. The arms of the burgh

* Will not. † Ordnance. †† Day's work.

are sometimes said, but erroneously, to be connected with this story, for the seal in question is that of Kelso Abbey, the monks of which were originally settled at Selkirk, and the figures on the seal represent the Virgin and Child. Apart from tradition, however, there is documentary evidence to prove that the inhabitants of Selkirk responded with spirit to the King's summons to the field, and that every capable hand was impressed to assist in the labour of strengthening the defences of the town. A subsequent silence of two months in the burgh records is perhaps more eloquent than words. (Sir George Douglas's *History of the Border Counties* and Craig-Brown's *Selkirkshire*, vol. ii., 22).

The burgh of Selkirk after Flodden received from James V. many marks of his royal favour, intended to reward the valour and relieve the distress caused by that terrible disaster. The famous song of "The Souters o' Selkirk," sung at the annual Common-Riding, may refer to Flodden, but it is a somewhat dubious point.

(To be Continued.)

BORDER NOTES AND QUERIES.

A CURIOUS PARALLEL.

It is well known that Dryburgh Abbey was consigned to the flames by the exasperated English army when returning from an unsuccessful though extensively prepared invasion of Scotland in 1322. I have read somewhere that the English passed by the tree-embowered monastery without seeing it; but that its situation was unfortunately revealed to them by the pealing of the bells referred to in the extracts provided herewith. In a little work entitled "Dryburgh Abbey: its Monks and its Lords," the seventh edition of which was published in 1888, it is inferred that this occurred in 1314: "It is said that in their retreat from the fatal field of Bannockburn the English army were exasperated by hearing the church-bells of Dryburgh ringing a merry peal in honour of the victory (etc.)." But Morton, in his "Monastic Annals of Teviotdale," gives the year as 1322, and states that "Tradition says the English were provoked by the imprudent triumph of the convent in joyfully ringing the church bells at their departure; the sound of which made them return and burn the abbey, in revenge." I note that Mr Edmund Bogg, when dealing with events of 1544-45 in his "Thousand Miles of Wandering in the Border Country" (page 241) erroneously tags on this legend to Melrose Abbey, in connection with its destruction at the hands of Evers and Latoun. Recently, when perusing a work entitled "Carlisle, Gilsland, The Roman Wall, Hexham," &c., I was struck with a curious parallel to the legend concerning Dryburgh. On page 113 it is said that "Blanchland Abbey was founded in 1165 by Walter de Bolbeck. . . . It is situated 11 miles south from Hexham, . . . in a deeply secluded and finely wooded part of the Derwent. Its abbot was summoned to Parliament in the reign of Edward I. In the same reign it was burnt by the Scots in one of their invasions. It is related that owing to its secluded situation they were unable to discover it, and the monks rang a merry peal over their deliverance. Unfortunately, the Scots were within hearing, and the sound of the bells guided them to the abbey and to its destruction."

The parallelism is significant, and perhaps there are other cases, similar to those indicated above, of which the present writer has no knowledge.

G. WATSON.

* * * *

BRITISH EAST AFRICAN NOTES.

From Nairobi, British East Africa, comes the following interesting communication:—If there is one paper that I read thoroughly it is the BORDER MAGAZINE. All through it is readable and very interesting, but more so to a Borderer. The various articles are pithy and to the point, those of A. L. A. Sudden of St. Boswells (where I lived for two years) especially so. Only I think, with regard to hand-ball (The Ba') that Jedburgh, my native town, is much before St Boswells. However, I have been many years in Africa, but, as one of your correspondents says, no one can ever accuse a Borderer of lack of love for his native land. It is through Mr Kennedy, of Hawick, that I heard of the BORDER MAGAZINE, and Gala, where it is published, I know well. With regard to this country (I came here about three years ago from Ladysmith), it is very young, and no doubt has a great future before it, only at the present time things are a bit stagnant, but no doubt when the lines are laid down for the proper government of the country there is no reason why the country should not go ahead. The climate is ideal (like eternal mild spring)—how many of our weakly brothers and sisters would give their all to be in such a climate—but the country is in a very primitive state still. It is nothing unusual to see a cart with a camel yoked in it, or a lorry with a zebra as one of the team. There have also been lions killed in the town recently, and a few miles out you can see the rhinoceros playing among the trees. However, there have been many accidents of people being clawed by lions, and mostly proved fatal. No doubt as civilisation advances all the game will retreat back towards the Nile and Congo.

"WESTMATER."

[Should any of our readers desire to know more about British East Africa, we will supply our correspondent's name and address, as he signifies his willingness to reply to any enquiries.—Ed. *B.M.*]

* * * *

"DOUCE DAVIE DEANS."

Readers of Scott's "Heart of Midlothian" (written in 1818) cannot fail to be greatly interested in the strict Covenanter and Cameronian, David Deans, the father of the heroic Jeanie and the unfortunate Effie. In that delightful novel, in which he is a prominent character, reference is made to him under various epithets. In chapter viii. and elsewhere he is designated "Douce David (or Davie) Deans," also "Douce Davie" (chapter ix., etc.), and "Davie Deans" (chapter ix.); while in chapter xviii. the term "Cameronian" is applied to him.

It may be of interest to draw attention to the fact that these names were transferred to a horse of which the great novelist—apparently afterwards—obtained possession. Writing from Castle Street in Edinburgh to Adam Ferguson on 11th February, 1823, Scott says:—"I am much interested by the account of your distresses, as well as by some details from Will Laidlaw, who describes himself as swimming through the snow, on the

back of old Cameronian Davie Deans, like a leviathan through the waters." If Laidlaw's account of this incident has been published, I have failed to locate it.

There is a further and more complete reference to this steed in Lockhart's "Life of Scott," when dealing with the events of the year 1827:—"Sibyl Grey had been dismissed in consequence of the accident at the Catrail; and he (Scott) had now stooped his pride to a sober, steady creature, of very humble blood; dun, with black mane and legs; by name Douce Davie, alias the Covenanter. This, the last of his steeds, by the way, had been previously in the possession of a jolly old laird in a neighbouring county, and acquired a distinguished reputation by its skill in carrying him home safely when dead drunk. Douce Davie, on such occasions, accommodated himself to the swerving balance of his rider with such nice discrimination that, on the laird's death, the country people expected a vigorous competition for the sagacious animal; but the club-companions of the defunct stood off to a man, when it was understood that the Sheriff coveted the succession."

The steed's characteristic of making in the direction of home without any guidance reminds one of the peculiar qualities of "Rory Bean," the Highland palfrey of the Laird of Dumbiedykes (see "Heart of Midlothian," chapters xii., xiii., and xxvi.). But doubtless the epithet "Douce Davie" was bestowed upon Scott's horse for reasons not apparent in the above passages.

G. Watson.

* * * *

"BURKE SIR WALTER."

Both for the sake of the writer and the cause he is advocating we have much pleasure in giving further publicity to the following letter which appeared in a recent issue of the "Spectator":—

Sir,—In the "Spectator" of October 12 there is an article on "Anonymous Voices," in which the following occurs:—"Vox populi, vox Dei? It may be so, on the whole; but we would exclude such a shout as that Jedburgh one of 'Burke Sir Walter!'—perhaps the meanest cry ever raised as a good grey head went past." Let us examine the position. The occasion on which it was said to have occurred was on the visit of Sir Walter Scott to Jedburgh on May 18, 1831, at the time of the agitation for the Reform Bill. Lockhart in his Life says:—"The scene within (the hall) was much what has been described under the date of March 21, except that though he attempted to speak from the bench not a word was audible, such was the frenzy." So much for Lockhart: what about other authorities? An eye-witness thus writes in 1894: "I was both an eye and an ear witness in the town hall. I remember as if yesterday listening to Sir Walter Scott's last public speech. . . . He sat on the left of the chair, and also on the left of the platform, being the youngest baronet. He appeared to be feeble and shaky, but spoke in a clear and distinct utterance. The meeting throughout listened with the greatest reverence during the whole of his address. His closing sentence certainly roused some indignation, but then remember the times." Again, Lockhart says, referring to the town: "In fact it was almost wholly in the hands of a disciplined rabble, chiefly weavers from Hawick." Again, let us draw upon the testimony of an independent party: "As for the statement that the thousand men from Hawick were blackguards, the statement is a calumny; had they been so, they were sufficiently numerous to have wrecked the town; even Sir Walter bears testimony that they did no mischief. When evening came they set out on their long march home in as orderly a manner as when they entered the town." He further says nothing was heard at the time of stone-throwing, and the cry of "Burke Sir Walter!" had been the outburst of one or two foolish individuals. Through the courtesy of the proprietor, I am enabled to quote from the "Kelso Mail" (the Conservative organ) of date May 19, 1831: "Numerous parties of constables lined the streets, but an occasional hiss against an obnoxious individual was all that passed, and there was no occasion for the exertion of the civic power." The partisans of the two parties dined later in the same inn, "without the slightest interruption from the populace, the town remaining as quiet for several hours as if the election had not occupied the mind of the public through the day." Surely sufficient has been said to show that there was no organised attempt to insult Sir Walter, who had many friends in the town, and was respected there as in the whole Border district.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. Lindsay Hilson.

Public Library, Kelso.

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TWO PEN PICTURES OF THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

In the December number of the Border Magazine are two pen pictures of Scott. Says Arthur C. Benson, "I wept . . . to think of that kindly, brave, and honourable heart, and the passionate love of all the goodly and cheerful joys of life and earth."

The other picture is by G. W. M., quoted from the "Glasgow Evening Times," of one who "had 'no compunctious visitings' about wiping out the Riddels of Lilliesleaf and annexing their land to his small estate." I prefer Benson's picture infinitely, because of its truth and good feeling. G. W. M.'s picture is cruel in its want of feeling, or rather in its presence of biassed prejudice. Scott had nothing to do with "wiping out the Riddels of Lilliesleaf." The loss of their estate was due to causes with which Scott had as little to do as G. W. M. And when he bought that, or any other, land he paid full market value for it. Lockhart says "he proceeded buying up lot after lot of unimproved ground at 'extravagant prices.'" In a letter to Laidlaw anent his projected occupation of Kaeside, his amanuensis having hinted that the feelings of Laird Moss, who had sold and still occupied the homestead, might have been overlooked, Scott says:—"I have not put Mr Moss to any inconvenience, for I only requested an answer, giving him leave to sit if he had a mind, and of free will he leaves my premises void and redd at Whitsunday." Lockhart truly describes this as "a truly charming picture of thoughtful and respectful delicacy on both sides."

As to Scott's having no "compunctious visitings" in wiping out an old family and annexing their land, Lockhart says of Lilliesleaf, on a certain occasion "he (Scott) had some negotiation to look after, and when he had finished it he rode with us all round the ancient woods of Riddell, but would not go near the house; I suppose lest any of the

afflicted family might be there." And then came the quotation which G. W. M. gives, "Many were the lamentations over the catastrophe which had just befallen them," &c. And what was the cause of the "wiping out" of this ancient family? Surely nothing that Scott had even the slightest sympathy with. Scott shall tell the cause—"because one good worthy gentleman would not be contented to enjoy his horses, his hounds, and his bottle of claret, like thirty or forty predecessors, but must needs turn scientific agriculturist, take almost all his fair estate into his own hands, superintend for himself perhaps a hundred ploughs, and try every new nostrum that has been tabled by the quackish 'improvers' of the time."

One other instance of Scott's want (!) of "compunctious visitings." Lockhart tells us of "a certain then ruinous tower that predominated, with a few co-eval trees, over the farm houses and cottages" forming the hamlet of Darnick. Scott had thoughts of seeking to purchase the place, but when the owner of it "resolved on fitting it up for the evening retreat of his own life his Grace of Darnick was too happy to waive his pretensions," alluding to the kindly nick-name the villagers had given to the laird of the land in the neighbourhood.

Truly, the portrait by Benson is the one agreeable to the universal conception of Scott as not only a great man but also most essentially good.

Harden, Gainford. WALTER SCOTT.

[The initials given above are correct, but, owing to a blurr on the copy we had we quoted them differently in our last issue. All lovers of Scott will be pleased to read his namesake's able defence of the Wizard's action.—Ed., "B. M."]

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SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE RIDDELLS OF RIDDELL.

Another esteemed contributor deals with the above subject in similar terms to the foregoing, and, after quoting as above, he says:—The statements of the writer in "Glasgow Evening Times" seem to me somewhat self-contradictory, but at all events Scott had certainly nothing to do with the "wiping out" of the Riddells of Riddell, nor am I aware that any part of the Riddell estate was bought by Scott and annexed to Abbotsford. The last Riddell "of that ilk" was Sir John R. Riddell, M.P. for the Selkirk Burghs, who died in April, 1819, and a few years after the estate was sold, after it had been in possession of the family for upwards of six centuries and a half. Scott closes his account of the catastrophe with these words:—"And what makes the thing ten times more wonderful is, that he kept day-book and ledger, and all the rest of it, as accurately as if he had been a cheesemonger in the Grassmarket." Lockhart adds, not ineptly:—"Some of the most remarkable circumstances in Scott's own subsequent life have made me often recall this conversation—with more wonder than he expressed about the ruin of the Riddells." Doubtless it would have been better for Sir Walter if he, too, had kept "day-book and ledger and all the rest of it." Sir John Riddell and Sir Walter Scott were both good business men, yet both lamentably failed in their book-keeping!

A. G., S.

SCOTT AT FLODDEN.

F. A. J., in the "Berwickshire Advertiser," as quoted in the December number of this magazine, seems inclined to doubt the sequel of the "Drink-and-pay" story, on grounds that seem to me quite inadequate. Lockhart says distinctly that "Scott was delighted to find, on his return, that the suggestion had been adopted, and, for aught I know, the romantic legend may still be visible." The incident in question belongs to September, 1812, ninety-five years ago. Lockhart tells us that Scott was fond of telling both stories (the "laudamy" and "calamy" one has already been given in the "B. M." for June, 1903) down to the end of his days. If we do not accept the sequel, we shall have to suppose that Scott added it himself, if not "to point a moral," at least "to adorn the tale."

A. G., S.

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"SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS FRIENDS."

This well-known picture, by Thomas Faed, R.A., is a purely imaginary piece, and represents Scott seated among his literary friends at Abbotsford. In those days Scott entertained lavishly at his "romance in stone and lime," which, to use his own words, was often "like a cried fair," or as Lady Scott put it, it was the "hotel widout de pay." The following account of the picture from W. S. Crockett's "The Scott Country," may perhaps interest your correspondent, "Borderer No. 3":—"Sir Walter is reading the manuscript of a new novel. Henry Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' to whom he dedicated 'Waverley,' occupies the place of honour to the right of Scott, and the Ettrick Shepherd is seated on his left. Christopher North's portly presence leans over the back of a chair. Next to him, the poet Crabbe is gazing intently at Scott. Then come Lockhart, Wordsworth, and Jeffrey. Sir Adam Ferguson, cross-legged, immediately faces Scott, and behind him Moore and Campbell sit opposite each other. At the end of the table are the printers Constable and Ballantyne, and at their back, standing, the painters Allan and Wilkie. George Thomson is seated on the extreme left, while Sir Humphrey Davy is examining a sword-hilt."

BORDERER No. 4.

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DAVID THOMSON, THE GALASHIELS POET.

Could any readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE kindly supply us with some further information regarding this Galashiels worthy "of the days that are no more," in addition to what may be gathered from the pages of Lockhart?

In the "Life" he is mentioned as a worthy weaver, known and honoured all over Teviotdale as "the Galashiels Poet." In those days, we are told, the weavers of Galashiels used to have a great annual gathering and dinner early in October, when their Deacon and Convener for the year entered on his office. To this gathering Sir Walter usually received an invitation in verse penned by the Galashiels bard. "At the first of these celebrations," says Lockhart, "that ensued the forthcoming of Rob Roy, this bard delighted his compeers, and not less their guest, by chanting a clever parody on the excellent song of 'Donald Caird' (i.e. 'Tinker'), the chorus being—in place of Scott's—

"'Dinna let the Shirra ken,
Donald Caird's come home again,'—
Think ye, does the Shirra ken,
Rob MacGregor's come again."

"It was a pleasant thing to see the annual procession of these weavers of Galashiels—or (for they were proud enough to adopt the name) of 'Gandercleuch'—as they advanced from their village with John of Skye at their head, and the banners of their craft all displayed, to meet Sir Walter and his family at the ford, and escort them in splendour to the scene of the great festivity. And well pleased was he 'to share the triumph and partake the gale' of Deacon Wood or Deacon Walker—and a proud man was Laureate Thomson when his health was proposed by the 'brother bard' of Abbotsford. At this Galashiels festival the Ettrick Shepherd also was a regular attendant. He used to come down the night before, and accompany Sir Walter in the only carriage that graced the march; and many of Hogg's best ballads were produced for the first time amidst the cheers of the men of Gandercleuch. Meeting Poet Thomson not long since in a different part of the country," continues Lockhart, "he ran up to me, with the tears in his eyes, and exclaimed, 'Eh, sir, it does me good to see you—for it puts me in mind of the grand days in our town, when Scott and Hogg were in their glory—and we were a' leal Tories!' Galashiels is now a nest of Radicalism—but I doubt if it be a happier place than in the times of Deacon Wood and Deacon Walker."

In Scott's "Journal" (under date Dec. 12, 1825) occurs this interesting passage:—"Hogg came to breakfast this morning, and brought for his companion the Galashiels bard, David Thomson, as to a meeting of 'huz Tividale poets.' The honest grunter opines, with a delightful naiveté, that 'Muir's' (Tom Moore) verses are far owre sweet—answered by Thomson that Moore's ear or notes, I forget which, were finely strung. 'They are far owre finely strung,' replied he of the Forest, 'for mine are just right.' It reminded me of Queen Bess, when questioning Melville sharply and closely whether Mary was taller than her, and extracting an answer in the affirmative, she replied—'Then your Queen is too tall, for I am just the proper height.'"

There is a specimen of Thomson's verse given by Lockhart—a poetical invitation to Sir Walter for the Galashiels festival for October, 1822. He appears to have published in 1816 a volume of verse entitled "The Forest Fray: A Poem in two Cantos."

A. G., S.

BURNS AND MOFFAT.

THE associations of Moffat with the poet Burns are not very numerous, but though lacking in quantity their quality is excellent, and they are extremely interesting, as some of his finest and sweetest songs have either their theme or their scene in this locality.

In the year 1775 at Craigieburn, Moffatdale, Jean Lorimer was born—the Chloris of after years whose many charms and bonny blue e'en had such a potent influence on the poet's muse, that no less than thirty of his very best productions were inspired by her, the local song, "Sweet fa's the even on Craigieburn," being one of his sweetest, and is said to have been composed to aid a Mr Gillespie, a fellow-official in the excise, in his wooing of Miss Lorimer.

Another association with Moffat was his friendship with Mr Clark, the parish schoolmaster. Mr Clark while here had a difference of opinion with the local patrons of the school, and in the interests of his friendship the poet, under date of 11th June, 1791, wrote a letter to Allan Cunningham, bespeaking his influence among the Edinburgh magistrates and town councillors of his acquaintance, who were the patrons of the Moffat school, and before whom Mr Clark's difference had to come for consideration. The letter closes recommending Mr Clark to his acquaintance and good offices, "his worth entitles him to the one, and his gratitude will merit the other." Mr Clark subsequently was appointed to a school in Forfar, and it was to Mr Clark at Forfar that Burns, a little over three weeks before his death, penned that pathetic letter beginning "Still, still the victim of affliction; were you to see the emaciated figure who now holds the pen to you, you would not know your old friend," and requesting him to forward by return of post another (guinea) note. The general correspondence between Burns and Clark has not been preserved. Mrs Clark, after her husband's death, destroyed them owing to their rather free language.

Then Moffat is the scene where occurred that "handsome apology for scrimpt nature," the noted epigram on Miss Davies—

"Ask why God made the gem so small, and why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set the higher value on it."

The occasion of this epigram was the poet and a friend observing Miss Davies, who was very small, riding past in company with a lady of very portly dimensions. The lines were afterwards inscribed on a pane of glass in the window of the room in the inn where he and his friend were sitting.

The precise inn in Moffat which was thus honoured has hitherto been a matter of conjecture, and although I am unable at present to decide the matter definitely, I hope to be able to throw some light on it that will bring it nearer solution. Some of the editors of the poet's works state the place as being the inn or the principal inn at Moffat; others again state the Black Bull as the place. Mr M'Dowall, in his "Burns in Dumfriesshire," gives the Black Bull, and Mr Kemp in "Convivial Caledonia," does the same. Mr Lowe, in "Scots Wanderjahre," gives the Spur Inn (now known as Proudfoot House) as the enchanted spot, and says: "Here it was according to local tradition—guide-books to the contrary—that Burns stayed briefly in the autumn of 1788, and it was on a window of the Spur that he scrawled the impromptu verse." None of the editors of Burns' works, or any of the above writers on the subject, had seen the original pane of glass, at least while it remained in the inn window. However, we have the evidence of one individual who had seen it. I refer to the Rev. William MacRitchie, minister of the parish of Clunie, Perthshire, who in 1795 made a tour through Great Britain. During this tour he kept a diary, which was published in the

year 1897. The diarist travelled on horseback, and "left the Bield, Tweedsmuir, on Friday morning, the 26th June, and arrived at Rae's Inn, Moffat, to breakfast at 11 o'clock a.m., where read the following lines written on the glass in one of the windows of the room where I breakfasted: 'On seeing Mrs Kemble in the character of "Yarico" at Dumfries, 1794:

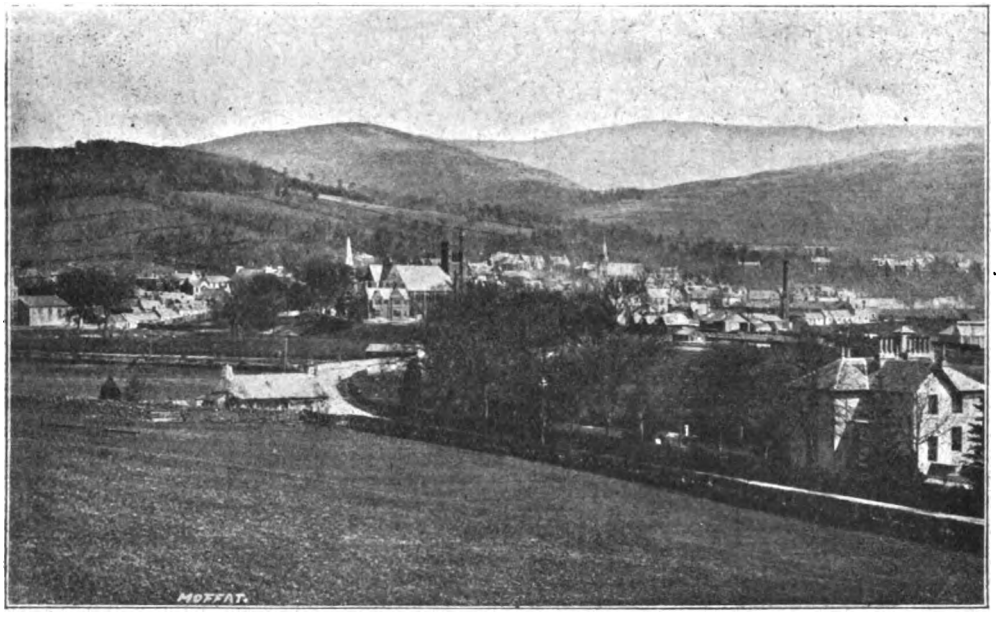
"Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief of Moses and his rod,
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief, the rock with tears had flow'd.
R. B."

'On being asked why God had made Miss Davies so small and Mrs D—— so big:

'Ask why God made the gem so small, and why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set the higher value on it.'"

The lines regarding Mrs Kemble are rather interesting as appearing with Burns' initials on the window of Rae's Inn. According to Allan Cunningham, the poet wrote these lines in Mrs Riddle's box in the Dumfries Theatre. Mrs Kemble's first appearance at Dumfries Theatre was in October, 1794, and we find them scratched by Burns on a window in Moffat on the 26th June of the following year; but there is no saying how long before that date they were inscribed. The editor of Mr MacRitchie's tour in a note mentions "that in all likelihood they were written at Moffat for the first time, as it was very unlikely that he would quote himself." Miss Davies' epigram has not the poet's initials. The diarist gives a list of "company at Moffat," presumably staying at Rae's Inn, but he does not state so. These are Lady Lockhart Ross; Mr Irvin, West Indies; Mr Dalzel of Glenae; Mr Ogilvy of Chesters; Mr Hume of Bassington (Bassingdean); Capt. Lockhart, Royal Navy, son of the late Lord Covington, one of the first Lords of Session; Mr Paisley, banker; Mr Carruthers of Howmains, &c. Mr MacRitchie only rested a few hours at Moffat, as he went on to Dumfries the same day, but he had stayed at Moffat the previous year for a short while.

To endeavour to locate Rae's Inn I have consulted the old minute-book of the Justices of the Peace for the county, who were the licensing authorities for granting licences for retailing ale, beer, and other excisable liquors, and I find that James Rae, vintner, was granted a licence in 1786, and that this licence was continued annually till and including 1795. The full list of licences granted for Moffat in 1795 were as follows:—James Brand, in Auldhousehill; James Rae, vintner; S. M'Millan, merchant; Alex. Craig, merchant, James Proudfoot, innkeeper; William Harkness; Thomas Greive, innkeeper; John Dickson, innkeeper; Archibald Johnstone, innkeeper; Robt. Russell, watchmaker; James Kirkpatrick, innkeeper; John Bell, flesher; Andrew Rutherford; Robert Murray, constable; John Murray, shoemaker; John Lowe, gardener; Wm. Lithhead; James Balchild, vintner; Margaret Bell in Newbigging; Archibald Smith at Annan Bridge-end. In the above list there are two parties described as vintners. At that time this description would apply to persons who kept a superior establishment for the entertainment of man and beast, to that of the ordinary inn or "yill hoose." In these days tea was a luxury, enjoyed by common folks on New Year's



MOFFAT.

Day or some other "red-letter day" in their calendar, their regular beverage being ale, mostly home brewed, while the gentry and upper classes consumed sack, Canary, and other wines. It is most unfortunate that the licensing minutes quoted do not give the names of the inns for which the licences were granted, but there can be no doubt that the vintners' establishments would be the King's Arms (now the Annandale Arms) and Rae's Inn, James Balchild being in the King's Arms and James Rae in his own establishment. Corroboration of the fact of the vintners being the principal inn is given in the licensing list for 1803, where John Wright, vintner, is granted a licence. From another source I learn that Wright was tenant of the King's Arms.

The present proprietor's titles for the Spur Inn (now known as Proudfoot House) only date from 1818. In that year the proprietor, Alex. Craig, disposed of the property to James Carr, Harrington, Cumberland. Alex. Craig is described in the disposition granted to James Carr as innkeeper, and his name appears on the licensing list from the year 1784 till after 1795, and in the list he is described variously as merchant or innkeeper. As Mr Craig would be proprietor of the Spur Inn for a number of years before he sold it, this, I think, disposes of any claim the Spur Inn may have to the epigram. The titles of the property prior to 1818 would in all probability be recalled by the superior, and the existing titles granted. Nearly all the old titles in Moffat were recalled by the superior and new titles granted in the early decades of the 1800's. According to the titles of the Black Bull, which date from the year 1779, Elizabeth Duncan and John Spence Duncan were the proprietors, and in 1786 one Archibald Murray acquired a part interest, and it remained in their hands till 1821. Neither the name of Duncan or Archibald Murray appear on the licensing list (the names of a John and Robert Murray do). It is therefore evident that the Black Bull was not occupied by any of its proprietors, but was in the hands of a tenant, whose name will appear on the licensing list already given for the year 1795, but whose identity is at present unknown. But at that time the Black Bull had no claim to being one of the principal inns of Moffat, as it was the recognised headquarters for the carriers' carts, of which over eighty passed through Moffat every week going to and from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dumfries, and Carlisle, and this characteristic it retained till the entry of the "iron horse" destroyed the carriers' trade. With regard to Rae's Inn, the Raes were a well-known Moffat family, the last of whom emigrated to Australia in the year 1848. Rae Street, a narrow street on the west side of the High Street, next the Buccleuch Hotel, derives its name from them. The Buccleuch Hotel (it was not known by that name till after 1860) was their property and in their occupation till they left the place, when they sold it to Mrs Cranstoun, at that time tenant of the Annandale Arms, and I think we may safely assume that Rae's Inn in 1795 occupied nearly the same site. Mr Fingland, the present owner, informs me that his titles, which date from 1799, are in James Rae's name. The fact of the titles not bearing an earlier date is easily accounted for. Formerly all the buildings with their grounds in Moffat were held from the superior on short leases, and from about the year 1772 till the end of the century nearly all these leases expired and fell again into the hands of the superior and his successor, the Earl of Hopetoun, who removed a great number of the buildings altogether, and set back the building line on the west side of High Street at least 30 feet, and then refeued the ground again. Mr Rae's original title had in all likelihood lapsed, and the present title represents the refeuing and rebuilding of the premises, which were acquired by Mrs Cranstoun in 1848, and afterwards altered by her to the Buccleuch Hotel, as we now know it. The Buccleuch Hotel will be at least 30 feet back from where the original building stood previous to 1799, Churchgate, the entrance to the town on the Dumfries road, at the time being only a street twelve feet wide. So that, taking into consideration the history of this property and its connection with the Raes, the fact that James Rae is always described as a vintner, the quality of the visitors he accommodated, as shown by MacRitchie's list, all point to Rae's Inn being a house of superior character and accommodation, and justify the assumption that the famous epigram was written in a building now non-existent but somewhere near the site of the present Buccleuch Hotel. It is possible that at some future time some definite information may crop up and decide the point; meantime I have been unable to get any further information.

Nothing is known authentically about the further history of the pane of glass, except that it has disappeared. Tradition asserts that it was taken away to Russia by the Czar Nicholas I. when he visited Scotland, but a more feasible explanation may be given. In 1779 relics of the poet were not so highly prized as they are now, and when Rae's old inn was removed the window with the pane of glass would most likely disappear along with the building.

Another of our local links with the poet is the famous convival song, "O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut." A number of the editions of the poet's works, Allan Cunningham's for instance, give the scene as the Laggan in Nithsdale, a small estate which William Nichol had bought on the advice of the poet, and the occasion the house-heating on Nichol's entry into possession. All our local guide-books and Kemp's "Convivial Caledonia" refer it to a wayside alehouse at Craigieburn, on the site of the house now known as Burns' Cottage. In the chapter on "Remarks on Scottish Songs" Burns refers to Moffat as the scene. "This air is Masterton's, the song mine. The occasion of it was this: Mr Wm. Nichol, of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn vacation being at Moffat, honest Allan, who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton, and I went to pay him a visit. We had such a joyous meeting that Mr Masterton and I agreed each in our own way that we should celebrate the event." The probable time of this visit to Moffat is by Robert Chambers' "Life and Works of Robert Burns," vol. iii., p. 64, fixed between August 13th and September 25th, 1789. There can be no dubiety about the meeting taking place in Moffat, but I very much doubt of its taking place at or near the present Burns Cottage at Craigieburn. In the licensing court minutes already referred to the name and address of the applicant for a

licence, if he resided outside the town of Moffat, are always given. Thus John Johnstone had a licence for Auldhouse Hill, afterwards held by James Brand; Thomas Henderson for Nethermill Burnfoot, and Archibald Smith at Annan Bridge-end. If there had been a licensed house at Craigieburn the name would have been mentioned. Licence-holders in Kirkpatrick-Juxta, Wamphray, and Johnstone have all their residences given as well as the name of the parish. That being so, we may presume that a place in the town of Moffat was the scene, and here tradition asserts that it occurred in a small inn at the Kirkyard gate. Now, in the year 1764 one Archibald Blacklock feued a site and built a house, which in its titles is described as bounded on its north side by "the new entrance to the kirkyard." And this individual, Archibald Blacklock (or another of the same name), held a licence according to the minute book from 1779 to 1792, so that Archibald Blacklock's house fulfils all the requirements of the tradition, and unless the existence of an alehouse at Craigieburn can be proved from some other source we may reasonably conclude that the "three merry boys" held "their joyous meeting" and preed the "barley bree" till "wha last beside his chair shall fa', he is the king among us three," in the inn beside the kirkyard gate.

There is another tradition regarding a verse-making competition between Burns and three Englishmen, which occurred on one of his visits, but as the same story is claimed as having occurred at several other places I do not guarantee the tale. It refers to the tale of Burns opening the room door of an inn and drawing back when he saw the room was occupied by three strangers, one of whom observing Burns before he got the door closed shouted, "Come in, Johnny Peep." Burns joined the company, who proved to be all good fellows, and a merry meeting resulted. In the course of the sitting one of the strangers proposed that each should write a verse of poetry and put it with half-a-crown under the candlestick, the one producing the best verse to have his stake returned, while the balance was to be spent in liquor to prolong the evening's enjoyment. The lines produced by Burns were:

Here am I, Johnny Peep;
I saw three sheep,
And these three sheep saw me;
Half-a-crown a-piece
Will pay for their fleece,
And so Johnny Peep gets free.

Burns was acclaimed the victor, one of the strangers exclaiming that he must either be Bobby Burns or the Devil, the happy party not separating till the early hours of morning.

The place where this is said to have occurred at Moffat was in an alehouse which would occupy the site of what is now the Buccleuch Hotel bar; at that time it was the house adjoining Rae's Inn. It was firmly believed in by the late Miss Cranstoun, of the Annandale and Buccleuch Hotels. This family came to Moffat in 1820, and occupied the Spur Inn till 1838, when they removed to the Annandale. And in 1820 the traditions regarding these matters would be much fresher and stronger than they are now, and also more reliable.

These are all the associations of Burns with Moffat of which I am aware, and I am sorry that in discussing them there is so little direct evidence to rely on, and so much which is circumstantial.

J. T. JOHNSTONE.

Doubtless many of our older Borderers will remember how they looked forward to the arrival of "Orr's Scottish Almanac" or some similar publication, and the zest with which they read the jokes, &c., on the last page. What would we not give now for one taste of that early appreciation of simple things. Almanacs, calendars, &c., are now almost numberless, but the following will show that there were, in former times, difficulties in the way of enterprising publishers:—The almanacs of the Stationers' Company, which are this year being published by Messrs Cassell, are a survival of the days when the company enjoyed with the Universities the sole right of producing almanacs. A decree of the Star Chamber in 1556 allowed the Stationers' Company to search printing presses, shops, and warehouses, and to seize and destroy seditious books. Twenty years later the Government became alarmed at the spread of education, and obliged every printer to certify his presses to the Stationers' Company on pain of having them destroyed and being himself imprisoned No new presses were to be set up until the "excessive multitude of printers" had been reduced to such a number as the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London should think fit. "Great days of old," certainly!

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Our young Borderers might profitably ponder the following:—Young men who are beginning life would do well to devote one evening a week to scientific reading. Beginning such a scheme at, say, the age of twenty, one could quite well conceive the reader possessing an unusually well-furnished mind at thirty, which "would stand him in right good stead in whatever line of life he might walk." Such is the advice with which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle opens the twelfth and last article of his series of book talks in "Cassell's Magazine." Some of his remarks on the subject are worth quoting—notably that in which he advises the young reader to avoid the text books, which repel, and cultivate that popular science which attracts. One cannot hope to be a specialist on all these varied subjects, and it is better far to have a broad idea of general results, and to understand their relations to each other. A very little reading will give you such knowledge of geology, he remarks, as will make every quarry and railway cutting an object of interest. So with entomology, a brief study of which will enable you "to satisfy your curiosity as to what is the proper name and style of this buff ermine moth which at the present moment is buzzing round the lamp." And so with botany, archæology, astronomy, enabling one to recognise every flower in our walks abroad, help you to fill in the outline of the Roman camp, and cause you to look more intently at the heavens, and "to appreciate the order, beauty, and majesty of that material universe which is most surely the outward sign of the spiritual force behind it."

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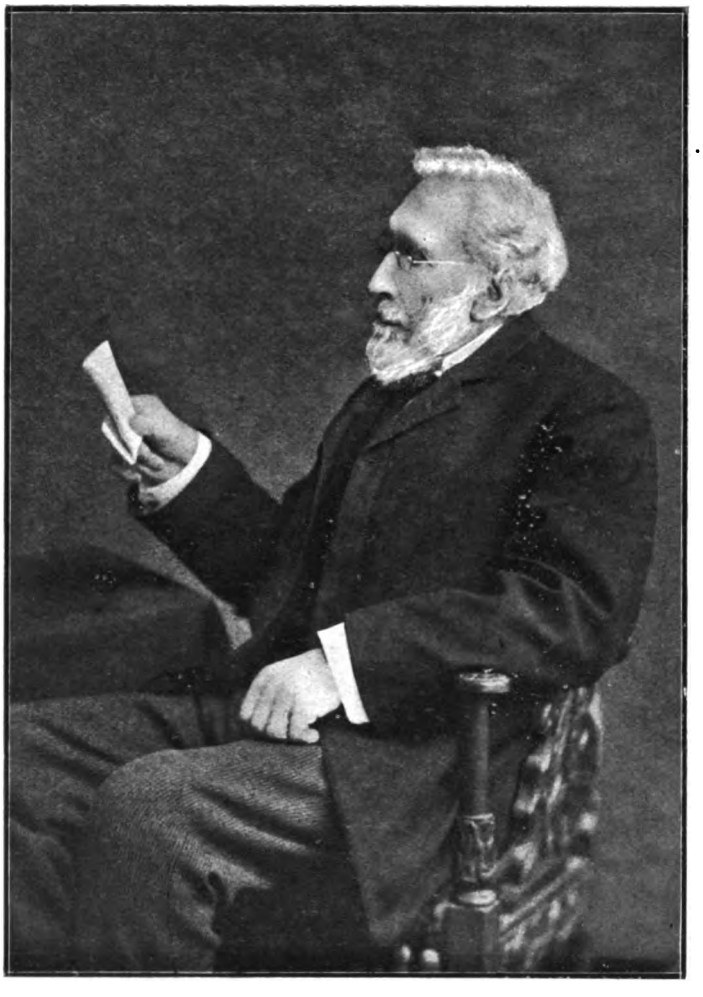
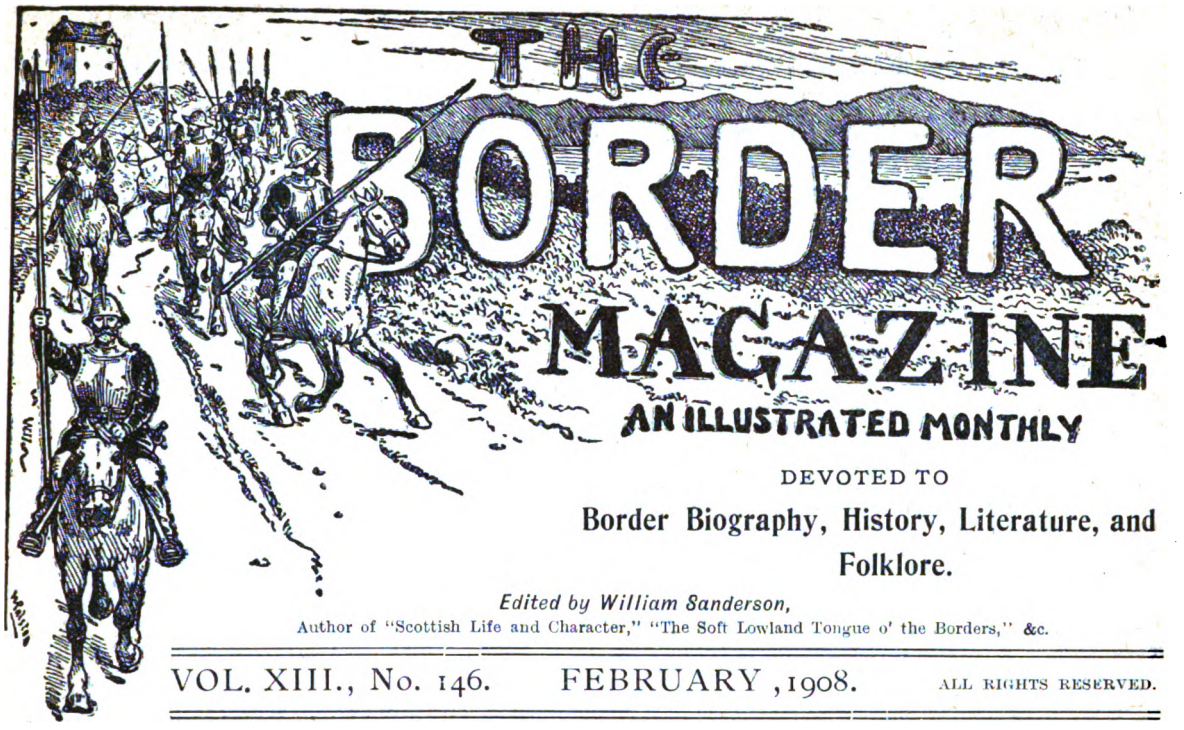


CORNELIUS LUNDIE, CARDIFF.



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CORNELIUS LUNDIE, CARDIFF.

A LINK WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WE are now so far removed from the days of the author of "Waverley" that it comes as a pleasant surprise when we make the acquaintance of a hale and hearty old gentleman, who not only saw Sir Walter Scott, but had the honour of lunching with him at Abbotsford. Mr Cornelius Lundie, of Cardiff, although almost completing his ninety-third year, still takes an active interest in the affairs of everyday life, and is the oldest Railway director in England. Three years ago he retired from the active charge of the railway director in England. Three years lowing admirable sketch of his career appeared in the "Western Mail":—

Cornelius Lundie was born in May, 1815, at Kelso, on the Tweed, in the County of Roxburgh, where his father and grandfather had been ministers of the parish for nearly a century between them. Having received his early education at home under private tutors, he attended classes in physical and mathematical science in the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow during several winter sessions, working through the summer in the shops of a country millwright at Kelso.

After the death of his father, which occurred in 1832, he took service under Mr Charles Atherton, the resident engineer on the works of the Broomielaw Bridge, then being erected at Glasgow over the Clyde, from the designs of the late Thomas Telford, who, however, did not live to see its completion. Mr Atherton was at the same time engineer for the Trustees of the River Clyde, and under them he had charge of the works of improvement on the river and of the harbours of Glasgow and Port-Glasgow. In the year 1836 Mr Lundie removed to the county of Durham, where, under the late Thomas Rhodes, then engineer for the Exchequer Loan Office, he was entrusted with the completion and early working of the Clarence Railway, which traversed the county between the city of Durham and Stockton-on-Tees and Port Clarence, on the north side of the river, where coal was just beginning to be shipped, opposite to what has now become the great ironmaking town of Middlesbrough, which at that time had no existence. The Clarence Railway has been long absorbed by the North-Eastern Railway Company, and forms a part of their main track from north to south. At the time referred to the rails of the permanent way weighed 40 lb. per yard, and were laid upon stone blocks measuring 1 ft. 6 in. and 2 ft. square, except on new embankments, where round larch sleepers measuring 6 in. to 8 in. in diameter were used with the idea that they would be replaced by stone blocks as soon as the newly-laid embankments should have settled down. Locomotive engines made by Timothy Hackworth, of Shildon, were used for mineral traffic, the weight of the engines being restricted to nine tons and their speed to six miles per hour, while the pas-

sengers were conveyed in carriages of the pattern of the old mail-coaches, mounted on railway trucks and drawn by horses, which was thought the safer and more suitable method, even although passenger trains had been drawn by locomotive engines then for several years on the Liverpool and Manchester and the Stockton and Darlington Railways.

The works of construction on the Clarence Railway having been finished, and a time of dulness in the engineering world having set in, Mr Lundie left in the year 1839 for New South Wales, which colony was just at that time enjoying a large share of public attention.

During the years 1840-41 Mr Lundie was consulted on various schemes of mining and irrigation, and was employed in surveying for a line of railway between the port of Newcastle, on the River Hunter, and the town of Maitland, on the same river, the first coalpit in the colony having just been sunk at Newcastle by the Australian Agricultural Company, hence the origin of the name of the place.

By the year 1841, however, a time of great depression had fallen upon the colony in consequence of the price of wool, the staple product of the country, having fallen from 2s 6d per lb. to somewhere about 1s per lb., while at the same time the cheap convict labour had been withdrawn from the settlers, and the first Chinese war had nearly trebled the price of tea, which was the sole beverage in the country parts of the territory, and was supplied as part of the wages to all farm servants, as well as food, sugar, soap, and tobacco. In fact, the price of all articles of consumption went up, while that of all the products of the country went down, and the result was that no money could be found for engineering works.

In consequence of all this Mr Lundie, finding himself out of work, applied himself to the staple industries of the country—that is, the rearing of cattle and sheep in the interior, then known as "the Bush," living in tents or bark huts, and often sleeping in the open air by a "bush fire." The climate is genial, and the life was pleasant enough, the greater part of the day being spent on horseback; in fact, the life from day to day seemed to be one continual picnic. But it is possible to have enough even of that. Gold-digging had not begun, nor had the exportation of frozen meat been thought of, and the price of produce did not rise. For instance, a herd of fat bullocks was brought to Sydney Market, and the price offered by the butchers was 30s per head. The bullocks were eventually boiled down for their tallow, and the net produce was about £2 10s per head. Hence, finding that he was not adding to his substance, Mr Lundie returned to the old country in the year 1847.

In that very year gold was found in the colony in a form to be worked profitably. A rush was made to the "diggings" from all parts of the world, the population increased, and a good demand arose for all the produce of the country, and, as a consequence, the price of everything rose, and a wave of prosperity flowed over the whole region. No doubt, had Mr Lundie remained he would have shared in the general prosperity. As it was, he came home with his capital very considerably diminished.

At once on reaching England Mr Lundie took service under Mr Brassey, the father of the present Lord Brassey, who was then engaged in making railways extending from Preston, in Lancashire, to Edinburgh and Glasgow, besides extensive works in the North of France. To Mr Lundie was entrusted the making of that part of the Caledonian Railway extending from Moffat, in Dumfries-shire, to the Beattock Summit, where the railway surmounts the ridge of the Lead Hills, whence it descends to the valley of the Clyde. After the completion of the Caledonian Railway Mr Lundie spent some years upon an estate in Lincolnshire, where he was charged with the improvement of the farm buildings, the installation of quarries and brickworks, and for the time he acted as agent for the estate.

Having finished his engagement in Lincolnshire in the year 1851, and casting about for some useful enterprise, Mr Lundie, turning his attention to the state of things in Ireland after the severe famine, took a tract of land in the West of the Island, upon which he spent about four years of hard work and some capital, but, as the yield did not come up to his expectations, he accepted in the year 1855 the combined offices of engineer and manager of the little railway then known as the "Blyth and Tyne" (which has long since been absorbed in the great North-Eastern system), leaving it (the Blyth and Tyne) in a fairly prosperous condition.

In the year 1861 Mr Lundie removed to County of Glamorgan, where he took charge of the affairs of the Rhymney Railway, having its terminus at the Bute Docks at Cardiff, and supplying the means of transit for the coal and iron and other traffic, including passengers, of the Rhymney Valley, with its tributary valleys, as well as of that arising from its through connections by rail with the railways of the Great Western, the London and North-Western, and other railways to the east, west, and north of the county.

On the Rhymney Railway Mr Lundie's responsibilities extended to the charge of all the working departments (exclusive, however, of the secretarial, accountant, and audit offices), the working of all aforesaid departments he conducted for over forty-three years, during which time the extent of the railway was doubled and its revenue increased by six times.

During last summer Mr Lundie enjoyed a holiday in Perthshire, and while so engaged he heard of some important business in London. Without hesitation he journeyed to the Metropolis, and was back again in the North within two days. During one of the Perthshire drives he entered freely into conversation with his fellow-passengers, and one of them made mental notes to such purpose that he contributed an article to the "Scottish Review," a journal which should be supported by all true Scots. We have much pleasure in quoting the article as follows:—

One of the few remaining links with the author of "Waverley" is Mr Cornelius Lundie, of the busy Welsh seaport town of Cardiff. Mr Lundie is a son of the manse, and was born at Kelso in 1815, where his father and grandfather had been

the ministers of the parish for the long space of a century between them.

In early life he was associated with Telford the celebrated engineer, and was one of his assistants in superintending the construction of the Broomielaw Bridge in Glasgow. This would be about the year 1833. Pursuing his engineering profession, Mr Lundie was employed in the survey and construction of the line from Moffat to Beattock summit; and when about 45 years of age he nearly lost a permanent appointment on a Welsh railway on account of his age. But the directors thought better of it, and he got and retained the appointment for nearly forty-three years, retiring only a few years ago, with the honour of a seat at the Board as consulting director. He is thus, in all probability, the oldest railway director in the kingdom, if not in the world.

Mr Lundie was born, as has been said, at the manse of Kelso. It was at Kelso Scott received his early education, and here he made the acquaintance of the Ballantynes, who became the printers there of his first work, "The Border Minstrelsy." The Ballantynes were frequent visitors at the manse of Mr Lundie's father, and he has distinct recollections of those visits; but more especially of one notable occasion, when, in company with his father and James Ballantyne, he drove from Kelso to Abbotsford on a visit to Sir Walter, and had there the honour of lunching with the great novelist and poet—at that time the "Great Unknown," as the secret was not out. Mr Lundie's father, however, had been long in the secret. Mr Lundie speaks of Sir Walter as having been the most genial of hosts, and well remembers the kindly manner of the great man to himself—then a boy of about fourteen years. Speaking of the Ballantynes, he is inclined to think that Lockhart, in his "Life of Scott," hardly did justice to them in the matter of the great financial disaster which overtook them all. The unbounded—almost feudal—hospitality of the laird of Abbotsford led Scott, being a partner with printer and publishers, to make drafts upon the future to such an extent as to embarrass them all.

Mr Lundie on one occasion met Carlyle and Edward Irving together at the manse of Ruthwell, near Dumfries, when they were both on a visit to the Rev. H. Duncan, D.D., the famous minister of the parish. The Lundies of Kelso and the Duncans of Ruthwell were on the closest intimacy —an intimacy, indeed, which later resulted in a double matrimonial tie—hence Cornelius, when a boy, was a frequent visitor at the Annandale hospitable manse. Carlyle, in his reminiscences of Edward Irving, speaks of having visited Ruthwell on one of his trips with Irving. He must have been a not infrequent visitor at the manse, for he had a vivid recollection of the hospitality, and, what is more, of the fine intellectual talk that took place at the house of the minister of that parish. Mr Lundie speaks of the house of the Rev. H. Duncan as being "one of the two bright and brightest houses for me. My thanks to them now and always." Mr Lundie well remembers the visit of Carlyle and Irving, and was much impressed by the dignified bearing of the tall young clergyman, who would at that time be acting as assistant to Dr Chalmers in St John's Parish, Glasgow. He remembers the salutation of Irving as he entered, "Peace be to this house," and of his having laid his hand on his youthful head and given his blessing; "which," I jokingly remarked, "he had evidently been none the worse of."

Two more distinguished visitors Mr Lundie remembers to have seen at Ruthwell, together also. These were the two eminent geologists, Dean Buckland and Professor Sedgwick of Cambridge, who came to examine a geological discovery that Dr Duncan had claimed to have made, of footprints on what was then called the new red sandstone formation; a discovery which quite revolutionized the opinions previously held as to that formation being destitute of any traces of advanced animal life. At first all the geologists, including the elder Buckland, Sedgwick, and Murchison, were sceptical as to Dr Duncan's conclusions; but latterly (as the result of their visit) the two latter were convinced, and Buckland wrote that the discovery "was the most curious and most important that had been made" at that period. Mr Lundie, in this connection, mentioned a characteristic incident which is worth recording. The energetic minister of Ruthwell got Mrs Duncan to roll out some flour on the kitchen table as if about to bake some pastry; and then he caused a tortoise to walk over the soft dough, making footprints exactly, as he said, similar to those on the specimens of red sandstone.

Mr Lundie spoke also of the Rev. Dr Duncan's work for the social amelioration of his people, work which made his name memorable not only in Annandale, but throughout the world. Amongst other projects in this direction, he established in his parish a savings bank, which he called "The Parish Bank Friendly Society of Ruthwell." It would appear that previous to entering the ministry Dr Duncan had been for a time in a Liverpool Bank, an experience which proved most useful in this undertaking. This project in Ruthwell served as the model on which such institutions were based, and he was consulted by the Government when a Bill was being prepared for their establishment. His name is therefore justly remembered as one of the pioneers of those useful institutions. It may be mentioned that Mr Lundie's father followed Dr Duncan's example, and established a bank on the same principle in Kelso.

Of Professor Wilson (Christopher North) Mr Lundie spoke, too, with admiring reminiscence. He attended his classes when at the University, and his vivid recollections of his striking appearance, his handsome figure, massive head, with thick bushy hair, through which he would pass his fingers as he took his place in the class-room. Bringing his manuscript from his pockets, he would scatter the papers right and left over the desk, so that it was matter for wonder to the students how he managed to gather the "threads" together and make out a connected lecture.

The meeting with Mr Lundie proved to the writer the red-letter day of his Perthshire holiday; and the conversation with him, which took place on the top of a waggonette as they drove along the beautiful valley of the Earn, was delightful—not to the writer only, but to all who were sitting near enough to hear it.

The excellent photo of Mr Lundie, which we reproduce as our portrait supplement, is by Mr Donald Fraser, a well-known photographer in Cardiff. The photo is quite a recent one,

having been taken last summer, and we trust Mr Lundie will be long spared in health and strength as vigorous, and mental powers as clear, as they are at the present day.

DESCENDANTS OF BURNS.

TWO of the great-granddaughters of Burns on September 5th, 1907, concluded a short visit to Scotland. The two ladies are Miss Margaret Constance Burns Hutchinson and Mrs Annie Burns Hutchinson or Scott. They are the granddaughters of Lieutenant-Colonel James Glencairn Burns, who was called after the Earl of Glencairn, and was the fourth son of the poet.* Through the influence of Sir James Shaw, who took a great interest in the family of the poet, and was then Lord Mayor of London, young James Glencairn Burns obtained a commission in the Indian Army, and rose to be Lieutenant-Colonel. After his retiral on a pension, he settled at Cheltenham, which has ever been the family home. The two great-granddaughters of the poet had been about a fortnight in Scotland, and have been all round the Burns country. Coming first to Dumfries, they visited the mausoleum and house where Burns died, then passed on to Ellisland, Mauchline, Mossgiel, Ayr, Kilmarnock, Edinburgh, the Trossachs and Glasgow. They are both fully versed in and very enthusiastic over the poems of their distinguished ancestor, and were greatly interested in all the different places associated with the poet. The younger of the ladies, Miss Margaret Constance Burns Hutchinson, bears a striking resemblance to the portraits of Burns, particularly to the Nasmyth portrait. Mrs Burns Scott has spent most of her life in Australia, and this is her first visit to Scotland, the scenery of which she and her sister have greatly enjoyed. During their stay in Glasgow they were the guests in St Enoch's Hotel of Mr J. Leiper Gemmil, an intimate friend of the family, and one of the founders of the National Burns Memorial and Cottage Homes at Mauchline. The company invited to meet them at dinner included Dr William Wallace, Mr Thomas Killin, treasurer of the Cottage Homes; the Rev. John Brown, and Dr James F. Gemmil. It may be mentioned that Mrs Sarah Burns Hutchinson, the mother of the ladies, is the little girl in the well-known picture of "Bonnie Jean and her Granddaughter." The little girl, then of four, is now an aged lady of eighty-six, closely confined to her couch, but still able to tell many interesting reminiscences of "Bonnie Jean," with whom she was mainly brought up. She and her sister, Miss Annie B. Burns, reside together in the family home at Cheltenham, and are the only surviving granddaughters of Burns, and thus the nearest direct descendants of the poet.—From "The Scotsman," September 6, 1907.

[The writer of the above is in error when he says that the two ladies referred to are the only surviving granddaughters of Burns, as it is our privilege to know a daughter of the poet's eldest son, Robert—Mrs Brown—who resides in Dumfries. Her daughter, Jean Armour Burns Brown, bears a striking likeness to the poet.—Ed. "B. M."]

The following extract from Lockhart's "Life of Burns" may be of interest to our readers:—"On the 17th of September (1831) the old splendour of Abbotsford was, after a long interval, and for the last time, revived. Captain James Glencairn Burns, son of the poet, had come home on furlough from India, and Sir Walter invited him (with his wife, and their cicerones, Mr and Mrs McDiarmid of Dumfries), to spend a day under his roof. The neighbouring gentry were assembled, and having his son to help him, Sir Walter did most gracefully the honours of the table. As, according to him, 'a medal struck at the time, however poor, is in one respect better than any done afterwards,' I insert some verses with which he was pleased, and which, I believe, express the sincere feelings with which every guest witnessed this his parting feast:—

LINES WRITTEN ON TWEEDSIDE

September the 18th, 1831.

A day I've seen whose brightness pierced the cloud
Of pain and sorrow, both for great and small—
A night of flowing cups, and pibrochs loud,
Once more within the Minstrel's blazon'd hall.
'Upon this frozen hearth pile crackling trees;
Let every silent clarshach find its strings;
Unfurl once more the banner to the breeze;
No warmer welcome for the blood of kings!'
From ear to ear, from eye to glistening eye,
Leap the glad tidings, and the glance of glee;
Perish the hopeless breast that beats not high
At thought beneath His roof that guest to see.
What princely stranger comes? What exiled lord
From the Far East to Scotia's strand returns—
To stir with joy the towers of Abbotsford,
And 'wake the Minstrel's soul?'—The boy of Burns.
O, Sacred Genius! blessings on the chains,
Wherein thy sympathy can minds entwine!
Beyond the conscious glow of kindred veins,
A power, a spirit, and a charm are thine.
Thine offspring share them. Thou hast trod the land—
It breathes of thee—and men, through rising tears,
Behold the image of thy manhood stand,
More noble than a galaxy of peers.
And he—his father's bones had quaked, I ween,
But that with holier pride his heart-strings bound,
Than if his host had King or Kaiser been,
And star and cross on every bosom round.
High strains were pour'd of many a Border spear,
While gentle fingers swept a throbbing shell;
A manly voice, in manly notes and clear,
Of lowly love's deep bliss responded well.
The children sang the ballads of their sires:—
Serene among them sat the hoary Knight;
And, if dead Bards have ears for earthly lyres,
The Peasant's shade was near, and drank delight.
As through the woods we took our homeward way,
Fair shone the moon last night on Eildon Hill,
Soft rippled Tweed's broad wave beneath the ray,
And in sweet murmurs gush'd the Huntly rill.
Heaven send the guardian genius of the vale
Health yet, and strength, and length of honoured days,

To cheer the world with many a gallant tale,
And hear his children's children chant his lays.
Through seas unruffled may the vessel glide,
That bears her Poet far from Melrose glen!
And may his pulse be steadfast as our pride,
When happy breezes waft him back again!"

But alas, it was not to be! Then followed the visit of Wordsworth, the departure of Sir Walter for Naples, his hurried return to Abbotsford, and the closing scene on the 21st of September, just a year since the minstrel was so proud to have as his guest the son of Robert Burns.

A. G. S.

*Two of the poet's sons, it will be remembered, died in infancy. The remaining three sons attained a ripe age, and were all honoured with a resting-place beside their parents. Robert, the eldest, died on 14th May, 1857, aged 70 years; Lieutenant-Colonel James Glencairn Burns died on 18th November, 1865, aged 71 years; and Lieutenant-Colonel William Nicol Burns died on 21st February, 1872, aged 81 years. "Bonnie Jean" was buried on 1st April, 1834.

HUME CASTLE.

PART I.

AMONG all the old Castles and Keeps which were built on the Borders, in what is known as the troublous times, either for protection or aggression, none occupied such a conspicuous and commanding position as Hume Castle did. Its "turrets high" dominated the counties of Berwick and Roxburgh, and the sentinel from its battlements could throw threatening glances across the Tweed at England's nearest strongholds of Wark and Ford, which are both plainly visible from its walls. One cannot help associating the character of its custodian with all that was haughty and daring—a prototype such as is drawn in Julian Avenel—a man who would bid defiance to all his enemies. No coward or weakling could hold such an office. He must have been rough, ready, and brave, and we can picture him looking sternly into Northumberland in time of war when meditating a raid over the Border.

Hume Castle, no doubt, witnessed many an exciting scene before the Union of the Crowns, but its history is tame as compared with that of the neighbouring castles of Roxburgh and Ferniehirst, especially the latter, whose history is written in blood. We still shudder as we read of the cruelties perpetrated there by the Scots in 1549, just two years after the battle of Pinkie, when, with the assistance of the French, they retook the castle from the English. In the wild delirium of victory they sunk every feeling of manhood for a time, and gave themselves over to savage brutality, for we are told they washed their hands in the blood of their oppressors, and after subjecting their conquered enemies to most inhuman tortures, kicked their severed heads about in the courtyard of the captured castle. The account given by the historian is revolting to a degree, but we must not forget that the conquerors had been provoked beyond endurance by the numerous deeds of oppression and cruelty which the garrison had themselves committed in the surrounding district whilst they held the Castle. Hume Castle, so far as we know, is not shadowed by any such ghastly history, but it must have undergone many vicissitudes and oft rolled back the tide of war. No doubt the grey old rocks upon which it stood could tell many a sad tale of hatred and revenge were they permitted to disclose what they have silently witnessed.

As I have said, the Castle is a conspicuous object in the landscape, and is seen for miles round, but especially from the English side of the Border. From this side it stands out prominently on the horizon, as the country slopes from its very walls to the first ridges of the Cheviot Hills. It is distinctly seen from Flodden Field, and Sir Walter Scott, when recounting the death of King James in "Marmion," exclaims—

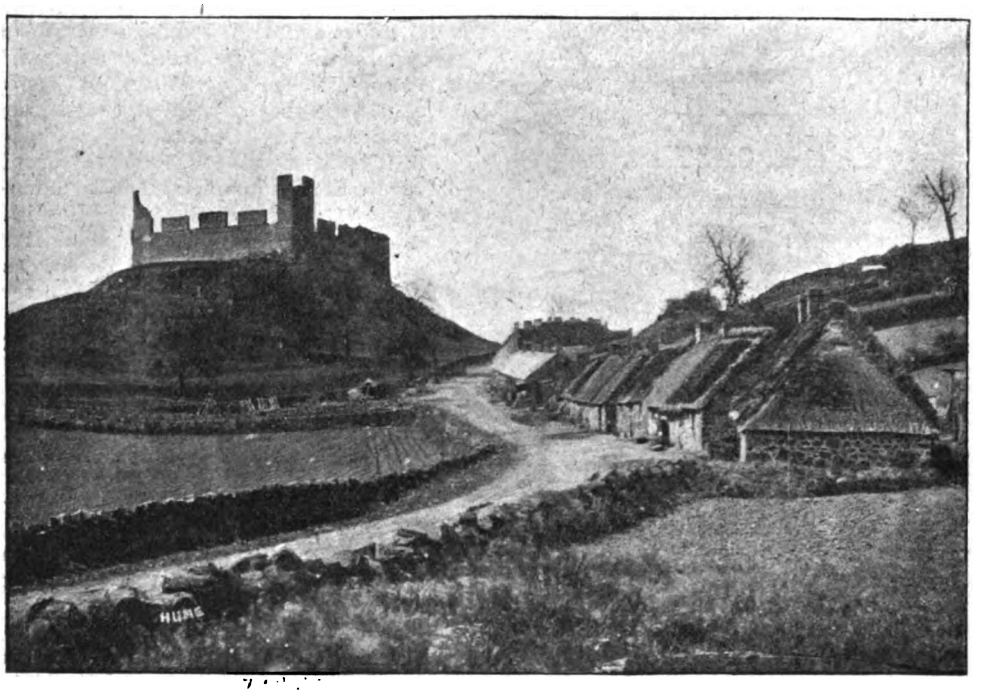
"Nor to yon Border Castle high
Look northward with upbraiding eye."

This allusion to Hume Castle was no doubt prompted by the weird and ghastly legend flitting across his mind which he tells in the "Tales of a Grandfather" of the four tall horsemen who were said to have appeared in the battle-field in the gloom of the evening and carried off the King to the Castle, where, it was asserted, he was murdered by Hume and his followers—a tale which the country people preferred to believe rather than admit that he fell in the battle.

In the Notes to "Marmion" as well as in "The Tales of a Grandfather," Sir Walter refers to this legend, but dismisses it as totally unworthy of belief, though he says the tale was revived in his boyhood by an unauthenticated story, that a skeleton wrapped in a bull's hide, and encircled with an iron chain, had been found in the well at Hume Castle. He adds, however, that on enquiry he could find no better authority for the story than that the sexton of the parish had been heard to say

that if the well were cleaned out, he would not be surprised at such a discovery. Still the legend is not without its fascination, and we are tempted to dwell upon the narrative, although it is scarcely possible to weave anything out of it. For myself I confess that each time I have visited the place the story has recurred to my mind, and I have examined with more than ordinary interest the heap of stones, half overgrown with nettles, where the mouth of the old well is still plainly visible, although it is now much choked with rubbish.

Hume Castle would be the first place of strength which the fugitives from "Flodden's fatal field" would come to after crossing the Tweed, and no doubt its courtyard presented an animated and disorderly scene when the result of the fight was known there, which it must have been early on the following morning, if not late on the night of the battle. No doubt the garrison consisted mostly of "women, priests, and grey-haired men," who would tremble for their safety until the return of the Earl and his followers, which, we are told, took place three or four days after the battle, when they are said to have got home laden with much booty. We know that when "day dawned upon the mountainside" Home and his followers were seen occupying much the same ground as they stood on after they had defeated the right wing of the English army, that is on the high ground to the south of Piper's Hill, and as the English stood well between them and Scotland, it is a little puzzling to see how they managed to get off themselves, much more how they contrived to carry off booty, Borderers though they were. For my part, I confess I am inclined to look upon the story of Home and his followers retaining their ground on Branxton Ridge until the morning after the battle as being quite as mythical as the story of the skeleton, and the probabilities are that the remnant of the Scottish host "melted from the field as snow" during the night, as they must have known the battle had gone against them; had they not done so their chance of reaching home in safety would have been but small. If Home and his followers did occupy Branxton Ridge the morning after the battle, and Surrey allowed them quietly to withdraw to Scotland, the English army



HUME CASTLE.

must have been in a terribly demoralised condition.

But to return to the subject of my paper, let me now ask my reader to accompany me on a visit to Hume Castle, not for the purpose of inspecting its ruins, for there is little left of the old walls, but to climb the rocks where the Castle stood and look around. A grander view you may have seen, but few that will surpass this in interest. The whole country which lies stretched before us is full of history, and the eye wanders over many a battle-field, and marks the ruined walls of many a castle and keep renowned in Border story and song. On all sides the view is extensive, but looking towards England "the wandering eye may o'er it go" for miles until shut in by the distant hills at Wooler and Chillingham. The chief feature of interest in the landscape, however, is Flodden hill, which is plainly seen with the naked eye, while with the assistance of an opera glass we mark and can recognise as old familiar friends, houses and trees on Branxton Ridge. Looking on the distant battle-field, one naturally recalls the chief incidents of that memorable fight, and we are tempted, sitting on the rocks at Hume Castle, to say a word in defence of the gallant King, who, having lost his life on that fatal day, was most unjustly made to bear the blame of the disaster, because, as it was alleged, he wilfully threw away the chance of victory by stubbornly refusing to listen to the counsel of Borthwick, his Master of the Artillery, when he entreated permission to be allowed to bring his guns to bear on the English army as they were crossing over the Till at Twizel Bridge. To any one who knows the country the story of the quarrel between James and his followers on this point is manifestly pure fiction. Had the Scots been armed with modern artillery some blame might have attached to the King, as a few shells could have been dropped among the English host as they crossed the bridge and "struggled through the deep defile," but as their guns, though superior to any which the English carried, did not carry more than a mile or so, and the bridge was fully six miles from where the King and his army stood, besides being quite invisible, we may, I think, dismiss this charge which was brought against the King after his death, as entirely without foundation. The accusation was brought shortly after the battle, when some excuse was sought as an explanation of the disaster that had befallen their army, and the King's memory was made to suffer. All the earlier historians give the tale circumstantially, but historical facts were not looked into very narrowly then, or for a century or two after, and if one man told the story others repeated it after him. Even Sir George Douglas, a Borderer, and also a dweller in the neighbourhood, in his recently-published "History of Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Peebles," refers to it without disputing its credibility. The King may have been wrong in quitting Flodden Hill, and taking up position on Branxton Ridge, but even on this point it would be difficult to make out a case against him. Flodden Hill, where the camp had been fixed for a week before the battle, presented an impregnable front to an enemy advancing from the south, but when that enemy, after a masterly flank movement, was seen to be advancing from the north, it lost its importance. Branxton Ridge then became a much more important position, and the King showed considerable military skill and judgment in at once realising this and marching upon that position, as from this point he commanded a full view of the approaching English army and was able to place his troops in battle array to meet the coming onset. Again the King was blamed for abandoning the second position which he took up, by descending from Branxton Hill and giving fight to Surrey, but we must remember that the latter, by his flank march and the crossing of the Till, had placed his army between James and Scotland, thus threatening the Scots with starvation. In these circumstances the King may have judged it good policy to fight without delay. Moreover, he was not a general of the Fabian school, but when he risked the hazard of the die he no doubt reckoned it an important factor in his favour that his soldiers were fresh and eager for the fray, whilst Surrey's troops had been marching all day and were fatigued and footsore, as well as hungry, as they must have had a very hurried mid-day meal. But I must say no more about Flodden and its dismal fight. Like Waterloo, so much has been written and said about it, that one fears to touch on the subject, nor would I have ventured introducing these remarks in this paper had I not been anxious to defend the King from what I have always considered a most unjust aspersion.

(To be continued.)

Believe an old man; women walk more by what others think, than by what they think themselves.—"Fair Maid of Perth."

NEW FACTS ABOUT DR JOHN LEYDEN.

(By JOHN REITH, EDINBURGH.)

PART I.

DICTIONARIUM OCTOLINGUE.

THE following anecdote has been faithfully repeated by all Leyden's biographers since it was first told by Morton in 1819:—

"Denholm being about three miles from his home, his father was going to buy him an ass to convey him to and from school. Leyden, however, was unwilling to encounter the ridicule of his school-fellows by appearing so ignobly mounted, and would at first have declined the offered accommodation. But no sooner was he informed that the owner of the ass had in his possession a large book in some learned language, which he offered to give into the bargain, than his reluctance entirely vanished, and he never rested until he had obtained this literary treasure, which was found to be 'Calepini Dictionarium Octolingue.'"

The incident is very remarkable even as it stands, and characteristic of the boy who was father of the man. No less extraordinary is it that all this time the book should have remained a mere name; that no one should have answered the question almost asked by the name: "What are the eight languages?" The answer will now be given.

Father Ambrose, a monk of Calepo in Italy (hence called Calepinus), compiled a Latin-Italian Dictionary of such excellence that it became "the" dictionary on the Continent in the sixteenth century, so that a Calepin came to be a generic name for a lexicon. In the original edition (1502), besides the meanings of the Latin words given in Italian, the Greek, Hebrew, and German synonyms were given. As it was re-edited and re-printed, other languages were added till there were eleven in all. In the edition of 1647 that fell into Leyden's hands the number was again reduced to eight, with French, Spanish, and English in addition to the first five. The following is the title taken from the copy in the Edinburgh University Library:—"Calepini Dictionarium Octolingue—Thesaurum Linguæ Latinæ. Adjectæ sunt Latinis Dictionibus Græcæ, Gallicæ, Italicæ, Germanicae, Hispanicæ, atque Anglicæ."

A Thesaurum truly to such a boy. Can any one wonder, after reading the above title, how John Leyden became a linguist? Behold the boy at the age of 12-13, with a complete vocabulary of seven foreign languages put into his hands, and with a right good will to use it. Observe, it was not seven different vocabularies, but one seven-fold vocabulary; so that whenever a Latin word was turned up there were the other six alongside. By the comparison constantly carried on in this way the synonyms would be fixed in the memory. In particular, the slight modification of the Latin word in the Italian, the French, and the Spanish, would soon be so familiar that the principle would be recognised, and any word in any of the Romance (Roman) languages could at once be identified with the original Latin word. In brief, this Dictionary was the foundation-stone of Leyden's linguistic attainments.

WHAT DID HE READ?

The account of the literature read by the boy is so meagre as to be quite misleading. We are told that he read everything he could lay hands on, both at home and elsewhere; and the following is the complete list:—The Bible, one or two popular works on Scottish History, the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, Sir David Lyndsay's Poetical Works, Milton's Paradise Lost, and Chapman's Homer—seven in all! The natural inference on reading the meagre list would be, at what a cruel disadvantage a studious boy was placed at that time as compared with the advantages of such a boy at the present day.

As a matter of fact, the peasantry of Scotland were then almost as well supplied with cheap literature as they are now. The time when Leyden first wanted books to read (1780-90) was the most flourishing period of the Chap-books—penny books carried as part of their stock-in-trade by the Chapmen or pedlars, then the only merchants in the country districts; so that the books were found in every farm-house and cottage.

Granting that there was trash among them, there was not such a large proportion, nor anything so pernicious, of trash as there is among the cheap literature of the present day. Many of them were both instructive and edifying; many were the very classics still provided for the young. They were historical, biographical, religious, and moral; romantic, poetical, humorous, fabulous, supernatural, legendary, criminal; jest-books, manuals of instruction, almanacs, &c. But, whatever they were, no one can form a true estimate of the standard of education and intelligence in Scotland at the end of the eighteenth century—at a time when there was hardly a peasant in England who could read or write (see in the "Life of Sydney Smith" the account of his first curacy)—who does not take account of this literature.

Every one of the seven books enumerated above, not excepting the Bible (in separate books), or Chapman's "Homer" or the "Arabian Nights" (in the separate stories), was to be bought for a penny. This simplifies the story told by Scott about the boy at the age of eleven:—"A companion had met with an odd volume of the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' and gave an account of its contents which excited the curiosity of young Leyden. This precious book was in the possession of a blacksmith's apprentice who lived at several miles distance from Denholm, and the season was winter. Leyden waded through the snow, however, to present himself by daybreak at the forge-door and request a perusal of this interesting book in the presence of the owner, for an unlimited loan was scarcely to be hoped for. He was disappointed, was obliged to follow the blacksmith to a still greater distance, where he was employed on some temporary job; and, when he found him, the son-of-Vulcan, with caprice worthy of a modern collector, was not disposed to impart his treasure, and put him off with some apology. Leyden remained stationary beside him the whole day, till the lad, softened or wearied out by his pertinacity, actually made him a present of the volume. And he returned home by sunset, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, but in triumphant possession of a treasure for which he would have subjected himself to still greater privations."

If the book in question were really a "volume," it renders the incident much more intelligible to suppose that the boy had already read "Aladdin," "Ali Baba," or "Sinbad"—three of the regular penny-stories. But, in reality, all the facts of the case, especially the blacksmith's extraordinary generosity, and his having the book in his pocket, are best explained by supposing that the much-coveted volume was merely a penny chap-book—one or other of the above three—and this does not detract in the very slightest from the boy's eagerness and perseverance.

BORDER BOOKS.

No. III.—LITERARY HOURS.

"The Literary Hours of a Working Man." By N. Elliott. Edinburgh: Paton & Ritchie. 1862.

NICHOL ELLIOTT, the author of the volume, the title of which is given above, was born at Cornhill, a small village about two miles from Coldstream, in Northumberland, in the year 1835. He got an ordinary country education, consisting of reading, writing, and arithmetic. When he grew up he learned the trade of a joiner, and after he had served his apprenticeship worked for several years at many different places in the Border counties. The present writer became acquainted with him in 1859, at which time he was working at Wilton Lodge, which was then in process of being rebuilt and renovated by the then proprietor, David Pringle, Esq., late of the Honourable East India Company's Service.

"Literary Hours" consists of 212 pages. The size of the page is 6¼ by 4¼ inches. There are also 12 pages taking up title, dedication, preface, and contents. The dedication is as follows:—"To the Right Honourable the Countess of Durham, these 'Literary Hours,' thought garlands from the nursery of toil, are inscribed, with permission, by the Author."

The subject matter of the volume is partly prose and partly verse. The first seventeen pages are a prize essay on "Man's duty towards his neighbour," which, he explains in a Note, was written as a competing essay for a share of £100 which Thomas Rochester, Esq. of Whalton Lodge, Northumberland, had offered. "Jeanie Morris," a tale, occupies the next nineteen pages. Pages 37 to 90 are taken up with a poem entitled "Colin and Ida, or Love and War," and in it is depicted love scenes in which Colin and Ida are the actors. Colin, however, leaves Ida, and goes to the Crimea as a soldier; then follow descriptions of the battles of the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman. The verse, which is similar to that of Scott's "Marmion," is well sustained throughout the whole of the poem, and although as poetry it falls considerably below Scott's, it yet shows remarkable power when we remember that the author was then only a working joiner under thirty years of age. The rest of the volume is taken up with a miscellaneous lot of poems and songs; many of them love songs, some of them patriotic, some of them descriptive, but all of them well worthy of being read. Some of them, we may remark, were contributed to the columns of the "Hawick Advertiser" in the years before they were published in book form. We specially refer to a "Commemorative Address" delivered at Wilton Lodge Festive Meeting, Dec. 30, 1859, which was held when the Lodge was finished, which address Mr Elliott himself recited to the large and enthusiastic audience which had assembled on that occasion. We do not know whether or not Mr Elliott is yet with us in the land of the living. His place in literature is, however, one which among the minor poets of the Borders is an assured one, and it is not merely as a poet that he takes place and rank, for in the "Border Treasury" there is a tale entitled "The Queen of the Wear," by N. Elliott, author of "Literary Hours," "Elliston," &c. There is also a long story in twenty-nine chapters entitled "Nellie Macpherson," by N. Elliott. Besides what is here mentioned, there are several poems by Mr Elliott in the "Border Treasury," a weekly periodical which was printed and published by Thomas Frier Brockie, Galashiels, during the years 1874-1875, but which was discontinued in 1876.

Hawick. J. C. Goodfellow.

BORDER WILDFOWL.

When the day and the dark are meeting,
And the first stars climb the sky,
We can hear you, with brave wings beating,
Far over us hurtle by.

As ye speed through the daylight dying,
As swift to the dark ye go,
Will ye leave us no light word lying
On the breast of the sunset glow?

Up there on your strong wings streaming,
Down the bridle-track of the wind,
Caught ye never the gold bits gleaming
Of summer riding behind?

Do ye bear from the buds no message,
No tale from the roses bring?
Do ye come with no hope, no presage,
No sound or sign of the spring?

In the calm of those clouds high over,
Have ye never a whisper heard
Of a bee in the early clover
Or the song of a nesting bird?

Will H. Ogilvie.

The stability of some of the ruins scattered over the Borderland shows that the builders believed in good workmanship and something else, as a writer in "P.T.O." thus points out:—"Probably not one out of every 10,000 buildings standing in all parts of the world and built by modern masons will still be standing 500 years hence. We do not know how to put stones and bricks together as the ancients did, and consequently the buildings we raise nowadays are really mere temporary structures, and will be ruins when the ancient buildings of Greece and Italy, which were built thousands of years ago, are in as good condition as they are now. The secret is not in the bricks or in the stone, but in the cement and mortar. In modern buildings these essentials are the weakest points; in the buildings which the Romans and Greeks raised the cement and mortar are the strongest points, and hold good while the very stones they bind together crumble away with age."

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1908.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OWING to extensions in our printing department it has become necessary to print the BORDER MAGAZINE nearly a month in advance, so contributors will kindly note this fact when sending in MSS. We would also take this opportunity of once more pointing out to our friends the desirability of condensing their articles as much as possible, so that we may be able to give sufficient variety in each issue of the Magazine.

THE BORDER KEEP.

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

Some of the older folk will remember how very unsuitable some of the psalms used in the kirk were to the subject of the minister's sermon. This was caused, as a rule, by the precentor having full control of the psalmody, his plan very often being to take the psalms in rotation. A writer in an evening paper says:—"Despite the many charges that are, from time to time, urged against the present age, it has few lessons in charity to learn from the past. Seldom is it that the scathing imprecations of the denunciatory psalms are heard in the modern sanctuary. On a recent Sunday I was forcibly reminded of the sentiments that found favour with our ancestors by hearing the following lines sung in a sequestered country church:—

Few be his days; and in his room
His charge another take;
His children let be fatherless,
His wife a widow make;
Let God his father's wickedness
Still to remembrance call,
And never let his mother's sin
Be blotted out at all.

To the credit of the congregation the verse was rendered with a listlessness which seemed to indicate that it had struck no responsive chord. Indeed, so alien are such petitions to the spirit of the times that it is doubtful if many readers could tell the particular psalm in which the lines are to be found.

* * * *

In the "Scotsman" some months ago J. A. F. wrote an interesting article on "The Edinburgh of Scott—extracts from the diary of an Edinburgh chartered accountant, 1827-32." Referring to the diary, he says:—

The volume begins auspicuously. By accident or design the commencing date was the 23rd February, 1827. This was the occasion of the famous Theatrical Fund Dinner, held in Edinburgh, at which Lord Meadowbank, in the course of a felicitous speech, announced for the first time in public the news that the Great Unknown, the hitherto mysterious author of the Waverley Novels, was none other than Sir Walter Scott, the chairman of that evening, whose health he was about to propose. Lockhart tells us that the sensation produced by this scene was unprecedented. As our diarist was there, let him give his account, which he does succinctly and with one or two personal touches absent from Lockhart's narrative.

* * * *

"I was present to-day at the first dinner given in aid of the Theatrical Fund established for the benefit of decayed actors—Sir Walter Scott in the chair, supported by the Earl of Fife, Lord Meadowbank, &c; Patrick Robertson (who afterwards

succeeded Lord Meadowbank on the Bench), croupier. Sir Walter's demeanour is that of the greatest simplicity. He stands very erect and without gesture, presenting, as an ingenious friend remarked to me, almost the appearance of a statue. His style of speaking is conversational and not fluent, but full of that frankness and indescribable charm which impart ease and spirit to a company. His speeches, like his writings, abound in happy illustrations from history, poetry, or fairy tales. Could Falstaff, he said, be doomed to go to bed without his cup of sack, or Macbeth be left with nothing to eat but bones as marrowless as those of Banquo. Shakespeare he could liken to no one but the person in the Eastern tale who had the power of going out of himself and animating the bodies of others. But the most interesting circumstance of the evening was the announcement by Lord Meadowbank, that the Author of Waverley now stood revealed, and the acknowledgment by Sir Walter Scott that he was the sole author of the novels, having derived no assistance except from his own reading. The secret, he said, had been wonderfully well kept considering that about twenty had known it. It was unnecessary to state his reasons for having concealed himself at all. Caprice had a considerable share in it. He concluded by begging leave to propose the health of an actor who had given great life and reality to the representation of many of the characters in the novels—Bailie Nicol Jarvie—and he trusted that when the Author of Waverley and Rob Roy drank to the health of Nicol Jarvie, the applause would be what he was accustomed to—pro-di-gi-ous. In using this last word, Sir Walter, I observed, placed the accent chiefly on the last syllable, which is different from M'Kay's and from the common pronunciation. And, by the way, Sir Walter pronounces several other words differently from the mode in common use; thus, 'assert' and 'assume' he gave as if spelt with a z. The avowal above-mentioned was made with perfect manliness and simplicity, without any affectation of holding his labours cheap. On the contrary, he said he was afraid to look on what he had done; 'do it again I dare not.' Mr M'Kay returned thanks in the character of the Bailie very happily. 'My conscience! Little could my father the Deacon have believed that his son would ever ha' got siccan an honour from the Great Unknown, &c.' On leaving the chair on one occasion, Sir Walter made a false step and fell, but without any bad consequences. He took leave early, pleading that he was not what he had been, &c. Altogether, the evening went off in the pleasantest and most enthusiastic manner, and will ever be remembered and boasted of by all who had the good fortune to be present. Such an one cannot be looked for more than once in a life-time. Ticket, £1, 1s."

* * * *

I can remember the far-distant days, when, along with other children in Edinburgh, we began to grow frightened as darkness set in, for stories of "Dumbie Doctors" and "Burke and Hare" had still a powerful effect upon the public mind. I have no sympathy with some newspaper editors who every now and again retell the horrible story to their readers under the guise of a tale which runs through their columns for many weeks, but there can be no harm in showing how the public mind was stirred at the time, and how even Sir Walter Scott took an interest in the matter. Continuing the subject of the foregoing paragraph, J. A. F. says:—

The writer has added various reflections on the criminal procedure adopted in the conduct of the trial which do not come within the scope of this article, and we have therefore denied them a place in it. William Burke, William Hare, Helen M'Dougal, and Margaret Laird were all committed to the Calton Jail on 10th November, 1828. The trial took place, as has been stated, on the 24th of the following month, and so great was the public excitement that the police received a temporary reinforcement of upwards of 300 men to enable them to maintain order. While his three associates regained their liberty, Burke was sentenced to be hanged in the Lawnmarket, which still continued to be the place of execution, although the Old Tolbooth had long since disappeared. The date fixed was Wednesday, the 28th January, 1829. Sir Walter Scott and his friend Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe were among the notables who took a deep interest in the case. It is not generally known that Sharpe wrote the preface to Macnee's Report of the proceedings at the trial, and that his pencil provided the sketch of the "Interior of Burke's Room" which appeared in the same publication. The original drawing and the MS. of the preface, both by Sharpe, are now in the possession of a well-known Edinburgh collector.

* * * *

It has been estimated that from 20,000 to 25,000 spectators were present at the execution. For weeks previous efforts were made to secure windows commanding a full view of the scaffold, the cost varying, according to the advantages of the position, from five to twenty shillings. The following letter addressed to C. K. Sharpe, the original of which now lies in front of us, would seem to indicate that Scott and he were witnesses of the scene:—

"Edinburgh, 14th Janr., 1829,
423 Lawnmarket.

"Respected Sir,—

"I respectfully beg leave to mention that I will be happy to give you a share of one window on the morning of the execution of Burke.

"Mr Stevenson, bookseller, wished one window for Sir Walter Scott and yourself, but on account of the number that has applied that will be out of my power. But I shall be happy to accomodate (sic) Sir Walter and yourself with a share of one.

"I am, respected sir,
"Your most obedt. and humble servant,
"Robert Seton."

Seton was a bookbinder, and had a shop in the Lawnmarket.

* * * *

Nowadays reading has become little short of a dissipation with some people, who run through works of fiction at express speed and then straightway forget what they have read. Carlyle says:—"A book is a kind of thing that requires a man to be self-collected. He must be alone with it. A good book is the purest essence of a human soul. How could a man take it into a crowd, with bustle of all sorts going on around him? The good of a book is not the facts that can be got out of it, but the kind of resonance that it awakens in our own minds."

Dominie Sampson.

FLODDEN AND THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

By A. GRAHAM, M.A.

PART II.—JEAN ELLIOT OF MINTO AND HER VERSION.

THERE seems to have been an old ballad or song entitled *The Floures of the Forrest*, now irrecoverably lost, composed probably shortly after the date of the battle. Doubtless it was a "lilt o' dule and sorrow," and it has always been popularly regarded as referring to Flodden, although this has been recently called in question by Lieut.-Col. Elliot in his book on the "Trustworthiness of the Border Ballads." Only some three lines or so of this old ballad are known to survive, and these, together with the tune (to be found in the collection of John Skene (1) of Hallyards, written between 1615 and 1620) seem to have been familiar to the writers of our two immortal lyrics, Miss Jean Elliot of Minto, and Mrs Cockburn, who by their one song have acquired for themselves a niche in Scottish literary history. (The fragments referred to are "I've heard a lilting at our ewe-milking," and "I ride single on my saddle, for the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away," —"a picturesque and touching line," says Professor Veitch, "which brings back past manners in a most pathetic image." Miss Elliot (2), in a conversation with Sir Walter Scott, told him that these were all the lines she could remember of the old ballad. Sir Walter appears to have been too late to recover it for his Border Minstrelsy. What would the book-hunters give for it now ?)

Jean Elliot was the third daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot (second baronet) of Minto, Lord Justice-Clerk, and was born at Minto House, in Teviotdale, in 1727. She was one of a family of sons and daughters. Not very much is known about her, for her life was comparatively obscure and uneventful. She, unlike her sisters, lived and died unmarried, but greatly devoted to her father, whose constant companion she seems to have been, and who is said to have employed her at times in reading to him his law-papers, and to have profited by the shrewdness of her remarks. She is described as possessing "a sensible face, a slender, well-shaped figure. In manners grave and reserved to strangers. In her conversation she made no attempts at wit, and though possessed of imagination she never allowed it to entice her from the strictest rules of veracity. She had high, aristocratic notions, which she took no pains to conceal." Such is the description given of Miss Elliot by one who knew her in the latter period of her life. (W. Riddell-Carre: *Border Memories.*) Among the many treasures of Minto House is a miniature portrait of her, taken, apparently, when she was a comparatively young woman. She wears a high, frilled cap and a fichu crossed over her bosom, according to the quaint fashion then prevailing. Her face is strong and clever rather than beautiful. In her youth she was doubtless well acquainted with "bonnie Teviotdale," and with country life, and must have often visited "dark Ruberslaw," the Dunion, the beautiful Denholm Dean, of which Leyden sang in his "Scenes of Infancy," and climbed the Minto Crags to Fatlips Castle, where she may have had to pay the usual toll, for it was the custom, we are told, when ladies and gentlemen visited the place in company that each gentleman was entitled to salute one lady in passing beneath the gateway, and Jean, we may believe, did not always escape this penalty—or privilege. (Tytler and Watson: *Songstresses of Scotland.*) In 1745, when a party of Jacobites, on their march into England, visited Minto House to seize Sir Gilbert, he managed to escape and hide himself among Minto Crags, while his daughter, Jean, received and entertained the unwelcome visitors with such nonchalance and presence of mind that they retired under the impression that he was not in the neighbourhood, and that further search was useless. But it was probably plunder they were in quest of rather than Sir Gilbert, for they demanded and received a considerable sum of money, for which they duly granted a receipt to the factor, and which is still preserved at Minto House. Meanwhile her life passed quietly at Minto, while her brothers were gaining distinction in the service of their country. Old Sir Gilbert, her father, died April 16, 1766, aged 73, when she herself was thirty-nine years of age, and was succeeded by his eldest son, also Sir Gilbert, who represented Selkirkshire, and afterwards Roxburghshire, in Parliament. He was a man of considerable literary taste, and wrote, among other pieces, the well-known pastoral song of *Amynta*, beginning—

"My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,"

to which reference is made by Sir Walter Scott in a passage of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel.* On the death of her father, she, along with her mother, the dowager Lady Minto, who was a daughter of Sir Robert Stewart of Allanbank, went to live in Edinburgh in the recently-built Brown Square, not far from Minto House, the then town residence of the family. Lady Minto died in 1773, and Jean's elder brother, the third baronet, in 1777. He was succeeded in turn by his eldest son, Sir Gilbert, who became the famous Governor-General of India, and first Earl of Minto. He died in 1814. His great-grandson, the fourth Earl, worthily holds the same post to-day. Jean still continued to live a quiet and retired life in Edinburgh, not mixing much in fashionable society and its gaieties, and might be seen taking an occasional airing or paying a visit to her select and aristocratic friends in her sedan chair, said to have been the last that was used in Edinburgh. She died at Monteviot House (now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian) near Jedburgh, where her brother John, who had risen to be Admiral, was residing, on the 29th of March, 1805, aged seventy-eight, and was buried in the old churchyard of Minto, which has now been converted into a sort of flower garden. She had known Sir Walter Scott from his boyhood, and was his intimate friend till her death. She lived to see the publication of *The Eve of St John* and the *Border Minstrelsy* (1802-3), in which Scott gave a place to her famous lyric, having received a copy from Dr Somerville (minister of Minto, 1767-72, and afterwards of Jedburgh), while the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* appeared a few months before her death (Veitch: *Border History and Poetry*, ii. 264). She is said to have been "a remarkably agreeable old maiden lady with a prodigious fund of Scottish anecdote." and to have possessed sound judgment, strength of character and prudence. "Altogether she appears to have belonged to that type of which old Edinburgh furnished many examples—women of strong sense and marked individuality, who, while thorough ladies, spoke their sentiments freely in good broad Scotch," (*The Border Elliots and the Family of Minto*).

Jean's fame rests, but rests securely, on her one song,

The Flowers of the Forest. According to the usual traditionary account (3), Miss Jean, about the year 1755, was riding home from a party after nightfall in the family coach along with her brother Gilbert, when conversation between them chanced to fall upon the subject of the battle of Flodden, which had proved so disastrous to the men of the Forest. In the course of their talk, Gilbert, who probably plumed himself somewhat on his own song-writing ability, laid a wager of a pair of gloves, or a set of ribbons, that his sister could not write a ballad on Flodden. Jean thereupon at once accepted the challenge, and, remembering the time and fragments of the old ballad already referred to, with which she was no doubt familiar, silently set to work, and had planned and thought out the frame-work of her immortal "Flowers" before they reached home. Afterwards the song was duly and correctly written down, and the MS. is still carefully preserved at Minto House. It differs but slightly from Scott's version in the *Minstrelsy*, which was furnished to him by Dr Somerville of Jedburgh. "Her brother, when he read it, saw he had lost his wager, and Scotland had gained a ballad which would never die," (H. G. Graham: *Scottish Men of Letters*). It soon afterwards got into print, though when or where has never been ascertained, and became exceedingly popular and widely known as an old ballad which had been recovered and revived, Jean meanwhile keeping her own counsel in the matter. Burns was the first to perceive that it was a modern composition. "This fine ballad," he wrote, "is even a more palpable imitation than 'Hardyknute.' The manners are indeed old, but the language is of yesterday. Its author must soon be discovered." Afterwards, through the investigations of Dr Somerville and Sir Walter Scott, the authorship was traced to Miss Elliot. And now it has long since become a thing beyond praise or criticism, truly "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

(4) It consists, as every one knows, of a series of simple pictures of rural life, at once tender and touching, pitiful and pathetic, through all of which may be heard the sighing and moaning of Scottish maid and matron for the unreturning brave, those seventy stalwart sons of the Forest, who, "burning with high hopes," set forth from their homes with dauntless hearts, in obedience to the summons of their King, and who fell with Scotland's best and bravest on the blood-drenched field of Flodden—"for they maun fa' wha canna flee."

"*Vivit amor, vivit dolor! ora negatur Dulcia conspicere; at flere et meminisse relictum est.*"

(Miss Elliot's version).

I've heard them lilting, at the ewe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning;
The lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
The bandsters are runkled and lyart or grey;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border,
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae,
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

NOTES.

(1) Son of Sir John Skene, Clerk Register of Scotland. He was born probably about 1578, and died in 1644. His MS. collection of music is in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and in 1838 was printed with an introduction and notes by W. Dauney, under the title of *Ancient Scottish Melodies.*

(2) The name of Elliot cannot be traced back in Liddesdale further than the end of the fifteenth century. During the following century they played a prominent part in Border history. In Hall's "Chronicle" mention is made of a certain "Master Elliot" who fell at Flodden. This was probably Robert Elliot of Redheugh (mentioned in Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials," vol. i., 3), the earliest Border Elliot ancestor we know of. Jean may have thus had a sort of family interest in the battle which robbed Scotland of the flower of her manhood.

(3) Dr David Laing states that he received this account from a gentleman who knew a lady who was very intimate with Miss Elliot. *Si non e vero*, etc.

(4) "That immortal lyric," says Prof. Veitch, "in which simple natural pictures of joy and sadness are so exquisitely blended and contrasted, in which pathos of heart and patriotism of spirit, and a muse that echoes the plaintive sough of the Border waters, passed, as it were, spontaneously into one consummate outburst of song," (*History and Poetry of the Scottish Border*).

(To be continued.)

HERMITAGE CASTLE.

A DELIGHTFUL BORDER DRIVE.

AMONGST the numerous drives in the Southern Highlands, the one passing through the pastoral valley of the Ewes, and rounding by Hermitage, Newcastleton, and Canonbie is by no means the least attractive. There is not only scenery of a captivating character, but there are many objects of considerable historic interest along the route.

Making Langholm, Eskdale's capital, the starting point, the visitor follows the course of the meandering Ewes till Fiddleton Toll is reached. Here the main road is left, and the road to the right, which strikes in amongst the hills, is taken. This leads right into Liddesdale with its sparkling streams and storied hills redolent with legend and song. The way holds on through wild moorland scenery till the famous castle, with its huge wall, which figured so prominently in the annals of the past, is reached.

"A square and massive Border keep,
A roofless ruin, bare and lone;
With gables high and dungeons deep,
All life, save rooks and rabbits, gone."

The fortress of Hermitage, so closely associated with the names of Lord Soulis, Bothwell, and

Queen Mary, was founded in 1244, in the course of 120 years changed from Scots to English no fewer than eight times, showing the troubled condition of the country. In 1365 it became the permanent property of Scotland, and has long been in the hands of the Buccleuch family. "Apart from its historical significance as a Border stronghold, tradition has clothed Hermitage in a rich mantle of legendary lore; and such a wealth of romance surrounds the grim battlements that almost every turret and every dungeon has its story. The Castle is in the form of a double tower. The west front of the building is 103 feet long; and the circumference of the whole is nearly 600 feet. It is 60 feet high, but, according to tradition, it was once much higher. The enormity of its crime and guilt in its association with so many cruel deeds and unholy designs has

HERMITAGE CASTLE.

had the effect of making the sin-burdened walls sink nearly half-way into the ground. Up till the end of last century, and even later, this tradition was accepted by the simple peasants in the district; indeed, the gloomy walls were an object of great terror, and the people would on no account venture near the place, except in broad daylight."

One of the earliest owners of the Castle, Nicholas de Soulis, Sheriff of Roxburgh in 1248, was one of the thirteen claimants for the Scottish throne. Though unsuccessful his claim was regarded as good, his grandmother being a daughter of Alexander II. Lord William was the last of the Soulis line, and was said to be more fiend than man. Tradition holds that he was in league with the devil, and through his aid performed horrible crimes. His name, says a writer, is loaded with every species of dark and dishonourable practice. As a sorcerer, an oppressor, and a cruel tyrant, he was held in the utmost fear and dread wherever his name was known. By universal consent his death was demanded by the people. The means employed to accomplish this could only be equalled in atrocity by his own vile and cruel deeds; and, moreover, his charmed body was not responsive to the ordinary assault of arms. No sword could pierce his skin, no chains were strong enough to bind him, and no prison could hold his magic body. The people were driven to desperation, and repeatedly laid their case before the King—Robert the Bruce—who, wearied out and sick of their continued coming, exclaimed, in a fit of passion:—"Boil him if you will, but let me hear no more about him."

Soon after this interview with the King a large force visited the Castle and seized Soulis and carried him to what is known as the Nine Stane Rig, so named from a Druidical circle, the stones of which are still to be seen. Here they thrust the persecutor and sorcerer into a pot of boiling lead and over his agonies held a great carnival.

"On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones but barely nine;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnished brass did glimmer and shine.

They rolled him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall;
They plunged him in the cauldron red,
And melted him, lead, and bones and all.

At the Skelfhill, the cauldron still
The men of Liddesdale can show;
And on the spot where they boiled the pot,
The spreat and the deer-hair ne'er shall grow."

The Castle is worth exploring. As already indicated, it is roofless, but what remains is regarded as by far the finest ruin in the south. The interior is dilapidated, and the top is reached by a wooden ladder. The view repays the climb and risk. The rugged moorland and mountain scenery is not easily equalled.

The dungeons, which are partially filled with rubbish, are very entire. In one of these a gallant knight, Sir Alexander Ramsay, Sheriff of Teviotdale, was cruelly starved to death at the instance of Douglas, Earl of Angus, in 1343. At that time the Castle was in the possession of the latter family, and William Douglas, to whom the title of "Flower of Chivalry" was applied, had conceived a hatred towards Ramsay, being jealous of his power and influence. He dragged the Sheriff from his seat of judicial power in Hawick, and flung him into this dungeon with his sword and part of his horse's gear. The unfortunate man, it is said, managed to drag out a wretched existence for several days by partaking of the particles of oats which dropped from the granary above. A good many years ago, when the rubbish and loose stones were being cleared away from the interior of the Castle, the workmen came upon the bit of a bridle, some chaff, human bones, and a sword in one of the dungeons. These were at once identified as the property of Ramsay, and afford corroborative evidence as to the tragic nature of his death.

Whether on the same occasion or not, it is said that when workmen were cleaning away the rubbish from the door of one of the dungeons a large rusty key was unearthed. The operations were being watched by a large number of spectators, among whom was the Earl of Dalkeith. When the key was found the old tradition regarding its disposal when Soulis was torn from the Castle came to more than one mind.

"Think not but Soulis was wae to yield
His warlock-chamber o'er;
He took the keys from the rusty lock,
That never was ta'en before.

He threw them o'er his left shoulder,
With meikle care and pain;
And he bade it keep them fathoms deep,
Till he returned again."

The Hermitage, which runs over a rough, rocky bed, is near the Castle, and what is known as the "Cout's Pool" is higher up the stream. Tradition tells how that the pool derives its name from a Northumbrian warrior of great bodily size and strength, named the "Cout (or Count) of Keeldar," who had the courage to attack Soulis in his stronghold of Hermitage. He was seized, however, by superior numbers, overpowered, and borne to a deep part of the river referred to, and forcibly held down by the spears of the enemy.

"And now young Keeldar reach'd the stream
Above the foamy linn;
The Border lances round him gleam,
And force the warrior in."

Close to the pool on the bank of the stream is the reputed grave of the "Cout." It measures some ten feet in length. William Howett tells how that on visiting the grave he remarked on its great length, when the grave-digger said, "Ah, weel, 'e ken, it's th' Cout's, an' as he was a very big man aw pat other twae feet till't masel."

"This is the bonny brae, the green,
Yet sacred to the brave,
Where still of ancient size is seen
Gigantic Keeldar's grave."

In touch with the Cout's grave is the old burial-ground with its ruins of an ancient chapel, wherein the old baronial lords of Hermitage are said to have worshipped. The grotesquely carved stones, epitaphs, and inscriptions found here are interesting and amazing. The old place, where rests the dust of many Border reivers, is worthy of a visit.

As the visitor faces "Copshaw"-ward, leaving the grim sentinel quietly reposing amid the eternal hills, he comes on the "Queen's Mire," where tradition says the white palfrey of Queen Mary sank on her memorable visit to the Castle to see the wounded Bothwell. The truth of this incident is confirmed by the fact that, a number of years ago, there was found in this moss what had once been a beautifully chaste spur, which had probably been worn by the Queen, and had become detached in her struggles to extricate herself from her perilous situation.

A few miles' drive and the pretty little village of Newcastleton is reached. The way from here to "Canonbie Lea," and thence to the muckle toon o' th' Langholm is not the least interesting part of a most enjoyable drive. Indeed, it is worthy of a notice all to itself. Nowhere throughout the journey is the visitor allowed to forget that he is in the bonnie and historic Borderland, of which he is sure to have pleasing and lasting memories.

G. M. R.

A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" prints, by permission, some lines addressed by Prof. Skeat to Dr Murray on his completion of the letter "D" in the "Oxford English Dictionary." This is but one of several poetic addresses of a similar kind with which Professor Skeat has delighted his brother lexicographer. The "D" poem, written in 1903, runs as follows:—

Those words in D! A dismal, dreary dose!
Here dilatory dandies dandling doze,
Dull dunces dog our steps and dreadful duns,
Dolours and dragons, donkeys, dolts, and dupes
Devils and demons, and "the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon!" Dirks and daggers haunt,
Dank dandelions flourish, dampness daunts,
Depression and dejection drag us down,
Drear desolation dwells, and dire delay,
Disaster, disappointment, disarray,
Defeat, disintegration, and despair,
Disease, decay, delirium, darkness, death!
Yet through the darkest dens of dimmest doubt
Dogged determination drives its way,
Dilemmas yield to diligence at last,
Deliberation dissipates dispute,
Dismay is dashed with draughts of dear delight,
Deft dainty dances, and delicious dreams!
The power to do one's duty still survives,
Still dawns the day divine dominion rules

THE BORDER BOOKCASE.

RULEWATER AND ITS PEOPLE.

Seldom have we received a book with greater pleasure than the handsome volume which bears the above title. Alike for the sake of the subject and the author, this book will find a prominent place in most of our public and private libraries. To many there is magic in the very name of Rulewater, and when it is known that a volume has been produced which gives the life-story of every well-known family in the district, written in graceful style, by one who has given up much of his leisure for many years to collecting the facts, the first edition should be exhausted in a very short time. The author, Captain George Tancred of Weens, after serving his Queen and country in the 17th Lancers and Royal Scots Greys, settled down as a Border country gentleman, and has by his facile pen done much to preserve the local history and lore of the Borderland. He is the author of two other important books, "The Annals of a Border Club" and "Historical Record of Medals," the former of which was reviewed at some length in our columns.

In the present volume Captain Tancred, by patient and unwearying investigation, has collected a vast amount of genealogical information relating to the people—rich and poor alike—of the Rulewater district, and has arranged the facts in such beautiful order that future historians will rise up and call him blessed. The book is finely printed on strong paper, well bound, and is issued from the famous University Press of T. & A. Constable, Printers to His Majesty. An outstanding feature of the volume is the many full-page illustrations, nearly thirty in number, consisting of portraits of notable persons and scenes, some from photos by Miss Tancred, and the numerous smaller sketches from the deft pencil of ex-Bailie Laidlaw of Hawick. An expert would price the handsome volume at 10/6, but the author has seen fit to make the Borderland doubly indebted to him by issuing the book at 3/6, which must be about half cost price. Those who are unacquainted with the genial author have but to look upon his portrait, which forms the frontispiece to the volume, to see what manner of man he is, and to understand the kindly nature which enables him to give so much self-denying labour for the good of his fellow-Borderers. The author says that he publishes his book, "not for the landowners of the valley, but for the descendants of those old residenters who in their day and generation have helped to keep together the clanship of the Borders;" and he adds that, "in whatever part of the world this book falls into the hands of a Rulewater man or one who is united to this district by the ties of ancestry or kindred, I trust its perusal may have the effect of intensifying his love, and of drawing him in closer bonds of fellowship with his brethren in the watergate."

He is a true Imperialist, who stirs up and fosters local patriotism, for from it spring the issues of the Empire, and Captain Tancred does this in an eminent degree in the 400 pages of the volume now before us. Referring to the book, the "Hawick Express" says:—

With a rare judiciousness he writes of the leading landlords of the present day resident there and their forebears, and annexes to this portion the name of many of their servants and retainers. In appreciation of their characters and disposition the author hits them off with such exactitude that one might say he was the possessor of double sight. The construction of the book is not easy to define, for it contains the studious and unwearied labours of one thoroughly interested in the units of the population amongst whom he has spent the best of his days, so that there is included in it generations of landowners, ministers, farmers, shepherds, tradesmen, and farm-servants, whose descendants are at this day to be found in all parts of the earth. What a wealth of story, anecdote and folk-lore this volume must prove to the many scattered members of the real old Border clans, the Elliots, Scotts, Turnbulls, Cranstons, Kerrs, Rutherfords, besides the Commons, Barries, Olivers and others domiciled in foreign lands! It is to be hoped that its fame may reach them and that it may find an immediate place upon their bookshelves, for an edition of a work of this nature soon runs out. For those who put themselves to the trouble to possess it we assure them of enjoyable reading for a year and a day, and a book of reference which will last them all their lives. Separating the personal element of the book from its other parts, there will be found an abundance of historical matter of much import. Amongst general subjects we particularly note an erudite description of the Feudal system and its effects upon this particular district, in some features still leaving its impress. There is also a valuable account of land tenures in Scotland and the usages of Ward Holdings, and from these one can easily gather an accurate and reliable account of the social state of the inhabitants of Rulewater valley, from early troublous times down to the present day. Then the amount of national history which dovetails into the lives of the residenters of the valley is very considerable. The reader also comes into close contact with such literary celebrities as Burns and Thomson, the data being of a most reliable nature. The author thus narrates the visit of the National Bard to the valley of the Rule:—Robert Burns during his pilgrimage to the Borders in 1787 visited two places in Rulewater. His first was Wells, and the second Wauchope. He was accompanied by Robert Ainslie of Berrywell, who went with him, by special invitation from Gilbert Elliot of Otterburn, to dine at Wells on Rule. Mr Elliot had known and was a great admirer of James Thomson, and cherished as a sacred memorial the armchair in which the poet of "The Seasons" sat when composing the "Castle of Indolence," and he determined that it should be occupied by Robert Burns on the occasion of his visit. This chair was made of beechwood with a high back, and one of the arms was charred by a candle falling against it when Thomson was absorbed in one of his profound meditations. Gilbert had several people staying at Wells who were impatient to behold the ploughman poet. At last he arrived, and his host received him most graciously. He then asked Burns to sit in Thomson's chair, and declared that since it came into his possession, never before had a guest worthy to occupy the seat crossed his threshold, and a great deal more to the same effect. This compliment was awkwardly and even somewhat ungraciously received by Burns. In fact, Elliot said so much about Thomson that Burns

felt he played second fiddle to the author of "The Seasons," and it was some time before he would sit down in the chair. The young people present were much amused at the confused manner of the poet, and suppressed laughter was heard. In fact, the visit to Wells was not a success.

In the olden days a strong belief prevailed in witchcraft and evil spirts, and about 1720, there is a tradition that a troublesome ghost haunted Hobkirk kirk and kirkyard. This ghost was, however, effectually laid by the then minister of the parish, the Rev. Nicol Edgar. A number of the people, however, looked upon the minister, after his midnight meeting with this spirit, as somewhat uncanny, and the superstitious members of his congregation, it is said, never felt comfortable in his presence. He died on the 31st May, 1724, and was buried at Hobkirk. It was decided by several young men in the parish to remove his remains the first dark night to some lonely spot, so that if his spirit took to wandering it would not disturb them. The story goes that after the body had been exhumed, it was arranged they should carry it direct across Bonchester hill. To lessen the difficulty in the conveyance of the body a rope was used to tie the arms firmly together. All went well with them for about half of their journey, but in crossing a rather deep syke the arms of the corpse got loose and gave one of the men who carried it a smart slap in the face. This caused a panic amongst the resurrectionists, who dropped the body into the syke and then fled in great fear. Next night the poor minister's remains are said to have been carried back to his grave in Hobkirk, and they were hastily interred.

Regarding this place, Mr Tancred has the following very interesting notes:—Town o' Rule on the Hallrule estate is a name of great antiquity. It appears in the old ecclesiastical records of Jedburgh Abbey. This place formed a large part of the extensive barony of Feu—rule, and this territory in early times occupied the whole breadth of Hobkirk parish. It was undoubtedly a place of much importance, and the town or village the principal one in the district. The site and locality of Town o' Rule have also a claim to antiquity. The present farmhouse and steading are situated in close proximity to an ancient earthwork of large dimensions. Walter Deans says, "I have heard old people say that the camp was of an oval shape with a breast-work and a deep fosse." The materials consisted of layers of stones, with mounds of earth, little regard being paid to method or order in its construction. The contour of the camp has now been almost obliterated through recent agricultural improvements. An old well situated not far distant, built in the usual circular form, which used to go under the name of Dobie or Dubbie, appears to have been the only spring to the Town o' Rule. The town or village of the name was situated along the left side of a syke or hollow, but of what extent the town was is unknown. In 1543 the Town o' Rule was considered of so much importance that the English marked it for destruction. When clocks were costly and watches scarce the indwellers marked the time of day by the reflection of the sun on a certain fissure on a craig on Ruberslaw called Cloon-Craig. The outfield lands are separated from the infield by a deep cleuch through which flows a small burn, which rises partly in Hawthornside, and from a strong spring on Weensmoor. It is said that one William Welsh while riding from Hawick to Abbotrule one dark night missed the road and entered the moss, now almost dry through drainage. With much difficulty he got safely out, but his horse was drowned. Many years afterwards the horse-shoes were found when casting peats.

Mr Tancred relates the following good story:—Much amusement was caused in and about Hawick by an incident in which John Sibbald (Cavers) played a conspicuous part. One Sunday morning going his rounds he discovered three men gathering seagulls' eggs in Buckstruther Loch on Kirton hill, and at that time the loch being pretty full they had to take off their clothes to swim across to the island. Sibbald shouted to them to "come out of that." On this request they became abusive, so Sibbald bundled up their clothes and carried them to the lower end of the loch, thinking the men would follow him. But instead of that they swam out and made straight for Hawick as fast as their legs could carry them. It must have been a curious sight three naked men running at the top of their speed on a fine Sabbath morning in the direction of Hawick. I can remember this circumstance, and it was said at the time that one of the three was partly clothed in a sheet of the "Scotsman" newspaper. The Hawick poachers after a time found it safer to leave the Cavers estate untouched and to choose other hunting grounds, where they could carry on their trade without any personal danger to themselves.

* * * *

A BORDER VILLAGE.

The full title of this little book, which is issued at sixpence from the press of the "Hawick Advertiser," is:—"A Border Village (Roxburghshire): A Plea for the People. With some remarks on the Liddle and Solway Fisheries." The village referred to is Newcastleton, and the author is Mr William Hall, M.Inst., C.E., whose "Liddesdale" was reviewed in our columns when it was published some years ago. In the present book the author combines pleasing descriptions of the scenery, interesting historical notes, and important opinions in regard to land questions, &c. Referring to Sir Walter Scott's connection with Liddesdale, Mr Hall says:—

Scott in his early college days expressed to young Robert Shortreed, of Jedburgh, the desire of visiting Liddesdale, whereupon Shortreed offered to be his guide. Scott's object was to examine more particularly the famous Castle of Hermitage, and to pick up some of the "riding ballads" said to be still preserved among the descendants of the mosstroopers, that had come down from father to son—in which the adventures of the Elliots and Armstrongs figured—who had followed the banner of the Douglases when lords of that renowned stronghold. Their first visit was in the autumn of 1792. Their experiences in Liddesdale, as told in Mr Lockhart's "Life," are by the lively Mr Shortreed, and are evidently a little exaggerated.

"During seven successive years," writes Lockhart, "Scott made a raid, as he called it, into Liddesdale with Mr Shortreed, Sheriff-Substitute of Roxburgh, for his guide, exploring every rivulet to its source, and every ruined peel from foundation to battlement. At this time no wheeled carriage had ever been seen in the district; the first, indeed, was a gig, driven by Scott himself for

a part of his way, when on the last of these seven excursions. There was no inn nor public-house of any kind in the whole valley; the travellers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and to the rough and jolly welcome of the homestead; gathering wherever they went songs and tunes, and occasionally more tangible relics of antiquity—even such a 'routh of auld knicknackets' as Burns ascribes to Captain Grose. To these rambles Scott owed much of the materials of his 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;' and not less of that intimate acquaintance with the living manners of these unsophisticated regions, which constitutes the chief charm of one of the most charming of his prose works. But how soon he had any definite object before him in his researches, seems very doubtful. 'He was makin' himself a' the time,' said Mr Shortreed; 'but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed; at first he thought o' little, I daresay, but the queerness and the fun.'"

Mr Lockhart, however, is mistaken in respect to the peel towers, for they had all been demolished and levelled with the ground long before that time, with the exception of the ruined tower of Mangerton, which gradually disappeared. Over the site of this historic tower now runs the railway.

It is generally thought that Scott in his visits to Liddesdale received the inspiration for his life work, which has made the name of Sir Walter Scott so illustrious.

"In those days," says the memorandum before me, "advocates were not so plenty—at least, about Liddesdale;" and the worthy Sheriff-Substitute goes on to describe the sort of bustle, not unmixed with alarm, produced at the first farm-house they visited (Willie Elliot at Millburnholm), when the honest man was informed of the quality of one of his guests. When they dismounted, accordingly, he received Mr Scott with great ceremony, and insisted upon himself leading his horse to the stable. Shortreed accompanied Willie, however, and the latter, after taking a deliberate peep at Scott "out by the edge of the door cheek," whispered, "Weel, Robin, I say, de'il hae me if I'se be a bit feared for him now, he's just a chield like ourselves, I think." Half-a-dozen dogs of all degrees had already gathered round "the advocate," and his way of returning their compliments had set Willie Elliot at once at his ease.

* * * *

"SCOTIA."

Number four, or Martinmas part, of this deservedly popular quarterly, the organ of the St Andrew Society, like the preceding numbers, is full of interesting matter which must appeal to all true patriots. This part, however, must be specially interesting to Borderers, as the opening piece is "The Lambing Fold—A Border Pastoral," by Sir George Douglas, Bart., who in this poem blends in his own pleasing way the philosophy, nature, lore, and religion of shepherd life. Further on in the number Will H. Ogilvie, in his well-known swinging lines, deftly touches the beauties of a Scottish cottage home from which two bonnie bairns go to School. "Scotia" costs 1/, but as soon as the true Borderer turns to the full-page illustration reproduced from "The Return to Hawick from Hornshole, 1514," by Tom Scott, R.S.A., he will at once say, "This part at least is worth more than the price charged."

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THE BORDER ALMANAC.

Once more this familiar publication with its interesting cover lies before us, and we have again to congratulate the publishers, Messrs J. & J. H. Rutherfurd, Kelso, in producing a wonderfully combined and condensed mass of valuable information at the small price of threepence. The book contains much that is of general import, but provides information relating more particularly to the Border district. Particulars are given of the various Border fairs and markets, agricultural societies and shows, areas of parishes, half-holidays in Border towns, valuation returns, and other matters equally diversified. There are also obituary notices of prominent Borderers who have passed away during the year, Border police reports, much interesting reading culled from newspapers of the olden times, lists of Border Courts and officials, County Councillors, School Board and Parish Council Chairmen and Clerks, &c. To the general reader the obituary notices of prominent Borderers, who have passed away during the past year, will be specially interesting, and constitutes the almanac a book of reference.

BORDER NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE NAME BUCCLEUCH.

If your correspondent, December, 1907, is, as we believe him to be, anxious to obtain a variety of the spellings of "the name Buccleugh," we would advise him to consult "Fraser's Muniments" or Craig Brown's "Selkirkshire," and specially there in Mr Craig Brown's article on "Ettrick," which, if it had been written by the minister, would have earned for him the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the four Scottish Universities in slump. Balcleugh was the original name of Buccleuch, and denotes most properly Town Cleugh or Town at the Cleugh. In 1415 Robert Scott is Laird of Ransoilburn. In 1542-3 Walter Scott of Branxholm is styled "Laird of Bukcluith." If you want misspelling and local corrupt pronunciation go to Kirkhope and Ettrick for it.

[The correspondent who wrote the foregoing neglected to enclose his name and address, and while we are indebted for the information given and the interest taken, we must draw attention to the general rule in this respect.—Ed. "B. M."]

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JEDBURGH WREN'S NEST NOTES.

We were delighted to receive the following epistle along with the annual subscription for the BORDER MAGAZINE, and we invite any of our older readers, who can supply further particulars, to contribute them to this column. Our correspondent, who resides in the south of England, says:—"The 'Border Magazine' interests me, old man of eighty-one years though I am, for I am an old Wren's Nest, Jedburgh, boy of 1835-39, and know well much of the Borders on both sides, then and after. Mr Burnett was at the head of the school and house then. I wonder how many are now alive that were with me then! Not many I fancy, and we had

Robsons, Elliots, Wights, Simpsons, Scotts, Cahills, Donaldsons, Ormistons, and so on, with many other names I have forgotten. Parish clergyman Rev. Purvis, D.D., and his assistant, Andrew Bonar, as a young man. Abbey was Parish Church, and we boys sat in the gallery, and we had families at church from Edgerston, Bonjedward, and several other houses around. No gas in the place when I went there first from my English home. All this may amuse you, and explain how I, from a far-away south of England town, take an interest in your magazine. J. N."

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DISAPPEARANCE OF THE OLD NOBILITY.

Although, as was pointed out in our December number, it is too true that many of our old Scottish families are disappearing from the estates which have known them for centuries, we are able now and again to give pleasing evidences that some families are little likely to depart from their ancestral lands for generations to come. The following from the "London Express" bears out this side of the subject:—"A fashionable wedding of the month takes place at St Margaret's, Westminster, on Thursday, the 23rd January, 1908, at eleven o'clock, when Lord Elibank's second son, the Hon. Charles Gideon Murray, marries Mrs Aspinwall, widow of Colonel Aspinwall, who died in 1904. The bridegroom is Private Secretary to Sir Francis Hopwood; and has already distinguished himself in the Colonial service as British representative on the Joint Commission with the Resident of Dutch New Guinea. For this work he received the thanks of the Queensland Government. Mr Murray also served in the South African war, and was Assistant-Commissioner of Zoutpansberg from 1902. He comes of an old Scottish family, for the first Baron Elibank opposed the surrender of Charles I. to the Parliament, and was granted his peerage in 1643. The future bride is a grand-daughter of the famous Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, and niece of the present peer. She is one of three lovely sisters, is musical and literary, and has altogether a charming personality. The honeymoon will be spent in America."

A MEMORABLE 25TH OF JANUARY.

By A Lady Contributor.

On the morning of the 25th of January, 1907, I found myself in the ancient royal burgh of Dumfries. A typical blast of "Janw'ar wind" met me as I directed my steps into the long, winding, old High Street, at the north end of which stands the statue of Robert Burns, the Scottish Bard.

Near the statue I met with a few pilgrims, who had come from various far-off places to spend the day in the old town, where their favourite poet and song-writer had lived, and suffered, and died. The statue is of fine marble from Mrs D. O. Hill's model of Burns. It represents the poet seated on the trunk of a tree, with his right hand placed over his heart, while with the left he reverently clasps a cluster of the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flowers." His favourite dog Luath reclines at his feet. On the day of which I write, the 146th anniversary of Burns' birth, the statue had been adorned in honour of the event. A laurel wreath crowned his head, while at his feet there was placed a beautiful circle of rare lillies, entwined with laurels and other evergreens. I lingered long at the base of the statue reading the extracts, culled from some of his finest works, which are carved on the four panels; but a casual glance at the clock in the old Mid Steeple warned me that I must move on.

Yes! for had I not a tryst to keep on this cold January morning. The great-granddaughter of Burns had asked me to meet her in the old churchyard of Saint Michael, and in her company to witness the annual ceremony of placing a wreath upon the tomb of the Bard carried out by the members of the Dumfries Burns Club and the municipal authorities. I passed along the narrow High Street, only pausing for a few minutes to look at the quaint old pile of buildings called the Mid Steeple. There, in that ancient town house, lay in state the body of Burns prior to its removal for burial in the old kirkyaird. From there the mournful procession started on its way, and passed between lines of soldiers. One cannot stand by that old town house on such a day without, in fancy, seeing those last sad honours being paid to the dead poet by his grief-stricken fellow-townsmen. There in front, with arms reversed, walks a party of his comrade Volunteers. Behind march the main body supporting the coffin, on which are placed his sword and hat. After which with reverent steps the sable-clad, mourning public, all marching to the beautiful and solemn strains of Handel's "Dead March" in "Saul."

As I continued on my way my attention was attracted by a sign displaying a picture of the Bard, and in large letters the words, "Globe Tavern, 'Burns' Howff.'" In this inn is to be seen the chair he used; and on a window are the lines inscribed by him to "Lovely Polly Stewart" and a version of "Comin' thro' the Rye." At the flight of steps leading to the kirkyaird of Saint Michael I found awaiting me the great-granddaughter of the poet, who, by the way, bears a striking resemblance to her illustrious ancestor, and whose name is Jean Armour Burns Brown. She was accompanied by her father, Mr Brown. We entered the old church dedicated to Saint Michael, the patron-saint of the burgh, and stood upon the spot where Burns worshipped. Unfortunately, the pew he occupied, and upon which he had carved his initials, "R. B.," has long since disappeared. We then visited the Mausoleum, where all that is mortal of the "Scottish Shakespeare" is laid to rest. Here also are interred his "Bonnie Jean" and five of his sons. Near to them repose the remains of Jessie Lewars, who so tenderly nursed the poet in his last painful illness.

The Mausoleum is in the form of a Grecian Temple, and contains a mural sculpture by Turnerelli, representing the poetic genius of Scotland throwing her mantle over Burns, who in his rustic dress is at the plough. Having a short time to wait before the arrival of the Provost, Magistrates, and representatives from the Burns Club, we took a look round the very interesting old graveyard. As the "blast o' Janw'ar win'" was blowing very keen and cold, we walked briskly along the footpaths. I engaged in conversation with Mr Brown,

whom I found to be a shrewd and intelligent Scotsman, possessed of a fund of quiet humour. Our conversation turned upon the flat gravestones, a great number of which are to be seen there, and while we talked one of these great flat stones rose from the earth, and a man dressed in the garb of a labourer "came forth." Miss Brown and myself were very much amazed; nay, even alarmed at this unexpected sight; but Mr Brown immediately exclaimed, in the "braid Scots tongue," "I didna hear ony trumpet soundin'." Our fear was at once transformed into hearty laughter at the old gentleman's witticism, and were relieved by our subsequent discovery that the mysterious headstone was only a doorway leading to the heating apparatus of the church, and the "risen" individual the honest man who attended thereto. By this time those connected with the ceremony had arrived, and we retraced our steps to the sacred corner. After a cultured speech, delivered with much feeling, by Provost Glover, the large and beautiful wreath, composed of white roses, lillies, hyacinths, and laurel, was placed reverently upon the tomb, the gentlemen uncovering meanwhile. It was a simple yet a fitting ceremony to be performed on the anniversary of the birth of Burns, for are we not told that "he loved to observe anniversaries." The assembly slowly dispersed, and I was left alone with the great-granddaughter of the Bard, that immortal poet to whom, as each successive 25th of January comes round, the entire world pays tribute and honour. Together we stood by the shrine until we heard some one approach for the purpose of closing the door, and with a last, lingering look we turned reverently away.

THE TOMB OF BURNS.

How we admire this tomb so fair,
Adorned with sculpture rich and rare:
How glad we feel to see it there,
Placed o'er his grave with loving care,
Fit tribute to his memory.

But ah! we know that had it been
A simple slab, moss-grown and green,
While on the sod bright daisies gleam,
We think that even then 'twould seem
Fit tribute to his memory.

Before parting from my distinguished companion, Miss Burns Brown, I was honoured with an invitation from her to spend the evening at the "Burns' House," where at that time she and her parents resided. Need I say that I accepted that gracious invitation, and passed in the "Old House" that evening one of "the happiest nichts that e'er I spent." The house in which the poet spent the last years of his life is an old-fashioned two-storey building in a narrow street now known as Burns Street. In a chamber on the upper storey Burns wrote many of his best known songs, and here also, after "life's fitful fever," his spirit passed to the hereafter. But we were now called downstairs, and there a true Burns dinner awaited us. Mrs Brown, the granddaughter of the poet, a warm-hearted, kindly, old lady, with a something about her that at once suggests to you "Bonnie Jean," presided over the dinner, and with her own hand dealt out liberally the fragrant, steaming haggis. Did ever haggis taste so sweet as that? To partake of the "great chieftain o' the puddin' race" in Burns' house, with a granddaughter of his on one side of you and a great-granddaughter on the other, you verily feel in an atmosphere the all-pervading spirit of which is essentially the spirit of Burns. Dinner over I was favoured with songs from the two ladies of the house. Miss Jean sang first, "There was a lad was born in Kyle," with all the soul of the author shining from out her great dark orbs, "the eyes of Burns." Mrs Brown, after a little persuasion, consented to sing, remarking, very quaintly, that she would sing to us a verse of "My Grannie." I confess I felt a little curious to know what song of Burns this might be. However, I was not permitted to remain long in wonder, for after crossing the room to the piano the old lady started to sing in a remarkably sweet and clear voice "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," which song, as all the world knows, was Burns love tribute to his Bonnie Jean. How quickly the hours passed that night. After we had all joined in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" I had to say farewell.

I close this little sketch with an extract from a beautiful speech on Burns by the late Rev. Dr Matheson:—

"Burns has not faded. He stands upon the mountain top in full view of that Canaan where the immortals dwell, and his eye is not dim, nor his natural strength abated. Why is this? It is because he hath chosen that good part which time cannot take away. It is because he has written for man as man. He has sung the songs of the heart; and the heart is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

AIRD MELVILLE.

"My Life in the Open," by Mr Will H. Ogilvie, author of that curiously named volume of verse, "Fair Girls and Gray Horses," is announced to appear shortly. In this book Mr Ogilvie, the most distinguished and widely known of Australian poets, gives a series of prose impressions of open-air life in many parts of the world. Thus we have, for instance, scenes of farming life in Australia, in the United States, in South Africa, and on the Scottish border. Some verses by Mr Ogilvie are also included.

* * * *

The well-known intelligence of our Border artizans makes it impossible that the scene of the following could be in the Borderland:—The little village could not boast of having many entertainments, and a concert was an event which was looked forward to with delight by the inhabitants. It was at one of these "musical feasts" that a stranger sang with great feeling "The Village Blacksmith." In response to a vociferous encore, the singer was about to start "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," when the chairman tugged his coat-tail. "Better sing the owd un over again, mister," he whispered. "I 'appen to be the chap you've bee n singing about—the village blacksmith—and I reckon it'd only be fair to me if you was to sing it all over again and pop in another verse sayin' as 'ow I let out bicycles."

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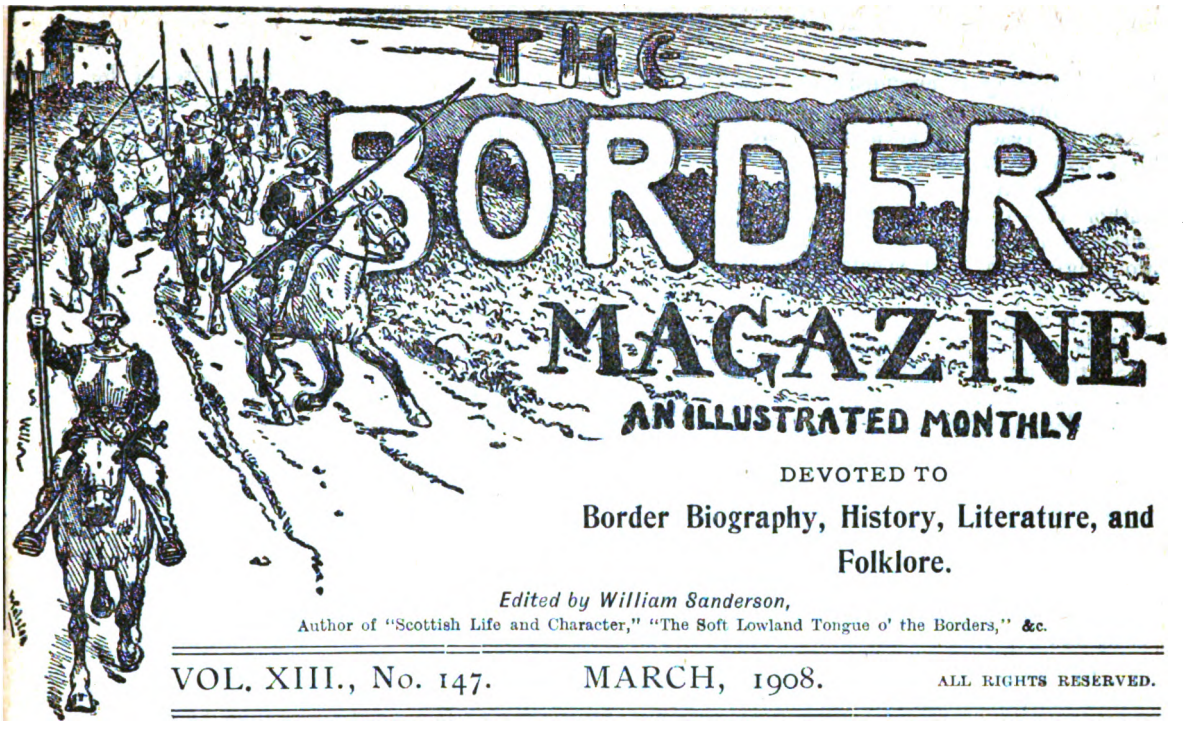
PROVOST EADIE, PAISLEY.



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

Edited by William Sanderson,
Author of "Scottish Life and Character," "The Soft Lowland Tongue o' the Borders," &c.

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PROVOST EADIE,

PAISLEY.

By The Editor.

IT has been proved time and again that it is not necessary that a man should be a native of the Borderland to make him a leal and enthusiastic Borderer. From Sir Walter Scott downwards we have numerous outstanding examples of men who, by residence in the "enchanted land," or by study of its glorious literature and traditions, have so come under the spell and glamour of the Borders that they look upon themselves as Borderers for the remainder of their lives, even though their lot may be cast in far distant parts.

Such an one is Mr Peter Eadie, Provost of the important town of Paisley. You have only to be in his company for a few minutes, and begin to speak about a Border subject, to discover how enthusiastically he will take it up. The worthy Provost is a poet, as becomes a Borderer and a Paisley man, for both districts are supposed to inspire poetic feelings in the breasts of those who reside therein, and he having contributed poetical pieces occasionally to our columns, our readers are able to judge of the superior quality of his verse. Another evidence of the hold which the Borderland has upon him lies in the fact that, when fatigued with the cares of business or municipal affairs, he generally selects the "Scott Country" as the district where he can find the necessary rest and recreation.

A man of wide experience and extensive reading, Provost Eadie yet retains all the kindly nature and keen sense of humour which are characteristics of the true Scot. These admirable qualities are at once apparent either in private conversation or in his appearances on public platforms, where his racy style commands applause even from those who differ from him in their opinions. Sprung from the people, he has ever retained in a marked degree a true sympathy with his fellowmen in their troubles and trials, and never forgets how difficult it is to "get on" in life, even though he has succeeded in this himself.

His life-story is a fascinating one, and fortunately he has told it himself in a volume issued some years ago by the well-known publisher, Mr Alexander Gardner, Paisley. The book, which was reviewed in our columns at the time of its publication, bears the title, "The Autobiography of Peter Taylor"—the

last word being an assumed name—and is full of most interesting and racy incidents placed before the reader in such a graphic way that they live in his memory. The dedication of the volume shows how the sympathies of the author lie—it runs thus: "Dedicated with every feeling of respect to my brethren of the working-classes, and specially to those who have never yet enjoyed the luxury of paying the Income-tax."

Born at Auchterarder Moor on 6th July, 1837, the subject of our sketch saw in his childhood some of the primitive country life which is fast becoming a memory. Of these distant days he writes:—

> Life early in the nineteenth century, though falling short of many of the comforts of to-day, had many very pleasing features. Every woman could and did spin. The men could plough, build a farm steading, and many of them could weave. . . . When there was a purpose of marriage between a young couple in the village the male aspirant had to go and recover as many stones from the burn as would make the four walls of his house, and also look after clay for mortar. Then the whole of the villagers would turn out and give him a day's building, and by night they would have the walls ready for the roof—spars and thatch did the rest, and two box-beds made it into a but-and-a-ben. When the walls were finished the villagers generally wound up with a dance in the barn, at which more engagements were entered into.

His father, like many of the old Scots peasantry, was a well-educated man, and was even a very fair Latin scholar, while his mother was a good type of the true Scotswoman, who could manage to bring up a family on a very small income, and instil into the minds of her children precepts which would stand them in good stead in after life. His mother was brought to Glasgow from her home on Loch Tayside when she was twelve years of age, but such was her love for her native district that she walked all the way back rather than remain in the crowded city. She "passed through Stirling on her way to Loch Tay on 8th September, 1820, the day Baird and Hardie were hanged for levying war against the King with eighteen pikes!" One of the pages of our history we would fain forget.

Mr Eadie's parents were married on St John's Eve, 1825, and remained in the country districts until 1839, when they removed with their family to Paisley, where there was more chance of work for the young folks. The father was employed on the joint line of railway between Glasgow and Paisley, and all went well until the great commercial collapse of the forties came, and then the family knew what the pinch of poverty meant. The writer of the "Autobiography" gives us some amusing glimpses into the schools he attended, and presents us with pen portraits of the various dominies he was under. At the early age of eleven he began work as a message-boy, but returned afterwards for a short time to school. After some time in a brewery the young lad was apprenticed as a mechanic to Mr Robert Kerr, shawl manufacturer. Of his start in this trade he says:—

> From the blowing of the smith's bellows and the screwing of bolts, I was promoted to the turning-lathe. I must say I took great interest in this work, even when I was merely blowing the bellows or giving the smith a chap. I used to go in during the meal hours and stick any quantity of double flooring nails in a wooden block, and then swinging the fore-hammer "ower hip," as it was called, knock them in one by one. It cost the master something for nails, and if he did not get repaid by increased proficiency, then I am in his debt. It takes longer to become a good striker than some imagine. One day I was not pleasing the old smith in the way I was putting down the hammer, so he stopped abruptly and, looking at me, he said wrathfully, "D'ye think it's razors ye're makin'?"

After spending three years and two months in Mr Kerr's employment, young Eadie went to Messrs Blackwood & Gordon, shipbuilders and engineers, where he saw much fine work, and mingled with all sorts and conditions of men. He took pride in his work, as will be seen from the following sentences:—

> I saw such fine work in this place that my joy was intense. The first job I got was to bush some links, cut out the cotter holes, and finish them. You bet, when that engine was started I made an excuse to go on board; and as I looked at the play of the magnificent machine I said to myself, "You have helped to make that engine at anyrate." I looked at it long and lovingly, watching the advance and retreat of the various parts, but I always came back to the links, for no part of it had the same interest for me as the part I had made myself.

Even in these apprenticeship days, Mr Eadie developed the faculty of verse-making, and some of these earlier poems prove conclusively that he had caught a glimpse of the light which never shone on sea or land. A poem was the means of introducing him to an estimable young lady, Miss Yule, who afterwards became his wife.

Leaving Paisley, he went to Glasgow, and for a short time experienced the dreariness of looking for work in a great city when trade is bad. Ultimately he got employment with Messrs Barclay & Curle, Whiteinch, and later

on got into the large engineering shop of Messrs J. & G. Thomson in Finnieston Street, Glasgow, where he got much insight into the mysteries of engineering. While in Thomson's works he lodged in a small street near at hand called "World's End." He shared his little room with a young man named Charles Dick, a native of Broughty Ferry, who years after rose to be manager of the London and North-Western Railway Works at Crewe, with over 6000 men under him. The two young engineers attended the Bible Class of the Rev. Dr Eadie, and during their spare time stored their minds with useful knowledge. One of their amusements was the study of a Scottish Dictionary, which probably accounts for Provost Eadie's fine command of the Doric. Referring to an old engineer, a fellow-workman in Napier's works, where he went after leaving Thomson's, Mr Eadie gives this delightful picture:—

He took a step to me one day, and drawing his fingers across his brow till the sweat ran in beads to the points, he said:—"Is that no awfu'; had it no been for that besom, Eve, I micht have been lyin' my length the day birslin' on the Braes o' Paradise."

Returning to Paisley to be near the old folks, he worked for some time in an engineering establishment there, but the work not proving congenial he went to Kilmarnock, where he found his daily toil a pleasant contrast to what he had left behind. He gained much experience in the Railway Works, and felt so comfortable, though his pay was small, that he began to think of settling down in "Auld Killie." The Miss Yule already referred to had long since become "Maggie" to the young engineer, but the courtship had to be done mostly by letter—not the worst means of ascertaining each other's thoughts and principles. In his "Autobiography," Mr Eadie says:—

We were married in Glasgow, at her mother's, on the 28th June, 1861. When I brought her home, she sat down at her own fireside and had a good cry. It was not sorrow, but joy. She had been knocked about from pillar to post for many years, and now having a home of her own, however humble, was overwhelming. My wife was from childhood brought up at a boarding school. Her widowed mother was a housekeeper to one of our Scotch nobility. She was afterwards sent to the Normal at Edinburgh, and, while still a girl, was installed as mistress of a school by the Countess of Buchan. Her education was much superior to anything I could lay claim to, and no doubt helped to draw forth the admiration I felt for her. She was early matured, and joined the church at twelve years of age, and continued a devoted and consistent servant of Christ till she went home. . . . Never ask me that question, "Is marriage a failure?" The days I spent in the two-roomed houses, and in houses of only one, were the happiest of all my life, and if Heaven is to be a patch on them, may we all get there!

The birth of a boy in the following May brought additional joy to the young couple, but also added to their cares and expenditure. The same month they removed to a smaller house, and so began that restlessness which later on took him far afield. After another year in Kilmarnock, he removed to Paisley, where he got employment with a firm of gas-engineers. He made such progress in this new department of work, and soon became proficient, that he was sent to Londonderry to superintend the iron-work of a new gas-works, an undertaking which kept him in the Emerald Isle for about eighteen months. From 'Derry he was sent to the large gas-works at Tradeston, Glasgow, but was sent again to Ireland on several occasions.

In 1865 Mr Eadie was sent to Genoa to make an extension of the gas-works at Bisango. Visiting London and Paris en route, and crossing the Alps at Mount Cenis, were new experiences indeed, and these, added to his experiences among his Italian workmen, had the usual effect on an intelligent man. His sympathies were extended, his prejudices reduced, and his mental outlook vastly increased. In his volume he gives some most interesting glimpses of Italian life, but want of space prevents us quoting. From Genoa he was sent to Sicily to undertake similar work, and this he successfully accomplished. While in Italy he met with many of those who had been "out with Garibaldi," and can tell many good stories of that stirring time. For all this work he was poorly paid, and came back with very little in his pocket, but with invaluable experience.

A few weeks after Mr Eadie's return from Italy he was sent to Galashiels to put up a gas-holder, and thus began his connection with the Borderland. By and by he brought his wife and four children to the banks of the Gala, so that he might enjoy a little of their society. He thus refers to the turning point in his career:—

Going home one night to our lodgings I saw a notice in a stationer's window that an engineer was wanted for one of the mills in town. I told my wife, and we consulted our landlady, who cried, "Oh! grand maisters; and they call the mill the 'Traveller's Rest.'" I went off at once

to see them and had a pleasant interview; they would have engaged me on the spot, but I asked a night to consider it. I went back next day, and took the job at a wage of twenty-eight shillings a week. I promised to come as soon as my firm could send a man to relieve me. . . . I never enjoyed any place better than the "Traveller's Rest." The masters were gentlemen, and I got on well with them. I was allowed to plan and execute many things, and the work was a never-ending delight.

While in this thriving Border town Mr Eadie soon got into touch with public life. He joined the Mechanics' Institute, and by his energy gave it a new lease of life. He was largely instrumental in founding the Free Library, and was its first secretary. In the School Board he was an active member, and took a prominent part in the Good Templar movement. 'Mid all their joys, sorrow entered the household, and death claimed two of the children, a boy and a girl, but the Christian fortitude of the parents enabled them to bear up under these heavy blows.

While in the employment of Messrs R. & A. Sanderson, Wakefield Mills ("The Travellers' Rest"), Mr Eadie invented a certain small spring, which was readily taken up by millowners. These springs were at first made by himself and his wife, but the business grew so rapidly that he left Galashiels with regret and started a business with his brothers in Paisley. Their united capital only amounted to £120, but they worked so well together that the business soon became an important concern, and has gone on extending up to the present time. Unfortunately the companion of his early joys and sorrows, the true helper in his struggles, only enjoyed his success for a short time, when she was called to that home for which she was so well prepared. Prior to this sad event, however, they both took an active part in Christian work in Paisley, and conducted a most successful Children's Church.

After some years of close attention to business, during which he felt the want of his faithful helpmeet, he found time to take a trip to the East and a voyage to Australia. While in Syria he met a bright and well-educated lady, whose fine character so impressed him that he asked her to become his wife. He was accepted, and now it would be difficult to find a better-matched or happier couple. The memory of the past life, however, is kept alive by the name "Wakefield," which Provost Eadie has given to his residence in Paisley.

He took such a lively interest in the public affairs of Paisley that two years ago his fellow-townsmen elected him to the honourable and important position of Provost, and since then he has been indefatigable in carrying out the multifarious duties of his office. We trust he will be long spared to enjoy his well-earned success and to take an interest in the welfare of his fellow-men.

We may fitly close this sketch of a worthy and true-hearted Borderer by quoting his conclusion to the autobiography upon which we have already so freely drawn:—

Advancing years bring us no nearer the solution of the great problem of life. Still I think it well worth living, even in the humblest sphere, if we try to live it worthily. The importance of humanity may be assumed from the fact that in every soul there is a variety of voices continually wooing us in diverse directions; and the great decision, though come to in some crisis of the soul, has to be renewed and re-affirmed day after day so long as we are here.

The claims of religion are not more exacting than those of merely mundane things, while the rewards of the latter are less. The Christian is called upon to forsake all and follow his Master. The aspirant to earthly distinction gets off no easier if he would succeed. To both it is equally true: "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." How many have we all seen striving, even agonising, to enter the earthly portal, and have not been able; and one pitiful aspect of life is, that no matter what the bent of the mind may be, one half of existence, and often the whole, must be devoted to a life-and-death struggle with hunger. The wolf, though beaten from the door time and again, bears a charmed life and always returns. And while some have so entrenched themselves as to feel safe, nevertheless when they begin to take stock it is with shame they discover that they have little else "but the struggle" to show for a life of three-score years and ten.

The 5th February was the twenty-seventh anniversary of the death of Thomas Carlyle. Time is rapidly wearing out the living links with the deceased. Since last anniversary several notable figures have passed away who were intimately associated with the sage. Of these the two Scottish writers, "Ian M'Laren" and Professor David Masson, are among the best known. It was rather a peculiar coincidence that those two prominent figures in the literature of the closing era of the nineteenth century were present at the sage's famous rectorial address at Edinburgh in April, 1866. Professor Masson attended in official capacity, while "Ian" sat an obscure student who had yet to win his spurs. The address exerted considerable influence on "M'Laren," who ever afterwards likened the Rector to "an old Hebrew prophet." Lord Young, who passed away last year, was another notable Scotsman, who was ever fond of rehearsing his meeting with Carlyle, then unknown to the world, in his father's house at Dumfries. On that occasion old George Young, the Procurator-Fiscal of Dumfries, uttered the prophecy, "Take my word for it, this Mr Carlyle will be a great man in this country yet."

MEGGAT.

AN OCTOBER MEMORY.

ENCIRCLED by high hills that overlap and meet and fold upon each other, melt into the distance and open to the north, lies the valley of the Meggat. The song of the river, yellow with the autumn rains, is different from the spring music; then it seems the snatch of an impatient melody, now it is the prelude to the requiem for the dying year.

Lying as Meggat does, off the beaten track of the tourist, it is little known, and many a golden day passes and not a footstep is heard in the valley, only the far-off echo of the coaches sweeps up on the east wind as they cross the Meggat Bridge for Tibbie Shiels.

Time sweeps on. The busy world outside this sleepy hollow heeds not the spring promise, or the voice of the cuckoo, the quickening life of early summer, or the call of the partridge to her brood, the purple glory of autumn, or the scent of bog myrtle, or the sleep of winter with its desolating breath, that in turn spread a glory over the valley.

To-day the coaches and tourists are unknown, for the October sun is kissing the rowan berries to a deep scarlet, the firs around Piers Cockburn's grave show a more vivid green, the birches in the Dow glen are touched into a brighter silver, and the ferns and brackens by the road and on the hillsides are powdered with gold. Here and there one sees the blaeberries underneath their rounded leaves, black and overripe, for the time of vintage is past, and the brambles are heavy with their purple fruit. Not a breath of wind steals down the valley to-day, the sun is warm and so still is it that, tempted by the warmth and the quiet, a few rabbits steal out of the plantation on the hillside and gambol and play not far from my feet. As I sharply strike my stick against a stone there is a flash of the white danger-signal, a rush of feet soft beating on the turf, and again I am alone with the sunshine. From the far distance comes the plaintive and lonely cry of the curlew, and up the valley, hanging motionless, save for an occasional quiver of his wings, a hawk looks for his quarry. The bleating of a sheep at long intervals breaks the silence, and away on the other side of the river I see a russet shadow slipping from stone to stone, and I know a marauder is afoot.

The heather is faded on the green hillside, though here and there is seen a purple flash against the grey granite, and in the shadow of

MEGGAT BRIDGE.

the great boulders the dew sparkles on the spear grass, although it is high noon.

Down the middle of the valley the Meggat majestically rolls its yellow flood, and in the long calm reach below the sheep bridge, the myriad bubbles from the falls above mirror the bright sun in dancing music, and so still is the air, you can hear the crisp tinkle of the bubbles as they explode. Save for this long reach it laughs and sings down the valley and murmurs its story to the hills around, laughs and sings as it has laughed and sung for countless centuries, with the eternal youth and light-heartedness of all flowing waters. Here and there by its course little tributaries sparkle and carol their way, and others creep bashfully from perennial green sources as if ashamed of their scanty tribute. Always singing, it winds sometimes through granite balustrades and by monoliths lichen covered, and sometimes by sombre meadows, till by green banks and long still reaches it meets and mingles with the Loch embosomed among the hills.

Above on the hills around the dying grass hides the living carpet of green beneath, save on the peaks where the granite shows through the soil in long grey scars, and this veil changes with the passing hours and sailing clouds, and as the shadows wax and wane, lighten and darken, so the valley shows dream colours that tremble, linger, faint, and cease and grow again this October day.

Away to the south spread out the placid waters of St Mary's Loch, lying still and motionless, with Bowerhope Law and other shadowy hill-tops dreaming away into the far distance, and overlooking the hallowed Yarrow, that home of mystery, that land of legend, romance, and story, that cradle of song unique and unexampled in all Scotland. Indeed, all the land from Selkirk to Tweedsmuir is holy ground, and one can do naught but dream in the heart of it, and the dominant note is sadness. Decade succeeds decade, century follows century, and the valley and its heritage remain unaltered, it is an immutable thing in this changing world.

To-day the valley has been haunted by white-winged visitors from the North Sea; they passed up Meggat and sailed over the crest of the distant hill into Tweedsmuir. There the din of the work-a-day world has ceased and a new loch has been formed. Thank heaven, the valley of the Meggat has been spared that, although at one time the danger was very real.

The sunshine slips away, the western hills are casting a dark shadow, and soon the whole landscape will be grey and sombre, and night will reign, but whether the night will be starlit or darkened with swiftly flowing clouds is beyond the wit of man to predict, even the shepherds here say that you can never tell what the weather may be in Meggat.

This and its sister valley the Yarrow have added a priceless page to literature; they have lifted up the soul of man to high and noble aspirations, they have justified their existence, they are of these things which never die.

W. CUTHBERTSON.

HUME CASTLE.

PART II.

LET me turn, therefore, again to Hume Castle, and briefly narrate its history, so far as it is known to me. Despite the fact that it lay so near the English Border it does not figure prominently in Scottish history. As the stronghold, however, of one of the most important Border clans, and the residence of the Earls of Home, who frequently held the office of Warden of the East Marches, it was impossible that it should escape occasional sieges, although those which it did sustain were not embittered, so far as we know, by rancour and revenge like that of Fernihurst. The allusions, therefore, which we meet with in history to Hume Castle are brief and lacking in importance. The Duke of Norfolk, in the early years of the reign of Queen Mary of Scotland, alludes to it, when referring to a threat made by the Earl of Home, that he would spoil the English east marches as in reply to this boast, he told the Earl of Home that if he did fire but one hay goff he should not go to Home again without torchlight, and, peradventure, might find a lanthorn at his own house. Again, Randolph, the English Minister at Queen Mary's Court, proposed, when dissension arose on the Borders, on account of the Queen's marriage to Darnley, to hire a band of strapping Elliots to find Home busy at home in looking after his corn and cattle. These passing allusions to the Castle are taken from the introduction to "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Its sterner history is recorded in Alexander Jeffrey's "History and Antiquities of Roxburghshire," where we are briefly told that the Castle was taken in 1515 by the Regent Albany, but that it was re-taken by the Homes in

1517 and maintained against the authority of the King and Regent. This was after the death of the Earl, who fought at Flodden, as he was beheaded at Edinburgh in 1516. The Castle was again taken by Somerset after the battle of Pinkie, apparently without any fighting, as the custodian surrendered on being threatened with a bombardment from the English pieces of artillery, which had been placed on the craigs a little to the west. Much store of victuals and wine, we are told, fell into the hands of the victors, besides sixteen pieces of ordnance, so in these days it was well supplied with artillery, as well as victuals and wine, and might have held out for some time had the custodian wished to stand a siege. It seems to have remained in the hands of the English for about two years, when it was once more re-taken by the Scots.

We are told by Jefferies that Queen Mary visited Hume Castle in the year 1566, on her way from Jedburgh to Edinburgh, when she stayed there for two nights. No doubt the distant ridge of Flodden would be pointed out to the Queen, as the spot where her ill-fated, but gallant grandfather, was slain. The next hundred years, so far as I am aware, were uneventful in the history of Hume Castle, at least, I have not come across its name during that period in history, but in 1650 the curtain is again raised, as we are told that Cromwell, who certainly had a predilection for pulling down and destroying both castles and monasteries, sent Colonel Fenwick, shortly after the battle of Dunbar, to reduce the Castle, and summon the garrison to surrender. The Governor, Cockburn by name, treated the demand very lightly, and, instead of complying with the summons, coolly replied in the following doggerel rhyme:—

"I, William of the Wastle,
Am now in my Castle,
And a' the dogs in the toun
Shanna gar me gang doun."

But, alas for Willie Wastle, the walls of Hume Castle were not able to resist Cromwell's lieutenant, and the artillery he brought to bear on them, and he and his garrison had to surrender at discretion. Such, so far as I have been able to ascertain, is a brief outline of the history of this old Border fortress. Told in this way, it seems bare and destitute of romance, though, if we could possess ourselves of its inner history and see a little of the daily life of the men and women who lived within its walls, we should no doubt find plenty material from which to weave many a romantic tale, but this must be left to the pen of the novelist.

The Rev. George Gunn tells us, in his sketch of the parishes of Home and Stitchell, that the first reference to Hume Castle occurs in 1335, and that it came into historic importance in the 15th and 16th centuries. It seems to have been allowed to fall gradually into decay after sustaining its last siege in 1650, when, as before stated, it was captured by Fenwick, although it must have been a place of some importance even in 1715, as we are told the magistrates of Kelso obtained twelve pieces of cannon from the Castle in that year for the purpose of defending the town against the Jacobites. Surrounded as it is by almost impenetrable morasses, and built on a steep rock, it was not adapted for a peaceful residence, and we can scarcely wonder, therefore, that it has been allowed to crumble away before the keen winds that spent their fury on its time-honoured walls, when it was no longer of use as a place of defence. As I have already mentioned, little of the old castle is now left, as the walls we see were only built about a century ago, partly for ornamentation, and partly to mark the site of the original foundation. Like so many of the old Border keeps and towers, when once "Time's wasting hand" was allowed to prey upon its walls, and it was no longer inhabited, the stones, when required, were freely taken for the purpose of building some of the adjacent farmhouses and steadings, and we may fittingly conclude this sketch by saying with Hamlet, "To what base uses we may return, Horatio."

FRED. ANG. JONES.

The blunders of authors which have been mentioned in this magazine recently are at least not without the excuse of precedent. It is well known that Sir Walter Scott pictures one of his characters standing on the shore of Fife, watching the sun setting across the German Ocean—not the only occasion on which a novelist has made the sun set in the east. The same author, in "The Fortunes of Nigel," makes one of the swashbucklers swear "by the bones of the immortal Napier," although he must have known, if he had remembered, that "Napier's Bones" was an apparatus for purposes of calculation. Scott was, of course, an exceedingly careless writer, but even Charles Dickens is guilty of as absurd a mistake in "Bleak House," where he calls Harold Skimpole "Leonard" throughout an entire chapter, afterwards reverting to the former name. Goldsmith, in his "History of England," alludes to Naseby as being in Yorkshire, which is a minor error, but another historian in John Britton alludes to Jeffreys (famous for the cruelty with which he treated the Sedgmoor rebels in 1688) as having made his name for ever infamous for presiding at the mockery of a trial accorded to Charles I.

NEW FACTS ABOUT DR JOHN LEYDEN.

(By JOHN REITH, EDINBURGH.)

PART II.

HIS UNIVERSITY CAREER.

THE following is Leyden's record, extricated from the University Register:—

JOHN LEYDEN.

1790-1, Dec.—Lit. Gr.; Provec.
1791-2, ,, —Lit. Hum. 2; Lit. Gr. 2; Log.
1792-3, ,, —Lit. Gr. 2; Eth.; Phys.
1793-4, ,, —" Divinity, Hebrew, Ch. History
1794-5, ,, —Lit. Gr. 2: Div., Heb., Ch. Hist.
1795-6, ,, — Div., Ch. Hist., Arabic and Syriac.
1796-7, ,, —Chem.
1797-8, ,, —Bot.
1798-9, ,, —Anat., Chir.
1799-1800, ,, —Med. Th. & Pr.; Mat. Med.; Pr. Clin.; Art Obst.

Two particulars in the above must be startlingly new to most readers:—(1) The fact that during his first session at college Leyden attended not only the Junior or First Greek Class, but also the Senior Class regularly attended by the Second Year's students. The Provectiores were the most advanced students of the Junior Class, and in view of the fact that at that time a large proportion of them entered the class without so much as knowing the Greek alphabet (Walter Scott and Henry Cockburn, e.g.) it may safely be concluded that they did not include more than a fourth of the whole class. The advanced work which they were permitted and encouraged to do was, in Edinburgh University, simply the work of the Second Class.

Let the reader now recall Scott's account of a scene in the class when Leyden was first called up to translate. "The rustic yet undaunted manner, the humble dress, the high, harsh tone of his voice, joined to the broad, provincial accent of Teviotdale, discomposed on this first occasion the gravity of the professor, and totally routed that of the students. But it was soon perceived that these uncouth attributes were joined to qualities which commanded respect and admiration. The rapid progress of the young rustic attracted the approbation and countenance of the professor, who was ever prompt to distinguish and encourage merit."

This narrative is so absurd and contradictory that it is obviously not Prof. Dalzel's view of the matter at all, but the subjective impression of the scene in Scott's mind; in which impression Leyden's knowledge of Greek and his performance that day were of no importance whatever.

In his story there is one word that is unconsciously very suggestive. We are told that the student's manner was rustic but undaunted. Why undaunted? Because he was called up to perform a task which he knew he could perform with ease and credit. He had not to stand dumb; he could read and translate. And when the professor saw that, like the teacher he was, he made the student go on, and questioned him to see how much he knew. True, the tone of his voice was harsh and his accent provincial, but these would not have been heard had he had nothing to say; and although the other students laughed, their laughter was only the accompaniment of their applause. Students are as prompt to distinguish merit as professors, and they cheered while they laughed.

The fact is, Leyden's provincial accent and general from-the-country appearance had a significance that Scott could not see or understand. It meant that here was a raw youth from the country whose knowledge of Greek was putting three-fourths of the class to shame. They applauded the student, and laughed as much at themselves as at him.

HIS MEDICAL STUDIES.

The climax of the misrepresentation about Leyden taking his Medical Degree is to be found in a letter from Dr Wardrop, quoted in "Archibald Constable and his Correspondents." Wardrop says he went to India "appointed to the medical department, for which he had qualified himself by a few weeks' study. He had previously acquired some very superficial knowledge of anatomy and chemistry, and, finding that a medical appointment was necessary for him to get out to India, he undertook to qualify himself in a few weeks to get the necessary diploma. . . . After two, or at most three, weeks' preparation, he was bold enough to appear as a candidate for a surgeon's diploma."

The continuation of this was given by Scott:—"Leyden was, however, incautious in boasting of his success (in taking his surgeon's diploma) after so short a course of study, and found himself obliged, in consequence of his imprudence, to relinquish his intention of taking out the degree of M.D. at Edinburgh, and to have recourse to another Scottish University for that step in his profession."

Would any one believe, after reading the above, that John Leyden did not take a surgeon's diploma in Edinburgh at all? And yet such is the simple fact, as the writer has been assured by James Robertson, Esq., Clerk, R.C.S.E., who has informed him that the name of John Leyden does not occur in any of the records of the College for the year 1802.

That being the case, Scott's explanation of why Leyden went to St Andrews for his M.D. degree falls to the ground. But there are other reasons not far to seek. (1) He had attended the University of St Andrews during the winter 1797-8, and was as much at home there, with professors and students, as he was at Edinburgh; and as he had been already studying medicine for two years it is certain that he made himself acquainted at this time with the method on which degrees were conferred by the St Andrew's Medical College.

(2) The regulations and conditions at Edinburgh were absolutely prohibitive to one who wanted to take a degree at short notice. For one thing, the candidate had to be indentured as an apprentice to a surgeon or apothecary. In short, the regulations were such that they could not be complied with except by one who had been laying down his planks regularly and methodically for three or four years. Whereas at St Andrews a candidate could appear before the examiners after giving a week's notice, and, on producing certificates that he had passed through a proper course of medical training and passing their examination, he received his diploma on the spot.

(3) For a man in Leyden's position the high fees at Edinburgh, which were raised prohibitively on any attempt at hastening proceedings, formed a weighty reason for going to St Andrews, where they were comparatively trifling.

THE TIME HE HAD FOR SPECIAL PREPARATION.

Writing on January 8, 1802, to George Ellis, Scott explains that the proposed college at Calcutta, in which it was hoped that Leyden would get an appointment, was hanging fire, and continues: "He therefore proposes taking his degree as physician and surgeon with the hope of getting an appointment in the company's service." Now, his diploma, taken at St Andrews, was dated August 12, so that he had exactly seven months for special preparation.

But the crowning mistake in regard to the whole matter has been the assumption so convincingly refuted by the above University record, that his previous medical knowledge was hardly to be counted. If so, the extraordinary memory that worked such wonders in 1802 was of no use to him in his medical classes from 1796 to 1800, so that at the end of that time he had learned nothing; for all are agreed that he forgot nothing that he had ever learned.

(To be continued.)

A FATHER'S DREAM.

A BITTER November night, driving all indoors, making the straggling street of the little Border village even more deserted-looking than usual. Warm yellow lights from the cottage windows, telling of cosy firesides within, breathed a calm defiance of the nipping wind that swept eagerly past, carrying with it the groans and sighs of gaunt, leafless trees.

Suddenly the wind seemed to have caught up some more human sounds. The strains of a violin could be distinguished; then a woman's voice, singing:—

"I've seen the forest
Adornèd the foremost,
Wi' flowers o' the fairest
Both pleasant and gay.

. . . . . .

But now they are withered
And a' wede away."

As the plaintive notes of the fine old Border song died away, one or two cottage doors were opened, and a few coppers, with some quick looks of sympathy and thanks, bestowed upon the two wandering musicians—for such they were. The violinist, a man of somewhat over thirty, was enveloped in an old long overcoat. A soft felt hat, which also had seen better days, was drawn down nearly to his eyes. The woman's clothes were no better, and had the same faded professional appearance. Her young face, seen as the light from an open door shot across the street, would have looked pretty had it not been so pinched and careworn.

The cottage doors were soon all closed again, and the street looked drearier than ever. The violinist played on alone for some time; but there seemed no hope of further patronage, till an old man stepped into the street and hurried towards them.

"Let's shake hands wi' ye, sir!" said he, grasping fervently the cold fingers of the violinist. "Ye hev' warmed ma hairt wi' yer fine playin'! Never hev' I heard the fiddle played like that since ma ain son Jamie played to me. It was in London that I heard Jamie last—when he took me to hear the grand orchestra he played in. Ye'll hev' been in London?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wonder if ye've ever seen ma Jamie? I've had nae word frae him these seven years, an' ma letters hev' been a' returned. He'll be a big man now amang the musicians, wi' a fancy name—ower busy to think o' his auld faither. Very likely mairied a grand wife, tae!"

The woman clung closer to her companion. Her face softened as she gazed on the old man, his rugged features alight with love and enthusiasm as he spoke of his son.

"But I'm sure he'll come back here to see me some day," the old man continued "Something tells me that, as I sit alone at nights by the fire, an' the Lord sends me a dream o' Jamie's return to cheer his faither's hairt! Yes, yes, he'll come back, a fine musician, drawin' dear knows how mony guineas a night! They get fine fees some o' the big men, eh?"

"Yes, some." The violinist seemed a man of few words.

"But I mauna' keep ye staunin' here in the cauld, you an' your young wife. Come in an' warm yersels, an' I'll be pleased to gie ye something to help ye on yer way."

The old man crossed to his cottage door; but, when he turned to urge the strangers in, he found that they had fled.

"Queer!" he exclaimed. "But they maun hev' thought I had ower much to say to hev' much to gie!"

"Won't you go back, Jim?"

They were out of the village now.

"No, no! . . . Some day, perhaps, with Heaven's help. . . . But, oh, not now, dear!"

And they trudged on again, arm in arm.

THOMAS ELLIOTT.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1908.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OWING to extensions in our printing department it has become necessary to print the BORDER MAGAZINE nearly a month in advance, so contributors will kindly note this fact when sending in MSS. We would also take this opportunity of once more pointing out to our friends the desirability of condensing their articles as much as possible, so that we may be able to give sufficient variety in each issue of the Magazine.

THE BORDER KEEP.

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

What is the correct way to receive the toast of the Immortal Memory? The custom at Burns anniversary gatherings is to drink the toast in solemn silence; but the exact manner of honouring it seems to have been a point difficult of solution from the earliest days of Burns clubs. In looking over the minutes of the Mother Burns Club, it appears that the first celebrations following soon after the poet's death, witnessed the drinking of the toast in silence. At the annual dinner in 1806, however, we read that, after the orator of the evening had proposed the memory of the poet, "in language eloquent, pathetic, and choice, the toast was drunk amidst impressive silence, with the customary nine impressive waves of the hand." It would be interesting to know the actual significance of these signs since this rite is one which is no longer observed. Then, again, the toast was not always honoured in silence. Sometimes it was received with lusty cheers; at other times every sound was hushed, and all heads were bowed. The choice rested evidently with the occupant of the chair, as the record of the 1848 dinner of the Greenock Club indicates that the chairman "objected to the toast being drunk in solemn silence, so it was received with ringing cheers."

* * * *

Another link with Sir Walter Scott has been snapped, as will be seen from the following paragraph, but the writer of the news item is wrong in one particular, as readers will know who read the sketch of Mr Cornelius Lundie in our last issue. The paragraph is as follows:—Dr Frederick Bainbridge, whose death at Clevedon, in Somersetshire, aged 89, was announced on 15th January, 1908, and who formerly practised in Harrogate, was probably the last survivor of those who could remember personally Sir Walter Scott. Mr Bainbridge's father lived at Gattonside, near Abbotsford, and Sir Walter's diary contained many references to him. Dr Bainbridge perfectly remembered being as a boy at Abbotsford, and had many anecdotes of Sir Walter's kindness to him.

* * * *

There seems to be an awakened interest in the story of Mr Joseph Train, who supplied Sir Walter Scott with so much quaint and interesting folklore, &c., which the Great Wizard so successfully wove into his romances. Mr James Smith, writing from Maitland House, Kelso, on 10th January, 1908, to the "Scotsman," says:—The late Miss Barbara Train, Kelso—Joseph Train's niece—told me the following anecdote, which may be more than usually interesting at present, when a movement is on foot to erect at Newton-Stewart a memorial of her uncle. Train was by profession a surveyor of Excise. But he was also an author and antiquarian of some note in his day, and a magnanimous

friend of Sir Walter Scott. On one occasion he found himself in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, with only a limited time to look in on Sir Walter. On calling he was told the Wizard had gone to an outlying part of his grounds, but was expected back again shortly. Train waited in his study for his return, but he had not appeared when the time at his (Train's) disposal had elapsed. He was, therefore, reluctantly obliged to leave without having seen his friend, but left as a message, written on a sheet of paper, and placed on Sir Walter's study table, the last three lines of the second canto of "The Lord of the Isles":—

"Punctual his orders to obey
The train refused all longer stay,
Embarked, raised sail, and bore away."

* * * *

In February, 1905, the death took place at Plymouth of Mrs Matilda Grace Cadell, whose husband belonged to the noted East Lothian family of that name. She was twice married, firstly, to General Alexander Boileau (of the house of Boileau, of Norfolk), Baronet; and, secondly, to General Alexander Cadell, whom she survived. The most interesting member of the family was the publisher, Robert Cadell, who was so closely associated with Sir Walter Scott. He married the daughter of Archibald Constable, whose sole partner he became, but their firm went down in the great commercial crisis of 1825. The partnership being broken up, both Constable and Cadell were anxious to secure Scott, who wisely chose the latter, Constable having a reputation for rashness of enterprise. Scott, moreover, declared that Constable without Cadell was like getting a clock without a pendulum! Cadell, in addition, showed deep feeling for the misfortunes of the great novelist, and their relationship soon became one of closest intimacy. Till the end he showed the utmost attention to Sir Walter, and became sole publisher of his novels. He is often gratefully referred to by Lockhart, who described him as one of the most acute men of business in creation. The publisher's grandfather was William Cadell, of Cockenzie, who deserves remembrance as first projector of Carron Iron Works; while one of his nephews was Francis Cadell, the famous explorer, who was murdered a quarter of a century ago, after having largely contributed (with very little personal reward) to the development of the resources of Australia. While the deceased lady was the wife of General Alexander Cadell, her daughter by General Boileau married Dr Francis Cadell, of Edinburgh, with the extraordinary result that mother and daughter were married to brothers!

* * * *

Tombstones found outside churchyards serve as reminders that, despite its boasted reverence for the past, the present age is essentially utilitarian in character. In the centre of that interesting tract of country which is locally known as the "Howe o' the Merse," stands the sequestered God's Acre of Hilton. The little sanctuary, which once occupied part of the enclosure, has long since disappeared, and the burial ground is now the haunt of the vandal. In neighbouring cottages are to be found hearths formed from "thrughstanes" that formerly commemorated the virtues of the rude forefathers of the hamlet. In these days of free education, such a lack of reverence is to be regretted. Consolation may, however, be found in the thought that in this respect the present generation are probably no worse than the men of the middle ages. Striking testimony to this is borne by the Border church of Kirkwhelpington, which possesses a fifteenth century window that has evidently been constructed from a tombstone of an earlier age.

* * * *

I wonder if any of the readers of the "B. M." have noticed a similar superstition as that referred to by a correspondent in an evening paper. Writing of a baptism in church, he says:—The expected happened, and the child cried, and did so emphatically. It seems the proud parents were quite relieved that the event had not been carried through in quietness. The mother at least believed the crying was a sure sign of prospective luck for the child. She even confessed that had it been necessary she would have had recourse to pinching to produce the desired wail. My correspondent, who is evidently learned in ancient lore, informs me that this belief in luck had its origin in the ancient custom of exorcism. An evil spirit, in passing from a possessed person, rent him sore. Tears and struggles on the part of the child at baptism were taken as convincing proofs that the Evil One had departed.

* * * *

In the diary I referred to last month under date 5th October, 1832, is given the following account of the initial steps taken in the movement which resulted in the erection of the Scott Monument:—"A great meeting held to-day on the subject of a monument to Sir Walter Scott. The great assembly room crowded. The Lord Provost in the chair, supported by the Duke of Buccleugh, the Earls of Dalhousie and Rosebery, the Lord Advocate, Lord Meadowbank, Sir George Clerk, Professor Wilson, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Sir James Gibson Craig, Sir John Forbes, &c. After the Lord Provost had opened the meeting, the Duke of Buccleugh proposed the first resolution in a long and very poor speech. A slight-looking man, with an indifferent head and little expression. Lord Rosebery seconded his Grace in a more manly address. The Lord Advocate moved the second resolution in a very pretty speech, though the tone was subdued and showed a want of enthusiasm. The Professor followed with more of the latter quality, but in rather a sing-song and lugubrious key. Lord Meadowbank and Sir George Clerk proposed the Committee. Sir John Forbes stated that the Edinburgh banks to whom Sir Walter had been indebted had had a meeting, at which they had resolved to subscribe £500 as a testimony of their sense of the highly honourable manner in which he had acted. The meeting, which went off more heavily than could have been expected, was relieved at the end by a speech from Dr Cantor, a German, very neatly said, and ending with a proposal to have committees in the foreign, and particularly the German capitals, where the works of Sir Walter Scott 'were in every hand and in every heart.'" The Scott Monument was completed and opened in 1846, and, curiously enough, the first name to appear in the first visitors' book placed in the shrine raised to the memory of one of the most Scottish of Scotsmen was that of an Englishman, who hailed from Liverpool.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

FLODDEN AND THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

By A. GRAHAM, M.A.

PART III.—MRS COCKBURN AND HER VERSION.

THE other set of verses known by the same title was written by Miss Alison Rutherford (Mrs Cockburn). She was the daughter of Robert Rutherford of Fairnalie, where she was born in 1712. The Rutherfords are an old Border family, still represented by the Rutherfords of Fairnington and Edgerstone. The old mansion-house of Fairnalie stands near the Tweed, between Abbotsford and Ashiestiel, nearly opposite to Yair House, the home of the Pringles, and has been recently acquired, together with the estate, by ex-Provost Roberts of Selkirk. The turret chamber from which Miss Rutherford could see—

> "Tweed's silver stream
> Glittering in the sunny beam,"

and in which she is said to have composed her verses, still remains, and is an object of interest to the tourist. Not very much appears to be known about her family and her early life at Fairnalie. She had a brother who succeeded as laird of Fairnalie, and another whose daughter, Anne Rutherford, married Mark Pringle of Crichton, probably a son of the Mark Pringle who fought a duel in 1707 with Sir Walter Scott's great-granduncle, William Scott of Raeburn, in a field near Selkirk called from the catastrophe, *Raeburn's Meadow-Spot*. Raeburn was slain, and Pringle had to flee, and after being for some time a prisoner in the hands of Barbary pirates, he is said to have made a fortune in Spain, and, returning home, to have bought Crichton in Midlothian, where he married and settled. He died in 1751. A brother of his, the second son of Mark Pringle of Clifton, John Pringle, became Lord Haining. He died in 1754, and was the father of the distinguished Scotch judge, Andrew Pringle, Lord Alemoor, a great friend of Mrs Cockburn. He died at Hawkhill, near Edinburgh, in 1776, and is often referred to in that lady's correspondence. Anne Rutherford or Pringle was the mother of a third Mark Pringle and of Anne Pringle, the grand-nephew and niece of Mrs Cockburn, of whom she often speaks in her letters. This Anne Pringle was engaged to Adam Cockburn, son of Mrs Cockburn, but he died in 1780. They were never married. Her brother Mark—Mark Pringle of Clifton and Haining—married a Miss Anne Chalmers, daughter of Robert Chalmers, an Edinburgh solicitor, another great friend of Mrs Cockburn. Mrs Cockburn, it may be added, had a niece, Elizabeth Rutherford (1729-89), daughter of David Rutherford of Capehope, advocate, who married Walter Scott of Wauchope. She was a lady of literary tastes, wrote verses, and is known as the "guid-wife of Wauchope," to whom Burns addressed his well-known epistle,

> "I mind it weel in early date,
> When I was beardless, young and blate."

Burns paid her a visit at Wauchope in 1787, and, speaking of her, says "she possessed all the sense, taste, intrepidity of face, and bold, critical decision which usually distinguish female authors." The drinking cup used by him when at Wauchope is said still to be preserved there. It was exhibited at the Burns' Centenary meeting at Jedburgh in 1859.

In early life Miss Rutherford had formed an attachment to John Aikman, son of Aikman the painter. He is said to have been a young man of much promise, but owing to ill-health, or for some other reason, the engagement, if there was one, was broken off. He died in London in his twenty-second year, a few days before his father, and only a month or two after the marriage of Miss Rutherford to Patrick Cockburn in 1731. He was an advocate, youngest son of Adam Cockburn, Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland, and brother of John Cockburn of Ormiston. At first they lived in the house of the Lord Justice-Clerk, a gentleman of the old school, and somewhat strait-laced, and then for four years in rooms at Hamilton Palace, where Mr Cockburn acted as Commissioner to the Duke, after which they went to Musselburgh. Mr Cockburn—"her friend and lover for thirty-two years"—died in 1753, leaving his wife a widow with a small income. Henceforth her life was mostly spent in Edinburgh, where her house in Crichton Street became the resort of the most famous literary men of the time. Here of an afternoon, David Hume, Lord Monboddo, John Home of "Douglas" celebrity, Adam Ferguson, Robertson the historian, young Henry Mackenzie, "the Man of Feeling," and many others, would meet to have a "dish" of tea with their learned hostess, and to discuss the questions and news of the day. She died at her house in Crichton Street, on the 22nd of November, 1794, at the great age of eighty-two, "with old friends round her bed. In her, Edinburgh lost one of its pleasantest relics of the past, and society one of its most characteristic figures." She was a lady of very considerable literary talent, and of great vivacity and spirits, fond of society and its gaieties, sincerely attached to her friends, and interested in their welfare, always genial and good humoured to the last. Sir Walter Scott, who knew her well—she was a distant relation of his mother's—pays her this tribute:—"Even at an age advanced beyond the usual bounds of humanity, she retained a play of imagination and an activity of intellect which must have been attractive and delightful in youth, but was almost preternatural at her period of life. Her active benevolence, keeping pace with her genius, rendered her equally an object of love and admiration." She was one of those who early discovered the precocity of Sir Walter when a boy of six. Her interesting letter on the subject to her friend, Dr Douglas of Galashiels, is well known to the readers of Lockhart's Life of Scott. She lies buried in Buccleuch Churchyard, Edinburgh, where rest the remains of David Hume, Thomas Blacklock, the blind poet; David Herd, the ballad collector; Dr Adam of the High School, and Deacon Brodie. Her numerous letters, for she was a great correspondent, are exceedingly interesting, and give us curious glimpses into the fashionable and literary society of the Scottish capital in the 18th century. (1) They have been collected and edited by Mr Craig-Brown, the able historian of Selkirkshire.

Mrs Cockburn's set of verses is said to have been written a little before her marriage to Patrick Cockburn, in a turret-chamber of the old house of Fairnalie, still pointed out as the place of composition. The exact reference in her verses is a matter of much uncertainty, but it does not seem to be to the battle of Flodden. Some think there may be some indirect reference to her parting from John Aikman. There is a tradition that

a gentleman, on passing down one of the glens round Fairnalie, heard a shepherd play a plaintive air on his flute, and on inquiry was told it was *The Flowers of the Forest*. He caught the air by hearing it several times repeated, and then went and asked Miss Rutherford to write him a copy of verses to suit it. She, recognising the air, and recalling a few lines of the old ballad, thereupon produced her *Flowers of the Forest*. If such a gentleman ever existed, who could he have been? On the other hand, Dr Robert Chambers, in an account of Mrs Cockburn which embodied the recollections of Sir Walter Scott, states that the song refers to some commercial disaster, which rendered seven lairds of ancient family in the district insolvent in one year. The subject is an obscure one, and is likely to remain so. Mrs Cockburn and her relations remained silent on the subject, which was perhaps natural enough in the circumstances, and though she says in a letter to her friend Mr Chalmers, written some forty years after Aikman's death, that "his affection, tenderness, and sympathy for me surpassed the love of a woman," and in her correspondence she makes no mention, with one exception, of the "Flowers," nor gives any hint as to the circumstances of its composition. There still exists a copy of her verses in her own handwriting, and at the end there is added this significant line—"A real picture of the author's feelings." This, with deference to Professor Veitch (*Border History and Poetry*, ii., 267), seems to me rather to point to some personal matter than to the bankruptcy of some Forest lairds.

The verses seem to have appeared in print about the year 1765 (in the *Lark*, and afterwards in Herd's *Collection of Scottish Songs*, 1769 and 1776), though composed long before if we can trust tradition. Herd, however, stupidly strung together the verses of Miss Elliot and those of Mrs Cockburn, under the title of "Flodden Field," to which he prefixed some sixteen stanzas, supposed to be of his own composing. Sir Walter Scott printed them, as well as those of Miss Elliot, in the *Minstrelsy* (1802-3). They became very popular as a song, and "in a thousand homes of Scotland, from flute and spinnet and violin came forth the old air, and from voices of Scots ladies in full-throated pathos came forth the familiar words—

"I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling."

Though they are by no means equal to the verses of Miss Elliot, and are somewhat artificial and elaborate, yet there is a real strain of true pathos and feeling running through the lines, reminding us that—

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

(Mrs Cockburn's version).

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling.
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing,
But now it is fled—fled far away.
I've seen the Forest
Adorned the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay,
Sae bonnie was their blooming!
Their scents the air perfuming!
But now they are wither'd and a' wede away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
In loud tempest storming, before middle-day;
I've seen Tweed's silver stream,
Shining in the sunny beam,
Grow drumly and dark, as it rolled on its way.
O fickle Fortune!
Why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why thus torment us poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me,
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

NOTE.

There is a good deal of uncertainty as to the dates of composition and publication of the verses of Mrs Cockburn and Miss Elliot, but 1731 and 1755 are the usual traditionary dates that have been assigned to them respectively.

Sir Walter Scott printed them both in his *Border Minstrelsy* (1802-3). Of Miss Elliot's version he says:—"The following and well-known beautiful stanzas were composed many years ago by a lady of family in Roxburghshire. The manner of the ancient minstrels is so happily imitated that it required the most positive evidence to convince the Editor that the song was of modern date. Such evidence, however, he has been able to procure; having been favoured, through the kind intervention of Dr Somerville (well known to the literary world as the historian of King William, etc.), with the following authentic copy of the Flowers of the Forest." This note Scott afterwards supplemented as follows:—"Some years after the song was composed, a lady, who is now dead, repeated to the author another imperfect line of the original ballad, which presents a simple and affecting image to the mind:—

"I ride single on my saddle,
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

And with regard to Mrs Cockburn's verses he says:—"They were written at an early period of her life, and without peculiar relation to any event, unless it were the depopulation of Ettrick Forest." (*Border Minstrelsy.*)

In a letter dated Abbotsford, October 12, 1825, Sir Walter writes to his friend, William Stewart Rose:—"The story of the Flowers of the Forest is well known; the only good stanzas, beginning, 'There was a lilting at our ewe-milking,' were written by Miss Elliot, aunt of the late Lord Minto, an imitation of an old song now forgotten. I have spoken to her about it; she said the first verse was original, and that there were others, but she only remembered one line:

'I ride single on my saddle,
Since the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.'

Dr Somerville, still alive, was in the house of Minto, tutor of the late Lord, when the imitation was written. He also says:—'I never thought it ancient, though *ben trovato*.' (Compare with this his statement in the *Minstrelsy*.) In the same letter, speaking of Mrs Cockburn, 'my old friend and my mother's relative,' he says, 'she was born Miss Rutherford of Fairnalie, and when a great deal of distress and misfortune came upon the Forest by seven lairds becoming ruined in one year, she composed the fine verse beginning—

'"I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling."'

David Herd (incorporated) all together."—Scott: *Familiar Letters*, ii., 354.

Sir Gilbert Elliot, Jean's father, died at Minto, April 16, 1760, when she and her mother shortly afterwards removed to Edinburgh. Somerville became minister of Minto in April, 1767, ordained April 24, 1767, and acted as tutor in the Minto family. In 1772 he was translated to Jedburgh. If the traditional date, 1755, is correct, Somerville's memory must be at fault.

John Ramsay of Ochtertyre in "Scotland and Scotsmen in the 18th Century," vol. 1, p. 20, has the following note:—"Mrs Peter (Patrick) Cockburn, a lady who was long very much respected by the wits and *literati* of Edinburgh, was the authoress of the modern words of *The Flowers of the Forest*. It is uncertain what were the original words or whether they had (as is commonly supposed) any relation to the battle of Flodden. It has been lately discovered that the beautiful ones—'I've heard of a lilting at our ewe-milking'—were made by a daughter of Lord Minto. When they appeared in 1765 people were much divided as to their authenticity. I got a friend to apply to Mrs Cockburn to know what were the oldest words, but got no other answer but a copy of her own verses. That lady died only a few years ago, very aged." Ramsay probably got his information as to Miss Elliot from Scott, with whom he corresponded, and his note was probably written about 1803, as Mrs Cockburn died in 1794, and the "Border Minstrelsy" appeared in 1802-3. Dr Somerville died in 1830, but his "Life and Times" did not appear till 1861. In the same work by Mr Ramsay we find this interesting note:—"Once when the family of Mr Erskine of Cardross was assembled round his bed in expectation of his death, he asked with a feeble voice if Mr Row of Doune was in the room. Being told he was, the good man asked if he had his flute with him. 'Oh,' said Mrs Erskine, 'he is raving.' 'No, my dear,' answered he; 'but I would fain hear once more the *Flowers of the Forest*.' (Mr Erskine died in March, 1768.)

(1). Here is what she says of Burns in a letter dated 1786:—"The town is at present agog with the ploughman-poet, who receives adulation with native dignity, and is the very figure of his profession, strong and coarse, but has a most enthusiastic heart of love. He has seen Duchess Gordon and all the gay world; his favourite for looks and manners is Bess Burnet—no bad judge, indeed." (This was the daughter of the eccentric Lord Monboddo. She was one of the most beautiful women of her time, but died of consumption at the early age of twenty-three. Burns wrote an elegy on her death.)

BORDER BOOKS.

NO. IV.—LIDDESDALE.

"The History of Liddesdale, Eskdale, Ewesdale, Wauchopedale, and the Debateable Land, by Robert Bruce Armstrong. Part I. From the Twelfth Century to 1530. Edinburgh: David Douglas. MDCCCLXXXIII."

HE above is the title of a large and handsome volume of more than 450 pages. The page measures 13 inches by 10 inches. The letterpress measures 7¾ inches by 5¼ inches, thus showing a wide margin all round, of nearly three inches. The paper is very fine and thick, and the book is bound in the old style of smooth cloth, with bevelled edges and paper title on the back. The first sixteen pages are titles (pages 1 to 4), dedication to Sir Walter Elliot, K.C.S.I., of Wolfelee, 2 pages; preface 4 pages, contents 6 pages, in all 16 pages, numbered by letters. Then follows the text or body of the work, extending to 280 pages, after which comes the appendix, consisting of 116 pages, numbered like the titles, preface, and contents, with letters. There are also thirty-three illustrations and two maps. Of the illustrations twenty are full page, the other thirteen being inserted in the text. Three of the full page illustrations are etchings by Charles Laurie, of Tudor portraits, viz., of James IV., the Earl of Angus, and James V. Two of the full page illustrations are coloured illustrations of the Arms of the Lords of Liddesdale, and of the arms of the Clans of the Borders of Scotland. There is also an illuminated title page, the lettering of which is from a monument in Melrose Abbey, of date 1602. Three other coloured illustrations which are given in the appendix are those of two Border strongholds, and one Border town, viz., Cardines Tower, the Platt of Carlaverock, and the town of Kirkcudbright, and there is also an uncoloured drawing of the town of Annan. The two maps are Blaeu's Map of Liddesdale, and Blaeu's Map of Eskdale and Ewesdale. These maps have an engraved surface of 20 by 15 inches, with large margins, the sheets being 24 by 18½ inches. Mr Armstrong states in the preface "that with the exception of the Tudor portraits and engraved works reproduced by photo-lithography, the designs, facsimiles, and other illustrations, executed on copper or transfer paper, are his own work, and that the wood engravings are from his drawings." He also adds that the colouring of the castles, towns, plates of arms and seals, and of the title-page, has been executed by Messrs Banks, Scott & Ferguson, Waterston and W. & A. K. Johnston. The illustrations add very much to the value of the work. Mr Armstrong appears to have had, when writing the book, a large share of the true antiquarian spirit, for he has given us eight full page drawings of stone crosses, door-sills, lintels, and also of various other stone slabs, plain, as well as ornamented. The other illustrations in this book are:—Monument to John Armstrong, M.D., 1779; Monument to Thomas Little, 1675; Canonbie, from the Moat of Liddel; Lochmaben Stone; The Hollows Tower, from the South West; Bew Castle, Cumberland; and The Hollow's Tower, from Gilnockie's Garden. In the treatment of his subject, Mr Armstrong has shown a vast amount of research. There is, or there appears to be, however, a want of historical sequency in the spreading out, so to speak, of the incidents relating to the different parts of the district under consideration. Chapters I., II., and III. are called Introductory. The first chapter treats mainly on the powers and duties of the wardens of the marches, of the duties of the lieutenants, and of the offence or crime known as march treason. It is not until we reach page 26 that we get any exact information as to the earlier times, when the barons were amenable to their Sovereigns for the behaviour of their vassals and dependents. It appears that measures were taken to preserve law and order on the Borders by both the English and Scottish Sovereigns during the first half of the 13th century, if not earlier. At a meeting held on 16th November, 1248, it was distinctly declared that no one was liable by March law to be tried, but at the March for an offence committed in either Scotland or England.

The Borders of England and Scotland, for the distance of about thirty or forty miles from the boundary line, were, until the union of the crowns, in an almost incessant state of turbulence. The laws and customs of the Marches have received a good deal of attention from Sir Robert Bowes and Mr Richard Bell, and it is to these that Mr Armstrong says he is indebted for much of the knowledge that he has on the points relating thereto.

As England and Scotland were very seldom at peace for any length of time, the Borderers on both sides took occasion to make predatory excursions, the Scots into England, and the English into Scotland. When the two countries were at peace the respective Sovereigns endeavoured to make those who were wardens do their duty in so far as holding courts for the examination of those who were charged with raiding, reiving, harrying, stealing, or taking either from English or from Scottish houses. After the introductory chapters, Mr Armstrong gives us the ecclesiastical history, taking note in Chapter IV. of the parishes of Castletown and Ettletown, in Chapter V. of the parishes of Westerker, Staplegorton, Ewes, and Wauchope, in Chapter VI. of the Priory of Canonbie, and the parishes of Morton and Kirkandrews.

The civil history, which follows, is of more general interest, and occupies four times the number of pages that the ecclesiastical history does. It appears that the first Lord of Liddesdale was Randulph de Soulis, a Northamptonshire baron, who granted to the Abbey of Jedburgh the church of Dodington, beside Berton, about the year 1150, in the reign of David I. The name is otherwise given as "de Seluses" by J. Hooper Dawson, who gives Fordun as his authority.

The early civil history of Liddesdale is traced from the time of the de Soules, through the medium of the vague notices made by annalists, mentions, made in charters, in ecclesiastical records, in justiciary or other legal documents, and in genealogical and other records and other MSS. preserved in muniment chests up to the time of King James IV., in or about the year 1493. Chapters VII., VIII., and IX. are thus filled up, but Chapter X. is devoted to a notice of septs, or clans, whose connection with the district about that time became more prominent. The clans thus specially noticed are the Armstrongs, Elliots, Nixons, Crossars, Hendersons, Forresters, Beaties, Thomsons, Littles, Glendinnings, Moffets, Irvings, and Scotts. Some of these clans were of much more importance than others. The Nixons and the Grahames were numerous on both sides of the Border. The first mention of the above clans is in connection with a conspiracy to place Perkin Warbeck on the English throne. Warbeck had been persuaded by Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, sister to Richard III. of England, to personate Richard, brother of Edward IV., and to assume the title of Richard IV., King of England. He made a descent on Ireland in 1492, and afterwards on Scotland. In 1493, in order to help Warbeck's cause, the clans of Armstrong, Elwald, Crossar, Wigham, Nykson, and Henrison made an inroad into Northumberland to stir up the Northumberland men in favour of Warbeck, but were unsuccessful. Chapters XI., XII., XIII., XIV., and XV., which contain the history of nearly forty years, are full of accounts of raids and inroads principally made by the Scottish Borderers into Northumberland and Cumberland. There are also numerous complaints of damage and robbery, and of the endeavours made by the wardens of the respective Marches to prevent the thefts and ongangings of the Liddesdale freebooters. It appears that in many cases the wardens of the Marches were, however, guilty of conniving at the predatory offences of the Borderers. It is in the year 1525, according to Armstrong, that "we for the first time hear of a chieftain of a branch of the Armstrongs, generally known in history as Gilnockie." To this noted marauder, Robert, fifth Lord Maxwell, who was then warden of the West Marches, granted a charter, dated 4th August, 1525, by which he received "Johne Armistrang as tennent in fre heretaige" to "the landis of Dalbetht, the landis of the Scheld, the landis of Dawblane, the landis of Stabilgorton, the landis of Langholm, and the landis of Teviotschelis, with thare pertinentis by and in the lordschip of Eskdale, within the schirefdom of Drumfres." On the 2nd November of the same year John Armstrong attended Lord Maxwell, and offered his seal to a bond of manrent and touched the pen as his name was written, whereby he bound himself and his heirs to Lord Maxwell and his heirs, to be ready to do him service both in peace and in war with all his kin, friends, and servants. He then received from Lord Maxwell "a gift to him and his heir of the non-entries of the lands of Dalbetht, Schield, Dalblane, Stabilgorton, Langholme, and Crewsnowt, and thus became a liege man and vassal of his warden."

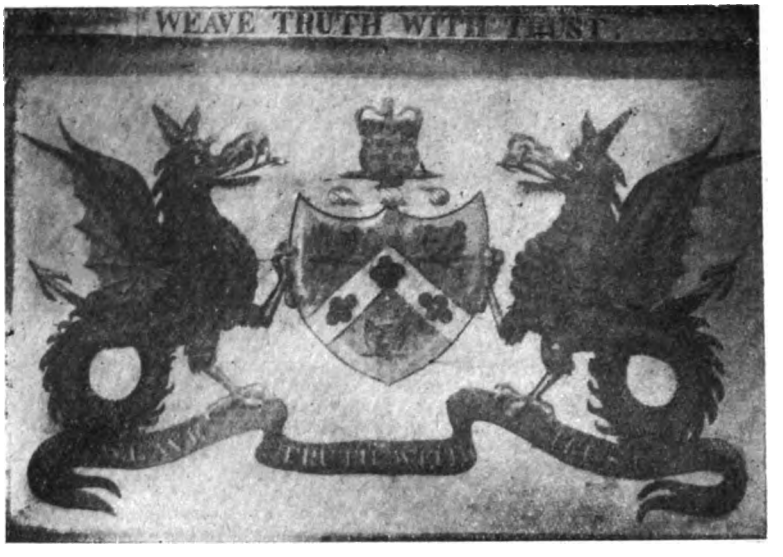
The last seven pages of Chapter XV. contain a full account of what may not inappropriately be termed the "Armstrong Tragedy," when John Armstrong and thirty-two others of the Armstrongs, Elliots, Littles, Irvings, and others, were "treacherously ensnared and unjustly put to death" at Carlangrig by order of King James V. of Scotland, July 26, 1530. The appendix to the history of Liddesdale and the Debateable Land takes up 116 pages, and consists of documents illustrative of statements made in the body of the work, or explanatory of what may there appear to be not clear in reference to historical matters. Appendix No. 36 consists of a list of damages done to the Scotts by the inroads of the English, and extends to fourteen pages. There are a number of letters, notably one from James V., King of Scotland, to John Johnstone of that ilk, and also one from James V., King of Scotland, to Lord Fleming, one from Lord Dacre to Cardinal Wolsey, and one from the Earl of Northumberland to Brian Tuke, and also extract from Sir Thomas Horcloft to the Lord Protector. There are over a dozen charters, some of them in Latin, and there are also over a dozen of bonds of manrent and others. No. 42 contains excerpts from the accounts of the High Lord Treasurer, showing the expenses of the raid to Eskdale and the siege of Langholm Tower, and extends to eight pages.

The work is, on the whole, a very valuable one, in so far as it relates to the Borders. There is, however, a felt want in there not being an index to the whole of the book, nor a table of contents to the appendix. The reader is referred to the appendix in the body of the work; but the articles in the appendix do not refer the reader to the text in the body of the work.

Hawick. J. C. GOODFELLOW.

GALASHIELS WEAVERS' CORPORATION.

THE old flag and other relics of the now defunct Galashiels Weavers' Corporation were recently handed over to that town by one of its public-spirited citizens, Mr H. P. Cochrane, whose family had been entrusted with their care when the Corporation ceased to exist. The relics consisted of the banner, halberd, and minute-book. These relics date back far into the past, though the banner is only dated 1822, and, thanks to the care of the custodians, are in excellent preservation, the banner being encased in a massive oak frame. Interesting speeches were made on the occasion by Mr T. Craig-Brown of Selkirk, Provost Rutherford, and others. It is matter for congratulation that these interesting souvenirs of the infancy of the woollen trade and the good old burgh town have come to be the property of the public. We have pleasure in reproducing a photograph of the flag.



GALASHIELS WEAVERS' FLAG.

Old wood to burn, old books to read, old wine to drink, and old friends to converse with.—"The Antiquary."

BORDER NOTES AND QUERIES.

AN OLD JEDBURGH MURDER TRIAL.

In a letter of Sir Walter Scott's to Captain Adam Fergusson (dated "Abbotsford, April 16, 1819,") there occurs the following P.S.:—"By the by, old Kennedy, the tinker, swam for his life at Jedburgh, and was only, by the sophisticated and timid evidence of a seceding doctor, who differed from all his brethren, saved from a well-deserved gibbet. He goes to botanize for fourteen years. Pray tell this to the Duke, for he was

'An old soldier of the Duke's,
And the Duke's old soldier.'

Six of his brethren, I am told, were in court, and kith and kin without end. I am sorry so many of the clan are left. The cause of quarrel with the murdered man was an old feud between two gipsy clans, the Kennedies and Irvings, which, about forty years since, gave rise to a desperate quarrel and battle on Hawick Green, in which the grandfathers of both Kennedy and Irving, whom he murdered, were engaged."

Can any of the readers of the "B. M." throw some light on this old Jedburgh murder trial, and "the quarrel and battle on Hawick Green," to which Scott refers? Q.

* * * *

A BATTLE OF FLODDEN MEMORIAL.

As the subject of Flodden has recently been brought prominently before the readers of the "B. M.," the following cutting from the "Scotsman" of 11th January, may be of interest and mayhap bring forth some "notes" from readers who are well up in the subject. The paragraph is

as follows:—"Captain Norman, R.N., in a lecture on 'The Battle of Flodden' to the members of Berwick Junior Debating Society on Thursday evening, 9th January, alluded to the proposed memorial to be erected on the approximate spot where King James IV. fell at the battle of Flodden. He said that it was intended to erect a runic cross on the top of Piper's Hill at Branxton Moor, and he contended—though it was too late to alter it now—that the battle should really be called the battle of Branxton Moor, as it was there it was fought. As there was some dispute as to the exact spot where the King fell, the inscription would read—'This cross marks the spot approximately where King James IV. fell.' The movement to erect a memorial had its origin in a letter to 'The Scotsman' and was afterwards taken up by the Berwick Naturalist Society, of which Captain Norman is the hon. president."

M. BROTIDE.

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VISIT OF ROBERT BURNS TO KELSO.

A well-known and much esteemed Borderer, whose initials are J. L. H., writes to the "Kelso Mail" under date 14th January, 1908, and, while giving a few particulars regarding the above, requests further information. Perchance some of our readers may be able to supply some notes on this interesting subject. J. L. H. says:—"The anniversary of the poet recalls his Border tour in 1787. In it he passed through Kelso, both in going to and coming from Jedburgh. On the latter occasion the entry in the Journal reads, 'Dine with the Farmers' Club—all gentlemen talking of high matters—each of them keeps a hunter from £30 to £50 value, and attends the fox-hunting club of the county.' Perhaps at this distance of time it would be too much to hope that the minute-book of the club could be traced, but it might happen that among the present-day representatives of the families there were some letters or recollections of this visit, such as we have recorded of his visit to Wauchope on the same occasion. If such exist, it would be well that they should be preserved."

* * * *

"SIBYL'S WELL."

In the BORDER MAGAZINE for January Mr Graham, in an interesting article on "Flodden and the Flowers of the Forest," says the weary pilgrim may yet quench his thirst at Sibyl's Well, and thank her memory, and adds it is close by the wayside, near the village church at Branxton, alluding, I presume, to what was and still is known by the villagers as the "Church Well." Now, it is only within the last few years that this Well has been christened by tourists, visiting the battlefield, Sibyl's Well. In old days it went, as I have said, by the less romantic name of the Church Well, and I much doubt if the villagers know it by any other name to this day. It is a great pity, but there is really no well in the district that has any claim to be looked upon as the well Sir Walter Scott was supposed to have had in his mind's eye when he describes Clara as marking "a little foundation cell." In penning the passage he avails himself of a poet's licence, and conjures up a well where none existed. Indeed, it is very questionable if Sir Walter ever saw the village of Branxton except from the turnpike road a mile away, and if he was never in the village the old Church Well can have no claim to the title it is beginning to assume. In his letter to his friend William Clerk (26th August, 1791), quoted in Lockhart's "Life," Scott tells of his first visit to Flodden, and says he rode over Flodden Edge, but it is not likely that he went farther, as in those days the battle was thought to have been fought on the flat ground which lies between Flodden Edge and Branxton Hill, and as he would suppose the field lay at his feet when standing on Flodden Edge, there was nothing to induce him to push on to Branxton, and there is no mention of his having visited Flodden a second time until "Marmion" was published.

What is much more interesting to the tourist is the well on the hill known as Flodden Encampment, which can be easily found by following the farm road leading up the hill from Blinkbonny. This, without doubt, was the well which supplied King James' army with water when encamped for the week preceding the battle on the ridge of hills known as the Encampment, Flodden and Kingshire Hills. From this alone it will always be interesting, and may well be christened "Sibyl's Well" in view of the fact that there really is, as I have stated, no well on the battlefield which has any pretention to the name. This well is prettily situated in the northern margin of the wood, and from it a good view is obtained of Etal, Barmoor, and the valley of the Till as it follows its course to Twizel Bridge. The late Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, first called it Sibyl's Well, and had a small stone fountain erected about forty-five years ago to receive the "water pure as diamond spark," which sprang from rocks, covered with ivy and mosses, and above the basin, into which the water falls, the words—

"Drink, weary pilgrim, drink, and stay,
Rest by the well of Sibyl Gray,"

were carved by her orders, or words nearly to this effect, but I must be excused if the inscription is not quite correct, as I quote from memory.

F. A. J.

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Although this subject has been pretty well exhausted, I may be permitted a few words in reply to A. G. S. in the January number of the "B. M." As I frankly confess, I do doubt the sequel of the "drink and pay" story, for the reasons stated in my letters to the "Berwick Advertiser," from which you quoted in your December number. I am quite aware that the incident took place in September, 1812, a long time ago, but my father became curate of Branxton in 1829, only 15 years after, and was vicar of the parish from 1837 to 1870, and I feel sure if the motto had been adopted by any inn in the neighbourhood he would have known of it, and I should have heard of the incident from him. I do not for a moment think Lockhart, in giving the sequel, was knowingly drawing on his own imagination. No doubt the village Boniface promised to have the sign-board placed above his door, and Sir Walter, in telling the story, mentioned this promise to Lockhart, who would naturally conclude the sign was duly hoisted, and therefore ends the story by saying, "Scott was delighted to find, on his return, that this suggestion had been

adopted." One thing I am certain of is that such a sign was never placed over the Blue Bell, and the Blue Bell, I feel equally sure, was the inn where the village Boniface referred to in the story expound, as Lockhart put it, the field of Flodden to his young folk.

F. A. J.

THE BORDER BOOKCASE.

HAWICK ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S TRANSACTIONS.

Once more the annual issue of the transactions of this vigorous society has appeared, and Borderers are again reminded of the valuable archæological and historical work which has been going on quietly in their midst for the past fifty-one years, for that is the age of the Border society referred to. Mr J. J. Vernon, the indefatigable hon. secretary, has succeeded in producing a budget of exceptional interest and value, and our only regret is that the limits of our space prevent us quoting to any extent from these valuable papers. From the president, Mr J. W. Kennedy, we have two interesting and important papers on "Local and District Place-names" and "The Catrail," while the secretary deals ably with "The Ecclesiastical Place-names of Roxburghshire," and also supplies an exellent account of the Society's outing on 13th July last to Linlithgow, &c. Mr J. A. Fairley contributes a most interesting paper on "Bailie Smith of Kelso's Account of the Gypsies of Kirk Yetholm," and another on "Allan Cunningham." Mr W. E. Wilson did well to recall for the benefit of the folks of the present day "James Wilson, Town Clerk of Hawick, Author of the 'Annals' and 'Memories' of Hawick," who in his own quiet way did much for the brave old Border town. A most important and exhaustive paper, in three parts, is supplied by Mr George Watson, who, by his usual patient manner of investigation, throws a flood of light on "The Archdeaconry of Teviotdale, with special reference to the Deanery of Teviotdale." A melancholy interest attaches to "A Famous Old Battlefield" from the fact that the author, the late Mr A. D. Murray of Newcastle, died while the paper was being revised. Mr J. Sinton, who has done so much for the memory of Leyden, contributes a most valuable paper on "Dr John Leyden, Poet and Orientalist," and it is to be hoped that Mr Sinton's labours in this direction will be rewarded by the Borderers as a whole taking a greater interest in the fascinating story of the friend of and coworker with Sir Walter Scott. Mr W. Murray, in his "Reminiscences of Local Drama," provides many interesting details of bygone actors, professional and amateur, and gives much information on a subject which is not often touched upon. The closing paper is by Mrs Anna Sanderson, whose "German Folk Festivals" presents in a pleasing form much of the folklore of the Fatherland.

We would take this opportunity of commending this important Border society to our readers. The annual subscription is 2/6, but the transactions are well worth much more than that sum, while the life membership fee of two guineas is very low indeed.

THE TINKLER GIPSIES.

The gipsies have been so long associated with the Borderland, and have played such a romantic part in the rather troubled history of our southern shires that it seems but natural that we should have a "warm side" to the roving sons and daughters of Little Egypt, whether known as Gipsies, Tinklers, or Muggers. Owing to the advance of education, and the various levelling down agencies of modern times, the gipsies do not play such a prominent part in the community as in former times, but they are still numerous enough to keep alive the public interest in them. Were it not for the efforts of painstaking investigators much of the gipsy folklore would be lost. Foremost amongst those who have devoted much of their leisure to collecting and preserving such folklore is Mr Andrew M'Cormick, Provost of Newton Stewart. This gentleman has accumulated a mass of information on the subject of the gipsies of the South of Scotland, and some of this valuable knowledge he gave to the public about a year ago in an illustrated volume entitled "The Tinkler-Gipsies of Galloway." The edition was exhausted in three weeks, and Provost M'Cormack has now issued a second and much fuller edition under the more comprehensive title of "The Tinkler Gipsies." The volume is well printed, beautifully illustrated, and published at 5/ net by the well-known publishers, J. Maxwell & Son, Dumfries. We trust that all our readers who take an interest in the nomads of the Borderland will secure a copy before the book goes out of print. The "Kirkcudbright Advertiser" thus refers to the book:—"The work could only have been written by one who had made the subject a matter of prolonged and deep study; had mingled much with these strange people who have so long dwelt within our borders, yet were never truly of us, and of whom, till recent years, we knew so little. The author, a well-known professional gentleman in the Shire, has shown himself to be a not unworthy successor of the modern founders of the cult—Grellmann, Borrow, Leland, Groome, and Simson. But though recognising their invaluable services, and building on their foundations, he has been able to make researches and discoveries of his own which entitle him to be regarded as not merely an enthusiast of the science, but an independent worker in the field of gypsiology. We welcome, therefore, his entrance into the arena of authorship, and acknowledge him as an authority to be reckoned with on the subject on which he has chosen to devote his distinct gifts. In his hands, the literary traditions and antiquarian interests of Galloway are ably upheld. The foreword by Mr Theodore Watts Dunton, of 'Aylwin' fame, contains the following paragraph, which we quote as showing the interest which the volume is awakening in the higher literary circles of the country. He says:—'Two of the friends I have lost, George Borrow and Frank Groome, would have prized it more than any volume which has issued from the Press for a long time past, and whatever may be its acceptance at the present moment, its documentary value will increase every year as time goes on, and as the pictures of the Romanies become more and more shadowy dreams of the past.' The praise is not unduly measured. An informed and impartial reading of the book will, we are confident, approve the judgment as sound

and the prophecy as reasonable. Written in a clear and well-sustained narrative style, with no endeavour after fine writing, or striving after rhetorical effect, the book holds our excited interest to the closing page."

The "Dumfries and Galloway Courier and Herald" thus refers to Provost M'Cormick's fine volume:—"The present edition contains an excellent introduction by Mr John Sampson, of Liverpool, and as the writer is an authority on all that pertains to the gipsies it will no doubt be read with deep interest. At the end of the book will be found in fac-simile the written opinion of George Meredith:—'How simple they are on a background of our better qualities, as far as poverty can allow. But it keeps them closer to Nature than we are; so they should be cared for charitably by those who love our Mother.' A year ago the first edition was reviewed very fully in these columns, and all that was said then in its praise is even more applicable now. The second edition is a great advance upon the first, and cannot fail to be acceptable to a large circle of readers. Mr M'Cormick has performed an excellent piece of work, and has been fortunate in his publishers, Messrs J. Maxwell & Son, Dumfries, who deserve much credit for the way they have done their part. All who take an interest in gipsy lore should secure a copy at once, as the second edition, like the first, will very soon be exhausted."

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GLASGOW MEMORIALS.

This handsome volume from the talented pen of Mr Robert Renwick, Depute Town Clerk of Glasgow, a native of Peebles, a portrait and sketch of whom appeared in the "B. M." for May, 1906, is now before us, but we can do little more than acknowledge receipt of the important work in this issue. We hope to be able to give an extended notice of the book in our April number. The volume, which is issued from the University Press of Maclehose & Sons, contains over a hundred illustrations, some of them reproductions of rare pictures and objects, and is printed in the best style of typography. The "edition de luxe" at £3 3s was sold out on the day of issue, and the 21s edition will soon be exhausted.

JOSEPH TRAIN, F.S.A. (SCOT.),

The Antiquarian Correspondent of Sir Walter Scott.

THE wild and rugged districts of Galloway, like our own Border counties, provide a vast field for antiquarian research; full of legendary lore, rich in historic memories, and productive in relics of far-off days when Scotland was peopled by a fierce and savage race. And again, like the Borders, these districts have given to the world many men great in history and literature.

Near Ayr, Joseph Train was born, destined to become a man of note—the friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott—and to furnish much of the material whereby that great master of romance has peopled the realm of fiction with living men and women.

The student of the Waverley Novels may be interested to hear of the man to whom Sir Walter was indebted for many of the incidents and characters of his enchanting tales, and how their friendship originated.

To that purpose we introduce a brief sketch. Joseph Train being of humble birth got scant education, but was fond of books, and as an apprentice weaver he no doubt learned much through conversation with older men at the loom. As a young man he took an especial interest in the study of antiquity, and commenced early in life those researches for which he was afterwards so eminently distinguished. He saw military service under Colonel Sir David Hunter-Blair, and while acting as a soldier did not neglect his studies.

The commanding officer became Train's friend, and after his retirement procured for him an office in the Excise.

It was while engaged in Civil Service that our antiquary collected many legends and traditions, and had opportunity to develop his literary tastes.

In 1814 his first work, "Strains of the Mountain Muse," was published by Ballantyne of Edinburgh, and when the proof-sheets came before Sir Walter as reader for the publishers, he was charmed with them and immediately wrote to the author, and so began a correspondence and friendship which terminated only at the illustrious novelist's death.

After a short acquaintance with Scott, Train seems to have abandoned all idea of authorship, and resolved to devote all his leisure to the furtherance of Sir Walter's views.

In his own words, he says, "From the day I became acquainted with Sir Walter, the ambition of authorship was superseded by a desire to serve the great novelist."

We have but to refer to the notes of the Waverley Novels to find that Scott justly and generously acknowledged the services received from our antiquary.

In addition to supplying Sir Walter with legends and traditions, he sent him many relics which have found a resting place in the museum at Abbotsford. In a further letter, Scott professes his ignorance of Galloway traditions and requests Train to advise him of any information he possessed.

The reply was satisfactory, and Sir Walter

wrote again asking as an especial favour that Train would forward information concerning Turnberry Castle.

The information supplied was used as material for the "Lord of the Isles" and is acknowledged in the author's notes to that poem. To a story related by Train we owe that delightful romance "Guy Mannering," and the wild story recited by "Wandering Willie" to "Darsie Latimer" in "Redgauntlet" Scott also received from him.

In May, 1816, we find Joseph Train enjoying the hospitality of his patron at Edinburgh, and Sir Walter, in his endeavour to entertain his guest, hunted for the Ettrick Shepherd, who was then in town, but Hogg could not be found. Train, however, met Hogg a few years later at Lamington Lamb Fair, where a party of strolling players were enacting the "Brownie of Bodsbeck," much to the delight of the Shepherd.

On the morning of his departure from Castle Street, Train rose early and went to the library, where his host found him studying the picture of Lord Dundee, the hated Claverhouse. Discussing the picture, the guest remarked that in good hands Claverhouse might be made the hero of a national romance, and further suggested that the story be told as if from the mouth of "Old Mortality."

"'Old Mortality!' who was he?" asked Scott. His guest related all he then knew regarding the strange individual who wandered throughout Scotland, renewing in his religious enthusiasm the time-worn inscriptions on the tomb-stones of the Martyrs.

This was all the information that the author of Waverley had to work upon at the time, and we marvel at the genius of the man who from such scanty material was able to weave such a web of romance.

Scott was the skilful workman who polished the gem; Train the industrious miner who brought it from its resting place among the hills and glens.

The fame of Train spread throughout Galloway, where the peasants delighted to honour him, and to advance his interests. From these people he gathered many interesting legends, and it was his proud privilege to relate these to Sir Walter, much to their mutual profit.

About this time a singular woman wandered about Ayrshire, clad partly in man's attire, and, strange to say, was always followed by a few sheep. This unfortunate being was the prototype of "Madge Wildfire" in the "Heart of Midlothian," and all concerning her was furnished by Train. In 1827, a letter from Joseph Train had reference to the morrice-dancers and their fantastic dress when performing at Perth before George IV. Scott soon afterwards depicted their peculiarities in the "Fair Maid of Perth." We might add further instances of ideas and suggestions supplied by Train, but these may serve to show that Sir Walter Scott was really indebted to his humble friend, who, in his turn, benefited greatly by the friendship of the greater man.

Scott, using his great influence, had Train moved to various parts of the country, and furthered his promotion, till he had the pleasure of addressing him as "My dear Mr Supervisor Train."

With the world at large, Train deeply mourned Sir Walter's death, and now having no one to whom he could relate his stirring and ofttimes dangerous experiences, which were at that time inseparable from a gauger's life, he confined his attention entirely to his profession.

In 1845, he published his long-contemplated "History of the Isle of Man," and a few years before his death his famous "History of the Buchanites" was given to the world.—E. C. K.

HISTORIC MEETING AT DRYBURGH ABBEY.—After the funeral of the Rev. A. T. Donald in the Abbey burial ground in January last, the Presbytery of Earlston met in the Chapter House—Rev. Norman C Keith, Earlston, moderator. The Rev. Wm. L. Sime, Smailholm, was appointed moderator of the kirk-session during the vacancy, and the session was constituted, Lord Polwarth and Mr James Dodds, session-clerk, being present. Probably no ecclesiastical meeting has been held there by the Presbytery since Reformation times. Smailholm was at one time served by readers from Dryburgh Abbey.

* * * *

A correspondent of the "Glasgow Herald," while at the British Museum, happened upon the following letter among the testimonials presented by the candidates for the Greek Chair of Edinburgh University in 1851. It links the names of a great and a less-great Scotsman:—

Chelsea, London, December 9, 1851.

Professor Blackie is known to me, as to all the world, for a man of lively intellectual faculties, of ardent friendly character, and of wide speculation and acquirement.

His tendencies, I have perceived, are thoroughly in order; he is well acquainted with Continental improvements; in all things he means sincerely; is of hopeful, rapid nature, very fearless, very kindly, without ill-humour, and without guile. Of his classical and other literary attainments the Translation of Æschylus is good evidence. His skill in practical teaching, too, I believe, has long been known. On the whole, he seems well calculated to do honour to the Edinburgh Chair of Greek. THOMAS CARLYLE.

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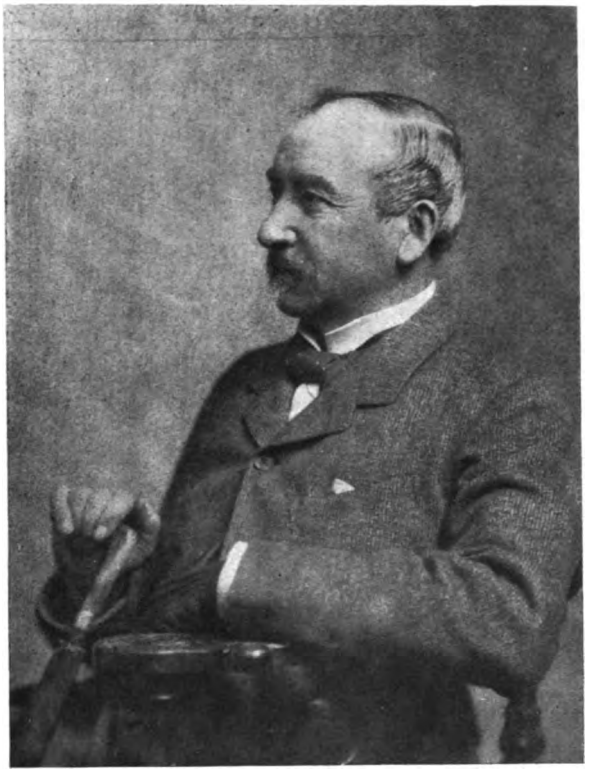
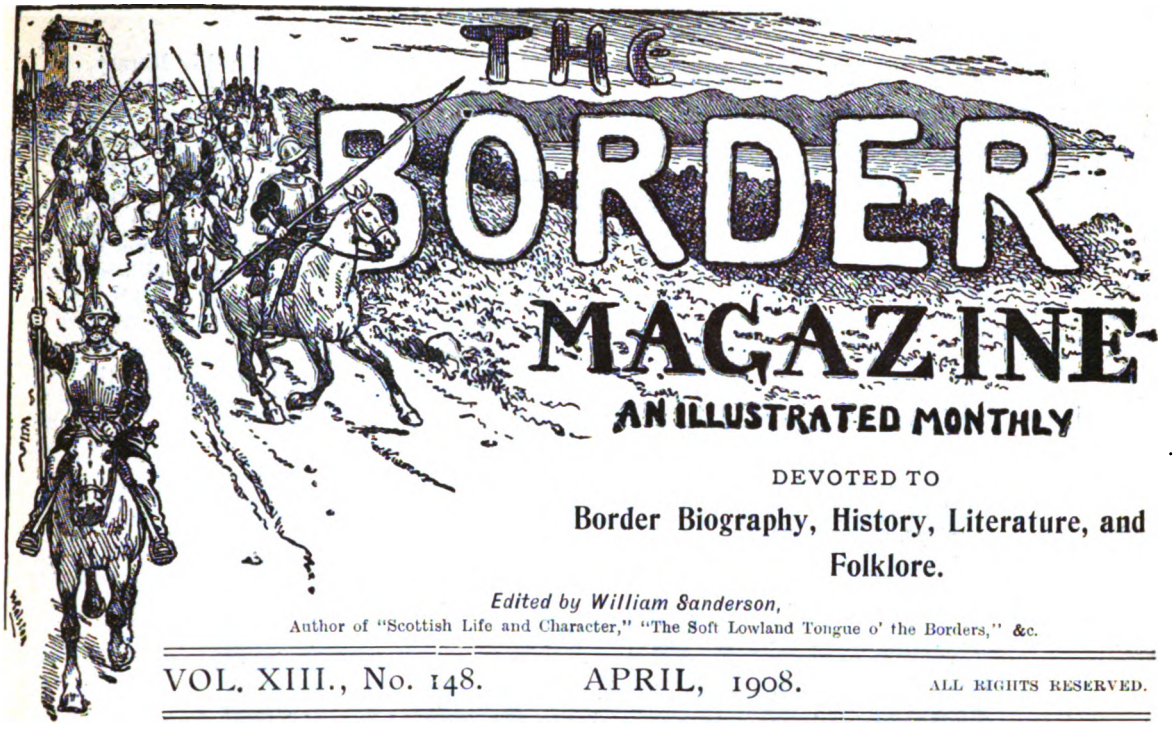


SIR JAMES R. FERGUSSON, BART.



VOL. XIII., No. 148. APRIL, 1908.

SIR JAMES R. FERGUSSON, BART.

OF SPITALHAUGH.

THERE are few men more worthy of a place in our Border gallery than the subject of the present sketch, Sir James R. Fergusson, Bart., of Spitalhaugh. Sir James' paternal acres are situated at the head of Lyne Water, one of the largest tributaries of Upper Tweed, and in the north-west of the County of Peebles. On one of the dullest, wettest days in late October I arrived at Broomlee Station on my way to Spitalhaugh. A more miserable day and one less calculated to see the undoubted beauties of the district could hardly be imagined. For weeks the sun had scarcely been seen—holiday-makers had come and gone in despair, the farmers had looked daily at a leaden sky for signs of a change, and then on fields waiting for the sickle until they had become despondent. In these high lands of Upper Lynedale the crops had been cut, and now when the "Linton ploughman" and his lass should have been footin' it merrily at the kirn, they were waiting disconsolately on the weather clearing in order to save what they could of their harvest.

> "It's dowie at the hint o' haist,
> At the wa' gaun o' the swallow,"

sang Hew Ainslie, but it's dowier far to see fields sodden with rain and burns "rinnin' yellow" and the fruits of the field still ungathered. But in spite of the rain the woods of Spitalhaugh looked glorious in the hues of late autumn. The lodge gates are within two hundred yards of the railway station, and a long avenue, flanked by stately trees, leads to the mansion-house. Forestry is a special hobby of the genial baronet, and here he is in Glengarry bonnet, his woodman's axe over his shoulder, and a waterproof over his knicker suit, impervious to the untoward climatic conditions. He enters at once into an enthusiastic description of the scene. The man who imagines the woodman's craft is felling trees would be quickly enlightened in the company of the laird of Spitalhaugh. Here you see a clearing made to allow a robust specimen to expand; there on a hill face a young plantation is pointed out; here is an oak whose roots stretch back to the time when the Douglasses were lairds; a long line of magnificent chestnuts are pointed out as one of the glories of the place, and there are some fine specimens of the Scots fir, straight and buirdly, emblematic of their name. A few hundred yards

away in full foliage, though in the sere and yellow leaf, is a maple, and there are quite a number of them in the policies, where they seem to flourish as though indigenous to the soil. That clump of trees occupies the site of the ancient Hospitium or Hospital, in olden days a religious sanctuary or refuge for those wayfarers over the bleak moss that stretched for miles around. Hence the name Spitalhaugh.

The mansion-house is delightfully situated on the banks of the Lyne, and the view from the library windows over the well-wooded park is one to be remembered. French windows open on the lawn, and there beneath the ornamental bridge the Lyne is stormily forcing his way. Last night he trespassed, and to-day his trail is there in the shape of "rack" on the closely cut grass. The house is of the old Scottish baronial style of architecture. The original building has been built round and added to, until it is hardly recognisable in the mansion of to-day, with its many wings, its crow-stepped gables and high turrets, but the whole building is in keeping, and evidences the exquisite taste of its various owners. It is a source of justifiable pride to its present possessor, who delights to show its features of antiquarian and archæological interest.

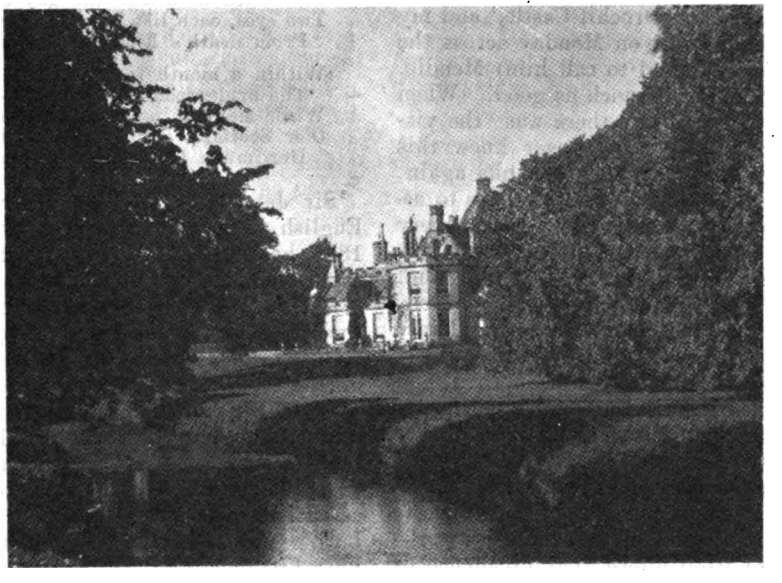
Sir James, who is a devoted student of heraldry, has a series of shields in his library, which to the discerning, tell the story of Spitalhaugh at a glance. There, for instance, is the cognizance of the Douglasses who possessed the lands of Spitalhaugh in the sixteenth century, two of whom, Hector and James, were accused in 1565-6 of being concerned in the murder of Rizzio. There, the escutcheons of the Hays, Earls of Tweeddale, who followed. Here are the arms of the Murrays of Blackbarony, one of whom is said to have laid the foundations of the mansion-house in 1678. From the Blackbarony family the lands passed into the hands of the Hamiltons of Gilkerscleugh, from whom on the maternal side Sir James is descended.

SPITALHAUGH HOUSE—FRONT VIEW.

Sir James Ranken Fergusson, the second baronet, who was born on 10th August, 1835, is the eldest son of Sir William Fergusson, Bart., who was in his day one of the most eminent surgeons in Europe. Born in 1808 at Prestonpans, he became in his seventeenth year a student of the famous Dr Knox of Edinburgh, and had so far distinguished himself in 1840 that when the Chair of Surgery in King's College became vacant, the post was offered to and accepted by him. In 1855 he became surgeon-extraordinary to the Queen, and eleven years later Her Majesty conferred on him a baronetcy "in considera-

tion of his distinguished merit and eminence as a surgeon." A man of weight in his profession, to quote a writer in "Vanity Fair," he was not less distinguished in private life for his kindness of heart. Many stories are told in Linton and district illustrative of these qualities, which seem to have descended in a great measure on his son.

Sir James, after leaving College, studied for the English Bar, and passed as barrister, but he never entered practice; his tastes are literary, and his library is an exceedingly fine one. Many years ago Dr John Brown, the genial author of "Rab and His Friends," added to a postscript to a letter to Sir James, Sir James is an inveterate collector of rare plates and autographs of names famous in literature, art and science. Here we have three volumes of English ballad poetry—the bookplate has the motto, "Watch weel," and its former owner, the great Sir Walter, has made copious notes on its broad margins. Sir James is an erudite Shakespearean scholar, and the works of immortal William and the early English dramatists are here at hand. A fervent admirer of our national bard, he has also a valuable collection of Burnsiana. In former years he was a frequent contributor to the Press on Scottish subjects, and his letters abound with felicitous quotations from the



SPITALHAUGH HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

"What a thorough Scot you are, 'Scotissimus Scotorum,'" and no one entering the library at Spitalhaugh could fail to see how perfervid a Scot its owner is. Here we find shelves of tomes devoted to the Stuarts and the Jacobites; every book of importance on the subject is here. The walls contain numerous portraits of the romantic but ill-fated race, and Scottish history and literature seldom, we fancy in these days, bulk so largely in a private collection. Here also is a very fine collection of books relating to the abstruse science of heraldry, and books on genealogy and family history occupy many shelves. The heart of the bibliophile would be gladdened at the sight of rare tomes and folios in their old calf bindings. books, and his treasures contain the book-old Scottish poets, showing a wide acquaintance with our older vernacular literature. Naturally he claims a high place for his gifted but ill-fated clansman, Robert Fergusson, one of the most tragic figures in Scottish literary history.

Sir James has long been known as a collector of old china and articles of virtu, and throughout the house are many treasures brought from all parts of the world. In the hall is a famous mantel-piece carved by a Linton mason generations ago, and some fine specimens of oak carving by his sister, the late Miss Fergusson of Broomlee. In the morning-room stands Sir Walter Scott's dressing-table, while

the collection of china and antiquarian treasure is such as would delight the hearts of those to whom the old order is dear. When Sir James let his residence of Hever Court in Kent for a long lease, he disposed of some five hundred items, and the sale of these articles of virtu was one of the events of the year.

In 1866 Sir James entered the realm of authorship, when he published a volume of "Ballads and Poems" through Messrs Blackwood, which had a hearty reception from the discerning few. Dr John Brown wrote, "I opened it at random at the beautiful lines,

'This morning in the house of God,'

and then I turned to 'Drochil Castle,' and my old friend (whom I saw on Monday across the moor) (Muckle as I used to call him) Mendic. And I am sure there is much as good. When I saw your eyes I was sure there was 'the vision and the faculty,' but I never knew this comely volume was by you. Thanks again. . . . It will now be a great pleasure to associate you with that dear old region, every hill and glen and burn and almost every tree of which I know and dream of." From Wm. Chambers, Professor Veitch, Lewis Morris, Theodore Martin—the biographer of the Prince Consort and an intimate friend of Sir James—and many others, came letters of approval and critical commendation. The longer poems are mostly historical subjects, and show the author in his happiest vein. The "Daily Telegraph," in an exceedingly able review, said that "Scottish history is an exhaustless mine of poetic metal, and in the hands of a reverential workman it may of itself afford that excellence of lasting beauty which, in being but unspoiled, has often the very qualities attributed to art of the inspired order." "The author," it goes on to say, "affects no archaic expression, and yet preserves the olden spirit of his themes. In effect, then, these poems and ballads are his own, for he has fashioned the metal after no copy or pattern of antiquity, albeit he never seems to forget the essentially antique character, preciousness, and purity of his material." "How Edinburgh Castle was won by Earl Murray, 1313," "The Hamilton Crest," "Lord Crichton," "The Race for Blairquhan," &c., are some of the themes on which Sir James has evoked the muse. "The Spectral Wedding Guest," describing a well-known incident in Scottish history, may interest the readers of this magazine.

THE SPECTRAL WEDDING GUEST.

In Jedburgh Town a nuptial train
High feast and revel keep;
The minstrels wake their happiest strain,
Knights strive their lady's smile to gain,
Joy lulls dull care asleep.

That day, before the altar high,
Fair Scotia's king was wed;
The priest had bound the holy tie,
And loud the people's voice did cry
For blessings on his head.

A band of maskers thronged the hall,
They danced with skill and grace,
A stranger there surpassed them all.
The dance being o'er, the king doth call,
"Fair sir, we'd see thy face."

The stranger slowly raised his hand,
And slow his face he bared,
Transfixed with awe the gay crowd stand
Two eyes, each like a burning brand,
From death's head fiercely glared.

Within a month from that dread night
The bridegroom's soul had fled,
While men yet marvelled at the sight,
O'er Scotland came a deadly blight,
Her much loved king was dead.

Sir James for many years resided at his English seat, Hever Court, Kent, but since 1893 he has resided mostly at his Peeblesshire residence of Spitalhaugh and Bordlands. When in Kent he took an active interest in the Primrose League, and was for many years Ruling Councillor of the Gravesend Habitation of the League. On severing his connection with it, Sir James was presented with a silver inkstand bearing on the lid his crest and motto, "Vi et arte," and an inscription. In politics he is a strong and consistent Conservative, and was one of Sir Walter Thorburn's most valiant supporters. He is Deputy-Lieutenant of Peeblesshire, and a member of County Council. He takes an active share in the various public duties of his position as a county gentleman, and is an accomplished and cultured speaker. He presided at the presentation to Sir Walter and Lady Thorburn of their portraits in June last year, and a month later he opened the Peeblesshire Art Exhibition, and on both occasions proved his knowledge of art was not merely superficial. Sir James has on several occasions addressed the Peeblesshire Society, of which he is one of the oldest members, and also of the Tweeddale Shooting Club, where he frequently presides, and there is probably no one whose reminiscences of former club members are as voluminous or interesting.

In Lady Fergusson Sir James has a helpmeet who worthily supports him in all his under-

takings. Her ladyship is justly looked upon as the Lady Bountiful of the district, and her many deeds of kindness are fragrant in the county. His son and heir is Mr Thomas Colyer Fergusson of Ightham Mote, who married a daughter of the late Professor Max Muller, the famous philologist. Mrs Fergusson died in 1902, and there is a son of the marriage, Master Max Muller Hamilton Fergusson, the third in succession. Sir James' second son, Mr Lewis Fergusson, resides at Spitalhaugh, and there are other two sons and two daughters. It it our hope that Sir James may long continue to shed the light of his genial presence on those around him. In these days when our Scottish landed gentry so frequently make their home in the south and only visit their northern domains for the shooting season, it is gratifying to find one who resides in, and takes an active interest in his county. And when to these qualifications we have a gentleman who is intensely jealous of Scotland's fame, who loves her institutions, her language, and her great traditions, we have the ideal landlord of the olden time. Were there more of his stamp we would hear less of iniquitous land laws, and the bogey of Socialism would be but a name to frighten children. J. A. A.

NEW FACTS ABOUT DR JOHN LEYDEN.

(By John Reith, Edinburgh.)

III.—LADY CHARLOTTE AND OTHER CAMPBELLS.

WM. CAMPBELL of Fairfield has hitherto remained little more than a name in the biography of Leyden, along with a lady of the same name to whom the "Scenes of Infancy" was dedicated. Investigation reveals the fact that there was an interesting connection between the two, and that the poet's tutorship in the family of the former made him free of access along with his pupils to the best society in Edinburgh three years before he knew Richard Heber and Scott (1799-1800).

William Campbell, Esq., was an Advocate in Edinburgh, residing in town during the winter, and during the summer till the Court rose in July at Calder. His estate of Fairfield was near the town of Ayr, of which he was elected Provost in 1784.

The family was related to the Argyll family, with whom they were on terms of the closest intimacy. This is proved by the fact that William Campbell's second daughter was married to Lord John Campbell, second son of the Duke of Argyll, and a brother of Lady Charlotte.

This lady was married in 1796 to Colonel John Campbell. Beautiful and accomplished in the highest degree, she was the delight of the highest circles of Edinburgh and London society. Being a passionate devotee of literature—herself the author of sixteen volumes of fiction and other works—she was accustomed to do the honours to the literary celebrities of the day.

With this information there need be no mystery as to how Leyden came to be on such terms of cordial and affectionate friendship with the lady in question. On his Tour in the Highlands with two young Germans, he says in his Journal (published by James Sinton: Blackwood): "After arriving at Inveraray I waited on Captain Archibald Campbell, who conducted us through various beautiful walks in the Duke's policy. . . (Next day.) We spent this day in surveying the environs of Inveraray, Inveraray Castle, and dining with the Duke of Argyll."

It was while at St Andrews with his two pupils, William and George Campbell, that Leyden was licensed to preach in 1798, and it was most probably by one or other of the Campbells that he was brought under the notice of the Marquis of Abercorn as a likely minister for Duddingston. The same hand doubtless penned a letter of introduction to the Marquis carried by the newly-made M.D. when he went up to London in December, 1802. At any rate it was no perfunctory attention that the Marquis paid to the bearer, for he actually carried him to Court.

MUNGO PARK.

It was also at the time when Leyden was at St Andrews that Mungo Park returned from his first journey in West Africa. Whatever unconscious intentions he may have had when he began the study of medicine two years before, he had from this time a distinct desire to go out and emulate the doings of Mungo Park in Africa. He at once began a History of the Discoveries of Europeans in N. and W. Africa. The first volume was finished in a twelvemonth and published in 1799.

It was a singular circumstance that this book should have been the means of bringing him indirectly into collision with the great traveller, whose work had inspired it. "Among Leyden's native hills there arose a groundless report that this work was compiled for the purpose of questioning the western course of the Niger." In the picturesque anecdote appended to this and familiar to all—about the Hawick clan-feud—Scott fails to clear up what was the real point of difference between Park and Leyden. He leaves it to be inferred that, whilst Park had concluded from what he had seen that the Niger turned south, then west, and finally flowed into the Atlantic, as it actually does, Leyden, on the other hand, held that it kept on its course eastward till it was lost in the desert.

This general distinction did divide those interested in the subject into two camps, so complete was the ignorance of the country at the time (even so late as 1830, see Edin. Encyclo.) But Park's theory was much more explicit. His contention was that the Niger and the Congo were one and the same river. When he ascended the Gambia and struck the Niger, he traced it till it began to turn southward. On his return home he met a trader, Maxwell, who had often been at the mouth of, and so far up, the Congo; and who saw no reason why the great river he knew should not be the river Park had followed. And Park set off on his second journey to prove that it was, making a mistake such as many great travellers have

made when groping for the truth. This was the point on which Leyden differed from him.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

When the Academy of Physics was constituted by the leading members of the Literary Society of the University, Leyden took a prominent part along with T. Brown, F. Horner, H. Brougham, &c., and was the first secretary. But when the meetings were held in Jeffrey's house, 18 Buccleuch Place, projecting the Edinburgh Review, he was conspicuous by his absence. The reason for this is obvious, since they were held during the summer of 1802.

Sydney Smith took the leading part at them, and has always been credited with being the first to moot the idea of a Scots Review. A certain letter of Leyden's, however, throws new light on the subject. Writing to Thomas Brown from St Andrews on March 25th, 1798, he says:—"Who could be the reviewer of Erskine? I suspect the whole of their energy is placed on a 'non-penchant' to all the trans-Tweedian bards or philosophers. It was therefor I wished some periodical paper could have been established in Edinburgh either by the Academy or elsewhere."

Let it be observed that he does not urge the establishment of an Edinburgh paper for the first time, but alludes to having done so among his friends at a former time. Now, he went to St Andrews in the autumn of 1797, so that he must have broached the subject not later than the session 1796-7; in other words, two years before Sydney Smith appeared in Edinburgh (1798).

JOURNEY TO LONDON.

Before starting from Edinburgh, he sent the heaviest piece of his luggage by sea from Leith, and—never saw it again. In a letter to his father from London, he says: "I sustained a very considerable loss of luggage by sending one of my trunks from Edinburgh by sea, by which I lost £27 worth of boots, shoes, silk stockings, &c."

Writing to Robert on Jan. 12th, 1803, he says: "I suppose you imagine that I had sailed for India, but the truth is that a very little might have despatched me on a much longer journey. The cramp in the stomach seized me violently at York, and before I came to London I was very seriously threatened with inflammation of the intestines, my old disease. . . As I was getting round I was seized with violent inflammation of the eyes, which has scarcely gone off yet. You will make my apology to Prof. Dalzel for not calling on him by saying that I was called out to the south country, and only returned to put myself into the Fly. The cursed Fly, by the way, broke down twice and delayed us exactly two and a half days longer than the mail of Monday, and has occasioned me much more inconvenience than I have yet been able to remedy."

To his father: "I was under the necessity of hastening to London almost without sleep, even in the fatigued state in which you saw me."

To Erskine in India: "I arrived in London, having been seven days without sleep."

In this time of dire distress—of terrible suffering and utter helplessness—the man who helped and befriended him beyond what any other living man could have done was George Ellis, whose unique place in London society at the time will next be considered.

To be continued.

AN HISTORIC BURGH OF REGALITY.

By J. Lindsay Hilson.

Part I.

THE Burghs of Regality in Scotland were so created by virtue of Charters to be held burgage of the Sovereign, and in the far-off days certain rents were paid for the privileges to the collectors of revenue. In course of time a change in the method of recognition of the superiority took place. An annual sum was agreed upon as being due by each burgh in proportion to its available revenue, and this was paid into the Exchequer.

Within its own jurisdiction each burgh was entitled to hold courts and exercise oversight in regard to the affairs of its burgesses. Against the judgments of the magistrates, there was an appeal to the Lord Chamberlain in his great "Court of Four Burghs," which got its designation from the fact that it consisted of "Commissioners appointed for the purpose from the four chief towns of the kingdom at the time, and the judgments given were declared to be of equal force with those given in Parliament." This Court was the beginning of what is now the "Convention of Royal Burghs." Latterly, some of the burghs, unable to pay the proportion of tax exacted from them in their character as Royal Burghs, and of maintaining their Commissioner in Parliament, were allowed upon petition to surrender their privileges as King's Burghs, "and particularly their right of being represented either in Parliament or the annual Convention." Jedburgh, the county town of the shire of Roxburgh, which is the subject of this article, stands twenty-third on the roll of the Convention.

In the discussions of the Convention, Jedburgh has always occupied an important position. No doubt it has had its period of vicissitudes, but these have somewhat been always overcome. In 1750, when the affairs of the burgh were brought before the Convention by a petition, a portion of it was to this effect, referring to a previous document in 1746, "Since the presenting of the aforesaid petition, there is a considerable loss happened to the town which has never been laid before the Honble. Convention that loudly calls for the attention thereof, which is that in November, 1745, as the rebells past this place they obliged the town to pay them £63 sterg. of stent due to the Government, for which sum in 1747 a

quartering was laid upon the town, which obliged the Magistrates and Council to borrow money on the publick credite in order to get the quartering removed."

There is not the faintest shadow of doubt that Jedburgh is a place of very great antiquity. It stands on what in the long-ago past was one of the main arteries of traffic between England and Scotland, and in these Border forays its inhabitants were never found in a state of "overweening drowsiness." The Border district required the guidance of a firm hand, and the post of Warden of the Middle Marches was certainly no sinecure. On one occasion an instruction was given to the Warden that he was to be "verie cairfull and dilligent," and orders were given to the inhabitants of Jedburgh to assist him in every possible way, showing that the burghers of that day were looked upon as men who could be depended upon in the day of necessity.

The Abbey of Jedburgh was one of those which received charters from David I., and through successive centuries it was a place of Royal favour. In the reign of William the Lion many charters were dated from "meo burgho de Jeddeworthe," and his successor, Alexander II., held various Courts of Council within its walls, and therefrom sundry precepts became operative. It was here also that the marriage of Alexander III. took place, according to Fordun, "that the place might grace the festival and that the festival might harmonise with the place, it was chosen that the Royal nuptials should be solemnised at Jedburgh." This occasion was marked by the appearance during the ceremony of a spectre which wended its way among the dancers and then disappeared.

During many of the burnings consequent upon the occupation of the town by the English, many valuable papers and records have been lost. The earliest document available which can be verified, is the charter of Queen Mary bearing date 25th November, 1556, ten years before she was there as an invalid. "By this deed, in the exercise of her Royal authority and power, she infefted anew and created our said Burgh of Jedburgh into a free Royal Burgh perpetually, and gave to the Provost, Bailies, and Council, and community of the same all the common property which they formerly had, and likewise gave to the burgesses and inhabitants full authority, full power, and special licence to sell and buy within the burgh, perpetually in all time coming, wax, wine, woollen and linen cloth, broad and narrow, and every other kind of merchandise and goods; to have and hold within the burgh millers, bakers, fleshers, hangmen, and slaughterers of flesh and fish, and every other artificer appertaining to the privileges and liberties of a free burgh, and a great many other privileges, such as markets and fairs."

It was during the summer of 1566 that Queen Mary visited Jedburgh, and it was while there that she made her memorable excursion to Hermitage Castle to see Bothwell. "It was on the 16th of that month (October) that Mary set out on her ride to visit Bothwell, accompanied by the Earl of Moray and other nobles. The distance was some twenty odd miles, and the road nigh to Hermitage none of the best. In the presence of her Council she conferred with Bothwell for a couple of hours, and then commenced her return journey. Narrowly did she escape mishap. Riding at full gallop across a swampy plain, her pony sank up to the saddle-girths in a log, still called in remembrance thereof 'The Queen's Mire.'"

After that fateful ride she was seized with severe illness, and for many weeks lay hovering between life and death, but in the end her vitality asserted itself, and slowly she became convalescent. The house which she occupied is still known as "Queen Mary's House," and for a number of years was the property of Dr Robert Lindesay, a Provost of the burgh, whose daughter, Isabella, attracted the attention of the poet Burns on the occasion of his visit to Jedburgh during his Border tour in 1787. The property carried with it the right to "the dask" or seat in the kirk, which was near the pulpit on the south, and the entry leading to the session-table on the south.

To be continued.

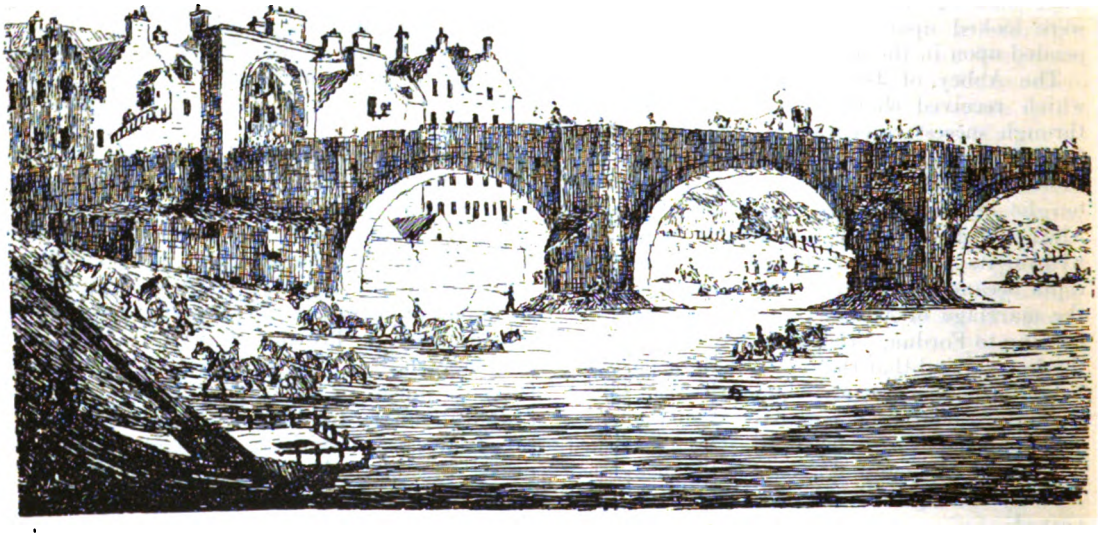
"GLASGOW MEMORIALS."

LAST month we briefly noticed the issue of the large and handsome volume bearing the above title, and it is gratifying to know that so great has been the public appreciation of the author's patient labours in rescuing from oblivion the interesting story of the past that the work is practically out of print already. As we previously stated, the £3 3s Edition de Luxe was out of print on the day of issue, and the 21s edition has followed suit. Mr Robert Renwick, Depute Town Clerk of Glasgow, is a Borderer, as most of our readers are aware, and he has done much to preserve the ancient records of his native town of Peebles. In producing the present volume, Mr Renwick has

done an incalculable service to the City of Glasgow, and it is very pleasing to know that the true value of his work has been recognised. The past history of Glasgow should have a special interest for Borderers, as it is well known that there was a very close connection in ancient times between the See of Glasgow and the Abbeys and religious houses of the Borderland, and not a few Borderers played important parts in the beginnings of Glasgow's greatness, ecclesiastical, educational, and commercial.

Of the handsome volume with its one hundred fine illustrations, and its printing and binding bearing the hall-mark of Messrs James Maclehose & Sons, the publishers to the University, the "Glasgow Herald" says:—

"Among these short studies on great local subjects there are important chapters on such institutions as the County, the Barony, and the Parish Divisions. The Cathedral scarcely plays the central part in these discussions which the Episcopal



VIEW OF OLD BRIDGE WITH APPROACH FROM RIVER TO WATER PORT, 1776.
From original pen and ink sketch by James Brown.

organisation might have suggested. Among the illustrations may be noted the large group of the seals of the bishops, which are primary vouchers of heraldic usage, and appear to negative some opinions of heraldic students regarding armorial bearings of Scottish sees. The Greyfriars, the Blackfriars, the pre-Reformation chapels and hospitals, the prebends and their endowments, the city churches, and the teinds and other imposts by which the clergy were maintained are among the phases of the older ecclesiastical establishment discussed with much lucid detail supplementary to and corrective of prevalent views, while the early meeting-houses of Nonconformists in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries receive a very restrained and subordinate attention. Ecclesiastically the centre of interest is in the chapter upon the early kirk-sessions of Glasgow. The longest in the book, this is full of social evidence of early customs and superstitions. The 'pillar,' which indicates the cutty-stool, had its obvious place in the religious edifices, and the citations made from the books are capital examples. 'Flyting' was a notable offence in the spiritual jurisdiction; there are ordinances to make parents answerable for children who learn 'to sweir at everie word and also to ban.' One scold is charged with saying that she 'suld gar Marion Woddrope slever (slaver) in the brankis.' The superstitious keeping of 'Yule dayis contrar Godis law' is one subject of the session's concern in 1583. Divination by turning the riddle and invoking St Peter and St Paul was apparently resorted to chiefly for the recovery of stolen property. In a passage of pleasantry Mr Renwick hints that 'as readers of the Ingoldsby Legends are aware, jackdaws before conversion are apt to be troublesome in a cathedral,' and he goes on to show that the fulminations in 1590-92 relative to this nuisance in the Cathedral of Glasgow ended in the resort to gunpowder and firearms in order to keep the 'kaes out of the queir.' In 1584 a 'flyting' case arose over the alleged, but vehemently denied, authorship of a 'ballat,' the tenor of which, unfortunately perhaps for the study of satire in ancient Glasgow, the clerk of session did not think fit to preserve.

"The Common Good, the grain mills, and the grammar schools, with relative store of information on city property and finance, industries, and education each invite comment and quotation, but it is time to pass to general observations. The book abounds in incidental notices of burghal conditions, such as the lingering persistence of serfdom, the tenure of rentallers, the early agricultural environment, the keeping of swine and geese, leprosy, wind-mills, quarries, coal pits, the Tron, fires, Sunday observance, and the like. A dole is recorded as given to a poor Spaniard in 1589, possibly a stranded waif of the broken Armada. The open air business assemblies of the citizens on the

Symmerhill (Cowcaddens), and the proclamation of the fair yearly at Craigmak (not far from Shuttle Street) give an attractive impression of picturesque aspects of old local government, with its appreciation of spectacles and ceremony.

"In the midst of continual corrections, quietly dovetailed into previous interpretations of events, it is admirable to note that Mr Renwick never throws a stone at a historical predecessor. Throughout there is displayed a shrewd, kindly, rather conservative, standpoint towards earlier writers. No countenance is given to the detractors of McUre. Blind Harry's Bell of the Brae battle is reckoned quite probable, and still more definite acceptance is hinted at for the tradition of Regent Moray's gift to the bakers of Glasgow after Langside. The story of the saving of the Cathedral from destruction is dismissed as contrary to record, but the honour of the first narrator, Archbishop Spottiswood, is so far saved by the tendering of a new explanation that there actually was a resolution formally passed to take down the steeple, and that the design was abandoned. That this episode belongs to 1588-9, and not to the actual period of the Reformation, may not lessen the force of the plea that there was some sort of colour for the tale, and that the historian's error was no conscious slander and 'mispersoning' of the Magistrates.

"Among the illustrations, besides numerous antique engravings, are reproductions of early paintings of the Cathedral by Hearne, Moore, and Horatio M'Culloch, and of Glasgow Fair about 1832 by Knox. Two great pictures by Sam Bough show the Broomielaw and Stockwell Bridges half a century ago, while William Simpson's sketches preserve the vanished forms of the old bridge of Partick, the old Post Office in Nelson Street, and the gorgeous interior of a baronial hall in Gorbals. The queer portrait of McUre presupposes that his 'Vera Effigies,' as it was called, did him even scanter justice than some of his critics have vouchsafed to his writings.

"The round hundred of pictures—all of them relevant, many rare, and not a few truly the tribute of art to what is now antiquity—add as much to the value as to the beauty of a handsome book. In the matter of format the publishers have been worthy of themselves, and mindful of their past association with kindred volumes. This of Mr Renwick's need fear no comparison with the stateliest of its forerunners, either in its appearance or its width of local learning, and range of antiquarian equipment."

Thousands who have never been in the western metropolis have heard of Glasgow Green, and Mr Renwick thus refers to the famous spot:—"Used as a place of public resort, it is referred to in 1588 as the playground of Glasgow ('palestram de Glasgw lusoriam'), and here the 'futballis' purchased out of the Common Good may have been annually tossed about on Shrove Tuesday. . . . . The city accounts for 1573-4 show that on 12th February 12s was paid for 'futt balls.' In the following year 'sax futballis' were again purchased for 12s, and the merriment was further encouraged by the payment of 18d 'on Fastrinis even, to ane fule, with the treyn swurd' (wooden sword), and of the like sum to 'the pyper called Ryall Dayis for playing.' The annual supply of six footballs at the expense of the Common Good was continued till the year 1589-90, when a cordiner named John Neill, in return for remission of fees on his admission as a burgess, undertook to furnish, yearly, during his lifetime, 'upon Fastrinis even, sex guid and sufficient fut-ballis,' or else 20s as the price thereof."

Readers of "Rob Roy" will recall the business in which a certain worthy Bailie made his money, and his connection with the Saltmarket. That Sir Walter's interest in that particular part of Glasgow was not purely imaginary will be seen in what Mr Renwick says about it:—

"A building on the east side of Saltmarket Street, facing Bridgegate Street, was called Silvercraigs Land on account of its having belonged to the Campbells, proprietors of Silvercraigs in Argyleshire. In 1703 it belonged to Robert Campbell of Silvercraigs, who conveyed it to his son-in-law and daughter, Walter Scott and Mary Campbell, spouses, the great-grand-parents of Sir Walter Scott. In his autobiograhy Sir Walter alludes to the matrimonial alliance of his ancestral namesake with 'Miss Campbell of Silvercraigs, in the west, through which connection my father used to call cousin, as they say, with the Campbells of Blythswood.' Silvercraigs Land is said to have been occupied by Cromwell during one of his visits to Glasgow; at a subsequent period it was fitted up as a weaving factory, suggesting in that locality visions of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and it remained a notable feature of Old Saltmarket till its removal about the year 1830."

Mr Renwick gives in the following paragraph a very good example of the easy etymology or derivations which have given so much trouble to modern antiquarians:—"Adjoining the lands of Stobcross, and situated not far from 'Parson's Land,' through which Bishop Street was formed, lay a piece of rising ground called 'Cranstounhill or Drummoderis Aikers,' which belonged to the Parson of Renfrew, and was set by him in feu to James Hill for the yearly payment of £5 9s. A local historian, who named the place 'Drum-over-hill,' says it was so called 'from the fact that all the vagabonds who were banished furth of the city were accompanied to the spot by the town's drummer playing the Rogue's March, and this official saw them fairly beyond the bounds.' All this is purely imaginary, and as the story, devoid though it is of either historical or etymological authority, has been repeated elsewhere, it may be as well to take the opportunity of trying to stop its further currency."

We are indebted to the publishers, Messrs Maclehose & Sons, for the use of the block which illustrates this article.

DEATH OF A SUCCESSFUL BORDERER IN NEW ZEALAND.—News has been received from Christchurch, New Zealand, of the death of Mr T. W. Bruce, an eminently successful stock and land owner in the colony, who emigrated from Jedburgh to Canterbury fifty years ago. Mr Bruce had to work his way from the start, and eventually owned the valuable estate of Inch Bonnie, named after a place near Jedburgh associated with his boyhood. This estate is situated near some of the most charming of the West Coast scenery. Mr T. W. Bruce's brother, Mr Robert Bruce, Sunnyside, Jedburgh, is an extensive sheep farmer in the south of Scotland. Mr Bruce was a man of the most kindly and hospitable nature, and was greatly respected for his many good qualities.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *Chambers Institution, Peebles.*

TO ADVERTISERS.
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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1908.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

CONTRIBUTORS and correspondents are requested to note the change in the Editor's address, which is now Chambers' Institution, Peebles, and he takes this opportunity of thanking the many friends of the BORDER MAGAZINE who have sent him congratulations on his appointment to the curatorship of the above institution.

THE BORDER KEEP.

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

I have seen scientific farming change some proverbially late farms in the Borderland into the very earliest of the district, but some portions have a continuous reputation in the latter respect, as is evidenced by the following from an evening paper:—What is the earliest tract of land in Scotland? After carefully considering the claims of other districts, I feel disposed (writes a correspondent) to give the palm to the plain, locally known as the Howe o' the Merse, which extends between the Lammermuirs and the Cheviots. Here, Lord Kames and other eighteenth century pioneers conducted many of the experiments that laid the foundations of Scottish agriculture. During the opening weeks of spring, the Merse well upholds its claim to priority. In its meadows lambs gambol with that exuberance of youthful energy, which in less favoured regions is associated with April The ploughman works out his daily "darg" to the inspiring accompaniment of the lark's song. So genial is the atmosphere that a stranger feels justified in assuming that in his sowing operations, the Merse farmer will anticipate the agriculturalists on the Northumberland side of the Tweed. But in no district is more homage paid to the weather wisdom of the ancients; and a reference to the snow that still caps the distant uplands seldom fails to call forth an allusion to the old-time rhyme:—

Nae hurry wi' your corns,
Nae hurry wi' your harrows:
Snaw lies ahint the dyke,
Mair may come and fill the furrows.

* * * *

DEATH OF THE REV JAMES CHRISTIE, CARLISLE.—The death took place at Rothesay on 21st February, 1908, of the Rev. James Christie, who for nearly thirty-eight years had been minister of the Fisher Street Presbyterian Church of England at Carlisle, a position which he resigned only a fortnight before on account of the state of his health. Mr Christie, who was in his 71st year, was born at Otterburn, and was a son of the manse, his father, the Rev. A. C. Christie, having been the first Presbyterian minister of Otterburn. He was educated at Jedburgh Academy and New College, London, where he took his B.A. degree. After finishing his divinity course he was licensed as a preacher by the Presbytery of Newcastle, and for a short time was minister at Otterburn, in succession to his father. Whilst there he received a call to an Edinburgh church, which he declined, but shortly afterwards he accepted a call of the Fisher Street Church at Carlisle, which was then in a low state. A man of great activity and energy, the church soon became the most prosperous in the city. In 1901 he was appointed Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England,

and displayed great activity during his year of office. At one time he was a most keen and active member of the Carlisle School Board. In the course of his lifetime he had been a great traveller, and on one occasion was arrested in France as a German spy. A tour in Russia resulted in a book, "Men and Things Russian," and he was also the author of a short history of his native county of Northumberland. Of a most genial and hospitable disposition, Mr Christie was a favourite wherever he went, and his death is much deplored. He leaves a widow, but no children.

* * * *

The three following Border Nature Notes are from the "Scotsman":—

BIRD LIFE IN JEDWATER.—There are few prettier sights among bird life in winter-time than a flock of long-tailed tits ("Parus caudatus"), foraging for food among the branches of tall trees or hunting through an old hawthorn hedge. Some days ago I had the good fortune to observe a large family of those beautiful and sprightly little birds by the side of the Jed, beyond the Sunnybrae Scaur, and though they must have seen me approaching they were so intent on procuring their morning meal that they showed no signs of fear. They worked the trees which line the river up to the bridge below the Capon tree, where I had an excellent view of the lively band as they hung upon the branches that brush the parapet of the bridge, and disclosed their lovely markings, in which greyish white and black, with a suffusion of rose-red along the back, are the predominating colours. Among the bare branches the little birds gambolled and swung, often with head downwards and tail erect; but always with a keen eye to business. Leaving the trees, on which insect life seemed to be scarce, the little flock glided into a thorn hedge close by, and though their movements were not so easily followed, their cheery twittering proclaimed their onward progress.—W. W. M.

* * * *

On a beautiful day recently, while strolling beyond the Wild Cat Gate, Jedburgh, I saw a great flock of "kitty" wrens fly past and alight on the trees. They crept about the branches, making small flights, as if in search of insects. I was greatly surprised at the sweetness of their song, so loud and sustained. I have never observed these tiny birds in such great numbers before, and I think this occurrence very unusual, more especially at this time of the year. The nest of the wren, as every schoolboy knows, is very difficult to locate, being closed all round, except for a small hole to allow the bird to get in. It is an interesting structure, made of dry leaves, and moss lined with feathers. These birds build their nests very early. I have seen them, if the weather be mild, building as early as the first of February, and having eggs toward the end of the month. I have also seen cases of the same birds rearing two broods of fourteen in one season. I once came across a wren's nest having sixteen eggs, which, I think, is a record in this district.—J. T. A.

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FOXES THAT LIVE IN A TREE.—Recently a young Selkirk man, while walking across country from Melrose to Selkirk, made a rather curious discovery. He had come by the foot of the Eildons and Cauldshiels loch, and struck along the planting that runs downwards in the Selkirk direction from the hill to the west of Faldonside. When near the Selkirk end of the planting, he crossed through the wood and observed a tree which drew his attention owing to its peculiar formation near the top. It was a fir tree of about 25 feet in height, and about six feet from the top a branch with close thick foliage shot out. This branch formed a platform which, looked at from below, resembled a large table top. While he was walking in the direction of the tree, he heard a rustle above him, and looking up saw a fox peering over the edge of the platform. He hastened to the tree, and the fox came scrambling nimbly down, using the dry brittle offshoots as steps. Immediately after another fox came out. This second one leaped over the observer's head, and the tail brushed his face. An examination of the foxes' resting place showed that it was hollow within and shaped like a clothes basket. It is said that for years the local huntsmen have been hunting a short-tailed fox, but Reynard has always escaped by taking to one of the plantations, and the presumption is that he seeks refuge by climbing a tree.—D. S. M.

* * * *

Yet another Border Society in Edinburgh! If Auld Reekie does not look out she will soon be entirely in the hands of Borderers. Under the auspices of the newly-formed Edinburgh Annandale Association, a highly successful social meeting and concert was held in the Central Hall, Tollcross, recently. Dr George Dickson vice-president of the Association, presided over a gathering numbering about 200, and was accompanied on the platform by the Rev. Thomas White, Canongate Parish Church; Dr Neilson, Glasgow; and Mr Matthew Lorimer, vice-president. The Chairman stated that this was the inaugural meeting He hoped that the institution of the Association would serve as a rallying ground for Annandale people. Surely they, who came from Annandale, had numbers and enthusiasm enough to make this Association a success. Midway in the programme Dr George Neilson, Glasgow, delivered an interesting address, in which he extolled the outstanding historical, archæological, and literary associations of Annandale, and likewise paid a tribute to its scenery. He congratulated the Edinburgh Association on its inauguration, and wished it a noble future. Songs were rendered by Misses Nan Finlay and I. M. Turner, and Messrs Thos. Borthwick, James M'Lure, and Finlay, and these artistes, together with Mr A. Purdie, who contributed recitations, gave every satisfaction. Miss K. H Law made an efficient accompanist.

* * * *

The following strange tale is printed by a London paper:—A few years ago an intending passenger, who was about to embark on a local steamboat at Galata Bridge—the "London Bridge" of Constantinople—was struck with the grand appearance of the captain in a Turkish naval uniform, worthy of a British admiral. Imagine his surprise on hearing this presumably Turkish officer bawl down from the bridge to the engine-room, in unmistakable Scotch, the order—"Ease her! Stop her! Hard to stern." The boat was the old Meg Merilees from the Clyde, and the captain and crew were Scotsmen. DOMINIE SAMPSON.

THE HOWNAM "SHEARERS."

ON the hill-top one mile east from Hownam there is an ancient camp or fort, known as Hownam Rings. This fortification is composed of three "rings" or intrenchments which face towards the west, and two which face towards the east. About one hundred yards south from this fort there is a line of standing stones termed the "Eleven Shearers." Writing in the "New Statistical Account," the Rev. George Rutherford, after erroneously stating that these form a semicircle, observes:—"There is a tradition that these stones were, at a remote period, human beings, who, for reaping on the Sabbath, were metamorphosed into so many stones. They are to this day called the eleven shearers. There is every probability that they indicate the site of a Druidical circle or oratory." It may be added that the villagers, though well acquainted with the legend, place no faith in it whatever. Some local littérateurs have thought that the story was invented by some cleric, with the pious intention of preventing the people of the neighbourhood from profaning the Sabbath day; but the following evidence probably indicates that the legend had its origin in an external source. When reading an extract (taken from the "Ross-shire Adviser") which was printed in the "Scottish Journal of Topography" for 1847, the present writer was struck with the similarity of a tradition in the north of Scotland to the one current at Hownam. This extract states that above Dochmaluig there is a somewhat large stone circle, the stones of which are said by the peasants to have once been human beings, who, when impiously dancing on the Sabbath day, were overtaken by judgment and converted into stones. It is further asserted that the positions of the monoliths correspond to the various attitudes of the irreligious dancers when they were thus transformed. Curiously enough, the circle is known by the name of "Clachan Gorach," or "the foolish stones."

It will further interest the student of folk-lore to learn that several instances of this form of story are known at the other extremity of Great Britain—viz., in Cornwall. In the parish of Burian there are some of these "dancing stones," which are locally termed "The Merry Maidens"; and hard by are two granite pillars, designated "The Pipers." Local gossip says that instead of attending vespers, some giddy maidens of the adjacent village strolled into the fields one Sunday evening. Assuming the guise of pipers, two evil spirits began to play some lively airs; and unable to resist the temptation, the young people profaned the Sabbath day by indulging in dancing. In the midst of their sacrilegious festivities, the wrath of heaven was fearfully manifested. When excitement was at its highest, a flash of lightning cleft the sky, and transfixed both the tempters and the tempted, metamorphosing them into stone. The standing stones termed the "Nine Maids," in St Columb Major parish, and those bearing the same name (as also the name "Virgin Sisters") in Stithians, have a similar story attached to them.

Another example of this form of legend is connected with the circle of nineteen stones—termed the "Boscawen-un Circle"—which is to be seen on the road to Land's End. Not far from St Cleer, also, there are three intersecting circles of upright stones—termed the "Hurlers"—which form notable examples of punishment for Sabbath-breaking. The stones are so designated, it is said, because they were once boys who were playing the old Celtic ball-game of "hurling" on a Sunday, and who, for their iniquity, were petrified on the spot.

Analogous to these fables is the Oriental tale which relates that the fish of the Red Sea were wont to come ashore on the eve of the Day of Rest in order to tempt the Jews to profane the Sabbath. The increase of their numbers was so alarming that David converted the fish that had landed into apes, so as to deter others from coming to land. The Teutonic legend that the Man in the Moon is the person who violated the sanctity of the Sunday by gathering sticks (Numbers, chapter xv., verses 32-36) is somewhat similar to the above, in that it also indicates the dread result of Sabbath-breaking.

The writer who dealt with the parish of Hownam in the "New Statistical Account" states that the "Eleven Shearers" form a circle (which he supposed to be Druidical), but he was mistaken. Professor Geikie says that the line runs nearly west and east, but a little north of west and south of east. The late Dr Brydon, in a racy article on "Hownam and some of its Antiquities" in Hawick Archæological Society's Transactions for 1877, states that "another explanation is that they formed part of a Druidical Circle; but if they did, then they must have formed part of a larger circle than ever the Druids have as yet been accredited with. They stand in a straight line, therefore

the circle must have encircled the globe."

In 1906 the present writer visited this monument of antiquity and made some measurements, with the kindly help of two of the villagers. The line of stones commences on the slope near the top of the hill, and its situation does not permit the spectator to see all the monoliths in a row; but speaking roughly, the line is straight. Although nominally the stones are "eleven," there is in reality at least twice that number. Their girth varies up to 8 ft. 10 in., and the tallest stands 3 ft. 6 in. above the ground. Some of the stones in and near the line are so small that they may not have been connected with it. The distances between the stones—some of which are erect, some now prostrate—vary from 6 ft. to 32 ft. 8 in.; and in length the row measures 113 yards. The line is not continuously straight, as the last seven stones (on the summit of the hill) are so situated as to appear to form the segment of a circle; and except in regard to dimensions, the form has pretty much the same relation to the *line* of stones that the blade of a sickle has to the handle. There is no indication that these seven stones formed part of a completed circle. The chord of the segment is 60 ft. in length, whereas the curved row of stones measures only 69 ft.—a ratio which shows that the curve differs little from a straight line. The distance between the first monolith of this curved line and the last stone of the straight line is 18 ft. 7 in.

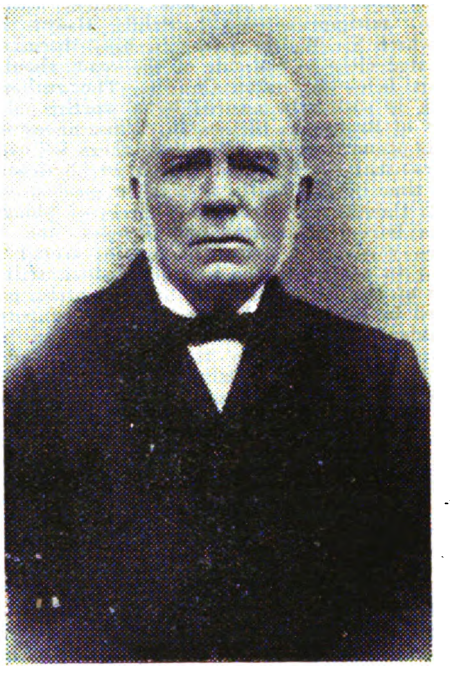
The purpose of the construction of this memorial of an age long bygone is now quite unknown. Some conjectures as to its use have been hazarded by local antiquaries, but no satisfactory conclusion has yet been arrived at. It has been conclusively proved that megalithic monuments in the northern half of Scotland were erected in the Bronze Age—about 3000 years ago, and possibly those at Hownam were erected about the same period. If one thing is more certain than another, however, it is that the "Eleven Shearers" were not erected for Druidical purposes (as some writers state)—and this statement pertains to all such monuments in Roxburghshire. Straight lines of standing stones, it may be observed in conclusion, are by no means common. The only other I have seen mentioned is in Cornwall.

GEORGE WATSON.

Fine words butter no parsnips.—"Legend of Montrose."

MR ROBERT SMITH, EARLSTON.

Mr Robert Smith, Earlston, whose photo we reproduce, and who died a few weeks ago, was generally regarded as the oldest Registrar in Scotland. From the passing of the Registration Act fifty-three years ago, Mr Smith was



Registrar of the Parish, and for the same long period held the office of Inspector of Poor. He was also treasurer to the Kirk Session for fifty-one years. Mr Smith, who was born in 1827, was a prosperous business man, and of the highest integrity.

BORDER NOTES AND QUERIES.

SYBIL'S WELL.

When I placed the "Well of Sybil Grey" near the village church of Branxton I was perfectly aware that there was another claimant in the field that had assumed the name under false pretences, but I scarcely imagined that any one would now be found to support its claim to be the well from which Scott makes Clare bring "the cup of blessed water" to slake the dying thirst of Marmion. The following note, which I take the liberty of transcribing from Mr Robson's "Border Battles and Battlefields" (1897), is interesting:—"The well on Flodden Hill from which James and the Scottish army quenched their thirst previous to the battle is still in existence.

It is now surrounded by an elegantly-built, substantial wall, along the interior of which are the words—

'Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and stay,
Rest by the well of Sybil Grey.'

The sparkling stream issues from a huge mass of solid rock on the brow of the (Flodden) hill which overlooks the scene of conflict. The above inscription, however, is misleading. Lady Waterford, who caused the wall to be built round and inscribed thus, was under a complete misapprehension. Sybil Grey's well, to which Sir Walter refers in his 'Marmion,' is situated close to the side of the road, about fifty yards below Branxton Church. The author, indeed, is positively assured by a worthy old resident of Branxton—the sexton, whose ancestors, as he is proud to relate, have lived there for over 300 years—that the identical trough which existed at the time of the battle is still in good preservation, though now, from the effects of ploughing, it is buried some feet underground, and about three yards back from the present trough. The error in confusing the well on Flodden Hill with that of Branxton has been, unfortunately, perpetuated by several modern writers on the battle of Flodden." So, too, Mr Crockett in his "Scott Country":—"Hard by the roadside, about fifty yards from the church, the real 'Sybil's Well,' to which Scott refers, will be seen; and crossing the road is the 'runnel' from which Clare, seeking the 'cup of blessed water' for the wounded and dying knight, shrank back in abhorrence—

'For, oozing from the mountain side,
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.'

Here also is 'Marmion's Hill,' the reputed scene of his death, and many another spot associated rather with the romantic than the historic element. Fact and fiction have been strangely intermingled. For, curiously enough, it is somehow taken for granted that every incident in 'Marmion'—containing, as it does, a fairly accurate account of the fight—should have confirmation and location on these grassy downs of Branxton and Flodden."

Any one, I think, on reading "Marmion" and studying the movements of the opposing forces, will agree with the above and assign the "local habitation and the name" to the well near Branxton church, for the simple reason that the other one does not answer the circumstances of the case.

A. Graham.

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With regard to the "drink-and-pay-story," I am afraid it will hardly do to set aside Lockhart's precise and definite statement in the way your correspondent, "F. A. J.," tries to do. He thinks the village Boniface promised to have the signboard altered as Scott suggested, that Scott, in telling the story, mentioned this promise to Lockhart, who would naturally (the "naturally" seems rather good) conclude the sign was duly hoisted, and so, in giving his account of the incident, wrote that "Scott was delighted to find on his return that this suggestion had been adopted." Surely Lockhart knew the difference between a promise and its performance, and, if we are to accept this explanation, he must undoubtedly have been drawing on his own imagination when he stated that Scott was delighted to find on his return that the suggestion had been carried out—in short, "he told stories!"

In connection with the story, it may be pointed out that Lockhart says the story had already appeared in print. The "laudamy and calamy" story, which belongs to the same occasion, he gives from the "Reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott," by R. P. Gillies, a friend of Scott, who afterwards became editor of the "Foreign Review." His papers appeared in "Fraser's Magazine" for September, November, and December, 1835, and January, 1836, and it would be interesting to know whether the story in question appears there also, and whether Gillies has given the name of the place where Scott halted on his way to and from Rokeby. Has your correspondent, "F. A. J.," ever heard of John Lundie, who, from a "horse-doctor," set up as a "man-doctor," and who, though he might send a few to their long home, thought it would be a long time before he made up for Flodden!

A. G. S.

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GEORGE BAINBRIDGE OF GATTONSIDE.

Reference was made in last month's "B. M." to the death of Dr Bainbridge, son of the above, as another last link with Sir Walter Scott. His father was a banker of Liverpool, who purchased the estate of Gattonside about 1824. Scott, in a letter (April 14, 1824) to Lord Montagu, thus refers to this:—"We are threatened with a cruel deprivation in the loss of our friend, Sir Adam (Fergusson), the first of men. A dog of a banker has bought his house for an investment of capital, and I fear he must trudge. Had I still had the Highland piper in my service, who would not have refused me such a favour, I would have had him dirked to a certainty—I mean this cursed banker. As it is, I must think of some means of poisoning his hot rolls and butter, or setting his house on fire by way of revenge. It is a real affliction." Lockhart then proceeds:—"The estate of Gattonside was purchased about this time by Mr George Bainbridge of Liverpool—and Sir Adam and Lady Fergusson, to Scott's great regret, went a year or two afterwards to another part of Scotland. The 'cursed banker,' however, had only to be known to be liked and esteemed. Mr Bainbridge had, among other merits, great skill in sports—especially in that which he has illustrated by the excellent manual entitled 'The Fly-fisher's Guide;' and Gattonside House speedily resumed its friendly relations with Abbotsford."

G. M. A.

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CARLYLE AND PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

Carlyle's testimonial for Blackie when he was a candidate for the Greek Chair in Edinburgh University in 1851, which appeared in last month's "B. M.," was interesting and rather amusing reading. Here is a letter from Carlyle to Emerson, dated 7th November, 1838, which is no less interesting:—"The 'Foreign Quarterly' reviewer of Strauss I take to be one Blackie, an advocate in Edinburgh, a frothy, semi-confused disciple of mine and other men's. I guess this, but I have not read the article; the man Blackie is from Aberdeen, has been roaming over Europe, and carries more sail than ballast." Carlyle's estimate

of men did not err on the side of charity, but how far he was correct here may be left to the judgment of others; on the other hand, Carlyle's ability to deliver judgment on a man's competency for a Greek chair may be called in question. However, Blackie got the chair, a good thing for "the man Blackie," whatever it may have been for the students of Edinburgh University.

G. S.

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JOHN AINSLIE, GEOGRAPHER.

In the article on this Borderer entitled "An Eminent Scottish Geographer of a Century Ago," which was contributed to the BORDER MAGAZINE of February, 1906, I said (p. 29) that by his marriage with Mary Lookup, daughter of the Provost of Jedburgh, John Ainslie had two daughters, Catherine and Mary. This I was led to conclude from the fact that I could then find no information to the contrary. I have recently discovered, however, that there is still extant in the south of England an old family Bible, from which the following information has been provided me:—John Ainslie was born on 22nd April, 1745, in Jedburgh; died 29th Feby., 1828, at 58 Nicolas [mistake for Nicolson] Street, Edinburgh, aged 83. He first married Christian Caverhill, by whom he had two daughters, Catherine and Mary. He married, secondly, Tweedie or Mary Luckup. (As I have obtained the extract indirectly, I cannot vouch that it is verbatim.)

While making this correction, I may be allowed to correct a printer's error in the first column of p. 27 of same article.—For "The map was reproduced in 1880," read "The map was reproduced in 1800."

It is interesting to note that Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to George Ellis, dated 30th January, 1803, makes a reference to Ainslie's large map of Scotland:—"The country [the Borders] is most inaccurately defined," he says, "and had your General (Wade) marched through Scotland by the assistance of Ainslie's map, his flying artillery would soon have stuck fast among our morasses, and his horse broke their knees among our cairns." (See Lockhart's "Life of Scott," chap. xi.)

G. WATSON.

THE BORDER BOOKCASE.

"MY LIFE IN THE OPEN."

A book which makes you feel the wind blowing on your face, the rain hissing in your ears, and which sends the blood tingling to your finger-tips as you instinctively rise to leap into the saddle, must have some of the real grit of human nature in it. Such a volume bearing the above title is now in our hands, and we have no hesitation in urging our readers to secure copies of it. The author is Mr Will H. Ogilvie, a portrait and sketch of whom appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE for January, 1906, and who frequently contributes a stirring poem to our pages. In a previous issue we reviewed his latest book of verse, and then referred to the author's skill in producing an open-air feeling upon the reader. In this volume Mr Ogilvie produces the same effect when he clothes his thoughts in prose, and succeeds at the same time in imparting much information in a most agreeable form. The publisher is T. Fisher Unwin, London, and the handsome book of over 300 pages with fine portrait of the talented author is issued at 5s net. In the introductory note, A. W. E. says of Mr Ogilvie:—"He has been in touch with the raw elements of life; the peril of sudden death has faced him; the exultation of conquest has stirred his blood. His, too, is that quiet, long-continued communion with Nature, both living and inanimated, which invests with so singular an interest every member of what he calls in this book 'the noblest profession in the world,' the men who go out to their toil and their labour until the evening, digging into the fruitful bosom of good old Mother Earth." The volume is divided into four parts: In the Australian Bush; In America; Here and There; and On the Scottish Border. Mr Ogilvie has travelled much and lived among the scenes and people he so graphically and gracefully describes. Under the three first headings there is much information about our vast Colonial Empire, and it might be profitable to some of our intending emigrants were they to peruse Mr Ogilvie's fascinating pages. Though our author can see beauty everywhere and good in almost everything, yet his heart is in the Scottish Borderland, and it will do the heart of every leal Borderer good to read the ten chapters in which he deals with the Borders. We would fain quote at length—we may do so on some future occasion—but for the present we use the words of a critic in a prominent daily newspaper:—

"Mr Ogilvie is a true cosmopolite, but loves his native country best. His descriptions of Clydesdale horses, shorthorns, Border Leicesters, and Caledonian cattle appeal equally to the agriculturist and the poet; in his account of 'A Border Kirn' his style dances with the toes of the dancers and surges with their joyous pulses; his picture of the hitherto despised entity, the Scottish woman field-worker, is as vigorous and sympathetic as anything in Hardy; and it is not the Darling Downs nor the Iowa meadows but the woods and hills of his native Tweeddale that have inspired the passage with which he concludes his eloquent eulogy of the 'Noblest Profession in the World':—'We stand at the gate in a soft summer twilight and hear the yearling colts whinnying in the pasture and the young calves lowing at the barn; at our feet the collie puppies gambol; the air is electric with the vitality of youth, the mystery of being, the unanswered questions of Mother Nature's silent reign. The corn rustles gently in the breeze, the stream tinkles dreamily on the pebbles. The mantle of a great content folds us with the falling shadow of the night.'"

The volume closes with this fine word picture:—"Old Jimmy the ploughman is dead, gone over the last headland into the great Unfurrowed Lea. The white-faced bays are buried—with the youth of the boy that followed them so lovingly—somewhere down by the burn in the shelter of the hawthorn hedge, and new horses and new men tramp from headrig to headrig along the remembered lands; but memory, whenever I hold out my hands to her, brings forward the fair old picture in its frame of blue, and when I listen very closely I can hear the grating of the ploughshare in the loam and the ceaseless chatter of the gulls as they circle overhead."

ONE & ALL GARDENING, 1908.

This valuable and interesting publication is edited by Edward Owen Greening, F.R.H.S.,—London: Agricultural and Horticultural Association—and is now in its thirteenth year. It has established for itself a distinct place in public appreciation as evidenced by the issue of 100,000 copies for the first edition. The editor's opening article, "The Happy Land," is a plea for covering Britain with garden homes for our people. There is an article by F. Herbert Stead, the Warden of the Robert Browning Settlement, on "Town Gardens;" and one by Horace J. Wright, F.R.H.S., on "Garden Teaching in Schools." Hon. H. A. Stanhope writes on "Some British Medicine Plants." There are cultural articles by S. Arnott; S. L. Bastin; D. S. Fish, and the late Richd. Dean. James Scott has two well-illustrated articles on microscopical subjects. Lina and Ella Oswald contribute biography and romance. The work runs to 160 pages, clearly printed on good paper, and illustrated on nearly every page.

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FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE.

On a previous occasion we referred to the good work accomplished by the Rev. James King, M.A., B.D., Vicar of St Mary's, Berwick-on-Tweed, among the poor lads and others of that famous Border town. Each year he publishes one or more interesting pamphlets on historical and antiquarian subjects, and the profits derived from the sale of these are devoted to the poor and needy. This year, Mr King, who, by the way, is a great Burns enthusiast and authority, has published two most interesting pamphlets for the above object. One is entitled "The Marvels of Rome," and the other "Westminster Abbey and the Royal Tombs." These booklets are most interestingly written, and can be had direct from the author, post free, sevenpence. As Mary Queen of Scots has been mentioned frequently in our columns lately, we quote Mr King's reference to the last resting-place of Scotland's ill-starred sovereign.

TOMB OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary, Queen of Scots, daughter of James V. of Scotland and Mary of Guise, and mother of James I., was cruelly executed at Fotheringay Castle, in 1587. The remains of this unhappy Queen were buried in Peterborough Cathedral, where they lay for a quarter of a century, but in 1613 King James I., her son, caused the body to be exhumed and brought to Westminster, "that the like honour might be done to his dearest mother, and the like monument be extant of her, that had been done to his dear sister, the late Queen Elizabeth." In her second funeral she had a translucent passage in the night through the city of London by multitudes of torches, "with all the ceremonies that voices, quires, and copes could express by many prelates and nobles." Elizabeth and Mary were constant enemies in life, but, by a strange irony of fate, the two Queens rest in peace opposite one another in the north and south aisles of the same chapel; and their monuments, which are much alike, were erected by the impartial James I., son of Mary, and successor of Elizabeth. The tomb is a noble work of the period, and was executed by Cornelius Cure, master-mason of the works. The white marble effigy of Mary, represents the Queen, as seen in her pictures, with small and delicate features, and many are struck with the strong family likeness to that of the effigy of Elizabeth in the aisle opposite. She wears a close coif, a laced ruff, and a long, flowing mantle, fastened at the breast by a jewelled brooch, while the crowned lion Rampant of Scotland sits keeping guard. The effigy rests on a heavy sarcophagus containing the body, while overhead is a lofty canopy of the usual Renaissance style of the period. Speaking of these monuments, Lubke writes:—"In the tomb-statues of the two Queens, what grand character is displayed in the head! What expression in the fine, noble hands! It is no wonder that before the thrilling effect of these monumental poems, other arts were mute or modestly retired into the background." Westminster Abbey is a royal mausoleum; for here reposes the dust of the almighty monarchs of the Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart dynasties. Kingly royalty carries with it vast responsibility and vast power, but it cannot deliver from the silent tomb, for "within the hollow crown that rounds the mortal temples of a king, death keeps his court, and there the antic sits, scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp." Exalted on a throne of royal state, above "the tide of pomp that beats upon the high shore of this world, sits that heavenly wisdom that gives peace and happiness." She is more precious than rubies, she shines alike on prince and peasant, and compared with her all the pomp of royalty is but empty vanity.

THE APOSTLE OF THE BORDER STEADINGS.

A WRITER of high standing said lately, "that in the Scottish Border character there lay unwrought a mine of wealth, and that the Border character when exploited would yield as good a harvest as the Borderland had done." The men who, for instance, made the Border tweed industry—those who started to make the "hodden grey"—were men whose characters, like their "wobs," were double-shotted, close-woven, a' 'oo', firm, durable, and yet flexible.

The Border character is difficult to understand—dour and birsy to outsiders, but, like their chestnut burrs, soft and tender at heart. It takes a Borderer to understand a brother Borderer, because, with the dull, coarse threads of the real, there is often blended the silver strand of a high ideal, and the web of their nature is blended withal with a streak of passion which makes them true poets. Their tenacity of purpose and dour perseverance is manifest in the number of Borderers who fill places of trust in our academic, civic, and commercial life. The land that could produce a Principal Cairns and a Thomas Carlyle need not be ashamed of its ancestry.

One reason why the Border character in

literature has lain so long fallow may be this difficulty of understanding it, and the Border propensity to *sup*press rather than *ex*press feeling of all kind.

This repression of feeling is especially noticeable in the religious life of Borderers. They seldom, if ever, express their religious feelings. A real Borderer despises those who are "gushing" with religious sentiment. How often has this characteristic been the cause of misunderstanding on the part of English or American evangelists! They thought and said Borderers were the most unresponsive listeners they ever preached to. The material out of which the "concrete" of the "Border character" is formed was too hard and solid to be fused into a liquid state even by their evangelistic fervour.

There are exceptions to this outstanding peculiarity, and John Shiels, who was long known in his native town as "the Apostle of the Border Steadings," was such an exception, and yet he bore many of the qualities of the Border Scot. A working man, a "hand" in the finishing department of one of the tweed mills in the town, he was loved and respected by his townsmen as a loyal, devoted disciple of Jesus Christ, who for nearly half a century, in "the soft Lowland tongue of the Borders," preached amongst the Border steadings the grand old evangel.

The men who lived on the soil—the hinds, their "bondagers," and the shepherds of the Border hills and dales—will long remember and revere the name of John Shiels. Prevented as many of them were by distance and the nature of their work from attending regularly a place of worship, they readily gathered in barn or farm-kitchen to listen to John preaching. His homely ways, his quaint illustrations, his pawky humour, all were adapted to suit their needs; and around him shone bright the light of a great purpose and transparent sincerity. When I remember John Shiels he was in the heyday of his power and work as an itinerant preacher. Often have I seen him and the late Rev. William Hamilton, then a lad, leaving the town with their Bibles under their arms, to hold a meeting, perhaps at a farm six or eight miles from the town.

In pleasant talk and earnest discussion they trudged on, in light and darkness, whether wet or dry, to preach the gospel to the herds and ploughmen, their wives and children. John's apostolic work was always done in the evenings, after he had spent ten hours in the mill.

Even now I can recall the figure, rather short in stature, sharp in features, with clear, piercing black eyes, which always told of the subterranean fire of zeal within. His voice was thin and piercing rather than round and full. Even now I see him with black coat, rather long, giving him a stunted appearance—one of the salt of the earth, leading a blameless life, spending and being spent in the service of men, which is the service of God. He, like all true Borderers, was a poet,—

"With inherited tendencies, nerves highly strung,
Quick impulses, feelings easily wrung
By the sorrows of others."

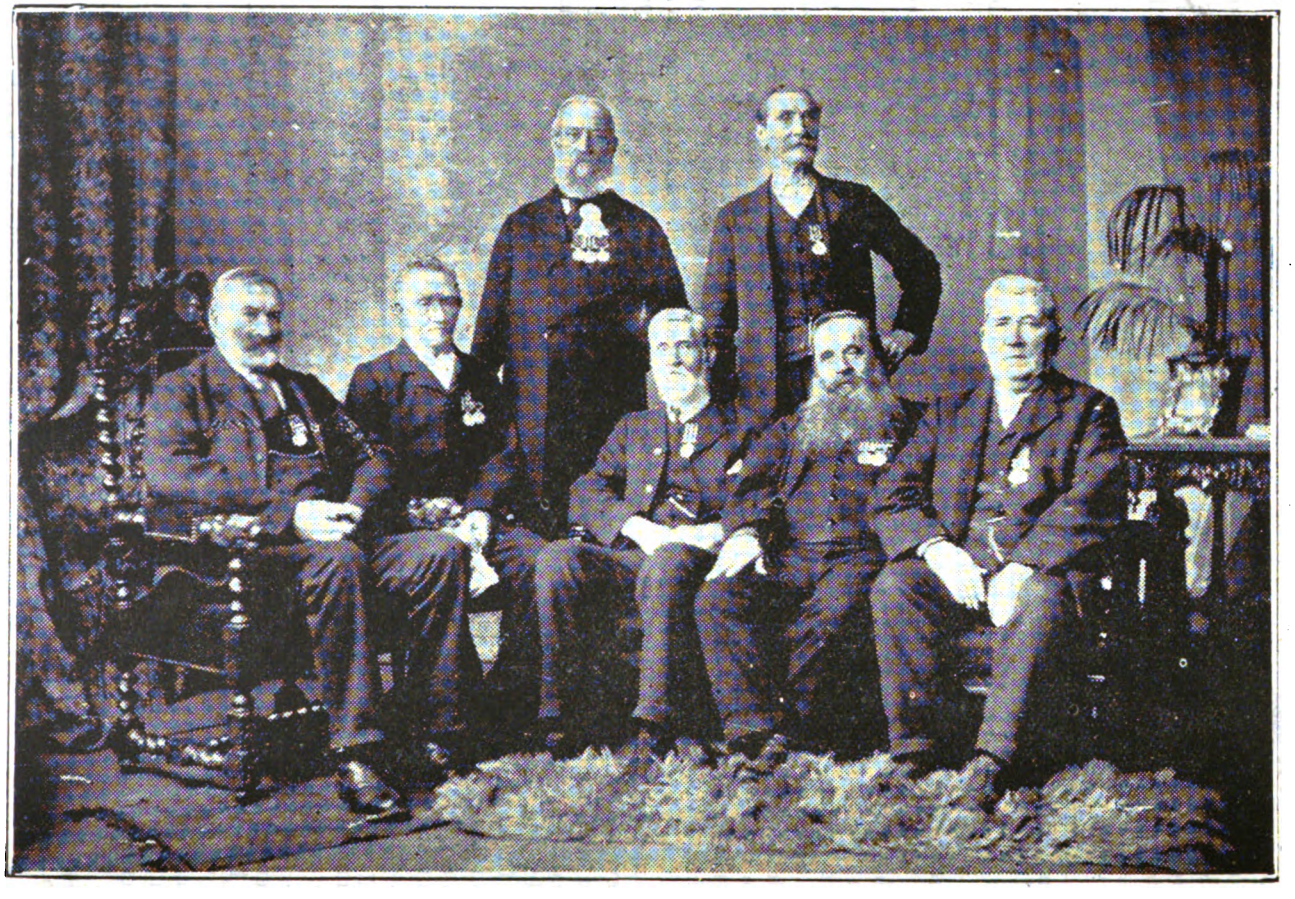
He bore about with him, too, the burden of a hidden sorrow—a sorrow none the lighter because it belonged to his domestic life. But none ever heard him mourn. He lived laborious days for Christ's, his Master's, sake. The journeyings of this apostle were many. In Selkirkshire, in Roxburghshire, and in Berwickshire many of the farms knew and loved him. Once passing "The Hawk's Nest" farm, I was reminded of John and his work, while "Langshaw Mill," "The Rink," "Meigle," "The Yair," and many others looked upon him as their special friend. John belonged to a sect in the town that were noted for open-air meetings, and I have heard him at the corner of the High Street speaking to the lads and lasses of the mills, who in the evening were on pleasure bent.

But he too has gone up higher, and to many in the Borders this sketch will recall one who will not be readily forgotten, but by farmers, ploughmen, and herds of the Borderland John Shiels will be remembered as their friend and teacher—the apostle of the Border steadings. —J. A. C., in *The Scottish Review*.

DEATH OF CORNELIUS LUNDIE.

Our readers would see in the papers the passing away of Mr Cornelius Lundie of Cardiff, a sketch and portrait of whom appeared in our February issue. The sad event took place on Wednesday, 12th February, and the end must have come rather suddenly, as we received a letter from him, written in his usual good spirits, only a week or so before his death. Mr Lundie was in his 93rd year and retained his powers apparently undiminished till near the end. With him passes one of the last links which bind us to Sir Walter Scott.

A GROUP OF BORDER CRIMEAN AND INDIAN MUTINY VETERANS.



The above is a photograph of seven Galashiels veterans who fought for their Queen and Country in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, and with one exception (the one sitting second from the left), are still to the fore. This being the jubilee year of the Mutiny, the event was celebrated by the Galashiels people presenting each with an enlarged photographic group of themselves, a medal, and a purse of money.

A HUNGARIAN VERSION OF THE STORY OF THE LONG PACK.

IT is well known that the writings of Sir Walter Scott brought about a reaction in favour of the historical novel on the Continent. What Scott did for Great Britain, others on the Continent endeavoured to do for their respective countries, at times with but moderate success. Not only were Scott's works translated into various Continental languages, but also Scottish writers of less importance received attention. Thus it is known that there is a reproduction of William Laidlaw's "Lucy's Flittin'" in the homely dialect of Jutland, a province of Denmark. The writings of James Hogg also were indirectly brought into notice through the genius of Scott, and there is a translation in Frisian of his story of the Long Pack. It seems also to have been translated into other Continental languages, and almost certainly into Hungarian or Austrian. Some penny-a-liner, in dire want of news, has perhaps got hold of this story and brought it into the market as fresh information. The story is going the round of the papers, and the version, as it appeared in the "Christian Globe" of 20th February, is herewith given:—

A MODERN MORGIANA.—A lonely farm on the estate of Count Korolyi, Hungary, has been the scene of an exciting encounter with armed robbers, who had conceived a daring plan for pillaging the house. Late in the evening a man, carrying a large sack, and apparently almost exhausted, knocked at the door of the farm and begged for a night's shelter. The only occupant of the house was the farmer's young daughter, who did not care about admitting him, but at his earnest entreaty allowed him to leave the sack. The stranger, depositing his burden in the kitchen, then left, and the girl began to prepare the evening meal.

The Sequel.—While doing so, to her horror she saw that the sack was moving as though some one were inside. Then the blade of a knife appeared, slowly cutting through the sack. Thoroughly terrified, she picked up her father's gun and fired, with the result that the movement stopped at once, and blood commenced to ooze through the sack. The girl, almost mad with alarm, fled from the house and, meeting her father, told him what had happened. He obtained the assistance of two gendarmes and hurried home. The gendarmes speedily cut open the sack, and inside found the body of a burly man, armed with a revolver and a knife, and with a gunshot wound in the head. Suspended from his neck was a whistle, and, believing it was intended as a means of summoning accomplices, the police blew a series of calls. Almost immediately three men ran up, and, seeing themselves trapped, opened fire with revolvers. A desperate fight followed, one of the robbers being shot dead, but his two companions were captured.

THE BORDER POET.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH
(A Canadian-Borderer).

[Read by the late Mr Thomas Knox at the Leyden Centenary at Denholm, 4th Sept., 1875.]

He was a man 'mong other men,
  Yet not the same as they—
But fashioned with a wiser ken
  From out the common clay.
The laird is born to wealth and land,
  But his a nobler goal—
For he was born by Teviot's strand,
  With music in his soul!

Where mountains green romantic swell,
  Where heath-flowers blush and bloom—
The lonely glen, the breezy fell,
  The burn among the broom—
There, to the Poet seen and heard,
  The Muses swept along;
And Nature in his bosom stirred
  The sacred fire of song!

By ruined tower, serene and calm—
  O'er fields where valour trod—
By martyr-graves, where, like a psalm,
  The spirit soars to God—
There learned he of the deathless past
  To win a deathless name;
As Scotland o'er her poet cast
  The mantle of her fame!

The shepherd's cot his muse's cell,
  The birds his vernal choir;—
His Helicon was Wearie's Well,
  And peat his altar's fire!
No classic glories thus were cast
  His childhood's scenes among;
He made them classic as he passed,
  And wove them in his song!

Of loves and lives of manly men,
  And charms of blushing fair,—
Of worth that hid in lonely glen,
  Of honour everywhere—
These were his themes in rustic grot
  The gloaming to beguile;
What though the world might hear him not?
  He lived in Jeanie's smile!

O gentle bards, from Border fells,
  And Border hills of green!
For you, what Scottish heart but swells,
  Whatever seas between;
We climb with you the lofty law—
  O'er flowery moorland speed,—
Or hear, beyond the birken shaw,
  The murmuring of the Tweed!

Sweet rest ye in your nameless graves,
  On near or distant shore!
One burning tear your memory craves,
  Alas! we can no more—
But this, to keep sublime and pure
  The love that tuned your lays
To Scotland's plaids, and Scotland's maids,
  And Scotland's lofty praise!

A BORDERER'S DEPARTURE.

[Reprinted from "The Eskdale & Liddesdale Advertiser" of January 1, 1908.]

A FEW weeks ago there passed to the Better Land in the person of Mr John L. Armstrong, one of Langholm's oldest sons. In the year 1821 he first saw the light in the vicinity of "Moodlaw Point," and through his long life took a lively interest in all that affected the community and the Borderland.

It is interesting to know that Mr Armstrong's middle name, Laidlaw, was from a granduncle, the friend and benefactor of Mungo Park, the African traveller. It was with this uncle that Mungo stayed when he visited Langholm.

Being of humble parentage, Mr Armstrong's early days were not without "hard lines." He was early called upon to face the stern realities of life. During the time of distress experienced in the first half of last century he, like many of his contemporaries, had to endure hardships not a few.

In his youth he came much in contact with his cousin, George Easton, the famous temperance lecturer, and was greatly influenced for good by him. Indeed, the influence of this one friend told on all his after life. He became not only an abstainer, but an active and life-long worker for temperance reform.

He was in his eighteenth year, when, at a meeting in Langholm, he yielded to the claim of the Gospel and became a new man. Soon afterwards he was admitted to the membership of the "Toonheid" Kirk (North U.P.), whose minister was the Rev. Mr Dobie.

In those far away days, evangelists and temperance advocates were unknown in the South, and those who undertook such work were called upon to endure hardness as good soldiers. Mr Armstrong and his cousin held meetings often under trying circumstances and in strange places. Long walks were frequently undertaken after a hard day's work to advocate the cause.

On removing to Selkirk in 1846, where he resided for twenty-two years, Mr Armstrong overtook much good work. Through his influence and evangelistic efforts, many were led to deeper convictions and to greater devotion in Christian life. In the work of the U.P. Church, with which he was associated, he took a leading part. It was in Selkirk that he met with Mrs Armstrong, who predeceased him twenty-five years ago.

In 1868 Mr Armstrong left the Border town owing to poor health, and took up his abode in Edinburgh. For a time he was engaged in commercial life in the Capital, but afterwards became an accredited temperance agent, before entering the Edinburgh City Mission.

When on the staff of the above he was engaged as Missionary for Fountainbridge and latterly as the first Missionary to the public-houses and breweries. In those spheres he gave himself whole-heartedly to his duties, and with much earnestness told for good and for God.

The various institutions in the City making for the weal of the community found in him a staunch supporter. He aided much in the Cabmen's and Lodging House Missions, and had much to do with the formation of the popular Grass Market Mission.

For some years, Mr Armstrong, who resided with his son in the western metropolis, was confined to his room and latterly to his bed. His sick room became a bethel to many. It was a sort of banqueting house of the King. Grace shone brightly, and it did one good to be there. As bodily weakness increased spiritual sight waxed stronger.

To the last he maintained a lively interest in the outside world, continued his reading and carried on an extensive correspondence with friends at home and abroad. There were all sorts and conditions amongst his visitors. Eminent divines and evangelists, men of wealth and position, humble citizens and country bodies. All were welcome, and for all there was a cheery word. As one put it, "'twas a pleasure and a privilege to be with him." His little room was indeed a beautiful place. Dying grace gave dying power.

Though retired from activities of public life for so many years Mr Armstrong was not forgotten in the Capital. This was clearly evidenced when his remains came to be laid in Vestibule of the Saints. A large and representative gathering assembled in Echo Bank Cemetery. The Rev. James Kelly, Portobello, and the Rev. Walter Brown, Braid U.F. Church, conducted a short but impressive service. Then on Sunday the Rev. George Gladstone, Dundas Street Congregational Church, Glasgow, made touching reference to his passing away.

"Still in the midst the best lingers to-day
Of loved and departed untouched by decay,
The virtues he cherished yet live, and will last
When the scenes of the present are lost in the past
All is not dead!"

G. M. R.

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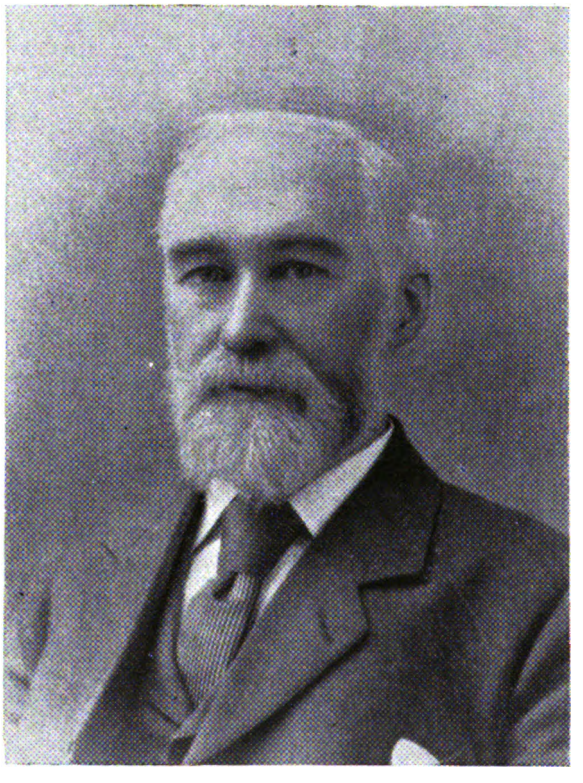
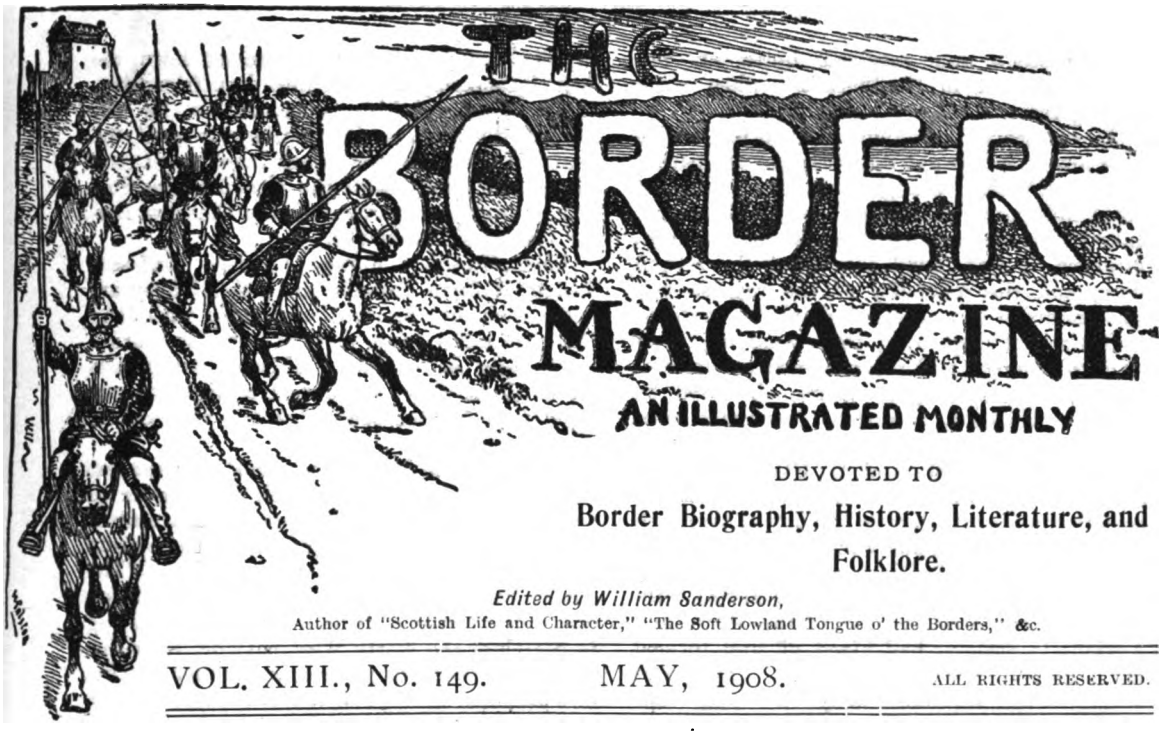


THE LATE MR JOHN DICKSON.



VOL. XIII., No. 149. MAY, 1908.

MR JOHN DICKSON.

(By a Glasgow Borderer.)

BY the death of Mr John Dickson, which took place on the 22nd March, the Glasgow Borderers have lost their oldest and one of their staunchest supporters. For fifty years Mr Dickson has been a prominent personality among City Borderers. His genial and kindly nature, together with his cultured literary tastes, made his friendship a valued possession, and his passing away is mourned by a very wide circle. John Dickson was born at St Boswells, or Lessudden, as it was then called, on the 13th March, 1833, his father, James Dickson, being schoolmaster in the village, and well known throughout Scotland as an authority on educational matters.

The old parochial schoolmaster did not, as a rule, favour the introduction of new methods or systems, but in this respect James Dickson stood out an exception among his fellow teachers. He was one of the founders and for long the guiding spirit of a society which had been formed for the supply of a new and better class of text books than those then in use in the parochial schools, and McCulloch's Course of Reading, Lennie's English Grammar, and Gray's Arithmetic all gave way to the publications of the "Scottish School Book Association."

It is often said that little regard is paid to Scottish history in our present-day Board Schools, but in those days this subject received much attention from the new association, and it is safe to say that Scotland's story, especially of the days of Wallace and Bruce and the James's, was never more stirringly told than in these old history books of fifty years ago.

In questions appertaining to the welfare of his village the worthy dominie had also given considerable attention, and it was mainly through his instrumentality that its name came to be changed.

At first the postman refused to deliver letters addressed to Mr James Dickson, St Boswells Green, Roxburghshire, but evidently the schoolmaster had the backing of local opinion, for very soon St Boswells, instead of Lessudden, became the designation of the pretty little Tweedside village.

The stimulating influence of the old parochial schoolmaster did not fail to make a lasting impression on an intellect so acute and receptive as was John Dickson's. The Shorter Catechism and the tawse were the two grand educational essentials of the day, and the

schoolmaster's son received quite an impartial amount of "leatherin's" when such were going.

An old school companion used to relate with glee how once, to get the better of his parent in this direction, young John put a lining of stout mill-board up the back of his waistcoat. Like many other supposed cures for suffering, however, it was found out about the second dose, and the ingenuity of the roguish boy was rewarded in a most unmistakable manner.

His school days over, the young man was sent to Dunbar, and there served an apprenticeship to the drapery trade. In 1858 he came to Glasgow, and some ten years later started on his own account in the city.

From the very start of his Glasgow life Mr Dickson identified himself with the Borderers' societies in the city, and to the day of his death his interest in the same was unwavering. The year previous to Mr Dickson's coming to Glasgow a few ardent Borderers, dissatisfied with the work and management of the Merse and Teviotdale Society, had hived off and formed the Roxburghshire Society. To this young and vigorous body it was that Mr Dickson attached himself, and whole-heartedly he worked for its best interests. For many years he acted as treasurer to the Society, as well as occupying other of the important offices.

In 1859 he was the principal means of getting John Younger, the celebrated St Boswells philosopher, through to Glasgow to deliver his centenary lecture on Robert Burns. Since boyhood he had been a frequenter of Patmos, the home of the talented old shoemaker, and fast friends the two had become. It was therefore something of an event in Mr Dickson's early Glasgow life when he succeeded in drawing the sage so far from home on a lecturing tour, and the enthusiasm with which the meeting was organised spoke volumes for the pluck and energy of the young Borderer, who, be it noted, had only been in the city some twelve months. Unfortunately, what was in every way a most successful visit was marred by the lecturer taking ill and being confined to bed, and, to a very considerable extent, the handsome surplus accruing from the meeting had to be disbursed in doctors' bills and other necessary expenses.

From the time of that notable meeting many Borderers could date the start of their acquaintanceship with Mr Dickson and with quite a few like Mr Nicholas Dickson (late editor of "Border Magazine"), whose genial presence is still with us, and who has kindly supplied many of the notes here set down, the acquaintanceship ripened into deep friendship.

The Roxburghshire continued to be the leading Borderers' society in Glasgow until the year 1872, when a new forward movement took place, and, along with the Berwickshire Society, it was incorporated in the Glasgow Border Counties' Association.

John Crosbie, Mungo Lauder, Professor Veitch, William Forsyth, and John Jeffrey are names that may be mentioned along with John Dickson as the prime movers in the formation of the new Association. Literary enthusiasts all of them, they established a high literary reputation for the society at the very outset of its career.

Ere this time Mr Dickson had, in a modest way, made a name for himself as a writer of verse, and only his diffidence in the matter of publishing his efforts prevented them from gaining a wider circle of appreciation. "The Arctic Expedition," composed on the occasion of Captain Nares, of "Challenger" fame, sailing in search of the North-West passage, is as fine a poem as ever was penned in commemoration of a national event, and indicates well how intense was our poet's patriotism and how deep was his pride in his native land.

"God speed your band of gallant hearts!
God speed your gallant ships!"
Will be the prayer while you battle there
From British hearts and lips.

Our men will list through the fog and mist
For the sound of your hissing prows,
Our maidens weave the garland and wreath
To place on the victors' brows.

And should it be o'er the shimmering sea
That some may ne'er return,
Their names we'll write both deep and bright
'Mong the names of the brave we mourn.

And tho' their grave 'neath the ice-bound wave
By man may ne'er be shown,
The hand of One will lay it down,
On the chart where all is known.

Amongst other pieces may be mentioned "The Hills o' Bonnie Scotland," "Lintie," "Come to Bonnie Scotland," and "Erin's Request." The last mentioned was composed when Mr Dickson was on a business journey in Ireland at a time when their present Majesties, then Prince and Princess of Wales, were visiting the Emerald Isle. A business friend, who had an opportunity of reading the poem, and struck with the sentiments so loyally and so appropriately expressed, handed a copy to one of the ladies of the Court with whom he happened to be acquainted. This lady very kindly brought the verses under the notice of her

Royal mistress, who expressed her thanks and warm appreciation.

Of Mr Dickson's poetic efforts, however, the one which is best known and which gives him an honoured place amongst the sweet singers of the Borderland is his "Bonnie Tweed." No finer verses ever were penned, no native sentiment ever expressed more simply or more beautifully. Like "the ripple that breaks on the bosom of Tweed," the song falls melodiously on the ear as it tells of the author's deep, full, life-long lasting love for his native Borderland.

BONNIE TWEED.

O' a' the braid rivers that rin to the sea,
By muirland an' mountain, through valley an' lea;
That glide through the woodland, or wind through the mead,
There's nane o' them a' like our ain bonnie Tweed.

In days o' lang syne, when to sport in her streams
Was my summer day's joy and my summer nicht's dreams,
I played wi' her waves, and o' time took nae heed,
She ne'er wearied wi' me, nor me wi' the Tweed.

An' when wi' the summer spate drumlie she ran,
And I watched for her clearin' till nichtfa' began;
Then dowie an' lonely I pillowed my head,
An' dream'd I was chas'd wi' big waves o' the Tweed.

O sweet o'er the haugh rings the milk maiden's sang,
An' the reed o' the shepherd the green knowes amang;
But to me sweeter music than sang or than reed
Is the ripple that breaks on the bosom o' Tweed.

Yet, tho' through life's course I weel nigh ha'e sped,
And friends ha'e grown few an' companions ha'e fled;
O'er her clear flowin' waters nae change seems decreed,
Eld downa lay hands on the wavelets o' Tweed.

And when o'er the stream o' this life I hae pass'd,
And laid kindly down for my lang sleep at last,
'Neath the auld kirkyard tree may it then be my meed,
To sleep, while she rins, to the murmur o' Tweed.

Mr Dickson's chief pastime was angling, and no keener or more expert fisher ever threw a line. As a boy, he had faithfully "trailed ahint" all the local experts and learned much of their ways, and, as one of his oldest Glasgow angling friends puts it, what Isaac Walton was to Cotton, John Younger and blind William Rankin were to John Dickson, and a rare pupil they had in him.

One of the angling coterie who founded the Glasgow Borderers' Fishing Club, Mr Dickson was first, and for many years, president, and latterly patron of this notable angling association. Many happy outings he had on the Clyde and other west country streams, but whenever it could be arranged he was back to the old familiar Border streams he loved so well.

Although laid aside from active business for some years, and, in a measure, out of touch with his old associates, he followed keenly the work of the Borderers' Society in all its sections. No pleasure he got in anything was equal to a crack over the old days, and two of his oldest Glasgow friends who spent the evening with him just one short week before he passed away were struck with his fund of happy good nature, abounding and overflowing as of yore.

John Dickson's genial personality will long remain a treasured memory. Few men there are that have met the ups and downs of life with the same steadfast equanimity. His philosophic mind seemed ever to rise above the world's petty jealousies and to recognise that

"In calm eternity's wide view
There's little that should vex us."

Like a sunbeam sporting among the shadows, his keenly perceptive and humorous faculties were often employed in chasing away the imaginary grievances of his acquaintances or bringing together some erstwhile friends whom a trivial misunderstanding had separated. His company was a tonic that never failed, and his lovable and sympathetic nature made him a valued and trusted friend.

Mrs Dickson, who has been in every respect a worthy helpmeet, is left to mourn a dear husband's loss, and with her and her family of sons and daughters a very wide circle of friends sympathise. Two of Mr Dickson's sons, Mr John Dickson and Mr Tom Dickson, are prominent members of the Borderers' Society, and have rendered much service on its behalf.

It is to be earnestly hoped that the suggested idea of collecting and publishing the poems and songs written by Mr Dickson will ere long be an accomplished fact. Reflecting as they do his own generous, patriotic, and happy spirit, their author might well have said, like the sweet singer of Ochil side—

"I put my hand upon my sangs
Withoot a swither;
To me this monument belangs,
I need nae ither."

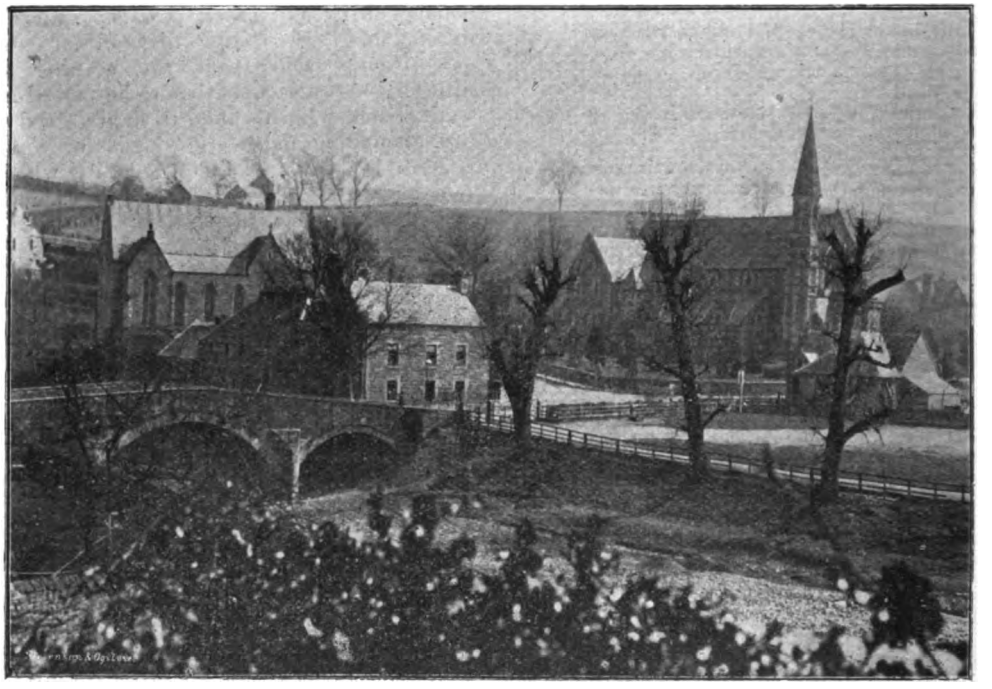
AN HISTORIC BURGH OF REGALITY.

By J. Lindsay Hilson.

Part II.

JEDBURGH has always been noted for its educational efforts. The Grammar School is of considerable antiquity. In 1656 a contract was entered into between the Magistrates and heritors as to the regulation of the school. One twixt the second and third bell, and then that he shall enter the church with them; and the afternoon to convene at the second bell and to go to church the same way; and he shall take care that none be absent nor go out of church, and that they spend not their time idly, being in the church, but hear reverently, and that account be taken of them in the afternoon when the sermons are ended; and that he take care that on the Sabbath and play-days good order be kept when they are out of school."

Both for the teacher and scholar a strict



JEDBURGH.

of them, referring to the duties of the teacher, may be quoted. "That the schoolmaster in the said school shall be obliged in all time coming to enter the school with the scholars ilk week-day at six hours, and to teach till nine hours in the morning; and at ten till twelve hours; at two hours afternoon till six hours at night, and that shall have the play from four hours of the afternoon of the Wednesday and Thursday, and on Saturday from three hours till night; and that he enter the school with his scholars on the Sabbath Day at eight hours in the morning, and then catechise them in the grounds of religion till be-

discipline, and somewhat different from the lines of present-day codes.

In the days of the poet James Thomson, the school was in the confines of the Abbey buildings, and it was to this place he came for his education. Early in the last century the teacher was Mr Alexander Burnett, who also had a boarding-house known as the "Wren's Nest." One of his assistants was George Thomson, the prototype of "Dominie Sampson." Before him James Brewster, father of Sir David Brewster, was Rector of the school.

Being the county town, Jedburgh was the seat of the Circuit Courts for that district of

the country, but as crime has considerably diminished these are seldom now held. The Circuits are still intimated, but if there are no cases a later pronouncement is made. The writer has seen the Sheriff Officer place a copy of the proclamation to this effect upon the centre of the old Mercat Cross, with a stone to keep it from disappearing, in order that due publicity might be given. The Provost and Magistrates, as representing the Crown, were obliged to give personal attendance on the judges during the sitting of the Court, and the burgesses under the tenure by which they held their property—of watching and warding—were obliged to form a guard. The Court itself was guarded by the "Crowner." This office was formerly held by Lord Cranstoun, who was owner of certain lands in the village of Lanton, and which were sold in turn to William Scott, a portioner there, under the burden of discharging the duties of Crowner at the Court of Justiciary. The duty is now done away with, the Marquis of Lothian on purchasing the property making other arrangements.

Up to the time of the last reform in the franchise, Jedburgh, along with four other Royal Burghs—Haddington, Lauder, North Berwick, and Dunbar—returned a representative to Parliament, but now it is included in the County of Roxburgh. About one hundred and fifty years ago, when the electoral franchise was unknown, and the voting confined to a few, there were many twistings and turnings in political life. The composition of the Town Councils of that period was entirely different, and it was not a case of inducing the men of the best calibre to enter these bodies, but the prevalent consideration was to get brought forward the man who was most amenable to influence judiciously applied. Politics played a most important part, and, generally speaking, it may be said that, whatever party could control, the local Councils might look for the balance of power as far as politics went. Certainly not an edifying state of affairs, but public morality then was more apathetic.

Woollen manufacture has been carried on in the town for the last two hundred years. In 1728 "the secretary to the trustees, who were entrusted with the grant of £700 for encouraging the manufacture of wool in Scotland, intimated that the trustees had fixed upon Jedburgh as one of the places where one of the fourteen sorters were to be placed." Towards the end of the century considerable manufacture was carried on in tartans, blankets, and plaidings, and premiums were gained for the excellency of the materials so manufactured.

At the time of the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, a stock-taking, so to speak, of the burgh's affairs was taken, and from the data amassed at that time it appeared that the Magistrates had no power to assess for local purposes. For the previous thirty years they had been in the habit of collecting by means of the stentmasters a voluntary assessment for water and lighting, but we find that about this time the inhabitants refused to pay for lighting the streets, and the assessment was discontinued. The cess and stent upon trade were proportioned in the same way as for water and lighting; and during the ten years prior to 1833, £289 17s 7d was collected, of which £175 10s was remitted to Government, and the balance applied to the use of the burgh. It may be stated that the stent upon trade included the fine for merchants settling within the burgh, for not entering as burgesses. It was generally the custom to wait till the trade was established and allocate the rate according to circumstances. It varied from £1 1s to £4 4s. It seems to have been the perquisite of the Provost and Dean of Guild, on the assumption of office, to enrol one or two burgesses—and they generally took advantage of the privilege. In 1833 the number of burgesses was 137. The poor rate amounted in the year to £433 on a rental of £3106—about 14 per cent. The rental of the landward part of the parish was between £16,000 and £18,000, and the sum raised from that amount was little more than that raised from the burgh. The maintenance of the rights of the fair of St James at that time cost from £10 to £15; and the customs received came to £2.

The patronage belonging to the Magistrates was the appointment of their officers. The Town Clerk received no salary except £2 2s as assessor, the Fiscal had none, and the gaoler had £20, finding security to the extent of £200. The different places in the Castle used as the gaol were kept in a superior state of cleanliness and comfort. With regard to the above-mentioned officers, they generally held office "ad vitam aut culpam"; the other servants, drawing salaries amounting to £21 16s 8d, held their offices during the pleasure of the Magistrates. The patronage of the parish being in the hands of the Crown, the Magistrates had no church patronage. The appointment to the Rectorship of the Grammar School was vested equally with the burgh and landward heritors. The Rector received a salary

of £33 16s 4d from the burgh, and £8 6s 8d from the heritors, besides a free house within the burgh. The fees were extremely moderate, and this school and the private ones met the wants of the inhabitants.

The Incorporated Trades of Jedburgh and their membership were—

Smiths or Hammermen . .	9
Weavers . . .	22
Shoemakers	43
Masons	8
Tailors	8
Wrights	15
Fleshers	4
Glovers	2
	—111

In some the Entrance Dues were as high as £10; but generally apprentices were received at moderate rates. The shoemakers seem to have persistently refused admission on any terms to strangers. None of the trades had any Common Fund except the Wrights, and theirs was but small; but from it there were defrayed the funeral charges at the time of any death in their families.

These references may be concluded by an extract from Lord Cockburn's "Circuit Journeys":—"Was in Court next day till four o'clock, then up the Jed. . . . .—A walk I never willingly miss. There is something in that valley that never fails to move me. The lateness of this season deprived it of its due of leaves, but it was rich in buds and mavises; its haughs, where grassy, were so green, and where under crop so clean and evenly harrowed; its streams so pure, and all so soft and peaceful that it felt like an amiable heart. He must be very prosaic indeed whom the softness of that glen, especially in the evening, does not touch with some poetical emotion."

Cockburn's views have been oft repeated by successive travellers; the glorious old abbey is an asset worthy of all consideration, and its many Royal associations in the past link the Royal Burgh, the county town of Roxburgh, with all that was stirring in connection with the Scottish throne.

DEATH OF A BORDERER IN NEW ZEALAND.—The death is announced of Mr Andrew Allan of Timaru, New Zealand. He was the local manager of the New Zealand and Australia Land Company—a huge concern having many shareholders in Edinburgh and district. His father was Mr David Allan, who was for many years tenant of Gordon East Mains, Berwickshire. His wife was the daughter of the late Mr Robert Lyal, Greenknowe, Gordon. He emigrated about twenty-five years ago, and was about fifty-one years of age.

ON STEEP CAERKETTON.

TO the lover of the lone moorland, the bare hillside, the open highway, no season of the year is dull or uninteresting. Each in succession presents fresh features of beauty—exhilarating spring with its sunshine and shower and ever lengthening days, summer with its fulness of foliage and the long lingering twilight of its evenings, autumn with its golden corn fields and woodlands gorgeously coloured with the brilliant tints of decay. Even the short winter day, with its few hours of feeble sunshine, presents to those who have eyes to see many fascinating pictures, especially when the frost king has touched with his pencil of silver the leafless trees and the "withered hills."

On the first day of the year, when all Scotland is on holiday, the ardent rambler, putting all other enticements aside, may take advantage of his brief spell of leisure to spend the few hours between dawn and sunset in re-visiting some of the scenes of his summer wanderings. The new year lies before him like an unopened book. There are, he hopes, more old-world villages to explore, fresh drove-roads to traverse, new summits to conquer. So, with the intense satisfaction of being once more in the open, the writer, on a crisp New Year's morning a few years ago, climbed to the summit of Caerketton, that long ridge faced with its rocky scaur, which forms so picturesque a background to the landscape of southern Edinburgh. The ground, hard as iron, was sprinkled with powdery snow, which gave to the steep slopes of the Pentland Hills a somewhat Alpine appearance appropriate to the season. For mid-winter the atmosphere was unusually clear, although the details of the landscape were in places hazy and indefinite. Stevenson's unrealised wish was in our mind:—

> The tropics vanish, and meseems that I,
> From Halkerside, from topmost Allermuir,
> Or steep Caerketton, dreaming gaze again.

Standing on Caerketton, overlooking the city of the poet's birth, which, in spite of its unkindly climate, always retained his affection, one could understand his ardent longing to tread once again those Pentland ridges. In mere extent the view was notable, stretching from Ben Lomond to the Bass, from the hills of Forfarshire to the Borderland. We felt in touch with the half of Scotland, and much more than the half of its history. Nestling at the foot of the rocky scaur lay the little hamlet of Swanston, with its surrounding woods, now

leafless and bare. In front the castle-crowned city, with its many spires and towers, stretched from the blue waters of the Firth to the hills of Braid. Concealed in distant folds of country lay cities and towns in which were enacted some of the most tragic and romantic incidents in the great drama of Scottish history—Stirling, Linlithgow, Dunfermline, Falkland, St Andrews, Haddington, and many others less known to fame. Intensely interesting as was the view northwards, we turned our eyes longingly to the south in the hope of catching a glimpse, however remote, of our ever dear "hills of home." This, be it confessed, was the principal object of our New Year's Day ramble. Nor were we disappointed. Far away in the distance rose the misty hills of the Borderland—on the south-eastern horizon the long, undulating line of the Lammermuirs; nearer at hand the Moorfoots, and beyond them, to the south and west, the hills of Tweed. Cademuir and Hamilton Hill, in the vicinity of Peebles, were easily recognised. Beyond, in misty majesty, rose the heights of Hundleshope and Glenrath, and, even more indistinct, like a faint cloud on the horizon, we could distinguish Dollar Law and the adjacent hills of Manor. From the point where we stood, within easy distance of our city home, we had seen the hills of the Borderland and were satisfied.

These lines are written more than twenty miles from Caerketton—on the northern slope of Cademuir, overlooking the town of Peebles and the magnificent valley of the Tweed, now bathed in soft September sunshine. Here and there, sparkling like silver among the greens and browns of the autumn woods, we catch glimpses of the noble river. In imagination we follow it in its course to the sea. Traquair, with its grass-grown avenue, Ashiestiel, the lovely woods of Yair, Abbotsford, the sacred ruins of Melrose and Dryburgh, appear in quick succession to our fancy's eye. Then the "copse-clad isles" of Kelso, where Tweed and Teviot meet, quiet Coldstream, the ridge of Flodden overlooking the fatal field, the shattered tower of Norham, and finally the grey walls and red roofs of Berwick, where the white surf breaks on the yellow sands of Spittal beach. This short flight of imagination over, we turn our eyes to our immediate surroundings. Before us lies the vale of Eddlestone, patches of yellow, where the corn is ripe for harvest, giving token that the year is rapidly on the wane. Beyond the dense woods that close up the valley, and across the moorlands of Leadburn, rises on the northern horizon the familiar outline of the Pentlands, at once a link with the haunts of youth and the home of our maturer years. There is Caerketton. By no stretch of imagination or exercise of ingenuity can we claim it as a Border hill. Still, we feel that when the constant hum of the city becomes irksome in our ears its rocky summit ever beckons us, as on that New Year's morning, to ascend and view from afar the hills of the dear land we still, after long years of absence, love to regard as "home."

W. M.

NEW FACTS ABOUT DR JOHN LEYDEN.

(By John Reith, Edinburgh.)

IV.—WHO WAS GEORGE ELLIS?

THE answer to this question has an unexpected and remarkable interest for friends of our hero. In his letters there is mention of five or six noblemen by whom he was well received in London. This seems more extraordinary than important until we know the manner in which he became acquainted with them. George Ellis is the key to the problem.

George Ellis, brother of Charles Ellis, afterwards Lord Seaford, was a man of the highest culture, a wit, a literary antiquary, and a prime favourite in the highest London society, with a charming country-seat at Sunninghill, near Windsor. He was editor of "Specimens of Ancient English Romances," author of some Metrical Tales, and contributor to the Rolliad and the Anti-Jacobin, collections of political wit on both sides. In the Fifth Canto of "Marmion," the first two cantos of which had been written at Sunninghill, Scott addresses him thus:—

> "Dear Ellis, to the bard impart
> A lesson of thy magic art—
> To win at once the head and heart;
> At once to charm, instruct, and mend—
> My guide, my pattern, and my friend."

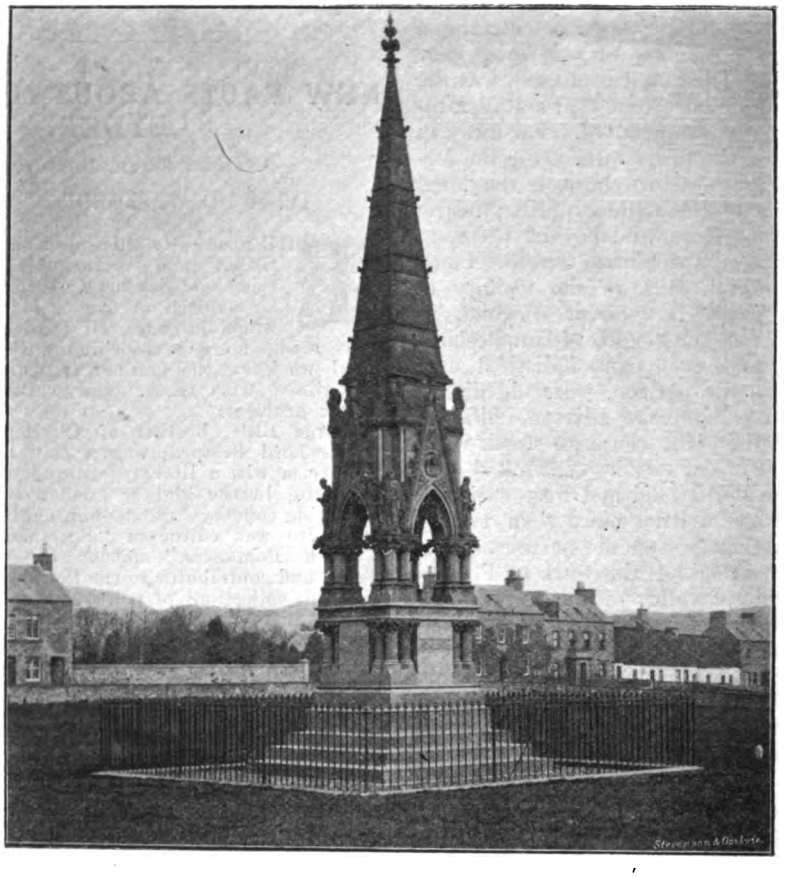
Such was the man to whom Leyden applied in his extremity when, in a state of complete collapse, he was to be shipped off without reprieve in the Hindostan. On reading Scott's letter of introduction, and learning the position in which he was placed, Ellis at once went with him to the India House, and there, along with him, waited on Lord Castlereagh, President of the Board of Control. He informed his Lordship that his young friend, Dr Leyden from Scotland, who was to have sailed for Calcutta in the Hindostan, had been seized with a serious illness and was unfit to go; could nothing be done to let him sail on another ship later on?

"Well," said his Lordship, "our next ship going out is bound for Madras; if he likes to go in her, he can do it."

The proposal was gratefully accepted, and an order was at once given that Dr Leyden's passage

be secured in the ship sailing for Madras in the beginning of April.

This new turn of affairs soon after threw him into connection with another nobleman, who proved a true friend. It was early in the year that Lord William Bentinck, second son of the Duke of Portland, was appointed Governor of the Madras Presidency. On hearing of this, and knowing that he would go out in the same ship as Leyden, Ellis thought it would be of the greatest importance and advantage for the latter to be introduced to him. Accordingly he carried him



LEYDEN'S MONUMENT AT DENHOLM.

to Burlington House and introduced him to Lord William and other members of the Portland family. With the Bentincks, who had come over from Holland with the Prince of Orange in 1688, the name of Leyden was one to conjure with; there was a freemasonry or a feeling of kinship in the very sound of it. At any rate, the new Governor was so favourably impressed with the young surgeon, and so favourably disposed towards him, that he promised to place him in a responsible position when they reached Madras. The Hon. C. Greville, mentioned by Morton, was a son-in-law of the Duke. His acquaintance with the Marquis of Abercorn was explained last month in connection with Lady Charlotte Campbell.

The name of the Earl of Malmesbury brings us back to George Ellis, who was one of that nobleman's most intimate friends. The intimacy is seen in the pages of "The Life and Letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot, first Earl of Minto"—a treasure-house that has been strangely neglected of information about Leyden's life in India. When Anna Maria Amyand, a lady of Huguenot extraction, married Sir Gilbert Elliot in January, 1777, her younger sister Harriet stayed with them that summer at Minto till she was married in the autumn to Mr James Harris, British Minister at St Petersburg. Her husband afterwards became Sir James Harris, and then Earl of Malmesbury, the diplomatist of the time who was despatched on every specially delicate mission.

The first notice of Ellis occurs in the year 1788, when Sir Gilbert, writing to Lady Elliot at Minto, says:—"I send you Ellis's 'Tales,' which Harriet has just sent me from Bath. I really never read anything so clever, so lively, and so light before."

Closing a letter to her sister, Lady Malmesbury says: "Adieu! I must go, for Mr Ellis is to read me Newton's 'Optics' while I net a purse." Meantime Lady Elliot was employed teaching Latin to her boys. "I can't tell you," wrote her sister, "how much Mr Ellis admires you for this." He was one of the pleasant men of her own set at Grove Place out from London. She had long keenly desired to make a journey to Italy, and at last got it arranged, with her husband and Ellis for companions. . . . "But conceive that, in addition to going to Germany, I shall be obliged to go to Ostend instead of Calais. In short, I am in despair, and Mr Ellis has my epitaph ready. Here it is:—

'Good Christians, with wailing and singing of psalms bury
The lovely remains of poor dear Lady Malmesbury.
Because she refused in Old England to stop, alas!
She was killed, do you see, by a parlez-vous populace.'"

With all this intimacy there need be no mystery as to how Leyden came to know the Malmesburys. Indeed, the remarkable thing is, how near he was at this time to being introduced to Lord and Lady Minto. The explanation of his not being so is, that during the first three months of 1803 she was staying at Minto. Otherwise it cannot be supposed that his Lordship would have been less complaisant to the young genius from Denholm than he was to Campbell the poet, whom he had staying in his house in 1802, "in order to save him money and to make him known to his friends."

OXFORD.

When Richard Heber returned from Paris to London he found Leyden studying the works of Sir W. Jones, recently published, and making every inquiry about the Indian languages. He soon carried him off to Oxford and introduced him to some of the most famous Oriental linguists. The college with which he was connected was Brasenose, of which he was a Fellow, and of which his more famous brother Reginald was entered a student in 1800. From the window of Reginald's rooms could be seen the dome of the Bodleian. There need be little doubt that the two bibliophiles paid a visit to the latter, and that Heber was able to show his friend some treasures he had never seen before.

While they were there the younger Heber was engaged with the composition of his prize-poem "Palestine," and this forms a curious link of association uniting the trio, Bishop Heber, Leyden, and Scott. After finally parting with Leyden (whom he did not miss) in London, Scott went down to Oxford with Heber, and after breakfast in Reginald's rooms one morning the poem was read. When the reader had finished, Scott remarked:—"You have omitted one striking circumstance in your account of the building of the Temple—that no tools were used in its erection." The author retired to a corner of the room, and before the party separated produced two of the best lines in the poem—

"No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence."

In reference to Heber's tragic and premature death in his bath at Trichinopoly in 1826, Scott wrote in his "Journal":—"I spent some merry days with him at Oxford when he was writing his prize-poem. He was then a young fellow, . . . and we were both mad-caps. Who would have foretold our future lot?" He then quotes from the ballad of "The Queen's Mary" a verse which is as tellingly appropriate to the case of Leyden as to that of Heber:—

"Oh, little did my mither ken,
That day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to dee."

THE REIVERS.

O WHO will up an' ride wi' me?
Come a' ye reivers bold!
Then let us off to Cumberland
To herry byre an' fold.
We winna leave a horn or hoof
On a' the English side,
Then come, my bonny reivers,
Come, let us mount an' ride.

The moon that shines o'er Carter Fell,
She'll light us on our way,
We'll ride doun by the Liddel,
An' we'll drive an English prey.
The English wives 'll greet an' mane,
It's lang they'll rue the day,
When we rade doun by Copsiehowm
An' drove their kye away.

We'll cross the sands o' Solway,
An' we'll race the foaming tide,
Then come, my bonny reivers,
Gin ye wi' me wad ride.
We'll chase the lowing cattle,
I' the moonlight saft an' pale,
E'er the cock craws i' the mornin'
We'll be hame i' Liddesdale.

Th'll maybe be a tuilzie,
Gin we meet the English loons,
An' horses rinnin' riderless,
An' sair an' bluidy wouns.
An' dole an' mickle sorrow,
Wi' mony a Southren maid,
When we ride o'er the Border
An' gang for a bit raid.

Then come, my lads, get out your nags,
An' see ye hae your spears,
Then let us off to Cumberland
To drive the English steers.
We winna leave a horn or hoof
On a' the English side,
Then come, my bonny reivers,
Come, let us mount an' ride.

JOCK O' THE SIDE.

He will outsit his market, and be had cheap when no one will bid for him.—Bride of Lammermoor.

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TO ADVERTISERS.
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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1908.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The lengthing days naturally attract people out of doors, and it is well that it should be so, but we would counsel those of our readers who do not take an active part in sport, to form themselves into small Rambling clubs. Walking with some definite object in view is admittedly more beneficial than mere sauntering, and the visiting of places of interest sharpens the mental powers, while the physical frame is being built up by rational open air exercise.

Correspondents are requested to note the editor's new address.

THE BORDER KEEP.

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

A writer in the "Glasgow Herald," when referring to a glen in the Grampians, gives a description which might be easily applied to many of our Border glens. He says:—"Along the northern side of Strathmore rises the wall of the Grampians. Glens run far into them till they climb to rugged passes over the waste; but the little glen is of unique aspect. It is narrow, the gap almost imperceptible at a distance when the hills about it are in shadow. The lower grounds are hidden by the braes rolling up from the strath before the entrance. The eye glancing into the cavity passes along towering sides, on which scattered plantings have spread into view, and is soon stopped by the heights hemming in the glen a bare half-dozen miles away. Thus half concealed at the very edge of the populous lowlands, in which tall chimneys wave smoke from many towns and everywhere the maze of roads winds amid fields of grain, the glen seems to recline drowsily in the bosom of the hills, under the same stars as the humming plain, yet in another world, breathing a different atmosphere. Like an almost unnoticed backwater of a great river it lies, and one may pass in a moment from the grasp of many-voiced civilisation into this still haven. Dwellers, indeed, we have heard there are in the valley, their abodes giving life to the grassy banks, also embroidered with sown fields and planted woods. The people of the glen, however, will be a community apart, looking daily from a distance on the homes of their uncloistered fellows and coming among them to market, school, and church; but only as the brownies come, returning to their peaceful realm, almost encircled by green and dun tapestried walls, under a narrow but high-arched roof of sky; out of sound of the factory and railway whistles, seldom visited by any stranger save the postman and vanmen privileged to enter for a while this secluded chamber. Like as one may gaze on the mountains from thronged streets and imagine oneself on their airy shoulders, so open to the eye below, but where the city only shows as a haze, and where the wind and the whaup give utterance to the silence, so from the strath one may look to the glen and dream of it as an idyllic hermitage, in which calmly to live in communion with Nature and with simple people of the hills coming down into the bustling world at will."

* * * *

At a meeting held in connection with the opening of the new church at Coldstream, Rev. R. J. Paul, minister of Coldstream Parish, said he had been in communication with the Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, which regiment was generally believed to have been raised at Coldstream. That appeared to be a popular error. From the Colonel he had received a copy of "The Record of the Coldstream Guards." From that he learned that

at the end of June, 1650, Cromwell desired to confer an honour upon Colonel Monk. Monk, however, had served on the Royalist side, and was not favourably received by the regiment chosen for him. What followed was this—The equivalent of a half battalion—5 companies—was taken from each of two regiments of the New Model, and these ten companies became known as Monk's Regiment of Foot. The winter of 1658 was exceptionally severe, and Monk at that time changed his headquarters from Berwick to Coldstream. His troops bore their privations with such courage and cheerfulness as to win the admiration of the people, who gave them the appropriate title of "Coldstreams."

* * * *

THE LAST OF AN HISTORIC SCOTTISH FAMILY.—News has been received in Edinburgh of the death of Katherine Skene or Grierson, last survivor of the family of Mr James Skene, of Rubislaw, at the advanced age of 92 years, having been born in May, 1815. Her father was an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott. One of her brothers was Mr William Forbes Skene, Historiographer Royal for Scotland, who died in 1892. Another brother was Mr James Henry Skene, who was associated with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, in the Crimea, and who was for a time in the diplomatic service in Constantinople. One of her sisters, who died a few years ago, was Felicia Skene, a well-known philanthropist and authoress, who lived in Oxford, and devoted her life largely to the improvement of the prisoners in the jail there. Mr James Skene of Rubislaw married a daughter of Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo. Both families occupied prominent social positions in Scotland. Mrs Grierson in her young days lived in Edinburgh for a time, and was intimately acquainted with all the Edinburgh society of that day. She had a wonderfully retentive memory, and it was extremely interesting to hear her talk about the old times. Her husband was Mr John Foster Grierson, who held the office of Queen's Printer in Ireland, who died many years ago. Mrs Grierson is survived by an only son, Mr Thornton Skene Grierson, who is an Eastern merchant in London.

* * * *

THE LATE MR WALTER AITCHISON.—On 21st April, 1908, at Echo Bank, Edinburgh, the grave closed over the remains of this old member of the Edinburgh bookselling fraternity, who died at his residence, 3 Viewforth Square, on the 19th April, in his seventy-sixty year. Mr Aitchison's father, who was a native of Minto, died young; his mother, a Scott of Lilliesleaf, lived to be eighty-three. His wife, who belonged to Dryburgh, and who predeceased him, was another link with the Border country, which he generally managed to visit once a year at least. He was a good walker in youth, and covered much ground in the Borders and in the Highlands. Young Walter Aitchison went to business when twelve years of age to the shop of Mr Alexander Padon, 3 Dundas Street, and later he entered the firm of Messrs W. Oliphant & Sons (now Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier), booksellers and publishers, South Bridge Street, the publishers for many years of the United Presbyterian "Missionary Record," denominational hymn-books, Dr Kitto's "Daily Bible Illustrations," Mr Cheyne's Memoir, and various religious and devotional works. Here he remained until 1877, doing duty in succession in the wholesale and retail departments of the business of bookselling and publishing. He was steady, conscientious, with sound judgment, thoroughly dependable, and besides took much interest in Church work in Broughton Place United Presbyterian Church while under the ministry of Dr Andrew Thomson. Here he was an elder for a time. In Oliphant's he rose to the position of cashier and general superintendent. After 1877 he started in business in Earl Grey Street, but relinquished this after a time. He was an old memlectured more than once to the Borderers, and was appointed one of the two first vice-presidents. He lectured more than once to the Borderers, and was active at one period in reading papers on various subjects at church and other societies, one of which was on old bookselling life in Edinburgh.

* * * *

A LINK WITH JEAN ARMOUR.—A correspondent writes to the "Scotsman":—In a cottage at Camptown, in the upper reaches of the Jed—Burns' "fine romantic little river"—and not far from the English border, there resides an old woman of eighty-eight years of age who has a clear recollection of having spoken to Jean Armour. Mrs Kerr, the name of the old woman, was born and brought up at a farm near Dumfries, and as a girl she used to carry butter to that town and sell it in the market there, which she describes as "a big shed-like place." One Saturday morning an elderly body—I am giving the narrative as nearly as possible in Mrs Kerr's own language—came forward to her stance, and after peering at her basket of butter, remarked—"You hae some fine looking butter, lassie." "Yes," was the reply, "we always make gude butter." Mrs Burns then tasted the butter, nipping a morsel off with her fingers, and, pronouncing it "verra gude," bought a pound. As Mrs Burns walked away a "neebor lassie" asked Mrs Kerr—she was Grace Telfer then—if she knew who her customer was, and on Grace confessing that she did not, her companion said—"That's Jennie Armour, Robbie's weedow." Asked if she remembered Mrs Burns' appearance, the old woman replied quite briskly—"She wasna' bonnie, but she was a nate, tidy body—weel set up." It is somewhat remarkable that, while Mrs Kerr's remembrance of other events and incidents of her youthful days is confused and blurred, the memory of her meeting with Jean Armour, which she cherishes as the most precious experience in her life, remains as fresh and vivid as if it had happened yesterday.

* * * *

AN HISTORIC HALBERD.—At a meeting of Hawick Town Council on 7th January, 1908, Mr Purdom, Town Clerk, said he had a letter from Mr Adam Laing, Burgh Chamberlain, which he had received from Mr Tom Scott, R.S.A., along with an old halberd head, which Mr Scott said belonged to Hawick. There was strong presumption, he added, that it belonged to the old town guard of Hawick, and he wished to give it to the Town Council, and expressed the hope that they would give it a resting-place in the Council Chamber. Provost Melrose said he was sure they would all be pleased to accept the halberd. He moved that they thank Mr Scott, and assure him they would value this old relic. This was agreed to.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

ANOTHER SCOTTISH-AMERICAN WORTHY.

By Richard Waugh.

FROM the latest "Border Telegraph" just to hand I learn that my friend, Alex. Harkin, died at his house in St Peter's, Minnesota, in the middle of September. The worthy son of a worthy father, I am proud of the record he had made for himself in the land of his adoption, and would like to put on record some incidents in his history known to very few except myself. His father, Barney Harkin, did little jobs of road-making in the Melrose district, and was an Irishman pure and simple, but was at the same time looked upon as one of the most upright and worthy men in the Melrose of sixty years ago. My own acquaintance with old Barney and his daughter Katie dates back to about 1850, and he was then one of the pillars of the little Congregational Church of which I shortly afterwards became a member. His dialect was a blend of Irish and Border Scotch, and his fervent prayers for the overthrow of the "strongholds of sin and Sattan" were unique, to say the least. His two sons, Sandy and Barney, had gone to the States before I knew old Barney. They went west to Minnesota fifty years ago, Sandy taking hold at West Newton on the Minnesota River, where I found them both some twenty-three years ago. Young Barney had been home in the meantime and got married. The district was at that time reached mainly by steamboat on the tortuous river, which travelled two or three miles to make one mile direct, and Sandy started a store on the riverside, at which he bought grain from the farmers in the open country behind, and furs from the Sioux Indians, who lived on the other side of the river. Fort Ridgeley, a little further up the river, was built mainly with an eye to controlling this powerful tribe, and I think Barney served some time in the army at that place. Sandy in due course was made postmaster and a Justice of the Peace, and was known as Squire Harkin, taking cognizance of petty offences, such as selling liquor to the Indians, then as now a criminal offence both there and in Canada.

A few miles down the river was the town of New Ulm, the centre of an almost purely German settlement. To overreach an Indian in trade or sell him drink was by too many of these Germans regarded as good business, and it was to such discreditable tactics that what will there be long known as the "Sioux Massacre" of 1863 owed its origin. The war between North and South was then going on, and taking advantage of this opportunity, when the Militia of the State were far away, the Indians rose and burnt and murdered in a way that will long be remembered for its ferocity. It was at this point in the history of the district that the uprightness of Squire Harkin met with signal recognition from the savage tribes alongside. There were rumours of trouble before the actual outbreak burst forth in full fury. One morning there rose a fierce clamour across the river, and Harkin took his boat across to reconnoitre. The first thing he saw was a woman fleeing towards him, an infant in her arms, with its head split open by a tomahawk. Her husband and family had just been murdered by the Indians, and there was too good reason to dread a general uprising. Squire Harkin's store stood in an open glade, his house in the shelter of the fine oak timber around it, and at very short notice a few men and many women and children gathered round him. With soldierly decision he abandoned the house, loop-holed the walls of the store so as to bring hostile visitors within the range of fire from inside. He dealt in fire-arms and ammunition, and made the women fill cartridges to be used by the men in defence of their little stronghold. No Indians appeared, and when night came some of the men crept out to reconnoitre, but never came back, making for St Peter's, some twenty miles away, to save their own lives.

After waiting days for the enemy the Squire started for St Peter's, and took his guests there without hostile interruption. Terrible news came in from every hand, the Indians were wild with bloodshed, but none came in from the Newton settlement. All round New Ulm the Germans had either been killed or fled. The Squire finally decided to get out in the direction of his home, which he reached under cover of night. To his surprise he found his place unharmed. He stayed in the store all night—there was some rustling in the bush alongside, but nothing came of it. To his surprise he found next day the whole of his cattle except two, one of which had been seized by the garrison at Fort Ridgeley, the other eaten by the Indians. Friendly spies had noted his return and at once brought in his cattle.

That was, in my opinion, one of the grandest triumphs for "square dealing," as we call

it here, that I ever knew of. If an Indian brought in a pelt for sale or was to be paid fees as a witness against a white offender, he was paid at once in cold cash. There were lots of goods in the store, but he could either buy them or not. Usually he did buy, but it was of his own free will, and the smartest man of the tribe could make no better deal than a boy selling his first catch. I feel pretty certain that if this style of doing business had been followed with the Indians of the Western States as has been consistently followed by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Co. in our North-West, the Sioux massacre would most likely never have taken place. I could furnish other cases to prove that Indians are as appreciative of kindness and fair dealing as the ones I refer to, and am proud that a friend of my own had the honour to demonstrate as he did that honour and honesty are the very soundest policy everywhere.

BORDER NOTES AND QUERIES.

The three following letters appeared recently in the "Scotsman," and as they contain valuable references to links with the days of Sir Walter Scott, we think they are worthy of preservation in this column:—

A LINK WITH SCOTT.

Torwood House, Row, April 2, 1908.

Sir,—There have been letters on the death of Mr Lundie, of Cardiff, believed to be the last surviving person who had personal acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott. Mr Seton-Ker has written to remind his friends that he, the godson of Sir Walter, yet exists; and as he was a boy of nine years old in 1832, he can remember his famous godsire's death quite clearly.

But compared with the reminiscences of a boy of nine, those of a lady now living on Garelochside are far and away more interesting and distinct. Mrs Drew, of Ardencaple House, Row, is now in her ninety-seventh year—a fact her friends find it hard to realise, as her memory is perfect, and, although she herself laments "decaying conversational powers," her talk is brilliant enough to throw most of us into the shade. She holds her own, not only with regard to bygone days, but by keeping abreast of the politics and interests of the present hour.

Miss Rosina Douglas (her maiden name) was a girl of eighteen when Sir Walter Scott came to stay at Orbiston, as the guest of her aunt. She can, of course, clearly recall both the appearance and the conversation of the great writer. Charlotte Scott, his elder daughter, had married John Lockhart, descended from the Lockharts of Cleghorn, and John Lockhart's old home, Milton, quite near to Orbiston, was about to be rebuilt. Sir Walter had been asked to lay the foundation stone.

Mrs Drew recollects how the house-party at Orbiston drove over for the occasion—a lovely drive along the upper Clyde valley. It was before trouble had cast a blight over the mighty intellect, and Scott was then the gayest of the gay—prophesying happy days in the new house for his Charlotte and her handsome husband. "One suggestion I must make," he said—and Mrs Drew remembers the scene as though it happened yesterday—"will you not add the Lockhart name to the Milton house, and let it henceforth be known as Milton Lockhart?"

The suggestion was adopted, and the place is always known as Milton Lockhart now. It passed successively to John's half-brothers, William and Lawrence, as his boys, Scott's grandsons, did not live to inherit. A son of Lawrence Lockhart owns it to-day. Orbiston has passed from Douglas hands; and the grime of the coal-pits and iron foundries has dimmed the loveliness of that Clyde valley. Sir Walter himself would scarcely recognise the land he has described so vividly with the magic of his pen. To most of us the story of the first half of the last century seems but a dim and dusty record. But it is a real and very vivid personal experience to the aged lady on the Gareloch, who can remember Sir Walter Scott—not as a mere fugitive wonderment—but as one who took part in the life of the intimate fireside circle in her aunt's house eighty years ago.—I am, &c.

CRONA TEMPLE.

* * * *

"A LINK WITH THE PAST."

Glasgow, April 9, 1908.

Sir,—Letters such as that which appears under the above title in your issue of this date are always interesting. Reminiscences of that kind, however, should be accurate as well as entertaining. Your correspondent states that Mrs Drew, of Ardencaple, Row (formerly Miss Rosina Douglas), who is now in her 97th year, had the privilege when 18 years old of driving from Orbiston to see Sir Walter Scott lay the foundation stone of Milton Lockhart. This was "before trouble had cast a blight over the mighty intellect." If, however, Mrs Drew was born in 1811 or 1812 she would not be 18 years old till 1829, and, as a matter of fact, we know that it was in January, 1829, that Scott went to Milton Lockhart, while the financial troubles which involved his fortunes, and cast a shadow over his remaining years, took place in the closing months of 1825.

Your correspondent further refers to Milton Lockhart as "John Lockhart's old home, Milton, about to be rebuilt," and evidently supposes that it belonged to him, as she adds, "it passed successively to John's half-brothers, as his boys did not live to inherit." Milton Lockhart was not an old house, being rebuilt in 1829; it was not an old home of John Gibson Lockhart, nor did it ever belong to him. It was a new house, built upon the property of his elder (half) brother William, afterwards M.P. for Lanarkshire. See Lockhart's "Life of Scott," ix., 280 (Robert Cadell, Edinburgh, 1847); also Scott's Diary (quoted in the "Life"), where he writes, under date January 20, 1829, "We fixed on a situation for William's new house."—I am, &c.

T. F. D.

* * * *

"A LINK WITH THE PAST."

Torwood House, Row, April 13, 1908.

Sir,—Your correspondent, "T. F. D.," in commenting on the reminiscences of Mrs Drew, of Ardencaple House, remarks that memories such as hers should be accurate as well as interesting.

He says Scott did go to Clydesdale in 1829, but he finds fault with the lady, who as a girl of eighteen met him there, because she thought him "gay" and still unblighted by the sorrow which darkened his last years. And further, because Mrs Drew inferred the house at Milton belonged to John Gibson Lockhart, when its real owner was his half-brother William.

As a matter of fact, her account only bears out his biographer's account of Scott's bravery and self-abnegation. See chapter lxxvii. of Lockhart's "Life," where, under date of that same January, 1829, one reads:—"I found him apparently well in health and enjoying the society of the Fergussons. . . . I had seldom seen him more gently and tranquilly happy." Surely Miss Rosina Douglas may have found him "gay" when she met him in society that same month.

The second inaccuracy—the mistake as to the ownership of Milton—was not Mrs Drew's, but mine. I wrote down the story as I understood it, but she did not say that the house belonged to John Lockhart, but only that he was there with his father-in-law when the foundation of the new house was laid in her presence, and that it was at Scott's suggestion the name was added to.

My letter in your issue of Thursday last interested Mrs Drew extremely. Most of us are grateful to her for letting us share her memories. Surely it is wonderful that she should read her "Scotsman" in this April, 1908, with as keen a comprehension and as vivid an interest as she might have read it eighty years ago when Scott may have laid it aside in the library of Orbiston.—I am, &c.

CRONA TEMPLE.

A BORDER GALLOP.

"They hunted high, they hunted low,
By heathery hill and birken shaw;
They roused a stag on Rookup Edge,
And then the mort by fair Elilaw."

—BALLAD BY PERCY REED.

TO hunt with the Border Hounds is to realise what a Border foray was like in the olden days before the accession of James the VI. and I., for their names are unchanged, the fells are the same, and the pace is as keen as ever it was. One can even realise on occasions how keenly the Borderers formerly rode upon the "hot trod," in pursuit of the enemy and their stolen "gear," and such an occasion befel the present writer on Thursday, November 28, when the Border meet was at Charlton Fell. Starting in the grey and weeping dawn—for the frost had only recently given and the snow had turned into rain—from Otterburn, one made one's way up Hareshaw Head, on nearly to Greenhaugh, then turning to the left rode down into the North Tyne Valley.

The mist was lifting off the fell as one rode up to the sound of the full fed burn. Our master, Mr Jacob Robson ("Jake," as he is more familiarly known upon the Border), and "Jimmy," the whip, being on ahead with the hounds. On and over the Tarset Burn we went, and there caught up the hounds. By the High Green cover they gave tongue, but no fox was discoverable, and shortly after hounds moved off to draw the rough and broken moorland called the Skirt. The field waited patiently; shortly, hounds threw tongue—out of sight, and some way off; then their music gradually faded away, the field started off at a gallop to catch them up round by the road.

Each one galloped ahead at an eager pace, for 'tis a stern chase and a long chase once the Border hounds get ahead of you. Round by Sunday Side, on and over Hareshaw, and at last, by the Four Road Ends, hounds were caught up. Here occurred a momentary check, for the fox had been headed back. Soon, however, the master had them on his line again, and away up to Troughend the whole field galloped, then down to the Rede, which, though it was in flood, the fox had evidently swum.

"Will the water ride," cried John Robson, ever the foremost of the field. "No," said the present writer, "the Rede was in flood this morning." So round by Woodhill all galloped, and down into Otterburn by the road; up the Crossbank wood went some of the hardest riders, round to the eastward and over the moorland, then down, down to the Girsonfield plantation just at the tail of hounds racing over the heather.

"Not a word to each other; we kept the great race,
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our pace."

Then on a sudden came a check, but only for a few minutes, for it seemed that the fox had been headed back from the Otterburn Hall wood. Then once more on again to the eastward, and across the burn just below Otterburn Tower; thence westward to Town Head, and down to and across the Rede again.

Back over the bridge again galloped the field, save for three adventurous riders who attempted to cross the river higher up, and only one, 'tis said, got through, and up by Woodhill, past Old Town, across the Watling Street, on, ever onward up the fell, by Cockridge, at what pace each could muster up that great rise of hill. On, straight on, kept that brave fox, making for the Rig from whence he started, but, after all, he was but mortal, and so he was run into after two hours and ten minutes of the pluckiest going by the Deer's Play on the sides of Hareshaw.

So gloriously ended a great Border gallop, which could but recall the ridings of the great days of old.—"Redewater," in "Kelso Mail."

DRAMA IN BRAID SCOTS.

"AND what for no?" as the worthy Meg Dods would say. Our mother tongue has a directness and power of expression which is often awanting in the English language, and its possibilities for conveying poetic or dramatic ideas are inexhaustible. We are pleased to see that Mr Graham Moffat, the well-known elocutionist—whose portrait has appeared in these pages—has set his hand to the establishing of a real Scottish drama. The "Glasgow Herald" thus refers to the matter:—The example of the Irish playwrights and players has inspired Mr Graham Moffat to embark on a similar reform of the theatre in Scotland. It is a worthy ambition. We have, and it is doubtless unfortunate, to take nearly all our dramatic literature from London, whereas Scottish life and character provide good material for a national drama. Moreover, these times, which witness an active revival in nationalism, seem ripe for such a movement. Mr Graham Moffat possesses the attribute of caution, natural enough in a Scotsman, and the two playlets—"Annie Laurie" and "Till the Bells Ring"—which he presented in the Athenæum Hall, Glasgow, on 26th March, 1908, display a modest ambition. They were given under the patronage of the Scottish Patriotic Association and the Scottish Song Society, and a large audience accorded to them an extremely encouraging reception. "Annie Laurie" is based on the incident—reputed to be historical—of the love affair between the swan-necked heroine of Maxwelltown Braes and Douglas of Fingland. This gives a romantic flavour to the playlet, which otherwise reveals an unpleasant phase of the life of Puritan Scotland in the by

MR AND MRS GRAHAM MOFFAT IN "TILL THE BELLS RING."

no means merry times of James II. of England, who was also James VII. of Scotland. For the father of the fair Annie was guilty of causing the shooting of a youthful Covenanter. The playlet is cleverly constructed, and the interest is well sustained. The characters were well borne by Miss Kate Moffat, Miss Madge Ross, Miss M. Fraser Sanderson, and Messrs Parry Gunn, John M'Kinnon, and Alexander Ogilvie. The succeeding piece took us from the romance of Maxwelltown Braes to a romance of the Ladywell in the early forties. "Till the Bells Ring" is very entertaining, and its plot is exceedingly ingenious. It is a story of match-making on a Fast Day in the early Victorian period, when the Fast Day was an institution —a great institution—which it has ceased to be in the days of King Edward. "Till the Bells Ring" is doubtless a true enough presentation of the manners of the "homely middle-class folk" of the early forties, though one hopes that kirky respectability was not quite so important a thing even in the stern days of the "forties." Still, this is a merry little playlet, which proves Mr Graham Moffat to be possessed of the grace of humour. He is admirable as John Snodgrass, and Mrs Graham Moffat as the elderly inamorata is good. The other parts were cleverly filled by Miss Nellie Linden and Messrs Ogilvie and Archibald Murray. On the whole, Mr Graham Moffat's venture as a writer of plays in Braid Scots is to be commended. And as for the company, they spoke the Scots tongue admirably, which is more than can be said for the well-meaning but ill-equipped Saxons who on more ambitious stages offend the ear of Scots with weird doric.

"JOCK."

"CHAIRLIE'S JOCK" is his full title—Chairlie being the name of his master. Charlie is very old. Jock, his horse, is old too, and stiff, and slow; but, being so, he entirely suits his feeble old master.

Jock is a brown horse. He is so thin and emaciated that a stranger might readily suppose him to be a suitable case for the S.P.C.A. But such a supposition would be entirely erroneous, though it must be confessed that Jock seldom gets as much to eat as appetite demands and the sustenance of his great frame probably requires.

He is long in back and limb, and as ungainly in appearance and in movement as a horse can well be. His head even has no beauty; only the great brown eyes are brimful of patience and intelligence.

Chairlie is the village carrier. He journeys with Jock daily between the village and the nearest town, which is six miles distant.

All the children love Jock, and when he sets out in the morning there is sure to be a band of them at the smithy corner (a short way eastwards from the Lady's house) waiting for a "hurl."

It is true, none of them remember a time when Jock could gallop, or even trot. That is, when he made a daily practice of rapid motion. He can still gallop upon occasion, but this happens rarely and only in special circumstances.

But, slow as Jock is, the children would not miss their morning ride in the empty cart. They clamber to the front so that each may have a hand on the rope which serves as reins. They urge Jock on with many a shout and jerk, and even a stick may be wielded, but never with intent to hurt.

There is no visible quickening of his speed, but the wee ones have no difficulty in imagining that Jock is trotting, and they even ask each other fearfully if he will run away.

Chairlie walks by Jock's side, listening smilingly to the boisterous crowd until they tumble out at the school gate with many a farewell shout; then Jock and he toil slowly on, missing the children's chatter.

His master is poor, and Jock would many a time go hungry to town but for the kindness of the Lady. These two have been friends for a long time. It began by the Lady speaking kindly to the old horse when he passed her garden gate in the mornings. Jock soon got to know her cheery voice, and would drag himself and the lumbering cart across the road for the sake of a caress from her gentle hands. And much ado Chairlie had to get him on the way again.

Next, the Lady took to feeding Jock with scraps of bread. It was then she learned how hungry he always was. After this discovery there was a basin of scraps for him every morning, to which was added some handfuls of oats—a feast indeed for the poor animal.

Such indulgence had drawbacks for Chairlie. He could not now leave Jock standing anywhere near the village. As surely as he did so, there was no Jock to be seen when he emerged from the house he had entered. But he would find him at the garden gate with the Lady's arms around his neck, and grains of oats would be lying about—which looked suspicious.

One of the occasions on which Jock was

known to gallop in his old age happened in this way. He had had a hard day's work, and stood in his stable supperless. Perhaps Chairlie had not tied him securely. Anyhow, he broke loose, and a few minutes later the Lady, sitting at her window in the gloaming, was startled to hear a great, heavy horse careering down the village street, and presently Jock's huge head was thrust over the gate. He had his supper that night after all, and some of the village boys led him home, with quite unnecessary injunctions from the Lady to treat him kindly.

Jock's next gallop saved his life. Time has passed since Chairlie and he journeyed regularly to town. Jock is now so old that even that slow trudge is too much for him. Chairlie, too, is "done," and has been compelled to give up his post of carrier.

It was useless to try to sell Jock, even had Chairlie been willing to let him pass into the hands of strangers. No one would buy him but, perhaps, a "tinker" at Boswell's Fair. To save him from this fate, Chairlie, after taking the advice of the village and of the Lady, decided, with much regret, to have him shot. "I canna keep him," he explained sorrowfully; "he's juist stannin' in the stable eatin' his heid aff."

The sad day was fixed; the deed was to be done in a field outside the village "at the derk'nin'."

There were tears in the Lady's blue eyes many times that day as she thought of the poor old faithful horse.

Towards dusk Jim the cobbler led Jock to the place of execution, followed by a silent band of the bigger boys of the village. Jock trudged patiently along until the field was in sight. Then, without a moment's warning, he jerked the loosely held rope from the cobbler's hand, turned, and galloped madly towards the village, never stopping until he reached the Lady's house.

The Lady had shut herself indoors, in case she should hear the fatal shot. Think of her surprise when she looked out and saw Jock standing at the gate! Next moment her arms were round his neck, and she was talking to him in the most endearing language, tears falling fast all the time.

When the boys, Jim, and Chairlie appeared on the scene, the Lady's mind was made up.

"Jock is not to be shot," she said. "He will stay in his old stable, Chairlie. You may turn him into 'Shepherd's Meadow' on fine days, and I will find him in provender as long as he lives."

G. A. T.

AN INDUCTION AT ANCRUM.

NOVEMBER 6, 1665.

IN a previous article on John Livingston of Ancrum, which has already appeared in this magazine,* we took occasion to refer to the Act of the Privy Council, commonly known as the Act of Glasgow (1662), by which so many of the non-conforming ministers were deprived of their livings and vacancies made in so many parishes, especially in the south and west of Scotland. These vacancies were filled up as soon as possible by a band of "unstudied and unbred" youth—the so-called "Curates." These men were odious to the people from the very name and nature of their office, and took no care to overcome the popular prejudice against them by exemplary conduct and conciliatory manners befitting their office. Some of them were of dissolute habits and worthless character; they were "made to order," as there was but little time for choice or selection, and were intruded upon the people against their inclinations. Bishop Burnet describes them "as generally mean and despicable in all respects, ignorant to a reproach, and many of them openly vicious. Those of them who did rise above contempt or scandal were men of such violent tempers that they were reckoned a disgrace to their order and profession." (Hist. i. 158; Kirkton, 180-191). These hirelings "who came into parishes with much the same view a herd hath when he contracts to feed cattle," met with a reception suited to the esteem in which they were held—it was everywhere "harsh and cold, sometimes rude and ludicrous." In some places "they were met with showers of stones; in others they were welcomed with tears and entreaties to be gone." Sometimes the church bell was deprived of its tongue, to serve as an excuse for not attending their sermons, sometimes the doors of the church were barred up so that the poor curate had to "creep and intrude and climb into the fold" through the window. These, however, were the actions of the ignorant and ill-disposed rabble, and by no means approved by the more judicious and better sort, but they served to show the popular dislike and how they were made the laughing-stock of the country. In order to force the people to attend the services the Privy Council passed an Act—"the Bishops' Drag Net"—which imposed heavy fines on those who refused to attend the services, and this was fol-

* See "B.M." for April and May, 1907.

lowed by the "Scots Mile Act," which forbade the non-conforming ministers to reside within twenty miles of their former parishes, or within six miles of Edinburgh, or a cathedral church, or within three miles of any burgh in the kingdom on pain of being treated as a seditious person. It was also forbidden to make charitable collections for their use or contribute in any way to their support. (Wodrow, i., 227, 205).

John Livingston had left Ancrum towards the close of 1662, and the church there seems to have remained vacant for a considerable time. At last the vacancy was bestowed on a Mr James Scott, who seems at this time to have been acting as Rector of Ford in Northumberland. He had previously been minister of Kirkton, Roxburghshire (1616-20), from which place he was translated to Tongland, but was deposed by a Committee of the General Assembly in 1639 for various irregularities, and had now been acting as Rector of Ford since December, 1660. His sentence of deposition was declared null by the Bishop of Galloway in October, 1664. His induction at Ancrum on November 6th, 1665, was far from being acceptable, and was attended with circumstances which subsequently led to serious trouble. We give the sequel in the words of Wodrow, whose account, though he is by no means free from bias, may be credited as being correct as to the main facts at least:—

Their (i.e., the High Commission Court) treatment of some of the parishioners of Ancrum deserves likewise our notice. When worthy Mr Livingston had been taken from them, one Mr James Scott, who had been excommunicated about twenty years ago, and continued still under the sentence, was presented to the charge, although he possessed two benefices elsewhere. Upon the day named for his induction and settlement at Ancrum, a great many people convened to give him that welcome loathed and forced ministers used to receive. A country woman desired earnestly to speak with him, hoping to dissuade him from engaging in the charge of that congregation, who were so averse from him; but he would not stay to speak with her. She in her coarse, rude way pulled him by the cloak, praying him to hear her a little; whereupon, not like one of Paul's bishops, who were not to strike, he turned and beat her most cruelly with his staff. This treatment provoked two or three boys to cast some stones at him, which touched him not, nor any of his company. This was presently found to be a treasonable tumult, and the Sheriff and country magistrates thereabout fined and imprisoned some of them. This, one would think, might have atoned for a fault of this nature. But our High Commission behoved to have those criminals before them: so four boys, and this woman, with two brothers of hers, of the name of Turnbull, are brought into Edinburgh prisoners. The four boys are brought before the Court, and confessed that upon Scott's beating the woman, they had thrown each their stone. The Commissioners told them hanging was too little for them. However, the sentence of this merciful Court was that they should be scourged through the city of Edinburgh, and burnt in the face with a hot iron, and then sold as slaves to Barbadoes. It is a question if the Spanish Inquisition would have gone further. That excellent lawyer, Sir John Gilmour, told them they had no law for this cruel sentence; but when they wanted law they resolved to make a practick, which would be as good as a law to them in their after-procedure against Presbyterians. The boys endured their punishment like men and Christians, to the admiration of multitudes. The two brothers are banished to Virginia, for no other crime I can hear of, but their protecting their sister, though they had small families to subsist by their labour. The poor woman was, in great clemency, ordered to be scourged through the town of Jedburgh. Bishop Burnet was applied unto that she might be spared, seeing, perhaps, she might be with child. The answer he was pleased to give was that he would cause claw the itch out of her shoulders. (Wodrow, Hist., vol. i. 393-4).

Scott remained at Ancrum for some fourteen years till his death in 1679. As he graduated at Edinburgh in 1615 he would probably be over eighty years of age, and he must have been nearly seventy when he came to Ancrum.

A. G.

AT ST GORDIAN'S CROSS.

IN these days of strain and bustle it is good at times to get back to the beginnings of things and take what opportunity may arise of seeing them in their primeval simplicity. Such an opportunity arose one Sunday lately in Manor valley, Peeblesshire—that valley so well beloved by the late Professor Veitch, who called it "the sweetest vale of all the south." The occasion was the annual open-air service held at St Gordian's Cross, about two miles from the head of the valley, where it is shut in by high hills—

"An urn-round hollow'd glen, closed deep within
Its hills, that rise in smoothest symmetry,
To make for it a quiet arch of sky."

The service is held to commemorate the introduction of Christianity into the district in the early centuries of our era. Nothing remains of the ancient church but its site, which can be traced on the greensward, and a stone font which stands in the railed enclosure with the simple cross erected nearly thirty

years ago by Sir John Murray Naesmyth of Posso. The cross bears the inscription, "To the dead in Christ who sleep in God's Acre, St Gordian's Kirk, in peace."

Of the village or town of Manor not a vestige is left. Here and there a farmhouse or a lonely shepherd's cottage are the only human habitations for miles around. Since shortly after the Reformation the church has stood at the other end of the parish, within four miles of the town of Peebles. The bell of pre-Reformation days —dated 1478—hangs in its little belfry, and is probably the only one in regular use in the whole of Scotland.

St Gordian is believed to have suffered martyrdom, with his whole household, in 310 A.D. The Roman soldiers from the camp of Hall-Lyne, in the neighbouring parish of Lyne, had amongst their number some who, like "those of Cæsar's household," were firm adherents of the new faith, which they had learned at Rome. These came over the hills to worship at the little church which they and their converts erected. Their numbers were augmented by others from Yarrow and the adjacent glens, and thus began the mighty tide of religious life that has flowed on down the ages, and which has been characteristic of Scotland.

Sunday was an ideal day for such a gathering —a day of days in a physical as well as in a spiritual sense, with its bright sunshine tempered by a cool and gentle breeze. But such a service needs a preacher of special gifts, and these were found in the Rev. W. S. Crockett, minister of Tweedsmuir (author of *The Scott Country*, etc.), a man peculiarly fitted to enter into the exercises of such a day. Mr Crockett is steeped in the history, the poetry, and the folk-lore of the Scottish Borders, and was therefore able to deal with his subject *con amore*. But beyond and above this he seized the occasion for presenting anew the same old gospel of the Lord Jesus that has been the power of God unto salvation throughout the centuries. The text was most appropriate—"Our fathers worshipped in this mountain" (John iv. 20)—and from it was preached a powerful sermon under the three heads—(1) The introduction of Christianity, (2) its continuity, and (3) its sphere.

The opening exercises were conducted by the Rev. J. W. Murray, B.A. (Oxon.), minister of the parish, and the psalms and paraphrases were most suitable—from the 121st Psalm, with which the service opened, to the 2nd Paraphrase, with which it closed. One was glad, also, to have included the grand prophetic strains of the 18th Paraphrase, by Michael Bruce—

> "Behold! the mountain of the Lord
> In latter days shall rise."

As one sat in the stillness of the quiet hillside, waiting for the beginning of the service, the hush and strength of the hills seemed to penetrate one's soul. The twofold presence of God and Nature enwrapped and lifted one out of the beaten tracks of life's highway. The background of green hills, dotted with sheep and lambs; the Kirkhope Burn, almost at one's feet, rippling over its stony bed, hastening to join the Manor—make a scene never to be forgotten.

It was evident that "the cross preachin'" is the great event of the ecclesiastical year of the district. Motors, traps, cyclists, and pedestrians came in goodly numbers, and it was interesting to notice the various groups of worshippers. To my mind, the most interesting was a group of shepherds, gathered from hill and glen—bronzed, stalwart, resolute men with earnest, reverent faces, men ready to brave the fiercest elements to preserve the flocks entrusted to their care—such men as have done much in bygone times to hold aloft the light of the gospel in our land, and from whom have sprung many of whom we have reason to be proud.

We lingeringly left the sacred spot, inspired and strengthened by its hallowed, old-time memories and the spiritual refreshment of the day, and better fitted to meet the daily anxieties and duties of the present.—*Scottish Review.*

THE NEWSTEAD DISCOVERIES—THEIR ARCHÆOLOGICAL VALUE.

MR JAMES CURLE, W.S., F.S.A.Scot., concluded the present series of Rhind Lectures in the Queen's Hall, Edinburgh, on 10th April, 1908, when he delivered the sixth on "The Excavation of the Roman Military Station at Newstead, Melrose," and suggestively summed up the value of the additions made to archæological knowledge.

The soldier was doubtless also a craftsman, said Mr Curle, and many of his implements and tools were left behind in the pits and ditches

at Newstead. Nothing was found suggesting a plough; but among the implements of husbandry were scythes, a rake, a hoe, and sickles. The latter were to be seen in use on the Trajan column. The garrison had probably carts for transport. Of these two wheels of wood with iron rims were found, and many rings for the hubs, linch pins to keep the wheels in position. Bridle bits and horse trappings were also found. The tools of the mason, the carpenter, and the smith were all represented. The mason had left his heavy hammers and chisels; the carpenter his chests and gouges, the blades of his plane, the axe, the auger, the bradawl, and compasses; the smith his hammers and tongs and anvils. In one pit over ninety objects of iron were found. They represented the contents of a camp smithy—weapons to be sharpened, old metal about to be worked up, blunted spears, pioneers' axes, a broken sword. Several of the objects included in the find were difficult to identify. One object closely resembled a stirrup; five beautifully forged objects were perhaps the legs of a couch. Knives of different types were found throughout; the long butcher's knife with bone mountings on the handle, short knives with curved blades like those still used in the East, and a heavy knife like those represented on altars with the sacrificial patera. Of weaving there was evidence in the long-handled combs of bone, the whorles of stone and pottery, the shears, the large bobbins for thread. Even fragments of cloth were found. Locks must have been common if they might judge from the keys in bronze, iron, and lead, of sizes suggesting doors and small caskets. Lamps were scarce, though specimens occurred both in iron and pottery; probably oil was not plentiful, and tapers took their place. Styli for writing on waxed tablets were common, and once a tablet neatly made of pine was found.

Having studied the fort, the buildings, the common objects of the daily life of its people, one naturally asked, in conclusion, how far did the results of the investigations elucidate or supplement the historical record. In one respect the result of the excavation was disappointing, it did not produce a single inscription which added to their knowledge of the site. What they found was simply a great fort reflecting in its various alterations the ebb and flow of the Roman tide of conquest. The evidence of the relics found, notably the coins and pottery, however, suggested certain conclusions. The series of coins, of which about 210 were legible, embraced a few early silver pieces which were known to have been long in circulation. Of the reigns of Vespasian, Domitian, Trajan, and Hadrian coins were numerous. With Antoninus Pius they became more scarce. A few dated from the reign of Marcus Aurelius, and a single coin from that of Commodus. The evidence of the coins thus tallied with finds made on other Roman sites in Scotland, and was striking confirmation of the theory advanced by Professor Haverfield that somewhere about the year 180 A.D. all the country north of the Border was finally lost to Rome. The evidence was insufficient to enable us to distinguish the different periods of occupation chronologically. The first occupation had a considerable element of permanency; coin finds indicated that it probably continued after the recall of Agricola, perhaps to the beginning of the second century. If they were guided by history alone the second occupation should be ascribed to the reign of Antoninus Pius, but finds of pottery indicated that we must not too hastily adopt this conclusion. Pottery closely resembling the types found in the early ditch came from ditches forming part of the fortifications of the second period. Newstead might very possibly have been occupied as a frontier post during some portion of the reign of Trajan. Certainly by the year 120 A.D., or shortly thereafter, the frontier had fallen back to the wall of Hadrian. The pottery of the third occupation appeared to belong to a period of considerable activity in Scotland.

The potters' stamps of this period were to be found at Birrens and at Camelon, as at Newstead, and it seemed probable that the occupation dated from the reign of Antoninus Pius. The fourth period seemed to have had less of the element of permanency about it than some of its predecessors; it probably belonged to one of those final attempts to regain a hold of the country of which history had left us a brief mention. Such suggestions must be regarded as tentative. It must be left to the archæological work of the future to determine what elements of truth they contained. Perhaps after all the real importance of the Newstead excavation lay not so much in the confirmation of historical facts, not so much in the information it gave them of the building of a great fort, but in its bringing them face to face with the people whose life was spent in this frontier post 1700 years ago, whose tools, whose weapons, the objects of whose daily life lay before them.

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DEATH OF EX-PROVOST GLOVER, DUMFRIES.

A Remarkable Career.

THE tolling of the bell from the Midsteeple, and the drooping of flags half-mast high at Midsteeple, Municipal Buildings, and Junior Conservative Club, on Monday, 13th April, 1908, conveyed the sad intelligence to the people of Dumfries of the death, on Sunday night, at the comparatively early age of fifty-five years, of Mr Joseph Johnstone Glover, who only a few weeks before demitted the office of Provost of Dumfries after a period of service during which he had so laboured for the public weal that his name will go down to future generations as that of a man who, with singular fixity of purpose and pre-eminent ability, achieved much for the honour and well-being of the people who in life delighted to do him honour and in death remember him with admiring affection. The head of an important business, an enthusiastic worker on a vast number of public bodies, political and patriotic speaker with demands on his services from all quarters of the kingdom, it is no wonder that his labours in these different spheres of action told heavily even on his robust nature, and about three years ago, at Rockcliffe, where he had gone to spend the Easter holidays, came the first serious break-up in his constitution. There was an evident diminution in his recuperative power of body though not in the willing spirit, for he afterwards with all his wonted zeal fought in the general election as the Unionist candidate for the burghs of Dumfries, and, despite the rising tide of public opinion throughout the country, secured the highest vote ever given for a Unionist in the constituency. But a little over a year ago he had a serious relapse, an internal trouble having alarmingly developed, complicated by heart affection, and he then sustained a slight paralytic seizure, and came very near to the end. His physician, Dr Murray, who had often urged him to slacken the reins of office, called in Professor Byron Bramwell, Edinburgh, who advised complete rest. But in a few months with a seemingly renewed measure of strength the Provost returned to his public obligation, his very nature being such that he could not allow himself to sink into seeming sloth, and in Council or in other assembly he still was able, when necessity arose, to take a firm stand for order and to electrify and influence his fellows by those powers of eloquence which were so marked a feature of his personality. It was evident, however, that

continued service was a weariness of the flesh, and at the beginning of this year he yielded to the solicitation of his family and the advice of his doctors and reluctantly consented to give up public life. He resigned the Provostship on 25th February last, and on March 5th attended and bade farewell to the Council, the members of which paid hearty tribute to his great work for the burgh and for national causes, and amid a spontaneous outburst of acclamation, moved beyond words he left the bench which for years he had occupied with splendid dignity.

During the short time that elapsed since then he appeared to improve somewhat in health, and on the Saturday evening and again on the day of his death he himself remarked that he had not felt so well for several months. On the Sunday forenoon he attended Troqueer Parish Church, of which he was an elder, partook of communion at the first table, and assisted at the second table in the distribution of the sacred elements. On the Sunday evening, after tea, he walked in the garden of his residence at Hazelwood, Maxwelltown, with his eldest son, Mr John M. Glover, and enjoyed the company of his little grand-child and name-sake. Shortly after six o'clock, the evening having set in with a chill air, his son advised him to go indoors, and soon after going in he complained of feeling unwell. It was at once seen that he was seriously ill, and he was assisted to bed while Dr Murray was sent for. He retained consciousness for about an hour, and his intellect was perfectly clear. He knew of himself that the end was at hand, and he called each member of the family to his bedside and bade them an affectionate farewell. About seven o'clock unconsciousness supervened, and at eleven o'clock he passed peacefully away.

Joseph Johnstone Glover was born on 20th February, 1853, at Maxwelltown, the Brig en' of Dumfries, and was the son of Mr James Anderson Glover, who also did public service on Parish Council and Water Commission, and died only about eight years ago. The family has had a very long connection with Galloway and the trades of Dumfries, the direct line of ancestors being traceable for over two centuries in the inscriptions on tombstones in Troqueer Churchyard. An ancestor of his won the famous "siller gun" which was presented to Dumfries by King James VI. to be competed for by members of the trades, and the shooting for which, after a lapse of very many years, was revived on Provost Glover's suggestion as one of the events in the celebrations in connection with the coronation of King Edward, our present sovereign. His mother, whose maiden name was Jane Renwick, and who resides at Rotchell Park, is the great-granddaughter of a doughty Highland soldier, Colour-Sergeant Angus Sutherland, who received a medal for having proved himself the most powerful man in his regiment. The Provost's great-grandmother, the daughter of Angus Sutherland, was born in Edinburgh Castle when her father's regiment was stationed there, and she married a member of a Galloway family of the name of Renwick. Her son, James, was endowed with the splendid physical qualities of her soldier sire, for it is on record that in a trades' procession in the town of Dumfries he marched with the shoemakers as their elected King Crispin, and looked every inch a king.

Educated at Mr William Martin's Academy and afterwards at Dumfries Academy, the Provost—we can as yet think of him only by that familiar title—was, as he himself often said, more distinguished as a boy in the realm of athletics than in that of learning, though in after manhood he achieved prominence as a scholarly speaker and writer of verse. He was a powerful swimmer, and at quite a young age saved several persons from drowning in the river Nith in days when the Royal Humane Society's medals were not agitated for with so little excuse as too often is worked up to-day. When serving his apprenticeship as a house decorator with the late Mr Thomas Costin, he one day in mid-winter, when the river was in high spate, after a great struggle saved a boy from drowning near Crindau, and as a result was himself confined to a sick bed for six weeks. He took another boy out of the "gullet pool" near the caul one summer evening, but the lad expired after being brought to the bank. On another occasion he saved a man who had fallen through the ice on Babbington Loch, pulling him out by means of a dog strap. Only eight or nine years ago he saved two of his own sons from a watery grave at Rockcliffe. Both were swimmers, but had exceeded their strength, being seized with cramp, and sank in deep water. The Provost went to the rescue, dived and brought one ashore and then the other, and succeeded in restoring animation on the bank.

After serving his apprenticeship he went to the establishment of Messrs J. G. Grace & Son, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, London, and studied the higher branches of the trade,

gaining third-class honours in the advanced course of instruction in art in his first season at South Kensington, and being engaged in the embellishment of some of the finest mansions in the British Isles. In 1877 he established the business in Dumfries which has become the most important of its kind in the South of Scotland. In later years he has had as his partner his eldest son, Mr John M. Glover, who was a distinguished art student in London, while his third son, Charles, has charge of a branch of the business which was opened some years ago in Newton-Stewart. His work has marked a new era in the art of interior decoration in the district; some of his earlier efforts still stand as monuments to his skill, and the decoration a few years ago of St Michael's Parish Church after original and beautiful designs is a triumph of ecclesiastical embellishment.

It was in his civic career that Mr Joseph Johnstone Glover came perhaps most prominently to the front. He was elected to the Town Council in 1886, was promoted Treasurer, and afterwards Bailie, and in 1896 was chosen Provost in succession to the late ex-Provost John Luke Scott. Since then, with a unanimity which has been the best tribute to his ability and tact as a leader, the Town Council at every successive period returned him to office. As we have indicated, his reign has been practically a record one for the important schemes initiated and carried through, and in which he was always in the forefront, including the erection of baths and wash-houses by the late Miss M'Kie of Moat House, for whom he was the intermediary in many benefactions; the erection of the Ewart Public Library, for which by his instrumentality Dr Andrew Carnegie gave the magnificent sum of £10,000; the institution at a cost of over £40,000 of sewage purification works, and which but for the Provost's leading in the purchase of Castledykes, thus obviating a more extended system with pumping, would have brought the total cost to over £60,000; the introduction of electric light by the Silvertown Company in the end of 1906, on terms considered favourable to the town, though the Provost all along maintained that this should have been kept as a subject for municipal enterprise; and at the close of his reign there were being brought to an end difficult negotiations attended by much disputation between the Town Councils of Dumfries and Maxwelltown for the erection of a joint hospital for infectious diseases. Apart from all these greater schemes he performed great service in the ordinary routine of office, and either ex officio or by special appointment laboured on a multiplicity of public bodies. On the Bench he on all possible occasions exercised the quality of mercy, he was ever ready to "help a lame dog," or by kindly word to point an erring one to a better path.

His twenty-two years of service on the Town Council was practically concurrent with that on the Dumfries and Maxwelltown Water Commission, of which he was for years the chairman, and he took a keen part in obtaining an amended Water Works Act, appearing before committees of both the Lords and Commons, and displaying in cross-examination that readiness of wit and thorough grasp of the situation which were characteristic of all his appearances in public life. He was a Justice of the Peace for both Dumfriesshire and the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, chairman of the Gas Commission, Dumfries and Maxwelltown Water Commission, Moorheads' Hospital, Dumfries and Maxwelltown Ewart Public Library, Dumfries Town Band, Nith Navigation Commission; and for a number of years acted as chairman of Dumfries Drill Hall Trustees, governor of Dumfries Savings Bank, president of Glasgow Dumfriesshire Society, councillor from the first for the South Ward of Maxwelltown on the Stewartry County Council, director of the Crichton Royal Institution, member of Dumfries Burgh School Board, member of Hutton Trust, member of newly-created Dumfriesshire Territorial Army Association, Past-Master of St Michael's Lodge of Freemasons, his mother Lodge, at the last meeting of which it was agreed to confer on him an honorary life membership; a Past Provincial Grand Master Depute, having previously held many other offices in the Provincial Lodge of Dumfriesshire; and honorary member of many Friendly Societies, and director of Dumfries and Galloway Royal Infirmary. In the last-named connection, it may be recalled that he acted as convener of a committee which raised a jubilee offering of nearly £4000 to found the Victoria Fever Ward. He also headed committees which raised £1000 in aid of our soldiers' and sailors' families during the Boer War, and £600 to give a welcome home to the officers and men of the 3rd K.O.S.B. He served, too, on various trusts and philanthropic bodies, and his dealings with the poor were characteristically kindly and generous.

The fame of Provost Glover of Dumfries has been of no parochial order. Especially has

this been shown in the recognition of him by many of the important cities and towns in Scotland and England as a splendidly versed and thrilling speaker on the life and works of Scotland's bard, Robert Burns; and for years he was in great request to attend gatherings at various centres in the United Kingdom and give the leading address on the celebration of the 25th of January. He was the head of the movement which culminated in the Burns' Centenary celebration at Dumfries on 21st July, 1896, at which Lord Rosebery was the chief speaker, and which attracted world-wide attention. It was he also who initiated the annual pilgrimage by the Town Council on 25th January to the poet's tomb, and the placing of a wreath over the grave. He also took part in the sex-centenary celebration of Robert the Bruce's rising in Dumfries, which preceded his struggle for the independence of Scotland. He was the chief promoter of a very successful exhibition of art nine years ago in Dumfries Academy, which was opened by Lord Balfour of Burleigh. During his regime the freedom of the burgh was conferred on more distinguished people than in any similar length of time possibly in the history of Dumfries—these including the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, then Prime Minister; the late Miss M'Kie of The Moat, the lady bountiful of Dumfries; Lord Wolseley, then Commander-in-Chief; Lord Balfour of Burleigh; Dr Andrew Carnegie; the Active Service Volunteers of Dumfries and Maxwelltown; Lieut. Robertson, V.C., the Gordon Highlanders, a Dumfries man; the officers of the 3rd K.O.S.B. on their return from the South African War; and the late Lord Young, who, as a distinguished judge, brought honour to his native town of Dumfries. On these occasions the Provost's speeches were marvels of eloquence, and he lent a dignity to his position which could not fail to create—and did create—a deep impression on those being honoured by the town. These dignitaries and many others, including the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, who were on occasion municipal guests, were entertained by Provost and Mrs Glover at Hazelwood.

One of the most important stages in the career of Provost Glover was his appearance as champion of the Unionist cause in the Dumfries Burghs before the election of 1906. A life-long Conservative, he had on many occasions given yeoman service to the cause, and on December 15, 1903, he was unanimously adopted as the candidate of the party, in opposition to Sir Robert Reid. He fought in manly fashion, and won golden opinions by his speeches and his straightforward demeanour under the ordeal of "heckling," and this, too, as we have stated, when he was beginning to feel the effects of the illness which in a few years ended his life of usefulness. Sir Robert's elevation to "the Gilded Chamber" brought a new opponent, Mr J. W. Gulland, whose supporters resorted to a good many meannesses in warfare, and, although the swing of the pendulum made the fight seem hopeless in what had for many years been regarded as a "hopeless" constituency, Provost Glover, while beaten, was not disgraced—for he secured by far the largest vote ever recorded for a Unionist candidate in the burgh, viz., 1402, the Radical majority being 633, while they themselves had been sanguine of making it four figures. The subsequent march of events, and the change of feeling evident in the country, for a time buoyed up the hopes of the Unionist party that Provost Glover would make another effort, and not in vain, for the representation of the burghs—but it was not to be.

Provost Glover took a keen interest in and was a generous supporter of manly sports. He was a keen angler, and recently when the local Angling Association made representations to endeavour to obtain extension of the fishing season he in that, as in every other request for help, gave yeoman service in advocating the case. In his younger days he was an enthusiastic bird and dog fancier, and a very successful exhibitor. His school days ended when he was fifteen years of age, and the strenuous life then began, and in one of his political speeches he recalled the fact that as an apprentice lad he on occasion, when tramping out to the country to a prolonged job, carried his box of herrings on his back with which to eke out the provender. When we recall these facts his attainments in after life are all the more remarkable, especially that wide reading and culture upon which he could draw to such purpose in public assembly.

In 1897 Mr Glover was one of the Provosts and Mayors who were commanded to the Diamond Jubilee reception by Queen Victoria, when he received the decoration. He was present in Westminster Abbey at the Coronation of King Edward, and received the medal issued to Provosts and Mayors. In 1903 he and Mrs Glover received the King's command to attend the Court at Holyrood on the occasion of King Edward's State visit to Scotland. Another interesting episode was the entertaining

of Provost and Mrs Glover at a public banquet on May 5, 1898, and the presentation to them of a silver cradle, silver tea and coffee service, and other gifts, in honour of the birth of a daughter (Jessie M'Kie Glover) during the Provost's term of office.

When he retired from office a few short months ago, it was suggested that he should not be allowed to pass into private life without some acknowledgment from a grateful people of his many great services and sacrifices for the good of the community. The idea was taken up by the Council and public with a most gratifying enthusiasm. People all over the South of Scotland, from the Lord Lieutenant of Dumfriesshire, His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, to the humblest artisan, joined in the movement, and, while the Provost was not destined to see the actual realisation of it, we know that he was cheered and made the happier in his later days by so general a manifestation of the public love and esteem. It was only a day or two before his end that the lists were called in, and it was seen that the response amounted to about £450. The circumstance is sadly tragic, and recalls that other recent episode when another distinguished son of the South, the late Colonel Malcolm of Burnfoot, a venerable nonagenarian, died almost immediately after being honoured by a public presentation. A general desire is expressed that the presentation should be made to the Provost's widow, who, during his public career, so ably aided him in his work in many ways, and proved a graceful and tactful hostess to municipal guests at Hazelwood. The fitness of this desire will be all the more readily recognised when it is remembered that Dumfries—unlike the larger centres—gives no grants to the civic head for the discharge of social duties, and in this particular Provost and Mrs Glover for many years must have been put to great expense in maintaining the dignity of the town.

Mr Glover leaves a widow and a family of seven sons and five daughters. Of the sons, John has for some years been identified with his father in the business at Dumfries, while Charles, the third son, is in charge of the Newton-Stewart branch. The second son, James, is connected with the Canadian Press at Montreal, and the fourth and fifth, Joseph and Angus—the latter being named after the redoubtable Highland ancestor, and being himself a proven athlete—are in London, Joseph being in the service of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co., and Angus being with Messrs Maple, the great furnishing firm. The younger boys are at home. The eldest daughter is at home, and the second is in Germany undergoing a course of training in modern languages and music, while the others are at Dumfries Academy, the youngest of the family being the god-child of the late Miss Jessie M'Kie, the lady burgess and benefactress of Dumfries.

AN INTERESTING PIG TROUGH.

FROM the columns of a Canadian weekly I clip the following:—"An ancient stone of considerable interest has been given to the museum of Hawick Archæological Society. Until recently it had been used as a pig trough on a farm at Weensland, but antiquarians agree that St Mary's being not far from Weensland, the stone is of ecclesiastical origin, and that it was in pre-Reformation times a font, or holy water stoup, in old St Mary's Church. It dates probably from the beginning of the thirteenth century."

It is now all of thirty years since I built the Waverley Hotel (Mercer's), beside Melrose Station. I found when excavating a pig trough hollowed out of a part of one of the carved pillars of the Abbey, and took it home to my home at Abbey View, where it made part of the rockery which I left there. This moulded pig trough is most likely still to be seen at Abbey View. Three years ago I saw in the church at Linton, Roxburghshire, an alleged holy water font which had been found in the neighbourhood. It was in reality only a "knockin' stane," such as was commonly used to hull barley for subsequent use in the "kail pat." There were two stones exactly similar that stood beside the door of one of my grandfather's houses in the village of Lessudden, and I suspect the Hawick font is only a "knockin' stane."

[The above was sent us by the late Mr Richard Waugh, Winnipeg.—Ed., "B. M."]

How fares the man on whom good men would look
With eyes where scorn and censure combated,
But that kind Christian love hath taught the lesson—
That they who merit most contempt and hate
Do most deserve our pity.

Motto ("Fortunes of Nigel.")

HOW THE WHITE ROSE CAME TO CARLISLE.

"When first I came by merrie Carlisle.
Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming;
The white rose flaunted owre the wall,
The thristled banners far were streaming."
("Carlisle Yetts." Jacobite Ballad.)

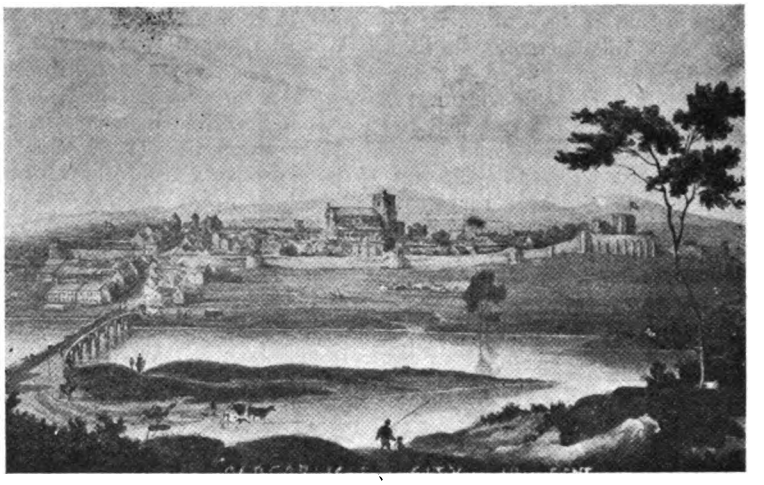
THE capture of Carlisle marked the zenith of Prince Charlie's fortunes in 1745. The town was the key to the north-west of England, therefore on the direct route to the many adherents he expected to find in Lancashire and North Wales. The ease with which it was taken seemed to imply that even those in Hanoverian service were not inclined to offer much resistance to the descendant of the Stuarts, and the possession of a base for operations in England gave the Prince a moral as well as material advantage.

Why, then, did not the Government make a determined attempt to prevent Carlisle from falling into his hands?

It was not for want of warning. In the person of the Chancellor of the Diocese, Dr Waugh, the city possessed an able, far-seeing man, thoroughly loyal to the Protestant succession. He had correspondents in Scotland —the most important being Mr Goldie, a magistrate of Dumfries—from whom he received constant reports of the progress of the rising. These he forwarded to the Dean of the Arches in London, Dr Bettesworth; and probably to the Duke of Newcastle also.

Early in September he sent word that everything that could possibly be devised for saving the city, castle, and stores had been done, and that with a little assistance it could hold out if necessary. "A more loyal town there is not in the Kingdom." Accurate reports of the Prince's movements followed, all showing that Carlisle might expect a visit; yet, when Colonel Durand, who had been sent to command it, applied for 500 men to be sent, the Secretary for War replied that "Carlisle was not, or could not be, of consequence enough to put the Government to the charge of sending an express on purpose!" They found out their mistake later!

So the city was garrisoned by eighty invalids, old and infirm, under Captain Gilpin, and some companies of Militia from Cumberland and Westmoreland, all very unwilling to leave their homes and stay in the city. They proved most unsatisfactory—officers and men—would not obey Colonel Durand, and tried to get away as soon as the month for which they had been raised was expired.



CARLISLE IN 1745—FROM THE NORTH.

About four hundred of the townspeople were said to be able to bear arms, but Pattinson, the Deputy Mayor, would not let them be drilled, as they were poor men, who would lose work and pay by drill.

The friction between the town and the castle was most unfortunate. Colonel Durand wanted to pull down property just outside the city walls, as it would afford cover to the enemy, but he was not allowed to do so. The clergy, headed by Dr Waugh, did what they could to

keep matters smooth between the regulars, militia, and townspeople, and also kept watch over the surrounding country from the Cathedral tower, whilst the Chancellor continued to send repeated and energetic warnings to London, which fell on deaf ears.

Certainly the Prince's own wish was to march by Berwick and encounter Marshal Wade's army near Newcastle, but Lord George Murray urged the advantages of the ill-defended western route. Accordingly, by November 8, the Highlanders reached Longtown, just over the English Border. The next day was Martinmas Fair at Carlisle, and the approaches to the city were thronged with country people passing in and out. Under cover of these some fifty or sixty of the Prince's army were able to reconnoitre until the road could be cleared and the garrison dared to fire. On the 10th the city was invested by the Prince on the south, the Duke of Perth on the north, and the Marquis of Tullibardine on the west. The walls shaped the city into a rough triangle, the castle forming the base, the citadel the apex, with "yetts" at each angle.

The day was foggy, but when the mist cleared off the citadel guns were opened on the Prince, whilst the Castle guns were fired on the divisions under the Duke and Marquis until they retreated. Instead of proceeding to a general assault, the Highlanders drew off towards Brampton on the east, to meet Marshal Wade, who was advancing from Newcastle. Thereupon the Marshal drew up, waiting for the Prince; whilst Carlisle imagined its troubles were over, and that it had frightened the enemy away by its brave show!

In pompous style the Deputy-Mayor wrote to the Government to announce the great repulse. Poor Pattinson was doomed to be execrated by the defenders and ridiculed by the enemy.

"O Pattison! ohon! ohon!
Thou wonder of a Mayor!
Thou blest thy lot thou wert no Scot,
And blustered like a player.
What hast thou done with sword or gun,
To baffle the Pretender?"
("The Mayor of Carlisle." Jacobite song.)

Two days were spent in the neighbourhood of Brampton, and, at a council of war, the Prince was again in favour of marching against Wade; but once more Lord George Murray's plans prevailed, and he and the Duke of Perth returned to besiege Carlisle.

High and steep banks descended from the walls on the north (where stood the Castle) and the west, but the south and east were open to assault; so there trenches were dug, the Duke and Marquis helping, for encouragement to the men, who were not accustomed to sieges. Murray wrote asking that more men should be sent, as those he had were very unwilling to expose themselves in the trenches unless the rest of the army took turns with them in the dangerous work. His application was refused, so Lord George tendered his resignation to the Prince. Before fresh arrangements could be made, the city surrendered, though no assault even had been made, and Marshal

MARKET CROSS, CARLISLE.

Wade was on his way to relieve the garrison!

The fact was that the Militia refused to hold out. They had refused to divide themselves into watches, so had been on duty night and day. Then they were anxious to get to their homes to protect their property. The town could not do without their assistance; so, in spite of the earnest expostulations of Colonel Durand and the other military officers, a capitulation was agreed on by the Militia and townspeople. The Prince, however, would not give terms to the city unless the Castle were also surrendered, and finally the little company

of eighty soldiers was obliged to yield, as the great extent of the Castle made is impossible for them to hold it without help.

The terms were:—"That the town and Castle, with the artillery and magazines, should be delivered up; that the men should lay down their arms in the Market Place; after which they should have passes to go where they pleased, on taking oath not to carry arms against the House of Stuart for a twelvemonth; that the city of Carlisle should retain all its privileges—that they should deliver up all arms, etc., and also the horses of all such as had appeared in arms against the Prince."

The Duke of Perth was the first to take possession of the town, on November 15, and the next day King James was proclaimed from the Market Cross, the Mayor and Corporation being present in full regalia. Afterwards these officials took the keys of the city to Prince Charles at Brampton, and presented them on their knees. On the 18th the Prince made a triumphal entry, riding on a white horse, with a hundred or more pipers to strike amazement into the citizen's hearts.

Charles and his followers were much elated by their capture. They had been victorious everywhere in Scotland, and now England seemed open to them. Hurriedly arrangements were made for holding the city, Sir John Arbuthnot being left in general command, whilst Captain John Hamilton and about one hundred men garrisoned the Castle. Ammunition, cannon, and military stores were all most useful to the Highlanders, who also regained the broadswords that had been taken at Preston in 1715.

Eagerly, on the 22nd of November, the army marched through the English Gate, with Prince Charlie on foot at their head. Before them lay England, with its capital; and, in imagination, the Prince saw himself joined by adherents all along his route until he triumphantly reached his goal and the Stuarts once more ruled Britain. Ill would it have been for the land had success awaited him, and yet one's sympathies irresistibly go out to the gallant young Prince as he joyfully strode along that winter's morning.

M. E. Hulse.

The handsome third edition of Mr Walter Laidlaw's "Poetry and Prose," just received, will be reviewed in the next issue of the "B. M."

NEW FACTS ABOUT DR JOHN LEYDEN.

By John Reith, Edinburgh.

V.—DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

FINAL MEETING WITH SCOTT.

In the well-known letter to his father from the Isle of Wight, dated April 5th, Leyden says, "I have seen Mr Scott, who has just come to London, and is delighted at my prospects, which exceed all that he could have expected." This disposes of Lockhart's statement that Scott did not see Leyden when he hurried up to London on the closing of the Law Courts at Easter.

The letter to Scott, dated April 1st, beginning: "I have been two days on board," contains the following well-known passage: "My money concerns I shall consider you as trustee of; and all remittances, as well as dividends from Longman, will be to your direction. These, I hope, we shall soon be able to adjust very accurately. Money may be paid, but kindness never."

Certain reflections founded on this passage have been made on Scott's treatment of Leyden in money matters. Leyden is here supposed to speak of repaying to Scott the £100 which the latter had lent him for his outfit. The meanness of it! "If it be true that Scott cleared £600 by his 'Border Minstrelsy,' and did not make some allowance for Leyden at the time, £100 came far short of what he ought to have received."

Leaving suppositions alone, let us look at the facts of the case. Volumes I. and II. were published in January 1802, and the edition was exhausted in six months. In his letter to Charpentier Scott makes the loose statement that he received £100, but Lockhart makes the more exact statement that his half of the profits amounted to £78 10s. This sum, "which could not have repaid him for the actual expenditure incurred in the collection of his materials," was probably paid sometime in the late autumn; and it may safely be taken for granted that Leyden got a honorarium of £10 to £20.

It was about the same time that Messrs Longman & Rees bought the copyright of the second edition, including the new third volume, for £500. But does any sane man suppose that the publishers paid that sum down whenever the bargain was struck, or even when the book was published in the end of May, 1803? It is certain that Scott did not touch a penny before the end of 1803, and that he got only an instalment even then, getting the whole sum only when the edition was exhausted in 1806. This is the obvious meaning of the expression in Leyden's letter about "dividends from Longman." But the most remarkable thing about the expression is that the dividends were to come for Leyden; in other words, he was a partner in the transaction, and was to get his (one-fifth) share of the half-profits from the book.

Does this look like ignoring his claim to remuneration, or like treating him meanly? Surely not. But meantime (in the end of 1802) he had pressing need of a sum of money at once. The only thing to be done then was for Scott to advance the sum required, to be repaid from Leyden's dividends; in other words, Scott advanced Leyden's share before he got his own.

THE VOYAGE.

The name of the ship that sailed from Portsmouth on the 7th of April, 1803, carrying John Leyden to India—the "Hugh Inglis"—reveals somewhat of her age (or should it be his?) and style. Lord Castlereagh succeeded Hon. Henry Dundas (Lord Melville) as President of the Board of Control in 1801; and was himself succeeded by Sir Hugh Inglis in the beginning of 1803. One of the last official acts of Lord Castlereagh must have been to give Leyden leave to go out in April; and one of the first events under the regime of the new President must have been the launch and christening of the "Hugh Inglis."

Behold her then—the most graceful product of the art of shipbuilding in all time—a full-rigged clipper-barque, the finest East Indiaman afloat. Her strength lay in her speed, and well it was so, for the safety of passengers and crew was to depend four times over ere the voyage was completed on the power of her white wings. The declaration of war with France (actually made on the 13th of May following) had been pending so long that it was already discounted; and a great number of French privateers were hovering between the Channel and India.

Apart from this, they had lively times on board, the details of which can best be given in his own words in a letter to his father, written from Madras on the 23rd of March, 1804:—

"We sailed at a time when we expected war to be declared every day, and were chased three times on your side of the Cape of Good Hope, and once in the Indian seas. We had on board thirteen officers of the army and two hundred recruits, most of them Irish, who had been engaged in the Rebellion. In the latitude of the Canaries the sailors mutinied because a man was lashed for misconduct, and leapt on the quarter-deck crying, 'One and all.' They attempted to seize the arms, but after a little fighting we easily subdued them, as there were about fifty passengers, many of them desperate dogs." It is obviously implied that one of the "desperate dogs" was named John Leyden.

"But as the devil would have it, when we came into the latitude of the Isle de France (Mauritius) the soldiers mutinied, seized a pile of shot and some arms, and had nearly taken us aback. They took advantage of a clear moonlit night, and at the midnight (change of) watch came up with the watch unperceived. Fifty seized the forecastle, thirty ranged on each side of the waist and attempted to rush on the quarter-deck. The rest kept below and tried to secure the hatchways. The first mate, myself, and four quarter-masters were the only persons on deck, and had just time to seize a tomahawk apiece. I sprang to one of the gangways of the waist, where only two men could advance abreast, and defended it alone for some time. Having had several cannon-balls thrown at my head, and being pressed very hard, I cut down four of the hardiest of the mutineers, who, however, all recovered, though much wounded. By this time the officers and the passengers got on deck, and it was soon quelled. The captain was well pleased with my exertions, and appointed the passengers to keep watch till we came to Madras. Of this watch I was directed to take command."

It needs no great strength of imagination to see here the right man in the right place—a man formed by nature to stand in a breach, one who would not have inflicted the slightest injury on another unless driven to it; but who was there to do his share at whatever cost in saving the ship in the face of three hundred misguided men. How carefully and tenderly he had afterwards bound up the wounds of the men he had to cut down. It was not the first time he had swung a tomahawk. He had found a bout at it splendid exercise for his muscles during the voyage, and as he stood up that gangway he swung it with ease, confidence, and almost enjoyment. His utter fearlessness must have gone far to cow his assailants, who tried to disable him from a safe distance with cannon-balls; as he chanted in the very joy of battle the Border slogan, "My name it is Little Jock Elliot, and wha daur meddle wi' me?"

ROXBURGH.

Though, Roxburgh, once your castle stood,
Dividing Tweed and Teviot's flood;
Now, meagre your pathetic ruin,
Along the knoll appealing strewen.

No dominating keep, or tower,
No spacious hall, or lady's bower,
Or frowning wall, portcullised gate,
Recall your mediæval state.

Yet towered once your ramparts high,
The cynosure of every eye;
Of all the Borderland the key,
Your tenure then a warrior's fee.

Are stately pageants nightly wrought,
Assault and sally fiercely fought,
On moonlit eves from midnight chime,
Till cock-crow warn the fleeting time?

Do ghostly garrisons still hold
Your spectral walls, and siege enfold,
With shadow armies surging round
Your shadow castle on the mound.

Still to the understanding heart
And seeing eye you play your part:
Your fragments still a book to read,
Between the Teviot and the Tweed.

GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE. R. S.

Mr Thomas Murray, Selkirk, the oldest male inhabitant of the burgh, died on 11th May, 1908. The deceased, who was in his ninety-second year, knew Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and had often seen Sir Walter Scott. Mr Murray was a native of Ettrick, and had resided in Selkirk during the past fifty years, where he had charge of the roads before he retired from work twelve years ago. He was a member of the Scottish Temperance League for sixty years, a Radical in politics, and a member of the Lawson Memorial United Free Church.

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1908.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Doubtless a large number of our readers have been much interested in the series of articles on Dr John Leyden which have been appearing in our columns, and we have much pleasure in informing them that the writer of these articles has in the press a life of that famous Border Poet and Orientalist. It is expected that the work will be ready in the Autumn, and we trust it will meet with a cordial reception from all true Borderers.

THE BORDER KEEP.

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

On 21st April, 1908, at a meeting of the Hawick Archæological Society, an interesting paper on "The stone circles of Roxburghshire" was read by Mr George Watson, Oxford. On the Borders, he said, circles of standing stones were so notable as to form places of rendezvous, especially when a raid into England was projected. The stone circles south of Cunzierton and at Frogden, Roxburghshire, bore respectively the significant names, "The Tryst" and the "Trysting Stones," indicating that they were frequently used as places of assembly on the occasion of many a Border foray. In Roxburghshire there were, at least, two instances of stone circles having disappeared in recent times before the march of agriculture—those at Harestanes (Monteviot) and Frogden respectively. Those that remained were in desolate situations on hill-top or moorland, to which fact they undoubtedly owed their preservation.

* * * *

The old cross which stood in front of the Town Hall of Greenlaw—formerly the County Buildings—and was erected with the building nearly eighty years ago, was blown down in a gale some time ago. It has now been restored by public subscription, under the superintendence of the Parish Council. It took the place of a much older cross, dating back to 1696, which was relegated to the "thieves' hole" in the prison tower adjoining the Parish Church; but which was unearthed in 1881, when improvements were made on the church and churchyard, and which now stands against the west wall of the ancient tower.

* * * *

In a London museum there is said to be on exhibition a sword with the legend attached—"With this sword I slew the notorious Jack Cade." That may or may not be true, but it is a fact that there is on permanent exhibition in Peebles Chambers Institution a jibbeh and sword taken from the dead Khalifa's back at Ombirket. It is quite a little romance. General Mahon, who relieved Mafeking, was at Omdurman, but as Colonel Mahon then, and he it was who took the jibbeh from the dead Khalifa's back. He gave it to Colonel Drage, head of the Commissariat, who in turn presented it to the Master of Elibank, M.P., who was then travelling in the Soudan. The Master presented also a sword and a cornet to the Peebles Chambers Institution. The cornet was obtained from the Khalifa's store-house at Omdurman, and it was one of the instruments of the band of Hicks Pasha's army, which was massacred by the Madhists in 1883—10,000 being the estimate of the number killed.

* * * *

The subject of Queen Mary's House, Jedburgh, has been dealt with at some length in the "B. M.,"

and I am pleased to quote some further particulars contained in a letter sent to the press by Mr J. Lindsay Hilson. He says:—The fact of the recent lectures in the Outlook Tower on the incidents in Queen Mary's life, in which this house was mentioned, and the knowledge that it may be exposed for sale or let upon lease, in either of which cases there was a strong desire for its acquisition by the town of Jedburgh, in which case the ownership, as will be seen, would only be reverting to the old proprietor, may justify some reference to its history in the late eighteenth and greater part of the nineteenth centuries. Through the courtesy of Mr Simson, writer in Jedburgh, the following interesting information has been obtained from the titles regarding it. From these it would appear that two infeftments were granted in favour of Sir Patrick Scott of Ancrum in the year 1704; while a charter of adjudication had been granted by the magistrates of Jedburgh in favour of the deceased William Ainslie of Black Hill, dated 3rd February, 1694. On the 4th of July, 1740, Sir John Scott of Ancrum disponed the property to George Kemp, Town Treasurer of the Burgh of Jedburgh, for himself and in name of the Magistrates, Town Council, and community of the said burgh, the price of the property being £200, the right of the "dask" or seat in the Kirk of Jedburgh being included in the conveyance. On 13th June, 1743, the Most Honourable William Henry, Marquis of Lothian, Lord Provost of the Burgh of Jedburgh, the Bailies and Councillors thereof, in respect of a payment of £200, disponed the property to Sir William Scott, who, some seven years later by private sale, parted with the property to Mr Alexander Lindesay of Swineside, "all and haill that land or lot, high and laigh, back and fore, with the yeards, plots, grass, fruit and forest trees, including the 'dask' or seat in the kirk, which was near the pulpit on the south, and the entry leading to the session table on the north."

* * * *

This Mr Alexander Lindesay was Commissioner for the Duke of Roxburghe in Oxnam Water. Originally the family hailed from Forfarshire, and settled in Edinburgh, where his father was a merchant and Bailie of the City. There was considerable intimacy between them and the house of Coutts, the bankers. Dr Robert Lindesay succeeded in 1775, and from him the property passed into the hands of Robert Lindesay Armstrong, who was naturalised in Russia. To trace his association with the property it is necessary to go back a little. William Armstrong was schoolmaster at Hobkirk and married the daughter of the Rev. Robert Riccaltoun, the minister of the parish. Of this marriage there were born two sons, Adam and Robert, and daughters. Of the former, Adam followed in the footsteps of his father, and qualified for the teaching profession, acting for some time as tutor to the Robsons (now Robson Scotts) at Belford. About this time an Admiral Geig in Russia wrote to his friend Dr Charteris at Hawick asking him to send out a young man duly qualified to act as a tutor to his family. Adam Armstrong was selected for the post. He was in the habit of coming over to Edinburgh in the winter time for the education of the boys, and it was while on one of these visits that he renewed acquaintance with Isabella Lindesay, daughter of Dr Robert Lindesay, who at one time was Provost of Jedburgh. It will be remembered that on the occasion of the visit of the poet Burns to the Border country in 1787 he was greatly enamoured of this young lady.

* * * *

Mrs Rogers, residing in Dollerie Terrace, Crieff, has lately entered upon the 100th year of her age. She is a native of Tweeddale district of Peeblesshire, and she spent her early years in Peebles. Her father was a shepherd in the district, and for a good many years prior to her marriage (over sixty years ago) she was in the service of the grand-parents of Mr A. J. Balfour (the Unionist leader) at Whittingehame, where she was held in high esteem. Mrs Rogers, notwithstanding her great age, is remarkably healthy, her voice being fresh and vigorous, although she suffers from deafness. She is full of reminiscences of her early years, many of which she can vividly recall. Her grand-uncle was "Tam Purdie," a favourite servant of Sir Walter Scott, regarding whom she recounts some amusing incidents. She remembers, too, having seen James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd," on several occasions at Innerleithen. The news of the battle of Waterloo and the rejoicings which it occasioned in the country she also can recall.

* * * *

At South Bend, Indiana, U.S.A., on 2nd March, 1908, there died James Oliver, president of the Oliver Chilled Plow Works. He was one of the wealthiest Borderers in the world, having amassed a fortune of nearly £15,000,000, and is thus referred to by an American paper:—Mr Oliver was born in Liddesdale parish, Roxburyshire, Scotland, August 28, 1823, and his parents, with six children, migrated to America, finally settling on a farm in Lagrange county, this State. The father died in 1837. In this year, which was noted as the sickly year, the family moved to Mishawaka, and young Oliver entered school, soon retiring because his labour was needed for the support of his mother and the other children. He began labour as a ditch-digger, then turned to coopering, and, in May, 1844, he married the daughter of a fellow-workman. Fifty-eight years later, in 1902, Mrs Oliver died. After their marriage Mr Oliver worked for the St Joseph Iron Company, where he began giving attention to the plow which made him a millionaire. While in the foundry business he perfected the chilled plow idea, and in 1876, the Philadelphia exposition, he began attracting national attention. Then he began, step by step, the erection of the tremendous plant in this city, which covers many acres of ground, and the product of which finds a market all over the world. Two children resulted from his marriage, a son and a daughter. The son succeeds the father in the management of the chilled plow plant, and the daughter is the wife of George Ford, secretary of the company. While in health Mr Oliver never missed a detail of his great factory, and it was his supervision that made it a monument to his industry and far-sightedness. In religious faith Mr Oliver was a Presbyterian, and he was of great aid to the Church in his benevolences. He was conspicuous in advancing the interests of his chosen city, building the Oliver Opera House and the Hotel Oliver, also a great business block.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

JAMES BLAIKIE, CRAIGSFORD, EARLSTON.

A LOCAL celebrity, and in some respects an extraordinary man, was James Blaikie, who followed the humble occupation of a joiner, but who seems to have been endowed with a strength of mind which men in any rank of life rarely exhibit.

Blaikie lived at Craigsford, on the west side of the Leader, directly opposite and about two hundred yards from the ruins of the Rhymer's Tower, which at that time, one hundred and eighty years ago, was owned and occupied by another remarkable man, named Murray, whose great accomplishments as a physician fitted him for a correspondence which he regularly kept up, with the famous Dutchman, Boerhaave; and who, from possessing a musical clock, an electrical machine, and the power of curing inexplicable diseases, was regarded by his local contemporaries as a person of supernatural abilities.

Blaikie, as we have said, lived opposite to the Rhymer's Tower, but his tastes were of a totally different kind from those of Dr Murray. Besides a cottage of uncommon neatness, he had a workshop, a saw-pit, and an orchard, the latter of which he kept in excellent order. All traces of these have long since been obliterated, and his dwelling demolished, and nothing now remains to mark the spot except the fine old trees which surrounded it. Within the garden, however, may still be seen the "throuch" erected over the grave of this singular man, who, in accordance with his eccentric character, preferred being buried there rather than in the Auld Kirk Yard. Long before he died, when indeed he was only forty-eight years of age, he had dug his grave, prepared his tombstone, and made his coffin. From that time, until the day of his death, twenty-five years afterwards, he daily performed his morning and evening devotions, kneeling in the open grave. So scrupulously conscientious was he also in the discharge of this duty, that he would allow no engagement to deter him from its fulfilment, and was known frequently to walk ten miles from a place where he had been working, to offer up his prayers in this particular spot. We question much if ever such a strange place of worship was chosen, or such a course of mortification followed, by any hermit even of the Middle Ages.

Blaikie was a man of prodigious strength. A stone of immense size and weight used to be shown near the site of his house, which he was in the habit of attaching to the bottom of the long saw to enable him to dispense with the services of a man in the saw-pit. It is said that he possessed the strength of three ordinary men; and that, in the erection of Legerwood Parish Church, of which he had the joiner work, although he had the assistance of a number of journeymen, the greater part of the work was done by his own hands. When at last the building was ready for the roof, he rose early, and, after offering up his morning devotions in "the narrow house," hurried away to Legerwood, where he raised and adjusted the whole of the ponderous kipples, and had just finished this heavy part of the work when his men arrived at the proper hour.

But, notwithstanding his great bodily strength, Blaikie had a weakness—he was avaricious, and it was this which prompted him to use the heavy stone at the bottom of the long saw, in order to save the wages of a man. By this and every other species of parsimony, he had managed to acquire a goodly hoard of golden guineas, which he preferred to paper money. These he always kept under lock and key, and so strong was his love for the gold, and his fear of losing it, that on his death-bed, it is said, he requested his attendant to bring it all to him in a "wecht," and continued nervously fingering the guineas while his life was ebbing away to another world.

For a quarter of a century he kept his coffin ready, but never hesitated to sell it when such an article was required, and it was a terrible mortification to him on being seized by the illness which carried him off, to think that when his own turn had come he should be found unprepared in this respect, and that another person would be employed to furnish one.

Though the fact of his avaricious habits may lead us to suspect the genuine nature of his piety, yet may we not look leniently on this one known fault, when we contrast it with the severely self-sacrificing character of his life, and remember the errors and weaknesses common to frail humanity.

According to his desire, he was buried in his garden, in the grave which had for so many years served him as a temple, and above it was erected the splendid "throuch," which may still be seen with all the implements of his trade sculptured around its sides. The influence of time and the thoughtless conduct of youths and visitors have long ago sufficed to efface the inscription, but a friend, the late Joseph Watson, Earlstoun, supplied us some years ago with a copy, which we annex

"AT CRAIGSFORD, JANUARY 20th, 1724.

"Here is the throuch, and place designed for the body of James Blaikie, wright in Craigsford, and Marion Sclater, his spouse; built by himself; wishing that God, in whose hand my life is, may raise me by the greatness of His power to a glorious resurrection; that this stone, when I view it, may mind me of death and eternity, and the dreadful torments which the wicked endure. Oh that God may enable me to have some taste of the sweet enjoyment of His presence, that my soul may be filled with love to Him, who is altogether lovely; that I may go through the valley of the shadow of death, leaning on Him in whom all my hope is; so strengthen Thou me, oh Lord, who have done to me great things, more than I can express."

(Added after his death)

"Here lies James Blaikie, portioner of Earlstoun, who died the 23rd day of June, 1749, aged 73 years; as also Marion Sclater, his spouse, who died November 1747, and his daughter who died 1st November, 1755."

[We are informed by the correspondent who sent us the foregoing interesting article, the author of which is unknown to him, that the grave referred to is in a neglected state. He suggests that some of our Border Associations or Unions might take the matter up and so secure the preservation of this old relic.—Ed., "B. M."]

THE BORDER BOOKCASE.

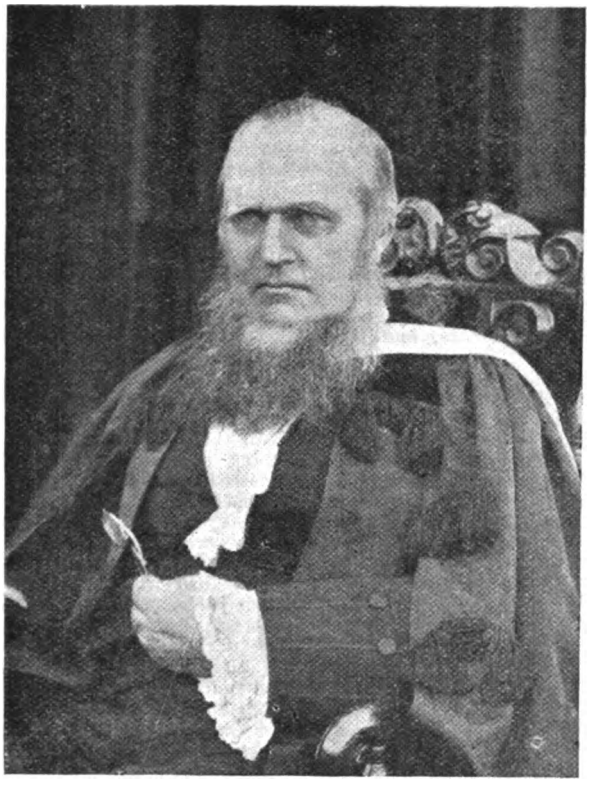
A BORDER THEOLOGIAN.*

[*Paton J. Gloag, D.D., LL.D., a Memoir by Elizabeth S. Gloag. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, 1908; 2s 6d.]

For one so well known as Dr Gloag of Galashiels a Memoir of less than 160 pages seems curiously out of place. Dr Gloag was a shy man all his life. He never courted publicity, and the distinctions that came to him were all unsought. Doubtless this brief sketch by his widow sums up even better than any full-blown biography could have done the character and essential merits of the man. Born in 1823, he lived till 1906. He was successively minister of Dunning, Blantyre, and Galashiels, and was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1889. His published writings comprise close on five-and-twenty volumes, and include several works which brought him considerable fame and recognition as one of the most accomplished and soundest scholars of his time. He could have been, had he cared, Professor of Divinity, and Principal of the New College in Victoria, Australia. The offer came to him as far back as 1878, "but he wrote by return of post declining." In 1896, after he had retired from his Galashiels ministry, and was resident in Edinburgh, he became virtually Professor of Biblical Criticism at Aberdeen for three sessions, "an oasis in his life" which gladdened all his remaining years. Of Dr Gloag's Edinburgh life the most beautiful memories are the meeting at his own house of a number of young ministers for the study of the New Testament; and the club which he instituted, composed of a dozen literary men who met during the winter months in the members' houses alternately to discuss subjects of literary and scientific interest. Both of these were kept up till within a year of his death.

The little volume, so modestly prepared (the writer never once mentions her own name), merits a warm welcome from all who knew this earnest-minded pastor, this gifted theologian, this rare, good man, this singularly humble disciple of Christ. Of Dr Gloag's many excellent traits perhaps the most remarkable was his intense humility. Galashiels may well honour the name of Paton James Gloag. His twenty-one years of faithful service there must be reckoned among the truly noteworthy associations of the Scottish Border.

C.



PATON J. GLOAG D.D., LL.D.

* * *

"CLOSE TO NATURE'S HEART."

Such is the pleasing title of a most interesting volume of sketches, published at 3s 6d net, by

Messrs William Blackwood & Sons. The author is the Rev. William McConachie, B.D., minister of Lauder, and those who know that old Border town will at once recognise many of the persons and places so delightfully sketched. We are taken to the new and the old manses, to the woods and by the burnside. We are made to hear the song of the birds and feel the summer breeze as it comes down from the hills or over the moorland. We are shown the old Parish Records, where we can see that human nature was pretty much the same lang syne as it is now. "In a country parish, at the time church was the only place where the people met regularly in any numbers. This fact was taken advantage of for making intimation of events of general interest that were to take place during the week. Against the practice the elders struggled, seeking sternly to put it down as a secularising of Sunday. A frequent intimation of the kind made at the church gate to the people as they left was the wad-shooting, a gathering of the male members of the community to shoot for prizes. One offender after another, in rapid succession, was summoned because they profaned Sunday 'by shouting wad-shooting in ye hearing of ye people.' The church officer himself had to compear 'for crying a roup on the Lord's Day.' But the opportunity was too tempting, and this habit of intimation too deep-seated to be readily put down. The Session at last referred the matter to the Presbytery, and it is never heard of again."

To the botanist, the angler, the antiquarian, and the lover of country life generally the volume now before us will provide many a delightful hour, for we are all the better of getting "close to Nature's heart," and to the author who has thus opened for us these avenues of pure pleasure we feel much indebted.

* * * *

AN EDINBURGH ALPHABET.

Messrs Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier have produced a quaint and most interesting little book at 1s, which will at once appeal to every one who knows Auld Reekie. The Alphabet in picture and verse is by Evelyn Beale and Winnifred Christie, whose preface consists of, "These 'Cockle-shells' in picture and verse are dedicated to the passing pilgrim." Much quiet humour is to be found in both verses and illustrations. "D for Drapery" gives a picture of the well-known window poles in some of the older districts, and says:—

"See; all the drapery flying on high
On drying-poles hung out raking the sky!
Tall loom the tenements, varied their history,—
Some, like the garments here, best left in mystery."

* * * *

A RECORD OF BORDER CHIVALRY.

Only 285 copies of this splendid volume are being issued by James Maclehose & Sons, but doubtless every copy will be bought up, even though the prices are 24s and 42s. The book contains 102 Heraldic Shields in colour, and the scope of the work is thus described by the translator, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.:—In August, 1355, Sir Thomas Gray of Heton* was Edward III.'s constable, or warden, of Norham Castle. This fortress, standing just within the English Border, and commanding an important ford on the Tweed, was a perpetual offence to the Scots, and the object of their incessant attack. In the month aforesaid, Patrick, Earl of March, laid an ambuscade on the Scottish side of the river, and sent Sir William Ramsay of Dalwolsey (which we now write Dalhousie) with a party of four hundred spears to raid the English farms. Ramsay, in returning with his booty, rode within view of Norham Castle. Sir Thomas sounded "Boot and saddle!" sallied out briskly in pursuit with a following of only fifty men, and fell into the trap prepared by March. The English being taken in front and rear, defended themselves stoutly, but were overpowered by superior numbers. Gray, with his son, also called Thomas, was taken prisoner, and, being unable to raise the ransom demanded, lay for two years a captive in Edinburgh Castle. Luckily for him, and for us, he had the run of the library there, which was better furnished than might have been expected. He found such good and suggestive material therein that he undertook to compile a history of Britain, an enterprise which very few knights in that illiterate age were competent to attempt.

In a dream the Sibyl and a Cordelier Friar appeared to Gray, and provided him with a ladder to scale a great wall withal. The Sibyl bade him call his work "Scalacronica"—the Ladder Chronicle; a title wherein, perhaps, may be recognised an allusion to the crest adopted by the Gray family—namely, a scaling ladder.

The scheme of the work was a survey of history from the Creation to the date of compilation; and it is when Gray is dealing with a period covered by the actual experience of his father and himself that the chronicle has been recognised as being of incomparable value to the student of Scottish and English history during the reigns of Edward I., Edward II., and Edward III., especially as being written by a soldier, who naturally viewed affairs from a different standpoint from that of the usual clerical annalist. Sir Thomas Gray died in 1369. It may then be interesting, and perhaps useful, to those who care for the history of their country to have a translation of the portion of "Scalacronica" covering the reigns of Edward I., Edward II., and Edward III., when the author either was personally engaged in the scenes described, or heard of them from those who had been actors in the same.

* Direct ancestor of the present Earl Grey and Sir Edward Gray of Falloden, Bart., M.P. He wrote his name "Gray," a form which now distinguishes Scottish from English families of that surname.

* * *

"Pentland Walks, their Literary and Historical Associations," by Mr Robert Cochrane, with route maps for the various rights of way over this charming range of hills by Mr G. S. Aitken, is the title of a new guide to be issued this season by Mr Andrew Elliot, 17 Princes Street, Edinburgh. There will be illustrations and a full bibliography; two chapters on Pentland geology, revised by Dr B. N. Peach, late of the geological survey; a list of Pentland birds, revised by Mr W. Eagle Clarke, of the Royal Scottish Museum; Pentland poems, by

Professor Blackie, James Ballantine, and Mr Will. H. Ogilvie; an account of a cycle ride all round the Pentlands in one day, and a chapter on "The Old Lanark Road," from Mr John Geddie's "Water of Leith" volume.

DEATH OF MR RICHARD WAUGH, WINNIPEG.

JUST after the issue of our last number we received the sad intelligence that the author of one of the articles in that issue had passed away. We refer to Mr Richard Waugh of Winnipeg, who has frequently contributed to our columns, and of whom a sketch and portrait appeared in a recent issue of the BORDER MAGAZINE. Instead of quoting from that article, we reproduce a short notice of our departed friend, from the "Jedburgh Gazette," and desire to express our sympathy with the bereaved family:—A well-known Scottish Borderer and Canadian, Mr Richard Waugh, died suddenly at Winnipeg, Canada, on the 27th of April, 1908. He was 76 years of age. During the last quarter of a century he had travelled over every part of the Dominion in the prosecution of his professional work as an agricultural journalist. Much as it was appreciated, there were other ways in which Mr Waugh earned high esteem. He rendered great service to young men from the mother country arriving in Winnipeg in search of employment. The emigrants were often penniless, and Mr Waugh was not slow to help them, doing so in such an unostentatious manner that only intimate friends were aware of the extent of good he did in this way. In Winnipeg Mr Waugh was long a pillar of the Church and a leader in the temperance movement. After his wife's death, about four years ago, he came to Scotland to recruit his health. At that time he was reluctantly persuaded (for he was in need of rest) by the Canadian Government to give a series of lectures in industrial centres on the progress of Canada in the past and the marvellous possibilities of the country in the future. He was admirably fitted for work of this kind, and his lectures did much towards popularising Canada as a field for emigration. Indeed, since about that time the rush of emigrants to Canada has been on a scale surpassing all previous records. Mr Waugh belonged to an old Jedburgh family, and during his visit to Scotland he stayed for some time here, and arranged a public meeting at which he related his experiences in Canada and gave much information that was of value to those who were proposing to emigrate. Besides his journalistic work in Canada, he contributed articles to Border newspapers dealing with both home and colonial subjects. His reminiscences of early days on the Scottish Borders were transfused with the affection for the old home which the Colonist usually entertains. He is survived by four sons and two daughters. The late Mr Richard Waugh, Castlegate, Jedburgh, was his cousin.

"IN RUINS."

[About a quarter of a mile eastwards from Pomathorn Station, on the Peebles line of railway, are the ruins of what used to be known as The Roads farm-steading, once tenanted by Thomas Denholm, a local herbalist, who in his day had a great reputation for curing certain maladies, both in children and in adults, even when medical men had pronounced their case to be hopeless. The story of this humble herbalist I have endeavoured to tell in the following lines.—J. M'C.]

In yon moorland stands the remnant o' The Roads
auld farm or grange,
On which the hand o' Time has wrocht sae dire
an' sad a change,
That a stranger i' the bygaun wad be justified,
I ween,
In thinkin' that it wantonly demolished had been;
For whate'er o' shade or shelter it afforded i' the
past,
It sparely noo could bield a ewe frae the snell
norlan' blast.

The barn, byre, an' stable, the cairt shed an'
pig stye,
Hae a' collapsed thegither, an' ae pile o' wreckage
lie;
An' where a door or winnock's been, there's noo
a fearsome gap,
Whilst on the hearthstane o' the ha' the hare
may safely nap;
An' the kail yaird, aince sae tidy, wi' its raws
o' cabbage-stocks,
Is noo o'ergrown wi' nettles an' wi' rank, offensive
docks.

This steadin' aince was tenanted an' held for
mony a year
By honest Tammas Denholm, the herbalist an'
seer,
Wha, tho' bred to agriculture, had by books and
practice learned
The healin' virtues o' the plants, an' reputation
earned;
An' ane wha wrocht mirac'lous cures whan
doctors' drugs had failed,
An' had at haun' a remedy for a' the folks that
ailed.

His touch could soothe like magic, an' assuage
the thrabbin' pain,
An' his potions aye had virtue to mak' things
richt again;
But neither pence nor payment wad he tak' frae
rich or puir—

His salves an' queer infusions were to a' as free as air;
Yet such unrequited service aft was undervalued, till
He passed Death's gloomy portals, whaur nane could seek his skill.

His manly step gaun but an' ben, his honest, sun-tanned face,
An' willin' haun's were then sair missed by a' aboot the place:
E'en tho' a lang half-cent'ry's gane sin' man's dreid foe he met,
His skeely deeds an' feelin' heart speak sermons to us yet:
We venerate the ruins o' this worthy healer's hame,
Wha chose obscurity in life, instead o' coortin' fame.
Nae earthly hallan noo he needs, for to the fauld abune
Bricht angel forms hae welcomed him, an' the Maister said "Weel dune."

JAMES M'CALL.

BORDER NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE LONG PACK.

I often used to hear this story (to which reference was made in the April number of the BORDER MAGAZINE) told by my mother round the fireside, when I was a boy, more than fifty years ago, and when "Copenhagen" was duly fired through the "pack" and the blood came spouting forth, we used to feel a little "creepy." It is one of the Tales of the Ettrick Shepherd, and appears to be founded on fact. Hogg lays the scene of the incident on the banks of the North Tyne, Northumberland, at the country-seat of a Colonel Ridley, who, he tells us, had returned from India in 1723 with an immense fortune. The youth of sixteen, who so pluckily fired "Copenhagen," afterwards became a soldier, and when he retired from the army on half-pay took a small farm on the Scottish side of the Border. Hogg when a boy often heard the story from the old soldier. "The Colonel," we are told, "caused the body to be buried at Bellingham, but it was confidently reported that the grave was opened and the corpse taken away." The mystery was never cleared up or the identity of the robber discovered.

Mr Edmund Bogg, in his "Wanderings in the Border Country," places the scene of the robbery at Lee Hall, near the junction of the Rede with the North Tyne, and says that there still stands at the east end of Bellingham churchyard a rough stone, cut in the shape of a pack, erected to mark the resting-place of the robber. G. S.

* * * *

OLD KENNEDY THE TINKER.

In connection with the query which appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE for March asking for light upon a Jedburgh murder trial in 1819, at which Kennedy the tinker was sentenced to imprisonment in a convict settlement for fourteen years, a well-known contributor sends the following letter, which, signed by "A Native," appeared in the "Jedburgh Gazette" on 18th November, 1905. While it does not throw light upon the murder, or the "battle on Hawick Green," it gives some interesting facts regarding Kennedy himself. The letter, which was addressed "to the Editor of the Jedburgh Gazette," was as follows:—

Sir,—I read with great interest the lecture on Sir Walter Scott by Mr J. B. Fairgrieve, of Edinburgh, as it appeared in your last issue. In it he referred to a man called Kennedy, a tinker, who was unsuccessfully defended at the Circuit Court here by Sir Walter—the verdict being transportation for murder or attempted murder. Kennedy was a Jedburgh man, who travelled the country, accompanied by his wife and three sons, plying their trade of tinkering and basketmaking, at which latter the two eldest sons were adepts. But the life they lived in what were then known as "Jock Reid's buildings," in the Burnwynd, where now stands the Telephone Exchange, was anything but conducive to quietness, while the surroundings would now be considered a very hot-bed for pestilential epidemics. I can well remember old Kennedy's return from his long banishment, and his being met by his wife Meg and their bairns at their close-mouth. He was a tall, well-proportioned, good-looking man, with a "tile" hat and black clothes, and continued to live in the same house till his death. Fifty years ago Kennedy seemed to be about sixty, and continued some years after that to carry on the same wandering life, and at his death "Meg" carried on the "business" in all its entirety.

* * * *

ST BOSWELLS, OR LESSUDDEN.

St Boswells we know, and we have heard of its patron saint, St Boisil, and every one knows or has heard of St Boswells Fair and a St Boswells Flood, but we should like to know the origin of the old name of the village, Lessudden or Alasudden. Perhaps some reader of the "B.M." could kindly oblige. A. M.

* * * *

NICHOL ELLIOTT.

I was very much interested, on happening to see the February number of your magazine, to read the article on "Literary Hours" ("Border Books"), the author referred to, Nichol Elliott, being an uncle of mine. He died just a few years ago, aged 69. His education was rather better than indicated by your contributor. His father was at one time schoolmaster at Cornhill-on-Tweed. He was for some time a pupil at Henderson's Academy in Coldstream, I believe. For many years he occupied the position of clerk to Sunderland Police Court, which appointment he secured, I understand, in competitive examination. His attention for many years was turned to things which he found more lucrative than literary work; but, had he devoted more time and attention to writing, I'm sure he would have been justified, for he had a fine sense of humour, an originality of idea, and a remarkable facility of expression. He contributed occasionally to papers in Newcastle and Sunderland, and distinguished himself on several occasions in essay writing. He won a prize of £5, offered by Cassell & Co., for an essay on "Education," of which Charles Kingsley was the judge. Among other prize essays were "Electricity, the Light of the Future," and "The Best Government for Ireland." After writing the former, he had, I believe, letters of enquiry from people who took him for quite an authority on the subject of electricity! THOMAS ELLIOTT.

THE FAMILY OF DIPPIE.

Can any of the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE give me information respecting the family of Dippie, who, during the 17th or 18th century, appears to have settled in Tweedside? It is said the family came from Dieppe during the Huguenot persecutions.

A CONSTANT READER.

* * *

CARLOW'S BRIG, TWEEDSMUIR.

CARLOW'S Brig stood on its present site more than a century ago, and then it was not in its youth. It was the only stone bridge for many years from the source of the Tweed to Peebles. The great storms of wind and rain that swept down large plantations and wrought such havoc on other bridges down the Tweed had to shrink back affrighted at ever moving such breastwork and such a foundation. It has stood

"With bosom bare to every storm
That thro' it sweeps in wrathful form."

Many years ago, in company of two friends, I walked over the auld brig, when we saw the scholars playing "hounds and hare." It was played as determinedly as in my early days, and, on my remarking so, there returned to me the welcome sensation which I fancied had departed for ever. I absolutely felt myself a boy once more, and that because we are conditioned like children. Here the cares of business are not existent, and we do not think how our meals are to be provided or of what they will consist, which is the child's lot.

At this brig there lived, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, a character called David Tweedie, whose house was very like Parthenon or Colosseum, and other places of resort. Every article in his house had a droll name. His tea-pot was his Dagon, &c. Prof. Wilson, alias Christopher North, often visited him. He considered David of Linhouse, as he called his house, the most original man he ever met, and he would never leave till David played a tune on the fiddle, or his virgin, as he called it. The Professor refers to David and his virgin in his "Recreations." When the Professor was at a jolly party at Clovenfords he remarked that the jollity would have been complete had David Tweedie of Linhouse been there with his fiddle.

J. B. C.

CARLOW'S BRIG.

There's no making a silken purse out of a sow's ear.—"Peveril of the Peak."

EWESDALE HISTORICAL NOTES

EWES, although one of the smallest of our Border dales, has played no unimportant part in Border, if not in Scottish history. Even in prehistoric days, the number of camps that abound in the valley, the positions which they occupy, as well as the skill displayed and the labour bestowed upon their construction, point to a hardy and warlike race, not destitute of a primitive civilisation, and one that rendered no little aid in arresting for a time the northern advance of the Roman legions.

It is a curious fact that these world conquerors have left no trace of their presence in Ewesdale, although there is indubitable evidence of their occupation of Eskdale, from a road of theirs at Langholm, as well as from a camp or station at Raeburnfoot in Eskdalemuir.

Coming down to historic times, there are documents showing that the Frazers of Arkleton, who apparently were the dominant power in Ewesdale at that date (1296) had sworn allegiance to Edward the First. Doubtless in this matter, it was with them as with other clans in the Borders, a question of necessity and not choice, for they threw off the English yoke as soon as they could do so successfully. All down through these stirring times, however, we find that Ewes frequently changed masters. The policy or caprice of the kings, the wardens of the marches, or the jealousy and faction of the clans account for this. Prominent among these early lords of Ewes were the Earl of Home, the Scotts of Buccleuch, the Douglasses, and Maxwells, but the family or clan that apparently had the longest connection with Ewes was the Littles of Meikledale, as they remained for two successive centuries in possession of the greater part of the west side of the valley.

An interesting monument or tombstone in Ewes churchyard records the death of Thomas Little, son of the laird of Meikledale, in April, 1675. A similar monument in Unthank churchyard—further up the valley—records the death of Adam Elliot, laird of Meikledale, in August, 1682. It is apparent that between these two dates the Elliots had superseded the Littles. There was a Walter Elliot in Arkleton in 1671. Land in those days was got by grants or royal charter. We may infer, therefore, as the Border reivers continued their predatory habits long after the union of the crowns, that the Littles lost their lands because of their reiving propensities. Elliot, on the other hand, having discovered that "honesty is the best policy," and coming under a bond to help to keep good order in Ewes, doubtless got possession of their lands as his reward. He appears to have been a man of peace, for he married Katherin Foster, the daughter of a hostile clan. He also appears to have been piously disposed, though it is difficult to see how this could have commended him to the notice of Charles II., for preserved in the entrance hall of the present mansion-house is an old lintel bearing the following inscription:—

WALTER ELLIOT

ALL VERTVE TOIL
ALL EARTHLY VERTVE IS BUT TOIL AND PAIN
SO ALL IS LOSS UNLES THAT CHRIST WE GAIN.

The Elliots of Arkleton belonged to the family of Redheugh, that powerful Liddesdale clan, but they have also the blood of the Scotts, Armstrongs, and Fosters in their veins as well, for their escutcheons appear along with the baton of the Elliots on Arkleton mansion-house. There were Armstrongs in Sorbie at that date, so it is apparent that both Elliots and Armstrongs held lands in Ewes. A monument in Ewes churchyard records the death at Sorbie of an Armstrong in 1685. The arms of that clan are on this stone. Now, with the exception of the estates of Meikledale and Arkleton, the Duke of Buccleuch has got possession of the entire parish, though I have it on good authority that the Arkleton Elliots have in their possession the rights to the lands on the east side of the valley from Arkleton up to Ewes waterhead. However, the Duke possesses the best half of the land, and possession is said to be nine points of law.

Evidently, according to their light, these brave but rude denizens of Ewes were a religious people, judging by the number of kirks that they supported, for in a map taken from a survey of Ewes and the neighbouring valleys in 1608, we find that there were then two churches, one near the site of the present church, and the other at Unthank, and in an old record mention is made of the churches and chapels in Ewesdale. The chapels, however, are not on the map. In all likelihood they by that time had disappeared. One is said to have been at Ewesdoors, and the other at Mosspaul. If so, these chapels evidently served the head waters of Ewes, Esk, and Teviot. The Abbeys of Melrose and Jedburgh had, I believe, lands in these vales, and as there exist records of a village at Ewesdoors, and monks from these Abbeys doing duty in Ewes, these chapels might be there for their convenience. The church at Unthank was abandoned shortly after the Reformation. Like the one that remained, it would be a primitive construction. Venerable this latter building was for its age, if for nothing else. At one time it was thatched with heather, and an entry in the old session records states that, when, unfortunately, a lad and lass had loved neither wisely nor well, they, in addition to their doing penance on the stool of repentance, were sent to the hills to pull heather to thatch the kirk. Perhaps an elder accompanied them with a whip to guarantee their good behaviour, but this the minute does not assert.

Though this old pre-Reformation kirk was frequently repaired, it still continued to lag behind the times, so it was comparatively recently swept away to make room for the present chaste, up-to-date little church.

From this old map of 1608, we find (taking in the one at Langholm) four peels or castles in Ewes, one at Kirton close to where Ewes manse now stands, another at Glendiven on the east side of the vale, and another at Glenvoran, between Fiddleton and Eweslees. These had evidently been either occupied or in good preservation at that time.

No mention is made of Arkleton Tower. Perhaps it was then in a ruinous condition, but we have stronger proof of its existence than any map can furnish, for an old man who had spent all his days at Arkleton told the writer that it was used as a cattle shed or something of that sort when he was a lad. The actual mouldings of the tower, moreover, are to-day doing duty, for the fourth time, as door mouldings on the door of the

groom's room at the stablings, so carefully have the proprietors of Arkleton preserved these relics of their old peel tower.

I think, however, that it is more than probable that there were other peel towers in Ewes besides Arkleton and those mentioned above, for we would naturally expect that a clan like the Littles, who for two centuries possessed such power and influence in the valley, would have a tower at Meikledale.

However, in times of stress and danger, the denizens of Ewes had in the wilds of Tarras a better defence than stone and lime walls. Their place end on Cooms' farm, on the west side of Tarras, of concealment there, was, I believe, a dry hill near to Arkleton Shiels. There are to this day the remains of turf folds, and what may have been huts, where they found temporary shelter until the storm blew past. Even this retreat, we know, failed them eventually, for a traitor, who knew the pass to it up Glendiven burn, led a strong party of English horsemen to where they were lying in fancied security, and, these swooping down upon them, massacred man, woman, and child. The moss hag on the fells between Tarras and Hermitage was a more sure retreat, for a moss-trooper could go where none dared to follow. The light, wiry nags that they rode were trained to cross bogs on their bended knees, that were otherwise impassable.

All down through their history we find the men of Liddesdale, Eskdale, and Ewesdale confederate, and the marvel is that whenever a general muster took place Ewes could furnish so many fighting men. Of course, like Esau, they lived by their swords. Indeed, rather than beat these weapons into ploughshares when they could no longer live by "rieve and spoulie," many of them drifted to the Continent and served as soldiers of fortune in the foreign wars, and served with distinction, too, for war was "the Borderers' game." Others, however, clung to their native valley, and tilled the soil. The old turf dykes that abound, wherever tillage was possible, bear testimony to their industry. With the growth of large estates, the lands here, as elsewhere, were gradually thrown into big grazing farms, with the inevitable result that sheep increased and men decreased.

Hamlets and cottages have disappeared, some of them not leaving even a name behind. When a piece of ground was recently brought under tillage at Wolfhopefoot, on the farm of Bush, a veritable quarry of ruins was unearthed, evidently the remains of what was formerly a village, and a quantity of hewn stones, such as usually grace the doors of the old peel castles, were discovered, suggesting, if not proving, that at this strong position at the forking of the burns stood the Meikledale of the Little clan and their old peel tower. It is quite close to the Meikledale of to-day.

Though time has brought many changes to Ewes, yet in its outstanding features there are no changes. These majestic hills looked down on the naked hordes of the Picts and bands of moss-troopers as calmly as they do on us to-day. This pure mountain stream, that ripples down through the valley, sang to them the same sweet song that it sings to us, and to none of its denizens in the past could it be dearer than it is to its natives to-day. I trow it was "the howes, the knowes, and the hills" of Ewes that inspired the song on which the fame of Riddle as a Scottish bard almost wholly rests, and there have been other natives who, with more or less success, have sung its praise. Of its beauties I say nothing now. These have been extolled in the "Border Magazine" by abler pens than mine. Of this, however, I feel assured, that to none who have spent the most of their days in this lovely, peaceful vale can its hills and dales and crystal streams be otherwise than dear.

MATTHEW WELSH.

THE MINISTER'S WEDDING.

MRS POLLOK and the farm boy were busily at work in the high-walled garden at Brackston Mains, preparing ground for the sowing of early sweet peas. It was a lovely spring day, and the big garden blazed with colour from the long rows of crocuses which were still awake and agape, with their many tinted faces upturned to the afternoon sun.

A sound of wheels, slowing down as they approached the house, brought Mrs Pollok to an upright posture.

"Somebody comin' to their tea, I doot, Jamie. Ye'll have to see to the horse most likely, my man, an' I'll have to drop work; more's the pity. But we can feenish this the morn if the maister sees his way to spare ye to me."

Mrs Pollok's ears had not played her false, for the wheels paused even as she stopped speaking, while the crown of a man's hat appeared over the high wall keeping company with a waving white osprey, which Mrs Pollok rightly surmised must have its root planted in a lady's bonnet. Mrs Pollok's heart sank not a little when she presently recognised the familiar notes of a high-pitched female voice, and on hurrying to open the garden door found herself confronted by Mrs Thomson from Burnhead, whose advent was only rendered endurable by the saving presence of her good husband, Mrs Pollok's old and valued friend.

The unwelcome visitor had assumed her choicest smile, and greeted her hostess effusively.

"Ye never come to see a body noo, Mrs Pollok; so says I to Tam this mornin', 'Tam,' says I, 'yer auld freend, Mrs Pollok, maybe has reason to be a wee huffy wi' you an' me, for naither yin nor ither o' us has darkened the door o' Brackston Mains sin' her an' John gaed to bide there.'"

Mrs Pollok glanced affectionately at her old friend, who was in the habit of looking in at Brackston once a month on his way from Kelso market—but his wife was unaware of this, as the direct road from Kelso, which Tom was supposed to take, lay four miles east of John Pollok's farm.

"So says I to Tam," resumed Mrs Thomson, "'away wi' ye,' says I, 'an' get Jamie Tamson's dowg-cairt an' we'll take a trip to the Polloks this very afternoon.' Tam was sweard to move, but I generally get my ain wey i' the end o' the day, so here we are, Mrs Pollok."

Not feeling herself called upon to comment on Mrs Thomson's well-known tenacity of purpose, Mrs Pollok led the way indoors.

"Mercy me! I'd nae notion Brackston fermnoose was onything like this," Mrs Thomson was heard to remark as she passed through the old-fashioned porch and hall to the dining-room. Seated by the side of a blazing fire, she untied

her bonnet and threw a string over each shoulder, took off her gloves, and settled herself to the congenial task of making a minute mental inventory of the room and its appointments. The tea was indeed on the table, and Mrs Pollok was already presiding at the hospitable board before a satisfactory digest had been made of everything by the observant visitor.

The calls of a hearty appetite, whetted by the long drive, demanded for a time Mrs Thomson's undivided attention. After some minutes, however, the worst pangs of hunger were appeased, and the good woman was ready for her own agreeable style of conversation.

"My certy, Tam, it's sma' wonder yer auld freends gie us little o' their company. I'd nae idea Brackston was like a gentleman's hoose." Mrs Thomson paused to laugh her mirthless laugh, and to send curious eyes once more round the well-appointed room. "Lord Scott hissel' can hardly hev a bigger or a brawer dinin'-room," quoth Mrs Thomson; "an' the ootside's like a perfect paillace."

"Hardly in this day, Mrs Thomson, though Lord Scott an' his folks before him lived here. This was the mansion hoose till the big new hoose was built twenty years sin'. Tam minds Brackston in Lord Scott's time fine."

"Muckle it maitters to me if he did. Tam tells me nothin', Mrs Pollok; he says little aboot onything to onybody, to his wife least o' a'. John an' you maun hae fund a purse whan ye furnished, I'm thinkin'. An', speakin' o' purses reminds me —oor minister's fund a purse, Mrs Pollok, if ever ony man did. Ye wad hear o' his mairrage?"

Mrs Thomson at this point was pressed to another piece of cake, and, leaning back in her chair with the cake in one hand and her teacup in the other, she proceeded—

"Ministers, ye see, can feather their nest like ony other body when they get the chance, and what for no? But ye never saw onything to match that weddin', Mrs Pollok, an' hevin' been there mysel' I'm qualified to say sae. An' me the only body askit oot o' the congregation, if ye like."

"How cam it that Tam wasna asked?" enquired Mrs Pollok, casting another friendly look at Tom where he sat mute at the foot of the table.

"Tam! oh, Tam was there richt eneuch; bein' rulin' elder he couldna be off gettin' an invite. An' hevin' to ask Tam they couldna weel be off askin' his wife."

"Ye would enjoy the trip to Glasgow, Tam? It's a fine toon, an' I——"

"Oh, Tam enjoyed the trip to Glesca nae mair nor less than he enjoys onything else," broke in Tom's undaunted mouthpiece. "But, I'm tellin' ye, Tam's wife enjoyed hersel' up to the mark. Ha! ha!! ha!!! My word, Mr Geddes didna make fules o' folk. The procession o' cairrages an' motors there was—motors by the dizzen, ye never saw the like. An' there was muckle need o' them a', for sic a crood as filled the cathedral I never in my life saw—they had to be tied i' the cathedral, no less a place. Miss Geddes lookit shilpit I thoct, an' Mr Nichol's never been muckle to look at, but, mercy me, what her dress must hae cost. White saitten, an' lace an' floo'ers nae end, an' ye should hae seen the length o' the train, Mrs Pollok. It took twae wee callants, dressed in black velvet an' lace collars wi' muckle rosettes on their wee shoon, to haud it up. There were hale six bridesmaids tae, a' dressed alike in pink, wi' bunches o' floo'ers like the brides, the size o' prize colliefloo'ers, an' lang strings o' ivy an' the like hingin' frae them. Ye never saw sic a show, Mrs Pollok, in a' yer born days."

"Lady Lucy's weddin' was much the same sort of show, Mrs Thomson. John an' me got tickets for the chapel from Lord Scott. The mairrage was in the family chapel in the Castle grounds."

"Oh!"—Mrs Thomson was somewhat arrested—"I didna ken ye was there; but a chaippel's no like Glesca Cathedral. It was bein' in a cathedral made the thing sae impressive nae doot."

"No doot," assented Mrs Pollok.

"But it was at the reception that the siller made itsel' seen. There were twae hunder folk, an' ye never kent there was a crood—room efter room thrawn open, an' every yin bigger than another, an' sic a spread. The things we were offered pass a' description, Mrs Pollok, but my, ye could see the siller in them. They say there was fair a dryness atween the bridegroom an' his faither-in-law for a while on account o' Mr Nichol settin' his face against champagne at the weddin'. He's a terrible tee-tee ye ken, Mr Nichol; clean rideec'lous to my way o' thinkin'. But Miss Geddes, it seems, was o' the same mind, so the twae o' them won the day, an' their healths were drucken in tea—an' rale silly it lookit atween me an' you. Auld Geddes has got ower his huff if he ever had ony, for he's never been away frae the Manse. Hardly a week passes that he disna bang up in his motor; he's there the now, a fat, ill-faured lookin' crater, that'll no be a lang liver by the look o' him. Ye never can be sure o' thae red-faced, puffy men that—— Oh my, Mrs Pollok, what a gliff I got. Is that somebody rappin' at the windy? I never hear a rappin' like that without thinkin' o' warnin's. Mercy, if it's no Tam, an' isn't it like him, the muckle gomeril, to come terrifeein' folk in that way. I declare I never sae much as missed him. I thocht he was sittin' at the table yet. What's he sayin', Mrs Pollok—the dowgcairt's roond is't? Weel, in that case there's naething for't but for me to take the road. I canna tell ye hoo muckle I've enjoyed oor crack, though I've no gotten ye tell't mair nor half o' what we saw an' heard in Glesca. Some other day ye maun come ower to tea an' get the rest o't. Get John to drive ye. I've noticed ye're no juist that active at the walkin' as ye yince was." . . .

"Puir Tammas," sighed Mrs Pollok, as she and her husband watched the receding dogcart.

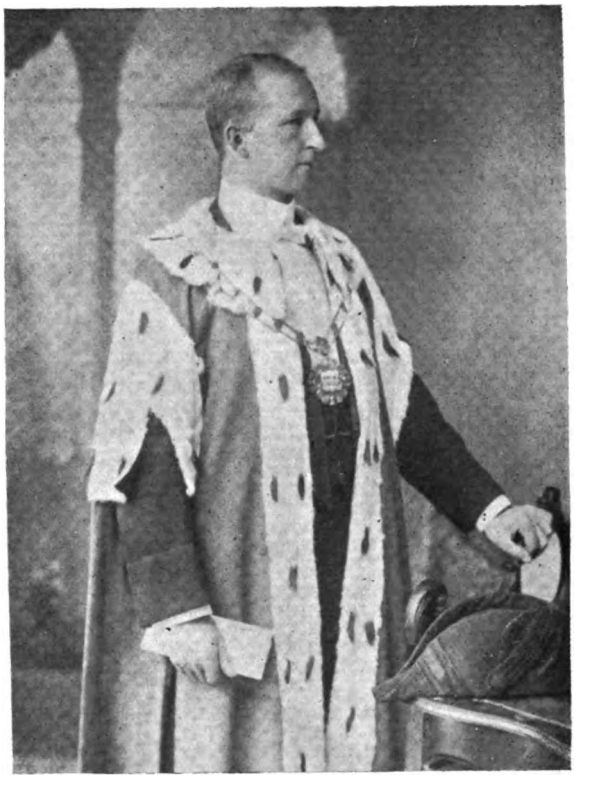
"What did she discoorse on the day?" asked John, who had been busy in a far-away field and only got home in time to shake hands and see his visitors off.

"Her discoorse? Oh, the minister's weddin', Mr Nichol's at Burnhead. There was a lang list of the presents and the ceremony in a' the Border papers last week. He married a dauchter o' Geddes, the glass manufacturer, of Glasgow; nice folk from a' I hear."

"Rich folk as weel, wife, so report says."

"So Mrs Tamson says onywey," Mrs Pollok said, laughing. "And after all her speakin' and boastin', puir woman, the great affair had been nothing by ordinar'. Ye'll read o' the like in the newspapers ony day in the week, for ae fashionable weddin' seems to be as like another as twae plump peas in a pod."

MARGARET FLETCHER.



PROVOST McCORMICK,
NEWTON-STEWART.

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PROVOST McCORMICK, NEWTON-STEWART.

PROVOST McCORMICK is a "persona grata" in Newton-Stewart, quite apart from his honourable position as the civic head of the town. As a good chairman, as a careful lawyer, as an enthusiastic pedestrian who knows the country round Newton-Stewart as few know it, he bulks in the local eye; as an ardent gypsiologist and author of a book, "The Tinkler Gypsies," he is known to a wider public. A man deeply interested in a variety of pursuits and studies, he does not believe in for ever trudging along the dusty high-road of life, but likes to turn aside occasionally into green, less-travelled byways.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the Provost keeps youthful. Although he owns to forty years "he's," as a shrewd Gallovidian put it, "ane o' the cheating kind; he might be onything between twenty and forty." He lays no claim to high degree, but if he is proud of anything it is of a small calf-bound volume which shows that his ancestors occupied the same farm for a period approaching three hundred years and always paid their rent. He prizes that book as the rarest in his fine collection of Galloway books in which he prides himself. Come of such a race of honest tenant farmers, he can afford to smile at the claims of those who boast of a line of aristocratic ancestors. He was educated at the Douglas Academy and the Ewart High School, Newton-Stewart, both far-famed educational institutions. On leaving school, law was the profession selected for him, and he served his apprenticeship in the office of Provost McFadzean. He completed his legal training with Messrs Ronald & Ritchie, S.S.C., Edinburgh, attending in the usual way the law classes in the University, and passing as a solicitor in 1890. While at the University he was a prominent member of the Dumfriesshire and Galloway Football Club, and took part in every match played by the Club during its existence. While giving law and sport their due share of his time, he was happiest, perhaps, when rambling among the Pentland Hills, and, for his years, none was more conversant with the various rights of way across the Pentlands, one of Edinburgh's greatest boons for toilers of all kinds.

In the same year that he was "admitted" an opening presented itself, and he started business in Newton-Stewart. It was thought to be a venture for a young solicitor to commence in a town already well supplied with lawyers, but such fears on his behalf soon proved groundless. With his foot on his nat-

ive heath, Mr McCormick has built up an extensive practice, and has earned a fine reputation as a careful, sound adviser. He does not often appear in Court, preferring to develop the private branches of his business. With reference to professional fees, when twitted at a meeting about the proverbial heavy charges made by lawyers, he told this story to show that the quality of moderation, unlike mercy, may become strained on occasion. A man came to him in a great state about some money he had loaned, the only security being a bundle of titles, but no bond to connect him with it. Mr McCormick gave him what comfort he could, and finally said that he would write the borrower to sign a bond, whereupon the lender said, "Aye, juist dae that, and here's a penny to pey the stamp!"

Mr McCormick was formerly for nine years a Councillor of the Burgh of Newton-Stewart, and he has served on the Parish and County Councils. His various elections were never half-hearted affairs; he was put in in a style that evinced his popularity. For some years he had retired from public life, but recently he was unanimously approached by Newton-Stewart Town Council and invited to become a member with a view to taking up the Provostship. He has now been Provost for some eighteen months, during which time the multifarious calls made on his business and leisure hours prove that his constituents like to show that the Provostship is no barren honour, and the Provost genially identifies himself with every cause tending to promote the welfare of the burgh.

Mr McCormick, in accepting the Provostship, confessed that he never could have been tempted to leave Edinburgh, which he considers the loveliest city in the world, but for the fact that he knew the hills and glens of his native Galloway were grander still than those around Edinburgh. It is in truth a glorious countryside that never stales. The Provost knows it all—the wild grandeur of its hills, and the verdant loveliness of its glens. At Glenhead, far up the Glen o' Trool, made famous by Crockett, he is a frequent visitor, and probably knows these hills second best only to the hardy fellows who herd them. From his youth up he has been a devotee to the gentle art of Isaak Walton. The charm and true sport in fishing, he holds, lies in the pursuit amidst grand surroundings of shy fish with delicate tackle and lures, and not in the mere "catching" of fish—and, apropos of that view, the gude folks o' Glenhead say that once or twice every year for several years past the Provost hies him to ply all sorts of delicate lures in a lonely tarn at the top of a steep mountain 1800 feet high, to tempt a four-pounder which he avows—Johnnie, the herd, assenting!—he once saw coming up and smelling at his fly. But where that lonely tarn is, they say, he keeps to himself, lest a melancholy procession of fishermen should start, grimly intending to forestall him in making the iron enter the soul of that phantom denizen of the deep!

The leisure time in the hiatus of his public life that has been alluded to was principally filled up with literary work. A glance round a man's study generally reveals the trend of his mind, if he is at all a man of decided tastes. You are not long in the Provost's sanctum before you realise that his tastes lie a good deal out of the beaten path. Here is a bookcase filled with Gypsy books, another with books relating to his native province of Galloway, and one with general literature, even these last being not of the conventional run. Law books peep over the tops of the Gypsy photographs framed in the doors of his bookcases, and Gypsy engravings adorn the walls of this most unlegal-like room. Gypsies and the open air are the twin-passions of the Provost's life. Knowing as much as he did about the race, it is no wonder that he eventually entered the fields of Gypsy literature. The series of articles in the "Gallovidian," which took book form the year before last as the "Tinkler Gypsies of Galloway," demanded enormous labour, for he had to deal with a literary by-path which no one had trodden before him. When lecturing on "The Gypsies" he advises people not to be afraid of Gypsies, because, he says, if you do get a slap in the face nowadays from a Gypsy it is a metaphorical one, and takes special delight in telling how the Gypsies themselves helped him to overcome discouragement in his Gypsy studies. As his penchant for Gypsies developed he found that his own sisters tried to discourage his Gypsy leanings. At length a Gypsy was one day in a shop when one of the Provost's sisters came in. When she went out the Gypsy asked—"Whae's she that na?" "That's your friend, Mr McCormick's sister," said the shopkeeper. "De.. me, she's far mair ladylike than he is o' a gentleman," he exclaimed. The remark, being brought to her ears by the Provost himself, helped a good deal to dispel his sister's prejudices against Gypsies. When the Provost sees the smoke of a Gypsy encampment, that same instant, like most Gypsiologists, he feels an irresistible impulse to be off and

among them, chatting with ancient grannies and extracting some new words of "cant" from them, taking tea with the family, quite heedless of the stares of the passing "Gorgios" (house-dwellers), and ever adding something to his knowledge of the "affairs of Egypt." He has sought the Gypsies far and wide, and they never fail to repay his visit! He says that in Galloway the uninitiated would imagine that the race was well-nigh extinct, but he knows that the contrary is the case, and he has sometimes wondered, he says, if there are any other people besides Tinkler-Gypsies in Galloway! No wonder that his book, written from intimate knowledge and with a real love of the subject, has met such a hearty reception. The newspaper reviews were splendid, but Mr McCormick is not uplifted by them. He takes his honours modestly, and says the greatest compliment he ever received was from a servant girl in a farm-house, near Newton-Stewart, where he had been visiting. The Provost, on hearing about this girl's remarkable memory and love of reading, lent her a copy of the "Tinkler Gypsies." When it arrived she came in to her mistress with her sleeves rolled up to the armpits, and, holding the book up, she said, "Will Mr McCormick's book tak' ony harm frae they?" She had been scrubbing her arms to avoid soiling the book! On returning the book to the Provost she enclosed a note saying she had enjoyed it immensely and "had committed the greater part of it to memory." Few authors, we think, could boast of such a compliment. It is perhaps unique. Mr McCormick has written many articles outside his special sphere, which have appeared in the "Gallovidian" magazine or in the "Galloway Gazette." The titles of some of these are quite sufficient to indicate the bent of his mind—"Portpatrick: Some Holiday Reminiscences," "The Glenhead Clipping," "A Day in Mountain Mist," recall holidays at the sea or in the lofty solitudes of the Southern Highlands. "Otter hunting in Galloway" explains itself, and "A Galloway Feet-washing" describes the perpetuation of an ancient custom which was inflicted upon a prospective bridegroom a few years ago. "The Witchery of Time and Place" is written in a more discursive strain, and in it, perhaps, the author reveals himself more than in any of his other productions. It describes a walk from Newton-Stewart to Queen Mary's Brig, a distance of barely two miles. The richly-coloured descriptions, the subtle impression it gives of the rest and calm of a sweet summer evening, makes us feel that here is one who is an artist in words, and from the quiet, full delight in the beauty of it all, and the touches that show the keen and observant nature-lover, we know that wherever he rambles he reaps the "harvest of a quiet eye." "The Tramp Doctor" is a contribution full of pathos to the "shoft and simple annals of the poor." Mr McCormick does not write frequently, and invariably writes upon congenial subjects. His "Appreciation of George Borrow and Memorandum of his Tour through Galloway" must have proved a highly congenial task for him. That brief article gave him some months of steady reading, as he prepared himself for the writing of it by getting up early in summer mornings and reading the whole of George Borrow's works over again. Needless to say, he is a devotee of Borrow, and regrets he did not do for Galloway what he did for the Principality in "Wild Wales." Mr McCormick has also been at much pains and trouble to take down from the lips of his friends the tinklers a number of their interesting and very valuable Gypsy folk tales and to have same recorded. "Aaron Gow, the Gypsy Blacksmith," his most recent contribution, is a weird, haunting, tragic story woven around two brief traditions, about a ghost and a headless woman, recorded in his "Tinkler Gypsies." All his articles attracted much notice in whatever periodical they appeared, although the majority of them were anonymous.

On a certain public occasion Mr McCormick heard himself depicted in what he considered over-flattering terms, whereupon he told his audience the following story:—A servant girl on a farm who had left her place consulted him and wanted him to recover damages for illegal dismissal. He told her she had no claim, and advised her to get back into service again as quietly as she could. Not satisfied, she went to a second lawyer, who gave her the same advice. Still she would not be deterred, and eventually a third lawyer took her case into Court. In cross-examination the farmer's lawyer elicited the fact that she had sworn at her employer, and he had in reply sent her to the devil. "And what did you do?" "I went to Mr McCormick!" When telling this anecdote the Provost averred that his character must be somewhere betwixt and between the bright colours of flattery and the extreme blackness the servant girl's answer unintentionally pointed to. At what particular point it is not our business to determine here, but we believe a plebiscite of his acquaintances would place him rather nearer the former than the latter. Kindliness and geniality enter

largely into his composition, as all know who have partaken of his hospitality, and know his frank, hearty manners. For "the fient a pride, nae pride has he."

H. G. McCREATH.

NAN GORDON.

A FOLK-TALE DICTATED BY A GALLOWAY TINKLER-GYPSY WOMAN TO PROVOST ANDREW M'CORMICK, OF NEWTON STEWART, WHICH HINTS HOW THE GYPSIES COME TO HAVE BEEN CONNECTED WITH SOME OF THE NOBILITY OF SCOTLAND.*

THERE was an old man John Gordon and his wife travelled the country; he made tin dishes and baskets all his days. The old man and the wife, Nancy, never had any family. They lived a long considerable time, longer than you'll tell me or I'll tell you,—real aul' Scotch travellers. They had come for years and years on to a gentleman's estate, and always got leave to come. They came this year as usual, sets their tent down, and it came that night a very, very stormy wet night. John rises in the morning for to look where his horse is and to gather a wee pickle sticks to boil the aul' wife's kettle. John looks a considerable period of time for his old horse, and is going along the water of Tweed when he sees something floating down. John gets a long stick with a "cloop" on it like my ain staff. John looks and sees something floating—floating. "Dear me, what is that?" He gets his long cloopy stick and pulls a cradle in. He opens it and sees a bonnie wee baby rolled up in blankets, shawls, and dress, and in the baby's bosom was a letter, and in the letter is written: "They that find the baby shall never want. Here's fifty pounds; whenever this is done there's plenty more." He fetches the cradle up in his arms to the camp mouth where the auld wife lies—

"O Nancy, Nancy, are ye sleepin' or waken? I have brought ye a handsome present."

"What hae ye got me, John? Is there anything wrong?"

"Throw the camp mouth up, Nancy, till I show ye."

She throws the camp mouth up. "In the name o' guid (? God), John, what hae ye got me this morning? Ye aye get me something. Is't a gude trout or a salmon?"

"Na, na, it's naething o' the kin'. God sent us never wee bodies. Here's a bonnie wee body to yersel'."

"Hoo did ye get that, or whaur did it come frae?"

"Nancy, the cradle was floating down, and, auld wife, I got it for you, and God sent it to you. Ye're my wife for numbers of years, and God never was merciful to send us a family, and God has sent us this for a comfort" (sic).

"Weel, John?"

"Nancy, can ye tell me whether it is a boy or a girl?"

"Hoots, John, it's a braw wee lassie, a braw wee Miss."

"Weel, then, Nancy, since it's a wee lassie, how will we get it bapteezed?"

"O John, send for a minister; we'll have it bapteezed where the Lord sent it."

Well, then, they got the lassie baptized, and called it "Nan Gordon," after her andapted (sic) mother. Nancy rears her wee lassie until we have her toddlin' and rinnin' aboot a prosperous girl—her father's always teaching her night and morning for a scholar. They move back and forward further than you'll tell me or I'll tell you until they come back to where the girl was found, but this girl never knew she was found in the water. She knew no more than that they were her father and mother. They rise in the morning. Her father sits down and is hammering away at tins. Miss Nan sits down alongside of her father making baskets. The old mother, she's standing a wee bitty distant from them, and a box on the ground, and a tray on the top of it, and she's baking scones. Nan is singing one of the most beautiful songs that ever you could hear tell of a lady opening her lips to sing.

Then the Duke's only son is coming up with his gun in his hand. He hears this young lady's voice singing this song so beautiful. There's a wee hill between where they were camping and the gentleman, and he "cooers" doon to hear this beautiful song. He creeps along till he comes to the top of the hill—the father and daughter sitting with their backs to the hill—the one making tins and the young lady making baskets.

The young nobleman comes close up behind the lady's back. The old woman is standing baking scones, and a frying-pan hangs on the *cheetics* (tripods).

The lady sings away. None of them saw the young nobleman. When she finished her song the lady cried out, "Mother, will it be long till I get my breakfast?"

The nobleman could not "keep in" any longer.

*The story of "Nan Gordon" is not directly referable to any known type. Miss C. S. Burne and Mr Sidney Hartland (author of "The Science of Fairy Tales"), who very kindly examined the proof, report that certain episodes have a decidedly "folk-tale" flavour. For example, the hero's recognition by his handiwork—"every one will remember the pepper in the cream tarts of the 'Arabian Nights'"—and his being pitched overboard by the sea-captain who desires his wife, a not uncommon motif among maritime nations. "Wherever it comes from," writes Miss Burne, "the tale has certainly been much corrupted; or rather, perhaps, incidents have been forgotten. The parentage of the heroine is never discovered, and she does not even find out that she is not the gypsies' child—the story would be unaffected if she were. Then the hero is never reconciled to his parents, which seems needful for a proper denouement, and the childless basket-making couple are duplicated rather stupidly." She and Mr Hartland agree in the opinion that the tale has the appearance of a prose version of a ballad, or a ballad and an old folk-tale combined. But Mr William Macmath writes that there is no ballad in his remembrance which has the incidents of "Nan Gordon," and it is not to be found in Professor F. J. Child's "English and Scottish Popular Ballads."

Perhaps members of the G. L. S., by collecting variants of this tale, may be able to restore to their places the incidents which are wanting, or assist in tracing the story to its origin.

He knew she was a lady, but did not know she was found in the water.

"Well," he says to the tinkler, "Mr Gordon, you have got into papa's ground again."

"I beg pardon, nobleman, I have got back again."

"Please, Miss Gordon, I was listening on the back of the hill. Would you be kind enough to sing me that beautiful song you were just singing? I was at your back and did not get the full benefit of it."

"Oh, well, gentleman, I beg pardon. I am not very good at it——"

"Now, Miss Gordon, you must sing that song to me."

She looks at her father, then at her mother. The father says she must sing the nobleman the song. Then she says, "Ma, will I do it?" "Yes, daughter," the mother replies.

She starts and sings the song, and the young man sits down on the grass beside them.

"Thank you kindly, Miss Gordon, for your beautiful song and your beautiful voice." He says to old John Gordon, "Sir, I would like very well if you could teach me to make tins and your daughter could teach me to make a basket."

"O sir," says old John, a real old Scotchman, "a nobleman's son, ye wouldna dae to sit ootbye and make baskets at a tent mooth."

"Yes, sir, I would go with you all my life. I see your daughter, Mr Gordon. I adore her as I adore my life. I love your daughter. You have got a good turn-out, a respectable horse and cart, but your daughter is to be my wife, and I will make them far better."

"Nae, sir, you, a nobleman's son, to marry my poor girl, a tinkler's daughter!"

"Well, then, Mr Gordon, do you know what I am going to do? I am going to make you lift your tent to-morrow, and you will go to the town of Hawick with your wife and my lovely intended wife. You will take the greatest inn in it, and get stabling and outfits for tents and everything. When I come I will let you see what you will do. I will be with my intended father-in-law to-morrow."

Here, then, to-morrow the nobleman's son comes riding on a horse to the inn—knocks at the door.

"Are there a class of people here called travelling tinklers?"

"Yes, noble gentleman, they are here."

"Put my horse up, and put me into the room beside my father and mother and wife."

He is shown in, and soon explains that he is to be married to-morrow, and asks his father-in-law to buy him "a suit of clothes like yours, tinkler's clothes, corded trousers, plush waistcoat, red cravat, hairy bonnet, and strong whip."

They get married, purchase a tent, a horse and cart, and all "unitensils (sic) connected till a tinkler." He asks his father to buy him an "iron study, all kinds of tinkler's tools, raisin' hammer, crazin' hammer, layin'-doon hammers, natchin' hammers, sootherin' iron, shears, mallets, and scutcher (for flegging the tin), compass, nail tools, pliers, punches, chisel, elsins, draw wears (for makin' lips for dishes), and hatchet stake for seamin', and ratchet stick."

They return to where they first met—the place where the lady was found—and camp there. There is a wee baby about eighteen months old tumbling and playing on the grass. They are making baskets, and the old woman is making some dinner when the old man John looks up and sees some *barra hantle* (well-to-do people) coming.

"There are your father and mother," he says, and the young man pulls his bonnet down to hide himself as he sits at work. The couple express pleasure at seeing them back to the camp, and say how much they require their help, as the cook's dishes and gardener's baskets need mending, and ask the old man to send some one up for them in the morning. The lady sees the baby playing on the ground, but was not aware it was her grandchild.

"Whose baby is this, Mrs Gordon?"

"It's my daughter's; she has been married."

"And is this her baby?"

"Yes, my lady, thankful to say."

"And your daughter sits and works with her baby lying on the ground?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Well, then, is this your son-in-law? Could he not come up in the morning and bring the things down?"

"Yes, my lady."

He gets off in the morning to his mother's castle, and draws up his cart at the kitchen door. He is asked in till the cook gathers up her dishes and the gardener comes with his baskets, and sits down at the end of the familiar big table where he used to get his meals. He looks around, "and his heart begins to warm to the auld hoose."

There was a mark, a mole like a blaeberry, on his face, and the cook passing back and forward notices what she thinks a fly on his face, and says, "I beg pardon, there's a fly going to hurt you." She rubbed his jaw with her finger, and confirmed him to be the nobleman's son.

She gives a great scream, and goes to the nobleman and says: "Sir, I have been with you for over twenty years, and never took any money off you except my meat and clothes. I will give all the rest of my wages if that is not your son."

"Oh," says the nobleman, "I will shoot you for comparing my son to a tinkler."

"I will let you keep my wages, and cut my head off, if that is not your son."

Down they go into the kitchen. "Get up, young man," says the cook; "the gentleman is going to give you something for your wife. You are a married man?"

"Yes," he says, "beg pardon and thankful."

Down came the mother in despair and looks long at her son. She knows the only mark on her son. She feels the feelings and knows it is her son. "Oh, have mercy, that's my son." The father took hold of him, saying, "O, my son, my son, have you come to be a tinkler?"

"Well," he says, "father, I would not give my life for your castle and all that it were worth and all you would leave me. Come, mother, and you will see my wife, and she can show you as many pounds as perhaps you can. I would not give up my travelling life for all the world. I wish my father-in-law and mother-in-law well, but I would not give up my wife and my baby for all the world."

His father said, "Well, son, I will give you any amount of money; I will put you into any of the great inns in (?) Duns,† if you would not disgrace me by going about the country as a tinkler."

† Duns is an inland town,

"Well," he says, "I will do so."

The father sends them off. They take a great inn, and have two servants, a coachman, and a stableman.

Mrs Gordon by this time has two babies, a daughter and a son. They had been in the inn for a long time, when one day a large vessel with twenty-one of a crew came in. The captain gave his men a night on shore, and they came up to this inn. The captain looked at the mistress of the inn, "says nothing, but takes a great heart love" to the decent married woman, but she didn't know. The men stayed a while, and spent a good deal of money in it. Before leaving, the captain said they were leaving port soon, and asked him (the innkeeper) to come down with his wife and children. He also said they had been good to his men, and that if they came on board to have tea he would give them some of his cookery. The innkeeper said he would be pleased to do so, and would speak to his wife about it.

They go down to the boat and are taken to the cabin. They had a good repast, and after spending some time they set about coming home. The innkeeper takes his wife on to the top of the boat.

"What airt," says the captain, "does the wind blow?"

"It blows south."

"Well, then, will you hang on the helm by the neck like a dog, or will you walk a plank into the sea?"

His wife said, "Oh, no, we'll have mercy. We'll loose the small boat from the big boat, and fill it with clean victuals, water, and a bed, and give him a chance for his life." They put him into this wee boat. He made the captain promise that he would keep his wife for one year and one day without asking to kiss her, or anything else concerning her.

His wife is in this boat with the captain, and sails further than I'll tell you or you'll tell me, till they reach their destination.

The gentleman floats about here and there until his food is done, and he lays himself down in the boat to let it take him where it will. He is awakened by the boat touching land, and gets up to look around him. There is nothing to see but woods. He has to lie out at night, and lives on figs, lemons, and oranges. His clothes are all torn. He wakens up one morning and determines to make away with himself, but sees a little bit off an old man cutting green wands. He went down to him. The old man was surprised, and asked him where he had come from. The gentleman told him he had been shipwrecked, and the old man then offered to take him down to his old wife at the hut.

They were sitting making baskets, the young man looking on, and afterwards they set off to gather more wands. The young man gathered fine wands, which the old man said would never make good baskets. So the young man sets to, and "slypes" off the bark and made two baskets. The old man when he saw them was delighted with them, and said his wife would get good pay for such good work. The old woman was very thankful that such "a useful boy had been sent to them."

One day while selling baskets a lady came to the door of a house, and noticing the workmanship of a certain basket, asked who made it. "Oh," said the old woman, "a gentleman who has come to my hut who was wrecked."

"Well," said the lady, "ask him to make me another basket like this and to come with it himself." She had recognised the workmanship as that of her husband.

So on getting back to the camp the old woman told the young gentleman that a lady wanted another basket made, and to call with it himself. He made another basket and called at the door of the house. It was not convenient for the servant, so his own wife opens the door. "Fine morning, mam," not thinking about his wife.

She takes him upstairs, and flings down the basket, saying, "It is not the basket I want, it is you. Do you know that I am Nan Gordon, the mother of your weans, your married wife?"

"Oh dear, oh dear, God has spared me, my lady, to meet you once more."

"My loving husband, I am glad to see you. Now I will tell you what I am going to do. There is a ship going to be sold, and this captain that is going to marry me will bid any sum, but whatever he bids, you bid more. You will go and get yourself dressed. There is a gold watch and chain. You will take me home with you yet."

The young man purchases the boat, and asks the captain to come down with his wife and have some wine before sailing. He thanked the young man, and said he would do so. They come and have their tea. He tells the seamen to put out the sail, and they are far away when the captain wishes to go home.

"Oh," says the nobleman, "what airt does the wind blow?"

"I suppose from the south. Come to the deck."

They step up to the deck. "Now," says the nobleman, "the wind blows any way. You would not spare my life, but my wife saved my life by begging a boat. You won't get leave to hang by the helm, but you will walk the plank into the sea now."

Long and far, and far and longer than you can tell me, and then they come to Duns quay. "Oh," says the wife, "our wee boy and lassie! We'll go up to the inn and ask for wine, and to see the master and mistress, and ask if our weans are alive or dead." They went up to the inn and got rooms, and asked the waiters to ask the master and mistress to come and have a glass of wine with them.

"We have no master or mistress here," said the waiter. "About eighteen months ago there were some foreign sailors who decoyed my master and mistress away, but their wee boy and girl are at school."

"Oh," said the gentleman, "how did you manage without a master or mistress?"

The woman could "thole" no longer, but asked for the weans. She runs to catch the one and the father the other.

[The foregoing interesting prose ballad is reproduced by the kind permission of The Gypsy Lore Society, 6 Hope Street, Liverpool. The hon. secretary, Mr Robert Andrew Scott Macfie, M.A., B.Sc., will be pleased to communicate particulars of the Society's work to any of our readers.—Ed. "B. M."]

Here's a maiden fain would marry.
Shall she marry, ay or not?
If she marry, what's her lot?
"The Pirate."

"REVERIE."

(A Memory of Peebles.)

To a Gutterbluid leaving for New York.

I.

When you've said your last "Good-bye,"
And have waved a fond farewell
To the little patch of brown land receding on the lea,
When on the deck you're lying,
While the stars are slowly dying,
And the lone sea-birds are crying,
You will know a blessed solace in the spell of "Reverie."

II.

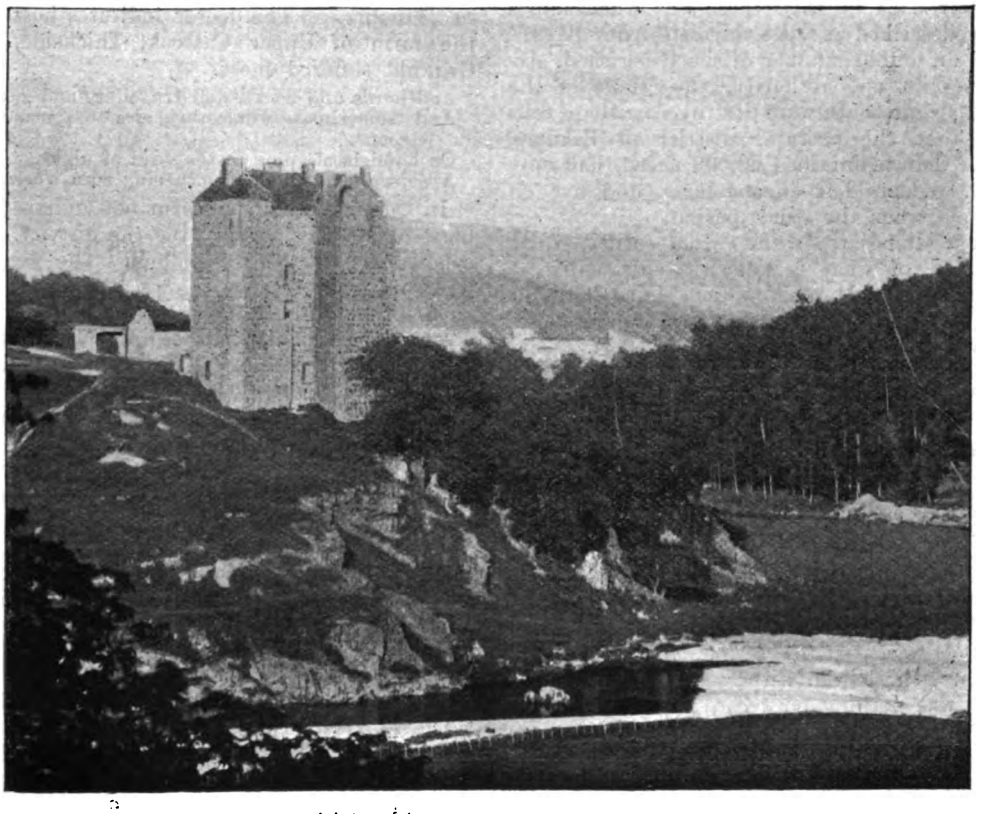
It will take you back in sorrow,
It will lead you forth with joy
To some gipsy-haunted valley or lone sequestered mead,
"Reverie" will set you thinking
On old mem'ries deeply drinking,
Till you hear in fancy tinkling
The peaceful Sabbath bells or the roll and gentle murmur of the Tweed.

III.

Ah! the song of that sweet singer
Will charm you while you linger
'Mid the rush and roar of city it will thrill you to the core,
Down by Neidpath it steals sighing,
Till its echoes faintly dying
In the exile's heart are lying,
While the blissful dreams of "Reverie" unfold the scenes of yore.

IV.

Round the camp-fire in the gloaming,
Or o'er the Rockies roaming,
You can hum a Yankee love-song to keep your heart in tune,
But in tones your soul enthralling
You will hear "The Borders" calling,
And though silent tears are falling,
"Reverie's" kind faces hail you frae the dear Auld Burgh Toon.



NEIDPATH CASTLE.

V.

"Reverie" will thus remind you,
And in kindly fetters bind you
To the little patch of brown land dim and distant on the lee;
In all the world there's no strand
Like the hallowed ground of "Homeland,"
In dreams you'll see Auld Scotland
When the mystic veil enwraps you at the shrine of "Reverie."

"Homespun."

STORMS IN ESKDALEMUIR.

"'Tis done, dread winter spreads his latest gloom,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year."

THE uplands of Eskdale, said to be inhabited principally by sheep, have often experienced storms of extreme severity, storms when—

"O'er hill and dale heap'd into one expanse
Of marble snow, as far as eye could sweep,
With blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd."

Away back in 1620 there was what James Hogg described as "the thirteen drifty days," when an untold number of sheep perished. According to one authority, the whole of the flocks in the south were destroyed. Hogg tells how that the pastural district of Eskdale, which then maintained 20,000 sheep, had only forty wedders left on one farm, and five on another, when the storm passed.

At a later date, in the seventeenth century, we read of what is known traditionally as "the blast of March," which lasted only for one forenoon, but is calculated to have destroyed upwards of a thousand score of sheep.

The singular feature about this storm was that it came without warning. The previous day, Sabbath, was delightful and warm. The lassies on their way from church doffered their foot-wear, whilst the lads slung their coats and plaids over their shoulders, as if summer had come, when

"Turning Spring
Averts her blushing face, and earth and skies
All smiling to his hot dominion beams."

What is widely known as the "Gonial blast" was perhaps Eskdalemuir's severest storm. Those who witnessed it declared that there was nothing on record save the flood to compare with it, and there certainly has been nothing like it since. The Ettrick Shepherd, who was out in it, and had a terrible struggle for his life, says that of all the storms Scotland ever experienced none of them could compare with this storm, which occurred on the 25th of January, 1794.

The Rev. Dr William Brown, minister of the parish for forty years, gives an interesting account of the "Gonial blast," which destroyed over four thousand sheep, not to speak of cattle. Between Crawfordmuir and the Border some seventeen shepherds perished.

"The harvest and latter month of 1793," says Dr Brown, "were highly favourable for stock till 25th January, 1794. The snow began on evening of 23rd, covering 4 inches. On 24th had every appearance of a thaw, wind S.W. and rained heavily till between one and two in the morning (25th), filling sykes with wet glush. At 4 a.m. calm and starry, but in half-an-hour the wind changed to N.N.E., then snow and drift about five—then hard frost. Sheep in sykes frozen in and many struck dead on dry ground. About 8 a.m. storm slaked till 3 p.m., when it re-commenced with equal severity. 26th was clear and frosty, and continued so till Wednesday about one. On Thursday clear and frosty. On Friday the thaw came and cleared off the snow in 24 hours." The doctor indicates how that the farm of Upper Cassock, Thickside, and Gaswald suffered most.

"And herds and flocks, and travellers and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd."

In October, 1859, a storm not unlike "the blast of March" swept over the district. The conditions were very similar. The weather was so fine that sheep were scattered far and wide, even to the hill-tops.

There is a belief that storms need not be feared when sheep are feeding on the height. This old weather-guide was of no use on this occasion. The sheep, generally quick at scenting even sudden changes, seemed to get no hint as to the approach of this particular storm. If they had they would of their own accord have come down to the lower ground.

The storm arose in the early morning and lasted till midnight. It was accompanied by a violent wind. The snow drifted terribly, and great hollows were

"Smother'd up with snow, and land became unknown."

Sheep were buried in great numbers. Shepherds in trying to save them narrowly perished. One writer tells how that their plaids were frozen and unbending. In the lower grounds there was comparatively no damage. Other districts suffered even more than Eskdalemuir.

In the early eighties a terrific storm of wind passed over the whole of Eskdale, the effects of which are seen to this day. Whole plantations were laid low, and the aspect of beautiful tracts of land changed. Roadways were blocked and a vast amount of damage done.

"In one wild moment ruin'd, the big hopes,
And well-earned treasures of many a year."

The storm of the 12th and 13th of November, 1901, is still fresh in the memory of many. Rain fell heavily, then came sleet, followed by snow, accompanied by fitful gusts of wind. A writer tells how that "It was very disastrous

above the 1400 ft. line, and with the strength of the wind and the density of the drift the shepherds strove in vain to bring their sheep lower down. When they did happen to come on a few they lost sight of them next minute. Below the 1400 ft. line there was little or no damage, and at the 700 ft. line the snow was scarcely an inch deep."

A shepherd in a neighbouring district, speaking of his experience, says:—"I never was out on the high ground in such a dreadful storm. There was a strong wind from the north-east threatening to blow me off my feet, and the snow was drifting into every hole and corner, the drifts being sometimes from 12 to 14 feet deep. I left home between nine and ten o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, 12th November, to go round my sheep on the east side of the farm. I trudged about all day, and did not get home till long after dark, and I never got to the 'burne en'.' I turned all the sheep I could down to the low ground, but latterly I was sadly hampered by the loss of my dog."

Some think that no storm has occurred since 1620 to compare with the above. Like some of its predecessors, it was unexpected. This feature largely accounted for the great loss. Some of the drifts were a great depth, and days after shepherds were engaged digging sheep out of the snow. Most of them were little the worse for their premature burial.

Men who were out on the wilds as the storm raged with unabated fury have still a vivid recollection of their experiences. None have any desire to undergo the same. One such storm is enough in a life-time.

"The storms of wintry time will quickly pass."

G. M. R.

JAMES BLAIKIE, CRAIGSFORD, EARLSTON.

When publishing the article on the above subject in our last issue, we stated that the author was unknown to the contributor who kindly sent us the copy. We felt sure we had seen it before, but could not recall the name of the publication in which it appeared. We are now pleased to be able to state that the interesting sketch was written about forty years ago by the late Mr James Wood, Woodburn, Galashiels, who, after it had appeared in the "Border Treasury," had the article reprinted in leaflet form, without, however, adhibiting his signature to it. From one of the leaflets referred to we reprinted the article, and we have much pleasure in making this acknowledgment.—Editor "B. M."

IF I WERE OLD.

If I were old, a broken man and blind,
And one should lead me to mid-Eildon's crest,
And leave me there a little time to rest
Sharing the hill-top with the Border wind,
The whispering heather and the curlew's cry,
I know the blind dark could not be so deep,
So cruel and so clinging but that I
Should see the sunlit curve of Cheviot's steep
Rise blue and friendly on the distant sky!
There is no darkness—God! there cannot be!—
So heavy as to curtain from my sight
The beauty of those Border fields that lie
Far south before me, and a love-found light
Would shine upon the slow Tweed loitering by
With gift of song and silver to the sea!—
No dark can ever hide this dear loved land from me.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

Referring to the death of the late Mr Richard Waugh (a member of an old Jedburgh family), Winnipeg, "Town Topics" says:—"A familiar and rugged figure has passed from the life of the city to that life beyond—Mr Richard Waugh. To the great world of the Canadian west, and indeed all over the American continent, and in Scotland, he was known as an able writer on agricultural topics, and in that line especialy he will be greatly missed. Like so many of his countrymen 'North o' the Tweed,' he had a gift of verse-writing. One of them, 'My Mither's Psalm,' lies before me as I write:—

'Left early a mitherless lamb
To the heavenly Shepherd's care,
He cuddled me into His warm plaid-neuk,
And I couthily nestled there.
His rod and staff my comfort
A' through my wilderness path,
Whiles up in a bonnie green-gaired hillside,
Whiles doun in the shadow o' death.'

Other poems were 'Christmas,' 'We're Growing Auld Thegither,' and 'The Sigh of the Emigrant.' And in addition there were prose sketches from his pen of old Border doings that were almost as poetic in their imagery as verse. Richard Waugh led a long, useful life, and his passing was almost ideal for one who had loved work and movement and the fresh air of heaven as he had done. Overcome with a sudden attack of faintness on his way to revise an article on a favourite topic, less than a week of weakness and illness and then a sudden and painless passing to the 'Great Beyond.' All who knew him intimately can not help feeling that it was as he would have wished it to be. Sympathy seems futile in the face of what all must feel it but a triumphant passing from one scene of activity to another."

I know every one of them . . . Had my purse continued filled, there they would have still remained. But the butterflies went off as the weather became cold.—"Count Robert of Paris."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *Chambers Institute, Peebles.*

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1908.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

By an unfortunate overlook it was omitted to mention last month that the sketch of the career of the late Provost Glover, Dumfries, was obtained by the courtesy of the management of the "*Courier and Herald*," Dumfries, who also very kindly placed at our disposal the photo block which we issued as a supplement.—Ed. *B. M.*

THE BORDER KEEP.

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

We are so much accustomed to speak of "Jethart Justice" that it comes as a surprise to find such a method of dealing out equity (?), but we have Desmond B. O'Brien thus writing in "Truth":

A nickname is like a cap: if it fits, it sticks; if it is too gross, it falls off. The Calender lent his hat and wig to John Gilpin with the assurance

> My head is twice as big as yours,
> They therefore needs must fit,"

with the inevitable result

> He lost them sooner than the first at first,
> For why?—they were too big!

If the nickname "Skellum," then, has stuck to "The King's General in the West," Sir Richard Granville, it must be presumed that he deserved it. What is a skellum? It is derived from the German "schelme," which means a scoundrel. "She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum," said Burns of Tam o' Shanter's Kate, while Rider Haggard in "Jess" says the word is still in use among the Boers, meaning "a vicious beast." It has stuck, and I think justly stuck, to Sir Richard as his nickname. He had, however, one conspicuous virtue: loyalty to his King. There is an old Cornish saying, "A Godolphin was never known to want wit, a Trelawny courage, or a Granville loyalty"; and this was at least true of Sir Richard as of any other of his name. For the rest, he was "a skellum," quarrelsome, treacherous, and ferocious. In Ireland he distinguished himself by his savagery, and learned in that school the ferocity he showed in England. As Gardiner, in his "History of the Great Civil War," says, "this selfish and unprincipled man had gone through the evil schooling of the Irish War." On his return from Ireland he repaired to London, and claimed as a servant of the Parliament the rewards and arrears due to him. He was not only paid them in full, but had a vote of thanks passed to him for his great services, and was given a commission of Major-General of the Parliamentary forces, with power to name his own officers. He was even admitted into the councils of the Parliamentary Generals, and learned from Sir William Waller all his designs, including that of the surprise of Basing House. Having thus got all he could out of the Parliament, including a large sum of money, Sir Richard went straight to Oxford, presented himself to the King with a well-equipped troop, with the secret of the plan of campaign for the coming season, and particularly with the news of Lord Charles Paulet's intended treachery to surrender to the Parliament Basing House, the seat of his brother, the Marquis of Winchester. As King's General in the West he treated the Parliamentarians as though they were mere Irish, strung them up without a trial and without mercy, with a fer-

ocity which even in those days was appalling. The well-known verses on Lydford Law, which are supposed to have been inspired by the savagery of Judge Jeffreys, were written forty years before the date of that judge's atrocities, and really referred to Sir Richard's tender mercies:—

I oft have heard of Lydford law;
How in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after;
At first I wondered at it much,
But since I find the matter such
As it deserves no laughter.

Sir Richard even took advantage of his position as the King's General in the West to hang without any form of trial an attorney who had been professionally employed in a suit against him instituted by his wife.

* * * *

Some time ago I was privileged to get a glimpse of the Burgh records of the ancient and Royal Burgh of Rutherglen, which was an important place when Glasgow was but a collection of wattled huts. From what I then saw I became aware that there was stored up in the archives of the old town a wealth of historical and antiquarian lore. Ruglen, as it was often called, was not unconnected with the Borderland, and many of our antiquarians will be pleased to learn that there is a prospect of some of the records being reproduced by Mr Geo. Gray, jr., J.P., Town Clerk of Rutherglen. As an example of these valuable documents, Mr Gray quotes the Town Council's Standing Orders, which prove that the men who governed Rutherglen in the seventeenth century had little to learn from some of our present-day Town Councils:—

RUTHERGLEN, 26 Octor. 1652.

Johne Scott provest, Andrew Scott Rot. Spens baillies, Andrew Pinkartoun, Thomas Wilkie, Walter Riddell, Jon. Scott, yor., Jon. Wilsone, George Wyllie, Jon. Schaw, Andrew Harvie, and Williame Ker counsellrs.

Orders sett doun by the Provest, baillies and Counsall anent the ordering of the Counsel hows thair Meiting weiklie and thair civill cariage &c.

* * * *

1. It is ordaneit that ane large table be provydit and Sett in the Counselhows with convenient Seats for the Provest Baillies and Counsall's sitting yrat in a civill and decent maner and ordanes ane caise to be provydit to the Window, and the officers to make on ane fyre at their Meitings in the Winter Seasone and the Thesr. to cause provyde coilles for yt effect.

* * *

2. Item, it is ordaned that the Provest, baillies and Counsall shall conveene and meit once a weeke upon the Moonday at eight hors in the morening for consulting upon and advyseing of the publict effaires of this burgh and for that effect it is thocht fitt that Order be gevin to Jon Harvie to ring the bell weiklie upon Moonday at eight hors But prejudice of their conveening at any other tyme qn the Magistrats shall cause warne for some recent and urgent bissines quhilk may not continow till the ordinairie Meeting afoirsaid.

* * *

3. Item, it is ordered that at ilk Meeting efter their dounsetting befoir they shall proceid to any bissines The Roll shall be called and the Absents marked and unlawed Ilke ane of them in Nyne Schilling for the first and eightein schilling for the secound tyme (if they have not befoir intimat to the Magistrats or any ane of them the cause and necessitie of yr absence) And qlkes unlawes shall be consigned and payed be the absents befoir they be admitted to sitt in Counsall againe and if they shall wilfullie refuis and absent themselffes for that cause In that cace to be deposed and declared incapable to be in any charge for that yeir.

* * * *

4. Item, it is ordered that these wha comes in after the calling of the roll Ilke ane of them shall pay for being late twa schilling qlke they shall than instantlie consigne and pay befoir they be admitted to sitt, and if they refuis, to be marked and unlawed as absent and proceedit against accordinglie in maner foirsaid.

* * * *

5. Item, it is ordered that the Provest and in his absence ane of the baillies shall preceid as Preces and propose all bissines to be handled and aske the opinions of some of the Counsall anent the bissines in hand befoir it be put to voyceing. And for avoyding of all kynd of heit and idle contest It is ordered that nane speake quhill first he ryse upe affe his seate and crave libertie of heiring from the Preces and efter libertie he shall wtout interruptioun delyver his mynd frielie he speakeand in a fair and civill maner and directand the same to the Preces and to nane els. And whaevir uttereth any uncivill or unbeseeming speaches to or of his neighbor shall be pntlie removed censured and fyned for the same at the discretioun of the rest present

* * * *

In the palmy days of Scottish rural life the "minister's man" was proverbially a most interesting personality in his parish. That his traditional traits are not completely lost is evidenced by an experience which befel a certain genial Border divine quite lately.

The minister handed his henchman three young apple trees, with express injunctions that they were to be planted far apart. When perambulating his garden a few days later, however, the reverend gentleman could only discover one of his acquisitions. Sandy was therefore promptly summoned, and an explanation demanded.

"Weel, sir," came the ready reply, "ye ordered me to set the trees far apart, so I jist thocht I cudna dae better than plant ane in the manse garden, and the ither twa in my ain."

As the minister dearly loves a joke, it may be added that his relish of the worthy beadle's humour was not lessened by the fact that a closer scrutiny proved that the tree which had found a home within the manse domains was the most sickly of the lot.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

THE BORDER BOOKCASE.

Poetry and Prose. By Walter Laidlaw, F.S.A. (Scot.), Custodian of Jedburgh Abbey. With Biographical Sketch by Sir George Douglas, Bart. Third edition. T. S. Smail, publisher, Jedburgh. 3s 6d.

It seems but a short time since we congratulated the genial and talented custodian of Jedburgh Abbey on the issue of the second edition of his work, but here we have what might be termed an "Edition de Luxe." The beautiful volume before us is a credit to the Borderland, and brings honour alike to author, publisher, printer, and illustrators. We have no doubt the book will meet with a ready sale, as it is a marvel at the price. Even those who possess the previous editions will desire to have this one, as it is so much superior in every way. We are indebted to the publisher for the use of the two blocks, and cannot better recommend the handsome volume than by quoting from the appreciation which appeared in the "Jedburgh Gazette."

It is perhaps not sufficient acknowledgment of the peculiar merits of Mr Walter Laidlaw's volume of "Poetry and Prose" to say that in the call for a third edition it has secured distinction among literary works of local aim and compass; but it is not often that even a second edition of poems dealing mainly with subjects confined to a particular locality is found necessary to supply the demand. It is fortunate—as well as just—that Mr Laidlaw should have been induced to bring out a third edition of his work, because the new volume, handsome and substantial in its outward form and illustrated with magnificence and skill, contains a great deal of valuable additional material, the presentation and preservation of which in this place of convenient reference is of great importance to the people of this district who are interested in its history. His poems are mainly inspired by the chivalrous emotions that are stirred by tales of Border warfare, in which Jedburgh and its district had a large share; by an ardent admiration of the manifold charms of Nature, which are nowhere more bountifully and impressively unfolded than on the "banks and braes" of the Jed, the Teviot, and the Tweed; and by a love of old associations and a desire to preserve a record of them for future generations. Examples of his skill in describing scenes of strenuous conflict in which Border chieftains and their faithful followers were engaged, and in vivifying them with the spirit of independence, heroism, and determination by which they were characterised, are to be found in "Fernieherst Castle" and "The Battle of Lintalee." The former recounts the siege of

> Old Fernieherst—dour, grim, and hoary,
> Renowned in ancient Border story.

The siege took place in 1523, and the reprisal, which forms the second part of the poem, was carried out in 1549. As the poet writes—

> So fierce and furious was the shock,
> Helmets were cleaved at every stroke;
> Above the clang of sword and spear
> Was "Forward" heard and "Jethart's Here."

The other poem narrates the encounter of brave Douglas and proud Richmond and their warriors at Lintalee, where the Scottish Borderers after a fierce fight defeated the men from the South and strewed their bodies over the glen. A fine view of Fernieherst Castle as it now appears (from a photograph by Messrs G. W. Wilson & Co.) has this fitting quotation from Mr Laidlaw's poem—

> The days of siege and raids are o'er;
> The din of war resounds no more.

A picture of the Douglas Camp, Lintalee (by permission of Mr R. Jack, photographer, Jedburgh) is an interesting as well as an artistic illustration of the Lintalee poem, from which in this connection are quoted the lines—

> The weeping birch and golden broom
> Wave o'er some ancient warrior's tomb.

Numerous are the poems in which Mr Laidlaw gives musical expression to his feelings in the presence of Nature's loveliness. Rambles on the Jed, the Teviot, and the Tweed have respectively left their distinctive impressions on the poet's mind, and how true to nature are his poetic pictures may be gauged by the following verses from "A Summer Ramble on the Jed," when the sun was "sinking o'er the Dunion Hill":—

> The milkwhite hawthorn, in full blow,
> Stood blushing in his parting beams,
> Its laden branches bending low
> O'er Jed's pellucid, sparkling streams.
> High on the bank the bonnie broom
> Its golden tasselets did wear;
> And rosebuds, bursting into bloom,
> Peeped sweetly from the scented brier.
>
> Down in the glen a birch I saw,
> Whose slender, weeping tresses green
> Hung o'er a boisterous waterfa',
> That rushed the rugged rocks between.
> Beneath an age-encircled oak,
> Stretched in repose a shepherd lay,
> His eye still watchful of his flock,
> Which fed upon the neighb'ring brae.

A Jedburgh poet, with a due appreciation of the importance and the interesting associations of his native town in former days, could not fail to make "Queen Mary's Visit to Jedburgh" a theme of his muse. The remarkable episodes of the visit and the principal personages who took part in these are introduced. Two extremely interesting views illustrate this poem. One of these is an old view of Queen Mary's House in Jedburgh (lent by the publisher, Mr T. S. Smail), and the other is a photograph of Hermitage Castle by Messrs Valentine & Sons, Ltd. It will be remembered that Queen Mary rode from Jedburgh to Hermitage to visit Bothwell, who had been wounded by "Little Jock Elliot." Love, friendship, patriotism, all afford the writer subjects for reflection and imagery. We have referred to Mr Laidlaw's attachment to old associations. This is exemplified in particular in "Annie Basse's House" and "Jethart Worthies." In both of these are many words and phrases that were in common use in bygone days, but are now obsolete, and they may puzzle—if they

do not assist—the philologist in days to come. Even the readers of this generation would require a glossary to elucidate verses in which occur the lines—"A gleed had set the lum alunt" and "The mattock's now laid in the neuk." Customs, too, that have become antiquated with the change of circumstances that the course of time and new manners have effected are described. Of local interest particularly are various characters who take part in the scenes depicted. "Jock the Kecken," for example, is one of these, and his portrait, taken from an old print, represents a decidedly droll person alike in features, posture, and clothing. Among others in these sketches whose names are sometimes, but rarely, mentioned now

THE CAPON TREE.

are Burgoyne, "Tam-the-Tip," "Geordie Lapperkyte," "Rob Cherryite," and Major Murray. Other illustrations of the poem include views of Jedburgh Abbey from the River, A Bit of Jed-Forest, Monteviot, Timpendean Castle, the Capon Tree, Jedburgh, and the Dunion, Flags taken at Killiecrankie and Bannockburn, Queen Mary's Seals, Jedburgh Abbey in 1793, a Border Raid, Lintalee Glen, Oxnam Brig, Jedburgh Abbey from the Churchyard, Hen Hole (Cheviot), Jedburgh in 1812 (from a painting by one of the French prisoners). These photographs are all produced in the finest style.

While the portion of the book devoted to poetry appeals especially to those who are gifted with a love of nature, musical balance, and the delights of a healthy fancy, the prose section will commend itself to all who value a knowledge of literary and historic subjects. The first article is an address delivered by Mr Laidlaw thirty-four years ago at a Burns anniversary meeting at Jedburgh, his subject being the genius, poetry, and patriotism of Scotland's National Bard. When the centenary of that distinguished poet and Oriental scholar, Dr John Leyden, was celebrated in 1875, the principal address was given by Mr Laidlaw at the meeting of Jedburgh Burns Club, and, as here reproduced, it is a glowing tribute to the memory of the talented Borderer. "The Songs of Scotland" was the subject of another address delivered at a Burns anniversary celebration in 1875. His papers on historical, archæological and social themes cover interesting ground. Some of them have been published from time to time in the Proceedings of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club. He describes the operations—superintended by himself—that discovered the remains of the Roman Station at Cappuck, Oxnam. A neatly drawn plan (by Mr R. J. Charters, Jedburgh) assists the reader in following Mr Laidlaw's minute and scientific account of the features and contents of the station, which is believed to have been founded by the Twentieth Legion of the Roman army. The article entitled "Armorial Bearings and Interesting Inscriptions in Jedburgh and its Vicinity" had its inception in a desire to record and illustrate the armorial bearings at Fernieherst Castle. That was efficient-

ly done, but the author found his research for and knowledge of kindred relics extending in other directions, and now readers will be deeply interested by photographs of remarkable headstones in Jedburgh Abbey Churchyard and a valuable group of seals with the notes of Laing's Seals of Jedburgh in the British Museum. The peasantry of the Borders, Mr Laidlaw says, grew their own lint sixty or seventy years ago, and he gives a description of "The Swingling o' the Lint," and a photograph showing an old spinning wheel in its place among the furnishings of the home is a suggestive and instructive illustration of the subject. A paper on the Archæological Discovery at Old Jedward is elucidated by a plan of the old Norman Church and the churchyard which existed there and of which some portions of the remains have been traced. The site of the ancient chapel is also exposed in a photograph of the wooded landscape, which is one of Mr R. Jack's productions. Numerous carved stones and tablets—discovered in Jedburgh Abbey, at Hartrigge, at Ancrum, at Jedburgh old manse, in Oxnam Churchyard, at Yetholm, Southdean, Eckford, Nisbet, Hundalee, and elsewhere—are all beautifully figured. The artistic quality of these illustrations and the historical and architectural notes by which they are accompanied have added much to the beauty and worth of this most desirable volume.

Mr R. Jack, Bongate, Jedburgh, in the photographs he has produced for this work, has given new and delightful evidence of his professional skill and his sound judgment in artistic effects.

Mr Smail, as the publisher, has brought out the book in a highly attractive form, and its material, as well as its literary and artistic excellence, will commend it greatly to the public. The printers are Messrs George Lewis & Co., Selkirk.

The introduction by Sir George Douglas serves its purpose admirably. He has made a just estimate of the author's gifts and works, and prepared the reader for the proper enjoyment of the contents of the book.

The frontispiece (from a photograph by Mr Jack) is a portrait of the author, in which the most impressive features of a striking personality are effectively represented.

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"WORTHIES OF DUMFRIESSHIRE AND GALLOWAY." *

[*"Worthies of Dumfriesshire and Galloway." By John B. Drylie. With illustrations. "Courier and Herald," Dumfries. 3s 6d.]

How few "worthies" there are nowadays! The old village "character" seems to be almost as extinct as the dodo. But he lingered long in some parts of the country, and the present little publication will keep his memory green so far as Dumfriesshire and Galloway are concerned. No district, we are told, had a greater plethora of really interesting characters than these two counties had. Mr Drylie gives us sketches of over sixty of these of all shades and degrees in originality. The compiling of such a wonderfully interesting mass of material must have meant an infinite amount of patience and pains; but it was well worth while to have brought together such a motley crowd of notables in their own domain. We have been much interested in Mary Lindsay. A year or two ago we copied the inscription and photographed her tombstone at Kirkmahoe. Has any reader of the "B. M." come across anything more charming in the literature of epitaphs, anything more touching in its simplicity and grotesqueness?

"Stranger! one fleeting moment save,
For this is Mary Lindsay's grave,
Who practised, in her low estate,
Virtues that well become the great;
Who, self-denying, chaste, and kind,
An honour was to womankind.
Near yon rude cot she first drew breath,
And there she closed her eyes in death—
Pattern to all who wish to thrive—
At the ripe age of eighty-five.
No husband Mary ever had,
Nor offspring, age's ills to glad;
Yet all the children round and round
In her a foster-parent found;
Their eggs she boiled, their 'Josephs' dried,
And soothed and coaxed them when they cried;
And when the burn ran wide and wild
She ferried over every child.
Proficient in each nurturing art,
The fremit had a mother's heart:
A janitress from love, not hire—
How blest was Mary's winter fire!
Disturb not, but respect this stone,
Raised to her memory by one
Who, even in death, would Mary shield,
Hannay of Bayhole, Huddersfield."

The sketch of David Tweedie, a Tweedsmuir fisher and fiddler, who figures in Christopher North's "Recreations," is not quite so good as it ought to have been, and the incident of Littlejohn and the Giant, in the same paper, goes very much further back than the alleged "sixty years before Davie's time." It is, indeed, one of our earliest Tweedside traditions, and is believed to have given origin to no less a tale than "Jack the Giant Killer." Readers of this superb collection of worthies will find here much that is quaintly humorous and pathetic, much that is of the greatest local interest, and that it would have been a thousand pities to have lost. Who will do for the Borderland what has been so well done for the Galloway district? Mr Robert Murray's "Hawick Characters" alone holds the field at the present moment; and there is not a Border town or village but has had its own quota of "originals," now all but gone, we fear, and in danger of being forgotten under the quickly-running tides of modern days. C.

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EXHIBITION GUIDE.

The truly National Exhibition which is being held at Edinburgh this summer will doubtless attract many of our readers to the capital. To make the best of a visit a good guide is a necessity, and we notice that the official guide book, which is published by the well-known firm of W. Cuthbertson & Co., Edinburgh, gives all the necessary information in a brief and concise way. The whole details can be got up by a few minutes' study of the handbook, which is published at the low price of one penny.

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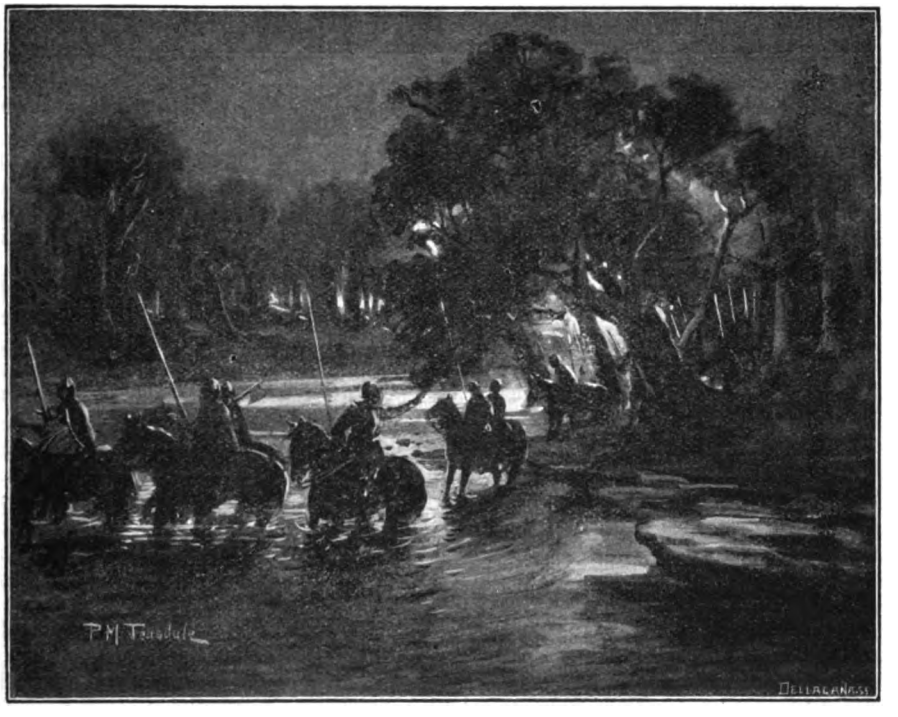
PENTLAND WALKS.

This delightful book by Mr Robert Cochrane was briefly referred to in our last issue, and now that

we have had time to peruse its pages we are convinced that we have here an ideal guide to the Pentlands, combined with most interesting talks about the literary and historical associations of the district. Mr Cochrane has drawn from his richly stored mind a mass of information and placed it before the reader in a most enticing way, so that whoever begins to read the book is sure to go right through it. The literary and historical references are so numerous that each chapter is as suggestive as an ordinary volume. All who know and love the Pentlands will feel indebted to Mr Cochrane for thus laying before them the rich stores of his knowledge, while those who are strangers to the district will be eager to make a closer acquaintance. As we previously stated, the book contains route maps of the various rights-of-way by Mr G. S. Aitken; two chapters on Pentland geology, revised by Dr B. N. Peach, late of the Geological Survey; a list of Pentland birds, revised by Mr W. Eagle Clarke, of the Royal Scottish Museum; Pentland poems, by Professor Blackie, James Ballantine, and Mr Will H. Ogilvie; an account of a cycle ride all round the Pentlands in one day, and a chapter on "The Old Lanark Road" from Mr John Geddie's "Water of Leith" volume. The guide is embellished by many illustrations, while the printing leaves nothing to be desired. The publisher is Mr Andrew Elliot, 17 Princes Street, Edinburgh. We feel sure that a second edition will be required at no distant date, for it is not every day that we find so much good literary matter, so well arranged, and such an amount of information within the compass of a guide book.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN UPPER TWEEDDALE.

SATURDAY afternoon. And such a Saturday afternoon as the weary toiler in the city longs for, and looks forward to, through the dull week. The sun is shining brightly, though occasionally a soft white cloud floats up from the horizon and obscures his shining face. A brisk breeze is blowing from the west, and enlivening and renewing with its health-giving breath all nature. As yet the trees are bare, but to the close observer they are covered with the little buds which betoken the coming glory of their leaves. The birds are heard every now and again singing with that peculiarly joyful note which is only heard when the year is young. In short, it is a fine day in early spring, full of the loveliness and joyous mystery of that great resurrection of nature which is so old and yet so new.



From "Poetry and Prose," by Walter Laidlaw.

A BORDER RAID.

We left the little town, which lies so snugly in its wooded valley, by the west road. Thence it is a long, steady rise up to the old, gray castle, which stands like a sentry on a rocky height above a bend in the river. It seems

almost to be aware of the dignity which belongs to its great age and stirring history. Many a time has its rusted beacon flashed forth a dread warning of invasion. More than once, as its battered old walls testify, has it stayed the invaders' advance.

Here at a bend in the road we halt to admire the fine view of the town and country beyond and to recall the pathetic little story of the French prisoners confined in the neighbourhood during the war with France early in last century. These prisoners were allowed, as their daily exercise, to walk to the milestone which stood just west of the bend in the road. But they had heard how beautiful was the view of the country to the east, and one day, planning a little conspiracy, they carried the milestone round the corner. So every day thereafter they were enabled to see the lovely view. Perhaps it may have reminded them of some home scene in their beautiful France.

But we must move on, for the air is as yet a little chilly. First we pass through the castle woods, dimly lighted like some great cathedral, and where the birds are quieted by the solemn stillness which reigns there perpetually. At the edge of the woods we pass the little white cottage where the gamekeeper lives.

Our road takes a turn and away before it stretches in a long straight strip, white in the brilliant sunlight. The shadow of a cloud is racing along it towards us. In a few moments it passes, and we are again bathed in the brilliant sunlight.

We pass some farm labourers' cottages standing at the roadside. Several shy-eyed children are playing about before the doors, and from the interior of one of the cottages comes a pleasant girlish voice singing an old Scottish love-song. A few steps further and the country postman glides by us on his bicycle, and blows his whistle as he approaches the cottages. Turning round to look we see the owner of the pretty voice come out and hand a letter to him, perhaps a letter to the absent lover of whom she was thinking as she sang.

Now we came to the horse trough by the wayside. Only an old iron tank, but see how beautiful nature, the greatest of artists, has made it with moss and trailing plants. Away to the left across the river the rooks are loudly cawing among a clump of elms.

On our left is a field full of sheep, and we stand for a few moments to watch what the poet Thomson quaintly calls the "Soft, fearful people." Among them are several lambs, and both sheep and lambs appear quite as interested in us as we in them. Many of the lambs are running about looking—if such a term can be used—for their mothers, and every now and again an amusingly joyful meeting takes place. Others are making a pretence of eating grass, but it is easy to see that it has not yet become the principal business of life with them.

A farmer's dog-cart comes jogging along the road, with two ruddy, bearded men in it, and with the freemasonry of the country we exchange remarks about the weather. Contrary to the popular joke about the ever-grumbling farmer, the driver's remark is, "A gran' day." On our left is the "Beggar's Brig," so called because tramps are much given to bivouacking under one of the arches which is on the bank of the stream. On our right is a dark fir wood, which might well—so dreadful is it—be the home of gnomes.

A little further on is the pool in the river where the sheep-washing takes place; a quiet spot now, but when the time of dipping comes round it is busy with sheep, the barking of dogs, and the shouting of men.

And now we come to a delightful little country hamlet. Set in a pleasant sheltered valley, with the sunshine streaming over it, we almost immediately think of "The island valley of Avilion; where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow," so little acquainted with the rigours of our climate does it seem as we see it this afternoon.

Half-hidden by the trees, and standing on a knoll, is the little church, surrounded by its quiet graveyard. To-morrow its timeless bell will summon the people to pay homage to the Creator of all this loveliness.

Close to the road is the schoolhouse and school. To-day the dull, droning voices of unwilling scholars are silent or are heard lustily shouting on the hillsides. The schoolmaster, too, has deserted his books, and we see him in his garden busy with his bees. Doubtless he will be all the better schoolmaster on Monday for having been beekeeper on Saturday.

Beyond this hamlet the country becomes very wild and deserted. The hills are higher, steeper, and clothed with less grass. The signs of cultivation are fewer, and even the few slopes that have been ploughed seem to have been done so in despite of nature. Even of sheep there are not many to be seen; hardy as they are, but few can exist on such scant herbage as there is.

We are now near our destination, and at Drover's Brig" we leave the road and begin to climb a small and narrow valley, at the head of which the shepherd, whom we have come to visit, lives.

The shepherd himself is out on the hills when we arrive, but we get a warm welcome from his wife, who is an old friend. It is just such a welcome as is given by those to whom a fresh face is a genuine pleasure.

We are soon installed in front of the fire in the seats of honour. As becomes a good housewife, our hostess is a great lover of cats, and we count no less than four reclining with dignified ease on the hearth-rug or sitting up and yawning at the fire.

For a little we indulge in a "crack," but presently the gude-wife, rising, takes off the fire a large cauldron in which the dog's porridge has been cooking and begins to prepare a meal. In the midst of this operation the shepherd comes in, breezy, tanned, a fine open-air man, with the clear eyes of one more accustomed to gazing over long stretches of hill and dale than poring over ledgers. He gives us a hand-grip that crushes our fingers, and tea being now ready, we all sit down to a delightful meal of home-made scones, oatcakes, good country butter, and real fresh milk.

Tea is a cheerful meal, for our shepherd has a keen, pawky humour, and his wife, too, is fond of a joke. Our appetites, sharpened by the walk, are excellent, so that the remnants of the feast are decidedly meagre, which is just what our hospitable host and hostess desire.

Tea over, we gather round the fire, and "pipes out" is the word, the shepherd remarking that a smoke is the best part of the meal. But our time is short and the road long, so we rise to say good-bye.

Our host accompanies us half-way down the valley, and having wished him good-night we begin the homeward journey in the gathering twilight.

As we pass through the hamlet a few lights are beginning to twinkle in the windows, while as we walk through the castle woods it is so dark we cannot see each other. But soon we enter the brightly-lighted town, and so home, well pleased with our walk and visit, and determined to repeat them soon.

H. S. D.

Necessity makes the auld wife trot.—"St Ronan's Well."

BORDER NOTES AND QUERIES.

"PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MARY SOMERVILLE," p. 189.

[Dealing with a visit to Paris about 1833, and a large dinner party at Madame de Rumford's.]

"Mr Fenimore Cooper, the American novelist, with his wife and daughter, were among the guests. I found him extremely amiable and agreeable, which surprised me, for when I knew him in England he was so touchy that it was difficult to converse with him without giving him offence. He was introduced to Sir Walter Scott by Sir James Mackintosh, who said, in presenting him, 'Mr Cooper, allow me to introduce you to your great forefather in the art of fiction.' 'Sir,' said Cooper, with great asperity, 'I have no forefather.' Now, though his manners were rough, they were quite changed. We saw a great deal of him, and I was frequently in his house, and found him perfectly liberal; so much so, that he told us the faults of his country with the greatest frankness, yet he was the champion of America, and hated England."

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CRONA TEMPLE.

In connection with the letters on "Reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott" published in the April number of the BORDER MAGAZINE it may be of interest to know something about the writer of them, "Crona Temple."

I had the pleasure of meeting her recently at Peebles; it was her first visit to the Borderland, and she was full of admiration for it, and rapidly acquired and retained a knowledge of its history and traditions and the ancient houses and landmarks which are its pride. I found her a striking personality, and her conversation was terse and humorous and full of information about countries, books, and people. As a woman of letters, "Crona Temple" has had a marked success. The daughter of an English rector in Donegal, she began early in life to contribute stories and poems to the magazines of the day, "Good Words," "The Leisure Hour," "Our Own Fireside," and afterwards had numerous books published, among the most successful of which were "Griff in Hoof," "Out in the Shadows," "A Valley of Diamonds," and also an historical story, "Royal Captives," which has been translated into French, German, and Swedish. She now lives in a beautiful home on the Gairloch, and is occupied in writing numerous articles on history and travel for magazines and newspapers. Welcome to her to the Borderland again.

Hawick. M. I.

Lightning destroyeth temples, though their spires pierce the clouds;
Storms destroy armadas, though their sails intercept the gale.
He that is in his glory falleth, and that by a contemptible enemy.
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

Song ("The Betrothed.")

NEWSTEAD AND OSSIAN.

AS renewed interest is being stimulated, by the series of Rhind lectures delivered by Mr Curle of Melrose, in the Roman Camp of Trimontium, near Newstead, some of the readers of the "Border Magazine" may be glad to know that much can be said in favour of Ossian's epics being the poetical records of many of the deeds of heroes who left remains of their chariots and other relics in or near the camp at Newstead.

It has been assumed that Cuchulainn lived about the beginning of the first century (Cellio, Rev. IV., 283; S. O'Grady; Hist. Ireland, I., 241); but Mr O'Grady admits that the heroes of the Ultonian cycle have been so tossed and tumbled in the evolution of the great epics that all else but their existence must be uncertain and conjectural (Hist. Ireland, I., 237); and he acknowledges that Ossian's heroes approach more nearly to the common average type of human nature than the heroes of the Ultonian cycle do (Id. 337). The same writer condemns Macpherson for mixing the heroes of the Ultonian cycle with those of the Ossianic, who flourished in the third century of our era (Id. 292); but his authorities represent Angus Og, whose brother lived B.C. 23 (Id. 109), as living in the time of Ossian also (Id. 341); and Fergus, Corniac, Cairbre, and Cœlte of the Ossianic cycle in Mr O'Grady's "History" are used to fill up the earlier cycles of Irish history (Id. 352-3). Further, Mr O'Grady's authorities connect Ossian of the third century with Ossian of the fifth (Id. 345). Macpherson does not do that. Pinkerton accuses him of putting out St Patrick from Ossian's poems, and of putting in Caracalla instead. These two charges against Macpherson are strong evidences in favour of his translation being the more genuine one. Pinkerton quotes the testimony of eight Irish historians in favour of the fact that Ossian lived in the latter half of the third century: so there is no reason to doubt his knowledge of Caracalla's doings as King of the Britons, and of the actions of Severus in Scotland, as Gibbon in his "Decline and Fall" did. Leslie, in his "Historie of Scotland," says there were kings in Scotland, even before the time of Severus, honourable both in peace and war; and the revelations of archæology manifest that the Scots of that age were far removed from barbarians. Therefore it is not improbable that Ossian may have lived and sung in the lowlands of Scotland about the year 300 A.D. The Irish claim on the poems is singularly deficient of telling proofs; and their mediæval historians alleged that Ireland was the recipient of all the early Scots writings before the 11th century. Hill Burton alleged that the Gaels were not likely to have composed the originals of the Ossianic poems (Hist. Scot., 2nd edition, I., 175). Cuchulainn is more likely to have fought in a scythed-chariot against the Romans in Scotland; and the gold arrow and the hundred steeds mentioned in the poem on the battle of Lora could have been supplied by the kindred of the artists of the bronze period in Scotland and of the warriors who fought against Agricola. Ossian's poems are more likely to have been compiled in the language used by the Scots for 2000 years, and in the lowlands of Scotland, than in Gaelic or elsewhere. That is why Macpherson's translation preserves the more reliable characteristics of these early Scots epics.

JAMES WATSON.

NOTES ON AN OLD BORDER VILLAGE.

(By A. GRAHAM.)

ANCRUM, a well-known village of Roxburghshire, stands on the right bank of Ale Water, some three miles and a half north-west of Jedburgh. It is a place of considerable antiquity and of much historical and archæological interest. Most of the houses of the village are comparatively modern, and a few years ago several of them were thatched and had a somewhat decayed appearance. Some of these have now disappeared, and in some cases have been replaced by newer houses of a better type, and this has improved the appearance of the place considerably. The population, like that of so many of our villages, has been gradually diminishing for some years back, and at present amounts to some 500 persons in all. The village has a post office, a good public school, a United Free Church, and a public hall. The new Parish Church, standing on a piece of rising ground at the entrance of the village, is a handsome building of red sandstone, erected in 1889, with accommodation for some 450 persons.

On the north side of the village green, which is somewhat triangular in form and bordered with trees, stands the market-cross, the base and shaft of which are still entire. It would, doubtless, be surmounted by a cross, or the arms of Scotland, but the capital has long since disappeared. The shaft is some nine feet in height and octagonal in form. It is an object of great antiquity, and is supposed to date back to the reign of Alexander III., or even of David I.

The modern name of the village is a corrupted form of Alncrom, or Alnecromb, signifying the crook or bend of the Aln, or Ale, and this aptly enough describes its situation on a bold, sharp curve of the stream, which, after a winding course of some twenty miles, falls into the Teviot about three-quarters of a mile south of the village. Overlooking the banks of the Ale is a number (15)

of rock-hewn caves, evidently artificial, which are supposed to have been used as places of retreat or concealment in the troublous Border times. They are not easily accessible. One of them was a favourite retreat of the author of "The Seasons," who, in his boyhood, was a frequent inmate of Ancrum Manse. It is known as "Thomson's Cave," his name being carved on its roof, it is said, by his own hand.

The village itself was long known as Nether Ancrum, to distinguish it from the hamlet of Over Ancrum (now extinct), which stood on the north side of the Ale, near to the present Ancrum House. Both places are mentioned among the list of "fortresses, abbeys, frere-houses, market towns, villages, towers, and places" as having been burnt, razed, and cast down during the cruel and barbarous raid of Hertford, September 8-23, 1545, in which the whole of Teviotdale suffered so terribly.

There seems to have been a church in the place as early as the beginning of the 12th century. It, along with Lilliesleaf and Ashkirk, in pre-Reformation times belonged to the See of Glasgow. In 1170 it was confirmed by Pope Alexander III. to Bishop Ingram, or Ingelram, of Newbigging, who held the See of Glasgow from 1165 till 1174. In the reigns of William the Lion and Alexander I. we find mention of "Richard, parson and dean of Alnecrom," as a witness to various charters, and in 1296 we find, among others who had sworn fealty to Edward I., and had had, in consequence, their lands restored to them, the name of a "Richard de Alnecrum." The bishops of Glasgow had a palace at Ancrum, situated on the other side of the Ale, near where Ancrum House now stands, which they used as a summer residence, especially those of them, we may suppose, who were Border men, as Jocelin (1175-99), Bondington (1233-58), Turnbull, of the house of Minto, founder of Glasgow University (1448-54), and others. Bishop Bondington, who belonged to the Merse, and many of whose charters are dated from Ancrum, died here, November 10, 1238, and was buried near the high altar in Melrose Abbey.

The old parish church, surrounded by the churchyard, is now a picturesque ruin, the back wall and gable-end alone standing. On the gable may be seen the date 1762, when the church appears to have been built, or re-built, but parts of it were, in all probability, much older than this date. In the churchyard may be seen some old, interesting tomb-stones, and the family burying-places of the Scotts of Ancrum House, the Ogilvies of Chesters, and Richardson of Kirklands. John Livingstone, the famous Covenanting divine, was minister of Ancrum from 1648 to 1662, when he, like so many others, had to leave his manse and go into exile. He retired to Rotterdam in Holland, where he died in 1672. A sketch of his career has already appeared in this Magazine for April and May, 1907.

Near the churchyard may be noticed a quaint-looking old bridge over the Ale, called the Lint Mill Bridge. It is very narrow, the roadway rising considerably in the centre, and appears to be very old. On the other side of the Ale, opposite to the old church, on an eminence rising abruptly from the stream, may be seen an interesting specimen of an old Caledonian or British fort. From this an extensive view of the surrounding country may be obtained.

There also appears to have been a monastic establishment of some kind at Ancrum, founded by David I., and an edifice belonging to the knights of Malta, which seems to have stood at a short distance from the village and close to the Ale. Remains of this were known as the "Maltan Walls," but all vestiges of them have now disappeared.

Ancrum was the birth-place in 1729 of William Buchan, M.D., the author of the once famous and well-known "Domestic Medicine," a work which first appeared in 1769. It went through many editions, was translated into several Continental languages, and brought to the author a gold medallion and letter from the Empress Catherine of Russia. As many as 80,000 copies are said to have been sold in the author's life-time. At one time it was to be found in almost every household in Scotland. Burns' allusion in "Death and Dr Hornbook" is known to all. Buchan, whose father owned a small estate and rented a farm from the Duke of Roxburghe, studied at first for the Church, but afterwards devoted himself to medicine, graduating M.D. at Edinburgh. He practised in various places, but finally settled in London, where he died in 1805, and was interred in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. He appears to have been a man of somewhat convivial habits, but sympathetic and generous to a degree.

Another distinguished ornament of the medical profession was William Rutherford, M.D., F.R.S., who held the Chair of Physiology in King's College, London, from 1869 to 1874, and the same Chair in the University of Edinburgh from 1874 to 1899. He was born at Ancrum Craig, about a mile from the village, on April 20, 1839; died at Edinburgh, February 21, 1899, and lies buried in Ancrum Churchyard.

Thomas Davidson, "the Scottish Probationer," though born in 1838 at Oxnam Row, some four miles south-east of Jedburgh, attended for some time the Parish School of Ancrum (and afterwards the Nest Academy at Jedburgh), to which place his parents had removed when he was about eleven years of age. According to some, Home, the author of "Douglas," was a native of Ancrum, but this is erroneous, as he was born at Leith.

Ancrum House stands near the site of the ancient village of Over Ancrum and the palace of the Bishops of Glasgow. It is beautifully situated near the Ale, amid "tall ancestral trees" and craggy knolls, surrounded by a deer-park, and commands an extensive view "o'er all the pleasant land" of the Borders, stretching away south to the blue hills of Cheviot. The central and older part of the house, built in 1558, by Robert Kerr of Fernihirst, was, with later additions, totally destroyed by fire on December 3, 1878. The mansion has since been rebuilt in the Scottish baronial style. Ancrum estate was acquired by Robert Kerr, third son of Sir Andrew Kerr, the ninth Baron of Fernihirst. By his wife, Margaret Home of Wedderburn, he had a son, William, who succeeded him, but was murdered, in 1590, in the streets of Edinburgh by Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford. (Cessford was afterwards pardoned, and in 1616 became Earl of Roxburgh, dying in 1650, aged 80. He is best known as "Habbie" or "Hobbie" Kerr, and his coffin, with remains, is to be seen at Bowden.) This William Kerr of Ancrum, by his wife, Margaret Dundas of Fingask, had a son Robert, who succeeded, and was, in 1633, created

by Charles I. a peer under the title of Earl of Ancrum. He was a man of high character and of literary tastes, wrote poems and sonnets, and translated some of the Latin psalms of Buchanan. He was a firm and attached adherent of Charles, after whose execution he retired to Holland, where he died in obscurity and poverty in 1654. William, his eldest son by his first marriage with Elizabeth Murray, daughter of Sir John Murray of Blackbarony and sister of the wife of Sir John Riddell, first Baronet of Riddell, wedded the Lady Anne Kerr, Countess of Lothian, and became third Earl of Lothian, having received a new grant of that title in 1631. By this marriage a union was effected between the Kerrs of Cessford and Fernihirst. His younger son, Charles, by his second marriage, succeeded to his father's title of Earl of Ancrum, but dying without issue, the title merged in the Lothian family. "The second Lord Ancrum was a Parliamentary speaker of note, having been long in the House of Commons, but he had little, beyond a pension he was allowed, to maintain his position and rank." ("Border Memories," p. 123.) The Ancrum estate was eventually sold to Sir John Scott of Kirkstyle, and is still in possession of the family, though the title has become extinct by the death of the seventh baronet, Sir William Monteath Scott, in 1902, who left no male issue to succeed him. The Ancrum Scotts are a very old family, and are said to be descended from the Scotts of Balwearie. The title dates from 1671.

Monteviot, a seat of the Marquis of Lothian, is situated on the banks of the Teviot, under the south slope of Penielheugh Hill, about a mile from the village. It is a modern building, Gothic in style, and has a somewhat irregular appearance. The policies attached are very fine, and there are beautiful walks along the river. Within the grounds are the remains of an ancient burying-place. The estate formed the old parish of Spittal, so called from an hospital which belonged to the Abbey of Jedburgh. It was afterwards united with Nisbet, where David Calderwood was ordained minister in 1604, and where Samuel Rutherford was born about 1600. The parish of Nisbet was afterwards in turn united to Crailing in 1612. At Monteviot House, died March 29, 1805, Miss Jean Elliot of Minto, the authoress of the "Flowers of the Forest."

On Penielheugh Hill, some 774 feet above sea-level, stands what is known as "the Monument." It is 156 feet in height, substantially built of whinstone, circular in form, and can be ascended by means of an interior spiral stair-case. It forms a prominent landmark, and from its summit can be had a magnificent view of the Borderland. The monument stands on a square base and was erected in 1815 by the sixth Marquis of Lothian in honour of Wellington and the British Army.

The small estate of Kirklands, on the Ale, is in the immediate vicinity of the village. The lands appear to have belonged, in pre-Reformation times, to the Church, hence the name. The mansion-house, beautifully situated on the banks of the Ale, is in the Elizabethan style, and was built by John Richardson, a London lawyer, who had purchased the estate about 1830. He was a great friend of Sir Walter Scott, to whom he paid what was to prove his last visit, when Scott reached London on his way home to die at his beloved Abbotsford.

About two miles from Ancrum, up the Teviot, is Chesters House, the residence of the Ogilvies, an old Border family. It stands close to the river, at the opening of a deeply-wooded glen which stretches down to the river-side. About a mile south-east of Chesters, on the other side of the Teviot, is the village of Lanton, an ancient place with a peel tower.

We conclude these notes with a brief reference to Ancrum Moor, the scene of the battle of that name, which lies some two miles north of the village.* Here, on a rising piece of ground, the battle was fought, February 17, 1545. An English army under Sir Ralph Eure and Sir Brian Latoun, who, a few months previously, had committed acts of unheard-of cruelty and barbarity and desecrated the Abbey of Melrose and the tombs of the Douglases, was overtaken by a comparatively small Scottish force led by the Earl of Angus and Scott of Buccleuch, and cut to pieces, the two English leaders falling in the battle.

"From Ala's to fair Melrose's fane,
How bright the sabres flashed o'er hills of slain;
I see the combat through the mist of years,
When Scott and Douglas led the Border spears."

In this battle fought the fair maiden Lilliard, of undying fame, whose tomb-stone may be seen on the ridge of Lilliard's Edge, the scene of the conflict. But the whole story is now generally believed to be a myth, and seems to have been gradually evolved to explain the place-name, which is found in charters and documents long before the date of the battle. On the south-west end of the ridge stands a massive square mausoleum, with dome-shaped roof, "in memory of General Sir Thomas Monteath Douglas, K.C.B., of Stonebyres, Lanarkshire, who died 18th October, 1868." It was erected some 40 years ago during the lifetime of the General. It is a conspicuous object in the landscape, and can be seen for many miles around. Thomas Davidson, "the Scottish Probationer," it will be remembered, "made this speech for the tenant of it"—

"AND THERE WILL I BE BURIED."

"Tell me not the good and wise
Care not where their dust reposes—
That to him in death who lies
Rocky beds are even as roses.

"I've been happy above ground;
I can ne'er be happy under,
Out of gentle Teviot's sound—
Part us not, then, far asunder.

"Lay me here, where I may see
Teviot round his meadows flowing,
And around and over me
Winds and clouds for ever going."

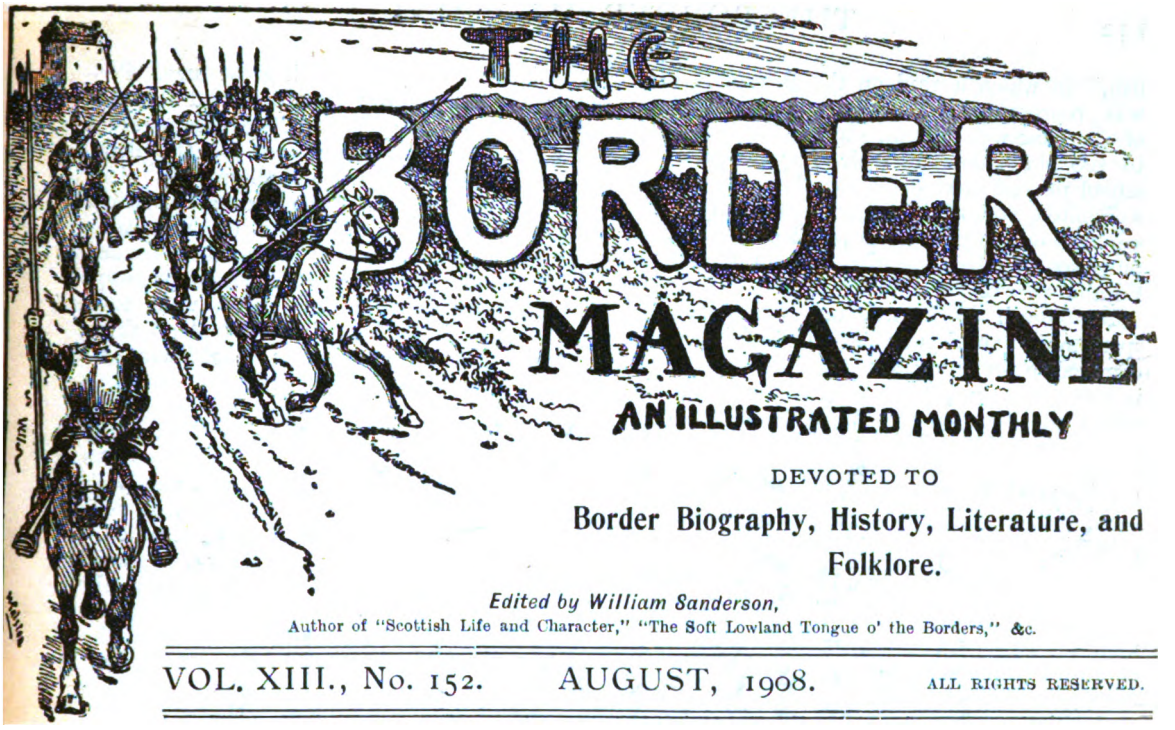
The tomb is guarded by two magnificent lions, carved in stone, and placed on either side of the entrance, and here we may leave Sir Thomas to rest in peace within sound of Teviot's streams—

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er;
Dream of fighting fields no more,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

A. GRAHAM.

*An account of this battle was given in Vol. ii. of the BORDER MAGAZINE.

MRS MARY SOMERVILLE.



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MRS MARY SOMERVILLE AND HER BORDER ASSOCIATIONS.

By GEORGE WATSON.

TO two distinguished scientists, each pre-eminent in a particular sphere, Jedburgh had the honour of giving birth at the end of the eighteenth century. Of these the more celebrated was Sir David Brewster, who was born at 40 Canongate on 11th December, 1781—less than a year after the birth of the renowned Mary Somerville at The Manse, not more than three hundred yards distant.

It is not the purpose of the present sketch to give any detailed account of the scientific attainments and achievements of this distinguished writer: the reader who desires such information is referred to the interesting "Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville." Our object is rather to outline her connection and associations with the Borders. She was the daughter of Admiral William Fairfax, who distinguished himself in the Navy and was knighted for valiant service at the battle of Camperdown in 1797. Having been captured by the French in 1778, he regained his liberty by exchange after a captivity of two years. Fairfax then returned to his Scottish home, previous to joining a frigate as lieutenant. On that occasion his wife travelled with him to London. Being overtaken by illness on the return journey, she put up at the house of her sister, the wife of Rev. Dr Thomas Somerville of Jedburgh, and gave birth to Mary Fairfax in the Parish Church Manse there. "So," the latter writes, "I was born in the house of my future husband, and nursed by his mother,—a rather singular coincidence."

Her early years were spent at Burntisland, where the chief schooling she received was from her mother, who taught her to read the Bible. She early took an interest in the work of the household, and when out of doors she found great delight in the study of natural history. When her father returned home, he found her at the age of eight or nine years practically uneducated, and accordingly he took her through a systematic course of instruction. When ten years of age she was sent to a boarding-school at Musselburgh. Not having been used to such restraint, she felt very forlorn among her new companions. During the year she spent here Mary learnt the rudiments of English and French, in addition to writing. By way of recreation the girls played at ball and marbles. They also indulged, as she informs us, in a game entitled "Scotch and Eng-

lish," in which a raid on the debatable land was represented. The characteristic feature of the game was that the one side endeavoured to rob the other of their playthings. The school proved more expensive than the results warranted, and, after a year's trial, Mary, then a girl of eleven years, was recalled home. For purposes of education she spent a winter in Edinburgh two years afterwards.

Her youth at Burntisland was agreeably spent amid varied pursuits. Out of doors, she engaged in the study of natural history, whilst indoors she occupied her time in sewing, in which she became very expert. At painting also she excelled. Her favourite studies, however, were in mathematics; but so great was the prejudice against the higher education of woman then, that she had to prosecute these in private. She also read in Latin, and in this she received much encouragement from her uncle, Dr Thomas Somerville. When she was staying at The Manse, Jedburgh, he spent an hour or two with her each morning in the study reading Latin classics, especially Virgil.

Dearly she loved to dwell at Jedburgh. Her uncle, aunt, and cousins proved delightful companions when she resided in the house in which she first saw the light. The Manse then stood under the shade of the venerable Abbey,* in a pretty garden, which produced abundance of flowers, vegetables, and fruits. Writing about seventy years after, she says that the view from this spot was "over the beautiful narrow valley through which the Jed flows. The precipitous banks of red sandstone are richly clothed with vegetation, some of the trees ancient and very fine, especially the magnificent one called the capon tree, and the lofty king of the wood, remnants of the fine forests which at one time had covered the country." During these visits, her occupations were very varied. Some days she would go nutting in the woods with her cousins; and on others she went to gather mushrooms in the meadows at Stewartfield (now Hartrigge). In the "pure stream of the Jed" they bathed "in a pool which was deep under the high scaur, but sloped gradually from the grassy bank on the other side." One day, however, the "pure stream" was greatly transformed in consequence of a thunderstorm among the hills. The river suddenly rose with great fury. People were seen running with forks and hooks to drag half-drowned pigs and sheep, and sheaves of corn and other grain, out of the flood. Mary's aunt called her daughters and niece from the bridge [? the Abbey Bridge] on which they stood watching the spectacle. The water rose up to the arches, and the structure seemed to be in imminent danger of being swept away.

Every day some of the cousins went to a spring termed the Allerley Well,* about three hundred yards distant from The Manse, to bring a large jugful of excellent water for dinner. With her relatives Miss Fairfax visited various families in the district, including the Rutherfurds of Edgerston. Mary was always a welcome visitor. So pretty was she both in face and figure that she was known in Jedwater and elsewhere as the "Rose of Jedwood."

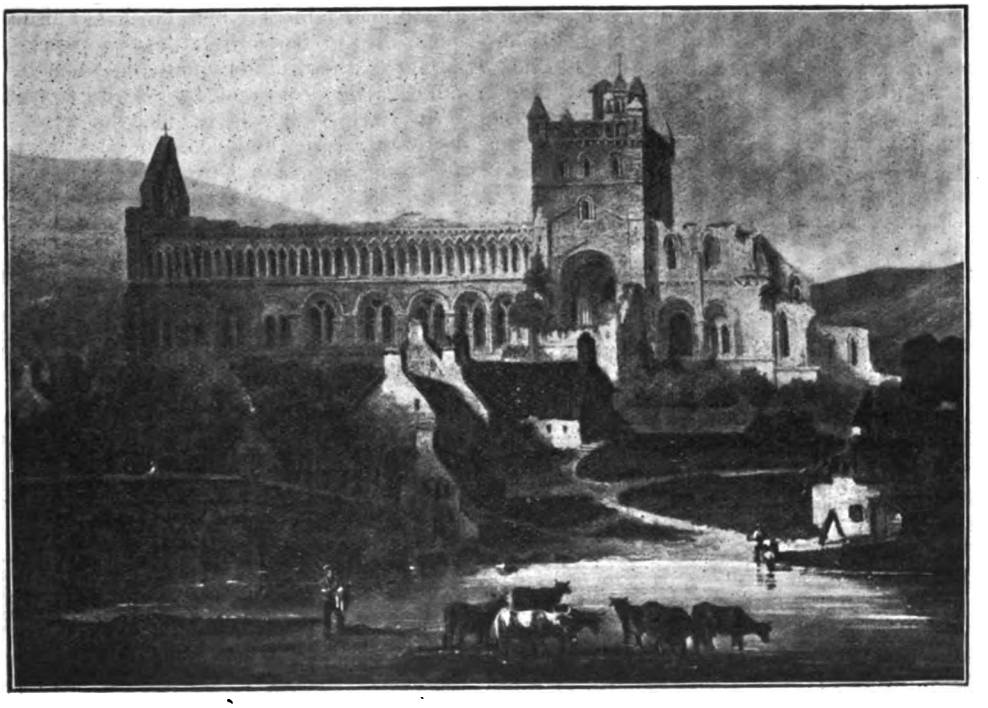
It is impossible here to follow her rapid progress in attaining knowledge: and equally so is it to do more than call attention to the interesting references to military events of the time which are contained in her "Memoirs." Special attention is drawn to the dread of a French invasion. "No one," she says, "can imagine the intense excitement which pervaded all ranks at that time. Every one was armed, and, notwithstanding the alarm, we could not but laugh at the awkward, and often ridiculous, figures of our old acquaintances when at drill in uniform." Early in 1804 she went to stay with her relatives at Jedburgh. Shortly after her arrival, she was awakened in the middle of the night by the arrival of the Yeomanry, who entered the town at full gallop. Beacons were blazing on the tops of the surrounding hills, and every preparation was made for meeting the French, who were supposed to have landed on the coast. But it is a matter of history that this was nothing more than a False Alarm.

In this year (1804) she married her cousin, Samuel Greig, commissioner of the Russian navy. This union did not take place until he had settled permanently as Russian Consul in London, where Mary now took up her abode. Woronzow Greig, who was a barrister-at-law and Clerk of the Peace for Surrey, was one of the two sons of this marriage. Admiral Greig died in 1806, three years after his marriage with the beautiful "Rose of Jedwood."

*The illustration, "Jedburgh Abbey in 1793," given in the BORDER MAGAZINE for September, 1900, shows The Manse, in which Mrs Somerville was born, in the centre of the picture. It was taken down nearly a century ago. The one erected in its stead, which is to be seen on Sir George Reid's well-known picture of the Abbey, was removed about 1876.

*This was before Jedburgh was provided with a special water supply. In 1891 the Allerley Well Park was granted to the town by the late John Tinline, Esq. The waters of the Well are now conveyed by pipes to a handsome fountain at the entrance of the park.

For the next five years she was busy with scientific, mathematical, and other studies; but these suffered a temporary cessation by her marriage to another cousin, Dr William Somerville, in 1812. He was the oldest son of Dr Thomas Somerville of Jedburgh, was born in Edinburgh in 1771, and had an interesting career at home and in foreign parts. He adored his wife, who far excelled him in scientific attainments; and, unlike her former husband, he assisted her in her studies and researches to the utmost of his ability and power.



JEDBURGH ABBEY.

The marriage had the heartiest approbation of his father, who, writing two years afterwards in "My Own Life and Times," speaks thus of the attainments of his daughter-in-law when she was little more than thirty-one years of age:—

"To myself this connection was on every account peculiarly gratifying. Miss Fairfax had been born and nursed in my house, her father being at that time abroad on public service. She afterwards often resided in my family, was occasionally my scholar, and was looked upon by me and my wife as if she had been one of our own children. I can truly say, that next to them she was the object of our most tender regard. Her ardent thirst of knowledge, her assiduous application to study, and her eminent proficiency in literature, and in science and the fine arts, have procured her a celebrity rarely attained by any of her sex; but she never displays any pretensions to superiority, while the affability of her temper, and the gentleness of her manners, afford constant resources of gratification to her family and intimate friends. But what, above all other circumstances, rendered my son's choice acceptable to me was, that it had been the anxious though secret desire of my dear wife."

On the part of one of her husband's sisters, however, there was no such display of approbation. Her studies, which were thought to pertain only to the male sex, were the subject of much disapproval by William Somerville's sisters, one of whom had the temerity to write an impertinent letter to her, saying she hoped that Mary would give up her "foolish manner of life and studies, and make a respectable and useful wife" to her brother. William Somerville and Mary were extremely indignant, and so severely toned a letter was sent in reply that none of the family dared broach the subject again. At that time the prejudice against the education of women in anything except household accomplishments was very marked.

For the next year Mary and her husband dwelt at Portsmouth, where he acted as Deputy-Inspector of Hospitals. In 1813, however, he was appointed chief of the Army Medical Department in Scotland, which necessitated his residing in Edinburgh. During her stay in Scotland, Mrs Somerville occasionally visited Lowood, the residence of Samuel, her husband's brother, near Abbotsford; and she has put on record some interesting reminiscences of the Great Wizard. Samuel Somerville's villa was situated on the banks of the Tweed, opposite the seat of his relative, Lord Somerville, of whose estate he had the supervision. Lord Somerville, as we are informed by Lockhart ("Life of Scott," chap. 14), was at one time Scott's companion in the diversion "burning the water," which is so fully described in the "Life of Scott" (chaps. 14, 49), "Guy Mannering" (chap. 26), and also to some degree (on the Solway Firth) in "Redgauntlet" (letter 4). Of this pastime Mary Somerville was occasionally a witness. "The illumination of the banks of the river," she writes (p. 97), "the activity of the men striking the salmon with the 'leisters,' and the shouting of the people when a fish was struck, was an animated, and picturesque, but cruel scene." When residing in Italy many years later, she witnessed similar scenes at the Lake of Como. "We saw," she writes (p. 233), "the fishermen spear the fish by torchlight, as they did on the Tweed. The fish were plenty and the water so clear that they were seen at a great depth."

There was great intimacy between the Somervilles and Scott, and the company at Abbotsford was further frequently enlivened by the visits of Adam Fergusson and "Willie" Clerk, whose acquaintance Mary Somerville had made at Raith. She never forgot the charm of this society at Abbotsford, especially at the supper parties, when Scott gleefully excelled in relating amusing tales, legends of olden times, and also stories of ghosts and witches. William Clerk likewise amused the company with his dry wit, and Adam Fergusson further added to the evening's entertainment by singing the "Laird o' Cockpen" and other comic songs. When the time of departure arrived the whole company rose, stood round the table hand in hand, and, with Scott as leader, then sang in chorus:—

Weel may we a' be,
Ill may we never see;
Health to the king
And the gude companie.

Mrs Somerville says that Sophia Scott, who afterwards married Lockhart, was the only one of Scott's family who had talent. Although not pretty, she was very agreeable and attractive. Like her father, she had a happy disposition and an excellent memory, and was fond of the old Border tales and ballads.

During one of her later visits (probably about 1824), when Scott was still the "Great Unknown," the subject of the authorship of the Waverley Novels was one day the topic of conversation in the Somerville family. On that occasion Woronzow Greig amazed his mother and friends by saying, "I knew all these stories long ago, for Mr Scott writes on the dinner-table. When he has finished, he puts the green-cloth with the papers in a corner of the dining-room; and when he goes out Charlie Scott and I read the stories."

In 1831 Scott was seized by a fit of apoplectic paralysis, and consequently he was offered the use of a Government vessel for a cruise in the Mediterranean for the benefit of his health. Accordingly he set sail from Portsmouth in October of that year.

"Somerville and I happened to be at the seaport where he embarked," says our authoress, "and we went to take leave of him. He kissed me, and said, 'Farewell, my dear; I am going to die abroad like other British novelists.' Happy would it have been if God had so willed it, for he returned completely broken down; his hopes were blighted, his sons dead, and his only remaining descendant was a grand-daughter, daughter of Mrs Lockhart. . . . Thus the 'Merry, merry days that I have seen,' ended very sadly."

Relying on memory, Mary Somerville wrote in this strain forty years after the event, and thus fell into an error regarding the novelist's family. Contrary to what she implies, Scott was survived by two sons and two daughters.

When she came to Jedburgh, Mrs Somerville never failed to pay a visit to James Veitch, the Inchbonny philosopher.† "He was a plough-wright," she records, "a hard-working man, but of rare genius, who taught himself mathematics and astronomy in the evenings with wonderful success." She made honourable mention of him in the fourth edition of her "Connexion of the Physical Sciences" as being the first in Great Britain to discover the famous comet of 1811. The only telescope possessed by the female scientist was made for her by Veitch. His pupil, Sir David Brewster, was an intimate friend of Mary Somerville, and wrote appreciative reviews of certain of her works.

Many of these reminiscences occurred in

† For his biography see the BORDER MAGAZINE for 1900, pp. 15-18, 34-36, 45-48.

connection with visits from London, whither she and her husband had removed in 1816, owing to his being appointed an inspector of the Army Medical Board in that year. About the year 1844 she paid a visit to her brother- and sister-in-law, General and Mrs Elliot, who dwelt at Rosebank (for some time the residence and property of Sir Walter Scott), in the vicinity of Kelso and on the north side of the Tweed. She then went to her birthplace, Jedburgh, and after a lapse of many years still thought the vale of Jed very pretty. "I fear," she says, writing about 1869, "the pretty stream has been invaded by manufactories; there is a perpetual war between civilisation and the beauty of nature. I went to see the spot from whence I once took a sketch of Jedburgh Abbey and the manse in which I was born." She and her friends next visited Yetholm. The king of the gipsies and many of his men were not at home; but the women, some of whom were very pretty, gave them a civil reception. A visit was then paid to the quaintly-situated church of Linton, in order that they might inspect in the walls a stone on which the crest of the Somervilles—the wyvern, or dragon, upon a wheel—is carved in relief.

For many years before these visits to her native Borders, our authoress had been in the midst of literary activity. In 1826 she presented to the Royal Society a paper on "The Magnetic Properties of the Violet Rays of the Solar Spectrum," which was so able as to attract much attention. Her famous work, "The Mechanism of the Heavens," was published in 1831. Her reputation as a scientist and mathematician was forthwith made. She was granted a civil pension of £200 per year, which in 1835 was increased to £300. In 1834 she issued her "Connexion of the Physical Sciences," a work which has since passed through many editions, each being revised in accordance with the progress of science. In the following year she was created an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society, a distinction which never before had been conferred upon a woman. In 1846 a paper by her on the action of the rays of the spectrum on vegetable juices was read to the Royal Society. Her "Physical Geography"—a work of which several editions have appeared—was first published in 1848; and in 1869 her "Microscopic and Molecular Science" was issued. Her posthumous "Personal Recollections, from Early Life to Old Age," written in 1869-72, was published in 1873. Two other works—a treatise on the "Theory of Differences" and a study of a book on Quaternions,—left unfinished, have not been published.

For the latter part of her life Mrs Somerville dwelt on the Continent. This was at first necessitated by the poor health of her husband, whose severe illness in 1838 compelled him and his family to spend the winter abroad. He died suddenly at Florence on 25th June, 1860. Her domestic happiness was further diminished by the sudden death of her beloved son, Woronzow Greig, in 1865. She then retired to Naples, where she spent the evening of her life. Full of years and of honours, she died there during sleep on the morning of 29th November, 1872.

JEDBURGH.

(Suggested by a newspaper paragraph which stated that Jedburgh Abbey is in danger of falling.)

Though Angelus and Matins ring no longer,
And Evensong is silent through the years,
Thy roofless, ruined aisles but plead the stronger
To add their burden to a nation's cares.

Though monkish figure in thy precinct lingers,
Slow pacing through the quiet cloister there
No more, nor penitent devoutly fingers
His rosary, or bends the knee in prayer,

Nor Royal Consorts vow marital duty
(Thy columned nave gay with a courtly throng);
Yet stands thy noble fane in time-worn beauty,
Athwart the vale it has adorned so long.

Who, after wending down this peer of valleys,
When spring-green beeches glistened overhead,
With reddest cliffs and scaurs glimpsed through the alleys,
A moment could forget the vale of Jed.

And shall the chiefest glory fall and vanish,
Its threatened Abbey mingle with the sod!
For negligence sole power wields to banish
This ancient, honoured, hallowed house of God.

SERVICES OF OLD MONASTIC ORDERS:

ANGELUS—Bell tolled in morning, noon, and evening.

"Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded."—Longfellow.
("Evangeline.")

MATINS properly begins at midnight and is occupied by two services, nocturns (or vigils—at midnight, or between midnight and dawn) and lauds (at dawn).

EVENSONG (or Vespers): 1462, "He schall helpe to ryng all in to Matens and Masse and Evynsong with his felow."

Gateshead-on-Tyne, R. S.

A NIGHT WITH THE SALMON POACHERS.

"NOO, mind to put on yer auldest claes, dark yins if ye hae them, an'—dinna forget a guid flask." Such were the final instructions I got from Bauldy, one of the most noted poachers on the Borders, who had at my urgent request allowed me for one night to accompany his "squad." I had for long had a strong desire to go out with the poachers, and to share the excitement of their "calling"; but never till this day had I got the necessary permission. Bauldy, the leader of the "squad," was, as I have said, a noted Border poacher. He had been in many frays with his natural enemies the water bailiffs, but had been singularly lucky in these encounters. Twice his shoulder-blade had been dislocated, and once his head had been laid open with a truncheon, but, as he afterwards remarked, "It was crackit afore, onyway, ye ken." There were numerous convictions against him for infringing the obnoxious Fishing Acts, but on various occasions the charge was found "not proven" owing to the skilful way in which he conducted his defence and bamboozled the witnesses. A thick-set man of about fifty-five years, clean shaven, respectably dressed (but seldom wearing a collar), such is all the description necessary for a man who, as he himself said, was "as weel kenned in Jethart as the auld toon clock, but no' as muckle lookit up to!" He was a native of the Royal Burgh, as his father and grandfather had been before him; and his great love for it was shown when once, in a working mood, he was employed for a week or two at Galashiels as a mason's labourer. Some one said to him, "Well, Bauldy, how do you like Galashiels?" "Eh, man," he replied, "I canna dae wi't ony langer. I tell ye what it is, I wad raither be hanged at Jethart than dee a naitural death at Galashiels!" He had been married, but his wife had been dead for nearly twenty years, and Bauldy had lived by himself ever since. Such, then, was the man with whom I had resolved to go for "a nicht at the saumon."

As the evening crept on I began to experience a rather nervous feeling, which increased as it got nearer the hour of meeting. I wondered if Bauldy would also have this feeling, but, when at last I met him at nine o'clock at "the fit o' the Toor Burn," I found him in grand spirits, without the slightest suggestion of nervousness. He explained to me that he, with his two mates, Swanky and Pate, had intended trying the Kale; but, from "information received," they had altered their plans and had resolved on an expedition to the Teviot—or "Tyot," as it is locally called—so we set off on a four-mile walk to the place where we were to meet Bauldy's two friends. "Noo," said Bauldy, "if we meet onybody on the road we'll pairt company for a bitty, an' ye ken where to make for." We, however, met nobody until approaching Cleekiminn, when Bauldy suddenly said, "There's a bobbie—walk on." I did so, and, meeting one of the rural constables, we bade each other "good-night" and passed. On getting round the bend of the road I paused and listened, and in a few minutes I heard the policeman say, "Hullo, Bauldy, what's on to-night?" "Oh, naething," was the reply; "I'm just takin' a walk for the guid o' my health." I heard the constable's cheery laugh at this rejoinder, and immediately afterwards Bauldy was once more with me. "It was best to pairt," he said, "as I dinna like to be seen in suspicious company." Half a mile further on I heard something like the "mew" of a cat, when Bauldy at once stopped and gave a low whistle, whereupon Swanky emerged from the hedge and joined us. He explained that Pate had gone on before with the "tools," so we cut down through a ploughed field at Timpendean Farm, keeping close into a big thorn hedge, and in a few minutes we were at the river-side. Swanky gave a "mew," which was at once answered by Pate, who rose from the ground about thirty yards away and crawled forward, carrying a bag on his back. "I thocht ye was never gaun to come," growled Pate; "keepin' a body starvin' o' cauld here." "Oh, haud yer tongue, Pate," responded Bauldy with a laugh, "ye've never dee'd i' the winter yet. But, hae, man, tak' a pull at that"—and he handed him the flask which I had brought with me, and which had already been sampled by Bauldy several times. After this refresher we started to our work. From the bag were produced three cleeks and a lantern, and, these having been distributed, we moved quietly to the water's edge. Bauldy had meanwhile carefully lit the lantern and concealed it under his coat. The night was very dark. I was constantly tumbling over unseen objects, and, to add to the general discomfort, rain was by this time falling heavily. This did not dampen the spirits or enthusiasm of my three companions, two of whom (Bauldy and Pate) were already up to their waists in the water, while Swanky was a little distance off, ready to give a warning "mew" in case of danger. Twice I saw a slight glimmer of the

lantern, and suddenly a big disturbance of the water, and then a fish of eleven or twelve pounds weight was thrown on to the bank where I lay! The whole thing was done so quickly and so quietly that I could scarcely credit the fact that a "kill" had already been made. Pate handed me a large stone with the request to "gi'e the crater a skelp i' the heid to make it lie still." Scarcely had I done so when a warning "mew" from Swanky put us all on the "qui vive," and my heart seemed to stop beating for the moment; but, after all, it was only a false alarm, and operations were continued. Another fish was got from the same place, after which we made a move further up the river. There, under a brae hag, no fewer than five fish were got—fish weighing from about six to fourteen pounds each. The same proceedings were gone through at several places (all within a quarter of a mile), with the result that we at last "took the road" with sixteen fish in our possession. How, or where, Swanky got the three sacks in which the spoil was carried I cannot say. I offered to assist in the carrying, but my companions refused my aid. Cautiously we wended our way up the side of a field, through the stackyard at the "Duddyhoose," and up the brae to the end of Lanton village. Here we parted company for the time being, Pate going by the Rewcastle fields to the Dunion road, Swanky taking the old pathway by Lanton Crag, while Bauldy (whom I accompanied) took the main road through the village and over the hill. We reached the town without interruption and made for Bauldy's house. There we found Swanky, who had arrived ten minutes before us, sitting with a "dram" in his hand. "Ha, ha," laughed Bauldy, "ye kenned fine where to find the bottle. Is't better than ye gat frae Wull Scott's wife last New Year's Day?" And then he told me with great glee how Swanky and Pate had called to wish the Scotts a Happy New Year! Mrs Scott produced "the bottle" and poured out two glasses. Swanky and Pate drank the contents at a gulp, and, making wry faces at each other, wended their way down stairs. "Pate," said Swanky, "that's no' guid whusky." "Na," replied Pate; "I've tasted better; but daursay it's better than nane." Just with that, little Robbie Scott came running after them, crying, "Ye've to come back again an' get a glass o' whusky—my mother's gi'en ye Harrogate salts by mistake!" After remaining with Bauldy and Swanky for about an hour, and Pate not having turned up by that time, I left and went home to bed. It was then four o'clock, and I need hardly say that I "slept in" that morning. During the afternoon I met Bauldy, and in response to my anxious enquiry about Pate he said, "Hoots! the daidlin' body sat doon on the Dunion road for a rest, an' fell soond asleep. When he wakened it was broad daylicht, but he gat the len' o' a barrow frae the farmer at Laverock Ha', an', puttin' the fish in't, he covered them wi' his coat an' a wheen turnip shaws, an' brocht them richt doon the Toonheid. When he was opposite the Polis Office he put the barrow doon an' sat doon on the trams for a smoke, an' then he hurled them away again an' gat them safe in. But, eh man, hae ye heard that the Deil, an' Cusha, an' Slipper were a' nabbit at the Kale last nicht?" So the "information" which Bauldy had "received" must have been pretty correct. In reply to my enquiry about the disposal of the fish, he told me that they were all away already. Four of them he had sold to commercial travellers, and the remainder to townspeople. Thus ended my first (and last) poaching expedition.

T. S. S.

MR WILLIAM GILCHRIST.

A NEW ZEALAND BORDERER.

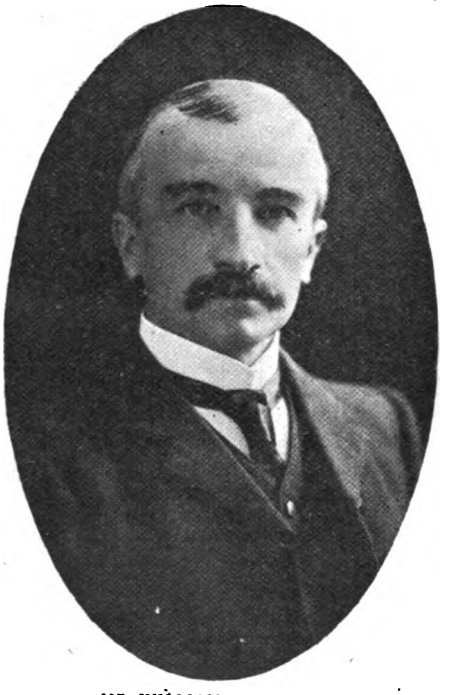
THERE is a never-ceasing element of interest in the sketches of men who in different callings of life have made their mark on the sands of time, and who, by the services they have rendered to their fellows, have made their influence felt amidst the community where they have lived.

The BORDER MAGAZINE has from time to time borne eloquent testimony to the worth of many Borderers who have gone abroad. Writing as I do from New Zealand, I feel that I can best give practical expression to the pleasure and satisfaction I experience in perusing the "B. M." pages each month by endeavouring to outline briefly the life and work of a Borderer whose zeal, usefulness, and influence in his own locality tend to produce in the daily lives of his fellow-men a higher ideal. These qualities are only equalled by his deep sympathy with human nature, his self-denial, thoroughness, natural modesty, and characteristic patriotism.

William Gilchrist is a native of Galloway, that countryside which has been rendered famous in recent years by the writings of S. R. Crockett, but he was still a little boy when

he removed with his parents to Walkerburn, Peeblesshire, about the end of the "sixties," where he got all his schooling at the little parish school under Mr Thomas Weir, whose retiral was mentioned in the BORDER MAGAZINE some time ago. Mr Gilchrist's father was gamekeeper to the late Mr James Dalziel of Tweedholm Mills, and lived in the little cottage close to Tweed Bridge. After leaving school young Willie was apprenticed to the grocery and provision trade with Mr George Anderson, Innerleithen, and on completing his term he became confidential clerk and manager, in which capacity he remained until failing health made it advisable for him to go abroad.

While resident in Innerleithen, Mr Gilchrist took an active interest in the social life of the community. Church agencies, Mutual Im-



MR WILLIAM GILCHRIST.

provement Association, Reading-room, &c., found in him an able and willing helper, and those who can recall the St Ronan's of twenty-five years ago have kindly remembrances of him.

Some years previous to the time mentioned the present writer, also a St Ronan's Borderer, had sailed for New Zealand and settled in Gore, one of its most southern towns. Encouraged by the cheery optimism of the former emigrant, Mr Gilchrist set sail in the ship "Dunedin" for the land of the Southern Cross. Arriving at the home of his "towney" in Maoriland, employment was soon obtained with Messrs Hunter and Brett, merchants in Gore, whom he served with great acceptance for over a year. Then he transferred his services for a more lucrative appointment in the then more important and exciting town of Kaitangita.

At that time great inducements were offered to young men of scholarly attainments to enter the service of the Southland Education Board, to take charge of the many new schools which were being erected in this rapidly growing district. Mr Gilchrist, becoming tired of commercial life, applied for, and obtained, an appointment as teacher of the Shotover Public School. From thence he removed to Millers Flat, thus still keeping near to Queenstown, the queen of all that is beautiful in lake and mountain scenery all the world over. Here Mr Gilchrist remained for four years, and it was amidst the exquisitely beautiful surrounding of the Lakes District that our friend met the lady who afterwards became his helpmeet in life.

Ever studious, and possessing energy rare in one who could not be called a physical giant, this country teacher was steadily adding to his educational qualifications, which were instrumental in securing for him an appointment to a larger school at Thornbury. This town is situated in a fertile district about twenty miles from Invercargill, which Mark Twain calls the city of magnificent distances, referring to the great width of its streets.

A year or two later finds Mr Gilchrist an applicant for the position of headmaster of the East Gore School, and, being well and favourably known there, and having a warm personal friend in the chairman of committee, he was successful in securing this responsible position. This appointment he has now held for eighteen years to the entire satisfaction of successive committees, and to the great advantage of the pupils, as is abundantly verified in the records of the school, and in the later performances of many distinguished scholars.

In a wide sense Mr Gilchrist is a "man o' pairts." In the local Presbyterian Church he has long filled the position of Clerk of Deacons' Court and Managers' Committee; he is also an elder of session and Superintendent of Sunday School, in all of which branches of Christian work his influence is pronouncedly felt, and his counsel and wisdom have been frequently referred to as of immense assistance and value in times of difficulty.

Socially he is much sought after by literary and debating societies, for which he frequently lectures and gives addresses on Scottish life in the Borderland. He also conducts, as "Uncle Phil," the wonderfully popular young folk's column in the local evening newspaper, "Mataura Ensign," which has correspondents all over the Dominion and includes the wife of the editor of the "B. M."

Educationally and professionally the subject of this sketch is reputed for his comprehensive knowledge, mastery of details, and ability to impart his knowledge to others. In art, science, and nature study he has in recent years added considerably to his accomplishments, and his characteristic enthusiasm and thoroughness has often impressed his friends. When they expostulate with him for overwork he is accustomed to reply:—"Time without work is too heavy and monotonous on my hands." Whilst the growth in numbers and importance of the East Gore School has been steady and sustained, the success of the headmaster in his teaching has been no less brilliant and phenomenal. Since 1897 his pupils have won in bursaries a sum amounting to a little over £1200. Four of these pupils became in turn Dux of the Invercargill High School, a much-coveted honour.

Should, perchance, any readers "O'er the Border" find themselves in Gore, little enquiry will be needed to direct them to the home of one of the best-known, highly-respected, and estimable of her citizens, whom it is a pleasure and a privilege to know, and who, I feel sure, would cordially extend a hearty welcome to any visitor from his native soil.

A. AITKEN.

I am glad to see that an early start is to be made with the Government's inventory of the nation's ancient monuments, and that the Border country is to be attended to at an early date. It has been decided by the Commissioners charged with making the inventory of the ancient and historical monuments of Scotland that the inspection of monuments, preparatory to their being inventoried, should be commenced by the secretary (Mr Alex. O. Curle, Edinburgh) this year in the county of Berwick during the month of August. As a basis to work from, lists have been prepared of the antiquities indicated on the Ordnance Survey sheets, arranged according to their parishes, and these have been sent to certain local antiquaries and the parish schoolmasters throughout the county, with a request that they will, if possible, supplement them with the names of any monuments that may come to their notice not mentioned therein. In the capable hands of Mr Curle, I feel sure that every justice will be done to our priceless relics of the stirring past of the Borderland.

THE EVE OF ANCRUM MOOR.

When north and south the Tweed, stood face to face;
Aye prompt to wrestle in a fierce embrace.
Rough-footed Scots in many a plundering band
Cast greedy eyes on fair Northumberland;
Then in pursuance of politic greed
Green-coated English archers cross the Tweed:
(Latoun and Ever's pennons on the gale)—
The southern raiders ravage Teviotdale.
Revenge in every heart, the ruthless knaves
Harried the Abbeys and defaced the graves;
Wantonly outraged noble Border names,
And gave the honoured buildings to the flames.
Then Eildon marked the smoke-wreaths in the sky,
And flashed a signal from its summit high;
Yair, looking down, the ruddy beacons see,
Crimsoning the woodlands around Torwoodlee;
The bale-fire on its height far-stretching—wide,
Startle Lindean and slumb'ring Faldonside;
While Yarrow's dowie dens reflect the blaze,
Rousing stout foresters on Ettrick braes.
Elibank, watchful ever, speeds the tale,
In fiery summons, up Tweed's winding dale;
Tower after tower, alternate, wildly glare,
Blackhouse, resplendent, reddens all Traquair;
Rays, rosy, radiating from Lee Pen,
Flare to lone sheep folds far up Leithen glen.
Cardrona caught the summons on its way;
Bright sprung the flame on Neidpath's turrets grey;
Sternly alert, all rise and take the field,
From Berwick Merse to Dreva and the Beild.
Like mists that thicken around dark Loch Skene
(Gathering from sheltered valleys—scarcely seen
At first, now lowering in the autumn sky)
Form in battalions, on the uplands high:
Lashed by the raging winds, disgorge and feed
The surging streamlets of the upper Tweed;
Which, in its course, flows onward, full and strong,
Collecting tribute as it sweeps along.
Each after each, a hundred gushing rills,
Adding fresh volume from a thousand hills;
Until, resistless now, its angry train
Bears a world's wreckage to the distant main.
So! from bleak moorlands, and dark cleuchs, afar
The ready Borderers scent a coming war.
Westwater, Baddins-gill, and Forth combine
To swell the forces from the Pentland Lyne.
Glenrath and Manor the red signal saw,
And sent rude hillmen from the Dollar Law.
Onward and downward, every little vale,
Swells the fierce current, set for Teviotdale.
Meggat and Yarrow join the buirdly men;
Flowers of the forest fair, from Ettrick Pen.
Gala's braw lads come in their hodden gray,
Ready, aye ready still, for splore or fray.
Lauder! her burgesses arrayed in pride,
Muster the sturdy men of Leaderside.
From Hellmuir Loch, and from the old Catrail,
Trooping they come by the sweet-scented Ale.
All, all combined, in purpose firm and sure,
Burst like a torrent upon Ancrum Moor.
Buccleuch and Angus lead them to the fray;
England had cause to mourn that fateful day;
When Fair-Maid-Lilliard, for a lover lost,
Took ample vengeance on the routed host.
She to the field of strife bequeathed a name;
Little her stature, but great was her fame.

A. G. M.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1908.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ALTHOUGH *All Rights Reserved* is placed at the beginning of each issue of the *B. M.*, we are always pleased to see articles from our columns reproduced in newspapers, provided the source is acknowledged. Unfortunately this act of fairness to our contributors and ourselves is not always attended to, and we trust that our reference to the subject will put the matter right in the future.

THE BORDER KEEP.

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

In the BORDER MAGAZINE for June there was reproduced an interesting sketch by the late Mr James Wood, Woodburn, Galashiels, on the subject of "James Blaikie, Craigsford, Earlston," and that article was further reproduced by several Border newspapers. In a foot-note the Editor referred to the neglected state of the grave of Mr Blaikie and the desirability of some of the Border associations taking up the matter. That the reproduction of the article and the reference in the foot-note have rapidly borne fruit is seen in the fact that the Rev. W. S. Crockett has received a letter from his friend, Mr George Cockburn Mercer, Mayor of Lodi, New Jersey, U.S.A., in which that successful Borderer-American citizen says: —

"The article remarked that it was a pity that some of the Border societies, or some individual, should not have taken up the matter of preserving the grave and the stone. It has been much abused by visitors and children, and I suspect that I am one of the 'children' who helped to efface the markings on the stone. We were pretty much alike, all of us, when we were playing around there, and were just as likely to chip a piece off for fun as not. I am a great believer in preserving the old historical land-marks, and always feel badly to see any of them wiped off the face of the earth. It has occurred to me that possibly I could do something to redeem my wrong-doing, if you can call it such; that is, by helping to restore as nearly as possible to its original condition the stone and the grave. And I would be willing to contribute all, or a part of, the cost of this; if you will take the matter up with the proper authorities or some society, and give me an idea as to the cost of putting it in fairly good shape, I will consider the matter favourably and advise you very promptly what to do. I know no one better than your own good self to take this matter up. You are so familiar with everything in that line, and the history of our dear old town, that you can probably reach without much trouble just the one to do the necessary work."

In the "Glasgow Herald," under the title of "The Well in the Glen," W. W. M. thus pleasantly pictures a spot well known to some of our readers:—

"Midway up a beautiful glen through which a winsome burnie rambles leisurely to the 'sylvan Jed' there lies hidden in a braeside, beneath high branching trees, where, among the clinging ivy, a pair of softly-cooing stock-doves have made their nesting home, an old well whose cool, clear water has refreshed the households of many generations. Covered and protected by rough slabs of wood, resting on undressed whinstones torn from the channel of the burn, and surrounded by ferns of vigorous growth, and lusty bushes of the stately pink campion, this ancient spring leaps to the surface in never-failing plentitude. The burn, when noisy and riotous under the influence of winter rains, or when suddenly swollen by a summer spate, laps the mouth of the well; and when the beech trees are shedding their withered foliage, and the winds are giving the leaves no rest, some are driven to shelter within the sanctuary of the spring. In rainless summers, when elsewhere springs run dry, this hidden well, on which scarce a sunbeam lights, draws from its reservoir deep down among the rocks an undiminished supply, and long ago, in the days before the old town near by was provided with water from the outlying moors, it was a resort of those housewives whose homes clustered around the hillside on which the old castle stood. Passing down a narrow wynd, bordered with hawthorn and wild roses, the water-carriers, with the shining pitchers jangling on their arms, crossed the burn—sometimes stumbling on 'a slippy stane'—entered a fruitful orchard on whose trees the silver-tongued 'goldies' built their graceful nests—

'Fast to the blushing apples' forked branch,
Amid the blossoms of the codlin tree'—

and, recrossing the burn, filled their pitchers to the brim. The apple trees have long since disappeared, the goldfinches have forsaken the Border country—the result, some say, of changed agricultural conditions—and the existence of the old well is known only to a few aged 'Toonheiders,' and to one or two among the younger generation who, remembering that the feet of forebears often wandered down the glen, still visit the tranquil spot, and drink a handful of its still sweet waters."

* * * *

One of my delights in the quiet retirement of the Keep is the weekly arrival of the "Scottish Review," a paper which Scotland may well be proud of, and which should be in the hands of every leal Borderer, not only because of the national value of the periodical, but because of the space the editor devotes to Border literature. From an interesting article on Andrew Lang in the paper referred to I quote the following:—

"There is one delightful thing about Mr Lang: he is no 'boomster,' for he neither gets others to chatter about the collars he wears or the braces he despises, nor does he himself do anything small or contemptible by way of drawing public attention to his personal affairs. It is not, perhaps, so much a matter of modesty as of sound sense. Mr Lang is showing signs of age. The reference is made neither to his 'brindled hair' (so sorry! we vowed to leave his hair alone) nor to his stoop of shoulder. The dark eye, that used to look shy under his aunt's affectionate advances, as Mrs Sellar tells us, is yet clear and brilliant, alert as ever—now mocking, now full of fun, now grave, but always challenging attention if not commanding admiration. What we mean is rather this: age shows itself in looking back too persistently; in fuming at the present overmuch. Here, for example, are his words in reviewing the present position of literature: 'The literature of the moment is only in one way encouraging. It cannot well be worse; it is the dark hour before the dawn.'

* * * *

"Once more. If many of us scarcely know how to take Mr Lang, that is not our fault, but his. We are no more sure sometimes in the midst of his solemnity than we are when his 'irresponsible frivolity' is in full blast whether he is not laughing at us into a sleeve made specially wide for the purpose. We like him best in his enthusiasms—when his air of condescension dies; when, for instance, he places his lance in rest to meet the man who has attacked Tennyson. We have, indeed, to thank him for many things. Did he not once valiantly venture to write on 'Omar Khayyam as a Bore'? If he has not Mr Chesterton's knack of rolling up his sleeves and proceeding to mix up gloriously things remote and near, until, out of the disheartened ingredients, a 'great chieftain o' the puddin' race' is produced, he gives us at least fine fare, whether in ballade, 'Essays in Little,' or 'Letters on Literature,' revelling, as he does, in what 'Blackwood' calls 'these pleasant utterances about something or nothing, the pretty art which requires no especial meaning.' He has, moreover, the rare art, as the 'Spectator' once put it, of dealing with delicate literary work 'without letting the aroma vanish in the process.' Many of us sincerely miss the 'Ship' that went under with 'Longman's Magazine,' after showing many 'signs'—not all of distress—and have not, somehow, accepted 'The Sign of St Paul's' as a worthy substitute.

* * * *

"The other day a certain paragraphist, when referring to Mr George Meredith, expressed the opinion that we have too little 'hero-worship of the living.' Why, if we restrict for a moment inquiry to the realm of literature, there are too many writers in our day who supply incense by the hundredweight, and apply it so industriously to themselves that the occupation has little need, indeed, to be carried further by others. No; Mr Andrew Lang will not expect worship from us, but he may rely on a feeling of warm indebtedness to him on the part of many of his readers, modified by a chilly reflection that he cares less for the compliment and for them than he ought to do—while he goes his way, 'garrulous as a brook,' as Stevenson sings of him. And yet—and yet—(let the end be as the beginning) we Scots are all proud of him, in spite of many things."

* * * *

A start having been made in the knighting of Border literary men, I trust that it will not be long before the honour is conferred upon the subject of the previous paragraph.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

A DRIVE IN THE BORDER COUNTRY.

THE Rev. J. R. Aitken recently contributed the following article to the "Scotsman," and we feel sure that its reproduction here will interest our readers:

"To see Dr Samuel Johnson," says Boswell, "in Prince Charles' bed, in the Isle of Skye, in the house of Flora Macdonald, struck me with such a group of ideas as it is not easy for words to describe. He smiled and said, 'I have had no ambitious thoughts in it.'" To visit the Border country and spend but a day in Sir Walter's land, is to fall a victim to many kindling thoughts, and be struck with a larger group of ideas than can possibly have troubled Boswell. Everywhere Nature and Art seem vying with each other how best to adorn the scene. Everywhere History and Romance have laid their hand on river, mountain, and dale. And, over all, breathes the magic genius of Sir Walter, whose honoured dust mingles with that of the monks in the sacred shades of Dryburgh.

There were four of us, Art, Theology, Providence, and Law being represented in our carriage. Art by an architect famous Scotland over, Law by a Bailie from Auld Reekie, Providence, as the Bailie fittingly suggested, by the genial representative of a great Scottish Provident Society, and Theology by the writer. Our drive was from Kelso to St Boswells, and the glamour of the land, the spell of Sir Walter, the beauty of the hills fell on us all. It was a lovely June day, broken only by a few showers which served but to lay the dust and add glory to the brilliant sunshine. And what more could one wish—the wizardry of Sir Walter, the glamour of the Border, and the witchery of June?

The rich growing fields and pasture lands, watered by romantic rivers and broken with historic monuments and hills, looked glorious in the brilliant light. The trees everywhere were in full leaf, and, in their first fair shades of varying green, vied with the fields and the hills in their beauty. Hedgerows white with the snow of May, and roadsides resplendent with white sprays of hemlock, or golden with buttercups, or ablaze with burnished gold of broom and gorse, or decked with wealth of light laburnum waving in the breeze, spread their lavish fare before our hungry city eyes. Spacious woods, clumps of firs, groves on knolls and hillocks, fair swelling slopes, and distant hills added grace and strength to opulence of glory. And, through all, between all, the silver waters of salmon rivers now murmuring soft and clear over the pebbles of their course, now "dark, drumlie, and deep," now seen in all their majesty and splendour rolling on toward the sea, and now hiding themselves like sportive maidens in the woods, or behind the hillocks of the plains, and known only by the wealth of their margins or the music of their waters.

The farmers were busy shearing their sheep in the sunshine. Here and there a ploughman turned over a bit of the rich loamy soil, followed by a flock of plovers, whose white breasts and light grey wings shone in the sunlight. Here and there a group of children played at a cottage door, or stopped to look at us, with their mothers, as our carriage swept along, or coyly peeped at us from flowered windows as we passed. Here and there a shepherd and his collie, a flock of sheep lying down in green pastures, a mare grazing with her foal, a stray seagull from the distant shore, and, everywhere, from copse and hedgerow, from field and cloud, the song of birds, the long lazy notes of the blackbird, the rich clear music of the song-thrush, the merry melody of the linnet, and the heavenly rhapsody of the lark. Few are the ears which hear, for scant are the habitations of man, but what a temple in which to sing!

The panorama is rich in scenes of romantic and historic interest as well as national beauty. "I can stand on the Eildon Hill," said Sir Walter, "and point out forty-three places famous in war and verse." There, at his feet, were the fair lands of the abbots of Kelso, Melrose, Dryburgh, and Jedburgh. On the horizon the battlefields of Chevy Chase and Flodden. On the Eildons themselves the remains of a strong Roman encampment and the wreck of an old Druidical shrine. And, east and west, north and south, far as the eye can see, the whole countryside ringing with legends of Border valour, Border ballad, and Border fray. Spirits of the great departed come and go, monks, warriors, poets; shades of good men, and brave men, and singing men; representatives of Religion, of War, and of Peace, and, aye as they come and go, with all their darkened following, our eyes fill with kindly light and our hearts glow with growing love, as we think of one above them all, who sang and spake the glory of the land, and filled the world with wonder.

In the name of Religion, what strange things we here behold. On the Eildon Hills, as we have seen, are the remains of a tumulus, the Bourjo, which is supposed to be of Druidical origin. It is an oak bower, surrounded by a deep trench; and here, if the supposition be true, the priests of the ancient Caledonians sang the song of Woden and spake Gimli's hall "with gold all covered." Near Roxburgh, on the Teviot side, at a place which still bears the name of Friars, is the site of a convent of Franciscan monks. In the vicinity stood also a Maison Dieu for the reception of pilgrims, and the diseased and indigent. In Kelso is the old abbey, fragrant with many a memory, and grand even in its ruin. In 1113, thirteen reformed Benedictine monks from the newly-founded abbey of Tiron, in Picardy, came and planted themselves on the banks of the Ettrick near Selkirk. In 1126, the year after David's accession to the throne, this Tironensian abbey was translated from Selkirk to "the place called Calhou," the ancient name for Kelso. Here its conventual church was founded in 1128, Roxburgh being then in the zenith of its prosperity. David, and all his successors down to James V., lavished on Kelso Abbey Royal favours. In wealth, in political influence, and in ecclesiastical status, it reached an eminence of grandeur which made it the glory of the land. The abbots were the first ecclesiastics on the roll of Parliament, and took precedence of all other abbots in the kingdom. It entertained kings and queens, and saw the coronation of James III., on the death of his father at the siege of Roxburgh. After the fatal field of Flodden, it fell into the hands of the victors, and felt

the first throb of a series of events which led to its final ruin. In 1542, under the Duke of Norfolk, and again in 1545, under the Earl of Hereford, the English spoiled the abbey and almost entirely destroyed it by fire, after a stout and stubborn defence (that stirs the blood still, and makes one laud their names) by twelve monks and ninety gallant Scots. In 1560, what fire and foe could not accomplish was completed by the Covenanters, who drove the remnant of the brotherhood from its fire-scathed walls and wrecked the abbey for all time. So when, in 1566, Queen Mary came to Kelso, in pursuit of her kindly purpose of putting down by charm of her personal presence the Border frays, all she beheld was the ruined pile we see to-day.

In the name of the God of War, again, what strange things were here beheld. The hills and fields are red with blood, and heard the clang of battle, and the march of warriors more than any Border land under God's sun. In the short space of our drive from Kelso to St Boswells we have camps and forts of ancient Caledonians, embankments and roadways of Roman handiwork, Scottish castles and keeps, and scenes of many a Border fray. On the Eildon Hills are the remains of a strong Roman encampment, as we have seen. The parish of Maxton is partly traversed by a Roman road, and there are vestiges of a Roman camp on Muirhouselaw, and of a Roman tumulus near Wooden. In the village of Maxton, also, hidden almost by a row of modern dwellings, the old shaft of the village cross still remains to point the spot where a thousand men of the barony were wont to assemble for war. On a lofty crag overlooking the silver Tweed, a mile and a half from the village, is Littledean Tower, once a noted stronghold, the keep of the Kers of Littledean, now the property of Lord Polwarth. The peace and beauty of the scene which meets the eye from the ruins of Roxburgh Castle, scarce make it possible to believe that it was for ages a focus of intrigue, pomp, and battle, and witnessed a profusion of the vicissitudes of siege and strife, of pillage, fire, and slaughter, such as has fallen to the lot of few strongholds. At one time the fourth town in Scotland both in population and importance, one of the "Four Burghs" (Edinburgh, Berwick, and Stirling being the others), its main feature was its ancient castle, said to have been built by the Saxons while they held sovereignty over the Northumbrian kingdom. For long an important stronghold, a Royal residence, a centre of strife, an eyesore to every party who had not possession of it, Roxburgh was at once the political glory and social bane of Teviotdale. In 1640 James II. laid siege to it with a numerous army well furnished with artillery and warlike machinery. He had taken the town and levelled it to the ground, when he was killed by the bursting of a cannon (of so great a calibre that it was called the "Lion") when watching the assault of the castle. A yew tree planted by the late Duke of Roxburgh marks the spot. His Queen, Mary of Gueldres, with her son, a boy of eight, James III., hurried to the camp and bore herself with such heroism that her inspired troops held on till the garrison surrendered. "That the place which the English had held for more than a hundred years might thenceforth cease to be a centre of rapine and violence, or a cause of future strife between the nations, the victors," says Ridpath, "reduced it to a heap of ruins." And so it has remained, save for a short interval, till to-day, and remains, its wounds healed by time and its scars covered with the beauty of the grass and the trees which cover the mound. The view from its summit is one of the fairest, surely, in all the shire. To the south, Springwood, the seat of Sir George Douglas, built in 1756, surrounded with a finely wooded park, nestles at our feet. The Teviot, after moving awhile in concealment behind overshadowing banks, rolls majestically into view and washes the ghostly mound. To the north of the ruined heap the Tweed passes in conscious triumph to the meeting of the waters, and across it, the ducal lawns and woods of Floors Castle, on which the flag of his Grace is flying, ravish the eye with their loveliness. The old fortress has gone, but—

"Proud castle! Fancy still beholds thee stand,
The curb, the guardian, of this Border land,
As when the signal flame that blazed afar,
And bloody flag, proclaimed impending war,
While in the lion's place the leopard frowned,
And marshall'd armies hemmed thy bulwarks round."

In the name of literature also and literary allusion, how rich is the Border land. During his "Border Tour" Burns came to Kelso, and was so impressed with the scene, we are told, with the enchanting views and prospects on both sides of the river, that he reverently uncovered, and breathed a prayer to the Almighty. From the Ballantyne Press here the first two volumes of Scott's "Border Minstrelsy" came out in 1802, a short time before James Ballantyne removed to Auld Reekie. "When the book appeared," says the History of the Ballantyne Press, "the imprint 'Kelso' was read with wonder by connoisseurs of typography, who had probably never heard of such a place, and were astonished at the specimen of handsome printing which so obscure a town had produced: it was received with the exclamation, 'What a beautiful book!'" "Beardie," the Jacobite great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott, long resided in Kelso, died in a house still shown in the Corn Market, and lies sleeping in the Abbey yard. Leyden in his "Scenes of Infancy" depicts the landscape with a truth that attests the power of its charm; he was born at Denholm, a few miles up the Teviot, by Hassendean. Scott, too, has left on record how he could trace hither the awakening within himself "of that love of natural scenery, more especially when combined with ancient raids or remains of our fathers' piety or splendour," which was in him an insatiable passion. At Ednam, on the Eden Water, 2½ miles from Kelso, Thomson, the author of "The Seasons" was born. Sandyknowe, a substantial farm, a mile and a half from Smailholm, was the frequent home of Sir Walter from his third till his eighth year. Behind, on Sandyknowe Crags, "standing stark and upright as a warden," wrote the genial author of "Rab and his Friends," "is the stout old Smailholm Tower, seen and seeing all around. It now is more than a hundred years since that 'lonely infant' was found, in a thunderstorm, lying on the soft grass at the foot of the grey old Strength, clapping his hands at each flash, and shouting, "Bonny! bonny!" In the "Eve of St John," almost Scott's earliest ballad, the scene is laid at Smailholm Tower, and, in the

Introduction to Canto Third of "Marmion" he sings of—

"These crags, that mountain tower,
Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour."

and where he found

"Poetic impulse given,
By the green hills and clear blue heaven."

But, of all the songs that sprang from the Border country, many there are who love best "The Flowers of the Forest," written by Jane Elliot, born at Minto House, not far from Denholm, the birthplace of Leyden, on the slopes of the Minto Hills, "as modest and shapely and smooth as Clytie's shoulders." And, if the Border country had given us nothing but that, it had been rich indeed in literature to move the heart and grant us love of fair, and brave, and simple things.

It is evening, and we have reached St Boswells, a place of high antiquity, and the proud possessor of sixteen strong bastel-houses in 1544, when it was burned by the English. The sun is setting, and the peace and hush of the twilight is falling on the land. And, as we wait for the train that will carry us back to Auld Reekie, we gaze on the darkening Eildon Hills (so graphically pictured in the Gazetteer, from which many of the facts of this paper are drawn), and steal away over in the deepening dark to another setting on the other side of the hill. The Wizard has returned from his wanderings, and is fighting the long last fight at Abbotsford in the autumn of the years. He is tended with gentle hands, and babbles of Jewish prophecies and Scottish psalms. The darkness deepens and the song of his life nears its rest. Lockhart stands by his bed, and listens:—"We very often heard distinctly the cadence of the "Dies Irae;' and I think the very last stanza that we could make out was the first of a still greater favourite:—

"Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta Crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.'"

It is night, a deeper night than falls upon the hills, and in the hush and the shadows we speed away.

In connection with the foregoing article, the following letter appeared in the "Scotsman" of 4th July last:

Sir,—The Rev. Mr Aitken attributes the destruction of this Abbey to the Reformers. If he turns to Macgibbon & Ross's Ecclesiastical Architecture, vol. I., 34 p., he will find that is not correct. "During the War of Independence the Abbey . . . suffered severely. The Monastery was laid waste. . . . In 1344, the buildings of the Abbey having been destroyed by fire, David II. granted permission to the monks to cut wood in Selkirk and Jedwater Forest to enable them to carry out the necessary reparations. In 1511, the Abbey passed into the hands of the Bishop of Caithness as commendator, and its decline soon followed. . . . In 1522-3, invasion and havoc spread over Teviotdale, Lords Ross and Dacre pillaged the town, sparing the Abbey. But in 1523, Lord Dacre sacked and burned it—the abbot's house and buildings surrounding it were all reduced to ashes—the lead was stripped from the roof, and the Abbey rendered uninhabitable. All religious services were stopped, and the monks had to retire in want and poverty to a village near. . . . In 1542, the Duke of Norfolk, and in 1545 the Earl of Hertford, again attacked and further destroyed the Monastery. On the latter occasion the defenders sought refuge in the tower, which they defended till darkness enabled some of them to escape. The shattered walls seem still to have afforded some shelter, but they were again still further reduced by Lord Eure in 1546. Finally, in 1560, when a few monks still remained, the buildings were attacked by the mob, and all the remaining fittings and furnishings destroyed." It will be seen that before the Reformation it was practically reduced to the condition it is now. The Reformers had nothing to do with it. They should not be blamed for what they were not responsible for.—I am, &c.,

A. B. P.

AN HISTORIC BORDER PRESS.

THE BALLANTYNES AND KELSO.

IN the interesting article in a recent issue of the "Scotsman" on "A Drive in the Border Country" reference is made to the printing work executed by the Ballantynes at Kelso. Some further notes may not be out of place.

The family was of true Border origin, the father, John Ballantyne, being a prosperous merchant in Kelso. The modern emporiums, where all sorts of goods can be got upon the premises, were not quite unknown in those days, and it was as proprietor of one of these businesses, in a corner building of the Square, now occupied by the British Linen Company's Bank, that Ballantyne, senior, laid the foundation of his competency. At that period it was sometimes found that the provincial merchant was inclined to take things easy, but of this class the prototype of the modern Whiteley was not a disciple. He was full of energy, always contriving schemes to keep the public acquainted with the value of his wares, and thus established and maintained a profitable business.

He had three sons—James, Alexander, and John—and these received their education at the Kelso Grammar School, then under the rectorship of Mr Whale, a man described by Sir Walter Scott as "far too good in point of knowledge and taste for the situation he held." It was while attending school that young Ballantyne came to know Walter Scott, who was in the habit of coming to Kelso to visit his aunt, and while there was a pupil at the Grammar School for a few hours each day. Whale

had a very high opinion of Scott, the pupil being in the habit of reading with him Persius and Tacitus. His visits to Kelso were occasions of intense interest to Scott, and the opportunities he enjoyed of enriching his tastes for reading were fully taken advantage of. It was in his aunt's house that he found such attractions as "Percy's Reliques," the identical copy which he read being still preserved in the Museum Library of Kelso.

The library at Hendersyde Park, now the residence of Sir R. Waldie Griffith, but at that time of Mr Waldie, who was a great literary connoisseur, was also available to young Walter Scott, who was a great favourite of the lady of the house. In a note to "Redgauntlet" he tells how the kind old lady allowed him to ransack her valuable little library, and even to carry away what volumes he chose, only imposing the condition that he should at the same time take some of her Quaker tracts. "She did not even exact any promise that I would read these performances, being too justly afraid of involving me in a breach of promise." The whole surroundings of Hendersyde Park must have appealed to Scott; finely-wooded policies ensure that degree of privacy, which, to such a residence, is of so much importance.

James Ballantyne, after leaving school, entered the office of a solicitor, from which, after some years, he went to Edinburgh, where he perfected himself in the knowledge of his profession. But his inclinations seemed to have led him back to the Borders, for in 1795 he returned to Kelso, and there started on his own account as a solicitor. At that time the only newspaper in Kelso was the "British Chronicle." It was advanced in tone, and its views were unpalatable to many in the town and county. Approached by numerous sympathisers, James Ballantyne, after hearing their strongly expressed opinions, agreed to take the management of the new paper. Thus was launched the idea of the "Kelso Mail." Deeming it advisable to consult friends in the English metropolis, Ballantyne paid a visit to London, and on his return set out for Glasgow, having for his travelling companion in the stage coach Mr Walter Scott, in whose pleasant conversation, full of old stories and ballad recitals, the mileage notches were soon forgotten.

The building which has for so long been associated with the "Mail" is situated with a frontage to Bridge Street, the rear portion abutting on Abbey Row. In its present condition it is much in the same state as in the days of the Ballantynes. The editorial office is to the front, while the composing room occupies the upper portion of the back premises, and the printing presses are down below. In the front room are an old desk and chair, which, according to the office tradition, are part of the old furnishings of the place. An old printing press which did duty in the Ballantyne days was removed on account of old age about forty years ago; but there is still to the fore an eight-day clock of the grandfather stamp, which used to stand in the printing office.

The "Kelso Mail," which at its inception, was a bi-weekly paper, is still printed in this office. There is a full set of the files of the paper, dating back to 13th April, 1797, the day of the first issue. The centenary of the "Mail" was celebrated eleven years ago. In 1880, when the paper came into the possession of the present proprietor and editor, Mr John Smith, it was changed to a weekly paper, at the price of a penny. For twenty years James Ballantyne continued the guidance of the paper, even retaining it after going to Edinburgh to start the printing business there. But his labours in the city were sufficient without the control of the newspaper, and the editorial chair was vacated in favour of his brother Alexander.

Two years after the starting of the paper Scott was visiting at Rosebank, and, calling one day upon Ballantyne at the office, he suggested that he should employ the material of the newspaper in the spare moments in doing other work, and offered to give him MS. for the purpose, so that he could "let his Edinburgh friends judge of the printer's skill for themselves." Thus it came about that the printing of some pamphlets and fugitive pieces ultimately resulted in the issue from the Kelso press of the "Border Minstrelsy." As has been noted, the excellence of the typographical work produced astonishment, and no doubt a good deal of envy betrayed itself in connection with the provincial town.

In connection with the office there was a good jobbing printers' business. The imprints on most of the file copy still extant bear the name of Alexander Ballantyne. In these days Kelso possessed a theatre, which was regularly patronised by the different companies. One bill shows that on the 18th November, 1803, there was produced at it the "Wheel of Fortune," in which the part of Roderick Penruddock was taken by Mr Kemble. On the same occasion a favourite song of that time, "Bonaparte, or the Threatened Invasion," was sung by Mr Stansfield. Another of the pieces

in which Mr Kemble appeared was "Douglas," or "The Noble Shepherd," in which he acted the character of Old Norval; the "Miller of Mansfield" afforded him the opportunity of representing John Cockle. At this theatre one of the pieces produced was the "Spoiled Child," by Mrs Jordan. There is no evidence when the play was over, but the doors were opened at half-past five, the performance commencing at seven.

In view of the present-day changes in Army matters, a bill bearing the imprint of the Ballantynes is of interest.

"ROXBURGHSHIRE AND BERWICKSHIRE MILITIA INSURANCE.

"As many persons have not had an opportunity of protecting themselves from the supplementary Militia, they are informed that although the first ballot is now over many others will still follow to fill up vacancies occasioned by promotions and other causes; those, therefore, who stand uninsured are respectfully informed that insurance will still be done against all ballots whatever, in both ordinary and supplemental Militia, raised or to be raised under the Act of the 42nd of His Majesty's reign prior to the 1st day of September, 1807, at a reduced premium, by applying at the office of Mr James Dickson, insurance broker, Royal Exchange, Edinburgh; or to the following agents, viz.:—

JAMES LEADBETTER, Kelso.
CHARLES ERSKINE, Melrose.
GEORGE SCOTT, Jedburgh.
JOHN TURNBULL, Dunse."

As is well known, James Ballantyne's career in Edinburgh was not altogether a bed of roses. It would have been better for him had he continued in Kelso. The worries and anxiety consequent upon the many ventures in which he was engaged in the city with Sir Walter Scott told upon his health, for he passed away in 1833 at the comparatively early age of 63.

J. Lindsay Hilson.

In our last issue, when referring to "Pentland Paths," by Mr Robert Cochrane, we said:—"We feel sure that a second edition will be required at no distant date." We are pleased to learn that our prophecy has already come true, and we believe the author has already revised his excellent book for a new edition, which will soon be published.

HOW THE WHITE ROSE FADED AT CARLISLE.

"When I came next by merrie Carlisle,
O sad, sad seemed the town eerie,
The auld, auld men came out and wept—
'O maiden, come ye to seek your dearie?'"
("Carlisle Yetts." Jacobite song.)

IN less than a month from the day when Prince Charlie and his Highlanders had triumphantly marched out of Carlisle they returned to it, no longer an orderly army, but fugitives, steadily pursued by the dread Duke of Cumberland, and with their high hopes dashed. Only in small numbers had the English Jacobites joined them, and on their retreat the places through which they passed showed open hostility to them. The townspeople in Carlisle had planned to recapture the Castle, but the plot was betrayed and frustrated, and the Governor, Captain Hamilton, made every preparation he could for the return of the Highlanders.

After the skirmish at Clifton, the Prince reached Carlisle on the 19th of December, and remained there over the next day, making arrangements for the city to hold out, and so keep the Duke of Cumberland in check until the army could get out of his immediate reach. Lord George Murray wanted to evacuate the city and blow up the Castle, but, like all the Stuarts, Prince Charlie could get men to sacrifice themselves for him, and could gracefully allow the sacrifice. Colonel Francis Townley, of the Manchester regiment, volunteered to stay as Governor of the city, whilst Hamilton remained at the Castle. Townley's regiment of one hundred and twenty men, with nearly three hundred Scots and French, were left to garrison the doomed city, and the Prince gave them many thanks, also numerous assurances that he would return to relieve them. Then, on December 21, he marched out by the Scotch Gate, with the ill fate of his line following him.

On the same day the Duke of Cumberland arrived, and, the city refusing to submit, he invested it on all sides. The Castle he contemptuously described as "an old hen-coop." Nevertheless, he had to wait a full week before he could get artillery brought up from Whitehaven, and in position to play against the Castle. Two days' vigorous firing breached the walls, and the garrison offered to surrender as prisoners of war, but the Duke refused terms, and raised a new battery. On seeing this, Hamilton recognised the uselessness of further opposition, and was obliged to

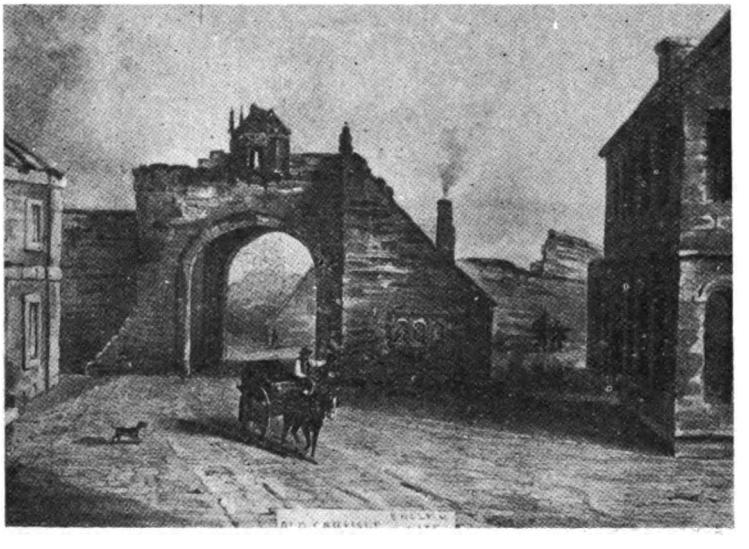
surrender unconditionally. "All the terms his Royal Highness can or will grant to the rebel garrison of Carlisle are, that they shall not be put to the sword, but be reserved for the King's pleasure."

The unfortunate men had at least the satisfaction of knowing that they had given time to the Prince to effect a safe retreat, but they must have formed a melancholy procession as they passed out at the English Gate on January 10, the officers on horseback, but with legs and arms tied, and horses fastened together. The men were on foot, roped to each other, and guarded by dragoons. Worst of all, it was as traitors, not as ordinary prisoners of war, that they were to be tried, and their awful sentence was a foregone conclusion. Some of them were brought back to Carlisle and executed, whilst the heads only of some returned.

Carlisle was in dire disgrace with the Government—very unjustly, for it was loyal enough, and had simply been unable to hold out without the assistance it had begged for in vain. The Cathedral authorities had been actively loyal, yet it was only by most spirited resistance that they saved the bells from being taken as spoils of war. The Duke placed many of the prisoners in the Cathedral, which was thus made unfit for service for a long time, and many of the pews in the nave were broken to pieces. By burning sulphur and tar, and washing and cleaning, it was at last possible to hold service again; but, in spite of many applications to Government, the expense seems to have fallen on the Dean and Chapter.

During 1746 the city was kept well garrisoned, and in May the French and Irish prisoners of war from Culloden were sent. It is strange to read that—"They speak extremely well of the Duke, and the civil treatment they met with from him."

Soon Carlisle had grimmer proofs of the failure of the rising, for, early in August, the heads of two of its rebel garrison, Captain Berwick and Lieutenant Chadwick, were sent to Carlisle and affixed on the English Gate; and, shortly after, 382 prisoners arrived to stand trial. Most of these were crowded together in the Castle dungeons, which are almost entirely without light and air. It was impossible to try them all, so the number was reduced to 127 by drawing lots, those who escaped the lots agreeing to be transported without trial. In "Waverley" Sir Walter Scott gives Fergus MacIvor and Evan a cell to themselves, therein departing far from the actual horrors of the prisoners' condition.



ENGLISH GATE, CARLISLE.

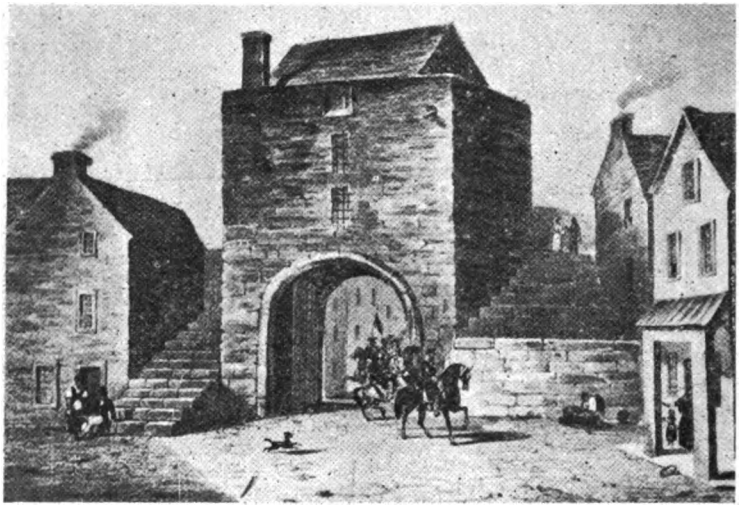
The Commission opened on the 12th of August, and continued until the end of September. During October the horribly barbarous executions took place at Carlisle, Penrith, and Brampton, and on the 16th of November—the anniversary of the day on which the rebel army had entered Carlisle—eleven more men were

executed on Harraby Hill (Sir Walter's Hairibee). In all, thirty-one were put to death as traitors out of the ninety-six who were condemned. Two had the good fortune to die, a few were pardoned, the rest transported.

The heads of Kinloch Moidart and Major Macdonald (Fergus MacIvor) were placed over the Scotch Gate, where they were long kept as ghastly reminders to the city of the penalty of disloyalty to the reigning House.

Did Prince Charles, when gloomily meditating over his own misfortunes, ever spare a thought for those devoted men who, for his sake, had adventured their lives to give him the chance of escape? There is no more striking example of devotion to the House of Stuart than that afforded by the garrison left behind at Carlisle in the closing days of 1745.

M. E. HULSE.



SCOTCH GATE, CARLISLE.

NEW FACTS ABOUT DR JOHN LEYDON.

(By JOHN REITH, Edinburgh.)

VI.—THE MISSIONARIES AT SERAMPORE.

WHEN Lord Minto arrived in Calcutta in the year 1807 the Government and the missionaries had been at cross-purposes for years The latter looked upon the conversion of the natives to Christianity as the all-important matter, which, according to the former, was the maintenance of tranquallity among the people. Whatever might be the value of Christianity as a civilising influence on the natives, to the Government it was not worth the candle if it could not be introduced without exciting them to turbulence and perhaps rebellion. From this point of view the missionaries appeared as disturbers of the peace.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that the missionaries had given the Government a handle for interference with them by a want of caution and tact in their methods—as if it had been certain that the more the feelings of the natives were outraged by offensive attacks on their religions, the sooner they would be converted. Abundant proofs of this are unconsciously supplied in the pages of J. C. Marshman's "Life and Times of Carey, Marshman, and Ward," in which every objection to their methods is set down to hostility to missions.

For example, in 1800 Rambosoo (who was not even a convert) "was one of the most accomplished Bengali scholars of the day, and wielded the power of sarcasm inherent in the language with singular effect. At the request of Mr Carey he compiled a religious tract, the first which had ever appeared, called the 'Gospel Messenger,' which was intended to introduce the doctrines of the Gospel to his fellow-countrymen. At the same time he composed another pamphlet in which he exposed the absurdities of Hindooism and the pretensions of its priesthood with great severity. Large editions of these papers were printed (at the Serampore Press) and circulated, and produced no little sensation in the native community." (Vol. I., p. 132.)

Again, writing in 1802, Mr Carey says:—"Our printing-press now sends out New Testaments, pamphlets, and tracts. . . . The circulation of these tracts roused the indignation of not a few influential natives."

It so happened that at the very time of Lord Minto's arrival a pamphlet which had been issued from the Mission Press some months previously (a Life of Mohamed) had fallen into the hands of one of the secretaries to Government. The inflammatory and dangerous passages in the tract

were read to Dr Carey, who had been sent for, and who replied "that he by no means approved of the use of abusive language in reference to the religion of Mohamed or its founder; that no good could result from it, because it was calculated not to convince, but to irritate, an opponent; and that such was not the practice of the missionaries in their intercourse with the heathen." (Page 309.)

The voice might have been that of any of the Government secretaries, but the hands? In the meantime several dangerous pamphlets had been circulated within five years. In the light of that fact the following passage needs no comment.

"The anti-missionary party, now in the ascendant in the Council, had obtained complete possession of the mind of the Governor-General within the first month of his arrival in India; and the time appeared to be favourable for an attempt to root up the mission altogether. How far that personal indifference to Christian truth which a long residence in India amidst idolatrous associations tended to create, and which almost imperceptibly ripened into hostility, was mixed up in the minds of this party with a sincere dread of the danger of missionary zeal, it might appear invidious to enquire, but the ostensible motive for this crusade was a patriotic regard for the public safety." (Page 311.)

On whatever pretext, real or ostensible, an order was sent from the Governor-General in Council to Serampore that the Missionaries' printing-press had to be removed to Calcutta, in order to be under the direct supervision of Government.

This communication produced consternation and almost despair at Serampore. It meant the breaking up of their boarding-school, and, in short, the ruin of the mission. Dr Carey and Mr Marshman thought it would be best to leave the matter entirely in the hands of Colonel Krefting, the Danish Governor of Serampore; Mr Ward advocated a more courageous and active policy, namely, to draw up a memorial and to endeavour to get into personal contact with the Governor-General.

"While they were deliberating on this proposal they received a visit from Dr Leyden, the renowned Orientalist and the friend and literary associate of Walter Scott. He came out on the medical establishment of Madras, and proceeded to Calcutta on the invitation of Lord Minto (!), in whose estimation he stood high, and whose confidence he to a certain extent enjoyed. A congeniality of literary tastes had led to a very intimate intercourse with Mr Marshman (and with Dr Carey, his colleague in Fort-William College). The missionaries explained their difficulties to him and sought his counsel, and he very warmly supported Mr Ward's advice, urging that Dr Carey and Mr Marshman should wait on Lord Minto next day as the translators of the Ramayun, and present him with a copy of that work. Dr Leyden remarked that even if there should not be an opportunity of introducing the subject of their present embarrassments at this interview, the circumstance of their going into the presence of the Governor-General would show him that they did not desire to conceal themselves from any consciousness of guilt. Mr Marshman immediately accompanied Dr Leyden to Calcutta and consulted Dr Carey, who highly approved of the proposal.

"Lord Minto received them next day with his usual affability, and they soon felt themselves at ease in the presence of the man on whom their fate depended. Dr Carey asked his Lordship's acceptance of a copy of the Ramayun (the history of Rama, a great epic poem), which they had translated into English, and also offered him any other of the literary works which had issued from their press.

"Mr Marshman then broke the subject of their visit. They explained the origin and progress of the mission, the success which had attended their labours, and the course of action they had adopted; and delicately brought the conversation round to the ruin with which all their plans were threatened by the order to transfer the press to Calcutta.

"Lord Minto asked a number of questions, assured them that he felt no hostility to them or to their undertaking, and said that he thought the conversion of the natives in a quiet way a desirable object, but feared there was danger of provoking the Mohamedans. They left him with a strong hope that their object was already half gained.

"A memorial was sent, and also a letter from Colonel Krefting, stating that he had prescribed such rules for the missionaries as would effectually prevent in future the issue of any tracts of an objectionable character. On the perusal of these two documents, the Supreme Council, at the suggestion of Lord Minto, passed a resolution revoking the press-order, and simply requiring the missionaries to submit works intended for circulation in the British dominions to the inspection of the officers of the British Government."

THE BORDER BOOKCASE.

V.—RAE'S POEMS.

"SONGS AND VERSES," by THOMAS RAE, with a preface by Andrew Lang, Edinburgh. Printed by T. & A. Constable, Printers to Her Majesty, 1890.

This Border book is one whose appearance would please even the most fastidious collector. The boards are covered with the usual old-fashioned blue paper which was so much fancied in the early years of last century. The back is covered with a creamy sort of white paper, and has a printed paper label of the corresponding type, and the edges are rough and uncut. The size of the page is 6¼ by 4¼ inches. There are 84 pages in all, including titles, preface, contents, and the 68 pages which comprise the poems and verses. There were only 200 copies printed, of which the copy before me is No. 149, the published price being five shillings net. A kind of melancholy interest is attached to this small volume. The main particulars are stated by Andrew Lang in the preface. Thomas Rae was born in Galashiels on October 19, 1868, and he died on September 11, 1889, aged 20 years and 10 months. As a child he was frail and feeble, and his father and mother scarcely expected he would grow up to manhood. When he was about five years old he was sent to school, but owing to his delicate constitution he was frequently absent, and this retarded his progress. He remained at school till he was twelve years old, when he was apprenticed to a draper with whom he was for two years, when he left, and entered one of the woollen factories. Here his

health very soon failed him and he was forced to leave, and after this he continued to be so weak as to be unable to engage in any kind of manual work for a livelihood. He lived with his father and mother in Hall Street, Galashiels, and had a room of their house entirely to himself. After this he was very seldom out of doors, for, being quite a martyr to a sort of chronic faintness and weakness of an unusual and intense cast, he could not venture far alone. Exertion of any kind was too much for his feeble frame. His time was thus for several years mainly spent in his room, and when he was able he amused himself with playing on the violin, or in drawing and painting water colour sketches, or in writing the graceful and pleasing verses which the book contains. A number of persons used to visit him, some frequently, some occasionally. Among his subjects of study was spiritualism, and a few friends of kindred feeling and views used to meet in his room at times and enjoy the genial and playful interchanges of thought and sentiment which took place. In the summer months he was occasionally taken to a pretty cottage nearly opposite Abbotsford within the sound of "Tweed's silver stream." Thus he lived till his twentieth year, when it was thought that a change of air and scenery might have the effect of improving his health. He was accordingly taken to a seaside resort near Aberdeen, which, however, it was thought, did him more hurt than benefit, the journey away and back being more than his weak body was able to endure without physical discomfort and injury.

There is a notice of Rae in the 11th series of "Modern Scottish Poets," by Mr Edwards of Brechin, which was published in the year 1888—the year before Rae's death. In that notice it is said:—"Although he first put his thoughts into rhyme when about fifteen years of age, it was not until about a year ago [in 1887] that he began to publish his verses. He has published many sweet and reflective poems in the 'Border Advertiser' under the nom-de-plume of 'Dino.' Indeed, his five years' illness and retirement has given him a thoughtfulness much beyond his years. The world is all the richer for his carefully thought-out verses, full of directness and natural pathos. Being artistically and naturally expressed in appropriate musical and pleasing rhythm, they appeal directly to the heart, and are liked the better the oftener they are read."

In the "Medium," a Spiritualist journal, there was also a notice of Rae, which says:—"whose spiritual expressions were frequently transferred to our columns. His letters to us were radiant with spiritual light. His hymn, 'There Remaineth a Rest,' produced a wide and deep impression, and we are glad to preserve it for permanent use as a memorial of the author." During the last year of his life Andrew Lang took a great interest in him, sending him books and visiting him on several occasions.

Andrew Lang, referring in the preface to Rae's abilities as evidenced by his poems, says:—"It was clear enough that the author was no Chatterton nor Keats—nay, he had not the usual graceful imitative faculty, which is now so common. The poems were not always even grammatical, but on the other hand they were sincere." This mild disparagement of Rae's abilities, though couched in apologetic terms, appears to me to be quite unnecessary. We have, however, to thank Mr Lang for his kindness in acceding to the earnestly expressed desire of Rae to see that his verses were published. Mr Lang says:—"I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance in the last year of his life, and the memory of his intelligent and spiritual face remains with me; still more vividly remains his gentle manner, his courtesy, and friendliness." A number of Rae's poems appeared in some of the local newspapers. The songs and verses which he has left us are full of refined and tender sentiment. No one who reads his poems can fail to perceive how very much the gentle and timid spirit of the author is manifested in every one of the poems which fill his pages, and it may be here noted that the Rev. R. Borland, minister of Yarrow, has included Thomas Rae in the number of poets who have sung of Yarrow, and in his book, "Yarrow: Its Poets and Poetry," has quoted "Yarrow: A Memory" from Rae's poems. We subjoin two of his poems as illustrative of his abilities, viz., "Lay Me to Rest" and "Twilight Shadows," the latter being his last effort, written about two weeks before he passed away.

LAY ME TO REST.

Fain would I rest, life is so dreary,
Sick of earth's care, tired and weary;
So take my weary head upon thy gentle breast,
Down to my dreamless bed, lowly to rest.

Sink me in slumber holy and deep,
Which knows no waking here—death's sleep;
Then lay the weary clay with kindred earth to sleep
In some spot far away where wild flowers weep.

In a sequestrated nook—some quiet glen
Far from the world's din and haunts of men,
Mid'st tender little flowers, pure, innocent, and fair,
Blending in fairy bowers—let me sleep there.

Where the gay wild birds sing all the day,
'Mid dancing sunbeams like sprites at play,
Where winds in gentle moans murmur a peace so blest,
Sighing in softest tones, lay me to rest.

TWILIGHT SHADOWS.

(His last effort).

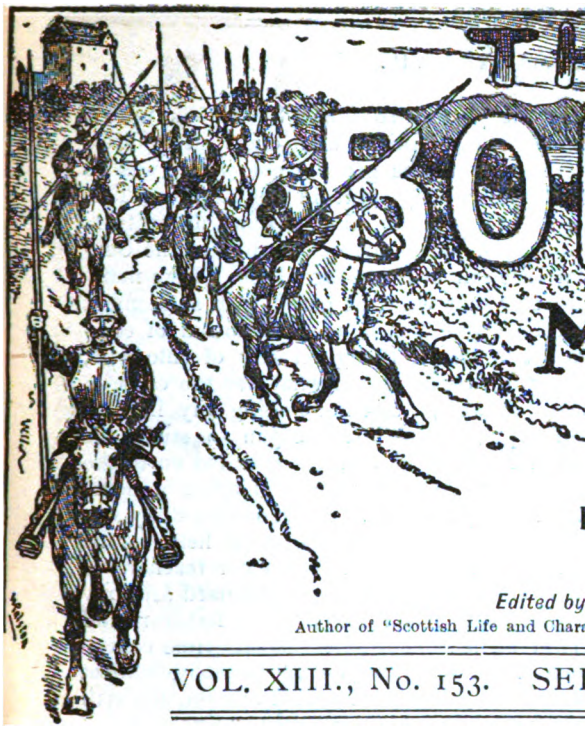
The day is dying, the sun sinks low,
And the lengthening shadows grey
Are folding their embrace around the hills
And stealing the light away.
And the drowsy sounds of the twilight dim
Fall faint on the wearied ear,
Lulling to rest with their music sweet
As the lone night draweth near.

The shadows flicker around my head,
And the twilight's softened gloom
Looms ever on with a silent tread,
Like a shadow before the tomb.
But there comes to me with the waning light
Sweet peace for the lonely way,
And there gleams a star in the silent night
Which heralds the dawn of day.

The writer of the above sketch would have been pleased to have given a fuller notice of Thomas Rae, but, as it is nearly twenty years since Rae died, he has been unable to collect material. That Thomas Rae much more than many others is worthy of remembrance is the opinion of

J. C. GOODFELLOW.

JAMES SCOTT, THE SELKIRK MASON-ASTRONOMER.



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DEVOTED TO

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Edited by William Sanderson,

Author of "Scottish Life and Character," "The Soft Lowland Tongue o' the Borders," &c.

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JAMES SCOTT, THE SELKIRK MASON-ASTRONOMER.

By John Lindsay.

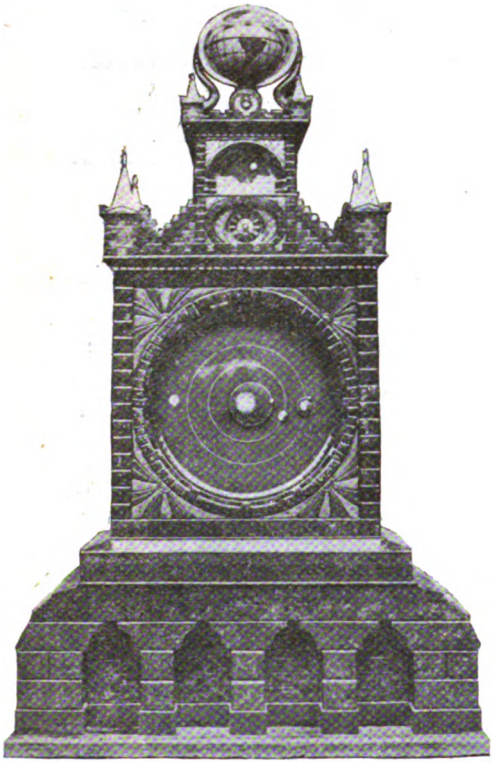
THE wonders of the heavens have attracted inquiring minds of all countries and in all ages, but comparatively few have possessed the genius and mechanical skill to enable them to reproduce, by means of models, the intricate movements of the heavenly bodies. The early Chaldæans, who were in all probability the first students of astronomy, are known to have used the astronomical gnomon or pillar for finding the altitudes, &c., of the sun and stars, as well as other mechanical inventions, in the pursuit of their favourite science. To come down to much later times, the planetarium of Huyghens and Römer, showing the motions of the heavenly bodies, and the "satellite machine," as it was called, to illustrate the movements of Jupiter's moons, were also much used by the astronomers of some two hundred years ago. These two scientific models are now represented by the more modern orrery. But such inventions were, as a rule, the handiwork of skilled astronomers. As an example of what may be called the non-professional worker, the name of James Veitch of Inchbonny, near Jedburgh, is at once recalled. To read the story of this wonderful self-educated man, as related by Mrs Gordon in "The Home Life of Sir David Brewster," her father, one cannot but marvel at the skill exhibited in the construction of his telescopes, microscopes, timepieces, and astronomical inventions of various kinds.* It may, therefore, be considered not out of place if the name of James Veitch, the ploughmaker-astronomer, is here bracketed with that of James Scott, the mason-astronomer, though the former possessed advantages which the latter never enjoyed.

James Scott was born at Midlemburn, Roxburghshire, a few miles from the town of Selkirk, on the 13th of May, 1844. His father, William Scott, followed the trade which was afterwards adopted by his son, James, namely, that of a mason. The members of this trade, by the way, seem to have been at that time rather numerous in Midlem. In a most interesting article which appeared lately in the "Scotsman," descriptive of this place,† it is said that "half a century ago there were, besides other artisans, over twenty masons resident in the village." James Scott's mother was Ann Sturrock, sister of the Rev. David

* For an account of the life-work of James Veitch of Inchbonny see also three papers by Mr George Watson in the Border Magazine for 1900 (vol. vi. pp. 15, 34, 45).

† "A Border Village and its Church," in the "Scotsman" of July 24, 1908.

Sturrock, minister of the Original Secession Church at Midlem. The history of this congregation of Seceders, dating from 1744, "the solitary representative of its denomination in the Border country," forms quaint and curious reading. Besides James, an elder sister was the only other child of this union, when the mother died, and the father married a second time. As most men of genius are said to owe



their gifts to their mother, perhaps James Scott has inherited his talents also from this gentlewoman, the sister of the Midlem Secession minister. His schooldays at the village school, where Mr Robert Muir was then the schoolmaster, were short and uneventful; and at the age of fourteen he left home for Galashiels, there to be apprenticed to his trade. Twenty years in all were spent in this town, in the pursuit of his daily calling. From his earliest years an ardent lover of Nature, he still found opportunities here for enlarging his acquaintance with birds and beasts and flowers. As yet there was no special liking evinced for the science which was afterwards to occupy so much of his thought and labour by night and by day.

In the year 1878 James Scott took up his residence in Selkirk, and eight years after there occurred the great event which was to form the turning-point in his career. This event was a remarkable display of meteors which took place during the time of the General Election in November, 1886. Like many others at that time, he gazed with amazement at these "products of the dissolution of comets," but, unlike the generality of onlookers, he began to ask himself what was the cause of such "showers," and not finding any immediate reply, he forthwith began to study the matter for himself, and was thus led on to the observation and elucidation of other wonders in the starry heavens. Much of this study was carried on privately and without help, for he had neither books to refer to nor teachers to guide him in his researches. Richard Anthony Proctor, the celebrated popular lecturer and writer on astronomy, had at this time contributed various articles on his favourite subject to the scientific paper founded by him, and still held in public esteem, namely, "Knowledge." These were lent to Mr Scott by a friend, and were greatly prized and eagerly devoured by him. It was then that the idea occurred to him of constructing some piece of mechanism which would show the movements of the planets and the relative positions of the sun and moon throughout the year. He had always been fond of examining the interior of clocks, and had become an expert in taking them to pieces and putting the various parts together again, thus earning some fame as a "clock doctor." The knowledge acquired in this way was now of great value when, in the summer of 1887, he began to construct his first astronomical clock. Much observation of the planets, especially of Mars and Saturn, had already been made, and their movements had been worked out on the floor of his room by the simple device of strings radiating from a common centre. A little book entitled "The Apparent Movements of the Planets for the Year 1886," by Mr Wm. Peck, was found to be of much service at this time, when at last he came to understand its maze of "swirls," as he himself puts it. During winter the outdoor work of a mason has usually to be suspended, so this was an excellent opportunity for constructing the clock—no fewer than five winters in all being taken to complete it. A description of this clock, which is eight feet in height and five feet in breadth, may here be given:—

"The clock, which is driven by a single weight,

keeps correct time, and supplies the motive power for the various systems of which it is the centre. Below it is a series of concentric dials, which, revolving independently, are timed to indicate the revolutions of Mercury, Venus, and the earth and moon round the sun, and the moon's revolutions round the earth, showing the correct position of any of these bodies at any hour of the day. The accuracy of this clock is such that it works to the fraction of a second in the year. One of the sections is slow by a second in five years. There is a wheel regulating the eclipse dial, which takes 18 years 224 days to revolve. It has only revolved once since the clock was made. The outer rim of the circle in which the movements of the planets are represented is marked with the days of the month, and a pointer shows the date as this rim revolves. Over the clock face is another ingenious device. It shows the rising and setting of the moon in all its phases. Another feature of interest in the clock, rather high to be within easy reach of inspection, forming as it does the finial of the entire mechanism, is a globe which shows the earth's daily revolution; and which oscillating in accordance with the earth's eccentric movement, also indicates from day to day and hour to hour the portion of the globe which is in darkness and that which is lit by the sun. In this way the shortening and lengthening of the day in any part of the globe is indicated, with the duration of daylight in the various seasons. With the examination of these features the versatility of the clock is not exhausted. On the right side is another model system with the sun and planets in their relative positions, the latter revolving so as to show when and at what part of our globe eclipses are to be looked for. In the corresponding position on the other side is a dial showing sidereal time."

The labour in connection with the making of such a complicated piece of mechanism as this may be imagined, but cannot be adequately described. The mere construction of it, in such a highly ornamental fashion, with the imperfect tools which he possessed—for most of these tools were made by himself, some of them out of ordinary table-knives—was a tedious piece of work; but the planning of the whole must have cost many weeks and months of hard thinking.

It was not long, however, after the first clock had been finished that another one was resolved upon. The planet Jupiter, with its attendant satellites, has always had a wonderful fascination for observers of the heavenly bodies. This planet has been termed, indeed, "a miniature of the Solar system," seeing that "the little worlds revolve round the planet as the planets of the Solar system revolve round the sun." So Mr Scott now essayed the construction of a "Jupiter clock." The first-fruits of Galileo's telescope were the four moons of Jupiter discovered by him in 1610; but it was not until 282 years after that—namely, in 1892—that a fifth moon was noticed, followed in 1905 by a sixth and then a seventh—all three being observed from the Lick Observatory, California. At the beginning of the present year (1908) an eighth moon was noted from Greenwich Observatory, while there are rumours of a ninth being in evidence. But when Mr Scott constructed his Jupiter clock, astronomers knew only of Galileo's four satellites or moons, and that, consequently, is the number shown in the model. The following is a description of the clock:—

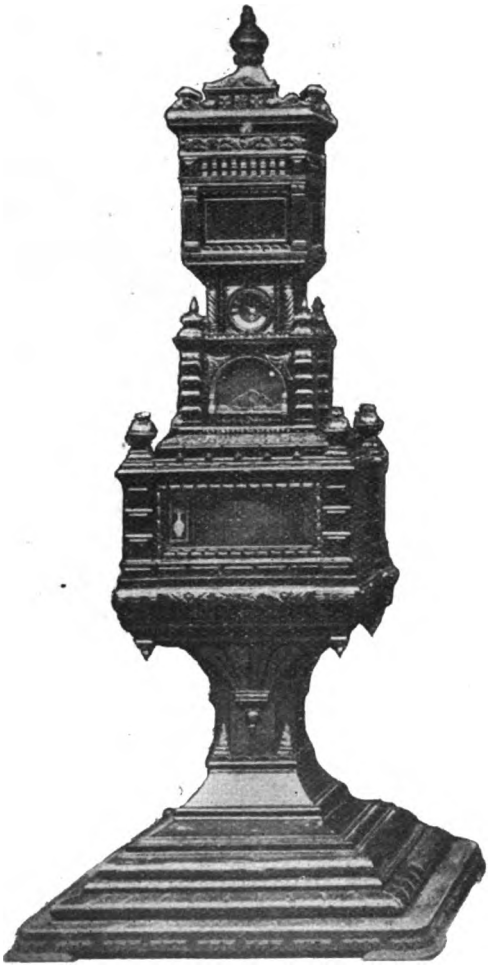
"The underpart shows the sun's path, and Jupiter's progressive and retrogressive movements among the stars of the Zodiac. Above that is shown the rising and setting of Jupiter, and its daily altitude above the earth's horizon. Above the clock dial is seen Jupiter with his four moons revolving round him. The height of this clock is about seven feet. It is wound daily, and shows remarkable skill in wood-carving, all done by the hand of the inventor. He has made the case from Philiphaugh beech, and one small portion is from an apple-tree that grew at the end of the house where the Ettrick Shepherd was born. The disc that shows the chief movements here takes twelve years to complete a single revolution."

After these two large models had been completed so successfully, one would have expected that a halt would have been called; but there was no thought of pausing or making an end. What had been already accomplished was undertaken simply in order to render more clear to the inventor himself the various celestial phenomena he had been studying. As further progress was made, new ideas suggested themselves, and so the next piece of mechanism was a solar clock. This clock is at once a marvel of simplicity and accuracy, for by simply turning a button to the precise date, the difference between solar time and Greenwich mean time on any day of the year is at once seen. The upper part of the clock shows also the phases of the moon, while the lower part indicates the sun's ascension and longitude.

The fourth and last model is the smallest one, and was made on the suggestion of Mr D. Fraser, of Knowepark School, Selkirk, in order to render more intelligible to children the causes of the seasons, as well as to show the line of light and shade, or the length of day and night, at different places of the earth throughout the year. The model serves these purposes admirably, and in a way which should be easy to the meanest capacity.

To interview Mr Scott in his home at Selkirk, and to have all these wonderful pieces of mechanism explained by himself, is a rare experience, not soon forgotten. A number of interested visitors have had this pleasure, and

amongst them the Rev. John Spence, F.R.A.S., who, in the course of a lecture on astronomy which he delivered recently in the ancient Border burgh, said that "he looked upon Selkirk, from an astronomical point of view, as a renowned town, for it had given to the world a most remarkable astronomical genius in the person of Mr James Scott, a stone-mason, who,



at the age of forty-two, without a knowledge of astronomy, began to make an astronomical clock which, with his other three clocks, was the admiration of scientific men, as well as of all others who had seen them." It was on the suggestion of the Rev. Mr Spence that these models are at present in the artisan section of the Scottish National Exhibition, where they will be examined by thousands who otherwise would never have had the opportunity of seeing them, or even of hearing about them. Mr Scott was at first very unwilling to be parted from his beloved clocks, fearing that some mishap to them might occur in transit which he would be unable to rectify in his now enfeebled state of health. But his scruples were at length overcome, and the models have been conveyed from Selkirk without incurring the slightest damage. It may be added that the large clock and the Jupiter clock have to be wound up daily—a duty which is faithfully performed by an official of the Exhibition. Some of the tools used in the construction of the clocks are shown alongside.

Mr Scott, it should be explained, is not a man of only one idea. Though much of his leisure has latterly been spent in the service of Astronomy, Geology has received besides from him considerable attention. That he "looks on Nature with a poet's eye" is also evident from several of his poems which have appeared in various "Poets' Corners." As a sample, the following lines may be given from a poem entitled "A Souter's Welcome to the Summer Visitor," who is thus addressed:—

"Then hie thee away to some cool shady glen,
The haunt of the wagtail, the robin, and wren,
Where the daisy peeps out from a green grassy nook,
Or nods to itself in the clear crystal brook:
There revel at will 'neath the green spreading trees,
Till your cares fly away on the sweet balmy breeze;
Or climb o'er the slopes of those grand hills of ours,
Where Nature has lavishly scattered her flowers,—
The sneezewort and eyebright, and that gem of Parnassus,
And heather galore, and rushes and grasses;
Where linties and laverocks mingle their lays,
Till heaven and earth resound with their praise,
And the pure bracing air has nowhere its marrow,
As that which blows freely by Ettrick and Yarrow."

On taking leave of Mr James Scott, one cannot withhold a meed of praise for his attainments, as well as for his dogged perseverance amidst many difficulties; while those who know him best admire him most, not only for his genius, but for his quiet, unassuming nature and his uprightness of character. The Forest should be proud of numbering such a man amongst her sons. For eight years now he has led a retired life, subject to nervous breakdown; while for twenty years he has been bereft of his partner in life. But in the home of a married daughter he is tended with loving care. May he long enjoy the calm that comes after strenuous labour.

A BIT OF THE BORDERS.

THE dominant note of the Scottish Border, lying green and fair to the sunlight as it is to-day, is one of peace. It is as though this land of the marches, the scene of so many stirring forays and desperate reprisals in the days of old, had become subject to a natural reaction of exaggerated quiet and stillness. Save for the cawing of the rooks in the green woods below us, the twittering of the sparrows in the hedge, and the soft lowing of a cow in the pasture by the burn, no sound breaks the summer silence. Behind us the three great domes of Eildon stand weird and mysterious in the witching purple light, as they may have stood since Michael Scott cleft the one peak into three with a stroke of his magic wand. Far away before us the low blue line of the Cheviots draws a barrier between earth and sky, swelling eastward into the bulk of the Big Cheviot, and westward into the bold line of the Carter. Nearer us looms the misty shoulder of Ruberslaw and the round top of the Dunion, and nearer still, to fancy visible but to eye unseen from this particular spot, rolls the clear tide of Teviot down green remembered haughs and under royal woods of elm and beech in all the splendour of their first June banners.

Somewhere to the east of us, under the gorse-covered slopes of Bemersyde, past the ruined cloisters of Dryburgh, and on through the dark line of the Mertoun woods, winds historic Tweed, with the majestic dignity of a river that has seen the Romans come and build and go, that has heard the monks and abbots chanting vespers in their cells, has crooned a lullaby to a hundred poets, and whispered ancient secrets to the Master of Romance himself. Tweed! Carrying in the silver suggestion of its very name half the charm and indescribable glamour that wraps the Border country in a rare enchanted robe!

On the bank above Dryburgh the Wallace Monument stands dark among the trees, and above Monteviot the Peniel Heuch column rears its tall crest over hill and vale to remind the men of the marches of feuds forgotten and forays forgiven in an hour of national danger and island triumph. Close to us the old church nestles in a bower of elm and sycamore, keeping solemn guard over the grey headstones of the village dead, and below it the burn goes tinkling down through shady beeches to bear its share of Border story to the wide-armed waiting Tweed. By this burn there winds a leafy roadway, down which in the gloaming, so tradition says, a cavalier walks in plume and spur. And it may well be so, for there is never a Border glen but is full of the spirit of a dead day; and cowled monk or cavalier, mosstrooper or dwarf or soldier of the legion, might be expected at any moment to glide from out the shadow of the beeches and link the silent present to the echoing past with the wave of a plume or the sweep of a sword.

The scene spread before us would be fair to any stranger; it is a thousand times fairer to us who know the Borders as we know our mother's face. To the casual outsider the Big Cheviot is nothing more than a round hill, made dimly blue by the curtain veil of distance, but as we—Borderers born and bred—gaze southward on its misty line we hear the whaups crying over the peaty morasses, we see the brown rocks at the source of the mountain burn that feeds the College water, see the blackfaced sheep trailing along the side of the hill, and hear the musical plash of the water as it falls into the pool below Hen's Hole. To the stranger the Dunion is only a bare hill top, scarred with a quarry-mark scarcely discernible so many miles away, but to us becomes visible the broad white road that runs over from Teviot to Jed, the spreading vista of the fair Jed valley, the walls of the historic abbey, and the little county town nestling in the very bosom of the hills. And the stranger looking eastward sees, perhaps, only a green valley stretching far away between the ridges, but the native, proud and glad of his birthright, hears the Tweed singing at his shoulder as he rides along the river road on fancy's bitless steed, sees the sunlight on ruined Roxburgh Castle and the twilight on Kelso Abbey, and gathers from a glimpse of the firs on Flodden Ridge old memories of a fatal day when Till ran red with Scottish blood, and Randolph Murray rode northward with the torn stained banners of defeat. And the Carter, that is only a far blue bar upon the sky to those who do not understand, is to the Borderer the gateway to the south, a gateway easily filled by romantic fancy with a band of bold raiders, sitting easily on their stout hill-horses, laughing and jesting as they drop over into Rede water under the pale light of the Michaelmas moon.

North of the Tweed stands the tower of Smailholm, a name for ever associated with the youth of Sir Walter Scott; southward rises Liliard's Edge, suggestive of a quaint old legend; and beyond it the quiet Ale river steals sleepily to Teviot under the towers of

Ancrum House. Behind the grass-grown slopes and purple scaurs of Eildon, Melrose nestles in the shadow of the old grey abbey that holds in its carven arches the golden wealth of a storied past. Close to it lies Newstead, whose earth has yielded to the spade of the searcher breastplate and bridle, helmet and spur, proof indubitable of the presence of a Roman camp in this peaceful Border vale.

Every wood and hill and glen has a story to tell, and a link to fasten in the silver chain of the memory of the marches. Every village has a noted name to cherish, every field path is sacred to some historic foot. The white witches of romance fly over us and over us, flinging gossamer nets of glamour till our eyes are blinded and our feet are tripped, and we are content to linger here where the sunlight strikes the beeches with his swords of beaten gold.

WILL H. OGILVIE, in "Scotsman."

KING'S HONOURS TO BORDERERS.

THE honour conferred upon the editor-in-chief of the great Oxford Dictionary will give pleasure to all true Borderers, and though sketches of his career have appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE on previous occasions, we quote the following able article from the "Scottish Review." The article is unsigned, but we feel sure that it is the work of a leal Borderer not unknown to literature, and especially to readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE:

The elevation of Dr Murray, the distinguished philologist and editor-in-chief of the "New English Dictionary," to the order of knighthood has given general satisfaction, especially to his own countrymen. Although the new knight has made a name for himself in literature, it is pre-eminently in connection with the monumental "Oxford Dictionary" that his fame will rest.

Over fifty years ago Archbishop Trench, then Dean of Westminster, read two papers before the Philological Society in London "On Some Deficiencies in existing English Dictionaries," in which he insisted on the necessity for a dictionary on historical principles, in which the rise, progress or decay, and use of words in their various senses, might be clearly illustrated by quotations from authors of all periods. Accordingly, in 1857, the Philological Society passed a resolution to produce a dictionary on the lines suggested by the essayist. The scheme was taken up with enthusiasm, and within the next five years several hundred members and friends supplied two million quotations from 756 standard works. The slips containing the extracts were then alphabetically arranged, and the material was subdivided amongst several men of letters, who voluntarily undertook the work of sub-editing. It was soon found, however, that the expenses of printing would be much greater than was anticipated, and the project fell into abeyance.

But the work already done was too valuable to be lost. First to Dr Morris, President of the Philological Society, and again to Dr Murray, when appointed to that office in 1878, two eminent publishing houses—one American, the other English—made overtures for the publication of a dictionary based upon the materials collected by, and on the lines advocated by, the Society, and offered the post of editor to both of these presidents. The Society's plans were happily completed in 1879. In the previous year Dr Murray had prepared material from the evidence provided by the readers, and from this specimen pages were printed, which were submitted by him to the council of the Philological Society and the delegates of the Clarendon Press, Oxford. The result of this and subsequent negotiations was that on May 1, 1879, a contract was drawn up between the Society and the delegates, by which the latter agreed to bear the expenses of printing, and by which Dr Murray was appointed editor of the work.

With characteristic indefatigable energy, Dr Murray set himself to collect and arrange the material, the most of which had been in the hands of sub-editors in various parts of the kingdom for several years. The work of collection was thus attended by no little difficulty. A considerable period of time elapsed ere the evidence for the words beginning with "Pa-" was traced. The sub-editor, an Irish clergyman, had removed, leaving no address. Afterwards it was ascertained that he had died about 1868. The material was then traced to a stable in County Cavan, when it was unfortunately discovered that all had perished except a few fragments. In 1878 Dr Murray issued an "Appeal to the English-speaking and English-reading Public" for assistance in the work. Of these, 1500 copies were circulated before May 16 of the following year, the result being that the sympathies of 165 fresh readers were enlisted, making a grand total of about 800. Three-fourths of the new readers undertook to read special works, of which 1568 had been taken in hand since the origin of the scheme. Under Dr Murray's superintendence one million additional slips were collected within three years, raising the total number to three and a half millions. A considerable proportion of these was contributed by enthusiastic litterateurs in America. Some indication of the diligence of the readers is found in the fact that some sent in as many as 25,000 slips each. So large, indeed, was the amount of material that it was found necessary to devote a period of three years to collecting and arranging the slips in alphabetical order.

Thus, with much antecedent labour, Dr Murray, who had relinquished his scholastic duties in 1879, commenced the actual preparation of material for the printer in 1882, in the "Scriptorium," Mill Hill, North London. Three years later he removed the "Scriptorium" and the material to Oxford, so as to be in convenient proximity to the University Press. The technical difficulties of the work have been so great and numerous that the time estimated for its completion was soon found to be too short. So gigantic is the enterprise that

although twenty-six years have elapsed since the preparation commenced, and although three staffs are now at work upon it, it will yet take almost as long for its completion as was originally thought necessary for its production by one staff. Much work which was supposed to have been overtaken by the voluntary readers had yet to be done by the staff. Thus, when the great lexicographer came to the word "and"—one of the commonest in the language—it was found that not one quotation had been sent in to illustrate the various senses. Similarly it has been discovered that the readers have overlooked the more common words, while the ordinary uses of words have also been neglected.

The great task was soon found to be too much for one editor, even with an experienced staff of seven assistants. Accordingly Dr Henry Bradley was appointed joint-editor in 1889, to hasten its production. Still more recently (1901) Dr W. A. Craigie—who also is a Scotsman and a philologist of considerable ability—was made a joint-editor, so that the work is being steadily overtaken. Sir James A. H. Murray's staff is now at work on "Pri-," while the others are engaged upon "Ri-" and "Sa-" respectively. The work produced by the original editor is, A to C in 1882-93, D in 1897, H to K in 1901, and still more recently the letter O and part of P.

Thus, although Sir James A. H. Murray was not the originator of the "New English Dictionary on Historical Principles," he was the resuscitator and promoter of the scheme, and for long has inspired the work. In being honoured by knighthood, his labours have been fittingly recognised, and it is hoped he will be spared to see the completion of a dictionary which will be a monument of industry and research for all time.

We rejoice also to see that the King has delighted to honour another eminent Borderer, Sir T. Lauder Brunton, who has been made a baronet. Our readers will remember that a sketch of the new baronet appeared in our columns some years ago.

"JEDDART" IN PHRASE AND VERSE.

TO the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE a note of the various phrases, &c., connected with the well-known name "Jeddart," or "Jethart," will doubtless prove interesting. The name of the county town of Roxburgh is found in record as early as the middle of the ninth century, when it is stated (in the works of Simeon of Durham) that Bishop Ecgred, who died in 845, bequeathed "Gedwearde et altera Gedwearde"—Jedburgh and the other (i.e. Old) Jedburgh—to the see of Lindisfarne. These names simply specify "worths" or villages on the river Jed. While it is not until the end of the sixteenth century that the latter part of the name permanently assumed the form "burgh," it is wrong to infer, as some writers do, that hitherto it was never termed "Jedburgh." The present writer has found reprints of charters in the "Muniments of Melrose," "Register of Glasgow," "Acts of Parliament of Scotland," &c., which were drawn up in the reigns of William the Lion and Alexander II., and dated at "Jeddeburch," &c.

A local writer has said that it would be interesting were the originator of the "euphonious name" "Jethart" to be discovered. In the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, is a manuscript copy of a charter granted by Robert the Bruce to the canons of Jedburgh Abbey in 1324, and in it the earliest approximation to the present popular form of the name occurs. The name is there spelt "Jeddart" and "Jeddort." The present form "Jethart" is really the primitive "Geddewearde" with the soft *w* dropped, the *dd* softened to *th*, and the final *d* changed to *t*.

The phrases in question are numerous, and are as follows:—

"A JEDWORTH! A JEDWORTH!"—This, according to the Rev. James Morton, who in his "Monastic Annals" quotes two contemporary accounts of the fight, preserved in the British Museum, was the Jedburgh war-cry which resounded at the skirmish of Reidswire in 1575, when the opportune arrival of the Jedburgh men turned the tide of battle in favour of the Scots.

"JEDBURGH (OR JEDWOOD) AXE."—This weapon is erroneously identified by Sir Walter Scott ("Border Minstrelsy," "The Abbot," and "Fortunes of Nigel"), by Jeffrey ("History of Roxburghshire"), and by others, with the Jedburgh staff (q.v.). Scott thus refers to it in "The Shepherd's Tale," a poem written about 1799, and given in Lockhart's "Life of Scott," chap. ix.:—

> "At each pommel there, for battle yare
> A Jedwood axe was slung."

There is also the better-known allusion to it in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel":—

> "Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
> Stood saddled in stable day and night,
> Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
> And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow."

In a note to this passage, Scott says that "the Jedwood Axe is a kind of partizan, used by horsemen, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff." The cavalier depicted on the arms of Jedburgh, however, bears in his hand not an axe, but a staff, as can be seen on reference to the more correct burgh seals in the hands of the Town Clerk. In the Abbotsford Collection, it is said, there is a Jedburgh Axe; and in Parliament Hall, Edinburgh Castle, there is another, which I have seen. But the latter was a weapon apparently not used by horsemen, nor by the Scottish nation. In Auguste Demmin's "Weapons of War" it is specified as an "English Foot-Soldier's Jedburgh Axe, sixteenth century—Myrick's Collection." How the name "Jedburgh" became applied to a weapon used by Englishmen is not known. The laws of the nation prohibited Scotsmen from making weapons of war for the English. (For illustration, see BORDER MAGAZINE for 1903, p. 88.)

"JEDDART AYRE."—When lawlessness was especially prevalent on the Borders, the king, queen, or regent, attended by an army sometimes comprising many thousands, made surprise marches to Jedburgh for the purpose of holding an ayre or justice-court. (See introduction to "Border Minstrelsy.") At this the mosstroopers, law-breakers, and others seized in the neighbourhood, were

tried, and often were summarily executed. (See "Jeddart Tree.") Thus Scott refers to this phrase (which seems to be his own invention) in the poem "Christie's Will":—

"I saved thy life at the Jeddart air,
At the Jeddart air frae the justice tree."

"JEDDART CAST" is almost synonymous with "Jethart Justice" (q.v.), the word "cast" referring to the return of a verdict. In "Rob Roy" (chap. xxxvi.) Scott makes Bailie Nicol Jarvie say to Dougal that he will get "a Jeddart cast ae day suner or later." In his "Effigies Clericorum" (written in 1681-82) Cleland refers to the phrase in the lines—

"And if my judgement be not scant,
Some Lybel will be relevant,
And all the Process firm and fast,
To give the Counsel Jedburgh cast."

"JEDDART FEE."—In his "Life of Scott" (chap. vii.) Lockhart gives an account of the unique fee with which Sir Walter was on one occasion remunerated for (unsuccessfully) defending a notorious housebreaker. In lieu of money, of which he had none, the prisoner gave Scott the following advice for safeguarding his house:—"Never keep a large watch-dog out of doors—we can always silence them cheaply—indeed, if it be a dog, 'tis easier than whistling—but tie a little tight yelping terrier within; and secondly, put no trust in nice, clever, gimcrack locks—the only thing that bothers us is a huge old heavy one, no matter how simple the construction—and the ruder and rustier the key, so much the better for the housekeeper." Recounting this at a Judges' dinner held at Jedburgh many years after, Scott said to his friend:—"Aye, aye, my lord,

'Yelping terrier, rusty key,
Was Walter Scott's best Jeddart fee.'"

"JETHART'S HERE!" is an expression of some antiquity, and is held to be a form of the burgh warcry. It occurs in the ballad (composed probably near the end of the sixteenth century) entitled "The Raid of the Reidswire":—

"Then raise the slogan with ane shout—
'Fy, Tindaill, to it! Jethart's Here!'"

It occurs also in the old song, "The Braw Lads o' Jethart."

The "JETHART JUG" is described in Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary (1808-9) as "a substantial brass vessel, very old, still used as a standard for dry and liquid measure, and kept by the Dean of Guild. It contains about 8 gills." It continued in use until about 1826, when by Act of Parliament a universal system of weights was introduced throughout the kingdom. The Jug was afterwards presented to Jedburgh Museum, and when the building was burned down in October, 1898, it fortunately escaped with little damage from the fire. It is now deposited in the new Museum. Around the outside of the Jug, immediately below the rim, are the words, "THIS IS YE COMMVN MVSVR OF IEDBURGHT, 1563."

"JEDBURGH JURY."—In Graham's "Writings" (1883) there occurs the passage, "John appeals to a Jedburgh Jury, if it be not easier to deal wi' fools than headstrong fouks." A note explains this as "a jury which tries a case after punishment has been inflicted."

"JETHART JUSTICE."—In his "Fair Maid of Perth" (chap. xxxii.) Scott employs this phrase, and at the same time explains it:—"We will have Jeddart Justice,—hang in haste, and try at leisure." The novelist is here guilty of prochronism, as the phrase originated two hundred years after the period with which he associates the "Fair Maid." The earliest reference to this phrase known to me under the term "Jedburgh Justice" is in the "Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland" (1705), by David Crawfurd, who gives an (unreliable) account of the origin of it. The most probable origin is that referred to in the introduction to Scott's "Border Minstrelsy." In his essay on Lord Byron, Macaulay terms it "Jedwood Justice." (Compare "Jeddart Cast.")

"JEDDART LAW" is a synonym of the foregoing. "To say that they did condemn it, though they never heard it, would . . . make them guilty of 'Coupar Justice' and 'Jedburgh Law,' as the proverb is" (Shield's "Church Communion," 1706). In Kerr's "Maggie o' the Moss" (1891) there occurs the couplet—

"Ye shall never dee, auld lad,
By 'Jeddart Law.'"

"JETHART PEARS" was a cry which was frequently heard in the streets of London up to the middle of last century. Jedburgh was then famous for the quantity and quality of its pears, which were grown in the orchards (supposed to have been planted by the monks of the abbey) in and near the town. "Fine Jethart Burgundy Pears" was a call commonly heard in Newcastle also, as the street-sellers hawked their fruit to the passing public.

The "JEDBURGH STAFF" is usually confused with the "Jedburgh Axe" (q.v.), quite a different weapon. John Major designates the former the "iron staff of Jedburgh" (baculum ferratum Jedwardiæ), and delineates it as "a piece of tempered iron four feet in length on the end of a stout pole, and manufactured by the smiths of Jedburgh." (See the illustration in the BORDER MAGAZINE for 1903, page 88.) In 1680 the Lyon King at Arms described it as "a kynde of launce." The staff is correctly represented on the seals of the burgh immediately after that date. The more recent seals, however, are faulty in respect of this feature, as they show the weapon with a lance point, instead of a blade-like head. It must not be presumed that the manufacture of this weapon was confined solely to the burgesses of Jedburgh; on the contrary, it was so much in demand as a means of offence and defence during the Middle Ages that it had to be supplied by other Scottish towns. The Estates proscribed it in 1516, but their mandates seem to have been disregarded, as the weapon continued in deadly use. In a note to the "Fortunes of Nigel" (chap. xxiii.), Scott says:—"Of a very great tempest, it is said in the south of Scotland that it rains Jeddart staffs, as in England the common people talk of its raining cats and dogs." Again, in "The Abbot" (chap. iv.), he causes one of his characters to utter the phrase—"The tongue of a tale-bearer breaketh bones as well as a Jeddart Staff."*

*I should like to know if these sayings appear in any other writer's works To me they appear to have been originated by the great novelist

"JEDBURGH TALLOW" was one of the town's products which, like its pears, were highly esteemed in other places. We do not know what peculiar virtue it had, but in the Minute-Book of the Hawick Chartist Company, under the date 1847, there occurs the following instruction:—"Jedburgh tallow to be got to supply all the shops if possible, and when it is got, the windows to be ticketed 'Jedburgh tallow sold here.'" (See "History of Hawick," part 2, p. 46.)

"JEDDART TREE."—This phrase suggests its own explanation. In the troublous times upon the Borders, law-breakers when caught red-handed were very frequently taken to and strung up on the nearest tree. This popular term, however, is far from being correct, as there would doubtless be a less primitive apparatus at Jedburgh for the execution of those condemned at the justice ayres held there. In the ballad entitled "Little Jock Elliot" there occurs the line, "Though the cost should be Jethart tree;" and in his reply to the two lines quoted under the heading "Jeddart Ayre," which were spoken by the Earl of Traquair, Christie's Will states:—

"When I turn my cheek, and claw my neck,
I think of Traquair and the Jeddart tree."

G. WATSON.

BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY.

By WILLIAM WYE SMITH
(A Canadian Borderer.)

I MADE a specialty, a good many years ago, of the story of Burns and Highland Mary. My sketches were printed in the papers, and in one instance formed the chief part of a neat little volume, edited by some fervid Scotsman. Here is a glance at some of my researches.

In the winter of 1885-6 I stayed all night in the house of old John Brown, a lineal descendant of John Brown the carrier, inhumanly slain by Claverhouse. This was in the township of Caledon, not many miles from the town of Orangeville, Ontario. Next morning I walked to the farm of the late William Anderson, a nephew of Mary Campbell, Burns's "Highland Mary." Anderson was then deceased; but the farm was occupied by two sons and a daughter.

Mary Campbell had but one sister, Annie. She would be twelve years old when Mary died in 1786. Mary would be twenty or twenty-two. Annie married, on 6th August, 1792, Mr James Anderson, a mason and builder, she being then eighteen. This William Anderson was one of her sons. Annie had two daughters, "Mary" and "Annie." Mary was said by everybody to be a "perfect likeness" of Highland Mary. She became a Mrs Robertson. I obtained a daguerreotype of this "Highland Mary the Second," hoping to get a glimpse of the style of feature possessed by her famous aunt and namesake. But she had become a sober middle-aged woman before the "sun-pictures" came in. So, then, I got a photo of her daughter, who was said to be an exact likeness of what her mother had been.

A son-in-law of Annie Campbell wrote me that Highland Mary was medium size, reddish complexion, blue eyes. Her hair, as we know, was golden, and the Andersons all spoke of her as gentle and retiring in disposition. Indeed, her mother spoke of her as "an angel in the house."

The pocket Bible, in two vols., which Burns gave to Highland Mary as a parting gift, came into the possession of her sister Annie. Some years after she said to her two daughters, "Here, lassies, is ane o' thae Bibles to ilk o' ye; and when ye get marriet ye can sell them for eneuch to buy a chest o' drawers!"

William Anderson, before he started for America, bought the Bibles from his sisters for £5 each. They told their children "it was on the condition that the Bibles should never go out of the Anderson family," and the man who married one of these girls wrote me that, "but for that condition, William Anderson never would have got the Bibles." So he came to America, a young, souple mason-lad, with £200 in his pocket. Like all the young Scotsmen I ever knew who had money with them, he went about from one place to another till his money was gone, and then he settled down. He "took up" a wild lot (100 acres) at the foot of what is called "Caledon Mountain," the place I mentioned at the beginning. He had married a sister of J. C. Becket, the Montreal printer—they had come over in the same ship. And he wrote to Becket, "If he thought it would be wrong for him to sell the Burns Bibles? for he was reduced to his last half-crown." Becket got Mr Weir and a few other Scots to help him, and made up a hundred dollars and sent it to Anderson and got the Bibles, with the lock of golden hair. They sent them to the Provost of Ayr in March, 1840. Matthew Turnbull, the brother-in-law (from whose house Anderson went out to go to America), told me that he and his wife did not believe in the reality of the Bibles coming to Ayr—thought it was some sham copy—and went "once-errand" to see for themselves. But when they saw them "it was all right." Only, he thought the hair had faded a little since it left his house so many years before

I was pleased to find these relations of Highland Mary and to share the hospitality of the comfortable log house, from which had gone forth those priceless volumes.

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1908.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ALTHOUGH *All Rights Reserved* is placed at the beginning of each issue of the *B. M.*, we are always pleased to see articles from our columns reproduced in newspapers, provided the source is acknowledged. Unfortunately this act of fairness to our contributors and ourselves is not always attended to, and we trust that our reference to the subject will put the matter right in the future.

THE BORDER KEEP.

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

A valued correspondent sends me some interesting cuttings from the "Newcastle Daily Journal," in which one who writes under the "nom de plume" "Whist" has something to say about the Borderland and his experiences there. The following paragraphs are quoted from his interesting articles:—

"The road through the fair stretch of country between Melrose and Kelso is a veritable garden path, the lower end of it passing between Roxburgh Castle and Floors Castle, the imposing seat of the Duke of Roxburghe. What else was it but this fair scene that 'Bonnie Kilmenny' looked down upon when the fairies carried her aloft? The House of Makerston would not be there seen nor Mr James Deuchar's lovely domain of Stitchell. But the beautifully-wooded Springwood was there then, and there or thereabouts then were the noble ancestors of its present laird, Sir George Douglas, Bart. Nowhere have I seen such elms as are growing in the grounds of Springwood—gnarled elms with mighty boughs, looked as aged as if they had been planted by the Black Douglas himself. Let me tell how I got to see these trees. I was standing admiring the gateway to Springwood, which was being photographed at the time by a boy and a girl. There came up a gentleman, who spoke kindly to the young photographers, telling them, to their evident delight, that if they thought there was anything worth looking at in the grounds, all they had to do was to go in and look at it. Then turning to me, he asked if I also should like to walk round, courteously inviting me to enter. This amiable gentleman was Sir George Douglas, the accomplished author of that masterly eulogy on his ill-fated neighbour, General Wauchope. Sir George Douglas is well beloved by all the folks of Kelso. The gate of Springwood Park, hard by the handsome bridge that crosses the Tweed at Kelso, is a remarkable structure, to see which it is worth anybody's while to make a long journey. It bears the arms of the Douglas, the Heart of the Bruce, and is reared on eight magnificent columns, each of one piece of stone from 16 to 18 feet in height, as it seems to me. The view of Kelso from the drive in Springwood is magnificent, the grey walls of the Abbey and the high roofs rising from the surrounding foliage like an Oriental city.

* * *

"Coldstream is a most convenient centre whence to make a tour of the Borderland; and this is especially true as regards Flodden Field, and the places made historical by connection therewith.

Branxton and Flodden Hill, Piper's Hill, Monylaws and Millfield Plain, Ford and Etal, are all suburbs, as it were, to Coldstream, whose railway station is at Cornhill, across the Tweed, and in another kingdom. The historic village of Branxton is a delightful little place, consisting largely of thatched houses; and, within little more than a mile of it, on the high road leading past Pallinsburn to Cornhill, is the Blue Bell Inn, one of the best roadside inns on the Borders. Mr George Young keeps this comfortable hostelry, as did his father before him—his father, who reared a pig to the weight of 47 stones. No man knows more of the countryside and its historic relations than the amiable landlord of the Blue Bell at Pallinsburn. To go round by Monylaws, Branxtonmoor, Blinkbonny, and Pallinsburn is to go round Flodden Field, where the Scottish Army, under the chivalrous James IV., suffered dire disaster at the hands of the English in 1513. For generations the anniversary of Flodden was a day of mourning for Scotland. The pathetic song by the present Viceroy of India's noble kinswoman, Jean Elliott, tells the tale of sorrow:—

I've heard the lilting, &c.

They were the flowers of Scotland's manhood that perished at Flodden—her peasants, her nobles, her kings. It is a fact never to be forgotten and always to be wondered at, that, though thousands of Englishmen were slain, it is not on record that any English nobleman or gentleman of note fell at Flodden; and it is even said that not a man amongst them left the field bearing so much as a scratch worth mentioning. But the noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland were nearly all killed. Clearly, these had fought heroically for their king and country, forcing themselves fearlessly to the front of battle; whereas those had been very careful of themselves.

* * * *

"It is because of their political shortsightedness that the Scottish people have made long lamentation over their defeat at Flodden. In reality, it was one of the best things that ever happened to the nation, being the grand prelude to the enduring peace brought about by the union of the two Kingdoms. Every victory won on a field of battle, no matter by whom or what may be the cause at issue, is a victory for mankind, a victory whose beneficial consequences are shared by the vanquished as well as by the nominal victors. Whatever contributed to put an end to the prolonged strife between the two Kingdoms in our island was for the good of both; and, from this point of view, its defeat at Flodden was a blessing, not a curse, to Scotland. Without a Flodden in 1513, could there have been a Waterloo in 1815?

* * * *

"Ever since Flodden Field, and especially since the Union, the peaceful conquest of England by the Scotch has been steadily going on. Succeeding generations have been pouring their adventurers into England to use her wealth, exercise her power, and seize her money. It is very remarkable that, whereas the Northumbrian dialect has not penetrated a yard beyond the Tweed or the Cheviots, the Scottish dialect, in divers modifications, has succeeded in influencing the tongue of England, not merely in her Border parishes, but as far south as the Tees. So, politically, the managing committee of the British Empire, called the Cabinet, has its most influential members sent up to it by the Scotch constituencies. Then, as regards religion, look how successfully the Scotch forms of it have been imposed upon England. Neither the Church of England nor the English Nonconformists have ever been able to make any headway worth mentioning in Scotland—not even half a mile across the Border. But whoever comes up into North Northumberland will find the great majority of its inhabitants to have been converted to Scotch Presbyterianism."

* * * *

I am quite at one with "Whist" in regard to the folly of lamenting the events of Flodden Field, but my reasons are rather different from his. Like the majority, he speaks of the Scottish "defeat at Flodden," but I am inclined to think that our notions on this matter require revision. If the battle resulted in a Scottish defeat, it does not seem to have been much of an English victory, as no advantage was taken of the events of that day by the southerons, and they retired southward more like a defeated army than triumphant victors. Perhaps they were aware that a section of the Scots had been more attentive to plunder than to the tide of battle, and that may have accounted for the fact that after the battle the Scots encamped on or near the battlefield. By this latter action the Scots should have been declared victors according to the rules of warfare, but we can afford to call it a drawn battle—it certainly was not a Scottish defeat.

* * *

Mr Mungo Buchanan, Cor. Men., S.A. (Scot), thus writes to the "Scotsman":—It cannot be too widely known that the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and also the Antiquarian Society of Glasgow, have spent many years and liberally drawn upon their funds in the work of exploration on Roman sites, including that of the Antonine Vallum, the western limit of the Roman Empire stretching across the isthmus between the Forth and Clyde. The particulars of these remains, their military defences, dwellings, and the relics of various kinds have been carefully described and recorded in the Societies' proceedings, forming a series of reliable data of great importance to the student of Roman History, and to a thorough appreciation of the Roman attempt to subjugate Caledonia. Irrespective of the above, it is probable that there are many relics in private collections regarding which no particulars have been communicated outside a limited circle, and much valuable information thereby may be unintentionally hazarded, for, as is well known, important results have often happened through the discovery of relics which by themselves appeared of little moment. I would, therefore, plead for the recording with the proper authorities of all authentic relics as being of first importance, and request the cordial co-operation of all private owners in the interest of enlightenment and the history of our native land.

* * * *

I trust that any of my readers who possess things of antiquarian value will take the above to heart and act upon it.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

THE "HONOURS" OF SCOTLAND.

INCE Henry Scott Riddell sang his patriotic song, and led Scotsmen all the world over to

"Drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three!"

much controversy has taken place as to what precisely he meant by the "honours three." "The Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock," say some. "Three times three," says another, and those who have seen a company of real Highlanders, with one foot on the table, pledging a toast, will understand that "three times three" means the customary shouts trebly intensified. But it was none of these things that the Border poet had in his mind. He knew his Scottish history, and in an old Scots Act of Parliament we get at the root of the matter. It was the time of the Restoration—1661, to be precise—and the Scots Parliament was jubilantly loyal. It was recalled that in his distant coast stronghold of Dunnottar Castle the Earl Marischal had preserved the crown, the sceptre, and the sword of state, and so Parliament enacted as follows:—

"Forasmuch as the Royall honours, the King's Maiesties Crown, the Scepter, and the Sword, entrusted be his Maiestie in the yeer Im vje fiftie one to the keeping of the Earle of Marischall, Have been notwithstanding of these ten yeers trubles carefullie keept and preserved, And this day [1st January, 1661] presented safe and enteir befoir his Maiesties Comissioner and Estates of Parliament, the King's Maiestie Doth acknowledge the preservation of the honors to be a singular good service and a signal evidence of the Earle Marischall's loyalltie to his Maiestie and regaird to the honour of this kingdome, whairof he hes given many testimonies at all occasions formerly. And therfor his Maiestie with advice of his Estates of Parliament Doe exoner the Earl Marischall and all others concerned therin of the keeping of the saids honors And doe approve his care and service therin. And doe hereby return him this publict acknowledgment thairof. Which for his Honor they ordane to be recordit in the books of Parliament."

Now, it is a very curious thing that in spite of all that is said in this formal enactment, the Earl Marischal had nothing whatever to do with the preservation of the "honours." The story is familiar enough now, how that in 1652, when Dunnottar Castle, the last Scottish stronghold to hold out against the Cromwellian troops, was closely besieged, Mrs Granger, wife of the minister of Kinneff, under pretence of visiting Mrs Ogilvie, wife of the commandant, carried out the precious regalia, and had them secreted in Kinneff church. This does not seem to have been known to the Scots Parliament on January 1, 1661, when it voted the formal acknowledgment to the Earl Marischal; but it was brought to the notice of those responsible for the business of the Estates. Accordingly, on January 11, the Estates made a further resolution on the preservation of the honours:—

"Forasmuch as the Estates of Parliament Doe understand that Christian Fletcher spous to Mr James Granger, minister at Kineff, wes most active in conveying the Royall Honors, his Maiesties Crown, Sword, and Scepter out of the Castle of Dunnotter immediately befor it wes rendered to the English Usurpers, And that be her care the same wer hid and preserved; Thairfor the King's Maiestie with advice of his Estates of Parliament Doe appoint two thousand merks Scots to be forthwith paid unto her be his Maiestie's Treasurer out of the readiest of his Maiestie's rents as a testimony of their sense of her service aforementioned."

It is usually supposed that the Grangers got no acknowledgment whatever of their services in saving the honours. "The poor clergyman," wrote Walter Scott, "got nothing whatever, or, as we say, the hare's foot to lick." As will be seen, this was not the case, and no doubt Mrs Granger, whose husband would think himself passing rich on a stipend of a hundred merks or so, would feel that 2000 merks and the thanks of Parliament were more than ample acknowledgment for her patriotic action.

But the blundering of the Scots authorities over the preservation of the honours was quite remarkable. The Earl Marischal was nominally, although not actually, the preserver of the regalia, for he was at least the formally appointed custodian, and it was in his stronghold that the regalia had been preserved. But John Keith, third son of the earl, who had still less to do with the preservation of the famous symbols, received the highest reward of all. He was actually in France at the time the regalia were conveyed out of the castle, but he returned to Scotland telling how he had safely carried them out of the country and delivered them over to Charles II. And for this purely imaginary service he was created Knight Marischal of the kingdom and Earl of Kintore, a peerage which his descendants enjoy to this day. From his father the new Earl of Kintore received as a seat the ancient castle of Halforest, near Kintore, Aberdeenshire, once a hunting seat of the Bruce, now a gaunt ruin. The family afterwards took up

their residence at Caskieben, on the other side of the Don, the birthplace of Arthur Johnston, the celebrated Latin poet, and since that date the property has borne the name of Keith-hall. It was to Keith-hall that Marshal Keith, the friend of Frederick the Great, offered to send Rousseau, when the famous Frenchman was longing for a restful home, and sought the advice and help of the silent Scottish soldier.

The later story of the honours three of Scotland is intimately associated with the name of Sir Walter Scott, and has been told by himself in his miscellaneous essays, as well as by Lockhart in the "Life." The crown, sceptre, and sword were locked into an iron-bound oaken chest, and stored in a barred strong room in the Castle of Edinburgh. But in the early years of last century a surmise got abroad that the regalia of Scotland had been surreptitiously conveyed to London, to join the Stone of Destiny, and some popular feeling was aroused. Scott mentioned the matter to the Prince Regent—afterwards George IV.—whose curiosity was kindled. Scott did not allow the matter to rest. He wished authority given to examine the oaken chest, and he wrote to his friend Morritt of Rokeby:—

"DEAR MORRITT,—Our fat friend has remembered a petition which I put up to him, and has granted a Commission to the Officers of State and others (my unworthy self included), which trusty and well beloved persons are to institute a search after the regalia of Scotland. There has an odd mystery hung about the fate of these royal symbols of national independence. . . . Fifteen or twenty years ago, the Crown Room, as it is called, was opened by certain Commissioners, under authority of a sign manual. They saw the fatal chest, strewed with the dust of a hundred years, about six inches thick; a coating of like thickness lay on the floor."

It was on February 4, 1818, that amid much popular interest the Commissioners met at Edinburgh Castle to solve the great secret. The first person to whom Scott immediately communicated the result was John Wilson Crocker, Secretary to the Admiralty, whose edition of Boswell's "Johnson" was so unmercifully slashed by Macaulay. He had the ear of the Prince Regent, and Scott intended that he should convey the intelligence to that quarter. Well, in extreme solemnity the sealed doors of oak and iron of the Crown Room were opened. Specially selected workmen then set to work to break open the chest, which had been closed for a hundred and eleven years. The delay occasioned by the strength of the chest intensified the eagerness of the party of Commissioners, and as the lid was slowly raised, and heads bent forward to catch a glimpse of the contents, it might be said that a whole nation was on tiptoe. Most happily, everything was found intact. The precious symbols lay glittering before the Commissioners' eyes, the sword and sceptre showing signs of hard usage, but otherwise everything was found in the perfect order in which it has ever since been preserved.

It was said by Lockhart that interest in this picturesque search for "the honours" of Scotland was confined to the common people, and scarcely aroused the slightest curiosity—"to say nothing of any deeper feeling"—on the part of the well-to-do classes. Against this we may remember the opinion put forward by Dr James Moir, who has written for the Scottish Text Society the most scholarly treatise in the language on Wallace and his times, that the common people of Scotland were indifferent to the achievements and fate of the great national leader. These two opinions on episodes of national interest are scarcely creditable to Scottish character, and most Scots people will exercise an independent judgment, and will decline to accept either of them.—"Scottish Review."

A BORDERER'S BOOKSHELF.

IN these days of ephemeral literature, when much is read and little is remembered, it behoves every true Borderer to surround himself with some of the gems from the rich store of his homeland. Every one can make up his own collection, but it is well to have the advice of some one who has already dug deep in the mine of Border literature, and this is provided for us in a valuable article by Mr William Hunter, which appeared in that excellent weekly, "The Scottish Review." Mr Hunter says:—

A library is ever a pleasant place and the one that I am thinking of is no exception. It is a room in a little house in a steep street of a Border town, and, though small itself, a multitude of souls from every age and country assemble there with the treasures of their thought. To the initiated few the room is known as "The Sanctum," and truly it is a holy place, for the tranquility that pervades it and the garden which it overlooks seems never to be disturbed, and it comes nearest to my conception of the poet's ideal of an earthly paradise when he sighs for "A house full of books and a garden of flowers." The genius of it all is a true bibliophile, and as one of his friends it is the writer's privilege and pleasure to linger over his shelves and finger through his

treasures, to gloat over the old and wonder at the new, for the book-lover is ever adding to his store.

He does not buy his books as furniture, and yet they furnish the apartment amply and beautifully; for if we look round, except the few pictures—one is a water-colour sketch of Loch Skene by the late J. B. Selkirk—the books are the only things worth mentioning. There are a good few costly volumes; but just as he does not buy his books as furniture, neither does he value them for their bindings, or paper, or type; he loves them for their souls and not their bodies. For financial reasons there are no first editions on his shelves, and no Aldines, Bodonis, or Elzevirs, and for the same reasons there are many cheap editions; and yet his little library has a charm that many more costly collections lack, and the cause, when one comes to think of it, is doubtless the taste displayed in the choice of the volumes; often the colour scheme of shelves is exquisite, and the range of the sizes a harmony.

But besides being an ardent book-lover, our friend is a true Borderer, and books of Border interest fill much of the space of his shelves, and one shelf entirely given over to books connected with the Border claims most attention. On it all Border books find a welcome, be they large or small, clothed in rags or fine raiment; and so tolerant is our bibliophile that many with little to recommend them are here given a place, humble it may be, and in the background, but yet they are not cast out. This library is a kind of Greenwich Hospital for disabled novels and romances, as the author of "Dreamthorpe" says of the library there. The volumes are of all sorts, old and new, and in every state of preservation and variety of binding. Padded morocco, richhued and rarely inscribed, stand side by side with dingy sun-bleached Bohemian fellows rescued from among the flotsam and jetsam of second-hand bookstalls, where they tossed for many a day in all kinds of weather. Pandora and roan and satin-bound volumes rub shoulders with rag-tag, limp-cloth, and battered paper-covered companions of many a railway journey, and though they glitter ostentatiously in gilt edges they doubtless pine in their gorgeous isolation, and envy their humble neighbours for the pleasure they have afforded the Borderer. They know that books have a nobler mission in the world than to stand on a shelf.

To name a few of the Border books, there are, of course, Scott's poetical works, and all the volumes of the Waverley Novels that have a Border setting—"The Monastery," "The Abbot," "The Bride of Lammermoor," and "The Black Dwarf," and here in the forefront two worn volumes of "The Border Minstrelsy" show their scars. Hogg, too, is fully represented in prose and verse, and Leyden and Henry Scott Riddell get each an honourable place. Beside "The History and Poetry of the Scottish Border," which is a special favourite with our Borderer, is Dr Russell's "Reminiscences of Yarrow," with its choice passages underlined, and in happy proximity to these are the "Poets and Poetry of Yarrow," and "Border Raids and Rievers," which have the atmosphere of the famous stream and "lovely lone St Mary's" in their pages. Here, too, are Wilson's "Tales of the Borders" and "The New Border Tales," edited by Sir George Douglas.

Our bibliophile generally has his Border books arranged in chronological order of their authors, and contemporaries stand side by side; indeed, so well does he know their arrangement that he boasts he can almost find any one in the dark. Often, however, his friends disarrange the order, and as there was a gathering of kindred spirits in The Sanctum last night, there was a displacement of the volumes, and to-day the medley on the shelf is amusing, often ludicrous, and yet sometimes wondrous happy. Here is Henry Scott Riddell hobnobbing with "The Abbot," their differences of creed for once quite forgotten, and yonder Scott is standing on "The Byways of the Scottish Border," with Wordsworth beside him; doubtless the Wizard is showing his visitor the home country again as he did years ago in Yarrow. There may seem to be incongruity in "Border Raids and Rievers" standing beside "The Monastery," but we may take it that they are there for the protection of the holy edifice, for the most lawless mosstroopers often held Mother Church in reverence, and muttered an "Ave" as they rode to slay and plunder. Down in a corner there is a quiet meeting of old friends—works by Professor Veitch, Principal Shairp, and Dr Russell stand together beside "Birkhill," and here with "The Poets and Poetry of Yarrow," and Logan, and Hamilton of Bangour, and J. B. Selkirk, we almost seem to hear the lonely singing of the stream. In the corner yonder there is another meeting of kindred spirits, remote, too, but far from quiet we may surmise, for Hogg and Leyden and Christopher North are there boisterously living over again "The Noctes Ambrosianæ." In the background watching it all is R. L. Stevenson, who has strayed into the Border company from another shelf. He seems to have tried to get up a conversation with Thomas Aird, but the settled gloom of the latter has repulsed him, and he has turned to Thomas Pringle and found a man much after his own heart; for did not Stevenson write "Hills of Home," and Pringle "The Exile's Farewell to Teviotdale," and did they not each wander far from the homeland to alien shores?

On the shelf there is a multitude of the minor Border poets. Every glen among the hills has its laureate, and there are few of them but what have sent a representative to this assembly of the bards, and books of dainty verse by Will Ogilvie are here to complete the collection. There is Andrew Lang's "Adventures among Books," and we question perhaps why it should be here, even though its author is a Borderer; but as if in answer to the muttered thought the book opens in the hand at the article entitled "Rab's Friend," and then we know why. For here next to it is the "Horæ Subsecivæ," and it too opens to the hand at "Minchmoor" and "The Enterkin." We do not wonder why "The Gold of Fairnilee" should be here, for it is a true Border child's classic, with the atmosphere of the country round Fairnilee; and the British camp at Rink over it all, but if we are puzzled that there should be sundry volumes by the same author of "Ballades and Verses Vain and Grass of Parnassus," which is more a native of grey Galloway than of the Border, we have only to open the volumes to find the reason. If they do not open of their own accord, we will soon find "Twilight on Tweed," "April on Tweed," "A Ballade of Tweed," and "A Sunset on Yarrow" from their well-thumbed pages

and the many marginal notes and marks of appreciative exclamation.

The history of the Border counties as well as their literature is fully represented, and there are guide-books too by the score, from the humble threepenny paper-covered handbook to the gorgeous octavo in morocco and gold that is a treasure without, whatever it may be within. Then there are piles of magazines of Border interest on the top shelf, first numbers of ill-fated enterprises some of them, and old cigar boxes—and boxes, too, that once held humbler commodities—all full of cuttings from newspapers and reviews, relating to the Border and its men and manners, complete the literary store. The glamour of the Borderland is over the whole collection; silently and beautifully it speaks of the past, and to linger over the Borderer's bookshelf and to finger through his books is to become imbued with the Border spirit, and to see and know "the visions of the hills and souls of lonely places."

A BORDER GLEN.

Lovely glen remote and lonely,
All aglow with purple blooms,
Gone the days when troopers only
Trod thy hills with nodding plumes.
Tell thy secrets, lonely valley,
Speak of wassail, rout and raid;
Tell of heroes that did rally,
Shining mail and glittering blade.

Sing the doughty deeds of reivers,
Till the caves beyond reply,
Till the lagging life-blood fevers,
Till the pulse beats wild and high.
Whisper tales of chief and vassal,
Foremost aye in strife and pillage,
How they stormed the mighty castle,
How they took the modest village.

Breathe again the voice of laughter;
Let it warble free and far,
Till it drowns the shouts of slaughter,
Till it caps the note of war.
Let the breezes in their splendour
Whisper through the upland grove,
Of the maidens true and tender,
And their witching tales of love.

Sound the minstrel's harp again;
Let the war pipe blend the chorus;
Join ye clansmen the refrain,
Waft the Border music o'er us.
Let me bask amid the heather,
Far from fellow mortals hidden,
Where the fairies used to gather,
Where the warders oft have ridden.

Sacred vale of fame and glory,
Unpolluted by the throng,
May the beauty of thy story
Mingle with the patriot's song.
Here the dauntless aye have thriven,
Here bold freedom aye has been;
May the freshening dews of heaven
Ever keep thy mantle green.

Blue Bell.

NEW FACTS ABOUT DR JOHN LEYDEN.

(By John Reith, Edinburgh.)

VII.—THE ROMANCE OF OLIVIA RAFFLES

ALL readers of Leyden's poetry are familiar with the "Dirge of the Departed Year," addressed to Olivia, wife of T. S. Raffles, whose guest he had been for three months (Oct., 1805—Jan., 1806). By the end of that time, with his happy knack of making friends, he found himself on the most affectionate terms with the three members of the family: Raffles, his wife, and sister. Indeed, although it is not obvious to the superficial reader, it is to be read between the lines that before he left he felt there was a danger of the relations between himself and Olivia becoming too affectionate and tender. The proof of this will be found in the last verse of the poem and the letter written on sailing away from Penang.

"For each sweet scene I wandered o'er—
Fair scenes that shall be ever dear,
From Curga's hills to Travancore—
I hail thy steps, Departed Year.

"But chief that in this Eastern isle,
Girt by the green and glistening wave,
Olivia's kind, endearing smile
Seem'd to recall me from the grave.

. . . .

"Still may'st thou live in bliss secure
Beneath *my friend's* protecting care;
And may his cherish'd life endure
Long, long thy *holy love* to share."

"The Portuguese ship, Santo Antonio,
January 7, 1806.

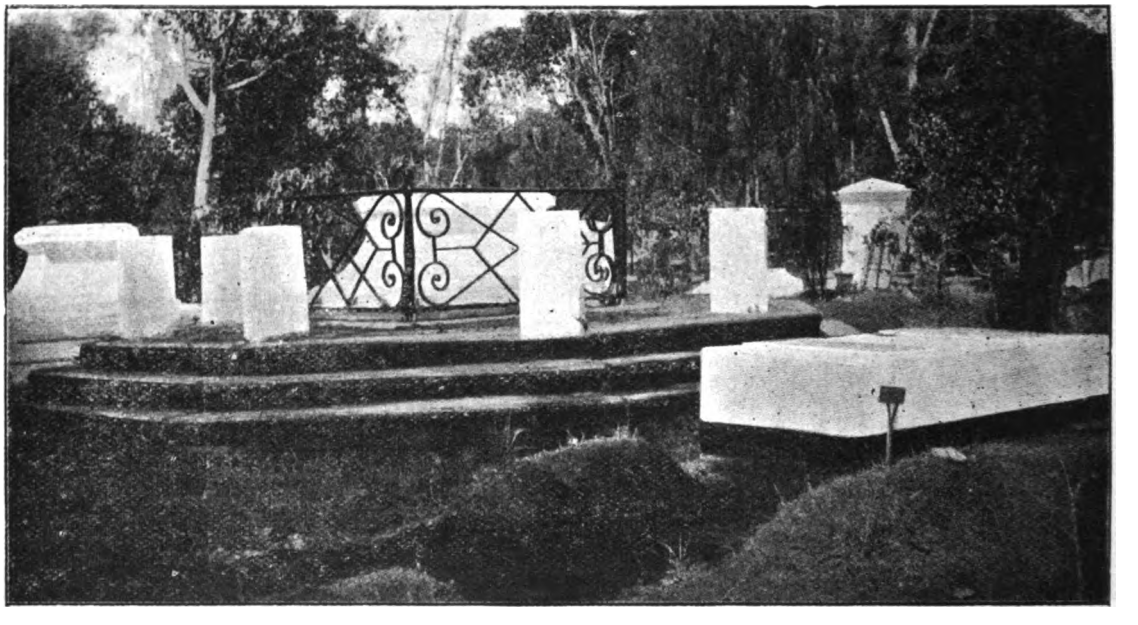
"My Dear Madam,—We have now lost sight of Puloo Penang, more, I am sorry to say, from the darkness than from the distance; and, while our Portuguese friends are recommending themselves with great fervency of devotion to their patron-saint, I have retired to pay the devoirs which I owe to her whom I have chosen my patroness for the voyage. I cannot help congratulating myself a good deal on the superiority of my choice of a living saint to a dead one, and am positive if you choose to exert yourself a little you have a chance of rivalling his sublimest miracles, among which not the least is his preaching on a certain day with great zeal and fervour to divers asses till their long ears betrayed powerful symptoms of devotion. Now I am perfectly of opinion that this miracle, doughty as it is, may be rivalled in Penang.

. . . .

"I need not now request you, my dear *sister* Olivia, to think of me kindly, and never to believe any evil you may hear of me till you have it under my own hand, for whenever I have the courage to become a *villain*—scoundrel and rascal are too pitiful to be mentioned—but I say whenever it shall be possible for me to become a villain I shall have the courage to subscribe myself one, which I am in no danger of doing while I have the honour of subscribing myself your sincere friend.—J. L."

If the reader will study the above words in Italics and the outburst about a villain—so meaningless and senseless unless there be something behind it—he will see that underlying it all there is what might have been a very squalid romance had it not been for the integrity and purity of Leyden's character, and his high sense of honour. What has prevented this from being observed is the extraordinary delicacy and tact with which he expressed himself to avoid giving offence.

What an extraordinary coincidence it was, too, that he left in the ship Santo Antonio. But that he was under the protection of that saint was exactly what he could not say. On the contrary, he writes an elaborate paragraph to show that he was not diverting attention from the Saint's great temptation to one of his most ludicrous miracles. Verily John Leyden has no reason yet to be ashamed to meet the spirits of his ancestors.



LEYDEN'S TOMB.

LEYDEN AT CLOVENFORDS.

(The Editor has been asked if it be correct that Leyden at one time taught the school at Clovenfords.)

It is a well-known fact given by all the biographers that Leyden acted as interim teacher at Clovenfords during the summer of 1792. There are certain particulars connected with his residence there, however, which are not so well known.

1. At that time he had an apparatus by way of an alarm clock, which awakened him at four or five o'clock every morning by tilting a bowl of water in his face. It would be idle to speculate at length as to the nature of it. It must have been some practical application of the principles of Hydrodynamics—most likely the apparatus consisted of two bowls, the one of which held as much water at bed-time as would take a simple form of siphon, such as a worsted thread, four or five hours to transfer into the other bowl; the latter being so balanced that it would be tilted over by the weight of the water. This suggestion is offered for what it is worth.

2. Attending the school at the time was a boy in his thirteenth year named John Lee. There is powerful testimony to the influence that Leyden exercised over his pupils in the way of inspiring them with a love of learning; and the impetus which this boy received in the course of the summer must have carried him a long way on the remarkable career that lay before him. He entered the University in 1794, and graduated M.D. in 1801. After a look-in at the study of law he turned his attention to Divinity. He was licensed in 1807, and then became minister of Peebles. After being successively Prof. Church Hist. at St Andrews (1812) and of Mor. Phil. at Aberdeen (1820), he became minister in succession of the Canongate Church, Lady Yester's, and St Giles,' Edinburgh. At the beginning of the Ten Years' Conflict in 1832 he was Clerk to the General Assembly, and was nominated by the Moderate Party for the Moderatorship in opposition to Chalmers, but did not attain this honour till 1844. Appointed Principal of the United College of St Andrews in 1837, he became Dean of the Chapel Royal and Principal of Edinburgh University in 1840, and kept the posts till his death in 1859. He collected a library of 20,000 volumes, and was the Archdeacon Meadows of J. H. Burton's "Book Hunter," the bibliomaniac who bought a book of which he had several copies, and, because he could not find any one of them all, had afterwards to borrow one from a friend for reference.

3. He became acquainted with James Nicol, a shoemaker in Innerleithen. This young man was born in 1769, so that he was six years older than Leyden. After attending the parish school till he was about fourteen years old (1783) he learned his father's trade. But he had acquired a taste for reading, and had all along aspirations after more learning. After learning the trade he must have worked at it for another five years or so, studying all the time and saving a little money.

Let the reader imagine, then, the effect on this man of hearing that the shepherd's son from Denholm, who had been two sessions at Edinburgh University and had distinguished himself there, had come to teach the school at Clovenfords. He walked down to that place on the afternoon of the first Sunday after hearing the news; and, with a common passion for study and for Scots poetry the two soon found plenty of congenial talk.

There is no room for doubt that the younger man, but more advanced student, gave his companion the warmest encouragement to persevere and go to the University, for he actually did so the following year. At the age of twenty-four (Univ. Reg. Ed. 1793-4, James Nicol, 2 Lat., 1 Gr.) Nicol was licensed by the Presbytery of Peebles in 1801, became minister of Traquair in 1802, and published two volumes of Scots poetry in 1805. His son of the same name was Professor of Natural History in Marischal College, Aberdeen, from 1853 to 1878—a master of his subject, and revered and beloved by his pupils.

[The foregoing paper concludes the series of Leyden articles, which we have every reason to believe have been much appreciated by our readers. We have pleasure in stating that the author of the articles has in the Press a new "Life of Leyden," which will doubtless be well received by the ever-increasing admirers of the famous poet and Oriental scholar.—Ed., "B. M."]

MINCHMOOR.

A HOLIDAY HILL TRAMP.

HOW many people read Dr John Brown nowadays? A generation has passed away and a new one arisen since the genial doctor penned his delightful article on Minchmoor. I am afraid that the bicycle and motor have scotched, if not killed, the invigorating and health-giving exercise of walking.

An old schoolfellow and fellow-Borderer and the writer, sojourners in Auld Reekie, decided to renew their acquaintance with the classic district on the occasion of a recent holiday. Leaving town by the 6.55 train, Innerleithen was reached before nine o'clock. Crossing the line, we took the road for Traquair, passing the old mansion-house with its famous gateway, surmounted by two huge bears, which the great Wizard has immortalised as Tully Veolan in "Waverley." The gate is said never to have been opened since the failure of the Jacobite rising in 1745, and the grass-grown avenue seems to bear out this statement. Traquair figures largely in Scottish history. It was from there that the charter was granted which led to the formation of Glasgow. Darnley and Mary spent part of their honeymoon at Traquair, and Prince Charlie slept there on his march to the invasion of England. It was to Traquair that Montrose escaped over Minchmoor after his disastrous defeat at Philiphaugh.

Turning off the main road at the little post office, we pass through a farm steading, and enter on an old drove road, now grown over with grass, and culminating in an avenue of trees, at the head of which a gate opens into the moor proper. The road (?) from this point consists only of a barely discernible track, requiring careful following in order to avoid getting lost. The famous "Cheese Well" has fallen on evil days. Instead of the clear limpid spring gushing out from the hillside in plentiful supply, it was full of green slimy weeds, and is evidently deserted by the "fairies" who were said to haunt it.

Making a detour at the well, we ascended to the summit of Minchmoor, which is more than twice the height of Arthur's Seat, and were rewarded with a magnificent panorama. To the north, the Moorfoots, with the Leithen winding up among the hills. To the east, the triple Eildons and the Black Hill of Earlston stand out prominently. Away far to the south, the Dunion, "Dark" Ruberslaw, Minto Hill, and the long range of the Cheviots, the higher peaks of the latter being covered with snow, glistening in the sun.

Renewing our march, we kept a careful lookout for Wallace's Trench, which evidently was not known to Dr John Brown. The trench lies somewhat to the left of the track on the higher ground. Mr Craig Brown, in his "History of Selkirkshire," says, "Wallace's trench occupies a skilfully-selected position on the watershed between Tweed and Yarrow, or rather between their tributaries, Glenkinnon Burn and Hangingshaw Burn. From Minchmoor road to the top of Brown Knowe, the trench proper is 1050 feet in length, but near the top it deflects a little to the east to form one side of a rather extensive rectangular enclosure—320 feet long by 100 feet wide. On three sides this area is defended by a shallow fosse and rampart; but the trench itself is for several hundred feet of its course deep enough to hide a man on horseback.

From Ettrick Forest, where Wallace gathered to his ranks many Borderers, he marched

to Stirling Bridge, and inflicted so severe a defeat on the English army, that Surrey rode straight from the battlefield to Berwick. A month afterwards Wallace was proclaimed Warden of the Kingdom of Scotland in the church of St Mary of the Forest.

To those who visit Minchmoor for the first time, it is better to follow the track down Hangingshaw Burn on to the Yarrow road at Yarrowford. A fine view of Newark Tower suddenly presents itself to the admiring eye on rounding a hill. Having on previous occasions taken this route, we continued our walk along the hills to the left from Wallace's Trench, ascending in rotation Broomylaw and the Three Brethren, from which latter a splendid view is obtained of the Tweed valley, embracing Fairnalee and Clovenfords, with the Ashiestiel woods, although the house is not visible. Immediately adjoining is Williamhope Ridge, where Scott and Park parted for the last time. Park had been visiting at Ashiestiel, and the two friends had ridden up the hill, Scott convoying Park on his way to Foulshiels. When crossing a ditch, Park's horse stumbled and nearly fell. Scott exclaimed, "I'm afraid that's a bad omen, Mungo," to which Park answered, smiling, "Freits follow those who look for them," saying which he rode off, and they never saw each other again.

There is a story told about Park when on his last visit to Yarrow. He lost his way among the hills one dark night, and, seeing a light in the distance, he made tracks for the cottage, where he found a shepherd's wife requiring medical assistance. This service he rendered, and stayed in the house overnight. In the morning the shepherd accompanied him to see him on the right road; but, instead of walking alongside, he kept a respectful distance behind. On being questioned as to the meaning of this, he replied, "'Deed, sir, the guidwife says 'e maun be an angel sent thrae Heevin, an' awm juist thinkin' sae masel', and awm juist watchin' tae be shure o' seein' 'e flee up."

On the east side of Foulshiels Hill there formerly existed a densely wooded plantation, known as "Tibbie Tamson's Grave." Tibbie was a poor woman of somewhat weak intellect, who lived in the Kirk Wynd, Selkirk, exactly opposite the old churchyard gate. While helping in a neighbour's house she was charged with having committed a petty theft, for which some of the neighbours said she would be hanged. This so preyed on her mind that she hanged herself. Owing to the barbarous custom of the time, suicides were denied burial in a churchyard, and the poor woman's body was thrust into a rude box, and literally dragged at a horse's heels over a rough road for over two miles to where "three lairds' lands meet," and there thrust into a roughly dug hole. A good Samaritan rolled a large stone on the grave, and carved in rude fashion—H.L. I.T. F.S. 1790, which stand for—Here lies Isabella Thomson; for suicide; 1790.

From Peatlaw a magnificent view is obtained of the old Royal burgh of Selkirk, where "the Shirra" dispensed justice for thirty-three years; also of the surrounding country. In the foreground, Abbotsford estate, with its finely laid out plantations, in which Sir Walter took such pleasure in superintending the operations of Tom Purdie. On one occasion there arose a little dispute between the two as to the position of a certain hedge; and Scott seemed somewhat ruffled in finding that his instructions had not been attended to. After a while Tom lounged about the party, who were by this time sitting on the lawn in front of the house, and, approaching the "Shirra," asked him to "speak a word." The two withdrew into the garden, and Scott, returning alone, said to the company, "Will ye guess what he has been saying now? Tom assured me that he had been thinking the matter over, and will take my advice about the thinning of that clump."

As is well known, Tom proved a faithful servant, apart from a weakness for whisky, which drew from Scott a threat to put on his tombstone, "Here lies one who might have been trusted with untold gold, but not with unmeasured whisky."

Behind Abbotsford is Cauldshiels Hill and the Eildons, from the summit of which Scott assured Washington Irving he could count "forty-three places famous in war and verse." There is also the bridge over Tweed bearing the inscription that the foundation stone was laid by Sir Walter, and regarding the view from the bridge John Ruskin has given us a delightful word picture.

In the clump of trees leading from the entrance to Abbotsford to the farm of Kaeside stands, or rather I should say, "stood," the "Turn again stone" which marks the spot where:—

> "Gallant Cessford's life blood dear
> Reeked on dark Elliot's Border spear."

The stone has fallen down, and, I am informed, lies covered with brushwood. Surely such an interesting memorial is worth the attention of

the Committee for the Preservation of Scottish Monuments.

Standing on Peatlaw one can trace the route followed by Leslie on his well-planned attack on Montrose's army, which had such momentous results. Leslie had marched down Gala Water, but instead of going through Galashiels he made a detour by Melrose, when he learned that Montrose was encamped in the neighbourhood of Selkirk. Under the guidance of a native, who had been a soldier, and whose identity has descended only from the name given to the hollow in the wood near Bridgeheugh as "Will's Nick," through which he led part of Leslie's army across the Ettrick, and up Nettly Burn, round behind Linglie Hill, emerging near to Philiphaugh, thoroughly encompassing the Royalist army between the two divisions of the Covenanters, Montrose made a gallant attempt to retrieve his position, but without avail, and he fled over Minchmoor to Traquair.

During the walk, which lasted over five hours, to the time we arrived in Selkirk, we saw only one human being—a shepherd, in the distance; but there was no lack of interest. The soft cry of the whaup, with the "cluck cluck" of innumerable startled grouse, were present with us during the entire journey. We also saw several white, or rather brindled, mountain hares, and a fox started out from behind a dyke and took to his heels across country.

For city dwellers there is nothing more invigorating than a day spent among the hills, "far from the madding crowd"; and with such a choice of delightful walks within easy distance of Edinburgh, no one need be at a loss where to betake himself.

J. B. F. in "Scotsman."

YARROW—A SONNET.

By William Blane.

Hush, hush, ye zephyrs, and my heart, be still!
Here do the gods eternal vigil keep—
Nature, enchanted, like a child asleep,
Smiles at her great heart's phantasies until
In mystic music river, rock, and rill
Break, breathing bliss so rapturous, so deep,
Pain, Poesy, and Passion, blending, weep,
While flow Castalian founts from every hill!

If earth be but illusion, life a dream,
And men and matter myst'ries of the night,
Still let me slumber by this sacred stream
Though Heaven itself should wait my waking sight—
Hark! Yarrow sings—its pensive vale the theme—
And angels linger, list'ning, in their flight.

The Manse, Yarrow, June, 1908.

LANGHOLM AND ITS HOLMS.

"Let a son sing the praise of thy woodlands and braes,
And proudly proclaim thee a rare spot on earth,
No man may deride this just, honest pride,
Great love, since a boy, for the place of my birth.
Heaven grant I may never, my love, from thee sever,
Or ever forget thy lov'd mountains and streams.
Let me ofttimes return to view trout stream and burn,
My thoughts shall be with thee in sunshine and dreams." A. Beattie.

THERE can be but little doubt that the picturesque muckle toon o' the Border derived its name from the many holms which stretch along the river Esk. Along the upper reaches of the river these are somewhat narrow, but in the under stretches the holms are broad, sweeping, and fertile. Even where they are hemmed in by noble hills, they have a romantic beauty and grandeur all their own. And when nature fully unfolds her charm their variety and rich profusion are most attractive.

Langholm parish, which covers over 14,200 acres, has numerous holms. There is Broomholm, Murtholm, Stubholm, Meikleholm, Arkinholm, not to mention others. The former is of some historic note, being the site of an ancient Caledonian town. Stubholm was the birthplace of the notorious sheep-stealer and famous Court jester, Archie Armstrong. The last-named holm was the scene of the memorable battle in 1455, which sealed the doom of the house of Douglas.

Langholm Holm, sometimes called the Castle Holm, is a fine sweep of land, on which the favourite Lodge of the Duke of Buccleuch stands. The building is plain and commodious, but no baronial hall was ever graced with grander natural surroundings.

Near the junction of the Esk and the Ewes, and on the opposite bank of the Esk from New Langholm, stands the ruins of the castle bearing the town's name. In its day it was an important stronghold. It would appear to have come into the possession of the redoubtable Johnnie Armstrong when its owner, Lord Maxwell, was a prisoner in England.

In 1547 the Regent, with a small force, took the castle from the Armstrongs. The latter, however, must have regained it, for it was in front of its walls, and on the holm, that Johnnie and his men, before setting out to meet King James at Carlenrig "ran their horses and brak' their spears" whilst

"The ladies lookit frae their lofty windows
Saying, 'God send oor men weel back again.'"

On the holm, and in the vicinity of the castle, witches were wont to be burned. Tradition makes special mention of the Eskside witch who was done to death here. She is said to have had the power to transfer the pains of labour from the wife to the husband.

From time to time the holm has witnessed stirring scenes, and during modern times has been the venue of the sports following the old-time carnival, the Common-Riding.

A particularly fine view of this holm is obtained from the imposing hills which rise around. Viewed from any of these it is indeed a charming piece of landscape. The Esk on one side, bounded by the Ewes on another, with overhanging hills which seem to brush the sky, and stately woods form a picture not easily equalled.

But holms like these, all varying in the light
Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill,
Nor yet by brush, however great the will.

G. M. R.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE YEOMANRY.

LETTER TO THE LAIRD OF GALA.

A DINNER was held in the County Hotel, Selkirk, on 20th December, 1907, under the joint auspices of the Selkirk members of the Border Rifle Volunteers and the Lothian and Berwick Yeomanry. Mr T. Craig-Brown, Woodburn, presided over a good attendance, the company including Lieut. S. Strang Steel of Philiphaugh, Lieut. Cowan, Captain M. Craig-Brown, &c.

In proposing "The Navy, Army, and Auxiliary Forces," the Chairman said the inhabitants of Ettrick and Yarrow long ago thought as little of fighting as of yoking their horses, and the old spirit could still be evoked, as was evident when so many from that district volunteered for South Africa. The Buccleuch family, who had always been notable fighters, sent four or five of its sons out then. It was inspiring to remember that the walls of that very room had often resounded to the voice of Sir Walter Scott, who had a life-long enthusiasm for the Yeomanry. He was one of the first to enlist, and at the False Alarm he rode from Gilsland to Dalkeith, a distance of 100 miles, in twenty-four hours, to be with his troop. He would read them a letter written by Sir Walter in 1819 from Edinburgh, in which his great interest in the Yeomanry was shown. The letter, which had never been published, was written to the Laird of Gala, and was at present in the possession of Mr W. Strang Steel of Philiphaugh. It was in the following terms:—

"28th December, 1819.

"DEAR GALA,—I wrote you yesterday stating we would be thankfully accepted under the name of Dismounted Yeomanry. To save time, if possible, I send you two copies of the amended offer, one of which I beg to forward to Edgerstone, the other to Lord Napier, or to Whitebank, as his vice, mentioning in both cases that a copy is transmitted to the Lord-Lieutenant of the neighbouring counties. I think the question which (county) we should belong to ought to be decided by the previous consideration whether Captain Napier or any one else will raise more men on the same plan. If so, it will be of high advantage to have the whole formed into one regiment, and that a Selkirkshire regiment. The troop of cavalry will, in case of six companies being raised, be just a corresponding proportion of horse. Lord Melville seems to encourage the idea of raising the shepherds, and unquestionably they will be as fine a corps as were ever seen of the kind. But if this is not to be done I think we had better stick by Roxburghshire, as Borthwickbrae is both an experienced officer and a pleasant man.

. . . . . .

"I write a few lines to the Mr. of Napier to let him know what we are about and to enquire whether he will take sincere and aefauld part with us. I should like to see five or six companies on foot, in which case he would naturally fall to be Lieutenant-Colonel. The present Lord Somerville tells me that he means to settle at the Pavilion, and would make an excellent Major. You would have your company. But all this is matter of after-consideration.

"I write a few lines to the Mr. of Napier. Adam Ferguson, as an old Wellingtonian, should get out with us in some shape or other, for we shall want men of skill and experience.

"The name of Dismounted Yeomanry is chosen to make a distinction between us and other pay-corps, which have been offered and refused. To have accepted a corps of paid Volunteers might have affronted these gentlemen, but dismounted Yeomanry—'c'est un autre chose.' It is clearly the same to us, so we get the means of paying the men, for it is the essence of our plan to take those who must needs have pay. Not that I would force it upon sergeants or non-commissioned officers, if men of that class should offer, who chose to dispense with pay. Any allowance made to them or the officers might go to the general fund. But I have never observed men much affronted with taking what they have a right to.

"Yours in haste,

"WALTER SCOTT."

The Yeomanry of that time, said Mr Craig-Brown, were being used by the Government pretty much as the Government still used them, and Sir Walter wrote in his diary in March, 1828, the following protest:—

"The dissolution of the Yeomanry was the act of the last Ministry. The present did not alter the measure on account of the expense saved. I am, if not the very oldest Yeoman in Scotland, one of the oldest, and I have seen the rise, progress, and now the fall of this very constitutional part of the national force. . . . It kept up a spirit of harmony between the proprietors of land and the occupiers, and made them known to and beloved by each other; and it gave to the young men a sort of military and high-spirited character which always does honour to a country. . . . I wish Parliament, as they have turned the Yeomen adrift, may not have occasion to 'roar them in again.'"

REV THOMAS LECKIE,
1794-1821.

REV. THOMAS ADAM,
1823-1846.

REV. ROBERT BURGESS,
1868-1908.

1790-1908

REV. JOHN SEMPLE,
1848-1853.

REV. OLIVER RUSSELL,
1908.

REV. ROBERT ANGUS,
1854-1866.

MINISTERS OF THE LECKIE MEMORIAL CHURCH, PEEBLES.

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Author of "Scottish Life and Character," "The Soft Lowland Tongue o' the Borders," &c

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REV. ROBERT BURGESS, LECKIE MEMORIAL CHURCH, PEEBLES.

IN no country in the world has the Church played a more important part by moulding the life and character of the people than in Scotland. Were the Kirk to be removed from the history of Scotland the student would at once discover that some great force had been left unnoticed, and by a process of deduction he would discover the great cause which had so strongly influenced the destinies of the nation. Since the days of the Reformation, at least, our whole national life has been coloured by the Kirk, for the Scot is ever inclined to approach religious subjects with his mental faculties sharpened by the restrain he puts upon the emotional side of his nature. To some extent the story of the Kirk is the story of the nation, and the increasing attention which is being given to the Church records all over the country has resulted in much light being thrown on the life and manners of the people in days long past.

The story of every church in our Borderland is worth telling, and our only regret is that the limits of space prevent us more frequently from taking up such subjects. The Scot is what he is, to a large extent, through the influence of the Scottish clergy of the past, and even in these days, when we are supposed to have broken away from all such restraints, the minister wields a much greater power than he gets credit for in some quarters. Hence it is, that when there is a change in the ministry in any congregation the pulses of the people are quickened, and the selection of a new pastor is gone about with a seriousness which befits the importance of the step.

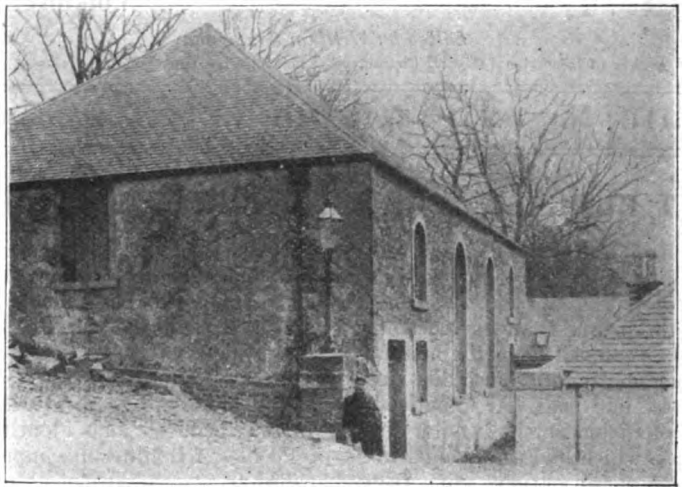
Some months ago the Rev. Robert Burgess, who has been so long identified with the life of Peebles, felt himself compelled, through ill-health, to resign the active duties of minister of the Leckie Memorial U.F. Church. Mr Burgess is well known to many Borderers, and the good work he has accomplished in Peebles will be long remembered.

"The Rev. Robert Burgess is a native of Glasgow. His father was the Rev. William Burgess, M.A., Minister of Eglinton Street United Presbyterian Church in that city. He received his early education at the Glasgow High School, thereafter passing into the University, and subsequently into the Divinity Hall of the United Presbyterian Church. On the completion of his theological course he was licensed by the Presbytery of Cupar in the month of December, 1867, and in May of the following year he accepted a call to the East Church, Peebles, to the pastorate of which he was ordained on 25th August, 1868. He is the first minister of the Leckie Memorial Church, and during his incumbency the present handsome and commodious manse, situated in the

Innerleithen Road, was built. While he has endeavoured to make his congregation his first and chief care, he has taken his full share of public work in the town of Peebles, and has done what was in his power for the social and religious welfare of the community."

Mr Burgess thus records his early impressions on coming to the Royal Burgh of Peebles:—

I remember well the day when I first set foot within the bonnie little town of Peebles. It is getting to be an old story now, but it seems only yesterday since I made my first acquaintance with it. It was on a beautiful Saturday evening in early spring, and the purpose of my coming was to fulfil a preaching appointment for two consecutive Sundays in what was then known as the East United Presbyterian Church. The minister, to the great regret of his people, had, on account of broken health, recently resigned, and I was one of several young budding divines fresh from College, who in great fear and trembling came to preach as candidates for the vacant charge. Peebles was a quiet spot in those days, but there was much about it then, as now, to charm the eye and to captivate the heart of a stranger. My first sight of it was in the golden light of the setting sun, and as I entered it by rail from the West the beauty of its surroundings impressed me greatly. I have been far and wide since then, but of all the many places I have visited, both in the Old World and in the New, for picturesqueness of situation and natural charm, to say nothing of its traditional fame for "pleasure," I give the palm to Peebles. When I stood on the bridge that spans the river that quiet Saturday evening long ago, watching "Tweed's silver streams" gliding gently on their way towards the distant sea, and wondering how it would fare with me on the morrow, I had little idea that it would be my happy lot to live the greater part of my life in this beautiful little county town, which has played no mean part in Scottish history, and with which there are associated so many thrilling and romantic memories of the olden times. But so it was destined to turn out, for by-and-bye a call was addressed to me, and in the early autumn of the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, I was installed as the youthful pastor of the congregation to which I had ministered on those two Sundays in the spring of the year, and which then worshipped in the old barn-like building familiarly known, on account of the locality in which it was situated, as "the Gytes Meeting-House." It was a humble enough structure, to be sure, as any one can see for himself, for it still stands, though now put to a different use. Yet, humble and unpretentious though it was, it had a noble history, extending over a period of well-nigh a hundred years. Many a time do I picture to myself that old Meeting-House down in the hollow, and the congregation as I first knew it. How well do I remember it and the old familiar faces that Sunday after Sunday looked out from its old-fashioned pews, so straight-backed that to enjoy a comfortable nap in them was altogether out of the question! Very pleasant it was to worship on a quiet summer's day in that dear old sanctuary, with the windows and doors thrown wide open, through which there came the fragrance of flowers and the twittering of birds and the murmuring music of the river, as it flowed peacefully on its way a few hundred yards distant. There was a simplicity and a naturalness about the worship and the people then that one misses about both in these more pretentious days, and one felt more perhaps then than ever how sacred a place the House of God was, that it was indeed to the humble-hearted and earnest worshipper "the very gate of Heaven." As I look back to those early days of my ministry, when our "House of God" was the old-fashioned "Gytes Meeting-House," it



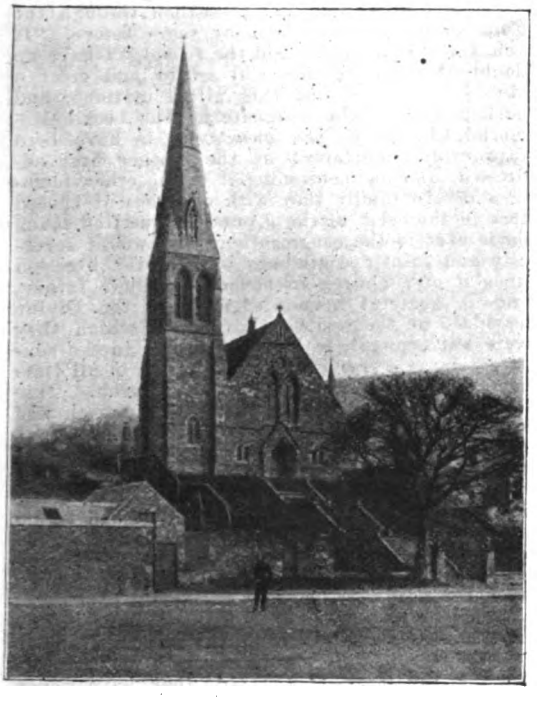
THE OLD GYTES MEETING HOUSE.

is pleasant to recall some of the old folks whom I first knew, and who, one after another, as the years went by, passed away into the Silent Land.

To Mr Burgess we are also indebted for the following short sketches of the ministers who preceded him in the pastorate, and the story of the Leckie Memorial Church.

The history of the Congregation dates from the year 1790, when application was made to the Associate Burgher Presbytery of Edinburgh for preachers. The petition was granted, and a church was built forthwith, the building being opened on 27th November, 1791.

Thomas Leckie, to whose memory the Leckie Memorial Church was erected, was a native of Glasgow. He became minister of what was then



LECKIE MEMORIAL CHURCH.

known as the Associate Burgher Congregation of Peebles. He was ordained on the 10th July, 1794, and after an earnest and successful ministry of fully seven-and-twenty years he died on the 27th of September, 1821, in the sixty-third year of his age. Mr Leckie had a large family, and in those days of small stipends it was no easy matter to make ends meet. But Mr Leckie was blessed with a good wife, who, by her careful and judicious management of the household purse, brought up her family in comfort, and was never known to be in debt. It was no light matter for her when her husband died and left her in charge of thirteen children—the eldest a lad not long out of his teens, and the youngest an infant but a few months old. How they were to be provided for was a serious question, but in answer to the good man's prayers on his death-bed the way was opened up, and they never wanted. Providence greatly blessed them in raising up kind friends for them, and by-and-bye, when they went out into the world, in the different callings which they elected to follow they were favoured with much prosperity. They have never forgotten their father's old congregation, as witness their gift to it of the Leckie Memorial Church, of the history of which a brief sketch will be found further on.

Thomas Adam, a native of Paisley, was ordained on 19th March, 1823. His ministry covered a period of twenty-three years. He was an eloquent preacher, and one of the kindest-hearted of men. He was possessed of an inexhaustible fund of humour, and many of his witty sayings are still remembered and repeated in the district. He resigned his charge on 4th August, 1846, and thereafter lived quietly, first at Kirriemuir and then at Bowden, Roxburghshire, where he died on the 14th of February, 1877. Two of his sons became merchant princes in the city of Buffalo, N.Y., gained positions of the highest influence and won the respect of the whole community. Mr Robert B. Adam, who passed away some years ago, had one of the finest collections of Burns and Johnson literature. Mr J. N. Adam at present occupies the important position of Mayor of Buffalo, and has done much to improve the municipal affairs of the city. A portrait and sketch of the later gentleman appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE for December, 1906. One of his daughters is Miss Isabella Noble Adam, whose name will for many years to come be associated with the Zenana Missions of the United Presbyterian Church. Like the first minister's family, the young Adams had the inestimable gift of a good mother.

John Semple, a native of Stranraer, was ordained on 20th April, 1848. He was a man of high culture, popular as a preacher, and of brilliant conversational powers. His ministry was a short one, extending over a period of barely five years. On 5th April, 1853, he resigned his charge, and shortly afterwards emigrated to Australia, his intention being to continue the work of the ministry there, but being offered the joint-editorship of the "Melbourne Argus," he abandoned this intention and accepted the offer thus made to him. For several years he sat at the editor's desk, discharging the duties of the office with marked ability, besides engaging in other literary work, until, through failing health, he was compelled to relinquish his post, his death occurring shortly afterwards.

Robert Angus, M.A., was a native of Aberdeen. His father was the Rev. Henry Angus, M.A., minister of Nicholas Lane United Presbyterian Church in that city. He was ordained on 6th September, 1854, and after a devoted ministry of twelve years his health gave way, and he was compelled to resign his charge, and remove to his native city, where he died on 26th November, 1868. He was one of the most amiable of men, quiet and thoughtful, of scholarly gifts, a cultured preacher, and a faithful pastor. He was held in universal esteem by his people and by the whole community, and his early death was greatly regretted.

On Wednesday, 8th July, 1908, the congregation unanimously elected the Rev. Oliver Russell, M.A., to succeed Mr Burgess in the

pastorate, and the ordination of this popular young minister takes place on 30th September, 1908.

From "The Student," the organ of the student life of Edinburgh University, we quote the following notes regarding Mr Russell:—

Born in Leith in 1883, he is the son of Mr John Russell, Burgh Chamberlain, and at an early age he was introduced to the mysteries and indifference of George Watson's College. He is remarkable for two things—his length of limb and breadth of view, and both muscular and mental development have been turned to good account. Leaving Watson's College he entered the University, in which he afterwards graduated M.A. and annexed the Simpson Bursary of £100. He was editor of the "Handbook," and made it pay for the first time in its history, as well as occupying the editorial chair of "The Student" for some time. He also filled the position of Secretary and became Senior President in 1906 of the Students' Representative Council. As President of the Students' Debating Society, when a debate needed a light touch so difficult to find, it was to him the Convener of Debates turned, and the House was never disappointed. He took a prominent part in the University Battery, of which branch of the Imperial Forces he was a red hot enthusiast. He became Sergeant-Major and fired the minds of his subordinates with the military ardour which burns so fervently in his own manly breast. On one occasion as senior President he read the lessons at the church parade of the battery while attending service in St Giles' Cathedral. Being of such renown in the battery he was chosen as a member of a team to represent the United Kingdom in a contest against the gunners of Canada which took place two years ago. Mr Russell has in his day acted as captain of the Trinity Football Fifteen. As chairman of the S. R. Council it fell to him to preside over numerous important meetings when such men as Mr Haldane delivered the Rectorial Address to the students, or Mr Balfour as Lord Chancellor visited the University. As a Christian worker he has done much useful work in Junction Road U.F. Church, where his father has been an elder for many years, and in Lothian Road Church he has since March acted as Assistant to Dr Drummond and done excellent work in a mission district and assisting to carry out the great open-air campaign so heartily taken up by the U.F. Churches in Edinburgh. We hope all these varied experiences will combine to make him not only as "The Student" describes him—great in stature, but also in mind, and character, and heart. Witty without a trace of malice, determined on getting his own way, and yet never inconsiderate, he is the warmest and most loyal of friends.

We feel sure that Mr Russell will meet with a cordial reception from the inhabitants of Peebles, and we have no doubt he will be heartily welcomed among the ministers of the Borderland.

The story of the Leckie Memorial Church is thus shortly told by Mr Burgess:—

On the 12th of November, 1874, Charles Leckie, son of the Rev. Thomas Leckie, the first minister of the congregation, after a successful business career in India, died at Blackheath, Kent, at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven. Being unmarried, and consequently having no family burying-place of his own, his remains were brought to Peebles, where they were interred beside those of his father and mother, under the shadow of the ruined tower of the Church of St Andrew, in the Old Churchyard. On the day of the funeral, as the surviving brothers were taking a quiet ramble along the riverside, the idea was suggested to one of them by an intimate friend of the family, that as the old church in which their father had preached long ago was quite out of date, and would ere long fall into decay, he might present to the congregation the piece of ground on which the Leckie Memorial Church now stands, and which had come into his possession through the death of a near relative many years before. "If you were to do that," said the friend, "I have no doubt the congregation will set to and erect a church on the ground thus gifted to them, and perhaps they might designate it 'The Leckie Memorial Church.'" The idea seems to have been favourably entertained by the brother first addressed, and on mentioning it to the other members of the family they with one consent agreed that in the event of the ground in question being made over to the congregation, they would severally and jointly contribute towards the erection upon it of a church in memory of their father, and in grateful acknowledgment of the Divine goodness to them since the day on which they were left orphans, to be handed over to the congregation as a free gift, and be known in all time coming as the Leckie Memorial Church. This having been done, the erection of the church was at once proceeded with, and in the autumn of 1877 it was ready for occupation. It was opened on the 25th of August of that year, amid mutual congratulations and rejoicings. Its cost, along with an extra strip of ground which had to be purchased from the adjoining proprietor, was close upon £8000. Since then the members of the congregation have expended several hundred pounds upon the property, but this outlay, in consideration of their having, through the munificence of the Leckie family, been saved the great expense of erecting through their own efforts a new church to take the place of the old, they have never grudged. It is a beautiful church, both externally and internally, and the congregation are justly proud of it. Long may it remain a striking feature in the landscape, and a centre of light and influence to the whole district!

We are indebted to Mr Burgess for the information he has placed at our disposal, and express the hope that he may long be spared to take an interest in everything pertaining to this church and the Borderland. We close by quoting some lines from his pen:—

This simple tale, in pensive hours prepared,
Redolent of memories of the tender past,
Of Peebles in its sweetly sober days,
Embosomed 'mong its green and billowy hills,
Pervaded by their sweetness and their calm,
A royal mother of a godly race

Of citizens of simple faith in God,
And quiet earnestness of thought and life,
Of wealth uncareful, or of fame, or ease,
And yet have given their land a fame, a wealth,
Greater than merchant's millions, soldier's name—
This simple tale, which tells of these old times,
And of the men whose lives were given to God,
I humbly send to friends both near and far,
Who often in their quiet hours recall
The fragrance and the beauty of the spot
Where first their life its early course began,
Amid the uplands of the silver Tweed.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A SUMMARY OF HIS CHARACTERS.

THERE is among the characters of Scott (first and foremost, because the earliest of our acquaintance) the Baron of Bradwardine, stately, kind-hearted, whimsical, pedantic; and Flora MacIvor (whom even we forgive for her Jacobitism), the fierce Vich Ian Vohr, and Evan Dhu, constant in death, and Davie Gallatly roasting his eggs or turning his rhymes with restless volubility, and the two staghounds that met Waverley, as fine as ever Titian painted, or Paul Veronese.

Then there is old Balfour of Burley, brandishing his sword and his Bible with fire-eyed fury, trying a fall with the insolent, gigantic Bothwell at the Change House, and vanquishing him at the noble battle of Loudon Hill; there is Bothwell himself, drawn to the life, proud, cruel, selfish, profligate, but with the love letters of the gentle Alice (written thirty years before), and his verses to her memory, found in his pocket after his death; in the same volume of "Old Mortality" is that lone figure, like a figure in Scripture, of the woman sitting on the stone at the turning to the mountain, to warn Burley that there is a lion in his path; and the fawning Claverhouse, beautiful as a panther, smooth-looking, blood-spotted; and the fanatics, Macbriar and Mucklewrath, crazed with zeal and sufferings; and the inflexible Morton, and the faithful Edith, who refused to "give her hand to another while her heart was with her lover in the deep and dead sea."

And in "The Heart of Midlothian" we have Effie Deans (that sweet, faded flower) and Jeanie, her more than sister, and old Davie Deans, the patriarch of St Leonard's Crags, and Butler, and Dumbiedikes, eloquent in his silence, and Mr Bartoline Saddletree and his prudent helpmate, and Porteous swinging in the wind, and Madge Wildfire, full of finery and madness, and her ghastly mother.

Again, there is Meg Merrilies, standing on her rock, stretched on her bier with "her head to the east," and Dick Hatteraick (equal to Shakespeare's Master Barnardine), and Glossin, the soul of an attorney, and Dandie Dinmont, with his terrier pack and his pony Dumple, and the fiery Colonel Mannering, and the modish old counsellor Pleydell, and Dominie Sampson, and Rob Roy (like the eagle in his eyry), and Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and the inimitable Major Galbraith, and Rashleigh Osbaldistone, and Die Vernon, the best of secret-keepers; and in the "Antiquary," the ingenious and abstruse Mr Jonathan Oldbuck, and the old beadsman Edie Ochiltree, and that preternatural figure of old Edith Elspeth, a living shadow, in whom the lamp of life had been long extinguished, had it not been fed by remorse and "thick-coming" recollections.

Then think of that striking picture of the effects of feudal tyranny and fiendish pride, the unhappy Earl of Glenallan; and the Black Dwarf, and his friend Habbie of the Heughfoot (the cheerful hunter), and his cousin Grace Armstrong, fresh and laughing like the morning; and the "Children of the Mist," and the baying of the bloodhound that tracks their steps at a distance (the hollow echoes are in our ears now), and Amy and her hapless love, and the villain Varney, and the deep voice of George Douglas, and the immovable Balafre, and Master Oliver the Barber in "Quentin Durward," and the quaint humour of the "Fortunes of Nigel," and the comic spirit of "Peveril of the Peak," and the fine old English romance of "Ivanhoe."

What a list of names! What a host of associations! What a thing is human life! What a power is that of genius! What a world of thought and feeling is thus rescued from oblivion!

How many hours of heartfelt satisfaction has Scott given to the gay and thoughtless! How many sad hearts have been soothed in pain and solitude!

His works (taken together) are almost like a new edition of human nature. This is indeed to be an author!—Hazlitt's "Spirit of the Age."

He has a white feather in his wing, after a': he'll ne'er fill his father's boots.—"Black Dwarf."

BORDER NOTES AND QUERIES.

LESSUDDEN.

Your correspondent, "A. M." in the BORDER MAGAZINE for June enquires about the origin of the name "Lessudden." So far as I can gather, it dates back to the time when Edwin was king of Northumbria. Perhaps the word is a corruption of the old Welsh word "Lessedwyn," which means "Edwin's Court." In the "Saxon Chronicle" the Eildon Hills are referred to as Edwin's Cliffe. I would like to hear the views of some other readers on the subject. J. W. T.

* * * *

MELROSE ABBEY.

A writer in the "Scotsman" having revived the old proposal to restore Melrose Abbey, an interesting correspondence ensued, from which we make one or two selections:—

Melrose, August 24, 1908.

Sir,—I hope that the timely suggestion of "Guildsman" in Saturday's "Scotsman" will receive the serious consideration that it deserves. Simultaneously there appeared in the same issue of your paper an account of what has been accomplished in the case of Hexham Abbey at the cost of £30,000. I am assured on the best authority that the work necessary to restore our ancient Abbey to its original purpose as a place of worship for the parishioners of Melrose would be neither so great nor so expensive. Even although it did cost as much, there is wealth and liberality among the members of the Church of Scotland, as I believe also there is a widespread desire, sufficient to solve this difficulty. As your correspondent points out, an opportune moment has arrived which will not occur again. The heritors of Melrose have resolved to expend £6000 in the erection of a new church to replace the one recently destroyed by fire. Here there is the nucleus of a fund ready, which the generosity and patriotic spirit of the Scottish people would willingly and amply supplement. "Guildsman" appeals to his fellow-guildsmen of the Church of Scotland to undertake a part of the work of restoration. By the year-book I see that the membership of the Young Men's Guild numbers 27,687. If each of these made himself responsible for obtaining at least £1, the success of the scheme would be assured. What manifestly every one is waiting for is for some one or some body to take the lead. It will be deplorable if the Church of Scotland should let this golden opportunity slip away of restoring to the Scottish people one of the grandest of their churches and of rescuing from inevitable decay a shrine intimately connected with the glorious past of their history. Where is our Scottish pride and spirit?—I am, &c., AN EX-GUILDSMAN.

Dalmuir, August 23, 1908.

Sir,—I appreciate very much the spirit animating your correspondent in his reference to the restoration of Melrose Abbey, but I think it entirely inopportune to suggest restoration, after the lessons we have learned from Holyrood. I do not think that the Scottish people in general are at all anxious that the old pillars and ruinous arches of this famous Abbey should be tampered with and vulgarised, so that a service, not always in keeping with our Presbyterian form of worship, should be held therein. I trust that these walls, sacred with the associations of uncounted generations, shall not be desecrated, and that we shall treasure this famous historical monument that it may be preserved to the generations following. Thus long may Melrose Abbey—a chaste and beautiful ruin, especially in the pale lustre of the moon—stand open to the winds of heaven, bidding autumn drop the lingering garlands of its latest leaves around its hallowed walls.—I am, &c.,
J. T. AITKEN.

The Manse, Tweedsmuir, August 25, 1908.

Sir,—Surely "A Guildsman" cannot be serious in his proposal to restore "Fair Melrose." The suggestion is ludicrous in the extreme, and one to be scouted by all sensible Scots. Such "restoration" would be at once the deathblow to the best of Border romance, and the ruin of Melrose town itself. No doubt the Abbey, up to 1810 or so, did contain a hideous monstrosity known as the parish church, but no one desires to see a repetition of that in these days. The present Weir Hill site is unequalled, and both heritors and congregation would be ill-advised to build elsewhere. To restore Melrose Abbey, by the way, were probably an impossible feat, and, even if it were possible, the cost could not be less than £100,000. No lover of Melrose but will pray with Thomas Hardy—

"From restorations of Thy fane,
From smoothings of Thy sward,
From zealous Churchmen's pick and plane
Deliver us, O Lord!"

After Melrose, one would not be surprised to learn that the "restoring" spirit had turned its attention to "Alloway's auld haunted kirk!"—I am, &c., W. S. CROCKETT.

August 26, 1908.

Sir,—I trust that the very convincing form of Mr Crockett's letter, on the subject of the restoration of Melrose Abbey, will be read, and agreed with, by hundreds of your readers.

The very idea of such violation is painful in the extreme to any one who reverences the peaceful beauty of this sacred spot. What would the Americans, who visit our "Scott" country every season, think of our judgment and taste. Trusting that such a scheme will never be allowed to be carried out.—I am, &c., J. R. K.

* * *

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S TUTOR.

It is evident that everything relating to Sir Walter Scott is becoming more and more appreciated as the years pass by, and we trust that our readers who possess any hitherto unpublished matter will bring it to light before it is lost altogether. A correspondent of the "Scotsman," signing himself "J. O. B.," says:—Sir,—I would feel very much indebted if any of your readers could give me any information regarding a Rev. Dr Mitchell, of Fifeshire and Wooler, who is reported to have been one of Sir Walter Scott's tutors. I have an oil portrait of him, which is said to have been

presented to him by his Wooler congregation, but as I cannot find any trace of the artist's signature thereon, it has occurred to me that some of your readers may be able to enlighten me both as regards Dr Mitchell and the artist who painted his portrait. The following replies appeared:—

Sir,—Your correspondent in to-day's issue (August 26), "J. O. B.," will find a sketch of Rev. D. Mitchell's life—I do not think he was Dr—in one of the volumes of the "Scottish Christian Herald" which ran from 1837 to 1842, or thereabout. A notice of him appears also in a memorial booklet in connection with the Wooler congregation, issued a few years ago. As I write away from home and books of reference, I am sorry I cannot be more precise in my statements. If, however, memroy serves me aright, Mr Mitchell was a parish minister in Montrose, in succession to Dr Charles Nisbet, who about 1784 went to America as a college president. Sir Walter's father had considerable influence, through business connections in Montrose, and it is possible that this accounts for Mr Mitchell's settlement there. His ministry in Montrose ended in his resignation, as he failed to persuade some of his parishioners to act on his Sabbath-keeping principles. These were of a strict order. Like Scott, sen., Nisbet, his predecessor, John Erskine, and John Witherspoon, David Mitchell was an Evangelical during the Moderate ascendancy. Likely Scott's Fasti Eccl. Scot., under Montrose, will supply additional facts to the information in the sources already referred to. This, however, I merely suggest, as I have not looked into the matter.—I am, &c., J. M.

Muthill, Perthshire, August 26, 1908.

Sir,—With reference to the inquiry of "J. O. B." in your issue of to-day regarding "a Rev. Dr Mitchell of Fifeshire and Wooler, who is reported to have been one of Sir Walter Scott's tutors," the following information will show that the tutor in question was James Mitchell, a native of the parish of Muthill:—

The Rev. James Mitchell was born at Strageath, near Muthill, on 31st October, 1759. He studied at St Andrews, Glasgow, and Edinburgh Universities. While at the latter University he became tutor to Walter Scott, whose father was a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh. In 1788 Mr Mitchell was appointed chaplain to Lady Glenorchy of Barnton, near Edinburgh; while on 24th June next year he was called to the Presbyterian Church of South Shields (now known as St John's). After being two years there he was presented to the second charge, Montrose, as colleague to Mr Molleson; and we know that while he was at Montrose Sir Walter visited him. Mr Mitchell left Montrose in 1804 with his wife, a daughter of Mr Mollesen. On 3rd July, 1808, he entered upon his duties as minister of the West Chapel, Wooler, where he laboured until his death on 20th October, 1835. Mr Mitchell was survived by his wife and family. Mrs Mitchell died in 1848, and an unmarried daughter, who was the authoress of several little books, predeceased her mother. Some aged persons resident in Wooler can speak of Mr Mitchell telling them that he was born near Muthill. All who are familiar with Lockhart's Life of Scott will have read Mr Mitchell's Reminiscences of Sir Walter.

I do not think that Mr Mitchell was presented by his Wooler congregation with his portrait in oil.—I am, &c., P. G. M'Aba.

* * * *

A YETHOLM BURNS RELIC.

Of the discovery of relics connected with the poet Burns there seems to be no end, and the latest is thus referred to by a correspondent in the "Glasgow Herald":—"An interesting and apparently unrecorded relic of Robert Burns is in the hands of Mrs William Waddle, Town Yetholm, Roxburghshire. This is a handsome eight-day clock, with mahogany case and brass face, ornamented, which also tells the day of the month. The name of the maker is 'William Scott, Beith.' The story of the clock is briefly as follows:—It had belonged to Robert Burns, along with two handsome egg-shaped mahogany stands, adapted for holding knives, forks, and spoons. Both were bought at Gilbert Burns's sale by a Mr Goodlet, coachman to Lord Blantyre at Erskine House, near Glasgow. These were again sold for a trifling sum to Mr Andrew Waddle, shepherd to Lord Blantyre, a native of Yetholm, who return thither and lived there for 50 years, until his death. Waddle parted with the egg-shaped stands for a trifling sum, but stuck to the clock, which now adorns the parlour in Mrs Waddle's cottage in Town Yetholm. These particulars are gleaned from Mrs Beattie (Janet Waddle), grand-daughter of Mr Andrew Waddle, shepherd, Town Yetholm, who lived with him for many years and heard over and over again the history of the clock. Her mother, Mrs Paterson, No. 11 Horsemarket, Kelso, has a fine mahogany chest of drawers which belonged to Gilbert Burns. A local poet who saw the relic wove this into rhyme, along with much else—

A relic auld Town Yetholm has
I was surprised to see,
But ane that I would greatly prize
Did it belong to me.

It lets us see Dame Fortune's wheel
Mak's many curious turns,
For there I saw the aicht-day clock
That ainee belanged to Burns.

The weak part of the story is that there are no documents to show the history of this eight-day clock made at Beith, in Ayrshire. Mr Andrew Waddle, the shepherd, was confident he had a clock that belonged to Burns, as Goodlet was, who bought it at Gilbert Burns's sale. The legend has been carefully handed on in the family, as well as one to the effect that a "gaun-aboot body" once said he had seen it in Burns's house. The matter is one worth sifting further, and the foregoing are the facts known in connection with the relic's passage from one hand to another."

* * * *

A KELSO CONVOY AND TRAVELLER.

Could any of the readers of the "B. M." kindly throw some light on the expression, "A Kelso Convoy," which is said to mean "a step and a half owre the door-stane!" The phrase, I think, is found in Scott's "Antiquary." Does it occur anywhere else, and how did it arise? Also, what

about the "Kelso traveller," which appears to have been a sort of wooden stand on wheels on which was placed the hot-water kettle at toddy parties, the stand and kettle being run round the table for the convenience of the guests?

A. G.

* * *

MEMORIAL TABLET TO A SCOTTISH SONG-WRITER.—A tablet has been erected in Edinburgh to mark the grave of Mrs Cockburn, the writer of the song, "The Flowers o' the Forest." Some time ago a donor, who thought it was desirable that something should be done to mark the spot where the lady was buried, presented a sum of money to the Pen and Pencil Club, who had interested themselves in such matters, to carry out his object. The tablet, which is of white marble, is erected in a conspicuous place on the outside wall of Buccleuch Church burial-ground, and bears the inscription:—"Mrs Cockburn, 1710-1794, who wrote "The Flowers o' the Forest," lies buried near here."—(The "Scotsman," August 28, 1908.)

(Copy of Letter).

THE AUTHOR OF THE "FLOWERS O' THE FOREST."

Sir,—In reference to the burial-place of Mrs Cockburn, authoress of "The Flowers o' the Forest," in Buccleuch Churchyard, the Rev. John Campbell, about ten years ago, had the grave and railing surrounding it put in order, also a neat marble tablet inserted on the wall inside. I think it a good plan to put the present one on the street side, where all may read it in passing. At one time the grave was protected from body snatchers by an iron railing over the top.—I am, etc.,

("Scotsman," Aug. 29, 1908.) I. C. D.

CHEVIOT CLIMBING.

AFTER three weeks of perfect holiday weather at Yetholm we devoted the last day of our time there to climbing Cheviot, the top of which is some 13 miles from that charming village, or couple of villages, nestling at the roots of the outliers of that fine range of Border hills. We had seen his huge broad back outlined against the sky very often. To conquer him seemed the crown or copestone of a very perfect holiday, for had we not wandered in perfect freedom up these delightful glens—by Halterburn to Burnhead, up the Curr valley to the shepherd's cottage at the foot of the mighty mass of the Curr. No sound breaks the silence save the bleating of sheep, the occasional bark of a collie, and the musical monotony of the mountain burns hastening to join Bowmont Water. After all there are few more simple, satisfying pleasures than just a tramp amongst the heather, or across the pastoral slopes of such hills as the Cheviot range afford, away from the tyranny of the motor and dusty highways. One can chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy; be blown upon by the free, fresh, and smokeless hill winds, and come back with a fierce and aboriginal appetite. Mr Robert H. Elliot of Clifton Park, near Yetholm, recently pointed out in the newspapers that, taking his house as a centre, he had found that a fresh country ride by bridle paths may be taken every day of the week, while the walks that might be taken by footpath far exceed that. This is perfectly true, but he also points out that though there are three hotels in Yetholm, many lodgings fully occupied, besides farm houses which are let, yet he had heard from the steward of his Clifton-on-Bowmont farm, who had been there over 20 years, that he never heard of but one case of two visitors ascending the Curr Hill (1850 feet), at the head of the valley. We could add to his number of those who have climbed the hill Then the Shereburgh Hill (900 feet), across the Bowmont from Town Yetholm, he thinks is seldom climbed. This we have done, and the view is very fine and comprehensive, but not more so than that from Venchen, on the Wauchope estate, as we have seen it, on a clear night, from Berwick to the Selkirkshire hills, with Teviotdale and Tweed valley, and the Eildons clearly outlined to the north. The view from Cheviot is more comprehensive, especially in regard to the billowy rounded green hills, carved out into valleys, which form the range.

The Cheviot range runs for 35 miles, from near the junction of the Till and Tweed, in the north-east, to the sources of the Liddel in the south-west, in Roxburghshire and Northumberland. The highest points are Cheviot, 2676 feet, and Peel Fell, 1964 feet. To the west of Carter Fell the range consists of Silurian rocks, overlaid by Old Red Sandstone and Lower Carboniferous Strata; in the east porphyrite and porphyrite-tuff, traversed by a mass of augite-granite, veins of felsite, and dikes of basalt. Professor James Geikie, of the Chair of Geology, Edinburgh University, contributed a series of papers to "Good Words" in 1876 upon the Cheviot Hills. At a meeting of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club at Dunsdale, July, 1867, Mr George Tate read a paper on the Cheviots, which will be found printed in the Transactions. He points out how the appearance of the hills has changed, and any one walking there will be convinced that in the sheltered valleys, and on many hill sides, there is a call for afforestation. The great forest of Cheviot is no more, which was tenanted by herds of red deer and roes; Cheviot sheep, of more value commercially, dot the hills and valleys pleasantly. Border warfare destroyed the forest by the middle of the 16th century. "Though a few stunted oaks, descendants of the denizens of the old forest, still grow on the northern slope of Yeavering, and patches of indigenous birch, alder, hazel, and the eider, mountain ash, and a few thorns and sloes in the valleys, and one holly still lingers near the top of Brough Law, yet the higher grounds are now denuded of ancient trees. . . . The flat extended summit of Cheviot itself is very dreary and barren, being chiefly a great moss hag, in some places near to 20 feet deep." From the remains of oak, alder, and birch dug from the peat, the great forest of Cheviot is not believed to have reached a higher altitude than 1600 feet above sea level. To the 1872 Transactions of the Berwickshire Club Mr James Hardy contributed a paper read at Langleyford on "Lang-

leyford Vale and the Cheviots," which dealt with the objects worthy of notice within the compass of a journey from Wooler to the base of Cheviot. He gave still another paper, "On Urns and other Antiquities found round the Southern Skirts of the Cheviot Hills," which was read by Mr Hardy to the same Society in 1885. These papers are for reference and study before or after an excursion. It is best when abroad to use one's eyes, and enjoy the freedom, and gain our own impressions.

Yetholm, as we have said, is an admirable centre for hill walks; it is also a good centre to reach Kail Water and Watling Street, near the pleasant hamlet of Hownam, as well as Cessford Castle, the ancestral strength of the Kers of Roxburghe, and the village of Morebattle, and the quaint church and churchyard of Linton, with its legendary story of the rise of the Somerville family, outlined on a stone above the doorway of the church. Then a profitable day can be spent in a drive to the battlefield of Flodden, at Branxton, going round by Crookham to the model village of Ford, the schoolhouse of which has been adorned by the late Lady Waterford. If we go down the left bank of Bowmont Water by Mindrum, the return may be made by Milfield, Howtle, Kilham, Paston, and Kirk Yetholm, on the other side of Bowmont. Another day may comprehend Cornhill, Coldstream, Ladykirk, and Norham Castle, going by Mindrum, Cornhill, and, crossing Tweed bridge at Coldstream, down the Scottish side; returning from Norham by Twizel, to Cornhill, on the English side. For Flodden the best guide is the account written by the Rev. R. Jones, vicar of Branxton, on "The Battle of Flodden Field."

We cycle on our Cheviot excursion from Town Yetholm to the farm of Sourhope, about 8 miles up Bowmont Water, from which we have 5 miles of a walk to the great moor, or plateau, where the top is indicated by stakes standing out of the bog, much carved and initialled by those who had reached the summit, and wished to leave some record of the same. A postman from Coquetdale told us he preferred to take a bee line by Curr valley, or Halterburn, and College Burn, in Northumberland, to the top, rather than our route. The road we chose was easy, and there was no difficulty in the gradual ascent. But to one accustomed to scaling on Highland hills it may seem that Cheviot has no proper summit, but only an extent of dreary moorland waste. There are great rewards in the climbing, however, and the journey thither. Ours began as soon as we left Yetholm. There was the sound of the reaping machine in the standing grain, and a pleasant west wind, which kept us cool. We pass Primside Mill, Clifton-on-Bowmont, Woodside, and reach Belford in capital time. Across the Bowmont from Belford shooting lodge is the farm of Mowhaugh, whose sheep-dipping is in progress, as also we find it going on at Sourhope. The road is good to Belford; after the ford at the 6th milestone it is rough, with many loose stones. We follow an old peat road after leaving Sourhope, where we store our cycles, then follow a wire fence, with the green valley at Cocklawfoot on our right, and that of the College Burn emerging from the gigantic rift known as Hen Hole, on our left. On the ridge along which we are ascending we find a shepherd's wooden hut, and, peeping within, find it suited for rest or refreshment on a stormy day. There is a little window to the north, a rough bench, with a plaid, and littered with newspapers at one end. Of literature there is an old Chambers's Etymological Dictionary; Haughton's "Precious Truth;" a novel by Allan Raine, in paper covers; and a local newspaper. The owner of the dictionary has been a certain shepherd named Storie. Keeping to the right of Hen Hole the view of the neighbouring hills and northwards is extremely fine. Looking down the gigantic rift to the left we got an idea of its depth by watching four picnickers, who look like a black blotch. Our youthful companion is made very happy by finding white heather, his second experience, the first having been on the shoulder of Coldsmouth, near Kirk Yetholm. Arrived at the first cairn we find there is much table land beyond to negotiate. This means leaping from tussocks of grass and peat hags; one bog hole takes our stick, borrowed from the shepherd at Sourhope, over the head. At last we reach the upright sticks which proclaim the highest point. Many broken bottles lie about, for ginger beer and stronger stuff. A large bunch of white heather rewards the sharp eye of our companion. It had been gathered only the previous day, evidently, and left there by the finder. We make a detour on our return, and, for the sake of the vasculum, which has produced some excellent mutton sandwiches and bananas, eaten as we jumped from one hag to the other, we follow the course of a streamlet rising on the edge of the hill. It turned out to be the Bizzle, extending to Lambden Burn, a feeder of the College Burn. This is a somewhat dangerous thing to do, when one knows not whither it may lead. The experiment is a tempting one, although the course of the streamlet, leaping from rock to rock, is abrupt and precipitous. Our friend gets wet in feet and arms as he gathers rare plants for his vasculum. Ripe blaeberries reward us now and again, as we cautiously pick our way over sharp rocks, and past clear swirling pools. The streamlet is capital company; it is so merry. Its song is free and joyous, and we are both of an uncertain age; indeed, of no age at all. Our identity is wiped out. If we are anything at all we are boys playing, with an occasional sheep or lamb looking down from a perilously steep height above, and wondering what is the matter. A rare bird hops away among the boulders, like a blackbird, but larger. Is it a rock thrush? At last we reach the bottom, but where are we? Certainly not on the way back to Sourhope. A shepherd's cottage is seen below, and then another, after a weary tramp up the stream we have now joined, of which our streamlet is a feeder. We ask at the next cottage, and find we are on the College Burn, a famed trout stream, in Northumberland, which joins the Bowmont at Kirknewton. We get directions, and, after some walking and climbing, reach the ridge along which we passed at mid-day. By the time Sourhope is reached it is 6.15 p.m. We have been wandering on the hill for seven hours, with very wet feet, but very happy. Less than three-quarters of an hour in the cycle, and we are back in Yetholm, and, after an entire change of garments, enjoy, with marvellous appetite, the good things provided for us, after our conquest of Cheviot.—R. C. in "Kelso Chronicle."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1908.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OUR aims in connection with the BORDER MAGAZINE may be expressed in an adaptation of the closing paragraph of the preface to the *Scots Magazine*, vol. I., 1739:—"Our study is to instruct and entertain in such manner as is most agreeable to our readers. We shall cheerfully comply with any hints given for the improvement of our design, and beg leave to repeat it again, that before everything else, whatever considers the interests of Borderers, shall always be preferred; for as our labours, so are our wishes employed on the prosperity of the Borderland."

THE BORDER KEEP.

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

The teaching of Scottish history in our schools and universities is receiving more and more attention, and the foundation of a chair for this special subject in Glasgow University has every prospect of becoming an accomplished fact. This desirable change will not come a day too soon, for the amount of ignorance of our national history displayed even north of the Tweed is astonishing and saddening. The following letter in a prominent daily brings out the foregoing rather forcibly. Being of a merciful disposition, I suppress the names in making the quotation:—"In the English papers recently there was considerable discussion as to a certain Act of Queen Elizabeth which empowered parish councils to secure land and to provide tools and material with a view to setting the poor to work. At the meeting of —— Parish Council on Thursday Mr —— raised this question by asking if this Act were not still on the Statute Book, and bound to be carried out. Of course the only answer which could be given was that the Act referred to did not apply to our country, as Queen Elizabeth had never ruled Scotland. But what an appalling state of affairs the query reveals. It shows that Scotland has become so thoroughly Anglicised that people now regard it as merely a part of England—the largest English county—and conclude that what applies to the rest of England applies also to Scotland. Also, it shows how shockingly Scots history has been taught in past years. The children have been dosed with English history to such an alarming extent that they have come to think that the Edwards, the Henrys, and the Elizabeths were Sovereigns of Scotland, and that their country had never had a history of its own. If a prominent man like Mr —— thinks Elizabeth had jurisdiction over Scotland, what must the historical knowledge of the ordinary person be? Mr —— is not to blamed for his ignorance. On our present educational system, which teaches English history to Scots children, lies the whole responsibility, and I hope that this example of the destruction of Scotland's individuality will bring home to those in authority the deadly and pernicious influence of that system. What we require Scots children to be taught is Scots history."

* * * *

Talking of education, one writer gave rather a peculiar turn to the recent discussion in the "Scotsman" on the proposed restoration of Melrose Abbey. He says:—The correspondence as to Melrose Abbey so far has been as to whether it should be made into a church; but when we think of the age when our abbeys were built, and contrast it with our own times, some may be inclined to think that if the Abbey can be restored, it should be made into a school rather than a church. When our abbeys were founded and our great cathedrals arose, gross ignorance prevailed, few could read, and the Bible was as a sealed book.

Now we can all read, the Bible can be had in our own language, and its teaching understood by all; so that there is now less need for churches than for schools. The churches, indeed, are being emptied as our schools are filled. I would therefore suggest that, if restoration of our abbeys be possible, and carried out, they should be made into great boarding-schools, where the poorest in the land might for a time be taken in and taught how to live, as well as educated, as they are in our schools. It is well that we should try to make our boys and girls clever, but it would be better to make them good as well, to develop their moral at the same time as their intellectual faculty, and send them out into the world well disciplined, full of self-denial, able to rule themselves, and calculated to make good neighbours and citizens. Since the Church lost the hold it originally had as the religious instructor of the people, and on their general education, a marked deterioration of character has taken place, and the great need of the age is moral instruction. Such instruction might be had for a certain time in boarding-schools, where the strictest model code might be enforced, and the pupils trained in virtue's ways at the most impressionable time of life. Such an idea may seem Utopian, but it was carried out in the East under Buddhism, and might be in the West under Christianity; and if, in the future, our children are to be fed at school, it would be only another step to house them as well.

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"Whist," of the "Newcastle Daily Journal," whom I quoted last month, touches on several interesting subjects in the three following paragraphs:—

Marjoribanks, Lord Tweedmouth's family name, is a great name at Coldstream, where there are two monuments to two different members of the family. Well, since I crossed the Border at Carter Fell, on the land of the Marquess of Lothian, I fancy that not a day has passed upon which I have not trodden on the land either of a Kerr, or a Home, or a Marjoribanks. Now, whether it be due to a confusion of dialects on the Border, or because the modern way of writing these names has fallen into conflict with the old way of pronouncing them, or for some other reason, I cannot say. But those who ought to know the right from the wrong in this matter assure me that the Duke of Roxburghe and the Marquess of Lothian pronounce their name, Kerr, as if it were written "Carr"; that the Earl of Home pronounces his name as if it were written "Hume"; and that the Tweedmouth family pronounces its name, Marjoribanks, as if written "Marchbanks." It brings to mind that the people of Bell's Close and Blaydon pronounce Armstrong as if it were written "Airmstrang"; and that native-born Northumbrians generally pronounce the Duke of Northumberland's name, Percy, as if it were written "Piercy." Was this not the way that Hotspur would pronounce it?

* * * *

Whoever expects to find at Yetholm a Gypsy encampment in a wilderness will be disappointed. He will find, instead, a modern village, a rather pretty and very desirable village, with much less resemblance to Gypsydom than is to be found at Sheriff Hill or Barlow in County Durham. The old Border Gypsies have quite disappeared from Yetholm. Even at Kirk Yetholm, which was the proper seat of the Gypsies, there is hardly a shadow of their relics. They were a lazy and worthless folk who have done well to go out of sight. What used to be their wilderness is now largely cultivated land. Instead of following the Tweed from Kelso to Coldstream, I have made the bend southwards, round by Yetholm and Mindrum, which carries one up to a height of over 600 feet, commanding a splendid view of the valley of the Tweed, of the upper reaches of the Bowmont Water, and of the summits beyond. It is in ascending from Kelso to Yetholm that can be seen, as it is to be seen from no other standpoint, the far-reaching panorama of woodlands and cornfields, with Stitchell in the foreground and in the rear Hume Castle.

* * * *

It is at Carham, just a little above Coldstream, where the Tweed begins to be the boundary of Northumberland for about 18 miles—the Tweed, now a broad and fast-flowing stream swollen by the water of the Teviot, which flows into it at Kelso. Few rivers with a course so winding flow so fast as the Tweed; and where is the river in our island that draws its water from more counties than the Tweed? The Tweed drains an area of 1870 square miles, including nearly the whole of Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, Peeblesshire, Selkirkshire, and parts of Haddingtonshire, Edinburghshire, Lanarkshire, and Northumberland. Our Tyne gets its water from only Northumberland, Durham, and a corner of Cumberland.

* * * *

In the report of the recent Scott celebration at the Waverley Hydropathic, Melrose, I was pleased to observe that several tableaux taken from Scott's novels had been presented. The Waverley Novels are a perfect mine for the production of such entertainments. I commend the matter to any of my readers who desire to get up an entertainment which is at once amusing and instructive. The Melrose Hydro. performance is thus referred to:—"Several of the tableaux were performed on the similar occasion last year, the new ones being 'Duke Hildebrod's Council Board' and 'Helen Macgregor and the Gauger.' The former, as explained before the curtain was raised, was a representation of the advent of Lord Nigel in Alsatia, to which sanctuary he had fled from the King's officers of justice. The tableau was formed by the Duke and his followers being seated in various attitudes at the table in the tavern, Nigel being in the background. The costumes were correct to date, being specially supplied for the occasion, and the whole made a very impressive picture The other new tableau was the scene where the gauger is begging for mercy from Helen Macgregor. This picture contained eight characters, and with the subdued light and wild Highland background was probably the most impressive of the scenes depicted. But perhaps the tableaux which appealed most to the mind of the audience were, first, the children's tableau of "Spring," where a group of children, garlanded with flowers, was seen on the sward by the river bank; and, second, that in which Captain Waverley was shown kneeling to pay homage to Bonnie Prince Charlie."

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

"THE ROMANCE OF ETTRICK."

THERE it is, a silver thread amidst the rushes. At intervals, lost to view, but never silent. The "blue ouder" hangs heavily on the lofty hill-side and settles in a vapour on the course of the stream.

Do the fairies still haunt the hill where the Brownie himself hatched schemes for plundering the Chapelhope larder in the "killing times" of the Covenant? If they do, the pearls in the vapour over the silvery streak must be the guardian eyes of Elfland hovering over the infant stream. The stream chants its infant babble to a cheery tune; we are in the "Singin' Country," as Ruskin happily styled the land of the Border streams. The murmur of the wan waters in their rush-laden courses, and the soft sighing of the wind in the lone glens, comes fittingly as our accompaniment to the verses of Will. H. Ogilvie's poem on "St Mary's Loch," in which he introduces the reader to Ettrick with a deft touch in the last line of the second verse. He has caught the true spirit of the vale.

And the lone whaups, wheeling, slacken their speed,
And dip to you, hill king's daughter,
E'er they wander west with a wing to Tweed
And a wing to the Ettrick Water!

The river Ettrick has had too scant notice from the poets and chroniclers; and it is pre-eminently the vale of chivalrous action and romance.

The scenery is at parts solemnly grand—at others, bare and gnarled. The hillsides show their temper in the teeth of the gale. Burns come down in rapid flood, carrying all before them. Rocks are laid bare to the sun in a forbidding snarl. The all too scanty earth in which the native hawthorn and mountain-ash take root is almost washed away in these torrents of rain and wind.

The river overflows its otherwise peaceful haughs, and damages mightily the numerous rude bridges which span the stream. But the scene changes soon to a normal calm. And no more peaceful scene could meet the eye than the pastoral quietness which everywhere settles on the valley.

Unlike Yarrow, the valley is narrower, the hills higher, the peaks nearer. Road and river are closely collateral from almost the source to the confluence with Tweed.

In the narrow haughs which spread from winding to winding the "farm-towns" are situated; while to the "hopes" we look for the solitary Shepherd's Cottage and the graile in the "lirk o' the hill."

No sound of wassail rout or battle cry falls on the ear of the hill shepherd as he counts his flock of Cheviot sheep and drives them across the cleuch.

If he be a dreamer, he will hear voices, and, with his "dreaming sense," re-people the "hopes" and the forest with a goodly company.

At Deloraine King James IV. has a hunting seat. The place is reminiscent of the Hunt and the Hawking. Fair women and brave men assemble on the greensward, all clad in Lincoln green and plumed hat with ruffles of a dainty Brussells texture. A horn blast is given, the falconers return with graceful mien, the birds of prey to their fair owners.

Around, at a little distance from the hawking party, stands a group of courtiers with their King. A stately buck has just been brought down to "straik the earth." A last blow is given, and the monarch of the glen writhes no more. Then home to Hyndhope and Deloraine for the feast and the song.

Road and river conspire to roll the centuries and their events into adjacent periods as they pass in filmy panorama across the spectrum of the fancy. Cavalcades of moss-troopers, raiders laden with booty, and, mayhap, a wandering minstrel consoling with some soldier of broken fortune, pass into spectral view. Nearer they come, until the quickened imagination lends distinctness to the phantom scene,

As in a "grande revue," the tragic and romantic history of the valley is realised. The peels of Thirlstane, Tushielaw, Kirkhope, and Oakwood are peopled with Scots.

Over hill and dale the bridlepaths, glistening in the moonlight, resound to the hoofs of the moss-troopers' horses as they gallop home from plunder, or, it may be, an affair of honour. The motto on their banneret bespeaks the former conclusion—"Reparabit cornua phœbe"—and recalls the story of Harden's Cow.

"Harden's Cow, is it come to that pass? By my faith they shall soon say Harden's Kye." And they did, but not on this occasion, for Auld Wat of the "Cow" period was now Young Wat bringing home his bride, Mary Scott, the "Flower of Yarrow," to her home at Kirkhope.

Farther up the valley Claverhouse is hunting down the proscribed sect of the Cameronians between Ettrick Hall and Riskenhope. His chief assistant, Sergeant Roy Macpherson, first cousin to Cluny of that ilk, protests that it is "fery dreich wark." Over against Tushie-

law Adam Scott has been taken prisoner, and the charge which the Crown officer has to make against him is the substantial one that he is the "King of Thieves."

"Yid Scott," as he was known in the vale, was duly tried for his crimes, found guilty, and hanged in Edinburgh, although tradition averred he was hung on his own tower as an example to the neighbours.

Gilmanscleuch is now the scene of a fierce clan battle between the Scotts of Harden and those of the former place. A son of Harden's is slain by a Scott of Gilmanscleuch during a hunting quarrel. Harden is too wily to take immediate revenge, so he locks up his five sons and proceeds to Holyrood to procure the Royal Assent to a deed of conveyance of the Gilmanscleuch properties to himself. This he accomplishes, returns to Harden, releases his sons, takes Gilmanscleuch, shouting vigorously as they set out, "To horse, to horse, and let us take possession."

Afterwards he reinstates a Scott of Gilmanscleuch in his own place without rent or tribute of any kind. At heart he is a nobleman.

Ere the revue has passed it is time to return to consciousness of time and place, and to consider Ettrick's claim to be the premier vale of romance in the south, as evidenced in the ballads. First we have the incomparable fairy ballad, "The Young Tamlane." The scene is laid at Carterhaugh, on the Bowhill estate. Farther up we come to the fair Dodhead, where Jamie Telfer, robbed of his "kye," more than trebled his stock in a return raid on the Captain of Bewcastle. As the ballad quaintly says:—

When they cam' to the fair Dodhead,
They were a wellcum sight to see!
For instead o' his ain ten milk-kye,
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three!

The story of Ettrick is militant, and the song not less so. In an associative sense, the vale may be said to have been the forum of clan rivalry. And the spirit of daring has inspired the Ettrick ballads, especially the one just quoted from.

Of it Professor Veitch has commendably said:—"The whole spirit of the old Border life is there in its fidelity to clanship, its ready daring, its fierceness of fight and fence, its delight in romantic deeds, and, withal, in its heart of pathos. The power and truth of individual manhood were never more thoroughly tested than in the wild grips of a Border raid."

Ettrick has whispered its undying minstrelsy to the old "makars." Tradition has preserved the precious fragments. Directly, the Ettrick water has been the inspiration of their successors.

About four miles from its source,

oot o'er a little linn
The water gaes and makes a singin' din.

The "singin'" is continued as it courses through the haughs, tufted with cotton grass and meadow-sweet. James Hogg felt the influence of the scene, and set the music of the waters to a deathless harmony of song.

In the "Queen's Wake" he strikes the immortal lyre. The Tenth Bard's Song and the Fourteenth, the latter dealing with the story of Mary Scott, have their basic source in the wimpling water's melody. Tushielaw, with its glorious expanse of river, is the mise-en-scene.

Kilmeny is justly regarded as the pinnacle of his lyrical genius, and who does not envy Willie Dunlop's sleepless night when the poem was first published? The sentence of Dunlop is wholesome praise. He said to Hogg, whom he casually met in the High Street of Edinburgh, "Man, your 'Queen's Wake' has cheated me oot o' a nicht's sleep. Wha wad hae thocht there was sae muckle in that sheep's heid o' yours?"

The Shepherd has left many lines of acknowledgment of his love of Ettrick, but none more directly than in these:—

Flow, my Ettrick, it was thee
Into life wha first did drap me:
Thee I've sung, an' when I dee
Thou wilt lend a sod to hap me.
Passing swains will say, and weep,
Here our Shepherd lies asleep.

Henry Scott Riddell has also come under the spell of Ettrick. He was engaged as "herd laddie" for two years at Deloraine, and then had the precocity to write satires on the local lairds. One in particular had made quarrel with the farmer of Deloraine over a disputed march dyke. Riddell accordingly lampooned the offending farmer in a ballad of extreme bitterness. Wisely he kept these attempts to himself, but, carrying the sheets in his hat, the wind did for him what self-consciousness prohibited, in that it carried off his hat, scattered his ballads, and the few he could recover did not contain the offensive one. It had found its way into the subject's hands, and so Riddell was made famous, perhaps more so than he wished.

Through his collected works there runs the silver thread of Ettrick, in both direct and indirect allusion. Notably in his lively ballad "Thirlstane" he refers to the vale as "wild and

lonely," but still "the vale of rural scene and song."

"The Bard's Elegy" remains his truest tribute to Ettrick, in that it marks a poet's affection for a brother poet, and he no less than the greatest exponent of the valley's song—James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

Modern balladists have had their vogue in Ettrick, but none of them have sounded the real note of Ettrick's charm, as did the late James Brown, Selkirk. In his narrative poem, "The Last Epistle to Tammas," he sums up the home sickness of an Ettrick man in Canada, in the following inimitable couplet:—

> My trouble's been—the greater pairt—
> A rush of Ettrick at the hairt.

The river is still the surest pledge of the valley's charm—the ageless minstrel with the deathless song. As J. B. Selkirk has sung:—

> And then, is there a bonnier bit
> On any water, head to fit,
> Where, tumblin' doon the rugged streams,
> The lashing water froths and creams,
> Till o'er the saumon-loup it spins
> 'Tween green Helmburn and Kirkhope Linns
> Where Ettrick rins.

J. R. YOUNG.

Of Sir Walter Scott and his works Goethe spoke as follows:—"We read far too many things, thus losing time and gaining nothing. We should only read what we admire, as I did in my youth, and as I now experience with Sir Walter Scott. I have just begun 'Rob Roy,' and will read his best novels in succession. All is great—material, import, characters, execution. And then what infinite diligence in the preparatory studies; what truth of detail in the execution. We see, too, what English history is, and what a thing it is when such an inheritance falls to the lot of a clever poet. You find everywhere in Walter Scott a remarkable security and thoroughness in his delineation, which proceeds from his comprehensive knowledge of the real world, obtained by life-long studies and observations, and a daily discussion of the most important relations. Then came his great talent and his comprehensive nature. You remember the English critic who compares the poets to the voices of male singers, of which some can command only a few fine tones, while others have the whole compass, from the highest to the lowest, completely in their power. Walter Scott is one of the last sort. In 'The Fair Maid of Perth' you will not find a single weak passage to make you feel as if his knowledge and talent were insufficient. He is equal to his subject in every direction in which it takes him: the king, the royal brother, the prince, the head of the clergy, the nobles, the magistracy, the citizens and mechanics, the Highlanders, are all drawn with the same sure hand, and hit off with equal truth."

JETHART'S HERE.

BORDER INCIDENTS FROM THE PAST.

(From Chambers's "Domestic Annals of Scotland.")

I.—A CASE OF CHURCH DISCIPLINE, 1566.

PAUL Methven, originally a baker in Dundee, afterwards minister of Jedburgh, for an immorality of a gross kind, was excommunicated by the General Assembly in 1563. He was from the first penitent, offering to submit to any punishment which the Church might impose for his offence, "even if it were to lose any member of his body." After two or three years of troubles and buffetings to and fro he succeeded in inducing the Assembly to look mildly on his case. "It was ordainit that he present himself personally before the Assembly, and, being entrit, [he] prostrate[d] himself before the whole brethren with weeping and howling, and, being commandit to rise, might not express farther his request, being, as appeared, so sore troublit with anguish of heart." The penance imposed gives a striking idea of the discipline of those Calvinistic fathers:—"The said Paul upon the twa preaching-days betwixt the Sundays sall come to the kirk door of Edinburgh when the second bell rings, clad in sackcloth, bare-headed and bare-footed, and there remain while [until] he be brought in to the sermon, and placed in the public spectacle above the people . . . . . in the next Sunday after sall declare signs of his inward repentance to the people, humbly requiring the kirk's forgiveness; whilk done, he sall be clad in his own apparel, and received in the society of the kirk as ane lively member thereof."

II.—THE PROVOST AND THE PURSUIVANT, 1571.

The Queen's party, after holding a Parliament in Edinburgh, where they affected formally to re-establish her government, sent a pursuivant to Jedburgh, "to proclaim the new erected authority," probably thinking that the man would be safe in the performance of his duty at that town through the favour of Kerr of Ferniehirst, their fellow-partisan. They little reckoned on the spirit of the Border burghers. "He was suffered to read his letters till he came to this point, that the lords assembled in Edinburgh had found all the proceedings against the Queen null, and that all men should obey her only. Then the Provost

caused the pursuivant to come down from the cross and '*eat his letters.*' Thereafter, [he] caused loose down his points, and gave him his wages—with a bridle; and threatened that if ever he came again he should lose his life. Ferniehirst threatened the town; but they gave him the defiance." [Calderwood.]

A few months after, Ferniehirst and Buccleuch mustered a great multitude of the Border thieves and came to take vengeance on the burghers of Jedburgh. The town, assisted by Kerr of Cessford, stood to its defence; and when Lord Ruthven came with a party of horse to aid them they were able to beat back the assailants, many of whom fell into their hands.

III.—A Scrimmage Forenent the Market-Cross, Sept. 14, 1600.

This being the Rood Fair-day in Jedburgh, a party of rough Borderers, Turnbulls, Davidsons, and others, to the number of twenty, came to the town, armed with hagbuts and pistols, and there presented themselves before the lodging of Sir Andrew Kerr of Ferniehirst, "forenent the Market-Cross, and, after divers brags, insolent behaviour, and menacings, in contempt of him and his servants," slew his brother, Thomas Kerr, and one of his servants. Eleven persons stood a trial for this act, when it appeared that they were only, "more suo," executing a horning of the Sheriff of Roxburgh against Thomas Kerr. Sir Andrew Kerr and others stood a counter-trial for resisting the execution of the horning. But the only practical result was that one Andrew Turnbull, brother of Turnbull of Bewly, was beheaded at the Cross of Edinburgh (Dec. 16) for the slaughter of Thomas Kerr.

IV.—Drinking the Health of William and Mary, April, 1689.

A little incident connected with the accession of King William and Queen Mary was reported to Wodrow as "beyond all question." When the magistrates of Jedburgh were met at their market-cross to proclaim their new sovereigns, and drink their healths, a Jacobite chanced to pass by. A bailie asked him if he would drink the King's health; to which he answered no, but he was willing to take a glass of the wine. They handed him a little round glass full of wine; and he said, "As surely as this glass will break, I drink confusion to him, and the restoration of our sovereign and his heir," then threw away the glass, which alighted on the Tolbooth stair and rolled down unbroken. The bailie ran and picked up the glass, took them all to witness how it was quite whole, and then, dropping some wax into the bottom, impressed his seal upon it, as an authentication of what he deemed little less than a miracle.

Mr William Veitch happening to relate this incident in Edinburgh, it came to the ears of the King and Queen's Commissioner, the Earl of Crawford, who immediately took measures for obtaining the glass from Jedburgh, and "sent it up with ane attested account to King William." (Wodrow's "Analecta," i., 333.)

V.—Ancrum Bridge Re-built by Subscription, 1698.

It was not so "subscribing" a world at the close of the 17th century as it is now; yet, poor as our country then was, she kept her heart open for important public objects, and for works in which faith and charity were concerned.

At the "break of a storm"—by which is meant the melting of a great fall of snow—in November, 1698, the southern streams were flooded, and the bridge of Ancrum was so broken and damaged that it could be no longer serviceable. This being the only bridge upon the water of Teviot, on an important line of communication between the north and south in the centre of the Borders, and there being no ferry-boat on the river but one seven miles further up, it was most desirable that it should be re-built; but the calculated expense was betwixt eight and nine thousand merks (from £450 to £500 sterling), and an act of Council offering a pontage to any one who would undertake this business altogether failed of its object. In these circumstances, the only alternative was a collection at all the church doors in the kingdom, and permission to make such a levy was accordingly granted by the Privy Council.

Similar collections were made in 1695 for building a bridge over the Clyde near Lanark, and for the benefit of some sailors who had been taken captives by the Moors, while in 1697 another was made to enable those Scots residing at Konigsberg in Prussia to build themselves a kirk in that place.

VI.—A Roxburghshire Election, Aug. 8, 1726.

At an election for the county of Roxburgh at Jedburgh a quarrel arose between Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobbs, a candidate, and Colonel Stewart of Stewartfield, who opposed him. Colonel Stewart, who was "a huffing, hectoring person," is said to have given great provocation, and gentlemen afterwards admitted that Stobbs was called upon by the laws of honour

to take notice of the offence. According to a petition to the Court of Session from the son of Stewart, Elliot stabbed him as he sat in his chair on the opposite side of a table, with his sword by his side.*

The homicide took refuge in Holland, but was soon enabled by a pardon to return to his own country. (Wodrow's "Analecta," iii., 318.)

THE HARP OF ETTRICK.

In a green kirkyard where the silent hills
Are a guard to the glamour that Ettrick keeps,
Rocked by the music of rain-fed rills,
The shepherd friend of the fairies sleeps.
Nought nameth his grave the rest among,
Save the simple slab as a headstone set,
With the deep-cut date when he lived and sung,
And a carven harp—lest the world forget!
Round him the sheep and the moorfowl feed,
Close to his shoulder the heathbells blow,
And the sun may shine and he does not heed,
And the flowers may bloom and he does not know.

But at night, when the arras of cloud is torn
And tossed by the Solway winds aside,
When the moon comes sailing above Delorne
And sets in her silver the Ettrick tide,
When the magic wing of the midnight hour
Stoops low to the worn old Gamescleuch walls,
And a lonely owl on the Thirlestane Tower
With a querulous note to the silence calls,
Then a murmur wakes in the heath and fern,
And the fairies gather, unseen of men,
Riding up from the Rankleburn
And trooping down from the Teema Glen.

So soft is the fall of their feet in the grass,
So light is the lift of each gossamer wing,
You might think it the murmur of breezes that pass
Leaving whispers of love on the lips of the ling.
They cross the low Ettrick by light of the moon
That has robed in her lilies the foam on its wave,
They climb the dark dyke where the shadows are strewn,
And stand with bowed heads on the marge of his grave.
However so soft be their step, he has heard,
And he moves to their midst like a king to his throne,
Not a leaf, not a blade in the grasses is stirred
As he lifts the grey harp from its place on the stone.

The dead strings waken beneath his hand,
And the echoes ring from the cleuch and ford,
As he sings of a new Kilmeny's land
And a new Earl Walter's matchless sword,
'Tis a song that is never for mortal ear,
And the grave to the world is unstirred and still,
And he who might pass by the kirk would hear
No sound but the wind as it crossed on the hill;
Yet those golden words to the vale belong.
And the tale is a tale that the fairies know,
And the wail of that harp is the deathless song
That the dreamer hears in the Ettrick's flow.

WILL. H. OGILVIE, in "Scotsman."

* The weapon is still preserved at Monteviot House.

KIRKHOPE TOWER, ETTRICK.

THIS grey Border Peel has attractions all its own, raising its crest above the green and heathery slopes of the mountain pass between Yarrow and Ettrick; it cannot compare with the famous Neidpath or the historical Norham, for no woods surround it, neither does a wide river meander at its base; moreover, its site, being off the main road, and isolated as compared to Newark, though not far distant from the latter, render Kirkhope a place seen by units as compared with the tens of hundreds that annually look with admiration and pride on those two historical castles of Peeblesshire and County Berwick. Nevertheless, Kirkhope is a distinct and pleasing feature in the wild landscape surrounding its walls. Seated on the grass environing the Tower we look down on the delicious village of Ettrick Bridge-end, the church, manse, and farm of Kirkhope, while, on a day after a spate, the roar at Ettrick Linns, softened by distance, falls gently on the ear, and to-day's sunshine atones for the moist obscurity of yesterday. The artist has here a fitting opportunity for his brush, the poet for his verse, and the writer of plain prose an interesting subject. I have made an effort to overcome the bashfulness natural to me, and, with the reader's permission, will here reproduce what I wrote about the place nine years ago. What I then said reads as follows:—Half a mile from the village Ettrick-bridge-end, and looking down on it and its quiet cemetery, stands one of those Border peels, which here, as in Peeblesshire, are dotted over our pastoral wilds, and lend such a charm to the landscape. They have all, more or less, their historical associations, and each is planted in a situation commanding and pleasant, one standing on the brow of a hill, another on the summit of a high bank above a peacefully flowing river, a third adjoining the farm house or steading. This one, Kirkhope Tower, stands by itself, but is in close relationship with Kirkhope Swire, manse, and farm house, and only three miles from its friend and brother, Oakwood.

Though it is with diffidence that so meagre a description of a Border tower so interesting as Kirkhope is here given, what is lacking in these few lines of prose is admirably compensated for by the vigorous verses of that young poet of the Borders, Will Ogilvie, an able successor to Professor Veitch, who has thus caught the very spirit of the scene:—

Grey to the grey of the hill, fronting the quiet places,
Where, under their plaid of the purple, the red grouse cower,
Alone with the wind of the wold and the feeding blackfaces
Stands, like a king on the marches, old Kirkhope Tower.

Its stones are riven apart 'neath the weight of the weather,
In its cold and crumbling chimneys the corbie's nest,
I climb by the broken stairway, the great grey wall
Runs fair and free to the roof, uncrossed of beam;
And that was the lady's bower, and this that was hall
Where the strong men feasted, are one, and again I dream.

And I see the board with its English sirloin laden,
I hear the spurred heels clink as the benches fill,
I see the goblet snatched aloft from the hand of a maiden,
And I hear the raiders' toast as it rings to the hill.

HOGG'S MONUMENT.

A heron flaps from the burn, and out of the heather
A blackcock sails as my step breaks in on his rest.

Under the walls four-square, weird and lichened and hoary,
I stand at the open port in a dream and gaze
At the worn old stones that have borne swift feet to the foray,
And light feet down to the burn in forgotten days.

A fair dame sits at her bower window and spins,
Looking forth to the Ettrick, whose blossoms of foam
Leap not so light and white down the shadowy linns
As the white hand here in the shadow above the comb.

High on the rampart crest, where the wind blows free
On his sunburnt cheek and his rough hilt-hardened hand,

One looks southward and east over tide and tree,
Searching the moor for foes as a sailor searches for land.

Below me, huddled and dumb, in the darkened floor of the keep,
I can hear a reined horse stamp, clicking his snaffle bar;
I can hear the sudden rustle of startled sheep
As a spurred foot treads the silence and hinges jar.

West wind, wailing so sadly over the buttress stone,
You that have lifted the beard of the watcher on the tower,
You that have stirred the arras where the dame sits spinning alone,
Stay and whisper to me the secrets of board and bower!

You that have stooped and sung to this old grey silent warden,
You that have carried the tidings of hoofs on the plain,
When home with their plunder came riding the vassals of Harden,
With mud of the moss of the Carter on rowal and rein!

. . . . . .

The west wind rides past me unheeding. The shadows that lower
On the hillside have darkened the purple; departing, I turn,
For a white hand is waving farewell to me out of the tower,
And a brown hand is pointing my path as I climb by the burn.

Grey to the grey of the hill, lichen-covered and hoary,
I leave you alone in the silent dusk of the hour;
What I have guessed I have guessed, but you keep your own story
Held safe in your heart, and for ever, O Kirkhope Tower!

D. Brown Anderson.

THE BROWNS OF BIRKHILL.

STANDING on the very source of Moffat Water, at the east-most corner of Dumfriesshire, no shepherd's cottage is better known to tourists than that of Birkhill.

It is not merely because of its proximity to the famous waterfall of "The Grey Mare's Tail," nor because of it being the only shelter afforded to those who have braved the perils of a day at Loch Skene; but chiefly because of it having been the home for many years of two notable women—Jenny Broadfoot, and her no less famous daughter, Alison Brown.

Few of the present generation can have known Jenny, but to this day there are various stories floating round Moffat Water of her courage and originality.

There is the well-known incident of a tramp entering the house while her husband was out on the hill, and demanding food and money.

"Did ony body see ye come in?" said Jenny.

"Not one," said the tramp, evidently taken aback by the question.

"Then de'il a yin will see ye gang oot," answered Jenny, as she seized an axe that stood in a corner of the kitchen. Without waiting an instant the fellow made for the door and fled down the road in terror.

But it is of Alison that we wish to speak in this short sketch. Birkhill, without her comely presence and cheery voice, will never be the same to many who know the place well. "Mistress Broon" was Birkhill; or you can reverse the sentence if you please and it will mean the same thing. For more than forty years her husband "Wullie" herded the Loch Skene hills, and for the same period Alison, his wife, readily gave refreshment and shelter to belated or storm-stayed travellers who sought the shelter of her lonely cot.

No inn or acknowledged place of sojourn was this, but simply a humble bield inhabited by kindly hearts; yet many a weary traveller has had cause to be thankful that there was such a hospice as Birkhill cottage. Like the hills that surround it, this homestead has seen as much of cloud as of sunshine, and, seated by the fire one night, we heard of a tragic occurrence that happened to Mrs Brown's brother.

One day in early winter some fifty years ago this young shepherd had to send his dog after some sheep that had got lodged in the ribbed slope of the hill which rises almost sheer from a ravine a short distance below the cottage. The dog lost heart, and the youth, with that regard for his dumb friend which is so characteristic of shepherds in general, ventured some distance along the hillside to encourage the dog to further effort, but unfortunately he missed his footing and fell headlong down the hill into the bed of the stream below. And thus another cairn was added to the many that stand on the slopes of our Southland hills, bearing testimony to the courage and the devotion to duty of the shepherd race.

Mrs Brown was in her element on Moffat coach days, as she exchanged greetings with her old friend Cavers, the well-known driver of the "Annandale" coach. But I think she was even grander on the frequent occasions when a bedraggled party dropped in upon her unexpectedly from climbing the White Coombe or exploring the shores of Loch Skene.

Where she got the food and dry clothing to

give them was always a mystery; and her imperturbable good nature and cordial welcome of "Come awa' ben" was even a greater mystery, and remains so still.

Well, many readers will recall all that with keen delight as a fragrant memory, which, whether they be located by veldt or prairie or bush, they would not willingly let die.

When "Wullie" found the stiff hills round by Dobb's Linn getting "stiffer" every day he and Alison removed a few years ago to Moffat to have a quiet eventide. But such hill folk cannot bear transplanting very well, and so first the good man dwined away, and now, only a few days ago, the good wife has gone to join him in Moffat kirkyard.

Birkhill stands where it did, and the passers-by are more numerous than in the years which we now recall. But to many of us the place can never be the same without the genial presence of Alison Brown, who made her lonely cottage a hospice second only in fame to that of Tibbie Shiels. D. F.

(To the Editor of the "Border Magazine.")

Dear Sir,—Since the foregoing sketch appeared in the "Edinburgh Evening Dispatch" some friends, amongst whom is the author of "Birkhill," have thought that it would be a pity were such worthy types as Willie Brown and his wife Ailie to pass away without some token of appreciation.

Efforts are being made, therefore, to raise a sum sufficient for the erection of a head-stone to mark their last resting-place in Moffat Churchyard.

Birkhill and its famous tenants must have been well known to many readers of the "Border Magazine," and if any such choose to assist the movement that seeks to commemorate the worth of the shepherd of the Loch Skene hills and his wife they might kindly forward their subscription to the Editor of the "B. M.," Chambers Institute, Peebles.

The Committee will send an acknowledgment of all sums sent, and hope, by and by, to give a report of how the proposal has succeeded.—I am, &c., DUNCAN FRASER.

THE BROWNS OF BIRKHILL.

(To the Editor of the "Border Magazine.")

Sir,—To many wanderers about St Mary's Loch who remember in long past years the hospitable shelter of the lonely cottage and the hearty welcome of the old shepherd and his cheery wife the announcement of the death of Ailie Brown last month must have brought a touch of sorrow. Ten years ago old Willie passed away, and now they lie at rest together in Moffat Cemetery. But no stone marks the spot! One would like to feel that two such notable people should have some simple memorial upon their grave, and not that the wind may pass over it and the place thereof know it no more. If some of the many who knew and esteemed them will join me, a stone will be erected with a suitable inscription, setting forth that it is placed there by friends who wish to show respect for their memory. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind?" There is no other means left to us now to keep it alive. With your permission, sir, I shall be glad to receive contributions through the office of your paper. All contributors shall be duly informed of what may be done.—Yours faithfully,

THE AUTHOR OF "BIRKHILL."

[We are in complete sympathy with the object of the foregoing letter, so well placed before our readers by our esteemed correspondent, and any subscriptions sent to the Editor will be duly acknowledged. Many of us have kindly recollections of Birkhill and can re-echo the sentiment of one who writes:—"I think it will be admitted that Ailie Brown and Willie were no ordinary couple, and we must commemorate the type."—Ed., "B. M."]

LINES TO THE TWEED.

O Tweed, as you go rolling
Down by the Eildons three,
What tales of bygone ages
Dost thou recall to me
Of many a hard fought battle,
Of many a southern war,
And many a Border foray
Among the Cheviots far.

I see the Roman legions
Upon the Eildons steep,
And I see the shepherd Cuthbert
As he tends his flock of sheep.
I see the Rhymer sitting
Beneath the Eildon tree,
And I see the Queen of fairies
Come riding o'er the lea.

Methinks I see the raiders
Ride by thy silver strand,
Go riding o'er the Border
To raid Northumberland,
Or see them home returning
In the silent morning grey,
Fording thy swollen water,
Driving an English prey.

I see the knight Sir Marmion
Ride forth from Norham's keep,
And I see the field of Flodden,
Where the flowers of Scotland sleep.
I hear the din of battle
Out yonder, on the hill,
And I see the English warriors
Go marching by the Till.

As you flow by the Melrose arches
I hear the vesper bell,
And I see each holy father
Come slowly from his cell;
As you flow towards the marches
And on towards the sea
What tales of bygone ages
Dost thou recall to me.

JOHN SCOTT.

A YARROW CLASSIC.

THE Borderland is under a distinct debt of gratitude to the Rev. R. Borland, F.S.A. (Scot.), for what he has done to make the world familiar with, and interested in, the romance and poetry of Yarrow's enchanted vale. By his lectures he has awakened a wide interest in the subject among many who would otherwise have known little or nothing of such subjects, while his books have preserved much that might otherwise be lost. His "Border Raids and Reivers" is full of the stirring life which once existed among the now peaceful hills and valleys of Yarrow, and many a reader, after a perusal of the volume, has found himself journeying in the direction of the scenes so graphically depicted. Perhaps even more familiar to the general public is Mr Borland's "Yarrow—its Poets and Poetry," which was issued eighteen years ago. The volume was readily bought up and has long been out of print, but now we have before us a beautiful new edition of this Yarrow classic, which even those who have the first edition will desire to have. The work is published as an "edition de luxe," with high-class paper, broad margins, and fine printing, at 10s 6d, and there is a cheaper edition without broad margins at 3s 6d. The text is embellished with nearly twenty high-class illustrations, which add greatly to the value of the book. The printers and publishers are Messrs A. Walker & Son, Galashiels, and the manner in which their part of the work has been produced is a credit to that firm and to the Borderland. The volume is so attractive in both editions that it will doubtless have a ready sale and find its way into the libraries of Borderers at home and abroad.

The scope of Mr Borland's volume is indicated in his preface to the first edition, part of which we quote.

> The object I have had in view in preparing this work for the press has been to bring together the more notable and interesting ballads and poems which Yarrow has inspired, and to give such brief biographical sketches of the various poets as may prove either interesting or instructive to the general reader. The task of making a judicious selection from the mass of material which lay ready to hand was none of the easiest, as Yarrow, for many generations, has been a favourite theme of the votaries of the Muse. The poems here published may be regarded as fairly representative of the poetical literature of the valley. Many of them have attained an almost world-wide celebrity; others of them, perhaps, derive their chief interest from local or historical associations; and a number of them are now printed for the first time.
>
> I have endeavoured to give the various ballads and poems as nearly as possible in the form in which I have found them, either in the works of their respective authors, or as printed in the newspapers and magazines in which they were originally published. This accounts for a certain variety of spelling which the eager eye of the critic will be sure to detect. In not a few cases the form of a poem or ballad has become so familiar to the reader that to alter it, however justifiable the change from a literary point of view, would create a feeling of disappointment. As far as possible, therefore, I have studiously refrained from interfering with the original text.

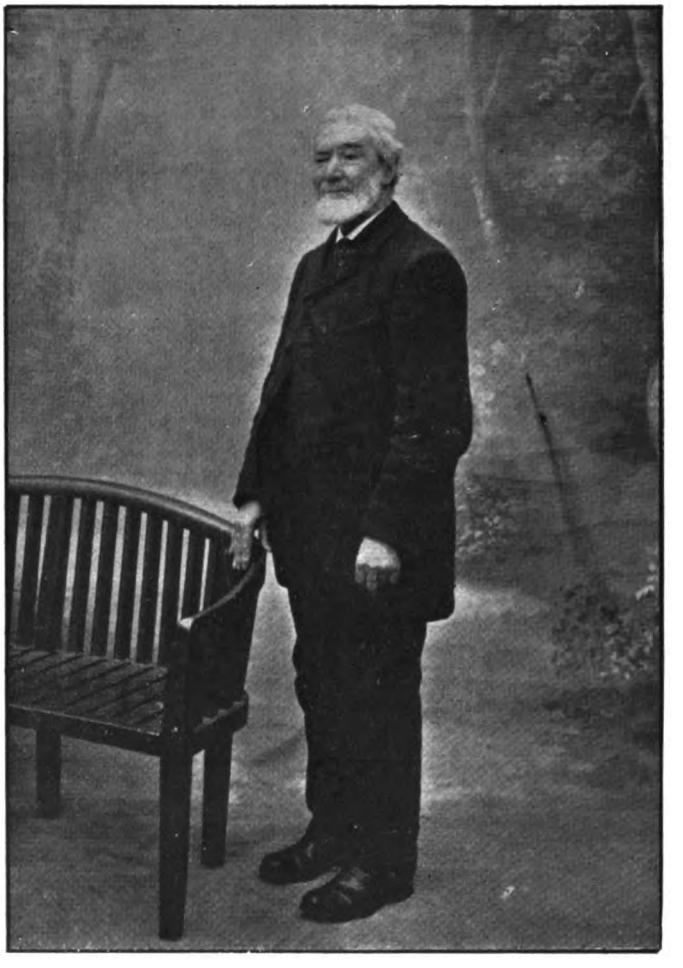
In the preface to the present edition Mr Borland indicates what alterations have been made, and states what additions have been made to volume. The account of the life and work of "J. B. Selkirk" has been much extended, and poems by the late Professor Blackie and Will H. Ogilvie have been added. Mr Borland says:—

> The changes that have been made are not extensive. I have partly rewritten the account of the "Inscribed Stone" in the introduction to the ballad "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," because in 1890, when the former edition was issued, the inscription had been very imperfectly deciphered. Thanks mainly to Principal John Rhys of Jesus College, Oxford, we now know the meaning of the rude inscription which had baffled all efforts at decipherment for a period of nearly a hundred years.

All who have seen the braes of Yarrow under the bright rays of a summer sun must have had their doubts about that melancholy to which the vale seems sacred, and this feeling is expressed by Mr Borland when he says:—

> A closer and more intimate acquaintance with the Vale, its physical features and traditional history, has not modified but rather confirmed the view expressed in the Introduction, that the melancholy associated with Yarrow is due mainly to such ballads as "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," "The Douglas Tragedy," &c., and not to any peculiarity in the scenery or surroundings. It was with some hesitation I ventured to differ on this point from such an eminent authority as Professor Veitch, but the more I have considered the question the stronger has my conviction become that the melancholy, the "dowieness," attributed to Yarrow is but the shadow cast upon it by its early balladic literature. Those who come into the valley who are unacquainted with the literature—and there are such—fail to discover the melancholy which is supposed to brood over its hills and dales and mystic stream.

The subject so ably treated and the genial author are alike popular, so we have no hesitation in recommending this truly Border classic to our readers.



MR ALEXANDER SMITH, PEEBLES.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

Edited by William Sanderson,

Author of "Scottish Life and Character," "The Soft Lowland Tongue o' the Borders," &c.

VOL. XIII., No. 155. NOVEMBER, 1908.

MR ALEX. SMYTH,

A VETERAN BORDER JOURNALIST.

NOWADAYS no one doubts the power and importance of the public Press, and the journalist is gradually coming into his own. Even the smallest weekly published in some obscure country village has a far-reaching influence, especially when local matters receive the first and most important position in its pages. The heart of the native, who has removed to some great centre of industry, or the emigrant who has crossed the ocean to distant lands, is refreshed and kept youthful by the weekly budget of home news which he so eagerly scans. Through the medium of his columns the editor of a local newspaper wields a very powerful influence, and hence we honour the men who year in year out wield the pen, often in silence and semi-obscurity, and by their careful preparation of their weekly message do much to elevate their fellow-men and keep alive the ties of home and kindred. Especially do we honour such men when they have grown grey in the service of the public and yet retain much of the buoyancy of youth.

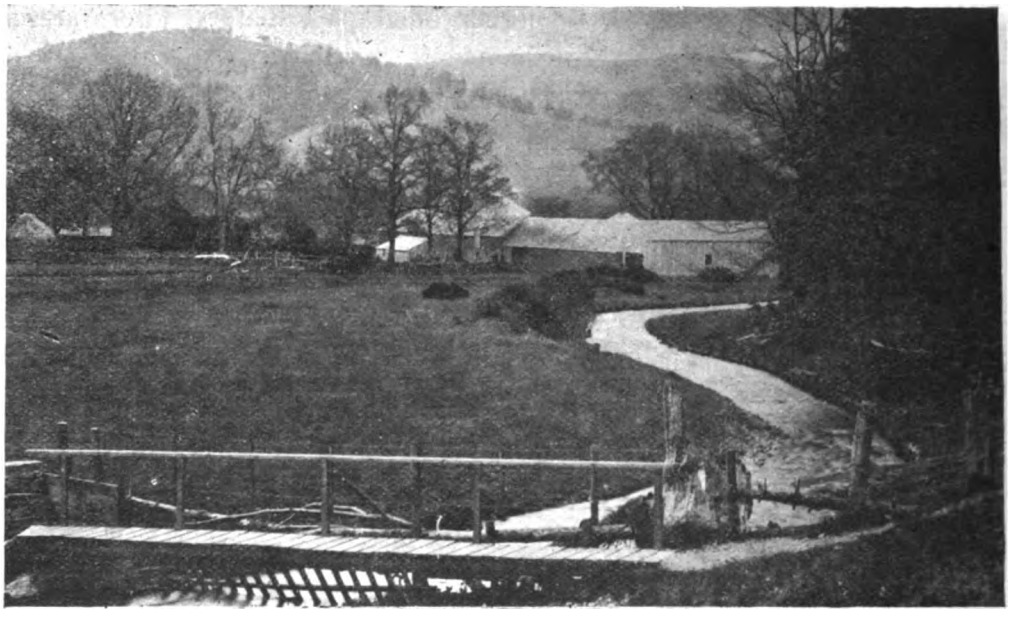
One of the oldest editors in Scotland is Mr Alexander Smyth, of the "Peeblesshire Advertiser," and as he is a personal friend of ours we could say much in appreciation of his many good qualities, his wonderful memory for details, his musical abilities, and his kindly disposition, but we prefer to let others speak of him to our readers.

Mr John Lanyon, of the Central News, London, is contributing a series of articles on "Newspaper Men" to the "Phonographic Monthly," a magazine published in shorthand, and the subjoined, which forms No. 6 of these articles and appears in the June number of the "Monthly," we take the liberty of reproducing. The article by Mr Lanyon is as follows:—

Number six of our "Notable Newspapermen" is a veteran journalist. On the 18th March last he entered upon his eightieth year; and he is still in harness! When, some short time ago, he wrote to me at the Central News office stating that he wished to relinquish his position as the Peebles correspondent of the News Agency with which I am connected, I recalled the fact that I had no knowledge of the time when Mr Smyth was not one of the Central News's most trusted provincial representatives. Instantly it struck me that one who had so long been a newspaperman was eminently fitted to be a guide, philosopher, and friend to the aspiring readers of the "Phonographic Monthly," from whose ranks will undoubtedly emerge the notable newspapermen of the future.

The fact that Mr Smyth is a Scotchman suggested to me that in the introduction to a sketch of the life and character of Hugh Miller, the writer remarked that an interesting essay might be written on the elements which the Scottish spirit has specially contributed to the common stock of British characteristics. And he proceeded to assert that no one could doubt, whether he surveyed the field of art or literature, that Scotchmen do bring into the field quite distinct traits. All readers of the "Phonographic Monthly" love Scotchmen, and they will heartily endorse the foregoing statement.

I think it may safely be said that Mr Smyth is possessed of many of those characteristics for which Hugh Miller was so markedly conspicuous, and which carried him to such a high position in the world of journalism and letters. Mr Smyth is the most modest of men, and he would never be found making any claim to being a celebrity in journalism. But, then, he cannot help himself. A man who has attained to such an age as he has, who has been for fifty years hard at work on the newspaper Press, and who is still wielding the journalistic pen, is a celebrity, and the "Phonographic Monthly" is proud to present his likeness and a few facts of his career to its many thousands of readers throughout the British Empire.



WHITEHAUGH FARM, PEEBLES.

Mr Alexander Smyth was born at Kingskettle, a small village in Fifeshire, on the 18th of March, 1829. He received what was in those days considered a more than ordinarily good education at the village school, and he has a very grateful remembrance both of the teachers and the manner and matter of their instruction. He began his working life as a handloom weaver, weaving being then the staple industry of the district, but, like other youths who have risen, he was very fond of reading, and a gentleman in his native village, who was always anxious to do what he could to cultivate and develop any literary taste that was observable in the youthful members of the community with which he was associated, and who was the possessor of a splendid library, kindly placed his valuable collection of books in every department of literature at the disposal of young Smyth. Needless to say, he availed himself of this privilege to the fullest extent. The valuable information which he thus derived he has turned to practical account in all his after years. Unfortunately, it was not by any means every youth evincing a taste for reading and study who found a patron such as young Smyth had the good fortune to come across.

Mr Smyth's first journalistic work consisted in acting as local correspondent for several newspapers published in the "Kingdom" of Fife; but in the autumn of 1860 he was appointed reporter and proof-reader on the "Kinross-shire Advertiser," under Mr George Barnet, proprietor and publisher of that paper. Then at the end of April in the following year he was appointed by the late Mr Alexander Westwood, Cupar-Fife, reporter in the Fife branch of the "Dundee Advertiser," which, on the 1st of May in that year came out as a daily. He acted in the same capacity for the "People's Journal," which was published weekly from the same office. For a short time in 1866 he was on the staff of the "Fife Herald," and in September, 1867, he accepted an appointment on the "Leith Burghs Pilot." Subsequently he con-

ducted the "Leith Observer," a paper which was started for a political object, and having successfully served its purpose by the return of the candidate whose cause it advocated, it ceased to exist. At the end of December, 1868, Mr Smyth was appointed editor of the "Peeblesshire Advertiser," a position which he still holds. For many years he was reporter and editor combined, but in 1895 an expert shorthand writer was engaged, and this relieved Mr Smyth to a very great extent of reportorial duties.

In Mr Smyth's young days, daily papers in the provinces were almost entirely unknown. There were a few published twice a week, but the great majority only made their appearance weekly, and were high priced; consequently the number of folk who could afford a paper for themselves was very limited. In country districts, however, newspaper clubs existed, consisting of, perhaps, ten or twelve members, and the paper was handed from one to another, a certain time being allowed for each to peruse its contents, and it was then handed on to the next member. Not infrequently the last reader had a difficulty in gleaning much information from it, owing to its ragged condition. By the removal of the stamp duty all this was changed, for penny papers were then published everywhere, and there were few households that could not boast of having a weekly newspaper for their own use. And now the daily newspaper may be found on the breakfast tables of the majority. A great advance, certainly.

Mr Smyth adopted, at the commencement of his journalistic career, a sort of "longhand-shorthand" system, which he found served his purpose very well. This, combined with a more than usually retentive memory, enabled him to give pretty full reports of speeches at public meetings and other functions which he had to attend Indeed, he has been frequently complimented on the accuracy of his reports, and surprise has been expressed at his being able to report so faithfully without the aid of shorthand properly so-called. Of Pitman's system, however, he has a high opinion, and in his intercourse with reporters, which, during his fifty years' experience, has been large and varied, he has found that the consensus of opinion has been in favour of Pitman's shorthand, which is practised by all the reporters with whom he has come in contact. He considers that a smart, intelligent young man might do worse than enter the journalistic profession; but in this, as in many other professions nowadays, competition is very keen, and therefore only the best can reach the top. On one occasion Mr Smyth had the honour of reporting the late Mr W. E. Gladstone. It was during his memorable Mid-Lothian campaign. In passing through Peebles on his way to The Glen, the seat of the Grand Old Man's devoted friend, the late Sir Charles Tennant, he was presented with the freedom of the ancient and royal burgh of Peebles. On a subsequent visit to The Glen, Mr Smyth met the right hon. gentleman, and had the honour of shaking hands and conversing with England's most famous modern statesman.

During the thirty-eight years that Mr Smyth acted as the representative of the Central News he had frequent correspondence with Mr William Saunders, who was the proprietor of that Agency, and who was also successively M.P. for Hull and Walworth in the Liberal interest.

GIPSY GLEN, PEEBLES.

Notwithstanding his long connection with the Press, Mr Smith does not call to mind many amusing episodes. He was, however, when in the "People's Journal" office, involved in a rather ludicrous affair. The "People's Journal" was printed in Dundee, Cupar being a branch office, and sometimes advertisements, which it was necessary to re-write for the compositor, were sent into the Cupar office. One day an advertisement was received from the country of "A fine calving cow for sale." Mr Smyth had to re-write this; but judge of his surprise and indignation when the advertisement appeared in the "Journal" as "A fine calving bull for sale." He immediately requested the Dundee office to send back the copy of that advertisement. When received it was found to be correctly written "calving cow;" the blunder, therefore, originated in the Dundee office; but the proof-reader would not be convinced of his mistake unless he saw the "copy," which was sent back to confront and convict him. The comedy did not end there. On the day of the sale, the owner of the animal, an elderly man from the country, entered the office, and declared that he would not pay a farthing for that "adverteesement," which "made a fool of him through town and country." Mr Smyth told him they were going to charge double the usual rate, for such an animal was a curiosity that had never been seen before, and the owner was sure to get a good price for it. After the sale the old gentleman returned to the office in high spirits, paid for his advertisement, and admitted that he had got more for the animal than he had ever expected.

On the occasion of a Parliamentary election in Fifeshire, while Mr Smyth was in Cupar, he considers he did a smart thing. Three candidates were contesting the seat, and Mr Smyth had to follow them to report their meetings day by day for ten days. Ultimately two of the aspirants for Parliamentary honours withdrew from the contest, apparently feeling sure that their candidature was hopeless. Those were the days of "hustings" for Parliamentary elections, and as there was no opposition the candidate left was, of course, certain of being elected. The election was to be at noon on a Friday, and the "People's Journal" was printed in Dundee on that day and delivered at eight o'clock the same evening in Cupar. Mr Smyth was anxious to have the report of the election in the "Journal" on the Friday night, and by making careful inquiries on the Thursday night he was able to write a report of the election proceedings, and post it on to Dundee at eight o'clock on Friday morning, with a qualifying note to put it in type and if anything special should turn up he would wire. Fortunately nothing did turn up, and accordingly the report appeared in the paper when it reached Cupar at eight o'clock. It occupied about half a column, and gave even the names of most of those who were on the hustings. The Cupar people were quite surprised to see so full a report of the election so early, and considered it was a piece of clever telegraphic work. Naturally, neither Mr Smyth nor others "in the know" undeceived the public. This was too risky a business to be repeated, and he has been in the habit since of allowing incidents to develop into actual facts before giving them publicity in print.

As my readers will see, Mr Smyth has had a long and very pleasant journalistic career, and I am sure they will hope, with me, that he has yet many years of work, happiness, and usefulness before him. In the words of Shakespeare he can say—

> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter—
> Frosty but kindly; let me go with you
> And I'll do the work of a younger man
> In all your business and necessity.

The foregoing sketch makes no reference to Mr Smyth's musical abilities, and so we quote the following from "Musical Scotland—Past and Present," by David Baptie. After giving details of Mr Smyth's birth, &c., the author says:—

Like not a few others, he was self-taught in music. Having no opportunity of attending music classes, Mr Smyth adopted the plan of paying particular attention to certain intervals between the notes of tunes with which he was familiar, and then applying this knowledge so acquired to tunes he was unacquainted with, and by following out this course by steady perseverance he attained his object so far that by the time he was about sixteen or seventeen years of age he could read any ordinary psalm tune at first sight without difficulty. His next ambition was to be a precentor, but he had another difficulty here to overcome, i.e., a difficulty in properly pronouncing the letter "r." By the exercise of care and perseverance this, too, was vanquished, and at the age of sixteen he officiated in a precentor's desk and continued to do so at intervals until 1850, when he was appointed precentor of the U.P. Church, Pitlessie. He was also several years in the same capacity in the U.P. Church, Kennoway, afterwards at the Parish Church, Orwell, Kinross, which he was invited to accept without a contest. His journalistic work now, however, required his removal to Cupar-Fife, and he accordingly left Orwell, and was appointed to Boston U.P. Church, Cupar. Since 1868 Mr Smyth has resided at Peebles, and is editor of the "Peeblesshire Advertiser." For some years after going there he was precentor of the beautiful Parish Church of Manor, but ultimately resigned on account of the distance he had to walk. While at Kettle he attended, in 1857, a music class taught by Mr W. Brechin—the only one he ever attended—and afterwards, at his teacher's request, he also taught Brechin's system in various parts of Fife, and was very successful. He does not now sing in public, but occasionally gives readings, as he has been in the habit of doing, more or less, for the last twenty-five years.

The foregoing was written in 1894, and Mr Smyth now confines himself to his editorial duties, taking little part in public matters, but we trust that he will be long spared to go out and in among the good folks of Peebles, and be blest in the autumn of life with as good health as he has hitherto enjoyed.

THE MANTEL WALLS, ANCRUM.

THE tourist on travelling from Jedburgh to Ancrum observes on his right hand, immediately after crossing the bridge over the Ale, an eminence or knoll between him and the village. From this rising the spectator beholds a scene of much beauty. Around the base of the hillock the Ale describes a bend or "crom"—whence the village obtained its name, Alnecrumba, now Ancrum. On the north a farmhouse shelters at the foot of the knoll; while opposite, on the farther side of the river, the notable caves of Ancrum stud the face of the red scaur. Thence the spectator may trace the Ale as it meanders southward past the farm of Copelands to mingle its waters with those of the classic Teviot. Immediately to the west lies the village of Ancrum, a place of considerable antiquity, and formerly of no little importance. From the prominence of the knoll, and its relative position to the village, it would have formed an excellent situation for a protecting tower during the Border wars.

This eminence was formerly the site of a building or group of buildings which it pleased various writers during the past one hundred and fourteen years, such as Dr Somerville, Morton, Cosmo Innes, and Jeffrey, to designate the "Maltan" or "Malton Walls." Apparently the first to commit this error in print was Dr Somerville, who, when writing the Statistical Account of Ancrum Parish in 1794, termed this feature the "Maltan wall or walls." "The name," he said, "which these walls still retain, gives the colour of authenticity to a tradition generally received in this part of the country, that the building and surrounding fields had been vested in the Knights of Malta, or Knights Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem." I doubt if there ever was such a tradition. It was probably a story created out of a hypothetical name. Apparently following Somerville, Morton stated that "In the parish of Ancrum, some vestiges of ruins, called the Maltan Walls, mark the site of a hospital, or preceptory, of the Knights of St John of Jerusalem." ("Monastic Annals of Teviotdale," p. 321). Not having read this passage with sufficient care, Cosmo Innes erroneously says that "Morton identifies the Malton Walls with the 'Spittal' or hospital of Ancrum" ("Origines Par. Scotiæ," I. 305)—an identity to which the reverend writer does not refer, and had no reason to believe.

Contrary to Somerville's and Morton's statements, there is not a vestige of evidence to show or indicate that the Knights of Malta ever had possessions in the vicinity of Ancrum, and the name "Maltan" or "Malton" as applied to the now vanished "Wa's" is a corruption as unfortunate as it is misleading. On making inquiry at Ancrum in August, 1908, I ascertained that the field in which these ruins used to be situated is still popularly termed the "Mantel (usually but erroneously written "Mantle") Wa's." This is the name which comes naturally to the lips of the older generation there; and it is only on the literary name being suggested that the admission is made that the former designation may have been "Maltan Wa's."

This is all the more important in that the term "mantel wall" was employed by Scottish writers as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century. The word "mantel" has been used in English for many centuries, in the signification of a "moveable shelter employed for covering the approach of men-at-arms when attacking a fortified place." But the combination "mantel wall" seems to have been used only by Scottish writers, and that with reference to "a parapet, rampart, or breastwork." Thus Gavin Douglas, in the prologue of the twelfth book of his translation of "Virgil's Æneis" (written in 1513), uses the word in that sense in these lines:—

> Quhat meyn thai be this myddill mantill wall?
> This litill stop of dykis and fouseys all?
> Wene thai this be a strenth that may thame save?

He employs the same combination in the third chapter of the ninth book of the same translation in a transferred sense, thus:—

> The twinkling stremowris of the orient
> Sched purpour sprangis with gold and asure ment,
> Persand the sabill barmkyn nocturnall,
> Bet doun the skyis clowdy mantill wall.

In the year 1609, also, there is a similar usage in the "Chronicle of Perth" (Maitland Club, p. 12):—

> The great wind blew down the stanes of the mantil wall of the kirk.

It is a fact of much interest that this name was applied to certain monastic properties on the Borders. At Holyroodhouse, on 28th April, 1581, James IV. confirmed a charter granted by David, perpetual commendator of Dryburgh, by which he demitted various lands in feufarm to Ninian Bruce, including five gardens of the monastery of Dryburgh, viz.,

"one on the south part named the Lady-yet, and another at the Mantill-wall of the new garden on the west" (etc.). There is reference to the same feature in a charter dated 24th March, 1584-5, in which it was erroneously spelt "Mattilwall." On 22nd May, 1649, also Charles II. granted "de novo" to John Erskine of Nether Shielfield various properties, including "a large piece of land on the west of the Mantilwall" at Dryburgh. The original mansion-house of the Erskines, which stood in the vicinity of the abbey of Dryburgh, was termed the "Mantel House" (Register of Dryburgh, p. xxxi.),—probably owing to its proximity to the "walls" referred to in these charters.

At Melrose also there occurred a similar place-name. On 1st March, 1634, Charles I. granted "de novo" to Thomas, Earl of Haddington, many possessions, including "the gardens under the Mantle-well" there. On 23rd October, 1640, Thomas, Earl of Haddington, was retoured heir of his father in various lands, amongst which was the "garden under the Mantill-wall" at Melrose (Retours, No. 172). In a subsequent retour (No. 251) the name is rendered "Mantle wall" in February, 1670.

From these instances of the word alone, there is sufficient evidence to doubt Somerville's statement that the works at Ancrum were known as the "Maltan Walls." I have, moreover, collected evidence which shows that for at least one and a half centuries the feature has been known as the "Mantel Wa's," from which the name was corrupted to "Maltan Walls" by Somerville, followed by others. With much shrewdness Alexander Jeffrey ("History of Roxburghshire," II. 351-2) argued that the ruins could not have been those of a preceptory of the Knights of Malta, but he was unfortunate in his guess that they were probably those of the summer palace of the Bishops of Glasgow, who were wont to reside here in early times. There is, indeed, no trace of evidence to locate the situation of this mansion, which must have disappeared many centuries ago.

With confidence I venture to suggest that the "Mantel Wa's" were the remains of the outworks of a fort for the defence of Ancrum village.*. The site was so commanding as to make it admirably suitable for a protecting tower. That a fortress stood on this knoll, moreover, is indisputable; and it was standing complete or in part when Timothy Pont designed his Map of Teviotdale shortly before 1654. The building shown on Pont's map as located there is similar to those small forts which studded our Borderland before the Union of the Crowns.

It is a curious coincidence that, although doubtless unaware of this feature on Pont's map, the writer of "The Maid of Ancrum Moor" in Wilson's "Tales of the Borders" (1834-5) makes out that this place was a fortress, which he describes with all the embellishments of fictitious narrative. It suits the purpose of his story to make it the abode of Sir William Lyle, the father of "Fair Maiden Lilliard," and we now present the stronghold as it is reared by the story-teller's imaginative powers:—

> At a little distance from Ancrum . . . stood (and its ruins are still observable, exhibiting, in their broken fragments, the giant strength of its youth) the castle of Maltan, once famous, in those parts, for having resounded but never yielded to the battering-rams of England. . . . It was a regular Anglo-Norman building, with moat, drawbridge, and dungeon, and all the other appurtenances of a military guard or feudal castle, and its strength was only equalled by the beauty of its situation.

Although by no means so formidable a building as this writer would imply, the fort, enclosed by the protecting Mantel Wa's, was doubtless a place of considerable strength and size. Within living memory a quarry from which the building-stone seems to have been procured was still visible on the side of the hillock on which the fortress stood. For the security of the flocks it was surrounded by a fence, and was afterwards completely filled in.

The first reference that I have to this fortification after Pont's Map of Teviotdale, is contained in Richard Pococke's "Tour in Scotland" (published by the Scottish Historical Society). Writing at the end of September, 1760, this traveller states that but a few days previously he had visited Ancrum, and refers to the fact that, near the confluence of the Ale and the Teviot,—

> "On a rising ground are some remains of walls, which are called the Mantle Waes. It may be about 100 yards broad from east to west and two hundred long; the present walls (of which a good part remains to the east and north) are built with buttresses, and I do not take them to be very old."

The most valuable description of these ruins is that given by Dr Thomas Somerville of

* May it not have been Ancrum Castle, to which Dacre referred in his letter of 28th October, 1513, to the Bishop of Carlisle?—See Morton's "Monastic Annals."

Jedburgh, in the "Old Statistical Account." These walls, he stated, were strongly built of stone and lime, and were constructed in the form of a parallelogram. On one side they ascended from the low land contiguous to the river Ale, and had been much higher than the summit of the knoll which they enclosed. In Somerville's time, however, they were level with the ground, and only a small portion of them remained. In the area enclosed by these walls, vaults or subterranean arches had been discovered. During ploughing or digging operations on the level at the riverside, Somerville said, human bones were occasionally exhumed—an indication, he thought, of the existence of a cemetery there in former times.

Writing the Ancrum part of the "New Statistical Account" in 1837, the Rev. John Paton estimated that the area which the "Maltan walls" enclosed was an acre and a half,* and stated that there is now nothing to be seen except a small remnant of the outer wall. Shortly after, however, he added a note to the effect that "since the above was written the remnant referred to has fallen to the ground, its decay having been doubtless hastened by the extraordinary severity of the past winter." His prophecy that "within a short period there will not be even a stone left to mark the site of this relic of antiquity" has unfortunately been fulfilled.

In 1857, Jeffrey stated that the plough had now gone over the whole of the works, but that the outlines could yet be traced. Writing later, he added that he had information "from old persons who were told by their parents that in their youth a high gable, and in it a beautiful window, stood next to the tower." This makes it possible that this feature stood as late as 1750. Pococke makes no allusion to it ten years later.

When agricultural operations were taking place there last year, the ploughman's share came in contact with the old foundations of the Mantel Walls. Other than these, there are no permanent traces left. The utilitarian had long been busy destroying this interesting relic of antiquity, and Jeffrey was doubtless right when he stated that "scarcely an old dyke or house in the neighbourhood but has been in part built out of these remains."

G. WATSON.

* Pococke's estimate was nearly three times this extent.

HONOUR TO MR NICHOLAS DICKSON.

AS some of our readers are aware, Mr Nicholas Dickson, who retired from the editorship of the BORDER MAGAZINE seven years ago, was one of the bodyguard which attended the late Queen Victoria when she opened Glasgow's great Loch Katrine Water Works—an undertaking which set an example to the whole world. We are pleased to notice that honour has been given to Mr Dickson, and we have pleasure in quoting a short report of the proceedings from the "Glasgow Evening News":—

The forty-ninth anniversary gathering of the Queen's Volunteer Guard of Honour at the opening of the Loch Katrine Water-Works took place in the Victoria Hotel, West George Street, Glasgow, on 14th October, 1908. The gallant band, whose ranks are yearly being depleted, mustered under the genial presidency of Colonel J. M. Forrester, V.D., and Colonel A. B. Grant, M.V.O., officiated as croupier. Those responding to the roll-call—carried through with the usual ceremonial of salute to the chair—were Messrs Binny, John Cassells, Cousar, Dickson, Fraser, Greig, Hendry, M'Culloch, Miller, Roger, and Woodrow. The toast of "The King" was given with heartiness, and it was intimated later that the customary message of loyalty had been transmitted to His Majesty. In proposing the toast of the "Loch Katrine Guard," the Chairman paid a special tribute to the labours of the staunch and true secretary, Mr Nicholas Dickson, who had proved himself the best of standard-bearers and kept the Old Guard's flag flying. He took advantage of the occasion to present to the secretary and to the Chaplain, Dr Somerville (whose absence they all regretted), copies of Tennyson's works. The secretary, in his roll-call statement, mentioned that five members had crossed the bar since their last annual gathering. He also read a letter from Mr Bennett Burleigh announcing that a sudden call to the Near East had prevented him meeting with his old Loch Katrine comrades. Suggestions were made as to the manner in which the jubilee of the Guard should be marked next year, and this matter will be duly arranged six months hence. The toast of "The Chairman" was given by Mr J. H. Rogers, and "The Croupier" by Major Cassells. The Chairman, in responding, bore testimony to the valued services rendered by Colonel Grant to the defensive forces of the Crown, and the Croupier, in his reply, urged all who were interested in the welfare of the country to give the Haldane scheme a full and fair trial. The company separated after singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The "Illustrated News of the World" described the works, in its issue for October 29, 1859, as "on a scale which makes them important as an engineering feat even in these days of Great Easterns and Saltash Viaducts. . . . The illustration represents Her Majesty turning a tap within the dais, which quickly set in motion a four-horse hydraulic engine at the mouth of the aqueduct. As the water

rushed through the enormous tunnel, cheer upon cheer sounded strangely among the quiet Highland glens, as a chorus to the thundering of the cannon from the neighbouring heights."

"THE BLANKET PREACHING"—YARROW.

ON a recent Sunday in July we found ourselves in Yarrow, and in the happy position of gratifying a long cherished desire, that of taking part in the open-air service held annually on the hillside overlooking St Mary's Loch. This opportunity has been watched and waited for with commendable patience, and, now that it presents itself, must on no account be missed. We have never seen the dear valley looking lovelier. The great round hills are wearing their greenest garb, with patches of purple on breast and shoulder, while their wide-spreading skirts are trimmed with fringes of fern. The fleecy tenants having discarded their soiled and weather-worn garments, appear in spotless white, and scattered wide and far along the lower slopes, give a touch of brightness to the scene. The foxgloves are in bloom, and, with pardonable pride, have turned their faces to the highway to court the admiration of the passer-by; and, as if afraid of disturbing the tranquillity of the day of rest, the cry of the hill bird is little in evidence, while Yarrow itself seems to linger on its way as though loth to pass from this paradise of peace.

The site of the ruined fane where this gathering takes place is full of interest to the student of Border lore, there being probably no other spot in Yarrow—and that is saying a great deal—around which so many memories linger. It was in this place, tradition tells us, after that night of fearful carnage in a solitary glen near by, that the chief actors in "The Douglas Tragedy" found premature graves—

"Lord William was buried in St Mary's Kirk,
Lady Mag'ret in Mary's quire;
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonnie red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier."

Here, too, but with a happier ending, "at the fourth kirk in fair Scotland," was enacted the final incident pictured in the ballad of "The Gay Goshawk," when, despite the beldame's cruel test, a woman's will and a woman's love gained a well merited victory; and here in the days of Scotland's struggle for freedom was the patriot Wallace chosen warden of his country. "The Latest Minstrel," too, in that "long forgotten melody," sings of the Baron's pilgrimage to St Mary's Chapel of the Lowes, of the gathering of Scotts on Newark Lee to surprise and cut him off, and of his escape through the instrumentality of his elfin page.

"Through Douglas Burn, up Yarrow stream,
Their horses prance, their lances gleam,
They came to St Mary's lake ere day,
But the chapel was void, and the Baron away,
They burned the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page."

But, to return to our subject, this "Blanket Preaching," so called, no doubt, from the custom that obtained at one time of erecting for the comfort of the officiating minister a sort of tent or shelter covered with blankets, has been conducted by the ministers of Yarrow for so long that there is probably no record of its institution. An outstanding event in the religious life of the district, it is eagerly looked forward to and much appreciated by the inhabitants. There are other similar meetings held, or were wont to be held, at different places in the Border country, among which may be mentioned St Gordian's Cross in the Vale of Manor, Hume Castle, Berwickshire, and Saughtree, in Liddesdale; but, as Yarrow is the most storied, the most romantic, and the most beloved of all our Border streams, it seems quite in the nature of things that this meeting should take premier place amongst gatherings of the kind. The service was no doubt originated for the benefit of the inhabitants of the district, and until recent times the attendance would be limited to dwellers in the valleys contiguous to Yarrow, but, now that aids to locomotion have become so numerous, people throng to the rendezvous from many a distant glen, besides coming in their hundreds from most of the Border towns. What a contrast to the last gathering of the kind we attended well nigh half a century ago, when everybody made their way thither on foot, many walking barefooted long distances across the hills, carrying their shoes and stockings until nearing the place of meeting. Motoring was undreamt of in those days, while cycles, if they had begun to put in an appearance at all, were of the most rude and primitive description, generally the product of some country smithy, and ridden only by those who in Scottish parlance were looked upon as having a "bee in their bonnet." Though the hour fixed is four o'clock, long before that time the roads are busy with conveyances, so busy, in fact, that it is only safe for pedestrians to walk on the sides and in Indian file. Each glen is sending its quota, and on every hillside little groups are seen, all with their faces towards yon solitary tree on Kirkstead Hill, which marks the site of the Forest Kirk of St Mary. There, on the further bank of the Yarrow, a lithesome maiden from Eldinhope is brushing the bent with her muslin gown as she hurries forward, while higher up the hill contingents from Altrive and Berrybush are making for the sluices at the foot of the loch, where they can cross the river dry-shod. On our right, striding sedately through the heather, come the shepherds from the head of Douglas Burn, accompanied by their buxom dames and a numerous following of bright-eyed boys and girls—sun-burned and shy every one of them, but with health depicted in every feature and strength in every limb. Bred in these quiet uplands, with little variety in their lives, this event has been keenly anticipated, and will be long remembered by the children, and when they have grown grey with the years, and, perchance, are far removed from the romantic valley of their childhood, we can imagine their looking back to this sunny Sunday afternoon as one of the bright spots in their lives, though such retrospect will be sure to bring to them feelings akin to sorrow. As the hour draws nigh the people concentrate in the lonely graveyard on the hill, and it seems impossible that a situation more

appropriate could have been chosen than this hallowed spot, where rest the ashes of their kindred.

"Our fathers' mothers' graves are there."

Friend meets friend, and, with kindly greeting and hearty hand-shake, pass together within the sacred enclosure. A mother, lacking the activity of her youth, yet eagerly desirous of being present, is supported by a stalwart son and a comely maid, who, with loving tenderness, help her through the tangle of bracken and seek out the easiest path for her wearied feet. Suddenly the hum of conversation slackens, as, with swinging step, the well known figure of the widely-esteemed minister of Yarrow is seen approaching the entrance. A man of commanding presence, Mr Borland is active and vigorous to a degree, and were it not for his silvery hair it would be hard to believe that he has conducted these services for the last quarter of a century. He no doubt misses many familiar faces to-day that he saw around him in this place twenty-five years ago, and not a few of those who listened to him on that occasion are at rest beneath the green sward on which this assembly meets. Standing on a "thruch," with his great congregation seated around him, Mr Borland commences the service by reading in finely modulated tones the opening verses of the 121st Psalm, beginning, "I to the hills will lift mine eyes," the singing of which is taken up with touching simplicity and heartiness. As the fine old melody rises and falls, and is borne away on the wings of the breeze, we cannot help going back, in spirit, to those other far different days—those dark days for Scotland when it was counted a crime deserving of death to worship God as we are doing now—to those days when Clavers and his dragoons scoured these lonely hills standing so reverently around us, and dyed their heather with the martyrs' blood. At such a time and in such a place, above all others, we cannot but feel, and that with the deepest gratitude, that it is to those faithful men, who for conscience sake suffered persecution and death in these regions, we owe the religious liberty and freedom we enjoy to-day.

Preaching from the words, "What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul," Mr Borland delivered a powerful discourse with an earnestness and zeal not to be mistaken—a sermon teeming with practical truths, and which was listened to throughout with rapt attention. In this quiet sanctuary of Nature's own handiwork—walled by the everlasting hills, carpeted with flower and fern, and roofed by heaven's eternal blue—the worship of God has a solemnity and impressiveness not readily forgotten, and as the parting hymn of praise is being sung we have the conviction that it has been good for us to be here. The benediction has been said, the people have departed, the disturbed hill birds are returning to their haunts, and silence reigns. The last breeze that crossed the moor fanned many a brown cheek and kissed many a fair brow.

"The next but swept a lone hillside
Where heath and fern were waving wide."

Seated in the heather, with the loch shimmering in the sunlight at our feet, and looking across to Bowerhope on its further margin, nestling among those green and thoughtful-looking hills, we cannot but sympathise with the aged farmer in the intense love he had for his homestead, and to conclude that his idea of spending eternity in this haven of peace was not so extravagant as we have been wont to believe.

"Some folks avow this wârl' o' ours,
Where we hae toiled an' striven,
Away within the dark beyond
May be a future heaven;
And were it ours to choose where we
Might spend that lang to-morrow,
Without a doubt my choice wad fa'
On Douglas Burn an' Yarrow."

—"Jock Elliot."

THE BORDER BOOKCASE.

The subject of Folklore is becoming increasingly popular, and we think it is a healthy sign that it should be so. Whatever concerns the life of the people of the past concerns us of the present day, and the more we investigate the dim and uncertain legends handed down from generation to generation, the more shall we be convinced of the unity of the human race. Messrs J. M. Dent & Co., the well-known London publishers, have done a public service by issuing in a handy volume, at the moderate price of 3/6, a work entitled "Folk Lore in Lowland Scotland." Whole libraries might be written on such a subject, and, indeed, there have been many books published dealing with such matters, but the author of the present volume, Miss Eva Blantyre Simpson, has made an admirable condensation. The book is eminently a popular one, and while the exact scientific folklorist may take exception to some of the author's deductions, the general reader will be delighted. Doubtless many will be stimulated to go further afield, and so one of the objects of the author will be accomplished. Our readers are strongly advised to procure a volume, which is akin in its objects to our own magazine, and which will doubtless stimulate popular interest in the relics of a lore that is fast disappearing, and that connects the ideas, customs, and speech of the present day with that of the remote past. The chapters deal with "Beltane and the Vanished Races," "The Romans and Wells of Water," "The Scandinavians," "Fairies," "Fishermen's Superstitions," "Flowers and Birds," "Witches and Wizards," "Fairs, Festivals, and Funerals;" and "Adages and Omens." These titles indicate the scope of the book, and for the illustration of each branch of her subject, Miss Simpson is able to draw upon a copious store of curious material.

Mr John R. Russell, wholesale stationer, 25 North Bridge, Edinburgh, sends us his Hameland Series of Christmas and New Year Cards. These beautiful reminders of hame are exquisite productions, and not their least attraction lies in the original verses from Mr Russell's own pen. The lines are full of patriotic fervour, and prove the author-publisher to be a poet of no mean order. One of the poems is entitled "Borderland."

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1908.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OUR aims in connection with the BORDER MAGAZINE may be expressed in an adaptation of the closing paragraph of the preface to the *Scots Magazine*, vol. I., 1739:—"Our study is to instruct and entertain in such manner as is most agreeable to our readers. We shall cheerfully comply with any hints given for the improvement of our design, and beg leave to repeat it again, that before everything else, whatever considers the interests of Borderers, shall always be preferred; for as our labours, so are our wishes employed on the prosperity of the Borderland."

THE BORDER KEEP.

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

In the "Scotsman" of 19th Sept. there appeared over the well-known Jedburgh initials, "W. W. M.," the following interesting paragraph:—

Some days ago, when fishing in the Jed, where the river moves melodiously over the red sandstone beside the Sunnybrae Scaurs, on whose radiant slopes the yellow primrose is thickly scattered—looking, in the springtime, from the highway beyond the meadow, like arrested waterfalls of golden blossom—I had an excellent opportunity of watching the ways of the white-throtted dipper. I had put down my rod, and was resting on the bank, when a pair of these quaint-looking birds, best known in the Border country as 'waiter craws,' dropped into the humming stream not half a score of yards away from where I lay. For a while they slipped beneath the water with the ease and adroitness of a rat, returning every now and then to the sunlight by way of a projecting bit of rock, against which the river broke noisily. One of the birds, the male, was much bolder than the other. Leaving his mate to pursue her hunt for food in the shallows by the margin of the river, he passed into water quite a foot deep, and apparently he was more successful in his quest, or was more easily satisfied than his companion, for while the less venturesome female remained busy in the shallow water dislodging and devouring "wood-carriers" and other insects, and scattering the droves of minnows which lay basking in the sun, he soon left the water, and, climbing a ragged boulder, where the stream was most clamorous, becked and bowed and flaunted his tail in a manner which plainly revealed the vanity that possessed his plump little body. A grey wagtail followed, and captured a white-winged moth half-way across the stream, and a perky robin, whose eyes were shining with contentment, flew down from a beautiful garden, where food is abundant, to drink at the running water. The proud little bird, in his black coat and white vest, paid no heed to these intruders, but continued to enjoy his after-dinner recreation. I lingered on expecting him to break into song, but, save for an occasional "chit-chit," he remained silent. Further up the river, on a New Year's morning, when the still pools were frozen over, and only the fast-running streams were open, I remembered I had heard a dipper sing joyously his notes, sweet and low like a robin's, sounding particularly welcome at a season of the year when other birds are silent.

* * * *

"John Scott of Denholm, a distinguished naturalist and a valued correspondent of Charles Darwin," was the subject of a paper read by Mr John W. Kennedy, president of the Hawick Archæological Society, at a recent meeting of the members of that institution. Denholm, poetically described as "Dena" by Leyden in his "Scenes of Infancy," was, Mr Kennedy said, a district re-

dolent of names worthy to be remembered in a nation's history, from "Green Cavers, hallowed by the Douglas name," to the Minto Elliots, poets and administrators. Denholm itself boasted of a Leyden, poet and Orientalist; and a Murray, philologist and litterateur; but, strangely enough, another worthy son had been neglected and almost forgotten, and yet Charles Darwin spoke of him in words of highest praise. In "Darwin's Life and Letters," by his son, 1887, volume iii., page 300, he was thus spoken of:—"The work on Primula was the means of bringing my father in contact with the late Mr John Scott, then working as a gardener in the Botanic Gardens at Edinburgh, an employment which he seems to have chosen in order to gratify his passion for natural history. He wrote one or two excellent botanical papers, and ultimately obtained a post in India. While in India he made some admirable observations on expression from my father. He died in 1880. A few phrases may be quoted from letters to Sir J. D. Hooker, showing my father's estimate of Scott—'If you know, please do tell me who is John Scott, of the Botanic Gardens of Edinburgh. I have been corresponding largely with him; he is no common man. If he had leisure he would make a wonderful observer; to my judgment I have come across no one like him. He has interested me strangely, and I have formed a very high opinion of his intellect. . . . I know nothing of him excepting from his letters. These show remarkable talent, astonishing perseverance, much modesty, and, what I admire, determined difference from me on many points.'" John Scott was born in Denholm in 1836, his father being a tenant farmer under James Douglas of Cavers. He attended Minto School under Mr Hamilton, and early displayed a passionate love for flowers. After filling different situations as a gardener, he became foreman in the propagating department of Edinburgh Botanic Gardens, and several papers which he contributed to the transactions of the Botanical Society brought him under the notice of Charles Darwin, whose influence procured him a post in India, whence, after sixteen years of invaluable service, he returned to his native country on leave of absence, but only to die at his sister's house at Garvald, East Lothian, aged forty-four years—like Leyden—"a lamp too early quenched." Mr Kennedy submitted a number of letters by Darwin and Sir J. D Hooker (some of them hitherto unpublished) relating to various branches of botanical study, in which they freely expressed their indebtedness to Scott for valuable assistance willingly rendered by him.

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At the opening of the Heriot-Watt Engineering Laboratory, Edinburgh, on 16th September, 1908, Lord Rosebery, in the course of an admirable speech, said:—When we look back at the history of this institution we reach back as far as the year 1821, a stirring and eventful year, the year in which Napoleon died and George IV. was crowned, and this island seemed to be on the brink of a revolution owing to what was considered to be the persecution of the Queen. It was in that crowded and eventful year that this institution stole, as it were, into existence. And yet when the social history of these days comes to be written it will probably be conceded that the foundation of this institution was more fruitful than many of the events of that year. It was founded by Leonard Horner, who was its first secretary, brother and the biographer of that Francis Horner, the singular purity of whose political life has given him an immortality which has been denied to many more prominent statesmen and men who held what he never held—high office. It was founded and supported by the very best of Edinburgh at the very best time of Edinburgh. Only this morning I was looking over the proceedings of the third year of this Society. It was then called, I think, the School of Arts, and the proceedings were opened by no less a man than Dr Chalmers. He was supported by the immortal Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Jeffrey and Lord Cockburn—great names in our country—who also took part in the proceedings.

Sir Walter Scott said—and he wrote in public so much that many of his best sayings are forgotten—so I am not making any apology for recalling it to you—Sir Walter Scott said:—"It was in his opinion as great a crime to hide knowledge from the people as it would be to hide the sun from them, if we had that power." Well, the institute was worthy of its sponsors and of that illustrious support. It was indeed the first institution founded in Great Britain for the express purpose of giving evening instruction to artisans, and it is the parent of all the mechanics' institutes and polytechnics that now are so rife and so much used throughout the country. In 1851, with money raised to the immortal memory of James Watt, the institute was enabled to buy the premises that had been leased in Adam's Square, and from that time it became the Watt Institute. In 1873 it moved into Chambers Street, where it still is, and in 1885 it reached the real ripening of its development by a scheme of amalgamation with Heriot's Hospital. And so it became the Heriot-Watt College.

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Directly the Waverley Novels were issued they were seized on by the expectant playwright with an avidity which showed a keen sense of the value of the prey. The three volumes of "Rob Roy" were hardly known to the circulating library before they were turned into as many acts by the industrious Isaac Pocock. Anticipating the rival house by a week, the Covent Garden management produced their operatic drama on March 16, 1818, with such prosperous results that the theatre was filled for thirty-four nights afterwards, then thought to constitute a remarkable run. The cast included Liston as the Bailie, Sinclair and Miss Stephens (afterwards the Countess of Essex) as Francis Osbaldistone and Diana Vernon, Mrs Egerton as Helen MacGregor, and Macready as Rob Roy—the character which first established on a firm basis the popularity of the tragedian. In the Drury Lane version of the novel, called "Rob Roy, the Gregarach," by George Soane, Helen MacGregor was made the mother of Rob Roy, who drew her curse upon his head by marrying Diana Vernon. Not satisfied with this unsubstantial vengeance, the awful matron gets Diana into her power, shows a grave that has been dug for her, and forces her to take poison. Diana is rescued by Dougal, a flash of lightning sets Helen free from her persecutors, and the supposed poison proves to be a narcotic. The Drury Lane drama soon passed into oblivion, whereas the Covent Garden version still keeps its position on the stage.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

WARREN HASTINGS AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MR G. T. SHETTLE, in a paper in the "Glasgow Herald" entitled "Warren Hastings: Some Unpublished Letters," says that these "were written towards the close of his life, between the year 1807 and 1818, after his chequered but illustrious career in the Far East was ended, and when he was living in retirement as a country gentleman at Daylesford." It may be added that Scott's "Lay" appeared in 1805, "Marmion" in 1808, "The Lady of the Lake" in 1810, and the "Antiquary" in 1816.

The Governor-General was a great admirer of Scott, and he passes critical remarks several times in the course of this correspondence with Mr Barber* upon the poems and novels of Sir Walter as they appear. Thus in 1808 he writes:—"I have read 'Marmion' twice, and some parts more than twice. I think it not equal to the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' It wants interest. What interest it possesses is given to an unworthy character, and his views polluted, if not recommended, by the splendour of his courage and his patriotism. His best character wants action, and has no share in the catastrophe. The story, too, wants invention. It consists of a series of events that have no influence on each other nor on the principal subject. These are, if they are, the faults of the poem, but with these it is superior to any that any modern poet could write. The poetry is exquisite, the characters well marked and consistent, the introductory chapter beautiful, the whole original, the fifth book worked up into sublimity, and the farewell close, though immediately following the well-painted horrors of war and deeds of heroism, delightfully easy, playful, and beautiful in the opposite extreme. Had not the 'Minstrel' preceded it, it would have been universally admired, and with an enthusiasm as great as that which the 'Minstrel' last excited." On June 26, 1810, he writes—"Waring sent me his pamphlet, but I have not yet read it. I grow sick of myself as a public character. Besides, I have had so much reading on my hands. This you will clearly comprehend when I tell you that I have not been able to read the 'Lady of the Lake' through but twice, and am now in the third lecture of the sixth canto. I hate the English reviewers, not because they are bad critics and wicked politicians, but because they are sneerers, a character that from my heart I abhor as a compound of the meanest self-admiration, and the most malignant hatred of others." Writing on February 27, 1816,† he says of the "Antiquary" which had just appeared:—"In the three evenings that we have had possession of Walter Scott's book, and divided the lecture of it, with a course of other reading, we have despatched 218 pages, by which you may judge of the interest which we attached to it. I was afraid of him writing himself out of popularity. I think he will increase it, if what is to come prove equal to what we have already seen."

* Mr Edward Barber had at one time been secretary to the Governor and Council of Bombay, and he was for many years a trusted friend of his great chief.

† There seems to be an error as to the date, as the "Antiquary" did not appear till May of this year.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

JUST a line of blue hills to remember;
Just a valley one fails to forget,
Whether bound with the gold of September,
Or with jewels of midsummer set!
Just a fringe of dark woodland and coppice,
Just a ribbon of river and stream,
For a hem to the cornfields whose poppies
Burn soft as a rose in a dream!

Just a sweep of marsh-moorland and heather,
Just a brae where the blackfaces climb,
Just a loch where the grey gulls forgather,
And the burns out of Cheviot chime!
Just a glen where the wild duck and pheasant
Find a sheltering nook from the blast,
Just a peel-tower that stoops to the present
With a legend and lore of the past!

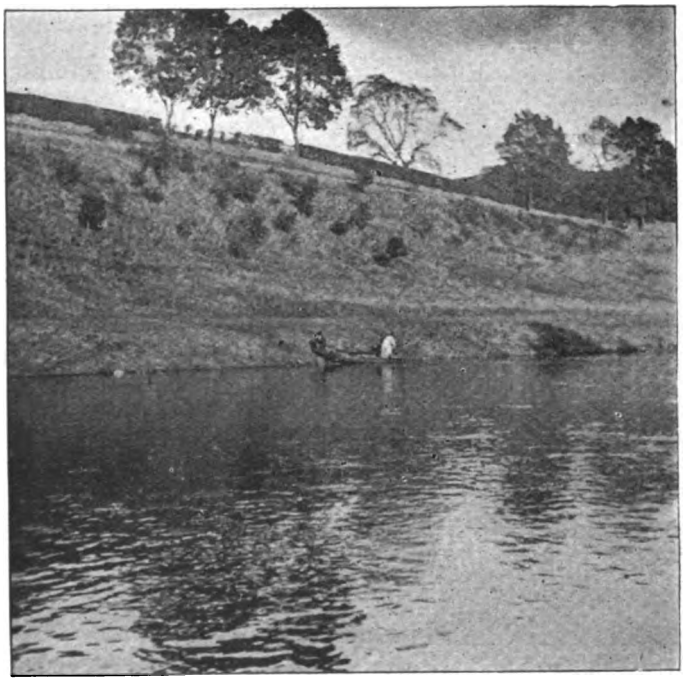
Just an abbey that, ruined and hoary,
And racked with the reign of the years,
Tells a mystic and marvellous story
That breaks on the silence like tears!
Just a fortress, perhaps, or a fastness,
Just a bridge, or a grave, or a stone,
That has saved from time's infinite vastness
Some tale half as old as Time's own.

'Tis the shrine where our hearts keep returning;
'Tis the spell of the Land of the Marches,
Of the Border that gave us our birth,
Of this spot where the Heaven's wide arch is
Spread blue o'er the best of the earth!
'Tis the shrine where our hearts keep returning
Wherever our feet may be led;
Let her life be our life for the learning,
And in death let us lie with her dead!

WILL. H. OGILVIE, in "Scotsman."

ON TWEEDSIDE.

IT was our good fortune recently to renew our acquaintance with a prominent west-country journalist, who has also made a name for himself in the world of literature, and to hear him praising the beauties of that portion of Tweedside where our meeting took place. A few days after his impressions appeared in the "Glasgow Evening News," and we have much pleasure in reproducing the article:—



ON THE TWEED.

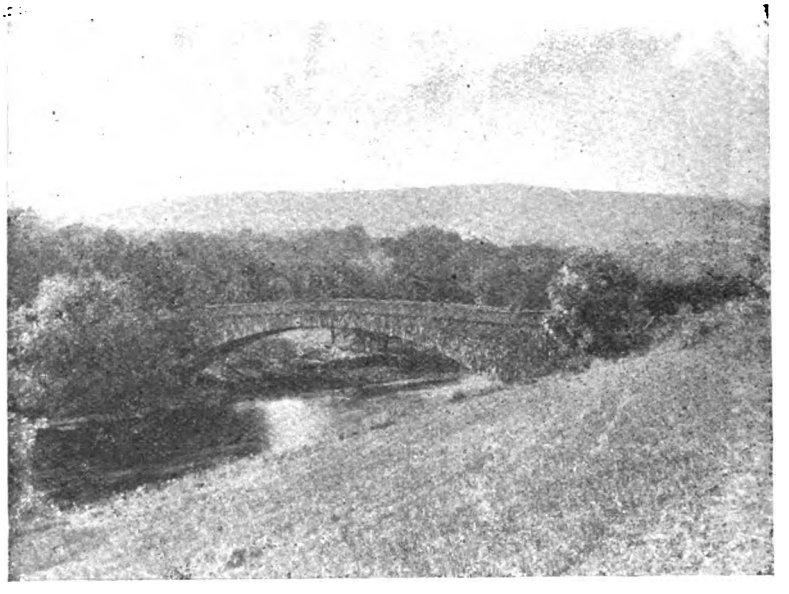
"It is a very rare occasion indeed when a mist is seen within the town; the barriers of hills arrest all fogs at Leadburn and Galashiels," says the Guide to Peebles, with small regard for the feelings of Leadburn and Galashiels. It may be almost true, and Peebles may enjoy a great immunity from those moist vapours one expects in such a valley as the Tweed, but one of the charms of the place, to us at least, in these fine days, in this St Martin's Summer, is the unveiling of the morn, when the valley's silvery exhalation gradually dispels, and bit by bit the woods, the slopes, the hills and glens, reveal themselves. We came at night, strangers unacquainted with the country, and all the hint we had of any special rural or poetic spirit in the place was the sound of falling waters. Promptly the fancy seized upon it as the voice of Tweed.

A score of poetic tags swept through the memory; ancient Britons, Romans, raiders and reivers, Merlin, Arthur, Michael Scott, Kings, poets, and romancers had listened to that self-same voice of the storied river in a darkness little lessended by the light of a slim young crescent moon. It stirred the mind enchantingly, and almost bred a sonnet to express the wonder and the mystery of the Tweed, and it was with a shock of painful disillusion we discovered in the morning that the inspiring sound came from the plashing fountain on the Hydropathic terrace.

But the morning, too, brought compensation for the pleasing dream dispelled; if the Tweed did not really serenade us, the width and beauty of its valley seemed the more astonishing because they had been unexpected. Bred in the West, complacent and self-assured that after the West and North, Scotland had no place else to offer a distinctive and romantic beauty, only suave plains, fat, prosperous fields, and too-contiguous towns, we found with surprise a beauty quite as marked, if not so bold and domineering, as our own, and a landscape where the curse of labour did not too obviously intrude. We know now why the poets had loved the vale of Tweed—it looks so like a great and majestic garden parterred with trees, and consecrate to leisure. Outside Galashiels and Walkerburn surely the people never labour; they only stand at the doors of rose-encumbered cottages and watch the shadows chase across the kind green hills. There may be crops to gather from rare and sylvan sheltered fields,

but they cultivate themselves, with no necessity for sweating labour in the mirey ridges; the very sheep ascend to their highest grazings by the gentlest of unstony slopes. All life and nature take their key from the river that flows through the day without bustle or noise, knowing no thunder of falls and no dark profundity of linns, crooning of "old, unhappy things." Even the most illiterate mind, oblivious of all the charms of association derived from tradition and books, must feel by Tweed a fascination older than books —the joy of Shelter, the soothing companionship of trees, the presence of a landscape neither tame nor cruel, and devoid of all monotony.

Yet great part of the magic of the valley is adventitious; the "cultured" mind, as it is called, can never see Tweed save in a glamour of memory and imagination, through the dead eyes



ASHIESTIEL BRIDGE.

of the ballad-makers and romancers. The very place-names, which, wanting literary association, would seem commonplace, conveying—unlike Celtic names—neither information nor emotion, quicken and excite the mind. "Minchmuir"—regarded objectively it is a shabby nomenclature, but our subjective associations invest it with peculiar charm since Campbell Shairp made it the road to the "Bush aboon Traquair,"

> Whar mony a simmer e'en
> Fond lovers did convene.

It was with worldly wisdom Wordsworth was at first content to go no nearer Yarrow than Clovenfords. He knew the Yarrow of his mind was far more fairy-haunted than the actual vale to be traversed with Dorothy in the shandry-dan. When he came to it ultimately, he could not conceal his disappointment—his vision was gone:—

> And this is Yarrow!—This the stream
> Of which my fancy cherished
> So faithfully a waking dream?
> An image that hath perished!
> O that some minstrel's harp were near
> To utter tones of gladness,
> And chase this silence from the air
> That fills my heart with sadness!

And Neidpath, too; it is not a meaningless name of two syllables; it is a trumpet-blast; while Dryburgh (its Gaelic derivation obscured and forgotten), might be a name for ribald innuendo if the place itself were not a shrine.

Not forgetful of this, and less opulent, no doubt, in dream, than Wordsworth, we saw Yarrow and all the rest of this song-haunted portion of the Borderland, and suffered none of Wordsworth's disillusion. The woods of Tweed are in themselves a joyous company; its lateral and lonely valleys stimulate the mind so much to exploration; so much remains, as it were, to be discovered; and so rich are the roads in romantic associations that for one disappointment there were a dozen pleasant surprises, and the Tweed, for us at least, is equal to its reputation. To walk or ride along its banks from Peebles to Melrose is to put flesh upon the bones of historical impressions. Now we know why the English came, and can share the feelings of the natives as they flee to the sanctuary of the bastille-houses; we can restore the crumbling keeps and peels; we can walk at night in the mystery of the avenue of Traquair, awake the monkish chant in Dryburgh, and see the moon for ever shining through the ribs of Melrose. And more than this was to discover—that the Scott tradition sinks to its just proportions and takes

its proper place in presence of that wonderful region of romance which he exploited. It was good to look at the houses that had been his homes, to walk the garden paths he had walked on, and sad to think for how little, after all, he had beggared himself in purse and health; but as Scott himself would have had it, the common objects of his observation pleased us more than the objects he had possessed. The antique spoils of Abbotsford, the toys in armour that accorded so little with his occupation; the not all-too-convincing souvenirs moved us less than the trees Tom Purdie planted, or the wash of the river in Clarty Hole.

Yet, fretful though we might be at the Mecca business which brings foolish people (including ourselves) to Abbotsford, and makes a raree-show of a dead man's domestic privacies, and sells picture post-cards in his hall, there were footsteps of Scott which could not be traversed without emotion. Ashiestiel, smothered now among trees, looked to us a more desirable habitation than the dubious grandeur of Abbotsford, which found disfavour in Ruskin's eyes, and somehow we were closer to Scott in the tiny bedrooms he had used in the inn at Clovenfords or at Tibbie Shiel's than in the study where he had wrought in his lordly mansion-house. Closer, too, at Bemersyde, high over the elbow of Tweed, revealing a marvellous panorama. Here stopped the horses of his hearse on the day of his burial, while the larks whistled, he to their requiem become a sod. But, curiously, not close to him at all in the transept of Dryburgh Abbey, where the fresh and clean-cut tombstone over his dust ministered far less to the emotion than the splintered ruins of the chapels, the grass of the cloisters, where at evening walk the ghosts of far, far older generations of nameless and forgotten men. There could be no more beautiful place of the sepulchre; no man of this age could more appropriately lie there, but still——

. . . . . .

Brief are man's days at best: perchance
I waste my own, who have not seen
The castled palaces of France
Shine on the Loire in summer green.

. . . . . .

I may not see them, but I doubt,
If seen I'd find them half so fair
As ripples of the rising trout
That feed beneath the elms of Yair.

The rising trout at Yair have fascinations for more than Mr Andrew Lang; and we found dozens of anglers all along the river, wading deep to its very middle. Its charms to an angler, and the liberties it affords, must be very great; such rustic Borderers as were not standing at rose-twined cottage doors were either making for the river, fishing in it, or returning with what we hoped were well-filled baskets. Not for the first time we went down the Yarrow to St Mary's Loch, its heathy, treeless, gentle hills all golden in the light of the afternoon, its surface scarcely broken by a ripple, and there again, in the hostel of Tibbie Shiel, we were close to Scott, and heard the very accents of the Ettrick Shepherd in the landlady's account of an incident in the days of her predecessor. Scott was bedded upstairs; Hogg slept in the box-bed in the kitchen; the night had been ambrosial. "Tibbie!" cried Scott down the stair. "What is't Wattie?" replied the landlady. "I'm awfu' dry; bring in the loch!" quo' Walter; and if you do not believe it, an empty big black tappit-hen of a bottle stands in the centre of the parlour table.

Some important antiquarian discoveries have recently been made at the ancient settlement at Ewe Close, on the Westmoreland Fells above Dale Bank, Crosby Ravensworth, by a party of members of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archæological Society, under the direction of Mr W. G. Collingwood, of University College, Reading, and Coniston.

The place was found to be very much larger and more full of buildings than any one had supposed, as the Ordnance map does not in the least represent it. The whole place (says the "Times") seems to belong to one period, and consists of a series of buildings. It contained pottery, chiefly Romano-British, but some of it Roman, suggesting that it was occupied at the end of and after the Roman period. The village does not seem to have been fortified, though all the walls are enormously thick and well built of very solid masonry, while there is the peculiarity that the party-walls are everywhere as thick as the outside walls. Traces were found of several lanes of hut circles, like the streets of a village, with cottages on each side; also of some oblong-made buildings, which are now merely heaps of earth turfed over, but which were once stone-built all round. In the smaller square enclosures, which at first sight seemed to be cattle-folds, the flooring is good, and the little cupboard places in the walls cleverly built and containing the remains of pots, so that it looks as if the large square places were really some form of dwelling and not merely cattle-pens, and they may have been roofed round. The hut circles, which were opened very carefully, are well paved, sometimes with the natural rock, sometimes with limestone bits, and sometimes with good inch-thick flags of red sandstone. They contain fireplaces and little cupboards, as well as places which seem to have been beds. There were bones in some and querns for grinding corn, pottery of various kinds, and occasionally scraps of metal, including a bronze butto. There were no finds of treasure, such as are sometimes obtained in digging up grave cairns. The most interesting find was in the row of sloping enclosures at the north side, in what may have been gardens or cattle-pens, but cannot have been houses. In the corner of one was found the skeleton of a girl buried with great care, in a grave formed of large stone, all round, floored and covered above with equally large stones. The place, however, is not a cist, but the grave of a girl lying out at length, who must have been under 4 ft. 11 in. high. At the side of her head was a little red pot, and on her breast were some extremely small bones, claws, and teeth, probably those of a squirrel.

The bones and other relics have still to be examined, and a full report will appear in the next volume of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Society's "Transactions." The people whose bones and habits are now under investigation were perhaps Westmoringas, the people of the Western Moors. They were the people whose King is mentioned in the tenth century, and were, no doubt, a Celtic people who lived between the fifth and tenth centuries.

BORDER NOTES AND QUERIES.

VARIOUS REPLIES.

I have been a reader of the "B. M." since the first copy appeared in 1896, and have certainly derived a great deal of pleasure in the perusal. I have frequently had a mind to write articles of a Border "colouring," but have refrained from doing so, as I noticed your numbers required no paragraphs of mine to embellish them. There are just a few points that perhaps you will excuse me drawing attention to, as well as a few queries which I see are still unanswered.

In the last number, Mr James Scott is stated to have got his inspiration from the meteoric display in November, 1886. This error has occurred repeatedly in many newspapers, &c. Now, as Mr Scott's genius has produced astronomical appliances of exactness, I think regarding dates we should also be exact. The meteoric showers occurred in November, 1885; the Parliament then elected existed just a few months, till the "Home Rule" split, which preceded the election during the summer of 1886.

In Mr A. Graham's interesting article (July) on "Ancrum," reference is made to the extensive view from Penielheugh, and "the conspicuous object for miles around"—the Monteith Mausoleum. I do not think it is generally known that from this spot—and also from Lilliard's Tomb—may be seen a portion—about 1¼ miles—of the Catrail, to the west of Holydean, eight miles from the Mausoleum. I have observed the dark track (climate conditions being favourable) several times, and no doubt it is a little interesting to see from such a distance a part of this ancient ditch or roadway.

No doubt Mr Graham, "Ancrum," is, like myself, of antiquarian habits, and derives a pleasure from the "gruesome;" so it may interest him to know (perhaps he does) that there is lying behind an outhouse at Ancrum House Dairy a memento of Burke and Hare, in the shape of an iron grave-guard, with the coffin-shaped frame, upper and under, with a score of long bolts. On the moorland southwards from the old site of Broadlaw farm-house is a circle of large stones about 100 feet in diameter; I have never seen in print anything about that circle, or about the stone coffin near to Ancrum House stables.

In the June number a querist asks about "Lessudden." The general idea of the origin of the name is:—Less—a place, and Aidan—therefore the place or abode of St Aidan. I would like myself to see that name thoroughly thrashed out, as I hardly think that origin is clear. In the April number of 1907 A. L. A. Sudden has an interesting treatise on "Bog'ells Fair." Reference is made to the "stocks" They (or "it") are in safe keeping in a barn connected with the Buccleuch Arms Hotel. They consist of two large wood blocks, 10 ft. 6 in. long, 10 ins. deep, 4 ins. thick, hinged at one end and padlocked at the other, with 4 sets of notches for the legs of miscreants who were tried in this same barn, which, on the Fair day, was used as a court-room by the Baron-Bailie—a custom long since dispensed with. The last time they were publicly used was on Wednesday, June 6, 1900. The villagers and others that day had a demonstration, picnic, &c., in celebration of "Pretoria." In the procession—headed by the local brass band—was a lorry (dolefully decorated) on which were the "stocks," with a dummy in "position," representing President K——r (the late). A. L. A. Sudden is quite correct in remarking on the late Mr Charles Lamb—about forty years ago—having had an annual set-off of the Fair with drum and fifes; the others connected with the proclamation hailed from Jedburgh.

"BRAEHEIDS."

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REGARDING SOME ROXBURGHSHIRE PLACE-NAMES—REIDSWIRE, KAESIDE, KERSHEUGH.

The derivation of the name "Reidswire," or "Redeswire," has proved a puzzle to antiquarians. The suffix admits of no uncertainty, as it is the old English "surra" or "sweora," signifying a neck; and it appears in various place-names in the signification of "a dip between two hills." Regarding the prefix, Sir Walter Scott says in his preface to the ballad entitled "The Raid of the Reidswire" ("Border Minstrelsy") that "the epithet 'Red' is derived from the colour of the heath, or, perhaps, from the Reid-water, which rises at no great distance." The title of the ballad, and the ballad itself, which says—

> "The seventh of July, the suith to say,
> At the Reidswire the tryst was set,"—

appear to indicate that the place got its name from the red heather there. Jamieson's edition of Barbour's "Bruce" (book 17) seems to corroborate this when it gives the line, "Fra the Red Swyr unto Orkney," etc. In the Scottish Text Society's edition of the same work, however, which is printed from the most authoritative manuscript, the name ("Reid") is put in the possessive case, which seems to indicate that at an early date the Scottish writers believed the place to have obtained its designation from that of the river:—

"Fra Rede's swyr till Orkynnay
Was nocht of Scotlond fra his (Edward II.'s) fay,
Outaken Berwik it allane."

In his map in the "Origines Parochiales Scotiæ," Cosmo Innes erroneously identifies Reidswire with Roughswire. The latter was a place a few miles to the west of the former. (See Timothy Pont's Map of Teviotdale, or Map on p. 32 of Hawick Archæological Society's Transactions for 1903.)

The history of the name Kaeside, the farm-place where William Laidlaw lived near Abbotsford, is apparently not readily accessible. On the estate of Comiston, in Colinton parish, Midlothian, there is a place named Caiy-side, and near it stands a vast perpendicular monolith termed the Kel, or Caig, Stone. Do local antiquarians know if this throws any light on the derivation of the Roxburghshire place-name?

G. W. O.

On the Jed, about three miles south of Jedburgh, there is a farm which is designated "Kersheugh" on the Ordnance Survey Maps. As it belongs to the Lothian family, it is believed to signify "Kerr's Haugh," the "haugh of the Kerrs." The local pronunciation of the name, however, is "Corriesheuch," and, curiously enough, it is given on Pont's map (1654) as "Corysheuch." In the Jedburgh Baptismal Register, also, the name appears in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as "Corhowshewgh," "Corrowshewgh,"

"Correisheugh," etc. This seems to indicate that the accepted explanation of the name is erroneous. On Pont's map Calroust is rendered "Corrouss." May the two names not have the same derivation? G. W.

* * * *

SECRET PASSAGES ON THE BORDERS.

A well-known Borderer recently asked, through the medium of the English publication, "Notes and Queries," if any of the so-called secret passages said to exist between buildings had been surveyed from end to end. It was not shown in the replies, however, that such supposed passages between buildings at a distance from each other had been traversed.

It is somewhat curious that in many places on the Borders there is said to have been a secret passage between two towers or castles, or between a tower or some outlet. Such passage would doubtless have been very convenient for a garrison hard pressed by a besieging force, as they could thus escape without molestation by the enemy. Thus, in the various localities, there is said to have been a secret passage (1) between Roxburgh and Cessford Castles, (2) between Mantel Walls (Ancrum) and Timpendean Castle, (3) between Twinlaw Cairns and Spottiswoode, (4) from Linton Tower to a wood near Linton, where a huge stone is said to cover the exit, (5) between Fatlips Castle and Barnhills Castle, which formerly stood at the eastern base of Minto Crags, (6) between the farm-house of Flex on the Slitrig and Goldielands Tower on the Teviot, (7) from Torwoodlee on the Gala to Buckholm Castle, on the other side of the river; (8) between Kirkhope and Oakwood Towers, in Selkirkshire. There may be others of which I have not heard.

One has only to consider the physical features of the localities to see that in the majority of these cases the idea of a secret underground passage is untenable. The distance in the case of 1, 2, 6, and 8 is too great to have warranted the trouble of excavation, a labour which would have been better extended in fortifying the towers in question. In regard to 6, the passage would have had to be cut through basaltic rock for some distance, a task which would have daunted even the most doughty Borderer, with the primitive tools of that period. And what of 5, which would have had to be pierced through the impervious Minto Crags? In the cases of 2, 7, and 8 the passage would have to be dug deep down under the Teviot, Gala, and Ettrick rivers respectively, if the operators did not desire the waters to burst in upon them. The "tradition" of the secret passages, however, seems to have floated throughout the Borders, and to have attached itself to places without discrimination or discernment. In at least seven of the cases noted above the advantage derived would doubtless not have warranted the necessary expenditure of labour.

G. Watson.

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HOME v. HUME.

A correspondent sends us the following "Note" bearing on the pronunciation of these names, referred to by "Dominie Sampson" in last issue of the "B. M.":—

David Hume, the philosopher and historian, was the second son of Joseph Home, laird of Ninewells, near Duns. The name was pronounced as Hume, and this spelling the historian adopted. His friend, John Home, the author of "Douglas," who was connected by birth with the family of the Earl of Home, adhered to the original spelling. Both were fond of a joke, and many a "wit-combat" is said to have passed between them. A favourite subject of discussion was the spelling of their names. When Hume jocularly proposed to end the dispute by drawing lots, "Nay," quoth John, "that is an extraordinary proposal, for if you lose you take your own name, and if I lose I take another man's name." Besides differing in the spelling of their names, they also differed in their choice of wine, Hume preferring a glass of old port, while Home stood up for claret, long a favourite wine in Scotland till the English Government put a heavy duty on it and raised its price. Home's epigram is well known:—

"Firm and erect the Caledonian stood;
Old was his mutton, and his claret good;
'Let him drink port,' the English cried—
He drank the poison, and his spirit died."

Twelve days before his death Hume, with that jocularity that never deserted him, wrote a codicil to his will. "I leave my friend, Mr John Home of Kilduff, twelve dozen of my old claret at his choice and a single bottle of that other liquor called port. I also leave him six dozen of port, provided that he attests under his hand, signed John Hume, that he has himself finished the bottle at two sittings. By this concession he will terminate the only difference that ever came between us concerning temporal matters."

One wonders whether the author of "Douglas" agreed to the terms and drank the poison! At all events, he survived his friend thirty-two years.

* * * *

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND CHESS.

The following interesting notes on the above subject are taken from the "Scotsman":—

At the meeting of Edinburgh Town Council on 15th Sept., 1908, a letter was submitted from Mrs Jean Armbruster, 30 Cornwall Mansions, London, presenting for the Corporation Museum an original chessboard and box with antique chessmen, carved in wood, and used and owned by Sir Walter Scott. In her letter forwarding the chessboard and men the donor said, "they were used by Sir Walter Scott at his weekly evenings in Castle Street, when he was an elder of Duddingston Church, and during the so-called 'Golden age in Modern Athens,' when used to assemble Henry Mackenzie, Jeffrey, Lockhart, Christopher North, and Lord Cockburn, who had them in his possession, and at his death they passed to my late kinsman, Thomas Hutchison, Esq., Bellfield, Duddingston. I have great content in offering them to the Municipal Museum, to be kept for public interest with the other Scottish relics of our immortal author of the Waverley Novels."

The chessmen and board which belonged to Sir Walter Scott, just presented to the Museum by Mrs Jean Armbruster, London (as reported at Tuesday's meeting of the Town Council), constitute a very interesting relic. The only regret is that the set is by no means complete. There are only 10 out of 32 pieces—king, queen, 2 bishops, 3 knights, a rook, and 2 pawns. The chessmen are exceedingly quaint, with a Flemish or German

look, as if they had been made on the Continent, or after a Continental model a century or two since. All the high dignitaries of the board wear white wigs. The king and queen are mounted on horseback. The king, in a red coat, wears a three-cornered black hat, and the queen a tight-fitting robe of red colour. The bishops, in black coats, are also mounted They carry a crozier in the left hand and a sword in the right. The three mounted knights have drawn swords. Two of them are in red coats, the other in green. What may be taken to be the rook or castle is represented by a podgy foot soldier carrying a battle axe in one hand and a sword by his side in the other. The pawns have also quaint female faces. The box, hinged in the middle, is of mahogany, with the squares in maple veneer of light and dark shades. The presentation certainly forms a valuable and interesting addition to the Museum.

Stirling, September 19, 1908.

SIR,—The chessmen and board which belonged to Sir Walter Scott, just presented to the Edinburgh City Museum by Mrs Jean Armbruster, of London, are no doubt a very interesting relic of the great magician, but when that lady says that "they (the chess and board) were used by Sir Walter Scott at his weekly evenings in Castle Street, when he was an elder of Duddingston Church and during the so-called 'golden age in Modern Athens,' when used to assemble Henry Mackenzie, Jeffrey, Lockhart, Christopher North, and Lord Cockburn," her statement scarcely seems to be borne out by the testimony of Lockhart, who tells us that Scott in his early years during an illness which interrupted his University studies, engaged eagerly in the game of chess with his friend, John Irving, but adds that "Scott did not pursue the science of chess after his boyhood. He used to say that it was a shame to throw away upon mastering a mere game, however ingenious, the time which would suffice for the acquisition of a new language. 'Surely,' he said, 'chess-playing is a sad waste of brains.'"—I am, &c.,

A. G.

"LONE ST MARY'S SILENT LAKE."

"WAS Sir Walter Scott immortalised the neighbourhood? Did he and his friends foregather here? Are there any historical associations?"

Those are the right questions to ask when visiting the Borders or south-east of Scotland.

At Moffat they are all answered by:—"Go to St Mary's Loch, and lunch at Tibbie Shiels with the ghosts of the 'Shirra,' 'Christopher North,' and the 'Ettrick Shepherd.'"

It is a long drive, fifteen miles each way, but coaching keeps one in touch with the beginning of last century. The red-coated coachman will tell with glee how, in one day, he has seen four motor-cars helpless on the loneliest part of the road. What better vindication could there be of his four strong horses, who, like himself, know every step of the way?

The road follows the Moffat Water up to its source among the hills till the watershed is crossed, and the Yarrow springs on the other side. First, through a beautiful wooded country, past the house (now much altered) beloved by Burns, where

"Willie brew'd a peck o' maut."

Near by is Craigieburn farm, where Jean Lorimer, the

"Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,"

lived before and after her romantic but unfortunate wedding.

Gradually, as the road ascends, the valley contracts. On the opposite side of the river, at the foot of the hill, are some straggly trees, remains of the once extensive forest of Ettrick,—

"Ettrick stripp'd of forest bowers."

At first a few meadows show sign of cultivation, but soon nothing is left but hills, purple and gold with heather and bracken, and here and there a shepherd's hut sheltered by a few poor trees. Under their shade children stand to watch the coach, or beggar women are resting.

This barren district is rich in memories of the Covenanters. Apparently closing up the valley, though eleven miles away when first seen, is Watch Knowe, where scouts were placed when meetings were held.

In the Borderland legend is ever of more account than strict history, so Hogg's eerie tale of the "Brownie o' Bodsbeck" is probably much better known than the more authentic traditions anent the Covenanters. Bodsbeck, with the ravine behind it, forms a good setting for the tale. Hogg, who was, of course, a native of the district, visited this part with "Walter o' the Borderland;" and, in "Marmion," the Wizard recalls some of the impressions made on him, especially by the Grey Mare's Tail, that wild majestic waterfall, which,

"White as the snowy charger's tail,
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale."

High amongst the hills lies "dark Loch Skene.

There eagles scream from isle to shore;
Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
Through the rude barriers of the lake
Away its hurrying waters break,
Faster and whiter dash and curl
Till down yon dark abyss they hurl."

The words well describe the dash of the waters down the great wall of rock into the treeless ravine, where wild goats are sometimes feeding. The scene is not beautiful, but strikingly impressive in its wildness. Still the road ascends until it rounds Watch Knowe, passing the gloomy glen known as Dobb's Linn, from two Covenanters, Halbert Dobson and David Dun, who hid there in a cave. As usual, legend has grown up round the facts. Their encounter with the de'il, whom they hurled over a precipice, throws much light upon the state to which fanaticism, engendered by persecution and solitude, can reduce men.

Meetings were held in the Linn, and near by, at Birkhill, Claverhouse shot four Covenanters. The scene of the tragedy is at the top of the watershed. On one side of the hill can be seen the source of the Moffat Water, on the other side the tiny streams which feed the lakes below, and issue forth as the Yarrow.

Jennie of Birkhill's little inn was nearly as famous as Tibbie Shiel's house. After leaving it, the road gradually descends until cultivated fields appear in the still, narrow valley, and at length the Loch of the Lowes is reached, a peaceful sheet of water about a mile long

At the end juts out the narrow peninsula that divides it from its more beautiful neighbour, St Mary's Loch.

Where "yon slender line bears 'thwart the lake the scattered pine" stands Tibbie Shiel's house, where Christopher North, Hogg, and occasionally Sir Walter himself loved to meet.

Tibbie had been in service with Hogg's father, and went to St Mary's in 1824, dying in 1878. She was a woman of independent character, and refused to have a licence, so that she could refuse to have any customers whom she did not like. The literati and gentlemen fishers who were her favoured customers fared none the worse, though, even if their own stores of whisky ran short! Ladies Tibbie objected to, and only once was she known to break through her rule, and admit the wife of one of her gentlemen for a fortnight.

Her cottage originally contained but two rooms, each provided with box beds, but now the old house has been so much added to that it is difficult to reconstruct it in imagination.

However, the distance from towns and railways has kept the lakes as they were when Sir Walter wrote:—

"Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell,
And rear again the chaplain's cell."

Only, one thinks, with the poet's genius for sociability, the rousing nights at Tibbie's would have suited him better than to

"mark the setting day
On Bourhope's lonely top decay."

There is little trace to be found of the erst noted chapel of St Mary of the Lowes, for

"in feudal strife, a foe
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low."

It is said there were no swans on the loch when Wordsworth wrote—

"The swan on still St Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow;"

but, in a note to "Marmion," Sir Walter says that in winter it was frequented by flights of wild swans, and in the "Lay" he alludes to

"Cygnet from St Mary's wave."

Facing Tibbie's cottage stands the monument to Hogg, but those who wish to be reminded of the connection of Professor Wilson and Scott with the lake must turn to the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and the introduction to the second canto of "Marmion."

M. E. Hulse.

It must be on the earth, then." Hang it all!
The pride which cloaks itself in such poor fashion
Is scarcely fit to swell a beggar's bosom.
Motto ("Anne of Geierstein.")

KIDNAPPED: A TRUE STORY OF 636 YEARS AGO.

TRUTH is stranger than fiction! Its story, too, it tells in considerably fewer words. As an illustration of this, what a novelist would expand in a tale of fifty chapters is contained in a few condensed paragraphs of a lawsuit printed in one of the Records publications.*

On a Monday in August of the year 1272 Dionysia of Bechefed† was returning northwards from the town of Newcastle, where she had been appearing in connection with a plea before Roger de Seton. Her uncle, John de Pampisham or Pampingham, accompanied her on her homeward journey, for in these times it was not over safe to travel unattended. On this occasion the precautions taken were alike inadequate and futile. The king's highway along which they were journeying was the well-beaten road which led into Redesdale, and thence over the Carter Pass into Scotland. They had passed through Ponteland, and had reached the vicinity of "Opintele" Bridge, amidst a dismal stretch then termed Milburn Moss, when they were assailed by a band of armed men. The fair heiress—I deem it a matter of courtesy to term her "fair," although her attributes have not been put on record—was carried off by force of arms, and her guardian had to flee for his life; but not before he had identified some of the assailants. Of these the chief were Roger de Inhou,‡ William de Sweethope and John his brother, and others, including Walter de Sweethope, who held the Seneschalship of the liberty of Redesdale. The latter were of a powerful Northumbrian family. Sweethope itself is situated on the River Wansbeck, near to its source in Sweethope Loughs.

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* "Calendar of Documents relating to Scotland," vol. II., pp. 43-44. The Latin version is given in one of the Surtees Society's publications.

† Bechefed is apparently the present Bitchfield, about a mile south-west of Belsay, on the main road from Jedburgh to Newcastle.

‡ Inhou or Inhow, to which this malefactor belonged, seems to be represented now by Ingoe, a hamlet one mile north of Fenwick, in Northumberland.

§ The former of these two spellings seems to indicate that the original suffix was "-haugh." This place is doubtless the modern Elishaw, which lies on the road from Jedburgh to Newcastle, and about three miles north-west of Otterburn. It was formerly a place of some importance.

Our heroine was straightway taken to "Ilishache," or "Illesale,"§ in the liberty of Redesdale, then under Walter de Sweethope's supervision as Seneschal; and there she was given the harsh alternative of wedding the Seneschal's son Richard, or of being carried off to Scotland without the hope of ever again seeing her native land. Helpless as she was, Dionysia's courage rose with the occasion, and she vigorously rejected the base proposal. She was kept imprisoned during the night, but a rigorous confinement in no wise daunted her native strength of mind. Probably forced to put his threat into execution, lest an attempt might be made to rescue her and bring him to justice, the Seneschal prosecuted this rough wooing on his son's behalf by ordering Dionysia to be conveyed to "Gedeworth" (Jedburgh) in Scotland—an order which he saw put into effect.

Meanwhile John de Pampingham was far from being inactive. One of the first steps he took was to enlist the sympathies of some friends in the cause of the abducted heiress. Knowing that certain of the Seneschal's henchmen had assisted in the kidnapping, he sought a personal interview with Walter de Sweethope, strongly demonstrated the gross injustice of the transaction, and demanded that satisfaction should be given. The baron disavowed having made any trespass, and stated that he would see amends made, were it shown to him that this was required. The uncle of the unfortunate Dionysia saw the utter hopelessness of his cause before this tribunal, and determined to prosecute the matter himself. Learning that his niece had been removed to Scottish territory, he followed up the track. Accompanied by his friends, he accomplished the rescue of Dionysia at Jedburgh (of the feat no details are given), after she had been detained there for a day and a night.

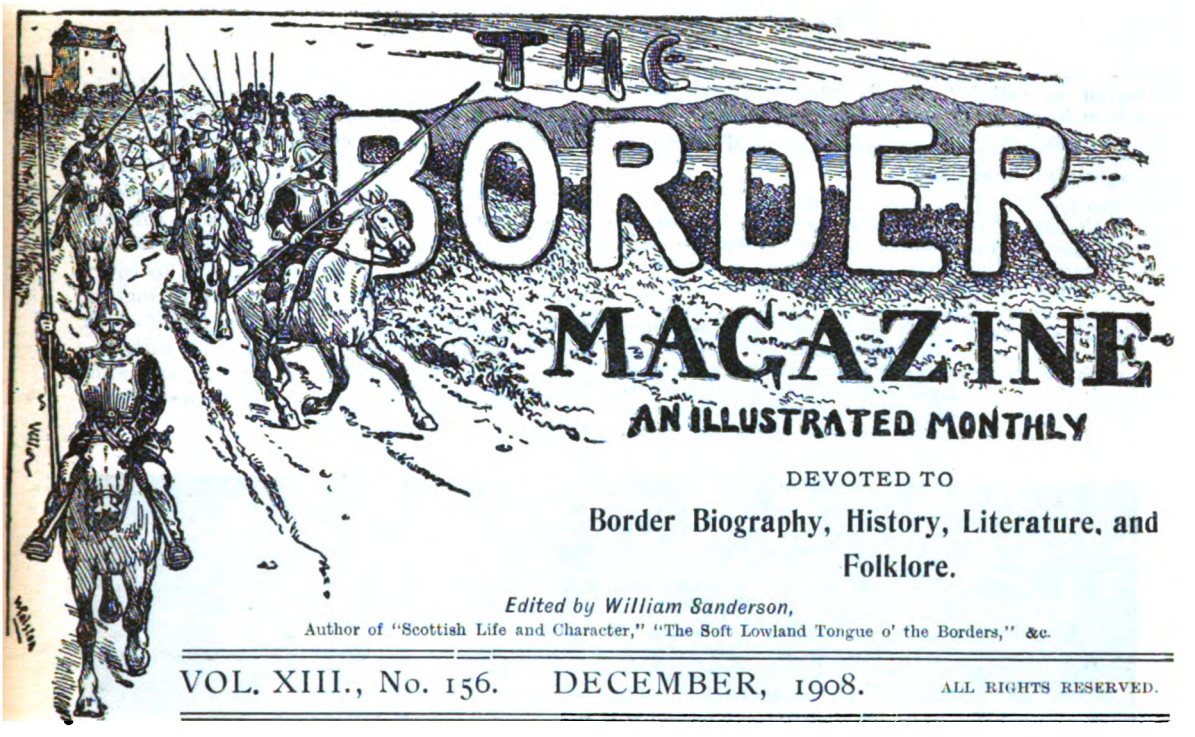
It may be that her rescuers had other business to attend to; but whatever be the reason, it is certain that it was left to Dionysia to return home almost unprotected. Her friends, however, made arrangements with William, the son of Ralph, chief forester of Redesdale, who for the sum of £10 undertook to conduct her in safety through Walter de Sweethope's domains. As we learn that they went via "Hyrdbotil" (Harbottle), an out-of-the-way route must have been followed, in order to escape molestation by Walter de Sweethope. But, unfortunately, the Seneschal of Redesdale had heard of their movements, and he ordered the constable of Harbottle Castle to take Dionysia in charge, which was accordingly done. By the latter she was allowed to proceed on her way, however, when she found two pledges to answer in the Court of Harbottle for having "contemptuously" entered the Seneschal's liberty "vi et armis" ("by force and arms"). When cited, the two pledges did not appear in Court, and Dionysia was fined to the extent of £10, which she paid, doubtless only too pleased to have an end of her adventures.

These incidents had an interesting sequel in the Courts of Law. From her oppressors and abductors our heroine claimed damages to the extent of £200. The defendants pleaded that they should not answer to the charge, as Dionysia had already brought a similar one against them, and had abandoned it, to the effect that on "Sunday next after the Assumption of the Blessed Mary, place and year aforesaid," they had robbed her of a horse, a saddle, and a robe of bluette—value 40s. The Court, however, proceeded with the case of trespass, and found them all, with the exception of Walter de Sweethope, guilty of the offence. They were accordingly sent to gaol, damages being awarded to Dionysia for the wrong done to her.

But Walter de Sweethope was not to escape scathless. When asked what plea he had to offer in his defence, he put himself upon the country. A jury from both sides of the Coquet Water was then impanelled to hear the merits of the case, and to decide upon it. The offence of which he was now accused was one of no little gravity, for he was charged not only with instigation or counsel of the abduction of Dionysia, but also with her detention at Harbottle and the consequent loss of £10, when travelling through Northumberland while she, after having been rescued at Jedburgh, was under the peace of King Alexander III. of Scotland. Of the former charge he was acquitted, on the strength of his attestations of innocence in the interview between him and John de Pampingham. Of the latter accusation, however, he was found guilty, and was accordingly put in prison. For his injustice to Dionysia, she recovered damages from him also, by the decision of the jury. And now, having, like the majority of novelists, brought our heroine safely through her adventures and difficulties, we bid our readers a respectful adieu—which, indeed, we are compelled to do, for we have not succeeded in following her career elsewhere than in the records which chronicle these transactions.

G. WATSON.

John Leyden



VOL. XIII., No. 156. DECEMBER, 1908.

DR JOHN LEYDEN,

POET AND LINGUIST.

FREQUENT references have been made in the pages of the BORDER MAGAZINE to the subject of Leyden and his works, and during the past year the interesting articles from the pen of Mr John Reith, M.A., B.D., have thrown much light upon the interesting life story of the great Borderer. Mr Reith has now earned the gratitude of all true Borderers by issuing a new life of the Poet and Orientalist, and the finely-printed and neatly-bound volume being issued at the moderate price of 3s 6d should bring it within the reach of all. The "Edinburgh Evening News" thus refers to the publication:—

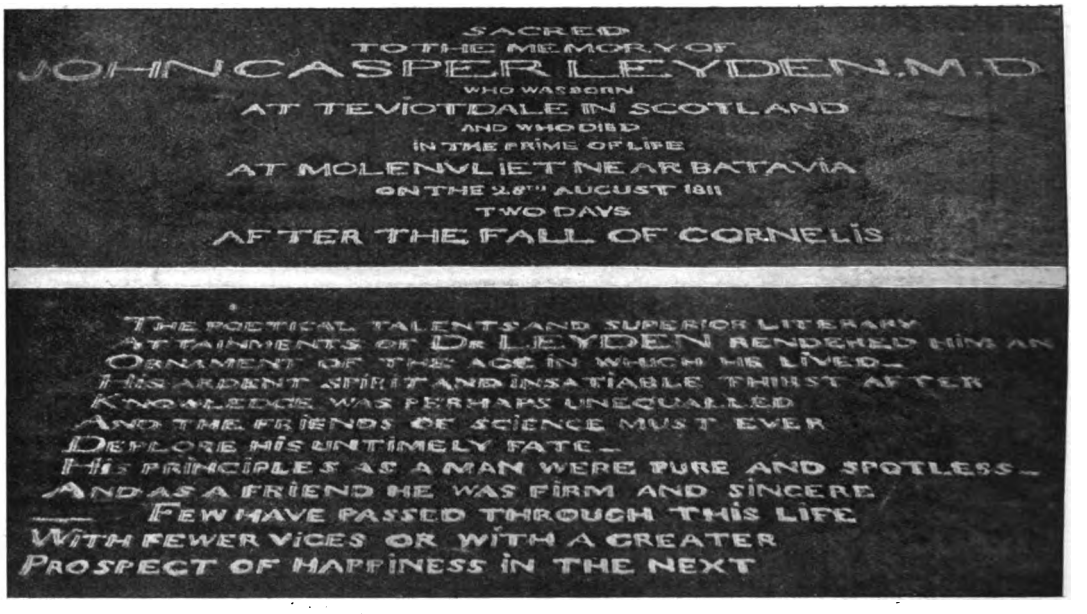
A "Life of Dr John Leyden, Poet and Linguist," by John Reith, M.A., B.D., is published by A. Walker & Son, Galashiels. In his preface Mr Reith claims that this book is a more complete and exhaustive life of the famous Border poet and linguist than any that has yet appeared. On the whole, it may fairly be held that he makes good his claim. An enthusiastic admirer of Leyden, Mr Reith's work has evidently been a labour of love to him. He utilises all the previously published sketches of Leyden's career, corrects and amplifies them by materials which have recently become available, and incorporates the result of his own investigations through access to original sources. Mr Reith shows industry and skill in sifting and piecing together all the available information. Leyden's natural powers were of an extremely high order, and his persevering application in the pursuit of knowledge in the face of straitened circumstances is an encouragement to every poor Scottish shepherd's son in all time coming. Mr Reith shows that the allegation that Leyden secured his medical diploma in Edinburgh by merely "cramming" for a few weeks is not justified. "The fact is," says Mr Reith, "he went through the ordinary curriculum of medical studies," and Mr Reith proves this by giving the record of his studies extracted from the Edinburgh University Register from 1796-1800. Leyden's faculty for acquiring languages was marvellous. An excellent Latin and Greek scholar, he acquired also French, Spanish, Italian, and German, besides studying Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian, and other languages. His enthusiastic love for his native land and for Border ballads and the great help which he gave to Scott in that field are well known. Lord Minto, the Indian Governor-General, declared that Leyden's "knowledge of languages resembled more the ancient gift of tongues than the slow acquisitions of ordinary men." Outwardly somewhat rough and brusque in his manners, those who knew him best agreed that beneath the crust he was gentle and generous. No wonder Scottish Borderers are proud of him. The present "Life" is printed in large clear type, and there are several good illustrations. There are, however, here and there literal errors which should be corrected on the earliest opportunity. For instance, in the preface the Town Clerk of Edin-

burgh is called "John" Hunter, though elsewhere his proper name Thomas is given.

The "Scotsman," in referring to Mr Reith's important work, says:—

Too few outside the circles of devoted students of the literary history of the minstrelsy of the Scottish Border read Leyden nowadays, but he will always rank high among the poets whose writings reflect the beauties of Scottish scenery and the strange imaginings of Scottish folk-lore; and Mr Reith's new book about him is sure of a welcome from all who like biography to be just. There is not much, indeed, to put right about the facts of Leyden's life, though Mr Reith's diligence has unearthed from manuscripts in the British Museum and from other sources not a few particulars that

Mr Reith has rendered his volume doubly valuable to students of Border literature by the excellent index he has compiled. For the story of Leyden's wonderful career—a career which should prove an inspiration to every Borderer—we refer our readers to the pages of the volume just issued, but in these days, when the condition of India is causing concern to every true Briton, we cannot refrain from quoting a few paragraphs which prove how qualified Dr Leyden was to understand and deal with the natives of our great Eastern Empire, and what an irreparable loss his early death brought to the country.



From photo by *Wm M. Sandison.*

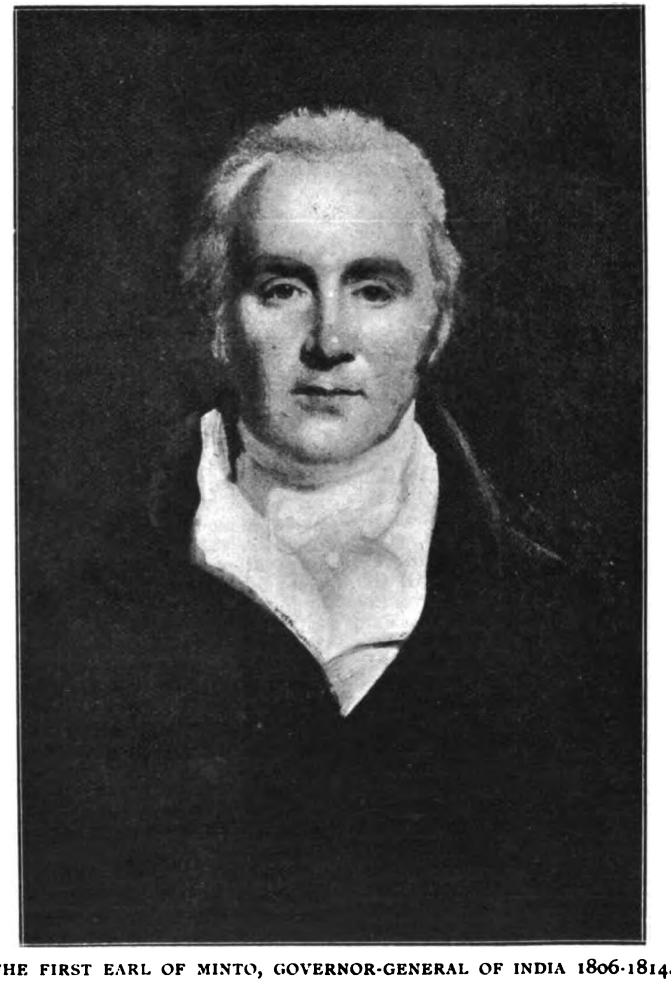
INSCRIPTION ON LEYDEN'S TOMB.

materially enrich the knowledge contained in the "biographical notices" that introduce the various editions of his poems. He explains more fully than prior writers have done the course of Leyden's medical studies, his connection with Dr Chalmers, and his experiences in India under Lord Minto, and draws fully upon the recently discovered journal of Leyden's tour in the Highlands in 1800. But the work is perhaps more significant as showing Leyden less in the light in which he appears in the memoirs of his time—as an oddity with queer manners and queer affectations and enthusiasms. Mr Reith more than balances his eccentricities with an account of his solid achievements, both as a poet and as a linguist acquainted with no less than forty-five languages, European and Oriental. His book, for the rest, is both readable and informative. It will no doubt rank as the chief authority upon its own subject.

"With a knowledge of men not always possessed by students of books," says the Editor of "Lord Minto in India" (his great-niece, the Countess of Minto), "Dr Leyden had seen that sympathetic relations in one class of subjects would indubitably lead to smoother ones in others. So it proved. The conversation passed easily from literary topics to those specially interesting to the missionaries, and when the interview was over, both parties retained impressions of mutual good-will. . . . The Governor-General confessed that he had not been aware of the ruin which a removal of the mission-press from Serampore would inflict on the missionaries owing to the peculiar circumstances of their property there; and declared that nothing was further from his intentions or more foreign to the views of the Government than to interfere with the legitimate work of the missionary body. He remained satisfied with their assurance that the works hereafter to be printed at Serampore

would previously be submitted to the sanction of Government, the press remaining where it was; the Government having no desire to impede the circulation of the Scriptures in the native dialects if unaccompanied by any comments on the religions of the country."

To enter at all into the extensive subject of the misrepresentations directed against the Government of India in connection with this incident is beyond the scope of this work. It is closed with the remark that the satisfactory agreement arrived at was due, under Divine Providence, to the candour and fair-mindedness of the Governor and the instrumentality of John Leyden.



THE FIRST EARL OF MINTO, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA 1806-1814.

After describing the reign of terror brought about by the Dacoits and the difficulty experienced in dealing with these robbers and murderers, Lord Minto, about the beginning of 1809, writes:—

"I was not a little shocked and ashamed when I became fully apprised of the dreadful disorders which afflicted countries under the very eye of Government (they had come within 30 miles of Barrackpore), and for many months past it has been one of my principal objects to put this monstrous evil down. Partly by a new selection of magistrates who appeared peculiarly qualified for that species of service, by new regulations and additional penalties, and by the employment of the most active efforts to seize the sirdars and make some signal examples. I am happy to say that hitherto the success has exceeded my expectations. In Nuddya, which was the principal seat of this evil, there has not been a single dacoity for months; and it was in that district that the average of persons put to death by torture was seventy a month. Nine sirdars were executed at one spot, and the impression of that example was remarkable."

All this might have been written for the purpose of giving the reader an idea of Leyden's duties when he was appointed in the beginning of 1808 Judge of the Twenty-four Pergunnahs and afterwards despatched, along with another, to the dis-

trict of Nuddya, it serves the purpose so admirably. That he was "peculiarly qualified for that species of service" by his indomitable courage, resourcefulness, and power as a leader of men, we know quite well; but was it not very odd to choose a professor in college for such an appointment? Were the two occupations not utterly incompatible? No. For one of the most indispensable of the qualifications for such an officer was to be able to speak the language or languages, for the dacoits might not have belonged to the district. An officer who could not speak the languages would have been singularly helpless, and would have had poor success in his task. No, Lord Minto knew what he was about when he sent John Leyden on the mission.

The result has so far been given above in Lord Minto's letter to his wife; further particulars are given in a letter of Leyden's to his father, which must have been written before midsummer, 1808:—"I am just returned from the country of Nuddya, which has been almost in a state of rebellion. The inhabitants are very clannish, and very like my old friends the Highland Clans for all kinds of robbery. I and another were sent to reduce it with 120 men each. The other got sick, and retreated with all his men. I determined to keep my ground, and attacked the robbers several times by night; beat them entirely, though 1200 strong; took about thirty, with all the chiefs, and drove the rest out of the country in two months. I have had the thanks of Lord Minto and the Government."

COMMISSIONER OF THE COURT OF REQUESTS.

In January, 1809, after holding this situation little more than a twelvemonths, he was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Court of Requests —otherwise one of the four judges who dispensed justice in the Supreme Court of Judicature in Calcutta, the jurisdiction of which embraced all the Company's territories in Bengal. Here again the knowledge of languages was indispensable, and Leyden's knowledge not only of Bengali and Hindustani, but of others spoken by the different nationalities trading to the port, must have been, along with his previous experience, a strong recommendation for the judgeship.

Writing to his parents on the 20th of August, 1809, he says:—"In the Court of Requests I often speak seven languages in a day":—(? Bengali, Hindustani, Persian, Arabic, Armenian, Malayalam, Portuguese). "I suppose you all think that I might write you every day, or at least every fortnight; or rather that I have nothing to do but write away, sheet after sheet. But the fact is, I have more writing than ten parish ministers, and am often obliged to work from six till ten, both head and hand work.

"I am delighted with Lady Minto's attention to you; (she was staying at Minto). It was always my greatest ambition to get acquainted with that family. I have every reason to be pleasantly attached to Lord Minto, who has treated me more like a son than anything else. I wish to God it were possible for you to get a farm on their lands. I will advance £200 or £300 whenever it can be accomplished."

It was during the voyage from Madras to Penang that Lord Minto penned, in a letter to his wife, the most sympathetic, true, and complete characterisation of Leyden that has come to us.

"Dr Leyden's learning is stupendous, and he is a very universal scholar. His knowledge, extensive and minute as it is, is always in his pocket, at his fingers' ends, and on the tip of his tongue. He has made it completely his own, and it is all ready money. All his talent and labour, which are both excessive, could not, however, have accumulated such stores without his extraordinary memory. I begin, I fear, to look at that faculty with increasing wonder; I hope, without envy, but something like one's admiration of young eyes.

"It must be confessed that Leyden has occasion for all the stores which application and memory can furnish to supply his tongue, which would dissipate a common stock in a week. I do not believe that so great a reader was ever so great a talker before. You may be conceited about yourselves, my beautiful wife and daughters, but with all my partiality I must give it against you. You would appear absolutely silent in his company, as a ship under way seems at anchor when it is passed by a swifter sailer. Another feature of his conversation is a shrill, piercing, and at the same time grating voice. A frigate is not near large enough to place the ear at the proper point of hearing. If he had been at Babel, he would infallibly have learned all the languages there, but in the end they must all have merged in the Tividale how (twang), for not a creature would have got spoken but himself. I must say, to his honour, that he has as intimate and profound a knowledge of the geography, history, mutual relations, religion, character, and manners of every tribe in Asia as he has of their language.

"His conversation is rather excursive, because, on his way to the point of inquiry, he strikes aside to some collateral topic, and from thence diverges still wider from the original object. I have often tried, without success, to fix him to the point in hand, and the only way has been a more peremptory call than I like to use, especially to one whom I like and esteem so highly But nothing can differ more widely from his conversation in this respect than his writing. His pen is sober, steady, concise, lucid, and well fed with useful as well as curious matter. His reasoning is just, his judgment extremely sound, and his principles always admirable. His mind is upright and independent, his character spirited and generous, with a strong leaning to the chivalrous; and in my own experience I have never found any trace either of wrong head or of an impracticable or unpleasant temper.

"The only little blemish I have sometimes regretted to see in him is a disposition to egotism—not selfishness, but a propensity to bring the conversation, from whatever quarter it starts, round to himself, and to exalt his own actions, sufferings, or adventures in a manner a little approaching the marvellous. I have indulged myself in this portrait because I feel an interest which I know you all share in so distinguished a worthy of Teviotside."

In the University of Glasgow a bursary bears the name of Dr Leyden, and the accomplishment of this interesting incentive to learning is due to the generosity and patriotism of the Glasgow Border Counties' Association.

BORDER INCIDENTS FROM THE PAST.

(From Chambers's "Domestic Annals of Scotland.")

VII.—AULD WAT OF HARDEN.

WALTER SCOTT OF HARDEN, a famous Border chief, was this year (1567*) married to Mary Scott of Dryhope, commonly called the "Flower of Yarrow." The pair had six sons, from five of whom descended the families of Harden (which became extinct); Highchesters, now represented by Lord Polwarth, Raeburn (from which came Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford), Wool, and Synton; and six daughters, all of whom were married to gentlemen of figure, and all had issue.

It is a curious consideration to the many descendants of Walter Scott of Harden that his marriage contract is signed by a notary, because none of the parties could write their names. The father-in-law, Scott of Dryhope, bound himself to find Harden in horse meat and man's meat, at his own house, for a year and a day; and five barons engaged that he should remove at the expiration of that period, without attempting to continue in possession by force.

Harden was a man of parts and sagacity, and living to about the year 1629, was popularly remembered for many a day thereafter under the name of "Auld Watt." One of his descendants relates the following anecdote of him:—His sixth son was slain at a fray, in a hunting-match, by Scott of Gilmanscleuch. His brothers flew to arms; but the old laird secured them in the dungeon of his tower, hurried to Edinburgh, stated the crime, and obtained a gift of the lands of the offenders from the Crown. He returned to Harden with equal speed, released his sons, and showed them the charter. "To horse, lads!" cried the savage warrior, "and let us take possession! The lands of Gilmanscleuch are well worth a dead son." ["Border Minstrelsy," i. 157].

*This date (1567) appears to be erroneous. The marriage-contract is dated March 21, 1576, and is still preserved in the charter-room of Mertoun, the seat of the present Baron Polwarth, auld Wat's descendant. But it does not confirm the story of the "horse meat and man's meat for a year and a day," nor of Harden undertaking to give his father-in-law the "profits of the first Michaelmas moon." Auld Wat's son and heir, William, afterwards knighted by King James, married (1611) Agnes Murray, daughter of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, but the story of the wooing of "Muckle-mou'd Meg," as told by Sir Walter Scott, is pure fiction, as is proved by documents preserved at Mertoun House.

VIII.—STORY OF QUAKER RAEBURN.

Walter Scott of Raeburn, brother of William Scott of Harden, had been converted to Quakerism, and on that account was incarcerated in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. There it was soon discovered by his relations that he was exposed to the conversation of other Quakers, prisoners like himself, "whereby he is hardened in his pernicious opinions and principles, without all hope of recovery, unless he be separat from such pernicious company." There was, however, a more serious evil than even this, in the risk which his children ran of being perverted to Quakerism, if allowed to keep company with their father. On a petition, therefore, the Council gave the brother Harden warrant (June 22, 1665) to take away Raeburn's children, two boys and a girl, from their father, that they might be educated in the true religion. He, "after some pains taken with them in his own family, sent them to the City of Glasgow, to be bred at the schools there." On a second petition from Harden, the Council ordered an annuity of £1000 Scots to be paid to him, out of Raeburn's estate, for the maintenance of the children; and they also ordered the father himself to be removed to Jedburgh Tolbooth, "where his friends and others may have occasion to convert him." "To the effect he may be secured from the practice of other Quakers," the Lords "discharged the magistrates of Jedburgh to suffer any persons suspect of these principles to have access to him."

The younger son of the Quaker Raeburn was Walter Scott, commonly called "Beardie," great-grandfather of an illustrious modern novelist. Beardie, so styled from wearing a long beard, escaped Quakerism, but fell into Jacobitism at a time when that was not less dangerous than Quakerism had once been. The circumstances here narrated form part of what is alluded to by Sir Walter Scott, when he makes Jedidiah Cleishbotham confess himself as bound to a kind of impartiality between the Prelatic and Presbyterian factions of the seventeenth century by reason that "my ancestor was one of the people called Quakers, and suffered a severe handling from either side, even to the extenuation of his purse and the incarceration of his person." ("Introduction to the Heart of Midlothian.")

Raeburn continued to be a prisoner in Jedburgh jail in June, 1669, when the Privy Council gave a fresh order that "none of his persuasion should have access to him, except his own wife." At length, on the 1st of January, 1670, after suffering imprisonment for four years and a half, Raeburn was ordained to be set at liberty from jail, but still to remain within the bounds of his own lands, and to see no other Quaker under a penalty of a hundred pounds, his children meanwhile remaining as they were.

THE DEBATEABLE LAND IN A.D. 1590.

"And Liddesdale may buckle spur,
And Teviot now may belt the brand,
Tarras and Ewes keep nightly stir,
And Eskdale foray Cumberland."

NOWHERE along that lengthy belt of sanguinary battle-ground, extending from the Tyne to thine "auld castil Edinburg," was warfare waged more frequently, more furiously, more cruelly than nigh the citadel and walls of "Barwyck-upon-Twede."

Armies passing north and south were commonplace affairs in Berwickshire, where raids invariably were made upon a creditable scale. Repressive measures, when enforced, were likewise worthy of that leading "Shyre" upon the Scottish Borderland, for 'tis recorded that one Earl Cospatrick blithely slew 600 and hung 80 thieves in Peathe's ravine, seven centuries ago.

O'ertopping every record of suspended players in one fray, strange—is it not? that Berwickshire remains, alas, unto this day almost ignored, while Annandale and Eskdale, Ewesdale and Liddesdale, Teviotdale, with Galashiels and even Peebles, if you please, have been (by Scott, Hogg, Leyden, and a host of minor writers) too much praised up for our taste in poetry and prose. Pah-h! useless being querulous or quarrelsome with Westland folk. The petty little expeditions of their "limmers, thieves, and lesser rogues" cannot compare with what took place within the Eastern Marches, but seem to have been more akin to irritating onslaughts by a few score waspish folk at best, amenable to nothing but an annual "smeekin'" of their "bykes." Judging by the appended map of A.D. 1590, these "bykes" were too abundant for true comfort. Certain of their owners' names are notably historical. Others are reivers' nick-names of a nature that would have ensured a halter to their holders had they but ventured East o' Lauder, where raiders rarely seemed to have required any christening save that bestowed in infancy. But by-names are not altogether unknown with fisher folk on our East Coast to-day; we know not how the case may be with them inland at fishing centres such as Selkirk, Peebles, Galashiels, Jethart too, and Hawick, where river bailiffs make a haul—sometimes—queer fish they catch.

By-names abound in various Bills fyled by the Warden of the Western Marches, such usually resulting in an aerial trip on Hairibee. Some of these names seem worth insertion here:—John Armstrong, alias Jock Stowlugs of Bewcastle, executed; Wil Graham, alias Owld Will's Willie of Blackhouse, also executed; John Hetherington, alias Jock o' the Rigg of Bewcastle, executed at Carlisle 1623, and John Nixon, alias Cockey, who also suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Carlisle in 1632. "The Outlaws of the Marches," written by Lord Ernest Hamilton, vividly describes some reivers' deeds and scenery in Liddesdale. Our map will much enhance the interest which a perusal of the book assuredly affords, even to a dweller in the Merse.

W. M. S.

ANTIQUE KELSO POST CARDS.—Messrs J. & J. H. Rutherfurds, the well-known Kelso firm, have issued a set of six post cards which have considerable archæological value. They are reproduced from old engravings, in some cases over 200 years old, and throw considerable light on the old architecture of Kelso. The value of the pictures is enhanced by the explanatory and historical notes which accompany them.

* * * *

In giving a short literary notice of Mr Reith's new "Life of Leyden," a prominent Scottish evening paper is responsible for the following remark:—"Mr Reith purports to give a 'more complete and exhaustive life of the poet and linguist than has yet appeared,' and we have no doubt he has succeeded. But whether the subject justified all this labour is quite another matter." These words were probably penned by some youthful journalist, who proves once more that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." This is borne out by the fact that he thus refers to Leyden:—"Of humble origin, he rose from being a probationer in the Free Church to a position of some importance in the India (sic) Civil Service under Lord Minto." The Free Church began in 1843, and the Indian Civil Service was originated after the Mutiny. Leyden died in 1811. Comment is unnecessary.

THE BORDER BOOKCASE.

The fame of Messrs A. & C. Black's colour books is world-wide. Being pioneers in this class of publication, it was not to be expected that they would be allowed to hold the field alone, but notwithstanding the keen competition which has arisen the famous firm still lead the van. They cater for all classes, from the far-travelled savant, who revels in the mysteries of Egypt, or the explorer who longs for fresh worlds to conquer, to the little child who is full of wonder at the tales of eld. In a former issue we noticed Messrs Black's "Children's Tales from Scottish Ballads," and spoke in high terms of that beautiful production. Now we have before us a companion volume, entitled "The Children's Book of Celtic Stories," and we envy the youngster into whose hands this exquisite book falls. The text is by Miss Elizabeth W. Grierson, whose powers as a writer for the young are well known, while the fine colour illustrations are by Mr Allan Stewart. The volume is got up in a most attractive form. The type is large and well spread out, while the binding is strong and illuminated. Considering the handsome form of the volume and the value of its contents, it is cheap at the price—six shillings.

BORDER NOTES AND QUERIES.

"I'LL TAK' THE HIGH ROAD."

The well-known song, "The Banks o' Loch Lomond," is doubtless considered by most people to be a modern lyric, having its scene laid in a much frequented part of the Highlands, but the following letters to the "Scotsman" will show that the present day version is only a revival of an old Border ballad song:—

October 6, 1908.

Sir,—Can any of your musical correspondents give any information regarding the alteration of the words of a well-known song, the words of which are:-

"I'll tak' the high road, and ye'll tak' the low,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie braes of Ben Aurie."

Of late years the words Loch Lomond have been substituted for Ben Aurie, which is altogether wrong, as Ben Aurie is on the Borders of England and Loch Lomond, certainly is not; and, secondly, it does not rhyme with "afore ye," which the correct word does.—I am, &c., S.

* * * *

"I'LL TAK' THE HIGH ROAD."

Edinburgh, October 13, 1908.

Sir,—I can well remember a MS. version of the song your correspondent "S." refers to. We had a copy of it at home in my young days. I am inclined to think it is a different song from "The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond," though it has the same refrain, is sung to the same tune, and evidently was composed on the same subject—viz., the retreat from England of Prince Charles Edward's Highland Army in 1745. One verse still lingers in my memory:—

"Wi' his bonnie braid shoon, and buckles sae bricht,
And the plaid on his shouthers hung rarely,
My true love was slain wi' the arrow of death,
When he went out to fecht for Prince Charlie."

Then followed the refrain as "S." quotes it, ending with Ben Aurie.—I am, &c.,

HUNTER SMITH.

* * * *

ILLUSTRATION OF JEDBURGH ABBEY.

An interesting illustration of Jedburgh Abbey appeared on p. 143 of the BORDER MAGAZINE for August; but, unfortunately, no date was there assigned to it. The year is undoubtedly 1839. Opposite p. 192 of a little work entitled "Melrose and its Vicinity," which was published by J. B. Mould, Edinburgh, in 1841, there is a plate identical with that which appeared in the columns of the BORDER MAGAZINE for August. Underneath this plate is the statement that it was "Engraved and published by J. B. Mould, 29 North Bridge, Edinburgh. 1839," which seems to prove the date in question. G. WATSON.

CORRIGENDA.

Owing to delay in transmission, the proofs of one of our contributors were not received until after printing off last month, and he calls attention to the following:—Page 205, col. 1, l. 18, for "Copelands" read "Copeland"; p. 206, col. 1, note, for "Carlisle" read "Durham"; p. 216, col. 2, l. 16, for "surra" read "swira"; l. 39, for "Rede's" read "Redis"; l. 55, for "Caig" read "Caiy"; p. 217, col. 1, l. 43, for "extended" read "expended."

A BORDER SONG.

When the Cheviots cry to us out of the mist
In plaids of the purple or robes of the snow,
The whispering call of them who shall resist?
What heart but shall heed them and go?
Sunshine and rain and the sea-mists raw
And the Bowmont's silver lute,
The sun going down upon Hounam Law,
And the stars over Cocklawfoot!

When the sheaves are gathered on haugh and hill
And the stacks stand steep to the sky,
When the noons of November are gold and still
And the wild geese southward fly,
Where do the shadows softer hide,
Where are the beech-leaves brighter spread,
You that have ridden in Birkenside
And walked by the scaurs of Jed?

When the grey mists rise like a lifted veil
And the woodlands leap to view,
When the smoke-wreath floats like the silver sail
Of a ghost ship lost in the blue,
Take them and fold them close in your breast,
All the dear fields near and far,
You that have looked from the Eildon crest,
Unstayed to the Carter Bar!

—WILL H. OGILVIE in "Scotsman."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *Chambers Institute, Peebles.*

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1908.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THIS issue of the BORDER MAGAZINE completes our thirteenth volume, a fact which means much when it is remembered that no previous Border Magazine existed more than two years. To contributors and subscribers alike we feel indebted for their kindly assistance in carrying on the work, and we trust that all will support their own magazine in such a way in the future that the circulation will be largely extended.

THE BORDER KEEP.

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

Once again the revolving seasons have brought us to the last milestone on one more section of life's journey. All months and all seasons should be the same to us, but somehow the human heart longs for certain fixed divisions of time, and Nature, with its varied moods, lends itself to such desires. The passing of the old year produces a kind of sweet melancholy in the breasts of most of us, and the flood-gates of memory are opened as we pause and look backward. An old Dominie like myself is prone to indulge in reminiscences at such a time, and, as he sits by the winter fire in his comfortable keep, the flickering shadows on the wall begin to assume the shapes of old scholars and old friends. The panorama of memory unrolls before the mind's eye, and the bright youthful faces which fill in most of the scenes make us feel quite young again. Life is not counted by minutes, but by heart throbs, and hence it is well that we should keep in touch with the young, so that our own hearts may be kept from withering. The passionate love of the homeland, and of the scenes and friends of youth, is one of the outstanding features of Border character, and it is well for a country when such feelings find a prominent place in the breasts of its people. As the years roll on, and the levelling down tendencies of modern life become stronger, there is a danger that the tender ties of the homeland may be slackened at least, if not broken, but I cannot say I notice any special tendency in this direction on the part of Borderers. Long may it be so, and long may our beautiful land, our rich literature, and our glorious history inspire young and old to prove "Leal to the Border."

* * * *

Most of the readers of the "B. M." would peruse with pleasure the article entitled "On Tweedside" in last month's issue, and would feel pleased that the eminent journalist who wrote it was so favourably impressed by our Borderland. Doubtless all those who are familiar with the "ongauns" in Tibbie Shiels' cottage, so graphically described by Professor Wilson in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," would notice the error at the end of the above-mentioned article. Sir Walter Scott is made to call out to Tibbie to "bring in the loch" to slocken his drouth, but even the elephantine humour of Wilson was not daring enough to drag the name of the "Mighty Minstrel" into such scenes of revelry.

* * * *

Why are the poems of Robert Ferguson so unfamiliar to the present generation? The query is suggested by the fact that the tenth of November is the date of Hallow Fair. Nearly a century and a half have passed since Ferguson described this Edinburgh gala-day in a spirited effusion, which suggested the National Bard's better-known "Holy Fair." Hallow Fair has long been shorn of much of its old-time glory; but it is still an outstanding event in the eyes of the farming population of the Lothians. During the opening years of the eighteenth century, the festival was always graced

by the presence of the City Guard, and when marching to duty, it was customary for the drums and fifes of the ancient corps to strike up the lively air of "Jocky to the Fair." Sir Walter Scott, who regarded the disbanding of the Guard as a rupture with the traditions of the past, has left it on record that the veterans made their last official appearance on a Hallow fair morning. On this melancholy occasion, sentiment dictated that the old dirge entitled "The last time I came ower the muir" should be substituted for the spirited tune which had the sanction of use and wont.

* * * *

The most important "lot" in the library of Mr C. W. Cowan of Dalhousie Castle, dispersed on 2nd November, 1908, at Sotheby's, London, in consequence of his having given up collecting, comprised a series of 67 autograph letters from Scott to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. These letters, over 20 of which appear to be unpublished, cover the long period from the beginning of the friendship in 1802 almost down to the death of Scott, and have, I understand (says a London correspondent), belonged to Mr Cowan for some time. As will be remembered, the "Border Minstrelsy" of 1802 kindled Sharpe's special enthusiasm, and though unacquainted with Scott he sent him a letter of cordial congratulation. To the third volume of the "Minstrelsy" he contributed two ballads, one of the earliest letters sold yesterday being an acknowledgment of these, more particularly the "beautiful" "Murder of Caerlaverock," with whose tragic theme Scott was familiar. Scott, it is true, held that "as a poet he (Sharpe) has not a strong touch"—he wrote thus in 1808 to Lady Louisa Stuart—"but his language is too flowery and even tawdry, and I quarrelled with a lady in the first poem who yielded up her affection upon her lover showing his white teeth. White teeth ought to be taken great care of and set great store by, but I cannot allow them to be an object of passionate admiration—it is too like subduing a lady's heart by grinning." In the Cowan letters Scott gives much sound advice to Sharpe, using his own experience in support. There are, too, interesting descriptions, such as the following, of Abbotsford, penned at Ashiestiel on October 27, 1811. "I am about to leave this place, which has been for seven years my palace of indolence. The situation to which I should remove next season is much less romantic, but, as Touchstone says of Audrey, it is a poor place but mine own. It consists of a haugh and brae of about 100 acres, stretching along the Tweed for three-quarters of a mile, commanding a fine sweep of the river, and embosomed in fancy's eye with wood." The 67 letters of about 116 pages were bought by Mr W. Brown, Edinburgh, for £155. In 1903 83 letters, covering about the same period, chiefly to his brother, Thomas Scott, and Mrs Thomas Scott, fetched £485 at the sale of Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael's library.

* * * *

Sir George Douglas, who addressed the members of the Glasgow Dickens Society, is a gentleman of the old school. At his beautiful Border mansion of Springwood Park, due homage is paid to many of the superstitions of former days. From the walls of the building are suspended numberless horse-shoes, which its owner asserts have brought him as much luck as a jolly bachelor has reason to expect. A still more striking proof of Sir George's attachment to the past is supplied by the fact that the children of the district never fail to receive Hogmanay and Fastern E'en farings at Springwood Park. It is matter of great satisfaction to the worthy Baronet that he has been brought into intimate touch with more than one vanished phase of Scottish life. Among his acquaintances, he once numbered Lady John Scott of Spottiswoode, who was the last of the Scottish gentry to travel in a carriage to which outriders were a necessary adjunct. Though her lot was cast in a humble walk of life, Sir George also includes among his list of former friends Queen Esther Faa Blythe, who ruled the gipsy colony of Kirk Yetholm until her death rather more than twenty years ago.

* * * *

Mr Walter Easton, sen., printer and publisher, Jedburgh, died at the age of sixty-eight years. He was a member of a family that has been prominently connected with the printing and publishing trade in the Borders for several generations. About forty years ago Mr Easton started the "Jedburgh Gazette," and was proprietor and publisher of that newspaper till a few months ago, when, owing to failing health, he retired from business.

* * * *

There died on 6th October, 1907, at Clinton House, Whitehouse Loan, Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Kerr Ross, widow of Lieutenant-General James Kerr Ross, who had reached the great age of 103 years. She formed an interesting link with an age which to many is of the remote past. A daughter of the late James M'Inroy of Lude, she spent her early years in the Blair Atholl district. During her lifetime, however, she had become familiar with many districts of Scotland through residing in them. For some years in the beginning of the century she lived in Roxburghshire, close to the seat of Sir Walter Scott. They had numerous mutual friends, and Mrs Ross had many interesting recollections of the great litterateur of whom all Scotland was talking at that time.

* * * *

A close tie with the life of Thomas Carlyle has been severed by the death in Edinburgh, on 9th October, 1908, of Mrs Katherine Austin, wife of the late Mr James Carlyle, of Craigenputtock. Mrs James Carlyle and her husband were both near relatives of the sage of Chelsea. Her mother was Carlyle's sister, and her husband was the eldest son of Thomas's youngest brother, James.

* * * *

A very interesting movement has been launched in Melrose, by which it is intended to provide a suitable memorial of Mrs Cousin, the authoress of the widely popular hymn, "The Sands of Time are Sinking." It may not be generally known that Mrs Cousin was the wife of a former Free Church minister in Melrose, and it is therefore appropriate that the present movement should originate there. Mrs Cousin died about two years ago. A large number of prominent clergymen and laymen have written expressing hearty approval of the object, a letter to this effect having been received from the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P. A strong and representative committee has been formed, the Melrose leaders of which are the Rev. Robert Sanders, B.D., minister of St Aidan's U.F. Church, and Mr Thomas Lawrie. Lord Ardwall is a member of the Committee.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

A NEGLECTED BIT OF THE SCOTT COUNTRY.

THE ELWYN VALLEY.

AS time passes the popularity of the Waverley Novels does not perceptibly diminish. Ever and anon perhaps some one reminds us that Scott is not so much read as formerly, and to some extent this is no doubt true. His poetical works have suffered from the changing fashions of the time, but his prose romances have retained their popularity far beyond the limits of much contemporary fiction, and still maintain their high place among the fiction read to-day; and if we may judge from the returns of our public libraries, Scott is no more neglected than most of his contemporaries, and not so much as many of them.

But in curious contrast with the so-called decline of the charm of the Wizard is the increasing number of people who every year visit places which he has made famous in his romances. This may in many cases be owing to increased facilities of travel and increased leisure, but in many cases also there is undoubtedly an incentive of increased interest, for with increase of opportunity and leisure has also come increase of counter-attractions. Each year throughout Scotland many thousands of people visit the places famous in history and romance which the pen of the Wizard has pictured so exquisitely, and which his fertile imagination has peopled so abundantly with men and women who there played out the dramas of their lives, that the scenes and characters are as familiar to us as if we had lived among them; but of all the shrines of Scott none perhaps attract more pilgrims in the course of a year than Abbotsford and Melrose Abbey. From this arises the surprise that of the thousands who go there each year, many doubtless repeating their pilgrimage, so few should ever wander out of the beaten track. Great indeed are the power of custom and the conventions of society, but if the observers of the orthodox rule of driving to Abbotsford before lunch and "doing" Melrose Abbey before dinner will for once be breakers of that rule, and with staff and wallet go a little further afield, they will find ample compensation for their unconventionality by discovering for themselves a land of Scott unknown before, a veritable "terra incognita," quite near and of wonderful charm.

On the other side of Tweed from Abbotsford, and at no great distance from it, not above three miles from Melrose and easily accessible by the main road to Galashiels, lies the beautiful and romantic valley of the Elwyn, or Allan Water, stretching for several miles north-eastward from Roxburghshire into Berwickshire. For about a mile above its confluence with the Tweed, the Elwyn—we prefer the local name—flows through the Fairy Dean, a glen of great natural beauty. The stream winds and wimples through a sylvan paradise by shady banks and mossy rocks, where the gray trout dart across the dreamy pools that mirror the over-arching woodlands. Great clumps of bracken clothe the slopes on either hand, and the soft carpet of turf and moss, traced in magic patterns by the sunlight sloping through the trees, makes an ideal resting-place for the tourist. The valley broadens as we ascend, and we pass from the woodland to an upland stretch, where several farms dot the slopes; but the objective of every pilgrim must be the head of the valley, which forms the scene of the opening chapters of the "Monastery."

In his preface to this novel Scott admits the identity of this Vale of Elwyn with the Glendearg of the tale, but he warns readers not to try to reconcile the ideal with the real, for in place of one peel-house, which the novel describes as the home of the Widow Glendinning and her sons, there are three towers—or now, at least, the ruins of them, for Time has not passed the vale over in his progress. The towers are Colmslie, Langshaw, and Hillslop, or, as it has come to be called, Glendearg, for it is the original of the tower of that name in the novel, though there may appear an anachronism if we take a stone over the door bearing the date 1585 as giving the year of the erection of the tower, which would then be subsequent to the time of the story, which is somewhere in the period 1549-68. All three are now ruinous, the first particularly so; but even in their dilapidated state a fairly good estimate can be formed of their appearance at the time of their occupation. Hillslop may be taken as the type of all three. Shaped like the letter L, it is built of small gray stones firmly embedded among that mortar for which the builders of olden times are justly famed. There are rude sandstone quoins, and at the re-entering angle of the tower above the doorway there is a turret rising from a sandstone corbel. In the turret there are traces of a winding stairway, by which access was had to the second storey or hall, which has a large open fireplace. Above the hall there were

doubtless the sleeping rooms of the occupants surmounted by a roof of flag-stones with a bartizan for a look-out.

Apart from criticism of the dates, all three towers are typical of the transition period of Border history to which the novels refer, when the old towers were becoming either purely places of refuge or partaking more of the nature of mansions than of fortresses.

Standing beside these old towers in the fading glow of the western sun, we can picture the scene as described by Scott in all its idyllic beauty. We can people the glen again with the characters of the novel, and round the old shattered tower a goodly company gathers. There is Dame Glendinning, and old Martin and Tibb Tacket, her retainers. Beside her are Halbert and Edward, her two sons, differing in all things save their love for each other, which survived the shock and strain of their antagonistic creeds and allegiance to different sovereigns. There is the grim Sub-Prior, and with him the demented monk still chanting in dolorous cadence the song of the White Lady of Avenel—

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright!

These we may take as representing the old creed, and facing them is Henry Warden, the grim gospeller and heretic, and by his side gentle Mary Avenel. There is Sir Percie Shafton, and on his arm his sonsie bride, Mysie Happer, the miller's daughter; and behind them all, surveying the group from the elevation of his trusty nag, is the bold jackman, Christie o' the Clinthill, in his rusty accoutrements.

We would counsel all who pay more than one visit to the Scott Country to ignore convention, and for once leave the beaten path that leads only to Abbotsford for that which leads to the Vale of Elwyn. To those who love the characters of the romances—as all must who know them—and to all who would combine the physical wholesomeness of a country ramble with the mental pleasure of literary reminiscence, the advice will not surely be given in vain.—"Scottish Review."

BONNIE BITS IN BORDERLAND.

PEEBLES, LOOKING FROM THE WEST.

THE PASSING OF A JEDWATER MINSTREL.

THE LATE MR ROBERT ALLAN.

MR ROBERT ALLAN, who died at 5 Roseneath Street, Edinburgh, on 28th October, 1908, after a period of broken health, was a son of the late Mr Richard Allan. The father, who was a man of position and authority among his fellow-townsmen half a century ago, was a wool-merchant in Jedburgh. A native of Jedburgh, Mr Robert Allan had gifted literary abilities, having published a volume of poems which ran through three editions. He was a man of considerable culture, and when young was an ardent student. During his attendance at Edinburgh University he gained distinction in his classes, and there seemed to be a promising career for him in one or other of the learned professions. But, responding to home influences and arrangements, he withdrew from the University and entered on a tenancy of the farm of Mackside. Subsequently for a number of years he was mainly engaged in agricultural pursuits, and in succession to his father held the farm of Howden for some time. Mr Allan left the Jedburgh district about 1888, and was latterly resident in Edinburgh.

An ardent disciple of the Muse, Mr Allan collected his fugitive pieces of poetry and published a small work entitled "Poems" in 1871. A more pretentious volume of his verses was produced in 1891 by Messrs J. & R. Parlane, Paisley, under the title "Border Lays and other Poems," a work of 269 pages. The dedicatory preface, from which the following extract is made, shows the spirit which prevailed with Mr Allan in his literary and poetic compositions and in the publishing of them—"To you, my friends in my native town of Jedburgh, and in our fair Borderland, I send this volume. I have entitled it 'Border Lays and Other Poems,' because it was written for most part by the Jed, the Teviot, and the Ale, and because at least the first division of the work contains references to Border scenes and places. My lot is now cast in another part of Scotland; but with affection I revert to you, O friends, and to the lovely banks and scaurs of Jed, and to the classic Teviot, and to the exquisitely beautiful 'Aln' or Ale, in whose 'crum' or crook lies that loveliest of villages, 'Alnerum' or Ancrum. Some of the poems in this volume are doubtless known to you, and that many of them are humble enough I am well aware; yet it is my hope that there is at least something here and there throughout the book that may tend to improve and ennoble. To inspire the soul with love for Nature and Nature's God; to inculcate a true and candid manhood; to rouse some nobler conception of our solidarity and bounden duty to be loving co-workers for those spiritual and moral renovations which we so deeply need—this in not a few of my poems has been my heartfelt purpose."

His "Border Lays and other Poems," which, with additions and alterations, passed through various editions, contains several pieces of considerable merit. One of the best, "The Old Scottish Emigrant," clothes a well-worn theme in language tender and simple, and abounds in picturesque allusions to places and scenery in Teviotdale which add greatly to the value and beauty of the poem. It likewise gives a vivid impression of humble home life at Ancrum, "the loveliest of villages," and a refreshing picture of an old-fashioned garden:

> The last time I stood in the garden
> The young apples hung on the trees,
> And among the sweetwilliams and roses
> Were humming battalions of bees.

Mr Allan had a warm heart for humanity, as his "Rhyme for Workers" and other poems on life and duty reveal; but he was most natural and effective in his Nature sketches. He was happiest when wandering

> Where the primroses blow,
> And the streamlets sing low,
> Athreading with silver the wild bracken glen;

or when singing of the joys of a country life—

> I'm going to the low-thatched home among the breezy fells,
> O'er the heathery moors I'm going to roam, and down the flowery dells;
> I'm going to hear the cuckoo's note and the music of the rills,
> And all the summer voices that float far up 'mong the verdant hills.

In some of his poems Mr Allan showed a power of sustained narrative and contemplation that raised him much above the platform of most of the writers who are somewhat indiscriminately and loosely called "minor poets." In all of his efforts the serious purpose of his work is manifest. It is to a manly conception of life and a courageous confronting of its duties and difficulties that he calls the reader. He was the author of a volume entitled (if we remember accurately) "The Ideal Church," in which he put forth his views on the position the Church of Christ should hold and the work it should do. For many years he was an act-

ive co-operator in evangelistic effort in Jedburgh, and, with a mind cultivated and furnished by study and research, his services were often of great volume. It is not possible to recall these times without remembering thankfully that—amid hopes that were disappointed and projects that failed—there was a generous and lofty purpose in Robert Allan's endeavours for the saving and the strengthening of others.

So far as the public view of Mr Allan's life is concerned, it had two outstanding features—his literary and his evangelistic work. It was his love of literature and his desire to write well and helpfully that made him a student in his early days. Mr Allan, though brought up amid mercantile pursuits, had an irresistible inclination towards literary work, and was a frequent contributor to local newspapers and other periodicals. Though he was unable to carry out his own inclinations to the full, he did a large amount of literary work, particularly in the poetic form, that entitles him to a high place among Border writers. There are some in Jedburgh who recall at this time the feelings of pleasure and hope that were inspired by the publication of Mr Allan's "Elegy on the death of the Rev. Thomas Davidson." It remained one of his best poems. Mr Allan had a great admiration for "The Scottish Probationer," and the depth of his feelings gave genuine inspiration to his words.

Mr Allan was sixty years of age. His remains, brought from Edinburgh, have been laid to rest in Castlewood Cemetery, Jedburgh, a sunny slope above "the murmuring Jed," where also lies Thomas Davidson, the "Scottish Probationer," whom he admired so fervently. Among the minor poets of the Borders the name of Robert Allan will always hold a worthy place.

[Adapted from obituary notices in the "Jedburgh Gazette" and the "Teviotdale Record."]

A BORDER VILLAGE AND ITS CHURCH.

LUMBERING in the sunlight of a summer day, the little village of Midlem, lying high on the western marches of Roxburghshire, makes a picture tranquil and satisfying in its homely beauty. The windows of its low-roofed cottages, gathered round the village green and radiant with rambling roses, look beyond five rivers—flowing through fruitful pastures and dark woodland—to the Cheviot Hills with their red scaurs and shadowed hollows. The natural attractions of this upland village ayont the Eildons, its openness to all the winds that blow, and its "mild interests and gentlest sympathies" have charmed and refreshed all who have been guided to its doors. In its gardens old-fashioned flowers crowd together, crushing the fragrance from each other, and in its green pathways and sheltered loanings the air is laden with the scent of sweet brier and honeysuckle. The villagers, mostly past middle-age—for vigorous, pushful manhood there is now little scope—move leisurely about their work in garden and in croft along the hillside, which, in old records, carries the curious name of the "Heels," and it is only when the school children, drawn chiefly from the surrounding homesteads, are at play upon the green that the drowsy village wakes into active life. Half a century ago there were, besides other artisans, over twenty masons resident in the village; now the blacksmith is the sole mechanic in the place. Around the village small farms also once were numerous—the Farm of Temple hall, which lies close in, at one time marched with seventeen tenants, the very names of whose holdings are now forgotten.

Nowadays the chief distinction of the village, in the eyes of its inhabitants, is its church, whitewashed and architecturally unadorned like the cottages that lie about it. Its birth goes back to the days when Dissent was but a feeble plant in Scotland. In 1742 the men of Bowden, in which parish Midlem is included, resisted the settlement of a minister named Hume, presented to the living by the Duke of Roxburghe, and only permitted his induction to be carried through when a detachment of dragoons cantered into the churchyard. Only four parishioners remained to welcome the unappreciated pastor, the remainder forming themselves into a congregation at Midlem, then a populous village. The Rev. Patrick Matthew, who, along with four others, signed the "Bond of the Covenant" at Falkirk on 14th March, 1744, was the first minister of the Secéders, and he has had nine successors in the charge, the Rev. W. Waters Reid, ordained three years ago, being the present minister of the village. Internally this little church of the Original Secession is plain and simple in its furnishings. Since its area was curtailed, to render it more adaptable to present-day requirements, the church has been practically all gallery. The bare, unpolished pews rise

from the precentor's table below the pulpit to the walls which support the roof, from which an oil lamp swings. The sun shines in through uncurtained windows of clear glass, and the worshipper, if he cares to allow his eyes to wander, may watch the swallows plastering their nests, or the cows returning, after their mid-day milking, to the whin-clad common beside the Selkirk roadway. The ordinary Sunday service has not greatly changed since the old days. The congregation, save some of the younger adherents, still rises to pray and sits at the praise, and the preacher who dares to show the "paper" in the pulpit may expect to meet the frowning glances of white-haired members.

The communion seasons, which were in former times high occasions in the village, have in later years been stripped of some of their importance and solemnity. Up till twenty years ago or so there used to be the Fast Day service on the Thursday, a preparatory meeting on the Saturday afternoon, three diets of worship on the Sunday—the "Old Hundred" being sung as the communicants took their seats at the table, many of the older women carrying sprigs of southernwood wrapped in their snowy handkerchiefs—and a concluding or thanksgiving service was held on the Monday, when the seat rents were collected. In summer time, when the weather was fine, the sacrament was observed on the moor above the village, and the memories of the impressive scenes then witnessed have passed into the sacred heritage of the church. In those days the membership of the congregation, then as now the solitary representative of its denomination in the Border country, was drawn from a wide radius, some travelling from places as far distant as Traquair on the north and Denholm on the south.

While church life was thus healthy and hearty, and its responsibilities and duties accepted and practised in a spirit which, in these days, would be considered irksome and unnecessary, the religion of the fireside was in an equally vigorous condition. Family worship was regularly observed before the household separated for the day's work, an exception being only made in harvest time—then covering a much longer period than it does now—when, owing to the early start for the fields, the service was deferred until the breakfast hour—a rather shrewd arrangement, one cannot help thinking, on the part of those old Border farmers. On Sundays, in the stricter households belonging to the Secession, family worship was engaged in three times—morning, noon, and night. All this has changed, and with the change in the religious habits of the people the prosperity of the little meeting-house at Midlem has suffered. Still, in spite of a dwindling membership, the result of a decaying population as well as of a weakening steadfastness on the part of the rising generation to the ideals of their fathers, this outpost of the old Secession maintains a wonderful vitality and continues to exert a helpful influence on the higher life of the district.—W. W. M., in "Scotsman."

"A BORDER WELL."

ENTERING Glenkinnen, which is hidden in the lirk between The Craig and Ashiestiel Hill, the pedestrian at once takes the path by the burn side, and is soon deep in the shade of hazel and ash.

A velvety turf renders his footsteps springful until the glen narrows somewhat, and progress is made interesting by frequent crossings of the burn.

About a mile and a half from the entrance the trees begin to grow more sparsely, footing is easier, and, after another half-mile is passed, the open hillside is regained with the high farm of Williamhope in the foreground, posing like some Border reiver's stronghold against the sky-line.

A rough road leads out to the hill, and, continuing in a scraggy path for a mile, it is at last lost in the heather.

In this, indeed, is no hardship, for the contour of the hills is plainly visible all around. Keeping to the left bank of the stream, and steadily climbing in a flank movement, the outlying spur of the Far Hill is crossed at an altitude of 1697 feet.

Over against this height is the summit of the Brown Knowe, 1718 feet, and between the two peaks the twin feeders of the Glenkinnen Burn course down over the rocks to a point about a mile above Williamhope, where they meet after tumbling over many a tiny cascade on the way.

The prospect northward is open to Tweed and Gala Water, but all around is the sullen majesty of the bare heights, tenanted only by the hill flocks and circled overhead by the whaups. It is a place to feel lonely in, but to the hill-climber who knows the Border monarchs in all their moods the feeling finds no

home. Nature and he are trysted in an eloquent stillness. The hill winds whistle strange stories in his ear of hunted Covenanters and cavaliers on the march.

And the deserted amplitudes of hill and dale emphasise history while shattering to fragments the poetic fiction of "The Good Old Days."

By this time a long distance has been whiled away in the company of his thoughts, and he is on the watershed of the burns which flow to Tweed and Yarrow.

Williamhope Ridge, the scene of the last parting of Scott and Mungo Park, defines its saddleback but a mile away, and dominates the course of Gruntly Burn and The Hangingshaw. Half a mile westward lies Wallace's Trench, where the Scottish Patriot encamped in expectation of the army of Edward I. from Berwick in 1297. The advance was delayed. Wallace eventually retired to Stirling Bridge.

Following the westerly shoulder of the watershed, the road over Minchmoor is soon gained, and thence to the object of his quest—barely a mile farther, he reaches The Cheese Well.

The heath-tufted road, broad enough for a coach and six, knows neither the rumour of cities nor the lineage of Piccadilly. It is a streak of civilisation in the wild, nurtured by Nature's slow and sure processes. A scion of the four seasons, it is well watered by the sweet spring showers, shone on by unfiltered sunlight, and washed by the wild winter rains. It is aboriginal, immune, unageing, obeying no laws but the moods of the hills. Now hidden in soft rolling mist, now appearing in patches, ever the sport of the weather.

Lying half hidden within a few paces of the road trickles the clear spring. Its brown puddle basin is clean to-day, thanks to some thoughtful visitor. The ice-cold water issues from the very heart of the hill, and, summer and winter alike, so sheltered is the outlet, the water tastes like nectar to the thirsty palate. Here, as Dr John Brown says in his charming essay on Minchmoor, "every traveller —Duchess, shepherd, or houseless 'mugger'—stops, rests, and is thankful." There is a spaciousness about the genial "Rab's" periods that agrees well with the hillside.

Reverence for the well is a natural tribute. Montrose, when he fled from Leslie's Dragoons after the rout of Philiphaugh, must have expressed the feeling as he rested by the well.

It has a lineage with the storied wells of the East. Kipling has said, "East is east: west is west, and never the twain shall meet." But they have met in their love of a well. The Oriental guards his wells as so many salvation marks for their nomad caravansera. Nor does the soldier on the march across the Indian plains tender greater gratitude to Ghunga Din than the wayfaring Occidental who, in a broiling sun, slakes his thirst at a wayside well.

The Cheese Well has been a haunt of the fairy-brood, as the name suggests. Travellers sharing this belief used to drop pieces of cheese into the basin as a votive offering to their invisible protectors. As such, it has a niche in literature—a splendid solitariness in time and place.

The name will be handed down to posterity with a reverence and appeal that is ineradicable. Many hill wanderers in the Borderland will visit it with genuine pleasure and leave it with untold regret.

It is part and parcel of our strenuous Border story. Minchmoor, a chieftain of the Border peaks, challenges the heights with noble grace as it keeps watch and ward over the "Kindly, solemn hills of Tweed, Yarrow, and Ettrick."

It may be that beacon lights may never again flash the signal of war from peak to peak. Indeed, nothing is more remote in this age of peace. But, should the Border slogan again be raised in the glens, then Minchmoor shall flash a beacon that Cheviot shall see, and distant Lammermoor repeat to Traprain and The Bass. And, clear and placid, the waters of the well by the verge of the moorland road shall trickle in their clarity to fill a stirrup cup for Cock-Laird and commoner, unstinted as of yore, and for an æon to be.

J. R. YOUNG.

PROPOSED MEMORIAL ON FLODDEN FIELD.

An influential meeting of gentlemen representing both sides of the Border was held in Berwick, when it was unanimously resolved—"Having taken into consideration the resolution passed by the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club at their annual meeting of 1907, this meeting is of opinion that for the information and guidance of visitors it is highly desirable to indicate the site of the battle of Flodden, and that the most appropriate form for such a landmark would be a column, cross, or obelisk to mark the spot on or near which the Scottish King fell." It was intimated that a number of noblemen and gentlemen had agreed to act on the General Committee, and an Executive Committee was appointed to take all necessary steps. Mr John C. Collingwood of Cornhill has generously granted a site on the battlefield for the memorial. Commander Norman, R.N., and Mr A. L. Miller, J.P., agreed to act as joint hon. secretaries; and Mr William Maddaw, British Linen Bank, Berwick, as hon. treasurer.

NATIONAL SONG SOCIETY.

The efforts of the National Song Society to foster Scottish song and literature are beginning to show results. Besides strong branches in Edinburgh and Glasgow, branches are being formed in the larger provincial centres. We have pleasure in publishing the first three prize lyrics at the second Sangschaw, recently held in the Edinburgh Exhibition under the auspices of the Society.

HAME.

(A Song of Exile.)

There's a bonnie bonnie mountain land lies far ayont the sea,
Where the breeze's sigh in simmer time was aye a sang tae me,
There's a tender tender longing in the whisper o' its name,
For still tae ev'ry exiled hert its hame, hame, hame.

There the mountain win's still murmur where the corries grandly sweep
An' the hoary monarchs o' the waste their ceaseless vigils keep,
Oh! there the islands o' the west look fondly o'er the faem
As if tae call their children back tae libertie an' hame.

Let other nations boast their deeds, their conquests on the wave,
But gie tae me the glorious land o' Scottish Martyrs grave,
For never heroes died like those wha shared the bluid an' fame
That the sacred lowe o' truth micht burn in lika Scottish hame.

Oh! Scotland; as thy exile pines ayont thy mither's care,
His garb though not the tartan plaid such as thy children wear,
An' though within his strivin' breast ambition's fires may flame
Still, like the needle tae the pole, his nert turns ever hame.

An' thus, as lane I'm sittin' at the camp fire by the stream,
I see the islands o' the west as dimly in a dream,
Their wild woods seem tae beckon me—I ken them in the flame—
An' their thousand voices calling speak a tender welcome hame.

Oh: there's a bonnie bonnie land looms constant in my sight
An' the stillness o' its sheltered vales come's o'er my soul te-night,
E'en the forest breeze's murmur seems a whisper o' its name
For ah! tae ev'ry Scottish hert its hame, still hame.

Murdoch Maclean, Edinburgh.

A SONG OF SCOTLAND.

'Twas a sang o' the past, out away in the West,
And sung by a dear Scottish maid,
Far, far frae her hame, across the saut faem,
An' its memory never can fade.

She sang o' the wee wimplin' burn in the glen
Where they gathered the hip an' the haw,
Where the bonnie bluebells dance licht in the win'
And the grey hills tow'r high abun a'.

Like a blink o' the sun through the heavy dark cloud
To my sad heart that Scottish sang came,
Through the mist o' the years shone the joys an' the tears,
And the thocht of my ain distant hame.

I saw the low cot beneath the grey hill,
That sheltered my mither an' me,
And beyond the cornfield were the rocks an' the sand,
And the waves o' the tossing blue sea.

We are fond still and proud of our home in the West,
This land of the fair maple tree;
But it thrilled through my heart, that sweet Scottish voice,
For Scotland is dearest to me.

John R. Russell, Edinburgh.

THE LAND OF THE DALES.

All through life's tumult a mystical undertone
Quickens my pulse when its energy fails,
And when I wait in the shadows at close of day,
Clear as a chime comes that call from the dales.
Land of the bourtree, the beech and the birkenshaw;
Land of broad meadows and swift flowing streams;
Nithsdale and Annandale, Eskdale and Liddesdale
Pride of the lowlands and heaven of my dreams.

Kings have been cradled within your old Castle walls,
Knights no less kingly your daughters have born;
Maidens have sprung from your peasants whose natures were
Tender and pure as the bloom of your thorn.
Land of brave heroes and true hearted heroines,
Land of the noble whose stars never set;
Nithsdale and Armandale, Eskdale and Liddesdale;
Beauty and valour abide with you yet!

Weird on the moonlit heath sounded the horse's hoofs
When on grim errand the moss-trooper pressed;
Gallantly Kinmont steeds galloped when bold Buccleugh
Herried but harmed not an Edenside nest.
Land where the lordly tower flashed to the beacon hill
Warnings of danger and foray and feud,
Nithsdale and Annandale, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
Rievers you reared were a leonine brood!

Minstrelsy mirrored the life of your borderland,
Wreathing romance round its rough raiding scenes:
Song has enchanted the place where fair Helen lies;
Story has hallowed your own Jeanie Deans.
Land where the lyric King laid down his laurelled head
Land where the patriot King girded his sword;
Nithsdale and Annandale, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
Over the wide world your shrines are adored!

Famed are your sons in the realm of bold enterprise
Graved are their records on history's page;
Temple and senate have rung with their eloquence;
Literature owes you the gift of a sage.
Land where philanthropy borrowed a woman's love
Altars to raise where your queen river runs;
Nithsdale and Annandale, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
Meet are your daughters to rival your sons!

Peace spreads her snowy-white wings o'er your cottage homes;
Loyalty circles each bright, glowing hearth;
Youth there is taught how to answer at duty's call;
Hearts there are buoyant with innocent mirth.
Land where the lilt of the maid at her milking pail
Charms her fond swain coming home from the plough;
Nithsdale and Annandale, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
Hebe bends o'er you with garlanded brow!

Ringdoves repose their proud forms on your waving pines
Swiftly the swallow your meadowland skims,
Goldfinches pour out their souls in your dewy dells,
Laverocks sing o'er you their sweet matin hymns.
Land where the sunset enamels with myriad hues,
Woods where the welkin with evensong rings;
Nithsdale and Annandale, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
Fair are the fancies your gloaming time brings!

Dear are your cleughs and your linns where the silver spray
Waters the foxglove, the fern and bluebell;
Dear are your loanings where Love lies in wait to cast
Over your children his magical spell.
Land where the gorse brightly blooms on the bracken brae,
Land where the lingbell embroiders the hill;
Nithsdale and Annandale, Eskdale and Liddesdale;
Regnant in splendour of scenery still!

James Stevenson, 567 New City Road, Glasgow.