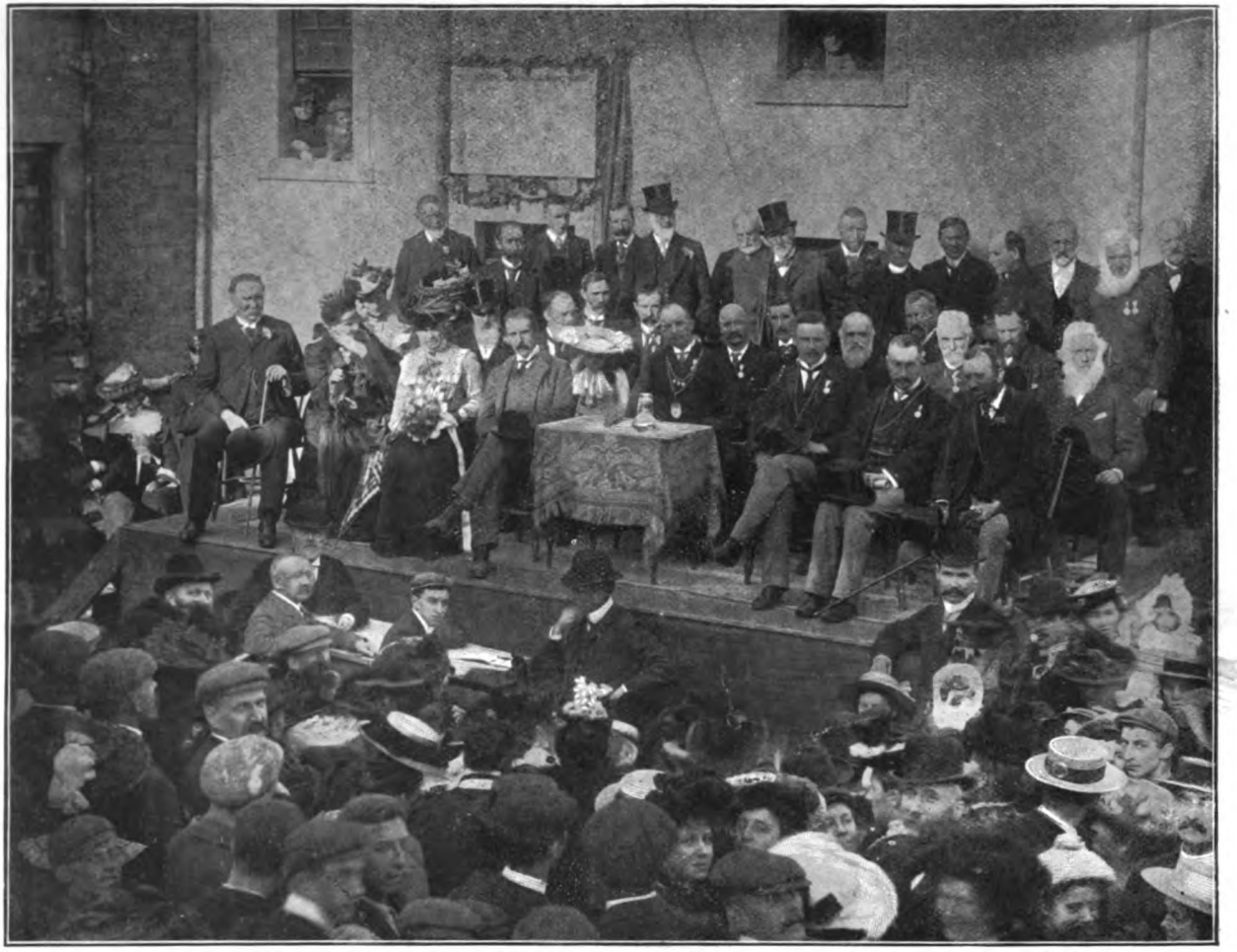

From Photo by *R. Jack, Jedburgh.*

CENTENARY OF WORDSWORTH'S VISIT TO JEDBURGH: UNVEILING OF MEMORIAL TABLET, SEPTEMBER, 1903.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM SANDERSON.

VOL. VIII.

JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1903.

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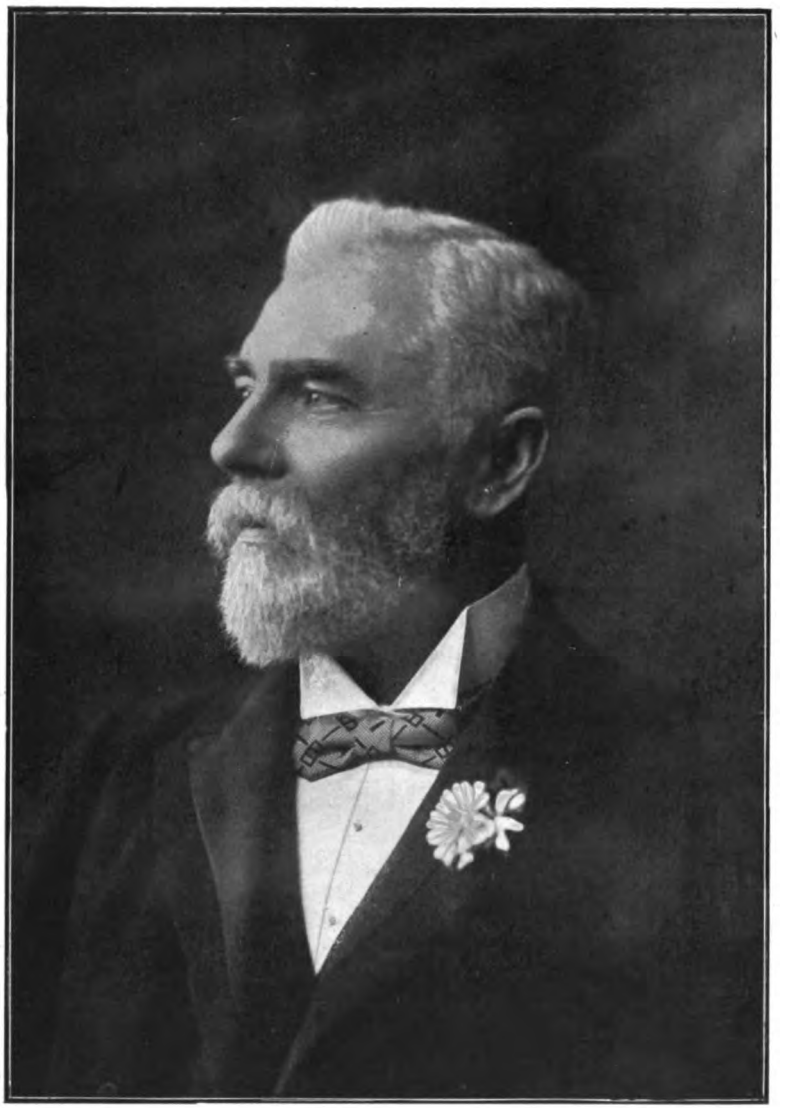
INDEX.

Poetical Pieces marked thus*, Reviews in Quotation Marks.

ILLUSTRATIONS.



COUNCILLOR R. A. DOUGLAS, J.P.,
PRESIDENT EDINBURGH BORDERERS' UNION.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

Edited by William Sanderson.

VOL. VIII., No. 84. JANUARY, 1903.

Councillor Robert Alexander Douglas,

President of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union.

COUNCILLOR ROBERT ALEXANDER DOUGLAS was born in August, 1848. In his early years Mr Douglas had none of the advantages of birth or position, and, when but eleven years old, he was taken with his family to Australia. During his five years' residence there he saw some bush life and gained experience in the ironmongery business in which he was destined afterwards to make a name for himself. Before again returning to Edinburgh in 1865, Mr Douglas was for some time connected with the firm of Messrs Elder, Smith, & Co., Adelaide. Next we find him in Edinburgh, where for six years he worked assiduously in acquiring for himself a thorough and practical knowledge of every detail of his business. This accomplished, Mr Douglas sought a larger sphere of activity, and in the pursuance of his progressive career we find him now installed in one of the largest provincial houses in Scotland (Messrs Graham & Morton, Stirling), and during his two years' labour there he greatly added to his already wide experience. Returning to Edinburgh in 1872, he, for the first time, entered the employment of his present firm (James Gray & Son) as head of the Forwarding Department. In this capacity he discharged the duties devolving upon him in so satisfactory a manner that, in recognition of the many excellent business abilities he possessed, Mr Douglas was, four years later, promoted to the position of general manager of the firm, a position which he held until 1878, when he commenced business on his own account in Newington; and, as captain of his own ship, established a very large and high-class connection, much of which he to the present day retains. The turning point in Mr Douglas' career, however, came in 1883, when, on the death of the junior partner of Messrs James Gray & Son, he was approached by Mr Alexander Gray to return to George Street as a partner, which on consideration Mr Douglas elected to do. Five years later, Mr Gray retired from the business, and since then the entire administration has devolved upon Mr Douglas. It is hardly necessary here to recapitulate all he has done in placing his business in the enviable position it enjoys to-day. Enough that he put his whole heart and soul into it, encouraged always by that indomitable perseverance which in so marked a way characterised his earlier life, and the seeds sown so judiciously by him are bearing the good fruits of success. The business of James Gray & Son,

which dates back to early in the century, is one of the largest out of London, the many departments connected with it amply proving this. It must be added that the Royal Warrant granted by the Lord Chamberlain in 1850 to James Gray & Son, as stove and grate makers to the Queen, was renewed in favour of Mr Douglas in 1896. No higher recommendation than this is possible, and surely it is enough for all that could be said of the personnel of the firm.

In 1899 Mr Douglas purchased the business of Messrs Smiths & Co., Ltd., 89 George Street, which he now carries on in the name of Smiths & Co. The Royal Warrant as purveyors of lamps and oils to the Queen has also been renewed in favour of Mr Douglas. This business is one of the oldest in existence, and dates its establishment as far back as 1770. Many important contracts are entrusted to them, notably among many others as having supplied the New Zealand Government and the Northern Lighthouse Commissioners with lighthouse furnishings; while for many years they have been entrusted with the lighting of Holyrood Palace during the residence of the Lord High Commissioner there.

Mr Douglas was returned to the Town Council in November 1894, and unopposed in 1897, as one of the representatives of the Calton Ward. He has proved himself the faithful friend of the ratepayers, as well as a conscientious and painstaking Councillor. Much he has done unknown, his sound, practical knowledge being most useful in different matters that arise in connection with the administration of the city's affairs.

But among all his multifarious labours Mr Douglas still finds time to enjoy himself, his chief hobby being shooting. For many years he was a member of the City Artillery and the Queen's Edinburgh Rifles. Latterly, however, he joined the Scottish Small-Bore Club, and each year at Bisley gives a good account of himself.

In private life Mr Douglas is one of the most estimable of gentlemen, and enjoys the circle of hosts of friends. He is ever ready to help in any charitable object, and never tires of doing good in many ways to those in less fortunate circumstances than himself.

Mr Douglas is a J.P. for the County of the City of Edinburgh, and a strong supporter of the United Free Church, and is an elder in Broughton Place Church. He is one of the directors of the City Mission, and holds the position of hon. treasurer; also hon. treasurer and secretary of the Association of Edinburgh Royal Tradesmen, and is connected with many other useful objects.

His marriage in 1874 to the eldest daughter of Mr Robert Elliot, Cavers Mains, near Hawick, has proved a particularly happy union. There is a family of two sons.

In succession to many well-known men, last year Mr Douglas was elected president of that vigorous association, the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, which enables him to show in a practical way his strong interest in, and desire to promote the moral and social advancement of, its members. The Union has been fortunate in the choice of a president, and promises to continue its career of usefulness under his guidance.

Darnick Tower.

IN a recent issue of "The Ladies' Field" under the heading of "Beautiful Homes," there is an interesting article on Darnick Tower, Melrose, the residence of Mr Andrew Heiton Granger Heiton. We cull the following from the article:—

"This old Border 'Peel' tower dates back to the fifteen century, which, with the sixteenth century, is the usual period for the erection of most of these small forts. In those days the English were a veritable thorn in the side of their Scottish neighbours, continually crossing the much disputed boundary line between the two countries, either by stealth in small parties, to forage or revenge some similar conduct on the part of the Scots, or else in regular armies, such as that under the Earl of Hertford, who in 1544 burned all the great abbeys on the Scottish border, as well as all the smaller castles which could not stand a siege, such as 'the strong place of Dernwyck.' The object of the English was to burn and lay waste as much of the country as possible, before being in their turn forced back into their own territory. These customs had their effect on the architecture of the day, and the result may still be seen in the very great number of, alas! generally ruined Peel towers which are to be found throughout the Border district, many of which have been vividly brought before us in the wonderful descriptions of Sir Walter Scott.

"Owing perhaps almost as much to the great rivalry between the various clans as to the English raiders, these two centuries were specially prolific in those queer, bare, ugly little fortified granges known as Peel towers or bastel houses. It is a significant circumstance that more are to be found on the Scottish side of the Border than on the other.

"Darnick Tower is quite one of the best preserved examples of the smaller order of these

towers, and beyond the excellent condition in which it still remains, additional interest attaches to it from the fact that through all these centuries it has never once passed out of the hands of its original owners, the Heitons of Darnick. Such they were, and such they still remain. Surely a wonderful record when one remembers how often properties changed hands in those wild and lawless days. Once, indeed, the Heitons nearly lost their heritage, but a woman's wit was equal to the occasion. In one of the last great clan battles fought in the south of Scotland in 1526, between the powerful Scott of Buccleuch and his most formidable rival and foe, the Earl of Angus, which took place close to Darnick, on a small hill still known as Skirmish Hill, the Heitons took a decisive part. Andrew Heiton was summoned as usual to join Earl Angus with his small band of retainers, and ere the day broke he and his men—without thinking on the fate of their tower should their side be worsted in the coming fight—hurried to the strong room to arm themselves for the fray. No sooner were they all in the room than Dame Heiton promptly bolted them in, as she foresaw that their home, placed as it was and with no men to defend it, would to a certainty be either burnt or taken possession of by Buccleuch should Angus be forced to retreat.

"Having her husband and his men safely under lock and key, Dame Heiton from the battlements of the tower keenly watched the start and progress of the fight. Everything comes to him (or her) who knows how to wait, and the moment for the dame's cunningly devised stratagem was no exception, for in one part of that wide battlefield she saw Angus being sorely pressed by Buccleuch, and also what the combatants could not see that, far away, the Buccleuch's men had broken and were actually retreating in disorder. It took the good lady but a few minutes to release her infuriated men and to send them racing to Angus's aid. Their very appearance, however, was sufficient, for, seeing what they took to be the advance guard of reinforcements, Angus's assailants fell back to rejoin the rest of their army, and, finding it already dispersed, fled hurriedly, leaving Angus warmly thanking Heiton for his timely arrival, and blissfully ignorant of the circumstances which had led up to it."

Life is made up not of great duties or sacrifices, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations given habitually are what win the heart and secure comfort. —Sir H. Davy.

The Life Story of Aunt Janet.

IN the BORDER MAGAZINE for October, 1901, we printed an interesting article "by a Souter in exile" on the career of Mr George Lewis, printer and publisher, Selkirk. Reference was therein made to Mr Lewis's "fine discriminating literary taste" and his "exceptionally keen faculty for discerning and retaining the salient points of a subject." Both of these qualities he has brought into play in writing the excellent life-story before us. The subject, "Aunt Janet," was a remarkable woman in many ways, and when well into her eighties published a book of her experiences which she merely designed as a "Legacy to her Nieces," but which has achieved a vastly greater sale than any other Border book printed in the past 20 or 30 years. The fascinating book, however, left over 60 years of her life-time unrecorded, and to satisfy a desire expressed by many readers Mr Lewis has issued this supplementary volume. The book is capitally written, and is nicely bound and illustrated. The following passage from the seventh chapter will give some idea of the becoming yet dignified literary garment in which Mr Lewis has invested the life-story:—

"It was in the summer of 1875 that Mrs Bathgate came to live in Selkirk. She had left home just across the valley in 1813, when but a girl of seven years; and she had seen very little of the locality and of the old burgh town on the hillside during the intervening long period. And now, after not a few flittings since that well-remembered one when her father and the family left Philiphaugh farm for the head of Yarrow, she was brought back to spend life's eventide amid scenes that were ever recalling the happy and hallowed associations of her childhood. From her early years Mrs Bathgate had a firm and abiding persuasion of the over-ruling providence of God in the affairs of earth, from the fall of a sparrow to the overthrow of an empire, and she recognised His guiding hand in ordering that the remainder of her days should be spent in a neighbourhood which, above all others, was dear to her memory.

"It would be folly to conjecture what might have been the prominent features in Mrs Bathgate's future history had her steps on leaving Peebles been turned in some other direction than down the Tweed to Selkirk. Any such surmising, too, would be quite contrary to her cherished conviction that God is over all. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy steps" was to her more than a mere article of belief: it was a rule of daily life, and an as-

surance of the Almighty's presence and guidance. But, putting speculation aside, it is easy to trace the connection between the local circumstances in which the lot of her old age was cast, and the writing of that artless and unpretentious story which has afforded instructive and profitable reading to many people, and gained a unique place among literary productions in the close of the nineteenth century.

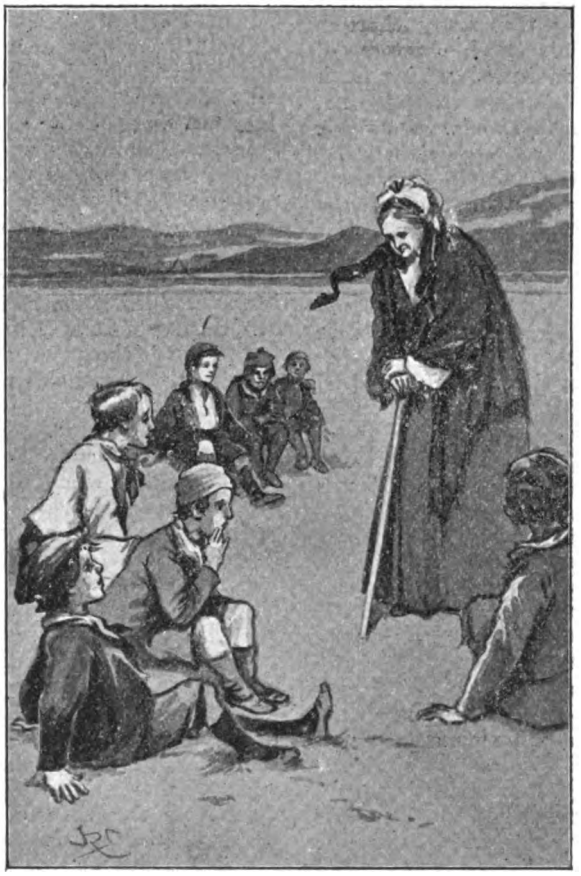
"At that time she possessed a fair amount of bodily vigour, and when summer days were fine she took great delight in revisiting the much-loved spot on Philiphaugh farm where her childhood's days were spent. . . . The old paternal home had disappeared from the scene, the field in which the cottages stood had been cleared and levelled, the little burn that of yore wimpled past the doors now pursued its way to the Ettrick by another channel, the favourite nooks and spots dedicated to childish sports had been claimed for common purposes, and most of the old landmarks were obliterated. Near by the cottars' houses, from time immemorial had passed the old drove road, along which the herds of Highland cattle were driven from the great fairs in the North to the English Midlands. The droves of the far-travelled, shaggy, great-horned oxen, as they went on their way southwards in the autumn months were always pleasing and interesting sights to the children; but from many years disuse the highway had been overgrown with grass, and its course could scarcely now be traced. Towards the sheltering hills on the west the changed aspect of the country was not less striking. The swamps and moss hags that made the footpath over the hill to Yarrow a difficult one to traverse had been improved off the face of nature, and the road had gone into desuetude. The heathery and ferny waste—in which aforetime the moorfowl and blackgame had made their nests, and over which the far sounding call of the whaup, the wailing cry of the peesweep, and the gladsome song of the lark had been heard the live-long

AUNT JANET.

From "Life Story of Aunt Janet."

day in summer—was now transformed into well-cultivated, fertile fields; and the hillsides were clothed, artistically, it must be said, with blooming coverts and flourishing plantations. All was changed, changed for the better, and the landscape had been beautified by the changes to a high degree. Yet our aged visitor would have preferred to gaze on all things as she had seen them in the langsyne days. Still, the locality had a peculiar fascination about it for her. It rushes, so well-known to me as a child. There I mused on former days, muttering to myself the while on the wonderful ways of God towards me; and the musings took shape in the verses at the end of the book. (The 'Legacy.') In this way, speaking to God and myself, I spent many a quiet hour."

By courtesy of the publisher, Mr James Lewis, Selkirk, we are enabled to print some of the excellent illustrations in the book.



AUNT JANET REBUKES SABBATH BREAKERS.

From "Life Story of Aunt Janet."

was invested with joyous recollections and pleasurable associations, and no spot in all the neighbourhood had attractions so strong as that where the old homestead stood. 'My footsteps,' writes 'Aunt Janet' in a preface to the third edition of the 'Legacy,' 'often turned in that direction, and I spent many hours on Philiphaugh farm. Sometimes it was where my father's house stood; at other times it was near the Corbie Linn, or by the little well among the

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Fortune, good or ill, does not change men and women. It but develops their character.—Thackeray.

Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fibre of the human heart. The laws of friendship are austere and eternal, of one web with the laws of Nature and of morals.—Emerson.

An Old Scots Burgh.

IN ancient times burghs were usually held either off the Sovereign or off a lord of regality—lay or spiritual. It was in this way that a Royal Burgh, a free burgh of barony, or a burgh of regality was constituted. Evidence of such foundation or infeftment was embodied in a charter, in testimony whereof was appended the Great Seal of the Realm. From a historical point of view, it is extremely unfortunate that many charters have been lost. In their stead, charters of "Novodamus" have been issued setting forth that, whereas "the first charters, evidents, &c., were destroyed by the ravages of wars, by fire, and otherwise," it became necessary that "we, moved by piety and justice," should confirm ancient rights and privileges, and make the lieges free "for ever." Such royal magnanimity has frequently favoured the inference that the charters lost were, in certain cases, Royal. It has also led to considerable uncertainty in fixing the date of the earliest charters granted to several Scottish Burghs.

It may well be supposed that a Royal charter did not, as a rule, confer "de novo" "annual rents, possessions, &c." Lands, for example, might be held by a community long anterior to their being designated Burgh lands. It was a new grant only in the sense that Royalty conveyed to the owner the status of, and title to, ownership, at the same time requiring as a "quid pro quo" levy of customs, maills, and dues in the interest of the State. The point is clearly put by Professor Rankine thus—"It may safely be stated that in most, if not all, of the conveyances of commonty to be found in ancient charters, or spelt out of them by immemorial possessions, there is to be found not a new grant, but the recognition of a state of possession already subsisting beyond the memory of man, and too firmly rooted to be easily dislodged." Another erroneous conclusion has sometimes led to envious estrangement through unnecessary disputes at law. In a certain case, power is granted to "burgesses and community to break up and plough their common lands," and present day residents have thought themselves included as land-owners. It will suffice to point out that the terms burgesses and community were at the date of the charter synonymous, and that the latter designation had not the significance in the sixteenth, which it has in the twentieth, century.

But a question will possibly arise as to the existence of any means whereby an approximate date may be affixed to a lost charter. There are at least two which are serviceable enough. In the first place, all Royal Burghs had the right to send representatives to the Scots Parliament; and in the second, Royal Burghs accounted to the Great Chamberlain for the maills or rents payable to the King. These accounts (to near the end of the sixteenth century) are printed in the series of volumes called Exchequer Rolls. To illustrate these points, reference may be had to the Royal Charter of the Burgh of Selkirk, which was granted by James V., in 1535. Guided by internal evidence alone, "it would appear as if Selkirk had been constituted a free burgh by the King's ancestors," but a capable and discriminating writer does not overlook the fact that "Selkirk dues have no place in the Exchequer accounts," although a representative to the Scots Parliament is noted as early as 1469. Hawick, again, may have been a free burgh of barony "from the earliest times," but its Royal charter dates from 1537. It is more re-assuring to find that in the case of Dunbar David II., in 1369, granted a charter to George, 10th Earl of March, conferring on it the privileges of a free burgh in collecting customs, electing burgesses, &c., and giving "reciprocation" of trade between Haddington and Dunbar. Notwithstanding such honourable and ancient prestige, a charter of "Novodamus" was granted by James VI. in 1618.

The above considerations bear directly upon the constitution of Lauder, as the only Royal Burgh in Berwickshire. Moreover, the old-world burgh was a power in the State before many of the other important towns in the country were worthy of notice. There are, also, indications that, through the advantages of its recently-laid Light Railway, it will be more widely known and the charming scenery of Lauderdale more generally appreciated. It has been sometimes asserted that the earliest charter of Lauder dates from the time of William the Lion, but it is probably more accurate to state that David I. (1124-53) gave "duo burgagia in Villa de Laweder" to De Morville, who appointed Bailies. Lauder was thus, in the first instance, a burgh of regality. This is borne out by a charter of Robert II., wherein occur these words, "in regalitate de Lawedre." It is, indeed, worthy of remark that in a charter of Confirmation granted by the Bishop of St Andrews, and of fourteenth century date, there is mention made of "duo burgagia in Villa de Laweder." On this account, some have affirmed that Lauder was at that time a Royal Burgh, but it should be borne in mind that there were burgage properties in burghs of barony and regal-

ity. The City of Glasgow is a case in point. It did not become a Royal Burgh till 1611, while there is reference to burgage property in the thirteenth century. Another example is found in Paisley (which is not a Royal Burgh yet) where, in 1608, a property is described as an acre of burgage land.

It is needless to be wise beyond measure. Facts, alone, can lend authority to historical statement. What, then, is the date of the earliest Royal charter of Lauder? In the Exchequer Rolls, Lauder first appears in 1494, while the earliest representative, as far as shewn by printed records, was Robert Hume, in 1579. William Lauder, who was a Commissioner to the Parliament of 1528, was a burgess of Edinburgh. Hence it may safely be concluded that while there is no sufficient evidence that Lauder held a charter direct from the Crown prior to 1494, at the same time the presumption is that it was a Royal Burgh before 1502, when James IV. gave the burghers "a cross with a weekly market on Saturday and a public fair on the Feast of Saint Martin in winter, and throughout the octaves thereof." This charter, which was confirmed by Act of Parliament in 1633, has in spite of careful preservation become somewhat indistinct, and in part indecipherable. Quite recently, a finely-executed lithograph has been hung in the office of the Town-Clerk.

The Burgh Records are extant from 1653. In the previous year the "Brough of Louder" had subscribed acceptance of the "Parlyaments Tender in theire declaracion that Scotland be incorporated into and made one Common Wealth with England." In the beginning of the following century, Lauder was the first place to petition Parliament against the Union. A register, containing the state and condition of every Burgh within the Kingdom of Scotland was compiled in 1692. Lauder is therein designated a "burgh royall or barronie or regality."

A. T. G.

Learn to say no, and it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.—Spurgeon.

We should no more let past misdeeds hinder the growth of our future than the forest lets the shed leaves hinder the spring grass from growing.

There is not a more effectual way to revive the true spirit of Christianity in the world than seriously to meditate on what we commonly call the last four things: death, judgment, heaven, and hell.—Bishop Sherlock.

A Reverie near Kelso.

O SLOWLY fell the night,
For the days were long and light,
As we stood where Tweed and Teviot joined their song
To fair Kelso, smiling gay
Beside her Abbey gray,
And birds were singing Springwood trees among.

Around us reigned the spell
Of mysteries strange, which dwell
'Mid scenes where legend lives and holds its sway;
As we watched the rivers speed,
And the silvery flowing Tweed
Meet his neighbour from the Teviot hills that day.

We talked of vanished scenes,
Of "the Wizard" and his dreams,
Of the gallant hand which wielded bloodless sword,
Of the mighty work he wrought,
The life-long battle fought,
Of short-enjoyed, and well-loved Abbotsford.

Ho, Wizard of the North!
Your phantoms still ride forth,
Familiar "Red Cross Knight" and Templar bold;
Nuns haunt Dryburgh's ruined cell,
And their ghostly beads o'ertell,
Still waves Marmion's falcon-plume o'er crest of gold.

We peopled Roxburgh's halls,
And raised her ruined walls,
And we placed the long dead sentinels at her gate,
And we gave our fancy rein
As we scoured the battle-plain
Where Scotland's monarch met his kingly fate.

Strange mingling of the past
With the present fleeting fast!
The rivers still sang on as soft and low,
As when Douglas bright star set,
And the angry armies met,
And the battle lance was broken long ago.

Birds sangs 'mid summer flowers,
When that bright to-day was ours,
Now it numbers with the past, 'tis yesterday!
So on, and on, and on,
Till the ages all are gone,
We sing our little song, and pass away.

O loved ones by my side!
Looking o'er the waters wide,
I listen for your voices now in vain;
I have stood upon a shore
And watched you crossing o'er
To the land from which no traveller comes again.

O Tweed and Teviot streams!
Why call ye up such dreams
Of a vanished past, that comes no more to me?
Are they haunted, those clear rills
Which feed you among the hills,
That they throw so wide the gates of memory?

ANNIE W. GARDINER, SIBBALDBIE.

Dr Parker's Border Connection.

THE late Dr and Mrs Parker spent some of their brightest and happiest holidays in and around the picturesque town of Langholm. Indeed, their connection with the "muckle toon" and neighbourhood was somewhat close. Mrs Parker's ancestors were true Borderers, and, in her girlhood, she was a frequent visitor to Langholm.

Four of her kindred were connected with the "toonheid kirk"—one was a teacher in the Sunday school. Her grandfather, James Common, possessed the farm of Crossdykes, Water of Milk, whilst his brothers Thomas, John, and Andrew held the farms of Coplefoot, Craig, and Meikledale.

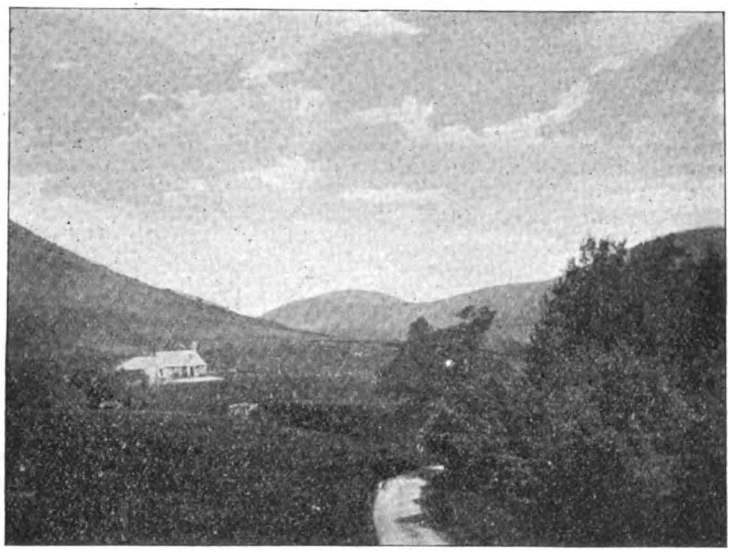
Her father, Andrew Common, J.P., preferring a commercial life to that of the farm, migrated to Sunderland, where he became a banker of considerable wealth and influence.

His daughter, Emma Jane Common, who became the wife of the eminent City Temple divine, frequently visited her aunt, Mrs Bowman, Langholm, in her girlhood, and worshipped in the above church where her relative was a member. Then it is said that she manifested high spirits, marked talent, and artistic tastes.

After her marriage Mrs Parker brought her husband to Langholm. He was delighted with its natural beauty, and they spent many a summer holiday here. It was during one of his early visits that the doctor preached for the Rev. William Ballantyne in the above-named church from the words, "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired," &c. (Luke xxii. 23.) During the reading of the lesson he threw in corresponding passages from other Scriptures, and thus led an old farmer to exclaim to a neighbour in the pew, "Dear mei, his Bible's no the same as mine." This was the doctor's first sermon in Scotland, and not a few still remember his words. His appearance, gesture, and eloquence made a marked impression on the large congregation. He was frequently requested to repeat the favour, but never would do so, having made a rule not to preach when on holiday. So firmly did he adhere to the rule that it was said he would not even say grace when out of harness.

The doctor was on very friendly terms with some of the local ministers, and was a frequent visitor at Holmfoot, the hospitable mansion of the late Mr and Mrs Scott, where he was the happiest of somewhat select parties. On these occasions he would bend considerably, and could joke and tell anecdotes with the best. It was through the Holmfoot influence that he was induced, when the Duchess of Buccleuch had failed, to open a bazaar in the E.U. Chapel of Copshawholm, Newcastleton. This was a red-letter day with the "new lichts" of the little community.

The freedom and quiet of Eskdale's capital had great attractions for the popular preacher. He could come and go as he pleased. His favourite walk was the Gallowside, and this he traversed many times a day. There are few



"THE GATES OF EDEN," LANGHOLM.

prettier roadways anywhere. It is bounded on one side by the Esk and the Duke of Buccleuch's park and lodge, and on the other by a plantation of pine trees, with a fine undergrowth of flower and fern and sloping heath-clad hills behind. The point where this beautiful-wooded walk opens into the Eskdale hills the doctor described as "The Gates of Eden."

As a rule, he frequented his favourite haunts alone, and was invariably in a "brown study." Occasionally he was accompanied by Mrs Parker or some noted visitor who had come to see him. He often climbed the heather hills beyond "The Gates of Eden," ascending Timpen by way of the Roman road. Here he "touched the hand of God."

The drives up Eskdale and by Wauchope were his favourites. It was when "doing" the former that he visited Westerkirk Churchyard, where Telford is buried, to meditate alone. A more suitable spot could hardly be chosen. The hills, woods, and waters never break the quiet and are conducive to the exercise of silent meditation.

On returning to those who had accompanied him he remarked, "It is an out of the way place, but I have got something for my people." Soon after a sermon appeared in "The City Temple" with the first half of the above sentence as a title. In the course of the discourse delivered to a City Temple crowd he described his visit to Westerkirk, telling of the country churchyard, the resting-place of Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall—companion of Claverhouse, and persecutor of the Covenanters—the village church, and the river Esk which glides so peacefully past.

Their drive up Wauchope dale, usually rounded by the Blough Well, crossed the moor into Canonbie to the Cross Keys, returning by way of Byerburn, Gilnockie, and Dean Banks. When passing through the latter, and under the closely foliaged archways, Mrs Parker, whose singing was a feature in the City Temple services, was wont to sing some favourite song to the great delight of the party and any who were within hearing.

When driving Dr Parker always sat on the "dickey," in order that he might command a better view and see "the glorious hills" in all their grandeur. Ever and anon he would burst into speech, as his great face lit up and he waved his eloquent arm to draw attention to some delightful prospect. Once when passing through Sorbie Hass, Ewesdale, he pointed down the glens and with his own emphasis exclaimed, "Oh, yonder is the gate of Heaven! Oh, glorious! What a spectacle!"

Many stories are still afloat throughout the neighbourhood regarding the great preacher and expositor. As he moved about in his jacket suit and blue cap he was often likened to a sea captain. During the period when he was suspected of having come under the influence of Beecher and "gone off the rails a bit," many of the country folks shook their heads significantly as they saw him pass.

He was exceedingly fond of fruit, and had the run of Mrs Bowman's garden, and also that of Holmfoot. His inroads among the gooseberries in the former brought him into conflict with the old gardener, who was "cooking" some for a local show. Andra resorted to various devices when he discovered that the enemy was not a blackbird, but a preacher, to induce him to leave the "prize yins alane," but in vain. At last he peppered the bushes with soot, and chuckled at the thought of having outdone the divine. The doctor, however, was equal to the occasion. All unconscious of a pair of twinkling eyes upon him he sauntered through the garden, and coming up with the bushes for an instant, as he beheld their condition, worked his facial features, and to the chagrin of the gardener coolly stooped down, turned up the branches and plucked the clean fruit from beneath.

The Rev. George Orr, North U.F. Church, Langholm, who conducted a memorial service, closed an eloquent appreciation of the notable preacher thus:—

"These reminiscences, though fragmentary, are interesting, as associating our town with one of the greatest preachers and Biblical authors in the history of the Christian Church—a man who has been compared to Bourdaloue as an orator, and to Chrysostom as an expositor. It remains something for us to be legitimately proud of, that, if the other side of the Border gave birth to the great preacher himself, this side may be said to have furnished him with a wife, who, when we gather all her qualities together as artist, poetess, singer, literary critic, linguist, phonographist, social entertainer, and Christian worker, had not her equal in the country. Her interest in the work was such that she won the title 'co-pastor of the City Temple.'"

G. M. R.

The only way to conquer a cast-iron destiny is to yield to it. You will break to pieces if you are always casting yourself upon the rocks.

Reputation helps to make character. To be continually telling a boy that he is a bad boy is more likely to make him worse than better.

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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.

JANUARY, 1903.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE regret that owing to unforeseen circumstances the biographical sketch which we intimated would appear in this issue has had to be postponed, but it will appear in an early number. We trust that the majority of our subscribers not only read the *Border Magazine* but keep the monthly parts so that they may be bound for preservation. The special covers issued from our publishing office have been much admired, and we would recommend them to those who desire neat volumes. When our magazine was first started, seven years ago, doubts were expressed as to the possibility of confining it strictly to Border subjects, but we had no fears in this direction. We have a large quantity of original matter in hand and we would ask the forbearance of our many valued contributors should the appearance of their articles be delayed. A new volume suggests new subscribers, so we trust our readers will kindly extend the influence of their own magazine.

The Border Keep.

Once more the festive season reminds us that another milestone on life's highway has been passed, and while the mirth and pleasantries of the young folks recall the joys of our own youth, yet the old dominie must be excused if a shade of sadness passes over him as he thinks of the many friends who live only in memory now, or who have found homes in distant lands. Yes! the New Year brings with it sadness as well as joy, but we will not dwell upon the former, for our heart is still young and the world hath need of sunshine and joy even in these days when pleasures seem to increase. To keep the heart fresh, a love of the homeland is absolutely necessary, so bear with the old dominie if he once more urges his readers to keep "Leal to the Border wherever they be."

* * *

Here is an extract from an article by the late Professor Veitch in "Blackwood's Magazine." It is an interesting fact, which may not be generally known, regarding Sir Walter Scott's forbears:—

John Rutherford, the minister of Yarrow, Sir Walter Scott's great-grandfather, married Catherine Shaw, the daughter of the Rev. John Shaw of Selkirk. The poet was thus the near descendant of both ministers, and heir to all the old memories—all that was good and pure, tender and pathetic, noble and heroic in the old life, manners, and deeds of Yarrow's vale and stream.

* * *

The influence of environment upon character is marvellous, and what each of us would become, given different experiences, who can say. Here is Sir Walter Scott's opinion of what his first acquaintance with the Borderland did for him:—

"It was here, at Sandyknowe," he writes, "that I had the first consciousness of existence, and I recollect distinctly that my situation and appearance were a little whimsical. Stripped and swathed up in the skin, warm as it was flayed from the carcase of the sheep, in those Tartar-like habiliments I well remember lying upon the floor of the little parlour in the farmhouse, while my grandfather, a venerable old man with white hair, used every excitement to make me try to crawl." How much are we indebted to the wholesome air that swept round

Smailholm Tower, to Auntie Jenny for her stories, to old Robert for his gipsy and reiving stories, and to an old volume of Allan Ramsay's "The Table Miscellany," from which he learned the ballad of "Hardyknute," for making Scott what he was. Before he could read he could recite this ballad, taught him by Auntie Jenny. The parish minister, the Rev. Alexander Duncan, was a frequent visitor; so was Madge Gordon, grand-daughter of Jean Gordon, the prototype of Meg Merrilies, a tall woman, dressed in a red cloak. The early religious training given here was also in his favour, and the genuine Border Scotch he acquired and never forgot. Long afterwards he said, "I love Sandyknowe well—every grey rock and every green knoll is familiar to me; I have known them from a boy. I was sent out here to die, but Providence had more for me to do."

* * *

As I have before pointed out that any suitable cuttings for the "Keep" will be gladly received by Dominie Sampson, "A Constant Reader," who bears the true Border name of Scott, sends me the following interesting cutting from the "Edinburgh Evening News":—

A FAMOUS OLD BORDER HOUSE.

The death at Darnick, Perth, of Margaret, eldest surviving daughter of the late Andrew Heiton of Darnick Tower, Melrose, breaks an interesting link with the past. Tradition has it that the Heitons came originally from Normandy about 1425 to assist the Scots against the English in the train of a company of French knights. They were well received by the King, by whom a grant of land was given them in the vicinity of Darnick village, Melrose. However this may be, they have been associated with this place for hundreds of years, and the Old Peel Tower, the only inhabited tower on the Borders, stands grim and grey within its orchard, quite as interesting as Abbotsford, from which it is three miles distant, crammed as it is with old armour, chairs, and curios gathered by former owners. Sir Walter Scott tried for years to get it by purchase from the Heiton of his day, who clung to his patrimony; and the "Duke of Darnick," as the great romancer was dubbed by the villagers, had to be content with a few acres of land. John Heiton sold the little land there was to Sir Walter Scott, but clung to the Tower. Sir Waler left his silver-topped malacca cane when at the Tower on a visit; it is still there; the tassel is gone, but the initials "W, S." may be read on the silver. A characteristic Border "peel," Darnick dates from 1569. The iron stanchions are still there, and the "risp" for "tirlin at the pin." A sundial is dated 1569, and bears the initials of John Heiton. The Heiton of that day is said to have taken part in the fray between the Scotts and the Kerrs in 1526 for the person of James V., then a minor, which took place at Skirmish Hill, upon which Melrose Hydropathic now stands. The tower contains various relics of Queen Mary—a couch and picture of her embroidery, three portraits of the Queen at various ages, Prince Charlie's powder horn, hunting knife, knife and fork, an extraordinary tablecloth made of soldiers' coats from men who fell at Waterloo, oaken bedsteads, stained glass from German monasteries, &c. It is a veritable Border museum, over which, by the kindness of the present proprietor, Mr Andrew Granger Heiton, architect, Perth, many a visitor has had the privilege of wandering.

A HAWICK WOMAN WHO KNEW THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.—A correspondent writes in a Border newspaper:—

I have had the pleasure of meeting with a venerable relic of antiquity who has already outrun the span of life usually allotted to humanity. Eighty-one years of age on the first day of this year, Jeanie Stewart, who resides at No. 8 Melgund Place, Hawick, was born at Ettrickbrigend. She related the following story to me:—"I was only a bit lassie when I first met James Hogg—the Ettrick Shepherd. I was hired at Catslack Burn, Yarrow Feus. My master occasionally entertained visitors, among whom the poet frequently appeared. I assisted at the table as waiter, and remember him distinctly—a muckle jolly-looking fellow—singin' his ain songs and making grand speeches, wearing aye a shepherd's tartan plaid tied aneath his oxter. The way I mind him sae weel is—he keepit the company in roars o' lauchter. One day there was a grand entertainment, at which Hogg was present. Dancers were scarce, and he called out 'Where's that lassie frae the Brigend?' I was introduced and took part in a threesome reel. That day Dr Shaw, an old bachelor and a meeserable body, was the fiddler, and a merry party it was. The late Mr Henry Ballantyne, farmer, 'Middles,' on the Cavers estate, was the poet's man-servant, and aye drove the family cart to Yarrow Kirk."

* * *

As is well-known, the late Mr W. E. Gladstone was a descendant of the Border Gledstanes, but it seems from the following interesting paragraph from the "Glasgow Evening News" that the famous politician had also Highland blood in his veins:—

In connection with Mr Gladstone's remark anent his Highland blood, a correspondent sends us the following descent from papers in her possession:—(1) Colin Robertson, third of Kindeace, married Rebecca, only daughter of Robert, third baronet and twenty-third baron of Foulis; issue, with others, George. (2) George Robertson married Agnes, daughter of John Barber of Aldourie. George was Sheriff-Depute and Commissary of Ross. Issue, with others, Andrew. (3) Andrew Robertson married, in 1760, Anne, daughter of Bailie Mackenzie, Dingwall. He was a solicitor, thrice Provost of Dingwall, and also served as Sheriff-Substitute of Ross. Issue, with others, Anne, born 1772. (4) Anne Robertson, married, 1800, John Gladstone, eldest son of Thomas Gladstone, Leith. Issue, with others, William Ewart Gladstone. The Robertsons of Kindeace are a branch of the Inches family, this being, with the exception of Lude, the oldest cadet family descended from the Robertsons of Struan. They have owned and lived at Kindeace, Ross-shire, for the last three hundred years. The present representative of this ancient family is Charles Robertson, eighth of Kindeace, a well-known and typical Highland laird. He is a Vice-President of the Clan Donnachaidh Society, and is remarkable for his likeness to the portrait of the famous Poet-Chief, Alexander Robertson of Struan (Scott's Baron of Bradwardine), which now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery in Edinburgh.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The Romantic Border Ballads.

"Great Love," I cried,
"Great Woe am I," said he,
"Great pain and tears of blood shed bitterly,
Tears of heart's blood, salt as the great dark sea:
And dost thou jest and ring fool-bells at me?
Thou didst not know!"

FRANCIS HODGSON BURNETT.

"IT is the happiest lot on earth to be born a Scotsman. You must pay for it in many ways as for all other advantages. You have to learn the Paraphrases and Shorter Catechism; your youth, as far as I can find out, is a time of louder war against society, of more outcry and tears and turmoil, than if you had been born for instance in England. But somehow, life is warmer and closer; the hearth burns more redly; the lights of home shine softer on the rainy streets; the very names, endeared in verse and music, cling nearer round our hearts."

Some such thoughts as must have been in the mind of R. L. Stevenson as he penned these lines, are ours when we read those Border Ballads, which for want of a better name we term the Romantic, and compare them with those of the same class which belong to the sunnier side of the Tweed. In the English folk-songs we find reflected a life wearing a genial aspect: they breathe the air of the 'gay grene wodes;' we can hear the light-hearted, light-fingered Autolycus sing them as he "jogs along the merrie foot-way"; can sit with the "spinsters and knitters in the sun," as they chant them and tell one another sad stories of how the course of true love never did run smooth—for a time only, however—for we also hear of how the obstacles vanish, the hard-hearted parents relent, and all winds up to the sound of wedding-bells. How different are those of our own land—those lays of "sad, unhappy, far-off things," which have had their birth in dowie glen and on lone hillside, and have had breathed into them the spirit of those solitudes. And yet—and yet—would we wish them different? Would we exchange for lighter and more trivial themes those stories of old Romance—say rather of Love and Woe, of Love and Death—which for that very reason touch the inmost depths of our being, cling close to our very hearts?

It is the time before life had become the complex thing it now is of which these ballads tell, when men fought and loved and sang in robust fashion, untouched by the softening influences of civilization and culture. They deal with the elemental instincts of our nature; they tell of strong love and bitter hate; of fierce jealousy and cruel revenge; of keen joy and brooding sorrow; and of faithfulness which defies alike the power of time and of death to destroy. Take, for instance, the story of Helen of Kirkconnell, who fell dead in the arms of her lover (Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick) killed by the shot intended for him by his jealous and watchful rival, and is lamented thus:—

"I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirkconnell Lea.

. . . . . .

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love drapt down and spak nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' meikle care
On fair Kirkconnell Lea."

As he tells of the combat that followed his fierce rage breaks forth:—

"As I went down the water side,
Nane but my foe to be my guide;
Nane but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirkconnell Lea.

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I hackéd him in pieces sma';
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me."

Then he sinks back to the weary iteration of his grief:—

"I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me."

Similar in tone and even in phraseology (for the old Balladist knew nothing of the laws of copyright) though with a purely feminine note in its poignant sorrow, is the "Lament of the Border Widow," whose husband had been put to death by James V., and whose friends and even servants had fled in terror and left her alone with her dead.

"I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed and whiles I sat;
I digged his grave and laid him in,
And happ'd him in the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
As I laid in the moul' his yellow hair;
O think na ye my heart was wae,
As I turned about away to gae.

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my faithfu' knight is slain:
Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair,
I'll twine my heart for evermair."

For it is, after all, the women who are the leading actors in these love dramas. As we read we see how little there is in common between

them and those of our present-day literature; we realise what a long road has been travelled before the type revealed in these ballad heroines could become the many-sided woman of modern times. How little, for instance, do they know of the self-questioning introspection of which our fiction is so full; they never attempt to analyse their emotions; when Love, the great Master comes to them, they at once recognise his presence and acknowledge his power, and are prepared to make any sacrifice for his sake. As little do they seem to think of other claims or interests; indeed, it is a very suggestive fact —suggestive perhaps of the stern severity of their home life—how small an influence the tamer domestic affections have over their conduct. They do not, like Maggie Tulliver, that most loving and lovable type of noble womanhood, refuse to accept any happiness, however great, that involves the suffering of others, that demands the breaking of earlier and still-dear ties. Our ballad-maidens care for none of these things. Parents, brothers, friends, are all as nothing in the presence of the great Enchanter; they go out to meet him with unfaltering steps, and follow with unquestioning obedience whithersoever he may choose to lead. And though he may sometimes guide them by devious ways, through paths hard and thorny to their weary feet, they at least never seek to deny that their footsteps have strayed; whatever else they may be they are no hypocrites. Nor must we forget that they have a code of honour all their own, which some of our modern heroines might do well to imitate, whose laws they would scorn to infringe; choosing rather, like Glenkindie's lady, to seek death at the sword's point than that—

> "Should e'er sic shame betide,
> That I should be first a wild loon's lass,
> And then a young knight's bride."

And even as they do not attempt to palliate their errors, as little do they try to evade their consequences. They have made their choice, and will abide the result; they shew neither regret nor fear, but with uncomplaining fortitude await their doom. For with hardly any exception, it is always sorrow with which their stories close. Be their love lawful or otherwise, the end is ever the same. Whether it be by means of the unrelenting parents and brothers, or of the jealous rival, or of the "fause, fause love" himself, the avenging fate is ever behind, from which there is no escape. Then when they have dree'd their weird, have lost their stakes and paid the forfeit, there is nothing left for them but to die. For in this, too, they differ from the present-day maiden, whose life is so full of varying and absorbing interests. When Love fails them, they have no other resource—if indeed they would care to have any other; it would seem as if having once tasted the bitter-sweetness of his enchanted cup, once thrilled under the witchery of his music, they could never be content with anything less; the more chastened joys of life were not for them. Even grisly Death is robbed of his terrors, as in the case of poor May Margaret, who wanders at midnight to the grave of her murdered knight, crying—

> "Is there ony room at your head, Sanders?
> Or ony room at your feet?
> Or ony room at your side, Sanders?
> For fain, fain would I sleep!"

Of the consolations of religion and the hope of a higher life and love beyond the grave they appear woefully ignorant; their only ideas of immortality seem to be contained in the oft-repeated

> "An' out of her grave there grew a birk,
> An' out of the knight's a brier.
>
> An' they twa met, an' they twa plait,
> As fain they would be near,
> An' a' the warld might ken right weel
> They were twa lovers dear."

In the whole wide range of the Borderland there is no district so filled with stories of love and dule as the Vale of Yarrow; the winds that sigh among its leafy groves, the soft cadences of its murmuring river are all attuned to notes of woe; ever will it to

> "The unconquerable strength of love
> Bear witness, rueful Yarrow."

There was the scene of the "Border Widow's Lament"—there the "Willie," who was so "wondrous bonnie," rode forth, never, of course, to return, while as for the winsome maid whom he had left behind—

> "She sought him east, she sought him west,
> She sought him braid and narrow,
> Syne in the cleaving of a crag
> She found him drowned in Yarrow."

Still more sad and sweet is the well-known "Dowie Dens," which is believed to record a tragic event in the history of the Scott family —the murder of Walter Scott of Thirlestane by his brother-in-law, John Scott of Tushielaw. In terse and dramatic language, with an entire absence of detail, it tells of the quarrel and challenge between the lords as they "sat birling at

their wine," of the foreboding of evil felt by the bride as she sees her husband ride forth.

"O stay at hame, my noble lord,
O stay at hame, my marrow,
My cruel kin will you betray
On the Dowie Dens of Yarrow":—

of his meeting with the "nine armed men," and his stubborn fight against such cruel odds until he falls by the sword of the "treacherous knight

O gentle wind that blaweth south,
Frae where my love repaireth,
Blaw me a kiss frae his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth.

But in the glen strive armed men,
They've wrought me dule and sorrow,
They've slain; the comeliest knight they've slain,
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

Then follows her weary quest, until among the "ten slain men" she finds what she sought—

THE BLACK MAN ON THE WHITE HORSE.

From 'Life Story of Aunt Janet."

who came behind and ran his body thorough." With an instinctive presentiment of what had taken place the heroine sings—

"Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream,
I fear there will be sorrow,
I dream'd I pu'd the birk sae green
Wi' my true love on Yarrow.

"The fairest rose that e'er did bloom,
That now lies cropped in Yarrow."

It is to this vale of sorrow, too, that belongs the "Douglas Tragedy," in which we have the powerful and dramatic picture of Lady Margaret standing looking on, while her lover defends himself against her father and brothers,

holding his bridle-rein and making no sign until she sees her father fall, and then—

"O hold your hand, Lord William," she said,
"For your strokes are wondrous sair,
True lovers I can get mony a ane,
But a father I can never get mair.'"

And most pathetic is the despairing *abandon* of her answer to his request—

"O choose, O choose, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"Whether ye'll gang or bide?"
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,
"For you've left me nae ither guide."

Then—

O they rade on, and farther on,
By the lee-licht o' the mune,
Until they came to a wan water,
An' there they lichted them down.

. . . . . .

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she said,
"For I fear that ye are slain."
"'Tis naething but the shadow o' my scarlet cloak
That shines in the water sae plain."

O they rade on, and farther on,
By the lee-licht o' the mune,
Until they came to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lichted them down."

And so on; but before the next day dawned he had died of his wounds and she of her grief; and both were buried in St Marie's Kirk, and had the traditional birk and brier grow out of their graves; though we may hope that few kinsmen were as unrelenting as the Black Douglas:

"And wow but he was rough,
For he pu'd up the bonnie brier,
And flang'd in St Marie's Loch!"

Even more cruel than the treatment she receives from her parents and brothers is the suffering the ballad-maiden has to undergo at the hands of her faithless lover,—whether like "Fair Annet" she dons her gayest attire and goes to his wedding—the wedding that ends in the death of her lover, her rival, and herself; or as "Burd Helen" and "Fair Annie" she submits to the indignity of preparing for the home-coming of his bride, or with proud submission endures the taunts of his lady-mother, while waiting as a menial at his table. But perhaps there is nowhere a finer use made of this class of ballad, than in the "Heart of Midlothian," at the deathbed of that most pathetic figure in the long picture-gallery of Scott's heroines—poor Madge Wildfire. Indeed, we doubt if anywhere does he show in a greater degree his kinship with Shakespeare than in his description of the poor crazed creature, singing snatches of hymns intermixed with love-ballads, unconsciously hinting at her own sad story all the while.

"When the fight of grace is fought,
When the marriage-vest is wrought.

. . . . . .

Doff thy robes of sin and clay,
Christian, rise and come away.

. . . . . .

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early,
Sweet Robin sits in the bush
Singing so rarely.

'Tell me, thou bonnie bird,
When shall I marry me?'
'When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry thee.'

. . . . . .

Then weep ye not my maidens free,
Though death your mistress borrow,
For he for whom I die to-day
Shall die for me to-morrow."

Other and more darksome tragedies there are than those of which the Love Ballads tell, among the most notable being "The Bonnie Wee Croodlin' Doo" and "Edward, Edward," in the latter of which we have in the colloquy between mother and son the gradual unfolding of a terrible crime. But for grim horror none is equal to "The Twa Corbies," which was discovered and added to the "Border Minstrelsy," by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the eccentric, whimsical "C. K. S." of Edinburgh society a century ago. In it we have the gruesome picture of the two birds of ill omen feasting on the body of the new-slain knight, which had been deserted by the only three who knew of his death—"his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair"—and rejoicing that—

"His lady has found another mate,
So we shall mak' our dinner sweet."

We are not told—for with the instinct of true genius the balladists generally say much less than they suggest—but we can guess, that it was to the "other mate" that the hapless knight owed his death. But have we anywhere such a weird picture of utter desolation as in the last verse?—

"Mony a ane for him mak's mane,
But nane shall ken where he is gane!
Ower his white banes, when they are bare,
The winds shall blaw for evermair."

Admirers of Stevenson will remember the effective use he makes of the two last lines in "The Master of Ballantrae," when Henry Durie repeats them over to himself, while planning the death of his elder brother. And such is the art of the story-teller, that although we know that he is about to do a cruel thing, a cowardly

and treacherous thing, yet we feel that we can sympathise with the younger brother in his fear and hatred of the terrible "Master," and can almost join in his anticipated triumph as he croons to himself—

> "Ower his white banes, when they are bare,
> The winds shall blaw for evermair."

For he, too, the last of our great Scottish romancists, loved these old tales, sombre and tragic though they were, as he loved everything that belonged to the dear grey country of his birth. Though his footsteps might wander far and wide, still from under the southern sky he could sing:—

> "We canna break the bonds that God decreed to bind,
> Still we'll be the children of the heather and the wind,
> Far away from hame, O, it's still for you and me,
> That the bloom is blooming bonnie in the north countrie!"

JANE M. BUTLER.

Chambers's Journal.

JUST after going to press with our last issue we received the Christmas Number of "Chambers's Journal," which includes the December part of that ever-popular magazine. In these days of over illustration and photo reproductions "ad nauseum," we turn with peculiar pleasure to the above famous publication, which, by reason of the absence of illustrations, gives the reader the rather rare treat nowadays of giving free play to his imagination. The Christmas number proper of Chambers's consists of five complete stories, each attractive in its way, but the premier place is justly given to "The Ban of Wodelok," a story in fourteen chapters, dealing with the times of Queen Elizabeth. The author's name is given as J. R. Oliver, better known to Borderers as Mrs Oliver of Thornwood. This talented lady has written many articles on archæological subjects, some of which have appeared in our columns, and the dramatic force displayed in the foregoing tale shows that her facile pen can make the olden times live anew. As the title indicates, there is a ghost in the tale, and we must congratulate the authoress on the manner in which she has introduced the phantom, in which the principal interest of the story centres. We confess to a liking for a ghost story at this time of the year, and Mrs Oliver's, by reason of its naturalness, will be read with pleasure by the vast majority of readers. We look forward with pleasure to a Border story from the same pen.

How the Feud was Staunched—A Border Tale.

THE Scotts of Catslackburn and the Murrays of Sundhope had long been at deadly feud, a feud which seemed as though it would cease only with the total extinction of one or other of the houses. Grimly the rugged towers frowned on one another from across Yarrow's lovely water, but no more grim were they than the faces of their lords when their gaze crossed the river. The two houses regarded it as their solemn duty to harass one another. Deeds that would have seemed direst cruelty if executed even on an Englishman became praiseworthy and heroic when executed by a Murray on a Scott, and the Scotts knew no greater happiness than in harrowing the Murrays.

It was strange in these circumstances, therefore, that Will Murray, the heir of Murray of Sundhope, and Margaret Scott, the only daughter of Scott of the Catslackburn, should have met and loved. Strange! and yet it would have been stranger still had they failed to do so, for the two had been playmates ere they knew that such a thing as feud could be. Many a happy hour had they passed together perched on the bough of some high tree or wandering hand in hand by the river's bank. Often had young Will forded the Yarrow and carried his little playmate dryshod to the other side. Or when the river was in flood and came tearing down its narrow bed roaring and tumbling so that he dared not cross, they would signal to one another from the opposite banks.

And so the happy years of childhood passed, and with the first blush of young manhood and womanhood came the great awakening. Then they learned that between them rolled a great gulf, a river more impassable than the Yarrow in its great spate, across which even a signal might not pass.

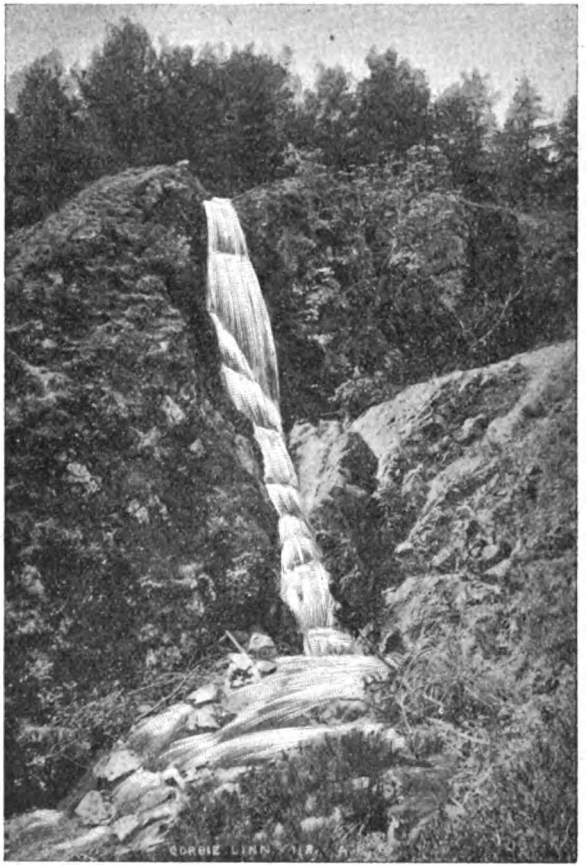
To put a barrier between two hearts is the surest way to make them cling the closer, and so it proved with Will Murray and Margaret Scott. What before had been little more than childish friendship now grew to be love, deep, steadfast, all-absorbing, and none the less so because it was nourished in each heart in secret. No longer might they spend the happy hours together roaming over the countryside, but stolen meetings they could hold when all nature was asleep, and only the pale silent moon could learn their secret. Many a time they would steal forth under cover of the darkness to keep their tryst, and Will would ford the river as in the happy old days that they might exchange

one embrace and vow to be faithful through all.

It was a bitter position for both the lovers. Often Margaret would hear her father bid his men arm for the fray, and she knew that he was setting out against the Murrays, and dreaded lest the success of her house might be the ruin or death of him she loved. For young Murray the trial was even harder. Forced by his stern father he would have to lead his men against the Catslackburn Tower, and fight as heartily as in the circumstances he could against its inmates. But a crisis was at hand.

when night had come—a dark, dismal night well suited for the deed—Murray and his retainers set out for Catslackburn. Old Murray's stern face boded little good to the subject of his reflections, and his son, who rode by his side, watched him in trembling silence.

When they arrived at the Catslack Tower all was dark and silent. The assailants soon scaled the outer wall and found themselves in the courtyard. Murray smiled grimly as he noted all the fine cattle that had been his the previous night, along with many another likely



CORBIE LINN.

From "Life Story of Aunt Janet."

One morning old Murray awoke to find that his courtyard was empty. All the fine fat sheep and cattle he had put there for safety over night had been taken. He was very wroth, and vowed the direst vengeance on his enemies.

"This thing's gane ower far," he exclaimed to his sons. "We maun simply exterminate the brood, burn them in their lair."

Great preparations were made all day, and

beast, and he chuckled as he drove them all out into the open. By this time the inmates of the tower were roused, and the whizzing bullets warned the raiders to seek shelter. They retired without the wall in order that it might shelter them, but Murray himself lingered a moment behind.

Scott had seen the hopelessness of opposing so large a force, and had reluctantly abandoned

the idea of pursuit, trusting to make good his loss on some future occasion, and all had grown dark and silent again. Suddenly a bright blaze shot up from the tower into the sky; then another. The Catslackburn was on fire, and only old Murray himself knew how it had come to pass

"We'll smoke them out or they'll die in their den," he exclaimed.

There was consternation among the besieged, and every effort was made to oppose the flames, but it was soon evident that the tower must go. Very reluctantly old Scott and his retainers turned from the burning building and tried to fight their way through the enemy, but they were captured and compelled to watch the destruction of their home.

Very anxiously Will Murray had watched those who left the burning building, but the one whom he sought had not appeared. Suddenly a cry rang out through the midnight air. Will turned, and the sight that met his gaze froze him to the spot. There she stood, his loved one, on the highest part of the building, her arms stretched out appealingly towards him. The fire had not touched the spot on which she stood, but everywhere beneath her and around her seemed aglow, and in another minute the cruel flames must consume her too. He looked around for some means of help, but there was none. It was impossible to reach her, and every second made the situation more terrible. The great red flames were right behind her now, and showed her form distinctly. After the first cry she had uttered no sound, but her hands were still stretched out appealingly.

Old Murray was silently watching his son.

"You shall not," he cried, reading the lad's silent resolution in his face.

"Begone!" the young man cried, flinging his father from him, and in another minute he had sprung into the flames.

It seemed impossible that he could ever reach her through that bed of flame. In a minute or two, however, he appeared beside her. The flames were on her, they had caught her dress, but she heeded them not. She had seen him, and she knew naught else. With a glad cry she flung her arms around him, and as the flames enveloped them the awed onlookers saw him clasp her to his breast. So wedded in death perished those two who had loved so well in life.

"Oh, Marget, Marget!" old Scott cried, wringing his hands in helpless agony.

"My son, my bonnie lad!" Murray exclaimed, while the tears coursed down his rugged cheeks, and the hands of the two bereaved old men met, and they mingled their bitter tears.

CHRISTINA MACALPINE.

Bassendean Kirk.

THIS ancient Church of Berwickshire, now comprised in the parish of Westruther, was vacated in 1649. Through the kindness of Professor Rankine of Bassendean it has been renovated so as to stand the blasts of another century. The ivy, which covered all the inside walls, has been taken down and the walls put into a proper state of repair. The ground floor has been dug for several feet and covered with ashes, and the double and single windows in the south wall have had iron gratings inserted so that interested persons may yet have the pleasure of seeing the interior. The entrance, which is near the west end of the south wall, has been fitted with a strong door, which deprives the cattle of their bield from the north winds. This old ruin is very interesting, being one of the few remaining pre-Reformation Churches in the district. Previous to the Reformation the Church belonged to the Cistercian nunnery at Coldstream. It was united to Gordon in 1617, but again disjoined, and after the Presbytery had found it expedient that the kirk at Bassendean should be disunited and separated from Gordon (this being recommended by the Synod, and advised by the General Assembly, 16th June, 1646), it was erected by the Commissioners for Plantation of Kirks, 30th June, 1647, and "the parishioners, or some of the best affected, had bigged a kirk instead of that, which was altogether ruinous and fallen down." The kirk was ordered to be transported from Bassendean by Act of Parliament, 2nd March, 1649. Soon after the Reformation, Andrew Currie, vicar of Bassendean, conveyed to William Home, third son of Sir James Home, of Cowdenknowes, "terras ecclesiasticas, mansionem, et glebam vicarie de Bassendean" [the church lands, mansion, and glebe of the vicarage of Bassendean]; whereupon he obtained from James VI. a charter for the same on the 11th of February, 1574. This William, who thus built his house upon church lands, was the progenitor of the present family here. The church is oblong, measuring inside 58 ft. 5 in. by 13 ft. 9 in. The walls are 12 ft. high and 3 ft. 3 in. thick. The entrance measures at present 6 ft. by 3 ft. 3 in., and there is in the right side on entering a small opening, 9 in. high, 9 in. wide, 15 in. deep, and on the left side, hewn in one stone, a still smaller opening, 7 in. high, 7 in. wide, 8 in. deep. There are also several openings in the

south wall, one near entrance, measuring 10 in. high, 13 in. wide, 11 in. deep, which was probably used for the Holy Water basin,—discovered under the ground floor while the present excavations were in progress, the bowl of which is 9 in. by 9 in. and 5 in deep. The second opening is nearer the east, between the Holy Water space and single window, and measures 15½ in. high, 15 in. wide, 17½ in. deep; this has been an aumbry or press. The third, being the piscina, is situated between the double window and east wall, and measures 13 in. high, 15 in. wide, 13 in. deep. In the north wall, and near the north-east corner, we have another aumbry, measuring 21½ in. high, 20½ in. wide, 22 in. deep; while above there is another small opening, 8 in. high, 6 in. wide, 6 in. deep. The double window, which is situated near the east end of south wall, is 4 ft. 1 in. square, but has been originally divided by a mullion: this has again been replaced. The single window,—nearer the entrance, measures 3 ft. 5½ in. by 1 ft. 8½ in. A disused burying-ground of some extent surrounds the building, the last interment being that of General Home, of Bassendean House, who was buried in the north-west corner of the Church over forty years ago. Several distinguished members of the House of Bassendean are also interred here, including George, who lived in the troublous period of the seventeenth century, and who took part with the Duke of Argyle in his unfortunate expedition in 1685.

This thoughtful act on the part of Professor Rankine, in preserving the old ruin, gives him a claim on the gratitude of all lovers of the Border and its history.

T. W. H., G.

Memories of Border Picnics.

OH the pure, perfect joy of them, a joy the lingering fragrance of which is wafted back to us down the river of years.

The delight of the start, only too transient, when the tightly-packed brake bowled us swiftly and smoothly along through the beautiful Border country in green summer or golden autumn to our destination; the accentuated and somewhat protracted delights of the start, when, the brake having been out-voted, we were hoisted one by one over the end of the great hay cart to tumble fearlessly into a deep bed of sweet fresh straw, there to nestle while we were bumped and jolted to our place of rendezvous an hour behind the appointed time; the delight with which we watched the tea kettle as it swung in Gypsy fashion from the end of the cart, and saw that the huge basket of good things which had its accustomed place behind the driver was fastened securely; the delight with which we urged and cheered the horse as it strained and plunged with its heavy load through the ford, at Dryburgh it might be; what holding on to the sides of the cart as it slowly but surely accomplished a seemingly perpendicular climb, perhaps to the exalted spot where the peerless knight of Ellerslie stands, still waving symbolically "the beaming torch of liberty," and what knocking of heads together and digging of elbows into each other's ribs as the descent therefrom was made at the risk of our lives;—can joys such as these be lightly forgotten?

Then, a fractional amount of our exuberance having worked itself off among the foregoing exciting experiences, came the more serious business of arriving and unpacking. The solemn debate upon the choosing of a spot neither too sunny nor too breezy on which to hold feast and revel; the laying out of the snowy cloth on its grassy table, the careful fastening of the corner thereof in breezy weather, and the plentiful arranging thereon of all the dainties which the opening of the great basket had disclosed; the crucial questions as to the wind's direction, and where it would be prudent to build the fire; the somewhat doubtful pleasures of gathering fuel for the fire, and kindling and feeding the same; the ever recurrent perplexity as to whether it might not have been wiser to take the risk of a bottle of our own cream making butter in its transit rather than trust to the chance of getting it at the nearest farm, where we were at least certain of getting fresh water;—were not all these sober delights to be forever remembered?

When all things were ready, and the feast itself fully laid out, when the fire had with much earnest persuasion been coaxed to a bright flame, when the kettle had been brought to just the proper point of boiling, and the tea had been infused to the exact minute; when sitting flatly on the ground, cup of tea in hand, and buttered tea cake with strawberry jam in lap, was found to be, if not entirely comfortable or convenient, yet wholly delightful; when single midges got in our eyes, and ants in armies made successful raids on the jam and the sugar:—was it not then that the acme of our enjoyment was reached?

A short period of the rest necessary after repletion, then a ramble among the ruins it might be, or a stroll through the cool green

woods, a scramble over the rocks, or a race across the heathery moor, a quiet walk by the winding river-side road or a restful talk with a kindred spirit in a shady, sweet-scented nook, then home; home through the peaceful country roads in the mellow glow of a summer's evening, when the high hedgerows were rich with roses pink and white, or in the crisp autumn gloaming when the air, just touched with frost, was laden with the subtle odour of the pine, or the sweet scent of the bean; when the rowan trees flung their scarlet-decked branches over us, and the sprays of dogberry gaily flaunted themselves as we passed;—are joys such as these ever wiped out?

We have picnicked by "Tweed's silver stream" under the shadow of Dryburgh, and have wandered at will through every nook and cranny of the grand old pile, we have peopled the Monk's Walk with solemn monkish figures, and listened to the softly whispered tales of bygone days which the cloisters love to repeat, we have wept by the tomb of the great minstrel, who has illuminated every tree and stone of our Borderland, and given to each a tongue and a legend, and we have stood by with wondering eyes while sacrilegious feet tripped lightly and thoughtlessly in the merry dance above the graves of Sir Hugo de Morville and his spouse, where they lie side by side peacefully sleeping in the venerable chapter-house of the Abbey.

We have feasted by the side of "Tweed's fair river broad and deep," within the ancient precincts of Old Melrose, sacred to the memory of saints and monks; by the old-world dwelling-house of Bemersyde, linked by reason of his ancient prophesy to the illustrious name of "True Thomas"; by old Torwoodlee, where Pringle, its one-time lord, doubtless indulged in moods as sullen, and reflections as bloody as when he "sat on Maygill brae pondering on war and vengeance meet," and, anon, turned his thoughts on "battle broil and blood," and where we may suppose him to have laid to heart the wholesome lesson that "ambition is no cure for love."

We have made merry at ancient Harden, still haunted as we felt it to be by the shades of Old Wat and "Muckle-mouthed Meg;" at Neidpath, made mournful to us by the unhappy fate of its lovely and gentle maid; at Peniel-heugh, where the lonely column rears its high head, and bravely speaks to all the country round of victory; and by the grave of "fair maiden Lilliard" where, after "life's fitful fever," she has slept long and peacefully.

We have dreamed by "lone St Mary's silent lake" of Scott, and Wordsworth, and John Wilson, and have paid our tribute of a sigh and a tear to the memory of that sweet Scottish singer, the Ettrick Shepherd; we have passed and paused where "Newark's stately tower looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower," and have scaled the crags at Minto—those cliffs, "doubling on their echoes borne, the terrors of the robber's horn," at the summit of which Barnhill, the robber referred to, "hewed his bed of flint."

Are pleasures such as these to be ever blotted from our book of memory? Never! No experiences of after life, be they happy or sorrowful, can ever banish the pure delight that has been ours in youth's early spring time on such occasions.

Being obtrusively romantic in these early days, we made many noble efforts, alas, how fruitless, to draw aside the veil which so frequently and so heavily obscures the history of the past, as in the case of the old tower at Littledean, so beautfully situated within sight of "Tweed's fair flood and Mertoun's wood," and of whose history and old-time inhabitants so little is to be told; we strove, with what measure of success may be guessed, to trace the ancient boundary line of Roxburgh Castle, that Castle of many sieges which stands so impoeingly, all that is left of it, where the silver Teviot "hurries its waters to the Tweed," and there to fix the precise spot where the monarch of Scotland—unfortunate son of an ill-fated house—met his tragic death; we endeavoured with no better fortune to particularise the window by which the Lady of Smaylholme sat in such "mournful mood" looking so wearily "over hill and dale;" we fruitlessly sought to follow the directions pursued by Smaylholme's "bold Baron" as he took his fateful early morning ride "down the rocky way that leads to Brotherstone," and to discover the actual "oaken beam"—even a splinter would have been so gratefully treasured!—on which the knightly shade of Sir Richard of Coldinghame laid his ghostly hand, leaving forever impressed thereon "the sable score of fingers four"—Alas, alas, for our youthful enthusiasm! The years have taught us cold sober wisdom, and have killed the warm joyous hope with which we pursued our chimera. But kindly memory furnishes liberal compensation and keeps fresh for us, that we may feed upon it in retrospect, the happiness which we enjoyed in the pursuit.

MARGARET FLETCHER.

Character is, for the most part, simply habit become fixed.

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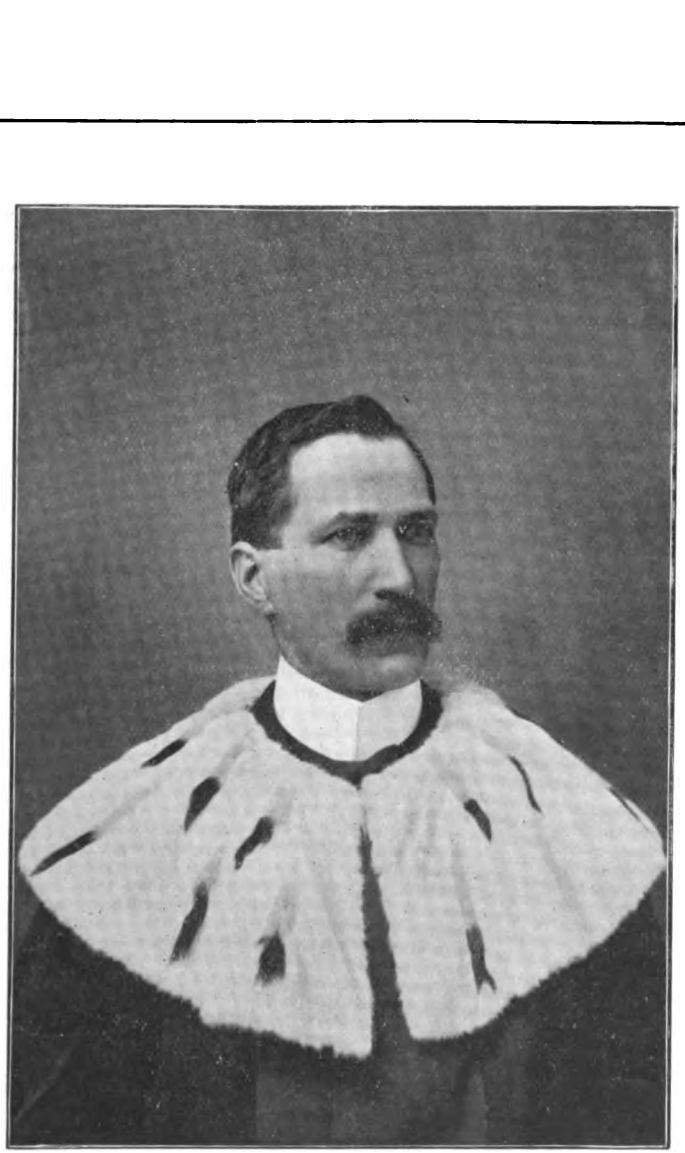
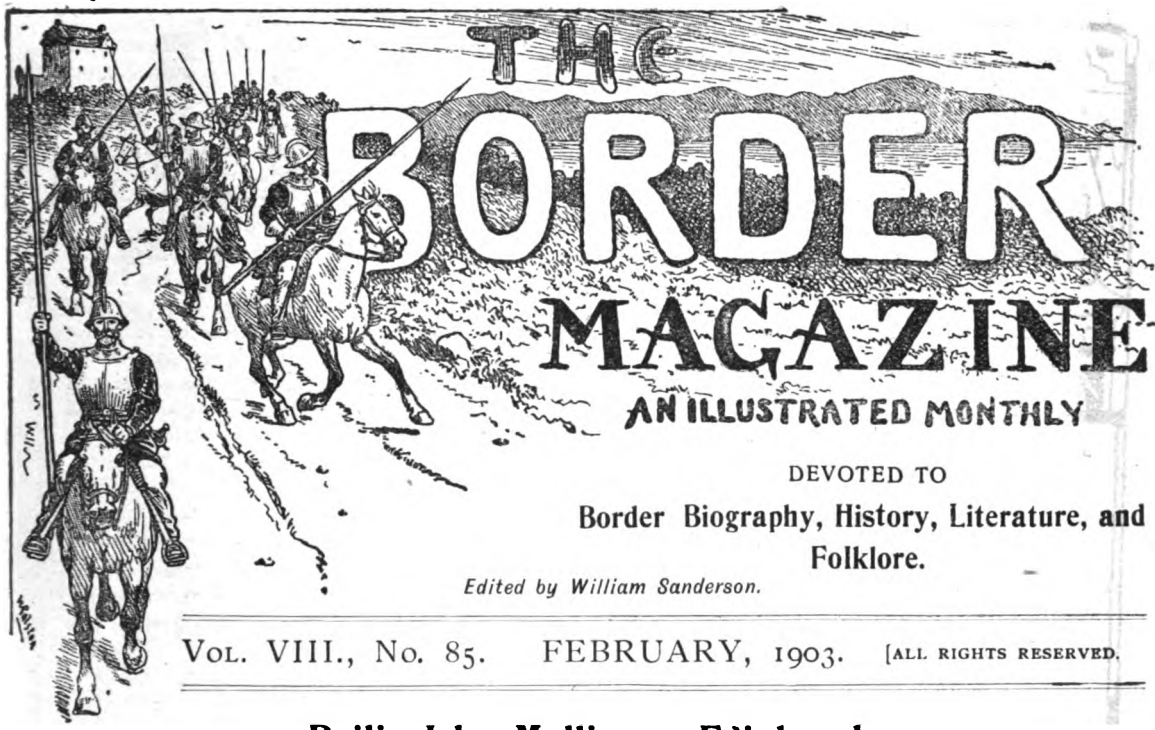


From Photo by J. Drummond Shiels, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

BAILIE JOHN MALLINSON, EDINBURGH.



VOL. VIII., No. 85. FEBRUARY, 1903.

Bailie John Mallinson, Edinburgh.

IN the management of local and Imperial affairs of this country there has of late years been a new element introduced into the various councils and boards—this is the working-class element. Formerly the members of our local councils and boards were drawn entirely from the leisured or middle class, but now there is not a Town, County, or Parish Council but numbers among its members men drawn from the artisan class. This has added a new strength and stability to our institutions, which can now be said in a larger sense to be "broad based upon the people's will." In many instances these members have proved by the capacity and aptitude they have shown for public work that the genius of government is not the special gift of any class, but that good administrators are to be found in all classes of the community, and especially in the class which had hitherto been practically shut out. In this development of local energy the men of the Borders have been very much to the front, so far as the capital of Scotland is concerned. The first working man to be elected to the Edinburgh Town Council as well as the first working man to be elected a Magistrate of the city came from the Borders—Bailie Telfer, a sketch of whom appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE at the time. Another Borderer has recently been elected a Magistrate, and as in many ways the new Bailie, who is a typical Borderer, is an ornament to his class we think that he is worthy of a place in the BORDER MAGAZINE'S valhalla.

Bailie John Mallinson, who is the second artisan member of the Council to be elected a Magistrate, is a genuine Borderer, has long been connected with the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, and in the different spheres of public service he has shown himself worthy of the root from which he sprang. He is a native of Hawick, and is a "Teri" of the first water, and here it may be mentioned that he yearly visits that great gathering of the clans at the Common Riding. The Bailie's father was a Yorkshireman, and his mother was from Dumfries, of the well-known name of Macgregor. With such a parentage, from parts of the kingdom representative of the caution, the daring, the shrewdness, and the hard headedness of the race, coupled with early training and associations with the stirring Border town, it is no wonder that the Bailie should have made his mark. The combination of the north of England with the Borders has been a most successful force-producing character.

After he had completed his apprenticeship as a shoemaker in Hawick, and worked for some time at his trade there, he removed to Glasgow, where he looked after a shop in the great city

of the west. He remained here for two years, and on St Patrick's day 1883 he came to Edinburgh, where he has resided ever since, and become in some ways one of the best known of the public men in the city.

On his settling in Edinburgh he began to take a deeper interest in trade affairs, and in order to improve himself intellectually he attended several classes in the Heriot Watt College, that great educational institution which has done so much for the artisan population of Edinburgh. Mathematics and English were the subjects he devoted most attention to. About this time he also entered the Edinburgh Trades Council as the representative of his trade, and he was not long in making his mark as a speaker, who not only had the gift of expressing himself in pointed and vigorous English, but who carried the conviction that he was a thinker as well. In time he filled all the offices—member of committee, secretary, and president—and though a much younger man than many of his colleagues his personality made itself felt. In 1896, when the Trades Congress met in Edinburgh, he was selected by the trades of the city for the post of president of that body. Any one who has an acquaintance with that gathering knows that it is by no means an easy one to guide. It numbers among its members some of the most fluent speakers and vigorous debaters which it would be possible to meet in a gathering of similar numbers, men in deadly earnest anxious to carry their point, and able to give any number of reasons for their way of thinking. The Bailie was, however, equal to the occasion, and though the Congress was one at which many thorny questions came up for settlement the proceedings were conducted in a way which called forth the highest praise. Indeed, one English pressman, who had attended this body for a great many years in all parts of the kingdom, said that at no meeting at which he had been present had he seen a president who had conducted the business so admirably. Mr Mallinson possessed a most minute knowledge of all the rules of order, and had at his finger-ends all the rules of debate and the bye-laws of the Congress, and was thus able to stop disorderly and desultory talk.

At the Edinburgh Congress there fell to be elected delegates to the annual meeting of the Convention of Labour in Cincinnati, United States, and Mr Mallinson was chosen along with the secretary, Mr Sam Woods, M.P., to represent the trades of Great Britain, a compliment never before paid to the president of the Congress. In the mighty western continent, Mr Mallinson saw during his visit a great many things which were new to him, and were at once a revelation and an education. He several times addressed the Convention on subjects on which he was called upon, and on which he could contribute to the common stock. As a memento of his visit he brought home with him a handsome gold watch, which the delegates presented him with, his colleague, Mr Sam Woods, getting a diamond charm.

The representation of working men on our public boards was a subject in which the Bailie took great interest, and when, in 1888, a committee was formed for the purpose of securing the return of certain working men as members of the School Board, Mr Mallinson was appointed secretary of the committee. The result of the agitation was the most successful of any attempts of a similar nature ever made in Edinburgh, all the candidates run by the committee being returned by substantial majorities. It is interesting to note that one of these candidates was Bailie Telfer, a colleague in the Council of the subject of our sketch.

But in the new movement which is more and more making itself felt as a power in our social and political economy of having more direct representation on our public boards of working men, it was impossible that such an outstanding man as Mr Mallinson could remain in private life. His first attempt to enter the Town Council was in 1893, when, at ten days' notice, yielding to a strong representation he entered the lists against such a veteran and tried hand as the late Bailie Colston. The struggle was a sharp one, and in his campaign he won golden opinions from different sections of the community for the comprehensive grasp which he showed of municipal affairs as well as the principles which should underlie municipal government. He was, however, defeated, the poll standing—Colston, 1115; Mallinson, 751. Although defeated in this contest it virtually gave him a seat in the Council. In the following April a resignation took place in the St George's Ward, and the committee of that Ward at once communicated with him and offered to run him as their candidate if he would consent to stand. To this request he agreed, and he was returned unopposed, a compliment which was paid to him as long as the Ward continued and until the redistribution of the seats of the Town Council consequent on the extension of the city. It may be mentioned that the election of the Bailie for St George's Ward was the first which took place under the new Act for the election of interim Councillors. Formerly in the case of an interim election the Town Council elected, but by the change which was made this was done

by the electors, and this is how all these interim elections are now filled up.

Mr Mallinson was not long in the Council before he began to make his influence felt, and while he never forgot that he was a working man he also never forgot that as a representative in the Town Council he was there not in the interests of any class or clique, but of the whole Ward, and that he was a member of a Corporation of "no mean city."

The position which a working man representative has to fill as a member of a public board in a large Corporation is not altogether an easy one, and a fierce light beats on him. He may easily degenerate into a puppet or a bore, and to steer an even keel is often difficult. Mr Mallinson had, however, the grit in him. He was not like a number of Councillors eager to open his mouth upon all and every occasion. He first of all made himself acquainted with the rules and forms of the house and its method of working, and informed himself on the subjects under discussion. When he did begin to speak it was at once seen that he was no mere theorist or declaimer, but a member who had thought out his subjects and was able to give a reason for what he said. Possessing a clear head and cool judgment, united to admirable knowledge of the rules of debate, and able to clothe his language in concise and appropriate phraseology, he soon became one of the best debaters in the Council. He is also one of the most respected, for although outspoken and fearless in his championship of a cause or a principle he never degenerates to the language of the gutter nor forgets that other people may hold their views and opinions as sincerely as he holds his. As a member of the Council he carried out perhaps the greatest change which has ever been made in its working arrangements The great Executive Committee is the Lord Provost's Committee, and formerly it used to consist of a number of ex-officio members, and the theory was held that "once a Magistrate always a member of this Committee" Mr Mallinson, however, held the opinion that too strong an Executive Committee, and especially a Committee which had a majority of the members of the Council, was not in the interests of the Council, and he introduced and carried a resolution fixing the numbers of this Committee at sixteen, and making a certain proportion of them elective, the other members being the conveners of the Standing Committees and the Senior Magistrate for the time being. As showing the estimation in which he was held by his colleagues, he was elected a member on the first occasion on which an election took place, and for every succeeding year till the present when, being a Magistrate, he elected not to stand. There is no Committee for which competition is so keen as the Lord Provost's, and it speaks volumes for the position he has taken in the Council that he has been so often elected a member of this Committee. But this is not the only proof he has had of the opinion of his colleagues. On almost every Committee he has had a seat, and has been elected a member of every outside board except, perhaps, the Water Trust, a position, however, which he could have held had he so wished.

One very marked compliment was paid to the Bailie as a member of the Gas Commission. This was his selection as one of a deputation to visit the principal towns on the Continent, with the view of inspecting their gas works. It does not often fall to the lot of one to have the opportunity of visiting so many historic cities and towns as the Bailie and the deputation did. Among the towns visited were Rotterdam, The Hague, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Buda Pesth, Munich, Zurich, Cologne, Brussels, Paris, &c. In the Corporation economy there is always a certain amount of discussion evoked in connection with the sending of deputations, those who are sent being generally very loud in their praises of the good results likely to follow, while all those who remain at home cannot see it in the same light. Without at all entering into the controversy or taking up an attitude either for or against we may say that whether it is the result of the deputation or no, it is the fact that the Gas Works which are at present being put up for the Corporation will when finished be among the best of their kind in the country, and what is even more wonderful in municipal undertakings, so far the erection, which is rapidly nearing completion, has been at rather less than the estimated price, which would seem to argue that the deputation must have gained something. On various other deputations in different parts of the country the Bailie has been a member, and in connection with Health Congresses he has on different occasions contributed papers on questions affecting especially the health of the masses.

When King Edward (we will omit the numeral) ascended the throne a loyal and dutiful address was presented to him by the Corporation of Edinburgh, and the Bailie was one of the deputation appointed by the Council to present it at St James' Palace, so that he has had the distinction of appearing before Royalty, a distinction which has seldom fallen to one in his position, and it marks the distance we have travelled in these days when personal character

and worth are so recognised independently of social position.

Mr Mallinson was elected to the bench in November last with a rare concurrence of men of all sections and views both inside and outside the Council, and it was felt that he well merited the honour. That he will discharge the onerous duties of the Magistracy as efficiently and conscientiously as he has done those of a Councillor is the conviction of his friends. It will fall to his lot to occupy the position of Senior Magistrate of the city during his last year of office, and he will thus be deputy Lord Provost. It is interesting to note that Bailie Telfer, the first working-man Magistrate this year occupies the post of Senior Magistrate.

For three years Bailie Mallinson was connected with the Volunteer movement, having joined shortly after he came to Edinburgh No. 18 or the High Constables Coy. of the Queen's Brigade. Every one interested in the force knows that some of the best shots in the country come from the Borders, and we have no doubt had the Bailie gone in for rifle shooting he might have added another to the list of "cracks" who have come from that part of the country, as in the competition in his company, open to recruits, he took the first prize—a silver watch. Other occupations, however, prevented him remaining in the ranks of the force, and so after serving his three years he retired.

The co-operative movement has in the Bailie a warm supporter and a firm believer. He was twice elected president of the Northern Society of Edinburgh, and was one of the principal promoters of the scheme for the union of that Society with St Cuthbert's, the result of which has been to give a large impetus to the movement, and has made the St Cuthbert's Society one of the largest, if not the largest in Scotland. For two years he occupied a seat on the board of management of the combined Society, and for two years occupied the post of secretary, retiring only under the rule which prohibits members serving beyond a certain period.

Politically, the Bailie is an advanced Radical, with very pronounced social views as to the duty of the State in ameliorating the condition of the people under certain conditions. Since 1893 he has acted as the Labour correspondent of the Board of Trade for Edinburgh district. He is also a Justice of the Peace for the county of the city of Edinburgh, and as a Bailie of the city is an Admiral of the Firth of Forth.

He married, in 1888, Margaret Robertson, a Pitlochry lady, who was for many years a teacher in Hawick, for a number of them being head-mistress of Wilton Public School. It is no disparagement to the Bailie to say that he owes a good deal to his wife, who has been to him a help-meet in the best sense.

The career of the subject is one which may well act as a stimulus to others of our Border youths to follow.

AN EDINBURGH BORDERER.

The Ettrick Air.

Dedicated with feelings of affection and admiration to Nina Lady Napier and Ettrick.

THERE'S a remedy rife thro' the Border land,
From its cairn-crowned heights to the gravel strand
Where a key-note is struck by a hundred rills,
As they sing and dance to the soft green hills.

From the wide swirling mouth to the trickling source
Of a winding stream in its lonely course,
This remedy reigns as a power strong and rare,—
'Tis the glorious free-born Ettrick air.

In the spring-time 'tis charged full of moorburn smoke,
Which wraps the hill-tops in a thick white cloak,
Till drifting away like a gossamer veil
It curls and it floats a long fragrant trail.

Then after the petals have dropped from the broom,
There's the luscious scent of the heather bloom,
Which the wild honey bees and the herd-lads know
And drink to their fill as the hillsides glow.

When the hay is well won and the corn in sheaves,
It snatches a whiff of bog-myrtle leaves,
And steals a fresh charm, for the breeze we now meet
Has blown over acres of meadow sweet.

The long winter months have one perfume alone
In the frosted air, and it's pure ozone;
'Tis the subtle aroma the peat-reek throws
To the steel blue sky as the short days close.

We natives all deem it a marvellous cure
For most of the ills man has to endure,
When 'tis filling his lungs and fanning his face,
The sorriest sinner takes heart of grace.

It braces the body, it mellows the mind,
So potent its powers and fitly combined,
While soothing the spirit and stirring the blood,
It sweeps away care like a cleansing flood.

Small wonder we prize it, for it has been breathed
By dear friends and kinsmen, and they have bequeathed
To us to be cherished a large and full share
Of deep-rooted love for the Ettrick air.

At times when dejected and dead-sick at heart,
With sorrows that pierce like a poison dart,
"May my last breath on earth ere long," is my prayer,
Be one deep, deep draft of sweet Ettrick air.

T. SCOTT ANDERSON (TEVIOTDALE).

Jan. 6, '03.

The Cross Church of Peebles.

HOUGH the founding of the Church of the Holy Cross of Peebles is, on satisfactory evidence, assigned to the middle of the thirteenth century, its site was reputed to be hallowed ground from a period too remote for history to trace. John of Fordun, compiling his Chronicle of the Scottish Nation little more than a hundred years after the Church was built, thus narrates the circumstances under which it originated, and indicates the views then prevalent regarding its sanctity:—

"On the 9th of May, 1261, in the thirteenth year of King Alexander, a stately and venerable cross was found at Peebles, in the presence of good men, priests, clerics, and burgesses. But it is quite unknown in what year and by what persons it was hidden there. It is, however, believed that it was hidden by some of the faithful, about the year of our Lord 296, while Maximian's persecution was raging in Britain. Not long after this a stone urn was discovered there, about three or four paces from the spot where that glorious cross had been found. It contained the ashes and bones of a man's body—torn limb from limb, as it were. Whose relics these are no one knows as yet. Some, however, think they are the relics of him whose name was found written in the very stone wherein that holy cross was lying. Now there was carved in that stone, outside: "Locus Sancti Nicholai Episcopi" (Tomb of the Bishop Saint Nicholas.) Moreover, in the very spot where the cross was found many a miracle was and is wrought by that cross; and the people poured and still pour thither in crowds, devoutly bringing their offerings and vows to God. Wherefore the King, by the advice of the Bishop of Glasgow, had a handsome church made there, to the honour of God and the Holy Cross."—(Fordun's Chronicle, Skene's edition ii. p. 294.)

St Andrew's Church, situated about a quarter of a mile further west, and restored within the memory of people then living, served as a model for the new structure. The form and dimensions of the two buildings were somewhat similar, a western tower being a prominent feature in each. In outside measurement, viz., 21 feet from north to south and 20 feet from east to west, the two towers agree, but the walls of the earlier one are about four feet thick, while those of the other are barely three. The interior measurement of the Cross Church was 102 by 26 feet, and the side walls were 24 feet in height. Both side and end walls were three feet thick. In 1656 the length was reduced to 72 feet, by the insertion of a new eastern gable, a doorway lintel in which still bears the inscription: "Feire God . 1656." Whinstone, plentiful in the vicinity, formed the main building material, but doorways and windows (arched in the pointed Gothic style), and likewise the cornices, were of white freestone. There were two doors, and either four or five windows in the south wall, one door in the north wall, and another giving access from the church to the tower.

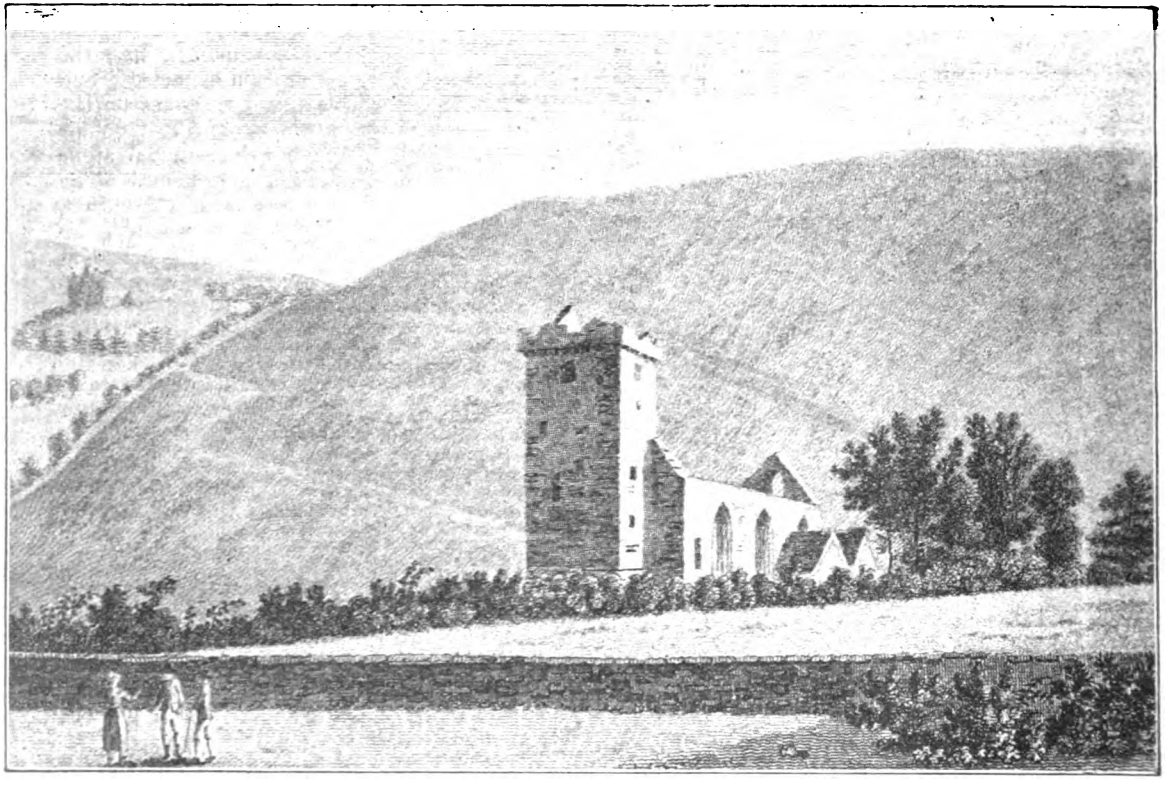
From the first the Church, mainly on account of its precious relic, believed to be a portion of the true cross from Palestine, was favoured with Royal patronage, and successive sovereigns contributed endowments. A grant from the crown revenues of Peebles is traced to Bruce's time, and probably originated in an earlier reign. Robert II. gave lands; James II. confirmed the grant, while his Queen, the devout Mary of Gueldres, made offerings at the altar; James III. helped to enlarge the scope of the original foundation; James IV., a few months after the death of his father, gave a sum of money; and James V. bestowed additional revenues on the minister and convent of the Cross Kirk, "quhair ane pairt of the verray croce that our Salvatour was crucifyit on is honorit and kepit." The "haly rude" was the chief object of veneration, and its power of working miracles was long an implicit article of faith. In 1474 an endowment was bestowed by a grateful burgess, whose blazing tenement had been saved from destruction so soon as the "haly crois was schawing." One of the altars was dedicated to the "Blak Rud." In 1484, Thomas Hay, sheriff depute, and Christian Dudingston, his spouse, conveyed a tenement lying in the Old Town to the minister and convent of the Cross Kirk, "to the augmentatioun and uphald of divyn service daly to be done at the Blak Rud altar, for the said Thomas and Cristiane saulis, and for all cristyn saulis, for evir."

The monastery connected with the Church is first heard of in 1473. In former times there had been a house at Berwick possessed by Trinitarian friars, but that building was destroyed by the English. It was now resolved that the Berwick revenues, including the teinds of Kettins parish, in Forfarshire, should be transferred to the Cross Church of Peebles, the minister of which was authorised to admit to the monastery as many friars as the funds could reasonably sustain. In cases where both church and monastery were planned simultaneously the cloisters or conventual buildings usually faced the south. There were apparently architectural difficulties in adopting this rule in Peebles, where the new monastery had to be attached to an existing church, and the former was accordingly placed to the north of the latter. Only a small fragment of the conventual buildings now exists. Originally they formed three sides of a square, extending about 92 feet north of the Church. As the buildings were only about 22 feet in

width an open court of considerable size was left in the middle. So far as can be ascertained the friars regularly dwelling in the monastery did not exceed five in number, including the minister or chief friar, but the cloisters were no doubt adapted for the extra accommodation required by pilgrims and occasional visitors.

At the Reformation the friars were ejected from the monastery, though the permanent revenues, under deduction of the thirds set aside for the Crown and Protestant clergy, were retained by them during their life-times. Casual contributions, such as altar offerings, ceased till they removed to the new church on the Castlehill in 1784. At that time the Cross Church was stripped of its roof and fittings, "but," to use the words of Dr Dalgleish, the parish minister, "the walls, by act of the magistrates and council, at the general desire of the community, continue and are intended to continue a venerable monument of antiquity." Captain Grose's view, taken from the south-west, shows the state of the walls in 1790.

The ground adjoining the tomb of Bishop Nicholas was adopted by others as a place of sepulture. The Scotts, formerly of Scotston



Kindly lent by] THE CROSS CHURCH OF PEEBLES. [Messrs Carson & Nicol, Glasgow.

however, and there was a proposal to augment the friars' incomes by the sale of ornaments, vestments, and jewels which had been removed when the Church was "purged of idolatry." Both St Andrew's Church and the Cross Church had been partially destroyed by the English in 1549, but of the two the latter was in the more effective condition, and it was selected as the parish church of the future. Except at occasional intervals, when St Mary's Chapel in the High Street was adopted as a substitute, the Cross Church was occupied by the parishioners and Kirkurd, and latterly of Buccleuch, had their family vault in or at the Church. Old Satchells, in his Metrical History, printed in 1688, says—

"In the Crose Kirk there has buried been
Of the lairds of Buccleuch, either six or seven;
There can none say but it's two hunder year
Since any of them was buried there."

On the north side of the Church is a small mound or cairn which is understood to mark the burial place of the March family, and there

the first Earl was interred in 1705. The proprietor of Venlaw (modern name of Smithfield) owns the burying ground which formerly belonged to the Earls of Morton, benefactors of the Church. This and the adjoining plot, belonging to the Hays of Haystoun, are situated on the south side of the Church.

Subsequent to the Reformation the monastery and its precincts, as parts of the Cross Kirk benefice, came into the hands of a brother of Lord Yester, and subsequently the benefice formed the subject of rival claims between the Hays of Yester and the Stewarts of Shillinglaw. Since 1624, when Lord Yester got a crown charter which included the "precinct, monastery, and yards," the successive owners of the Neidpath estates, including the present Earl of Wemyss and March, have remained in possession. In recent years a desire has often been expressed that the venerable ruin and its surroundings, hallowed by so many memorable associations, should be kept in better order and be accessible to visitors on suitable conditions. Conflicting views and interests have hitherto stood in the way, but these may yet be reconciled and an improvement be accomplished which will reflect credit on all concerned.

R. R.

The Border Almanac.

ONCE more we have this familiar and welcome "Almanac" before us, and we are surprised at the large amount of valuable information it contains. By the use of small type the publishers, Messrs J. & J. H. Rutherfurd, Kelso, have succeeded in compressing into a small book, which can be carried in the pocket, a large amount of facts and figures which are of much value to all classes of the community. But the book is not all dry statistics by any means, for the obituary and historical sections are most readable. As a sample we quote the following:—

JOHNSTON, THE SMUGGLER.

October 1, 1804.—His Majesty having been graciously pleased to extend his mercy to this remarkable character, it may not be improper to lay before our readers certain occurrences of his life, of which we have been informed. This we are induced to do, as well as in justice to the man himself, who, however unfortunate he has been in the choice of his mode of life, has evinced that he possesses those qualities which would do honour to a more elevated state, as in explanation of the motives which operated on the feelings and liberality of the late Minister in promising, and of the present Minister in procuring, for him His Majesty's most gracious pardon. When the expedition to Holland took place in August, 1797, Johnston was a prisoner in the New Jail, in the burgh, whence he effected his escape, in the middle of the day, in a most intrepid and daring manner. He proceeded then without delay to Holland, and rendered the most essential services to our troops, as well as on their landing as afterwards, in conveying to them, amidst innumerable difficulties, ammunition and provisions, of which they would at one period have been wholly destitute if it had not been for his exertions. He was consequently recommended strongly by the much-lamented Sir Ralph Abercromby and the Duke of York for a pardon to the then Prime Minister, Mr Pitt, through whose influence he became an object of royal clemency. Unfortunately, however, the want of some regular livelihood tempted him to embark once more in the illicit profession of a smuggler, for an act in the exercise of which he was committed to prison in the Fleet. From this place he also effected his escape, in a manner so wonderful as scarcely to be credible, although ascertained beyond the possibility of a doubt, on the recent trial of Warden of the Fleet for suffering his escape. Though now at liberty, he found himself precluded from the possibility of attempting to profit by his ingenuity in the illicit traffic on this side of the water, where alone he had contemplated a prospect of success. He therefore made the best of his way to Holland, and whilst the peace lasted aided in that country the efforts of his old associates in this in the prosecution of their contraband traffic. Upon the renewal of hostilities, however, Johnston's well-known skill and intrepidity rendered him an object of the enemy's most vigilant attention. He was assailed by unjustifiable persuasions and menaces alternately to induce or compel him to enter into the service of France, but in vain. His determined and honourable refusal to acquiesce in the base proposals caused him to be immured in one of those dreadful dungeons which still exist in Holland, so much to the disgrace of that country. During a severe confinement of nearly twelve months in such a prison his fortitude and loyalty underwent the severest trials, but remained unshaken. A settlement of £6000 in his family was offered to him, ineffectually, as the price of his engaging in the infamous attempt to invade his native country; and he showed equal principle and resolution in his contempt of the threat that his life should be the forfeit of his obstinacy. In what manner this extraordinary man at length released himself from the miseries of his situation, or by what singular efforts of ingenuity and courage he had succeeded in regaining his liberty, has not yet transpired. Not being aware of the benevolent intention of Government to reward his uncommon and persevering loyalty with a full pardon he has directed his course to America, and the enemy have sufficient reasons to keep the secret to themselves.

No one has a right to plead his point of view as an excuse for his errors. The first duty of life is to get the right point of view.

He who would pass the later part of life with honour and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old; and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young.—Johnson.

Ride and Tie; A Night on the Lammermoors.

IN the good old times in Scotland, it was a common practice for two persons travelling the same road, with but one horse between them, to "ride and tie." No. 1 mounted and set off, and after riding a mile, dismounted and fastened the horse to a tree, if there was any, or to a gate-post or whin bush. He then walked on, and No. 2, coming to the place where the horse was tethered, loosed it and rode his mile. Thus riding and walking alternately, they got on much faster than they could have done otherwise, while the horse also stood longer out, getting a rest every ten minutes or so. I never tried this plan but once, and do not wish to try it again under like circumstances. It was a beautiful morning in March, in the year 1839 or 1840, that I started in company with my uncle, J. F., to go to N—— to stay a few days. We left R—— immediately after breakfast, my uncle mounted on his own horse, and I on my favourite grey colt, and we were escorted on our way by my father on Puck, and Jamie Youll on the little brown mare, my father taking the opportunity of paying a visit to G——, and Jamie going with us to bring back the colt I was on, after we should have reached "the hill." When we got to G——, Mr H—— would have my uncle to stay and have a game at back-gammon, to which he consented; and Jamie and I were sent forward with directions to wait at W—— till my uncle should join us, which he said would not be long. On arriving at W——, we put up our horses at the house of an original named Jamie Graham, whose smooth bald pate, intolerant of a hat, had gained him the name of Copperhead, and we sat in his kitchen till about three in the afternoon, sipping a glass of ale and munching a slice of bread and cheese, after which, dispairing of my uncle's coming, we took horse and returned to G——. On arriving there, we found my uncle just mounting his beast to come away. He scolded us for our impatience, and poohpoohed my suggestion that it was now too late to think of crossing the hill that night. Nothing would serve but Jamie must turn back and accompany us to the hill top, after which we would ride and tie, and be at N—— in a jiffy. So off we set at a good rate, past W—— and W——y, and a little beyond the latter place we gave Jamie his leave, and my uncle and I proceeded alone. But riding and tying was out of the question, as I did not know the road and could not leave my guide, and if I had known it there was not a tree nor stump, nor even a whin bush, to fasten the horse to. So I walked and my uncle rode, and then I rode and he walked, mile about as he said, but as I thought he riding Scotch miles and I English. Hearing him talking always of "the hill," I thought there must be but one, but when we got to the top of the first we came to, another huge, ugly, bleak one lay behind it, with a deep glen between. Ere we had reached the second hill-top, night set in, chill, dark, and dreary, there being only just light enough to enable us to keep the track. At the back of the second hill lay a third, and a fourth after that—indeed I cannot trust myself to say how many there were. At last we got to the Duns turnpike, and trudged along it moodily enough, for I was fagged to death and getting foot-sore, and my uncle, methought, took precious long spells of riding and gave me correspondingly short ones. We passed Lord Somerville's hunting-box, Dye Lodge, the only house on our route after leaving W——y, and at last we came to Fastney Water, which my uncle told me formed the march of his hill, so I thought we could not be very far off N——. Presently we reached the top of the last Lammermoor ridge, and saw dimly stretched at its foot the low land of Lothian. At the extreme left a sort of white cloud spot or nebula marked the position of Edinburgh; more in front was Inch Keith Lighthouse; right before us glimmered the Bell Rock beacon; and the German Ocean lay to our right, a grim, ghastly expanse. We descended the ridge and came to a house, which I flattered myself was N——; but no! we passed it and fagged on. I could scarcely drag my legs after me, as the saying is, being hungry, tired, and quite spirit-sunk. Another farmstead and then another, at weary distances apart, were reached and passed in silence, for speaking was now a toil. I had naturally settled it that we must have traversed already East Lothian in its whole length, and could not be far from Fala. Those cursed country cross-roads, running—no, not running, but creeping—in zig-zag fashion from farm to farm, create such an idea of distance when one travels along them for the first time in the dark. At length, about three o'clock in the morning, we got to the place of our destination, and knocking up the servants, got to bed. But never shall I forget that miserable night's march, or think of riding and tying without remembering it.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has a very good reason for letting it alone.—SCOTT.

A Stray Ballad.

YOUNG GLEDHA'.

To Corsbie Keep rode young Gledha'
As the moon broke o'er the brae,
He lichtit him doon at Corsbie ford
And tethered his steed to the slae.

He cast his sword at the rowan tree root,
His dirk upon the heath,
He set his foot to Corsbie Craig,
And climbed it at a breath.

Proud Maisie stood by the high cope-stane—
The stane and she were still—
The moonlicht dazzled in her een,
Her thochts were on the hill.

She turned to see a shape o' a man
Rise black against the wa';
Before her heart could gie a gliff
She kent the young Gledha'.

"Now, Christ, you save and sain, fair May,
Now, Christ, you sain and save;
Who would have speech with your father's bairn
Must spiel in his ain grave."

"What seeks the fae of my father's race
In my father's house wi' me?
When the gled swoops at the doo-cot door,
He may spare his courtesie."

"The gled may learn o' the doo, Maisie,—
I come in fair moonlicht,
When your clan were last at my father's yett,
Ye cam' at mirk midnicht.

Ye cam' unbid at midnicht black,
And made a red hearth-stane
O' a' that were o' my father's blood
Ye left but me alane."

"Ere the tod steals to the roost, Willie,
He should ken his road to go;
My father's step sounds on the stair,
His spearmen watch below."

"I care na' for your watchmen's spears,
Nor for your father's brand,
If I must fall by a slauchterer's blade,
I'll fall here, where I stand.

I met you low by yon water side,
I met you hich on yon hill,
'Twas there I got the deadly lunt
Your hand can cure or kill."

He's ta'en her by the middle sma',
He's kissed her lip and e'e;
She's led him down the secret way
Was kent to nane but three.

He's girded on his guid bricht brand
When to the wood they wan;
He's borne her safe thro' Eden water,
Though red like blood it ran.

"Hark to that eerie cry, Maisie,
That rises from the spate!"
"It's but my father's angry dogs,
They are lowsed an hour owre late.

Hark to that far-away chime, Willie,
Comes wandering down the fell!
Gin it had been for our bridal bed,
It would have been my knell."

"To shame my birth, or slay my love,
It is a bitter rede!
You may well forsake your living kin
If I forsake my dead."

In the Parish of Legerwood, Berwickshire, there is situated in a somewhat romantic and lonely upland the ruins of the ancient Castle or Keep of Corsbie. Corsby is a Norse or Danish word "krosaby," i.e., Crosshouse. It is not without some degree of plausibility that Corsbie Tower has been recognised as the Castle of Avenel, so graphically described in "The Monastery." There is a tradition that Scott himself admitted the analogy in a conversation he had with a distinguished lady, who plied him with a pointed query. But, at the same time, it is right to say that Lochside Tower in Yetholm Loch is more generally acknowledged as the residence of Julian. The river Eden, a tributary of the Tweed, flows within a few hundred yards of Corsbie Tower, and skirts the parish of Westruther before it gives name to the charmingly-situated hamlet of Ednam, near Kelso.

The family name of Cranstoun was, for many generations, associated with the lands and tower of Corsbie. Sir Richard Maitland (1496-1586), great-grandfather of the Duke of Lauderdale, married Mary, daughter of Cranstoun of Corsbie. The Duke himself acquired the estate of Corsbie in 1671, which on his death, in 1682, passed into the patrimony of the House of Tweeddale, where it still remains.

The above love-song, "Young Gledha," in the spirit and style of the old Border Ballad, was found some years ago in the repository of a gentleman whose early death was greatly mourned. It was not in the handwriting of the owner, and none of his relatives could give any information on the subject. It was read or shewn to several old people who had always resided in Legerwood parish, but no one had heard or seen it before. It presents itself to the reader now with an air of mystery, and it may be thought worthy of preservation by those who seek out the old paths and delight to walk therein.

A. T. G.

Scott's memory held fast to what seized it, and his familiarity with the picturesque and lurid passages of the Old Testament is remarkable. He might have filled the pulpit of a Peden, and been as voluble in the outpouring, in preaching, or in prayer.—"Cornhill."

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

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1903.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE have been much gratified of late by the continued supply of good articles sent in by our contributors, not a few of whom are prominent literary men, and we desire to express our indebtedness to them for their valuable aid and their expressed sympathy with the object we have in view. Were all Borderers to take a like interest in our Magazine its success would be much greater. As an example of how our efforts are appreciated we quote from a recent letter received from the editor of one of the leading English dailies:—"The BORDER MAGAZINE has given me very great pleasure during last year, and I believe that if there are any Borderers distant who do not know of the Magazine, they would, after getting it regularly as I do, feel indebted to anyone who drew their attention to it. Your Magazine is altogether a most acceptable production, and I have to thank you for many quiet hours' enjoyment in which memory is refreshed and the imagination stirred by the articles within its pages."

We are continually receiving poems which prove that "The Poetry of the Scottish Border" still lives, but our poetical friends might remember the limitations of our space and "ca canny."

The Border Keep.

It is really surprising how much attention the daily and weekly newspapers give to the history and literature of the Borderland. It seems as if the subjects of Scott and the Borders are most acceptable to the general readers, who, not many years ago, were either ignorant of, or careless as regards those matters which are dear to the heart of every true Borderer. These facts are sufficient proofs of the strength and beauty of our Border literature and should be an incentive to the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE to do what they can to extend its circulation and strengthen its position.

* * *

A correspondent of the "Daily News" is anxious to know how Sir Walter Scott came to call his delicious but unhistorical tale by the name of "Ivanhoe."

I think I can supply the information, writes a correspondent. Where Bucks, Beds, and Herts converge lies the good town of Leighton Buzzard, or Beaudesert, beloved by all men who pursue the fox with the Whaddon Chase Hounds. The surrounding country was in days gone by a thickly-populated and rather rough district, where poachers, footpads, highwaymen, and similar enemies of the public order found convenient quarters. The inhabitants of Leighton had a rhyme which ran—

"Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe
Never want a knave or so."

To which the inhabitants of the maligned villages added an explanatory couplet—

"Do you ask the reason why?
Leighton Buzzard is so nigh."

Near Tring lies Stocks, now the property of Mr Humphry Ward, and the scene of the opening part of "Marcella." At the beginning of the nineteenth century Stocks belonged to a Mr Gordon, who was a close friend of Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter, staying at Stocks and riding about the neighbourhood, noticed the village of Ivinghoe, which abuts on Lord Brownlow's beautiful park of Ashridge, thought the name romantic, altered the spelling to Ivanhoe, transferred it in imagination to Yorkshire, and conferred immortality on it by taking it as one of his titles. Mr Gordon's widow, who survived him by many years, left the estate of Stocks to Sir Edward Grey, who sold it to Mr Ward.

While we are dealing with the subject of names and titles, I may quote the following from the widely-read "People's Journal," which, by the way, devotes not a little space to Border subjects:—

HOW THE BUCCLEUCHS OBTAINED THEIR TITLE.

In Scotland no Buckcleuch was then,
Before the buck in the cleuch was slain:
Their name and style, the book doth say,
John gained them both into one day.
—Old Ballad.

About two miles above the junction of the Rankle Burn with Ettrick's classic waters lies one of the most interesting glens in the Borderland, for within its area was created, according to Border tradition, a title which was to be known—ay, and at times feared—by Scotch and English alike, the proud cognomen of historic Buccleuch. According to Scott of Satchell's "True History of the Right Honourable Name of Scott," published in 1688, it appears that two brothers hailing from Galloway found that climate disagreeing with them in consequence of their pugilistic tendencies. The twain therefore fled to Rankle Burn, where their skill in the chase obtained for them a warm welcome from the keeper of the Royal hunting forest of Ettrick. Shortly afterwards Kenneth MacAlpin visited the forest in quest of sport, and, starting a fine buck, ran it close to the glen now known as Buccleuch. Here the stag turned on its pursuers, who were unable to follow up the chase owing to the morass and the rugged nature of the hill. Amongst those who followed the chase on foot was John of Galloway, who rushed up, seized the stag by the horns, and carried it to the King.

The deer being cureed in that place,
At His Majesty's demand,
Then John of Galloway ran apace
And fetched water to his hand.
The King did wash into a dish,
And Galloway John he wot.
He said, "Thy name now after this
Shall ever be called John Scott.
The forest and the deer therein
We commit to thy hand,
For thou shalt sure the ranger be
If thou obey command.
And for the buck thou stoutly brought
To us up that steep heuch,
Thy designation ever shall
Be John Scott of Buckecleuch."

Such is the Border legend of the origin of the powerful house of Buccleuch. The tale has been handed down from sire to son, and he would be a venturesome man who would doubt its accuracy.

* * *

Another north-eastern publication, the "Dundee Weekly News," publishes the two following items over the well-known signature "R. Borland, Yarrow," and Borderers who bear the redoubtable names referred to will be pleased to get authoritative opinion as to their origin:—

THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME ARMSTRONG.

It is said that the original name of the Armstrongs was Fairbairn, and that the change of name was brought about by a curious incident. The King on one occasion asked a Fairbairn to help him to mount his horse. Stretching out his arm, he caught the King by the thigh and lifted him into his saddle. From henceforth he was known by the name of Armstrong.

THE NAME ELLIOT.

The name Elliot has undergone considerable changes. It is spelled in some of the older documents in at least seventy or eighty different ways, the most common being Ellwood, Ellwald, Elwand, Hellwood, Halliot, Allat, Elliot. It is remarkable that in many districts in the south of Scotland the name is still pronounced Allat, though this is one of the older forms in which it appears.

* * *

It will be remembered by many that the late Professor Blackie was a frequent visitor at St Mary's Loch, &c., and that his intense love for the Highlands and the Gaelic language did not blind him to the beauties of Border scenery and literature. In Miss Henrietta Cochran's pleasing book of memories, one of the most graphic stories is that in which she relates an incident which took place while she was staying at the house of "dear old Blackie," in Edinburgh:—

The Professor was reading aloud passages from some of his favourite novels of Walter Scott. The lamp cast a silvery light on his snowy hair and ruddy cheeks. The oak bookcase and deep maroon curtains made a fine background, throwing out in strong relief the picturesque old face and head. It was a subject for Rembrandt. He alone could have rendered the splendid light and shade, the chiaroscuro, the thin, aged hands holding the book. It was the embodiment of the pathos and dignity of old age. I was not listening to his reading of Walter Scott, but thinking of the fine pictorial subject in front of me, when suddenly there was a tempestuous aggressive sneeze—a sneeze that seemed to shake the library. "God bless you!" I exclaimed; but to my dismay, indeed horror, I perceived lying on the fold of my skirt a double row of false teeth—the Professor's teeth! They seemed to be grinning defiantly at me. I glanced shyly towards their owner. A change had come over his nice old countenance; the cheeks had collapsed, the lips tightened; he looked over a hundred years of age. What was I to do?

It was an awkward situation. I could not possibly hand back the ratelier to my courteous, genial host. It would certainly have humiliated him. I rose from my chair; the teeth slipped on the carpet. "I have forgotten my handkerchief," I exclaimed, "please excuse me; I shall go to my room and get it." . . . When I returned to the library the Professor was sleeping peacefully, his mouth was open, but the teeth had been replaced. That was a relief! He woke up with a start. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "forgive my having taken forty winks in your absence. It is my habit to sleep when I get a chance." He seemed quite at his ease. I verily hope and believe he was under the impression I had not perceived the flight of his false teeth.

DOMINIE SAMPSON

The Border Ballads of the Supernatural.

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them."—MACBETH.

GOETHE has said somewhere that the one essential quality of the true ballad is that it should be *mysterious*. But centuries before this dogma had been uttered by the great German, the *makkers* of our Border Ballads had realised its truth. For let the leading notes of their tales be those of Love or War, of Joy or Woe, of Life or Death, one characteristic there is common to all—where or how we can hardly tell, we only know that it is there—the constantly felt presence of the Unknown and Unknowable, the sense of touch with the spirit-land. In dreams and visions of the night, by strange forebodings and mystic yearnings, this presence is ever making itself felt; while hanging over all is the shadow of an unavoidable, irresistible fate. For deeply rooted in our Scottish nature is the belief in a supernatural world, all-pervading, all-controlling; whose might we cannot defy, whose laws admit of no appeal. And although, partly under the influence of our religious creed—that much misunderstood and misinterpreted Calvinism which the austere nature of our forefathers led them to embrace—this belief has often darkened into a gloomy fanaticism or a superstitious terror, it was at least something that we ever retained our faith that above and beyond the material and earthly, there was a mighty Unseen Power, which guided our destinies and shaped our lives. We have travelled far enough away from these—so-called childish — beliefs; we pride ourselves in our reason, our commonsense, our resolve to accept nothing but what can be explained and understood; we would pluck the heart out of every mystery, would tear the veil from the face of every hidden thing; we have almost ceased to regard with reverence anything on the earth or above it. But may we not sometimes pause and ask ourselves if we are much the happier for our boasted wisdom? Might we not be the better of a little more of that childlike trust which accepts the existence of things far beyond its ken? As Thomas Hood in his exquisite little poem entitled "Remembrances," tells us how he once thought that the "slender tops" of the fir trees were "close against the sky," but adds—

"It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy,
To know I'm further off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy."

In our modern city life, with its art, its science, its hurry and rush of business, we see so much of man's power over the very elements, that we can hardly realise what must have been the feelings of a Scottish Borderer in the olden time. To him Nature was a very real thing, that had to be reckoned with in his daily life struggle; a power sometimes beneficent, but that too often waged war against him with triumphant success. The mountain storms, the river floods, the pitiless snowdrifts, the destructive lightning, were forces over which his puny might had no control. What wonder was it that the fantastic forms which the darkening gloaming revealed in wood and glen would assume to him terrible shapes; that in the mountain torrent he could hear the roar of the water-kelpie; that the eerie soughing of the wind was like the cry of a troubled spirit? To him things inanimate were endowed with life; the golden locks of the drowned maiden, when touched by a cunning hand, called for vengeance on her cruel sister; the "wand o' the bonnie birk sae green" could wield a mystic power. The lower animals, which, in those simple times, were much more the companions of man than they now are, were among the forces by which his fate was controlled. It was to his "Gay Goss-Hawk" that Lord William confided the story of his love, and charged with the message—

"And even at my love's bower-door,
There grows a flowering birk,
And ye maun sit and sing thereon
As she gangs to the kirk."

And true to his lord's command—

"He lighted on the lady's yett,
And sat him on a pin,
And sang fu' sweet the notes o' love,
Till a' was cosh within.

And first he sang a low, low note,
And syne he sang a clear,
And aye the owerword o' his sang
Was—'Your love can no win here.'"

And it was from the "Sweet Robin" sitting on a bush that "Proud Maisie" was told that the day of her wedding would be—

"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry thee."

And the assurance that—

"The glow-worm on grave and stone
Shall light thee steady,
The owl from the steeple sing
'Welcome, proud lady.'"

Of all the wild and weird influences which in the time of the Balladists surrounded men on every side, none was held in such general belief as that of the return of departed spirits—a belief common to every age and clime, and which is often adduced as a proof of the soul's instinctive belief in its own immortality. Have we not Shakespeare's authority that not only did the "Majesty of buried Denmark" on the Castle platform of Elsinore "revisit the pale glimpses of the moon" and tell his dread story to his distracted son, but that—

"In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

In many of the Ghost-Ballads of the Borders, one peculiarity may be noticed—that there is less a sense of touch with the world of shadows than with the earthy grave; it is neither "with airs from heaven nor blasts from hell" that the returning spirit comes; it brings with it the very breath of the darksome tomb. When the poor maiden follows the ghost of her murdered knight to his dread abode that she may share it with him, she is told—

"'There's nae room at my head, Margaret,
There's nae room at my feet,
My bed it is fu' lowly now,
Among the hungry worms I sleep.

Cauld mould it is my covering now,
But and my winding-sheet;
The dew it falls nae suner down
Than my resting-place is weet.

But plait a wand o' bonnie birk,
An' lay it on my breast,
An' shed a tear upon my grave,
An' wish my soul gude rest.'

. . . . . .

Then up an' crew the milk-white cock,
An' up an' crew the grey,
Her lover vanished in the air,
An' she gaed weeping away."

Sometimes it is the strong desire of the living which draws the dead from the grave, as in that powerful and gruesome ballad, "The Wife of Usher's Well," where the mother whose three sons were lost at sea utters the impious wish that—

"The wind may never cease,
Nor fish be in the flood,"

till her sons return to her. Then—

"It fell about the Martinmas
When nights were lang an' mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came back,
An' their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke or ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh,
But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh."

The mother calls upon her maidens to stir up the fire to warm her uncanny visitors, and herself spreads her mantle over them as they lie down to rest: but—

"Up then crew the red, red cock,
An' up an' crew the grey,
The eldest to the youngest said,
'Tis time we were away.

The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide,
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.'

O it's they've ta'en their mother's mantle,
An' they've hung it on a pin;
'O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantle,
Ere ye hap us up again."

In others of the Ballads it is as an avenging spirit that the ghost returns, as in the "Demon Lover," who tells his false lady-love that he has come over the sea for the fulfilment of her plighted troth, and receives the reply that she is now a wife and the mother of two fair children. But he induces her to leave her husband and little ones and go away with him in his gallant ship, but—

"They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance
And drumlie grew his ee."

And soon she is to learn the fate that awaits her—

"'O what hills are yon, what pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?'
'O yon are the hills o' heaven,' he said,
'Where you will never win.'

'O whatna mountain is yon?' she said,
'A' sae dreary wi' frost an' snow?'
'O yon is the mountain o' hell,' he said,
'Where you an' I will go.'

An' aye as she turned her round about,
Aye taller he seemed to be,
Until the tops o' the gallant mast
Nae taller were than he.

He struck the tapmast wi' his hand,
The foremast wi' his knee,
An' he brak' that gallant ship in twain
An' sunk her in the sea."

But of all these eerie tales none is more fearsome than "Childe Roland," the first line of

which—the same as that sung by Edgar in "King Lear"—would suggest that a version of this ballad was known to Shakespeare—

"Childe Roland to the dark tower came,
An' he tirled at the pin;
An' wha sae ready as his fause love
To rise an' let him in."

But the hapless knight has been lured to his death, after which the treacherous maiden mounts his steed and rides towards the town; but she does not go far till she is aware of a tall young man riding a jet-black horse a little in front of her—

"She turned her to the right about,
An' to the left turned she,
But aye 'tween her an' the wan moonlight,
That tall knight did she see."

Though he rode slowly, yet let her ride as fast as she may she can get no nearer to him, and in answer to her request that he should wait for her—

"But nothing did that tall knight say,
An' nothing did he blinne,
Until he reached a broad river's side,
An' there he drew his rein."

They both rode into the flood, and then—

"O, the water weets my waist," she said,
"Sae does it weet my skin,
An' my aching heart rins round about,
The burn mak's sic a din.

. . . . . .

The water is waxing deeper still,
Sae does it wax mair wide,
An' aye the farther that we ride on,
Farther aff is the other side.

. . . . . .

The knight turned round and round about,
All in the middle stream.

. . . . . .

'O this is Hallow-morn,' he said,
'And it is your bridal day,
And sad would be that gay wedding,
If bride and bridegroom were away.'

. . . . . .

'And ride on, ride on, proud Margaret,
Till the water comes over your bree,
For the bride maun ride deep, and deeper yet,
Wha rides this ford wi' me.'

. . . . . .

'Turn round, turn round, proud Margaret,
Turn round and look on me,
Thou hast killed a true knight under trust,
And his ghost now links on wi' thee.'"

Another superstition reflected in the Ballads is that of magic or witchcraft, the belief in which lingered on until comparatively recent times, and was the occasion of many of the shameful atrocities that disgrace our annals. Sooth to say, however, the deeds recorded of these old magicians were a real terror, far outweighing the evil pranks played by the poor old women who held their unholy revels in honour of "Ejoall" in the haunted kirkyard of Greyfriars. One of the best known of these stories is that of "Kempion," where the poor maiden is by her witch-stepmother transformed into a "fiery beast," and condemned to wear that shape on "Estmere Crags"—

"Till Kempion, the king's son,
Come to the crag and thrice kiss thee."

Then—

"O meikle dolour did she dree,
An' aye the salt sea ower her swam,
An' far mair dolour did she dree,
On Estmere Crags when she them clamb.

An' aye she cried on Kempion,
Gin he would but come to her hand.
Now word has gane to Kempion,
That siccan a beast was on his land."

Filled with curiosity he sets off to Estmere, and seeing the dreadful-looking creature threatens to shoot her. But still she cries—

"O out of my stythe I winna rise,
Nor flee it for the fear o' thee,
Till Kempion, that courteous knight,
Come to the crag and thrice kiss me."

And like the chivalrous prince that he is, he grants her request, and is rewarded by seeing her re-transformed into "the loveliest ladye e'er could be."

"O by my sooth," says Kempion,
"My ain true love (for this is she);
They surely had a heart o' stane,
Could put thee in such misery.

O was it werwolf in the wood,
Or was it mermaid in the sea,
Or was in man, or vile woman,
My ain true love, that mis-shaped thee?"

On his being told of the vile stepmother, we have the satisfaction of learning of the "heavy weird" that is to be laid on her, not the least part of her punishment being, we feel sure, the happiness of her former victim, and her true knight, Kempion.

But of all the uncanny creatures that haunt the Ballads the most characteristically Scottish are the Fairies, not the dainty tricksome sprites that Shakespeare dreamed of—"King Oberon and all his merry crew"—but the real formidable Scottish fairies, whom it was necessary to conciliate by such names as the "Good Neighbours," lest a disparaging word might provoke their justly-dreaded resentment. Everyone knows the story of Thomas of Ercildoune, who,

as he sat under the Eildon Tree, espied a "ladye bright," and like many a wiser man before and since, fell under the spell of her beauty, and was carried away to Fairyland, to serve her for seven years, "thro' weel or woe as may chance to be," bringing back with him the unique gift of "the tongue that couldna lie." But how terse and beautiful is the description of the three paths that lie before them—

"O see ye not yon narrow road
Sae thick beset wi' thorns and briars?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

And see ye not that braid, braid road,
That lies across the lily levin?
That is the road to wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

And see ye not that bonnie road.
That winds about the fernie brae?
This is the road to fair Elf-land,
Where thou and I this night maun gae."

Another remarkable Fairy Ballad is that of "Tamlane," where we are told that "Fair Janet" having been warned not—

"To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Tamlane is there."

at once sets off to the forbidden spot "as fast as she can hie," and there meets the elfin knight, who, in one of their interviews, tells her how when a child he was carried away by the Queen of the Fairies—

"But the nicht is Hallowe'en, ladye,
The morn is Hallow-day,
Then win me, win me, if ye will,
For weel I wat ye may.

Just at the mirk and midnicht hour,
The Fairy folk will ride,
An' they that wad their true-love win,
By Miles Cross they maun bide."

Janet undertakes the ordeal, and sets out—

"Gloomy, gloomy was the nicht,
An' eerie was the way,
As Fair Janet in green mantle
To Miles Cross she did gae.
. . . . . .
An' first gaed by the black, black steed,
An' syne gaed by the brown,
But fast she gripped the milk-white steed,
An' pu'd the rider down."

And she held him fast, in spite of all the gruesome shapes into which he was changed, and so won him back to earth to be her "ain true-love" for ever after. Long, long after the days of the Balladists, these mystic tales of theirs inspired the Ettrick Shepherd to write the lovely story of "Bonnie Kilmeny," where instead of the dread Fairyland they describe is one of exquisite beauty, a vision of the Heaven that is to be.

"Bonnie Kilmeny gaed up the glen,
. . . . . .
But the air was soft and the silence deep,
And bonnie Kilmeny fell sound asleep,
She kenned nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymn of a far countrie."

There she remains for seven years, and then returns to tell of the pure glories of that blest abode, after which—

"She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again."

The days of superstitious beliefs are over—or supposed to be—though some of our modern "seances" might tell a different tale; and, indeed, for my own part, if I were to choose between a "visualised" spirit and a good old-fashioned ghost, I should certainly prefer the latter as being quite as credible and much more dignified. But are there not yet ghosts enough around our paths—ghosts of dead joys, dead hopes, spectre-like memories that haunt each step of our daily lives? And although no Thomas of Ercildoune need fear to lie under the Eildon Tree, lest an Elfin Queen should lure him away to her unearthly abode, are there not still before us all the Paths of Righteousness and of Wickedness, and the winding road to Romance and Fairyland that lies between, and beguiles too many of us from the steep and thorny way that leads to Heaven? No more are needed a courageous Janet or a chivalrous Kempion to rescue their true-loves from the enchanter's thrall. But have we not among us spells more potent than those of witch or fairy, from which their victims can be redeemed only by the same mighty power, the power of love—that love which is stronger than sin, or death, or the grave: which can endure all, forgive all; which never falters or grows weary, but holds on firmly to the end. And maidens fair and good as Kilmeny may still, without the aid of any "fere" from Fairyland, have their mystic visions of—

"A land where sin had never been,
A land of love and a land of light":—

may still obey the spirit's behest that when—

". . . you seek the world again,
That world of sin and sorrow and fear,
O tell of the joys that are waiting here,
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be."

JANE M. BUTLER.

John Dodds, Bowden.

ONE of the few remaining links binding us to the educational past has been severed through the retiral of Mr John Dodds, teacher of the Public School, Bowden, from the active duties of his profession. Mr Dodds had entered on the fiftieth year of his teachership, and thirty-nine of these fifty years have been spent at Bowden. When the present School Board system came into being he was in the prime of his age and powers; and he brought into the service of the Board a ripe experience and scholarship, which have proved of great advantage to the parish generally, and in particular to the many young people who in these years have passed through his hands. Many of his pupils occupy positions of honour and trust to-day. All his pupils owe much to the care and skill of their old teacher. Honour, devotion, and ability have been characteristics of Mr Dodds in person and work, and

JOHN DODDS.

Kindly lent by J. B. Fairgrieve.

to these are to be traced the high value and uniform success of all his labours. On Friday evening, January 2nd, a complimentary dinner and presentation from former pupils to Mr Dodds took place in Bowden Public Hall, when a most successful meeting resulted. Upwards of sixty ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner, Mr Grieve, builder, occupying the chair, and Messrs James Grant, joiner, Newtown, and W. B. Thomson, secretary of the London Borderers' Association, acting as croupiers. The presentation to Mr Dodds took the form of a water-colour painting by Mr Tom Scott, R.S.A.—a view of the Old Church in the distance, and bearing the inscription:—"Presented by his scholars to Mr John Dodds on his retiral, 1902." Mr Dodds carries with him into his retirement the warm wishes of all who have been associated with him in his work, the affectionate remembrances of all his many pupils, past and present, and the respect and esteem of very many friends far and near.

Rambles in Galloway.

AFTER cycling over one hundred miles in Galloway I have come to the conclusion that no county in Scotland will better repay the pedestrian or cyclist. In the "Raiders," and many a romance since that was published, Mr S. R. Crockett has familiarized the public with its romantic solitudes and its Covenanting worthies. But its lonely mountain tarns, companionable streamlets, winding hill and valley roads which give perpetual peeps of something fresh and beautiful, and worthy of looking at, are for everybody who has eyes to see and a heart to feel. You can scarcely enter a churchyard, at least in the upland districts, without coming upon some Covenanter's stone on the moorland or churchyard. You have these memorials at Carsphairn, at Dalry, Kirkconnel Lee, and just outside the old church where Samuel Rutherford preached, at Anwoth, two miles from Gatehouse-on-Fleet. Health and pleasant memories, with increased zest for historical and legendary lore, are some of the rewards granted to those who wander through Galloway with the seeing eye and the feeling heart. And a man who will help him to all this is Mr Malcolm McL. Harper, whose "Rambles in Galloway" gathers local and legendary lore round a pleasant flow of narrative, as he transports us from place to place. I did not wish to add Mr Harper's volume to the change of under things in my cycle bag, but a wiser friend, who had just spent a month in Dalry, in Galloway, overruled me, and I was afterwards glad he did so.

I had my first taste of the wilds of Galloway in a holiday spent at Port Patrick many years ago. This disused sea-port is a capital holiday resort, the walks in and round Dunskey Castle and grounds, the shore walks, with the bold and rugged coast outlines; the story of the wreck of the "Orion," as well as of the pier on which a quarter of a million of money has been wasted, all impress themselves on the memory. And any forenoon you can vary the scene by taking the boat from Stranraer to Larne for Belfast, which is the shortest sea route, and be back in reasonable time in the evening. Ten to one but an aged inhabitant will tell you over and over

again the wreck of the passenger boat, "Orion" with minutest detail as if it all had happened but yesterday. And the head of many a storm-tossed mariner is pillowed in the little churchyard.

My next introduction to Galloway, or at least the fringes of it, was on a visit paid to Craigenputock, the home of Thomas Carlyle and his wife soon after marriage, before they left for London, and where he wrote "Sartor Resartus" and the splendid essay on Burns. This was a pious pilgrimage, but a little toilsome, from Enterkinfoot where we had been staying, but we were well rewarded. A dark-eyed daughter of the house, a Carlyle, showed us all the rooms of interest: the little room looking out into the farmyard at the back, where, round a good fire, the sage defied the elements and loneliness, "buried himself in his books, and the devil might pipe to his own." One wonders if he ever chuckled as the elephantine humour of "Sartor" got transferred by means of pen and ink to paper. There is no doubt that Mrs Carlyle had a distressful time, as we find from Froude's "Life of Carlyle," baking bread at all the hours to suit her husband's capricious digestion. In the small bookcase there are first editions of most of his books. It is noticeable that he had translated the German mottoes in his mother's copy of the "French Revolution." Theobald's "Shakespeare," in eight volumes has an inscription, that it is a gift to "Nephew James" for the dark nights at Craigenputock. There is even a visitors' book here, as in the room where he was born in Ecclefechan, or in the house where he spent his London life at 24 Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Just lately I have been on a visit to Cheyne Row, and upwards of 15,000 people had paid for admission up till that time. It is five years in July since the Carlyle House Memorial Trust took the matter in hand. But the pity of it is, that the Carlyle relics are scattered over such an area, here at Craigenputock, at Ecclefechan, and Cheyne Row. Together they would make a far more imposing show. It seems certain that his nephew, Mr Alexander Carlyle, husband of his niece, Mary Carlyle Aitken, had a far better selection of Carlyle relics and a larger library of the literature he collected than is shown at any one of these places. Lord Jeffrey, who was interested in Carlyle at first, though his wife visited the sage at Craigenputock, thought him a fool of the first water to settle here. Carlyle noted in September 16, 1828, that he had finished Burns at this "Devil's Den," and later, in 1830, that he was writing a "very singular piece." It glances from heaven to earth and back again, in a strange, satirical frenzy, whether fine or not remains to be seen. There is no better description of Craigenputock than that of Carlyle's own in a letter to Goethe, in which he says that it is situated "among granite hills and black morasses which stretch through Galloway almost to the Irish sea. In this wildness of heath and rock our estate stands forth a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat substantial dwelling, where in absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength and in our own peculiar way. . . . This nook of ours, the loneliest in Britain, is six miles from anyone likely to visit us." Here R. W. Emerson found Carlyle, and has left a pen portrait of the lonely scholar. The grate in the little study is the same as in Carlyle's time, and over the mantel in a frame is an engraving of Craigenputock, which Carlyle had got done to send to Goethe. To the right of the porch a door admits to the dining-room; the room opposite was the drawing-room; a door opened off the drawing-room into the study.

A recent visit paid into Galloway was by cycle, and, if short, only for three days, was none the less profitable and enjoyable. Ayr was our centre, and coming thither by rail with a friend we cycled by Dalmellington, to Carsphairn, Dalry, New Galloway, Gatehouse-on-Fleet, Newton-Stewart; across the moor from Newton-Stewart north, westwards to Barhill, and thence to Girvan in good time for dinner and a wash-up, and caught the evening express for Glasgow. The harvest was being gathered in as we travelled upwards by the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," and never shall we forget the evening sun resting on Dalmellington, with the amphitheatre behind. There is mining here, as well as at Patna and Waterside, which we had just passed, but Dalmellington is untouched by contact with coal or iron, although it reaps all the benefit from the mines in the glens around. Never had we enjoyed the hills and the gathering darkness more than when emerging from Dalmellington after a good tea at the Dalmellington Arms; we made our way onwards to Carsphairn, set among the hills and streams. There is a branch line of railway which ends at Dalmellington. Now we had virgin moor, and the first ascending part of the way reminded us not a little of the Sma' Glen near Crieff, as Carsphairn also did of Amulree, only that the Galloway village is much larger. If any one wants a new sensation let them cycle as we did from Carsphairn in the dark, with the mist

down in the hills, towards Dalry ten miles away. The man in front, picked out behind his lamp is like a monster walking on air, as he passes through belts of mist, with the rabbits scudding to right and left. Sometimes his lamp warns him of a hill, or by a fortunate side-long glance he sees a warning board for cyclists and must ride with more caution. We pass Dalshangan, home of Dr Trotter, who has gleaned in the field of Galloway antiquarian lore, and is to publish the results in a volume to be issued soon by Mr Rae of Castle-Douglas. A son of Galloway, he practised at Blythe, Northumberland, until he bought this lonely moorland estate, as isolated as Craigenputock, and retired thither. A good bed and breakfast at the Lochinvar hotel sets one in good humour with everything and everybody, and the crack with the natives in Dalry churchyard is of an informing and amusing character. For instance, we hear of Mr Houston, the clever and inventive one-armed postman between Borgne and Kirkcudbright, who had been sent to Glasgow to assist in exterminating the rats in the plague infested area. Then we had to read the inscription on the Celtic cross over Professor Sellar's grave, and the larger one over a Covenanter in the corner. It is a flat, table-like stone, as in Anwoth and elsewhere, and this is part of the inscription:—

Memento Mori.

Here lyeth Robert Stewart (son of Major Stewart of Ardoch) and John Grierson, who were murdered by Graham of Claverhouse, Anno 1684, for their adherence to Scotland's Reformation and Covenants, National and Solemn League.

The verse that follows tells how they were captured at Water of Dee and shot, and even after their burial their graves were disturbed:—

"Causing their corpse be raised out of the same,
Discharging in churchyard to bury them."

In Dalry churchyard one is reminded of "Young Lochinvar" by seeing a marble tablet to one of the Kenmore's, Lord Lochinvar; and in the hotel steps of the Lochinvar Inn a youth is reading Crockett's novel of that name. The loch of that name is about five miles away; Loch Ken and New Galloway about three. The date of the Kenmore tomb, with the wonderful wrought-iron frame, is believed to be 1546. But more wonderful still, the old Church of Dalry, according to tradition, was the scene of diabolical orgies very similar to those that Burns has immortalised in connection with Kirk Alloway.

We come on the footsteps of Robert Burns in Glenkens, the scene of which he admired so much, and while a guest at Kenmore Castle in boating on the lake here, how he carried the old minister ashore on his back when left in the boat, and spoiled his top-boots in the process. How he composed "Scots wha hae" in the midst of storms in the wilds of Kenmore, and how there was a man living in 1880 who had seen Burns with his Wellington boots on Loch Ken, on his way to Gatehouse-on-Fleet. We came also on the footsteps of Alexander Murray, the linguist, of William Nicholson, author of the "Brownie of Blednoch," eulogised by Dr John Brown, and quoted in his "Horæ-Subsecivæ," to whom a monument has just been erected. He was a native of the parish of Tongueland, through which we pass to Gatehouse.

We have before us a volume of "Historical and Traditional Tales," edited, printed, and published by his brother John Nicholson, at Kirkcudbright in 1843. We understand that the volume is out of print, and is getting very scarce. It contains "The Murder Hole," utilised in Mr Crockett's "Raiders," with smuggling and Covenanting stories. For instance, we find a full narrative of the four men who were shot by Grier of Lagg, and to whom a monument is erected on Kirkconnel Lee. One of these Covenanters, Bell of Whiteside, is buried just outside Samuel Rutherford's old church at Anwoth. A visit to this scene, two miles from Gatehouse-on-Fleet, on the Newton-Stewart road, was a great treat. The surroundings were peaceful and beautiful, and recalled the Godly man whose tomb is a place of pilgrimage in St Andrews churchyard. The roofless little church is now a place of graves, some of which have roses growing from them, and the ivy has covered the ruined walls with glossy beauty. It is a scene to encourage holy thoughts, all the more as the last hymn we heard sung on the previous Sabbath "The sands of time are sinking," was by Mr Cousins, of Melrose, and was founded on his dying words.

The eighteen miles from Gatehouse-on-Fleet are unsurpassed in Scotland for smoothness and the beauty of the scene. John McDiarmid calls it the most beautiful shore-road in Britain. The ruins of Cardoness Castle are passed, and Dirk Hatteraick's Cave, for this is the "Guy Mannering" country, as we find from the Ellangowan Hotel, in Creetown, through which we pass. Then we have a peep at the granite quarries of Kirkinalreck, and after refreshing the inner man at Newton-Stewart we make our way for 29½ miles across the moor by Loch Mabery and Barhill to Girvan. The last four miles are a splendid run down hill with a wind behind. We fancy after dinner at the Ailsa Craig Hotel that no two cyclists could have had a better run through a more interesting country. R. C.

The Tarras.

Birch and elder hanging o'er,
Haunt where safe the hill fox burrows;
Through the mist the waters pour
Down thy stony channel—Tarras.

THE Tarras rises on Hartsgarth Fell, close to the border of Roxburghshire, and at an altitude of 1748 feet. It traverses eleven miles along the borders of the parishes of Ewes, Langholm, and Canonbie. After a descent of 600 feet it falls into the silvery Esk some three miles below Langholm.

The channel of this Border stream is rugged, and its banks are romantic. So impetuous is its course, and so obstructive its rock, that any one falling into it at certain seasons is in less danger of being drowned than dashed to pieces. Hence the old doggerel:—

"Was ne'er ane droon'd in Tarras,
Nor yet in doot,
For ere the head can win doon,
The harns are oot."

Another old rhyme, which celebrates the localities in Liddesdale and Eskdale most noted for game, gives prominence to Tarras:—

"Bilhope-braes for bucks and roes,
And Carit-haugh for swine,
And Tarras for guid bull-troot
If he be ta'en in time."

"The bucks and roes, as well as the old swine," according to Sir Walter Scott, in a note to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "are now extinct, but the good bull-troot is still famous." Although the hue of the fish is somewhat dark, they taste as sweet as those caught in the Liddel or Esk.

The Tarras is said to be the swiftest running stream in the south, and when in heavy flood the sound of its troubled waters "isna canny." On the occasion of Langholm Floody Common Riding, 1846, its roar is said to have been heard miles away. A native on emigrating to America visited Niagara Falls, and likened the noise of the great waters to the sound of the Tarras during the historic flood. So high did it rise on that occasion that fish were found lying well up the hillsides, and so great was its power that huge boulders, land-marks for generations, were lifted up and never seen again.

The character of the neighbouring ground is bleak and desolate. Houses are few and far between, but trackless moors are abundant. As it nears the Esk the scene changes. The braes become covered with birch, heather, and bracken. At Glen-Tarras, famous for its petrifying well, tile works, and distillery, the banks are more picturesque, and where the N.B. Railway viaduct spans the valley they are considerably wooded.

Tarras Moss was a noted haunt of the freebooting clans of Liddesdale and Eskdale. In times of danger the Elliots and Armstrongs would scatter and find refuge in its moss hags and fastnesses. None dared follow, since their refuge was completely inaccessible to persons unacquainted with the district. Many foolhardy English knights perished in the attempt, and not a few were lured into the morass by the wily Borderers.

In 1658, Sir John Carey with his followers encamped for three months on the fringe of the Moss with the object of driving or starving out the Elliots and Armstrongs. The clans made him a present, saying that as they feared he might run short of provisions during his stay they, therefore, sent him some fresh meat—one of his own cows.

THE TARRAS.

It was on Tarras Moss that Sandy Armstrong, of mosstrooper fame, held sway. His keep or castle was a place of great strength. Around it lay a dark morass and a dense forest.

It could only be reached by his own follfowers, who knew the paths. Here for many years Sandy knew no law, save—

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

Sandy is said to have been the last of his clan who earned his living as a freebooter. He died at a good old age, and was buried in Tarras Moss by the side of his worthy spouse Espeth.

From these mountains calm and cold,
Never plough indented furrows,
Only o'er the peaceful fold
Come the evening echoes—Tarras.

G. M. R.

A Doctor's Thoughts.

THE above is the title of a dainty book Selkirk. The author is the popular and published by Mr James Lewis, of verse which has just been printed Dr Clement B. Gunn, M.D., Peebles, who has also written "Lays of St Andrews," "Memories of a Modern Monk," and who so ably edited "The Three Tales of the Three Priests of Peblis" and "The Early History of Stichill." The present volume consists of one hundred sonnets, each being introduced by a short explanatory note. We have read every word of the book, and can testify to the delightful variety and the touching pathos it contains. In selecting the sonnet for expressing his thoughts, Dr Gunn has chosen what is at once the most difficult and at the same time the most perfect form of poetry, and while we occasionally wish he had pursued his themes a little further, on the whole the limitation is justified, and the majority of the poems contain seed-thoughts which will sink into thinking minds and bear fruit in the future. The sonnets are grouped under the following heads:—Medical, Ecclesiastical, Lindores Abbey, Domestic, Miscellaneous, Iona, and the Communion of the Saints, and are printed on one side of the paper only, an arrangement which is very pleasing to the eyes of the reader. Crabbe, who is called by Byron "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best," gives in "The Village" a very sarcastic description of the doctor of his day, but the present volume gives a delightful contrast and shows how far we have travelled on the path towards perfection. Dr Gunn thus describes the scope of his book in the preface:—

The following thoughts and experiences in the daily life of a country doctor extend over a period of nine years. In the beautiful county in Scotland, in which the writer is privileged to carry on his profession, one's life must ever be a perpetual poem. But the truest Beauty in Nature and in human life cannot be described. Hence it is that the pieces composing this volume are crude committals to paper of varying emotions and events in one's life. The writing of them wiled away the weary hours of many a nocturnal vigil, and passed the time in what otherwise might have proved tedious journeys along the hill roads of the shire.

Space prevents us quoting at any length, so we select the sonnet in which, under the title of "The Makar," Dr Gunn describes the late Professor John Veitch, LL.D.:—

"A Seer of the visions of the hills,
A modern Merlin traversing the glen,
Holding communings outside mortal ken
With soul attuned to music of the rills
That with sweet silvern melody refills
And recreates the jaded mind anew.
A man of dreams whom nature did imbue
With part of herself, albeit she sternly wills
That worshippers of her shall merge in her,
This man had thus attained the splendid spur
And Nature's priest his life lived at her shrine.
The heather wraps his Form, the Spirit will recur
And mix again with all that's most divine—
Makar, Preacher, Poet, Philosopher."

Honour to a Border Volunteer.

Readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE will be pleased to learn that Major A. M. Kennedy, 3rd V.B. K.O.S.B. (Moffat Company), has had the V.D. decoration conferred upon him by King Edward in recognition of his twenty years' commissioned service. The Major is at present, and has been for the past two years, acting as Provost of that ever-popular health resort, Moffat.

Our readers will remember that a portrait and short sketch of Provost Kennedy appeared in the last volume of our Magazine.

LINES SUGGESTED BY

"Chill November's Surly Blast."

THE DIPLOMA PICTURE OF THOMAS SCOTT, R.S.A.

Gane the summer's azure sky,
Gane the lambs frae aff the lea,
Gane the blithe lark, soaring high,
Gane the leaves frae bush an' tree—
A' is gane, save rain an' storm;
Nature's dowie an' forlorn!

No ae leevin' thing in sicht,
Man, nor bird, nor eerie cattle;
Birk an' beech in storm-tossed plicht,
Silence e'en the swol'n stream's brattle—
Winter hauds them 'neath its spell,
Bringin' days baith dark an' snell!

In a dell, 'neath rain-swept eaves,
Hame-like windows herald peace,
Hid 'mong branches grey, sear leaves
Nestle till the wild blasts cease.
Thus true art, though limning storm,
Whispers Hope, when all's forlorn!

DUNCAN FRASER.

The very foundation of an excuse is a sin committed. Right doing needs no excuse.

Hope is an invigorating force. It furnishes the very elements which fear destroys—courage, energy, enthusiasm, determination. It raises the spirits and quickens the endeavours.

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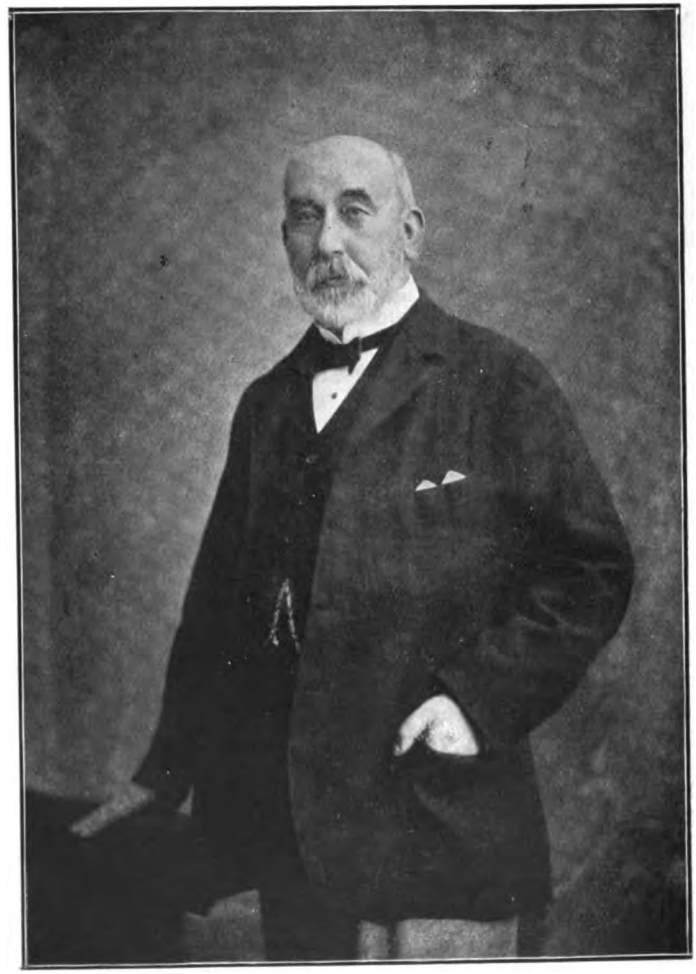

EX-PROVOST PORTEOUS, COLDSTREAM.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

Edited by William Sanderson.

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Ex-Provost Porteous, Coldstream.

BY TWEEDSIDER.

THE subject of our sketch and portrait is Ex-Provost James Porteous, Coldstream, who recently retired from the Provostship of that burgh after long public service. Descriptions of Coldstream and the district have frequently appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE, and, therefore, it is not necessary to say much here about it. It is beautifully situated on the silver streamed Tweed, amidst scenery which cannot be surpassed in all the Borderland. It is the birth-place of, and gives its name to, one of the crack regiments of the British army, the "Coldstream Guards," raised by General Monk in 1659. A Priory or Abbey was founded here early in the twelfth century, probably connected with Lindisfarne, but the ruins can now hardly be traced.

It is one of the places where the irregular Border or "run-away" marriages used to be celebrated, and the old toll-house still stands close to the Scottish end of Coldstream Bridge, which witnessed their performance. Though irregular by name and in the eyes of the churches, they were perfectly legal, and even several distinguished people took advantage of this easy mode of marrying. They were sometimes closely followed by irate parents or guardians, who attempted to prevent the marriage. The whole district is rich in historical places of great interest. The mind always reverts first to Flodden Field as the most famous. Breathes there the Scotsman who can stand on Flodden-ridge and imagine the tempestuous battle going on between his position and "Tweed's southern strand," without having the pulse of his patriotism raised to the highest pitch? Then there are Twizell Bridge and Castle, Ford Castle, Norham Castle, Wark Castle, and remains of the old Roman occupation. The Leet runs into the Tweed at Coldstream, and at this point there is a ford which in the old days was used by the armies of both countries. Here King Edward crossed the Tweed before Bannockburn, after lying with his army encamped on the haugh or common on the English bank, between Wark and Cornhill. Here also King James, two hundred years later, led his forces across the river to meet his death on Flodden.

The Cheviot hills are almost everywhere within view, and there are many gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood on both sides of the river, with many romantic walks and drives—none more so than among the extensive policies of the Hirsel, one of the seats of the Earl of Home, where, among the woods, there are many fine and wonderful old trees. These policies are freely and constantly open to the public, and are a great boon to the Coldstream people and visit-

ors, while the trade and professions of the town are greatly benefitted by the confidence the Northumbrians have in men and things Scottish.

The subject of this sketch, as already stated, is Mr James Porteous, ex-Provost of Coldstream. He retired from office in the autumn of last year, after having been in the Town Council for twenty-seven years, and for twenty-three years of that time he was Chief Magistrate or Provost. He is the third son of the late Rev. James Porteous, who was an energetic and popular minister, first for twenty-five years in Jedburgh, where he was ordained in 1815, and afterwards for twenty-nine years in Coldstream. He occupied the church and pulpit which had been erected in Jedburgh for the eloquent Thomas Boston (son of Boston of Simprim and Ettrick), who was minister of the parish of Oxnam. It is a matter of history that the entire kirk session and members of the Abbey Church, when it became vacant, made strenuous efforts by petition to the Crown and the Marquis of Lothian as patrons to have the minister of Oxnam presented to Jedburgh, but the patrons declined to accede to the petition. It was well-known that Mr Boston had strong opinions against the law of patronage, re-imposed on the Church of Scotland, and, on being applied to, indicated his readiness to secede from the Established Church and accept of the call from the people of Jedburgh, where a place of worship was immediately erected for him.

In 1818, a new and more commodious church, now called the "Boston United Free," was built, and for about a year the young minister (Mr Porteous), had the experience of preaching on the "Anna" at the side of the Jed, just under Sunnyside Scaur, where large congregations attended. Several years afterwards, in 1823, he married Miss Margaret Robison, a member of an old Border family. Her father was one of the Magistrates, as shown by the burgh records, and her brother was more than once the Provost. Her maternal uncle was a well-known and extensive farmer, Andrew Mather, Rutherford, who was extremely generous. All the corn that could be spared from the needs of the farm was ground at Rutherford Mill and sold to any necessitous people from Jedburgh, Kelso, &c., at 2/6 a stone, during the years of the Napoleonic wars, when in the market it was sometimes 7/6. Andrew Gemmels ("Edie Ochiltree") was often a visitor at this farm. Mr Mather was drowned at thirty-four years of age, when crossing the ford on the Tweed at Rutherford, on his return from a visit to his friend, Mr Thomas Balmer, East Gordon. He had ridden across in the early part of the day, and the river had come down in flood before he came back in the evening. Mrs Porteous was well versed in all the Border minstrelsy and the traditions of the locality, and she used to say that her brother, who was many years older than she, when he and his companions of the Grammar School were on the ice at a deep part of the river, saved the boy Brewster (afterwards Sir David) from what might have been a serious accident by the breaking of the ice.

The Rev. James Porteous was translated to Coldstream in 1840. There were four sons. The eldest was William, who, after being educated at the Nest Academy, Jedburgh, under the Rev. Alex. Burnet, went to St Andrews University, with the view of studying for the ministry, of which at this time Sir David Brewster was principal. After going through his whole course at the Divinity Hall he was licensed to preach, and was speedily called to Spittal Church, Berwick-on-Tweed, where his faithful services for thirty-one years were much valued. He died in 1881, at the age of fifty-six years, loved and mourned by all. The second son, Richard Robison, was one of the firm of Lugton & Porteous, Kelso, until he retired in 1897. He now resides at Joppa, Mid-Lothian. The youngest of all was Andrew Mather, who, after being educated at Coldstream and Blairlodge, entered the Edinburgh University to study medicine. He obtained his diploma of surgeon and M.D. at the age of twenty-one years. He was a favourite of Dr John Brown, author of "Rab and His Friends," and, at Dr Brown's request, lived during his last session at Colinton in the house of Lord Dunfermline, formerly the Speaker of the House of Commons, who was becoming somewhat infirm.

Andrew elected to go into the army, and stood high in a long list of candidates. He was appointed assistant surgeon, in 1857, in the 18th Royal Irish Regiment. Soon after, the Mutiny having broken out, this regiment was ordered to sail for India. On its march from Bombay to Central India it was overtaken by the 17th Lancers, whose chief duty was to capture the able rebel leader, Tantia Topee, who had several thousand Sepoys with him. The Lancers had no surgeon with them, and young Porteous was transferred to them. They had long and harassing marches before accomplishing their object, and the fatigue proved too much for many—among others the young surgeon was invalided home, but died on his way at Bombay, in April, 1859, at twenty-three years of age. In the cemetery there a memorial stone was erected by his brother officers.

James, the subject of this paper, was a little boy approaching school age when he came with the family to Coldstream. After the usual edu-

cation he went into the legal profession, and after acquiring considerable experience in all its branches, including land surveying, &c., he returned to Coldstream, and was assumed as a partner by the late Mr Jonathan Melrose. Under their joint care and energy the business increased greatly. In 1893, he assumed as a partner his nephew, Andrew Mather Porteous, son of R. R. Porteous, the firm retaining the name of "Melrose & Porteous." Besides conducting a large general business as solicitors, they are estate factors for several large landed proprietors on both sides of the Border, and Mr Porteous is also agent for the Bank of Scotland. In spite of these large demands on his time, Mr Porteous has, by his methodical management of business, his punctuality and talent for arrangement, found time to attend very faithfully to all his municipal duties. He joined the Volunteer movement at its inception in 1859 as a private, received his commission as Ensign in 1867, and as Captain in 1871, having the command of the Coldstream Company for many years. He has also on very many occasions kept up the good name of the town for attention to strangers and visitors, and when the "King's Own Scottish Borderers" made their interesting march through the Borderland, in 1898, he entertained Colonel Godfrey and all his officers to dinner in his own house.

A universal feeling existed in the community that some acknowledgment should be made to Mr Porteous for his long and valuable services to the town, and a committee was appointed to consider what form it should take. It was resolved that some tangible testimonial should be presented to him at a public dinner. Without any pressure at all, the handsome sum of about £80 was spontaneously handed in to the committee. This was devoted to the purchase of a magnificent solid silver epergne in the form of a large loving cup, and four solid silver table vases, besides a very fine and highly artistic illuminated address. The dinner took place on the evening of the 15th January, 1903, about sixty gentlemen being present. Provost Burns was in the chair, supported on the right by the guest of the evening, and on the left by Lord Dunglass, and the speeches were very cordial and laudatory. Apologies for absence were received from the Right Hon. the Earl of Home, the Right Hon. Lord Tweedmouth, Watson Askew Robertson, Esq., of Pallinsburn, Captain J. C. Collingwood of Cornhill, and several others.

The inscription on the silver cup was as follows:—

"Presented to James Porteous, Esq., on his retirement from the position of Provost of Coldstream, by his numerous friends and admirers in town and country, as a mark of the high esteem in which he is held, and in token of gratitude for the excellent public work he has accomplished in a Provostship extending to nearly a quarter of a century. December, 1902."

The address, which had a portrait of Mr Porteous in one corner, and the Coldstream Arms in another, was as follows:—

"To James Porteous, Esq., Ex-Provost of Coldstream."

We, the undersigned, representing a numerous company of your friends and admirers, both in town and country, take the opportunity of your retiring from the position of Provost of Coldstream, to present you with this address, together with a silver cup and table ornaments to match, in recognition of the valuable services you have rendered to the community. Most of us have known you for many years, and have always held you in the highest esteem, as a man of a most kind and genial nature, taking a deep interest in every good cause, and always ready to lend a helping hand.

But it is as Provost of Coldstream, a position you have held for nearly a quarter of a century, that you have come most prominently before the public, and in that capacity you have made a record that will not soon be forgotten. Many great improvements have been made during your Provostship. We mention two only—our ample supply of pure water, and our new foot pavements—both of which schemes have proved a great boon to the town.

As Chairman of the Town Council, you were exceedingly popular with your colleagues; they all looked up to you as a man of sound judgment and ability, whose knowledge and wide experience were of the greatest value. Your geniality and kindness were much appreciated, and the Council Board was made pleasant for every member.

In many other ways, outside of the sphere of the Town Council, you have distinguished yourself. As Captain of the Volunteers, you gave long and enthusiastic service; and as Chairman of the Managers of the Cottage Hospital you have done work that has been highly valued.

In addition to what you have done in these more prominent affairs, we know that you have identified yourself with every good object where help was needed—your care for the poor, and your sympathy for all in distress are well-known, and your liberality has been unfailing.

These and many other services will be long remembered by us. We can never repay them, but we trust you will look upon these testimonials as some acknowledgment of the debt we owe you.

We sincerely and fervently hope that your future life may be blessed with health and happiness, and that you may be spared for many years to go out and in amongst us."

(Signed) JOHN BURNS (Provost), W. MARSHALL ELLIOT, W. HENDERSON, ROBERT SCOTT, T. H. DOUGLAS, R. CARMICHAEL, ALEXANDER WELSH, P. MEIKLE.

Enthusiastic and prolonged applause followed the reading of the address, whereupon the ex-Provost made a feeling speech in reply.

We sincerely hope that such a model Borderer and faithful public servant will long enjoy his retirement from the more active duties of public life.

"Lauder and Lauderdale."

By A. Thomson, F.S.A. Scot.

THE highest praise we can give to the handsome volume bearing the above title is to say that it will add largely to the archæology, history, and folk-lore of the Borderland, and we desire to compliment the author on the splendid results which have accrued from his patient research, extensive reading, and close observation. The author has been a warm supporter of the Border Magazine, and our readers will recall many of his pleasant articles which have appeared over the familiar initials A. T. G. It is a healthy sign of the present time that so many men of learning and leisure are devoting their spare moments to digging among the forgotten memorials of the past, and causing the men and women of bygone days to pass before us, so that we may see what manner of lives they led, and to a certain extent be enabled to enter into their joys and sorrows. It is quite impossible for us in the limited space at our disposal to give an adequate idea of the varied and interesting contents of Mr Thomson's valuable addition to Border literature, but we can urge every reader who has the slightest desire to add to his store of Border books to procure this one before the issue is bought up, as it is almost certain to be. The value of such a work can hardly be over-estimated, and the interesting district which is dealt with is fortunate in its historian, who has in this attractive form placed before us its stirring and honourable past.

THE LANG STANE.

From "Lauder and Lauderdale." By kind permission of the Author.

The arrangement of the book is of the most admirable description, the facts being grouped under thirty-five distinct headings, while a very complete index adds greatly to its value. Over sixty beautiful illustrations and reproductions of maps, charters, &c., increase the attractive-

ness of the volume, while the excellence of the paper and printing give the reader an additional pleasure. The author goes back to the very earliest times, even to the stone age, and the second chapter is bristling with points for discussion, for in it he advances several theories which are antagonistic to not a few of our preconceived notions on matters archæological. In the introduction we get a general survey of the district. The writer says:—

From the earliest times the county of Berwick has been divided into three districts, each possessing distinctive features of climate, soil, and population. The Merse—probably a survival of the marches which served as an uncertain limit to the regality of Sovereigns anterior to the Union—includes the major part of Berwickshire, and lies along the northern bank of the River Tweed. It is a land rich in its wealth of grain. Farms are almost wholly arable, and agricultural method attains its highest development. The district of Lammermoor lies to the north, and is only limited by the heights of that continuous range which divides Berwickshire from East Lothian. Not only on the lower slopes of the hills, but far up the glens and undulating ridges, there is abundant pastureland. A hardy class of sheep is bred. Patches of corn, too, are not uncommon, though late and untoward reaping prevails. Amid the wildest heights of Lammermoor, harvest was wont to end as New Year's morning dawned, and it has left its epitaph in the following rhyme:—

"Far up on Lammermoor amang the heather green,
The earliest har'st that e'er was seen
Was sene at Bentydod."

The third division—and that of more immediate interest, viz., Lauderdale—partakes both of the nature of Merse and Lammermoor. Its extent is more limited. It lies in the extreme west of the county. On the north it stretches by Soutra Edge to the base of Lammer Law (1733 feet), and, drained by the River Leader and its affluents for nearly twenty miles, it stretches into the county of Roxburgh within a few miles of Melrose. It is thus at once pastoral and agricultural. It apparently derives its name from Lauder, or Leader; and dail, a field or meadow, is Norse for valley. Norse names are rare in the plains, but, as Norsemen loved hills, they frequently appear on the uplands.

THIRLESTANE TOWER.

From "Lauder and Lauderdale." By kind permission of the Author.

The author, who has had access to the records of the old burgh, gives some interesting glimpses of the everyday life of its past inhabitants, and our readers will doubtless be interested in the following quotations:—

In 1745 the price of brandy was only 1s 6d per bottle. A writer in 1809 states that "Alehouses and retailers of spirits abound everywhere" in Berwickshire. Hardgatehead has, at this present time, scarce left a stone to mark its site. Visitors to the Brough at Torwoodlee will be astonished to be told of an old village of such distinction that the Royal burgh of Lauder came hither for a clocksmith! But the clock was made of wood. When the present clock was set up that of 1734 was removed to the stables at Mellerstain. The old clock had a history and a telling record. It had only one hand, but its "tongue" brought worse than shame to the honest heart of Walter Scott, its faithful watch and ward. The clock could not by any means be prevailed upon to intimate with accuracy the hour of day or night. It had been known to repeat the stroke ninety times. On any day but Sunday, Walter might have theled the irregularity, so, when one Sabbath, during divine service, the clock, amid breathless silence, kept striking hours by the dozen, his righteous soul was vexed within him. With audible blasphemy—unpremeditated and in the circumstances in part excusable—he rose from his pew, left the church and grace for ever, and to all time remains a martyr to injured feelings and the striking of Father Time's delinquent. It is not altogether common to find an annual payment of £2 for "winding and cleaning," bearing with it such conscientious regard for verity. Such an erratic clock ceased to be "sufficient" for a Royal Burgh.

About fifty or sixty years ago the town drummer was a Burgh official. Originally the office, like that of the bard or the town piper, may have been hereditary. The drummer went through the town every morning between five and six o'clock, and also at eight o'clock in the evening, halting opposite the doors of the Bailies and beating his drum continuously. This may have been a signal for early rising, and a survival or adaptation of the Norman Curfew. Some, however, trace in the custom the relic of the ban of the "na cheu," i.e., the great sickness. The beating of drums was supposed to frighten away the evil spirits which bring plague and pestilence nigh the habitations of men.

The Burgh Records in the Town Clerk's office are extant from 1653. Some of the Council's minutes are curious, one providing that none shall bake or brew in the Burgh except John Lauder, the Bailie thereof. That such restriction was, generally, in the hands of the municipality may be gathered from the fact that in 1659 in Edinburgh the impost on the ale sold in its bounds was a full penny sterling a pint. A writer says:—"Yet this imposition seemed not to thrive; for at the same instant God frae the heavens declared His anger by sending thunder, and unheard of tempests and storms and inundations of water, whilk destroyed their common mills, dams, and warks, to the town's great charges and expenses."

The author is evidently an enthusiastic botanist, and in this volume has presented a most minute and scientific account of the flora of the district, while his chapters on entomology, ornithology, and geology are equally valuable.

The publishers are Messrs Craighead Bros., Galashiels, and the attractive and tasteful way in which the volume has been produced reflects the highest credit on that enterprising firm.

"The Border Poets."*

By John McQueen, Galashiels.

IF I am happy in the subject of this toast, I am happier still in the fact that I have not to couple it with the name of any individual here present. That there are poets present, I doubt not, and if any invidious distinction had been made we might have had a modern version of "The Flytin' of Kennedy and Dunbar"—a piece I commend as a specimen of plain, if not always polite speaking. In a land so richly dowered with natural beauty as the Borderland, so full of tradition and romance, the soil in which poetry most luxuriantly grows, one might naturally expect an abundant crop of poetry. From Flodden Edge to Liddesdale, from Soutra Edge to Coldstream Ford, from Neidpath Fell to Solway's flood, there is not a rood of ground but has its traditions of love tragedy, of superstition, of fairy lore, of feud and foray, of all the rude virtues that adorn a state of society when clan fealty was the highest virtue—and indeed the crop is abundant. We are surrounded by "a great cloud of witnesses." First of all, there is the flotsam of our old traditionary ballads which has come drifting down the stream of Time. Who were the *makers?* Who first sang "Young Tamlane," "The Gay Gosshawk," "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," "The Douglas Tragedy," "The Lament of the Border Widow," "Kinmont Willie," "The Battle of Otterbourne," "The Sang of the Outlaw Murray," and a score of other ballads, whose rude sincerity and pathos still have power to stir the blood—no man knows. Dim, spectral, shadowy stands that array of singers on the confines of time, and thrice blessed be he whose genius and industry has rescued their work from oblivion, and left it a rich heritage for all time. Coming to our own time, we have many singers, drawn from all ranks of life—for it needs no "Bryce's Access to Mountain's Bill" to give access to Parnassus. Given the pure heart that beats true to the elemental emotions of humanity, the eye that pierces beneath the surface of things, the accidents of life, and discerns the common ground of all, there you have the poet. It matters not if he be rich or poor, at the plough, the desk, or the loom—the well spring is within him, and the stream will flow. As in Peter's vision of the great sheet let down from heaven, there is nothing common or unclean that God has created. And in the ratio of his sin-

*Notes of a speech delivered at the Galashiels Imperial Union Burns supper.

cerity, so is the value of his work. And simplicity and sincerity are the keynote of Border poetry. Time forbids that I should even name the long list of poets, of greater or less merit, who have made the Borderland the most richly garlanded with song of any in Scotland, but one would fain mention some whose work must be familiar to many present. There is Lady Grizell Bailie's "O werna my heart licht I wad dee," and the exquisite fragment, "O, the ewe buchtin's bonnie," Hamilton of Bangour's "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride," Jean Elliot's version of the "Flowers of the Forest," Mrs Cockburn's version, better known, of the same song, Logan's "Braes of Yarrow," Laidlaw's "Lucy's Flittin'," J. B. Selkirk's "Death in Yarrow" and "Selkirk after Flodden," to mention only a few. There are three Border poets, however, outstanding in the roll of fame—Leyden, Hogg, and Scott—about whom, if I may trespass on your time for a few minutes more, I should like to say a little. They have so much in common, and yet were so wide apart. Leyden was a Borderer to the core, passionately devoted to his native land. Nervous in style, his "Scenes of Infancy" embalm many memories of Border scenes and Border traditions in felicitous lines, though now they are, I am afraid, known to but few. Hogg stands out unique, a typical Borderer and a marvellous man. Picture to yourselves the unlettered shepherd boy on Blackhouse heights, drinking in, all unconsciously, the poetry of his surroundings. He hears Burns recited, and instantly at that beacon his torch is lighted—it is like a new creation—into his nostrils has been breathed a living soul. True, the soul was cabined in its clay, as, alas! Burns' soul also was, but Hogg's lot was happier than his great inspirer's, inasmuch as there was not in him the power to soar, and therefore the power to suffer, that Burns had. He was of a coarser mould, and, besides, he was clothed in a garment of conceit, which is one of the best protections against the assaults of the world, and Burns knew of no such garment. Nevertheless, there was in Hogg a beautiful fancy. One could quote lines from the "Queen's Wake" of the most delicate imagery, airy, fairy like, redolent of the brown bent, the misty glen, the floating cloud, the lonely hillside, where he, his sheep, the humming bee, the whaup, were the only living things. If he had written nothing else than "Kilmeny," and that lovely song "The kye comes hame," he would still stand in the front rank of Border poets. And now just a few words about Sir Walter Scott—the greatest of Border poets, the greatest of Scottish poets, one of the greatest of the world's poets. I shall mention only his three great works in verse—"The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake"—in which not only is every note in the gamut of human emotion touched by a master hand, but the past, with its customs and modes of thought, is made to live again, and which contain some of the most exquisite descriptions of natural scenery in the whole range of literature. Then there is the magnificent series of his prose romances, so varied in subject, portraying with equal felicity the lives of the humblest of Scotland's peasantry and the highest of her nobility—the richest heritage surely that any individual man has gifted to his race. It is impossible, in thinking of Scott, to avoid reflecting on the tragedy of his lot—the fair morning of his literary life, when his poems took the world by storm; the fruitful noontide, when work poured from his pen with a spontaneity born of a mind steeped in his country's history and traditionary lore; and then the gloomy end, the crash of ruin. Deep, however, as is the pity awakened for his disappointed hopes, still deeper is the admiration for the courage with which he faced the Titanic task of clearing off his encumbrances. The more one knows of and reflects on that noble life the deeper becomes the feeling of reverence for one of the greatest, the noblest, and the truest of men.

"Ower the Border" Experiences.

IT has been ours to make frequent raids across the Border. Whilst we were never enriched by cattle, we invariably gained by the incursions. Although only a raw Scots loon, in our early ventures we found ready open doors and exceedingly hospitable tables amongst the English Borderers.

Those early ventures ower the Border were usually made where Prince Charlie and his Highland men

> "Swam the Esk river where ford there was none,
> And danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound,"

and where, on touching English soil, they drew their claymores, and flourishing them in the air set up a great shout, and points which not many days afterwards witnessed their ignominious retreat.

Further afield incursions were in connection with the Temperance Reform. Our worthy "cold water" employer in his enthusiasm for

"the cause" gave his apprentices trips to beautiful Armathwaite, and afterwards to Brayton Hall—Sir Wilfred Lawson's seat. The bands, processions, and demonstrations of these occasions made red letter days in our apprenticeship.

Another ower the Border experience was in '79, when we heard the world-famed orator, Gough, deliver one of his inimitable lectures in the "City of the beautiful waters," Carlisle. The city with its "lions," but, above all, the actor, his personality, and marvellous powers of eloquence are still vivid memories.

His handling of that vast audience, in the Victoria Hall, was a revelation. He used the people as a master musician would an instrument. The powerful and fervid eloquence, dramatic force of illustrations, and wealth of humour made all so real and telling.

In imagination we can see him still as he stepped to the front of the platform. His grey hair, well trimmed beard, striking face, commanding figure, lofty persuasive voice, and thrilling words cannot easily be forgotten. We have since heard some of the most eloquent of our time, but none of them ever moved us like J. B. Gough.

Yet another run, or rather tramp, to "merry Carlisle." This time to see the Salvation Army in full swing, and to hear the great General. Our walk through Canonbie, touching Scotch Dyke, the Debatable Land, Longtown, and other places of historic note, was exceedingly interesting.

We fell in with "the Army" parading one of the principal streets of the English town. Knowing the "Lieutenant," Gipsy Smith, sister of the famous evangelist, we pushed forward to shake hands. While doing so, General Booth, whose face and figure we'll never forget, ordered us out of the way of the procession, and looked as if he would pitch us out if we did not make ourselves scarce.

Their evening gathering was in the Market Place; 7000 people were present. The scene baffled description. It was pandemonium for a time. Roughs took it to themselves. Citizens were hustled, and seats knocked about. Jeering shouts of "Amen" and "Hallelujah," mingled with the singing of choruses, were heard everywhere. The confusion increased, and when the collection was announced there was a general stampede. People rushed to the three outlets and came in contact with each other, when rough horseplay took place. The platform was stormed, policemen were called in, and the market ultimately cleared. We were glad to escape in company with a well-known Scotch evangelist and his good lady, who acted the good Samaritan, and took us in for the night. But for their hospitality we would have had to foot it bravely for twenty miles.

We next invaded England in search of work. Our destination was Leicester, and the season the flower-producing month of April. In a comparatively short time the Scotch express carried us through rich tracts of country, and past important towns, and landed us in the above, the chief city of Mercia A.D. 680. Tradition ascribes the origin of Leicester to the King Lear immortalised by Shakespeare.

The town, with its staple trade of hosiery and boots and shoes, impressed us much. The clean streets, respectable-looking inhabitants, brick buildings, large warehouses, public institutions, recreation ground, and natural surroundings were objects of considerable interest.

Sunday was a marked contrast to our good Scotch Sabbath. As we wended our way to church, hundreds were coming and going with their purchases, or carrying their wares. The gin-shops and pawnbrokers were doing a good trade. By night things had not improved, but grown worse. In many parts the scene was lively indeed.

It was Eastertide, and the coveted job, owing to holidays, was not to be got. Good Friday, with its hot-cross buns and many other Easter observances, were all new experiences. As we moved among the holiday-makers our "Rory Murphy" headgear attracted no little attention, and came in for a good deal of criticism. At a S.A. gathering "soldiers" sang with much gusto "The Scotsman will be ready when He comes," as a sort of chorus.

Once the holidays were over the search for work, a trying ordeal at any time, commenced in earnest. The experience, though not so bad as that undergone in Glasgow years before, was anything but pleasant.

> I tried, but in vain, every shop in the city,
> Every wark where the soun' o' a hammer was heard,
> And freens sympathising extended their pity,
> But my prood spirit fretted like a new-caged bird.
> Hope's anchor was breaking away frae its cable,
> As I drifted aboot like a helmless barque,
> Despairing and helpless, tho' willing and able,
> I wanted nae pity, but langed for some wark.

The whirlie-gig of time found us back in the old Border haunts, and once more venturing across the ancient boundary line. This time Cambridge and London, the great metropolis, were the attractions. We visited most of the seventeen colleges and halls in the University town. The latter is traced back to the seventh century. We saw the chapel, built in 1515, in which Cromwell stabled his horses, and went

through the college where the members of the Royal Family were educated. The neighbouring country, where the chief industry is agriculture, we found exceedingly flat. We were told that many of the poor in the town and workers in the country could not read. This in the famous seat of learning is remarkable. In all our experience we never met with such uniform kindness as that extended to us in Cambridge.

We could only devote a day to the great capital—the hub of the world. Its vastness, pulsating atmosphere, thronging crowds, and street traffic were eye-openers. Institutions, exhibitions, houses, monuments, and places visited made lasting impressions. When treading our way at Waterloo Crossing, the burley constable, regulating the traffic, blocked our path. He hailed from the Borderland, and had known us in boyhood. Amidst the surging throng there followed Border reminiscences, inquiries for auld friends, and the Borderers' hand grip—kindly, strong, and sure.

Those and other ower the Border experiences were indeed educative. Not only did they increase geographical knowledge, but greatly heightened our appreciation of the English folks. Whatever their feelings towards the Border Scot may have been in former times, they are now certainly friendly. Whenever he is true to his kith and country, they are ready to value his worth and work. In many instances we found him enjoying the best and placed in the foremost file of many an enterprise. And to the credit of the Borderland, we also found him acting well his part—coming to the front, or standing in the firing-line of the industrial, social, moral, and national affairs of greatest England.

G. M. R.

The Plottie—an obsolete New Year Custom.

THE plottie was at one time the usual accompaniment to Old Year's Night celebrations and first-footing expeditions, but it has now fallen so completely into disuse that few of the present generation know what it is, or what it consists of. Old people, however, may remember the steaming hot, foaming, fragrant, and albeit potent mixture in which lang syne they were wont to drink the toast of "A guid New Year."

The plottie, which was concocted in almost every house in the south of Scotland on Old Year's Night, and rarely at any other time, was a delicious compound of sugar, spice, and whisky in which an egg had been beaten up. Then ale, which had been heated to the boiling point, was poured over the other ingredients, and whisked up till the froth rose over the edge of the vessel.

The making of the plottie was never entrusted to the careless or unskilled hands of the young people, but was undertaken with due care and precision by mother or grandmother, as the old clock ticked out the last minutes of the dying year, and when the family were all gathered round the hearth; even the children, those above twelve or so, wide-eyed and excited, were allowed the fearful joy of sitting the old year out and the new year in.

It was a serious and anxious time, as the hands of the clock slowly approached the moment when "old year and new year meet," and the beverage on the fire reached the critical point, and was duly taken off and mixed, as the first stroke of twelve sounded. Then all stood up in solemn silence as the heavy strokes tolled the knell of the departing year. At the last stroke the spell of silence was broken, all shook hands and joyously wished each other a happy New Year, and the plottie was handed round, even the youngsters being allowed a little sip, a very tiny one, for it was pronounced "not guid for bairns." But the congratulations were not prolonged, for it behoved the men-folk to go first-footing, with the steaming jug of plottie in one hand and, perhaps, a farl of shortbread in the other, for it would be an unpardonable offence and sure to bring ill-luck to the house if the first-foot entered it empty-handed.

The female members of the family remained at home to receive other first-footers, moreover it was not considered lucky for a woman to be a first-foot. "But, 'deed it wadna be vera decent for women-folks to be stravagin' about at a' hours o' the nicht first-footin'; they're a hantle better at hame," the auld folk would say. So perhaps it was as much from considerations of propriety as from any experience of the evil results of their first-footing that the girls remained at home.

Eh, whow! The last time I saw a plottie made it was by a dear old lady in a snowy, amply befrilled mutch, with a black ribbon bound round about it, but that was sixty years ago.

J. R. OLIVER.

Misunderstanding goes on like a fallen stitch in a stocking, which in the beginning might have been taken up by a needle.—Goethe.

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

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1903.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE would draw the attention of our readers to the first instalment of our serial, which will be completed in ten chapters extending to the December number. The story deals with some stirring episodes in the life of one who formed a link between the old reiving days and the more peaceful though less romantic times which followed the Union of the Crowns of Scotland and England. Since we took upon us the duties of editorship we have made each number of the magazine complete in itself, but after due consideration we believe that an interesting Border Serial might help to increase the number of our readers and retain some who only take the magazine occasionally.

We invite our readers to send us short articles on prominent Borderers, and to take the admirable sketch of Mr Dodds of Bowden, which appeared in our last issue, as a model.

The Border Keep.

I have recently taken note in this column of the prominence which the daily press is giving to Border matters, and as further examples I quote the following four paragraphs from the "Glasgow Evening News":—

Truly time rubs away many old memories, but one would hardly have expected our old friend Dr Buchan, of "Family Physician" fame, to be ranked amongst forgotten worthies. A speaker at one of the Burns dinners, quoting Death's remark on Dr Hornbrook—

> "He's grown so well acquaint wi' Buchan
> An' ither chaps"—

innocently asked, "But who was Buchan?" He was not made any wiser, none seeming to know, and yet Dr Buchan was one of the most celebrated men of his time. He was born at Ancrum in 1729, and is best remembered by his famous book, "Domestic Medicine, or the Family Physician," which has been claimed as the most popular work of its kind ever issued. Some 80,000 copies of it were sold, and its success on the Continent was so marked that it was translated into almost every European tongue. The Empress Catherine of Russia sent the author a gold medallion and a complimentary letter, while in this country he was honoured in a number of ways. The offhand notice which Burns took of him suggests in itself how well-known the doctor and his works were in the south-west of Scotland at least, and for the sake of a proper understanding of the poet's works 'twere a pity he should be forgotten now. In death Doctor Buchan was also honoured, being accorded a place of burial in Westminster Abbey.

* * *

The reconstruction of Ednam Church, just announced as completed, bridges over some interesting memories. It was of the old church of Ednam, for instance, that the Rev. Thomas Thomson was minister when his son James, afterwards known as the author of "The Seasons," was born, and from there it was that he removed to the parish of Southdean. The father of the poet now sleeps near the south wall of the old church there, and the heritors some years ago erected a bronze tablet to his memory, the lettering on the tombstone having become defaced. Ednam was one of the places which suffered from the English, and retains many a tale of the old foraying days of the bold, bad Border. Besides its poetical and historical renown, the little village was at one time in possession—incongruous association—of a brewery famed for ages for the excellence of its beverages.

The death took place in Madeira last January, at the age of 48, of Mr James Henry Tschudi Broadwood, who from 1890 until the conversion a few months ago of the business into a private limited liability company was head of the firm of John Broadwood & Sons, piano makers. He was fourth in succession to the original John Broadwood, the young Scottish carpenter, who walked from the North to London, served his apprenticeship, and married the daughter of his master Tschudi. The business was founded by Tschudi, the harpsichord maker, as far back as 1728, and it is therefore the oldest pianoforte business in the world. It is somewhat remarkable, considering the large amount of poetry the Scottish Borders has produced, that they have not made a greater name in the musical world. The John Broadwood mentioned in connection with the death of the head of the London piano firm was, however, a native of Cockburnspath, and, although in a mechanical way, his life was one which in a very practical manner was spent in the cause of music. It was he who, along with a Dutchman named Backers, produced the first grand piano in Britain. He also made and presented a piano to the great Beethoven, and the celebrated composer showed his appreciation of the gift by employing the British-made instrument in preference, it is said, to all others. Pity that Broadwood did not establish his factory on the Borders.

* * *

Sheriff Mackenzie proposed "The Memory of Burns" at the Glasgow Ayrshire Society dinner on Saturday, 24th January. Speaking of what are known as Burns's frailties, he said they knew that Burns had a passionate heart, and that the circumstances in which he was placed were such as to lead him into temptation in certain respects, but the learned Sheriff had always been of opinion that prying into the details of the poet's frailties was what was called in law irrelevant. He would far rather say—"Rest, turbid spirit; let critics fill pages with your weaknesses, your lovers will not read them." He felt bound to mention one of the greatest departments of Burns's work—namely, his satires. They were all written in the Scottish tongue, and that led him to say that he did not altogether approve of a certain expression which had become common with regard to the Scottish tongue—namely, that it was a vernacular. He could not help thinking that something even finer than a Chair of Gaelic might be established in the Scotch Universities—namely, a Chair of Scottish Language and Literature, and he hoped to see that accomplished.

* * *

From the subjoined cutting it will be seen that the suitableness of Scott's novels for dramatisation is by no means exhausted:—

A dramatised version, by Lady Marjorie Gordon, of Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel" was produced in the Haddo House Hall by the house party at present the guests of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. Lord Aberdeen took the part of King James, Lord Haddo was the Earl of Huntington, Mr C. Leith Hay appeared as George Heriot, Nigel was played by the Hon. Archie Gordon, and the Hon. Dudley G. Gordon represented Moniplies, while Lady Marjorie took the part of Dame Suddlechop.

Sir Walter Scott has been much to the fore in the January magazines, and while Mr Innes Shand lectures upon "The Gems of the 'Waverley Novels'" in the "Cornhill," Maga muses upon his share in the foundation of the "Quarterly," from the editorship of which his son-in-law was afterwards to retire, as he said, "overdriven, over-worried, over-brokered, over-Murrayed." Mr Shand's position is an expansion of Lockhart's, that the Scottish ballads after which the Shirra was always seeking really wrote the novels, and he gives many instances in which a line or so of Border minstrelsy has been expanded into an incident or even the plot of a "Waverley."

* * *

It is not only the Scottish press which gives prominence to Border items, for an enterprising Yorkshire weekly recently gave one of its readers a prize of three half-crowns for contributing the following:—

The neighbourhood of the famous St Ronan's Wells, immortalised by the great Sir Walter in his novel of that name, is classic ground, rich with tales of Border chivalry and romance, and teeming with historic and poetic associations. A few minutes' walk from the village of Innerleithen and one has before him the scene of Hogg's lovely poem, "Bonnie Kilmeny." Near this is Sir Charles Tennant's beautiful house, "The Glen." Here also is the scene of that pathetic ballad "Lucy's Flittin'," written by Scott's faithful attendant, William Laidlaw. Close by flows "Tweed's silver streams glittering in the sunny beams," while in the near neighbourhood stands Neidpath Castle like a gnarled rugged sentinel, guarding the Borderland of the South. Another famous spot is within easy reach of Innerleithen, viz., "The Bush aboon Traquair," which has been enshrined in Scottish minstrelsy. More noteworthy, however, is the fact that it was here, in Traquair House, that Glasgow's first charter was granted and signed by the then reigning monarch of Scotland. A short drive from St Ronan's Wells brings the visitor to where

> "The swan on still St Mary's Loch
> Floats double, swan and shadow."

Here likewise is "Tibbie Shiel's Inn," where Christopher North, James Hogg, and other kindred spirits held high revelry, while "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow" is still a powerful magnet to all lovers of Border ballad, lore, and romance.

* * *

As a noteworthy link with the past, I may quote the following interesting item from a column in the "Southern Reporter," which deals with the events of the sixties:—

At a banquet or luncheon held in connection with the swearing-in of the Selkirk Volunteers when the corps was formed were two men who had marched out of Selkirk on the morning of "the false alarm," ready with their comrades, if need be, to give their lives in defence of their country in the endeavour to drive "Boney" from our shores.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The Last of the Reivers,

or Christie's Will.

From the Manuscript of John Armstrong of Ridleyhaugh, commonly known as "Jock the Scholard."

BY JOHN G. GALBRAITH,

Author of "His Own Opinion," "A Revised Version," &c.

CHAPTER I.

Jock introduces himself, and Christie's Will goes a-riding.

WHEN a man well up in years, as I am, looks back on the days of his youth two thoughts—twin brothers, though strangely diverse—are borne in upon him. Firstly, he thinketh what an insignificant past he hath played in the world's history, and how little of real worth he hath beheld; then, secondly, he seeth how even the insignificant actions of himself or his humble fellowmen have had startling effects in causing joy or sorrow to be spread around him. Every man, I ween, hath done much he regrets, and little to be boastful of. These thoughts have come prominently before me as I pondered over the commencement of my self-imposed task of putting on paper a record of what I know concerning the deeds of my kinsman, William Armstrong of Gilnockie, better known, perhaps, as "Christie's Will."

When certain tribes or clans bearing a common surname inhabit a district, their fellows are ever wont to seize upon some individual peculiarity or trait and bestow upon each person, who owns this popular surname, a nick-name by which he is readily identified. Thus as Will was the only son of Christopher, who, in turn, was the only child of the famous Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie, the gallant Scot who was so treacherously murdered by false King James, therefore his byname of "Christie's Will" briefly set forth his lineage. My own sire, according to this custom, was known as "Canny Sim o' Mangerton," being actually head of the clan Armstrong—broken relic as it now is. Indeed I, his eldest son, was the last chieftain born within the walls of that ancient peel which sheltered our chiefs for many a century. I am known locally as "Jock the Scholard," to distinguish me from the other John Armstrongs, who abound in this portion of the Borderland, because my wise sire got a worthy priest to teach me my letters. Thus I was the first of our race who could do more than scribble his own name and received this appellation, although I have only learned enough of book-lear to discover how little I know.

My sire when he left Mangerton—a lonely, desolate tower it now stands—and threw down the spear of the reiver for the handle-bars of the plough, quitted Liddesdale and settled down in this farm of Ridleyhaugh, near Canobie. I ought to have been a reiver, if the theory of heredity be worthy of credence, for the blood of Scotts, Elliots, and Armstrongs, who "rade reivers a'," mingles in my veins, but my tutor, Father Bertram, early taught me the troubled history of our Borderland and instilled into my mind the doctrine that two nations ruled by the same sovereign could not be enemies. Our feud with the "auld enemy," the English, was staunched by the Union of the Crowns, therefore, everyone that lifted cattle from the "Wastes of Bewcastle," although it was lawful in the past, was now little else than a common thief. But tales of reivers, of raids, and of rescues have ever charmed my fancy, and if I so desired I could write down the daring rescue of "Kinmont Willie," the "Dodhead Raid," or the taking of "Jock o' the Syde" out of Newcastle town before the eyes of the garrison. Did I desire to belittle my kindred I could relate how certain Armstrongs did betray brave "Hobbie Noble" into the hands of the English, but I prefer to tell of things I have seen, and write concerning people I have known. It hath been my privilege to know and respect the last reiver worthy of the name, in the person of my blood relative, the "Christie's Will," already mentioned, and I will now endeavour to set forth the tale of how he came under bond to the unfortunate Earl of Traquair, and how he redeemed his bonded word.

Youth is the time when the mind is clearest, and the scenes then imprinted upon the memory remain clear, whilst the incidents of yesterday are blurred and indistinct; thus it is that although good thirty years have passed since then—I was but twenty-two—I remember well that September afternoon when I set off to visit at Gilnockie. I had finished work, and I strode down the loaning, light of heart and well pleased with all the world and myself. I met father at the bend of the loan; he had been at Langholm market.

"Where are ye stravaigin' to the nicht, Jock? I'se warrant Gilnockie 'll see thee?" he said, drawing up the mare.

"I was ettlin' to gang ower that wey," I answered.

"Ye gey aften gang that airt. Is't the auld reiver ye're sae fond o' seein', or is't the lassie? Hoot, man, dinna blush an' hing ye're heid like a glaiket coo. Ye're no gaun to talk on that maitter, it seems," for I vouchsafed no answer, and ceasing his good-natured banter, he continued, "Gie Maggie my luve, an' tell her that a sicht o' her bonnie face wad be welcome ower at the Haugh—even to the auld folk—an' list ye, lad, tell Wull that the Langholm gossips are gabbin' aboot a troop o' King's men that are oot scoorin' the marches for reivers. Tell him no to gang near Bewcastle for a while."

Promising to convey the neighbourly hint to the proper destination, I took to the moors. When I came in sight of the hollow where the Gilnockie cattle were usually pastured, I saw that the glen was bare. Now, an Eskdale man could easily guess the result of Will's last raid by the number of browsing cattle that speckled the glen, and now as I saw the scarcity, I exclaimed: "Langholm news or no, I'm dootin' that the Bewcastle loons had better be guardin' their byres." As I came in sight of the onstead of Gilnockie—the old peel stood at the end of the house—and saw Bess, Will's favourite mare, and another likely steed tethered to the ring, I was certain that the laird intended going a-riding over the march. The sight I got as I entered the kitchen, a "Gude e'en" on my lips, verified this verdict.

In the ingle nook sat Will, his steel jack buckled on his back, busy oiling a pair of "dags," or horse pistols. He gave me hearty greeting, whilst the smile on the face of Maggie, who sat before the fire sewing, told me that I was not an unwelcome guest.

"Ye're sairly no gang a-ridin', Wull?" I queried.

"An' what for no, lad? The larder's bare, an' Bodric-haugh maun see us the nicht whan the mune shows a licht. I've trysted wi' some of the Grahams.

We meet at the darkenin', an' I'se warrant some Bewcastle nowt 'll get a jaunt ere daylicht."

"Faither's been at Langholm, an' a' the folks there are talkin' aboot a troop o' sodgers that are huntin' roond for reivers."

"We maun ride canny then," meditatively replied Will.

"Ye'll no daur ride when king's men are aboot," I exclaimed.

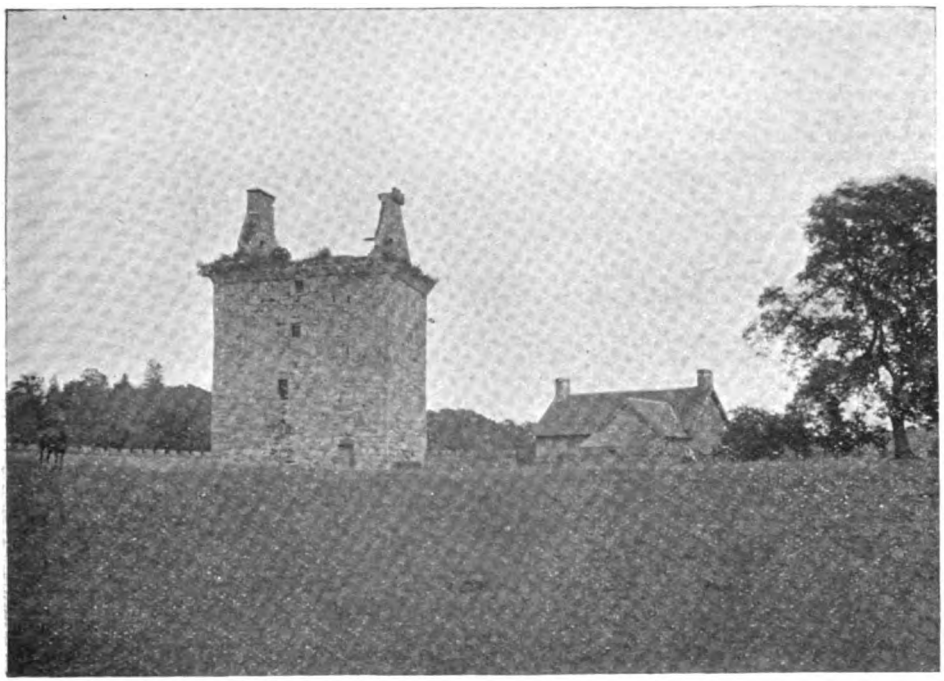
"I ken the marches better than ony man breathin'. Didna Whisgills, that kent every rood o' grund an' could cross every ford atween here an' Newcastle, teach me every glen an' burnie on the Borders? Man, Jock, I could guide a band o' reivers or drive a dizzen nowt across free Bewcastle by a score o' weys, an' the English troopers ken nane o' them."

turnin' frae a bauld reiver into a sonsy farmer. He quitted Mangerston gie sudden when the hangin' began."

"But times are changed noo," I interrupted, ill-pleased at this turn of Will's thoughts. "Sin' the twa kintries had but ae king they haena' been enemies, an' there should be nae reivin' noo. Indeed, everyane that lifts nowt aither frae English or Scots is little else than a common thief."

As I made my ill-guided statement, Will rose from the settle in a very storm of passion. If the dags had been loaded and primed I doubt not but that the career of Jock the Scholard would have ended at that moment.

"Me! Christie's Will, ca'd a common thief! Man, Jock Armstrang, ye may feel thankfu' this nicht that ye're bluid relation o' mine. I couldna hae



GILNOCKIE TOWER.

"Weel, ye'll finish by gettin' ye're craig stretched," I retorted.

"Dinna gang into England ony mair," said Maggie, speaking for the first time. "Stop at hame an' tend the farm like Jock's faither, Canny Sim."

"Noo, haud yer jaw, Maggie, hinney. Ae woman's enough at a time, an' I've Jock in hand enow." Will effected a fine scorn for an Armstrong, who only knew of books an' farming. "But, lass, ye gat the wrang soo by the lug that jaunt. Canny Sim indeed! Why he was ane o' us at the last big raid —ay, an' a fine ride it was. We gaed as far as Penrith an' lifted as mony nowt as kept the pats fu' for mony a lang day, though some o' us pey'd gie sweet for thae same cattle. Seven Armstrongs were hung up on trees, an' aibles the fear that he micht mak' the eighth had something to do wi' Sim

stood it frae ony frem body." And he gave me a sounding blow on the side of the head with his fist that knocked me clean off the seat on to the floor. I rose without any attempt to retaliate, although stripling as I was, my fingers itched, and Maggie, pale as the linen she stitched, half rose from her stool. Indeed, if I had desired to repay the blow the appealing look she gave me would have unnerved my arm. Will strode up and down the centre of the kitchen, raging at the pitch of his voice, which speedily brought Barbara, the maid, to the doorway, annoyed at the wrath of the laird.

"Ay, lad," he shouted, "it sets ye to ca' reivers thiefs. You, wha daurna lift a kiss aff the lips o' a' bashfu' lassie; you, that are only fit to scart the grund to gar corn grow, or prent dainty letters in a chapbuik, ca' names to me. Oh, things hae come to

a fine pass, whan a loon wha wad dook his heid into a syke gin a howlet cried on an eerie nicht, tell Wull Armstrang—wha never liited a nowt that belanged a Scot—that he's a common thief! Whe:e's the twenty gangin' mills that Johnnie, ma grandsire, proffered as a gift to the fause King James? Where's a' the gear that he, wha "wanted nocht that a king should hae," had? Ask the Carlisle loons! Every nowt an' nag got stown, whilst ma faither was a bairn, an' then a' that was left was poinded by the Royal traitor. Christie's Wull will never stop reivin' until every beastie stolen has been replaced by three." His walk continued, his fingers working convulsively, and his head high in the air, until a fresh train of thought was awakened.

"Ye talk o' kings, forsooth! Muckle brew hae a' o' them sin' fause Jamie betrayed hauld Johnnie. They bade us reive, an' then hanged us for daein' it whan the English Queen Bess made complaint. English raiders could lift as they liked, but we maun be murdered gin we took oor ain oot o' them. I'll ride whan it suits me, an' he wha says me nay, maun be ready to defend his cattle. My sword can keep my heid, an' my pat bilin' an' fu'."

"Haud yer gab, ye silly auld fule!" Maggie inherited a modicum of her father's "gift o' the gab," as I hae often proven since. "Dinna gabble there like a fleyed bubbly-jock," said she.

"Wheest, ye besom! Dinna craw sae croose. Gin I hadna' ridden ower the marches, mony an empty wame wad ye hae had. Wait a wee, ye'll maybe fin' oot that prentin' dainty letters 'll no be as profitable as gettin' nowt for naethin'." This silenced Maggie, and the flood of Will's eloquence was now at the ebb, but still he flung another taunt at me.

"My lad, the auld lairds o' Mangerton wad turn in their graves—them onywey that has ane—to hear ye speak as ye hae spoken this nicht. Ye're weel named Jock the Scholard, the priests hae got a guid grip o' ye. Ye're hauf a priest an' hauf a woman, an' a' thegither a maist waefu' object to bear the name o' Armstrang. Priests, be danged! They get mair gear by craft than ever I got by reivin,' an' they are held up for saunts, whilst I'm ca'd a thief. Gin ony but my ain cousin's son had said it, they'd hae peyed a heavy lawin' for that word." Here Barbara broke in with the news that "Big Tam's speirin' gin the maister's gaun ridin' this nicht," and Will, kissing Maggie, clapped the dags in his belt and went out. Maggie and I went to the door to see the two men ride down the glen in the gloaming. Will's parting injunction to his daughter was "Dinna be dowie, my burd. The ither bubbly-jock 'll tak' care o' ye while I risk my craig to fill the toom larder."

As I watched the burly form ride down the hill, although his taunts were still rankling in my breast and my ear still tingled from the effects of his blow, I could not help exclaiming, "What a fine gallant man he is! He carries his forty-five years as lichtly as a maid o' twenty."

"Ay, an' that's the man ye ca' a thief. There's mony queer weys o' courtin', but ca'in' yer joe's faither a thief, cowes a' that ever was kent," and, turning, I beheld a tear in Maggie's eye, for well she loved her father. As I made to slip my arms round her waist she drew hastily back. "Na, na, lad! Ye maun hae nae wark wi' the dochter o' a common thief," and I put it to those of my readers who are of male persuasion to imagine how I had to eat every letter of that unlucky phrase, and humble myself abjectly ere peace was restored betwixt my lass and me. It was late that night when I bade Maggie and Barbara "gude-nicht" and set off over the moors to the Haugh.

[*To be Continued.*]

Sheep-Stealers in the Olden Times.

IN the "Edinburgh Advertiser" for September 6th to 9th, 1767, we find the following paragraph:—"The Southern Circuit was opened at Jedburgh the first current, by Lord Kaims, when Mary Greig, Giels Nisbet, and Jane Nisbet, all late residents in Dunse, and accused of stealing cattle, were, upon their own petition, banished to the plantations of America. Afterwards came on the trial of Wil. Robertson, Adam MacGreigor, Jean Ogilvy, Robertson's wife, and Margaret Swan, MacGreigor's wife, all accused of sheep-stealing; the jury returned their verdict, finding the panels guilty, art and part, of the crimes libelled; the two men were sentenced to be publickly whipped by the hands of the common hangman, at the Market-Cross of Jedburgh, upon Tuesday, the 6th current, being to be attended by their wives, bare-headed, with their hair hanging loose upon their shoulders, and a label affixed to each of their breasts, with these words wrote in large capitals, "Art and part in the crime of sheep-stealing with my husband."

In a note, the editor adds that the Dunse women preferred banishment to whipping, but they would have preferred England to America. The editor of the "Oxford Magazine," into which the paragraph was copied, exclaims, in the spirit of Sir Samuel Romilly—"Happy Scotland! thy sons suffer only a little flagellation for sheep-stealing, which, in England, is punished with death, without benefit of clergy." It was the statue 14 Geo. II., c. 6, by which stealing sheep, or other cattle, was specially made felony; and these general words "or other cattle" being looked upon as too loose to create a capital offence, and the Act being therefore held to extend to nothing but mere sheep, it was thought necessary, in the next session of Parliament, to pass another statue, 15 Geo. II., c. 34, extending the former to bulls, cows, oxen, steers, bullocks, heifers, calves, and lambs by name. This may give us some clue to the date of the scurrilous old song which begins:

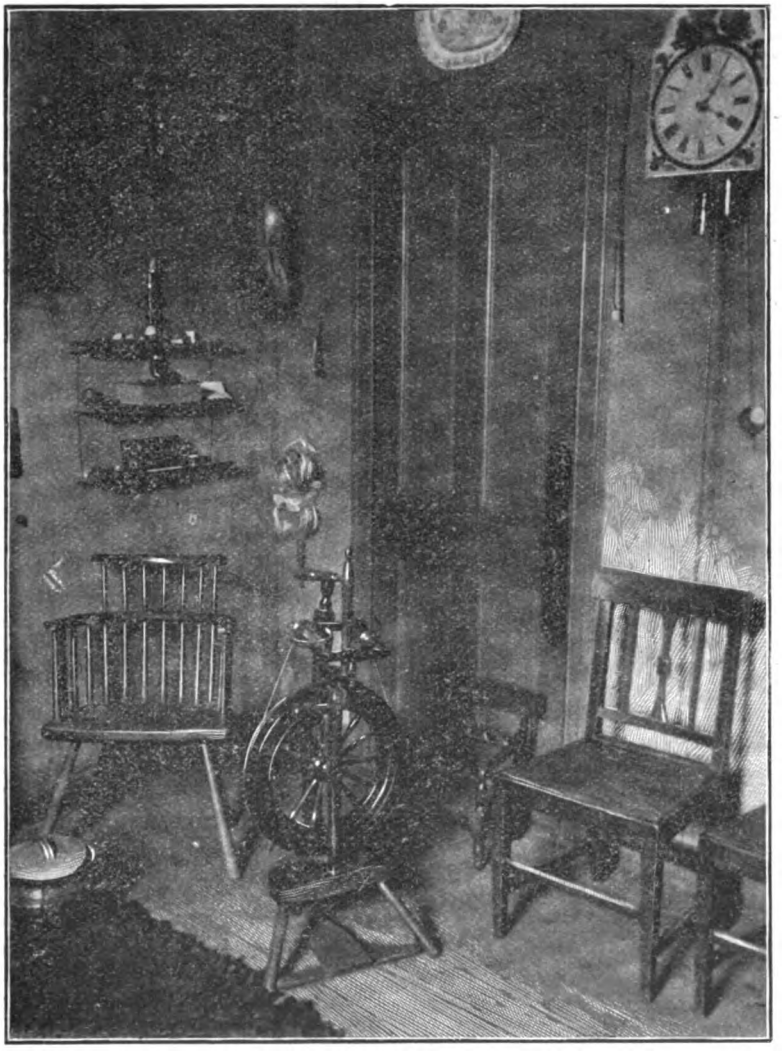
"My father was hanged for sheep-stealing,
My mother was burned for a witch."

Chance happens to all, but to turn chance to good account is the gift of few.—Lord Lytton.

The Swingling o' the Lint.

MANY readers of Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night," when they come to the words "a towmond auld sin' lint was i' the bell" have but a hazy idea of their full meaning, but some of the old folks still with us can recall the beauty of a flax field when the plant was in full bloom. The bright green of the stalks stood out in pleasing contrast to the brilliant blue of the flowers, the whole forming a part of the landscape which no fields we have at the present day can equal for colour effect.

About sixty or seventy years ago it was the custom of the peasantry of the Borders to grow their own lint, every householder having a few rigs. After the flowers had faded and the seeds ripened, the plants were pulled up by the roots and the seeds removed by an instrument called the ripple, which was shaped something like a "curry" comb used for cleaning horses. It was



THE SPINNING WHEEL.

From Photo. by R. Jack, Jedburgh.

about seven inches wide, with teeth four or five inches long. The seeds having been gathered, dried, and soid, the shaws were bound up in bundles and put into a pool of water, stones being placed on the top to keep them down. After steeping here for over a week until the outside of the stalks became soft or rotten, they were removed from the water and spread out on the green haughs or meadows, the smell which arose from them not being of a particularly pleasant character. After being thus dried in the open air the flax was broken by an implement like a hand turnip-cutter. After this the swingling followed. The swingling post was an upright piece of board fixed firmly in the floor of the barn or other covered place, and the lint was held over it with the left hand while it was struck with a piece of wood shaped something like a cricket bat held in the right hand. The woody portion of the shaws by this means was removed from the fibre which constitutes the real lint. The latter was then given to the heckler, who had a box with wire teeth through which he drew the lint, this process dividing the fine from the coarser parts. The fine lint was afterwards spun upon a small two-handed wheel, the coarse lint or tow being spun on a wheel worked with one hand. The thread having been made into hanks was then woven into shirting, sheets, &c., the coarse lint being made into aprons, towels, and such like.

Although the growing of lint in the Borders is a thing of the past, we sometimes find preserved as relics the handsome small spinning wheels, some of them richly ornamented. These wheels were often given to the bride as a wedding gift, and formed a conspicuous part of her providing, being placed on the top of the furniture on the cart, and bedecked with ribbons of varied colour. There are still preserved and highly prized by some old women the linen sheets spun by them or their mothers, and which were woven by the customer weaver, who could be found all over the Borders.

What a graphic description we get of "The Swingling o' the Lint" by Andrew Scott, 1821.

When winter days were douf and dark,
And roads were deep and dirty,
When workin' lint-fouk gae to wark,
And females meet sae hearty.
'Twas in a village idle barn
A squad did ance convene,
To switch the lint was their concern,
And till't they fell, I ween,
Fu' soon that day.

When a' the rout gat hirsel'd right,
The noise grew loud and louder;
Some till't did fa' wi' awfu' plight,
That o' their pith were prouder.
Their tongues and hands made sic a clang,
Some did their neighbours brand ill;
And characters gat mony a whang,
For tongues were tipp'd wi' scandal,
'Mang them that day.

It was usual for the swinglers to have in the forenoon a "knockit" of cheese, bread, and whisky; while at "fower-oors" (tea-time) they had a dram. In the evening they indulged in singing and other hilarious proceedings—all so well described by Andrew Scott in the poem referred to—while they had, of course, another dram at parting.

WALTER LAIDLAW.

Abbey Cottage,
Jedburgh.

Tynedale and the Roman Wall, or Out and about in Northumberland.

THE country of Northumberland is a particularly happy hunting ground for visitor and tourist, and ground which will not be easily exhausted. For those who prefer the seaside, doubtless Bamburgh, Alnmouth, Whitley-on-Sea, Cullercoats, Tynemouth, and even the isolation of Holy Island will have abundant attractions. Those who prefer rural Northumberland will never regret their choice. The northern fringe which has been a battle-ground for generations: Otterburn, Flodden, St Oswald's; how these names stir the blood like a trumpet, and others that could be mentioned. The antiquarian and archæologist may delight his soul by visits to many old castles, such as Alnwick, Bamburgh, Haughton, Prudhoe, Cocklaw; and churches, such as Hexham, Corbridge, and Bywell, while the great Roman wall of Hadrian, which spans the North of England between Wallsend, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Bowness on the Solway, a distance of 73½ miles, is an object of perennial interest. Walter Scott while resident at Kelso in his youth related to his friend, William Clerk, how he had made an expedition through Hexham and the higher parts of Northumberland, which would have delighted the very cockles of his heart. This was not entirely owing to the beautiful and romantic appearance of the country, but also because his taste for antiquarianism had been gratified by seeing more Roman inscriptions built into gate-posts and barns than was to be seen in any other part of Britain. Some of Scott's novels and poems bear traces of this visit. Sir George Douglas believes that Scott took his suggestion for Osbaldistone Hall in "Rob Roy" from Biddlestone Hall, near Al-

winton, close to the Cheviots. We found the Die Vernon chapter remarkably good reading, as we picked up the first edition in three volumes in an inn at Bellingham, and read also a remarkable good article by P. Anderson Graham on "Rural Northumberland" in "Longman's" for 1897. Mr Graham therein clearly shows that the Northumbrians, although at one time their country was included in Scotland, are not Scotch. Let any one try and say that they are and witness the result. The old fighting spirit still slumbers in their blood as it does in the Borderer on the other side of the Cheviots, and to some of them it is an insult to class them as Scots. Redesdale and Tynedale contained as many confirmed Border reivers as the other side of the Cheviots, although all is peaceful to-day. Harking back to Scott in "Guy Mannering," one of his characters, Brown, expressed himself thus about the Roman wall—"And this then is the Roman wall! What a people! whose labours, even at the extremity of their empire, comprehended such space, and were executed upon a scale of such grandeur. . . . All their public works bear the grave, solid, and majestic character of their language; while our modern labours, like our modern tongues, seem but constructed out of their fragments." Armed with W. W. Tomlinson's excellent "Comprehensive Guide to Northumberland," and Dr Bruce's handbook to the Roman wall we may go anywhere within the county with intelligence and interest.

To the son of a Northumbrian peasant, George Stephenson, we are immensely indebted for the beginning of our railway system. Railways had their birth in the North of England from whence they spread to every part of the kingdom. Before that the country was in an unprogressive state. General Wade's military road, which is still serviceable, runs almost parallel with the Roman wall between Newcastle and Carlisle, and diverted the traffic which used to be carried by the very roundabout road from Newcastle by Dumfries and on to Carlisle. Hexham was one of the first places in the county of Northumberland to which a line of rails was laid; the section of the Newcastle and Carlisle railway from Blaydon to Hexham was opened in 1835, the rest of the line to Carlisle in 1838. A newspaper asked in 1824, "What person would ever think of paying anything to be conveyed from Hexham to Newcastle in something like a coal-waggon, upon a dreary waggon way, and to be dragged for the greater part of the distance by a roaring steam engine?" This line was at first constructed for horse and waggons only, hence the sharpness of some of the curves. The multitude of trains that fly past George Stephenson's birthplace at Wylam are a strange commentary on this foreboding, although in the town the oldest inhabitant, with whom we had a talk, holds Isaac Jackson, the inventor of the reversing power in the locomotive, in much greater esteem. The Bewicks are buried at Ovingham, and we copied this inscription regarding Isaac Jackson from the foot of a handsome memorial shaft, in this same churchyard, to the man who does not seem to have been publicly recognised beyond his native place—"In memory of Isaac Jackson of Wylam, a man of singular integrity and simplicity of character, and of great mechanical ingenuity, who died suddenly on the 20th November, 1862, aged 66 years, to the deep regret of all who knew him. This monument is erected by those who loved and respected him while living and who mourn his loss." Rural Northumberland may be reached by either Berwick-on-Tweed or by Hawick and Riccarton. Our station was Chollerford on the North Tyne, six miles from Hexham and 103 miles by rail from Edinburgh. By the 4.25 p.m. train from the Waverley this is a journey of three or three and a half hours, change at Riccarton, thence by the old Border Counties, now the North British, Railway, forty-two miles long, thirty-six and a half of which are in England. The Wansbeck Valley Railway strikes off this line at Reedsmouth for Morpeth, twenty-five and a quarter miles, while there is still another branch from this east, from Scotsgap to Rothbury of thirteen miles. It is easy, therefore, to negotiate any part of the North or South Tyne from Scotland. On leaving Riccarton it was interesting to catch a glimpse down Liddesdale and the barren waste along the Border line; Deadwater where the infant trickle of the North Tyne begins, Keilder Burn and station, near which stands a shooting lodge of the Duke of Northumberland, and the heathery moors around Plashetts, Tarset, and Falstone. The North Tyne is now a respectable stream, and at Hesleyside, Bellingham, on by Reedsmouth, Wark, Banasford, Chollerton to Chollerford, there are interesting glimpses of the river which is now well wooded. Chipchase and Haughton Castles stand on commanding situations between Wark and Chollerford, and cause one to feel that we are now amongst the stately homes of England surrounded by their tall ancestral trees.

We found the village of Humshaugh, one mile from Chollerford, an admirable centre for the Hexham district, and also for the Roman wall. There is a fine specimen at High Brunton to the east of Chollerford station. Black Pasture

quarry on the same hillside, now leased by Herbertson of Galashiels, supplies much of the freestone for the new North British Railway Hotel, Edinburgh. It was worked by the Romans, for here they got the stone for that great land pier of their bridge over the North Tyne opposite Chesters. It is grand in its decay, and is one of the most interesting objects along the line of the wall. It has a castle, underground way, an abutment towards the river of twenty-four feet. Two round stones call for attention, but even Dr Bruce does not hazard an opinion as to their former use. It is suggested that Agricola had an earlier bridge here than that of Hadrian; the foundations of the other piers are to be seen in the river here when the water is low. Mr William Tailford, a pawky Northumbrian, has been digging over the Roman station at the Chesters for forty-one years, and loves to tell the story of many of his finds in the little museum at the gate, and lingers long over the curious building by the river bank, which may have been a combined bath and temple. There was here an excellent system of heating by means of hot air, and a fine drainage system. Thirty-six human skeletons were found just outside the buildings, also the skeleton of a horse and dog, all of which were again buried in the grounds. Like Carrawburgh or Procolitia, four miles away, Housesteads (Borcovicus), or Ambloganna, the station at the Chesters occupied about five acres in the shape of a parallelogram, and is open to the public through the courtesy of the present proprietor, Mrs Clayton, every Tuesday and Saturday. The little museum which has just been re-arranged by Dr Budge of the British Museum is well worth a visit. Great care has been taken to display everything to the best advantage.

To walk, drive, or cycle westward along the military road of General Wade affords opportunities of gaining glimpses of the wall, the vallum, ditch, remains of mile-castles and stations. Between the Chesters and Walwick ten years ago we saw the stones of the wall shining through the dust of the road midway up the hill. This year, owing to layers of road metal these cannot now be seen. Just beyond Tower Taye, Limestone Bank commands a glorious view of the North Tyne valley and the Chipchase Castle in the fore-ground, and the distant Cheviots, and eastwards the lovely well-wooded valley in which Hexham is embosomed. Here the wall breaks grandly into view, and at the summit wall and vallum have been cut through the basalt. Great masses of rock, one of which now split by frost must have originally weighed many tons, lie on the edge of the fosse. Carrawburgh, the Roman station of Procolitia, is now a desolation, and the well which yielded sculptured stones, altars, and 16,000 Roman coins, evidently the contents of a treasury chest, is now almost silted up with sand. Four miles further, about 800 feet above sea-level, and sloping to the south, is Housestead, or Borcovicus, which is grand in ruin. We had the whole place to ourselves, and were impressed, as everyone is, by these noble ruins. One lady turned up with her copy of Dr Bruce. A paling has been erected to keep the cattle from entering the forum, but this has not prevented some human cattle from pitching about the stones and leaving broken bottles strewn about. Stones are dislodged as if in search of buried treasure. Mrs Clayton very rightly has withdrawn entrance here unless by special permit from herself or Mr S. White, factor at the Chesters. We had her permit card in our pocket, but no one appeared from the shepherd's cottage close by to challenge our presence.

Amongst other places we found intensely interesting were Dilston Hall and Castle and Chapel, with memories of the last Earl of Derwentwater, whose remains have now been removed from the vault here to the South of England. All the more that a visit here prepares one for perusal of the "Memoir of John Grey of Dilston," by his daughter, Josephine Butler, as well as the lady's "Recollections" by her husband, George Butler. It adds peculiar zest to a visit to go over such records afterwards. It is impossible to exaggerate the beneficial influence of a man like John Grey, receiver to the Greenwich Hospital Commissioners in the forfeited estates of the last Earl of Derwentwater, in regard to agriculture and social progress. The biography of John Grey by his daughter is one of rare charm and interest.

That is a charming road up the North Tyne by Wark to Bellingham. At first the valley is well wooded. But at Bellingham we cross the moors by Hareshaw Colliery to Otterburn, and see the monument erected where Douglas is said to have fallen. Another excursion was by North British Railway from Chollerford, by Reedsmouth, over the Wansbeck Valley Railway to Tynemouth. The Northumbrians certainly do not take their pleasures sadly on the sands of Tynemouth, Cullercoats, or Whitley-on-Sea, which are almost united. The electric cars give quick and easy communication, and afford a fine view of the coast. But a truce to this: we will exhaust our readers ere we exhaust the wealth of interest, past and present, which lies to one's hand in every nook and corner of Northumberland.

R. C.

Story of a Remarkable Dream.

TOLD BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

OCCUPYING an ideally picturesque situation not far from Jedburgh, stands an old country mansion. To the present writer, who has known it long, it has always appeared as the embodiment of one of those romantic old houses which figure in the delightful pages of Sir Walter Scott. From its windows he pictures the arch Julia leaning forth to listen to the music on the lake; along its wooden alleys he catches a glimpse of the vanishing riding skirt of Diana. The sweet wild natural beauties of the demesne would have formed an appropriate background for the love-sorrows of Lucy Ashton, an Isabella Vere, or a Clara Mowbray. But the incident here to be recounted belongs to another chapter of associations.

About a hundred years ago the house was inhabited by the then Laird and his wife, a mutually attached couple, who had in their service a negro called Tom. My reason for assigning to Tom this prominence is that he was practically the only subject about which the master and mistress differed, for the lady could not bring herself to regard him with other feelings than those of an ill-defined loathing and suspicion. With that feminine intuition which men, sometimes not unjustly, call fancifulness, she detected in him the strange fault of strangeness, coupled with the more tangible defect of a temper prone to sullenness, and to the cherishing of a grudge when aggrieved. So she had often begged her husband to dismiss him, or provide for him elsewhere. But the master, more easy-going, pooh-pooh'd his wife's prejudice. Regarding the matter from a practical point of view, he saw that the black was an efficient and hardworking servant, and for him that was enough. Black Tom officiated as butler in the household. In this state of matters it happened that the lady went to Edinburgh, intending to remain there for a week. To her husband's surprise, however, she returned quite early the next day. He met her at the doorway, and was furthered puzzled to find her pale and altered. At the sight of him she was much overcome, and could only reiterate the ejaculation, "Thank God!" He escorted her indoors, where her pent-up feelings found vent in a fit of hysterical weeping. Growing calmer by degrees, she began to speak with great solemnity, informing him that upon the night spent by herself in Edinburgh she had had a vivid and horrible dream. She dreamed that she saw Black Tom enter his master's room, bearing a coal-scuttle in his hand, and from under the coals she distinctly saw peep forth the murderous point of a carving-knife. Powerfully impressed by the reality of her vision, and convinced that the black man harboured a bloody design against his master, she had at once set out for home in a state of high agitation, and was inexpressibly thankful to have arrived in time to give warning and avert calamity.

Upon hearing this strange story, the Laird scarce knew what to think. He was by nature sceptical, but had lived too long with his wife not to be unconsciously affected by her moods, and her earnestness now impressed him much. There was also a personal bearing in her narrative, which appealed to him forcibly. As an abstract proposition he disbelieved in dreams; on the other hand, he had no wish to sacrifice his own life to his conviction. To be brief, he introduced a neighbour secretly into the house, and the two agreed to sit together that night in the business-room and watch. Neither was at first inclined to treat the situation with much seriousness, but it was undeniable that, as the still hours stole on, a certain considerable degree of nervous tension was set up in both of them. For even what is on the face of it incredible at noon-day, has a disquieting way of assuming plausibility about twelve p.m. All at once there struck upon the ears of the watchers the sound of a footstep in the passage. It drew nearer. Starting to their feet, the gentlemen flung open the door of the business-room. Just without, in a dazed attitude, stood Tom. In one hand he bore a light, and in the other a coal-scuttle. He was seized and pinioned. The neighbour then flung out the coals upon the floor, and among them, sure enough, was a table-knife. Tom protested that it had come there accidentally, which was not absolutely impossible. But the dream told dead against him; also, it had never been the custom of the house that he should mend the fires at that late hour. If coals were wanted after eleven the master would put them on the fire with his own hand, for Tom was understood to be in bed. Add to this that the Laird had that day collected his rents, and had the money still by him, waiting to be banked. This all looked very black indeed, so Tom was shipped off to the colony whence he came, and taught to consider himself extremely lucky to have got off so easily.

Considering the circumstances dispassionately, a hundred years after date, no one can dispute that the dream was a very remarkable one, and so far as I can discover its main facts

are well authenticated. But whether a deeper meaning than circumstances warranted was not read into it by the parties concerned is another matter. Setting aside preconceived notions, was there any evidence at all of a homicidal intention on Tom's part. When seized by the two gentlemen in the passage, he is said to have been much taken aback. Who, in like circumstances, would have been otherwise? Again, he may possibly have been a sleep walker, automatically acting by night. All then, depends upon the finding of a knife where no knife ought to have been. But the carelessness of a foot-boy might account for that, leaving nothing but a coincidence—a most remarkable one, I grant—to give colour to the theory of crime. Is it not possible then that, after all, Tom fell a victim to groundless apprehension on the part of an imaginative lady?

The Border Wrestler.

IN a milder form, below "the noble art of self-defence," stands that of the wrestler. Yet many staid people shrink from looking upon the wrestling-ring as a place of angry feeling, violent contortion, and degrading defeat, or of that state of mind which is the beginning of quarrels. This is a great mistake, which would be removed by a visit to the ring of any of our Border Games. So many men "stood:" so many men "fell." This is the story of personal prowess since the beginning of the world; and the human form, built up in its marvellous endowment of muscle, limb, nerve, and wind, must give occasional proofs of its native manhood. A wrestling competition, as a display of strength and agility, is open to as few objections as most human encounters. It is a sight to see two clean-limbed, well-matched men embrace each other. The struggle is often the work of a few seconds, and seldom lasts over a minute or two. A whirl, a hug, a topple over, and the undermost man receives the friendly shake of the hand from the victor; and the next pair comes on. There is a lesson not to be despised in the sight of two men thus embracing—in the even temper, the cool nerve, the total absence of passionate emotion, the usually lightsome cheeriness of the grapple, yet with the instinct of wary watchfulness; and, above all, the example of the rules of fair play, in the presence of assembled thousands. This is a recognition of rule and order, which certainly carries something.

In witnessing a Border Games wrestling match recently, where the competitors were well met, and were men of note, which caused them to be rather slow in getting into grip, we heard a byestander remark, in the perfection of Lowland speech—"They're twae guid men, an' they're baith sweared to gang doon." The remark has a moral application all round, as well as in the arena, where the Cumberland man met "The Traveller;" and, though the latter found the grass on this occasion, he did his best, and received the commendation of an honourable defeat.

What degrades the wrestling-ring is the offensive system of betting, where it creeps in to influence the decision. A friend has mentioned to us how intensely interested he once was in witnessing a tussle between two celebrated champions, and how humiliated he afterwards felt on ascertaining that the whole affair was a pre-arranged matter, in order to turn certain sums of money into certain channels. Imagine the old Greek athlete as being swayed by a few shillings or pounds! Unless the Border wrestler strives as zealously for victory as the Roman gladiator fought for life, both physical and moral results are lost; and no exhibition should be patronised by the public unless the spectators have guarantees that they can honestly and truly exclaim—

> "The ancient spirit is not dead—
> Old times, in truth, are lingering here."

A Farewell to Tweedside.

FAIR Tweed—though I leave thee—thou knowest how sore
Is my heart, altogether thine own,
As I feast on the charms of thy beauty once more
Ere that radiant vision be flown.

O wond'rously varied and winsome thy wiles,
And happy, thrice happy, must be
The man who has basked in the sun of thy smiles—
And thou, Tweed, hast smiled upon me!

Other views may delight, other valleys caress,
But, though beauteous all in degree,
Where are there among them the scenes which possess
The perfections that glorify thee?

Other pictures may fade, yet thine image, so dear,
In life's memory fresh shall abide,
And the warmth of those smiles my whole being will cheer
When severed, alas, from Tweedside.

MORRIS RICHARDSON.

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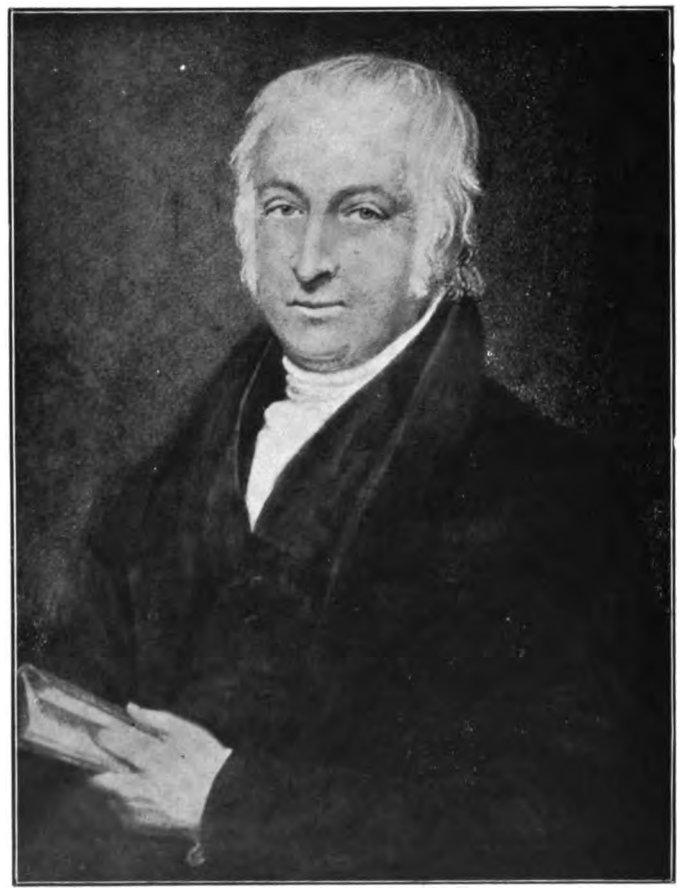

ALEXANDER SCOTT OF FALLA.

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Alexander Scott of Falla—A Border Philosopher.

BY GEORGE WATSON.

PLEASANTLY situated in the romantic valley of the Rule lies Bedrule Mill, with which George Scott, the father of the subject of our sketch, was associated for many years. On his memorial in Bedrule Churchyard George Scott is designated "of Bedrule Mill," but in the latter part of his life he was perhaps more intimately associated with the farm of Falla, of which he was tenant, in the valley of the Oxnam. The parent of a talented family, he was married fully sixteen decades ago to Elizabeth Borthwick, who, having died in 1790 at the age of sixty-eight, predeceased him by twenty-five years.

Alexander Scott, their son, was born in or about the year 1758. Having spent only the usual brief period at school, and having received no more than the scanty education customary in those days, he spent his youth in unrecorded obscurity, from which he emerges, when on the verge of manhood, in the role of a draper for his own behoof in the High Street of Jedburgh. His keen intellect soon evinced itself by the deep interest he took in matters pertaining to the town, the result of which was that at a comparatively early age he was elected in 1785 to the magisterial office of a Bailie of that Border burgh. Until the year 1790 he acted in this capacity, figuring also in the Merchant Council, while in 1785 "Alexander Scott, Merchant," appears in the Burgh Records as a stentmaster of Highgate (now High Street).

But Scott was not a person to be confined solely to counter and chamber, and when released from business and civic duties he cultivated acquaintance with the sciences, to which he was at all times fondly attached. He spent much of his spare time in mechanical pursuits. Many were his experiments on balloons and new kinds of bombs, on the latter of which he expended much money, expecting that at some future date his efforts—should they prove successful—would be rewarded by the sale of his patents to the Government, which expectations, unfortunately, were never realised. He contrived a ship which would of itself go to a stated place—such as an enemy's fort—fire its broadside, and then return. He likewise, at a later date, invented and made a working model of a rotary steam engine of ingenious construction. But it were needless to detail his numerous attempts and successes, the above will give an indication of his qualifications. As has been said of him in the "Home Life of Sir David Brew-

ster" (with which philosopher he doubtless was well acquainted when both resided in Jedburgh), he was a man of "speculative mind, inquisitive about every new invention and discovery, whether steam engines or balloons, reaping machines or orreries."

Scott took a deep interest in astronomy—a science which was then comparatively obscure—and brought forward his talents to assist him to unravel the secrets of the heavens. He it was who gave James Veitch, the astronomer of Inchbonny, the speculum on which that scientist, then in his youth, constructed his first telescope. He also found means of encouraging Veitch in many other ways, the result of which was a lasting friendship, whose fruit was a correspondence on scientific matters and the useful arts. Scott was also well versed in geology, and he made an attempt—which, however, was in vain—to bore for coal at Lethem, situated at the foot of the Carter. Veitch, his pupil, more successfully undertook the task early last century.

Alexander Scott is described in the Burgh Records as late Bailie in the years 1791-92-93, after which he disappears from the roll. It must have been about the year 1794 then that he reaped the benefit of his wide experience by being asked to accept a post at Newbattle, in the employment of the Marquis of Lothian. Here his inventive genius displayed itself in devising machines, of which one was projected which would be wrought at any quarry, by horses or by wind, to break stones suitable for the kiln. Nor did his zeal for scientific pursuits flag, as may be seen from the fact that he made an air-balloon—"a true sphere and ornamented"—measuring four feet in diameter. The novel experiment of the popular scientist was the cause of much interest to a large concourse of some hundreds who assembled at Newbattle on the anniversary of the Marquis of Lothian's birthday and saw the spectacle. The balloon, which rose majestically behind Newbattle Abbey, was seen at a considerable distance.

Scott was still at Newbattle in September, 1795, but soon after he received and accepted an offer of the factorship of the Earl of Minto's Fifeshire estate, and, accordingly, he removed to Lochgelly in that county, and there took up his residence. Here again his excellent qualities shone forth, and in the discharge of his duties he earned the esteem and confidence of the Earl. This position, however, he was induced to leave by the offer of an appointment as factor of the Earl of Hopetoun's East Lothian estates, which was tendered to him very early in last century.* For such a post he was eminently fitted by his large experience in mining and his knowledge of geology, to which he had greatly added in his two former positions.

The charge accepted, Scott took up residence at the village of Ormiston in convenient proximity to the Earl of Hopetoun's beautifully-situated abode, Ormiston Hall. Ormiston Hall, which is distant little more than a mile south of the village, was built in 1745 by John Cockburn, who, two or three years later, was obliged to sell the estate. It was then secured by the Earl of Hopetoun, in the possession of whose family it has remained ever since, and for a century served as their seat. Until the year of Scott's death three additions were made to the Hall, which had been built in the tea-cannister style of architecture then prevalent. It is not without historical association, for in the Old Hall, the situation of which was about 200 yards to the west of the newer building, George Wishart was residing under the protection of Cockburn, its proprietor, when the Earl of Bothwell, in January, 1546, secured his person by means of false overtures and led him away to martyrdom. Tradition avers that under the yew tree, which was still flourishing in the garden in 1860, and which was then pronounced to be upwards of three and a half centuries old, this venerated martyr occasionally preached. The village also has its eminent natives. At the time of which we write was born Sir William Hope-Johnstone, K.C.B. (1798-1878); of the Rev. Robert Moffat, D.D., the eminent South African missionary, a native of the village, Ormiston is justly proud. Here he was born in 1795, but his parents removed therefrom during his infancy. In 1885, two years after his death, there was erected to his memory, at a cost of £250 raised by public subscription, an obelisk of Peterhead granite, which stands 20 feet in height. The memorial, which is situated at the east end of the village street, consists of an obelisk with a bronze alto-relievo of the missionary by D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A.

Ormiston is about twelve miles east-south-east of Edinburgh, and two and a half miles from Tranent. It is now connected with the outer world by means of the light railway. The population of the village in 1791 was 600, and although within the course of the next century it decreased considerably, the census of 1891

* We have been unable to ascertain the precise date of his transfer, but in our possession is a copy of a receipt for school fees paid to William Smith by Mr Scott of Lochgelly House for the education of his three sons at Lochgelly until 11th December, 1801. Scott removed from Lochgelly doubtless very shortly after this payment.

showed a population of 555. At or a little previous to Scott's removal, there were at Ormiston a bleach-field, a starch work, a distillery, and a brewery. In the centre of the village stood formerly a Roman chapel (latterly converted into the parish schoolhouse), the site of which when removed was indicated to the traveller by an old cross.

Such were the surroundings amid which Alexander Scott was ushered into his new charge. Notwithstanding the many calls upon his time in connection with his new duties, to which he assiduously applied himself, he did not neglect intercourse with his former associates. Veitch of Inchbonny had by this time made decided improvements in the construction of the plough —until then but an imperfect machine—and Scott was so much impressed by those of Veitch's manufacture that he did all he could to further their sale. To this end, when ploughing matches were to be held, he effectually strove to obtain a fair trial for Veitch's machine, which was generally proven to excel all others on the field. Nor did Scott neglect his own pursuits. In a letter of his, dated 1809, it is seen that he was busy making a model of a reaping machine on a scale of three inches to a foot, which he hoped to have in readiness to present to the Dalkeith Society in May, when a considerable number of models were to be brought forward.

But it is unnecessary to dwell at length upon his attainments. It is well worthy of note, however, that among the premiums adjudged by the Highland Society of Scotland and sums voted in promoting the objects of the Institution in 1822, there was granted "to Alexander Scott, Esqr., at Ormiston, for his Essay on the Construction of Rail Roads and the means of Laden Carriages surmounting elevations occurring in their course, accompanied by Drawings and a Model Illustrative of the plan proposed—a piece of plate of Twenty-five Guineas value." He also took an active interest in the Society for promoting the Useful Arts in Scotland, and read some esteemed scientific papers at their meetings. On 28th February, 1828, the scientist delivered at one of the Society's meetings his "Observations on Street Railways," while on 6th January, 1830, he supplied the Society with a paper entitled "A description, drawings, and engravings of a new Steam Engine without a boiler." The result of his researches Sir David (then Dr) Brewster thought so valuable and interesting that he inserted the paper in the Edinburgh Journal of Science, of which he was editor. The engine in question was first given a public trial in January, 1828, before it was connected with machinery of any kind, and when completed it was described as "a handsome piece of well-finished accurate workmanship, and performs its work admirably."

Early in life Alexander Scott had married Isabella Rutherford, who, four years his junior, was the daughter and heiress of William Rutherford, proprietor of Falla, in Oxnam Water. This farm was tenanted by Scott's father, after whose demise it was occupied by Thomas Scott, who, the brother of Alexander, was born in 1761. On the death of Alexander's widow, in 1843, the property devolved upon her family, from whom Thomas Scott purchased it, but as he died childless in 1849 it reverted to Alexander's line. The subject of our sketch was the father of an accomplished family. His son John, a gentleman greatly esteemed by all with whom he came in contact, succeeded his father as factor to the Earl of Hopetoun, and was the grandfather of J. A. Scott, Esq., the present proprietor of Falla and tenant of Mossburnford.

As to his private life, Alexander Scott was a man of unimpeachable character. A person of magnanimity and high qualifications, it has truly been written of him in the biography of one of the most eminent scientists of our time that he was "a man of sterling integrity of action and speculative mind."

Our story is told. At Ormiston, on 28th December, 1835, Alexander Scott passed from this life at a ripe age, lamented by all who knew him. After a busy and useful life of nearly eight decades he was laid to a well-earned rest in the churchyard of Ormiston, and his resting-place is denoted by a memorial, the inscriptions on which show that side by side with him are laid the remains of his wife and of many of their family.

Such is the biography of one who, although the story of his life has not been recorded until now, has contributed in no small degree to the advancement of philosophy. Being the first in a succession of three Border philosophers, each of whom in turn outshone the other, it is to be regretted that the record of his career has been left unwritten until a time when details have become scattered and to a great measure entirely lost. But we have seen by the foregoing that he had much influence in turning towards the pursuit of astronomy and cognate sciences the talents of James Veitch of Inchbonny, who, in his turn, laid the foundation of the vast and universal knowledge of Sir David Brewster. And thus by linking the name of the subject of our sketch with that which was in optics "the greatest name in this or any other age," we claim for him a position amongst those of whom Borderers are justly proud.

Revival of Home Industries.

"My day it wears onward 'twixt spinning and weaving,
The noise of men's laughter, the cry of their grieving
Drifts slow by my thorn-tree like drifting of snow,
And on the old branches the new blossoms blow."

THE interesting article on "The Swinglin' of the Lint," which appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE last month, makes us regret the disappearance of such picturesque and interesting home industries, and sets us wondering if nothing could be done to revive them in the Borderland. Such an idea may appear absurd as applied to districts where the perfection of machinery and the combination of workers can produce the finest of tweed cloths in enormous quantities, but it must not be forgot that there are hundreds of lonely valleys where the hum of the factory is never heard, and even in the towns there are countless homes where willing hands might be employed if home industries were encouraged. Anyone who desires to know what can be done in this direction should write to The Scottish Home Industries Association, Ltd., 132 George Street, Edinburgh, or 12 Woodstock Street, Oxford Street, London, W., who will supply most interesting pamphlets on the subject. To this important Association, which is under the presidency of the Duchess of Sutherland, we are indebted for the interesting block which represents wool carding and spinning as at present carried on in the homes of Harris, Lewis, Sutherland, Shetland, &c. The district of Harris is linked on to the Borderland by the following interesting quotation from an article which appeared a short time ago in the "Daily Chronicle":—"Quite recently a weaver was brought from Galashiels who was in the island for nearly a year teaching the people how to manage improved looms." From "The Story of a Highland Industry," by the Duchess of Sutherland, we quote the following important defence of home industries:—

Remarkable in its wonderful scientific discoveries, few can deny that the nineteenth century in this country has made for ugliness. The hideous factories, the machinery, the squalid dwellings of great cities vividly support the assertion. Only during the last decade a revulsion of feeling has arisen. The Sleeping Beauty has slept her sleep; the Fairy Prince, in the form of enlightened public opinion, has struggled over every obstacle nearer to her arms; and the last of the great prophets of the country, John Ruskin, will go down to his grave knowing that his labours and those of his co-workers—Carlyle, Morris, Rossetti, and the rest—have not been altogether in vain; that their splendid condemnations and appreciations will bear fruit in a dawning era. Men's eyes see again, men's minds live again, men's hands fashion again. Already the revival of handicrafts which flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is taking root throughout Great Britain. At the Home Arts and Industries Annual Exhibition in the Albert Hall in London are to be found exquisite book-binding from

WOOL CARDING AND SPINNING.

Block kindly lent by] [The Scottish Home Industries Association, Ltd.

Chiswick, specimens of the Della Robia pottery from Birkenhead, fine hand-woven linen from the Ruskin Industry at Keswick, and so many other presentments indicative of this growing artistic feeling that it would be impossible to enumerate them here. In these efforts there is no headstrong ambition, for to use the wise sentences of Mr J. A. Hobson, the economist, "It is, in a word, a practical informal attempt of a civilised society to mark out for itself the reasonable limits of machine-production, and to insist that 'cheapness' shall not dominate the whole industrial world to the detriment of the pleasure and benefit arising from good work to the worker and consumer. Such a movement neither hopes nor seeks to restore mediævalism in industry, nor does it profess hostility to machinery, but it insists that machines shall be confined to the heavy, dull, monotonous, and therefore inhuman processes of work, while for the skill of human hand and eye shall be preserved all work which is pleasant and educative in its doing, and the skill and character of which contribute pleasure and profit to its use."

Although the Association, which, by the way, does not work for profit, and devotes any surplus to the benefit of the workers, is mainly interested in the production of the famous Harris and Sutherland tweeds, it gives encouragement to all the other kinds of home work, such as Shetland goods and other knitted goods of every description in stock and made to order: Scotch woollen stockings in stock and made to order; hand-woven bed and table linen; hand-woven silk; Scotch blankets; Alva carpets; embroidery on linen and muslin, monograms, &c., embroidered to order; carved goods; artistic furniture; baskets; quaint chairs, a speciality of Orkney. All the work of cottagers and artisans. On a limited scale a similar scheme for the encouragement of home work was originated over twenty years ago by the late Miss Fergusson of Broomlee House, West Linton, and has since her death been carried on by her sisters. A character sketch and portrait of the late Miss Fergusson appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE, August, 1900. The object she had in view was that the long winter evenings in the homes of the people of the West Linton district might be profitably occupied. Any articles of whatever description made at home are offered for sale at an Industrial Exhibition held in the Public School, West Linton, each autumn, and the majority of the goods thus shown meet with ready purchasers, commissions coming even from distant parts of the world. This simple statement merely indicates what might be done in many parts of the Borderland.

Although very few women in Scotland now have any knowledge of hand spinning, it is different in Germany, where, in the country districts, the soil is favourable to the cultivation of flax. No German country woman's education is considered complete unless she can spin, and when I visit my home in the Fatherland during the coming summer I will be sure to find my spinning-wheel occupying an honourable place in the household, and may meet many of my former pupils. We reproduce a portrait of one of them, showing her seated at a wheel which she really can use.

The spinning-wheel was invented by one of my countrymen, Hans Jurgen, at a little village near Brunswick in the year 1521, his house be-

A FAIR SAXON SPINNER.

ing still in existence. His invention was soon after introduced into England, where this new mode of spinning soon displaced the tedious, though poetic distaff and spindle.

As round I gaily turn my wheel,
I hear this maxim in its hum:—
"A thread well spun in youth's bright day
Will bring you joy in years to come."

ANNA SANDERSON.

"The Auld Quay."

IT is a little village the Auld Quay, though it used to be bigger, 60 years ago, when the hammer and tap of the ship-building yard were heard from morn till night, and the good folk crowded out to the shore once in a while to bid God-speed to some trig little ship about to make her maiden voyage. And many an old schooner, in the fitness of things, has been forced by the winds and waves to lay her bones in the sands so near her birthplace.

But the busy days on the shore are gone now, and the remnant of those who can remember them is an ever-decreasing one. Yet if you go up the "Wee Loanin'," and turn into the Back Street, sometimes dignified by the name of Wellington Street, you shall come upon the house of one who, in her girlhood days, had gone down to the shore with the rest of the "fowk" to see the launch. And should you get on the talk with her, the old lady, in kindly accents, will tell you what times there used to be when the little village on the Nith was a busy port; when its inhabitants were sea-faring men, who many a time carried off their hardy wives on their long voyages, or brought back, if they set out as bachelors, English wives to their Scottish homes. She will tell you also how she herself was one of those hardy ones, and that she had lived oftener abroad than at home. But she will end by declaring that wherever she went the journey was never done, in her opinion, till the Auld Quay hove in sight again round the Carsethorn point.

"Ye ken, I've seen mony a bit," she will say, "but for juist fair niceness, the Auld Quay beats them a'."

And as you knock about the place with plenty of time to spare you cannot help thinking that for "juist fair niceness" it takes some beating. The air is mild; the sun has almost set; the tide comes sweeping up from the Firth with the moon at its back; the distant hills are purple against the summer afterglow. There is hardly a sound but that of lapping water, for the noisy head of the tide is past, and, as you take up your stand on the "Quay-end" you feel there is nothing left for you but to become a lotos-eater. Even the voices of the men at the "haafing" come down the river as if unwilling to greet the ear, while the little schooner lying at her ease looks as if she might never go to sea again.

"I have ane!" comes a cry from up a bit, and an oilskin-clad fisherman steps ashore with his haaf-net to empty it of its struggling silver burden. Then he wades quietly back into the brimming tide to join the line of his fellows, standing there with hands on nets and eyes on the rising waters.

A shrill child laugh from the village makes the haafers turn their heads in lazy interest, but it is only a half interest, and they are looking down the river again as if there had never been a laugh in the world. Silently a gull comes flapping up by the breakwater, reminding your languid observation that there is a breakwater, but that it will soon be out of sight beneath the brown waves. A long, long dyke of heavy sandstone blocks is this breakwater that lies on the other side of the river at low-tide, but disappears from view at the height. It is looked upon with lazy satisfaction by the loungers on the "Quay-end," for before its erection the in-rush from the Solway used to play havoc with the bonnie green merse, cutting it up with swift running creeks that made it dangerous to cross.

As you stand looking out on the fast-filling estuary, a slow tread behind, accompanied by a strong smell of tobacco smoke, makes you turn round to see who is coming. A short, sturdy-looking man, with a brown, weather-beaten face, broad black wide-awake, and suit of dark blue serge comes striding forward, hands in pockets.

"What's she like the nicht?" he says, looking westwards.

"Oh, very promising," you answer, for you have inferred from his manner that he is talking about the prospects for to-morrow's weather.

"Ay, she's a gude ane," he replies.

Then the two of you stand together by the Quay edge, and nothing is said for many minutes. To speak would be to spoil everything. The eyes of each are taking in the view, the merse, the woods, the hills, the sky, yet always dropping back again to rest upon the tide.

That glorious tide! It looks so solid, so restful, so easy-going as it washes the ferry steps, climbing up and up them, till only a few are left uncovered. The sky grows darker, the moon becomes brighter, as if gazing down at her own image in the water had cheered her up. The haafers have gone home; the shore is deserted. Only the two lone figures stand on the Auld Quay-end, enjoying the silence that is broken by the occasional gurgle of the water, or the hoot of an owl in the distant wood.

At last the faintest suggestion of a breeze makes known its presence. Something has wakened it from its resting, and it steals quietly down the river, kissing your cheek on the way. It is a signal.

"The tide's on the turn," says the old man,

relighting his pipe; "I'll awa hame; it's bed-time. Gude-nicht till ye," and, with a last look up and down the river, he leaves the tide and you together.

Now comes the time of quaint imagination, the sweetest exercise of the mind of man. Dim, hazy vapours of enchantment are rising from the merse. The woods beyond are sinking in the haze, like bush-trees in an Australian flood. The land of the setting sun has become the land of veils; those witching veils of the summer night, through which the eye of love and memory can pierce, and catch a glimpse of the ancient life of the land. This is the Borderland, and these mists are the curtains hiding from all eyes but those of the seer, the living pictures of the olden time.

A breath of the wind on the cheek, a stir of the trees in the mist yonder, and you almost hear the whispered ballad—

> "I wish I were where Helen lies!
> Night and day on me she cries.
> Oh that I were where Helen lies,
> On fair Kirkconnell lee!"

For yonder lie the woods of Kirkconnell, not the Kirkconnell of the ballad, it is true, but the name stirs up loving memories. And if you must be correct, then you may look away up through the vale and gaze on the farthest hills, beneath which lies the stream where Fair Helen fell, shot by her true love's rival.

> "Oh, think ye na my heart was sair,
> When my love dropt down and spake nae mair!
> There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
> On fair Kirkconnell lee.

Old Criffell, too, is guardian of a story. Down at his feet there nestles the little hamlet of New Abbey, with its ancient ruin. Through the quaintly carven windows the moon-beams stream, and fall upon that hallowed spot near the altar, now green with the grass of ages, where the Lady Devorgilla sleeps, guardian of her husband's buried heart. Six hundred years have passed since she was laid to rest, but her deed of love still lives in the name of Sweetheart Abbey.

Away up the river the ear of memory may hear the marching of troops and the clash of arms, while the eye of faith may see the ancient warriors, first under Wallace, then under Bruce, as they vied with the hosts of England in the long struggle for freedom. Dimly seen through the haze the old monastery stands, with a group of impatient soldiers outside the open door. Suddenly from this a noble knight appears, sword in hand. His face is pale with excitement, while he hoarsely says—

"I fear I have slain ——" . . . but the vision vanishes, and nothing but the river mist remains.

By and by you are humming a fragment of song, and you wonder how the words have come back to you after long forgetfulness—

> "Yonder Cluden's silent towers
> Where, at moonshine midnight hours,
> O'er the dewy bending flowers
> Fairies dance sae cheerie."

But Cluden is quite near; she joins the river but six miles from the Auld Quay. You can see her hills in the dim moonlight, and fancy brings within your view the old Lincluden College, so beautifully situated on the banks of the stream. Some day you may take a boat up the water, and, gently rowing past the old abbey, sing a verse of "Ca' the ewes" for Robbie Burns' sake. And while you sing, the ruined relic of seven and a half centuries will echo back your song.

Yet more visions come. A band of men ride into an old burgh, while the peaceful inhabitants come out to stare. Resolute fellows, with faces that tell of privation and struggle, but not of fear, they dismount in the market place and nail their "Declaration" to the market cross, thereby sending forth the answer to the fiery cross of the dreadful "killing times." And many were slain upon the hills of this wild land, till the cry for relief from harassed humanity found single expression in the words of Peden over Cameron's grave—"Oh, to be wi' Richie!"

There is a glamour of sadness on these quiet hills, that, if you allow your mind to dwell upon it, will bring the tears to your eyes. But on this summer night you do not wish to weep, so turn your eyes down the river with the outgoing tide that is fast leaving bare the miles of sandy mud, the famous Solway sands, and view the scenes of "Redgauntlet" and "Guy Mannering," with the spirit of the wizard hovering over all. Ellangowan, with Bertram's right and Bertram's might, Meg Merrilies, Dirk Hatteraick, Dandie Dinmont, and the Dominie! Are they not a fine group of spirits? How they live in our hearts to-day! The Solway is enchanted ground for their very own sakes.

Then Caerlaverock, lone castle by the shore, as unlike the picture of Ellangowan, as well could be imagined, yet standing there to tell us of the times of Bruce and Mary, a bit of the armed flank that Scotland showed to England, a symbol of the grimness of the lives of men of old, the heirloom of the present from the past! This old Maxwell stronghold stands on a bit of green mound, which was till quite lately al-

most surrounded by swamp, as an examination of the ground will show, and a broad wood of low trees stretches out between it and the sands, no doubt establishing more firmly, as time goes on, the landward grip of the castle. You shall one day visit the place, and see what claim it has to be the Ellangowan of Sir Walter's novel.

And for a last quaint memory of the district, you will not miss the old churchyard of Caerlaverock, where you will read upon a sandstone slab the name of Robert Patterson, who still lives in the hearts of the readers of Scott as "Old Mortality."

HARRY FRASER.

"The Scottish Borderers at Marston Moor, 1644."

MR JOHN KENNEDY, of the well-known and enterprising firm of Hawick publishers, Messrs W. & J. Kennedy, has done a distinct service to Scottish history by the publication of the important paper bearing the above title. In an introductory note the author says:—

> The paper was suggested by a visit to the battle-field of Marston Moor in the autumn of 1901. In going through a course of reading on the subject the writer was deeply interested by the fact that fully half the troops in the Parliamentary side were his countrymen, still more so from the Teviotdale regiment, recruited from his native district, having taken part in the engagement. It was also interesting as being one of the decisive battles in perhaps one of the most famous epochs of British history, and in which the brave stand made by five of the regiments of the Scottish infantry often gets scant justice.

The true Scot should be indebted to anyone who, by painstaking research, shows the part played by the Scottish regiments in what are claimed by our friends south of the Border as English battles. It would be a good thing if others would follow Mr Kennedy's example and do a like service for every Scottish regiment, and so increase our rather scanty knowledge of the Scottish Army. It is rather strange that the Teviotdale regiment should have faded so entirely out of the recollection of the locality in which it was raised, but this may be accounted for by the fact that the regiment was often spoken of as Lothian's. Mr Kennedy goes very fully into the details of the important battle, and by means of a very clear and distinct plan of the battle, shows the position of the various regiments. An excellent reproduction of a full length portrait in armour of William Ker, Third Earl of Lothian, commander of the Teviotdale Regiment, forms the frontispiece to the paper, while the illustration of a Scottish Pikeman, which we are enabled to reproduce through the kindness of the author, gives a good idea of the men who fought our battles in "the brave days of old." The paper, which is closely printed,

and contains a large amount of interesting matter, is published at one shilling, and, as the edition has been limited to 200 copies, early application will be necessary. We trust that this is but the beginning of Mr Kennedy's researches, and that we shall in the near future be favoured by similar papers, which ultimately may be published in volume form.

"Transactions of the Hawick Archæological Society for 1902."

WE have been favoured with a copy of these interesting "Transactions," and we feel sure that were it possible for all our readers to peruse the volume, there would be a very considerable addition to the membership of the Society. Hawick has reason to be proud of its Archæological Society, and those citizens who are the happy possessors of a complete set, or even a portion of the "Transactions," have a mine of interesting reading and valuable information always at hand. The conditions of membership, &c., can be had from the hon. secretary, Mr J. John Vernon, whose enthusiasm and indefatigable energy have done not a little to add to the prosperity and usefulness of the Society. Our limited space prevents us even touching upon the fourteen papers and three supplementary papers which comprise the volume of ninety closely printed pages, but we cannot refrain from quoting a paragraph from the opening address of the president, James Brydon, Esq., M.D., more especially as his remarks explain our reasons for giving considerable prominence to archæological subjects in the BORDER MAGAZINE.

Dr Brydon says:—

Very early in the world's history it was discovered that it was not good for man to be alone with himself, a discovery the truth of which most sensible men have recognised ever since. Another cognate discovery of equally wide application is that it is not good for man to be alone with his busjness. To fully enjoy life, to keep his mind and body in a state of health, he must have some hobby, some source of recreation apart from his daily toil; and I know of none more attractive, more instructive, and elevating to those who cultivate their minds as well as their bodies, than the study of the men and things pertaining to the past. Archæology, the science of antiquities, does not form a highway to the foundation of riches like some of the other sciences, hence it has been remitted more to the region of curiosity than that of serious work, but, nevertheless, as a hand-maiden of history, its bearings are of great importance, and its ramifications reach far. In time, it stretches away back through modern, mediæval, and ancient historical ages to those dim unlettered periods of unknown duration, which commingle with the geologic eras; and in area it is co-extensive with the surface of our globe. It gathers up the relics scattered by men, and cœval agencies, during this vast period, and over this vast area; and it seeks to learn from them the natures of those men, their surroundings, and their modes of life. Year by year these data are accumulating and forming a store of premises, from which, in the future, conclusions strange and unexpected cannot fail to be deduced. Even in the present, discoveries are every now and again being made which verify the trite old adage that truth is often stranger than fiction. With such possibilities and results we need not wonder that the popularity of the science is widening and increasing, and students of earnestness and ability are being attracted to its ranks, and are carrying forward the work with perseverance and success. "Dry-as-dust" and "gathering old nick-nackets" are phrases which have unfortunately come to be associated with antiquarian study; but the idea conveyed by these is simply absurd, and the outcome of ignorance. Indeed, no pursuit I know of is more alluring than antiquarian explorations and excavations. Certain of these, conducted many years ago, frequently recur to memory, as among the most delightful experiences of a life time.

The Sir Walter Scott Memorial Bridge.

HOW few tourists, comparatively, find their way to Dryburgh, which has a charm all its own, alike from the calm restfulness of its surroundings, and from the fact that it is within the sacred pile "where the Wizard sleeps." The reason of this apparent neglect on the part of tourists is not far to seek. When they reach Melrose they discover that the lack of a carriage bridge, by which they might reach the other side of the river, makes it almost impossible to combine Melrose, Abbotsford, and Dryburgh in one day, and so they leave the enchanted district without seeing what many consider the most enchanting spot of all. Some time ago a movement was set on foot for the erection of a stone bridge across the Tweed at Dryburgh, and we have before us an excellently printed pamphlet on the subject. In it Dryburgh Abbey and the district are described in a most pleasing manner, while an account of the above mentioned movement is given, terminating with the following:—

The appeal for contributions is made not only to inhabitants of the counties who would benefit more immediately from the erection of the proposed bridge, but to the numerous persons, from all parts of the world, whom the bridge would enable more easily to visit Abbotsford, the residence, and Dryburgh Abbey, the burial-place of Sir Walter Scott, and the romantic scenery between these places on both banks of the Tweed. Subscriptions may be paid, or cheques handed, to Mitchell & Baxter, W.S., 11 S. Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, Honorary Treasurers.

BREVITY OF TIME.—A farmer on the Border, talking to his hands the other day about the amount of work to be done, declared that the days were "nothing but a stump." "Yes," added one of the workmen, "and the nights are so short it is scarcely worth while going to bed."

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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.

APRIL, 1903.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE are much pleased to note that our Magazine increases in popularity with our ever-widening circle of readers, and we trust that this condition of affairs will continue until the circulation will justify us in increasing the size of the BORDER MAGAZINE. We are indebted to the editors of the various papers who notice our publication each month, and it shall be our constant desire to stand well in the eyes of these gentlemen, who by the skilful conduct of their own local papers do so much to keep alive the spirit of the Borderland.

We believe that the first chapter of our serial has given satisfaction to our readers, and we feel sure that the present chapter and those that are to follow will increase their interest. Please send copies of the B. M. to friends abroad who will be sure to appreciate it.

The Border Keep.

Sir George Douglas, Bart., in his "Diversions of a Country Gentleman," thus muses at the grave of Sir Walter Scott:—

I had done well to come here to-day! For to-day Solitude made her presence felt among the ruins as I had not known her do before. Stillness was with her; for the wind, blowing snell through the world without, came hither but as a sigh from far away, heard, but not felt. Indeed, so light were the airs which penetrated to this sheltered spot, that they barely sufficed to lift the plumes of the great yew tree which fills an angle of the building; barely to stir the leaves of heavy ivy tods, blossoming at this the deadest season of the year; barely to send a shiver through a tuft of the slender spleen-wort, rooted in the mortar of the aisle, above the tomb. A sight from far away! Even animal life seemed charmed or suspended. Only now and then silence would be interrupted by the "squawk" of a daw from the summit of the lofty gable opposite. A redbreast gathered a crumb from between my feet.

* * *

I cull this eloquent paragraph from "The Three Yarrows," in "Aspects of Poetry," being lectures delivered at Oxford in 1881:—

"You look on Yarrow," writes Principal Shairp, "you repeat those four lines over to yourself, and you feel that the finer, more subtle essence of nature has never been more perfectly uttered in human words:—

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

* * *

A correspondent of a Glasgow evening paper writes:—

The death in January last of Thomas Reid, the Moniaive carrier, deprives Nithsdale of one of its familiar figures. "Tam," as he was familiarly called, had traversed the roads for upwards of fifty years, and possessed many reminiscences of several of Crockett's characters, including Geordie Brierie, the packman, and Johnnie Morgan, the prototype of "Silver Sand." Of an obliging and kindly disposition, "Tam" always displayed a tender interest in his horses, and it was matter of common observation that they were the best-groomed and the best-fed animals in the county. For many years the old man's constant companion was a retriever dog named "Peter," who, like his master, had regular calls to make, and who was equally well-known throughout a wide district of Dumfriesshire.

I often wonder how English readers get along with the atrocious and contradictory spelling indulged in by the legion of writers who attempt to write the braid Scots in these degenerate days, and I feel sure that they will make some very curious blunders. Our language has been a stumbling block to not a few travellers, as the following instances, culled from a recent number of "Good Words" will show:—

An amusing instance of the mistakes of travellers (and tourists) occurs in "Wesley's Journal" (No. 16, p. 59). "We reached Selkirk safe," he writes. "Here I observed a little piece of stateliness which was quite new to me. The maid came in and said, 'Sir, the Lord of the Stable wants to know if he should feed your horses.' We call him ostler in England." No one would have been more surprised at this little piece of stateliness than the maid herself. No doubt what she said was "the lad of the stable" (the stable-boy), giving the "a" the very broad sound which is oftener heard in the west of Scotland than elsewhere, and which is practically an "o." Her "lod" might easily be mistaken for "lord" by English ears.

With Wesley's mistake may be bracketed Dorothy Wordsworth's amusement at the use of the word "gay," in the account of her tour in Scotland. "Gay and dangerous" seemed so odd a combination of ideas that she could not repress a smile on first hearing it, but in time she found it was "not uncommon in Scotland." At Edinburgh, for instance, "William, being afraid of rain, asked the ostler (the Lord of the Stable) what he thought, who looking up at the sky, pronounced it to be 'gay and dull,' and therefore rain might be expected." The common spelling of the word north of the Border is "gey." Whether it is a form of "gay," used as "pretty" is often used in England, is not very clear; but its general association with "and," as in "gey and dull," suggests that, like "far-and-away" ("fern-away"), it may have a very different origin.

A little while ago another traveller's mistake appeared in the pages of a lady-novelist, who had evidently heard the word "Comether"—spell, enchantment—for the first time, and who converted the word into "the 'Come-hither' in her eyes." A pretty enough phrase in its own way, but not the same thing as that "comether" that may be "put" on one.

* * *

Hawick has had many famous sons, and "The Rambler" in the "Hawick News" thus refers to one of them:—

A correspondent has suggested that a monument should be erected in the Sandbed or Tower Knowe in honour of Mr James Wilson, one of our most distinguished sons. Born at Hawick in 1805 he settled in business in London, and became an authority on the Corn Laws and the currency. He founded the "Economist," a journal which has exercised a great and beneficial influence on finance in this country. In 1847 he entered Parliament as a Liberal. In Indian affairs he took a keen interest, and was Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and financial member of the Council of India at Calcutta. He died in 1860.

* * *

The decay of our Border villages is a subject which must set every serious minded man a-thinking, and many of our readers will welcome into the "Keep" the following interesting paragraph which went the round of the Border papers a few months ago:—

Lying on the face of one of the numerous ridges which stud the landscape near the north-western boundary of Roxburghshire, the little village of Midlem occupies a conspicuous situation. Its white-washed houses, grouped around the village common and surrounded by green fields sheltered by high hawthorn hedges, make up a picture full of simple beauty. Like other villages in purely agricultural districts, the population of Midlem has within the last fifty years gradually decayed Half a century ago there were nearly twenty masons in the village, besides other tradesmen; now there is not one. There were once two inns; both have long been closed. The last to go was managed by a worthy woman who, on Saturday nights in summer time, gave the neighbouring wives a bowl of new milk and never charged her regular customers for "skim." The grazing of the common, as well as of the Braid Hills (now nearly overgrown with whin) belongs to the feuars of the village, who hold their land off the house of Roxburghe. At one time Midlem was a favourite haunt for muggers and Irish. The latter were so numerous that the village was nick-named "Little Ireland." To-day there is scarcely an Irish name in the place, while the roving tribe is represented by one family who own the cottage in which they live. There was once a Roman Catholic school in the village, which owed its existence to one of the Kerrs of Huntlyburn. It has been closed for several years, and was last occupied as a joiner's shop. The carpenter, however, has been forced to remove his bench, and the nearest workmen are at Lilliesleaf and Bowden. There is a neat public school at the top of the green, and across the road stands the Original Secession Church, which, in these days, gives to Midlem its chief distinction. Architecturally the church is, of course, severely plain. It is whitewashed like the other buildings in the hamlet, its windows are of clear glass, and as the seats are all terraced it is difficult to shut out thoughts of the world. Inside there is nothing to allure the senses. The service, as everyone who knows the sect is aware, is simple and unadorned. Most of the congregation, which on a recent sunny Sunday numbered 65, still stands at the prayers and sit during the singing of Psalms. In one of the prayers the sternness of the Church's creed was indicated in these words: "Destroy Rationalism, uproot Ritualism, and bring about the downfall of the Man of Sin." The present pastor, who is a native of Ireland, is popular among his scattered flock, some of whom reside at places as far distant from the church, as Denholm, Traquair, Galashiels, Selkirk, and Melrose. Not long ago, a "native," on his return to the village after a long absence, asked the minister if there were still as many of those awful Irish folk in the place. "No," quietly replied the minister, "there's just Barney O'Malley and myself!"

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The Last of the Reivers,

or Christie's Will.

From the Manuscript of John Armstrong of Ridley-haugh, commonly known as "Jock the Scholard."

BY JOHN G. GALBRAITH,

Author of "His Own Opinion," "A Revised Version," &c.

CHAPTER II.

Will seized and the oath given to Traquair.

'T WAS on the Monday night that Will went a-riding, and on the Wednesday morning the ill news came to us. The morning meal was barely finished when mother espied a horseman ride up the loaning. We hurried to the door, and as he came near we saw that it was Big Tam. His white face and bedraggled appearance betokened woeful tidings in our eyes.

"The maister's taen! The sodgers trapped us a', but Will was the only ane seized. I'm fleyed he be hanged," and we knew the worst.

"Wae's me for Burd Maggie," my mother broke out, "The puir, mitherless bairn."

"That's ill news to carry, Tam," quoth my sire, "many a ane in Eskdale will be dowie at hearin' it. Hae ye been at Gilknockie yet, Tam?"

"Na, laird, I daurna face the lassie wi' sic a tale to tell. I rade strecht here to see if ought could be dune."

"Hoo did it happen?" queried I.

"Well, as ye ken, we set aff the nicht afore last, an' foregethered wi' the lads we had trysted to meet. an' just as the mune brak' oot the maister guided us ower Rodric-haugh into Bewcastle. We gied twae steadin's a ca' an' gat haud o' near a score o' bonnie nowt, an' then turned hameward. Just as we neared the boundary we met the Bishop o' Carlisle's groom wi' twae bonnie nags, ridin' ane an' leadin' the ither. The nags pleased the maister's e'e, an' noucht wad serve him but he maun hae them."

"Wull was aye keen o' horse flesh," commented father.

"The loon wasna for giein' up the beasties, but Will juist dang him off the saddle an' grap haud o' the tethers, an' off we rade. We crossed into Scotland juist as daylicht broke, an' then we took it canny, for we thought we were a' safe. The nowt was drivin' weel, but we rested in a glen just aboon Kershope. We were dismounted an' takin' oor bannocks when we heard the nicker o' a horse, an' up the glen cam' a troop o' Kingsmen. We scrammelt on to oor naggies an' played skelter up the burnside, makin' for the wuds. We a' gat easy aff except Wull; he tried to bring awa the Bishop's horses, but the nags were fleyed an' camsterie, an' he gat seized an' was pinioned in a stound. As sune as I saw that the troopers werena followin', I rade cannily back an' watched them drive aff oor nowt. Wull was tied to Bess' back, an' a sodger rade on ilka side o' him. I followed them doon to near Stobs, an' saw them gang ower the Jeddart airt, an' then I rade owre here."

"I'm dootin' Jeddart air 'll no gree wi' Wull," quoth my sire, when Tam's tale was finished—an Armstrong would crack his joke although he felt the rope tightenin' roond his neck. "Someane maun gang to Jeddart an' see if Wull can be ser'd in ony wey. Ye'll no daur gang, Tam?"

"Na, laird, Jeddart gallows micht get twa tassels gin I were seen there."

"Then Jock maun ride ower an' see what can be dune. Ye'll need to get a lawyer body to plead his cause. They'll shairly gie him a trial?"

"Hang a man an' try him efter, is Jeddart justice," quoth I.

"Wha'll tell the lassie?" enquired my mother.

"Ye maun do that, Kirsty, woman. I'll drive ye ower, an' we maun bring the wench hame here wi' us. She maunna be left ower yonder her lane," and so it was settled.

Ere another hour had passed I was riding over into Liddesdale, a good steed beneath me and a heavy purse dangling in my wallet. Obeying my father's instructions as to route, I rode past Copshaw, and skirting the Queen's Mire, I crossed Riccarton Moor. Sighting Stobs I dropped into the valley of the Slitrig, and never drew rein until I reached Hawick. There I baited my beast, and, remounting, I cantered down the right bank of the Teviot until the Dunion hove in sight, then I took to the uplands, and, crossing its lofty neck, I beheld the smoke of Jedburgh rising from its foot. It was well on in the afternoon when I rode into the town, and its streets were filled with douce burghers. All the folks seemed to be astir. I enquired the cause of this unusual commotion, and a civil burgher told me that the Earl of Traquair was entering the burgh. "He's visitin' near bye, an' stops ower the nicht wi' the Provost." Now the Earl was Lord High Treasurer of all Scotland, therefore I halted near the Cross and saw him pass. The cavalcade made a fine show. The trumpeters first, lustily blowing their horns, then came the Provost and the Earl, who gaily doffed his tasselled bonnet and bowed to the dames who leaned forth from the upper windows to see a real Earl. He was a tall, soldierly gentleman, none of his following came within an inch of his stature, although many likely men rode behind him. The frankness of his countenance did much impress me, although I little dreamt that ere long I was to know more of him.

After the train had passed I was directed to an inn, where I bespoke a bed, stabled my horse, and supped. The loquacious host, like all his kind, was full of the latest news, and it needed no questioning of mine to obtain the information I desired. "Ay, lad, anither o' thae reivin' Armstrangs was ta'en yestreen. The judges will be here the morn week, an' we'll hae a fine hangin' I'se warrant. A' the Armstrangs that ever were whelped should be strung up alang wi' him, an' we'd hae mair peace on the Marches." I held my tongue, although it was unpleasant to sit still and hear my kith and kin reviled as he reviled them, so I hastened and got into the open air. I enquired my way to the Tolbooth, but, on arriving there, no answer came to my prolonged knocking. Concluding that the gaolers, like the other citizens, were holiday-making, I desisted and consoled myself with the thought that a lot could be done ere the judges sat. I wandered around the town, pondering over the possibility of a rescue if the worst came, and Will was sentenced to death.

Early next morning I visited the Tolbooth, and was ushered into the gloomy cell where Will was confined. The prisoner was seated beside a table in the centre of the room, his head bowed on his

hands, and it was indeed a sad countenance that greeted me as he raised himself. When he moved the clang of iron rung through the chamber, and I perceived that my kinsman was heavily fettered.

"I'm hardly able to shake hands wi' ye, lad. Ye can judge the value they set on me by the weight o' cauld airn I'm wearin'. I never was muckle o' a fish, but I'm dootin' gin I could soom far enow —there's enough metal danglin' roond me to shoe a' the nags in Eskdale. Hoo did ye get the news?"

"Tam brocht the ill-word to Ridley-haugh efter he saw the troopers mak' off for Jeddart."

"Hoo's Maggie?" was the next question.

"She's wi' ma mither."

"A's weel then, she's in guid keepin'. Big Tam an' the ither loons showed clean heels as sune as they saw the glint o' the troopers' basnets. I aye was ower fond o' horse flesh, onywey. Will they hang me, think ye, Jock?" asked he, anxiously.

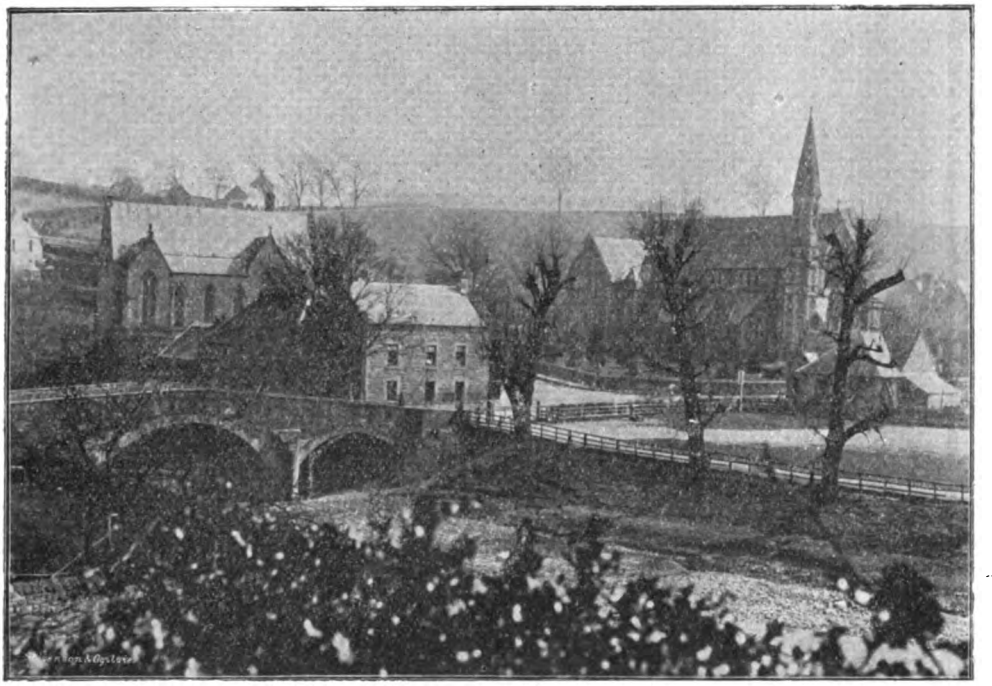
"Weel, gin the Jeddart gossips speak true, I'm feared ye'll gang the road some ithers o' oor kin hae travelt. The English Bishop's makin' a fine dirdum aboot the liftin' o' the nags."

"Gin the warst comes, Wull Armstrang will gang to the gallows like a man, although life's sweet to me yet. Reivin' is dune whan the hand o' oor ain kintraman's turned against us. I've a notion that some reiver gied the King's men an inklin' aboot oor ride."

Will and I discussed the pros and cons o' his case, an' I ween, as we saw it clearly, we both dispaired of getting any rebate from the full penalty of the law against reiving. Will had been taken red-handed with the halters in his hand, and although I assured him that I would do all I could to assist him, the heart of the bold reiver sank at the prospect.

"Div ye ken what ma faither said when we were tel't ye were taen an' aff to Jeddart?" said I, for I desired to keep him cheerie," says he, "'I'm dootin' if Jeddart air will gree wi' Cousin Wull.'"

Will was full of pawky humour himself, and this dry wit of my sire's tickled his fancy, and gladly I heard the walls re-echo his shouts of boisterous mirth. In the midst of his merriment a strange voice broke in: "Ye seem merry in Jedburgh gaol!" and turning we saw that a tall gentleman had been shown into the cell and now stood in the doorway. Both Will and I instinctively arose, and Will, ever ready with his tongue, as he was with his sword, made answer:



JEDBURGH.

"I hae little to mak' merry ower, gentle sir, but little gars a dowie man laugh. Sittin' in a derk dungeon wonderin' hoo it feels whan the rape tightens roond ane's thrapple is no a lichtsome task."

"Verily, I trow not," replied the stranger, and as he advanced forward to the table I saw that our visitor was the Earl of Traquair himself. "But sirrah," he continued, "how have you endangered your neck?"

"Weel, sir," quoth Will, a humorous twinkle in his eye, "they clappit me in here because, forsooth, some sodgers cam' across me wi' twae tethers I couldna gae a guid accoont o'."

"What!" exclaimed Traquair, in surprise; "Ironed and shut in this dismal cell for stealing two halters! Nonsense!"

"That's a' I had grip o' onywey," averred Will.

"Art thou sure, lad, that that was the full extent of thy crime?"

"Weel," dryly responded Will, "there micht hae been twa delicate bit colties at the tither end o' the rapes."

Thus, as I can swear, did my kinsman crack a joke over the very crime which he thought would bring him to the gallows tree, and again did the walls of the chamber re-echo the sounds of laughter. My lord had been neatly trapped by this conceit of Will's, and, a Borderer himself, he enjoyed the joke to the full, and methought as his laughter subsided I heard him murmur, "The walls of Holyrood will ring when His Majesty is told this jest." Recovering himself, he again turned to Will, "Thou art a merry knave and a reiver?"

"I'll no deny the liftin' o' a wheen nowt, or aibles a nag or twa, but Wull Armstrang o' Gilnockie can boast like his grand sire that he never skaithed a Scots wife a puir flea."

"I've heard before of Gilnockie's laird, and your boast tallies with what I already know concerning you. The Stuarts of Traquair ever had a warm side towards the reivers, and I would be sorry to see a likely man and a witty knave like you adorn the gallows, but King Charles is determined to stop reiving if he has to hang every man of them. Who's our friend here?" he asked, turning to me, "Another cattle lifter?"

"Na, my lord," answered Will, "he's an Armstrang o' a fresh variety. He's hauf a priest an' hauf a woman, an' they never mak' a guid rider. Canny Sim o' Mangerton's son, Jock is ower fond o' buik-lear to hae heart enough to lift nowt."

"You have been tutored then?"

"A little, your Grace," I answered, bowing respectfully.

"You'll be the first of your race to know your letters well, but Mangerton ever turned out bold men and worthy foemen. It will be a gladsome day when lear is common on the Borders. Men with stout hearts and clear heads will be needed sadly in this land ere long, for troublesome times draw near. But to business. I must see what can be done for our cattle-lifting friend."

I need not detail what followed—the result only concerns us—how Will gave his word to his Grace to cease from reiving, after the Earl had pointed out to him that every hoof stolen from the English side endangered the peace of the two nations, whose better part it was to live together in unity and concord. In return Traquair promised to use his influence to obtain Will's release and acquittal. Whilst he was gone sueing for pardon, Will was alternatively raised to the sky with hope and cast down to the depths of despair. I was confident, for I thought that few in Jedburgh would refuse a boon when the Lord High Treasurer craved it.

"Dinna be dowie, man," quoth I. "Ye'll escape the rape this jaunt, yer craig 'll no get twisted noo, an' ye may thank the witty tongue atween yer teeth for it," for well I knew that though Traquair came off a reiving stock himself, it was Will's quaint conceit anent the tethers that had captivated his Lordship.

After a weary wait his Grace returned with the Provost and a gaoler. The fetters were removed from Will's limbs, and he was declared a free man. The first act he did on his release was to kneel and kiss Traquair's hand, then, still kneeling, he solemnly pledged himself to serve him for ever. To "ride by nicht or day—to fecht, steal, or die for him—to come or to go, and may the limbs of Wull Armstrang be cursed if ever they refuse to obey the wull o' the Lord that set him free frae death on the gallows." Traquair at first refused the proffered service, but seeing Will's disappointment, he promised that if ever he needed service that "a stout heart and a bold rider could accomplish," he would remember my kinsman in his hour of need. He shook us both by the hand and bade us a kindly farewell, whilst the douce Provost stood, as Will tersely put it, "lookin' as gin he thocht the touch o' a reivin' Armstrang wad fyle his fingers." We left the Tolbooth, I as I had entered it, but my kinsman, who went in as a bold reiver, who owned no one as master, came out as the sworn bondsman of the Earl of Traquair, and little reckoned we what it meant in the future, although Will never, even in thought, went back from his oath.

Ere long we were on our steeds making for home under Will's guidance, but ere I quitted Jedburgh I payed off my score with mine host of the inn in a double sense. When I handed him what he asked of me, although I thought it over much, I said: "Here's yer lawin', landlord, an' muckle guid may it do ye. Ye're unca keen o' misca'in' reivers an' Armstrangs, but let ane o' that breed tell ye there's mony better an' easier weys o' getherin' gear than liftin' nowt that disna belang ye, an' ye're a maister o' ane o' them." I vow his face fell at my jibe, but an Armstrang likes to be in no man's debt. What a welcome we got when we landed in Eskdale. The folks had been expecting to hear the news of Will's end on "Jeddart gallows-tree," for I trow many times had the old saw anent "Jeddart justice" been quoted since the news of Gilnockie being seized had spread over the vale, and they rejoiced to see him back again. One above all others was full of joy at Will's return, and I ween I got ample repayment for my long ride when I saw the smiles replace the tears on the cheeks of my lass.

(To be Continued.)

[The first chapter of the above interesting serial began in the March number of the BORDER MAGAZINE, which can be ordered through any bookseller, or will be sent direct by the publishers on receipt of fourpence. Readers are strongly advised to secure all the chapters of this genuine Border tale, which is founded upon fact, and has therefore considerable historical importance.—ED. *B. M.*]

"Journal of a Tour in the Highlands."

THE above title may seem rather out of place in the BORDER MAGAZINE, whose pages are entirely devoted to Border subjects, but when we say that the writer of the "Journal" was no other than Dr John Leyden, Poet and Oriental Scholar, our interest increases, and when we state further that the manuscript of this valuable diary was lost for nearly a hundred years, our interest is intensified. Evidently the days of literary romance are not over yet, and it is just possible that the future may have more "finds" of a like character in store for us. To Mr James Sinton, of the famous publishing house of William

Blackwood & Sons, we are indebted for the appearance of the present important work, and a careful perusal of its contents enables us to say that the handsome volume should be added to every Border library, and be in the possession of every true Borderer. The printers and publishers are the above named firm, a statement which is a guarantee that printing, binding, &c., are everything that could be desired. In the prefatory note Mr Sinton thus refers to the manuscript which came into his hands two years ago:—

It consists of 152 closely-written pages, commences in the form of a journal, and is continued in the character of letters addressed to his literary friends in Edinburgh—Sir Walter (then Mr) Scott; Dr Robert Anderson, editor and biographer of the "British Poets;" Dr Thomas Brown, afterwards Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; and J. R., probably his early college friend, James Reddie. The volume is neatly bound in russia, and has the appearance of being preserved with great care. Beyond the fact that it was purchased at Messrs Sotheby's rooms, London, about four or five years ago, I have been able to discover nothing of its former owners, nor is there anything in the volume itself to throw any light on its history.

Even in Sir Walter Scott's day the manuscript had disappeared, and he mourned it as "probably lost to the public," but its present appearance helps to justify Scott's prophecy:—"Dr John Leyden, a name which will not be soon forgotten in Scottish literature."

Penned in the anti-tourist's days the "Journal" has a freshness and novelty which is entirely absent from the guide-book tinted travel-diaries of the present day. The two young Germans, for whose sake the tour was undertaken, were most fortunate in their guide, as his knowledge was antiquarian lore, geology and botany, combined with a high poetic idealism, made John Leyden a companion of no ordinary kind. On the first day of the tour (14th July, 1800) we find him at Carron Park, Falkirk, examining the museum of Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, and thereby satisfying himself that Bruce was no romancer, but did actually see what he related to his too often doubting countrymen. His feelings at Bannockburn are thus expressed:—"I approached Bannockburn with such vivid emotions of patriotism, that had an Englishman presented himself I should have felt strongly inclined to knock him down." He was particularly struck with the appearance of the Abbey Craig, little dreaming that half a century after it would be selected as the site for a great monument to Scotland's hero, William Wallace. Most of us when we travel are inclined to compare districts through which we pass with those where we spent our early day, and Leyden was no exception to the rule, for we find him stating that Calander is "a neat regular village, which has a striking resemblance to Copshawholm on the banks of the Liddell." An interesting light is thrown on the condition of the Highlanders by a remark he makes about the inhabitants of the vale near Loch Vennacher:—

Our guide informed us that the people of the vale had been a good deal alarmed by the appearance of that unaccountable being, the water-horse (Each Uisge), during the spring, which had not been seen there since the catastrophe of Corlevrann, "the wood of woe," when he carried into the loch fifteen children who had broken Pace Sunday. I made enquiries concerning the habits of the animal, and was only able to learn that its colour was brown, that it could speak, and that its motion agitated the lake with prodigious waves, and that it only emerged in the hottest mid-day to be on the bank.

In addition to the foregoing instance, Leyden makes frequent use of the word "prodigious," a fact which gives colour to the Rev. Mr Reith's theory that Sir Walter Scott took his friend Leyden as the prototype of the immortal "Dominie Sampson."

As an example of Leyden's terse but picturesque style, we may quote his short reference to one of the best known spots in the Highlands:—

At the upper end of the lake the Trossachs present themselves, a cluster of wonderful rocks which shut up the defile of Loch Ketterin (Katrine). They display a most astonishing and savage mixture of gray precipices huddled together in awful confusion, projecting with bare and woody points, intermingling with and surmounting each other, wedging into each other's sides, and patched in the most fantastic manner by brown heath finely contrasted with the verdure of the trees. The precipices are dreadfully rent and torn. The gloom and the silence of the place cause every foot-fall to be echoed far and wide. As we wound silently through this confusion of beauty and horror, we soon heard the sounds of the waves dying away among the rocks.

Interesting lights are thrown upon the Ossianic controversy, and we know that the tour almost converted Leyden to a belief in the authenticity of Macpherson's production. We know that several poems were written by Leyden inspired by the old Fingalian legends, and though Sir Walter Scott considered these poems to be lost, we would fain hope that they may be discovered as the "Journal" has been. Mr Sinton invites any one who possesses special information on any of Leyden's MSS. to communicate with him, and we trust that some of the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE may be able to comply with the request. The value of the volume is enhanced by the notes appended by Mr Sinton, and by his valuable and interesting bibliography of the Life and Writings of Dr John Leyden.

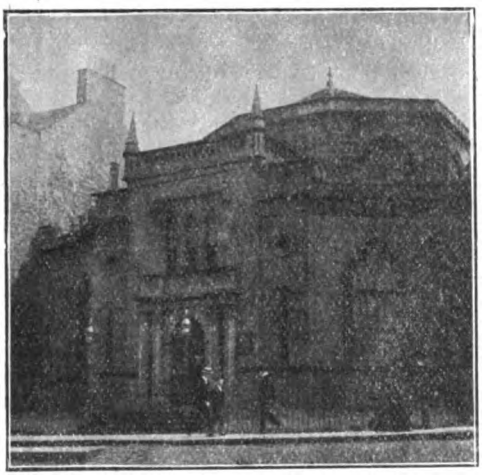
Sir Walter Scott's City Church.

A GREAT deal has been written regarding Sir Walter Scott's religious feelings and church relations. He has been claimed by Presbyterians and also Episcopalians. That he had relations with both cannot be now gainsaid.

Perhaps the old Tron Kirk of Edinburgh, where his father worshipped, was the first to house Sir Walter when a boy. In 1824, when the old place was burned down, he is said to have exclaimed—"Eh, sirs, mony a weary, weary sermon I hae heard aneath that steeple."

His romantic association with Old Greyfriars, where he met his first love, "the lady of the green mantle," is well-known to every reader.

The pages of the BORDER MAGAZINE have set forth Scott's connection with the old-world church of Duddingston. Here in the days of the "minister painter," Rev. Mr Thomson, he held the office of elder, and was on most intimate terms with that learned divine.



From Photo by G. M. R., Edinburgh.

ST GEORGE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

Records, from time to time, have been produced to show that "the great unknown" worshipped in or had relations with other churches.

Sir Walter Scott's connection with St George's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, does not seem to be so generally known. Yet so intimate was it that this church may truthfully be designated his City Church. St George's, we may add, is unknown to many citizens. It is a quaint building on the south side of York Place. In style it may be described as mixed Gothic and Grecian. It is the oldest Episcopal building in Auld Reekie. The date, 1792, corresponding with that on which Sir Walter was called to the Bar, is inscribed over the door. From its situation the Church was most convenient to his town residence in North Castle Street.

A writer, in a recent number of "Chambers's Journal," points out that the first incumbent of St George's was the Rev. A. Cleeve, B.A., a tutor of Sir Walter, and that the family were connected with the Church for a considerable number of years, their pew being 81, afterwards changed to 85.

The great author's attendance at the services of St George's is verified by the Church records, his own letters, and those of fellow-worshippers who must have seen him in the family pew.

His interest in the Church's concerns was not merely passive, but very lively. He took considerable part in the appointment of its ministers. His candidate, however, was not chosen. There his three daughters were confirmed, and the union between his daughter and Lockhart was effected by the minister of St George's.

It was the Rev. E. B. Ramsay, afterwards Dean, who was helper in St George's, that officiated at Lady Scott's funeral in 1826. For some time previous to this date Scott had not appeared in his City Church, and in all probability he was never within its walls afterwards.

St George's, from first to last, has had some eminent incumbents, and for worshippers not a few notable personages.

G. M. R.

Jedburgh Tailyeour Crafte.

SOME few months ago there was presented to our museum by the Hawick Archæological Society what may be termed the Minute Book of the Tailors' trade. I have been unable to learn how or when it came into the possession of the Hawick Society, but from what the courteous secretary, Mr J. Vernon, tells me, it was before he joined the Society in 1868. Perhaps this reference to it may be the means of eliciting some information on the subject, and clearing up its wanderings prior to the time of its sojourn in Hawick. The book differs in size as compared with those of the other trades. It is only about 7½ in. by 5½ in. by 1 in. Strongly bound in leather, and with the remains of string with which to tie and keep it closed, it has the following title page, written in large characters:—

THIS . IS . THE
Common . buik . pertening . to . the
Freemen . of . Tailyeour . Crafte .
within . the . burghe . of .
Jedburgh.

. . . . . .

Written and begun by me Robert Moscropt.

There is little of interesting information in the Book, apart from its age. The first entry is a statement of an admission to the ranks of the trade on the 13th day of November, 1573. Succeeding entries almost entirely relate to the indenturing of apprentices or the admission of Freemen. The following may be taken as typical of the general run:—"Jedburgh, Sept. ye 14th 1749, the said day John Fergrieve was entered freeman to the said tread, and given in his essay: it being unproven of and has payd his dews and given his oath de fideli as is attested be the decken in name of the tread.

JOHN JERDON."

It would have been interesting to know whether the "essay" had consisted of a sample of his work on the practical portion of the handicraft, or a dissertation on the theoretical question as to how a garment should be cut or sewn. But history doth not say. It was always understood that in the labour market it was only of comparatively recent date when female competition had begun to make itself so aggressively felt. But from entries in this book we find that as far back as 140 years ago young women were aspiring to be on a level with the male sex in learning the mysteries of the tailoring craft. We will give two examples—"Jedburgh, 11th February, 1741, the said day Margaret Portson, second lawful daughter of John Portreous, late deacon of the Taylors in Jedburgh, is entered and received prentice to her said father, has payd all dews to the trade, as is attested by me the present deacon in presence of the trade.

A. B."

In this other case it is stated a little more explicitly:

"Jedburgh, August 9, 1749, the sd. day Mary Ker, daughter of James Ker, late deacon of the Tailors in Jedburgh, was entered apprentice to John Lidgertwood younger, paid her dues, seals, and velvet morcloths, is attested by the deacon in presence of the trade.

JOHN JERDON."

There seems to have been some very close guardianship over the rights of the craft, lest female labour should, by a sort of natural process of creeping in, manage to oust the men, for we find that a person wishing to set herself out as purveying for the wants of women only, had to make the following declaration:—

"Att Jedburgh, the 31 day of March, 1763, the said day, I, Susan Hall, daughter to William Hall, tenant in Hyndlie (the name of this place is rather indistinctly written) having entered free to the tyler tread, and has satisfied for my entre to worke within this town in all manner of worke belonging to women, such as they weare, and I, the said Susan Hall, bind and oblidge me, that I shall not take upon me, or imploy any under me, for to take in any worke the same belonging to either men or boys, and that under the penalty of forfeiting my liberty of tread, which this my obligation, I give at Jedburgh upon this thirty-first day of March, 1763, before these witnesses, James Wright, wigmaker in Jedburgh, and John Cochran, town officer in Jedburgh.

SUSAN HALL."

It is well enough known that one of the principal clauses in some trades in connection with present day trades unionism organization, is the question regarding the number of apprentices in proportion to journeymen to be allowed in the workshop. This matter agitated the minds of those in authority in the tailor trade a century and a half ago. This is the way in which it was brought forward:

"March 8th, 1749.

This day the deacon represented that he had a nephew Andrew Jerdon was desireous to be bound prentice to the tailor trade, and in regard it is a case that requires the trades' indulgence, he haveing one other prentice bound to him, the trade unanimously considered that the indentures should be signed, bearing both one date; is attested by the eldest Quarter-master: this is to be no precedent to any other in time comeing."

The villages round about at that period would have their full quota of tailors, but perhaps on account of the statement or perquisites being better in Jedburgh, there was often a desire to work in the county town. Here is an example:

"Jedburgh 16 of June 1694.

the whilk day, francis Hislhope, son to John Hislhope tylor in Nesbitt, is entered jurnyman and has payd his dues to the trade, before William Ker, present deacon."

The last entry in the book is under date 9th March, 1766. J. L. H.

For Miss Edgeworth's work Sir Walter Scott always expressed hearty admiration, declaring that her description of Irish character had encouraged him to make a similar experiment in the Waverley Novels.

The Union of the Crowns, 24th March, 1603.

THE Tercentenary of the union of the crowns of England and Scotland has passed almost unnoticed, yet the event which took place three hundred years ago was of vast importance to both countries, and its far reaching effects are being felt to-day at the furthest bounds of the world-wide British Empire. Our "auld enemies" of England are enemies no longer, but they require to be told occasionally that Scotland was not a conquered nation, and that the northern kingdom was not the only gainer by the union. A London correspondent thus refers to the subject:—

It was on March 24th, 1603, that King James I. succeeded to the Throne of England, and the northern and southern kingdoms were bound together by the link of a common Sovereignty. Certainly James I. was not in his time a much-loved King. In Scotland he had passed as a poet, to the English he appeared a pedant. The union of the Crowns also was by no means liked on either side of the border. Scotsmen had at first regarded the annexation of England as a revenge for the conquest of their own country by Edward I., and thousands of them flocked into London, to sow the seeds of that prejudice which was so forcibly expressed long afterwards by Dr Johnson. When the mischief was done there came disillusion, and within four years Caledonians found themselves with surprise described as mean and beggarly persons, who were an embarrassment to their King and brought their country into contempt. Even the long-deferred Parliamentary union of Scotland and England met with public disapproval in either country. Those ancient rivalries and misunderstandings are, of course, at an end, absorbed by a larger patriotism and the feeling that what has happened has been for the great good of both. Still, without any thought of envy, it may be remarkable as a curious coincidence that this tercentenary finds the highest place in Church and State, the Premiership and the two Archbishoprics, held by Scotsmen proud of their land of origin.

Without desiring to appear boastful we may say that it does appear as if the conquest of England is still in course of being accomplished, and a detailed list of all the important positions held by Scotsmen would be rather a formidable affair. A few of these posts of honour and importance are thus referred to by the London correspondent of a Liverpool paper:—

The Bishop of Stepney is a Scot, the deputy-organist at St Paul's is a Scot, that the Archdeacon of London is a Scot, that the Home Secretary is a Scot, and that our bank notes are signed by a Scot. More than that, the Prime Minister is a Scot, the Archbishop of Canterbury is a Scot, the Archbishop of York is a Scot, and the Attorney-General—the first law officer of the Crown—is a Scot; while the two men—Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Rosebery—who are struggling for the leadership of the remnants of the Liberal party are also Scots.

The subject of the union of the crowns should be particularly interesting to Borderers, as their land acted as the buffer state between the two nations, and the keeping of the marches by their forefathers made the union possible much earlier than it might otherwise have been. As the serial now appearing in our columns deals with the times immediately subsequent to the union, we would recommend the tale to our readers.

The Kirk Row.

By Margaret Fletcher.

"THIS is a terrible job at the Auld Kirk."

"It's a' that. Naebody seems to ken where or whan it'll end."

"They had an awfu' stormy meetin' last nicht. A congregational ane."

"It micht weel be stormy to juidge frae their looks. I watched them skailin'. Maist o' them wi' faces like turkey cocks."

"Uncommon Christian-like I must say. It's a fine ploy for you the now, livin' opposite the Kirk."

"Ye may say sae. I very near split ma sides at auld Meg Tamson. She was stannin' at her door wi' a pail o' dish watter ready to thraw'd aboot Mill o' Braidside. He was ower fly tho', as Meg micht hae guessed. He discreetly took a back road hame."

"Mill's gey hard on young Nichol, I hear."

"Hard's no the word for't. He's like the very deevil."

"Daursay what's a' the stoor the day?" asked a new-comer, joining the group of excited villagers gathered round Brown the saddler's door. "What's i' the wund?"

"Ye need hardly ask that, Jess, I wud think. Shurely ye ken that the main topic i' the neeborhood the now's the Auld Kirk row. There's little else spoken about."

"I've been away at Glesca sin' Mairch last. I saw something o' the maitter in a local paper John sent me, but I pey'd little heed. What's a' the rumpus, then?"

"Oh, the auld story. Mr Dodds, puir man's, deid. Half o' the folk want the assistant to get the Kirk withoot ony bawther wi' candidates, an' the other half'll hae naethin' to dae wi' 'im. Sic a fine crater as Mr Nichol is tae."

"Ye may weel sae that," said Jess, in much surprise. "I'm a Free Kirker masel', of coorse, but I never heard onything but was guid o' Mr Nichol. I wad hae thocht he was shure o' the Kirk."

"So a'body wi' ony sense thocht, till that sneckdrawer Mill, an' a wheen like 'im, began to hint an' whusper."

"It's a cryin' shame. They'll a' seek faur afore they fin' a better preacher. An' a kinderhertit young man than Nichol ye culdna meet."

"He's a' that. He very near killed oor Davie wi' fair kindness. Poored beef tea ower his throat, that time he was thocht to be deein', till he chokit. The puir fallow got an awfu' gliff. Gaed as white as a sheet. But Davie got his breath again richt eneuch, an' he's been a stronger man ever since."

"There's mony a like kindness stannin' to Mr Nichol's credit. Ye should hear Jenny Paitterson whan she sets off aboot 'im."

"Oh, there's nae need to tell onybody within three miles that," snapped a man who had not hitherto been more than a quiet listener to the babel of tongues. "To hear Jenny speak ye wud think naebody had ever had a ludger afore. She's daft on the subject—clean daft. A man may be a gude ludger, an' no be likely to make a gude minister, I fancy."

"Oh, ye've been bocht ower, hev ye, Rob?" retorted a woman, turning quickly round on the speaker, and eyeing him sharply. Rob looked uneasy.

"Oo've a' ken't ye for a waverer, but, on the whole, I gied ye credit for haein' leanin's to the richt side. Mill's been at ye I see. Man, ye're a puir kind o' crater to be spoken roond in sic a faushion."

"Ye needna be sae hard on a man for takin' a different view o' the maitter frae yersel', Bell," replied Rob, writhing uncomfortably. "Ye may speak aboot the richt side, but how div ye ken ye're on the richt ane?" Mill arguys very fairly that his is the richt side."

"Oh, he'll tell ye black's white."

"Weel, onyway, I'm no sae shure but that Nichol's a puir customer efter a'," responded Rob, sourly. "He passed ma door the other nicht, comin' up frae the big hoose, wi' his heid as high as a cat carryin' a herrin'. I was stannin' close at the door-cheek, but ma gentleman gied me ne'er sae muckle as a nod. But that's naither here nor there," concluded Rob, with a fine assumption of renouncing all personal bias. "The fac' is, the caird-playin' decided me, an' naethin' that onybody aither did or said."

"What has caird-playin' to dae wi't?"

"Weel, Mill said, among other things, that Nichol had been playin' cairds at Newha' no lang efter he cam' here."

"Mill said," sniffed Jess. "I shurely understood ye to say that naithing onybody said had biassed ye?"

"Weel, I was tell't that, onyway—an' mair than that, he baith played cairds an' danced afore he cam' here; an' he's dune baith mair than yince sin' he's been helper in this pairrish," declared Rob, testily, driven to the wall. "If aither o' thae practices is for a Christian man or a minister, I'll eat ma shoon," Rob waxed heroic.

"Ye'll no be askit to make sic an indigestible meal, Rob. Let ony man say that Mr Nichol's no a Christian, or fit to be a minister, an' I'll cloot his lugs," retorted his adversary, with dangerous emphasis. Rob slipped behind an apparently temperate neighbour.

"But it's a' a parcel o' lees, onyway," resumed his antagonist. "Where was he seen to play cairds, if yin may ask?"

"At Blackhoose."

"An' where was he seen to dance?" further enquired his antagonist.

"At Newhall," replied Rob, sulkily.

"I thocht sae. It's weel ken't that Mr Nichol has gane owre often to some hooses in the neeborhood to please some folk i' the congregation. Ye see, there's yin or twae that wad likely never see the inside o' aither the yae hoose or the other. A'body's no askit to Newhall and Blackhoose. Them that's left oot disna like it,"—this with a fine sneer. "But here's Betsy, frae Newhall, oo'll get the truth o' this maitter frae her on the spot," observed the irate lady, conclusively. "Stop a meenit,

Betsy, ma wumman. Ye're wantit here; ye're juist i' the nick o' time. Here's Rob Riddell says that Mill says that Mr Nichol has been seen dancin' at Newha'. Is that true, think ye? If onybody kens, ye should."

"It's a big lee," replied Betsy, promptly and emphatically. "Mr Nichol's never dune ony sic thing. There's a young minister been bidin' wi' us that had nae scruples though. He danced a gude yin at the young laird's birthday party the ither nicht. An' where's the ill, wi' a lot o' young folk i' the hoose? But Mr Nichol naither dances nor caird-plays. I ken that for a fact. I heard the mistress say—ye canna wait the table wi' yer ears stoppit—'it was a mercy in sic a gossippin' neeborhood that Mr Nichol didna dae onything to gie rise to ill speakin'.'"

"Ill speakin's no easy keepit doon, Betsy lass; an' lees are easy to spread about. If there happens to be naithin' to spin them frae they can aye be invented. I hope ye're satisfied that the lees ye've been listenin' to were invented, Rob?"

"I've only Betsy's word for that," said Rob, with sulky determination to stick to the party he had adopted. "Mill had a very different story."

"An' div ye mean to hint that ma word's no as gude as Mill's ony day?—the auld sneck-drawin' humbug. Ma man, I'll let ye ken ye'll no doot Betsy Mertin's word in that way—me that should ken the truth if onybody dis."

"But what the world dis't maitter if the young man dis take a bit step at a time, or a quiet game at whust?" a new speaker interposed. "There can be nae herm in a game at whust shurely. Naebody enjoyed his game mair than auld Mr Dodds, that's juist deid an' gane—ay, an' a gude stiff tumbler at the feenish. I wasna gairdener at the Manse for twenty 'ear an' mair withoot kennin' that."

"That's very true, Tam Scott. An' what the waur was Mr Dodds? As fine an' weel respec'it a man as ever walkit. An' what did it maitter to ony o' us a'?"

"I tell ye what it is, neeboors; it's naither what Mr Nichol has said nor dune that has raised a' this dust," came in a tone of conviction from the outside of the circle. "It's a bad speerit in the congregation. That's ma ain private opeenion. It's pairty speerit. An' Mr Nichol, puir fallow, has been made the scapegoat. There was a fine chance for an ootbreak when the auld man was ta'en away!"

"I'm no shure that ye hevna the richt o' the case, Janet. There's been a deal o' fermentation for a while—a deal of jealousy an' envyin' an' grievin'. But Mr Dodds keepit a' that kind o' thing doon wi' a high haund. It's juist burst oot in this splutter o' effervescence at the very first chance. It'll sune blaw ower."

"Blaw which way it may, let's be thankfu' it maitters naithin' to Mr Nichol himsel', onywey," quoth Betsy, the Newhall housemaid, slowly movin' away. "It's a mercy he's independent o' sic a set." Since the moment of her arrival on the scene, Betsy had been hugging a large and skilfully concealed bomb, ready to throw among the crowd when the time came. She now saw her opportunity, and used it. "Ye'll a' be rale gled to hear that Mr Nichol's been unanimously elected to the pairish o' Burnhead. He had nae need to gang candidature, as some hae to dae. He's acceptit tae. The mistress had a telegraph message this morning."

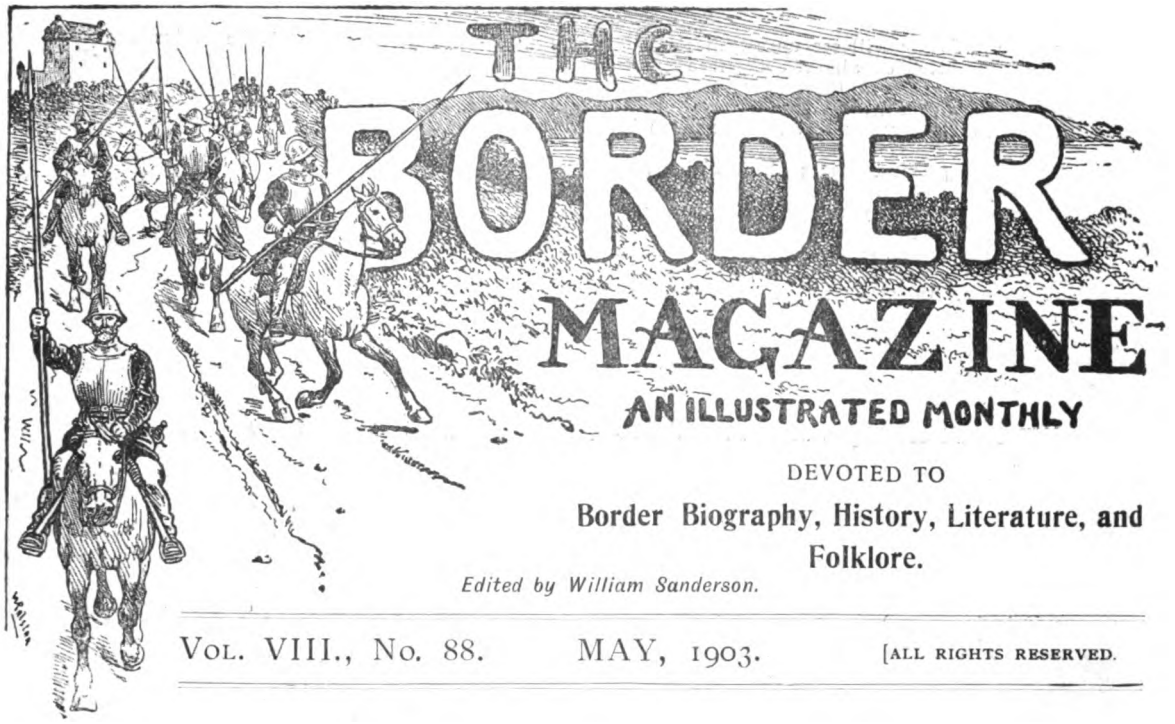
"Nane o' yer jokin' ower this maitter, Betsy. Ye maun aye hev yer lauch. But this is no a thing to joke aboot. Oo a' ken that Mr Nichol was thocht o' for Burnhead, but he's no likely to thraw the chance o' a pairrish like this at his feet."

"Pit the notion o' jokin' oot o' yer heid, Rob, ma man. It's the truth, an' naithing but the truth I've tell't ye. If the find it a sair peel to swallow I canna help ye, lad. It's no a secret, so ye can tell a' the pairrish if ye like. So ye a' thocht Mr Nichol was juist deein' to loup ower yer throats, did ye? Puir craters! I'm sorry for yer disappointment efter a'. Ye've been wrang, ye see. An' it's never quite agreeable to find yersel puttin' i' the wrang."

The sacredness of the past is that it takes us into the heart of humanity, and gives free play to the sympathies which are the sacredest facts of the nature we share with the souls we would study.—Rev. G. A. Strong.

In his Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, Scott caught the note that came resonant from out the past. He awaked the echoes of the romantic old ballads; he made real the dreamland of their pathos and their passion. He made them live and breathe for us. Had he no other record standing to his name than that of antiquarian, as no antiquarian ever was before or since, Scott would still command our reverent, our humble admiration. He did more. He made our history a very proverb for its pathos and its dramatic interest, and it is my firm belief that he rescued a side of the national genius in Scotland that, but for him, might well, a century ago, have perished and been forgotten.—"Sir Walter Scott," by Sir Henry Craik.

REV. ADAM RENWICK, M.A., GLASGOW.



VOL. VIII., No. 88. MAY, 1903.

Rev. Adam Renwick, M.A., Glasgow.

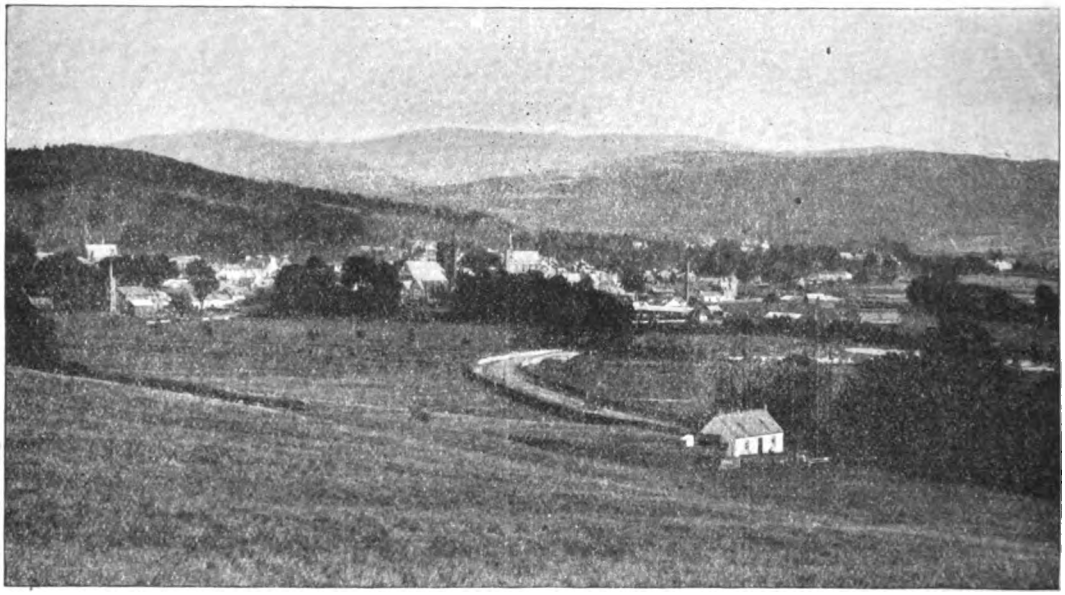
ANYONE who is at all acquainted with the social and religious life of "the second city of the Empire" will be aware that the work of a conscientious clergyman in any part of that great centre will be no sinecure, but he will also know that there are certain parts of the city where a true pastor's work becomes intense. One of the best known of these districts is the Cowcaddens, and right in its heart is situated the Cowcaddens U.F. (late Free) Church, which has the wonderful record of having had daily or evening services every day for nearly twenty years. The work accomplished by this Church during these years has been remarkable, and many of the results are due to the marvellous powers of organization possessed by the senior pastor, the Rev. Wm. Ross. About two years ago the Rev. Adam Renwick, M.A., was called to this Church as co-pastor, and, on his deciding to accept the call, it is not to be wondered that a brother clergyman asked Mr Renwick if he had got his coffin ready. No such provision was necessary, however, for mentally and physically he has great powers of endurance. His preaching is full of fire, and has a ring of the Covenanting time about it—in fact, had he lived in those days he would have been as faithful to "Chirst's crown and covenant" as his famous namesake.

I am afraid that we do not fully realise what a minister gives up when he leaves the calm and quiet of the country to enter upon the duties of a city charge. The contrast presented by the bustle and roar of the streets, to the wimpling of the burns, the calm flowing of the streams, and the songs of the feathered choir in the woodland, is very marked indeed, while the grey monotony of buildings and pavements must be a weariness to the eye which has been long accustomed to the purple tints of the everlasting hills and the green restfulness of the lowland vales. Mr Renwick spent his youth in Nithsdale and among the delightful scenes which surround Moffat, and his discourses give evidence that he drank deep draughts from the well of nature, many of his illustrations of Divine truth being taken from the scenes of country life which were familiar to his youthful eyes. But the losing of such scenes and sounds which the beautiful Annandale presents, must dwarf before the losing of that glance of kindly recognition which is so common in the country districts. The rush and restlessness of the city is thus well summed up in the opening sentences of a sermon recently preached by Mr Renwick:

> If you take your stand at any of the important street-crossings of our city and watch the faces of

the passing crowds you will see unrest, discontent, dissatisfaction written on almost every face. Now and again at a long interval there passes one whose countenance is full of health and joy and satisfaction. But most men and women seem to be grievously afflicted with the pain of unsatisfied want. Disquieting thirst drives them hither and thither. They are at the world's wells to-night to slake that thirst, but they are back again to-morrow night with the thirst more unquenched than ever, or they are away to quench it at other wells. Unrest, hurry, discontent are the ingredients of our atmosphere. In satisfying that consuming thirst men and women become irritable and disagreeable; they ignore the claims and rights of others, they sacrifice health and character and immortal life with God all to quench this consuming thirst.

But life is full of compensations, and the intellectual man finds that there are in the city countless opportunities for that moral and mental culture which enables heart and brain to act with a rapidity and completeness which is less frequently met with where the stream of life glides more slowly.



MOFFAT.

Block kindly lent by] [R. Knight, Moffat.

The career of Mr Renwick, who, it will be observed, is a Borderer, is thus summarised by the Rev. Mr Ross:—

Mr Renwick is a native of the parish of Moffat, in Dumfriesshire, and received his education at Wallace Hall Academy, Closeburn. He early gave evidence of being possessed of exceptional parts and at school he won both prizes and bursaries, taking the medal in mathematics. On entering the Edinburgh University he obtained the Johnstone of Harthill bursary and took his degree of M.A. in 1889. In the autumn of the same year he won a bursary and entered the New College, Edinburgh, where he went through his theological course. On entering his second session he won the Forsyth Scholarship and also the special prize for Hebrew summer work. Prizes also in Science, Hebrew, Mathematics, Evangelistic Theology were awarded to him, and he was in the honours list at the close of his curriculum. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Penpont. Mr Renwick had the great advantage of being under the ministry and influence of one of the most godly and gentle of men—the Rev. Mr Hutton of Closeburn. Mr Hutton had a singular and mighty influence with the young people of his congregation and Sabbath School, and his spiritual fervour it was that moved Mr Renwick to be a preacher of the Gospel. Two other men, it may be said, have influenced him very powerfully, Dr Wilson, of Barclay Church, and Dr Whyte, of Free St George's. To the latter specially he owes definite, clear and conclusive views in regard to sin and the necessity of having the conscience aroused, if the grace of God is to be experienced and welcomed. It is perhaps right to say that in regard to method of work and ways of presenting the gospel he was under obligations specially to the late Professor Drummond. A clear understanding of Old Testament Scriptures as a living force in one's own life and especially the presence of God in it, he owed specially to Dr A. B. Davidson. All these were but materials, to a large extent, for the future of an active and devoted life, but one thing more was required to set these on fire and make his life glow with fervour. The human instrumentality in this was the Rev. Professor Laidlaw, and the occasion the Keswick meeting of 1892. Shortly thereafter he was asked to undertake the work in East Scotland

Street Mission, in connection with Pollokshields Free Church. Into the work he put himself heart and soul. For three years he went in and out among the people, the manifest blessing of God resting upon all his work. He felt so deeply interested, specially in the young people of his Bible Class that when a call came to him to Kirkbean he was prevailed upon to decline it. He had also been asked to undertake work at Buluwayo and Brisbane and Broxburn. His interest, however, in Elsrickle was very definite, and the call to that sphere he accepted, and was ordained on September 22nd, 1896, the friends at Pollokshields presenting him before leaving with a beautiful study table, Bible, and a purse of sovereigns. Here he has laboured with great success and manifest blessing on all his work, and we don't wonder that at the Presbytery of Lanark the Commissioners from his congregation indicated that they were "sweer to part with him." Having heard him ourselves during a week of special evangelistic services, we were greatly struck with the definiteness, clearness, and spiritual power with which he presented the Gospel. We believe there is before him a ministry of great usefulness and gracious results, and our heart's prayer is that he may be more abundantly owned in the work of the Lord and have many souls for his hire—that he may indeed be one of those of whom it may be said, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the firmament and as the stars for ever and ever."

Since the foregoing was written, the United Free Church has called upon Mr Ross to take up duties which call him frequently away from his congregation, and consequently, the burden has fallen to a large extent upon Mr Renwick, who has proved himself equal to the important task. In Mrs Renwick he has a worthy helpmeet, who takes an active interest in the affairs of the church, and by word and deed endears herself to the congregation.

W. S.

"Vim."

THE above pithy word is the happy title given to a new magazine of health and beauty, which is published in London. The editor is Mr J. E. McLachlan, a native of Melrose, who, if we mistake not, has a journalistic future before him. As we may on some future occasion give a few personal notes about the editor, an article from whose pen appears in another column of our Magazine, we will content ourselves at present by referring specially to the above mentioned magazine, the first number of which was published in December last. The Borderland has always been famous for its athletes, and it is to be hoped that the young men of the present day will not rest content with witnessing feats of strength and agility, but will take part in the sports as their forefathers did in the pre-professional days. Such magazines as "Vim" are most useful in fostering a healthy and noble manhood, and we cannot explain this better than by quoting the forewords which introduce the first number, feeling sure that some of our younger readers will find therein seed thoughts which may be useful to them in after years.

The exigencies of modern life throw an increasing strain on the physical and nervous systems of the people, and the nation has just awakened to the necessity of seriously considering what can be done to arrest the increasing tendency to exhaustion and degeneracy, to improve the physique of the inhabitants of these islands, and to establish, as far as possible, in every unit of the population, a sound mind in a sound body. The chief purpose of this little magazine is to preach the gospel of cleanliness, health and beauty, and to afford information as to the means by which health and vigour may be secured and maintained. We aim at an all-round development—a healthy home, physical and mental vigour, and beauty, not merely of the body, the "Tabernacle of the mind," but of the mind itself, of our dwellings, and of our environment generally. We shall try to avoid the excesses and extravagancies of the ultra physical cult which have, obviously enough, led to overdevelopment of the body at the expense of the mind, and even to an abnormal and unlovely development of certain muscles. There is probably much wisdom in Dryden's dictum that it is "better to hunt in fields for health unbought, than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught," but, recognising that many of the ills to which flesh is now heir are due to the conditions of modern life, which preclude adequate exercise out of doors, we join not with those who pooh-pooh the doctor Nature is severely handicapped in these days and requires assistance. The medical man is a necessity, and in times of serious trouble the capable doctor is a mighty consolation to the distressed. On the other hand, we will oppose quackery: advertisements of doubtful specifics will not be admitted to our pages. Ours is at once a missionary enterprise and a commercial undertaking. The enterprise in connection with which this little magazine is issued has already done good to thousands, and has had some reward. We know that we can do good to thousands more, and while we carry on our work with a whole-hearted enthusiasm founded on a knowledge of the benefits that it confers on the community, we desire to state with perfect frankness that we look for that measure of recompense which is due to the labourer, and especially to those who labour in a good cause.

Mr Sinton, who edited the recently discovered "Journal of a tour in the Highlands" by John Leyden, is anxious to get any unpublished matter by the same author. In Mr Bayne's short sketch of Leyden in the "Dictionary of National Biography" it is stated that there is a legend to the effect that he wrote an account of his contemporaries which was not to be published while any of them were alive. It would be interesting to know if anything has been discovered regarding this narrative.

A Famous Poem and its Author.

"O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

THE quotation given above is one of those phrases which have become so well-known and are so often used that they may be regarded as part of the common currency of the English speech. And if you were to press the question as to the origin and authorship of the famous line, in nine cases out of every ten we dare predict that you would be referred to the sacred Book itself, whilst the doubtful tenth might make a chance guess at Shakespeare or Milton, and flatter himself he wasn't far out of it at least. And yet the world-known quotation is the opening line of a poem by an obscure Border author, little known outside his native vale, and even there familiar only to the literary enthusiast, or the student of rural biography.

Owing to President Lincoln's admiration for the poem, and his frequent habit of reciting it in whole or making large quotations from it, the idea was for a long time current in America that Lincoln himself was really the author, the American press on the President's death largely circulating the verses with his name attached to them.

It has also been said, and is still believed in the Border district, that the poem was so much esteemed by one of the late Emperors of Russia that he had it printed in letters of gold, and hung up on the walls of his Palace at St Petersburg. But this last is only problematical, recent enquiry having failed either to confirm or confute the statement.

As fresh evidence of its increasing popularity, we noticed in the Christmas number of a popular magazine the entire poem quoted in a full-page advertisement, wherein were set forth the frailty and fleetingness of the life of man, and the wonderful preservative properties of somebody's fruit salt! While in the "enquiry" columns of the literary journals the question of its origin and authorship is ever more frequently being asked. Under these circumstances a brief account of the poem and the man who wrote it might not be out of place at the present time.

William Knox was born in the parish of Lilliesleaf, near the Border town of Hawick, in the year 1789. He got a good education, and while yet a youth was in the habit of composing verses. When twenty-three years of age he became a farmer in the Langholm district, but did not succeed in that capacity, Sir Walter Scott saying of him: "He became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin." After five years unsuccessful farming he returned to his father's house at Todrig, near Ashkirk, a country parish midway between Hawick and Selkirk.

In 1818 he published a small volume of poems, and two years later removed to Edinburgh, determined to try his hand at literature. He seems to have succeeded fairly well, contributing to the magazines and other periodicals, and obtaining the countenance and friendship of Sir Walter, Professor Wilson, and other literary notabilities of the capital. In 1824 he published the "Songs of Israel," wherein appears the now celebrated poem under the title of "Mortality." The year following he sent out a third little volume of verse entitled "The Harp of Zion;" these three slim productions being the totality of his fitful muse.

According to those who have left any trustworthy biographical impressions of the poet, Knox seems to have been very fond of company and the pleasures of the social board, and his occasional excesses seem to have put too severe a strain upon a not over robust constitution. He had a stroke of paralysis, and died shortly afterwards at Edinburgh in 1825, being in his thirty-seventh year. One can't help thinking, if all things were known and understood, that the life-story of this obscure minor poet, though lacking perhaps in the supreme tragedy and awful pathos, has a touching similitude to that of the Ploughman Bard himself.

Knox's verse is mainly of a religious and moralising cast, and though seldom soaring into the sublimer heights, or plunging into the deeper depths, his poetry possesses elements of a certain sweet and pensive kind which appeal to the sympathies of the thoughtful and serious reader. As illustrative of these qualities, we venture to subjoin the following brief extracts:

The Harp of Zion.

Harp of Zion! pure and holy,
Pride of Judah's eastern land!
May a child of guilt and folly
Smite thee with a feeble hand?

May I to my bosom take thee,
Trembling from the prophet's touch,
And with throbbing heart awake thee
To the songs I love so much?

Jeptha's Daughter.

Go! bring the dew of Hermon's hill
That falls when evening clouds are weeping;
Pure as that heart whose pulse is still,
Whose wildest throbs are calmly sleeping.

Go! bring the rose of Sharon's plain,
And round her shrine its blossoms scatter;
Sweet flower, that dies to live again,
An emblem meet of Jeptha's daughter.

His chief poem, as will be seen, consists of a superabundance of poetical images of most diverse character, all illustrative of, and emphasising the one central thought—the mortality of man. It is very unequal in quality, some of the couplets being diffuse and commonplace in the extreme, while others are of that true dignity and high distinction which belong only to poetry of the very choicest character. As the poem is so very seldom seen in its entirety, we lift it bodily from its obscure repository, and leave it with our critical readers.

MORTALITY.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
The young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by;
And the mem'ry of those who beloved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same as our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay, they died: we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea; hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Shall follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

R. M.

Scott Monument Inscription.

FEW people know what is engraved on the plate placed under the Scott Monument in Edinburgh, and the following copy may be of some interest to BORDER MAGAZINE readers:—

This Graven Plate,
Deposited in the Base of a Votive Building
On the Fifteenth Day of August, in the year of Christ 1840,
And never likely to See the Light Again
Till all the Surrounding Structures are Crumbled to dust
By the Decay of Time or by Human or Elemental Violence,
May then Testify to a distant Posterity that
His Countrymen began on that day
To Raise an Effigy and Architectural Monument
To the MEMORY of SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.,
Whose admirable writings were then allowed
To have given more delight and to have Suggested Better Feeling
To a larger class of readers in every Rank of Society
Than those of any other Author
With the Exception of Shakespeare alone,
And which therefore were thought likely to be Remembered
Long after this Act of Gratitude
On the part of the First Generation of his Admirers
Should be Forgotten.

It will be seen that the style of monumental inscriptions has greatly altered since 1840. Furthermore, it is curious to note how Lord Jeffrey (the author of this inscription) used the word "allowed" instead of "admitted" or "confessed" as no writer would do to-day, and also falls into an unfortunate "and which."—WILLIAM ADAM, Glasgow.

Football Forbidden—An Old Custom Killed.

By J. E. McLachlan, Editor of "Vim."

O Tempora, O Mores!
Cicero.
Old times are changed,
Old manners gone.
Scott.

THE illustration shewn on this page is of peculiar interest, inasmuch as it is a record of the last occasion on which the old custom of playing football in the streets of Melrose was engaged in. Originating, as it possibly did, in connection with some religious or Druidical festival, this curious custom of kicking the football in the streets of the town had been energetically indulged in, year after year, by successive generations of Melrosians from time immemorial until two years ago, when a new broom, in the shape of a young and vigorous Town Council, swept it away. By a "young" Town Council is meant that, until a few years ago, the classic town of Melrose did not enjoy any popular municipal government, and knew no authority, save that perhaps of the local policeman, or the Justice of the Peace. But, the town having been made a Burgh, this venerable but violent custom which has been tolerated for so many years was at last found to be at once inconvenient to the lieges and inconsistent with the dignity of the Council charged with the good government of the town. The magistrates resolved to put down the practice, but not being sure of their ground they took the opinion of the Convention of Burghs. This body advised the magistrates to prosecute any person who should take part in the game of football in the streets, and leave the culprits to bring an action in the Court of Session to determine the right of parties. Two years ago, the annual game having been indulged in as usual, three youths were made examples of as a test case: prosecuted under the provisions of the Burgh Police Act, they were found guilty and adjudged each to pay a fine of five shillings or to be imprisoned for a certain number of days. There was some talk of contesting the question, but ultimately the thing fizzled out: no one was willing to risk the cost of an action in the Supreme Court of Scotland about a matter more than usually uncertain as to its issue, and in which the only parties who had any but a sentimental interest in the subject were on the side of the magistrates, viz., shopkeepers and householders whose premises fronted the Market Place and adjacent streets and who, so long as the game survived, were put to the annual expense of barricading their windows as a protection against the ball. And so it came to pass that economy, convenience, utilitarianism, and a growing sense of public decorum outweighed the love of adventure and horse-play in the youthful portion of the population, and the feeling of veneration entertained for so hoary-headed a custom by many who were, alas, too old to engage in the game. And yet sentiment was not entirely dead: each of the three youthful martyrs in the defence of ancient rights and customs received an anonymous letter enclosing the amount of his fine!

"It was a barbarous custom," writes an old friend, who, being a lawyer and an ex-secretary of a modern football club is well qualified to speak of the matter with judicial impartiality, "but I confess I had a great liking for it on account of its antiquity."

FASTERN'S E'EN AT MELROSE.

Indeed to a sober person of mature years Fastern's E'en Ba' had little save its antiquity to recommend it. Golf, which has conquered the better part of the civilized world, but which nevertheless appears inane enough to the uninitiated observer, and has been defined by at least one scientific mind as "a game in which, apparently, those engaged in it endeavour to drive very small balls into very small holes with instruments very ill-adapted for the purpose"—golf is an intelligible and well ordered game compared with this Fastern's E'en Ba'. The ball itself and the game that raged round it were alike without regular form. The only element of tolerable regularity was the date, determined in accordance with an ancient couplet:

First comes Candlemas, then the new mune,
And the first Thursday after is Fastern's E'en.

The Ba' was neither round like an Association ball, nor oval like that used under Rugby rules: the extent to which it approximated spherical form depended partly on the skill of the local saddler who made the leather case, but was determined in some measure by the bladder inside, which was not the work of man's hands but had been part of the anatomy of a bullock. Rules the game had none, at least as I knew it during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The windows of the houses were barricaded (see the illustration) during the early part of the day and at noon the shopkeepers put up their shutters, "a precaution necessary," as a writer observed in 1861, "to prevent breakage, as football playing on a most indiscriminate and unlimited scale is the order of the day."

Business having been suspended and the schools closed, the Ba' was thrown up at the ancient Market Cross at one o'clock. For a short time the play was left pretty much to the youths, but soon the crowd grew bigger and more diversified. The thing was infectious—men who were no longer so young as they once were, eminently respectable and staid townsmen, clerks, and shopkeepers, master and mechanic, lawyer and labourer, many of whom had come out merely "for to see," were either involuntarily carried away in the throng or were tempted to have a kick as the ball was driven along, and from that moment were probably "in it" for several solid hours.

Meanwhile what is it all about?

Is there any method in this madness? The crowd rushes and sways, now in this direction and now in that; a mighty punt sends the ball high above the Market Cross or over a neighbouring house-top—so much the worse for the house, for should there be no side gate that can be scaled the more energetic followers storm the front door and in a twinkling are through the house and out at the back, and the ball is returned to the street. So far there is no discoverable object in all this rushing and running, dribbling and driving, punting and puffing; but suddenly there is a shout: "He's away"—it may be: "Up Dingleton," "Doon the Bow," "Out the East Port," or "Through the Smiddie Wynd"; and should the runaway be able, by fleetness of foot, resourcefulness, or special topographical knowledge, to elude all pursuers sufficiently long to enable him to hide the ball (anywhere, in a stable, hay loft, or the corner of a pig stye!) this he does, and so gains no little honour for his prowess. Immediately the ball is given up for lost another is thrown up in the Market Place to be the centre of renewed strife.

Such was the game as I knew it and engaged in it.

True it is that sometimes there was a tendency for the players to take sides—married against single, East against West, or (subsequently to 1879 when Rugby football was introduced into Melrose and other Border towns and a regular Rugby club was established) the Club against all others, in which circumstances one side would kick down the town and the other up; but these "sides" were always unpremeditated, usually very unequal, and were as ill defined as the goals, one of which was generally the East Port, at the top of the town, and the other a point at the foot of the High Street, near the site of Leslie House, an old thatched building, a section of which, built at right angles to the main building, jutted across the footpath into the street, and constituted, until the demolition of the house some twenty years ago, all that remained of the West Port of the town.

A somewhat similar custom of engaging in Football or Handball is still kept up in most other towns and villages on the Scottish Border, and notably in Roxburghshire. At Jedburgh, the county town (famous like Melrose for its ancient abbey), a Candlemas Ba' is played between the "Uppies and the Dounies," but this is rather a case of primitive Water Polo, for despite the season of the year (the 2nd of February), the sport takes place in the river Jed, a tributary of the Tweed. At Hawick, which having no old abbey, prides itself in its inscrutable Moat and excellent hosiery, not to mention its memories of Flodden Field, the game also takes place in the river, the Teviot. At the villages of Lilliesleaf, Ancrum, and St Boswells (or Lessudden), the ancient custom of the annual game of the Ba' still prevails in one shape or another.

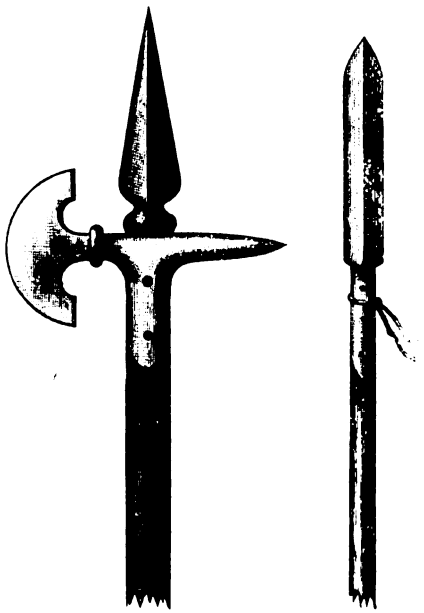
Football still continues to be played in the streets of some English towns on Shrove Tuesday. According to the morning papers of 25th February, Shrove Tuesday Football, at Ashbourne, as usual, gave rise to uproarious scenes. The goals were about two miles apart, and the players must have numbered 3,000. The ball, which was of unusual size, was painted red, white, and blue, and for two hours unavailing efforts were made to goal it. It was rushed at a great pace along the various streets, and once was taken right through the town hall. There was at least one fierce struggle in the brook. The police, it is reported, easily preserved order.

At Dorking the usual Shrove Tuesday sport of street football was indulged in, but there was no such conflict with the police as took place

three years ago. A good many footballs were captured, however, and several players were arrested. Dorking authorities do not appear to be as successful as the Magistrates of Melrose in killing this ancient custom.

The Annals of Jedburgh Castle.

THOSE interested in the history and archæology of the Borderland are deeply indebted to Mr George Watson, late curator of Jedburgh Museum, for his painstaking researches into the dim and distant past in which the Castle of Jedburgh played so important a part. Mr Watson takes nothing for granted and weighs



JEDBURGH AXE AND STAFF.

the evidence most scrupulously, a thing that is not always done by archæologists, and for which he has been complimented by some eminent authorities. "The Annals" were written for the Hawick Archæological Society and read at the meeting held in May last year. The author has had a number of copies printed for private circulation, and these have been bound up with his equally interesting paper on "The Jedburgh Staff." Bound copies have been placed in each of the Edinburgh libraries, and those of Hawick, Selkirk, and Galashiels, so that the valuable information the papers contain may be easily accessible to readers who are interested in the subjects. As an evidence of Mr Watson's careful research, it may be interesting to note that he referred to over eight important works, and quoted from 120 volumes, as well as personally making translations from the Anglo-Saxon, Mediæval Latin, and Norman French records. The above papers have been favourably reviewed in the "Scottish Antiquary," "Scottish Typographical Circular," &c. We regret that our space does not admit of lengthy quotations, but as an example of Mr Watson's style we select the following:—

> Only now and again in the obscurity of the ages do we obtain but a glimpse of Jedburgh, and even that so momentary as to leave one in doubt as to its extent and importance. It is interesting to note, in passing, that there was recently brought to light an Anglo-Saxon coin minted at the burgh of Geoda during the reign of Ethelred II. (968-1016), by Wulfmær the moneyer. Authorities likewise agree on philological and other grounds that the burgh of Geoda is identical with that of Jerdan, which is now represented by Jedburgh. Many have been the relics—such as coins of Anglo-Saxon kings—which have been turned up in Jedburgh and neighbourhood to remind one of these early times. The Saxon sway continued supreme over these parts until the year 1018, when Malcolm II. King of the Scots, defeated with great slaughter the English army at Carham. As the result of this battle, that part of Northumbria north of the Tweed and of the Cheviots was ceded to the victor, and Jedburgh consequently became a Scottish town and its fortress a Scottish castle. And thus the curtain descends upon the first scene of Jed's history. When it again arises it is to reveal to us a powerful castle—a royal residence. But yet, while adopted into the Scottish nation, it acts only a doubtful part, sheltering latterly the southeron rather than the Scot. In importance it ranked third in the list of Border castles, Berwick and Roxburgh only taking precedence. By the castles of Berwick, Roxburgh, Jedburgh, and Lochmaben, which stood at intervals across the country, a very strong barrier and national defence was formed.

Here is a story of the Rev. Dr Gillespie, of Mouswald, Moderator-elect of the General Assembly. At a recent social meeting the reverend gentleman informed his parishioners that for a period of two hundred years members of his family had been interred in Mouswald Churchyard. But further back he did not care to go, as his more remote ancestors were enumerated among those Annandale thieves who were a constant source of annoyance and terror to the natives of Cumberland. The worthy Doctor added that he had no doubt these hardy reivers were as much respected by their contemporaries as he was by his; and all who are acquainted with his courage and physique will agree that had he lived in "the good old days," he would have been able to give an excellent account of himself.

"Annals of a Border Club (the Jedforest)."

OUR Border publishers are evidently determined to keep up the literary reputation of the Borderland, and it is our good fortune to have every now and again placed in our hands specimens of their enterprise and energy. The handsome volume of over 500 pages, bearing the above title, has been published by Mr T. S. Smail, Jedburgh, the printers being Messrs George Lewis & Co., Selkirk. The work, which is from the pen of Mr George Tancred of Weens (late Captain Royal Scots Greys), was originally published in 1899, but that first edition was so rapidly bought up that the present revised and enlarged endition has been found necessary. In his short preface the author says that the book

"Has been compiled at the request and under the patronage of the members of the Jedforest Club. At one time or another the records of not a few similar institutions have been published, and some times, as in the case of the well-known Aberdeen Club, when the society showed premonitory signs of dissolution. The Jedforest happily continues to prosper. The Borderers have been long noted for a clannish tenacity which they carry with them into every relation of life. Love of family and local tradition is everywhere to be found among them. And, like their brethren of the Highlands, they are apt to claim descent from their chief, and to quote the adage, 'We cannot be all top branches of the tree, but we all spring from the same root.'"

The volume proper consists of biographical notices of the members of the Club, many of whom have had their names inscribed high on the roll of fame, and of the families connected therewith. A most valuable and interesting introductory chapter has been written by Mr W. J. Stavert, from which we quote the following:

Readers of this book will not expect to find in it a description of the town of Jedburgh and its surroundings, with the topography of which it is presumed that they are familiar. But it may not be known to all of them that there are eighty-two ways in which the name has been spelt, and it may have escaped the notice of some of them that although Jedburgh has never, like the American Boston, asserted a claim to be the "hub of the universe," it yet is situated exactly at the geographical centre of the British Islands. . . . In 1810 the day of tavern clubs was on the decline, but one in the neighbouring forest of Ettrick had proved a successful institution, and it was probably owing to this fact that the Jedforest Club was in that year founded by William, Earl of Antram, afterwards the sixth Marquess of Lothian. Dr Johnson, who was no mean authority on the subject, defines a club in his dictionary as an assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions, and this describes very accurately the Jedforest Society. . . . At one time or another representatives of all the great Border families have been members of the Jedforest Club, and those of Lothian and Buccleuch have been its staunch supporters from the beginning. Its history is but a reflection from the long roll of distinguished men whose names appear upon its list. As in the case of other clubs of that date, the members used to wear a uniform at dinner, and the minutes record that it was the intention of the founder that the coat should be made of Cheviot wool. But although most of the original rules are still in force, the wearing of the special dress has fallen into disuse.

After giving much valuable information regarding the origins, &c., of many of the Border families, Mr Stavert concludes his introduction thus:—

We are sometimes told that the writings of Sir Walter Scott are not read by the rising generation, and yet nothing is more remarkable than the continuous flow of one edition after another, issued by publishers who well know what they are about. As long as they find readers, the Border counties of Scotland can never lose the place they have gained in the thought of the British race. And if in time Lady Margaret Bellenden and Jeannie Deans, and the mighty host brought into being by the great wizard, take their place on back shelves with Clarissa Harlow and the Widow Wadman, then will fancy be dead and ruthless science in triumph bestride her corpse.

Although the volume is principally biographical, it contains many descriptions of places and incidents which will interest the general reader who may not be familiar with Jedforest and its most noble families. The value of the book is much increased by a carefully constructed index and by the prominent names being printed on the broad margins of the text. Those who desire to have anything like a complete Border library cannot afford to want this important volume, which is sold at the very moderate price of 7/6. The author completes the biographical portion of his work thus:—

In these short memories it is both interesting and instructive to note how our Border families are linked together by ties of blood and traditional association. History relates how they stood shoulder to shoulder in the days of Border warfare, and, though, happily now, the need for such mutual support no longer exists, yet the old clannish spirit which held our forefathers together in those troublous times still survives; and at home or abroad it draws together in a closer fellowship those who can claim the Border country as the place of their birth.

> When, musing on companions gone,
> We doubly feel ourselves alone,
> Something, my friend, we yet may gain;
> There is a pleasure in this pain:
> It soothes the love of lonely rest,
> Deep in each gentler heart impress'd.
>
> —MARMION.

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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.

MAY, 1903.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

As most of our readers are aware, part of our mission is to preserve in a permanent form the folklore and local traditions of the Borderland and to make the BORDER MAGAZINE a storehouse of all that pertains to the Lang Syne, our belief being that it is good for the heart of man to occasionally forget the rush and roar of the present in the glamour of the past. To accomplish this desirable end, our readers can assist us much by sending short notes of any peculiar customs or local traditions which may have come under their notice, and which will inevitably be lost if they are not chronicled now. Clear sharp photos of Border scenery or curiosities, accompanied by a few explanatory notes, will also be very acceptable, and will be reproduced in our pages as opportunity permits.

READERS in various parts of the world will do us a favour, if they will send us the names and addresses of local Border Associations with which they are acquainted, as it is our desire to get into touch with such societies, and if possible bring about a federation of the scattered fellowships and bind them more closely together in the bonds of Border brotherhood.

READERS who have any of the early numbers of the BORDER MAGAZINE which they do not require are invited to communicate with the publishers, who desire to complete some Volumes for the Binders.

The Border Keep.

In the newspapers and magazines I am continually coming across paragraphs which refer to Sir Walter Scott, and so much is this the case that I might fill the space allotted to the Keep with nothing else, were it not that I desire to give as much variety to my readers as possible. I am indebted to those readers who kindly send me paragraphs for this portion of the BORDER MAGAZINE, and I again invite others to send any suitable items to me, in care of the editor.

* * *

RUSKIN'S ADMIRATION OF SCOTT.—"I was staying with Ruskin at Brantwood," writes Mr Egbert Rydings in "Household Words," "and happened to say that to me it always seemed, when reading his books, from the easy way the sentences followed so smoothly and naturally, like the flow of water in a river, that it was quite an easy matter to write them. 'My dear sir,' he said, 'you have no idea of the labour and pain it is to write these books of mine that seem to you so easy. I will show you a great writer's work who could write as easily as the flow of water in a river.' He rose from his chair, and, taking out of a drawer of his study table the MS. copy of Scott's 'Fortunes of Nigel,' he put it in my hand and said, 'Examine that. It is just as Scott wrote it in his own clear hand.' It was a bound volume of MS., about 12 inches by 9 inches, and as I reverently turned over the pages I noticed how free it was from erasures or added words, many pages being altogether free from alterations. 'Now,' he said, 'look at that.' And he put in my hand the MS. of that month's 'Fors,' which he had just finished. 'You will scarcely find one sentence as it was first written'; and so it proved, words crossed out and others put in their places, sometimes whole sentences re-arranged, and this right through the whole copy. There was certainly a wonderful difference between Scott's copy and Ruskin's in this respect. But I ventured to suggest that if Scott had been writing 'Fors' instead of tales of imagination, the appearance of his copy might have been different. 'Nonsense,' Ruskin said, 'Scott would have written "Fors," and left it as clean as that you have been looking at.'"

A writer in the "Glasgow Evening News" thus refers to a well-known characteristic of Wordsworth:—

Wordsworth, as a critic of his fellow-poets, was not inspired, if you may judge from what is chronicled of him in "Moore's Diary." Once on a visit to Moore he "talked a great deal. Spoke of Byron's plagiarism from him; the whole third canto of 'Childe Harold,' founded on his style and sentiments. The feeling of natural objects which he there expressed, not caught by Byron from nature herself, but from him (Wordsworth), and spoiled in the transmission. 'Tintern Abbey,' the source of it all; from which same poem, too, the celebrated passage about solitude, in the first canto of 'Childe Harold' is (he said) taken, with this difference, that what is naturally expressed by him has been worked by Byron into a laboured and antithetical sort of declamation." On the same occasion Wordsworth spoke of Scott. He was shrewd enough to be certain that the Waverley Novels were the work of no other man. "The only doubt he ever had on the question did not arise from thinking them too good to be Scott's, but, on the contrary, from the infinite number of clumsy things in them—commonplace contrivances, worthy only of the Minerva Press—and such bad, vulgar English as no gentleman of education ought to have written. When I mentioned the abundance of them" (Moore Grespon) "as being too great for one man to produce, he said that great fertility was the characteristic of all novelists and story-writers. Richardson could have gone on for ever; his 'Sir Charles Grandison' was originally in thirty volumes. . . Scott, since he was a child, accustomed to legends, and the story-telling faculty, sees nothing to stop him as long as he can hold a pen. Spoke of the very little knowledge of real poetry that existed now, so few men had time to study." Mr Wordsworth indeed, was an inspiriting breakfast companion!

* * *

Sir Walter Scott's First Brief.

Sir Walter Scott's first appearance as counsel in a Criminal Court was at Jedburgh Assizes in 1793, when he successfully defended a veteran poacher. "You're a lucky scoundrel," Scott whispered to his client when the verdict was given. "I'm just o' your mind," returned the latter, "and I'll send you a maukin [i.e., a hare] the morn, man." Lockhart, who narrates the incident, omits to add whether the "maukin" duly reached Scott, but no doubt it did.

His "best jeddart fee."

On another occasion Scott was less successful in his defence of a housebreaker, but the culprit, grateful for his counsel's exertions, gave him, in lieu of the orthodox fee, which he was unable to pay, this piece of advice, to the value of which he, the housebreaker, could professionally attest:—"First, never to have a large watch dog out of doors, but to keep a little yelping terrier within; and, secondly, to put no trust in nice, clever, gimcrack locks, but to pin his faith to a huge old heavy one with a rusty key. Scott long remembered this incident, and thirty years later, at a Judges' dinner at Jedburgh, he recalled it in this impromptu rhyme:—

Yelping terrier, rusty key,
Was Walter Scott's best Jeddart fee.

* * *

Sir Walter Scott, on being asked to sit for his portrait, said that he and his dog Maida were tired of that sort of thing, Maida particularly so. She had been so often sketched that when she saw an artist unfurl his paper and arrange his brushes she got up and walked off with a dignity and an expression of loathing almost human.

* * *

Lady Scott was not poetical by nature. Sir Walter was taking a walk with her one fine morning, when they passed a field where a number of ewes were enduring the frolics of their lambs. "Ah," exclaimed Sir Walter, "no wonder the poets from the earliest ages have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence!" "They are indeed delightful animals," replied his wife; "especially with mint-sauce."

* * *

Sir Walter Scott loved animals. "Time has been," he said once to a friend, "when I did shoot a great deal, but somehow I never very much liked it. I was never quite at ease when I had knocked down my black-cock, and going to pick him up, he cast back his dying eye with a look of reproach. I don't affect to be more squeamish than my neighbours, but I am not ashamed to say that no practice has ever reconciled me to the cruelty of the affair."

* * *

Everybody has seen the picture of Sir Walter Scott, with two magnificent staghounds beside him. As a matter of fact he was intensely fond of animals. Lockhart relates that one morning the great novelist was riding out with some visitors when his daughter Anne "broke from the line screaming with laughter, and exclaimed, 'Papa, papa, I knew you would never think of going without your pet.' Scott looked round, and I rather think there was a blush, as well as a smile, on his face when he perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature; but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheers. The pig had taken a sentimental attachment to Scott. I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen."

Dominie Sampson.

The Last of the Reivers,

or Christie's Will.

From the Manuscript of John Armstrong of Ridley-haugh, commonly known as "Jock the Scholard."

BY JOHN G. GALBRAITH,

Author of "His Own Opinion," "A Revised Version," &c.

CHAPTER III.

Will at Langholm market. Traquair's first visit.

NOW after our return from Jedburgh, of which I have already written, Cumberland saw the laird of Gilnockie no more as a reiver. Will settled down as a douce farmer, an occupation that he had previously held in scorn, and that season many an acre that had not felt a plough-share for many a long year was riven asunder around the old peel. Since the famous Johnnie, whose munificence is still spoken of on the Marches, was hanged, the family had fallen upon evil days. Christie, the son of John, was as bold a reiver as his sire, and that meaneth much, but "scartin' grund to mak' corn grow" was never a favourite task with any of the breed. If they extracted enough corn from the ground to furnish the bannocks with which they savoured the flesh of the oxen they lifted from the English side, they were satisfied. Therefore the gossips of Eskdale were sorely surprised when they saw the turf broken up around the tower, and the seed sown in such plenitude. The fact that Will had given his word to Traquair to ride no more as a reiver was known only to a few, although the part the Earl played in obtaining the release of Will was commonly known. Will's first purchase of cattle in the public market of Langholm filled the mouths of the gossips for many a day, and first opened their eyes to the fact that Gilnockie had given over the reiver's spear and was now only a tiller of the soil, and I trow that Will lost popularity from that date with many who loved to see others ride and evade the law whilst they sat in their ingle-nook at ease. The tale of the Langholm incident is worth relating, and I tell it as it was told unto me by Thomas Elliot. Tam was the scion of an old reiving clan, but now he followed the peaceful occupation of a packman, and was commonly known as Pedlar Tam. His wanderings embraced both sides of the Esk, and I warrant Tam with his bundles of merchandise and his budget of gossip got as hearty a welcome at Cumberland farms as he got when he found his way to Ridley-haugh. In the ingle-nook of the kitchen he told me this.

"Wat o' Howpasley tel't me the richt wey o'd himself. Ye see he was stannin' in Langholm market, wi' a dizzen o' as bonnie stirks as were ever driven into the toon, whan Rab o' Redheugh cam' danderin. ower." "I'm hearin'," quoth he, "that Gilnockie's in the toon the day." "Dod," says Wat, "he's somethin' o' a rarity. He'll be sellin' some Bewcastle nowt, I'se warrant, that got a munelicht flit?" "Na, he has nothin' wi' him," answers Rab. "Gin ony o' yer stirkies tak' his e'e, ye'd better tie yer yetts gey fast at Howpasley when ye get hame." But Howpasley wadna credit ony sic thing, he was sure that Wull Armstrang wad never lift a Scotsman's stirks, as lang as there was a fu' byre in Cumberland. Juist wi' that Wull himsel' comes steppin' alang. "Thae's bonnie stirks, Howpasley," quoth he. "They're no that bad," says Wat. "Hoo muckle will ye be axin' for that lot noo?" asked Wull. "Ye needna be speirin' that noo, Gilnockie," says Wat, as smart as ye like, "Ye get yer nowt ower cheap at Bewcastle to speir ma price. I canna compete wi' the English markets." Wull gaed a bit dry laugh. "I'm gaun to restrict ma dealin's to ma ain kintramen in future," quoth he. "Gie it a name," and when Wat saw that he meant business, he sune got the bargain fixed, an' off gaed Wull drivin' the stirks afore him. Whan the folk saw Gilnockie drivin' nowt through Langholm streets I vow mony ane thocht that he had gaen reivin' in broad daylicht in Langholm market, but the richt wey o'd was sune kent, for Howpasley was naither to haud nor to bind, he was that prood at bein' the first man that had sell't cattle to a Gilnockie Armstrang for mony a lang year, an' ere lang a' the auld crones in Langholm were fortellin' blue snaw whan Wull o' Gilnockie was peyin' for his nowt; indeed, if Wull has really gi'en up the ridin', the only guid, honest man that risked his neck by crossin' the Esk is aff the road, an' only a wheen dang'd thievin' Grahams are left o' a' the bonnie lads that herrit English byres. I'll need to tak' anither twa inch aff the yaird-stick whan next I gang into England. Thirty-twa inches is rale guid measure to gie whan ane minds o' bloody Flodden." And so you now know how Will bought his first lot of cattle in Langholm market, and I'll give my bond that Tam told that tale all over the Marches, suppressing some portions of the narrative, I fancy, when his hearers were Englishmen.

It now behoves me to tell how Traquair came to Gilnockie, and Will executed his first service. I had often occasion to go over to Gilnockie, you see Will needed a lot of advice anent the management of the farm, and although as often as not Will followed out his own opinion, yet a crack with Maggie—we were now acknowledged lovers—amply repaid me for my two mile tramp over the moorland. So it fell to my lot on the glorious June afternoon to first espy a party of four horsemen, who came cantering up the glen. I summoned Will to the brae-face, and as he saw the party making for the steading, I noticed his cheek grow pale, for I warrant that at the sight thoughts of his past misdeeds and visions of Jedburgh gallows mingled in his mind. Maggie also was alarmed when I ran into the kitchen and told of the party of mounted men who were hastening up the glen. "Faither," she cried, "if they're kingsmen, hide in the auld dungeon," but Will, whose keen eyesight put mine to shame, suddenly cried out, "It's the Yerl!" Now as we only numbered one Earl in our circle of acquaintances, our minds were set at rest, and Will and I went forward to welcome Traquair, whilst Maggie precipitately retired to the house.

"Welcome to Gilnockie!" exclaimed my kinsman, as he assisted his Lordship to alight.

"An unexpected, but I hope not an unwelcome guest," said his Grace, after he had given us greeting.

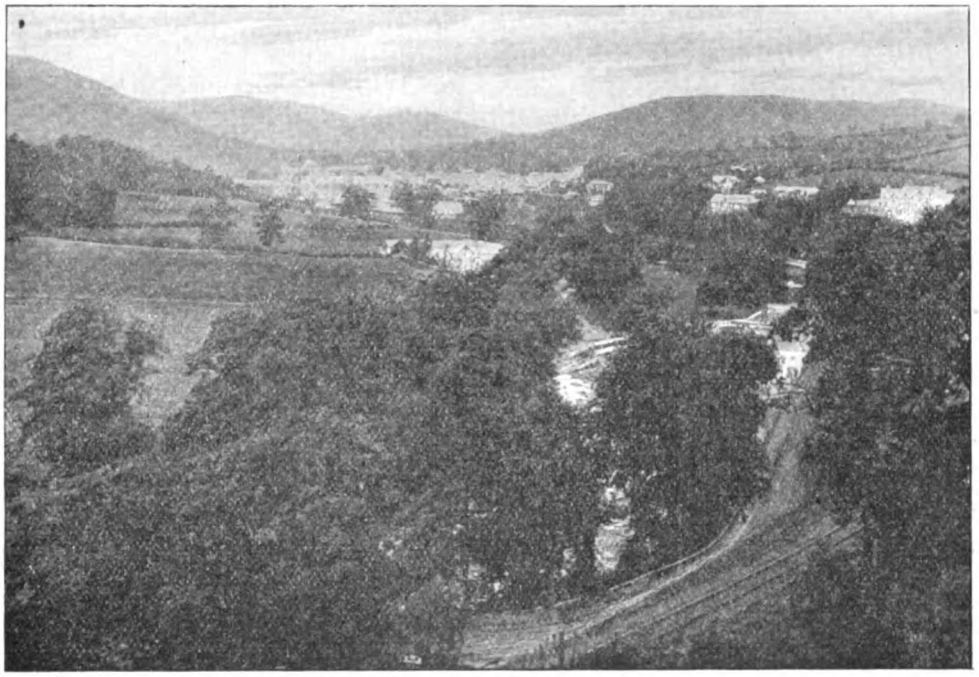
"The man that saved Wull Armstrang's life will never be unwelcome to his humble home," warmly replied Will. "O, man, the thochts o' yon gloomy cell in the Tolbooth was afore me whan I saw ye ride up the glen."

Traquair's companion, who was a kinsman of his own, Sir Andrew Stewart to wit, also dismounted, and whilst the other two, who were but lackeys, took care of the steeds, we went inside, and Maggie made her courtesy to her father's patron. He greeted her as if she were a lady, his equal in rank, although I, who stood by and noted every action, thought he might have omitted the hearty kiss which he gave her, but a fond man is ever jealous anent the favours of his beloved, and as few kisses came my way, I begrudged them to anyone. Maggie, according to our wont when visitors enter a Border home, quickly placed the best edibles the larder offered before the gentlemen, whilst Barbara attended to the wants of the varlets outside. I noticed that, although Traquair made shift to be cheerful, he often sighed, and when converse flagged a sad look settled on his countenance. Will also noticed this, and when Maggie had retired with the fragments of the repast, he bluntly enquired, "What ails ye, ma Lord? Ye seem unca dowie?"

"It is naught that ye can relieve, Gilnockie, else I trow I'd have little reason to be sad, and sad enough I am! Ye see, friend Will, I ride to Edinburgh to plead a cause which comes on before the Court of Session on Saturday first. If I lose my plea there, all the fair lands around Traquair, which have been ours since ever Bothwell gifted it to my great-grandsire, are gone, and I must bid farewell to the home where I was born. I will then be but a poor, ruined man, and I doubt not but that the tricky plea will go against me, for the man who will really decide it is my old enemy, Sir Alexander Gibson, or Lord Durie, as he is called, the President of the Court. I ween he'll take pleasure in nonsuiting his successful rival in love! I got the lady out of his clutches, but he will make but a poverty-stricken catch of me, and thinks to humble both Lady Mary and me, when he decides against us on Saturday. Ay, Lord Durie, the words will taste sweet in your mouth when ye declare that by your vote I have lost my plea, for I have the most of the other judges in my favour."

"Can naethin' be dune to help ye?" queried Will.

"Nothing that I can think of. If Lord Durie were to die ere Saturday, went he either to heaven or hell, I'd care naught, for I'd win my cause! Or if a whirlwind was to sweep down on Edinburgh High Street and whip the auld deil off his prancing charger, I'd only rejoice, for his revenge would sadly miscarry, and Traquair would still be mine! It is enough to make a man sad to think that the very roof over his head should be snatched from him through the spite of an auld carle that envied me my winsome bride. Cursed be the wily knave that seeks to rob me of my inheritance, and cursed be the fate that took the plea before my enemy and allows his vengeance full play to wreak itself upon me and mine."



LANGHOLM, FROM THE WATCH TOWER.

Will sat in silence, whilst the Earl, who had risen and strode to and fro, vindictively railing against the malevolent Lord Durie and the perverse chance that had placed the Traquair estates in jeopardy. I vow I thought that even if he lost his fair acres, he had got the better portion, whilst his spouse remained, but I was only a fond lover then. At length Gilnockie suddenly raised his head, and I saw by his look that he had a project to propose.

"I hae got a notion, yer Grace," quoth he, "ye

ken me as a reiver o' English nowt; what sayest thou if I try ma hand on a twa-footed stirk an' reive auld Durie oot o' Edinboro toon?"

Traquair and Sir Andrew stared in amazement at my kinsman, until the full magnitude of the scheme suggested broke in on them. "That would solve the problem, Cousin John," said Sir Andrew.

"By mine earldom," quoth Traquair, "that would be an exploit worthy even of thy grand-sire, the great Johnnie himself. Think'st thou it could be done?"

"A bold man, gin fortune favour him, may daur an' dae muckle," replied Will. "It's worth a trial, an' if it is possible it'll be dune. Aince I get Lord Durie oot o' Edinboro' toon an' in ma grip, deil a sicht will he get o' Auld Reekie until ye say the word that frees him."

We fully discussed the wild project, and the more we debated it the more did it seem feasible, and ere our visitors left for Langholm, whither Traquair was bound on State business, arrangements were made that Will was to essay the task of "liftin' a lord o' session" out of the capital city of our country. Traquair asked me to accompany Will on his ride, and I did not refuse, for the prospect of thus getting a sight of the city I had heard so much about, came not amiss to me. When Traquair was mounted, he grasped Will by the hand and said, "Now Will, once I did what ye esteemed a service, but if Lord Durie is lost before my cause comes before the Court of Session, I'll consider that I am in thy debt to any extent that you may ask."

"Gin I were to steal lordies off the bench a' the days o' ma life, I'd never repay ye, ma Lord. I only hope that success may crown the ploy, an' I'll see that nae rale harm happens to the dour birkie," and we watched the party ride over the moors toward Langholm.

Will had but little time to spare, if our adventure was to be carried to a successful issue. It was now Tuesday night, and the important case was on the roll for Saturday; so at an early hour next morning we started on our seventy-mile journey. Will bestrode the faithful Bess, whilst I was mounted on the steed that had carried me to Jedburgh. Maggie saw us mount and bade us "God-speed." She, like my parents, knew no details of the business which was drawing us twain to Edinburgh; they fancied that it was only a holiday, and I saw the tears well up in her eyes as she cautioned us to "tak' care o' oorsels."

"Oh, Jock the Scholard will look efter me," laughed Will, "but I'm fear'd ye'll be lanely; ye've nae bubbly-jock to tak' care o' ye this jaunt. By jings, lassie, ye're no blate lettin' yer joe gang stravaigin' a' ower the kintra, kissin' a' the sonsy queans he meets, an' mind, hinny, there's some bonnie bit wenches in Edinboro—he micht no come back."

"I'm sure I wadna greet ower his loss," retorted my lass, although the look she gave me belied her words. "Fushionless callants like him can be gethered off ony midden heid." So heartily laughing at this sally, we set off on our long journey. It was a glorious day for a ride, although somewhat hot in the forepart, yet that journey through the best of the bonnie Borderland still remains green in my memory. It was early morning when we lost sight of Gilnockie peel, yet mirk was settling down as we entered the gates of Edinburgh and rode up the busy High Street. Will knew of a respectable hostelry in the Grassmarket, and there we secured the necessary accommodation for ourselves and our chargers.

(To be Continued.)

The above story began in our March number, which can still be had through any bookseller or direct from the publishers.

Roxburgh Rambling Club Reports for 1902.

LIKE their brethren of the Hawick Archæological Society, the Jedburgh Ramblers devote a good deal of their attention to the records of the past, although their principal purpose is to make the members better acquainted with the beauty spots of the Borderland by means of pleasant rambles during the summer and autumn of each year. During the past season the Club visited Nisbet, Penielheugh, Monteviot, Cowdenknowes, Smailholm, Mertoun, the Big Cheviot, Minto Crags, Bowden, and Eildon Hall, and the record of these outings have been published in stitched-up form. The record makes pleasant and profitable reading, even to those who were not privileged to take part in the rambles. We trust that such clubs may increase in number, for every district of the Borderland provides ample scope for similar societies. Much of the success of a Ramblers' Club depends on a good secretary, and in this matter the Jedburgh Ramblers are fortunate in having Mr J. Lindsay Hilson as their hon. secretary and treasurer.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living.—Wendell Phillips.

Sir Walter Scott used to relate that a friend of his once met in a stage coach a man who utterly baffled all attempts at conversation. Yet this friend piqued himself on his conversational powers, and he tried his fellow-traveller on many points, but in vain, and at length he expostulated: "I have been talking to you, sir, on all ordinary subjects—literature, farming, merchandise, gaming, game laws, horse races, suits at law, politics, swindling, blasphemy, and philosophy. Is there one subject you will favour me by opening upon?" "Sir," replied the silent one, who was evidently a boot-maker, "can you say anything clever about bend-leather?" (thick leather for soleing).

The Candlemaker-Row Festival.

By the Late ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D.

THE late James Hogg was accustomed, in his latter days, to leave his pastoral solitude in Selkirkshire once or twice every year, in order to pay a visit to Edinburgh. He would stay a week or a fortnight in the city, professedly lodging at Watson's Selkirk and Peebles Inn in the Candlemaker Row, but in reality spending almost the whole of his time in dining, supping, and breakfasting with his friends; for, from his extreme good-nature, and other agreeable qualities as a companion, not to speak of his distinction as a lion, his society was much courted. The friends whom he visited were of all kinds, from men high in standing at the bar to poor poets and slender clerks: and amongst all the Shepherd was the same plain, good-humoured, unsophisticated man as he had been thirty years before, when tending his flocks amongst his native hills. In the morning, perhaps, he would breakfast with his old friend, Sir Walter Scott, at his house in Castle Street, taking with him some friend upon whom he wished to confer the advantage of an acquaintance with that great man. The forenoon would be spent in calls, and in lounging amongst the back-shops of such booksellers as he knew. He would dine with some of the wits of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' whom he would keep in a roar till ten o'clock; and then, recollecting another engagement, off he would set to some fifth storey in the Old Town, where a young tradesman of literary tastes had collected six or eight lads of his own sort, to enjoy the humours of the great genius of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." In companies of this kind, he was treated with such homage and kindness, that he usually got into the highest spirits, sang as many of his own songs as his companions chose to listen to, and told such droll stories that the poor fellows were like to go mad with happiness. After acting as the life and soul of the fraternity for a few hours, he would proceed to his inn, where it was odds but he would be entangled in some further orgies by a few of the inmates of the house.

The only uneasiness which the poet felt in consequence of his being so much engaged in visiting, was that it rendered his residence at Watson's little better than a mere affair of lodging, so that, in his reckoning, the charge for his bed bore much the same proportion to that for everything else which the sack bore to the bread in Falstaff's celebrated tavern bill. To remedy this, in some degree, the honest Shepherd was accustomed to signalise the last night of his abode in the inn by collecting a vast crowd of his Edinburgh friends, of all ranks and ages and coats, to form a supper-party for the benefit of the house. In the course of the forenoon, he would make a round of calls, and mention, in the most incidental possible way, that two or three of his acquaintances were to meet that night in the Candlemaker Row at nine, and that the addition of this particular friend whom he was addressing, together with any of his friends he chose to bring along with him, would by no means be objected to. It may readily be imagined that, if he gave this hint to some ten or twelve individuals, the total number of his visitors would not probably be few. In reality, it used to bring something like a Highland host upon him. Each of the men he had spoken to came, like a chief, with a long train of friends, most of them unknown to the hero of the evening, but all of them eager to spend a night with the Ettrick Shepherd. He himself stood up at the corner of one of Watson's largest bedrooms to receive the company as it poured in. Each man, as he brought in his train, would endeavour to introduce each to him separately, but would be cut short by the lion with his bluff good-humoured declaration, "Ou ay, we'll be a' weel acquent by and by."

The first two clans would perhaps find chairs, the next would get the bed to sit upon; all after that, had to stand. This room being speedily filled, those who came subsequently would be shewn into another bedroom. When it was filled too, another would be thrown open, and still the cry was: "They come!" At length, about ten o'clock, when nearly the whole house seemed "panged" with people, as he would have himself expressed it, supper would be announced. Then such a rushing and thronging through the passages, up-stairs and down-stairs, such a tramping, such a crushing, and such a laughing and roaring withal—for, in the very anticipation of such a supper, there was more fun than is experienced at twenty ordinary assemblages of the same kind. All the warning Mr Watson had got from Mr Hogg about this affair was a hint, in passing out that morning, that twae-three lads had been speaking of supping there that night. Watson, however, knew of old what was meant by twae-three, and had laid out his largest room with a double range of tables, sufficient to accommodate some sixty or seventy people. Certain preliminaries have in the meantime been settled in the principal bedroom. Mr Taylor, commissioner of police for the ward which contains the Candlemaker Row, is to take the chair—for a commissioner of police in his own ward is greater than the most eminent literary or professional person present

who has no office connected with the locality. Mr Thomson, bailie of Easter Portsburgh, and Mr Gray, moderator of the Society of High Constables, as the next most important local officials present, are to be croupiers. Mr Hogg is to support Mr Taylor on the right, and a young member of the bar is to support him on the left.

In then gushes the company, bearing the bard of Kilmeny along like a leaf on the tide. The great men of the night take their seats as arranged, while others seat themselves as they can. Ten minutes are spent in pushing and pressing, and there is after all a cluster of Seatless, who look very stupid and nonplussed till all is put to rights by the rigging out of a table along the side of the room. At length all is arranged; and then, what a strangely miscellaneous company is found to have been gathered together! Meal-dealers are there from the Grassmarket, genteel and slender young men from the Parliament House, printers from the Cowgate, and booksellers from the New Town. Between a couple of young advocates sits a decent grocer from Bristo Street; and amidst a host of shoplads from the Luckenbooths, is perched a stiffish young probationer, who scarcely knows whether he should be here or not, and has much dread that the company will sit late. Jolly, honest-like bakers, in pepper-and-salt coats, give great uneasiness to squads of black coats in juxtaposition with them; and several dainty-looking youths, in white neckcloths and black silk eye-glass ribbons, are evidently much discomposed by a rough tyke of a horse-dealer who has got in amongst them, and keeps calling out all kinds of coarse jokes to a crony about thirteen men off on the same side of the table. Many of Mr Hogg's Selkirkshire store-farming friends are there, with their well-oxygenated complexion, and Dandie-Dinmont-like bulk of figure; and in addition to all comers, Mr Watson himself, and nearly the whole of the people residing in his house at the time. If a representative assembly had been made up from all classes of the community, it could not have been more miscellaneous than this company, assembled by a man to whom, in the simplicity of his heart, all company seemed alike acceptable.

When supper was finished, the chairman proceeded to the performance of his arduous duties. After the approved fashion in municipal and other public convivialities, he proposed, with all the honours, the King, the Royal Family, the Navy and Army, and all the other loyal and patriotic toasts, before he judged it fit to introduce the toast of the evening. He then rose and called for a real—a genuine bumper. "Gentlemen," said he, "we are assembled here this evening in honour of one who has distinguished himself in the poetical line; and it is now my pleasing duty to propose his health. Gentlemen, I could have wished to escape this duty, as I feel myself altogether incapable of doing justice to it; it is my only support in the trying circumstances in which I have been placed, that little can be required to recommend the toast to you. Mr Hogg is an old acquaintance of mine, and I have read his works. He has had the merit of raising himself from a humble station to a high place amongst the literary men of his country. You have all felt his powers as a poet in his 'Queen's Wake.' When I look around me, gentlemen, at the respectable company here assembled—when I see so many met to do honour to one who was once but a shepherd on a lonely hill—I cannot but feel, gentlemen, that much has been done by Mr Hogg, and that it is something fine to be a poet. Gentlemen, the name of Hogg has gone over the length and breadth of the land, and wherever it is known, it is held as one of those which do our country honour. It is associated with the name of Burns and Scott, and, like theirs, it will never die. Proud I am to see such a man amongst us, and long may he survive to reap his fame, and to gratify the world with new effusions of his genius! Gentlemen, the health of Mr Hogg, with all the honours." The toast was accordingly drunk with great enthusiasm, amidst which the Shepherd rose to make his usual acknowledgment: "Gentlemen, I was ever proud to be called a poet, but I never was so proud as I am this nicht." &c.

This part of the business over, the chairman and croupiers began to do honour to civic matters. The chairman gave the Magistrates of Edinburgh, to which Mr Thomson, one of the croupiers, felt himself bound to return thanks. Mr Thomson then gave the Commissioners of Police, which brought the chairman upon his legs. "Messrs Croupiers and Gentlemen," said he, "I rise, as a humble member of the body just named, to thank you, in the name of that body, and my own, for this unexpected honour. I believe I may say for this body that they do the utmost in their power to merit the confidence of their constituents, and that, if they ever fail in anything to give satisfaction, it is not for want of a desire to succeed. But let arithmetic speak for us. You all know that the police affairs of the city were formerly administered at an expense to you of no less than one-and-sixpence a pound on the valued rental. And you all know what a system it was, how negli-

gent, inefficient, and tyrannical. Now, gentlemen, our popularly elected commission has been seven years in existence, during all which time we have watched, and lighted, and cleaned you at thirteenpence halfpenny!"

There is now for two hours no more of Hogg. The commissioners, bailies, and moderators, have the ball at their foot, and not another man can get in a word. Every imaginable public body in the city, from the University to the Potterrow Friendly Society, is toasted, most of them with the honours. Then they come to individuals. A croupier proposes the chairman, and the chairman proposes the croupiers. One of the latter gentlemen has a gentleman in his eye, to whom the public has been much indebted, and whose presence is always acceptable, and after a long preamble of panegyric, out comes the name—the honoured name of Mr John Japp, ex-resident commissioner of police for the next ward. It is all in vain for Mr Hogg's literary or professional friends to raise their voices amidst such a host of bourgeoisie. The spirit of the Candlemaker Row and Bristo Street rules the hour, and all else must give way, as small minorities ought to do. Amidst the storm of civic toasts, a little thickish man, in a faded velvet waistcoat and strong-ale nose, rises with great solemnity, and addressing the chair, begs leave to remind the company of a very remarkable omission which has been made. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am sure, when I mention my toast, you will feel how much we have been to blame in delaying it so long. It is a toast, gentlemen, which calls in a peculiar manner for the sympathies of us all. It is a toast, gentlemen, which I am sure needs no recommendation from me, but which only requires to be mentioned in order to call up that feeling which such a toast ever ought to call up—a toast, gentlemen, a toast such as seldom occurs. Some, perhaps, are not aware of an incident of a very interesting nature which has taken place in the family of one of our croupiers this morning. It has not yet been announced in the papers, but it probably will be so to-morrow. In the meantime I need only say—'Mrs Gray of a daughter.' On such an occasion, gentlemen, you will not think me unreasonable if I ask you to get up, and drink, with all the honours, a bumper to Mrs Gray and her sweet and interesting charge."

About two o'clock in the morning, after the second reckoning has been called and paid by general contribution, Mr Taylor leaves the chair, which is taken by the young advocate. Other citizenly men, including the croupiers, soon after glide off, not liking to stay out late from their families. As the company diminishes in number, it increases in mirth, and at last the extremities of the table are abandoned, and the thinned host gathers in one cluster of intense fun and good-fellowism around the chair. Hogg now shines out for the first time in all his lustre, tells stories, sings, and makes all life and glee. The "Laird o' Lamington," the "Women Folk," and "Paddy O'Rafferty," his three most comic ditties, are given with a force and fire that carries all before it. About this time, however, the reporters withdraw, so that it is not in our power to state any further particulars of the Candlemaker-Row Festival.

Ewesdale—The Yarrow of Dumfriesshire.

"Gie me a Border burn
That canna rin without a turn,
An' wi' its bonnie babble fills
The glens among oor native hills."

SEEING that the pastoral valley of the Ewes is so intimately associated with Border romance it may well find a place in the Borderers' Magazine. Although one of the most peaceful of dales, it forms no unimportant part of the famous frontier county. Being for generations the main artery between Scotland and England, it has witnessed many stirring and tragic events.

The Ewes, one of the clearest of streams, gives name to this, the greatest of dales. It is formed by two head streams, Blackhall and Mosspaul. The latter, which takes its rise near the well-known inn, joins the former on the western declivity of Ladhope Hill, and goes to form the bulk of the rivulet. From their confluence, the Ewes glides peacefully down the glen some eight miles, making a descent of 900 feet from its highest, Ladhope source, before it falls into the Esk at Langholm.

As already indicated, the green stretches and silent haughs lying between the capital of Eskdale and Mosspaul have been the scene of many exciting incidents, historical and otherwise, and has witnessed many a stirring pageant. It was up this dale that Gilnockie and his "verrie richely apparralled" company, after breaking their spears on Langholm Howe, passed to receive "Jethart Justice" at the hands of King James. And down this water way, then impassable by vehicle, the Lords of Justiciary rode from Jedburgh to Dumfries, and also the Regent Moray, to punish and overawe the turbulent Borderers; and later still, the unfor-

tunate Prince Charlie, with his skirling pipes and Highland men.

When the Lords of Justiciary passed annually through the dale, it is said that Armstrong of Sorbie used to bring out a large brandy bottle, from which he treated the Lord Justice-Clerk, and the other members of the cavalcade to a dram. On one occasion when Henry Home, afterwards Lord Kames, went for the first time upon the circuit as advocate-depute, Armstrong in a whisper inquired of Lord Minto, Sir Gilbert Elliot, "what lang black dour-lookin' chiel that was they had got wi' them?" "That," replied his Lordship, "is a man come to hang a' the Armstrongs." "Then," retorted Sorbie, dryly, and turning away, "it's time the Elliots were ridin'".

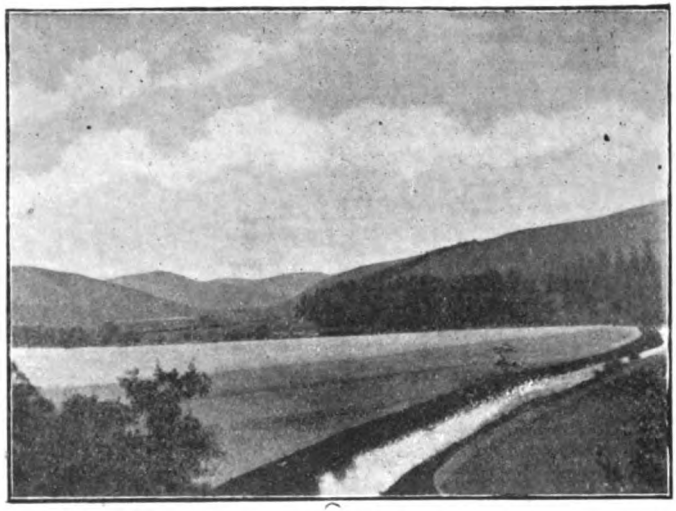


Photo by] EWESDALE. [Geo. M'Robert, Edinburgh.

One of the most desperate and memorable of Border battles, that of Arkinholm, was fought in Ewesdale in 1455. The combined forces of the Douglases, when on their way to subdue usurping chieftains, encountered the men of the county, headed by prominent Border chiefs. In the encounter which ensued the proud Douglases were overthrown, and their house received a blow which finally ended their power in the Borderland, if not in Scotland.

The roadway through the dale was little more than a bridle path till about the year 1765, when a road suitable for vehicle traffic was made. Then came the old-time coaches, when the glens rang with the cheerful notes of the horn, and the clattering hoofs of flying teams.

Of the origin of the famous inn which overlooks the dale little seems to be known.

According to the "Statistical Account" of the parish of Ewes, written by the Rev. Robert Shaw, in 1835, a chapel existed at Mosspaul before the Reformation, and its ruins could be traced at the time Mr Shaw wrote. Diligent search has been made for traces of these ruins, but without success. There is, however, no reason to doubt this statement, which receives strength from the fact that the adjoining lands at one time belonged to the monks of Melrose. These lands in ancient times bore the quaint name of Penango, and we have this name surviving to the present day in the name of Penangus Hope—the wild glen stretching eastwards from Mosspaul to the Carlin Tooth, in which the Mosspaul Burn rises. In the 14th century William Earl of Douglas gifted Penangus Hope, along with the Caldcleuch, to the monks of Melrose for masses to be said specially for the soul of William Douglas of Lothian. In a manuscript account of Ewes parish, written in the beginning of the 18th century, the following occurs:—"There is a tradition that friars were

wont to come from Melrose or Jedburgh to baptise and marry in this parish, and these friars being in use to carry the Massbook in their bosoms, they were called by the inhabitants book-a-bosoms." It is not unreasonable, therefore, to conjecture that the hostelry may have originated, says a writer, with the monks of Melrose, who found it necessary to establish some place of rest adjoining the chapel of Mosspaul for the accommodation of friars, travellers, and the wayfaring poor. It is also conjectured that the name "Moss Paul" owes its origin to the early times of the monks. The chapel may have been St Paul's Chapel, hence the name Moss of St Paul's Chapel, abbreviated to Mosspaul. "Patrick," another ecclesiastical name, occurs in the name Mosspatrickhope, the pass into Liddesdale a few miles east from Mosspaul, better known now as the Queen's Mire, where Queen Mary's palfry "laired" on her famous journey to Hermitage Castle. It is possible that these conjectures may be wrong. The name, whatever its origin, is a very ancient one. It occurs in the Charters of the Earl of Home to the lands and lordship of Ewesdale in the beginning of the 15th century, and access to original papers would doubtless disclose much earlier notices.

There is no trace of the inn in the annals of 1715 or '45, although it is well known that the Jacobites, on both occasions, travelled through the dale. One of the earliest mentions of Mosspaul is found in Dr Carlyle of Inveresk's autobiography—a famous man and one of the leaders of the church in his day. He passed this way in the year 1767 driving in his open chaise, accompanied by his wife, the Rev. Mr Lawrie (then minister of Hawick), Dr Wright of Galashiels, and other company. The "Wizard of the North," Sir Walter Scott, is one of the greatest figures that ever came this way. Sir Walter tells us in the Introduction to the Lay that at this time, the end of the 18th century, he often walked thirty miles a day and rode upwards of a hundred: and in this manner he made many pleasant journeys through parts of the country then not very accessible, gaining more amusement and instruction than he had been able to acquire since he travelled in a more commodious manner. On such journeys he would halt many a time at the old hostelry. Old Beattie of Mickledale, with his auld riding ballads and the story of Gilpin Horner—which later on dictated the subject as well as the structure of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"—lived in the valley. A Beattie still dwells in Mickledale.

Within the vale, William Julius Meikle, translator of Camoen's "Lucead," and to whom is attributed "There's nae luck aboot the hoose," is said to have been born. At Sorbie, already mentioned, Henry Scott Riddell, author of "Scotland Yet," and "Hames o' oor ain folk," first saw the light. William Knox, author of a "Lonely Hearth," and Lincoln's favourite poem, "Mortality," occupied a farm in the dale.

In the heart of the valley is Arkleton and Fiddleton. Over the hill from the latter is the Hemitage valley, where stands Hermitage Castle; and near it Milburnholm, the hospitable farm house of Willie Elliot, the great original of "Dandie Dinmont"; and nearer still in a wild glen running up from the head waters of the Hermitage, lie Twizzlehope, which Scott visited with his friend Shortreed. Their visit and Shortreed's impressions are vividly described in Lockhart's Life of Scott.

Dorothy Wordsworth who, with her brother, drove down Ewesdale on 23rd September, 1803, gives a vivid word picture of the landscape. After describing the inn at which they were staying, she says:—"The scene with this single dwelling was wild but not dreary, though there was no tree or shrub. The small streamlet glittered, the hills were populous with sheep; but the gentle bending of the valley, and the corresponding softness in the forms of the hills were of themselves enough to delight the eye."

During the century that has intervened there has been little change in the hills and glens, but the dwellers among them have changed considerably. The modes of travelling through the valley have also changed. No more the herds in the fertile fields or the sheep on the green hillsides raise their heads to look in alarm at the ofttimes awe-inspiring vision of dust-covered horse and men and noisy coach careering along, past hill and holm, past wood and water, as though the fate of nations depended on the destination being reached in a given time. No more the vigorous blast of the once familiar horn echoes through the peaceful vale and tells the dwellers that once again the coach which formed their daily touch with civilisation is passing merrily the scenes "far from the madding crowd," where poets loved to dwell by the verdant slopes 'mid pastoral scenes, linger by the burns which "sing o' freedom yet," or wander in the softened shades of the leafy woodlands to muse on the brevity and frailty of human life, and ask themselves and all mankind, "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" Instead of the rumbling, noisy coach with its panting "cattle" and travel-stained passengers tearing up the dale, the trumpet blast breaking the silence of the hills, and the

gradually diminishing rumble as the coach bowls round the corner on its way to its ever-nearing destination, there is now the spic-and-span char-a-banc with its well-groomed "four"; waggonettes; dog-carts; and the ubiquitous, noiseless bicycle, down to the latest free-wheeler. True, there is the mild imitation of the old coach horn, but the sound most heard is the sharp, many-toned "ping-ping" of the bells of the hundreds of wheelmen and wheelwomen who, through the year, traverse this, the longest free-wheel ride in Britain..

The dale contains the Parish Church, erected in 1867, but originally dedicated to St Cuthbert, and other objects of interest; and the neighbouring dales and parishes are full of historical and other associations.

G. M. R

Tweedside Folk Lore.

CASTREM BRIG used to be haunted by a bogle. The Hadden men, coming past it late at night, could not get their horses to go forward, do what they would, nor could they get them left to go and see what it was, the beasts were so terrified. At last a resolute fellow, who pursued the bogle through the wood, declared when he came back that it assumed a variety of shapes "before his lookin' een," sometimes appearing "like a red-hett gad o' airn." Finally it took to the water. Fear, he said, never came upon him till then, but "when it sauntit" he "nearly swairft."

A supernatural light was seen above Fans house for many years while Captain Norris lived there. Geordie Paterson of Girnick saw it once when going over Stabbiewood Hill, with two neighbours, to Dalkeith Market.

Old Peggy Landells knew a woman, named Tibby, who was a witch. She lived in Leetholm, and came regularly once a year to her mother's for a cheese, which she got at her own price. She likewise got milk gratis from a person in the village. One day this individual could not spare her any, at which she was much dissatisfied, and said he might rue it. From that time his cows ceased giving milk, nothing but blood coming from their udders when milked. This state of things continued till the witch was propitiated.

Mothers on Tweedside, sixty years ago, were in the habit of telling their children that the hand with which a wicked boy or girl had struck a parent would wag above the ground after the offender was dead and buried.

Catherine Watson's aunt, who lived at Ednam, had a cow bewitched by an old woman under the following circumstances:—The crone looked in at the window one evening when the good dame was churning, and asked to have a pennyworth of kirn-milk. The answer was that she could not get it, as the person who bought the butter took the buttermilk also. The beldame replied that it would perhaps be a long time before she had any butter to sell. She then went away in a huff, and, wonderful to relate, "altho' she kirnd an' kirnd an' better kirnd," Katy's aunt got no butter. Worse than that, her cow's milk yielded neither cream nor butter for several weeks. The parish schoolmaster, whom she consulted, advised her to take the cow to Kelso market and offer her for sale. She did so, and after she had stood a while in the Market Place, the dominie came forward and asked the price. The woman, according to previous concert, told him he should have her at his own price. On which he gave her a crooked sixpence over the cow's back, which she returned to him under Crummy's belly. The cow was then driven home, and immediately got well.

A dismal story used to be told by the people about Fleurs concerning a young woman, who, they averred, was murdered near Muserig, seventy or eighty years since, not by the hands of any mortal miscreant, but by the arch-fiend himself. She was going to church next day, it seems, to get her sister's child baptized, and she had come up from Fleurs to Muserig to get her Sunday clothes. Her friends wanted her to stay all night, but she would not. She was found in the morning lying dead at the back of Newton-Don burial-house. All her clothes had been torn off her back, and her body was scratched and bloody. The people at Newton Lodge had heard her screaming during the night, but took no notice. A ploughman, late out a-courting, said he thought he saw a naked woman running along the road, with something like a black dog following her; but he likewise had gone on his way. Her own father and mother had heard her at midnight, screeching about the door, but they had no idea who it was, and did not rise and let her in. There was a long ballad made about it, but whether it was ever put in print we cannot say.

The death is recorded of Mr David Logan, J.P. Deceased was for more than forty years in business at Berwick, at one time was Sheriff, and held the office of Senior Magistrate of the burgh.

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

The barn in Craigsford can witness, could it speak, his intenseness. He went there in all weathers for that purpose, and even going about his ordinary business was often observed in ejaculatory prayer, when he thought none observed him. He was a man of a very equal temper, seldom seen angry, and in his dealings with the world without known guile. He believed others in that respect such as himself, and was often, in buying and selling, taken advantage of. He died in April, 1799, which made a man in Earlston observe at his funeral that one of the pillars of the place had fallen. My brother John died the 5th August, 1801. In 1798 he had got himself very warm at the lime, as he wrought with horses. He lay down upon the grass to cool himself, not being aware of his danger. He never got well again, though he could mostly go about until a few months off his death. I sat up with him for fifteen weeks every night before his death. Janet could not sit as she could not want sleep, and my mother was not able by the fatigue she got. She indeed never went to bed before twelve at night, and rose again at six in the morning when I went to bed for an hour, but seldom sleeped any. Being in the summer time, I took a walk out for a few minutes which kept me awake. But I thought I could have slept for a month after. As far as I am informed, my father had one brother and two sisters." Mr Walker then goes on to detail their families, etc.

This Mr Walker was very fond of books, and collected a larger and finer library than most people in his station of life. The memoir of another Earlston man, "Robert Carter: His Life and Works," published by A. F. Randolph & Co., New York, gives a fine picture of one who was also a village book-lover.

Mr Walker studied navigation at Berwick with the view of joining the ship "Duff," of the London Missionary Society (Capt. Wilson) bound for the South Seas. He intended to go as a catechist, but the death of his only brother, as mentioned in the above letter, kept him at home. His box had already gone on to London. The ship "Duff" was afterwards captured by the French. Mr Walker married Isabella Ker, daughter of a farmer at Redpath, and had a large family of sons and daughters. Mr Andrew Walker, the eldest son, trained as a gardener, became a missionary in London, and worked alongside Lord Shaftesbury, who valued his services. Charles Dickens wrote an article in his work "Among London Thieves" for "Household Words," and William Chambers had also an account of him in an early volume of "Chambers."

Nichol Cochrane, an ancestor on the father's side, was a baker in Newtown St Boswells. He was one of the Covenanters, and is mentioned in Wodrow's list as one of the proscribed persons. The Rev. Dd Stewart, of Hawick, in his lectures on Border Covenanters, gives an account of him, and mentions that he had to fly more than once from the dragoons. On one occasion he was awakened by the neighing of his pony, which startled and alarmed him. Rising hastily, he heard the sound of approaching horsemen. Dressing hurriedly, he mounted the pony bare-backed, galloped across the Tweed, and found refuge in a morass at Whitrig Bog. Meantime, the dragoons searched all the house, and even stabbed the bed on which he had so recently been sleeping. His tombstone is still to be seen near the entrance to Melrose Churchyard, close to the Abbey.

The Cochranes were builders and masons at Newtown for several generations. They built the Bridge at Midlem Mill, and many other bridges in the Borders, and were great sufferers in some of the Border floods.

The site for the first Secession Church at Newtown was given by one of the family. That church is now pulled down, and has given place to the new U.F. Church on the St Boswells road.

The father of our subject was Nicol Cochrane, builder, Newtown, where Robert, his second son, was born on 21st Dec., 1849. He was educated at the old Newtown School (which was built by his father, and the site of which is now occupied by the Baillie Memorial Hall), and on one occasion got the prize awarded to the best boy scholar of the year. A close companion of his at Newtown School was the late William Heatlie, artist, about whom he wrote a sketch for an early number of the BORDER MAGAZINE. Mr Heatlie's admirable sketch of Mr Cochrane's birth-place is reproduced in this number. He also attended Melrose Free Church School for a short time, then under R. Angus Stewart.

Amongst early formative influences were the rambles in Newtown Glen, famed for its primroses: Tweedside to Monksford and Old Melrose, where the Tweed bends gently by at the Holy Wheel. Then there was Sprouston Burn, now sadly changed since all its brushwood was cut down, where it was a great joy to gather brambles and "gump" trouts. Further afield was beautiful Dryburgh, and Bemersyde with its crow plantation and its annual crow-shooting. The Eildon Hills and the road to Melrose by Eildon, and the Bogle Burn were well remembered ground: as also the roads to Bowden, St Boswells and Earlston. Then on handsel Monday what a sight it was to see Major and Lady Grisel Baillie dispensing pennies and rolls by way of handsel to the Bowden and Newtown boys and girls. These two benevolent persons might be seen flitting out and in to various homes on messages of mercy. In winter there were slides on the Milldam Brae; and in the darkness now and again men might be seen creeping furtively into their homes with poached salmon. There were the usual number of narrow escapes; once in Newtown burn when flooded, our youngster was drawn out as he was being carried off: once in Tweed there was also another narrow shave. A brass pipe stopped at one end with lead formed a miniature cannon. This was heavily charged with powder and shot, and a companion at a safe distance touched the powder on the "motion hole": the lead was driven from the end of the tube, whizzed past his ear, and part of the spent gun-powder received in the left eye rendered him half blind for days.

Of the books which early influenced him were those read from Newtown Church Library, Melrose Parish Library, kept by his uncle, Mr Wm. Mac Bean, but, above all, from the little collection of which his mother was custodier, placed in his own home by a friend of Lady Grisel Baillie. What a joy when the night without was dark as a wolf's mouth to discuss the pictures in a volume of the "Leisure Hour" or "Sunday at Home," or the delightful stories therein. The beginnings of a library, which is now over 3000 volumes, may be traced to a concordance presented to the best boy scholar of that year, 1865, by the late Mr Dunn, banker Melrose. Then came a Dick's Shilling Shakespeare bought in 1867, followed by various sixpenny editions, such as Oliver Wendell Holmes'

"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Lamb's "Essays," and De Quincey's "Opium Eater." Then came Carlyle's "Heroes" and "Sartor" in one volume, with George Gilfillan's "Gallery of Literary Portraits," a most stimulating book, and Thomas Aird's Poems and "Old Bachelor."

Coming alone to Edinburgh when little over fourteen, he commenced an apprenticeship with Mr Colin Sinclair, stationer, etc., Princes Street, but left to finish for bookse ling and publishing with W. Oliphant & Co., South Bridge. On completing his apprenticeship, he passed a winter in Jedburgh, in the office of the "Jedburgh Gazette," where his literary tastes were stimulated, and he obtained some insight into the methods of conducting a country newspaper. Returning to Edinburgh, he entered the services of Messrs John Nimmo's juvenile books, and while with Nimmo Captain Burton's "Ultima Thule, or a Summer in Iceland," was published, and a new edition of Burns' Poems, illustrated by John McWhirter, R.S.A., and he was joint-editor along with the late Mr Thomas Brown, M.A., of the Centenary Edition of Leyden's Poems, published by the Borderers' Union.

While the late Thomas Aird, editor of the "Dumfries Herald," and a native of Bowden, was on his death-bed, Mr Cochrane's "English Essayists" was read to him by his niece, Mrs Smith, and the following letter on the subject from her husband, Mr William Smith, editor of "The Whitehaven Herald," to the Rev. Geo. Gilfillan, is of some interest. "The niece of Mr Aird who wrote to Mr Cochrane was Mrs Smith I know, for she named the book,

BIRTHPLACE OF MR COCHRANE, NEWTOWN ST BOSWELLS.

[From Sketch by Wm. Heatlie.

Menzies & Co., the well-known wholesale booksellers and publishers, where he remained until the autumn of 1873, when, on the recommendation of Mr John Telfer, founder of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, he got an appointment as compiler and literary assistant to Mr W. P. Nimmo, publisher, Edinburgh, and started on his literary career. While with Nimmo and since, he added five volumes to the publisher's useful and popular standard library,—his best known volumes being "The English Essayists," "Treasury of British Eloquence," and "Treasury of Modern Biography." He was fortunate enough to get permission from John Ruskin, J. A. Froude, Thomas Carlyle, and many others, to make use of certain extracts.

Mr Cochrane also wrote or compiled many of

and her reading it to her uncle in one of her letters at the time to me. The book is now mine, having been sent as a present and keepsake of Mr Aird by his sister, Mrs Paisley, to Mrs Smith. The book, as Mr Aird thought, is a charming repertory of tit-bits of English literature and Mrs Smith had got read to him up to about the middle of T. Carlyle. Her mark where she left off still sticks at the place, and is to be kept there."

In June, 1879, Mr Cochrane joined the literary staff of Messrs W. & R. Chambers, where he has remained ever since. For a number of years he was engaged on the staff of the new edition of Chambers' "Encyclopædia," recently completed in 10 volumes. In addition to a large part of the secretarial work connected with that publication

he wrote a number of articles including those on "Book Trade," "Sunday Schools," Profit Sharing," &c. He has since contributed many articles to "Chambers' Journal," and has otherwise assisted the editor, Mr C. E. S. Chambers.

Among other books compiled and edited for that firm are "Good and Great Women." "Recent Travel and Adventure," "Great Thinkers and Workers," "Beneficent and Useful Lives," and a biographical series including lives of Sir Walter Scott, Watt, Stephenson, Napoleon, &c. Andrew Carnegie thought the sketch of himself in "Beneficent and Useful Lives" was the best and fullest he had seen. He has also edited "Romance of Industry and Invention," "Four Hundred Animal Stories," "More Animal Stories" with the story of "Rab and his Friends"—a series of 5s volumes, "Venture and Valour." &c., containing adventure stories for boys.

Mr Cochrane has written many hundreds of newspaper and magazine articles for such newspapers and periodicals as "Chambers' Journal," "British Weekly," "Christian World," "Christian Leader," "Great Thoughts," "Pen and Pencil," "People's Friend," "Family Friend," "British Workman," "Engineer," "Westminster Budget" (by the editor of which he was commissioned to work up an illustrated article on "J. M. Barrie and Thrums"), "Scotsman," "Glasgow Herald," "Scottish Leader," "Evening Dispatch," "Inverness Courier," "Old and Young," "Border Counties Magazine," "Southern Reporter," &c., &c. He contributed a paper on the Editor of the "Scotsman" to an early number of the "British Weekly," and his sketch of "Tibbie Shiels," in a notice of a cycling tour to St Mary's Loch, is quoted in Kempt's "Convivial Caledonia." He first suggested the reporting of Dr Whyte's "Bunyan Lectures" in the "Christian Leader," which were done for some years by his sister, now Mrs Evan J. Cuthbertson, of Edinburgh. The reporting of these addresses was afterwards taken up by the "British Weekly," the reports being latterly supplied by Dr Whyte himself, and these lectures, which were deservedly popular, have now been published in various volumes.

The Editor of the "British Weekly," Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, L.L.D., wrote Mr Cochrane to find out the authorship of a facetious article which appeared in the "Edinburgh Evening Dispatch," he communicated with the editor of that paper, and soon J. M. Barrie was unearthed and writing as Gavin Ogilvy in that publication. The "Thrums" sketches came soon after.

Mr Cochrane is an enthusiastic cyclist, and has travelled several thousand miles in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, and in the North of England, gathering, as he went, many treasures of local and historic notes to be used in his various writings. He has also been in the habit of writing sketches of his various holiday haunts including "In Strathspey" for "Glasgow Herald," "Round Loch Rannoch in a Mail Cart" for "Pall Mall Gazette," "Visit to the Roman Wall at Brampton" for the "Scottish Leader," "Three Thousand Miles in a Trader," a trip in the summer of 1885 to North Germany, Sweden, Holland, and Belgium, which was first read at a meeting of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, and many others.

As a Borderer Mr Cochrane has taken a warm interest in the Edinburgh Union since its start in 1874. He was one of the original members and has been an office-bearer from the first, acting as the first secretary for a time, and also as vice-president. He has prepared and read numerous papers to meetings of the Union, including, besides the one mentioned, others on "Some Good Investments," "Alex. Anderson, (Surfaceman)," etc., etc., and has repeatedly given short addresses on various subjects. Although Mr Cochrane has always been a true Liberal in politics and an ardent social reformer—anxious to do what he could to promote the welfare of his fellow-men—he has not taken any active part in political wire-pulling—preferring to act in a private capacity. In 1886 and since, he has been with the Unionist party. Notwithstanding a great amount of literary work, he has found time to interest himself in Church matters. For many years he was connected with Hope Park U.F. Church, and in 1874 was presented with a handsome writing desk on retiring from the Presidency of the Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association. He was also on the Committee of that Church, along with his elder brother, of the United Free Church offices, which got up a series of popular lectures by Dr Donaldson, Dr Jex Blake, Gerald Massey, etc. Afterwards he was a member of St Michael's Church (Dr Geo. Wilson's), and took an active interest in the work. He was President of the Young Men's Guild for six years, and was mainly instrumental in starting the Guild Library. He instituted "Rambles" for the Guild on the summer Saturday afternoons, exploring the Pentlands and various other places of interest in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

In February, 1892, he was presented by the members with a splendid reading lamp and barometer as tokens of their esteem. He was also the originator of a Children's Service at St Michael's, and has addressed many Children's Meetings there and elsewhere. Since then he was for a time President of a Christian Endeavour Society, and has interested himself in various Children's Services.

Nor has he neglected his own self-improvement. In addition to attending various literary societies and taking part in essays and discussions, he has taken classes at the School of Arts, now the Heriot-Watt College, in English Literature, Geology, Natural Philosophy, French, Physiography, etc., and gained the first prize offered by the Watt Literary Association to members of Dr Pryde's English Literature Class for the best poem on "The Sun." Mr T. C. Martin, now editor of the "Dundee Advertiser," gained the second prize. He has also written numerous fugitive verses of high merit, one of which, "A Valley of Peace," appeared in "Ladhope Leaves."

In 1878 he married Miss Jane Anne Fyfe, who takes a great interest in his literary work (and, if we mistake not, writes a little herself), and also gave him much assistance in his Church and Guild services. A joint production was a child's "Coloured Bible for the Young," published by Routledge. His family consists of two sons and two daughters.

Mr Cochrane is a modest and unassuming man, but a cheerful and entertaining companion, and has gained many warm friends by his genial and obliging disposition. When he first commenced to speak in public his bashfulness was so great that his first paper (Sept. 1875), to the Borderers' Union, entitled "James Dodds, Author of the 50 Years' Struggle of the Scottish Covenanters," was read by his brother. By dint of constant cultivation, however, he has become a fluent and ready speaker,

and is always listened to with pleasure and interest. His words are well chosen and carefully express his meaning, and his subjects being always fully thought out, are readily followed and understood. "Some Bits of Suburban Edinburgh," and "Booker T. Washington," his latest public addresses were much appreciated by all who heard them.

Mr Cochrane is a great friend and supporter of the BORDER MAGAZINE, and has contributed many interesting articles to its pages.

As a writer, Mr Cochrane's chief forte is biography. He has a clear and forcible style of pure English, and his facts can always be relied on as accurate. He takes no end of pains to secure all information regarding his subjects, and these he dresses up and arranges with discrimination, rejecting the doubtful and trivial. His future career will be watched with interest by many friends and acquaintances in the Borders and elsewhere.

Being still a comparatively young man, it may be asked how he has been able to accomplish such an immense amount of work. The answer is by method and steady perseverance. By these means alone can anything of value be accomplished. Genius has been defined as the art of taking pains, and with this genius Mr Cochrane is largely endowed.

Sir Peter Laurie: A Family Memoir.

BY PETER G. LAURIE, F.R.G.S.

[Printed for Private Circulation.]

SCOTSMEN, and especially Borderers, will learn with much interest that a memoir of Sir Peter Laurie, whose life formed the subject of an article in the BORDER MAGAZINE for November, 1900, has recently appeared. Born of Border parentage at Sandersdean, near Haddington, in the year 1778, this esteemed Scotsman was educated at Haddington Grammar School, and, being intended for the ministry, he there got the rudiments of sound education, which was afterwards to serve him in good stead. These plans having to be abandoned, he was apprenticed as a saddler. Early in life he proceeded to London and prospered beyond expectation in business and in civic duties. He received the honour of knighthood in 1824, was Lord Mayor of London for the year from November, 1832, and after a most useful life he died on 3rd December, 1861.

Mr Laurie, who is the author of several other works, is to be complimented and congratulated upon the successful way in which he has treated his subject. His aim was "to furnish a true and impartial record of a career, of which his [Sir Peter's] family may well be proud, in the hope that it may serve as an incentive to them and to future generations, to strive to rival the good name and the worthy example, which he has left behind." In his object the author has been eminently successful. Mr Laurie, who is a grand-nephew of Sir Peter Laurie, has spared no effort in connection with his theme. He has personally visited the lands of his forefathers, made investigation into the registers of the different parishes into which they migrated, and has corroborated and supplemented his information with extracts from every conceivable source. In other chapters he has availed himself to some degree of the reports in the prominent London newspapers of that period. Such and numerous other sources of information have been dealt with by a proclive pen, and the work bespeaks a large amount of research and patient extracting. The memoir is dedicated to the memory of the author's family, who "reared from his earliest years under his [Sir Peter's] kindly guardianship and care, learned to venerate his sterling character, and to reverence his liberal, disinterested, and unobtrusive generosity."

The work, for the letterpress of which Messrs Wilson & Whitworth, Ltd., Brentwood, are responsible, is tastefully bound in green cloth, and consists of about 350 pages. Inserted at the end of the volume are four genealogical charts, which show at a glance the family connections. A resourceful index is appended to the work. The volume also contains full-page plates of Sir Peter Laurie, Rev. John Brown of Haddington, Rev. Edward Irving, Mrs Montagu, Sir David Wilkie, William Jerdan, and George Peabody. Of these, decidedly the finest is that of Sir Peter Laurie, which, forming the frontispiece, shows him in his robes of mayoralty.

This most enjoyable volume is printed for private circulation amongst members of the family and friends. It is unfortunate that its circulation is thus restricted, as we have no doubt that such a work, dealing, as it does—in addition to its interest as the biography of an eminent and typical Scotsman—with the social history of an interesting period, will have its claims upon the public. Why should not a second edition of this interesting biography be published, and thus bring it within the reach of all?

G. W.

A COINCIDENCE.—One hundred years ago, Ashiestiel Mansion House was occupied by Sir Walter Scott, then Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and there he wrote his "Marmion," making the district classic ground. Now, a century later, Ashiestiel is again occupied by a successor in the sheriffdom, in the person of the present holder, Sheriff Salvesen.

A Border Flying Machine.

By George Desson, Alva.

ALTHOUGH a few years have passed since the inventor of the famous "Border Flying Machine" went the way of all flesh, the name of George Reavely will yet be familiar to many of the readers of the Border Magazine, and perhaps a brief history of the invention may be read with interest.

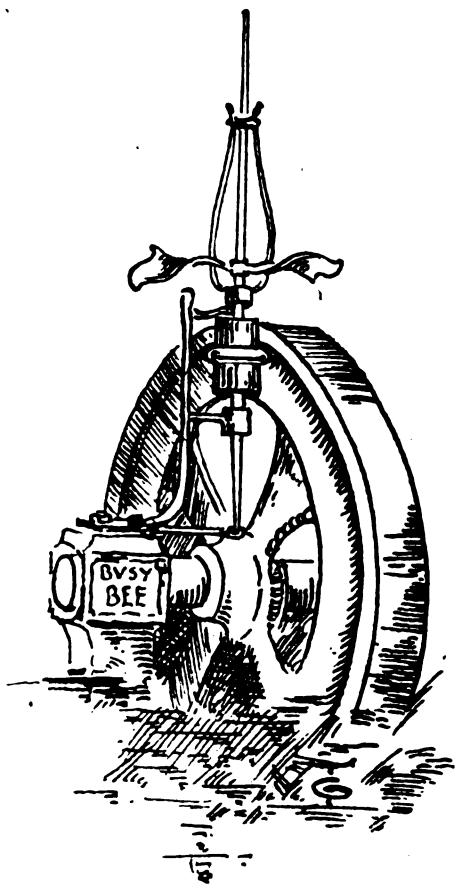
It may be mentioned at the outset that Mr Reavely was not a "one idea man," for he had been the most versatile inhabitant of Galashiels for well-nigh fifty years. On the public platform, both in and out of doors, he did battle for public rights, holding large public meetings spellbound by his sarcasm and wit. In his day there were few scientific men in Scotland who did not have an interview with this Border genius or pay a visit to his mechanical sanctum adjoining the stables of the Commercial Hotel, Galashiels, where his celebrated mechanical achievement was to be seen. We claim no pretentions to scientific knowledge, but we must confess to having long entertained a desire to see Mr Reavely's aerial curiosity, and by the kindness of the inventor we had the opportunity a few months before his death to inspect and witness the invention at work.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MACHINE.

The apparatus consists of an upright iron spindle or shaft, on which are fitted the wings, also of iron, and a friction pulley and lifting flange, which is arranged so as to press against the fly-wheel of a gas engine while in motion. The shaft is thus driven round with such velocity as to cause the wings to ascend, while the flange, which fits into a grove in the fly-wheel, is supposed to lift the entire construction into the air. Of course, Mr Reavely's invention was then but a model, and, as he remarked to the writer, "before it can be put to a practical test some enterprising capitalist would have to come to his rescue."

A TALK WITH THE INVENTOR.

Having got our first lesson on aerial navigation, I felt a desire to question the inventor on the history of his project, and finding Mr Reavely a cheerful and communicative person, we asked how he first conceived the idea of mechanical flight. He replied, "Goethe says we feel in us the germs of facilities which we must not expect to see developed in this life, and one of these is undoubtedly that of flying. While formerly the clouds, sailing high above me, made me long to accompany them to distant countries, I now feel a still more intense desire to follow them when standing on a lofty peak. I see them wafted beneath me. From this desire the question arose in my mind whether it was not possible to make a mechanical contrivance which might enable me to mount up towards the clouds. I set my inventive instincts to work. I first betook myself to the feathered tribe for the purpose of gaining knowledge, and much sleep, time, and money, I assure you, did I lose in my pursuit. In the midst of my studies I had to remove to the village of Stow, where my spare time was wholly taken up with this subject. Abandoning the feathered tribe as a guide I next betook myself to the bat, and having considered his weight of body, stretch of wing, &c., I was satisfied that



he was little other than a common house-sparrow. My attention was next directed to the 'bumbee.' At this point a townsman got hold of my project and alluded to it in the following rhyme:—

That a flying machine is being planned at the Stow,
But none but the builders as yet can say how;
It's enough, she's elastic, capacious and clean,
What a splendid concern is the flying machine.

Considering the bee's daily employment and its weight of body, with a load of honey on its transit to the hive, I thought within myself where can I see a better model in Nature's laws for imitation than the busy bee? I did not attempt to weigh either its wings, body, or honey, but I discovered its mode of flight with the aid of a miscroscope. I captured a bee and made him prisoner under a glass. Next I feasted him well on sweet ale until he was drunk, and as he wrestled to ascend I observed he had nine couplets on one side of the one wing and nine on the other, which hooked and formed a half circle, and, when flying, beat and consolidated the atmosphere, so to speak. I now set to work on this principle, with the result that through the kindness of Mr Maxwell, of the Commercial Hotel, I had the model which you now see at work attached to his gas engine. You will notice that the wings are formed so as to imitate the bee in its flight, and, with a speed of thousands of thousands of revolutions, will carry a weight three or four times that of its own body. The wings cover a radius of eight inches, and are seven ounces in weight, and in shape something in the form of the Archimedian screw, and when in full motion the operator can either make it rise or fall at his discretion. Hundreds have seen my model at work, including many engineers from America and elsewhere, and not one has denied that the principle is practical, and, if put to the test, would undoubtedly solve the important question of aerial navigation. I have shown my model once in Glasgow and Liverpool, and twice in London. I have seen a description of the latest attempt at a flying machine on the principle of the flying fox, said to cost £1000; but, without attempting to discuss the probabilities of its success, I will only say the invention is wrong in principle."

Here I bid the genial old man a hearty good-day. Our illustration of the "Border Flying Machine" is from a drawing taken by Mr George Tait, artist. Galashiels. at the time of the writer's interview with the inventor.

The Scottish Aldershot.

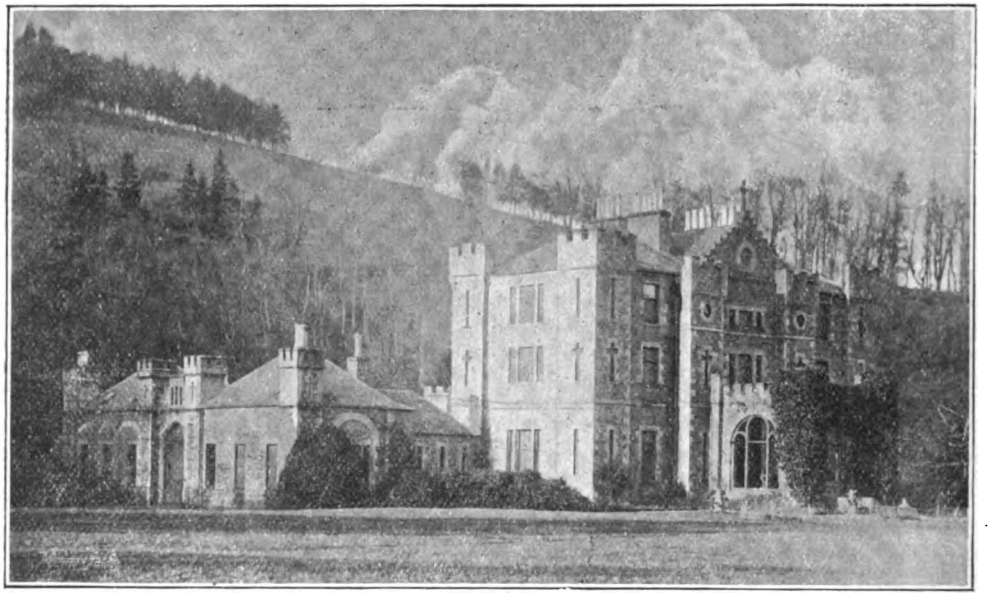
FOR many generations peace and quietness have been the outstanding features of the once disturbed and disturbing Borderland, but the recent action of our War Office will tend to restore to some extent the warlike glories of the past. It is true that the clang of arms and the rattle of musketry will be in the interests of "Defence, not defiance," and will bring fear and trembling to no homestead. Yet the establishment of a great military camp will undoubtedly bring about very considerable changes in the social life of the people in and around Hawick. The estate of Stobs, which has been bought for the above purpose by the Government, and is now the scene of one of the greatest military gatherings in modern times, is thus described in the new guide book published by Mr James Edgar, to whom we are indebted for the use of the block illustrating Stobs Castle:—

The principal road to the new military training ground lies up the picturesque valley of the Slitrig. Just as the Upper Teviot valley forms the cradle of the Clan Scott, so this lesser valley of the Slitrig may be designated the land of the Gladstains, that once powerful Border family—allied to the Scotts of Buccleuch and the Douglases of Cavers—and the original stock from whom the great modern statesman, W. E. Gladstone, was descended. The Gladstains at one time possessed all the valley, including Cocklaw, Hilliesland, Hummelknowes, Whitlaw, Flex, Acreknowe, Winningtonrig, Dod, Stobs, Adderstone, and Coliforthill. The records show that many of the places named have frequently suffered from ravage of warfare and harrying of raiders. Whitlaw in particular appears to have been a great attraction, Walter Gladstain, brother of the laird of Cocklaw, losing his life in rising to the fray and attempting to rescue his kinsman, John Gladstains of Whitlaw's cattle from "certain English and Scotch thieves." The Gladstains were also Town Clerks of Hawick for three generations.

About four miles from Hawick, on the banks of the Slitrig, stands Stobs Castle. The estate of Stobs for centuries was the possession of the well-known Border family of Eliott, but last year it was acquired by the Government as part of their extensive military training ground in the district. A famous Eliott of Stobs was "Gibbie wi' the gowden gartens," who gratefully acknowledged the services of the good men of Hawick in saving his life in a fray in the streets of the town with the fire eating Scotts of Northhouse. His descendant was the gallant defender of Gibraltar, Lord Heathfield. A few words descriptive of the ground acquired by the Government may here not be out of place.

In addition to being intersected for several miles by that great military defensive line, the antiquarian-puzzling Catrail, the training ground is plentifully studded over with ancient forts, many of which have never been properly examined or

explored. Going from east to west, there are two at South Berryfell, on the Stobs estate. Opposite these, across the Slitrig, on the farm of Shankend, there is one of the finest and most extensive specimens of ancient fortification in the district, presenting several peculiar features, and commanding a magnificent prospect northward down the valley of the Slitrig, and southwards towards the watershed with Liddesdale. Proceeding westward there is another fine camp on Newton Hill, another on Dodburn Hill, two on Penchrise Pen, and a fine specimen in close proximity to the Catrail, overlooking the intake to the Dodburn water supply. At the foot of the Burgh Hill there is another, and on the summit of that hill there is a very extensive fortification, and a circle of stones supposed to be Druidical. Crossing the Allan Water there is a fort near Stobit Cote on the farm of Skelfhill.



STOBS CASTLE.

Describing the natural features of the ground it may be remarked that the training ground is bounded by the Slitrig valley on the east, the great ridge of watershed between Liddesdale and Teviotdale on the south, stretching from the Limekilnedge to Mosspaul, part of the Teviot valley on the west, and the valley of the Allan and the estates belonging to the Burgh, Mr Elliot of Flex, and Captain Palmer Douglas of Cavers on the north. The main valley of the Slitrig stretches from Acreknowe to Shankend for five miles, where the Slitrig is formed by the junction of the Long Burn and the Langside Burn. Shankend Hill, which lies between the valleys formed by these two burns, rises to a height of 1345 feet. The valley formed by the Langside Burn is one of the finest of Border glens, and stretches for four or five miles from Shankend to the heather-clad slopes of Gritmoor, and embracing the beautiful twin peaks of the Maiden Paps. West of the Langside Burn the ground rises in a long ridge culminating in the Pike, 1515 feet high, beyond which lies the extensive glen of the Penchrise Burn, stretching upwards from the Slitrig to Peelbraehope, a distance of about three miles, and from Peelbraehope a mile or two further on to the watershed at Priesthaugh Swire, near which is the famous mire where Queen Mary's palfrey got into difficulties on her romantic journey from Jedburgh to Hermitage. Crossing the Penchrise Burn, a steep slope leads to the top of Penchrise Pen, one of the most commanding heights in the district, and 1438 feet high. From here, looking directly northward, Winningtonrig stands out boldly amid its environment of trees. Still another valley runs northward from Barnes Moss, past Barnes to Stobs station. Further north again is the valley of the Acreknowe Burn (which bounds the Stobs estate on the north), the property of the Burgh of Hawick, and the Dodburn reservoir, which lies between the farm of Acreknowe and that of Pilmuir, belonging to the burgh. From Penchrise Pen the descent is into the valley of the Allan with its tributary valley of the Dod. Crossing the Dod, the Burgh Hill, 1003 feet, and the Grey Coat Hill, 1239 feet, lie between the Dodburn and the Allan Water. The Allan valley stretches for a mile or two through the farms of Skelfhill and Priesthaugh, the home of the famous minstrel, "Rattlin', Roarin' Willie," divided in its upper reaches into the two fine glens of the Priesthaugh and Skelfhill Burns, between which the huge and imposing dome of Cauldcleuch looms up on the watershed to the height of over 2000 feet. Overlooking these two glens on the west is the steep cone of Skelfhill Pen, 1745 feet. Behind Cauldcleuch, Tudhope Hill rises to a height of 1961 feet, dominating the romantic pass up to Frostylee and Linhope glens.

This beautiful valley is classic through the wild stirring verse of the ballad of Jamie Telfer and the poetic prose of the Wordsworths.

These natural features of the ground are such as will lend themselves most admirably for the purposes of a great military training ground, the glens being so extensive, several of them miles in extent. Although there is little wood, except in the vicinity of the banks of the Slitrig, the highest ground is of a very rugged character, there being extensive peat hags on several of the heights, so that a whole army could be concealed on the hill tops without being observed from the surrounding country.

The district is the classic ground of the old mosstroopers, or Border reivers, and no finer ground could be found for the training of cavalry or mounted infantry, comprising as it does all kinds of natural obstacles, and calling into play the finest equestrian skill. And it is worthy of remark that the skill of the old mosstroopers in piloting their way on horseback across the intricate country still survives amongst the hard-riding members of the Jedforest, the Border, and the Liddesdale Hunts.

Hawick Common-Riding Songs.

MESSRS W. & J KENNEDY, the enterprising Hawick publishers, have issued a new edition of their Common-Riding Songs, which is sure to command a large sale this season, owing to the large influx of military visitors who will be in the brave old Border town. Mr John Kennedy who, by his patient researches, has already done some good antiquarian work, has succeeded in unearthing the names of five Cornets hitherto unknown, viz., from 1713 to 1718. This makes the list complete from 1703, with one or two exceptions, and all the names are given in the above-named booklet. In addition to the well-known songs, the old customs connected with the great event are well described and explained. We have pleasure in quoting the opening chapter:—

HAWICK COMMON-RIDING.

"Gray traditions gather round
Church and tower and town."—R.S.C.

The old and at one time necessary custom of riding the marches owing to the lack of fences and walls has retained its hold upon the citizens of Hawick, and seems destined to go down to future generations. This is no doubt largely owing to the fact that the ancient history of the town, as evidenced by its famous war-cry, is enshrined in the comparatively modern custom. The slogan of Teribus ye Teri-odin clearly throws its history back to Pagan times, and many of the time-honoured ceremonies confirm this, such as the procession at sunrise to the Moat, the wearing of oak leaves, and the date of the festival, near the summer solstice—the time of the Beltane fires. The modern songs which are wedded to the ancient tune brings back the gloomy memories of Flodden only to brighten up the bravery of the young men who avenged that fatal field and preserved their inheritance from further plunder. These songs have done more than anything else to keep alive the old clan feeling, and to serve as a rallying cry for Teries in all parts of the world. The annual festival at which they are sung keeps the youngest of the inhabitants in touch with the old traditions, and welds the inhabitants together in a way almost unknown in any other town of its size. The most popular version of the song is the one by James Hogg, who was born in Hawick in 1780, and died 18th October, 1838. (See tablet on house in Loan.) It has been much corrupted both in arrangement and in the text, but the true version is given here as revised and corrected by the Author. The other and older version of the song was written by Arthur Balbirnie, who came to Hawick from Dunfermline at the latter end of the eighteenth century. It is now sung at the Tower after the Cornet's breakfast as the mounting song. The consistent tradition—a very old tradition—is that Surrey, the year after Flodden, ravaged the whole of Teviotdale, and while one of his bands was returning to England, was intercepted at Hornshole, about two miles below the town, on the Teviot, by the young men of Hawick, who routed the English marauders and took their colour—a pennon, blue ground, with gold cross. Their "auld enemies" thus defeated seem to have been retainers of the Priory of St Andrew at Hexham, and would most probably be part of the troops under the command of Lord Dacre, who was Warden of the East and Middle Marches. Readers who wish further information on this interesting event should consult "The Hawick Tradition of 1514," by Messrs Craig and Laing.

The same firm have issued a set of Common-Riding illustrated post cards, which are by far the best we have seen, and we can imagine the pleasure which will be experienced by "Teries" in distant lands who receive these realistic pictures of the familiar scenes. The packet is sold at sixpence, while the Song Book costs only one penny.

DEATH OF SELKIRK'S OLDEST INHABITANT.—On Thursday, 19th March, 1903, a link with the commencement of last century was broken, by the death of Mrs John Wilson, at the age of 95 years. Mrs Wilson, who was the oldest inhabitant of the town, was a native of Canonbie, in Dumfriesshire, but lived most of her life at Newcastleton village. Her maiden name was Hope, and she was the grand-niece of Mungo Park. Her faculties were remarkably acute for a person of her age; she was able to read and sew, without the aid of spectacles—which she never wore—till within a week of her death. She outlived her husband and all her family, of whom there were nine. Her death occurred at the house of her grand-daughter, Mrs Walter Scott, Forest Road. The period of her life extended through the reigns of five sovereigns.

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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, 1903.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

SOME time ago we pointed out that it was quite impossible for us to give biographical sketches of all the Borderers we should like to mention in these pages, if we waited until we could devote the leading article to each, and we expressed our desire to receive from our readers short one column sketches of prominent Borderers accompanied by sharp clear photos of the subjects. As we hope to begin a series of brief Border Biographies in our next issue, we again invite the co-operation of our readers.

WHILE we have every reason to feel gratified by the continued appreciation of our efforts to produce a bright readable Magazine, we again invite our readers to assist us in extending the circle of our Subscribers. "Do you read the BORDER MAGAZINE?" is a very fair question to put to any Borderer who has the love of the homeland at heart (what Borderer has not?), and that simple query may have far-reaching effects, or elicit the pleasing information, "Yes! I take it regularly and have the volumes all bound."

The Border Keep.

The four following interesting paragraphs selected from the "Southern Reporter," are by the talented Edinburgh correspondent of that widely-circulated journal:—

ETTRICK PARISH LIBRARY.

The Rev. George Mackenzie, minister of Ettrick, is proceeding apace in his efforts to rehabilitate the old parish library, and as a result of a house to house collection throughout the parish has raised between £6 and £7. An Edinburgh publisher, on the matter being mentioned to him, sent a box containing 25 volumes of his own publications. The desire for the library is keen, as is shown by the way the books in the Sunday School Library are read and enjoyed. Mr Mackenzie has lent many of his own volumes, and "David Copperfield" was welcomed in a lonely cottage up the Rankle Burn. The library can be traced back to the time when a few shepherds used to meet here and there on winter nights for self-improvement; the Ettrick Shepherd was a member, and refers to it in one of his papers. The library some twelve years ago fell out of use; a large proportion of the volumes were found to be useless, although there are still a small number of the original stock available. It is to give freshness and a new start to the library that the minister of Ettrick has taken the matter in hand, and everyone who knows the scattered nature of the parish of Ettrick, with its population of about 330, will wish the matter every success. I remember calling on Mr Irvine, the schoolmaster at Westerkirk, near Langholm, and found the library there, housed in a special building near the schoolhouse, contained eight thousand volumes, mostly bound in half-calf. That they have such a good library there is greatly owing to a bequest by Thomas Telford, the engineer, who left an endowment for this library and also that of Langholm. There is a charge of 10s 6d for entry money, and a small annual charge afterwards. The day of the full moon, or the day following, is that appointed for the exchange of books. It has been a common thing for the Eskdale shepherd to take a volume of Shakespeare, Prescott, or Macaulay to the hillside, in his plaid, and read under the open heaven, when weather conditions are favourable, and the care of his flocks so permitted.

ADAM SCOTT OF UPPER DALGLEISH.

Charles Mayne Young, the tragedian, mentions that his father, a well-known clergyman, left behind him some records of a remarkable man, Mr Adam Scott of Upper Dalgleish. Mr Young had an uncle who traded with him, and from him he had many quotations from Adam Scott's prayer, of which this is a sample:—"We particularly thank Thee for Thy great goodness to Meg; and that it ever came into your head to tak' ony thought o' sic a useless bow-wow as her (alluding to a little girl of his own who had been miraculously saved from drowning). For Thy mercy's sake—for the sake o' Thy puir sinfu' creatures now addressing Thee in their ain shilly shally way; and, for the sake o' mair than we daur weel name to Thee, hae mercy on our Rob. Ye ken' yersel', he's a wild, mischievous callant, and thinks nae mair o' committin' sin than a dog does o' licking a dish. But put Thy hook intil his nose, and Thy bridle intil his gab, and gar him come back to Thee wi' a jerk that he'll no' forget the langest day he has to live. Dinna forget puir Jamie, who's far awa' frae us the nicht. Keep Thy arm o' power about him, and, ech, sirs, I wish ye wad endow him wi' a little spunk and smeddum to act for hissel'; for if ye dinna, he'll be but a bauchle i' this world, and a back sitter in the next. Thou hast added ane to our family. [N.B.—One of his sons had married against his approbation.] So has been Thy will. It wad never hae been mine, but if it is of Thee, do Thou bless the connection. But, if the fule hath done it out o' carnal desire, against a' reason and credit, may the cauld rain o' adversity settle in his habitation."

* * *

SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS AND THE PENCHRISE WATCH.

Sir George Douglas, who is rapidly becoming ubiquitous as an author, has written a novel, "The Man of Letters," which will be published shortly. He is busy now with General Wauchope's Life, and has received important assistance from the family; he has written the article on Robert Burns, which appears in the Burns' number of the "Bookman" for April. He is a great friend of Rev. Dr Robertson Nicoll, the editor. Still another paper of his appears in the April "Life and Work." In this article Sir George makes the ingenious suggestion that the watch picked up by a Border shepherd in 1817 on Penchrise Farm, near Hawick, and now in possession of Mr Gideon Pott, of Knowesouth, near Jedburgh, may have been dropped by Queen Mary on that ill-fated ride to see Bothwell at Hermitage Castle. There is a gold watch of which there is no doubt about the lineage that it really belonged to Queen Mary, in possession of Mr Fraser Tytler of Woodhouselee, near Edinburgh. Sir George has a genuine literary gift, and is a genuine country gentleman of letters.

* * *

THE LATE BISHOP OF LONDON ON THE BORDERS.

When the late Mandell Creighton, afterwards Bishop of London, was Vicar of Embleden, Northumberland, he made a thorough study of old Border conditions and life in old Northumberland. He was one of those who believed that English history was at bottom a provincial history. In a paper on the Northumberland Border, published in a volume of his last essays, he answers the question as to how there came to be a Borderland at all. The northern Borderland, he says, was the creation of the Romans, who mapped it out with accuracy and defined its limits. Some permanent results of Roman occupation were that they marked out the territory between the Solway and the Clyde on the west, and the Tyne and Forth on the east, to be a land of contention and debate, and it so remained with this character until the middle of the eighteenth century.

* * *

To the "Glasgow Evening News" I am indebted for the three items which follow:—

Dalkeith Palace, the headquarters of His Majesty during his recent visit to Scotland, has had other associations with Royalty. It was in the neighbourhood that the luckless James IV. met Princess Margaret of England, who afterwards became his Queen. But it is only within recent times that it has come to be regarded as the temporary residence of the Sovereign during visits to the Scottish capital. George IV. and Queen Victoria, accompanied by Prince Albert, have successively visited the mansion. The palatial pile was built by the Duchess of Monmouth, wife of the ill-fated son of Charles II., and was designed by Sir John Vanbrugh. Its extensive park is supposed to enclose a remnant of the ancient Caledonian Forest.

* * *

St Cuthbert, whose festival occurred on 20th March, may be termed the St Patrick of Great Britain. The anniversary of his death was a great festival in the Early English Church, which commemorated also September 4th as the anniversary of the day on which his body was translated to Durham. No shrine was more lavishly adorned with gold, silver, and precious stones, and it was believed to work daily miracles; the saint's asceticism long lingered round his tomb, and no woman was permitted to approach his shrine before the Reformation. A cloth with which he is said to have covered the chalice was enclosed in a silk banner, and employed in gaining victories for the Plantagenet Kings of England. It appeared at Neville's Cross in 1346, at Flodden, and at the taking of Berwick by Edward III.

* * *

In the spring of the year many of the Covenanting monuments in the uplands of Ayrshire and Galloway get a fresh coating of paint. Recently (writes a correspondent) I came upon an old shepherd, who was busily engaged in renovating a tombstone, which has been his special care for a period of at least fifty years. The work is pre-eminently a labour of love; and the venerable enthusiast intimated that, as tourists are annually finding their way to the grey Galloway land in increasing numbers, it was necessary that he should take every pains with it. But he stoutly contended that the revived interest in the "Killing Times" had not been excited by the writings of Crockett and other popular novelists, but by sympathy with the principles for which the martyrs suffered.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The Last of the Reivers,

or Christie's Will.

From the Manuscript of John Armstrong of Ridleyhaugh, commonly known as "Jock the Scholard."

By John G. Galbraith,

Author of "His Own Opinion," "A Revised Version," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

The Reiving of Lord Durie.

NEXT morning both Will and I were early astir, I eager to see the wonderful sights of the city, and he eager to unearth his prey and seize upon a favourable moment when his project could be executed. He left me before noon, and I was at liberty to wander about the city wheresoever I chose. Never before had I been within the boundaries of a city of any considerable magnitude, indeed my visit to Jedburgh was the first occasion I had visited even a decently large town. Eskdale folks never travel far afield, so the High Street of Edinburgh, with its quaint houses built on the top of the other as I thought, the throng of people who went to and fro, the many curious shops with the portly merchants gossiping before the doorways, was an unfailing source of interest in my eyes. Near the Cross, where the lawyers with their robes and wigs ran in and out of the court-house, I entered one of the little shops, being desirous of taking home a "fairing" to my lass, and after much bickering with the dealer I purchased a shawl of Paisley wool, bright scarlet in hue, which I thought would set out the bonnie face of the quean I loved so well. I also climbed up the hill, and peeping through the Castle gates I beheld the soldiers manœuvring on the parade ground, but I was fortunate enough to see a rarer sight when I found my way down to the ancient royal palace of Holyrood. There, whilst I stood gazing, I saw a party of horsemen enter 'neath its portal, and a soldier of the guard, whom I accosted, kindly pointed out the King, who rode at their head, and named the other nobles in attendance. I vow I never saw a bonnier man bestride a horse than His Majesty, and little recked he that day, that ere long his bonnie head would part company with his shoulders at the request of the headsman's axe. The Duke of Argyll and my kinsman's patron Traquair, rode close behind the Sovereign, and I thought that none in all that gallant company looked better than the Earl whom Will had plighted his troth to serve.

The sights I saw that day in Edinburgh have long lingered in my memory, and many a time have I related to the Eskdale folk how I beheld our unfortunate King ride into the palace where his sires had often held joyous revelry. It was near even when, the claims of my stomach demanding attention, I returned to our lodgings in the Grassmarket. On enquiring I found that my kinsman had not returned, and as I sat at supper my fancy drew forth pictures of the evils that might have befallen the blunt outspoken reiver in the great city, and dreading my task if I should be compelled by fate to return to Eskdale unaccompanied by my sweetheart's sire. I was somewhat relieved when I heard his heavy step ascending the stair, and his cheerie voice greeting our landlord. When he entered the room I saw by his hopeful mien that some progress had been made toward the execution of his self-imposed task.

"Man, Jock, ye birkie," quoth he, in high glee, "gin it be true that 'the deil's bairns hae their daddy's luck,' I maun be Auld Hornie's eldest son an' heir, for everything seems to hae wrought richt this day. Efter I gat into the High Street I began to spier for Lord Durie's hoose. Weel, a lord o' session maun be a big wig?"—"He is that," interrupted I—"for everyane kent his abode, an' sune I was standin' forneut it, an' I even saw the auld deil come struttin' oot, clad in his grand robes, as prood as a peacock wi' its tails up.

That was the first bit luck. Next I forgethered wi' a decent lad wha acts as kin' o' stable-hand to Sir Sandy, an' by giein' him a gill or twa I gat as muckle information aboot the auld deil as I need. It seems he tak's a bit canter his lane on the Sands o' Leith ilka mornin' afore breakin' his fast, an' it's there we'll need to nab him, we'll never get a better chance. I went doon to Leith, an' gin we can get him oot o' sicht o' the hooses we are a' richt. Dod callant, it'll be a grand ploy reivin' a lord o' Session aff like as gin he were a nowt. The mair I think it ower the better I like it"—and then he told me his plans whereby he would try to beguile Lord Durie away to a spot where he could seize him, and then—"Gilnockie as hard as Bess can gang."

I told him how I had employed my time, and exhibited my purchase to him. "Lod, man, whan I was courtin' Jean Crozier, Maggie's departed mother, when I wanted to please her and deck her oot in braws, I just to horse and crossed the Esk, an' then some Cumberland dame bewailed the loss o' a bonnie shawl or gown. Ay, I mind when we first set up hoose, I rade owre the length o' Gilsland, an' cam' hame again wi' a pair o' guid blankets across ma shoulder, an' ma spear stuck through a well-stuffed tick; by govy, I got ma lugs warmed that same nicht for dingin' holes in Jean's bridal beddin'. Another time, I cam' frae Bewcastle wi' a sonsy kail-pat swingin' frae ma spearheid, but o' a' the strange things that ever were lifted an' carried into Eskdale, I warrant there never was a queerer than the prey we'll ride ower the muirs wi' the morn if a' goes well. The morn's ploy 'ill be spoken aboot on the Marches while ae stane stands to mark where Gilnockie stood." So, full of his projected exploit, Will went to bed to dream of it, whilst I lay awake wondering what Father Bertram would say if he heard that his favourite pupil was assisting in the most daring reive ever attempted.

Early on the Friday morning we bade our host farewell, and set forth nominally on our return journey. We rode down the still quiet High Street, and once out of the city we crossed the valley, and soon got sight of the waters of the Firth glinting in answer to the early sunbeams. When we felt our horses' hoofs leave the mossy turf for the yielding sand of the common, we parted company according to our previous agreement. Whilst Will rode over the sands towards the town of Leith, I made off toward an unfrequented portion of the common covered with furzy growth, and known as the Frigate Whins. Here, where I was completely concealed from the vision of any persons in the houses, I dismounted and awaited developments. Will continued to ride to and fro, awaiting the

coming of his prey, and a good half-hour elapsed ere he saw the old judge canter on to the common. I, eagerly peering through the whins, saw Will accost the wizened old man, who sat astride a big high-stepping Belgian charger. This was my first glimpse of Lord Traquair's enemy, and no wonder, thought I, that the Earl got the lady. "It's a braw mornin', ma lord," cried Will, as he rode alongside.

"Sirrah, I know naught of thee," tersely replied the Lord President.

"Maybe no," answered Will cheerily, "although everybody kens Lord Durie. I hae a plea comin' afore the Court, an' I wad like to hae privy converse wi' ye anent it."

Will seeing that his original scheme was of no avail, quickly changed his tactics, and began to praise the Baronet's taste in choosing such a steed for his use.

"That's a bonnie naig ye ride, ma lord," quoth he; "mony a likely beast gangs Edinboro' streets, but I ne'er saw a finer charger tak' up the High Street. I'se warrant ye ken something aboot horse-flesh noo?"

This tickled the ears of the judge—it seemed as if his vanity as a horseman was the most vulnerable point in his character—he readily swallowed the bait, and sat cocking up on the top of the Belgian, making it show off its paces, whilst Will poured a torrent of fulsome praises into his ready ear,

EDINBURGH CASTLE FROM THE GRASSMARKET.

"Do ye presume to talk to me of Court business, an' try to influence my decisions? I trow, if a city watchman were nigh, to the Tolbooth would ye quickly go," said the judge, waxing indignant. I ween that if Will had been of high rank, and able to pay sweetly for his lordship's aid, a warmer welcome would have been accorded him.

"Od, I'd be sorry to gie offence to a man o' lear an' high rank like you, but what can a puir kintra man dae whan his laird tries to take his tack frae him?" queried Will, still riding alongside the Belgian.

"Silence, thou impertinent knave," shouted the exasperated Sir Alexander, tugging at the reins, vainly endeavouring to leave his tormentor behind.

praises of the chargers points and of Durie's skill as a horseman. Will was gradually manœuvring him further away from the frequented portion of the common, and nearer to where I stood, but at length the judge spoke of returning, and forced Will to play a bo'd card.

"It's a bonnie naigie, ma lord," said he, "but's he's a wee bit cwer fine in the forepairt to be speedy. I'se warrant Bess here could outpace him in a short gallop." Sir Alexander laughed in scorn at such an idea, for Bess, although a sturdy beast, was but a mere pony in comparison to the charger, and he contradicted Will's assertion stoutly.

"Weel, ye see yon birkie," quoth Will, pointing to me in the distance, "I'll wager a five pund note

that ma naig 'll pass him first." The wager was promptly taken up, and thus it came about that I was startled when I saw the twosome come galloping towards me. I mounted just as Lord Durie, who led easily, rushed past me. Will galloped behind and motioned me to follow, but my Lord was drawing in his horse and vaunting loudly over the ease with which he had vanquished the boaster. Will cut his babblings short by flinging the large horseman's cloak which he had carried at his saddle bow over the judge, and, leaning forward, lifted him clean off the charger's back and trussed him up behind on the back of Bess. By buttoning the cloak around himself Will pinioned the judge as neatly as if he had been roped by a hangman. The whole affair was done in a moment, whilst I, turning round the head of the Belgian, gave it a cut over the withers which sent it off back the way it came, but riderless. Will was galloping off across the vale steering clear of any houses, so I hurried off after him. As I saw them ride before me I fairly laughed out loud, they seemed so like a canty old couple riding home from a fair. The cloak entirely covered the figure of Lord Durie, and his sharp nose and frightened face, as they peeped forth from above it, gave him the look of a shrewdish crone. To complete the picture I hastened forward, and untying the scarlet shawl which I had bought as Maggie's "fairing," I threw it around the shoulders of the Lord President. I now felt confident that they would pass muster under the eyes of even a keen observer, as a douce farmer and his wife riding pick-a-back. Never a word spake any of the trio whilst we rode that long journey. Will and I had enough to think about, I ween, whilst my Lord Durie sat dumb, indeed he seemed in a trance, the bold and sudden action of my kinsman when he whipped the babbling carle from his horse had apparently paralysed every nerve in his body. He sat without seeing, and, although his jaws worked spasmodically, no sound issued forth. When we rode towards Edinburgh Will had taken note of every quiet path, and now we rode on under his guidance, and for miles and miles we met no human being. The only noteworthy incident in our seventy mile ride occurred as we crossed Middleton Moor, about fifteen miles from Edinburgh. There we encountered a considerable party of horsemen. The dead buck carried across the back of a led horse proclaimed them to be a party of hunters returning from a successful morning's sport. Will, on seeing them, drew his blue bonnet closer over his brows, and digging his spurs into Bess' flanks, rode steadily on, whilst I kept close behind. The foremost riders drew rein as Will approached them, and judge as to my apprehension when I recognised one of them as King Charles himself. Argyll, Traquair, and Sir Andrew were also present, and as our little party swept past, I heard the King say, with an ugly stammer, "I vow a s-s-sturdier knave and an u-uglier c-c-crone I've s-s-seldom seen." "I trow that he has reason to be dour. That auld dame's tongue will aye be wagging," answered Traquair, and so my simple device allowed my kinsman to ride safely past the King, whilst one of his State officials was trussed up at his back. I noted by the smile on Traquair's face that he had recognised us, and no doubt he would easily guess who figured as the shrewdish dame.

Thanks to my kinsman's wonderful skill as a land pilot, never in that long journey did we pass through even a decent-sized hamlet. When we came near a village Will took to the moorland, and so escaped from observation. Bess bore her double burden well, yet it was evening ere we saw the topmost portion of old Gilnockie rise up over the horizon. Absolute silence had been preserved until we drew up before the door of the peel, when Will, having unbuttoned the cloak, dismounted and taking our booty across his back, much as a miller carries a sack of corn, he carried him into the vault of the tower, and throwing him down on the cool floor retired, leaving Lord Durie alone with his thoughts. After firmly barring the stout oaken door, he turned, and, gripping my hand, in a tone of suppressed excitement said, "It's dune, ma callant, an' never a soul the wiser aboot it. The wizzened auld deil 'll bide in the dungeon until the Yerl says the word to free him. We'll need to keep it quiet that Gilnockie vault has again got a prisoner within its wa's." We stabled our steeds, then entered the kitchen and partook of the feast which Maggie had prepared anticipating our return. Seventy odd miles is no little undertaking to ride at one stretch, as I quickly found out, for I did not sit down with comfort for nearly a week after our return, but the kiss of thanks which I got when I produced the shawl, although Will reported that a' the Edinboro' queans had been efter me, made me forget my sores and exhaustion. Indeed, if I mistake not, I accompanied Maggie, my present around her shoulders, down the riverside for a stroll ere I went off home.

(To be Continued.)

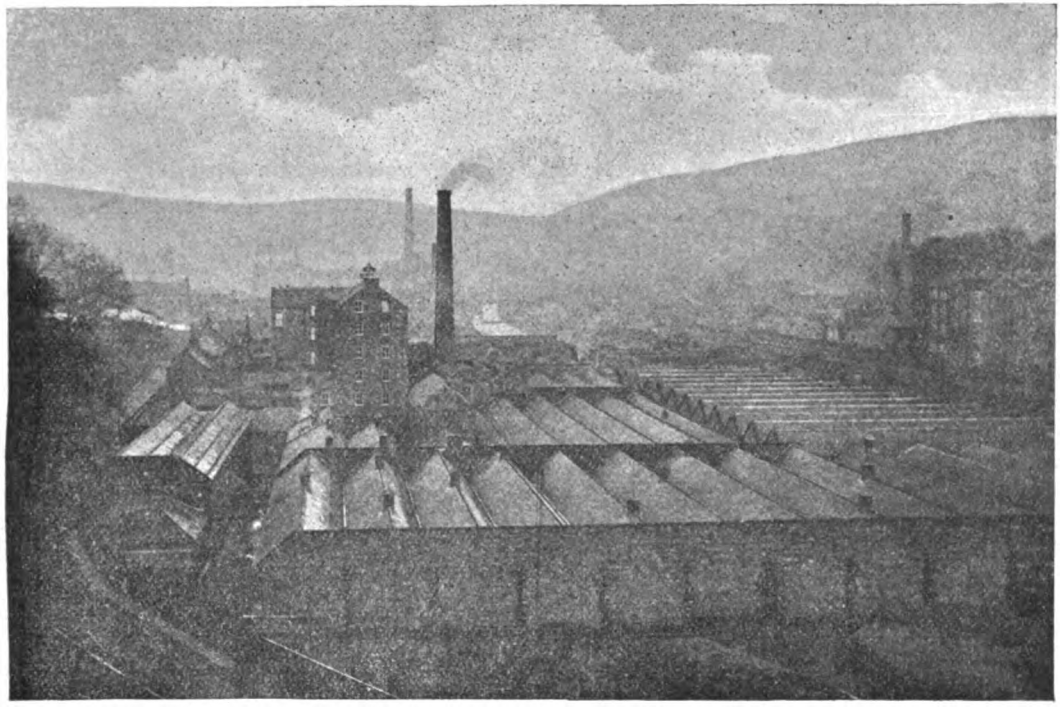
The above story began in our March number, which can still be had through any bookseller or direct from the publishers.

"CLEARLY Wordsworth saw the Yarrow on a bright day, yet he felt a certain solitude of silence, and 'pastoral melancholy.' Still there are times when the phrase 'the dowie dens' is not quite appropriate. There is also the feeling of 'the bonnie houms' of Yarrow, which is equally real and true. The Yarrow, indeed, has a peculiar aptitude for suiting itself to, in fact, drawing out, varying moods of mind. There are few valleys whose scenery is capable of greater contrasts at different times, and under different atmospheric conditions. It can smile and cheer in sunshine; it can softly soothe in its green pastoral calm; or when the stream steals through the misty haughs, it can sadden, even depress, by suggestions of awe, gloom, and indefiniteness. On the same day even, the stream is in the sunny noon clear and sparkling; in the gloaming, it wears a wan pathetic look. A sudden mountain shower will shroud it in gloom; to be followed by a sudden outburst of sunshine, which renders its green sloping braes at once golden and glad. It thus suits equally the emotion of finding the youth dead in 'the cleavin' o' the crag,' and the joy which thrills the lover over his successful suit."—Professor Veitch in "Blackwood's Magazine."

"The Autobiography of Peter Taylor."

MR ALEXANDER GARDNER, the well-known Paisley publisher, has recently issued a book bearing the above title, which, we feel sure, will have a large circulation. In the 250 pages or so of the "Autobiography" we have presented the life-story of a mechanic who has worked his way from the humblest origin to wealth and comfort, but the tale is told in such an intensely natural way and without a shadow of condescension, that the poorest toiler will read it with the greatest pleasure and without the slightest feeling of envy. The volume is the product of a clear, healthy brain, and a noble heart which still beats in unison with the brother-toilers he has left behind in the race of life. This is well brought out in the dedication which runs thus:—"Dedicated with every respect to my brethren of the working-class, and specially to those who have never yet enjoyed the luxury of paying the Income-tax." The book is beautifully printed, and the interesting letterpress is further enhanced by nearly fifty illustrations, many of which are of a humorous character. All through the story there runs a pleasant vein of humour, which, however, is kept well in hand, while a judicious use of the braid Scots gives a homely character to the well-told narrative. The author is a lay preacher of no mean order, and we feel certain that his "Autobiography" will bring home most important lessons to every reader.

The volume has a distinct Border interest, for the author is really Mr Peter Eadie, who resided for some time at Galashiels, and will be remembered by many of our older readers. After describing the incidents of his early career, Mr Eadie says:—



TRAVELLERS REST.

In 1868 I was sent off to Galashiels to put up a gas-holder tank. I had tried hard to get another situation, and only went to Gala at the point of the bayonet. Cheer up! lads who may be similarly placed; you never know when or where the good Lord is going to bless you. By-and-by, I brought my wife and children through to Gala, that I might have a little of their society. When my wife and four children stepped out of the train, a porter asked if all the children were twins. 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 the town. I told my wife, and we consulted our landlady, who cried, "Oh! grand maisters; and they call the mill the Trave

ler's Rest." [Gala Mills got the name of the Traveller's Rest because of the remarkable number of old people employed there; "the maisters" had always a kindly consideration for the old folk. In these days, too, work was always plentiful at Gala Mill, there was often a scarcity of hands, and people on the look out for work always came to that mill first.] 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. The master himself came through from Paisley, bringing my successor with him. I parted from his firm, after five years' service, a sadder and wiser man, richer in one point, and only in one, viz., experience. 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. The mill was large, and some of the machinery greatly neglected. I had so much overtime that my pay was never under £2 a week. My reputation also rose quickly, at which I laughed in my sleeve. The Jacquard machines on the looms were fearfully out of order. I took one down to see what could be done. It was coated with hardened oil a quarter of an inch thick and more. I put the saw through a large oil barrel, and made two good tubs. Into one of them I put twenty pails of hot water and a bucket of soda, and taking the witch, as they called the Jacquard, I put her in to steep. She came out rejuvenated; where a pin was worn I replaced it, and where a hole was wide I bushed it. In a few days I set her to work again. The master came in in high glee to see when I could do the other ninety-six. I said it was not an engineer that was needed for the work, but the Wizard of the North. We could not get the Wizard, so we got more mechanics, and the work went on apace. . . . By-and-bye I got advances, till I had thirty-five shillings a week. I learned a great deal in this mill. My experience before had been engines, locomotive and marine, and, of course, the gas plant referred to; here I was in the midst of textile machinery. As I stood and looked at the life-like and intelligent movement of the self-acting mule there was moisture in my eyes. I touched the public life of the town a little, joined the Mechanics' Institute, and gave it a new lease of life. A meeting was called for the purpose of winding it up. Mr Richard Lees was in the chair. I pled for another trial, and got a number of working-men in the various mills to take an interest in it. The annual course of lectures was indeed a feature of the town. Dr Gloag had just come to the Parish Church, and we secured him to give the opening lecture; his subject was "Free Libraries." He hit the nail on the head, and the very nail we wanted. We called a meeting at once, while the subject was fresh. I drafted the first resolution before going to the meeting lest no other one should be prepared. It was as well, for no one else had any plan. The resolution was mild, merely proposing to obtain information from other towns where free libraries existed, and report. In this way we kept the matter simmering, and by our next meeting the thing was fairly launched. The manufacturers took the matter up, and subscribed £1800. Then the town was canvassed, and a few more hundreds got. I was made secretary, and the result was the Free Library, which has been such a boon to the town. A member of the first School Board having refused to take office, the obligation rested with the Board to fill the vacancy. The chairman, Mr William Brown, of Galahill, called on me and persuaded me to go in in the working men's interest, which I did. The Good Templar movement was also in full swing, and many notable characters were reformed through its means. I thought it right to cast in my lot with the good cause, and gave it a shove. I still hold total abstinence principles, my only regret being I did not hold them earlier. . .

Certain small springs were used in the mill in considerable quantities. We could not get these articles of good quality, and besides they were very dear. I thought I could make them better, and attempted to make a machine for that purpose. It was only half a success; but it showed me where the defect lay, and I began again. I shall never forget the evening we were ready for the trial—I say we, for my wife was always hand and glove in all my undertakings. The children were all in bed. I sat waiting till nine p.m., when I was to start and work till ten to test the capacity of the tool. On the stroke I started and on the stroke I stopped, and Maggie and I counted the slain. When we found I had earned 10s in sixty minutes (although I was an elder in a U.P. kirk), I did not ring the bell that night as I should have done for family prayers—no! I jumped up and danced a step of the "Highland Fling." After I had got the little spring finished, I gave some of them to the mill manager, and they were pronounced a success. He drew the master's attention to them, and he came and said—"Peter, you must have been making some springs, and must be out of pocket; go to the cashier and get your expenses. I knew matters had come to a crucial point, and with much trepidation said—"Mr Sanderson, I would like to keep this to myself. There is hardly a foreman in the mill whose wife I have not seen coming here for work. I would not like to see mine doing so, but I need the money as much as they do. As for these springs, my wife could make them at home." I had the courage to say that much, because I had made many other improvements equally profitable to them. "Oh, very well," he said, "you are quite welcome; and if you can sell any to the neighbouring mills do so." Here was a concession larger than I expected; that it was more than I was entitled to I will not say; but this I know, many a one would have taken an early opportunity of paying me off. You must not think of yourself when serving some folks in this world, but there are many good people in it for a' that. The little industry flourished apace; I let nobody know the secret, and we worked away and got up stock. One Fast Day I went to call on some of the mills in Selkirk. What fear, and trembling, and shame I experienced! I felt as humiliated as if I had started to sell matches. I called at a mill near the station. One of the masters, a big, sharp man, said to me when I had showed my goods and told my story, "Where's your place of business?" "I have no place of business, sir." "Well, what else do you do?" "I am a mechanic in the Traveller's Rest." "You are what? Do you mean to tell me you are another man's servant, and you go about to do business of your own?" He rubbed it in so tightly that my blood got up, and when that takes place the devil himself could not frighten me. So

I went back a step, to lessen the angle between our eyes, and said, "Yes, and if my employers are satisfied, who has a right to complain?" "Oh," he replied, "I know the Messrs Sanderson well, and if that is so, it's all right," and he gave me an order. I next went to Messrs Waddell & Turnbull. I shall never forget the sympathetic interview I had with Mr Waddell. He slapped me on the shoulder and said he was delighted to see new industries taking root in the neighbourhood, and told me to stick in. I came home in good spirits. An order soon came from a firm in Hawick for £28 worth, and took all our stock. By-and-bye the cheque came, and I went to the bank at the dinner hour to cash it. It was the first cheque I had handled. The teller took some suspicious glances at me, examined the cheque, and looked at me again. He handed me the money; and to show him I was no rogue I took plenty of time and counted it twice. . . . Having got hold of a little business which was new to Scotland, I thought I could not do better than bring it to the old town I loved so well [Paisley]. I told my masters so; they were sorry, and so was I. They made me a very generous offer, but my plans were made, and it was well I left. Though thirty years have passed since then, I am still in touch with my old masters in the Traveller's Rest. I formed a co-partnery with my brothers; our united capital was £120. Co-partnery in business is like marriage in life; if it is good, it brings the maximum of blessing—and that was our experience. My brothers took charge of the commercial side, and I had only to produce. Like Kate Dalrymple, we were eident and thrifty. In 1898, the value of our works, stocks, and plant stood about £30,000.

SIR WALTER SCOTT ON SCOTTISH CHARACTER.—Discretion, prudence, and foresight are their leading qualities; these are only modified by a narrow-spirited, but yet ardent patriotism, which forms as it were the utmost of the concentric bulwarks with which a Scotsman fortifies himself against all attacks of a generous philanthropical principle. Surmount this mound, you find an inner and still dearer barrier—the love of his province, his village, or, most probably, his clan; storm this second obstacle, you have a third—his attachment to his own family, his father, mother, sons, daughters, uncles, aunts, and cousins, to the ninth generation. It is within these limits that a Scotsman's social affection expands itself, never reaching those that are outermost, till all means of discharging itself in the interior circles have been exhausted. It is within these circles that his heart throbs, each pulsation being fainter and fainter, till, beyond the widest boundary, it is almost unfelt. And what is worst of all, could you surmount all these concentric outworks, you have an inner citadel, deeper, higher, and more efficient than them all—a Scotsman's love for himself.—"Rob Roy."

Edgar's Hawick Guide.

TO be of practical value to the tourist and business man a local guide book must be concise, reliable, and interesting, and the Directory and Year Book now before us fulfils all these requirements. The book, which is published at the low price of threepence, by Mr James Edgar of the "Hawick Express," is well illustrated and gives short interesting descriptions of all the notable places in and around the famous Border town, of which J. L. Hercus thus sings:—

> There is a toon, o' toons the pride,
> That stands on bonnie Teviot's side,
> Wha's fame has reach'd the world wide,
> Auld Hawick on the Border.

In addition to being a guide book suitable for the use of visitors, the publication gives a mass of figures, statistics, and general information which is of great use to the local business people, the whole being so well arranged that reference to any portion is exceedingly simple. As we give a special quotation in another column, we content ourselves with reprinting here the opening sentences of the guide book.

Hawick is justly proud of a hoary antiquity and a stirring and romantic history surpassed by no other town in Scotland. Its venerable Moat is indicative of a community established here in prehistoric ages. The town is first mentioned by the early monkish chroniclers, Reginald of Durham narrating that two pious ladies of the town of Hawick were witnesses to some remarkable miracles performed at the Chapel of St Cuthbert on the Slitrig, in the end of the seventh century.

From the time of the heroic struggles of Wallace and Bruce for Scottish independence down to the Union of the Crowns, Hawick, from its frontier position, took a prominent part in the frequent warfare which distracted the two kingdoms. The town was the rallying centre of Teviotdale, the scene of many of the most renowned achievements of the heroic Douglases, and the cradle of the valiant Scotts of Buccleuch. The inhabitants of this Border district, inured to warfare from their infancy, were reputed "great riders" and the finest light cavalry in Western Europe.

> Better hearts o'er Border sod
> To siege or rescue never rode.

And the men of Hawick in particular were greatly distinguished for their military prowess. The town frequently suffered severely from the ravages of war. It was burned in the years 1418, 1547, and again in 1570, on this occasion by the inhabitants themselves rather than allow the town to fall into the hands of the English. True to their proclivities the men of Hawick took part in the last "bicker" with the "auld enemy" at the Reidswire Raid in 1575.

Old Itineraries.

THE publication of the Journal (1725) of the Rev. T. Thomson, chaplain to the second Lord Oxford, which gives a graphic and in many places a somewhat satirical account of Scottish life and manners, invites comparison with any descriptive notes supplied by his contemporaries. As far as these have reference to our own Borderland, they possess special interest, and fortunately there is at least one itinerary whose date lies so close to the above that the two may be said to run on parallel lines.

A journey through Scotland in 1723, preserved in the form of "Familiar Letters," is from the pen of an anonymous writer, but there is ample internal evidence of the ability and the observing eye of the author. While his reflections are largely topographical, there are occasional side-lights whereby the habits of the people may be distinguished with tolerable clearness. The volume, now rare, may be read as a shrewd intelligent study of Scottish life by one who possessed literary gifts beyond the average erudition of his times. The book is worthy of preservation for its minute and accurate historical references. Its occasional quaintness of expression sustains the interest. Though often intricate, it is never dull.

Our censor enters Scotland from the Isle of Man, landing somewhere in Kirkcudbright, after sailing five hours. He is at once struck with the manners, dress, and countenance of the people—all of which differ so much from the English. He thus writes,—

"The common people wear all bonnets instead of hats; and though some of the townsmen have hats, they wear them only on Sundays and extraordinary occasions. There is nothing of the gaiety of the English, but a sedate gravity in every face, without the stiffness of the Spaniards; and I take this to be owing to their praying and frequent long graces, which gives their looks a religious cast. Taciturnity and dulness gains the character of a discreet man, and a gentleman of wit is called a sharp man. I arrived here on Saturday night, at a good inn; but the room where I lay, I believe, had not been washed in a hundred years. Next day I expected, as in England, a piece of good beef or a pudding to dinner; but my landlord told me that they never dress dinner on a Sunday, so that I must either take up with bread and butter, a fresh egg, or fast till after the evening sermon, when they never fail of a hot supper."

There is no distinct record of the means of transit, though, by inference, riding on horseback is probably the only method consistent with the state of the roads in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The route selected is generally zig-zag, as if the traveller were more intent to visit the principal towns and family residences than to survey the whole country. It is only in the end of the book that more general description prevails.

On leaving Galloway, visit is paid to Dumfries before reaching Drumlanrig, from which ascent is made by a "famous Pass cut out on the side of a rock, call'd Entrokin Path," and after three hours descent on Peebles is gained by "Need-Path." At that time some were alive who had seen the great Earl of Traquair, in his great penury, "dine upon a salt herring and an onion." In Peebles itself there is one good street, and some "by lanes, with tolerable stone buildings," while over the pleasant Tweed it "hath a fair stone bridge."

Following the flowing stream, the itinerant reaches Melrose, whose vestiges of a glorious monastery he thus describes,—

"The great window over the great gate, which is still entire, gives one an idea of what this hath been. It's larger than the great window of the Minster at York, and round the top are the statues of our Saviour and the twelve apostles. There are also a great many statues still left in the niches, where the mob could not reach, for all they could lay their hands on went to pot at the Reformation, according to the maxim of Knox. 'If you pull down the nest, the birds will not build again.' The quire of their church hath been very large, for there are seven large windows still left, with a statue a-top between every window. And the pillars of the cloisters that are left shew that it hath been one of the most magnificent buildings in the world."

A passing reference to the sepulchral monuments and the great revenues leads to the remark that "their sheep-walk, on the prettiest green downs in the world, extended four miles."

Minchmoor is spoken of as a "sad piece of a country," but Teviotdale is "very much strewed with gentlemen's seats," Floors "when finished will be very noble," and "Friars"—who can locate it now?—is on the Tweed. The Duke of Roxburgh is the honour of his country abroad, and the ornament of the Court at home, a prince of great learning, as well as a fine gentleman. The "village of Kelso" has a fine market-place, with some good streets, and part of its large and ancient monastery "now serves for the Parish Church."

Berwick-on-Tweed is the gate of Scotland, of

which England has kept the key for many generations. A fine stone bridge of fifteen arches crosses the river, and the town since the Union has become the "Center of the Dominions." Here were erected the first Barracks in Great Britain, but "English liberty will never consent to what will seem a nest for a standing army." By "Aymouth" we trace the visitor to the ancient burgh of Dunbar, standing in "as delicious a spot of country as you could imagine." A little further on is the Castle of "Tinningham," with its many millions of trees planted in a sandy down or links, where they thrive mightily. The Bass Rock impresses the stranger, and the curious habits of the Solan geese are thus described,—

"They lay but one egg in a year, and fix it so dexterously to the rock by one end that if it be removed 'tis impossible to fix it again. They hatch it with their foot, and scarce leave it till it be hatched."

The mansion-houses of Yester, Lethington, and Seaton are all fully noted, and some account given of the great families whose names are illustrious in Scottish history. And on and on the traveller and narrator goes until, to use his own words, he has finished Scotland from corner to corner.

A few years ago "A Tour from London to Elgin" was printed from the original MSS. Its date is probably fifty or sixty years later than that of the above journal, and the writer seems to have had more lack of leisure. He comes to Langholm, by the fine river Esk, where "the people of either sex were in general without shoes or stockings, with a kind of stole they call a maud over their shoulders, and slung across like a sash. The men wore Highland bonnets, and the women a singular cap most singularly disfiguring called a mutch." From Langholm to Hawick the hills were green and very productive, yielding a revenue to the proprietor of £30,000 per annum.

Hawick had some repute for the manufacture of carpets, but its streets were narrow and dirty, and the discolouring smoke gave to its lofty buildings a somewhat sombre appearance. A good inn had been recently built, but the "waiting was slow," the ready alacrity of the English being greatly missed, though the reader may not readily understand the reference to "a good puritan picture of Ananias."

The road to Haining was "led with great judgment" until a commodious house appeared where hospitality and ever social virtue found a worthy dwelling-place. A compact party devoted one whole day to festive mirth; and humour, vivacity, and manly sense kept up a ball of pleasantry till midnight, when the journalistic guest, far from well, retired with regret. On the morrow the ladies of Haining bade a reluctant farewell, and after a short drive of six miles dinner was served "at another Mr Pringle's, who has built a capital mansion fast on the banks of the Tweed." In the cool of the evening progress was made as far as Middleton, where an almost sleepless night was spent from "a pestilent smell that issued from a blanket about the thickness and hardness of a turf which had absorbed the grease and perspiration of ages." But the writer was "far from well," and the thoughts of his heart may not have been every whit clean. A. T. G.

Sir Walter Scott and the Surgeon.

IT happened, at a small county town in England, that Sir Walter Scott suddenly required medical advice for one of his servants, and, on inquiring if there was any doctor at the place, he was told that there were two—one long established, and the other a new-comer. The latter gentleman being luckily found at home, soon made his appearance—a grave, sagacious-looking personage, attired in black, with a shovel-hat, in whom, to his utter astonishment, Sir Walter recognised a Scotch blacksmith, who had formerly practised with tolerable success as a veterinary surgeon in the neighbourhood of Ashiestiel. "How, in all the world!" exclaimed he; "can it be possible that this is John Lundie?" "In troth is't, yer honour, just a' that's o' him," was the answer. "Well, but let us hear; you were a horse-doctor before; now it seems you are a man-doctor; how do you get on?" "Ou, just extraordinary well; for your honour maun ken my practice is very sure and orthodox, I depend entirely upon twa simples." "And what may their names be? Perhaps it is a secret." "I'll tell your honour," he said, in a low tone; "my twa simples are just laudamy and calamy." "Simples with a vengeance!" replied Sir Walter. "But, John, do you never happen to kill any of your patients?" "Kill! ou aye, maybe sae! Whiles they dee, and whiles no; but it's the will o' Providence. Ony how, your honour, it will be lang before it maks up for Flodden!"—*Fraser's Magazine*, 1835.

Mr Walter Laidlaw, the well-known custodian of Jedburgh Abbey, was recently elected F.S.A. Scot., his proposer being Sir Arthur Mitchell, the eminent antiquarian. The new F.S.A was, on 24th April, in the Spread Eagle Hotel, Jedburgh, entertained to a complimentary dinner.

Border Country Life in a Past Age.

THE distinguished editor of the "British Weekly" lately gave it as his opinion that there was enough of material lying ready to hand in the slums of our great cities to make the fortune of some great novelist yet to appear, but amid the quiet of many a pastoral district there is an equally rich lode as yet hardly tapped by the small army of present-day writers. But it requires some decernment to portray the outer and inner life of, say, a douce Roxburghshire farmer—not of the well-known Dandie Dinmont type, but more akin mentally and morally to the Cromwellian Yeoman or New England Puritan—steady, practical, persevering, fighting with and overcoming physical moral and spiritual difficulties—shrewd, ready-witted, full of quaint humour—at once religious, rational, and void of cant. Such a man was Mr Wm. Thomson, farmer, a sketch of whose everyday life was published some years ago. It is an old book now, but a short extract from its quaint pages may afford a glimpse into a far-off time not unacceptable to the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE.

THE RAILWAY AND THE FARM.

The first time ever I heard a railway mentioned was at the fireside at Hopton. It was in connection with the visit of Messrs Richardson & Weatherley, engineers, mentioned in the diary I have quoted. In addition to the conversation with them, my father had been reading in the "Kelso Mail" some lecture or paragraph on the triumphs of steam and the wonders it could accomplish; also, that it was proposed to make a great trunk railway right through the heart of Scotland, from Land's End to John o' Groat's. "Bravo! very good!" said my father; "I hope I shall live to see it." "See what?" said my mother, busy darning a stocking.

Father: "The great railway."

Mother: "What is that? what will it do?"

Father: "Do! do everything! There will be a great road all level, laid with iron rails."

Mother: "Will the carriages be drawn by horses?"

Father: "Horses! not at all—all driven by steam, and rattling at the rate of thirty miles an hour."

Mother: "Dear me! how strange! but these carriages will not go so quick as the wind?"

Father: "Yes; surely, far quicker; will always leave the wind far behind them."

HALF-WITS ON THE FARM.

I see the word half-witted is defined by Reid to be a blockhead—a foolish fellow. If this be correct, I have selected the word wrong. The half-wit on the farm was by no means a blockhead; he was, in some respects, rather clever. He was one generally considered to have, as was said, a slate loose—to want twopence of the shilling—to have a bee in his bonnet.

Novelists and poets have made noble efforts to depict these half-wits or jesters in truly attractive colours. I wish I could do the same. Truth, however, compels me to write some scenes that actually took place on the farm under my father in somewhat different style. In reading the diary, and trying to recall those scenes on the farm, in which, as a boy, I took a part, there are none more curious than some that took place in connection with these same half-wits. Why, my father always tried to have one, I do not fully understand. Some said it was because they were always good workers. I believe, however, the reason was this. The idea was long cherished in some parts of Scotland that such half-wits were under the special protection of a kind Providence, and that all who were kind to them got a particular reward. Be that as it may, there was generally one engaged to work on the farm.

The Duke of Buccleuch's hounds came past when one of these same half-wits was out on the pony giving it some exercise. He had no saddle, only an old bridle, and wore a ragged old coat. The pony—a light-headed, half-bred creature—went wild with excitement. "He could not," he said, "restrain her." Away she went over bank and brae after the hounds. Poor Jock was in a terrible dilemma. His bonnet had been blown off, his hair was streaming in the wind; still, right on he went, away past all the gentlemen, away right into the midst of the hounds; on he went, greatly against his will, the leader of the hunt. Like Mazzepa of old, he seemed bound to a wild horse he could not restrain. The report he brought back was a curious one. The huntsman was in a terrible fury.

"Get out of the way, ye d—— scoundrel: ye'll kill some o' the dogs wi' that wild beast o' yours."

"But aw canna haud it in," blubbered Jock.

"Wha's is the beast?"

"It's ma master's," was the reply.

"Who the devil is your master?"

"Thomson, up at Hopton there."

"Gang away hame, my man; gang away hame," said the huntsman, calming down; "tell your master to make ye sup some mair parritch afore he lets you after the hounds again,"

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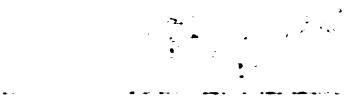

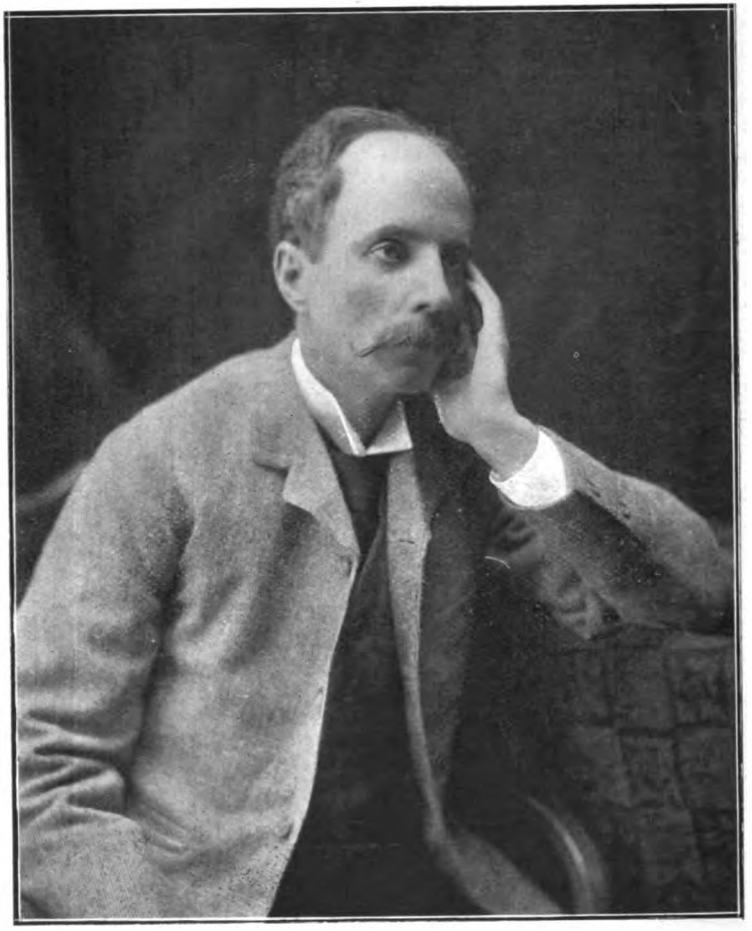

DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

Edited by William Sanderson.

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The Rev. William Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D.

BY ROBERT COCHRANE.

THE inclusion of Dr Nicoll in this Border portrait gallery has its justification in the fact that as one of the foremost journalists and editors of the day he has been interested in the BORDER MAGAZINE from the beginning, and that when twenty-six years of age, in a formative period when he was "making himself," he succeeded to the pulpit which had been occupied by Dr Horatius Bonar in the North Free Church, Kelso. This Kelso period proved the turning point in his career. The step was then taken which, aided by natural capability, strenuous industry, and by never neglecting passing opportunities, has landed him high in the ranks of the most capable journalists and editors of the time.

One might moralise not a little on the fact that Dr Nicoll is another of those Aberdeenshire Scots who seem born to carve their way in journalism and literature. They seem like James Macdonell, of the "Times," whom he has biographized, to have a natural faculty and aptitude, along with tremendous energy and perseverance which conquers all obstacles. We have to go back to John Leyden at the beginning of last century to find parallels to some of them. The king of them all is Emeritus Professor Masson, who began in journalism and ended in pure literature and a professor's chair. Hugh Miller is another of the type. Mr John Geddie, of the "Scotsman," is another. One might fill a page with their names. The old parish schoolmaster must have his due meed of praise in the training of some of them. If a census of Fleet Street journalists were possible, past and present, it would show that the north-country Scot from Banffshire or Aberdeenshire was always to the front and predominant everywhere. Why has the Border country not produced, and is not now producing this hard, keen, strenuous type? Is it difference of training or temperament, or of natural ability to begin with. Have the educational advantages been better taken advantage of in the north-country? The only comfort that the Borderer can have when he feels that he is hopelessly beaten in this department is, that two names in the front rank in literature in modern times are of Border extraction, each second to none in their own line. These, we need hardly say, are Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle. Perhaps we should add the name of John Ruskin, for Mr W. B. Shaw (of Manchester), in the spring number of the "Gallovidian," has a paper on "John Ruskin

and Galloway," in which he traces the family links with that district. No modern writer had such a hearty love of Scott, or wrote so well of him, or of Border scenery. Between the two lines of coast, from Holy Island to Edinburgh, and from Annan to the Mull of Galloway, Ruskin says, that if the "reader will glance at any old map which gives rivers and mountains, instead of railroads and factories, he will find that all the highest intellectual and moral powers of Scotland were developed, from the days of the Douglasses of Lochmaben to those of Scott in Edinburgh, Burns in Ayr, and Carlyle at Ecclefechan, by the pastoral country everywhere habitable, but by only hardihood under suffering and patience in poverty; defending themselves always against the northern Pictish wars of the Highlanders, and the southern of the English Edwards and Percys, in the days when whatever was loveliest and best of the Catholic religion haunted still, the then not ruins of Melrose, Jedburgh, Dryburgh, Kelso, Dundrennan, New Abbey, and Dumfries, and, above all, the most ancient Cave of Whithorn." So one need not be over-depressed after all.

This leads us to say that it was at Rosebank, Kelso, at his uncle's that the feeling for natural beauty first dawned in the mind of young Walter Scott. It was there also that he gained the friendship of the Ballantynes, a friendship which afterwards, thanks to his own large-hearted kindliness of nature, was to cost him so dear. Thomas Pringle, the poet, one of the early projectors of "Blackwood's Magazine," and a pioneer settler in South Africa, whose "Narrative of a Residence in South Africa" is still well worth reading to-day, was born at Blaiklaw, or Easterstead, near Kelso. William Jerdan, editor of the "Literary Gazette," was born in 1782, in a room which hung over the Tweed, opposite to its junction with the Teviot. His "Autobiography" in four volumes is a wonderful record of what literary life was in London during the first fifty years of last century. Dr McCulloch was eleven years in the Parish Church here; his "Course of Reading" and other school books had a great deal to do in the training and moulding the character and intellect of some who are still doing good work for this generation. James Dodds, author of "The Fifty Years' Struggle of the Scottish Covenanters," one of the best books on that subject, was born at Softlaw, near Kelso. James Nisbet, the London publisher, was born in 1785 at Spylaw, near Kelso. Any native could tell us that we have forgotten to mention Mary Lundie Duncan, Fairbairn the engineer, the Rutherfurds the publishers, and a dozen of others whose names have shed a lustre upon Kelso. Let the reader think of this list, however, as suggestive only. William Howitt, who was in Kelso shortly after the Disruption, tells us in his "Homes and Haunts of the British Poets," that he heard a sermon three hours long in Ednam Church, and his heart bled for the people of Scotland, "who were actually cursed with the drawing of the horrid furze-bushes of school divinity and Calvinistic damnation across their naked consciences." He said there were eight different sects in Kelso at that time, surely an exaggeration, and that the most zealous of all was the Free Church.

William Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D., eldest son of the Rev. Harry Nicoll, was born at Lumsden, Aberdeenshire, 10th October, 1851. He was educated at the Grammar School and University of Aberdeen, and took his M.A. degree in 1870. After ordination as a minister of the Free Church, he laboured in Dufftown, Banffshire, between 1874 and the autumn of 1877, when he was called to Kelso North Free Church. He was introduced by his old professor, Dr David Brown, of Aberdeen, and remained in Kelso for about eight years. In the summer of 1885 he had visited Norway with his old College friend, Mr Rust, of Arbroath, and on his return was seized with typhoid fever. Eager to take up his duties before he was perfectly convalescent, he suffered in consequence, and acting on the best medical advice as to the condition of his chest and throat, he resigned his charge. The Kelso congregation would have waited two years for their young minister to recruit, but he was firm in his decision. He had been appointed editor of the "Expositor" in 1885. After a holiday in Switzerland, the "British Weekly," his greatest achievement in journalism, was launched in 1886, and after several years of hard and very up-hill work became the assured success that it is to-day. The late Principal Cairns paid this religious newspaper the high compliment of saying that it was the only one that he could ever read entirely through. That meant that the Doctor found it entirely interesting. This was a quality that pertained also to his pulpit work in Kelso, for his brother-in-law, Mr Peter Logan, who in his day was Session Clerk, Sunday School Superintendent, and teacher of the Bible Class while Dr Nicoll was in Kelso, bore this testimony to the writer, that he never heard him give an uninteresting sermon or prayer-meeting address. That of itself was quite an uncommon achievement.

Any one wishing to test this statement, and

also wishing to gauge the quality of his Kelso pulpit work, might look up the discourses he has published under the title of "The Lamb of God," or "The Incarnate Saviour," a brief life of Christ, of which a new and cheaper edition was published in 1897. The late Canon Liddon said of this life of Christ that it commanded his warm sympathy and admiration, while Professor Sanday said of it that "it contains a great deal of thought, often penetrating, and always delicate, and pleasingly expressed. The subject has been very carefully studied." Mr Logan has the feeling that his audiences did not always realise the value and beauty of these utterances, which to him were "like apples of gold in pictures of silver" from the beauty of the setting, and the penetrating and illuminative nature of the thought. One chapter of this last book has always seemed to us of singular eloquence and quiet incisive power, that on "The Silent Years of Jesus." Possibly he has never written anything finer of the kind. All the work of the country pastor was otherwise faithfully performed, and the church was then at the high water mark of a membership of 430, which was good for Kelso, considering there is another Free Church there. Mr Stewart, who was called to Mayfield Church, Edinburgh, had succeeded Dr Bonar; then followed Dr Nicoll,; he in turn was succeeded by Dr Skinner; then came Mr Adam, now of Greenock; the present minister is Mr Watson, who had primarily proved a very able missionary in China ere he came to Kelso. Dr Nicoll married Miss Dunlop, the daughter of a farmer near Coldstream, while in Kelso. Of the two children born there Isabella Constance has developed a distinct literary gift, while Henry Maurice may study medicine, and will be sent to Cambridge. A widower for some years, Dr Nicoll married in May, 1897, Catherine, daughter of Joseph Pollard, High Down, Herts. If we mistake not, his old friend, Sir George Douglas, was best man at this second marriage.

Another fruit of the Kelso period was a little collection of consolatory poetry published in two series, entitled "Songs of Rest." The two series are now issued in one dainty little volume, and certainly forms probably the best modern collection of consolatory poetry we have. The poems have been selected with rare insight and literary taste. Some of the finest pieces are by George MacDonald, Faber, Whittier, and Christina Rossetti.

The idea of doing something in periodical literature was evidently simmering in Dr Nicoll's mind ere he left Kelso. Already, he was editor of the "Expositor," and if we mistake not, some tentative efforts were made to launch a periodical through Maeniven & Wallace, Edinburgh, who published the first edition of his "Songs of Rest." We quite well remember Mr John Telfer discussing with us the need and necessity of some brighter periodical in connection with the Free Church, and that there was a man in Kelso who could conduct it, his name being Nicoll. Mr Telfer was so much in earnest that he wrote various letters to the "Daily Review" upon the subject. When fairly launched in London literary life, the success of the "British Weekly" paved the way for the "Bookman," "Woman at Home," and "British Monthly." There have been a few failures also: the successful man has his failures, with this difference, he does not lose heart but passes on to the next thing, and does not allow this to damp his efforts. The success of the "British Weekly" has been greatly owing to the personality of the editor: it has devoted attention to literature from the first, and however much the reader may have disagreed with it, he still wants to read it all the same. We have nothing to say about its politics here, or of Passive Resistance! To our mind it is now over-political. As literary adviser besides, to the firm of Hodder & Stoughton, from his watch-tower, Bay Tree Lodge, Hampstead, Dr Nicoll's eye has swept the literary horizon on both sides of the Atlantic to some purpose, and whatever did or could serve his purpose generally dropped into the net at last. This alertness of mind reminds one of the saying that you will never catch a weasel asleep. A journalist, and a literary jackal, must be possessed of a sleepless vigilance: this Dr Nicoll possesses in a marked degree. A publisher is like a poacher in some respects when he fishes in preserved and unpreserved waters; he knows, as Dr Guthrie told his sons to do, all about his own business and a great deal about that of his neighbour. What if he does cast a fly over his neighbour's preserved water, and the fish rise and get hooked. Dr Nicoll has shown a faculty for laying his hand on the right kind of literary coadjutors, and has made many discoveries in the process. Mr J. M. Barrie, for instance, who was in process of discovery, when the present writer had this note from him, June 2, 1887. One example is as good as a thousand.

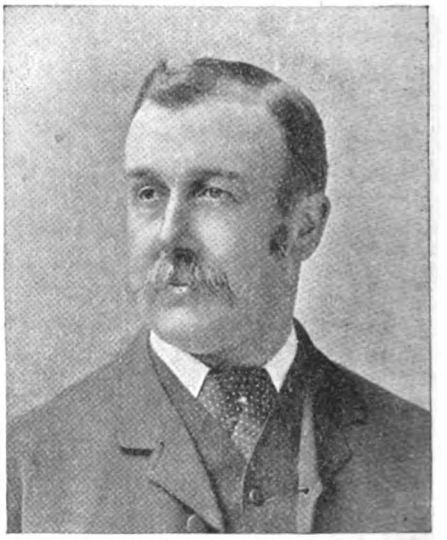
"My Dear Sir,—I have been much tickled by the articles in the "Evening Dispatch" about the "General Assembly at Inverness." Do you think you could find out for me who wrote them? I daresay —— could tell you. I think the writer could do something for me. I should be pleased if your sister would write to me as Messrs Hodder &

Stoughton would like to make a proposal to her.
Yours very sincerely, Pro. W. R. NICOLL,
B. D."

It was not long after this feeler that Thrums sketches began to drop from the press through the "British Weekly." The issue of these and other gathered papers made the reputation of J. M. Barrie, who, for a time, was on the staff of the "British Weekly." The reports of Dr Whyte's lectures was another popular feature, hinted at in this letter, which took shape then. Dr Whyte as an author was difficult to lead upon the ice. Now he supplies his own copy, and has published quite a small library of popular and useful volumes. Even more useful at this early period was the choice of Miss Jane T. Stoddart, author of "In Cheviot's Glens," a life of Lord Rosebery, &c., and a native of Kelso, as literary assistant. In connection with the "British Weekly," "Lorna" became useful and indispensable, and is one of the most successful lady journalists of the day. Ian Maclaren, David Lyall were two more valuable discoveries. Annie S. Swan's name has also been utilised in connection with the "Woman at Home," although the subject of our sketch has always been the real editor. Part of the secret of his success has been that the publishers left him a free hand, the best thing to do when you have caught the right man. "No man," he says, "was ever more generously treated by his proprietors than I have been. My hands were left absolutely free. There was no dictation; there has even been no suggestion. The proprietors have confined themselves to using their great business enterprise and energy to advance the paper." As "Claudius Clear," Dr Nicoll has come close to the "business and bosoms" of many people. These papers recall the "Timothy Titcomb" letters of J. G. Holland, founder with Mr Roswell Smith, of "Scribners' Magazine," or Lorimer's at present much read "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son." More than once Dr Nicoll has reviewed his seventeen years of London journalism, and has pointed out the numberless changes in the editor's chairs of the metropolis. That he with less than robust health has done so much is wonderful, and speaks volumes for his tenacity and perseverance. Lately he has spread his energies over a wide field, and has contributed to periodicals from Dan to Beersheba, but his articles are always worth reading: they have the fine literary touch of the born critic, and as a publisher's adviser he has helped and suggested the production of an enormous amount of good and wholesome literature within a brief period.

Mr John Riddell.

TO Border farmers few names are better known than that of "Riddell o' the Rink," and it must have been rather a sad thought to many farmers when they learned that Mr John Riddell was about to leave the Rink farm, near Galashiels. On the afternoon of Tuesday, 5th May, a large and distinguished gathering assembled in the Douglas Hotel, Galashiels, to entertain Mr Riddell to a farewell dinner. The chair was occupied by Mr Walter Elliot, Hollybush, who, in proposing the toast of "Our Guest," said he was sure the toast which he had to propose—the health of their good friend, Mr John Riddell, Rink—would meet with a hearty reception from the company. He thought that most of them knew Mr Riddell very well, and that he expressed the sentiments of all when he said that one could not possibly have a kinder friend or a better neighbour. Personally, he had known Mr Riddell since he was a boy. They had always been the very best of friends, even though John did burn the whins. It was now somewhere over half a century since his father came to the Rink, and their guest had farmed the place, he believed, since 1871. They much regretted that they had to bid good-bye to Mr Riddle on the occasion of his leaving Rink, leaving a neighbourhood where he had lived for so many years, but he was glad to learn that he had succeeded in getting one of the very best



MR JOHN RIDDELL.

farms in East Lothian, perhaps one of the best in Scotland, which indeed he well deserved. When he looked round the room he saw a good many Lothian farmers, and he would warn them that if they did not look out they would be entirely eclipsed when Mr Riddell went into Peaston. Their guest was a grand breeder of sheep and cattle, and also terrier dogs, and when he could shine on a bare stony hill farm like Rink there was no saying what he might do at Peaston. He would not detain them longer; they all knew the qualities of Mr Riddell as a farmer and a very good friend, and he would just assure him of their hearty good wishes for his future and for his family in their new home. He had very great pleasure in asking Mr Riddell's acceptance of the gold watch and chain as a token of their regard and esteem, and a piano for Mrs Riddell. He hoped their friend would long be spared to wear the watch, and when he looked at it, he had no doubt it would recall to his memory the many old friends he had left on Tweedside, and also the many happy years he had spent there.

Mr Riddell, in replying, said he felt very keenly his position there that night. Indeed, he almost felt as if he had rather not been leaving the bonnie banks of the Tweed. At the same time, his reasons for leaving were quite good enough. He and his father had been a long time on the farm of Rink. He had tried various ways of making ends meet—by dairying, for instance, and various kinds of stock breeding. He did not say he had not done some good, but he had the coming generation to think of. He had made up his mind that it was difficult to sustain a position on a farm where he had been trying to make stones into soil. The Rink, he had to confess, had been a very disappointing place to him, especially of late years. He had got a good opportunity of leaving, and he took the opportunity which he was recommended by the best of his friends to accept. He had, of course, great regret in leaving the beautiful place, but he was glad he was not going very far away from the lads of Gala Water, and he hoped to be often amongst them. He was sure that he had many friends in the district, and very few enemies. Times had changed very much in farming they all knew. Since he had taken up dairying he had had pleasure in sending in to the children of Galashiels almost two million gallons of milk. Perhaps, in the opinion of his minister, that must have done a great deal more good than two million gallons of whisky. He was well sure that he would get more recompense for his work in his new farm than he got at the Rink. He hardly knew what to say to them about the magnificent gift they had made to him and his wife. A more beautiful gold watch than that he had been presented with could scarcely, he thought, be purchased. He would wear it and cherish it, and often in looking at it he would think of the worthy friends by whom he was surrounded that night. He had to thank the Chairman for the many kind things he had said. He never was able to speak much, and in his young days he always felt that he would rather be allowed to sing a song than deliver a speech. (Laughter and applause.) He scarcely knew how to thank them for the presentation; it was far beyond what he would ever have expected. From his heart he thanked them very much indeed for the handsome way they had treated him.

Peebles in the Past.

WE have frequently pointed out in these columns the deep debt of gratitude all true lovers of their country owe to those patient diggers in the antiquarian and historical fields who have rescued from oblivion the priceless records of the past. Few towns have been as fortunate in this respect as the ancient Royal Burgh of Peebles, where a large store of historical documents have been carefully preserved awaiting the untiring antiquarians of the present day. The late Dr William Chambers did much in this way for his native town, but the work of that literary pioneer has been far exceeded by that of Mr Robert Renwick, some of whose valuable researches into the history of the past have appeared in the columns of our magazine. Mr Renwick has published several most important volumes dealing with the history of Peebles and Peeblesshire, and now he is issuing "Peebles: Burgh and Parish in Early History." At the time of writing the volume has not been issued by the publisher, but it will probably be in the hands of the bookseller before our present issue appears. We hope to be able to give a more extended notice of this important work in our next issue.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.—"It may be mentioned, that while the paternity of these Novels was from time to time warmly disputed in Britain, the foreign booksellers expressed no hesitation on the matter, but affixed my name to the whole of the Novels, and to some besides to which I had no claim."—Sir Walter Scott, 1829.

On the Northern Confines of the Borderland.

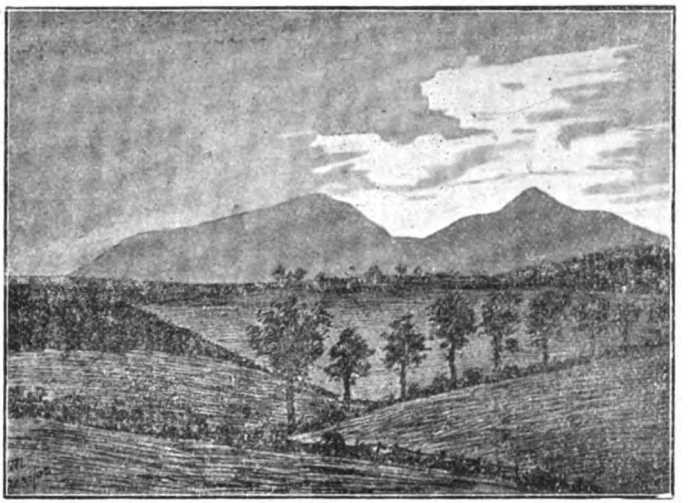
ALTHOUGH the only Scottish counties which actually march with the English Border are Berwick, Roxburgh, and Dumfries, the term "Scottish Borderland" in its widest and usually accepted sense is held to embrace the district lying within the basin of the Tweed and the adjacent district of Liddesdale. The counties of Selkirk and Peebles, which lie at a considerable distance from the line of division between the two countries, are thus included in the Borderland, as is also that wedge-shaped portion of the metropolitan county of Mid-Lothian which lies south of the Moorfoots and extends to within a few miles of Galashiels. The northern boundary of the Tweed basin may roughly be described as the long line of hills which begins on the East Coast with the rocky headlands of St Abb's Head and Fast Castle, and forms a continuous, or nearly continuous, chain of bare heathclad summits, generally rounded in outline and with a marked absence of isolated peaks, embracing the Lammermoors, the Moorfoots, and part of the Western Pentlands. Everyone travelling to Edinburgh by the Waverley route is familiar with the picturesque outline of the Pentland Hills. The ever-spreading city now almost encroaches on their eastern spurs, and many of their more easily accessible glens are favourite resorts of jaded town folks on Saturday afternoons and holidays. The eastern portion of the range has, however, no connection with the valley of the Tweed, and we must travel further west in order to make acquaintance with those wild, desolate, and wind-swept heights which, in the days of old, by their drove roads and passes, afforded means of regular communication between the western part of the Lothians and the district of the Upper Tweed. The best known of these drove roads is that which strikes off at right angles to the Lanark Road, about twelve miles south-west of Edinburgh, crosses between the East and West Cairn Hills by the pass known as the "Cauld Stane Slap," and follows the course of the Lyne Water to the pleasantly-situated Peeblesshire village of West Linton. It may surprise many Edinburgh Borderers to know that the extreme northern point of the county of Peebles, the "Bore Stane," is only about ten miles as the crow flies from the centre of the city, and that within the limits of a summer afternoon's walking excursion it is possible to set foot in the same county in which are situated Tweedsmuir, Manor, Neidpath, Traquair, and many other spots dear to Borderers all the world over. From the Mid Lothian village of Kirknewton there are two well-known paths across the Pentland Hills. The one, by the Bore Stane and North Esk Reservoir, to the hamlet of Carlops, rich in memories of Allan Ramsay and the "Gentle Shepherd," merely touches the margin of the county of Peebles. The other, by the Cauld Stane Slap to West Linton, follows for a considerable distance the course of the Lyne Water, and so may be considered as encroaching on the northern confines of the Borderland. It forms part of what was at one time known as the Thief Road, a track usually traversed by the moss-troopers of old, and which, after leaving Linton, proceeded by Newlands and Lyne, passed by the Scrape and Dollar Law on the boundary between Manor and Drummelzier, and by Crammalt and Winterhope to the vicinity of Birkhill. The name "Cauld Stane Slap" must be familiar to all readers of Robert Louis Stevenson's unfinished, but probably greatest, romance, "Weir of Hermiston," and although the scenes of that story cannot be completely identified with known localities it is evident that the author had in view the wild hill country of the north-western Borderland. He appears to have drawn the scenery of the tale partly from the Eastern Pentlands, in the valley of Glencorse, and partly from the district of the Upper Tweed. His description of the Elliots (he spells the name, by the way, with the double "t"), is sufficient to show that he was well acquainted with the characteristics of the Borderers of bygone days—

> O they rade in the rain in the days that are gane,
> In the rain and the wind and the lave,
> They shoutit in the ha', and they routit on the hill,
> But they're a' quaitit noo in the grave.
> Auld, auld Elliotts, clay-cauld Elliotts, dour, bauld Elliotts of auld.

There are two routes by which the Cauld Stane Slap may be approached from Edinburgh on the northern side. That most frequently taken is from Mid-Calder Station on the Caledonian Railway in the immediate vicinity of Kirknewton. The other, which although it involves more walking, keeps in closer touch with the hills throughout, is from Balerno Station, the terminus of the branch railway which runs up the valley of the Water of Leith through Stevenson's country, passing the villages of Slateford, Colinton, Juniper Green, and Currie. To a great extent the district is now inhabitated by the overflow of the city population, and, like similar places within a radius of a few miles of Edinburgh, is rapidly losing its rural appearance and assuming a somewhat suburban character.

Let us suppose that we are to begin a Pent-

land excursion at Balerno and that we have arrived there on a genial summer morning, sound in wind and limb, and eager to hear the cry of the peeseweep on the moorland, and to feel the keen health-giving breezes which are rarely at rest on the exposed uplands for which we are bound. As we leave the station we see in the hollow on our left the village of Balerno, but we do not enter it, nor do we regret the necessity. To-day we are bound for the moorlands, and the mills and lofty chimney stalks of the little place remind us too much of the busy world, the affairs of which we would for a brief season banish from our thoughts. In a few minutes we leave behind us the villas and cottages, with their glowing gardens, and are fairly into the open country. For nearly five miles we keep to the main Lanark Road. At first the road is wooded on both sides, and at intervals we obtain through the trees glimpses of the wooded valley of the Water of Leith lying far beneath us on our left. After passing, on our right, the two bare rocky hills of Kames and Dalmahoy the road becomes more open, and through the straggling belts of gaunt, ragged firs, which at intervals border the roadside, we see before us, towering high into the blue of the summer sky, the two summits between which we must pass on our pilgrimage to the valley of the Lyne. The road gradually ascends, and we pass a few homesteads around which sun burnt country bairns are playing in the warm sunshine. The sights and sounds of rural life greet our eyes and ears at every step. we have as little chance of wandering from the direct path as we would in the heart of the city. Peaceful and remote from busy life, the district must be little altered in appearance from what it was in the days of our grandfathers. But evidences are not wanting that the characteristics of country life have vastly changed since those not very remote times. The crumbling, broken walls and moss-clad ruins we see at the edge of the moor, shortly before we leave the main road, are all that remain of the once hospitable roadside inn known as Little Vantage. Now we shake the dust of the highway from our feet and shape our course almost due south across the rough moorland grass, and heather. Straight in front is the pass we must cross, and in the haze which, even on this brilliant summer day, intervenes between us and the hills it seems of alarming altitude. We have nearly three miles of exceedingly rough country to traverse before we reach the summit, and as the path is in many places almost entirely obliterated, we can afford to dispense with it, and by the aid of the guide-posts, which have been erected by the Scottish Rights of Way Society. For the first mile or so we stumble with uneven gait through rough moorland grass and reeds, then cross on stepping stones the Water of Leith, which at this point is little more than a hill burn, and after passing the farm of Harpering, with its pleasant meadow-land, proceed to ascend the rugged slopes of the East Cairn Hill. In the glare of the noonday sun the ascent is somewhat toilsome, but we know that every step brings us nearer to our destination, and we struggle doggedly on. After a stiff climb we



CAULD STANE SLAP.

reach the summit of the pass, more than 1400 feet above sea-level, and in a few minutes pass the boundary of the counties and fling ourselves down on the heather upon Peeblesshire ground. Here we may rest awhile amid the loneliness and grandeur of the hills. Around us the slopes are strewn with huge boulders, and the hillsides are wild and desolate, but in front are "the rippling streams and miles of heather" that stretch away in the direction of our beloved Borderland. There is not a sound to remind us of the busy city we have so recently left. The bleating of sheep, the cry of the plover, the song of the lark soaring upwards to the summer blue, and the hum of insect life are the only sounds that fall upon the ear. On such a day long would we linger by the burnside among the heather, examining the nooks and crannies, searching for wild flowers or ferns, and keeping our eyes and ears open to the countless sights and sounds of the wild life of nature that is all around us, so that the memory of them may be with us in the dark days of winter when we can seldom escape from the roar and bustle of the city. We feel that now we are really in touch with the homeland, and that every step brings us nearer to the mighty hills and misty moorlands that guard our native Tweed. As we proceed across the Cairn Muir, where the wind blows "austere and pure," and down the valley of the Lyne the scenery becomes softer and richer. Smiling pastures and leafy woodlands, studded with wild flowers and tender ferns, greet the eye, and through cool shady lanes, grateful in the mid-day heat of June, we proceed by Baddinsgill and Medwin towards West Linton. Our mountain walk is over, and after resting awhile and paying our tribute to the charms of the beautiful little village and its surroundings, we may consider as to the best mode of retracing our steps homewards. Those who, like ourselves, are enthusiasts and feel that they cannot get enough of the hills, may make the return journey to town by a shorter route through Carlops and Nine Mile Burn, recrossing the hills to Balerno, our starting place in the morning.

We have assumed that on our ramble to the confines of the Borderland, the sun has shone upon us and the wilder forces of nature have been at rest. No one, however, who has only seen it under the cloudless sky of midsummer knows the glamour and fascination of the hill country. In spring and autumn the piercing nor'-easter blows in fierce gusts across the wide expanses of moorland that environ those barren hills. Bitter blasts and drenching showers spring up, sometimes with startling suddenness, but to the true lover of the hills, who delights in meeting nature face to face in all her moods, there is a satisfaction in facing the fury of the elements and a joy that cannot be understood by the uninitiated, as by the winter fireside we recall many a rough experience on those "hills of home."

In closing we cannot but quote the words of Stevenson, the modern poet of the Pentlands, words which appeal to the Borderer as he thinks of other hills in the southern Borderland, the first upon which his infant eyes rested, and under whose shadow maybe he hopes to spend the evening of his days:—

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying
Hills of home! and to hear again the call,
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
And hear no more at all!

W. M.

Borderers in Edinburgh.

ONE night recently when on the way to an Edinburgh gathering, we "jamp" with a successful city merchant, who hails from Peeblesshire, bound for the same function. Once at our destination we got "planted" alongside a worthy divine, from "Satan's Seat," none other than the author of the brochure bearing on the important question as to who gave "hus and Mainchester" a bad name.

Being called upon to speak this veteran, in his own inimitable style, prefaced his remarks by pointing out that he had been preceded by men from Selkirk, Peebles, and Langholm, and now they were having a Hawick representative. If they went on like this they would turn the gathering into a Border convention.

During our sojourn in the metropolis we have frequently found gatherings largely dominated by Borderers, and often met with experiences like the above. Such experiences have led to thought and some research, with the result that we find that from early times Borderers have figured, often largely, in city affairs, and exercised no inconsiderable influence on the life and character of the capital.

None can read down the past record of the ancient capital without realising that the Border has aided not a little in making its history. In times of war and peace there has always been some in the "firing file." Functions and institutions have felt their influence.

Notable occurrences are found recorded all down the pages, in which the Borderer had no small or mean share.

True, the annals of the past sometimes tell another tale. The head-splitting, cattle-lifting,

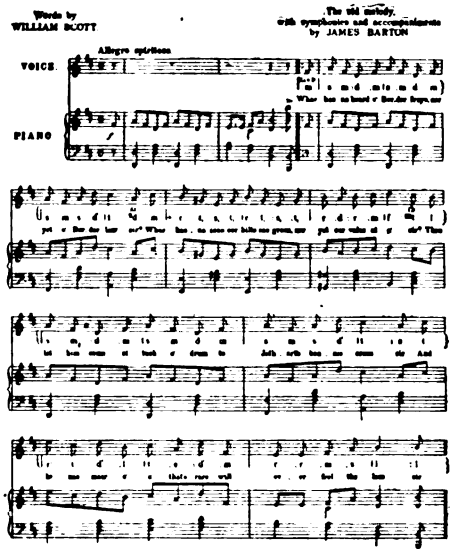
and other Border propensities, characteristic of "unhappy far-off times," asserted themselves, and did not redound to the city's good or the honour of the Borderland. But when all is said such instances are in a very small minority.

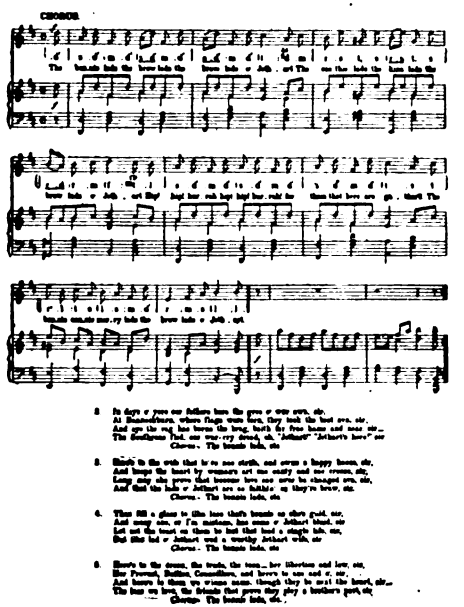
On the religious, social, political, literary, and municipal life of Auld Reekie the Borderer has made his mark. To what extent its literature, institutions, and movements give evidence. Their presence and power was perhaps never more apparent or more felt than now. Into whatsoever sphere or path you strike you "unearth" a Borderer, and a Borderer in no way "lagging behind," but in many instances a credit and an honour to the guid auld metropolis.

There is this common feature in the Edinburgh Borderer, though in, and playing well his part, he can hardly be said to be of the city. His mind ever reverts to the scenes and associations of the Borderland, to its beauties and names that have made it renowned, "loved at home and revered abroad." The grand old Border hills, and dells, with their ballads, legends and romances, seem to be a bit of the Borderer's life, so that wherever his lot is cast he's aye a Borderer still. Who would have it, or why should it be otherwise?

Space forbids more than a passing reference to the emphatically Border institutions in "Modern Athens," where those once rudely rent by faction dwell together in unity. Here the Maxwells, Douglases, Elliots, Armstrongs, Scotts, and all they of the raiding brotherhood are banded together in forceful family folds, who now glory more in saving than sacrificing one another. Clanish they are, and clanish to good purpose. Woe betide the wight who would now "daur meddle wi'" Scottish Borderers in the "grey auld toon." They are a power to be reckoned with. Lang may it be sae. G. M. R.

THE BRAW LADS O' JETHART.





Novel Border Post Cards.

ALTHOUGH the genuine Borderer seems to get through life in a calm and steady manner his push and energy are none the less real. We are all more or less touched with the spirit of the ancient Athenians, who were ever thirsting after something new, and as has often been pointed out in these columns, our Border publishers are not behind the times in supplying new publications to satisfy popular taste. The present craze for picture post cards has caused such an enormous supply, that it makes it increasingly difficult for any one to hit upon a thoroughly novel design. Mr Thomas T. Smail, of Jedburgh, with his usual energy has succeeded in this direction by producing a set of four musical post cards, one of which we have pleasure in reproducing. The other three songs are "Jed Water," "Jethart's Here," and "Little Jock Elliott," and we can well understand the delight of far-away Jedburgh folk when the postman delivers any of these exceedingly neat reminders of the homeland.

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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.

JULY, 1903.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MEETING a city Borderer recently whom we had not met for some time, we put the usual question:—"Do you take out the BORDER MAGAZINE?" He confessed that he did not, but was honest enough to further ease his conscience by saying:—"I'm afraid we Borderers do not do our duty in regard to the Magazine." He was right, and we trust that he and many others will "tak' a thocht an' men'." We have time and again pointed out the great advantages to be gained to the heart and mind, and often body as well, by keeping in close touch with the homeland. To city dwellers who are worried with the cares and anxieties of business, what more refreshing than to hear or read something which reminds them of the scenes and faces of youth. Next to religion, the love of the homeland is the purest feeling which can thrill the human heart, and to foster such feelings is the mission of the BORDER MAGAZINE.

The Border Keep.

The perennial freshness of everything connected with Sir Walter Scott is seen in the almost ceaseless new editions of his works which our enterprising publishers place upon the market. Some of these issues might almost rank as "editions de luxe," but the book about to be issued by Messrs T. C. & E. C. Jack, Edinburgh, promises to excel anything which has yet been issued. The work is thus described in the prospectus:—

The Scott Gallery—a Series of One Hundred and Forty-six Photogravures printed on Japanese Vellum with cut-out mounts together with descriptive letterpress by James L. Caw, Curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. The lifetime of Sir Walter Scott marked the last great epoch of distinctively national Scottish life. Scott had for friends and contemporaries all the great men of that wonderful period of which he himself will ever remain the centre and embodiment. A Collection of Portraits of these notable men and women, such as is given in the Scott Gallery, forms therefore a striking presentment of that epoch, and must be of permanent historical interest, apart from the association of the personages with the great Novelist. In "The Edinburgh Waverley" a series of forty-eight frontispieces, collected by Mr Caw of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, attracted wide-spread attention. In the ten uniform volumes of Lockhart's "Life of Scott" no fewer than one hundred photogravures of great interest were included. The special value of these plates consists in the fact that they are in every case authentic presentations of their subjects, reproduced from the originals in the possession of His Majesty the King, and from other collections, public and private. The publishers have also the pleasure of stating that, by permission of Hon. Mrs Maxwell Scott, the whole of the magnificent collection at Abbotsford (never before reproduced) was placed unreservedly at the disposal of the publishers. Responding to many requests for complete sets of the plates included in these two editions, Messrs Jack have decided to issue a small impression in a distinguished *format*, and to offer these in the first

instance to subscribers to the two works named above. Any copies not taken up in this way will be open to general subscription.

This truly national work will be published in two portfolios at £10, 10s net the set, and will be limited to 100 sets, signed and numbered.

* * *

Apropos of the influence of Scott, the following from the "Glasgow Evening News" may be of interest:—

Canon Scott Holland contributes an appendix to a little volume just published on Ruskin and Gladstone in which he tells of a discussion in which the two took part. Mr Gladstone having dropped the remark that Sir Walter Scott had "made Scotland," Mr Ruskin inquired the meaning of the phrase, and was then told of the manner in which the country had been opened up through the popularity evoked by Scott's novels, that where before was absolute isolation of the human life hidden away in the Highlands there were now multitudes of happy "trippers" up and down the Trossachs, and coaches wending their way in every direction through that picturesque scenery. While this statement was being made by Mr Gladstone Mr Ruskin's face had been deepening in horror, and at last he could bear it no longer. "But my dear sir," he broke out, "that is not 'making' Scotland; that is unmaking' it."

* * *

From the same source I extract the following interesting item:—

With modern manners and customs, the advantages of the honest, straightforward "thumb piece" are apt to be forgotten. It is questionable, in fact, if one in a hundred would now understand the meaning of the expression. The "thumb piece" was still an institution sixty years ago in some of the more primitive districts, where the goodwife is still known to repudiate the use of forks and similar frivolities, showing a fine scorn for any affectation that would prefer them to "the forks that Providence gi'ed ye." The "thumb piece" was a bannock or slice of bread, with butter applied simply but effectively by means of the thumb. This ancient institution was recalled to me the other day by a man from Ecclefechan who remembered getting a "thumb piece" from Thomas Carlyle's mother.

* * *

By reproducing news items of forty years ago, the "Southern Reporter" refreshes the memories of the old folks and shows the young folks what interested their fathers. These items sometimes raise interesting discussions, as will be seen in the following:—

THE BIRTHPLACE OF LORD HEATHFIELD.—In our "Border News in brief" appears a paragraph giving Stobs as the birthplace of Lord Heathfield. Mr Tancred of Weens writes to the "Scotsman" on this subject as follows:—"In 'The Scotsman' of the 5th June I see an error as to the birthplace of Lord Heathfield, the defender of Gibraltar. I have good authority to state that he was not born at Stobs, near Hawick, but at Wells House, in the parish of Hobkirk, in the year 1717. Old Stobs House was burnt to the ground several years before the birth of Lord Heathfield, and remained in that state for a long period. My authority are papers which belonged at one time to the Elliots of Wells, Lord Heathfield's mother being one of that family." "One of the Elliots," writing in a later "Scotsman," says that Mr Tancred's letter would lead people to believe that Lord Heathfield had no connection with Stobs, and continues:—He was the eighth son of Sir Gilbert Elliott of Stobs, and was born in 1717 at Wells House, an estate marching with Stobs, which was brought into the family through his mother, Miss Elliot of Wells, whose father claimed kinship with the Stobs family. After the burning down of the old Castle of Stobs, and the many valuable papers it contained, in 1712, the family removed to Wells House, only a few miles distant.

* * *

The following, also from the "Southern Reporter," will recall to many the lively times when the railway navvies kept the residents of some parts of the Borderland from wearying:

A serious affray occurred on a certain Sunday among the navvies employed on the construction of the Hawick and Carlisle Railway. As is common with nearly all such affrays, drink was at the bottom of it. The navvies had met in the "Turf Hotel," at Shankend, where they were getting rid of their hard-earned money much more easily than they had made it. One or two of them had fallen out; from words they came to blows; supporters appeared on both sides, and soon the melee was general, the combatants being divided into English and Irish, the representatives of the two nationalities vieing as to which should be master. In the midst of the disturbance word was sent to Hawick, and a force of policemen, with the Fiscal and several medical gentlemen, proceeded to the scene of action, when the ring-leaders were arrested. The turf-built tavern was badly damaged, and several of the belligerents were seriously injured. Another affray of a similar kind occurred a fortnight later, when the police were stoned and a prisoner rescued.

* * *

The "Edinburgh Evening Dispatch" gives the following amusing item:—

The report of the run with the Duke of Buccleuch's foxhounds recently recalls a somewhat amusing incident which happened a while ago. Servants were exercising three horses and some of the hounds one day from the kennels when an inmate of the district asylum appeared on the scene. "Eh, sic bonnie dogs," exclaimed the man who was supposed to be daft, "sic bonnie dogs, an' what dei keep they for?" It was explained to him that they were kept for hunting fox. "An' sic bonnie horses, are they for hunting the fox tae?" He was told that they were; whereupon he asked the value of a horse and of a dog, and having been informed he next wanted to know the value of a fox when got hold of. "Oh, about tenpence," was the reply. "Mercy mei, tenpence," said the daftie, "thrie hundred pounds chasing tenpence! Let's away!"

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The Last of the Reivers,

or Christie's Will.

From the Manuscript of John Armstrong of Ridleyhaugh, commonly known as "Jock the Scholard."

By John G. Galbraith,

Author of "His Own Opinion," "A Revised Version," &c.

CHAPTER V.

The Imprisonment of Lord Durie.

NOW it seems that the inhabitants of Edinburgh got into a wild commotion when it was made known that my Lord President of the Court of Session was gone amissing. The servants who constituted the household of the old bachelor judge were the first to become uneasy when Lord Durie did not return as usual from his morning gallop. As the time grew nigh when he ought to have dressed himself and gone forth to the Court-house to settle some ticklish causes, this uneasiness increased, and the menials rushed hither and thither, endeavouring to discover the whereabouts of their master. Thus the alarm gradually spread, but it reached a climax when his brother judges and the advocates and court officials who had gathered to transact the business on the roll awaited impatiently for the President, who came not. When their messenger returned from Sir Alexander's residence with the intelligence that his household had seen nothing of him since early morning the court hastily adjourned, to the chagrin of some who thought to win their pleas and to the relief of those who anticipated losing, while a search party was hurriedly organised to try and discover what evil had befallen the usually punctillious Lord Durie. The news that such a well-known official had gone astray had by this time filtered through the city—I ween the gossiping merchants but rarely had such a choice piece of news to relate and pass comment upon. Many and varied were the theories with which these imaginative sages endeavoured to solve the mystery surrounding my lord's disappearance, and thus when the Royal party, returning from the chase entered the city, they were greeted with the information that "my Lord Durie had been foully slain, cruelly assassinated by the hand of a secret enemy." Amazement covered the features of the Sovereign when Charles heard that such a prominent State official had been done to the death in the midst of this loyal city, but better informed individuals quickly made him aware that, as yet, the only known facts were, that Sir Alexander Gibson had gone out as usual for his morning gallop and that he had not been seen since. I warrant that only two in that hunting party connected the passing on Middleton Moor of the sturdy wight and his shrewdish-looking dame with this seemingly unaccountable disappearance of the pompous Lord President.

The search party meanwhile, under the command of a Tolbooth officer, scoured Leith sands, whither they had traced the missing baronet, and at last one of them captured the riderless charger who had carried the learned judge on its back when he left the High Street. To their minds, already prepared to believe the worst, when the Belgian was discovered the solution of the problem was easy. It was well-known that this horse was liable to sudden attacks of ill-temper, and Lord Durie had often been counselled to part with his favourite and purchase a quieter animal for his private use, but the proud old carle had refused to part with the beautiful Belgian, and now, as they imagined, this refusal had cost him his life, for that my Lord President had been thrown off the back of the enraged charger into the swift waters of the Firth they never for a moment doubted. So the search party returned to the city leading the unwitting murderer before them. This theory was generally accepted, and the *late* Sir Alexander's loss was lamented over. Those relatives who thought to share in the spoil left behind by the miserly judge audibly wept over this tragic end, and donned the apparel of the mourner. Those were many, but not so numerous as the candidates anxious to become Durie's successor in office, and I trow many an ill-concealed and scornful smile would flit across Traquair's face as he heard and saw the hypocritical sorrows which these aspirants thought fit to assume when bewailing the sudden end of their "esteemed friend and learned brother." Indeed, but few really mourned the loss of the President, for selfish pride, greed and ambition never attract sincere affection from any one, although the power they obtain may cause many to bow the knee in seeming abjectness and devotion. That Lord Durie's corpse was not to be found troubled the mind of a few, but when the fact was made known that the tide would just be at the turn for ebb about the probable time of the accident, and thus the lifeless body of the judge might be carried out to sea and might never be recovered, and so, although the search for the remains was continued, in a short time even the few sincere mourners were convinced that Sir Alexander, their patron, was no more. The law, as usual in such cases, delayed proceedings, but after the prescribed days of official mourning were over the name of Lord Durie became but a memory to all except those who were desirous of filling his shoes as President of the Court. A few short weeks and the portly shopkeeper had obtained some other tit-bits of news or scandal to retail to the passers-by, and the tale of the judge's tragic end dropped from conversation.

Meanwhile the object of all this discussion and agitation was immured in the vault of Gilnockie peel. The tower, I may explain, like the majority of similar erections spread over the Marches, is a strongly-built square structure. In the past it was used as a place of refuge in time of danger, when the family and adherents ascended to the upper storey and through the loopholes and from the roof fired at the besiegers. The bottom storey, consisting of a vaulted chamber, lit by one little window and destitute of furniture, was used in time of 'peace' as a dungeon, where English prisoners taken at a Border fray were imprisoned until their ransom was paid. Here my Lord Durie had been carried by Will on our arrival from Edinburgh. Not a face had he seen since he was thrown from the broad shoulders of my kinsman, and hardly a ray of light had been allowed to enter the cell. Under orders from Will, Barbara only opened the shutter which covered the small window and thrust in the food prepared for him and hastily slammed too the shutter again. He was provided with the best fare the larder afforded. Maggie saw to that, but as a provisional guard against discovery he was not allowed to hear a sound or behold the face

of any of us, and he was prevented from viewing the surroundings of his prison. Of course, Will and I were then in the belief that all the countryside would be searched by interested parties in the endeavour to unearth those daring souls who had kidnapped his lordship. We only learned afterwards how the discovery of the charger had ended the search and provided circumstantial evidence to account for the disappearance of Sir Alexander.

The almost perpetual silence, broken only by the swish-swish of the neighbouring Esk as it rolled over its rocky bed, or by the shouts of Tam directing his collie amongst the sheep feeding around the keep, seemed to have exercised a peculiar effect upon the overstrung nerves of our prisoner. The only item which marked the flight of time to him was the swift opening of the shutter which illumined the dungeon like a flash of lighting and showed off the plump arm of Barbara as she thrust in the platter containing his food, so Lord Durie got plenty of leisure in which to review the errors of his past and try to explain to his bewildered senses the curious adventures which had befallen him. The fright occasioned by his sudden seizure on Leith sands, the hurried journey, and the solitude and darkness which succeeded caused him to imagine that he had fallen under the wiles of some powerful and vengeful sorcerer. He had, as an official, always been particularly harsh in dealing with cases of supposed witchcraft, and consequently he fancied that this wizard who had carried him off was torturing him by way of revenge for the burning of some old hag of the evil tribe to whom the magician had probably promised protection. It was quite by accident that I discovered the strange conceit from which our prisoner was labouring.

It was one evening when my lass and I, as was our wont, had wandered down the river-side and through the woods to enjoy sweet communion with each other in peace. Love being a sacred thing ever desires privacy, and the rude banter of friend Will often caused our ears to tingle, and so—like many lovers before and since, I warrant—we sought refuge and quietude from prying eyes and babbling tongues in the open air, and strolling down the glen we courted in the hall of nature. Here we said and did as lovers whose love is pure hath done and said since ever the first man wooed his bride, and also like many others we fancied that never man nor maid loved half so well as we did, nor were so deliciously happy as we twain. On this particular evening we had sauntered along the glen and were now returning, for the time drew nigh for saying "guid-nicht" to each other. We were strolling in silence—for our love needed little speech—past the old peel when we were startled by hearing a voice, apparently in piteous entreaty, issuing from the prisoner's cell. I softly stepped forward to the door of the dungeon so that I might distinguish clearly the words that were being spoken.

"Oh, hae mercy on me, thou mighty wizard—thou man of mystery—hae mercy on me, and restore me again to the land of light." I motioned Maggie to remain silent, whilst Lord Durie within the dungeon continued to plead with the strange being his imagination had pictured as his goaler. "Thou art a man of mysterious power, as well I know, for was I not beguiled by thee whilst thou had the form and look of a Border farmer, and whipped off my charger and transferred in an instant into this abode of darkness, which is lighted only by sudden flashes of dazzling brightness. I know I have done deeds that you may desire to avenge. I foolishly did cause yon comely old woman to be cast into the fire at Glasgow, and many a dame have I sent to the tar-barrels or the ducking-stool when simple men swore that they had bewitched their cattle or kindred, being thought to possess the evil eye. It may be that some of those have caused you thus to seize upon me and transport me into this den, but set me free again and never more will I punish an adherent of thine. May mercy enter into your soul," here I heard the captive sagely murmur, "hae magicians ony souls? Nae, they hae all sold them to the devil!" and he resumed his appeal. "May ye hae mercy on me and release me from bondage and let me see again the bonny toon of Edinboro', and never more will I deal harshly with one accused of withcraft. Oh, thou strange creature that only appeareth as a beautiful female arm, grant that I be set free—return me again to the world of the living, that I may hear the sound of human voices once more," so the half-mad baronet pleaded with the offspring of his own fancy for his release. I vow in his younger days he had never pled half so anxiously on behoof of a client as he now appealed to those silent walls. He continued his ravings, but I stole away with something akin to pity in my heart for the old lawyer, although no one whom I had ever met had a good word to say of him either as an individual or as an official.

When Maggie and I reached the steading I went into the kitchen and told Will the grist of what we had heard, and gathered anent the prisoner's beliefs.

"Dod, thou mighty magician, the auld carle in the vault thinks yer a maister o' witchcraft, Will!"

"A gey substantial witch, I'se warrant," quoth Will. "'Deed the auld doited deil micht hae kent by the grip o' me that there wasna onything uncanny aboot me."

"Weel, he's in a bonny pickle, fair fleyed at the thocht o' ye an' yer mystic power," I answered. "I'm thinkin' that the week or twa spent in company wi' his conscience 'll no dae auld Durie ony ill. He'll maybe no be sae sicker in the future, an' no sae fond o' sendin' puir bodies into Tolbooth cells."

"Hoo wad it dae gin a' judges or folk that sent ithers into jail got a fair trial o' the punishments they awarded?" asked Will. "I'se warrant that they'd ken mair aboot it, an' the time o' leisure spent in thinkin' ower their past misdeeds would dae them guid."

"Hoo'd it dae to gie you sax weeks o'd to begin wi?" quoth I, laughing, whilst Maggie exclaimed, "Mind yer twa nichts spent in Jethart Tolbooth!"

"Oh, dod! that's a horse o' a different colour," says he.

"Ay, Wull, yer juist like auld Durie, ye can easily prescribe a cure for the ill-deeds o' ithers, but ye'd be laith to gie it a trial yersel," retorted I.

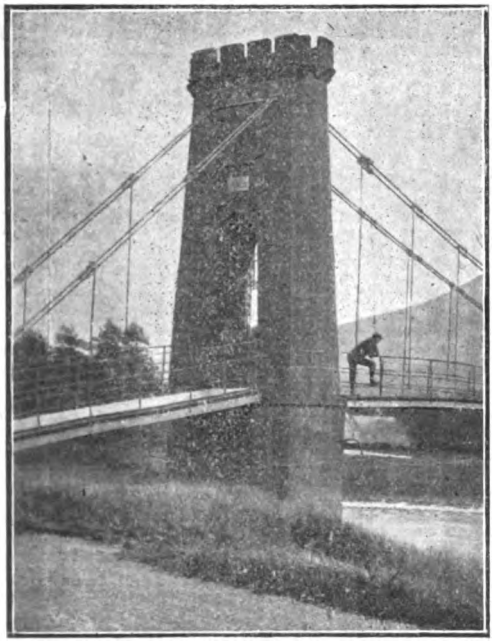
"Weel, onywey, Jock," says Will, "this conceit o' the auld lordie's micht no dae us ony ill. Gin we hae to tak' him back to Edinboro' toon when Traquair's land is safe and the plea settled, gin we drap him, in the belief that some ane uncanny has been the cause o' his being lifted, they'll maybe no be sae keen o' tryin' to find oot where he has been jailed." This suggestion seemed good, and so we relaxed none of our vigilance, in spite of Maggie, who was vexed for the old man immured in the dark dungeon, who still continued at intervals to address appeals to the troop of spirits which his im-

agination pictured as floating invisible around him in the dark. I warrant that big Tam and Barbara who were instructed not to allow the illusion to be dispelled by making divers strange noises near the cell would cause him to think that some members of the invisible guard were blood-thirsty demons uttering blood-curdling yells and shouts of fiendish merriment.

(To be Continued.)

Melrose "Chain" Bridge—A Link with the Past.

THE simple but elegant suspension bridge (spoken of locally as the Chain Bridge) which spans the classic Tweed at Melrose, joining that far-famed town with the village of Gattonside, on the north bank of the river, where resided Sir David Brewster, the inventor of the Kaleidoscope, is reported to be in a dangerous condition.



MELROSE CHAIN BRIDGE.

Not only is the wood work rotten, but the iron work which suspends it is said to have become stale and brittle and liable to give way under the strain of any strong westerly gale that may sweep down the valley.

In 1826, the year in which this bridge was erected, Sir Walter Scott was already tottering to his fall. As the bridge approached completion Sir Walter sat sorrowful in Abbotsford, some three miles further up the river, writing of the death of his wife: "I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished and embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone." And again about a month later: "I received to-day £10 from Blackwood for the article on "The Omen." Time was I would not have taken these small tithes of mint and cummin; but scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings, and I . . . must do the best I can with my time—God help me."

Hard by the bridge is the ruined Abbey of Melrose, that beautiful Gothic structure made famous by Scott who, in the much quoted lines in which he advises the visitor to view the ruins by "the pale moonlight" and alluding to its churchyard, says:—

"When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave."

One summer evening as I stood on the bridge and listened to the water rushing over the weir, a few hundred yards up stream, I heard an American visitor say critically to another: "I say, would you call that raving?"—a little incident that contrasts sharply the prosaic and unimaginative character of the average Cook's tourist with that extraordinary talent which Scott had for enlarging, ennobling, and giving point and character to the humblest personage and most humdrum object. Whatever may be the infirmities of the bridge at Melrose, it was always a structure at once more substantial and more graceful than that which, bridging the Tweed at Dryburgh, has carried many thousands of pilgrims (from all corners of the earth) to view the tomb of the mighty Wizard of the North in Dryburgh Abbey. A story that is told in connection with this bridge is worth recalling. Before tolls were abolished the ordinary wayfarer had to pay one penny to cross over it in terms of Line 1 of a notice on the bridge. Line 2 provided that certain privileged persons were allowed to pass for a halfpenny. "It'll be line twae for me," said a rather mean fellow (belonging to category number one) to the toll-keeper, who was a bit of a worthy, and who replied, "Na, na, it'll be line 3 for you." Line 3 read: "Asses and mules, 3d each."

J. E. M.

Rab, the Carrier.

IT must now be bordering on the half century since Rab's body was borne by the villagers to its last resting-place in the little graveyard on the hill top. The insignificant headstone, with its rude sculpture of skull and cross-bones, still marks the spot. A thin line of green moss worms in and out the brief inscription, "Here lies Rab, the Carrier," but the rank grass and weeds, the ranker and stronger that they were once held in subjection, tell the mournful tale that Rab's name is now but a forgotten memory. The death-knell of his race was sounded, and Rab himself recognised the note, when the first train whirred past the village, freighted with merchandise..

"Iphm, Rab! There's naething noo but the Bawhill for you, ma man, and, by Jehosophat, if ye dinna look gleg there'll not be a d——d weaver left in this God-forsaken place to bury ye."

Rab, however, had the satisfaction, if it be matter for congratulation, of being gathered to his fathers before these evil days befel the village. The full complement of weavers, twelve in number, sacrilegeously termed "the twelve apostles," bore him up the steep, winding path to his last, long rest, and on the Deacon's own asseveration, "There wasna a single hitch frae liftin' to plantin'!" But not for long was this unbroken line maintained, and it became a source of life-long regret and many heart-burnings to the survivors to see the young, inexperienced frolicsome recruits who were gradually assuming an ever-increasing majority.

"There's nae pleesure ava in a burial," mournfully asserted the Deacon, "and when Tammas Brodie slips awa', if it be his luck to gang first, I maun think aboot daein' something." The Deacon was the last, and when he flitted up to the north end of the village on a level with the Bawhill, it was because "he couldna' thole the thocht o' bein' slappit and bumpit up the hill by a wheen yokels."

Let us think of Rab, however, in the day of his pride—as the arrogant man of the road, who, if he be taken at his own valuation, carried more on suffrage than of necessity. It was only when that infernal machination of man's brain, the railway, rendered him and his kind but encumberers of the ground that the pride of the man was broken.

"Cairry yer bit kist to Bonnyrigg on Friday? Havers, man! It's but twel' mile—what's to hinder ye gettin' up a wee bit earlier in the mornin' and humpin't on yer back for yersel! As like as no, I'll never see a penny o' the cairrage forbye." And when it is known that Rab not only carried the chest, but forgot to deliver it, and when he returned with it a week later, had the audacity to demand double carriage, one aspect of his many-sided inconsistent, conflictory, contradictory character is aptly illustrated. Yet he was dear to the hearts of the villagers. As Matthy, the bellman, said, "Dod, everybody kens that if a coo had juist the gumption and a leather nose it would get the sweetest bite at the root o' a whin buss." "Ay! ay! Matthy," echoed the Deacon, "and a dog disna bite ilka time he shews his teeth."

Nevertheless it was with considerable trepidation that the committee of a juvenile embryo cricket club approached the carrier for the bat and wickets which they had craved him to bring from the county town. The reason for their fear was by no means imaginary, for, despite the strenuous efforts of the committee, the subscription list had to be declared closed while yet fourpence was wanted for Rab. However, fools venture where angels fear to tread, and the committee, supported by one another, bearded the lion in his den.

"What!" bellowed Rab, "twa-and-six for what cost me twa-and-seeven, let alane the cairrage. By Jehosophat, this beats a'! Hoo the deevil do ye expeck me to keep a horse and cairt, feed and cleed mysel' and the horse at that rate. Na! na! callants, twa-and-ten or back thae stumps gang. Business is business, and that minds me I'm due you a penny, Johnnie, for bringing yon gress for the mare; and Andry didna ye clean oot the stable last nicht? Weel, there's a penny to you—and, Jamie, I think I'm awn you a penny for something or other. That's thripence! The other penny, of coorse, is discoont for ready-money. Noo, gies a' thae pennies back again. That mak's twa-and-ten. There's yer bat and stumps. A bargain's a bargain—business is business, ye maun aye mind that."

Rab's reference to the feeding of his horse is brimful of caustic humour. "Ower muckle meat," he would say when taxed with starving his equine helpmates, "is naither guid for man nor beast. Drink! That's another soo by the lug. I believe in baith animals gettin' as muckle as ever they like o' that, and as my beast," and here a meaning twinkle would appear in his eye, "'ll no drink onything but cauld water—the feckless brute—I see that she gets her fill o' that!"

Consequently, it may be gathered, Rab formed no very lasting friendships in the horse

line, and, furthermore, that when the day of parting did arrive he met it with philosophic calm.

On one occasion he was dumping rubbish into a disused quarry, for that was one of his orra jobs. Inadvertently his horse in the process of backing went too near the edge and struggled in vain to regain a footing. Rab, to do him justice, gave the poor animal what aid he could with hand and tongue, but all to no purpose, and both horse and cart were precipitated to the bottom of the quarry. "Ay, mun, lass," soliloquised Rab as he gazed down upon the mangled and broken mass, "you and me hae dumped mony a cairtfu' o' dirt ower there, but ne'er ane as clean as that afore."

When the arduous labours of the day were ended, Rab was wont to deck himself out in his "braws" and go abroad "juist to rax his legs a bit," as he himself expressed it. Inseparable from him on these occasions was an immense umbrella, green with age, and held together by means of a greasy ham cord. This Rab invariably carried beneath his arm, and, judging by the few occasions upon which it was made to perform the ordinary functions of a protector from the elements, was apparently there more from habit than of necessity.

One day while thus on pleasure bent, Rab encountered Matthy the bellman, who had his bell by the tongue, in evidence of the fact that he at least was no idler. The rain was coming down in torrents, yet Rab's umbrella reposed in its accustomed place. The carrier passed with a salutation, but drew up on hearing the premonitory clink which indicated that Matthy had dropped the tongue to grasp the handle of the bell. The sight of Rab's umbrella must have been too much for Matthy, down whose face the rain coursed in little streams.

"Shouldna wonder, Rab," he cried, with a cough that might have carried conviction, but for the stentorian tones in which he had just advertised a roup of potato drills, "shouldna wonder that we'll hae some weet?" Dagon'd, I believe it's spitting already. I'm kind o' fear'd for this host o' mine, sae if ye have nae objections I'll borrow yer umbrella until it comes fairly on. Sine ye can get it yersel!"

"Dod man, Matthy, I clean forgot," replied Rab. Thus reminded he hoisted his umbrella, but very soon again became oblivious of its existence, and it was only when he experienced some difficulty in entering his own door that he became aware that he had for some time been marching about under a fair sky with an open umbrella.

Rab lived in a ramshackle building of two stories. The lower he utilised as a stable, while the upper was his own domicile. Accustomed as he was to exposure all day long, he took no heed that his house was falling into disrepair. The neighbours knew him too well to tender advice, and when one sadly lacking in experience ventured to suggest to Rab the advisability of calling in a tradesman, they wondered at his temerity.

Not even when the roof of his dwelling became neither wind nor water-proof would he have any repairs executed. When the rain came down he would simply draw his arm-chair to the fireside, unfurl his capacious umbrella, plant his feet in a huge kail-pat, his sole cooking utensil, and peacefully go to sleep. Yet it was this utter disregard for his personal comforts which cost Rab his life. One wild night when a fierce hurricane from the hills blattered the rain against the window-panes, and made the long deals in the joiner's yard to creak and groan as if in mortal agony, Rab's wretched hovel collapsed like a house of cards. Not till the grey morning were the villagers apprised that a tragedy had been enacted while they slept. At first it was hoped that Rab might have escaped, and with feverish haste they worked to clear away the debris.

Alas! the search but realised their worst forebodings. Rab's lifeless body was first unearthed, and it was not long ere they discovered that the horse had shared its master's fate. Doubtless the grim tragedy of his end tended in some measure to weave around his memory a web of kindly criticism. His misdeeds were forgotten, and only his kindly acts remembered. And surely it is well.

"Dinna tell me," spoke up Leezbeth Thamson, long years after his death, "that oor cairrier hadna a guid heart. I can mind brawly o' Kirsty Wilson's lassie. Had it no been for Rab, she would have been up-bye lang afore him. And the craetur' threipit down Kirsty's throat to the end that it was the lassie's aunty that gied 'im the bottles. Ay, and mony a bairn kent their 'purlies' were a' the richer for his robbin' them. Nae doot, he had his failin's. Wha hasna? But I'm thinkin' if Rab's sair forfochten at the reckonin' and things are likely to gang hard wi' him, there's a wheen lyin' in the Bawhill noo that'll no see the cairrier beat. Wha kens but they micht help to turn the tide in his favour.

W. F. R.

Fashion cheats the eccentric with the claptrap of freedom, and makes them serve her in the habiliments of the harlequin.

London Borderers and "The Ladies."

THE sixth annual banquet of the London Scottish Border Counties Association, which took place in London a few weeks ago, did not fall below the very high standard to which this particular "function" of the L.S.B.C.A. has always attained. We have not space for a report of all the excellent speeches made on this occasion, but we think it well to record the remarks with which Sir James Crichton-Browne introduced the toast of "The Ladies," because of the prominence which that eminent physician and man of letters has lately achieved in literary circles by reason of his association with a book, "The Life and Letters of Jane Welch Carlyle," the publication of which has fanned into activity the discussion concerning the domestic troubles of Thomas Carlyle and his wife.

The function was held in the Restaurant Frascati, Oxford Street, Sir Richard Waldie Griffith in the chair. The company numbered 118, among those present being the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D.; the Hon. Sir John Cockburn, Lady Cockburn and Miss Cockburn; the Hon. A. D. Elliot, M.P., Secretary to the Treasury; the Hon. Mark Napier, Mrs Napier, and Miss Morgan; Mr H. J. Tennant, M.P., and Mrs Tennant; the Rev. Mr Stuart (who, as minister of Kirkton, near which is the new military camp, is at present at Aldershot getting into the atmosphere in which he will move as chaplain to the South of Scotland camp), Colonel Anderson of Tushielaw; Mr Andrew Whitlie, Mr A. W. Freer; Mr Gideon Brown, Dr M'Leod, Dr Brisbane, Mr John Sanderson, ex-chairman of the Council; Mr Forsyth, Miss Forsyth; Mr W. B. Thomson, the secretary, and Mrs Thomson, and many other influential representatives of the counties of Roxburgh, Berwick, Selkirk, Peebles, and Dumfries.

In speaking to the toast of "The Ladies," Sir James Crichton-Browne said—I am rather surprised that our secretary has not hesitated to entrust me with a toast that requires to be handled with the utmost daintiness, delicacy, reticence, and genial good humour, seeing that the critics—or rather a small group of critics in London, outraged Jowettites, poor thin acidulous scribblers have been freely accusing me during the last fortnight of vehemence, impetuosity, and rancour. Well, ladies and gentlemen, I do not admit the impeachment, and shall have a word to say to these lean and hungry critics one of these days, but even if I had been a little vehement, impetuous, and stringent, I am sure you here would condone the offence, seeing that it was committed in defending a brother Borderer from cruel calumnies that have stained his name, that brother Borderer being one of the most illustrious sons that our Borderland has produced—Thomas Carlyle. Our Border ancestors were wont to be a little vehement and impetuous when repelling invasion or raiding the English marches, and even now, when the lance has given place to the pen, the old fire is not altogether extinct. But our Border ancestors who were so vehement and impetuous in the field were gentle and debonnaire in the hall and lady's bower, and so it is possible that I, with all my vehemence and impetuosity, may not be disqualified for proposing the toast of the ladies. And in proposing that toast, I do not think I could do better than explain to you the exact composition of the exquisite beings I have to ask you to pledge. That has been clearly set forth in an ancient Sanskrit text, lately brought to light, which gives full details as to the creation of women. In the beginning, says the ancient Sanskrit text, which is called "The Digest of the Moon," in the beginning, Twashtri, that is the Creator, when He came to the making of woman, found that he had exhausted all His raw materials in the manufacture of man, and had no solid elements left. In this dilemma, after profound meditation, he proceeded as follows:—

> He took the rotundity of the moon, and the curves of creepers, and the clinging of tendrils, and the trembling of grass, and the slenderness of the reed, and the bloom of flowers, and the lightness of leaves, and the tapering of the elephant's trunk, and the glances of deer, and the clustering of bees, and the joyous gaiety of sunbeams, and the weeping of clouds, and the timidity of the hare, and the vanity of the peacock, and the softness of the parrot's bosom, and the hardness of adamant, and the sweetness of honey, and the fierceness of the tiger, and the glow of fire, and the coldness of snow, and the chattering of jays, and the hypocrisy of the crane, and the cooing of doves, and, mixing all these well together, he made woman, and he gave her to man.

But after one week, man came to Twashtri and said—"Lord, this creature Thou has given me makes my life miserable. She chatters incessantly, and teases me past endurance, and she requires constant attention, and takes up all my time, and cries about nothing, and is very idle, and so I have come to give her back to Thee again." So Twashtri said—"Very well," and he took her back. But after another week man came to Twashtri again, and said—"I find that my life is very lonely since

I gave Thee back that creature Thou madest for me. I remember how she used to dance and sing for me, and look out of the corner of her eye at me, and cling to me, and her laughter was music, and she was very beautiful to look at, so give her back to me again." So Twashtri said—"Very well," and he gave woman back to man again. Then, after only three days, man came back to Twashtri and said—"Lord, I know not how it is, but, after all, I have come to the conclusion that this creature is more of a trouble than a pleasure to me, so please take her back." But Twashtri was angry, and said—"Out on you! Be off! I will have no more of this. You must manage how you can." Then man said—"But I cannot live with her!" And Twashtri replied—"Neither can you live without her."

And from that hour man has been finding out more and more that he cannot live without her and has sought her company more and more, and so it has come about that on an occasion like this nowadays we have no longer to drink to the ladies in their absence, but have them among us, and have even a lady to respond to this toast. Happily we have with us this evening a group of Border ladies, who retain all the purity of the original constitution of women, which I have explained to you, without any of the adulterations of modern times—adulterations such as the pertness of the sparrow, the blue of the stocking, the angularity of the trenches, the astuteness of the moleskin jacket. And to represent these Border ladies in connection with this toast we have one who is a Border woman, not by birth, but by adoption, and who is certainly endowed with the best Border qualities. Mrs Tennant has done excellent service in those departments of public work that fall properly within a woman's sphere, and she adds to public spirit high culture and lucid and graceful gifts of expression, from the enjoyment of which I shall not longer detain you. I give you "The Ladies," coupled with the name of Mrs H. J. Tennant.

Sir Walter Scott, shortly before he died, consoled himself with the reflection that he had done nothing with his pen that any upright or pure-minded man need regret. "I have been, perhaps," he said, "the most voluminous author of my day; and it is a great comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted out." Some of the "voluminous authors" of our day—they are not numerous, perhaps, but they are sufficiently repugnant—may one day wish that they, too, had tried to corrupt no man's principles.

More Hawick Characters.

EVERY town and village in the Borderland has had its "characters," whose quaint sayings and doings "wad fill a book," but it is not every town that has been fortunate enough to have writers who could make the said book and so preserve

ROB TINLIN.

for future generations these examples of originality which were the delight of our fathers. Among the Border towns whose "characters"

are thus preserved, Hawick takes an honourable place. In a previous number of the BORDER MAGAZINE we had the pleasure of reviewing the first series of "Hawick Characters," published by Mr James Edgar, 5 High Street, Hawick, and we have now before us a second series from the same publisher. On the previous occasion we highly recommended the publication, and we have nothing but praise for the present issue, which contains twelve illustrations, one of which we reproduce, and is sold at the very low price of sixpence. From the nineteen character sketches which comprise the present issue, we quote the following:—

For the greater part of the closing half of the eighteenth century there was no better known figure in Hawick than that of Rob Tinlin, the outspoken and independent town officer and parish beadle. Sir Walter Scott, a frequent visitor to Hawick at this time, would appear to have been well acquainted with Rob and the history of his family, repeating some of Rob's many eccentricities in those inimitable old world retainers, whom the great magician pictured to the life in the Waverley novels. According to James Wilson, the historian, Town Clerk of Hawick, Rob, whose forbears lived at Auld Crumhaugh, claimed descent from the famous Sutor Watt Tinlin, the theme, Sir Walter Scott says, of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his services a small tower bordering on Liddesdale. Watt delighted more in the wild Border warfare than in the practice of his trade of sewing "the single soled shoon," and was famous all over the country as an expert archer. This the Captain of Bewcastle proved to his cost in an unsuccessful raid into Teviotdale. The Captain in his retreat was closely pursued by Watt through a dangerous morass, which the Captain got through in safety. Reaching the firm ground, he turned in his saddle, and seeing Tinlin dismounted and floundering in the bog, he shouted these words of insult, "Sutor Watt, ye cannot sew your boots; the heels risp and the seams rive." "If I cannot sew," retorted Tinlin, discharging a shaft which nailed the Captain's thigh to his saddle, "if I cannot sew, I can yerk."

This was the original of Sir Walter's "Watt Tinlin" of the immortal "Lay of the Last Minstrel," who brings to Branxholm Hall the first tidings of the approach of the English foe.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—
"Prepare ye all for blows and blood!
Wat Tinlinn from the Liddell-side
Comes wading through the flood.
Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
At his lone gate, and prove the lock;
It was but last St Barnabright
They sieged him a whole summer night,
But fled at morning—well they knew,
In vain he'd never twanged the yew."
. . . . . .
While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
Enter'd the echoing barbican.
He led a small and shaggy nag,
That through a bog, from hag to hag,
Could bound like any Billhope stag.
It bore his wife and children twain.
. . . . . .
He was of stature passing tall,
But sparely formed and lean withal;
A battered morion on his brow;
A leather jack, as fence enow,
On his broad shoulders loosely hung;
A Border axe behind was slung;
His spear six Scottish ells in length,
Seem'd newly dyed with gore;
His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,
His hardy partner bore.

A full share of the wild mosstrooping blood of his archer ancestor appears to have descended to the fearlessly outspoken town officer. Long acquaintance with his duties and the familiarity of the times had placed Tinlin more in the position of a dictator than of a servant. His word on all matters of procedure in his later years was law. He was a bold Bailie or Town Councillor who dared to question his authority, and his imperious service would appear to have been a terror even to the pulpit. Tinlin as burgh officer attended the meetings of Town Council, and at the election of Bailies he used to point out authoritatively the individual in the leet whom he considered should have the preference. Tinlin was most punctilious in the proper performance of his official duties. Dressed in his mulberry coloured coat, he wound up all his official proclamations by "Hawick for ever and independent," a formula, Mr Wilson says, which was handed down from one dempster to another, from a period anterior to record, and once of much significance. We may be allowed to express our regret that this spirited and patriotic peroration is no longer used in official proclamations; but the last verse of the Common-Riding song secures its perpetuation. Proud of his being of the same age as the reigning sovereign, George III., Rob was intensely loyal, and anyone giving utterance to disloyal sentiments or opinions in his presence had not long to wait for physical evidence of Rob's strong disapproval in the shape of a knock-down blow straight from the shoulder.

Rob and his colleague, the other town officer, formed the only police force of the town at this period, and their duties appear to have been both varied and extensive, as will be seen from the following entries of payments made to them, extracted from the town's books:—

1767—Aug. 7, Paid Tinlin and Hardie for watching brig . . .	0	2	0

This was at the famous Hawick flood, when the Slitrig rose to a tremendous height, flooding the town and sweeping away several houses. The picturesque old bridge over the Slitrig stood the full force of the flood, but the parapets on the east and the approaches on both sides were swept away.

1771—Paid Robert Tinlin for mending his halbard	0	0	6

This was probably one of the original ancient weapons taken in 1514 from the English along with the flag.

1773—Paid Robt. Tinlin for watching the town after fire . .	0	1	6
1777—Paid Bailie Hardy for officers whipping the "Spaeman" .	0	8	6
Do. for ale and bread when he was in prison	0	0	7

The above two payments in connection with the spaeman evidently refer to the same incident de-

scribed by Robert Wilson in his graphic account of Bailie John Hardie, the pioneer of the hosiery trade of Hawick, which we may here be permitted to quote:—"A big tatterdemallion fellow was in the town spaeing fortunes. He had got into the Bailie's kitchen, and was practising his impositions on the servant girls. He affected to be dumb, and with various sorts of mummery he was fleecing his audience of their ha'pence. The burgh magistrate had no faith in witchery, and having observed the old juggler at his work, had called two of the town officers to be in readiness, should matters turn out as he suspected. While the fortune-teller was levying his contributions in the kitchen, the Bailie was giving the necessary orders to his officers; and, having armed himself with a stick, and taken a small quantity of gunpowder in his hand, he proceeded with a lighted candle where the spaeman was performing his tricks. It was almost dark, when the Bailie made his stick tell on the shoulders of the imposter, at the same time that the gunpowder illuminated the apartment. The women screamed, and the dumb vagabond roared out, "Murder, murder!" "Carry the scoundrel to the prison, Tinlin, and put him in the stocks," said the Bailie. "Oh, for God's sake!" cried the half-petrified impostor, "let me away, sir! let me away!" "Carry the villain off," continued the decisive magistrate, "and let him be drummed out of the town to-morrow, as a lesson to spaemen." The officers did their duty, and it was current in the town for many years that Bailie Hardie could make the dumb speak."

In 1806 the Town Council would appear to have revolted against the despotic rule of Tinlin and his colleague, as they resolved to make several radical changes, including the appointment of a new procurator fiscal ("who did not keep a public-house") and of three officers, the salary of each officer to be £5 per annum and a suit of clothes once in two years, besides the ordinary perquisites; the officers also to be debarred from attending the Council meetings, and to wait in a small room adjoining. Some years before this the Town Council had found it necessary to pass an ordinance prohibiting the Town Clerk from keeping a public-house. Along with this brief reference to a radical change in the early police administration of the old burgh, it is interesting to note that when an attempt was recently made to hand over the control of the burgh police to the county authorities, the old "Hawick for ever and independent" spirit unmistakably asserted itself in a unanimous and emphatic "No," voiced by a large and representative public meeting, which was sufficient to bring the negotiations to an abrupt conclusion.

Rob's outspokenness was nowhere more in evidence than at the Parish Kirk, in the performance of his duties as parish beadle. One day when there was an extra long-winded preacher in Hawick Kirk (now St Mary's) instead of Rev. Mr Arkle, the impatient and eccentric Rob, being much wearied, after many a suggestive glance at the old sand-glass and ineffectual effort to draw the preacher's attention to its expiring grains, came out to the east end of the kirk, whence he saw several of Dr Charters of Wilton's congregation coming up the Common Haugh side. He then went into the kirk, and cried to the minister—"Say amen, ye ass, Wilton Kirk's comin' up the Common Haugh." But Rob cried in vain, so out he went, only to become more angry by seeing the neighbouring congregation already at the bridge. In again to the kirk he went, and with a voice louder than before he shouted—"Hae dune, ye molehead, Wilton Kirk's comin' over Teiot Brig."

But Rob met his match in Blind Willie Craw, the famous rhyming gaberlunzie of Branxholm Town. Willie attended Hawick Kirk regularly. One Sunday, being more than usually restless, the minister told Rob to sit beside Willie and endeavour to keep him quiet. The blind man quickly discovered that his companion was Rob, whose nick-name, "The Naig," was well known, and upset the gravity of both minister and congregation by loudly exclaiming—

"The like o' this I never saw,
A 'Naig' set doon to herd a 'Craw.'"

The Rev. Mr Dyce of Teviothead, familiarly known in Hawick and district as Lang Tam Dyce, used to occasionally fill the pulpit of old St Mary's, and on such occasions Tinlin and he invariably exchanged compliments. One Sabbath morning Mr Dyce, for the purpose of provoking Tinlin, unduly prolonged his stay in the public-house at the Brig end. The in-going bell having been rung, and there being still no signs of the minister, Tinlin dandered to the Kirk steps to see if there were no appearance of him. Observing Mr Dyce unconcernedly emerging from the inn Tinlin bawled out "Come on, ye molehead," to which the minister quietly retorted—"I'm coming, Naig." Tinlin was once sent to Teviothead by the Rev. Mr Arkle with a letter for the Rev. Mr Dyce. When the minister saw the Hawick beadle approaching he waggishly enquired what "the town's naig had with him the day." Tinlin, ever smart at repartee, at once rejoined "It's a letter to the Kirk's cuddy ass." While some of the French prisoners of war were located in Hawick, their paymaster, Mr Nixon, invited a few of them on one occasion to his seat in the kirk. They were gaudily attired in uniforms as officers in Napoleon's army, and their entrance to the church attracted all eyes. Tinlin was, however, otherwise engaged at the moment of their entry, and consequently did not observe Mr Nixon showing them into his own seat. When Rob got his eye upon them in Mr Nixon's seat he was horrified, and he at once concluded by their dress that they were members of a circus company who had been performing in the Common Haugh the previous day. Without ceremony he at once approached the officers, ordering them out of the seat with the remark—"Aw wonder at you mountebacks disna think shame at ganging into Mr Nixon's seat."

As grave-digger Tinlin came in for a share of the refreshments which were in those days invariably provided for the mourners at the "burial-house," as the residence of the departed was termed. When Rob took the handspakes to the door he was generally invited in to partake of a dram. He was not infrequently assisted by his son Wat on such occasions, and when they had both got a liberal dram, a scene at the graveyard was nothing unusual. On one of these occasions when the pair came to high words, Wat clinched the argument by retorting—"Aw'll no ca' ye a liar faither, but ye are yin, an' that's a guid hint."

Rob Tinlin died in 1815. His son Wat was, like his famous ancestor, a shoemaker by profession. He was well known as an assistant to his father, many of whose characteristics he inherited.

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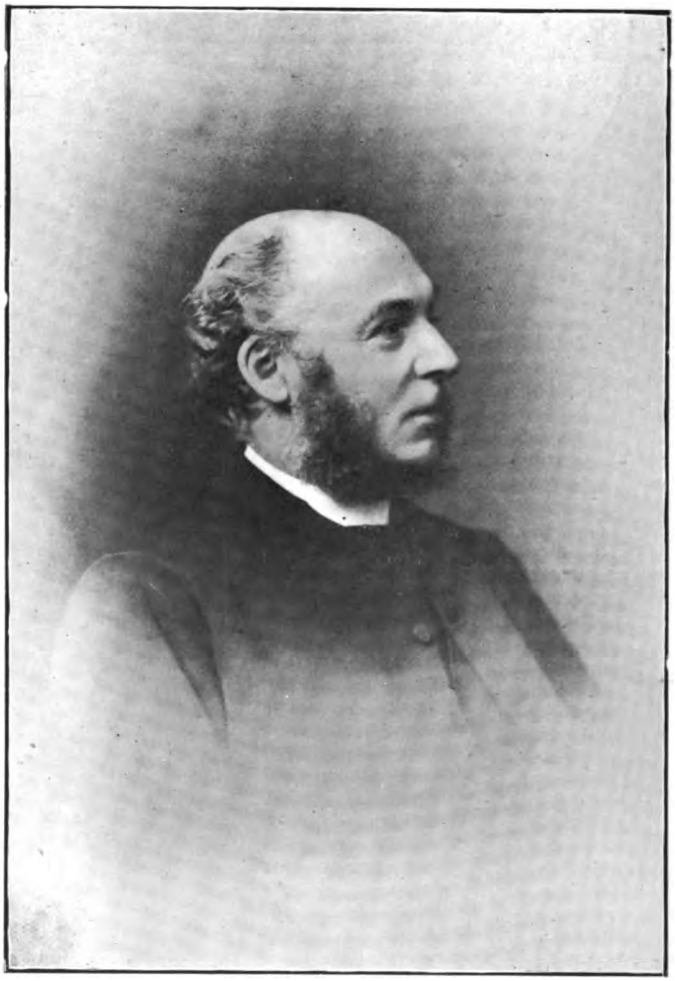
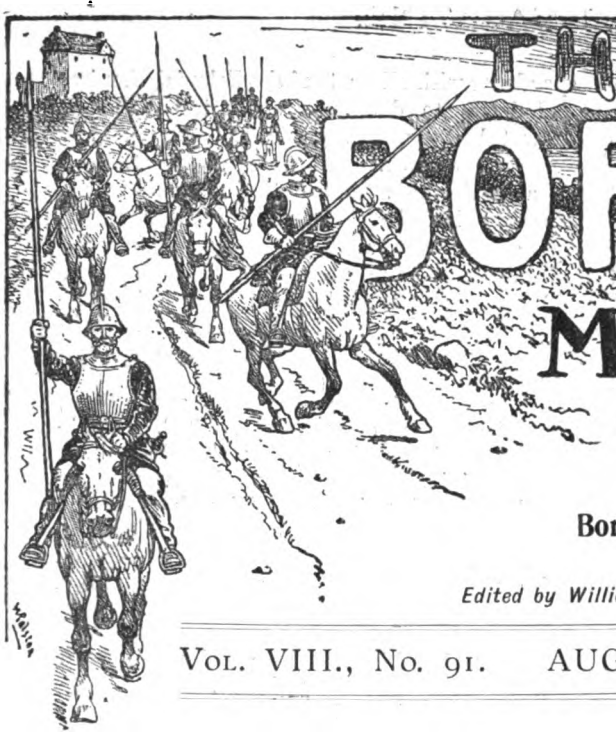


THE REV. A. WILLIAMSON, D.D., EDINBURGH.



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The Rev. A. Williamson, D.D., Edinburgh.

WE have much pleasure in presenting our readers with a portrait of the Rev. A. Williamson, D.D., minister of West St Giles, Edinburgh, than whom there is no man worthier of honour from the BORDER MAGAZINE, for from the very first he has been interested in its welfare, and an occasional contributor to its pages. Dr Williamson is an enthusiastic Borderer, and, since the lamented death of his friends, Professor Veitch and Professor Calderwood, he has been regarded as the best representative of the natives of Peeblesshire, so that no meeting connected with the county, at least in Edinburgh, has been considered complete without his presence. He always makes a most genial president, and never fails to excite and retain the interest of his audience.

Dr Williamson was born in Peebles, his father being a solicitor, who acted as Town Clerk of the Royal Burgh for the long period of more than forty years.*

Receiving his early education at the Grammar School, he proceeded to the University of Edinburgh, where, during his course, he gave such evidence of that practical ability and oratorical fluency which have distinguished him in his subsequent career, that he was elected by his fellow-students to the coveted offices of President of the "University Missionary Society" and of the "Diagnostic Society." In the latter he held his own in debate with those who are now ornaments of the Bench and Bar, and no doubt his well-known skill as a writer of leading articles might so far be traced to this early training. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Peebles in 1859, and in that same year was presented to the parish of Innerleithen on the death of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Patrick Booth. The young minister speedily became extremely popular as a preacher, and especially as a parish minister, for he had the rare faculty of being able to give a kindly salutation to everyone he met, whether members of his own congregation or not. In those days the "middle wall of partition" between the various denonimations was much higher than it is at the present day, and it was very seldom that all the ministers in a town or village were found working hand in hand and meeting on common platforms, but it was often remarked by visitors that Innerleithen was a marked exception to the general rule. The credit of this desirable state of affairs was largely due to the affability and broad-mindedness of the new parish minister, and it is not to be wondered at that the old church soon became too small for the increasing congregation. The need of a new building was

very evident, and some years afterwards a large and handsome church was erected on a more convenient site. The pulpit services of the popular preacher were being continually requisitioned, and vacant churches, both in Glasgow and in Edinburgh, did their utmost to induce him to exchange the country for the town. They did not succeed, however, for the work of a parish like Innerleithen had great attractions for him, and he threw himself heart and soul into it. He held large Bible classes both at Innerleithen and at Walkerburn, a manufacturing village two miles distant, where eventually a church was erected. Prayer meetings and lectures engaged his attention besides his two regular Sunday services. He was the friend of all his parishioners, irrespective of church connection, being ever ready to advise and help them, or to sympathise with and comfort them. His manse, thanks to Mrs Williamson and himself, was the most hospitable of dwellings, and visitors were always sure of a hearty welcome. Dr Williamson possesses the unusual and very happy faculty of being able to conceal every indication of being disturbed. However untimely the visit, there is never shown by him the slightest irritation. A parish minister, so genial and kindly, so energetic and devoted, was certain to be highly appreciated, and accordingly (to mention one of many gifts) in 1871, after he had declined an Edinburgh charge, he was presented with a beautiful timepiece and a purse of above 150 sovereigns, subscribed by members of all denominations, whilst abundant and hearty testimony was borne to the universal esteem in which he was held. In 1875, however, he was persuaded to accept the call to West St. Giles, Edinburgh, and to the regret of everyone in the district, his connection with Innerleithen was severed, and he was transferred from St Ronan's to the Heart of Midlothian. His new parish consisted of the blocks of houses between the Tron Church and George IV. Bridge, and between the High Street and Cowgate, whilst his congregation worshipping in the Western part of the Cathedral, was drawn from all parts of the town. This varied sphere gave abundant scope for his energy, and by Sabbath schools, Bible classes, weekly lectures, kitchen meetings, and other organisations, he ministered diligently to his people's needs. Notwithstanding his many duties he found time to act on the Edinburgh School Board, and was twice elected a member; whilst in the Presbytery, and in connection with Church and other committees, his services were in constant demand. For seven or eight years he acted as Convener of the Colonial Committee of the Church, and in this office he had much correspondence with all parts of the Colonial Empire, and duties to discharge which tested to the utmost his sagacity, prudence, and patience. In 1880, West St. Giles' congregation removed to a handsome and beautiful church in the Meadows, in order that Dr W. Chambers might carry out his great design of completing the restoration of the ancient building, and the change of locality has helped largely to increase the membership. That Dr Williamson still retains his popularity is evident from the fact that quite recently the congregation purchased for him, as a manse, a house in Lauder Road, at the cost of nearly £3,000. Within the last few years he has been the recipient of many honours. In 1896, the University of Edinburgh conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and on that occasion his congregation presented him with pulpit robes, hood, and academic cap, along with a purse of sovereigns, and Mrs Williamson with a diamond ring, whilst his friends entertained him to a dinner, presided over by Professor, now the Very Rev. Principal Story of Glasgow. In 1900, his semi-jubilee as minister of West St. Giles was celebrated, and then he received a richly-decorated address, and Mrs Williamson a solid silver afternoon tea set. At the same time those who had acted as his Assistants took the opportunity of acknowledging the extremely cordial relationship which had always existed between Dr Williamson and them, and the kindly consideration and generous hospitality they had invariably received. To Mrs Williamson they presented a bracelet and silver dish, and to Dr Williamson a timepiece.

In a public life, such as has been described, it might be thought that it would be utterly impossible to find time for literary activity, but throughout his whole career Dr Williamson has been a diligent writer. He has contributed very largely to the daily press and to magazines. He wrote the supplementary chapters in the "Reminiscences of Yarrow," by his friend, Dr Russell, and published several valuable pamphlets on the Church of Scotland, some of which obtained a very large circulation, and more than one study of Old Testament characters. His "Light from Eastern Lands," a résumé of the explorations in Chaldea and Egypt, has met with a most favourable reception from the public generally. But, naturally, readers of the "Border Magazine" will turn with more interest to his "Glimpses of Peebles," in which he has given sketches of life in a Border town under conditions widely different from those of the present day. As we peruse it, we

are not surprised that the various Peeblesshire societies, or unions in Edinburgh, feel the greatest pride in their Chaplain and Honorary President, who has such an intense love and admiration of all connected with his native town and country, and whose mind is so richly stored with the tales of past generations. By them, no less heartily than by his congregation, is entertained the hope that Dr Williamson may be long spared to exercise that genial, helpful influence, for which so many have reason to be grateful.

*By the changes which have taken place in Peebles during the last half century many of the old land-marks have been obliterated, and the aspect of the High Street completely altered. The late Mr Wiliamson's house was situated at the East End or East Port, where the Free Church now stands. The back wall, extremely thick and strong, was part of the old wall which was built after Flodden. It was a work of considerable difficulty to take it down when the property was sold. After its removal the only remnant which remained of this ancient and historic defence was that portion still to be seen not far from the N.B. Railway Station at the foot of the late Dr Connell's garden. The south gable of Mr Williamson's house was to the street, and its gardens were to the east and north, the one is now the road to the station and the other is entirely built over. On the opposite side of the High Street is the house now named the "Priory," occupied by Sheriff Orphoot. It was at one time known as "Quebec Hall," and was the residence of Colonel Murray, who fought under General Wolfe. It was afterwards the temporary residence of Dr Lee (subsequently Principal of the University of Edinburgh) when parish minister. He lived there when the Manse, in the Old Town, was under repair.

The subject of this sketch was born when his father was on his death-bed, and was baptised by the Rev. John Elliot, the parish minister, on the day of the funeral. He was the only boy in the family, which consisted of six daughters and himself. And it is told that when it became known that the "Town Clerk had a son" the church bell was rung, and the scholars in the Grammar and Burgh Schools had a holiday.

At that time there was but one small house on the Innerleithen road beyond what is now the "Green Tree Inn," and a narrow path, bordered with hedges, ran up to Venlaw Hill between fields on the one hand and Spalding's nursery on the other.

J. S. G.

THE MILL AT BLYTH BRIDGE.—"Knockknowes," in replying to a query in the "Weekly Scotsman" about this mill, says:—"The mill at Blyth Bridge was built in 1817 by Alexander Noble, grandfather of Miss Noble, general merchant, Blyth Bridge, Dolphinton. Miss Noble's father worked at the job as an apprentice. The Nobles were very skilful stonecutters; indeed, many tombstones cut by Miss Noble's father may be seen in Kirkurd Churchyard."

Peebles in Early History.

THE above forms the title of a new volume by Mr R. Renwick, who is one of the foremost of our Border historians, and to whose patient investigations we owe much of our knowledge of the modes of life of the Borderers in far distant times. As we have said repeatedly in these pages, we cannot be too grateful to those who give up their time and talents to the deciphering of the records of the past, so that we of these modern days may understand and appreciate the joys and sorrows of our forefathers, and be able to know what manner of men they were. Mr Renwick is not only a patient investigator, but he has the faculty of condensing what he has discovered and placing it before his readers in a pleasing and readable form. We have profited much by some of Mr Renwick's previous volumes, but his present book, we think, is the most attractive he has yet written. Apart from the contents, the volume is attractive, by reason of the excellence of the paper and the printing, the type being clear and the margins wide. It is published by Mr A. Redpath High Street, Peebles, and the price is 4s.

In the introductory chapter the author takes a rapid survey of the Border country during the Roman period, and touches on such subjects as Picts and Scots, Saxon settlers, Scandinavians, spread of Christianity, and the early inhabitants of Tweeddale. Referring to the times which succeeded the Roman period, he says:—

Previous to the arrival of these Saxon settlers the area of what is now known as Scotland was mainly possessed by the indigenous races of Cumbrians or Britons south of the Forth and Clyde and the Picts north of these estuaries. Both classes were branches of the Celtic stock, though each had its own dialectic and other peculiarities. By the sixth century new elements had been introduced into the population. For some time the native Britons successfully resisted encroachment in the north, especially in the series of Arthurian victories which culminated at Mount Badon in 516, but at last the Angles of Northumbria (c. 547) extended their territory to the Forth. On the west coast a body of Scots from Ireland (c. 503) colonised Dalriada, a district embracing the main parts of the modern Argyleshire. From this time till the eighth century the country was composed of four distinct kingdoms: (1) the Picts north of the Forth; (2) the Cumbrian Britons; (3) Scots of Dalriada; and (4) Angles of Bernicia, embracing Northumbria and the Lothians. Practically the whole territory south of the Forth and Clyde was in the occupation of Angles and Britons. The Bernicia of the former embraced Berwickshire and the Lothians, while all to the west belonged to the kingdom of Cumbria. It is generally supposed that the ancient earthwork called the Catrail, extending to a distance of forty-five miles from Peelfell at the eastern ex-

tremity of Liddesdale to the place where Galashiels is now situated, marks the defensive boundaries between the respective territories.

Our land laws must ever be a most interesting topic to those who watch the great political movements and who endeavour to discover whither they are tending. Mr Renwick gives the following notes on the subject:—

Ownership in land was originally acquired by the simple process of taking possession, and in the case of the Strathclyde Britons such appropriation seems to have been made by tribal communities. In course of time what had belonged to the tribe in common came to be viewed as the property of the king, whose officers apportioned it, either temporarily or permanently, among the people. Portions known as inheritance land were secured by individual owners in the way explained by Dr Skene, who observes that "when a family succeeded in retaining possession of the same land for a certain period they were recognised as proprietors of it and entered the class of territorial lords." From each class of occupier rents in money or kind, as well as certain casual dues, were exacted by the king's "maer," a British official whose functions in that respect subsequently devolved on the "gerefa" or sheriff of Anglo-Saxon origin. Dedications for support of the clergy and their dependents accounted for the farther distribution of the soil, large tracts were held in commonty, and there were likewise waste lands assigned for the accommodation of settlers not belonging to the native tribes. A system of land laws, more or less complete, appears to have been in operation before the twelfth century, though, in consequence of the absence of written titles, satisfactory evidence on the subject is not procurable.

To enable our readers to appreciate in some degree the labour entailed in reading the enormous number of charters, sasines, Town Council minutes, &c., by Mr Renwick, we quote the following paragraph which contains some specimens of the old spelling:—

One of the duties of the King's great chamberlain was the exercise of supervision over burgh affairs, and for that purpose he went on circuit, inquired into the administration of the law, and heard and disposed of such complaints as were brought before him. A minute account of the subjects falling within the scope of inspection will be found among the old laws. As an illustration of the procedure a Peebles case may be noticed. On 28 March, 1457, an agreement was entered into between a widow and her son whereby the latter sold to his mother for 40s the heirship goods coming to him from his deceased father, who had "mayd his wyf lachful towtor tyl his ar, the qwylk is wretyng in his testment wyth the paryst prestis hand.' The son died, and a claim for delivery of the heirship goods was thereupon made on the mother by her son-in-law and two others. On the case being brought up at the chamberlain's ayre, held at Peebles on 7 November, 1458, "the chamerlan deputtis send efter the gud wyf, and than the gud wyf deniit scho held nan frae tham, becawis scho had coft fra hir son in his "leg poste," qwyl he was levand, and than of this scho clamyt witnes to the common buk, and than the chamerlan gert the clark fetch the common buk and than that recordit as the gud wyf sayd, for scho said scho gayf til hir son xl s. to pas in Yngland; and than" the claimants "said thai xl. s. suld be tharis; and than the gud wyf sayd scho had pait hym tha xl s. and a gra gon and a red bonet, the qwilk scho coft at John Smayl. And than the chamerlain chargit

MARKET PLACE, MELROSE.

From Guide to Melrose.] [Block kindly lent by Mr J. Brown.

that gud wyf gan ham and manwr that arschap qwyl scho lefys, and geyf it stand her of ned scho may sel part of that til her lefyng."

Copious notes accompanv the text—which brings the story of Peebles down to the times immediately succeeding Flodden—while a valuable appendix gives details of a large number of charters, &c., which bear upon the history of the old Royal Burgh. From the above example of the old language in which many of the charters are written, the reader of Mr Renwick's handsome volume will appreciate the fact that he has included a valuable glossary of obsolete or peculiarly spelt words in his book, which is further enhanced by an excellent map of the parish of Peebles and surrounding district.

In issuing this little guide book it is not the writer's intention to give a detailed and elaborate description of all that is to be seen in and around Melrose. His purpose is more to present in a succinct and handy form a booklet of information for the benefit of those who may pay a visit to the capital of the Land of Scott, or contemplate doing so, and to assist them in the selection of summer quarters. To describe "fair Melrose" in every detail would be too comprehensive a task, and would, to the great majority of people be superfluous, for the impression even of a first visit is that they have seen it before, so vividly has it been portrayed both by pen and pencil. The lack of a guide book to Melrose in this form has been long felt and in this little publication a humble endeavour is made to supply such a want.

Space forbids us quoting at any length, but we have pleasure in reproducing two of the

WEST PORT

From Guide to Melrose.] [Block kindly lent by Mr J. Brown.

Guide to Melrose.

MR J. Brown, chemist, Melrose, has done a distinct service to tourists by writing and illustrating, with his own photographs, a concise and interesting guide to the town and surroundings of Melrose. Familiar though everyone is with Melrose Abbey, the general reader or tourist knows little about the town, as a glance at the book now before us shows, and we feel sure that many will be grateful to the publishers for supplying them with the necessary information in such a pleasing form. In the introduction the author thus describes the scope of his book: fifteen illustrations which embellish the nicely-printed book, which is published by the well-known firm of W. & A. K. Johnston, Ltd., at the small price of sixpence. A reliable map of the district is also supplied with the guide book.

"BLYTH BRIDGE has had two names for at least two centuries—Blyth Bridge and Knock-knowes, to which our clerical friends have added a third—Kirkurd, as the Kirkurd Free Church was built there about 1843. The east side of the village stands in Newlands parish, and the west in West Lothian. Kirkurd parish is on the south side of the river Tarth, and contains no dissenting Church."

The Old Church of Innerleithen.

ASYLUMS for the temporary safety of those in sudden peril are known to have existed among different nations, and in varying forms, from the earliest times. Jewish cities of refuge, Greek temples, and Christian churches, each in their own way afforded protection against the infliction of at least summary punishment. According to early ecclesiastical law in this country, the privilege of sanctuary appertained to all churches in a greater or less degree, and in some cases included not only the church itself, but also adjoining bounds called the girth. The precincts of Glasgow Cathedral were distinguished by the Gyrth Cross and the Gyrth Burn, and Lesmahagow, a cell belonging to Kelso Abbey, had the limits of its girth or sanctuary defined by four crosses. Some churches enjoyed extra security on account of their superior sanctity, and others had special privileges conferred on them by the Scottish sovereigns. Tyninghame Church, in Haddingtonshire, containing relics of St. Baldred of the Bass, and Wedale, now called Stow, containing an image of the Virgin, believed to have been brought by King Arthur from Jerusalem, were well-known sanctuaries, and these were the models on which King Malcolm IV. (1153-65), in a memorable charter, gave special privileges to the Church of Innerleithen. By this charter the church was put under the care of the monks of Kelso, and the following provision was added:—"I command also that the said Church of Innerleithen, in which the body of my son rested on the first night after his death, shall have such sanctuary in all its territory as either Wedale or Tyningham has, and that no one shall be so rash as to dare to violate the peace of the said church and my peace, under penalty of his life and limb."

To what extent, and how long the church enjoyed these privileges, cannot now be ascertained, and, so far as extant records show, it is possible that long before the time of the Reformation, Innerleithen held no more than an average position among the other churches, about forty in number, belonging to the Abbey. The revenues of these churches were drawn by the abbot and monks, and only a small proportion was assigned to the resident vicars who attended to the spiritual wants of the respective parishes. In a 13th century valuation the vicarage of Innerleithen is stated at £66, 13s 4d, and out of this sum the vicar would get an allowance, the surplus going to the Abbey. But in course of time the Abbey even was passed over. Appropriation of ecclesiastical revenues by laymen was practised before the general upheaval brought about by the Reformation. For upwards of twenty years before his death, in 1558, James Stewart, son of James V., was commendator or nominal "abbot" of Kelso, though his duties in connection with the Abbey were confined to drawing the emoluments. It has been said that the Queen Regent wished her brother, Cardinal Guise, to be made next commendator, but one, William Kerr, seems to have succeeded Stewart. After Kerr's death, in 1566, Queen Mary appointed her nephew,* Francis Stuart, a boy about four years of age, to be commendator, and the revenues were drawn by him, or on his behalf, for many years. The revived title of Earl of Bothwell was conferred on Francis Stuart in 1576, but he lost both earldom and benefice by attainder. Robert Ker of Cessford, who became first Duke of Roxburgh, next procured the abbacy, and, in a crown charter granted to him in 1607, embracing the church lands and teinds of Innerleithen, it is provided that the parish minister should have three chalders of victual out of the parsonage teinds, together with a manse and the revenue of the vicarage.

The value of the parsonage teinds of Innerleithen is set down in the Kelso rental of 1567 at £20, but this sum represents only the yearly rent paid by some one to whom the teinds had been assigned or set in tack. Whoever was in possession gathered in the teind sheaves, and secured the profits, which appear to have been considerable, as there was keen competition among rival claimants in the years 1563-4. Information on this subject has been procured from a MS. protocol book belonging to the burgh of Peebles. Till the teind sheaves were delivered, landlords, or their tenants, were not at liberty to remove the crop from the ground, and as it was thus desirable that delay in "teinding" should be avoided, Innerleithen heritors took proceedings for securing expedition. On Sunday, 5th September, 1563, and within the parish church, about noon, William Stewart of Caprastoun, in name of the parishioners of Innerleithen, "causit Sir Patrick Sanddersone, exhortare, to warne my lord of Kelso, his takkismen, thair assignais or factouris, havand maist rycht to the teind schavis of the parrochin of Innerlethane, to assigne thame ane special day for teinding of thair cornes," it

*Francis Stewart was likewise nephew of the Queen's third husband, the Earl of Bothwell. On the day of her marriage with the Earl, Mary wrote the Pope soliciting his approval of the appointment. See letter and Professor Masson's interesting comments thereon in Privy Council Reg. xiv., pp. lxxiii., 272-3.

being explained that "sindry inhibitiounes of the lordis of counsale" had been served on the parishioners, and, consequently, they "knew nocht quha had the just rycht." On behalf of Sir Thomas Ker of Pharnyhirst, knight, and his brother-in-law, "William, lord Hay of Yester, the parishioners were required "to assigne ane speciale day, and thai suld haif thankfull teinding." On the following Sunday, and again within the church about noon, John Stewart of Traquair, knight, on behalf of the parishioners, offered to teind with Lord Yester or Sir Thomas Ker, if guaranteed against other claimants, and they offered to delay taking in the crops till the following Tuesday, but, failing arangements being made by that time, "thai wald teind thame selffis, as use is." A representative of Lord Yester and Sir Thomas stated that they were ready to proceed with the teinding, "considering thai wer in possession." The other claimants were Andrew Ker and William Ker, younger brothers of Sir Thomas, and from proceedings which took place in the church on Sunday, 26th September, it seems that they, "as assignais in and to the teind schavis of the parochin," succeeded in obtaining delivery of sheaves from at least some of the heritors, though Sir Thomas had not renounced his claim. William Kerr, "lord of Kelso," had probably given a tack of the teinds to the father of the three brothers, Sir John Kerr of Fernyhirst, who died in July, 1562, and the rival claims may have emerged out of disputes regarding Sir John's succession. Next year, the parishioners were charged for teinding both by Sir Thomas and his two brothers, and again "Sir Patrick Sandersone, exhortare," was required to publish intimations on the subject. The first of these, made in the "paroche kirk," on 17th September, "in tyme of prayeris," called upon "Thomas Ker of Pharnyhirst, and William and Andro Ker, his brethir, allegit assignais to the teindis," or others having right, to fix an early day for teinding, "becaus thair cornes wes auld schorne and in perell of ty . . ."† This time the Privy Council was appealed to, and they authorised the two younger brothers to intromit with the teinds on condition that the rights of Sir Thomas Ker were not prejudiced. What was the final settlement has not been ascertained, and there would be little advantage in knowing. The proceedings are mainly of interest as illustrating the complexities of teind law, and throwing some little light on church arrangements at Innerleithen.

For some time after the Reformation settlement there was not only a scarcity of qualified ministers, but there was also a deficiency of funds for their support. In 1571, the minister of Peebles, as the only one in the district duly qualified, had to "minister the sacramentis to the haill schyre." Religious services were conducted in the remaining parishes by "Readers of the Scriptures and Common Prayers," or by probationers of a higher grade, known as exhorters. "Patrick Sandersoun, exhortar at Henderlethane" appears in the list of 1571, and it is stated that he had an allowance of £10, "with the thryd of the vicarage extending to £22." The entries in Peebles protocols already quoted, show that Sanderson held the office of exhorter at least eight years earlier; and as the prefix to his name indicates that he was a priest, it is probable that he had been vicar of the parish in Roman Catholic times, and that, having acquiesced in the new faith, he had been installed as exhorter. In conformity with the common practice at that time of grouping several parishes together, William Sanderson, the first Presbyterian minister of Innerleithen, had, in 1585, other two parishes, Traquair and Kailzie, under his charge. What relationship, if any, subsisted between Sir Patrick Sanderson and the first minister, is not known, but a son of the latter, another Patrick Sanderson, succeeded his father, and continued minister of Innerleithen till 1645. If, therefore, the priest and "exhortare" was of kin to the ministers, the spiritual concerns of the parish must have been in charge of members of the same family for about a hundred years.

R. R.

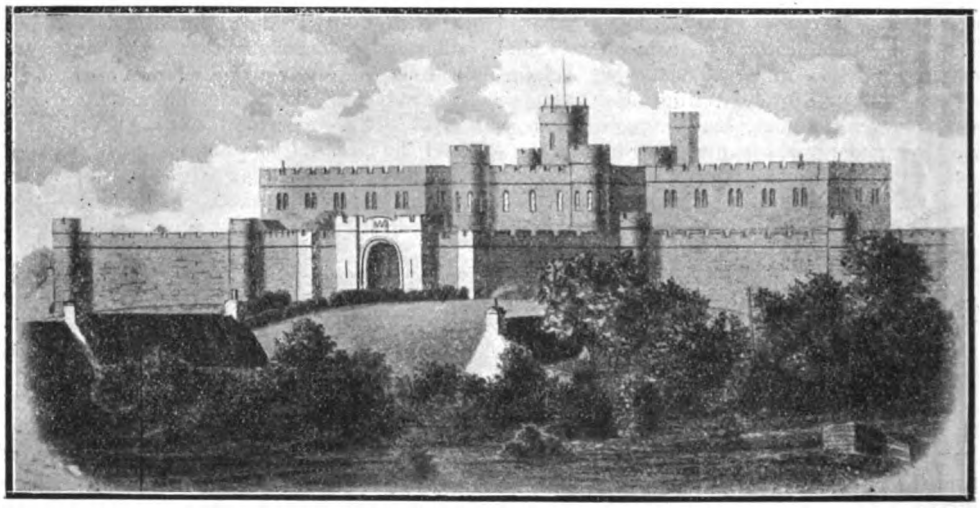
† The latter part of this word (probably "tynsall," meaning loss) has been worn away. For comparison of modern harvest times with those of 1563-4, it has to be kept in mind that the dates in the text are old style. Eleven days require to be added for ascertaining the corresponding period of the year in new style.

1285 in Jedburgh.

THE above is the title of a poem of over 600 lines, which has been written and published by Mr Geo. Ballantyne, teacher of music, Jedburgh, and we feel sure that all who read the publication will be grateful to the author for presenting much valuable historical information in so pleasing a form at the low price of sixpence. It is well known that Alexander III. of Scotland, and Yolande, daughter of Count Dreux, of France, were married in the Abbey of Jedburgh, on October 14th, 1285, and the poem by Mr Ballantyne is a very successful attempt to depict the coming of the future queen to Berwick, the procession to Jedburgh, and the subsequent marriage and crowning in the Abbey there. A

number of historical and explanatory notes at the end of the poem add very considerably to the value of this addition to Border literature. We quote one of these notes:—

That there was a church in Jedburgh in 840 is proved by the fact that Bishop Ecgred gifted it to Lindesfarne in that year. A monastery was erected in 980, and was annexed to the See of Glasgow in 1100. In 1118, King David of Scotland established Canons Regular, and constituted it a priory. In 1147 it was raised to the dignity of an Abbey under the diocese of Durham. In 1285, when it must have been the finest ecclesiastical building in Scotland, King Alexander III. married Princess Yolande of France within its walls. In 1297 it received its first maltreatment at the hands of the English under Hastings. It was rebuilt in 1300, and a long period of great prosperity followed; in 1370 large extensions and additions were made, including the Choir Nave. From 1416, when it was burned by the English under D'Umfraville, was a time of storm and stress: the Earl of Warwick caused it to be looted and burned in 1464. It was rebuilt six years later. It was again burned by the Earl of Surrey in 1523; rebuilt 1541; burned in 1544, and partly demolished in 1545 by Hertford. Then came 1549, the great year of the Reformation, when, as a monastery, it was suppressed. Eleven years later the first reform minister was inducted in Jedburgh, and, with various vicissitudes, it continued the place of worship as Parish Church until 1875, when the Marquis of Lothian spent over £20,000 in renovating the old structure, and providing a new church and manse for the heritors of Jedburgh.



JEDBURGH CASTLE.

Our readers will be able to judge of the style of Mr Ballantyne's poem from the closing lines.

And thus was crowned the fairest Queen
That ere on Scotia's throne was seen,
In Jedworth's holy pile.
'Mid all the love and pride of State,
Which makes a nation strong and great.
What mattered it the while
That treach'rous England's schemes were fast
Ripening this fair realm to blast
By faithlessness and guile?
The beacon blazed on Dunion's crest,
Ere yet the sun had sought the west,
Or darkness hid the scene.
And from the heights, afar and near,
The flame uprose with many a cheer—
And merry laugh between—
From loyal lips, for ne'er before
Had better King the sceptre bore,
Or worn the Lincoln green,
Nor fairer Queen a purer heart
Brought to espouse old Scotia's part.
And all that joyous night
The jovial crowds that went and came,
Sang praises to each honoured name,
And sorrow put to flight.
In truth, 'mid every favouring sign
Which loyal subjects could combine
The future all was bright.

For fortune's sun gave out that day
His sweetest smiles upon their way,
And all was fair and true
Within the hearts of all who came
To see the torch of Hymen flame
Upon two altars new.
For every shaft by Cupid sent
A neighbour seeks, to join intent
The hearts to which they flew.
Adieu! brave hearts! ye loved,—and well—
O'er each ye threw a lover's spell,
Two hearts as one atune.
We can but weep, who know the dread
And thorny path ye had to tread.
But in your lives 'twas June;
Ye knew not on that happy day
When life seemed bright and all was gay,
THE HOUR—would come so soon.

The Duke of Buccleuch.

IN "Notes and Queries" of an old number of the "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle," H. L. R., Teams, gives the following outline of the origin and history of the Buccleuch family:—The family name is Scott, and the Scotts lay claim very justly to great antiquity. It is probable that their name came into use about the tenth century, when the northern part of Great Britain began to be designated by the name of Scotland. It is supposed that a native of this part of the island while resident in a foreign country would receive the appellation of the "Scot," and that on his return home it would be retained by him and his descendants till they adopted it as a distinctive title. The number of the family of Scott is now very numerous, it may be observed. One writer claims for them a still more remote antiquity and a different account of the origin of the family. He says that two brothers in Galloway, about 843, left that district and, after some wandering, settled in Ettrick Forest, the keeper of which, finding they possessed superior skill in winding the hunting-horn and in pursuing the chase, took them into his service. Shortly afterwards the King (Kenneth II.) came to hunt there, and having started a large buck at Ettrick Heugh, pursued it to a glen on the Rankleburn, about two miles from the place where it falls into Ettrick. Here the buck stood at bay, but owing to the marshy and steep character of the ground, the horsemen were unable to reach it. One of the brothers from Galloway, John by name, who had taken part in the sport on foot, went up to the buck, and being a man of prodigious strength, seized it by the horns, threw it on his back, and in this manner ran for about a mile up a steep hill to a place called Cracra-Cross. The King was so much pleased with this extraordinary feat, that he declared that the man should ever afterwards be called John Scott, and the glen the Buckscleugh, and that he should be appointed to the office of ranger of the forest. It is surmised that he received a grant of the Buckscleugh from the King, and that the arms originally borne by the Scotts, which had a hunting-horn in the field, and a buck and a hound for supporters, had a reference to their original occupation as keepers of the forest. But in whatever manner the name originated, it is certain that persons of the name of Scott are mentioned in documents at a very remote date. Gradually, by rewards for services to the Crown, purchases, and marriages, the family came into possession of their present estates, which, I believe, are not surpassed by those of any other nobleman in the country for extent and fertility. The head of the clan was raised to the peerage in 1606, under the title of Lord Scott of Buccleuch, and ultimately to the ducal dignity when the "Countess Anne" (of "Lay of the Last Minstrel" fame) was married to the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth (natural son of Charles II.), who was executed on 15th July, 1685, for his attempt to snatch the Crown from the head of his uncle, King James II. Amongst the most prominent events connected with their history may be mentioned the following:—Their attempt in 1526, at Halidon Hill, near Melrose, to rescue James V. from the hands of the Douglases, to whom they had to succumb owing to superior numbers. In after years, when the King had freed himself, he rewarded them for their loyalty. In this battle Kerr, the laird of Cessford (a vassal of the Douglas, and an ancestor of the present Duke of Roxburgh) was killed, the result of which was a long feud with the Kerrs, who, in revenge, killed the laird of Buccleuch, twenty-six years afterwards, in the streets of Edinburgh. During Queen Mary's reign, the then head of the Scott family took her side in the conflicts raging at the time. In the succeeding reign Buccleuch was appointed Warden of the Marches, and during his tenure of that office it was the custom for the Scotch Wardens to meet with the English Wardens at stated times for the arrangement of matters connected with the marches, during which times a truce was observed. After one of these meetings, some Englishmen followed a noted freebooter, named William Armstrong, commonly called Kinmont Willie, on his way home, and captured him. They carried him off to Carlisle, and put him in irons there. Buccleuch was so greatly enraged at this gross violation of the truce that he came "over the border" with two hundred horsemen, scaled the castle of Carlisle during the night, and brought Kinmont Willie back with him, doing no injury to the place. Queen Elizabeth took great offence at this deed of Buccleuch's, and James VI., to pacify her, sent Buccleuch to England to allow her to remonstrate with him on the subject. She asked Buccleuch how he dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous. "What is it," said the undaunted chieftain, "that a man dares not do?" Elizabeth, struck with the reply, said, "With ten thousand such men our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne in England."

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1903.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE are always pleased to receive suggestions from any of our readers, and any criticism they make upon the BORDER MAGAZINE receive due consideration. Some of our friends think that we should allow nothing relating to the present day into our columns, which should be reserved entirely for historical, archæological, and strictly literary subjects, while others are of the opinion that we should deal more with current topics. Our own opinion inclines to a happy medium, for while we have not the slightest intention of ever encroaching upon the province of the newspaper, there are occasional passing events which are worthy of preservation. It is quite true that our Border newspapers contain much literary matter referring to the Borderland, but how few people keep a file of these excellent publications, while the bound volumes of our magazine are easily referred to, and form a valuable and ornamental addition to any bookcase or library.

The Border Keep.

It would almost seem as if some parts of the Borderland were envious of Hawick because of its great military camp, and had a burning desire to come more prominently before the public. Nothing less than an active volcano would satisfy some districts noted for their peaceful calm, and so we find the Galashiels correspondent of the "Dundee Advertiser" writing:—

For some days there has been a panic in the vicinity of the Eildon Hills, several residents asserting that on more than one occasion smoke has been seen issuing from the top of the hill nearest the village of Bowden. No authentic confirmation has as yet been received of this disquieting rumour, but meantime the inhabitants of Bowden, Melrose, and Newtown St Boswells are in a more or less excited state. It is well known to geologists that the Eildon Hills, which are only a quarter of a mile from Melrose, are an extinct volcano, and that a former eruption probably caused the splitting into three sections of the original single peak of the hill. The centre hill is about 1200 feet in height and the eastern about 1000. The smaller hill to the south-west is about 600 feet, and has the remains of a Roman camp. It is this hill which is said to threaten eruption. Any serious outburst would probably inevitably lead to the destruction of Melrose, Bowden, and Newtown. The fine residence of Eildon Hall, a favourite seat of the Earl of Dalkeith, is situated at the base of the hills. Official investigations are expected to be made in a few days, but meantime the surrounding inhabitants are in a very excited state. Yesterday I inspected the summit of the small hill, but found nothing unusual.

* * *

On the same subject the "Southern Reporter" has the following explanation:—

Shortly after our issue of last week was in the hands of the public, certain gentlemen, well known in the scientific world, visited the Eildon Hills, and, after a minute investigation, ascertained that there was no foundation in fact for the statement

that the Bowden Hill was showing signs of activity. It seems that the moss or peat formation on the hill was really for some time on fire. This may have been caused by the heat of the sun, or the peat may have been deliberately lit by somebody. The peat burned for about a fortnight, and a large quantity of smoke was seen to ascend from the summit. To those who have not the most elementary scientific knowledge such a sight would doubtless be alarming, and, as rumours of this kind seem to satisfy the natural craving of the mind for sensations, the romantic people of the district made very much of the story. While, from our report of the rumour in last week's issue, the most innocent of guile could see that we were not taking the matter seriously, some of our contemporaries must have made the announcement in very serious language indeed, for several parties at a distance have been and are still making enquiries on the subject. We can, however, understand strangers being doubtful, but when we mention that on Sunday last large numbers of people from Galashiels and the surrounding districts were seen wending their way to the hill during all hours of the day, the power of the press may be imagined. Instead of the villagers of Bowden being alarmed regarding the state of matters, as some would imagine, we are informed that on Sunday, when the believing multitude were staring at the hill, a well-known villager remarked that if they had only known there was a likelihood of so many sight-seers visiting them they would have put a light on the hill just to gratify their curiosity. Sunday being a rather hot day, it says very much for the Sabbath peace of Bowden that some of the more enterprising villagers did not try to make an "honest" penny by supplying the sight-seers with refreshments.

* * *

Readers of a geological turn will be interested in the following letter by a correspondent signing himself "Bowden," which appeared in the above mentioned newspaper:—

Since the terrible thought of seeing this beautiful valley turned into a sea of lava has somewhat soothed down, I venture (even at the risk of being dubbed as a fit subject for the "big house" on Bowden moor) to say what I have to say about the Eildon Hills. Well, it is my candid opinion that they never were, and probably never will be, burning mountains or volcanoes, but that they have been forced up instantly. Now naturally the question will be asked—What was the cause of the upheavals? To answer that question we will leave the Eildons to take a puff, until we survey their surroundings. Geologists tell us that Scotland, at one time in the misty past, has been under the ocean, a fact that no ordinary thinking observer will deny, for at high elevations such as Kilder, the rocks are literally studded with sea shells; and at places that are now far inland, limestone and other marine deposits are abundant. We cannot doubt for a moment the trustworthy testimony of the rocks. But there the difficulty begins, for on that part of the country to the west of the Eildons, and at a lower elevation than places that are well marked by the old ocean, there are no signs of any marine deposits whatever that I know of; whereas if these elevations had been the same then as now, there would have been some indication of an ocean bed. But I am inclined to believe that land once had a higher elevation, so much so that it formed a barrier to the ocean, consequently its shores, and that, perhaps ages after, that ancient ocean receded. This elevated range afterwards subsided into the softer lava below, the displacement of which might have caused the birth of the Eildons, and other similar peaks along the Borders. But to make this theory more plain I will state it in another way. We all know that the earth was created "in the beginning," and we may know that for many millions of years after "the beginning" the earth's crust would be much thinner than it is now. What with the quakings and shakings caused by the tumults below, and with the fury of the raging elements above, it would often be broken up and twisted in all directions. But with the lapse of millions of years more it would get thicker and more rigid, and better able to withstand the fierce forces of Nature. Yet even then some of its weak parts would from time to time give way. Now, I really believe that the Eildons were ushered into existence as hills in some such way as I have tried to describe—the whole mass forced up and parted at the top settled down into their present position like three faithful sentinels.

* * *

After referring to the Eildon volcanic scare, a paragraphist who has evidently mixed up Michael Scott and the Black Dwarf, contributes the following extraordinary item to a west country evening paper:—

There is a local legend as to how the Eildons became three that is very interesting. It does away with the volcanic theory quite effectually among the canny Border folks. Once upon a time, so the story goes, there dwelt one Michael Scott, great of strength, but weak of mind. Michael was in league with his Satanic Majesty, for whom he did much work on earth. The Black One gave him many a hard task, all of which Michael successfully accomplished. One of his feats was to divide the Eildon Hill into three, but that he was assisted by his Master giving the mount a volcanic flare-up is not recorded. Michael's last task was to attempt to make rope out of sand. He made the rope beautifully, but it broke under the least strain. This broke Michael's heart, and so he died.

* * *

At a Border curling match two old cronies were playing on different sides. There were only two stones to finish the game. Jeames, with due deliberation, threw his stone, and laid a "pat-lid" for his rink. John followed immediately with his shot, and threw the stone so well that it removed the other and lay at the side of the tee, thus winning the match. Jumping into the air in his joy John came down, and, breaking the ice, plunged over head. When he rose to the surface he cried—"Hi, lads, we've won; an' if I dinna get oot o' here, pit ma stane on the grave."

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The Last of the Reivers,

or Christie's Will.

From the Manuscript of John Armstrong of Ridleyhaugh, commonly known as "Jock the Scholard."

By John G. Galbraith,

Author of "His Own Opinion," "A Revised Version," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

The Return of Lord Durie to Edinburgh.

WHEN our prisoner had been confined in the vault for a good six weeks, we had a hurried visit from Traquair's cousin, Sir Andrew Stewart. He came to Gilnockie with a message from the Earl to the effect that, thanks to Will's bold scheme, his cause was finally settled, and his plea won—so, therefore, my kinsman could convey Sir Alexander Gibson back to Edinburgh as he thought fit. The Earl and Sir Andrew had enjoyed the whole exploit as a huge joke, and 'midst hearty laughter Sir Andrew related how the city folks had received the news of Lord Durie's disappearance. With tears of merriment running down his cheeks, genial Sir Andrew told us much that I have already recorded, and some incidents which I have yet to write anent. After the commotion occasioned by the supposed tragic death of the Lord President had subsided, much controversy had followed in regard to the appointment of a successor. Intrigue and artifice were freely made use of by the candidates eager to secure the coveted appointment, and Traquair for some time was troubled as to the result, for if any of his enemies—and he had a goodly number—succeeded in being appointed Lord President, the lifting of Sir Alexander would have proven futile. At length, one of the senior judges of the same division, Sir William or Lord Inglis, was successful in securing the honour, and Traquair pressed forward his plea. Success crowned his efforts, and the fair lands of Traquair were again safe. Now, one of the most curious effects of the kidnapping of Lord Durie came into force. By virtue of his official position of Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, the Earl had to take over the goods and valuables left behind by the deceased, until such time as the law allowed them to be distributed according to the terms of his will; thus the Noble that had caused him to be seized was temporarily placed in possession of all his wealth. After we had been made aware of all that had taken place, and Will had promised to return the "stolen lordie" to Edinburgh, Sir Andrew rode off towards Peebles, where he had further business in hand.

Next night saw the end of Sir Alexander's captivity. Deeming it best to end the exploit in the manner it began, just as darkness settled down over the moors Will, having Bess saddled and ready for the journey, entered the vault, and after throwing his big cloak around the form of the trembling judge, who was struck with horror at again seeing the sorcerer assume human guise, he lifted him in his arms, and carried Durie out and placed him on the back of the mare, which I held by the head. I assisted Will to mount, and drew the cloak which figured so prominently in the former journey, round Lord Durie, entirely enveloping him in its folds. "He's tremblin' like an aspen leaf," whispered Will, as he put his arms around Sir Alexander, and took the reins from me.

All that short summer night Will rode on, retracing his way as well as he could in the dark. Thanks to the agility of Bess in evading treacherous turf, never a stumble occurred, and just as the folks of Leith were beginning to stir about, he espied the house tops rise above the horizon, and rode on to the common. Dismounted, he lifted the unresisting Baronet, who during the journey had ceased not to murmur appeals for mercy to the "mighty magician," and setting him down on the sands, he remounted. Now that his erstwhile captive was set within sight of home, Will rode off as hard as Bess could go, for, in this instance, if Lord Durie gave the alarm promptly, he would certainly be pursued. No such idea seems to have entered the mind of the raving old judge, for when Will gave a last look back he seemed to be sitting in the same position as he had been placed, "looking for a' the world," as Will put it, "like a bundle o' rags coupit oot o' a cairt."

It seems that Sir William Inglis, who succeeded to the office of Lord President of the Court of Session, on taking up the position, like many other little minds, thought fit to assume the deportment and manners of his predecessor. He now bowed only to the great ones of the city, and mimicked Sir Alexander's habits as closely as he was able. He even bought a horse, and commenced to take a morning gallop on Leith Sands, so that he might pose with fitting dignity as President. Now, on this eventful morning, Sir William had gaily cantered down the High Street and through Leith on to the common, and was galloping along the sands when his horse shied at sight of a curious bundle which lay on a hillock. Sir William, who, if he had the vanity of his predecessor, lacked his ability as a horseman, was greatly concerned when his steed reared up and endeavoured to get rid of its rider in a summary fashion, but he managed to quiet down the frightened charger by mingled commands and coaxing phrases. Suddenly a voice broke in on his ear, "Gude morning, Brother Inglis, pull the under rein," and, looking round over his shoulder, he was startled to behold the familiar visage of Lord Durie peering through the neck of the muddy cloak, which covered the bundle on which the horse had nearly trodden. I trow that never in all his life did Lord Inglis get such a fright as then, when he caught sight of the face of the man he had thought dead for many weeks. With a cry of alarm he wheeled round his horse, and galloped off towards Leith, the cries of Lord Durie only serving to accelerate his flight. The folks of Leith, when they beheld the figure of the judge fly up the highway, ran to their doors in startled amazement, but I warrant that a bigger stir was created in the High Street when the white-faced Sir William, with fear depicted on every lineament, galloped up the street on the back of the goaded charger, for Lord Inglis kept digging the spurs into its flanks. I vow the idle shopkeepers would scurry out to learn what was doing. Sir William spoke to no one until he was safely over the threshold of his own domicile, whither he was promptly followed by those intimates who had observed his hasty journey up the High Street. In a few brief words he told them of the ghostly vision he had seen of "Lord Durie on Leith Sands, nigh

to the very spot where he must have been killed." This item of news gradually filtered its way down the High Street, passing from merchant to merchant, gaining in detail at every step. Comments upon the whole details of Lord Durie's disappearance were freely being interchanged, and many a shake of the head was given, accompanied by the prediction that "something queer maun be gaun to happen," and this prophecy was rapidly fulfilled, for as they stood in groups on the causey, discussing events, the very man around whom the entire mystery turned, came swinging round a corner into full view of the gossips, and majestically proceeded up the thoroughfare. This was indeed a day of surprises, for I warrant if the merchants left their counters in haste, they returned to them with increased expedition. Lord Durie, as the reader may have gathered, was no beauty, but his charms had in no wise been enhanced by his six weeks' sojourn in the dark cell of Gilnockie. No wonder the gossips thought the bedraggled figure—bareheaded and enveloped in the enormous folds of the cloak which had been designed for the use of a man twice the Baronet's breadth, and whose skirts trailed behind him in the muddy highway—to be something uncanny. Every wiseacre who had incredulously doubted the tale of Sir William's vision would, I trow, doubt no longer when he saw the well-known features of Sir Alexander surmounting this strange attire. The sight would cause all of them to rush back into their shops, bolting the doors behind them, and one informant gave it to me as truth that some of them remained hidden beneath their counters for an hour afterwards, quaking in every limb at the thought of having beheld a spirit.

Lord Durie, conscious only that he was again amid familiar surroundings—the sight of Lord Inglis had convinced him that he was indeed freed from the sorcerer's clutches—strode up the street regardless of the commotion occasioned by his sudden appearance. He made straight for his own residence, and using his privy key opened the door, when the first person he encountered within was —the Earl of Traquair, his enemy.

"What dost thou within the threshold of my house?" queried Lord Durie, his hatred of Traquair overcoming every other feeling.

"'Deed, my lord, it would become me better if I were the questioner. Where have you been?" answered Traquair blythly, for I fancy he deemed it politic not to anger his victim further lest the exploit should become known. Mutual explanations followed, and in response to the eager questions of the Earl, who was anxious to know if by any chance his share in the abduction was known, Lord Durie told a grand tale of the powerful magician into whose toils he had fallen, and who had snatched him up from Leith sands and transported him in the twinkling of an eyelid to a strange abode of perpetual darkness, where wondrous forms floated around and conversed in an unknown language with each other. In short, his legal training as an advocate stood him in good stead, for he gave a graphic description of the fantastic fancies resulting from his solitude and imaginative fears whilst immured in the dungeon. I warrant Traquair was no wise ill pleased to hear such a farcical account of a serious crime given by the victim, and he encouraged Sir Alexander to add to the details. The whole story much impressed the attendant officials, who were assisting the Earl to complete an inventory of the deceased Baronet's gear, and they lost no time in making the most of this chance distinction of being persons with news which was eagerly listened to. A garbled version of the whole affair was soon afloat all over the city, and Lord Durie's affairs again filled the mouths of the Edinburgh scandal-mongers.

In turn, whilst Lord Durie dined, Traquair made him acquainted with what had occurred in the city during his absence. Sir Alexander was somewhat non-plused when he was made aware that Lord Inglis had stepped into his office, but, of course, as he was still alive and held office, the latter appointment was void. Traquair also pointed out the curious turn of affairs which his unexpected reappearance had occasioned. As a man legally dead, the Lord Treasurer had taken over every stick in the place; all Durie's property was now vested in him, although no doubt could be cast upon the fact that the judge was living. Sir Alexander could not for the nonce boast even the possession of the basin in which he washed himself. No one appreciated the humour of these circumstances better than the legally trained baronet, but, as lawyers who enforce the legal ordinances know best how to break them, a way of escape was quickly discovered. Traquair lent every assistance to Sir Alexander in regaining his position, so the old carle became gracious, even the semblance of a friendship sprang up between the two erst-while foes.

The chagrin of Sir William Inglis when he knew that the position he had obtained was not yet vacant, is easier to imagine than describe. He had perforce to graciously re-assume the lesser dignity of an ordinary judge and retire again into semi-obscurity. That winter Lord Durie was quite the lion of Edinburgh society. Fashionable dames invited him to their feasts, and after dinner he related with ever increasing detail his version of the abduction. Strange as it may seem, no one in the city questioned the truth of his statements or doubted the existence of such a malevolent and powerful magician as he described. Let no reader imagine that I am romancing, for all this actually occurred in our capital city during the year 1642. Even the most learned men of the time believed in the existence of such beings, and were superstitiously afraid of their wiles. As I relate these things I feel doubly thankful to Father Bertram that he early taught me the absurdity of such notions by pointing out that the natural happenings in this wonderful world of ours were curious enough without people conjuring up imaginative fears. He early banished from my mind even the superstitious feeling natural to boyhood.

Never a finger was moved in any endeavour to discovered the whereabouts of Sir Alexander's late prison. They deemed it prudent not to arouse the anger of the wizard again by any further aggressions. Lord Durie indeed felt thankful that he had escaped with his life. Thus it came about that Christie's Will carried off a Lord President of the Court of Session in broad daylight from the Sands of Leith, imprisoned him for six long weeks in a dungeon, and then re-set him in sight of Leith again, with never a one to say him nay or ask what he did? I warrant that although chance favoured the exploit, no more daring feat was ever accomplished or carried out so boldly and successfully by any reiver that rode across the Marches, as this deed was done by my kinsman, Will Armstrong. Good it did in many ways for a wily knave's tricky plea was defeated and an Earl retained his fair acres; the projected revenge of a jilted old carle miscarried and a cantankerous severe judge was taught

to be more lenient in dealing with the prisoners brought before him—old dames accused by malevolent persons of witchcraft ever after got easy off if Lord Durie could manage it—and an ancient fued between two noblemen was staunched for a time at least. Traquair indeed would have given half his patrimony to Will, so great was his gratitude, but such loyal services are not to be bought with money, and Will would accept of nothing from him except the renewal of the promise that when trouble assailed him such as a ready rider with a bold heart and steady hand could render as naught, Traquair would remember the vow voluntarily taken by Will in Jedburgh Tolbooth.

(To be Continued.)

Borderers at the Cape.

THE following cutting from the "Cape Times," of 23rd May, 1903, shows how a worthy son of Jedburgh endeavours to recall the beauties of his native home, and to depict them to the folks in the far south:—

CALEDONIAN SOCIETY.

LECTURE BY MR D. M. SMAIL.

The Hon. T. L. Graham, K.C., M.L.C., Attorney-General, presided last night at the Oak Hall of the Y.M.C.A., where Mr D. M. Smail, vice-president of the Caledonian Society, lectured on "A Trip to the Scottish Borders." The Chairman, in introducing the lecturer, said that Mr Smail had chosen a subject which was rich in legend, history, and physical beauties. Although many of them had been in this country for a number of years, and had intended building up a prosperous community, still they all had a soft place in their hearts for Old Scotland, where, he supposed, no people were more proud of their nationality. He was glad to announce the convalescence of their past president and patron, Mr Allan Wright. Mr Smail then proceeded with his lecture, but, before doing so, apologised if the slides were somewhat local. From Table Bay the audience were taken to King's Cross, where the "Flying Scotchman" took them to the enchanted Borderland, and the first glimpse of the historic town of Berwick-on-Tweed was caught sight of. Here the lecturer remarked that Berwick was on the right side of the Tweed, and, of course, that was on the Scotch side. Norham Castle, where the opening scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion" is laid, was faithfully shown and described, and passing along the silvery Tweed, the lecturer described the ancient palaces, abbeys, and towers, pointing out the birthplace of many historical personages, including that of Sir Walter Scott. All the historical associations of the land of brown heath and shaggy wood were ably described by Mr Smail in the course of a highly interesting and instructive lecture. In the course of the evening the lecturer, Mrs MacGillivray, and Messrs Caw and Harbottle rendered appropriate songs, while Professor Barrie Low rendered a humorous and pathetic reading, entitled "Simon and Janet."

In the Southern Highlands.

FOR the jaded toiler, spending his hours in dingy streets and stuffy rooms, there are few holiday resorts like Langholm and its neighbourhood. There are mountains, moors, verdant dales, flowing streams, and elbow room in abundance. Heaven breathes in its air, and for quiet and freedom few places can compare.

For the benefit of the benighted individual who cannot locate the "muckle toon"—Eskdale's capital—it may be described as being situated midway between Hawick and Carlisle, where the classic streams of Ewes and Wauchope merge into the Esk, and that it comprises an old and new town, built on either side of the river, with a population of some 3000 sober and industrious inhabitants. Further, that its picturesqueness and natural beauties have frequently charmed those who have "done" our Highlands, and wandered through other lands.

The town boasts six churches, a Mission Church, and one of the most successful of Border Missions. It has six factories, whose tweeds, not forgetting the "Gladstone check," are known in the best of markets. The Public School ranks as one of the foremost in Scotland, and its Library is such as is seldom found in small communities, whilst its Hope Hospital is endowed with funds amounting to over £100,000. There are two bowling greens, and a golf course, said to be the best in the South. Then there is ample provision for lovers of a "wee drap," yet a marked absence of the low-class drink shops found in many towns. The near neighbourhood possesses springs not unlike the famous waters of Moffat and Harrowgate.

The district is rich in folk and ballad lore. Here was witnessed the intrepid chivalry of the Border barons and local chieftains—Douglasses, Scotts, Beatties, and those families who figure so largely in the annals of the Border. The main Roman Road to the North skirts the town, and Eskdalemuir, with its Druidical circles and Roman camps, is within reach. Hermitage, closely associated with the names of Queen Mary, Bothwell, and Lord Soulis, is at no great distance. There are numerous Keeps and castles, once the property of the Elliots and the Armstrongs, and the hills and mosses are associated with the memory of many of Scotia's children who suffered in the cause of truth and liberty.

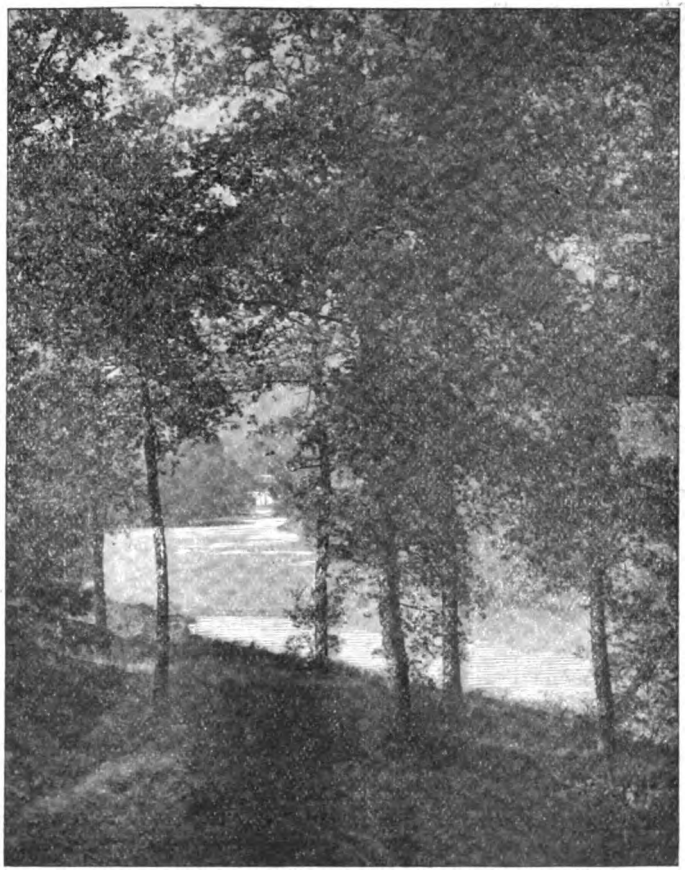
There is wide scope for the brush, pencil, or camera. Much of the scenery is eminently lovely, and at many points there is an exceptionally fine blending of wood, water, and mountain.

For those who have a taste for geology or

botany there is a large field of wealth. The "Scorpian Shales of Eskdale," which have produced specimens previously unknown to the scientific world, are three miles from the town. Then the famous beds of Byer-burn, and the limestone strata of the Liddle, are a little further afield. There is abundant scope afforded for the study of vegetation in all its stages. The woods and glens contain an endless variety of ferns, flowers, and plants, some of which are rarely met with outside the district, and all lie open to the student.

easily matched. Many towns and numerous places of interest, such as Kirkconnell, Ecclefechan, Netherby, Gretna Green, and Penton Linns are within easy reach. Britain's longest free-wheel ride has its termination at Langholm.

Those who delight to ramble through a district in a leisurely way, enjoying the feast of nature as they go, will find ample opportunity here. Visitors may roam in all directions, enjoying the language of the wayside flower, the music of the moss-fringed burn, or the songs of the thrush and the lark, without let or hindrance.



IN ESKDALE.

The Esk and the Liddle, with their tributaries, offer delightful and well-repaid sport for the disciples of Izaak Walton. The waters are preserved by a local association, but tickets for a day, week, month, or the season, can easily be had. Salmon, sea-trout, herling, and burn trout are plentiful in their season.

The various roads for wheelmen can not be

During the season places at a distance can be reached by four-in-hand brakes. Some twenty driving tours are organised, and these pass through picturesque scenery, and tracts of country full of historic interest. As posting facilities are good, and charges moderate, most of these can be overtaken in the course of a short holiday. The coach tour round by

Mary's Loch, returning by Ecclefechan, and occupying two days, is exceedingly enjoyable.

The drive "up Eskdale," covering sixteen miles, is frequently selected by visitors. Near the town glimpses are obtained of "The Duke's Lodge" and the holm on which stand the ruins of Langholm Castle, where Johnny Armstrong, before he was hanged by King James at Caerlanrig, with his "gallant companie," ran their horses and brak their spears," and where "the ladies lookit frae their lofty windows, saying, 'God send our men weel back again.'"

After clearing the town, and passing through a plantation of tall pines, and a beautiful undergrowth of fern and flower, the road enters the hills at a point described as "the Gates of Eden" by the late Dr Parker. It then winds round Peden's View, where, tradition says, the old Covenanter drank of the well, and where, when praying for deliverance from pursuing dragoons, he was enveloped in a thick mist until they had passed.

The drive then traverses the parish of Westerkirk, with its antimony mine, hill-top camps, handsome mansions, and extensive library, and which has given birth to several men of note, amongst them being the "Four Knights of Eskdale," William Pultney, Earl of Bath, and Telford, the engineer.

Several snug little hamlets are touched and large mansions passed. The latter include Westerhall, the seat of Sir Frederick Johnstone, and Billholm, so closely associated with "Christopher North." Beyond these is the site of a village, near the junction of the Black and White Esk, once the centre of a great Border fair, at which the ceremony of "hand fasting" was performed.

Here, married couples joined hands and agreed to live together for one year. This they termed "hand fasting," or hand in the fist. If at the next fair they were pleased with each other, they were united for life, but if not, they were at liberty to separate, and free to make another choice.

When sixteen miles have been covered, an hour is allowed for refreshment, and to visit the grave of Andrew Hyslop, the Eskdale Martyr, who was killed by Claverhouse. At this point a mere strip of land lies between the river and the hills, most of which are green to the summit, and grazed by large flocks of sheep.

The return journey is made by the road, on the opposite bank of the Esk, which rises at some parts to a height of nearly 1,000 feet, and commands an extensive view. The Ettrick Pen, Burnswark, Criffel, and the Cumberland hills are easily seen. All along the route places noted in song and story are touched. Roman remains, camps of early Britons, and Druidical circles, are close to the wayside.

The drive down "the Dean Banks" is the most popular, and one of the finest in the South of Scotland. Its woodland river scenery cannot be equalled between London and Edinburgh. Hills rise up from the roadway to a height of 2,000 feet, dense forests stretch along the rivers bank, and the road passes under an avenue of some of the finest trees in the country.

Gilnockie Tower, the best preserved of the Border castles, is situated four miles below the town, and belonged to the redoubtable Johnny Armstrong. From Gilnockie bridge is seen a panorama of great beauty, immortalised by Scott in his "Border Minstrelsy." Beyond this the drive enters "Canonbie Lea," with its well-cultivated farms, where, in days of yore, "there was racing and chasing" after young Lochinvar, who carried off the bride of Netherby Ha'. Then comes the "Debateable Land," after which the boundary between the two countries is crossed. A halt is made at Longtown, where the grounds of the Baronet of Netherby may be visited.

The homeward drive traverses a considerable stretch of Cumberland, touching fresh scenes and additional objects of interest. Amongst these may be mentioned the Linns of Penton. Here are found high cliffs, finely wooded to the water's edge. Where these are highest the Liddle takes a wild mood, and has cut its way into the limestone strata, and dashes impetuously over the many impeding boulders. The whole scene is very impressive. The spot is a popular resort of excursionists and picnic parties.

The remainder of the journey becomes hilly and breezy till the Tarras is reached. The treacherous moss over which Sandy Armstrong once held sway lies away to the right. Sandy was the last of the clan who lived by freebooting, and, after a long life, was laid to rest in the moss by the side of his good wife, Elspeth.

Two miles below Langholm the roadway passes through an extensive plantation, composed of splendid oaks, larches, and silver pines. In the heart of these stands the old mansion of Broomholm, at one time an important Roman camp. The approach to the town is exceedingly pleasing.

Langholm, it may be added, can easily be reached from both sides of the Border. Hotel accommodation is good and ample, and charges moderate. Board and lodgings of a private and comfortable character are obtainable on reasonable terms. Holidaymakers frequently go further afield and fare worse than they would in the Southern Highlands.

G. M. R.

Bathgate Border Union.

IN the southern border of the Western Lothian, where the hills of Linlithgowshire merge into the moorland that stretches away southward to Lanarkshire, stands the rising town of Bathgate.

Not so very long ago the little old-world village, built in a straggling fashion alongside the highway—the main coach-road between Edinburgh and Glasgow—resounded to the merry click of the handloom. The Bathgate burghers of the last generation were mostly wabsters, whose "fowre stoops o' misery" occupied the "but," while they and their families occupied the "ben" of the quaint red-tiled houses with their high crow-stepped gables. All that is changed, however. Unlike the old Border weaving villages, which have reared large factories to replace the more primitive mode of cloth manufacture, Bathgate listens to the merry song of the flying shuttle no longer. The discovery of the rich mineral hid beneath the untilled, boggy moorland has effected an entire transformation of the district. It is now the centre of a wealthy coal and shale field, the capital of the oil industry, and, of course, an important railway junction. The old village on the hillside is now obscured by the new town stretching down to the plain, with its splendid new buildings and broad, well-paved streets. The moor is rapidly disappearing as the builder plants down rows of villas, eloquent at once of a new era of more prosperous times.

In spite of the utilitarian appearance of modern Bathgate, its historical associations stretch far back into the remote past. Its castle, which an ignorant vandalism of a bypast generation razed to the ground, was a seat of former Scottish monarchs. To it Walter, the High Steward of Scotland, brought his royal bride, Princess Marjorie Bruce, and their son Robert, who died there, was the first of the long line of Stuart Kings. Near Bathgate another Scottish King tried his hand at mining. Silver was the precious metal he tried with varying success to extract from the hill-land here. At Torphicen, two miles from the town, the knights of St John had their Preceptory, and the "Queer" is still in good preservation. The moorland country to the south, and the Pentlands to the south-east have many memories of the Covenanters, and a generation or two earlier the old Border clans crossed these Pentlands from the Tweed on reiving intent. The "Lowdener" of this part no doubt joined with his fellow-sufferers of the other inland counties in passing the Act of 1587, which made it a penal offence for a Borderer to take up residence in these counties without giving good security for his behaviour. One of the latest institutions of Bathgate shows how very ancient this is. The Border Union recently formed there is proof that the Borderer is now welcomed where in olden days he was feared.

It can fairly be claimed, we think, for Bathgate, that it is the youngest of Border Unions, and, if not the first, it is at least one of the first provincial towns to have such an institution. The Borderers of the large cities of London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh have long ago formed themselves into societies, where they can gather together of an evening for mutual improvement or social enjoyment, the bond being the common motherland. These societies and their work are so well known to readers of this Magazine as to require no recapitulation of their objects in these columns; how the movement in the smaller towns may progress remains to be seen.

MR JOHN A. ANDERSON,
First President Bathgate Border Union.

It is now eighteen months since the Borderers resident in Bathgate first met and constituted their society. One of the originators, a merchant in the town, was struck with the number of his patrons who addressed him in the familiar Border accent. In the course of conversation with some friends, the steady influx of Borderers into the district formed an interesting topic, and the question of a society to bind the strangers together was first mooted. Early in November, a meeting was convened in the Working Men's Institute, to which persons resident in the town, who had a connection with the Borders by birth, descent, or residence, were invited, and, as a result, the now flourishing Union was formed. Mr John A. Anderson

who presided at the preliminary meetings, was elected the first President; Messrs Geo. Grieve and George Frisken, Vice-presidents; and Mr John MacAllister, Secretary and Treasurer; with a Committee of seven or eight other gentlemen. At a subsequent meeting the constitution of the Association was framed on the lines of the more important city Unions. The principal objects of the Society may be briefly stated as follows:—The mutual improvement of its members; the fostering of a love of the Borderland; it's history, literature, and folklore; the welcoming of Borderers to the district; and the rendering of assistance to deserving Borderers who have experienced misfortune.

During the first session of the Society's existence, which was only of three months' duration, extending from January to the beginning of April, several very successful meetings were held. The President's opening address was "Our Borderland," and one of the Vice-Presidents, Mr George Frisken, lectured on "The Ettrick Shepherd." Several concerts, the programmes of which were sustained by local artistes, attracted good audiences and helped to increase the slender treasury. The session closed with a public social, which was voted the success of the season. Mr William Ceasar, Hon. President, presided over a crowded house. He was supported on the platform by Provost Gordon, of Bathgate; Mr William Sanderson, editor of the BORDER MAGAZINE, George Wolfe, Esq., J.P., and others.

During the past year the Society has fully justified its existence; there has not been a large increase in the membership, but the few who compose the Union carried out a very successful syllabus. The public interest in the Borderers has not subsided, as the annual social held at the end of March proved. One of the largest halls in the town was packed to overflowing with well-wishers, and the members of this, our youngest Border Union, are looking forward with the liveliest anticipation to their next session.

Mr George Frisken, the present President of the Association, is a native of the old burgh of Lauder, where he received his early education. He was apprenticed, on leaving school, to Messrs Aikman, drapers, there, and with them he continued until he came to Bathgate over four years ago, when he acquired the well-known drapery business of Kirsopp & Co. Mr Frisken is a splendid type of young Border manhood, and, although immersed in the conduct of a large and still growing business, he manages to find time to take the keenest interest in the Society of which he is the worthy head. He is a member of St. John's U.F. Church, and an active worker in the Literary Association connected with the congregation.

The Vice-Presidents are Mr George Greive and Mr Thomas Glover. The former is a native of Eyemouth, and has been nearly a dozen years in Bathgate, where he carries on business as a fishmonger. Mr Glover is from Hawick, and is one of the most enthusiastic workers the Society has. He also is in the drapery trade, and seems to have a keen scent for Borderers, and even the most backward cannot resist his persuasive powers when he advocates the claims of the Union upon them. The Secretary, Mr John MacAllister, is a native of Yarrow, and a son of Mr MacAllister the late schoolmaster at Cappercleuch. Mr MacAllister has been considerably over twenty years in the town of his adoption, but he still cherises a lively interest in his native vale. He is a capital reconteur,

MR JOHN MACALLISTER,
First Secretary Bathgate Border Union.

and has over and over again entertained his fellow-members with his many reminiscences of Yarrow and Yarrow folk.

There are many others equally deserving of mention, and amongst those we might note the genial Hon. President, Mr Wm. Ceasar; the Vice-President, Rev. Mr Nicholson; and Dr Rossie. Amongst the active members, Messrs Robert Tinline, James Waite, and Laurence Stewart have done good work, and to them the members look for guidance in the immediate future of the Society. Nor must we forget the ladies who form part of the Association, for to them is due the credit of conducting the socials which have proved such a successful feature of the Union's career, and as they promise to form a considerable part of the membership, we may safely predict a prosperous future for Bathgate Border Union.

J. A. A.

[In the foregoing article no particulars have been given of the first President, but we have pleasure in adding a few notes from our own personal knowledge.

Mr John A. Anderson is a fine example of the intellectual Borderer, who, by reason of his early training and associations, leans almost instinctively towards literature. In the matter of producing literary-minded young men and women the Borderland stands pre-eminent.

Mr Anderson was born at Walkerburn, Peeblesshire, and received his elementary education there. Removing to Innerleithen, he was for some time at the Public School, and when he had passed the necessary standards with credit, he entered the mills, and went through the necessary training to make him a spinner. Joining the Good Templars, he became an enthusiastic member of that Order, and did much for the cause of temperance in Innerleithen. In addition to the usual Lodge business, which has proved such a splendid training to many, Mr Anderson read many interesting literary papers at the meetings, and thus strengthened those powers of writing which had gradually been developing since he left school. As a poet and a story writer, Mr Anderson has done some good work, one or two of his articles have appeared in the "Border Magazine." Like most young Borderers, he felt attracted towards the larger intellectual life of the city, and so in 1897 he went to Glasgow, and in that busy centre was initiated into business life. As a traveller in the tweed trade he gained considerable experience, going over a considerable portion of the Borderland, as well as other parts of the country. Reaching Bathgate, he settled down there for some time, and took unto himself a wife from among the daughters of St Ronan's. In Bathgate he threw himself into temperance work, and was one of the originators of the Bathgate Border Union. Much of the success of the first session was due to Mr Anderson's infectious enthusiasm. Before the Union had been a year in existence, Mr Anderson purchased a book-selling and stationery business in the West End of Glasgow, and removed his household there. He has developed much business tact, and we believe he has a successful career before him.—Ed. B.M.]

"Sir Walter Scott and His Country."—This is the title of an interesting book of reminiscences of Scott and his more noteworthy servants at Abbotsford, as also of Lockhart and his family life at Huntleyburn. The writer, "Handasyde," has entered fully into the spirit of his theme, and gives some capital Scott lore. Edinburgh: R. Grant & Son.

The Real Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE Rev. John Kelman, M.A., of the United Free North Church, Edinburgh, has written a book on R. L. Stevenson, which has just been published by Messrs Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. It is entitled the "Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson," and all that printer and binder could do for the book has been done to make it dainty, tasteful, and attractive. One critic has already hinted that possibly this is a superfluous book. It is more likely that this is a superfluous remark, for Kelman is so gifted by nature, so cultured, and has so much literary insight and power of expression, that he could not be uninteresting if he tried. Here we have him at his brightest and best. Few men living could have analysed the mind and life of Robert Louis Stevenson so well. In reading this volume one is amazed at Mr Kelman's grasp and understanding of his subject. Possibly he knows his Stevenson better even than R. L. S. when he was alive. Like Scott, Stevenson might have wondered as to the source of certain quotations, and have been surpised that they were from his own pen.

It would have been extraordinary if Stevenson had not had a deeply religious nature at the foundation. His father, Thomas Stevenson, of lighthouse fame, published a defence of Christianity, entitled "Christianity Confirmed by Jewish and Heathen Testimony, and the Deductions from Physical Science," &c. His maternal grandfather, Dr Balfour, was minister of Colinton. From him he inherited his fondness for preaching sermons, with less desire to hear them. This was no solemn trick of acting; "it made him," Dr Kelman says, "one of the most forceful and effective preachers of religion in modern literature." His nurse, Alison Cunningham, drilled him up in McCheyne's hymns and in the Covenating traditions which he had already in his blood. His first essay at publishing was a pamphlet on the battle of Rullion Green; his fancy and imagination to the last hovered over the grey moorlands of Scotland, where, round the graves of the martyrs, the whaups were crying; his heart remembered how. One fine June summer night, we dropped into the hamlet of Swanston, which nestles on the northern side of Caerketton. Here the Stevensons had their summer home for a dozen years, and here, in 1892, still resided R. L. Stevenson's nurse, Miss Alison Cunningham, the "Cumy" of the "Child's Garden of Verses," who told me how good he was when a child. Once she caught him on his knees praying for the Holy Ghost,

and tears were shed because "he would not come." Mr Kelman should have completed the sentence he quotes in the letter from Stevenson to the late Mr Craibe Angus. There is a whole volume of self-revelation in the omitted sentence which, alas, explains much Bohemianism, and that which was doubtful in his life. This is not all that Stevenson wrote when comparing himself with Fergusson as "born in the same city; both sickly, both pestered, one nearly to madness, one to the mad-house, with a damnatory creed." Mr Kelman from sympathy and from having, too, to seek a foreign clime for health, comes closer to Stevenson than most. But the revolt against authority and the Bohemianism Mr Kelman knows only at a distance.

The only time we were conscious of having seen Louis Stevenson was at the production of a Greek play in the house of Professor Fleeming Jenkins. Mr Kelman has never had any talk with him in person, but abundance of spiritual talk through his books, from which he renders with clearness his ultimate message to this generation; "the note of the new Spirit is health and gladness . . . his message is the great task of happiness." He took Christ's words seriously, to "rejoice and be exceeding glad." Mr Kelman's chapter headings are instructive; we have, amongst others, studies of Stevenson as a Child, as the Man of Works, Revolt and Originality, the Gift of Vision, the Instinct of Travel, Sympathy and Appreciation, Manliness and Health, the Great Task of Happiness, Stevenson and His Times, followed by a good index. The author makes a point of the child-like spirit —not childishness of Stevenson—on to the very end, meaning wonder and humility, and responsiveness. He characterises some sentences, which Stevenson wrote on Burns, as amongst the truest and most courageous things he ever wrote. The essay will be found in his "Men and Books," written originally for the "Encyclopædia Britannica,"—the editor paid for the paper, but withheld it from publication. What a composite nature he had; according to Mr Kelman "He has a Hebrew conscience and a Greek imagination, a Scottish sense of sin, and a French delight in beauty." When cheerful, Stevenson says "thank God for the grass, and the fir trees, and the crows, and the sheep, and the sunshine, and the shadows of the fir trees." This is what we all feel when the summer days are about us, but cannot express so well!

How his fancy and imagination hovered in and around Edinburgh and the ever dear Pentlands to the last. The scenes of "Weir of Hermiston" are partly drawn from Glencorse, but on the authority of his mother others are suggested by visits in boyhood to Overshiels, in the parish of Stow. He seemed to regret that, "like Leyden, I have gone into far lands to die, not stayed like Burns to mingle in the end with Scottish soil." It would have gratified him to know that one of his most characteristic things, his "Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes," has been issued in a sixpenny edition.

Mr Kelman has given us the best key to Stevenson's character, and the meaning of his books, which has yet been published. Some other author, like the late Mr Henley, may publish something yet about what he calls the "real Stevenson." It will probably be found that he has missed the portrait of the man he knew, and grasped a shadow. Mr Kelman has grasped the man and his message.

R. COCHRANE.

The Bonnie Wee Toon owre the Border.

By SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, M.P.

SWEET SPOT, whaur peace and beauty reign,
I leave thee sadly ance again,
Our pairtin' brings my bosom pain—
Thou bonnie wee toon owre the Border.

Thy hills an' dells an' wuds are dear,
O' love thy streams sing sweetly clear,
Thy canty fouk aye gi'e me cheer—
My bonnie wee toon owre the Border.

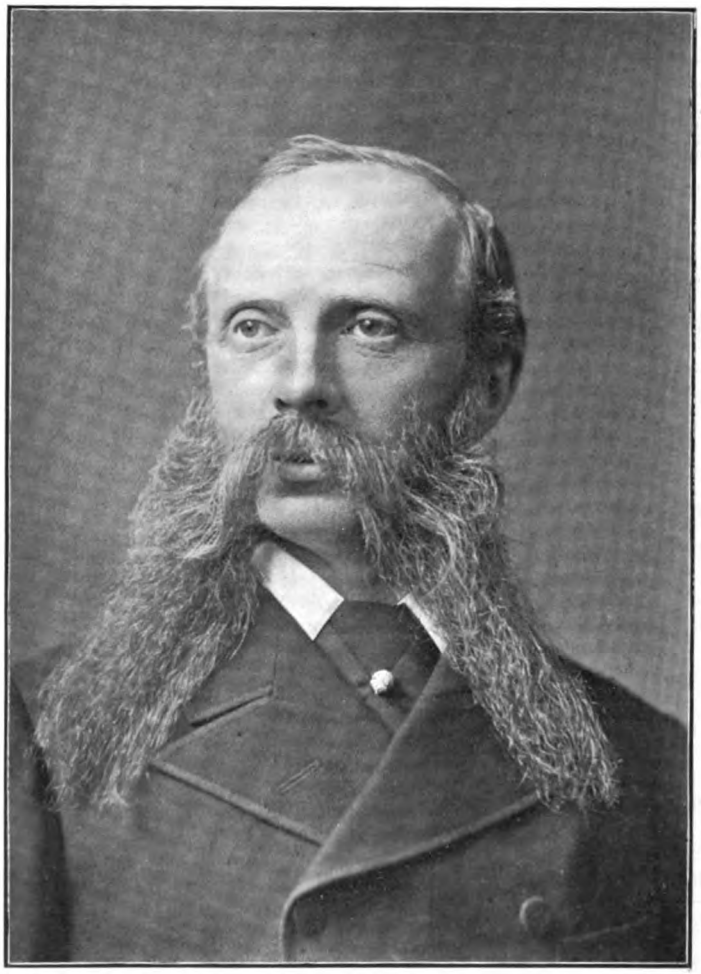
Aft when life seemed no' worth a preen,
An' dowie ilka warldly scene,
A day o' thee made a' serene—
Thou bonnie wee toon owre the Border.

I've found in thee a balm for care
I couldna, couldna find elsewhere,
Thou art Auld Scotland's jewel rare!—
My bonnie wee toon owre the Border.

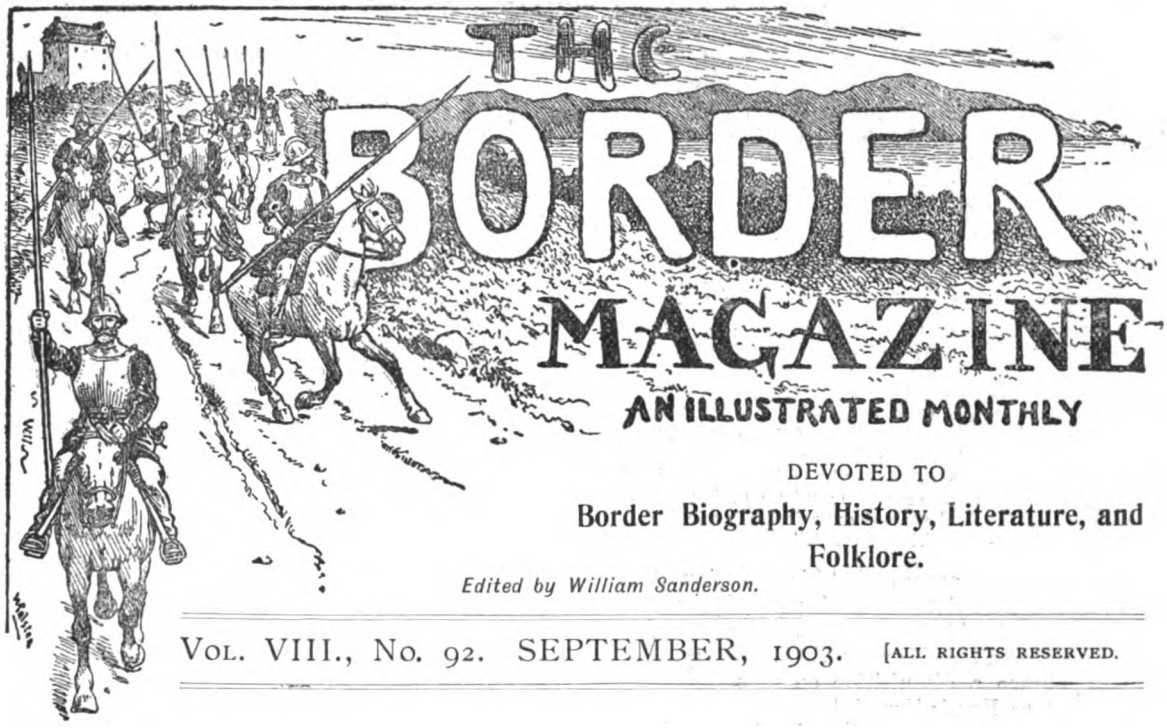
The years may come! the years may gang,
But Memory's stream will flow alang
To thee, while I can sing a sang—
Thou bonnie wee toon owre the Border.

The above poem is taken from a new Border Post Card issued by Messrs Knight & Son, Moffat. Accompanying the verses is a reduced photo. of Moffat, from above Langshaw, which adds attractiveness to the Post Card. Sir William Allan, M.P., is a frequent visitor to, and takes a great interest in, the "Bonnie Wee Toon," and we feel sure that his song in praise of Moffat will be welcomed by a very wide circle of readers.

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



SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE M.D., LL.D.



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Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., LL.D.

IT is *contra bonos mores* for a medical man to advertise or to do anything directly or indirectly calculated to serve the purpose of advertisement. It is, therefore, without help from the learned doctor, and indeed without his knowledge, that we give this brief sketch of Sir James Crichton-Browne.

Sir James is well-known to Scottish Borderers in London, and it was at the last dinner of the London Scottish Border Counties' Association that he indicated his intention to deal with the literary critics who had ventured to handle him roughly for his preface to the recently published "New Letters and Memorials of Mrs Jane Welsh Carlyle." Addressing his fellow-Borderers on that occasion he said, "Our ancestors were wont to display a little vehemence and impetuosity in repelling invasion, and even now, when the lance has given place to the pen, the old fire is not altogether extinguished." Sir James is, indeed, like the old Borderers, courageous, and perhaps also a trifle impetuous and combative. To use a figure of speech that is much in vogue in the political atmosphere at present this knight of the lancet and the pen is not a man to take an affront "lying down." No, the old Border vigour has not altogether vanished. With Sir James it is: "Up men and at them!" And in the pages of the "Contemporary Review" (July) and the "British Medical Journal" he makes a vigorous attack on the enemy.

It is not, however, to be supposed that he is a mere fiery fighter. A doughty champion he undoubtedly is, but he is also affable and debonair, and he has the saving virtue of humour, an invaluable quality which not only adorns an after-dinner speech, but enables a man to avoid many errors. Some years ago, at a meeting of the London Scottish Border Counties' Association he facetiously referred to himself as a "Mad Doctor"—an expression not intended to indicate that he himself was "kind o' queer," but that he is a medical man specially interested in diseases of the mind.

Sir James is, as a matter of fact, an eminent medical psychologist, and it was in recognition of his achievements as a medical doctor and brain specialist that he was, in 1886, made a knight. His inclination towards this branch of study may be said to be hereditary, for his father, Dr W. A. F. Browne, was Her Majesty's Commissioner in Lunacy for Scotland. Sir James himself has been Lord Chancellor's Visitor in Lunacy since 1875, and is the author of numerous works on mental and nervous diseases, education, &c.

He is also a man of letters. It is true that

Mr Ronald McNeill, a vindicator of James Anthony Froude, the biographer of Carlyle, had expressed indignation that Sir James Crichton-Browne, a doctor, should, in writing the introduction to the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," have ventured upon what he described as "an unwonted excursion in literary criticism." To this Sir James makes the following reply, in his article "Carlyle and Froude," in the "Contemporary" for July:

"How chagrined he will feel when my collected works are published, and the veil of pseudonymity is laid aside. He resents my trespass on the domain in which he and Mr T. P. O'Connor are overlords, and thinks that I have no qualification for the work I have undertaken. I have at least the qualification of having had some personal acquaintance with Carlyle, of having had a long and intimate acquaintance with several members of his family, and of having had special experience in one branch of the subject of which I treat."

From this it appears that Sir James's writings are not confined to medical, psychological, and educational subjects. Indeed, it is very generally believed that his versatility has been such as to embrace a disquisition on so occasional a subject as Harris Tweeds!

Some there are who think that in again bringing the Carlyle controversy to the front Sir James has been guilty of indiscretion. But let us hear what he has to say in answer to the charge that he had "stirred up the ashes of a bye-gone controversy and raised anew a cloud of noxious dust when the atmosphere was gradually clearing":—

But was the Carlyle-Froude controversy a bye-gone one, and is there any pretence for saying that a sifting process was quietly going on? Why, the controversy has been renewed again and again during the last twenty years, and only five years ago it flamed up briskly on the publication of Mr David Wilson's excellent book, and assuredly the need for controversial debate has not disappeared. Froude's grotesque misrepresentations of Carlyle still work their way. They have permeated and poisoned public opinion, and of a score of biographies of Carlyle that have appeared since his, there are not above two that are not tainted more or less by the venom that he distilled. There has recently been some revival of interest in Carlyle's writings, but the general notion of the man, as derived from Froude, still is that he was selfish, harsh, hypocritical, and guilty of shameful conduct, and this notion is not only cruelly unjust to his memory, but baneful in its effects, by alienating from the study of his teachings many who would profit by them. "The crabbed moralist," said Carlyle in his "Mirabeau," "had some show of reason who said: 'To judge of an original contemporary man you must in general reverse the world's judgment about him;' the world is not only wrong in that matter, but cannot on any such matter be right. One comfort is that the world is ever working itself righter and righter on such matters: that a continual revisal and rectification of the world's first judgment is going on."

The time has come for a revisal and rectification of the world's judgment about Carlyle, and in order that that may be secured it is needful that the fictions by which Froude misled the world and blackened his character should be swept away. It is in order that they may aid in this salutary operation, and supply some material for the true biography of Carlyle which has yet to be written, that "The New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle" have been issued. Their reception has been in every respect what was anticipated, and it is satisfactory that they have on all hands been acknowledged to afford a more pleasing impression of Mrs Carlyle's conjugal relations than did the "Letters and Memorials" of 1883. But the "Letters and Memorials" of 1883 were those that Froude selected, and the present series consists of those he rejected. That the introduction to the present series has at least stimulated interest in them is unmistakably attested by press-cuttings.

Some people, including some Borderers, thought that in associating himself with the "New Letters and Memorials" Sir James had raised a storm from which he was hardly likely to escape scatheless, but there is little doubt that the manner in which he has acquitted himself in his subsequent article to the "Contemporary Review" and the "British Medical Journal" has greatly tended to dissipate that view and to justify the observations of the "Medical Press and Circular" to the effect that "Sir James Crichton-Browne has done both the dead and the living a great service in having dealt, with much delicacy, but also with keen scientific insight, in his luminous introduction . . . with the psychological aspects of Mrs Carlyle's case."

Sir James's mother was an Edinburgh lady, Magdalene Howden, the daughter of Andrew Balfour, Esq., of Edinburgh. The future knight and champion of Carlyle was born on 29th November, 1840. He was educated at Dumfries Academy, and it is as a Borderer from Dumfries that he renders valuable help to the London Scottish Border Counties' Association. From Dumfries he went to Trinity College, Glenalmond, and thence to Edinburgh University. He was made M.D. (honours) in 1862. Three years later he married Emily, youngest daughter of the late Dr Halliday, of Seacombe, Chester.

It was in 1878 that the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by St Andrew's University. He is F.R.S., London and Edinburgh, a Fellow of the Academy of Medicine of New York, Vice-President and Treasurer of the Royal Institution since 1889, and a Justice of Peace for Dumfriesshire. His town house is in the neighbourhood of Victoria Street (not far from the Houses of Parliament), and his country place is Crindan, Dumfries. He is a member of

the Athenæum, the Grosvenor, and the Conservative Clubs, but we know him not as a politician. He is a man of fine presence, who gives one the impression that he has the faculty for taking pains, and that he will do well whatever he puts his hand to. He is a fluent and effective speaker, and though his ideas are accurately expressed in well turned periods, his addresses lose much when converted into cold type. This was very notable in the case of his speech (reported in the BORDER MAGAZINE) to the toast of "The Ladies" at the London Scottish Border Counties' Association dinner in London.

This is not a biographical notice in the ordinary sense; in any event, the writer is not given to the lavish use of adjectives in the superlative. The usual laudatory remarks must, therefore, be "taken as read." Sir James is a good man, and certainly neither the least conspicuous nor the least useful of those who have left the Borders, not for the good of the Borders, but to make a mark in the world, or, to use a metaphor of another good Borderer—the Hon. Mark Napier—to fall as a fertilising shower upon other portions of the earth's crust! Captain Crichton-Browne, Sir James's eldest son, is reputed to be a brilliant and distinguished officer, who has seen much active service, and who is, like his father, expert with the pen.

J. E. M.

Prince Charlie on the Borders.

THE autumn of the year 1745 was a period of great excitement in Scotland, for the news spread throughout the country that the young Prince of the Royal Stuarts had landed in the Highlands determined by force of arms to recover the crown his grandfather had lost. Many had already gathered to his standard, and as its silken folds streamed out on the moorland breeze amid a storm of pipe music, flashing claymores, and enthusiastic acclamations, James the VIII. was proclaimed King of Scotland. War was thus boldy declared, and the "Young Pretender," as he was styled by the Whigs, Bonnie Prince Charlie by his friends and adherents, started on the campaign which, alas, for him and his brave followers, was to end so disastrously.

The southward march of the rebel army, though hailed with joyous enthusiasm by the Jacobites, was regarded with dread and apprehension by the Whigs of the Lowlands; and indeed moderate men of all classes, no matter which side they favoured, thought the enterprise extremely hazardous, and certain to lead to much misery and bloodshed, whatever might be the result.

The wildest rumours prevailed as to the extent of the Jacobite army, which was variously reported as a mere rabble of wild Highlanders by some, and by others as a well-disciplined army, of from three to five and even ten thousand. Very little was known in the South about the Highlanders, who formed the main body of the Prince's army, and that little was not reassuring. It was known that they lived under the rule of their native chiefs, that they wore a peculiar and half-savage dress, and spoke an unknown tongue, and that they went about armed even on their most ordinary occupations. It was believed that they lived chiefly by plunder. The approach of these wild clansmen, therefore, was awaited with consternation and dread.

At length came the news of the Prince's triumphal entry into the ancient capital of Scotland, and of the total rout of the Government troops under Sir John Cope, and then after a week or two spent in preparation and equipment the army resumed its march southwards. Prince Charlie's forces now numbered 6000 men, and these were divided into three columns. One division, under Lord George Murray, proceeded by Peebles and Moffat towards Carlisle; another took a middle course by Galashiels, Selkirk, Hawick, and by Mosspaul to Langholm. The third column, under the Prince himself, left Edinburgh on the first of November, and marched to Dalkeith, where they remained for two days, the Prince being lodged at Dalkeith House, the residence of the Duke of Buccleuch. They next crossed Soutra Hill, and concluded the day's march at Lauder, where the Prince took up his quarters at Thirlestane Castle, where the room he occupied, with its quaint furnishings, still remains very much as when it received its Royal guest.

A story is told of a party of Highlanders who entered a house at Langshaw, near Lauder, attracted doubtless by the pleasant odour of the barley scones the guidwife was baking, on which they regaled themselves, warming their brawny limbs at her peat fire. Proceeding onwards they came in contact with a road contractor, named Joseph Shillinglaw, who, with a large staff of men and forty horses (sic) (obviously an exaggeration.) The Highlanders commandeered the horses in the name of the Prince, which was a heavy loss to the honest man. Shillinglaw followed the Prince to Kelso, and having obtained an interview with him, laid his case before him, and Charles at once ordered the animals to be restored to him.

The Prince, with his division, stayed two nights in Kelso, keeping his next line of march a profound secret, for the Government troops were assembled at Newcastle, and several regiments had arrived there from foreign service. The Prince stayed next night in Jedburgh. The house in which he lodged is still standing, and is now known as Nos. 7 and 11 Castlegate. On the front of the building are two rather peculiar sundials with a Latin inscription underneath. The house, which bears the date 1687 over one of the doorways, had been very handsomely fitted up, and some of the richly moulded panels and massive mantelpieces may still be seen. At the time of the Prince's visit the mansion belonged to Andrew Kerr of Chatto, who sold it three years afterwards to Thomas Caverhill, merchant, in Jedburgh.

Dr Robert Chambers, in his history of the rebellion says, that when he was at Jedburgh in 1826 he saw an old lady who distinctly remembered the Prince's visit to her native town. The Highlanders had a great number of horses, which it was said had been taken from the Dragoons at Preston, and she, a child of seven at the time, had watched some of the men grooming their gees, and she remembered them call to the horses, "Stand about, Cope," or "Steady there, Cope," and so on. Early next morn-

ing, the Prince set out, leading his men up Rulewater, and over the Knot o' the Gate into Liddesdale. An old man related that he had watched the Highlanders march out of the town, and he saw the Prince ride back to see that none of his men had remained behind, for the Highlanders had a great objection to entering England and deserted in great numbers as they approached the Border. When Charles had satisfied himself that no stragglers were in the town he galloped off and rejoined the column.

In passing, a party of Highlanders were sent to visit Lord Minto, who was a staunch Whig and strongly opposed to the Jacobites. He was well aware that his visitors could have no friendly feelings towards him, so he judged it best to avoid an encounter with them. He hurriedly made his escape from the house, and concealed himself among the rocks, while his charming daughter, the gifted authoress of the "Flowers of the Forest," entertained the unwelcome visitors, who left after having levied a considerable amount of money and provisions for the use of the rebel army.

John Goodwillie, clerk to Murray of Broughton, the Prince's secretary, says in his journal:—"That the Prince and the army marched to Haggiehall, the old name of Larriston, in Liddesdale, but that he and four of the guards were sent to Hawick for the night." He does not say for what purpose. "On Friday," he says, "the army marched to Rowanburn foot, and I straight to Langholm."

It is said that during his march the Prince was everywhere received with marks of respect and devotion, and there is little doubt that if the Scotch people could have been sure that their religion would be protected, the great majority would have been glad to see "The Royal Stuarts back again."

Charles Scott, brother of the Laird of Gorrenbury, at one time Chamberlain to the Duke of Buccleuch, was a devoted follower of Prince Charlie all through the campaign, from glorious Prestonpans to fatal Culloden, and was with him on his march through Liddesdale.

A group of spectators had assembled at the Forkings Smiddy-end to see the Highlanders pass. Mr Samuel Oliver, schoolmaster, being amongst them. An officer, observing his superior appearance, pressed him to act as guide. On reaching headquarters he was hailed by Scott of Gorrenbury, who asked in some surprise what he was doing there. On being told that he had been made to act as guide, he said, "I think they might have taken someone who could be better spared." Giving him a pass back through the lines, he led him past the Prince, to whom he lifted his hat; the Prince returning the salutation by touching his bonnet. Oliver described the Prince as a very fine-looking young man, with long fair hair.

Charlie Millar, afterwards beadle in the West U.P. Church at Hawick, was servant to Scott of Gorrenbury, and had followed his master all through the campaign. He was deeply attached to the young Prince, and to the Jacobite cause. He had great faith in the restoration of the Stuarts, and was not without some expectation of personal advantage, having once been the bearer of an important message from his master to the Prince, who told him that when he became King he would remember him for it.

One Sunday morning, when Charlie came to the vestry, according to custom, the minister told him of the death of Prince Charles Edward Stuart. He was greatly affected by the news. "Aih! Doctor," he said, "I wish ye hadna telled me till the efternune. I'll get nae guid o' the sermon the day. If it had been the German Laird there wad hae been little mane made for him."

On Friday, the 8th of November, the two divisions of the army which had marched by Liddesdale and Ewesdale met on the banks of the Esk, four miles below Langholm, and soon after entered England. The soldiers unsheathed their swords, and raised a loud shout, but Lochiel in drawing his sword cut his hand, and this was looked upon by the superstitious Highlanders as an evil omen, and many faces grew pale. However, they were reassured when the City and Castle of Carlisle surrendered to the Prince after a very pusillanimous resistance, a success soon followed by disaster; and the retreat to the north took place a few weeks later.

In passing, the Prince had an account to settle with Dumfries. It will be remembered that the column under Lord George Murray had gone by the West of Scotland. With it was a large convoy of arms, ammunition, tents, etc., and in their eagerness to be present at the siege of Carlisle the soldiers had pressed forward, leaving the baggage waggons but slenderly guarded, and the whole convoy had been captured and taken to Dumfries. And the Prince was determined to exact restitution of the convoy, or an equivalent in value. With a large body of men he took possession of the town, and levied a very heavy contribution both in money and goods. The townspeople were only too glad to comply with his demands, to avert the threatened consequences. The particulars are given in a contemporary letter, in which the writer says: "The bulk of the Highland army with their Prince have been at Dumfries since Saturday, and that they behave in a very insolent manner. Their demands on the town are £2,000; 2,000 pairs of shoes, 200 horses, 100 carts, and all these to be made out before yesterday morning, otherwise they would burn the town. Besides, they have rifled several shops and took everything they wanted, and taken all the horses within some miles of the town. The tradesmen were at work all Sunday to get the shoes for the men ready, and the smiths shoeing their horses. One letter bore that they even stripped people of clothes and shoes they had on. No accounts of the Duke's army yet nearer than Carlisle."

The Prince took up his quarters in Dumfries at a house in the Market Place, which is now the Commercial Inn, but then belonged to a gentleman who, though friendly to the Prince, was by no means anxious to get into trouble by entertaining him openly, nor did he wish to offend him by neglecting the courtesies due to his guest, so he got out of the dilemma by getting drunk, or pretending to be, and so being unfit to appear the duties of hospitality were discharged by his wife, and many other Jacobite ladies came forward to grace his court.

On the 23rd, the army marched up Nithsdale, and the Prince spent the night at Drumlanrig—then the seat of the Duke of Queensberry—where he occupied the state bed; a great number of his men slept on straw in the great gallery, and next morning the Highlanders took the very objectionable mode of testifying their loyalty to King James by slashing with their swords the portraits of King William and Queen Mary and Queen Anne, which hung in the gallery and had been a present from the last-named sovereign.

There is no need to follow the march of the army back to the Highlands or describe the terrible disaster of Culloden. The pitiful tale of what is almost the saddest chapter of Scottish history is well-known, with its awful sequel of wanton cruelty and revenge—the poor, wounded Highlanders slaughtered in cold blood as they lay helpless on the field; the fugitives pursued and butchered without pity and without remorse; and the execution, with every circumstance of aggravated horror, of so many noble and brave men. These things can never be forgotten.

With Culloden the cause of the Stuarts was lost; and the Prince, as the "wee bird" in the old song says:—

"On hills that are by right his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger;
On ilka hand, he's pressed by want,
On ilka side wi' danger.
Yest'reen I met him in the Glen,
My heart near bursted fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he;
Oh wae's me for Prince Charlie."

Many hearts in Scotland echoed the wail of the "wee bird," and no one can read, without pity, the story of his wanderings, exposed to every kind of privation, and with danger threatening him on every side, or of the fidelity and devotion of the Highlanders, without admiration. Most of these Highlanders who sheltered and protected the Prince were very poor, many of them had extremely lax ideas as to the rights of property; but though the Government offered £30,000 to any one who would betray the Prince into their hands, no one would earn this great wealth by doing a deed so base.

Thus the Rebellion was at last crushed out, and the whole enterprise with its story of splendid heroism and devotion came to an end.

J. R. Oliver.

Referring to the recent great gathering of Volunteers at the Stobs military camp, the "Glasgow Evening News" has the following interesting paragraph:—

Now that Hawick will within a day or two receive so many Volunteers bound for Stobs Camp, many of our sodger lads will be interested to learn that it is to a native of the Border town that much of the perfection of their chief offensive weapon is due. James Paris Lee, the inventor of the Lee-Metford, the Lee-Enfield, and other magazine rifles, was born at Hawick seventy-two years ago, and although he has lived the major part of his life on the other side of the Atlantic, he, like all other Hawick callants, is a true Scot and an enthusiastic "Teri." Young Lee was but five years old when his parents emigrated to Galt, Ontario, and notwithstanding the fact that in pursuit of his profession he has been located at widely-separated portions of the United States and also at London, this little town of Scottish "kailyard" memories is still his home. With the name of Armstrong prominent in the manufacture of heavy ordnance and that of Lee with small arms, the Scottish Borders will be for ever linked to military movement quite in keeping with the martial renown of the inhabitants in the unhappy times of long ago.

An Election Incident.

IN these days of voting by ballot, there is little or no excitement while a Parliamentary election proceeds in a constituency. There may be sallies of wit and humour as certain extremists approach the polling-booth, and there may be a sportive gaiety displayed in the colours of the opponents' henchmen, but those relationships which happily exist between the two main political parties are but slightly strained during an election contest, even though it be unusually close and keen. There is, as a rule, such a staying sense of fair-play maintained throughout the polling day that, when evening falls, the result is accepted with enthusiasm on the one side, and resignation on the other. There is, it is true, in all incidents of life "what might have been," but sensible men look forward, and reason that "the best of life is yet to be." When the ladies have been endowed with the franchise, the electors will brighten their colours, while the gentlemen who preside over the ballot-box will sigh, and cease to speak!

But before the year of the great Reform (1832) there were frequently warm jealousies, and sometimes serious riots, over the return of a Member of Parliament. It may, therefore, be of more than local interest to note an incident which occurred in the Royal Burgh of Lauder, on 4th May, 1831. It is more than casually alluded to in Hall's excellent "History of Galashiels," but its repetition here bears with it a freshness, owing to its being "branded on the youthful memory" of the narrator. Thus the recollection of what passed in the usually quiet old burgh on that stirring day has not entirely passed from the remembrance of living men. It may be well to preserve the record.

From 1707 till the passing of the Reform Act of 1884, Lauder, Haddington, Dunbar, North Berwick, and Jedburgh united to return a Member to the Imperial Parliament. Until 1832, delegates from the five burghs met to elect a Parliamentary representative. In politics, at the date of the incident (1831), the Town Council of Lauder were equally divided, and the selection of a delegate was a matter of vital importance, as it was well known that Haddington and Jedburgh had decided in favour of Robert Steuart, Esq. of Alderston, in Haddingtonshire, while Dunbar and North Berwick favoured Lord Maitland, of the House of Lauderdale. Lauder thus had, as it were, the casting vote, and when the Council met, the whole of the inhabitants rushed either to anticipate or criticise their decision. The Black Bull was the headquarters

of the Tory party, and what was then described as the Reform Party, clung to the Eagle Inn, at that time situated in Mid-Row, and the resting-house of the Duns and Kelso Coaches as they passed to and from the City of Edinburgh. The atmosphere of the whole country was electrified with "Reform," though the most part of the people knew not whither the current might carry them.

The Councillors—sixteen in number—were divided, eight on each side. Bailie Shaw, the landlord of the Black Bull Hotel, held the balance of parties, and it was certain he would cast it in favour of Maitland, and consequently the election at Jedburgh, on the 22nd of May, was a foregone conclusion. It soon, however, became evident that a plot had been formed whereby Lauder would be forced to send a delegate in favour of Steuart. It was a mad attempt, but there was method in its madness. It had at least the merit of shrewd organisation, and it was all but successful.

LAUDER.

It was a beautiful May morning when the election took place, and strangers streamed into Lauder not only from the surrounding onsteads, but from Galashiels, Haddington, and other places. The space round the site of the old Town Cross, at the foot of the Tolbooth steps, was soon set thick with visitors, and the expectant conclave spread rumour of riot. The Town Council met, according to custom, in the Assembly Room of the Hotel, and were about to march in procession to the Town Hall in order to make selection of a delegate. Two-by-two the Council walked across the old causeway, whose ups and downs oft tripped unwary feet. Acting as guard upon the Council were many retainers of the Maitlands, most prominent of whom was the well-known figure of the gamekeeper on the Lauderdale estate. There, too, was Sir Anthony Maitland himself, whose "rubicund visage" made him conspicuous from afar. In stately silence the column moved on, but scarce had it gone a dozen steps when it was surrounded by the crowd, and a sharp, sullen struggle ensued. Fortune, the gamekeeper, escaped from the scramble to seek refuge in the stableyard, where he was put past all further terror for the day by an effective light stick beating. As the crowd swerved back, a post-chaise and pair of horses might be seen drawn up a little way down from the Council Chambers, and presently one of the Councillors, Charles Simson, Esq. of Threepwood, an old gentleman, somewhat enfeebled, was hustled towards the carriage, and was made doubly secure by two of his captors taking seats beside him, while the driver reined his horses off at the gallop. It was no easy matter to run clear of the mob, for blood was hot on every side. Two stalwart young farmers—Andrew and William Aitchison, of the Heugh—made bold

to rescue the Councillor. They were stationed near the lower end of the Mid-Row, and as the carriage came forward they dashed towards the horses and drove them out of line, when the wheels caught the corner guard-stone of the Row, where for a few seconds they got entangled. As the stone was dragged out of its place, there was just time to cut one of the traces, and this no doubt eventually led to the capture of the steal-aways, though the raiders stole off with their booty beyond the confines of the burgh at the utmost possible speed.

Two gentlemen farmers—"Addinston" and "Blainslie"—were nephews of the captured Councillor. They, too, had seen the abduction, though probably they had not realised all at once the indignity which it brought to their relative. Both of them were dashing riders, and they set off in hot haste by the Back Wynd, which leads from the Hotel stableyard to Wyndhead Home Farm. At that time the Earlston Road had not been formed, but the carriage went by Blainslie, it having been thought, as was said, that Kelso might be a safe retreat until the election was secure. By the old School-House and Brighaugh Mill all was well, but, when the horses rose to Birkenside Hill, the cut trace impeded progress, and the pursuing horsemen galloped up to the exhausted team, made easy capture of the equipage, and brought the Councillor—calm and content—quietly back to Lauder. He had borne no threatenings of personal violence, and was willing to forgive those who had wilfully wronged the conscience of the electorate.

In the absence of Mr Simson, William Orr was selected as delegate to Jedburgh. He recorded his vote, and Mr Steuart was returned as Member for the Burghs, but after Parliamentary enquiry, the election was annulled. Criminal proceedings were instituted against the three men who had carried off the good-humoured Councillor, but the ends of justice were served when they were condemned as outlaws, which sentence was again removed through the intercession of Joseph Hume. That such unseemly interference with the electorate, as the abduction of a voter, did really occur, demanded urgent reform, but not altogether in the sense suggested by the vagaries of the political barometer on that beautiful May morning just over seventy years ago.

A. T. G.

TOLBOOTH, LAUDER.

Bonshaw Tower.

BONSHAW TOWER, which is situated within three miles of Carlyle's birthplace, was the scene of many raids by Border reivers, and a short account of the Irvings, who have owned it for hundreds of years, and the building itself may be interesting to Borderers. The Tower commands a splendid view of Lower Annandale. Immediately adjoining the house is a deep ravine of great beauty, down which a flood can be poured at will from a pond above; and paths through it and along the banks of the Kirtle lead through a fairyland of winding stream, a hanging wood, and flowering undergrowth. Over the doorway of the Tower is the pious inscription in antique lettering —"Soli Deo honor et gloria" (Honour and glory to God only.) Set into the roof of its small square porch is a stone having engraved on it the sacred monogram in Hebrew characters. This is known as the Crusader's stone, having, according to accepted tradition, been brought from Palestine by a member of the family who drew his sword against the infidel, and who brought the stone here after it had been blessed by the Pope. It is reputed to impart a blessing to all of the name of Irving who pass beneath it. The virtue is strictly limited by membership of the clan. In the dark ground storey, which would be the retainers' kitchen, the visitor is able to inspect the dungeon, a grim apartment in the thickness of the broad wall: while a great stone bin which probably held supplies of salted provisions in time of need, is still intact. The upper storeys are approached by the original narrow spiral stone stair, on which a stout hanging rope serves for handrail. The grand hall of the Tower is in perfect preservation. An arched recess in one of the walls has formed a small altar. In one of the window recesses are the stone seats, from which the shot holes could be served in case of siege.

And now with regard to the Irvings, it may be first of all stated that for two hundred years, from the time of Duncan I., Irvings were Kings of Scotland, and they were Hungarian Counts. There are many branches of the Irvings, but three branches need only be mentioned here: the Irvings of Bonshaw, the Irvings of Drum, and the Irvings of Treland. At one time they all spelt their name with a terminal "g," but the other two branches altered it to "e," only Bonshaw sticking to the old "g." They originally belonged to Ayrshire, and in that county there are places called Brydekirk, Bonshaw, Corsehill, Langshaw, Balgray, similar in name to many places in Lower Annandale. Robert the Bruce had a certain amount of Irving blood in his veins, and that would probably account for his going to Bonshaw. He arrived on a stormy night, and was hospitably entertained. When he left he took with him William Irving to be his secretary and companion, and when he was placed on the throne he rewarded him for his services by conferring upon him the lands and forests of Drum, in Aberdeenshire, giving him for his armorial bearings three holly leaves At the fatal field of Flodden most of the clansmen, or at anyrate a large number of them, died fighting for their King. The English army followed up their victory by devastating the country, and the inhabitants were reduced to great distress. Bonshaw was taken and plundered. The Irvings possessed most of the land from the Esk to the Nith, but when they rebelled against the King he gave it to the Maxwells, one of the most powerful of the Border clan, and the greatest foes of the Irvings.

The last siege at Bonshaw was in 1584, when Edward Irving tried to rescue the Johnstones from the Maxwells. Edward Irving, who, united with the Johnstones with whom the Irving clan had never quarrelled, led the clan at the battle of Dryfe Sands, and he died three years afterwards. When James VI. came to the throne in 1603, all the "iron yetts" of the Border towers were destroyed. From that time onwards to the present day the Tower has remained in the hands of the Irvings, the present occupant being Colonel Irving of Bonshaw. Very few ancient buildings have so many dignified associations combined with them as this great Tower by the Kirtle, and no wonder the old balladist exclaimed—

> "What clan with Bonshaw can compare
> For valour and for truth."

M. S. C.

The End of a Border Feud.

(In Eskdale Dialect.)

WHEN on a tramping holiday between Carlisle and Edinburgh I was one day munching my lunch by the wayside when someone growled,—

"Aw say, ma man, if 'e dinna want 'er heid blawn aff 'e'd better shift alang a bit."

On turning in the direction from which the voice came I discovered the shining barrel of a gun, resting on a stone dyke which was partly hid by a clump of bushes.

Starting to my feet and making a wide detour to the man behind the gun, I asked him for an explanation.

"Haud 'er tongue," he said, gruffly; "he's comin', dae 'e no sie?"

I glanced down the dusty road-way and saw a rugged-looking man unconsciously approaching the ambush.

"Great Scot!" I gasped, "you do not mean to shoot him?"

"Haud 'er tongue, aw tell 'e, or aw'll riddle 'e wi' lead," he replied, as he pulled the trigger.

Rooted to the spot, with hair rising under my cap, and perspiration breaking over my body at the thought of a human being murdered, and daring not to make a warning movement I closed my eyes and waited with a strange sensation in my heart for the report of the gun.

The sound, however, never came, and as the man on the road-way passed whistling "Wha daur meddle wi' me?" I opened my eyes to behold the owner of the gun making gestures of disgust. He turned to me and hissed into my ear—

"This is a feud—a deadly feud."

"And you were going to take life?"

"That's it; shoot 'im deid. This has been a feud for years, and it grows bitterer every day. It stert when aw cam to th' ferm there, an' aw'm determined to hae it oot."

"And how did it start? It must have been something very serious to raise such bitter enmity," I remarked.

"Weel, Crossgates—that's him that's away bye—tramp'd on ma dug's tail, an' aw heav'd a rock at his cat and killed it; then he slapped yin o' ma laddies, an' aw stuck a hay fork in his auld soo; then he drew the neck o' yin o' ma ducks, an' aw peppered twa o' his hens wi' lead. An' sae it's gaen on, gettin' bitterer every day, but ma name's no Armstrong if aw dinna wipe it oot. Naethin' but daith 'll dae."

"And so you were lying in wait for him?"

"An' that aw was, but he's got wind o't an' left his dug at hame, the cooard."

"Oh! it was the dog you were after?"

"Dead set on 'im. Aw wanted to sie 'im streakit oot, stark on th' road."

Just at this point a collie came yelping down the way on three legs and crouched at his feet.

"Sie what he's done, the scoon'rel," exclaimed Armstrong, as he danced with rage.

"That settles't for ever. The feud's got to be wiped oot wi' naethin' short o' bluid."

He examined his weapon before he slung it over his shoulder, and was about to stalk away when I said, taking hold of his arm—

"Look here, don't do anything rash, wait till to-morrow."

"Dash it, let me gang, am aw to be insulted like this for naethin? Na, na, it's got to be the sacrifice o' life wi' yin or anither. Aw'm gaun richt to his hoose to mak' faces at his auld wife, an' to spit on his brats o' bairns."

After watching the farmer out of sight I continued my journey towards Auld Reekie, firmly in the belief that the feud would end in a tragedy.

The end, however, came in a most unexpected manner. Many months after on taking up a well-known weekly this is what I read:—

"Crossgates—Armstrong.—At Arkinholm, on the ——, by the Rev. ——, John Crossgates, junr., Burnside, to Euphemia Armstrong, Sunnybrae."

A paragraph in a neighbouring column indicated that the bride had been given away by the father, and that the wedding had been one of the grandest and most successful ever held in the district.

"All's well that ends well," even a Border feud. Life was sacrificed, but not as anticipated.

G. M. R.

A list of remarkable gipsies would be a formidable one. Of these, no one had prabably led a more romantic life than Andrew Douglas, of whom many curious stories have been told. Andrew at one time was a private in a volunteer regiment lying in Durham. Being by no means insensible to the charms of the fair sex, he fell in love with the daughter of a respectable barber. The gipsy represented himself as Dr Douglas of Yetholm, in which place, he said, he carried on an extensive business. At length he won the heart of the barber's daughter, and made her his wife. When the regiment broke up the doctor returned to Yetholm, but left his wife behind. She set out for Yetholm, made inquiry for Dr Douglas, but found to her surprise that the only persons of that name were to be found among the gipsies. She inquired at the settlement and soon found her doctor, not in his laboratory, but surrounded with willows and heather busily plying his vocation of besom making. This, as one would have supposed, did not break her heart, and Mary settled down with her doctor in Yetholm and conformed to the travelling habits of her adopted tribe. She brought up a numerous family in habits of industry, and she and her husband spent their old age in peace—"the evening of their days gliding away in mild uninterrupted solitude."

"What will not gentle woman dare
When strong affection stirs her spirit up?"

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TO ADVERTISERS.
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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1903.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE are always pleased to receive suggestions from any of our readers, and any criticism they make upon the BORDER MAGAZINE receive due consideration. Some of our friends think that we should allow nothing relating to the present day into our columns, which should be reserved entirely for historical, archæological, and strictly literary subjects, while others are of the opinion that we should deal more with current topics. Our own opinion inclines to a happy medium, for while we have not the slightest intention of ever encroaching upon the province of the newspaper, there are occasional passing events which are worthy of preservation. It is quite true that our Border newspapers contain much literary matter referring to the Borderland, but how few people keep a file of these excellent publications, while the bound volumes of our magazine are easily referred to, and form a valuable and ornamental addition to any bookcase or library.

The Border Keep.

A Border correspondent of an evening paper writes:—

Those who believe that the Scottish gipsies are rapidly losing their distinctive characteristics, and becoming merged in the ranks of the respectable and the conventional, would have been greatly disillusioned had they visited the old town of Kelso on Wednesday, 5th August. It was the date of St James' Fair, an annual festival that originated in the days of William the Lion, and in accordance with time-honoured custom, several hundreds of the wandering race pitched their tents on the Friar's Haugh. The modern gipsy is very conservative in his method of cooking, and adheres tenaciously to the metal tripod, which found favour with his forefathers. But the savoury odours that emanated from all quarters of the field served to indicate that his larder is even better replenished than in the good old days, when there were no laws against camping. The "spick and span" appearance of many of the caravans excited much favourable comment, and the behaviour of the inmates would have reflected credit on those who have yielded to the influences of civilisation.

From a Border paper I cull the following interesting item:—

THE COWIE OF GORANBERRY.—Near the source of the Hermitage Water, about two miles above the Castle, stands Goranberry Tower, which in former days was inhabited by a family of Elliots, and, tradition relates, was haunted by a "familiar" of the brownie species, called the *Cowie*. Like other "familiars" of this class, the Cowie is reported to have much interest in having the work of the place in a forward state; as at one time the peats would have been brought in; at another the crop would have been cut and preserved, at another the sheep were smeared, and so on, and all this was done between night and day by the indefatigable Cowie. It is not said that the Cowie was ever actually seen: he was only heard. Often the inmates of the old house were kept awake by his operations; sometimes he was heard as if chopping wood, sometimes sawing like a carpenter, sometimes grinding the quern or handmill, spinning or rolling yarn, now at one employment, now at another. The morning after these sounds the people about the place would merely remark to one another—"The Cowie has

had a busy nicht!" When a death was about to happen among the Elliots the event was always fore-tokened by the weeping and lamentations of the Cowie. At length it happened that Adam Elliot of Goranberry, the last of his family, perished while coming home from a Castleton Martinmas hiring. Adam is said to have had a wicked wife who was wont to pray for "a dark nicht and a toom saddle," and her prayer appears to have been answered. On the hiring night mentioned, Adam's horse came home at a late hour without its rider. Next morning Adam was found sitting against the wall of Hermitage chapel burying-ground, with his cloak about him, drenched, cold, and stiff. He had fallen from his horse while fording the flooded stream, but had managed to crawl out of the water and seat himself by the kirkyard wall, only to perish there. During the night previous to this the Cowie had been very dismal in his bewailings, but on the night in question his weeping and lamentations rose to such a pitch of agony as to be inexpressibly touching. It was his last night, however, he was never heard afterwards. He had been "familiar" at Goranberry for generations, but now that the last of the family had gone, the Cowie left also.

* * *

I am again indebted to the interesting articles of the Edinburgh correspondent of the "Southern Reporter," and select for preservation in the "Keep" the following valuable cuttings:

CAROLSIDE IN 1847.

Fanny Kemble was often at Carolside, Earlston, when the place was occupied by Mr Mitchell, of the St James' Theatre, London. Mrs Mitchell was a Scotchwoman, from Aberdeen. "Her face exquisitely pretty, and her figure faultless; she had very peculiar eyes of a lightish hazel, with such long lashes that it seemed occasionally as if her eyes were shining through a soft haze of golden brown rays." It was her eldest son to whom Carolside belonged, but no sooner had he come of age, and come into possession, than he had to leave for the Crimean war. Fanny Kemble wrote on one of her visits—"The whole place is full of such charming suggestions and associations. The Leader, a lovely, clear, rapid, shallow, sparkling trout stream, makes a sudden bend across the lawn . . and early before breakfast this morning I walked along the banks of the stream, and then knee deep up its bright waters, and then over the breezy hills, 'O'er the hills, among the heather' . . . and felt for an hour as if there was no bitterness in life." But she confesses to having caught a "tolerably good cold," by wading knee deep in the Leader, and then standing on cold rocks, fishing by the hour, in which process she did catch cold, and nothing else. To friends here Mrs Kemble read favourite poems of Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Milnes. She was looking forward to engagements in Edinburgh and Glasgow, as she could not afford to be idle. Mrs Mitchell was her ideal of what Mary Queen of Scots may have looked like, though to her a better character, and they both agreed that low dresses were indecent for ladies after forty years of age.

THE VALE OF THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL.

I have seen some excellent photographs lately of Tweedside subjects by Mr Atkinson of 140 Warrender Park Road. One of them was a capital representation of Glendearg, or Langshaw Tower. The vale of the Allen stream, or Elwand, which enters the river Tweed from the north, half way between Melrose and Galashiels, is celebrated for two reasons. From olden times it has been called the "Fairy Dean," or "Nameless Dean," because of the supposed ill-luck which would attend any one who here might name the "Good People," as the fairies were called. It is also the Glendearg of Scott's Monastery. It is delightfully wooded, and forms a charming place for a ramble on a fine day. Little pieces of calcareous matter found in the stream after a flood, in all sorts of fantastic shapes, as cups, saucers, basins, are thought to be the work of the fairies, but are more easily explained as the natural work of the stream on the stones. This is the valley on the opposite side of the Tweed from Abbotsford, which Sir Walter Scott has taken as the scene of the remarkable appearances of the White Lady of Avenel in the Monastery. There are three ruined towers at the head of the glen; one of them was the mansion house of Hillslap, formerly the property of the Cairncrosses; a second the tower of Colmslie, an ancient inheritance of the Borthwick family; the third the house of Langshaw, on the estate of Mellerstain. Although Scott warns his readers in his introduction to the Monastery from taking any one of these towers as the residence of Dame Elspeth Glendinning, there is no doubt that he transferred the features of the Allen valley to his romance, as well as some features from these old Border mansions. There is a rhyme about Colmslie—

Colmslie stands on Colmslie Hill,
The water it flows round Colmslie Mill;
The mill and the kiln gang bonnily,
And it's up with the whippers of Colmslie.

Langshaw, Scott says, "though larger than the other mansions assembled at the head of the supposed Glendearg, has nothing about it more remarkable than the inscription of the present proprietor over his shooting lodge—"Utinam hanc etiam viris impleam amicis"—a modest wish, which I know no one more capable of attaining upon an extended scale than the gentleman who has expressed it upon a limited one." This was Mr Baillie of Mellerstain, of the family of the famous Lady Grizell Baillie. Scott, in describing the streamlet, says—"The Allen, after traversing the romantic ravine called the Nameless Dean, thrown off from side to side alternately, like a billiard ball repelled by the sides of the table upon which it is played, may be traced into a more open country, where the banks retreat farther from each other; and the vale exhibits a good deal of dry ground, which has not been neglected by the active cultivators of the district." We need only say no more charming retreat can be found on a summer's day than the bottom and beginning of the valley of Elwand, and that from the heights around charming views are afforded of the woods of Abbotsford, and the hills of Yarrow and Ettrick.

DOMINIE SAMPSON

The Last of the Reivers,

or Christie's Will.

From the Manuscript of John Armstrong of Ridleyhaugh, commonly known as "Jock the Scholard."

By John G. Galbraith,

Author of "His Own Opinion," "A Revised Version," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

Will rides as Dispatch Bearer.

NOW it behoves me to tell of Traquair's second call at Gilnockie and of the first service he *asked* of its laird, for the reiving of Lord Durie was a voluntary task. Nearly a year had come and gone since the lifting of my Lord President, and although England under Cromwell had risen in rebellion against their sovereign, and many important events had occurred, I trow the tale of Sir Alexander's adventure was still remembered and related. In the quiet vale of the Esk we heard little of the doings of the great world outside, indeed Pedlar Tam was the only connecting-link with the outer world. He always returned from Carlisle, whither he went to replenish his packs, burdened with a budget of news anent the rebellion. Scotland was not then concerned in the rising, but Traquair staunchly supported his Royal master Charles, and so when Tam heard anything of Will's patron he came to Gilnockie and told it to my kinsman, therefore we knew a little of national affairs.

Well I remember the night that the Earl knocked at the oaken door. On that night I was wed to the only woman who had ever won my deepest affections. Yes, it was in the midst of the ceremony that bound Maggie and me together and made one of us twain, that Traquair crossed the threshold of Gilnockie for the second time, and a curious occasion, I trow, it was to make such a request. After long delay Maggie had at last consented to make me the happiest of mortals. Oft had I pleaded with her to wed, but her love for Will had come in the way. She would not consent to leaving her father to the tender mercies of menials, therefore, when I drew up pictures of a household of our own she said me nay, tearfully, but a compromise had been arranged. Our parents had gradually been drawing closer together in the bonds of friendship, and now the interests of the two families became as one. I was grieve or steward over both farms, whilst Will, who was renowned as a judge of cattle, bought stock for both steadings. Maggie and I being *only* children, and thus each of us would inherit their father's all, so as our prospective alliance actually would in course cause both farms to come under one owner, it made little odds where I was housed, and thus it was arranged that we should wed and for the nonce take up our abode at Gilnockie, I continuing to act as grieve of Ridleyhaugh. So it came about that Maggie could still manage her father's household, whilst our yearnings were also fulfilled, and much reason have I to bless the day on which I was united for life to the sweet creature who, as I write, sits knitting at the fireside—to my eyes as beautiful as ever, although her hair is white with years. It was on the tenth day of May, 1643, that Traquair came the second time to Gilnockie—he is a strange man who cannot remember the exact date of his marriage although all nearer events of national importance be forgotten.

We were married by my old tutor, Father Bertram. We could, had we so desired, have crossed over into Ewesdale at the time of the great fair, and at little trouble there, like so many Borderers of high and low rank, by simply joining hands across running water become "handfasted" to each other for a year and a day to test the depth of our love and the wisdom of our choice. Then, did we desire to confirm our vows, after this period of probation, the priest who annually attended this curious assembly would glady have tied us together for life, whilst those dissatisfied with their former selection for a partner were free to try their luck again. This we might have done, and in those days it would have caused little comment upon the Marches, although the blessed Reformation had done much to suppress this barbarous custom, but the idea of taking a wife on trial was repugnant to me—I would not like to have been the man to suggest such an ordinance to Maggie either—spawn of reivers as I was, and I warrant I was only too glad to make the bond lasting, so Father Bertram was kind enough to journey over from Teviotdale—he was acting as chaplain at Branksome, and teaching some young lairds their letters, and came to Gilnockie to wed his favourite pupil according to the formal rites of the Church. Only the members of the two households witnessed the simple ceremony which bound my sweetheart and I together for life, and no gorgeous robes were worn by my bride as is nowadays the custom, but then the old saw sayeth, "a bonnie face sets the dish-clout," and a proud man I was that night. Hand in hand we had taken the solemn vows, and Father Bertram was lifting up his voice in prayer, asking a blessing to rest upon us, when I heard the tramp of hoofs on the gravel outside, and soon a loud knock rang through the kitchen and caused the Father to pause in the midst of his supplications. Barbara started up and flung open the door, revealing the figure of Traquair. He took in the significance of the scene at a glance—the couple kneeling with clasped hands and the priest standing over them with uplifted arms—so reverently doffing his bonnet he stepped quietly within and stood with bowed head whilst the Father resumed his appeal.

This ended, the Earl was the first to step forward and gallantly kiss my bride, and, like the generous impulsive noble he was, he removed a jewelled ring from his own hand and slipped in on my spouse's finger as a wedding present, and now as I watch the needles fly I can catch the twinkle of the golden circlet still on Maggie's finger. After the ordinary round of congratulation had passed, and the Earl had been briefly introduced to my parents, it was not long ere Will enquired what had brought his grace to Gilnockie?

"Well, friend Will, I have come to claim the service ye have so freely proffered," answered Traquair, "although I little thought that my visit would interrupt the marriage of your bonnie daughter."

"I'm gled that ye hae fand need o' me, my lord," quoth Will, "what is to be done, d'ye need anither lordie stown?"

"No! no! though a king will be interested in the

success of your mission," replied Traquair, "but the bride here seemeth downcast when I talk of her father riding in my service."

"Hoots! she's but a lassie, an' onywey she's gotten grip o' anither chiel, an' I'se warrant she'll no miss her daddy muckle noo, an' Jock will no be sorry gin he's left in peace wi' his dearie on his waddin' nicht; I'd only be in the wey," retorted Will. "Tam, get Bess ready, I'll need her I'm thinkin', an' Babie, lass, set oot ma new cloak an' the dags."

"But ye know not the task I require of ye," exclaimed Traquair.

"'Deed no! but I'm ready an' willin' for onything that man an' horse can tackle," blythely answered Will. I trow he was uplifted at the news that again he was to act in a capacity somewhat nearer to his heart than farming or buying stock. Will was a man designed by nature for warlike deeds, and dangerous enterprises lay nigh to his heart's core.

"Well," explained Traquair, after the servants had retired to their duties, "I want an important dispatch carried into the hands of King Charles, who is now lying near Nottingham. Cromwell will be anxious to intercept any messenger from Scotland, and though I might easily have sent one of my own household—Sir Andrew would have rejoiced in the task—I wish one who is not known to the Puritan spies to carry my dispatches, and who is better fitted for the task than our bold reiver here. He'll ride through the Roundheads, and I'll warrant that his ready tongue, and failing that his trusty sword, will take the packet into His Majesty's hands if man can do it. Now, Will, ye proffered your first service, will ye now ride on this dangerous mission when I ask it off ye?"

Will's only reply was to bustle about, making hasty preparations for immediate departure, and though this seemed rude, still I ween that the nobleman, used as he was to the hollow courtesies of a court, esteemed this ready attention to his unexpected request at its proper value. "Now, mark ye, Will, this dispatch must not fall into Cromwell's hands else all our plans miscarry. I expect that even a more important missive will be given into your charge to convey back to me, and it also will need careful guardianship. I expect that it will contain news that will cause Scotland to rise against that canting Protestant knave." (Traquair was a Catholic like so many of the real old Border stocks, and, forsooth, this had much to do with his staunch allegiance to the Royalist faction and his hatred of Cromwell), "and also it is imperative that the packet be in His Majesty's hands as soon as possible."

"Gin man can dae it, I'll dae as ye desire, an' delight in the task," replied Will, and the noble shook him heartily by the hand, for he knew well that my kinsman would strain every nerve and endanger his life to attain the desired end.

"Nottingham's a far ride. Hoo lang should it tak' him?"

"Ye micht reach Carlisle ere morning," answered my sire. "Leave Bess there an' hire a beastie. Gin yer lucky enough to get a guid, hardy nag ye'll be far up the Midlands or the morn's nicht. Ye'll need a change or twa o' horse though." and the three seniors proceeded to discuss the details fully between them, whilst I comforted my bride by auguring that success would crown the adventure and bring further honour to Will through this exploit, although I knew but too well that if Cromwell caught my father-in-law carrying secret dispatches it would go hard with him, but Will possessed a ready wit, and few could outwit him, I thought.

Traquair furnished him with a pass which he was to exhibit to any Royalist officers whom he encountered, and they would attend to it and see that he had immediate audience with the king. Will was to deliver the dispatches into no other hands, and in time of extremity he was empowered to destroy them rather than allow them to fall into the hands of the Roundheads. Thus on Maggie's bridal night her sire set forth on a dangerous mission, to ride through a hostile camp carrying a message that the Puritans would have rejoiced to intercept. Mounted on the back of Bess, his broad blue bonnet drawn tightly over his brows, his huge cloak covering his entire form, and with the dispatch secreted in his bosom, I trow he looked as unlike a king's messenger as ever rode on secret mission. Traquair courteously escorted my parents and Father Bertram across to Ridleyhaugh, for he deemed it wise to go to Langholm and there pose as if transacting business, whilst really he eagerly awaited the return of Will from Nottingham with the expected dispatches. Womanlike, my mother was somewhat uplifted when she knew that an earl would convoy her home, and it certainly relieved her and caused her to forget the sorrow natural at parting from her only child and leaving him to live under another roof than her own. She kissed Maggie good-night, and my wife and I were left alone with each other as darkness settled over the vale.

Will rode on through the darkness, nimble Bess never making a false step, and as day broke he entered Carlisle, where, having entrusted his beloved steed into the care of a fellow-Scotsman, a Graham from Netherby, who was now plundering the English by keeping an alehouse in their midst, he hurriedly broke his fast, and, mounted on a hired horse, rode on through Cumberland. In the incredibly short time of forty-eight hours after leaving Carlisle he reached the vicinity of Nottingham, four horses having been under him meanwhile, the rider at each stage only getting a few moments' rest whilst the ostlers got ready another mount. His good luck had so far accompanied him, for only twice had he been interrogated by a Puritan soldier, and his wily tongue had easily quieted any suspicions they had entertained anent this canny-looking farmer's errand south.

On nearing the camp he was seized by an outpost of the Royal army, but on presenting Traquair's pass the officer in command personally conveyed my kinsman into the presence of the King he had already got a glimpse of on Middleton Moor. I ween Will was somewhat taken aback when he found himself in the audience chamber of a sovereign. He knew naught of Court etiquette or bending the knees, but, as if saluting an equal, he doffed his bonnet to the King, and brusquely handed him the dispatches. Royal Charles hurriedly perused the documents and seemed not ill-pleased at the contents thereof, for he turned to Will and smilingly said, "Y-y-ou seem s-somewhat scant of courtesy, sir messenger, but I trow thou art a bold knave and a trusty squire when Traquair s-selects you as the carrier of s-such news."

"I ken little o' kings, yer Majesty," readily replied the reiver, "ablins I ken mair aboot nowt, but I wad dae muckle to ser' ma patron the Yerl."

"L-l-loyal service, sirrah, is ever more worthy than hollow courtesy. I wish I had more leal hearts and fewer flatterers in my court," sadly remarked the unfortunate King. He gave orders that Will was to be treated whilst the dispatches he was to carry back to Traquair were prepared, and my kinsman, much to his relief, was shown out of the Royal chamber. I warrant that the few hours spent in the camp afforded an acceptable rest to the messenger, for he enjoyed a sound sleep, and so was ready again for the saddle when the word came that the dispatches were finished. An officer handed them over to him, and reiterated the instructions to commit them only into Traquair's hands, so Will remounted and set forth on his return journey. He travelled again the route he had already followed, and, unmolested, reached Carlisle. Here he got a message, how I shall hereafter relate, which saddened him to a certain degree, that Cromwell had got wind of his mission and that every ford over the Eden was guarded by Cromwell's men, who had received instructions to intercept him and seize his dispatches.

(To be Continued.)

A Real Ghost Story.

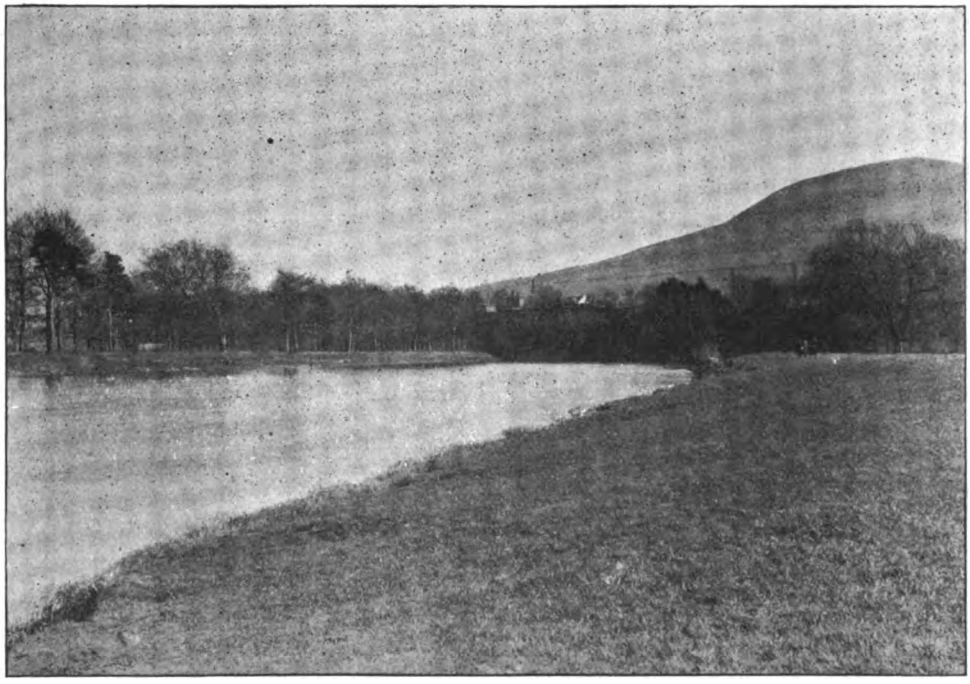
THE following simple facts transpired in a certain parish in Roxburghshire, about midnight, some 20 years ago, between Saturday and Sunday. It was moonlight, but cloudy, hence the night was sometimes clear and at other times nearly pitch dark—in fact, it was such a night as witches, warlocks, and ghosts have been fancied to delight in. A respectable person who lived in a cottage hard by the churchyard, had just retired with his wife and family to rest for the night. There was no light in the room, but the flickering flare of the dying embers of the fire in the grate, when suddenly the door opened, and an elderly woman rushed into the room. She was almost out of breath, and sat down exhausted on the nearest seat. She nearly fainted away. The guid folks of the house recollected that they had forgotten to lock the door, and thought it must be some human being in great distress who had run into their house for protection. They gave her a drink to revive her, and when she came round a little, in answer to the question what ailed her, she muttered out, amid long-drawn sighs, that "she thought the time had gaen for ghosts, but she had seen ane the nicht." She then proceeded to tell how she had gone to pay a visit to her dear departed husband's grave, for there was naebody like her John. He was aye dear to her, and now that he was away, there was nane to fill his place, and she never felt happy unless when she was beside him. Aye, his very dust was dear to her, and she could spend whole nights beside him yet, though he had been buried now for months. She said she had often before gone and stood beside his tombstone for hours, and no one had fashed her till that night, when she got sic a gliff that she thought she would not get over it. "Oh, me!" she said, "that awfu'-looking man. It wasna my John. Na, na, ma John had nae ugly-looking, black face like yon; and then the awfu' man never spoke a word, but made sic unearthly sounds, and pointed wi' his hands, whiles up and whiles down, that I didna ken whether he was frae aboon or below, and he made a' sorts of queer manœuvres. He put his hands up to his head, and looked for a' the world like the black falla wi' his horns. It wasna my John, I am sure, for he wadna hae gliffed me that way, and then he would have spoken to me that I could ha' kenned what he said; but that awfu' man, wi' a' his screeching, and boobooing, and shaking o' his head and hand, didna speak in our tongue. Oh, that awfu' man, his black heavy face is huntin' me yet, and where he came frae I dinna ken aither, I'm sure. He did na come in at the gate nor ower the wa'; he just started up before me out o' John's grave, but he wasna ma John. I dinna ken how I got away from that awfu'-like apparition, or how I came here. Where am I? When she had finished her story it was plain she had got a severe shock to her nerves. The family into whose house she came, when they got a light, recognised her to be a respectable neighbour, and when she was more composed the goodman kindly volunteered to accompany her home. On the way they were met by the decent woman's son, who had been searching everywhere for his mother, and, knowing that she frequently visited the churchyard, thought that she might possibly, late as it was, have gone there, for she had been deeply affected by the loss of her husband, so much so that there was no consoling her, and there was no keeping her away from the grave when she could get away. She had got such a fright by that visit, however, that she never again went back to the haunted churchyard. Here follows the solution of the mysterious apparition. A deaf and dumb man, with bushy black beard and moustache, lodged in a house overlooking the burying-ground. He had, it turned out, seen the disconsolate woman there, and out of pity of her had gone to advise her to go home; but his strange appearance, want of speech, and the signs made with his hands, added to the woman's terror, her heated imagination doing the rest.

Scott's Last Days.*

IT was in the month of blossoms, one beautiful afternoon in May, Sir Walter laid the bride of his youth and mother of his children, asleep in her deep sleep, by the grey ruins of Dryburgh Abbey. "I wonder how I shall do with the large portion of thoughts which were hers for thirty years," he mused, as the whole scene seemed to float as a dream before his eyes; the glittering leaves, the spring sunshine, and the old ruin hidden amid a crowd of foliage and "flourish." He noted it all in the same dull content, and when his dim eyes at length lighted on the Eildon Hills, his excitement was painful to witness.

"By Yarrow's streams still let me stray.
Though none should guide my feeble way!
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek."

Thick, golden sunshine bathed Abbotsford in drowsy peace, roses were growing in the garden, and children playing on the turf,—little Charlotte Lockhart, as she raced with the dogs, never knowing that on her small person the perpetuation of the Scott family was ultimately to devolve. Those last days were ripe, September's



ON TWEED, NEAR MELROSE

way, while her last words were ringing in his ears, "You all have such melancholy faces." Then Johnnie Hugh died, and poor Sophia's motherly tears and hopes were hushed forever. But it was not the crushing blow it might once have been—a death can never be the grief to a dying person it is to the living—for Sir Walter was "wearin' awa'," and had ceased to care overmuch for earthly things. He came home just in time from wandering on the Continent in search of the health he was never to find, and died at Abbotsford. "I have seen much, but nothing like my ain house," he sighed in weary days of summer's decline, the windows were all wide open, and the flower-beds bright on the lawn, while good John Lockhart read aloud of the "many mansions," and, pausing, closed the book. "Sir Walter has had a little repose," said Laidlaw. "No repose for Sir Walter but in the grave," answered Scott.

It was a bleak and stormy autumn day, with an impenetrable grey sky frowning over a lowering landscape, when the mile-long funeral pro-

* From "Sir Walter Scott and His Country," by Handasyde. Edinburgh: R. Grant & Son.

cession set forth from Abbotsford. With one common voice of woe the coronach of a nation wailed over the hills, the sad grey land being all in keeping with the nodding of black plumes, and the slow pace of the horses. The road traversed on his last journey had been one of Scott's favourite drives, and the most pathetic incident of all was the pause of the cortege on the brow of Bemerside Hill. The horses that drew his lifeless body were the carriage horses, and not knowing their master was dead, they stopped of their own accord at the spot where Peter Matheson had always drawn them up, that Sir Walter, from where he sat, might look down and enjoy his favourite view. Every mourner noticed the unexpected pause, and the eyes of grown men filled with involuntary tears when they learnt the reason. Thus they buried Sir Walter, and Caledonia stern and wild received into her arms her marvellous, well-loved child.

Very soon there will be no one left in any of the cottages, not even the oldest bedridden person, who remembers Sir Walter. But the trees will be there, all the trees he planted, and forever the Tweed will flow down to the sea. The style of literature may change with time, and the Waverley novels gather dust on the top shelf of forgotten libraries, but in the Borderland he will always be the person paramount "Dinna forget," he might have said himself in his own homely way, for Scott worshipped affection. But if they have not forgotten in the younger countries across the sea, small fear lest they forget in the home land.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain."

Rev. Thomas Thomson, M.A., the Father of the Poet of the "Seasons."

THOMAS THOMSONE, or Thomson,* the father of the illustrious poet of the "Seasons," was born at Ednam in the year 1666. Descended from the family of Rousland, near Kinneil, he was the son of Andrew Thomsone, who was gardener to Mr Edmonston of Ednam. His parents were desirous that he should have a thorough education, for which purpose he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where, at the age of twenty, he, to the intense gratification of his parents, attained the degree of M.A. in the year 1686. After this he studied for the ministry, and five years later (17th June, 1691), he was licensed by the Presbytery to preach the gospel.

Ednam, in the parish of the same name, is a village beautifully situated on the Eden, and lies two and a half miles north-east of Kelso. The name is a contraction of Edenham—the village on the Eden, and the place is mentioned in the charters granted by the earlier Scottish kings to the monks of Kelso. It also figures in the English inroads. In 1523, Lord Dacre gave orders to the garrison of Berwick Castle and to the inhabitants of the neighbouring district to meet and ride into Scotland, and to "cast down the tower and great steeple of Ednam, which is double-vaulted," and the castle of Stitchell, and to burn Ednam and Stitchell and other places In 1558 Ednam was burned by the Earl of Northumberland. In more peaceful times it was the birth-place of the poet of the "Seasons," and of the eminent hymn-writer, the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.

To the Parish Church of Ednam the Rev. Thomas Thomson was called in May, 1692, and ordained on 12th July of the same year. On 6th October of the following year "the said Mr Thomas Thomson, minister of Ednam, and Beatrix Trotter, in the parish of Kelso, gave up their names for proclamation in order to marriage." As his partner in the affairs of life the young pastor had chosen Beatrix, daughter of Alexander Trotter of Fogo, in the neighbourhood of Greenlaw, and of Wideopen, in the parish of Morebattle. The name of Mr Trotter's wife was Margaret; she was the daughter of William Home or Hume, the progenitor of the Homes of Bassendean, and the brother of Sir James Home. By this marriage the Rev. Mr Thomson had a family of nine children, of whom the fourth was James, the illustrious poet, who was born on 11th September, 1700, in the house of his grandfather, in which, situated near the manse, the family was residing at that time owing to the manse being under repair. The cottage where the poet was born was converted into the village school in 1715, and for this purpose was utilised until 1812. During his short ministry at Ednam the Rev. Thomas Thomson received no fewer than three calls to occupy other pulpits. These were respectively Newcastleton, Morebattle, and Southdean. It is a fact well-known to the literary world that his choice fell upon the last-named, the call to

* Some notices regarding Thomas Thomson may be found in "Kirkwood's Plea before the Kirk" [4to., London, 1698], to which the present writer has not had an opportunity to refer.

which he received on 5th August, 1700. Before the immortal poet was born it was decreed amid what scenes he was to be reared. Two months after the child's birth his father removed from the scenes on Eden to the "Eden scenes on crystal Jed." Translated in October, he was admitted to Southdean Parish Church on 6th November, 1700. From this juncture in his career, of him might appropriately be said the lines which Goldsmith wrote concerning the pastor of Auburn:—

"Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise."

Southdean parish is in the south of Roxburghshire, and borders upon England, from which it is separated by the Carter ridge. On the other sides it is bounded by the parishes of Castleton, Hobkirk, Bedrule, Jedburgh, Oxnam, and Edgerston. Since the Rev. Mr Thomson's time the parish has received part of the suppressed parish of Abbotrule, but, on the other hand, it had to give up a part on its south-eastern side to the "quoad sacra" parish of Edgerston. Originally a part of the extensive Forest of Jedburgh, which was gifted by Robert the Bruce to Sir James Douglas in 1320, it was at the church of "Zedon," or Southdean, in the shade of this forest, that the Scottish army convened under the Earl of Douglas and other Scottish nobles previous to setting out on the two raids which ended in the battle of Otterburn in 1388. On the south-eastern limit of the parish, where the highway crosses over Carter Fell into England, was fought the memorable skirmish of Redeswire in the year 1575. The sylvan Jed rises in this parish, and wends its way eastwards. But we will allow one who was well acquainted with such a locality to describe the scenes amidst which Thomson ministered:

"A rural church, some scattered cottage roofs,
From which secluded hearths the thin blue smoke,
Silently wreathing through the breezeless air,
Ascended mingling with the summer sky;
A rustic bridge, mossy and weather-stained;
A fairy streamlet, singing to itself;
And here and there a venerable tree
In foliaged beauty;—of these elements,
And only these, the simplest scene was formed."
—Moir.

Residing in this secluded country parish, the rev. gentleman was but little known beyond the bounds of Roxburghshire. He was naturally of a retiring disposition, a noticeable trait in the character of the poet in the earlier part of his life. By his probity Mr Thomson earned the friendship of the many gentlemen with whom he came in contact. For the most part he was occupied with his pastoral duties, for his careful attention to which he was held much in esteem. His sincerity and piety also were prominent features of his character. The church in which the Rev. Thomas Thomson preached was situated at the village of Chesters. Twelve years before his advent to Southdean parish the roof of the church situated at Lethem fell in, in consequence of which a new church was erected at Chesters in 1690, of which edifice nothing now remains but the walls, surrounded by the churchyard. For a little over fifteen years he tended to the wants of his congregation in Southdean. The manner in which he met his death can scarcely be said to be in keeping with the unruffled tenor of his life, and there can be no doubt that the cause of it affords the reason why Thomson, the poet, was so much inclined towards the superstitious. To so great an extent did this prevail, that on one occasion his bed-mate, knowing of this weakness and participating in the desire of his fellow-collegians to have some fun at Thomson's expense, quietly quitted the bed and left Thomson to himself. The poet, soon after awaking in the dark and finding himself the sole occupant of the bed, rushed out of the room with all possible haste, loudly calling on his landlady for help. In course of time he was freed from this failing. The peculiar fate of Thomson's father must have had this enervating influence upon him. The circumstances, which are narrated by the Rev. Dr Thomas Somerville on the authority of Mr Cranston, minister of Ancrum, who shared the same room with the poet when they were studying at Edinburgh University, is as follows:—The inhabitants in the neighbourhood of Wolfelee (termed Woolie in the narrative from which we borrow) were very much perturbed by what appeared to them to be the depredations and frolics of an evil spirit. To their revered pastor, in order to solicit his aid in "laying" the ghost, the villagers repaired with as little delay as possible, and he, little suspecting the dread consequences, yielded to their petitions. The folklore of that period speaks for itself how impregnated with superstitious beliefs were the minds of the people two centuries ago, and even a hundred years ago it was quite pronounced. To quote the writings of the Ettrick Shepherd, in which there are copious references to supernatural agencies, is sufficient in itself to prove this. It is seen in his version of the story of "The Pedlar," who was murdered at

Thirlestane Mill, and whose ghost, frequenting the vicinity, terrified the neighbours. In consequence of this, the parish minister—whom tradition avers to be the Rev. Thomas Boston of Ettrick—was called upon to lay the ghost. The following is a part of the scene which Hogg describes as having ensued:—

"But the minister there was a body o' skill,
Nae feared for the devil or spirit was he;
An' he's gane awa' to watch at the mill,
To see if this turbulent ghaist he could see.

. . . . . .

He prayed an' he read, an' he sent them to bed,
An' the Bible anunder his arm took he,
An' round an' round the mill house he gade,
To try if this terrible sight he could see."

. . . . . .

(After the ghost of the pedlar arrived on the scene)

"The minister opened the haly book,
An' charged him by a' the Sacred Three
To tell why that ghastly figure he took
To terrify a' the hale country."

Such serves as an illustration of the superstitious element in our story, in connection with which it is said that the belief in ghosts, witches, fairies, &c., was so exceedingly prevalent that it would have been deemed heretical of any clergyman to have called in question their existence, or even their palpable interpolition. No exception to the rule was the Rev. Thomas Thomson, who set about his novel task with his wonted zeal. His diet of catechising was naturally appointed to be held at Wolfelee, where the ghost was indulging in its frolics. At the appointed time the meeting was being opened with prayer, when suddenly a ball of fire struck the minister full on the head. So overwhelmed was he with consternation that he was rendered speechless and quite incapable of resuming his devotions; so prostrated was he, indeed, that he had to be carried home to Southdean Manse, "where he languished under the oppression of diabolic malignity, and at length expired."

This curious story, the authenticity of which is vouched for by one "of rank and education, above the vulgar," was so implicitly believed around Southdean that the Rev. Dr Thomas Somerville, even about three-quarters of a century after the event had occurred, found it expedient not to ridicule their ideas regarding the supernatural element of the incident, and on more than one occasion he offended the parishioners by his reticence on the subject and his reluctance to coincide with their opinions. "The manner of the excellent minister's death," says Mr Bell, in his edition of Thomson's works (1855), "furnishes a curious illustration of the popular superstitions of the period, and of the necessity the clergy were placed under of acquiescing in the general belief in supernatural agencies, even if they did not actually subscribe to it themselves." "The fact of a vulgar belief in apparitions," he adds, at the same time drawing attention to the commotion caused by the "Cock-lane Ghost" in 1762, "is the least noticeable point in this singular narrative; ghosts have been an orthodox article of faith in later periods and more enlightened communities. The remarkable part of the story is Mr Thomson's share in it, of the truth of which no doubt can be entertained. That he himself believed he was really struck by a ball of fire must be inferred from the effect produced upon him during the process of exorcism. Had he held his 'diet of catechising' the evil spirit merely to appease the excitement of his parishioners, and with the ultimate intention of showing the groundlessness of their fears, such a delusion could hardly have seized upon him; and the access of terror, which terminated so fatally, affords strong presumptive evidence that he entertained as grave a conviction of the reality of the scene as the awe-stricken crowd by whom he was surrounded."

At the age of about fifty years, and in the twenty-fourth year of his ministry, the Rev. Thomas Thomson died, after a short illness, on 9th February, 1716, and two days later was buried in the churchyard near the south wall of the church in which he had ministered for fully fifteen years. A tombstone, on which reference was made to his distinguished son, was erected to his memory, the inscription on which memorial was renewed in 1867, at the expense of the heritors of the parish. Some three months before his father's death, the future poet of the "Seasons" had commenced his University career at Edinburgh, and, after the much lamented decease occurred, his mother and her children removed to reside in less affluent circumstances in the Scottish capital. The death of her father, the proprietor of Wideopen, left her in a somewhat better position. Acting on the advice of her friend, the Rev. Mr Gushart, she mortgaged her share in that property, and by strict attention to economy was able to provide for her children. Her son James received part of his education at the expense of the Presbytery of Jedburgh. After a widowhood of nine years, Mrs Thomson died on 12th May, 1725.

GEORGE WATSON.

Farewell, Yarrow!

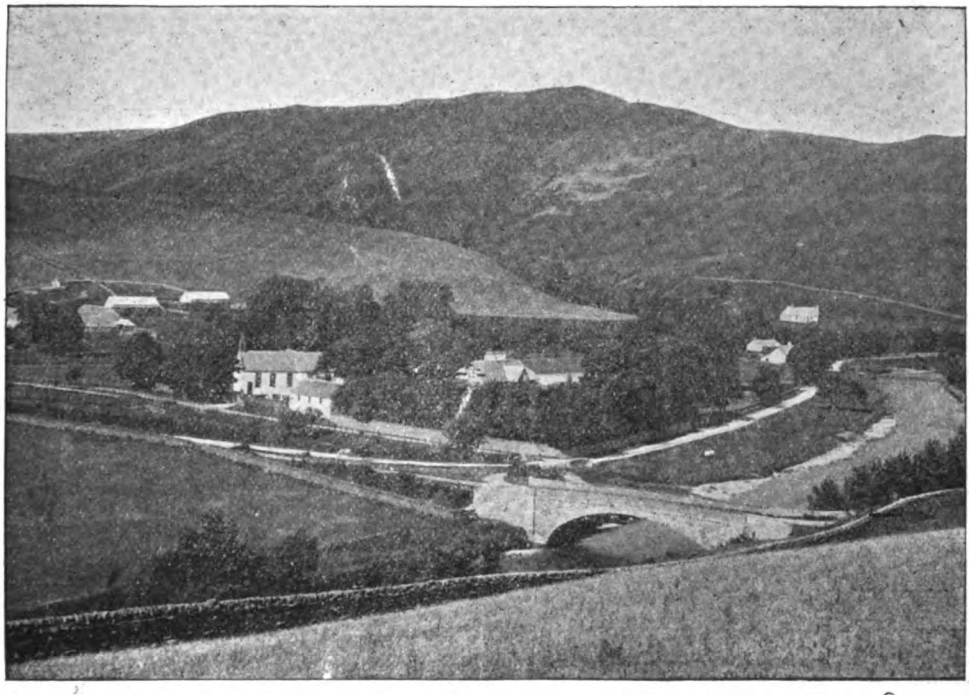
THE murmur of thy water-song croons in my ear again,
Sweet Yarrow! as I heard it in the summers long ago,
But its mystic cadence trembles in a melancholy strain,
As if burdened by the sorrow my heart alone can know.

As the darkling shadows gather on the slopes of Bowerhope Law,
I hear far voices calling from beyond the gloaming's shade,
And in memory's hidden places I behold what once I saw,
Ere the flowers of hope I gathered had begun to droop and fade.

The lonely snipe and plover from the heather rudely start,
And in plaintive tones remind me that my weary steps intrude
Where once I wandered gladsome, with a free and buoyant heart,
That finds in thee, lone Yarrow, now, its reflex solitude.

I recked not then of cares that leave their impress on the brow,
No jarring note disturbed the chords of life's glad minstrelsy,
I thought the world a garden, full of budding flowers, but now
These flowers are gone, and here and there I find the Cypress tree.

I hied me from the city's din to linger here awhile,
Perchance to find in quiet retreat surcease from care and fret,



YARROW KIRK AND MANSE.

With memories of halcyon days my fancy to beguile—
But now I know with sad surprise 'tis wiser to forget!

So fare-thee-well, dear Yarrow! I leave thee now in tears,
Yet I shall ever love thee though I may not see thy face,
And as with thee lie buried my youth and brighter years,
So would I find in thy calm shade my own last resting-place.

G. B. M.

Some Old Jedburgh Records.

IN Jeffrey's history of Roxburghshire there are many curious and interesting details, gathered from the Town Council Records, as to the manner and customs of the Burghers of Jedburgh in olden times long before the passing of the Municipal Reform Bill, and which throw curious side lights upon the social life of the Burgh. Amongst these we find a bye-law passed in the sixteenth century ordering the streets every Saturday night to be cleared of middens, stones, and trees. Another as follows: —"No house to be let to persons not able to bear portable charges, and no fire to be kindled in a house without a chimney or lum, and that no stewartman, in case of fire, come out without a graip or fork, and no serving woman, without a pan, cog, or barrel." There is one instance of a letter having been sent by the Council making excuse to the Assembly in Edinburgh, that the Provost could not attend on account of the burning of the witches. Other bye-laws run: —"Provost and Bailies to attend preaching and prayer every Sunday, each absentee to pay 40s to the poor of the parish. Officers to apprehend all who are absent;" "the Magistrates are forbid to appear in the Kirk with their pirnies or blue bonnets on, under a penalty of 12s;' 'the swasher (town drummer) and piper to go duly round at four in the morning, and eight at night, under the penalty of forfeiting their wages, and eight days' imprisonment;" "every wright must mend carts and ploughs when asked to do so, under a penalty of 20s." The Magistrates also ordered "That by Lammas, next summer, every honest man have a ladder of his own, under the pain of 20s," and to this penalty the Council adds "unforgen." As time revolves, we find the Magistrates directing their attention to sanitary matters: "The Council enacts that swine shall not be allowed to go at large in the streets and yards, and if any be sticket doing damage to their neighbours no redress is given." During the period of the plague in 1636, which had broken out at Prestonpans, the Council enacted that a "Watch be set on all the ports of the town of two men each, and to admit no Englishmen or strangers on pain of death." This proclamation concludes with "God save the King, and avert the plague from Jedburgh." These precautions, however, seem to have been unavailing, as the plague had broken out, and a number had died. The warlike spirit of the citizens is seen in repeated acts, ordering a roll of the inhabitants to go out as soldiers; and there does not seem to have been any want of volunteers. The following Council statute shows that compulsory board school education is not such an entire rarity as some may think: —"Ordained that every man's son go to the High Skule, under a penalty of ten pounds Scots." Another is worth particularising—that "All old Deacons and Quarter-Masters of every craft convene on fair days in the Heigh Church Yard, with hats on their heads, upon the first rap of the swash, for conveying the Provost and Bailies through the fair." In 1620 it was ordered that 'persons evil-disposed and drinking, after nine o'clock, to be fined in £10 Scots, and put in the stocks for ten days.'

Anecdote of a Minister of Lilliesleaf.

EARLY in May, 1819, Sir Walter Scott, accompanied by Ballantyne and Lockhart, had occasion to ride from Abbotsford across Bowden Moor and up the valley of the Ale. They seem to have halted at Lilliesleaf, and after riding round the ancient woods of Riddell, they returned homewards. On this short expedition, Scott, says Lockhart, "told us a world of stories, and was full of anecdotes about a friend of his father's—a minister of Lilliesleaf, who reigned for two generations the most popular preacher in Teviotdale, but I forget the orator's name.* When the original of Saunders Fairford congratulated him in his latter days on the undiminished authority he still maintained—every kirk in the neighbourhood being left empty when it was known he was to mount the "tent" at any country sacrament—the shrewd divine answered, "Indeed, Mr Walter,† I sometimes think it's vera surprising. There's aye a talk of this or that wonderfully gifted young man frae the college, but whenever I'm to be at the same 'occasion' with ony o' them, I e'en mount the white horse in the Revelations, and he dings them a'."

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*This appears to have been the Rev. Mr Campbell of Lilliesleaf, who, we are told, from his style of preaching was known by the name of "Roarin' Willie." He was inducted to Lilliesleaf in 1760, and died in 1804, in the forty-sixth year of his ministry. He had a son, who became minister of Selkirk in 1806, and who died in 1857.—"Russel's Reminiscences of Yarrow," p. 304.

†i.e., Sir Walter's father, who died April, 1799.

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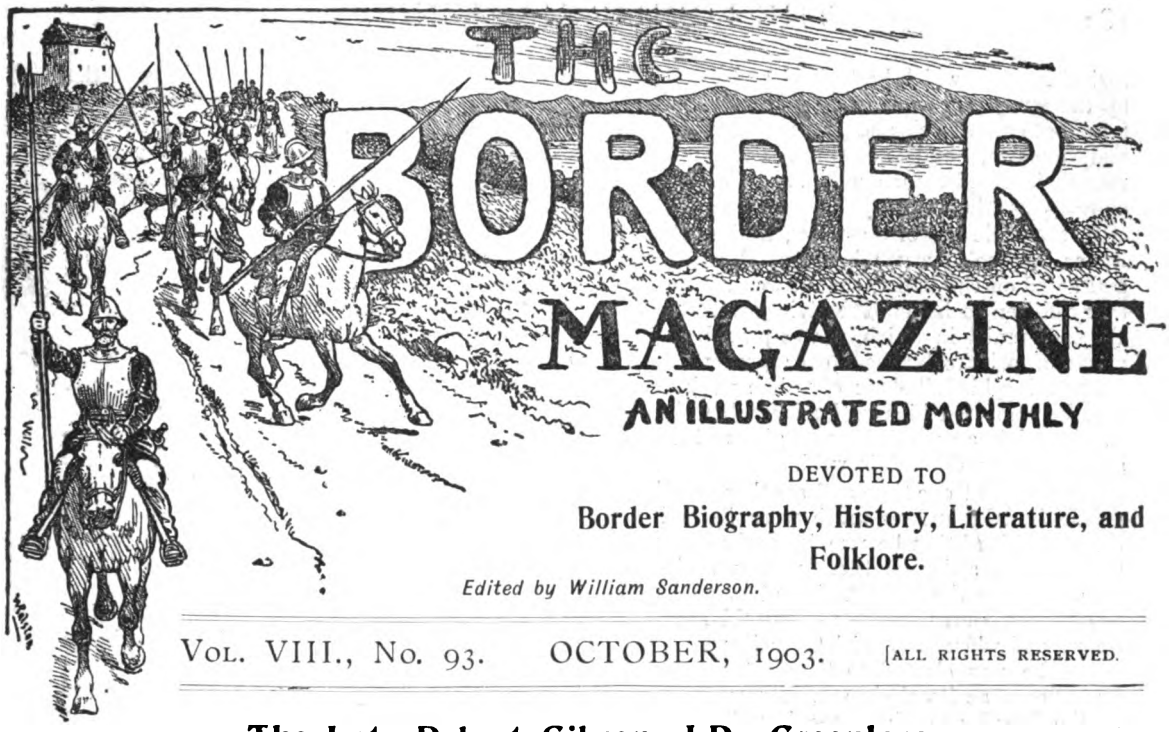


VOL. VIII., NO. 93. OCTOBER, 1903.

The Late Robert Gibson, J.P., Greenlaw.

OF the many services which the MAGAZINE has rendered to the Borders, one of the most notable has been the preservation of many a quaint and curious story or well-nigh forgotten incident, which but for its pages would have passed into oblivion. But not less valuable is the record furnished in its Portrait Gallery of Border men who have risen to positions of eminence in church and state, and who have shown how the old Border spirit, when diverted into the more peaceful walks of life, has developed a robust and strenuous type of character that may well prove an example and a stimulus to the young Borderer at the outset of his career.

Among the already noble roll, the subject of our sketch is worthy of an honourable place. He was a splendid specimen of the typical Lowland Border Scotchman, a man of strong and marked personality, and high-toned Christian character. He was a native of Greenlaw, Berwickshire, and was born on the 20th October, 1823. All his life was spent in the town, and so identified was he with it that it is difficult to realise that the place which knew him so long and so well knows him no more.

His death was painfully, almost dramatically, sudden. All his life he had enjoyed good health, but in the spring of this year he had an illness which confined him to his bed for a fortnight. He was, however, thought to have almost recovered, and on the day of his death, the 23rd April, for the first time since his illness he was out in his garden. He retired to bed in the evening in good spirits, but shortly afterwards he had a heart seizure, and in a quarter of an hour he was gone.

For over half a century Mr Gibson had been identified with the public life of the town, and he was a warm and active supporter of every movement, which had for its object the social or moral improvement of the people.

The formula in describing the descent of many Scottish people, "He was the son of poor but pious parents," is very applicable to Mr Gibson's case. The education he received at a school in his native place (not the parish school) was limited in quantity and poor in quality. He was, however, so to speak, at school all his life, and he early set himself to remedy his deficient schoolboy education by hard, private study. He early mastered the intricacies of English grammar with all its moods and tenses; he was a wide reader, and as his mental diet for one winter was the dictionary, he had a wide acquaintance with at least his own language. No one had a clearer perception of the proper use of words, and of the minute shades of difference between words of apparently the same meaning. He was endowed in a very high degree with the

logical faculty, which he trained and developed by the study of past masters. His style, therefore, both in speech and in writing was clear and incisive, and at times epigrammatic, though he liked occasionally to roll off periods of a Johnsonian turn.

In the civic life of Greenlaw, limited though it was, he took a warm interest. He believed, and acted on the belief, that it was the duty of every citizen to help in the civic government of the community in which he was placed, and no stress of private business ever prevented him from taking his full share of public work. Not that he neglected his own business, but that he considered it a sacred duty to give of his time and talents to the public weal.

He served at one time and another on all the public boards, and so much were he and the town identified that he was jocularly known as the Provost, although there was no such civic title. Before the introduction of Parish Councils he had been a member of the old Parochial Board, and when the Parish Councils were established he was elected to the first Board, and was chosen as its chairman. He was returned to the Board at each succeeding election, and continued as chairman till his death. All the schemes for bringing the town more in line with modern ideas were in great part owing to his energy.

For the town itself he had a great affection, perhaps because it was his first and only civic love. Anything that touched or lessened its dignity he strongly resented. He strongly opposed the different attempts which were made to deprive it of the distinction of being the county town, and he had the consolation that none of these was successful in his life-time, the Act which removed the county town to Duns not passing till after his death.

He was appointed a Justice of the Peace in 1894, and for some years resident Depute Sheriff Clerk at Greenlaw.

In connection with the temperance movement, which was just beginning to make its way when he was a young man, he embraced its principles and became one of its prominent advocates. He took up, as the result of his observation and reflection, many of the positions which were later proved by scientific investigation to be sound; he was a convinced abstainer till his death, and was an hon. president of the Scottish Temperance League. In the early days he did a considerable amount of speaking in aid of the cause, and he was also, when the Good Templars had a lodge in Greenlaw, one of its members. It is strange how one person can in a certain cause so dominate the public mind that he and the cause become, as it were, part and parcel of one another. This was the case with Mr Gibson and the temperance question. He and it in Greenlaw could never be thought of independently, the one being the complement of the other.

Mr Gibson was a born politician, not that he believed Acts of Parliament could bring about a new heaven and a new earth, but that good and just laws were a means to the realisation of a better and happier time. He believed in the abolition of all privileges in church and state, and equal opportunity for all, and being convinced that these could best be secured through the Liberal party he began and ended his political career as a Radical. In his early days the county had been dominated by the Toryism of the pre-Reform period, and the impression then produced never left him. For over thirty years he was the local chairman of the party, and for some time had been one of the vice-chairmen of the County Association. He had a great deal to do with the contests of the late Sir W. Miller, Mr E. Marjoribanks (now Lord Tweedmouth), and the present member, Mr Tennant, M.P. Of all the political fights his memory loved best to dwell on the 1880 contest. Mr Marjoribanks was a candidate for whom he had a great respect; he appreciated his ability and admired the energy with which he threw himself into the contest. He did all in his power to secure his return, and was gratified at the successful issue of the struggle.

Ecclesiastically, Mr Gibson was by descent and conviction a pronounced voluntary. There was much of the spirit of our old Covenanting forefathers in his religious constitution. He sought truth and ensued it, not counting whether it was popular or acceptable, but doing what he thought was right, and "as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye." He was what some might think a curious mixture of Conservatism and Liberalism. He had all the old views of the sanctity of the Sabbath, parental responsibility and family worship, and yet he was most liberal in his theology, standing up for the Rev. D. Macrae and Dr Fergus Ferguson in the attempts they made to alter the standards of the church. He was an elder in the U.P. (now the East U.F.) Church, and was for many years preses of the congregation. He represented the congregation at the Presbytery, and also at the Synod and Assembly, where he was a frequent speaker. As an elder, he took part in the Union negotiations, and was present at the historic gathering in the Waverley

Market. For many years he was member of the Foreign Mission Board of the Church, and had been appointed a member of the Assembly before he died.

But though attached to his own denomination and holding firmly his own views of Church polity, he was not at all exclusive in his Christian sympathies, and he was on most friendly terms with the Rev. A. Gordon, the former minister of the parish, and with the present minister, the Rev. H. Macculloch, for whom he had a great regard.

About nine years ago Mr Gibson retired from his business, that of a tailor and clothier, and the great part of his leisure was devoted to research of an antiquarian and historical nature, chiefly relating to the church and parish of Greenlaw. The Auld Kirk, with its history reaching back to the centuries, and its early connection with the old monastic institutions from which it had its origin, together with the different chapels, which at one time were part of the ecclesiastical structure of a time long past, were objects to him of the deepest interest. This love for and interest in the subject led him to endeavour to recreate and, as it were, reconstruct the religious and social life of the people who lived, moved, and had their being in these far-off times. This involved hard and laborious work in studying old documents and charters, from which alone the necessary information could be found. Many of the documents consulted by him were written in mediæval Latin, and to fit himself for the work he acquired, unaided, a thoroughly working knowledge of the language.

The topography of the district was also to him of great interest, as throwing a light on bygone times, and there was not a camp, mound, or cairn but was the object of his patient study

But to the diligent student much information is often gained by the study of tradition about places, manners, and customs. In these days many "rites and customs of our rural ancestry are gone or stealing from us," and Mr Gibson bestowed much labour in gathering these before they were absolutely beyond recall. He contributed from time to time various articles to the local Press, but he had always in his mind the idea of publishing in book form the results of his labours. He has left behind him almost completed the MSS. of such a work, which, it is understood, his sons are going to publish.

A word as to his private life. Of him it may be said, as was said of the patriarch of old, that he was one "who feared God and eschewed evil." Beneath a somewhat apparently cold and formal exterior there was a warm heart, and no one was readier to do a kind action. From far and near he received enquiries to elucidate points in doubt or give information, and such requests were always immediately answered. Though a man of strong opinions, and one, be it said, who liked his own way, yet the liberty of action which he claimed for himself he extended to others.

Though his call was sudden, he died full of years, and he had that which should accompany old age "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends." And it may be said that his life closed—

> "As sets the morning star which goes
> Not down, behind the darkened west, nor hides
> Obscured amongst the tempests of the sky,
> But melts away into the light of heaven."

A striking tribute was paid to his memory in the large number who followed his remains to their last resting-place in "The Auld Kirkyaird." And as he was laid to rest among the dust of his kindred on that cold and cheerless April day, there was one universal feeling of sorrow and regret that the form so familiar, so erect, so intimately associated with the place, would be seen no more.

Deceased is survived by a widow, three sons, and four daughters. Two of the sons are in Glasgow — James, the eldest, who is a headmaster in one of the public schools, and George, who is Professor of Mathematics in the West of Scotland Technical College. The second son, Thomas, is connected with the "Edinburgh Evening News."

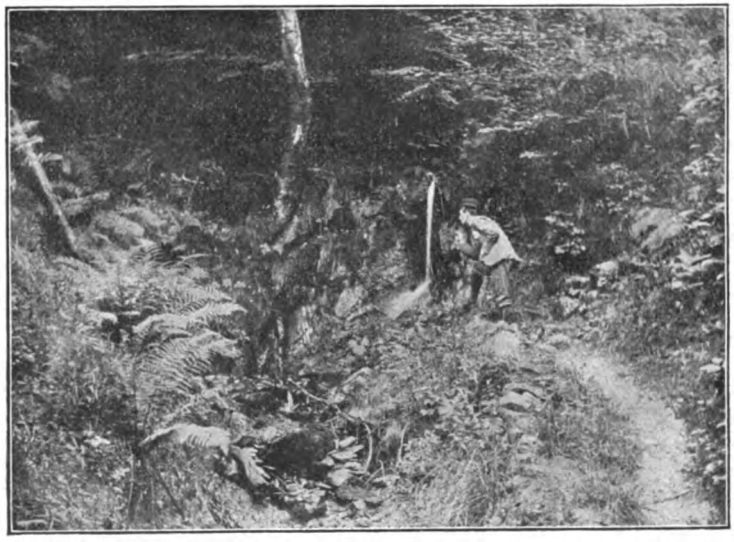
A Holiday in the Land of Scott.

SOME of us have our fads and fancies as to what a holiday should be, but, generally speaking, a good holiday should provide change of scene, fresh air and moderate exercise; it should be a rest, but a rest in the sense rather of change of environment, of mental occupation and bodily exercise; it should not be a period of absolute idleness, neither, on the other hand, should it be a time of hurry-scurry. It is absurd to spend a great part of a short holiday in railway travelling. In the matter of holidays, as in most other things, we should hasten slowly and aim at the happy mean, the common-sense middle course.

"Circular" railway tours—inducements to the holiday maker to do the greatest possible

amount of travelling in the least possible time —are in most cases a delusion and a snare. One had far better travel a shorter distance, even at a greater cost per mile, and get to know and to enjoy a limited district fairly well, rather than make a fleeting railroad acquaintance with places dotted over a wide area. Our American friends, in particular, who love to do things on a grand scale, will, on a single tour, "do" the Shakespeare country, the Land of Scott, the Lake District, and Burns' Cottage in Ayrshire; but to cover so much ground in a limited time means keeping to the highways of travel, whether by road or rail, and to do this is to miss most of the beauties and objects of interest which

Apart from its being the stepping stone to Abbotsford, Melrose is a lovely little place, nestling at the foot of the three-peaked Eildon Hills, which form the most conspicuous landmark in Border scenery north of the Cheviot range. Few of its beauties are seen by the hurrying tourist, who, alighting at the spacious station, walks to the abbey quite close at hand, and from there proceeds by cab or char-a-banc to Abbotsford, three miles up the River Tweed. Instead of hastening from Abbotsford to the railway and rushing elsewhere let the visitor spend a few days at least in and about Melrose, one of the most beautiful and most interesting parts of the valley of the classic



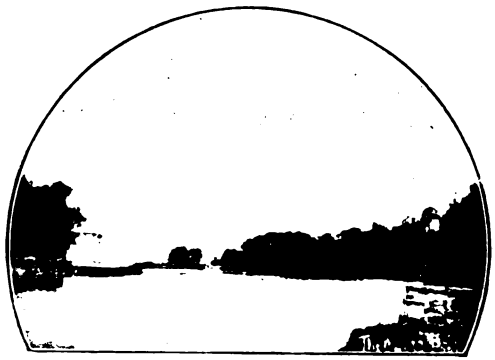
THE RHYMER'S GLEN, MELROSE.

have been the inspiration of the poets and mighty magicians whose writings have made these places famous.

Melrose—"famous for its ancient abbey," as the copy-book used to inform us—is the Mecca of the Land of Scott. Despite the beauties of the grey Gothic ruin, the fame of the place rests upon the broad shoulders of the virile Sir Walter, rather than on the old abbey. Melrose is the station for Abbotsford, that "romance in stone and lime," the home that Sir Walter built for himself—the place where, with the Tweed rippling past, he died, prematurely worn out by the strenuous effort to repair his fortunes, shattered by his having given too free rein to an ambition to acquire land, build a mansion and found a family.

Tweed. In whatever direction he may turn, he will find charming walks, productive of pleasure to the eye, the ear and the imagination, and health-giving exercise to the body. Let him climb the central peak of the Eildons, and, exhilarated by the exercise, let him behold the panorama of Border scenery stretching away to the blue of the Cheviot Hills in the south, and let him try to decide, as between Scott and Washington Irving, whether the prospect is not one, which not only charms the eye, but stimulates the imagination. It is but fair to record, however, that since Scott and the famous American stood together on the top of the "delectable mountain," the physical aspect of the surrounding country has been vastly improved. The "grey waving hills, line upon

line," are now more liberally clothed with trees, and the Tweed peeps out here and there from its wooded banks, not like a garish "silver band," but as a subdued silver thread in a cunningly-designed fabric of harmonious colourings. Up the Gattonside heights, forming the



VALE OF TWEED AT MELROSE.

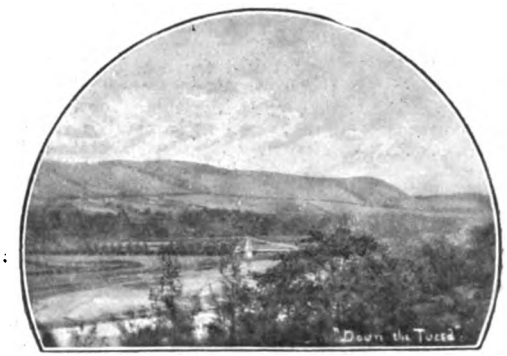
opposite side of the valley in which Melrose lies, there runs diagonally a rough cart road, from which a magnificent view of Melrose and its immediate neighbourhood can be seen. With every step the prospect changes and widens. You sit down, partly to rest and partly to enjoy the view and the sweetness of the air, for the hill road is overhung by wild roses, the grasshopper is busy in the long grass, the music of the river rushing over the weir is wafted over the meadows, and, though the town peeps through the trees and the fields are cultivated, there is something of—

"That undefined and mingled hum—
Voice of the desert never dumb."

There is a feeling of even greater solitude on the shores of Cauldshiels Loch, from which issues the tiny stream which traverses the Rhymer's Glen, a lovely little ravine, and one of Scott's favourite haunts. On the other side of the Tweed, and at about an equal distance from Melrose (about 1½ miles), is the Fairy Dean, "a beautiful little valley, the stream winding between borders of the brightest greensward, which narrow or widen as the steep sides of the glen advance or recede." It was this glen that Scott had in his mind when writing the "Monastery." Here we are in the atmosphere of the mysterious and stirring happenings of the tale. Down here rode Father Eustace on that memorable night when his courage was so sorely tried by the White Lady of Avenel, and it was from this neighbourhood that the euphuist Sir Piercie Shafton rode off with the miller's daughter.

The country round about Melrose is beautiful, and it has in a great degree the added charm of historical, antiquarian and literary association. The views from the Weirhill up and down the river are exquisite, and there are many by-paths both pleasant and interesting. Chiefswood is interesting as having been for some time the residence of Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographer of Scott. On the Gattonside bank of the river is the house where lived Sir David Brewster (the inventor of the kaleidoscope), one of whose sons was, by the way, drowned while bathing in the Tweed not far from the point shown in one of the accompanying photographs.

I have not space wherein to enumerate the points of interest. I have but mentioned two or three in such a way as to indicate how the visitor should set about to enjoy the district. Melrose is on the main line between Carlisle and Edinburgh. Londoners anxious to enjoy this interesting district can book to it direct from St Pancras, or lovers of the sea may go



THE TWEED AT MELROSE (looking east).

by boat from London to Leith, and thence by rail (about an hour's journey) to fair Melrose, where there are excellent hotels and an abundance of very comfortable "private apartments."

"AVENEL."

[The blocks illustrating the above article have been kindly lent by the *Writing Machine News*.—ED. *B. M.*

John Caspar Leyden.

BY publishing in pamphlet form his "Historical Retrospect, Explanatory and Critical," on the above subject, which he delivered at a recent meeting of the Hawick Archæological Society, Mr J. C. Goodfellow has done a distinct service to the admirers of Dr Leyden. The pamphlet is full of interesting information well condensed and digested, while controversial points are handled with that firmness which comes of patient investigation and careful study. Mr Goodfellow says:—

I have for many years been endeavouring to collect and arrange materials for a Life of Dr Leyden. It has always seemed to me, that no Borderer was more worthy of being kept in perpetual remembrance than he is. In bringing before your notice then, in a somewhat desultory form, a portion of the memoranda and materials which I have accumulated, I deem it necessary to say that some of the points of which I have taken cognisance are still in many respects liable to differences of opinion. The sources of our knowledge concerning Dr Leyden are now nearly a century old. It is ninety-two years since he died, and it may with certainty be asserted, that no person now living, had any opportunity of seeing him, or of in any way becoming acquainted with his life and character other than that which those now living have. In order to supplement and to verify our knowledge of Leyden we must, therefore, turn to such notices of him as occur in the letters and correspondence of those who were his friends and associates when he was in this country, and after he went to India, to his letters and those of the persons who knew and were conversant with him there, for information regarding him. . . . It is not the purpose of this paper to give an epitomised sketch of the life of Dr Leyden or to enter into a detailed account of the various characteristic incidents of his career. My only aim is to bring before you some of the points in his life and character which up till of late years have only been known to a very limited circle. The story of his life from his birth to his death, especially that portion which relates to his life before he went to India, has been well told by the Rev. James Morton, and Sir Walter Scott, both of whom were well and personally acquainted with Leyden, the Rev. Mr Morton being a relative. The scope of this paper may therefore be said to be retrospective and explanatory, partly historical and partly critical. . . .

Considerable attention is given to the subject of Leyden's portraits, while the idea that Sir Walter Scott took his learned friend as the prototype of Dominie Sampson is thus cleverly disposed of.

In the "Gallovidian" winter (1902) number there is an article by John Reith, B.D., entitled "Was John Leyden the Prototype of Dominie Sampson?" in which the writer endeavours to make out that Sir Walter Scott caricatured Leyden, and made his peculiarities and eccentricities in the person of Dominie Sampson serve as subjects provocative of mirth and amusement. It almost seems at first reading as if Mr Reith had made out a good case, and to the person who knew no more on the matter than that which Mr Reith sets forth, the indubitation would probably appear absolute. It is reasonable to think that such was the case with the person who wrote a leading article in the "Scotsman" a day or two after the publication of Dr Leyden's "Journal of a Tour in the Highlands and Western Islands of Scotland." The 'Scotsman" writer seems to accept and answer in the affirmative the question which heads Mr Reith's article in the "Gallovidian." Not only that, but he seems anxious to corroborate by instancing the use of the word "prodigious" by Leyden when describing, in a letter to Dr Robert Anderson, an immense precipice in the pass of Glencoe. Quite a number of letters since then have appeared in the "Scotsman" under the heading "Leyden and Dominie Sampson," and other headings, all of them bearing on the matter in dispute, and nearly all of them being written against the hypothesis suggested by the question put by Mr Reith. In these letters it has been stated that there was an eccentric minister of the name of James Sanson, who for some time was located at Teviothead, and who in his general character and features might much more reasonably be looked on as the prototype of Dominie Sampson. It has also been shown by several other correspondents that the late Rev. George Thomson (whose father was parish minister of Melrose), who was a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, but had not got a living, and who was a tutor in the family of Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, in many respects was far more likely to have been the ideal whence Sir Walter Scott drew his portraiture of Dominie Sampson than either Leyden or James Sanson.

Mr Reith in his special pleading, lawyer-like, having an object in view, almost gratuitously takes it for granted that as he expresses it "Scott was thinking of John Leyden when he drew the Dominie, and at the same time trying to conceal the fact." Were we to accept this view of the matter it would assuredly lower our esteem for the author of "Waverley," by debiting him with a mean, and it almost seems an ungenerous act, derogatory to him as a man, and invalidating all the professions of friendship which he had expressed towards Leyden and Leyden's family. It is therefore far more reasonable to conclude that Sir Walter Scott drew the inspiration for portraiture of Dominie Sampson from his own knowledge of the Rev. George Thomson than from any other individual. I look, however, on Mr Reith's article in the "Gallovidian" as one insulting to every conception of Dr Leyden, that has been formed, by the people of his native district. Mr Reith's looseness in the use of words is always much to be deprecated. For instance, he says—"Scott's sitters might not always feel flattered or pleased to find a photograph of themselves adorning the pages of a novel." This is a very slipshod sentence and it is made much worse by the use of the word "photograph," when "picture" is the word that ought to have been used. Mr Reith, in fact, begs the question, and with a quantity of presumption, which is much more reprehensible in him, than it would be in a more ignorant person, quibbles and quirks in quite a fast and loose manner in endeavouring to patch together the various points which he apparently seems to think necessary for the maintenance of his presumptuous and egregious hypothesis.

Still farther, however, to elucidate this matter, I venture to bring before your notice the following remarks by Dr Robert Chambers anent the question as to who was probably the original Dominie Sampson? He says—"There are few of our originals in whom we can exhibit such precise points of coincident resemblance between the real and fictitious character, as in him whom we now assign as the prototype of Dominie Sampson. The person of real existence also possesses the singular recommendation of presenting more dignified and admirable characteristics in their plain unvarnished detail, than the ridiculous caricature produced in "Guy Mannering," though it be drawn by an author whose elegant imagination has often exalted, but seldom debased the materials to which he has condescended to be indebted." To James Sanson, Dr Chambers assigns the prototypeship, so to speak, of Dominie Sampson, and it may here be remarked, that Robert Chambers wrote the above in 1822 when the authorship of the Waverley Novels was not known beyond a very select circle, of which Mr Chambers was not one. It is evident that he regarded what he terms "the ridiculous caricature" produced in Guy Mannering as a debasement of James Sanson. Higher encomiums could hardly be given than those which Mr Chambers gives to Mr Sanson. He says, "His soul was pure and untainted—the seat of many manly and amiable virtues. He was ever faithful in his duty, both as a preacher and a tutor, warmly attached to the interests of the family in which he resided, and gentle in the instruction of his pupils." All the sophistical arguments and doctored quotations which Mr Reith submits in support of his thesis when examined in the light of all the facts are quite inappropriate and fail to give even a colourable sanction to the attempted debasement of Dr Leyden, and the reproach of Sir Walter Scott. It might, however, be urged by Mr Reith that, if we reject in toto his thesis that Leyden was the model on which Sir Walter Scott based his Dominie Sampson, partly because the points in Leyden's life do not fit in so well as do those in James Sanson's life, or in George Thomson's life, and partly because it is derogatory to the character of Sir Walter Scott to suppose that he should have used Leyden as his model, that the same derogation of character in Sir Walter is evidenced in his treatment of whoever he took as his model. This might be a sort of special pleading, which, however specious does not any more than all the rest of Mr Reith's laboured article when properly examined tend to advance the reasonableness of his proposition. Leyden was a very intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott's. James Sanson could only be very imperfectly known to Scott, who, when Sanson was tutor to Scott's cousins at Elliston, would only be about 16 years of age —an age when the mind is peculiarly apt to receive and retain impressions such as the conduct of the eccentric James Sanson would convey to Scott. With respect to George Thomson we have in the letters of J. Lindsay Hilson, and Rev. P. C. Purves, which appeared in the "Scotsman" of March 12th and March 14th, 1903—the testimony of a very strong nature, to the effect that he (George Thomson) was the original Dominie Sampson. Mr Purves in his letter speaking of George Thomson says—"he himself never hesitated to claim as of his own knowledge that he was the original of Dominie Sampson."

In taking then, what in the somewhat indecorous and dubious phraseology of the present day would be called "a loan" of either James Sanson or George Thomson, Sir Walter Scott was transgressing very little if at all, the etiquette of morals in relation thereto; and the palliation which would be needed in the case of Leyden is not requisite in this other consideration. I have felt it necessary to this much animadvert on Mr Reith's article in the "Gallovidian," because having in common with the natives of Teviotdale especially, and the Borders generally, an abiding conviction that Dr Leyden's genius and scholarship entitle him to hold an exceedingly high place in our esteem and in our affection, it is our duty to disapprove of and repudiate whatever we think likely in any way whatever, to detract from the nobility of his life or the innocency of his character.

Holiday Recollections of Peebles and Manor.

THE long-looked for September has come at last After a trying summer in London we pack our kits in such an expeditious manner that we come to the conclusion that it is the hope of a glorious holiday, rambling among the heath-clad hills of our beloved Border country that has brought us through such a trying ordeal so successfully. We travel by the Midland route, but we do not sleep much during the train journey for our thoughts are wandering away to the old haunts and to the dear old faces who so eagerly await the arrival of the St Pancras express. We change at Galashiels, for our destination is Peebles. We are fairly in the Scott country, and our eye is often attracted to some historic landmark or some old peel-tower immortalized by the Wizard of the North. We note the little stations on the line, and each have their happy memories. We steam into Peebles in the grey of the morning and shivering, more with the excitement of the moment than with the cold, we mingle again "wi' oor ain folk," who have watched so tenderly the early morning of our youth. How much "guid or ill" we may have learned since our departure to the city we will not state, but it may be gratifving to relate that we have been counting the hours to when we should be seated by "oor ain fireside" and hearing the Border tongue again in such hamely accents. After hearing and telling a' we ken we meet with chums of former years who have also returned from other cities to their native town, so proposals and plans are made for having a richt royal time. Angling being an attractive sport we are all anxious to try our hand again, and decide that on the morrow we shall fish Manor. At the diggin' o' the worms some great experiences are recalled. Perhaps the tales grow taller with the lapse of years, and although some of us cannot just vouch for the truth of

some of them, yet we must admit them to be absolute facts. Baskets and rods are procured from friends anxious for our enjoyment, so with everything complete we await the dawn. Our sleep is rather a troubled one. We constantly hear the ripple o' the burn and the swish of the line. This developes into a slight nightmare, and in a fever of excitement we struggle with a regular whopper. It is a relief to hear the tap at our door, assuring us that it is past five and "looks a fine mornin' for the worm." We are soon on the road, and as we gaze on auld Neidpath with its wooded background and hear the music of the Tweed, it recalls our school-days, when we "guddled" the trouts in its banks or "dookit" in its silent pools. We pass over the new Manor Bridge and on to Manor Kirk, then passing the statue of "The Black Dwarf" at Hallyards to his cottage. Ultimately we come to Glenwrath, where we intend making a start. After a few preliminary casts and the sensation of the first nibble over, we commence in dead earnest. The burn here is very small and we require to be very cautious, sometimes even crawling on our hands and knees to avoid being seen. The sport, as a rule, is not very good except on the occasion of a flood, but the pleasure and expectancy is always to be enjoyed. The fare of the shepherd's cot is always very acceptable to the fisher, especially when the sport is not good, there being always a sense of compensation in the scones and milk. This we can prove, for after doing ample justice we fall into a delightful reverie. (A city dinner produces just the opposite effect.) The sun is high in the heavens and we are alone on the burn. We listen to its melodious ripple as it blends with the cry of the plover on the far hillside. They are busy at the harvest, and the sound of the reaper mingles with that of the burn. Such sounds only wake the echoes of that sublimely peaceful valley. Having selected the fly we proceed on our homeward journey down past the Kirk to old Manor Bridge, where we compare our "takes" and bundle up for home after a delightful day. We are not so brisk as we were when we started, and our baskets are not very heavy, but they seem a terrible weight as we "speel" the rocks at Neidpath. We have to put up with a good deal of good-natured chaff as we relate our experiences "wi' big yins," and how they got away. There is a charm in the small hours of the morning for such stories, and even now I am longing to hear them again, for we are back again in London, but living in hopes of spending such another holiday among the streams and hills of our historic Borderland.

"HOMESPUN."

From Clay Bigging to Westminster Abbey.

A FAMOUS BORDERER AND BRIDGE BUILDER.

FAST records do not name a greater bridge builder than the famous engineer, Thomas Telford. No man did more for the internal communication of Scotland than he. By his roads and bridges he became one of his country's greatest benefactors. In the north of Scotland alone, between the years 1803 and 1820, he constructed no fewer than 1200 bridges. These, along with a thousand miles of new roads, were made at the instance of Government, under the Highland Roads and Bridges Act, and were of a most superior character. Indeed, many of them rank amongst the best in the country still. There was no scamping or shoddy work with Telford.

His operations in the north were of immediate and immense benefit. Previous to his roads and bridges the natives of Caithness and Sutherland are said to have been living scattered in inaccessible straths and spots amongst the mountains, importing corn and meal in return for the small value of Highland kyloes. With the new roads came better markets. Those who lived in wretched turf huts with their pigs and cattle, and who spoke only Gaelic, awoke from their indolence and sloth. "A wave of progress set in, which has not ceased to operate; carts were introduced; pigs and cattle had separate feeding places, and some attention was given to education. Government provided one half of the estimated expense of these roads and bridges, the other half was ungrudgingly borne by the proprietors, £450,000 having been paid for roads and bridges up till 1821."

The construction of these roads and bridges, and also of the Caledonian Canal had a powerful moral effect in the Highlands, even at the time. Hundreds of workmen were trained to work. Telford thought the Caledonian Canal was a great working academy, sending off hundreds of men drilled up into useful labour. By 1816 the whole of Scotland, from the Borders to Caithness, had been well intersected with roads. Telford carried out his Highland roads under 120 separate contracts, and without ever having recourse to a court of law.

Telford was the son of an Eskdale shepherd, and was born in the pastoral parish of Westerkirk. A stone which he hewed and erected to the memory of his father, who died whilst he was a child, still stands in the parish church-

yard. As a boy, he was "auld farrant," rollicking and merry, and known as "lauchin' Tam." When big eneugh he became a herd, and afterwards an apprentice mason. Bridges and houses in Eskdale still bear the marks of his chisel. It was at Langholm that he gained his first experience in bridge building. His employer, Robert Heotson, about 1775 undertook the erection of the present "toon-heid brig." The standard wage on the job was a shilling per day, but Telford being only an apprentice had the handsome sum of "thripence." The contractor, who was to upkeep the bridge for seven years, happened to be from home when the first flood came. His better half, Tibbie Donald, thinking doubtless of the irreparable loss if it fell, grew greatly alarmed. In her excitement as she beheld the flood increasing she is said to have put her shoulder to the parapet. On feeling the structure quiver she ran and called for the apprentice, "Tam, come awav, man, I'm fear'd the brig 'll fa'." Telford, looking down from his bed-room, the stable loft, inquired, "Is the brig shakin'?" Being answered in the affirmative and assured that his mistress had "felt it," he said, "Then it winna fa'. It's a' richt," and went back to his books or his bed. The bridge still stands, having withstood the torrents of summer and floods of winter through these years, and, to all appearance, "it's a' richt" for generations yet to come. During his Langholm days, Telford's great love for books was much intensified. A worthy old lady, who saw in him a "lad o' pairts," gave him the run of her library. Though not large he had never seen so many books. It was quite a mine to him, and here he laid the foundation of that knowledge which stood him in good stead in after years. To this incident the "muckle toon" and his native parish may in a large measure be indebted for the handsome libraries which he bequeathed to them.

His first bridge, after many ups and down, was built over the Severn at Montford. It became an object of great interest, and established his reputation. Demands for his services came from all parts, and many countries. To merely enumerate the number of bridges, roads, canals, harbours, and buildings which he constructed would monopolise too much space. Suffice it to say that his Menai Straits Bridge outstripped his other engineering feats. Its bold and original ideas were the wonder of the time. Whilst carrying out this brilliant enterprise the great outstanding features of his life became pronounced. But for his patience, thoroughness, and perseverance he could not have carried it through so successfully, the opposition and difficulties were so great. Here, as on all his undertakings, he did with his might what his hand found to do. Obstacles instead of daunting tended rather to inspire courage. True Borderer like, he could laugh at impossibilities and "cry it shall be done."

Though jocular and merry, "lauchin' Tam" to the end, Telford was a man of deeply-rooted religious principles. These came out at his finger tips and entered into his work. Through his arduous life he was a frequent visitor to the Throne of Grace. After having battled with and overcome all the obstacles encountered in raising the Menai Straits Bridge, enthusiastic friends wished to congratulate him on the thoroughness of his plans and reward him somewhat for his labour and anxiety. The designer, however was nowhere to be found. He was ultimately found on his knees. Brilliant triumphs did not blot out the memory of the Giver of All, wisdom, and power, or influence Telford to neglect the habit taught him by the widowed mother in the humble Eskdale cot. His greatness at that moment shone with a beauty and richness all its own. Men like this do not lose in soul stature through their prosperity, but endure to the end.

"The porter at the gate of life" having summoned the worthy son of Eskdale to another and grander sphere with a brighter course to run, his speechless dust was laid alongside that of Robert Stephenson in the Abbey "symbolic of the British race." And thus he travelled from the clay bigging to the illustrious Westminster —a long journey, but, footing it bravely, he well merited his country's highest honour.

G. M. R.

Death of Lady Crichton-Browne.

THE death of Lady Crichton-Browne, wife of Sir James Crichton-Browne, occurred at Blankenberghe, Belgium, on Tuesday, 8th September. She was the daughter of Dr Halliday, of Seacombe, and was married to Sir James Crichton-Browne in 1865. We feel sure that our readers will join with us in expressing the deep regret we feel at this great loss which has been sustained by Sir James Crichton-Browne, and to express the hope that he will be strengthened to bear his sore bereavement.

Our readers will remember that an interesting sketch of Sir James Crichton-Browne, with portrait, appeared in our last issue.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

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LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Now that the "long nights" are once more upon us, and the attractions of out-door life present themselves less frequently, the general public turn their attention to the pure delights of reading. This is the age of magazine literature, and it is the aim of the *Border Magazine* to secure one small corner in the book-shelf of current magazines. That portion of Scotland which has such a wealth of legendary, historical, and poetical lore, should have at least one representative among the magazines of the country, and it is the duty of every Borderer who has the slightest desire to be "Leal to the Border" to be a subscriber to the *Border Magazine* and extend its circulation by recommending it to others. During the coming winter, then, we hope our readers will assist us in extending the influence of their own particular magazine.

The Border Keep.

"Whene'er thou seest some noteworthy thing in thy travels make me partaker of thy joy" is a request which too few pay any attention to, but there are some honourable exceptions. Such people go about the world with their eyes open and, therefore, are able to convey to others the mental impressions they have received, and by this means convey to others some of the pure joys which are to be derived from a holiday. Such an one is my friend, the Edinburgh correspondent of the "Southern Reporter," to whom I have been so frequently indebted for interesting items, and so I need make no apology for once more drawing upon him for two interesting paragraphs published in the above-mentioned paper.

* * *

OVER CARTER FELL AT SUN-RISE.
EILDON NATIVES INTERVIEWED.

I am writing this during what must be my sixth visit to Northumberland, and yet the interest grows. I am inclined to think that what Sir Walter Besant said in his "Autobiography," that Northumberland is the most interesting county in England, is quite true. Just this afternoon, I interviewed Mr Ormiston from near Bonchester, who has a prosperous blacksmith's business at Elsdon, three miles from Otterburn. He has not picked up the Northumbrian dialect, but his sons have. He remembers well the cutting of the first sod of the N.B.R. extension line from Hawick to Carlisle. Another native of Elsdon asked me this afternoon, "And what about the burning mountain?" So the people here, in what is called "the world's unfinished nook" have heard the dreadful news about the Eildon Hills. Yesterday was a record day in cycling and early rising. In order to accompany a friend over Carter Fell to catch the first train at Hawick, a distance of 33 miles, I started at 2.30 a.m. How grey and eerie everything looked in the faint dawn of the summer morning! We brushed the dew from the grass in the cart-track, ere we reached the high road, and going up Redesdale, the sheep had not yet started their day's occupation of nibbling, neither had the cattle begun their day's work; the farm and cottage chimneys were yet smokeless. As we neared the Catcleuch reser-

voir of the Newcastle and Gateshead water works, this being Monday morning, the fires were started in the stone-crusher engine, and in some of the steam cranes. We met some of the Jedburgh workmen, week-enders, returning on bikes to begin their week's work. And nearer Jedburgh several provision vans and lorries, which showed what a blessing the catering for, and employment of, 700 workmen for the past seven years or more had been to the whole of Redesdale and the Jedburgh districts. My companion was a much better cyclist than I can pretend to be, and looked as if he wished to ride a good part of the Redesdale side of Carter Fell. That was beyond me, so bidding him good-bye, I said that I would come on slowly and maybe see him at Hawick Station. Then the sun burst over from behind the Cheviot ridge and flooded the deepest vale in Redesdale with a golden glory. The sight was magnificent—and even more so was the view looking over Roxburghshire from the top of Carter Fell road. The Eildons, the Black Hill, Pinnacle, and the stretch of the Cheviot range on either hand, with many a well-remembered height and hollow, lay stretched out before me. Although I had been cautioned to turn off to the left for Hawick at Carter Toll Bar just beyond the Border line, the speed on, and the anxiety to avoid a few strayed Highland cattle and sheep, made me oblivious, and so before I knew the eighth milestone to Jedburgh seemed to reprove me from the roadside. This road has a good surface, the Vale of Jed is not easy to match in the whole Border country and drew me on, and so it came to pass that I found myself in the Market Place at Jedburgh at 6.30 a.m., before there were many signs of any place open, where a much-needed breakfast could be had. Moral of the above—do not let the Hawick people be so taken up about Stobs Military Camp, for it was thither I was bound, as to make them forget the necessity of a guide-post at Carter Toll Bar. How the old names awakened old memories as I careered past Edgerston, Cleithaugh, Glen Douglas, Langlee, and Ferniehirst, not to speak of the Capon Tree!

* * *

THE HOME OF THE LATE MEMBER FOR THE BORDER BURGHS.

No collection in Northumberland was more interesting to me than that of Sir George Trevelyan, at Wallington Hall. The home of the late member for the Border Burghs occupies a delightful situation overlooking the Wansbeck Valley, and is surrounded by tall ancestral trees. Wallington is about thirteen miles from Morpeth, but I approached it from the grand village of Elsdon, past the gibbet on which hung the remains of Willie Winter, a gipsy who was hanged for the murder of Margaret Crozier in 1791. It is strange that the memory of this deed should be so fresh to-day; the body was decayed piecemeal, but a wooden model of the head, which is said to bear some resemblance to him, still hangs there. I can vouch for an eerie feeling in passing the Steng Cross, as it is called, in the twilight. It is one of the most desolate places you can imagine. I passed through Cambo, a model village, where the Dowager Lady Trevelyan is at present residing. No sweeter place can be imagined, and it reminded me of Ford, so improved and beautified by Lady Waterford. The great sight at Wallington is the eight panels decorated with frescoes, illustrative of events and scenes in Northumbrian history, by W. Bell Scott. For instance, there are the building of the Roman Wall, the Landing of the Danes off Tynemouth, the Death of the Venerable Bede in his cell at Jarrow, the Grace Darling incident, &c. Above are the heads of ancient men connected with the county, and still higher a pictorial representation of Chevy Chase. Some of the pilasters are decorated by the late Lady Trevelyan, and one by John Ruskin. Nothing pleased me more here than a sight of Lord Macaulay's writing table at which the whole of his "Lays" and "History of England" had been written; also his silver inkstand. Sir George very kindly pulled out a few of Macaulay's books and showed me the historian's marks and annotations in the classics which he had read. Every mark was eloquent of approval or disapproval, for the historian did not mince matters in connection with his likes or dislikes. It was by a special favour from Sir George that I saw the Macaulay relics, but the W. Bell Scott pictures, which are worth going a hundred miles to see, are shown any Saturday, and Sir George has prepared a printed hand-book as a guide to them. Sir John Swinburne's place at Capheaton, a little further on, was also very interesting to me, where his cousin, A. C. Swinburne, the poet, spent much of his boyhood. It was also a famous gathering place for the Jacobites out in the '15. Another day was given to Alvinton and Harbottle, at the head of Coquet, and still another to the Newcastle Water Works at Catcleuch, interesting and instructive days both!

* * *

Many of the Volunteers who recently spent a week under canvas at Stobs Camp, and made their first acquaintance with Hawick, will be interested to learn that it is to a native of the Border town that much of the perfection of their chief offensive weapon is due. James Paris Lee, the inventor of the Lee-Metford, the Lee-Enfield, and other magazine rifles, was born at Hawick seventy-two years ago, and although he has lived the major part of his life on the other side of the Atlantic, he, like all other Hawick callants, is a true Scot and an enthusiastic "Teri." Young Lee was but five years old when his parents emigrated to Galt, Ontario, and notwithstanding the fact that in pursuit of his profession he has been located at widely-separated portions of the United States and also at London, this little town of Scottish "kailyard" memories is still his home. With the name of Armstrong prominent in the manufacture of heavy ordnance, and that of Lee with small arms, the Scottish Borders will be for ever linked to military movement quite in keeping with the martial renown of the inhabitants in the unhappy times of long ago.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The Last of the Reivers,

or Christie's Will.

From the Manuscript of John Armstrong of Ridley-haugh, commonly known as "Jock the Scholard."

By John G. Galbraith,

Author of "His Own Opinion," "A Revised Version," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

Chased by Cromwell's "Ironsides."

I WILL now have recourse to the account of the ensuing incidents of Will's second service as given by Pedlar Tam, who, by chance, was an eye-witness of the boldest feat my kinsman ever executed. The reader hath already sampled the humble chapman's powers as a tale-teller, so I give the narrative in his own words.

"I was at Carlisle buyin' some goods to replenish ma toom pack, an' whenever I gang there I put up wi' Jock Graham. He's a rale honest chiel that wadna wrang a Scotsman a penny-piece, an' mony a guid crack me an' him hae had ower the days o' lang syne. He should hae been a rider like his forbears, but him an' me have aye ae thing in common—we could baith boast that, although we used nae weapons deadlier than a bicker or a yaird-stick, yet our depredations were as deidly as that o' ony reiver's o' the pa... Weel, of course, I aye try to sell. sae whan I got word that a pairty o' Roondheids were in Carlisle I made occasion to gie them a ca'. A's fish that comes to the chapman's net, ye ken, an' I speak truth whan I say that ma visit to their quarters meant a pund or twa into ma pouch, forbye the usefu' hints that I got. Ye see a puir packman's no ta'en ony thocht o', an' sergeants wull gab aboot the business they hae in hand—they're kind o' proud whan they ken a wee thing mair than the lave—so I cockit up ma lugs when I heard ane o' them mak' mention o' a messenger ca'd Armstrong that they were gaun to catch. It seems that some kind friend—there's traitors everywhere—had carried them the news that yer faither-in-law was acting as gae-between betwixt the Yerl and King Charlie, so I kept ma lugs open an' heard them order a squad o' troopers off to guard Carlisle Brig an' nab him. Weel, after I gat free frae the quarters I wasna shair what to dae. Ye see I didna ken oucht aboot where Wull was, an' I thocht it best to say naething to onybody but ride here an' let you folks ken to warn Wull. I had dune a' ma business, an' biddin' fareweel to Jock I gaed into the stable to saddle ma nag, an' here I spied the hinder quarters o' a beastie I thocht I had seen afore. I gaed back to the tap-room. "Jock," says I, "ye're a gie close-jawed callant! Ye didna let on as how Christie's Wull was up sooth an' his mare was feedin' in yer byre?" Graham explained that Wull had sworn him to keep quiet, an' sae like the true man he is, he let dab to naebody—no even me. I telt him what I had learned among the Puritans, an' made him promise to warn Wull that every brig ower the Eden was watched by men set to nab him, an' nane o' the ordinary fords would be passable, for the river was in high spate owin' to the heavy rains we had had. Jock promised that Wull wad get the news that his mission was kent to Cromwell's men as sune as ever he landed in Carlisle, an' sae leavin' the rest to providence I rade cannily doon the toon. At the sooth-end o' the brig na troopers were to be seen, but whan I gat up to the tap o' the rise aboon the arch I saw that near a dizzen o' them were guardin' the north-end, an', thinks I, 'Wull, ye're nabbed this jaunt.' I had nae bather in gettin' bye, some o' them kent me fine, an' I had selt three Paisley shawls to the canting hypocrite that was in command o' the pairty. Fear-not-for Sin Weekes, he ca'd himsel', a Derbyshire loon at that, an' I'll warrant he kent a lot aboot the wenches. Three shawls at ae whaup are no a canny sign for a single man, even though he be a Roondheid. I hails him, 'Ony mair shawls needed enow, Sergeant?' 'Nay, thou sinful retailer of gaudy ribbons to bedeck beings steeped in iniquity.' Thae kind o' cattle were aye makin' shift to talk like the Guid Buik. 'I have no need for thy merchandise.' 'Dod, man,' says I, 'hae a' the lassies gien ye the gae-bye at last,' an' even the very sourest-faced trooper gaed a bit snicker at the jibe, for they a' kent the failin' o' their plooky-faced sergeant. I chaffed him for a whilie, an' even selt some 'gaudy ribbons' to some o' the godly crew, an' I was juist settin' oot to mak' tracks for Scotland whan I heard the clatter o' horse's hoofs on the brig, an' lookin' roond there I saw Wull himsel' gallop up the rise an' draw rein whan he saw the troopers guardin' the end o' the road. 'Ca' canny, Wull,' cries I, 'they ken ye—gang back,' for it was easy seen that Weekes kent that this was the chiel they had been set to trap, an' I'se warrant he thocht he had him safely in his clutches. I cried, 'gang back,' but weel Wull kent that that wad be useless, for the Roondheids held a' Cumberland, an' this was the only brig ower the Eden for mony a lang mile. Wull sat still on the back o' Bess, an' I could see as how he was tryin' to find a wey oot o' the difficulty, but I could see nae chance o' his forcin' his wey through the dizzen troopers that guarded the narrow brig-end. The Eden was rinnin' ablow at an awfu' rate through atween the arches, an' it needed naebody to tell Wull that every ford on the Borders was unpassable, an' Carlisle brig the only road to Scotland an' safety. The troopers sune wearied o' waitin', an' made up their minds that gin Wull wasna comin' to them they wad tackle him, an' as I sat on ma beast watchin' gin I could dae onything to ser Gilnockie they begood to move alang ower the brig to seize him. Wull saw them comin' to close quarters, an' he drew Bess half roond, an' afore I could guess what he meant, he drave hame his spurs an' made her tak' for the wa' o' the brig. I thocht he was gaun clean gyte. I wat I never saw a mair terrible sicht as then, whan that puir mare rose like a laverock an' cleared the side o' that brig, Wull defiantly yellin', 'Follow me noo gin ye daur,' as he louped the brig, an' then horse an' man gaed down plump into the water wi' an awfu' splash. They cam' doon sic an awesome height that baith o' them sank clean oot o' sicht below the broon waves, an' I thocht I had seen the last o' Christie's Wull when his blue bannet sank beneath the muddy waters. The troopers climbed on the brig eager to see the last o' sic a brave man—even a Roondheid likes to see a darin' feat, an' I'se warrant thae loons ne'er saw a man venture as muckle afore. Wull an' Bess cam' up again, tho' near twenty yairds frae where they had sunk, an' Bess made a fell warsle to keep afloat, but the swirl o' the water swept them alang at an awfu' rate. I made ma ain naggie gallop doon the

bank, an' it took us a' oor time to keep up wi' them. It was maist wonderfu' hoo Armstrang managed to keep his sate on the back o' Bess, but he stuck to the saddle like a leech an' tried to help the mare to make for the bank. I was noo fair wild wi' excitement an' was ridin' alang the side o' the Eden yellin' oot for Wull to steer ower for me. They gat oot o' the main current at last, an' Bess got into the side near the Stanners, but she couldna get fittin', ye see the big cloak that Wull wore gaed the water an awfu' power ower her an' catched the full force o' the stream, sae I cried oot for Wull to slip aff the cloak. He saw what I meant, for he whupped oot his knife an' cut the twine that held the cloak roond his neck, an' awa' went the black cloak wi' a swish that showed the awfu' speed o' the river, an' juist as Bess felt the relief she made bang for the land, an' bendin' doon I gat haud o' a rein an' she fand her feet an' gat safe on to dry land. Bess was pechin' like a winded dog, an' Wull was gie white, for I'se warrant he'd been gie close death's door whan the waters o' Eden closed ower his heid.

We had nae time to spare, for the troopers seein' that their prey was gaun to escape them were makin' for the place where their horses stood tethered, sae Wull an' I set off for Scotland as hard as oor nags could go. Ere the Roondheids gat ower the brig an' mounted, we had got a guid half mile o' stert, an' baith the beasts were strainin' every nerve. Man, yon beast o' yer faither-in-law's was a rare yin! Why, efter strugglin' for dear life through a flooded river she took to the road like a hare, an' fair flew across kintra. Ma ain beast wasna bad, but it couldna haud the can'le to yon mare. The Roondheid's nags were heavier built beasts, an' the troopers were somewhat cumbered wi' the weight o' their steel breastplates an' basnets, onywey the twae o' us led the lot o' them a' that lang nine mile ride. Aince or twice the lichter-built among them gat within dangerous distance o' us, but Wull, up wi' his dags—altho' the powder was as wat as water could make it—and he pointed the pistols at them an' swore by a' the poo'ers to send them to their lang hames gin they cam' nearer us. an' as even a Roondheid disna like to be shot at withoot haein' an aim at the foe—ye see the whole lot o' them had been in sic a hurry to nab Wull that they had left their muskets standin' against the end o' Carlisle brig—sae the fushionless craturs, even whan they gat within reach o' us, thocht it wiser to draw in a wee an' ride wi' the lave.

Man, that was a grand gallop—I fair forgot I was only a decent packman, an' Wull was yellin' an' singin' fit to frighten a' the folk within a mile—for Gilnockie is a brave chiel tho' he's no muckle o' a lintie. He was fair uplifted at havin' got the richt side o' the Eden wi' his dispatches safe, an' I wat it wad gie onybody cause to sing, the vera thocht o' haein' louped Carlisle brig an' then swam the Eden whan it was in spate an' noo was settin' a squad o' Ironsides at defiance wi' only a pair o' useless dags in his hands Ma auld yaud was pechin' greyan sair whan the Esk cam' into view, an' although I never saw it in higher flood, withoot ony hesitation Wull set Bess at it to soom ower, an', of course, I had to chance it tae, for I wasna wantin' ony mair converse wi' Fear-not-for-Sin Weekes an' his crew. The crop-eared troopers, whan they saw that we were gettin' near safety, made a final rally an' gat to the ae side o' the Esk juist as we waded oot on the ither. There they stood fair helpless, wi' the roarin' spate rinnin' atween them an' the loon they were set to trap. No ane o' them daur strip of his airn armour an' ford the angry Esk. Wull kent fine that he was safe whan he stood on Scottish grund, and he drew the packet forth frae his bosom an' waved it in the full sicht o' the tricked Puritans an' chaffed them grand. 'Come ower,' he roars, 'come ower, ye plooky-faced Bubbly-Jock, an' I'll gie ye a stiff pint o' guid Scotch yill for yer lang gallop.' 'Repent ye son of Belial,' yells the cantin' knave, 'repent ye, or the brimstone an' fires o' Hell will consume ye. Never let me see thee on English soil, or I swear I'll split ye in twain with my sword.' 'I'll repent, ye close-cropped diel,' quoth Wull, 'whan ye mind to carry yer muskets whan ye're chasin' Wull Armstrang, an' I'll gie yer sword a' thocht whan ye fin' oot that wat powder's no vera dangerous. Yer a fine set o' loons to tackle fechtin', whan a pair o' useless dags can gaur ye draw rein an' keep closer thegither. Ay, lads, ye were nicely tricked, thae pistols wadna blaw a bumble-bee aff a daisy enow.' An' I wat as Sergeant Weekes heard that the pistols that had gliffed his men were o' nae use he swore into himsel', Puritan tho' he was. It was a wae begone troop that aff to gather their firearms lyin' at Carlisle brig, whilst Wull an' me rade on for Canobie. I'se warrant mony a ane wad hae likit to hae seen Christie's Wull loup ower the brig on the back o' Bess, soom the Eden an' the Esk in spate, an' defy a dizzen o' Cromwell's 'Ironsides' wi' twae harmless dags. I'se warrant that gin ye had picked braid Scotland ye wad ne'er hae gotten anither man to venture that loup or trick a squad o' troopers in sic a fashion." Thus you have obtained a true account of as daring a deed as was ever achieved by a messenger to save his dispatches and serve his patron from the lips of an intelligent eye-witness.

Meanwhile Maggie and I were spending a happy time of it in the old farm-house whilst her sire rode on his errand. I ween the first days of married bliss are the happiest period in any true man's existence. He has got the being whose image is imprinted on his heart's core, and the additional cares of matrimony have not as yet had time to trouble him. There was little to be done on the farm at this season, we could only watch the corn grow and the ears of wheat swell, and of the little that had to be done I fancy that big Tam got more than his share, whilst I sat in the kitchen hindering my spouse in her house-work, indeed, I was like a child that hath gotten a new play-thing, "new-fangled."

Traquair had been worrying himself in idleness at Langholm, and rode over on the Saturday afternoon (Will set forth for Nottingham on the Tuesday evening) and he seemed in a state of great perplexity, anxious to know whether the dispatches had been seized, for I trow he dreaded too hastily rousing the ire of Cromwell. Just as I was answering his eager questions and endeavouring to convince him that it was almost an impossibility to expect that Will could have ridden to Nottingham and back in four days' time I espied a horseman galloping over the moors towards us, and soon we made out that it was my kinsman, although he was minus the new black cloak which had covered his form when he set off. As he rode forward I vow I never saw Bess as sorely done up before, and samples of the Esk still dripped from the boots of her rider. Traquair snatched the damp packet from his hand and hastily opened it. His face betrayed varying emotions as he read its contents, but when he had closed it he exclaimed, "That's rare

news to carry, friend Wull, and again am I in your debt for loyal service. But ye seem somewhat damp?" Then Will in a few brief sentences modestly related his adventures, and Traquair beamed with pleasure as he heard how my kinsman had tricked the "Ironsides" of his "bete noire" Cromwell. He was struck with amazement when he realised to the full the rashness of Will's act in leaping into a raging river from a high bridge, but he now knew that the very pleasure of doing such dangerous work was ample reward to my father-in-law, so he refrained from offering either money or favour, but heartily thanked Will for the splendid service he had rendered him. "The news ye bring, lad, tho' ye little knew it, was worthy of such daring feats, for Scotland will not rise against the canting rebel host. The Marquis of Montrose, as gallant a leader as ever won a battle, and as courteous a gentleman as ever bowed knee to Scotland's king, is coming, and he'll oust the renegade Cromwell. There's a fly in the pot of ointment too, for the dispatch tells me that the Covenanters will rise again now that Laud's Liturgy is to be enforced in Scottish Churches. Cursed be religion, it is ever setting good men by the ears with swords drawn, but Montrose may be able to defeat both parties and again Charlie will reign in peace." So, hurriedly mounting, he returned to Langholm. I now know, of course, that his augury was proven false, and that it would have been better for Scotland had my kinsman riven the package in pieces ere he crossed the Esk.

(To be Continued.)

Scott's Minna and Brenda.

IN the article on "Sir Walter Scott in Shetland" in the "Scotsman" of the 2nd September, it is said that "as these ladies (the Miss Scotts of Scalloway) are the only ones specially mentioned in Scott's Diary, it has often been claimed for them that they are the originals of Minna and Brenda in 'The Pirate.'" Apart from the characters of the heroines of that novel, it has always been understood that the description of Minna and Brenda on the steep bridle path was suggested to Sir Walter by his meeting the two Miss Scotts of Deloraine, Ettrick (the one dark, the other fair), crossing the lone hills on their ponies. This is noted in a paper on "The Doctors Anderson of Selkirk" (BORDER MAGAZINE, August 1897.)

This theory is the more likely to be correct as the story has been handed down in the family. Margaret Scott (the fair one) became the wife of Dr Thomas Anderson, and Elizabeth (the dark one) was married to the Rev. Mr Shaw of Langholm.

An Angling Interlude.

(A ROYAL RECEPTION.)

BY DUNCAN FRASER, Author of "Riverside Rambles," &c.

THE death of the King of the Gypsies, Charles Faa, recalled to my mind the circumstances under which I first met him and his wife.

Yetholm is a quaint, world-forgotten village, lying at the foot of the Cheviots, on the southern edge of Roxburghshire. The Bowmont Water flows through the valley and divides the village into two sections, called respectively Town-Yetholm and Kirk-Yetholm. The latter is plainly the older part, and is celebrated far and near as the home of the Faas, the well-known gypsies.

Many good streams flow near the Cheviots, and it was while exploiting these two summers ago that I found myself settled down one evening at the "Border Inn" of Kirk-Yetholm.

Anglers are not always fishing although they get the credit for it. Nature in her many varied moods has an irresistible charm for the true followers of old Isaak, and, although they may lack his power of expressing what they feel, yet the wild-flower's beauty, the mountain's rugged form, and the myriad sounds that come from earth and air thrill them none the less that the voice to tell their rapture is denied.

Strolling on the evening in question up the path that leads from the village to a spur of the Cheviots from whence you can get a glimpse of the Till, near Flodden, my eye was caught by a tidy little cottage set in a rather well-kept plot of grass, edged round with sweet-smelling homely flowers.

An old man was on his knees weeding the path, and a fresh-looking elderly woman was plucking a few flowers from the porch-plot near the gate. Giving them "good-evening"—a greeting which they most courteously returned—I passed by, musing on those other flowers, even the "Flowers of the Forest," that graced this hillside so gallantly on the eve of Flodden's fateful field. On returning later I found the woman still working in the garden, although the man had disappeared, and as I stopped again to pass a word she most kindly asked me to come inside the gate and look around.

Accepting the invitation cordially, I crossed the path, and in doing so I was startled to see over the doorway the somewhat awe-inspiring inscription, "The Palace." In a moment it

dawned upon me that I had been holding intercourse in this familiar way with personages none other than Charles Faa, the King of the Gypsies, and his illustrious Queen.

Not being very sure about Court etiquette in the circumstances, I waited for the lady to open the conversation, which she did with the most natural grace in the world by asking if I had met the King. I replied that I had spoken to him as he was weeding the garden when I passed earlier in the evening, but I hoped to have a longer talk with him soon.

The Queen then showed me several photographs which recalled to my mind the fact that their coronation had taken place just two years before, so I turned the conversation back to that great event.

"Ah, well," she said, "you know that after the death of Queen Esther the folk were anxious

THE LATE GYPSY KING CHARLIE.

to have us crowned, so we just gave them their will." And then proceeding with her narrative, she gave me a minute account of the ceremony—how the people came from far and near until the village street was crowded: how she and the King were drawn to the platform erected on the green in a cart harnessed to six donkeys; and how the people cheered till they could cheer no more, as the brass band from Coldstream struck up "Wha'll be King but Charlie!"

My sympathetic attention evidently won the Queen's confidence, for she next proceeded to take down the crowns used at the coronation, and, as a special mark of royal favour, invited me to put them on.

The articles in question were in size and shape just like the kingly crowns used in the theatrical performances given at village fairs—bright brass, with precious stones of ruby, yellow and blue-coloured glass, and lined with crimson silk

Pleased that I complied and took the matter seriously, the Queen proceeded to display various articles for female adornment in bright textures, such as easterns love; but I fear the present writer is too benighted on such weighty matters to dare hazarding a guess at their value or purpose.

"Are there many of your race in Kirk-Yetholm?" I asked.

"Well," she replied, "there are lots of muggers, but the King and myself are the only real Egyptians."

Who "muggers" may be, I cannot positively say. At one time I thought the name was given to those gypsies who sold certain articles of tin or wicker work throughout the country in summer, but now, from the indifferent tone in which the Queen spake of them, I rather fancy that they are those gypsies whose coat-of-arms would have to bear the bar sinister for some reason or other.

As it is never wise to outstay one's welcome, especially at Court, I took an early opportunity of saying "good-night." The Queen would not let me go, however, until she had plucked a nice little posy of cottage-garden flowers—pansy, dusty-miller, daisy, monthly rose, and southernwood; these she gave me with a hearty handshake and the hope that I would meet the King before dark.

As I went down the road musing on the interview just over I concluded that however absurd and childish the coronation ceremony had been when compared with a real gypsy function, yet the ridicule could not be laid upon the King and his Consort: their unaffected simplicity and trust brought them out of the farce scathless.

Next morning at seven o'clock as I was setting off to the river I met King Charlie carrying a pitcher of milk just as if he were an ordinary son of the village. He seemed disposed to talk, but "a southerly wind and cloudy sky proclaimed a 'trouting' morn," so we had but few words.

Yet as I went along the road I thought upon the Highland chief, who, having shaken hands with Bonnie Prince Charlie in the '45, ever afterwards proffered his left hand to ordinary mortals, and I wondered how I should greet my friends in future after having shaken hands with both a King and a Queen.

The day was delightful and the sport good, so that before afternoon I had "avenged Flodden"

to the extent of taking fully nine pounds of English reared trout from the chief tributary of the Till.

In the calm of a beautiful evening I drove over to Kelso, charged with pleasant memories of Yetholm and the Cheviots, and I may frankly say, that though the best trout in an angler's creel seem by some natural process always to work their way to the top, yet the place of honour on this occasion was given to the posy of a Queen.

Sir Walter Scott Letters.

STRIKING evidence of Sir Walter Scott's cheerfulness and pluck in the dark days of adversity is given in a further instalment of his letters published in the August issue of the "Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine." The letters were written by Sir Walter to the wife of Canon Hughes, of St Paul's, and grandmother of the author of "Tom Brown's Schoolboys." Under date Edinburgh, 6th February, 1826, he wrote:

"My Dear Mrs Hughes and my Worthy Doctor,—I write immediately to give you the information which your kindness thinks of importance. I shall certainly lose a very large sum by the failure of my booksellers, whom all men considered as worth £150,000, and who, I fear, will not cut up, as they say, for one-fourth of the money. But looking at the thing at the worst point of view I cannot see that I am entitled to claim the commiseration of anyone, since I have made an arrangement for settling these affairs to the satisfaction of every party concerned so far as yet appears, which leaves an income with me ample for all the comforts and many of the elegancies of life, and does not in the slightest degree innovate on any of my comforts. So what title have I to complain?

"My family are all provided for in present or in prospect, my estate remains in my family, my house and books in my own possession. I shall give up my house in Edinburgh and retire to Abbotsford; where my wife and Anne will make their chief residence, during the time our courts sit, when I must attend. I will live at my club. If Anne wishes to see a little of the world in the gay season, they can have lodgings for two or three weeks; this plan we had indeed formed before it became imperative.

"At Abbotsford we will cut off all hospitality, which latterly consumed all my time, which was worse than the expense; this I intended to do at anyrate; we part with an extra servant or two, manage our household economically, and in five years were the public to stand my friend, I should receive much more than I have lost. But if I only pay all demands I shall be satisfied."

Discussing the Burke and Hare murders the following passages occur in another letter:—

"This Hare is a most hideous wretch, so much so that I was induced to remark him from having observed his extremely odious countenance once or twice in the street, where in general I am no observer of faces; but his is one which there is no passing without starting, & I recognised him easily by the prints. One was apt to say, & indeed I did say to myself, that if he was not some depraved villain, Nature did not write a legible hand.

"Burke was executed yesterday morning; he died with firmness though overwhelmed with the hooting, cursing & execrations of an immense mob, which they hardly suspended during the prayers and psalm which in all other instances in my memory have passed undisturbed, Governor Wall being a solitary exception.

"The wretch was diseased with a cancer which the change of diet & the cold of his cell made cruelly painful. He was rather educated above the common class, which makes his Case extraordinary."

Writing in the year 1829 or 1830, the author of "Waverley" says:—

"My Dear Mistress Hughes,—I denied myself the pleasure of seeing my children & friends in London this spring to gather my health together a little more firmly, for a town life is not very favourable to stomach complaints, especially to one who is on a short visit & like to be much about in London. I think I have been the better of my self-denial, for two months of Abbotsford with daily walks have made me as stout as an old lion can well expect. We cannot be young again if we would, and I feel disposed to say, what perhaps is like the fox's judgment of the grapes, that I would not if I could.

"My domestic establishment is increased by a dog of Nimrod's kin, as large, but in make rather like to the greyhound, a most beautiful dog, & well entitled to the Celtic name of Bran; he was bred on purpose for me by Cluny Macpherson, the chief of the Clan Vonrigh, of course, a high Highland chief."

When the Minister cam' to Tea.

"GOSH, Mrs Pollok, ye're no gaun by ma very door, surely." Mrs Thomson, thrusting her head round the post of her front door, with a wisp of hair in one hand and an arrested dressing comb in the other, thus addressed herself to a passing neighbour. "I saw ye passin' the windy."

"I've hardly time to spare for a veesit the day, Mrs Tamson, thank ye a' the same, I maun be hame in time to gi'e John his tea."

"It's long sin' I got a sicht o' ye. Hae ye seen onything o' the new minister lately?"

"Mr Nichol? Weel, it's a while sin' I saw him. I think—yes, it's juist a month this very day. I mind that fine, for it was the day oor Johnnie was brocht hame wi' his thoomb oot o' joint. A blessin' it was that it was only his thoomb, an' no his neck, puir laddie, for he fell off the reapin' machine. If the knives had got at him there's nae sayin' what micht hae happened."

"Bairns are aye in some mischief or other," commented Mrs Thomson, who had no children of her own.

"He's a fine lad, Mr Nichol," she resumed, with the air of one dismissing an uncongenial subject, and reverting to one more to her taste.

"He's a' that."

"He's uncommon cheery; likes his joke and his lauch juist like other folk. We had him in to his tea the other nicht."

"Div ye say sae?"

"I had been sayin' to Tam for dear knows how lang that we maun really hae the minister alang," pursued Mrs Thomson, regardless of a distinct lack of enthusiasm on the part of the listener. "But Tam's that backward, he wad never ask a crater inside this door if I didna juist haud at him constantly."

"Tam disna push hissel' forrit."

"He wad never get on in this world if he hadna me to gie him a jog noo an' then."

Mrs Pollok, with a significance which passed entirely unnoticed, smiled faintly.

"I juist said to Tam, after a lot of catter-batterin', that if he hadna pluck eneuch to ask the minister I wad ask him masel'. An' ask him I did."

Mrs Pollok's smile widened, taking which as an encouragement to proceed, Mrs Thomson straightway forged ahead.

"An' he cam'; fair jumpit at the invitation as I said to Tam; an' seemed to enjoy hissel' up to the mark."

"I dinna doot that," murmured Mrs Pollok under constraint, Mrs Thomson's full stop demanding a reply.

"An' to croon a', seein' Mr Nichol sae pleased like at bein' askit, what did I dae next, think ye?" Mrs Pollok modestly refused to venture a guess.

"Askit the twae Miss Doddses to meet him!" added Mrs Thomson, after a sufficiently impressive pause.

"Ye dinna say sae. I never heard the like." Mrs Pollok's tone might have suggested a suspicion of irony to ears more sensitive than Mrs Thomson's. But enshrined in her temple of self-satisfaction, and wholly unaccustomed to indulge in self-criticism, Mrs Thomson was blissfully unconscious that a neighbour might dare to sit in judgment on her, as Mrs Pollok was at that very instant doing.

"Haverin', boastfu' crater," that good woman was inwardly commenting. "Ma sang, Mr Mr Nichol's no' a softy. He wad be takin' her measure finely a' the time—takin' his nap off her, an' gettin' a guid lauch in his sleeve too, or I'm far wrang."

Undaunted by her neighbour's very laconic replies, Mrs Thomson went on, only too delighted to pour out her flood of talk on any one who would stand to listen.

"My, ye should hae seen hoo the Miss Doddses lookit at yin another, an' smiled when I askit them to meet the minister! I canna say for the truth o't, but they tell me that the auldest o' the twae's settin' her cap a bit at Mr Nichol."

"Set her up."

"Oh, I'm no sae shure aboot that, Mrs Pollock. Mr Nichol micht gang faur an' fare waur."

"Mr Nichol's likely to look higher nor that for a wife. Take ma word for't."

"Weel, I dinna ken aboot that. Her faither has a guid-gaun upholstery business, nane better in the Borders, I'll be boun'. His lassies will be brawly tochered, an' I've yet to see the minister that wad sneeze at a guid doon-settin' wi' a wife."

"Wullie Dodds's dauchter wull never be askit to sit at the heid o' Mr Nichol's table. I'll swear to that."

"Weel, weel, we'll no cast oot aboot it," was the indulgent reply. "Janet Dodds is a fine strappin' lassie a' the same. But it wad be faur frae me to gi'e wind to what I canna vouch for, an' I maun say I saw naething the other nicht to justify sic a report. Mr Nichol was juist his frank, cheery sel', an' the lassies a wee bashfu' maybe, but there was naething to set onybody speakin'. The teapairty wad hae gane off withoot a single hitch but for Tam's ongangin'."

"What was the maitter wi' Tam? I'm shure a decenter, honester, kindlier man than your Tam never stepped, Mrs Tamson."

"Oh, Tam's weel eneuch. He's a' that ye say an' mair, I daursay. But he can be gey provokin' whan he likes."

"Oh, weel, maist men hae their bits o' weys. Ye've juist to humour them a wee."

"I'm thinkin' Tam needs a deal o' humourin', as ye ca'd. What div ye think he did the nicht the minister cam' to tea? Weel, as sure as ye're there, I catched him haudin' his bread an' butter close up to the jeelly dish an' drappin' spunefu's o' jeelly on't, for a' the world as if he had been a common hind instead o' a weel-to-dae cairter."

"Was that no' the richt thing to dae?"

"Oh, Mrs Pollok, ye maun aye hae ye'r joke. Fine ye ken as weel as me it's no genteel to dae that. An' the minister at the table too. My face burnt wi' the affront. But that wasna a'; what div ye think his next performance was?"

Mrs Pollok shook her head.

"Weel, if ye'll believe me, he juist coupit his hale cup o' tea intil his saucer, an' started slorpin' like ony cannibal."

"Maybe the tea was ower hot."

"Hot! Nae doot it was hot, but Tam micht hae minded his mainners for a' that. Sic pains I took wi' him too, aforehand, for it's no every nicht yin has the minister to tea."

"Tam's no sorry for that, I'm thinkin'" said Mrs Pollok, smiling.

"Oh, whae cares what Tam thinks. I should maybe hae keepit ma een on him better nor I did. But what wi' poorin' oot the tea, an' seeing that a'body had something to eat, I had eneuch to dae, an' had in the end juist to let Tam be. I saw him oot at the tail o' ma e'e, whan we were nearin' the feenish, dabbin' butter off the plate wi' his ain dirty knife, as if I hadna twae split new electro-plated butter knives lyin' on the table. I could fair hae shaken Tam, I was that angry at him, Mrs Pollok."

"He's a rale fine singer, Mr Nichol." Mrs Thomson again broke a short pause, afraid lest her hearer should shew signs of starting on her way before the tale was quite told out."

"I've no opportunity o' hearin' him oot o' the pulpit. He sings weel oot there."

"My, but he can sing a sang wi' onybody. He gied us "O' a' the Airts," and "Willie's gane to Melville Castle," wi' great speerit. Miss Dodds played his accompaniments. Ye see we've got a pianny sin' I last saw ye, Mrs Pollok."

Mrs Thomson paused almost imperceptibly.

"Have ye?" was the non-enthusiastic response.

"Ay, Tam pickit yin up at the sale at Northridge some months sin', peyed fower pound ten for't. Tam thoucht the price a wee stiff, but it's a fine solid-lookin' instrument, an' really makes a graund appearance in the best room. Mr Nichol says it's been a first-class pianny in it's day.

"Did Tam or you sing?" asked Mrs Pollok, drily.

"Tam sing! My, Mrs Pollok, hae ye no' heard him screechin' ahint ye on Sundays? Tam, honest man, has a voice for a' the world like a corn craik. As for masel', I yince had a voice, though I say it that shouldna, but it's been sair negleckit sin' I mairrit Tam. Noo that we hae the pianny, I'm thinkin' o' takin' a lesson or twae frae the organist."

"Ye couldna dae better."

"That's juist what I think. It's fine to be able to join in like, as Miss Dodds did the nicht the minister cam' to tea. My, that lassie has a rale bonnie voice. She sang a dooet wi' her sister, then Mr Nichol an' her sang thegither, then him and her and the other Miss Dodds a' sang at yince. Losh, it was graund. I wush ye had happened to look in that nicht, Mrs Pollok."

"Maybe I was as weel away, seein' I can naither sing nor play."

"But ye could hae listened like Tam and me."

"I wasna askit to listen, ye see, Mrs Tamson. I micht hae chanced to be there if I had been askit," said Mrs Pollok, slily.

"Losh me, Mrs Pollok, ye're never thinkin' o' bein' huffy, shurely, because ye wasna askit to meet the minister? Hoots, that wad be—na, na, I thocht I kenned ye better nor that," in a tone of extreme satisfaction, as the twinkle in Mrs Pollok's eye revealed itself. "I thocht I kenned ye better nor that. Ye see, the Misses Dodds were askit solely for the sake o' haein' some young folk like hissel to keep Mr Nichol in coontenance. Ye maun come the next time the minister's askit though, Mrs Pollok, an' hear the pianny"

"I was tellin' Tam we maun hae juist sic another nicht sune again."

"What did Tam say to that?"

"Oh, what wad he say, but juist grumph as he generally does when onything's proposed oot o' the ordinar'. I dinna ken hoo ye manage yer man, Mrs Pollok, but ye aye seem to get what ye want withoot needin' to fecht for't."

"Ye see I never ask for onything by ordinar', Mrs Tamson. John hasna a fashionable wife as Tam has."

"Oh, weel, as to that a body maun keep up wi' the times a wee. Ye canna be a' thegither ahint yer neebors."

"That's very true, but yin may be content no to be aye pushin' in afore them. Tam's o' my wey o' thinkin' nae doot."

"I lost what ye was sayin' the noo, Mrs Pollok. I was watching'—as sure's ye're there it's juist Mr Nichol comin' doon the village—I thocht it was like his walk. He'll be comin' to ca' after bein' at tea, ye'll see. I maun rin away in. I'm no fit to be seen. Be sure ye come in sune an' get a tune on the pianny."

"Whae's to play? You or Tam?" asked Mrs Pollok, as she moved on. But Mrs Thomson had already retreated indoors where she was hurriedly completing her suspended toilet with a view to receiving the minister in her best style.

MARGARET FLETCHER.

A Unique Collection of Autograph Letters.

MR GEORGE DENHOLM, of Edinburgh, and of Press Castle, near Reston, Berwickshire, a native of Broomhall, near Duns, has printed for private circulation a catalogue of his large collection of autograph letters and curious documents, of which he has been a collector for over thirty years. This collection includes about 1000 items, and is insured, we understand, for over £3000. The letters and documents are fastened into ten volumes, which have been strongly bound. They are of the most miscellaneous kind, and include letters from Royalty and celebrated persons in every walk in life. One volume (IX.) is devoted to "Poets, Painters and Sculptors;" volume X. is entitled "Distinguished Authors and Divines." The receipt of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home" for £25, for a piece called the "Maid and the Magpie" is here. Two letters are included by Thomas Carlyle, one acknowledging and criticising a new work by William Bridges, and dated from Chelsea, November 19, 1846; the other to his sister, Mrs Aitken, describing his interview with Queen Victoria. R. W. Emerson's letter, descriptive of his first visit to Carlyle, at Craigenputtock, and to Wordsworth, addressed to Alexander Ireland, is also here. Samuel Johnson's letter to Ozias Humpry, the painter, introducing his godson, dated April 5, 1784, is a good specimen of the writing of the great lexicographer. A letter from Macaulay, dated June 28th, 1848, to W. C. Bennett, Osborne Place, Blackheath, has this sentence, "The passage which has affected you so much is merely a faint echo, how faint nobody knows better than myself, of the glorious war songs of Homer." There are several specimens of Charles Dickens' correspondence, including a long letter of congratulation to Dr Westland Marston. One from Wilkie Collins to F. S. Ellis, 29th September, 1870, mentions that Savill, Edwards & Co., had been asking if they might distribute the type of his novel "Man and Wife." The novelist, after mentioning that 400 of the third edition were still on hand, goes on to say that "with slaughtering, lying, and thieving on the largest possible scale, all naturally occupying the first place in public attention, we have certainly no further sale to expect, it seems to me, in the present form." There is a long letter from George Eliot to Mr Alexander Main, dated from the Priory, 21 North Bank, Regent's Park, May 2, 1876. William Black writes from the "Daily News" Office, in a brief letter to Westland Marston, dated June 10, 1873. Robert Buchanan writes to the Chevalier de Chatelain, from 9 Oakfield Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow, December 5, 1859, asking various addresses of authors to contribute to a periodical he was editing. The addresses asked for were those of Edwin Arnold, J. E. Reade, Charles Swain, Samuel Lover, E. Atherston, Philip James Bailey, Dr Doran, Owen Meredith, and Thomas Miller. A letter of Marie Corelli, dated April 27th, 1886, is a request to an editor to withhold her name from some article; the remark across the corner of the letter by the editor is scarcely complimentary. Mrs Henry Wood, in writing to Dalziel Brothers as to illustrations of one of her works, says she "would have no objection at all to the illustration standing as it is, if the artist could make Mr Carlyle more of a gentleman." Amongst the statesmen and politicians represented are Lord Brougham, Pitt, C. J. Fox, Lord Palmerston, Earl of Derby, Duke of Wellington. We have indicated the wealth of literary names, and besides there are original MSS. of the poet Burns; a poem by the Ettrick Shepherd on "Woman" of one hundred lines; Smollett's "Tears of Scotland;" the original manuscript of "Come under my Plaidie;" a fragment of Walter Savage Landor's "Conversations," in a faded condition. Mr Denholm is also possessor of a bronze head brought from Benin, West Africa, once the private property of the King of Benin; an old man-trap, and the whisky bottle which Burns presented to "Clarinda." It has a silver-mounted stopper and short inscription.

R. C

Some Border Poems.

SEVERAL months ago we published a short poem by Mr Morris Richardson, Mayfield, Sussex, on Tweedside, where he is a frequent visitor. Mr Richardson courts the muse to some purpose, and has just had his effusions produced in a volume of about 150 pages. The longest effort is entitled "The Coronation of Queen Mab," and besides a large variety of subjects, which are handled in a suggestive and pleasing manner, sections are devoted to "Seven Songs of Sutherland," "The Twelve Jewels of the Golden Year," and "Border Ballads." We reprint one of the latter as a specimen of Mr Richardson's work.

MR MORRIS RICHARDSON.

BORDER LAND.

Home of historic past,
Famous while time shall last,
Sublimely grand;
Chosen of chief and chivalry,
Beloved by bard and minstrelsy,
What wonder if my heart love thee,
Thou Border Land?
O'er Elibank's grey tower,
The thunder clouds may lower,
Darksome the day;
What metes it, since, 'mid drearest gloom,
The gleaming fern, the yellow broom,
The graceful rowan's waving plume
Shed each its ray.
Melrose's triumphal form,
Battered by bigot's storm,
Bides bleak and bare;
Yet may our steps awhile
Linger in ruined aisle,—
Still stately is the pile,
"So sad and fair."
Who shall describe thy charm,
Dryburgh?—the perfect calm
Of thy retreat?
Fit resting-place for him who spurred
The minds of men—whose hearts he stirred
By song to beat.
Deep down in "Neidpath's" shade
Much loved the mystic maid
Tweed's voice to hear;
And still to-day is "Neidpath" fair
Although the maiden be not there,
And still, beneath the woods of "Yair,"
Tweed's notes ring clear.
Where, in the world around,
Can thy compeer be found?
Where lies the strand
Like to thyself in beauty drest?
Here would I weave my woodland nest,
O bonnie home of happy rest,—
Bright Border Land. TWEEDSIDE, 1893.

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MISS DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

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AN INTERESTING BORDER CENTENARY,

20th, 21st, and 22nd September, 1903.

The Meeting of Scott and Wordsworth at Jedburgh.

BY J. LINDSAY HILSON, Public Library, Jedburgh.

"WHAT a fitting close to such a tour was that meeting with Walter Scott; the two great poets of their time, both in the morning of their power, and both still unknown, joining hands of friendship which was to last for life!" Thus wrote Principal Shairp in an introduction to the "Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland A.D. 1803 by Dorothy Wordsworth." It was felt in the town of Jedburgh that the centenary of such an interesting occasion should not be allowed to pass without some outward recognition of the event, and also that steps should be taken to preserve such an incident by means of a permanent memorial. At the annual meeting of the Burns Club, on the occasion of the birthday of the poet this year, Provost Hilson suggested that a celebration should take place, and he consistently kept the object in view. A committee (Provost Hilson, Bailie Young, Bailie Veitch, Bailie Boyd, Councillor T. S. Smail, Mr James Cree, "Jedburgh Gazette," Mr Walter Laidlaw, F.S.A. (Scot.), Mr W. Charles Stedman, Town Clerk), was appointed to assist in promoting the memorial, and everything pointed to a successful completion of the ceremony. By way of introduction it may be permissible briefly to recall the salient points of the visit of the distinguished travellers to the old burgh.

As is well known, the Wordsworths, brother and sister, accompanied by Coleridge, had set out on a driving tour through Scotland. After so much had been accomplished, their companion Coleridge decided to return, and they completed the tour by themselves. They had met Scott at his house at Lasswade, and it was there arranged that he would see them at Melrose, and later at Jedburgh; to which place he was bound as Sheriff of the shire of Selkirk, in attendance at the Circuit Court.

The sittings of the Court occupied two days, and it was on the afternoon of the first—20th September, 1803—that they arrived in Jedburgh, half an hour before the Judges were expected to their dinner at the inn. "We gave in our passport, the name of Mr Scott, the Sheriff, and were very civilly treated, but there was no vacant room in the house except the Judge's sitting-room, and we wanted to have a fire, being exceedingly wet and cold." To assist them in their extremity, the sister was allowed the temporary use of that room, and having put off her wet clothes, went to a bedroom till lodgings had been procured for them in a private house. The description of the apartment and of the landlady had best be given in her own words—"We were received by a good woman who, though above seventy years old, moved about as briskly as if she was only seventeen. Those parts of the house which we were to occupy were neat and clean; she showed me every corner, and before I had been ten minutes in the house, opened her very drawers that I might see what a stock of linen she had; then asked me how long we should stay, and said she wished we were come for three months. She was a most remarkable person; the alacrity with which she ran

upstairs when we rung the bell, and guessed at, and strove to prevent, our wants was surprising; she had a quick eye, and keen strong features and a joyousness in her motions like what used to be in old Molly when she was particularly elated. I found afterwards that she had been subject to fits of dejection and ill-health; we then conjectured that her overflowing gaiety and strength might in part be attributed to the same cause as her former dejection. Her husband was deaf and infirm, and sat in a chair with scarcely the power to move a limb—an affecting contrast! The old woman said they had been a very hard working pair; they had wrought like slaves at their trade—her husband had been a currier; and she told me how they had portioned off their daughters with money, and each a feather bed, and that in their old age they had laid out the little they could spare in building and furnishing that house, and she added with pride that she had lived in her youth in the family of Lady Egerton, who was no high lady, and now was in the habit of coming to her house whenever she was at Jedburgh, and a hundred other things; for when she once began with Lady Egerton, she did not know how to stop, nor did I wish it, for she was very entertaining." Such was the pen portrait in prose portraying Nelly Mitchell, as given by Dorothy Wordsworth. The poet himself thought her worthy of being commemorated in verse, and long afterwards composed the verses to "The Matron of Jedbourgh and Her Husband."

During the time of their stay in Jedburgh there was opportunity for considerable intercourse between the Wordsworths and Scott. On the evening of the 20th, the day of their arrival, we are told "Mr Scott sate with us an hour or two, and repeated a part of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'"—which had not at that time been published. Again, on the 21st September, they had a walk up Jedwater, accompanied by Willie Laidlaw from Yarrow, who had been summoned to the Court as a Juryman, and from a knowledge of the published writings of Wordsworth, had been anxious to meet him. The opportunity of an introduction was afforded by the presence of his friend Scott. What a pleasure there must have been in that walk up Jedwater! "The valley of the Jed is very solitary immediately under Ferniehurst; we walked down the river, wading almost up to the knees in fern, which in many parts overspread the forest ground. It made me think of our walks at Allfoxden, and of our own park—though at Ferniehurst is no park at present—and the slim fawns that we used to startle from their couching places among the fern at the top of the hill."

Preparations had now to be made for their departure. On Thursday, 22nd September, Miss Wordsworth writes: "I returned to our lodgings to take leave of the old woman, who told me that I had behaved 'very discreetly,' and seemed exceedingly sorry that we were leaving her so soon. She had been out to buy me some pears, saying that I must take away some 'Jedderd pears.' We learned afterwards that Jedburgh is famous in Scotland for pears, which were first cultivated there in the gardens of the monks." From Jedburgh to Hawick they were accompanied by Scott, at which place "we were obliged to part with him, which we did with great regret." As Wordsworth wrote of him when he set out on his visit to Naples, "the might of the whole world's good wishes with him goes." Ever afterwards the strongest friendship existed between the two men, and it is something for Jedburgh to be proud of, that for a time a common meeting place was afforded the two poets for that intercourse of soul to soul, which must have influenced in no small degree the after life of each.

Monday, the 21st of September, was selected as the day on which the centenary was to be celebrated, and in all points it was favourable. The weather, an all-important matter in out-door functions, conspired to act as a fit accompaniment to the completion, in perfect harmony, of a most historical and attractive ceremony. The Town Council met in the County Buildings, and with them were a number of subscribers and guests. Headed by the Burgh Officers (of a different stamp to those viewed by the Wordsworths) with halberds, the procession marched to the Abbey Close, where the celebration was to take place. The Provost presided, and along with him on the platform were Sir George Douglas, Bart.; Mrs Mair (grand-daughter of Wordsworth), and her husband, Colonel Mair, Ambleside; the members of committee; Professor Cooper, D.D., Glasgow; Mr John Caverhill, Jedneuk; Mr G. A. Russell, Glendouglas; Mr T. Craig-Brown, Selkirk; Mr Wm. Mather, Carlisle (proprietor of the house on which the tablet is placed); Mr Walter Brodie, and Mr W. Young Kinleyside, from the Edinburgh Border Counties Association; Rev. Richard Cameron, Jedburgh, &c.

WORDSWORTH.

Provost Hilson, who was warmly cheered, said—Sir George Douglas, ladies and gentlemen,—On behalf of the Magistrates and Council of Jedburgh, as representatives of the community, I give you all a very cordial welcome on this occasion, which has been anticipated with so much interest. And especially I extend this welcome to the delegates who are here from Edinburgh, for, as you are aware, the Edinburgh Border Counties Association and the Edinburgh Borderers' Union do a great deal to maintain local traditions and attachments,

and we all desire to recognise their patriotic efforts. I would also specially welcome in your name, Colonel and Mrs Mair, who have come all the way from their beautiful home in the Lake District, to do honour to the occasion; and I know that you will be very much gratified by their presence when I inform you that Mrs Mair is a grand-daughter of the illustrious William Wordsworth. At this point I would ask my niece, Miss Adelaide Hilson, to present Mrs Mair with a bouquet culled from the choicest flowers of the Abbey Gardens.

Miss Adelaide Hilson, daughter of Mr Alfred Hilson. went forward to the platform table and gracefully presented Mrs Mair with a very beautiful bouquet, which had been composed with his usual skill and taste by Mr Walter Laidlaw. Mrs Mair accepted and acknowledged the gift with evident pleasure, and the assemblage cordially cheered this agreeable episode.

Provost Hilson continued—I had hoped that Mr Gordon Wordsworth, brother of Mrs Mair, would also have been with us, but unfortunately that was not possible; but I have received a telegram from him from Ambleside conveying his "best wishes for a most successful ceremony," and a few days ago I had the great pleasure to receive from him the following letter, to which I would ask your very close attention:—

The Stepping Stones,
Ambleside, Aug. 20, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for sending me the notice of the memorial tablet to be placed on the house in Jedburgh where my grandfather and his sister stayed and met Sir Walter Scott one hundred years ago. When I had the pleasure of visiting your historic town two years ago, the house was pointed out to me by the custodian of the Abbey; and it is exceedingly gratifying to one of my name to think that the tradition will not be lost. His friendship with Sir Walter was one of the great pleasures of my grandfather's life, and inspired some of his noblest work; and it is especially felicitous that the name of the "Great Minstrel of the Border" should be associated with his in what is, as far as my memory serves me, the only memorial of Wordsworth in the Scotland he admired so profoundly.—I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

GORDON G. WORDSWORTH.

Provost Hilson, Jedburgh.

I feel (the Provost continued) that I require to make no apology for this centenary celebration and commemorative movement, for as an act of homage to the memory of the great its appropriateness is self-evident. It is just one hundred years ago since this nook—this poet's corner—became hallowed by the associations of Wordsworth and Scott, who were then only on the threshold of their immortal fame. It would surely have been neglectful on our part to have let slip past unnoticed so noteworthy a date in our local calendar as the centenary of the meeting of the two poets in Jedburgh. Many have hitherto been unaware of the precise spot, but in future they will have no excuse for not knowing. Let me remind you in passing that this ancient Royal burgh of ours is rich in historical and literary memories. The abbey is impressive in its mellowed grandeur, and wealth of incident, and here next door lived James Watson, who chronicled its history so faithfully. There, a stone's throw off, in the Abbey grounds, was born Mary Somerville, whose fame as mathematician and philosopher has been perpetuated by the college hall at Oxford bearing her name, and by her long record of scientific research. She would be twenty-three years of age when the Wordsworths visited the Abbey grounds. Ladies and gentlemen, I have now a pleasant duty to perform—namely, to introduce to you the orator of the occasion, Sir George Douglas. He has manifested a keen personal interest in this centenary movement, and I feel sure that the community is much gratified by his act of good-will. Sir George has long since won his spurs in the guild of letters. His reputation as historian, critic, and litterateur are not confined to the Borderland, of whose literature and poetry he has made a lifelong study, but are widely recognised throughout Scotland and England. I beg to request him to proceed with the ceremonial.

Sir George Douglas, who was greeted with an enthusiastic appreciation, addressed the gathering. He said—This is no nameless or unstoried ground where we are met to-day—this little burgh of the old Middle March, placed on the confines of deep forest shades, o'erhung with heughs and scaurs, washed by the clear wave of its hill-born stream—Jedburgh—a name on history's chequered page ancient and not obscure! For him whose ear is not too gross or dull to catch the meaning of that low sweet voice that breathes out of the past and will not hush—for him has Jedburgh a tale to tell. Ay! for not once or twice in our wild Border story have Jethart streets beheld the pageant of the Royal State of Scotland; nor once nor twice have Jethart spears (bear witness Bannockburn!) rolled back the red tide of encroaching war, and bidden their land be free! Such virtue dwelt within your fathers' breasts; such scorn of slavery inspired their hearts, and nerved their strong right arms. Peace to their shades, honour to their brave deeds; let their example and their spirit live! But now those unforgotten times are gone, and will return no more. The occasion changes, and with it the man; and children of more peaceful days work out their country's welfare and renown in other and in more pacific ways. It is no epic deed then—nay, but an idyll of pure manners, inspired thought, friendship and poesy. 'Twas here they met—within those self-same walls—the Border Sheriff, Walter Scott; Wordsworth, the attorney's son—'twas there they greeted, there held genial converse; thence they passed on their way. Since then one hundred years have come and gone, and what a transformation have they wrought! Because, to the perception of that meeting's true significance, there was required Time's optic, the perspective of long years. And by that means, to-day, the two men stand revealed in their true character, without disguise and rid of misconception—Wordsworth, the pure high priest of Nature's worship; and Scott, the well-loved poet of the past ages of his country; twin monarchs in the boundless realms of Thought, forces co-eval, of one generous birth, alike beneficent, whose sway and influence, we, sons of later days, gladly acknowledge and with pride avow. Such were those two plain-coated travellers who on that autumn day long since came here, and sojourned for a space within your bounds. Where else than here could they have better or more fitly met—that lover of the woodland, stream, and hill; that dreamer on past times: than here, hard by the sylvan banks

of Jed, within the shadow of that hallowed pile, which lifts its front to-day, after seven hundred years, defaced—oh, not by Time, his hand is less unkind—marred, not by tempest, but by man's blind rage; and yet, perchance, more apt to touch one thus—still eloquent of Heaven through all its wrongs, and beauteous in decay? 'Mid the obsession and the importunity of life's business, life's distractions, to keep us still alive to Nature's charm, the magic of the Past, these were the services rendered by Wordsworth and by Scott—a service, either, which you rightly rate, as more than Surrey's prowess, Alexander's state, or the high heart of one to us more near, Douglas, the good Sir James. So, lest the memory of these angel guests, unawares entertained, should fail among you, I, by your mandate, honoured by my task, do now unveil this record and memorial. Long may it hang where now it hangs, a witness of the dead! And often may it serve to call aside the thoughts of passers-by, and bid them rest on Nature and the Past, and on the names of Wordsworth and of Scott, the good and great, the unperishing, the ne'er to be forgot!

The unveiling of the memorial, which was effected by the pulling of a cord, drew hearty cheers from the spectators.

PROVOST HILSON, JEDBURGH.

The following is the inscription on the tablet, which is of white freestone:—

"September 21, 1803. In this house lodged the poet WORDSWORTH and his sister DOROTHY, with Nelly Mitchell, the 'Matron of Jedburgh,' of whom he wrote:

"Thy looks, thy gestures, all present
The picture of a life well spent."

Here they were visited by WALTER SCOTT, who read to them part of his then unpublished 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.'—Unveiled by Sir George Douglas, Bart., September 21, 1903. Oliver Hilson, Provost."

Thus was there permanently fixed a tablet that to future generations will point out the place where for a brief period two poetic souls held sweet converse. That Sir George Douglas performed his part with infinite grace and courtly dignity, tempered with most subtle sympathy, appealed to all present, and it was meet that such knowledge should be publicly intimated to him. No worthier son of the burgh than Bailie Veitch could have been found to perform this service. Of an old Jedburgh stock, he is thoroughly imbued with the traditions of the past, and with a strong desire to perpetuate the best of those links of a bygone time. Need it be wondered then that in fitting and appropriate language he conveyed to Sir George Douglas the most grateful thanks of the assembled company for the graceful manner in which his pleasing duty had been discharged. Associated with him in this respect was Professor Cooper, D.D., of Glasgow, who thus fitly summed up Sir George's efforts:—"It has been a poem we have listened to—not a speech." Mr W. Young Kinleyside, representing the Edinburgh Border Counties Association, adverted to the work which that Society had promoted in efforts such as that of the day, and most cordially expressed the pleasure he had in being present.

Rev. Richard Cameron proposed a most hearty vote of thanks to Provost Hilson for all the work he had carried out in connection with the memorial, and also for his presence as chairman of the gathering. "He was sure Provost Hilson would look back on the event of this day with great gratification, not merely because he occupied the position of Chief Magistrate, but because he had a very strong interest in literary matters." The Provost said that with unalloyed sincerity he could say he appreciated to the full the most generous tribute paid to him.

Thus was an occasion which had been looked forward to brought to a fitting conclusion, with a feeling that from first to last there had been connected with it the true ring of inwardness which only knowledge of the consciousness of a right and proper motive actuating the inception of the idea can produce. Greater pomp and splendour might have heralded the pageantry, but by such extraneous aids the ceremony would have been shorn of its simplicity, for the tribute of itself is real, and what is true will stand.

[We have to acknowledge our indebtedness to the Proprietor of the "Jedburgh Gazette" for the quotations made from the report of the proceedings in that paper, and to the Celebration Committee for permission to use the blocks which appeared in the souvenir prepared for the occasion.]

BEARING the pleasant title of "Whinblossom," a volume of poems by Agnes S. Falconer, who has occasionally contributed to the pages of the BORDER MAGAZINE, will be issued this month by Messrs James Swan & Co., 27 Market Place, Duns. The volume is to be handsomely got up, and at the moderate price of 3/6 we have no doubt it will meet with a ready sale. Every contribution to our minstrelsy should be welcomed by true Borderers, and we trust that our Berwickshire poetess will have the pleasure of seeing her efforts fully appreciated.

William Hope, the Inventor of the Hope Printing Press.

WILLIAM HOPE, to whom the inventor of the "Hope" Printing Press owes his birth, was born in the year 1746. Were he, instead of his son, the subject of our sketch, his career also would prove to be a most interesting one. He dwelt at Hopehouse (now known as Tudhope—about a mile from Jedburgh), which, so designated from the family name, was his own property, in addition to several others in the town. Imbued with a truly martial spirit, he at the age of twenty commenced a sixty-six years' connection with the military by enrolling in the Scots Greys at Kelso towards the end of 1766. In thirteen years, during which time he passed through the stages of private, corporal, and sergeant, he left its ranks to enter a light troop which, formed out of that and other regiments, was designated the 21st Light Dragoons, in which he was appointed quartermaster. This corps, however, was reduced at Canterbury in the year 1783, after which he remained out of actual service until 1794, when he entered the Roxburgh and Selkirk Fencible Cavalry as quarter-master. He was soon appointed cornet, and later raised to the rank of lieutenant in that corps, which, after serving through the Irish Rebellion of 1798, was disbanded. Two or three years after this took place he joined the Roxburghshire Volunteers in the capacity of lieutenant. This body was reduced in 1808 and formed into the local Militia, to which he was appointed with the same rank and in which he remained on half-pay until about a decade from his death.* A merchant in Jedburgh, he took a deep interest in the civic matters of the burgh, and this is evidenced by the fact that more than once he was appointed to each of the offices of Councillor, Bailie, Dean of Guild, and Provost of the ancient burgh. To the latter dignity he was elected four times. During one of his terms of Provostship (1814-15) the negotiations for erecting the county prison at Jedburgh were carried on; what was more fitting, then, than that he should have what honour pertained thereto? Accordingly he was again appointed Provost in September, 1818, and re-elected in the following year; near the expiry of his term of office he laid the foundation stone of the new prison, Jedburgh Castle (27th September, 1820), a ceremony which was preceded by an imposing procession—in which various bodies and societies of the burgh and also of the Border towns took part—through the streets of the burgh. Predeceased twelve years by his wife, Isabella Riddell, he died in September, 1835, aged 90 years.

Such was the father of the subject of our sketch, and in the careers of sire and son there is much in common. Born in September, 1769, William Hope, junr., inherited all the characteristic features possessed by his father. Upon him also the spirit of martial zeal descended—a noticeable trait in the family character—and he joined the Roxburgh and Selkirk Light Fencibles, also known as the Roxburgh Fencible Dragoons, the corps in which his father was enrolled. On 1st September, 1796, he was appointed quarter-master, his father having been raised from that rank to the cornetcy two months previously. These troublous times required every Briton to be a soldier, on account of the state of matters on the Continent. On 30th March, 1794, the Jedburgh contingent of the Fencibles had marched to Kelso, where the whole troop, which was commanded by Sir John Scott, Bart., Ancrum, was inspected on 6th January following by General Stewart. From Kelso they marched into England, staying for short intervals at Newcastle, Northallerton, Thirsk, Hendon Camp, and Bishop Auckland; and Denbeigh (Wales), Rixham, Chester, Nottingham, Leicester, and latterly Manchester, where they arrived on 8th June, 1796.

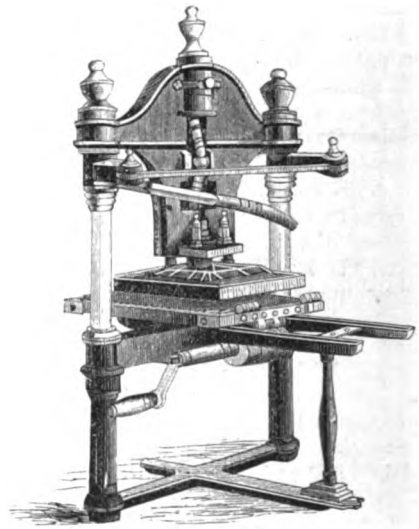
Even by this time, apparently, the British Parliament was cognisant of the undercurrent operating in Ireland, and was taking steps accordingly. On 9th June the troop, which had enrolled recruits as opportunity offered during their march—the list by the quarter-master shows a curious mixture of Scotch, English, and Welsh names,—was sent to Liverpool, whence it was transported to Dublin. Shortly after their arrival the Fencibles were despatched to Loughrea, where we find them on 23rd June. Although this was before the actual outbreak of the insurrection, they were not inactive, as is seen from the following items which have been recorded by their quarter-master: 31st July, 1797—Seized 2 casks of spirits containing 80 gallons, and 2 barrels damaged malt; 6th August—Went to take Mr Willy for murder, but did not find him; 21st August—Took

* For the particulars regarding the military service of the two Hopes we are indebted chiefly to certain documents and records in Jedburgh Museum. The foregoing account of William Hope, senior, has been taken from a brief sketch of his military life, written by himself, also amongst the said papers.

Mr Burke prisoner. After a lengthy stay at Loughrea they quitted the place for Athlone (27th May, 1798), where they established their headquarters. About this time the regiment, in assisting the regulars, was broken up into a few detachments; while Colonel Sir John Scott remained at headquarters, Lieut.-Colonel William Elliot of Borthwickbrae and Major William Elliot of Harwood served with the regiment throughout the rebellion.

The insurrection was stamped out with vigour and—it cannot be denied—with much cruelty. Crushed by the disaster of Vinegar Hill (21st June, 1798), the cause of the Irish was thought to be lost and the rebellion terminated; but the advent of General Hombart, who landed on 22nd August at Killala Bay with 1200 French troops, stirred up for a short time the dying flame. His first action was to arm some of the peasantry and to march upon Killala, which, after a slight resistance, was occupied. He followed up his success by defeating General Hutchinson and occupying Castlebar (27th August), which, however, he had to abandon in a few days (4th Sept.). The French general was grievously disappointed to find that there was no flocking of rebels to his standard, and, to make matters worse, no reinforcements were forthcoming. To avoid Lord Cornwallis's force he marched towards Sligo, but after his engagement with Colonel Vereker at Colloney he diverted his course towards Granard, where the rebels were in force. But closely pursuing him was a contingent under General Lake formed from certain cavalry regiments. This contingent included the Roxburghshire Fencibles, who had done excellent work at Castlebar and in some minor engagements. The force, after four days and four nights of incessant marching, overtook the combined French and Irish forces at Ballinamuck on 8th September, and after a fight of half-an-hour captured nearly the whole army. Many of the Irish escaped by betaking themselves to the bogs, while 500 of them were killed in the flight. Perhaps the last engagement in which our Fencibles fought was that at Killala, on 23rd September, 1798, when some of them were killed and others wounded. The Royal army amounted to about 1200 men, with 5 pieces of artillery. On first contact with the enemy "the slaughter that ensued was terrible. The rebels were cut down on every side where they attempted to escape; for, when driven from their post outside the town (Killala) by a flanking fire of the soldiery, they fled in all directions, and were furiously pursued by the Roxburghshire cavalry, who slaughtered many in the streets, and were intercepted at the other end of the town by the Kerry Militia."—Maxwell's "History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798," p. 246.

In incidents such as these the Hopes, father and son, participated. Mr Adam Hope, son of the latter, was fond of relating his father's adventures during the campaign, entrancing his audience by detailing the experiences of his sire and the traits of the Irish people. We find Hope at Castlebar in February, 1800, in the September of which year the corps of the Roxburgh Fencibles was levelled at Belfast. William Hope, our hero, apparently in no hurry to get back to Jedburgh, took a leisurely tour through England from the south, and returned

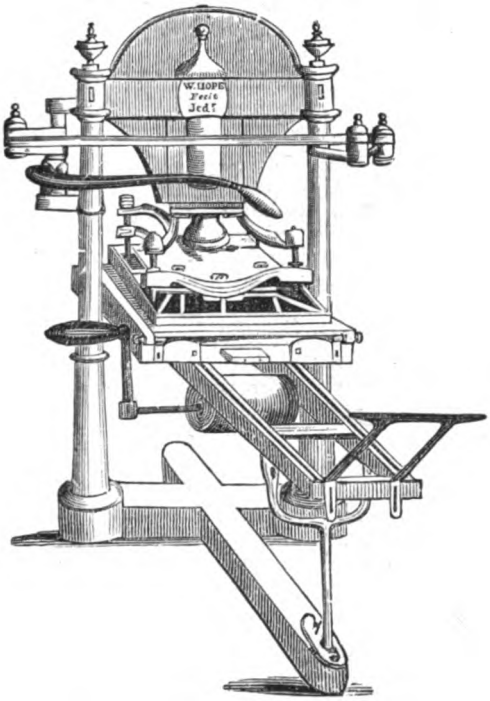


NO. 1.—HOPE'S PATENT PRISTING PRESS.

home in 1802. About three years after this he was married to Agnes Borthwick, by whom he had a numerous family. Like his father, he took an active and prominent part in Town Council work. Entering Jedburgh Town Council in 1807, he was made a Bailie in September of that year. His career in this sphere was very successful, and on more than one occasion he was chosen Provost of the burgh, having served a good apprenticeship in the offices of Councillor, Dean of Guild, and Bailie.

But we have been studying him apart from the rôle of inventor. Happily he was wedded to a line of business which afforded him every facility for bringing his plans to completion. He had a successful business as an ironmonger, his shop and foundry being situated near the head of Canongate. These are now occupied

by Mr James Fair. Early last century the printing press attracted Hope's attention, and he set himself to improve upon the patterns then in vogue. The result of his researches was that he applied for the patent of his invention, and this was granted to him on 18th March, 1823. (See illustration, No. 1.) As late as 1838 he was granted a patent for further improvements which he had made upon his printing press. (See illustration, No. 2.) In an entertaining article, entitled "A Forgotten Bit of Old Edinburgh," in a recent number of the "Scotsman" (31/8/1900), in which the writer referred to the "Columbian" (an Ameri-



NO. 2.—HOPE'S (IMPROVED) PATENT PRINTING PRESS.

can invention) and "Stanhope" hand-presses, the statement was made that "The 'Jedburgh' press was a rather handsome affair, and very like the 'Stanhope,' but larger." The invention proved to be an improvement on the printing presses of that period, and in consequence of the wide-spread reputation which they soon achieved were much in demand; so much so, indeed, that the premises in Canongate were soon found to be inadequate for the execution of his orders, which occasioned the occupancy of the northern section of Mack's Mill (now known as Allars Mill), near the town, in order to manufacture them there. As such an industry was by no means common, gazetteers made a specialty of referring to it. In 1832 Dr. Robert Chambers, in his "Gazetteer of Scotland," stated that "In recent times Jedburgh has become noted for the manufacture of printing presses, under a patent by the inventor, Mr Hope, an ironfounder in the place, by whose name they are known"; while Thomson, ten years later, in his "Universal Gazetteer," made reference to the "work for the construction of printing presses."

After the death of the inventor, whose business was carried on by his sons, the demand for Hope's Patent Printing Presses fell away, which is easily accounted for by the fact that new and improved printing machines were put into the market. But the rapid march of the times has not left the species entirely behind, as there is one still doing faithful service in a printing office on the Border.

The invention of the steam engine likewise attracted his attention, the result of which was that at an early date he had one in use at his works. His other inventions and manufactures, which gave employment to as many as twenty smiths, we must not touch upon. There is now only space to record that he was the first who burned gas in the burgh, having introduced it into his shop and works at an early period. This must have been about midway between 1792 and 1834—the former of which dates was the year of its discovery, and the latter when the streets of Jedburgh were first lighted with gas. With other laurels we might crown his name, did space permit. It only remains to be added that William Hope, soldier, magistrate, and inventor, died on 27th January, 1847, at the advanced age of 77. His tombstone, erected in the Abbey Churchyard, also informs us that his wife died on 3rd January, 1834. The obituary notice of him in the "Kelso Mail" of 10th February states that he was "the last officer who belonged to the Roxburgh and Selkirkshire Light Dragoons."

GEORGE WATSON.

A YOUNG lady graduate of Chicago University (the largest University in America), will call up old reminiscences to many Borderers and cause not a few visitors to smile as they read the following words she has sent us:—"I was much interested to see in the BORDER MAGAZINE mention made of the proposed bridge at Dryburgh. I have curious sensations still when I recall the passage across that breezy suspension *rod*—not bridge—as I should call it."

A Communion Sabbath in Persecuting Times.

By Susie B. Miller.

ONE of the results of the extremely severe measures used by the Stuart kings to force the Scottish people to worship in the Episcopal Church was the holding of field meetings or conventicles. The people not being allowed to attend their own churches, and being steadfastly resolved not to give up their own form of worship, met together in large numbers at these open-air meetings.

After the restoration of Charles II. oppression had reached its height. The King was bent on establishing Episcopacy in Scotland, and all who still held their Presbyterian views and refused to conform were liable to the severest penalties and cruel tortures. Companies of soldiers secured the Lowlands to prevent conventicles being held and they were empowered to fine or imprison all who attended them. But in spite of all risks the Covenanters still held meetings for worship as often as they could, and went in crowds to the field or valley, where they might hear the Word of God from the mouth of a faithful minister, while they worshipped in the form to which they were so heartily attached.

All over the Borders there are many credible traditions in connection with these meeting-places, where deadly perils were encountered and souls born again. Many a child was baptised by the gurgling brook, many a sacrament dispensed on the soft green grass beneath the sheltering trees, or among the brackens and heather on the hillside.

The most notable conventicle of the East of Scotland was the one held at East Nisbet, in Berwickshire, in the spring of 1678. The place which was chosen is one of great beauty, and seems as if made on purpose for such a meeting. It consists of a level haugh on the banks of the Whitadder, about a mile south of Chirnside, covered with soft green grass by the water-edge. Rising around it are gentle slopes shaded by trees, well suited for the accommodation of thousands of people.

Three consecutive days—Saturday, Sabbath, and Monday—were appointed for the celebration of the sacrament. All the necessary preparations were made, and intimation was widely spread throughout the Merse and Teviotdale. Early on Saturday morning great crowds were seen coming in all directions, wending their way along the country roads and over the fields. As had been arranged, they met a mile from the spot and marched in solemn order to East Nisbet. About noon on Saturday an immense number of people were gathered in the haugh by the riverside. Two of the officiating ministers had arrived. One of these was the Rev. John Welsh, whose spiritual experiences in seeking the Lord, and whose fruitfulness in converting souls is unparallelled in Scotland. With him was Archibald Riddell, a famous field preacher, afterwards imprisoned and banished for his advocacy of the Presbyterian cause. As yet there had been no cause for fear of being discovered or surprised by the King's troopers, and all had gone on well. Suddenly, however, some reports were brought by a company of worshippers, who had just arrived, which caused no little commotion and alarm throughout the gathering. The young Earl of Hume, Sheriff of the County, they said, had heard that a conventicle was to be held at East Nisbet, and had proclaimed his intention of riding with his men to assault the people he found there. Parties of the regulars were coming to help him, and the impulsive youth had threatened in the most profane manner to make their horses drink the communion wine and to trample the sacred elements under foot.

Before proceeding further with the devotions at the conventicle, as many arrangements were made in the way of self-defence as possible. Although most of the people knew nothing about the use of arms, there were some among them who could wield them as well as any of the enemy. Some had fought and even held command on the field of battle, and it was not long before 150 armed horsemen were drawn together. Their presence made the others feel secure, and the service was resumed. The whole gathering presented a most imposing sight. In the centre of the level ground were the tables on which were placed the sacred symbols, while the grassy slopes around were covered with the people. Outside of them was a ring of horsemen, and a little further off a similar ring, and single horsemen were despatched to greater distances and stationed on eminences around in order to view the country and give warning of the approach of the army. Every means was taken to compose the minds of the multitude, and prevent in a harmless, defensive way any affront which might be offered to the solemn and sacred service in which they were taking part. The worship went on outside in the open by the water-side in as orderly and solemn a manner as if the roof and walls of a church had enclosed the assembly. All the regular forms were gone through. Tokens were distributed on the Saturday, and no person was admitted to the communion-table without one. Three thousand two hundred people came for-

ward. They were served in companies. Several hundreds came down at the one side and partook of the bread and wine, retiring at the other side to take their seats again on the hill, while others took their places at the table. Mr Welsh and Mr Riddell were assisted by the Rev. John Blackadder, a pious and powerful preacher, who died owing to an illness contracted by the unwholesome air of the prison on the Bass Rock, where he was at length confined for taking part in conventicles, and by Mr Dickson and Mr Rae, two other worthies, who continued to be faithful and diligent ministers amidst the greatest dangers and persecutions.

During the time of this prolonged conventicle the people lodged in the neighbouring towns of Chirnside, Edrom, and Duns. Each day at the close of the service the horsemen drew up in a body until all had left the place, and marched at a little distance behind them till they had safely reached their place of abode. In the morning they awaited the people at the appointed meeting-place and conducted them to East Nisbet, and began again their work of keeping watch. These volunteers secured peace and quiet for the audience, for from the Saturday morning until the Monday afternoon there was not the least sign of molestation from enemies. The people sat undisturbed and listened with extraordinary satisfaction and delight to the ministers, who on that occasion spoke with unusual fervour and power. There was a rich effusion of the Spirit shed abroad in many hearts, and when their communion was peacefully concluded the people offered up their psalm of thanksgiving and praise heartily and joyfully to the Rock of their salvation, of whose presence no proscription of monarch could deprive them.

Death of Three Prominent Borderers.

IT is our sad duty to place on record the passing away of three Borderers, each occupying a prominent place in their several spheres of manufactures, journalism, and education. On the 30th September by the death of Mr Robert Sanderson, Galashiels has lost a shrewd business man, a respected citizen, and one of the few remaining links with the pioneers of its staple trade. Mr Sanderson, who had attained his seventy-sixth year, had been in a feeble state of health for some time past, but his sudden death came as a shock to a wide circle of friends. The deceased belonged to one of the original manufacturing families in the town, and inherited much of the energy and enterprise of his grandfather, Mr Alexander Sanderson, who was born in Galashiels in 1759, and became a manufacturer of woollen cloth at Melrose. We hope in a future number to give an extended sketch of the late Mr Sanderson and his connection with the most important industry of the Borderland.

Two days after the death of Mr Sanderson, Galashiels again lost a worthy son by the death of Mr James Wilson, editor, archæologist, and geologist. Many will hear with regret of the passing away of the editor of the "Scottish Border Record," and we feel sure they will appreciate the character sketch of Mr Wilson which we trust we will be able to place before them at an early date.

On the 5th October the death took place at Abercorn, Crossland Crescent, Peebles, of Mr Christopher Murray Dawson, F.E.I.S., for fifty years a schoolmaster, forty-three of which were spent at Abercorn, Linlithgowshire. His home was at 47 Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh, but for several years he has been in the habit, along with his niece, Miss Butler, of spending a month in summer at Peebles, and resided in Mona Villa. This year he leased Abercorn, formerly known as Maywood, in Crossland Crescent, and, along with Miss Butler, came to it in the beginning of July, in order to recruit from an illness in the early summer, from which he never fully recovered, and to which he finally succumbed. During his stay in Peebles this season, he was never able to go about as was his usual practice. Mr Dawson was born in Cupar Fife over seventy-six years ago, but the early part of his life was spent in Coldstream, which he was in the habit of visiting generally once a year. For some time he was English master in the Madras Academy of Cupar, and in 1846 he was appointed parish schoolmaster of Abercorn, a position which he held till 1889, when he retired. He was a model teacher, who took an all-round interest in his pupils, and he had a faculty of lucid exposition which made the knowledge he was imparting memorable. At the celebration of his jubilee as a teacher in 1889 the Earl of Hopetoun presented him, in the name of former pupils and friends, with a silver tea service and a purse of sovereigns, and a gold watch to Miss Butler, who had been his senior assistant. Miss Butler, who is possessed of much literary ability, contributed the excellent series of articles on the Border Ballads, which appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE some months ago. Our estimate of the late Mr Dawson will be found in the character sketch which appeared in our columns in June, 1889, and now that he has passed on we look back with pleasure to our acquaintance with one who was so "Leal to the Border," and who led such a noble and blameless life.

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

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1903.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE in its next number will complete the eighth yearly volume—a record in the history of Border Magazines, no previous publication of this kind having passed the second volume. While the above facts speak for the stability of the present Magazine, it is our earnest desire that the circulation of the BORDER MAGAZINE should be largely increased. For the attainment of this desired end we depend to a large extent on our readers, who, by placing the Magazine before their friends, may at once increase the circulation very considerably, and so keep alive in the hearts of Borderers an interest in the lore and literature of the Borderland.

The Border Keep.

It is always pleasing to receive a letter from a far country, but it is doubly so when the epistle contains something of literary or historical merit. The other day I received a letter from a Scottish friend in Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A., and as part of its contents are of general interest, I will make a short quotation. My friend says:—

Referring to the BORDER MAGAZINE, which I need scarcely say we all welcome in its due season and prize very much indeed, I was much taken up with the article on Prince Charlie on the Borders. My grandfather, James Brydon, according to the indentures which I have now lying before me, was bound apprentice for four years with bed and board to one Stephen Lawson, wright, at Damhead, which is somewhere near Broughton or Peebles. The indentures were signed at Damside, 17th October, 1807, and were written by one James Cairns, writer, in Peebles. One Thomas Lawson became surety for Stephen Lawson, while Alexander Brydon, residing in Penicuik, takes burden upon him for his son. I have heard my grandfather relate how his grandfather and a companion went down to the battlefield of Prestonpans from Penicuik, as many would likely do from the surrounding villages. While they were walking over the ground a Highlander accosted them, demanding of them the information whether they be "Prince Charlie's or King George's men?" The reply they gave, which unquestionably saved their scalps, was, "Wha's ever king we will be his subjects." To this the Highlander retorted, "If I thocht you were King George's men I would cleave you baith to the brisket."

* * *

THE CUNYIE NEUK.—It has been hastily supposed by archæologists that almost every town in olden times had its mint, owing to there being found so many cuenyie or cunzie neuks. The word cunzie or conyie, however, has no connection with coin, but is derived from the French coigne, corner. There is a Cuenyie Neuk in Peebles, and another in Kelso. Dunbar, it is true, seems to use the word counyie in the sense of coin, when he says in 'The Daunce'—

> 'They were so slow of feit,
> They gaif thame in the fyre a heit,
> And maid thame quicker of counyie.'

But perhaps the last word really means 'turning, course, running round a corner.'

Reference to a catalogue of autographs made the other day has prompted a friend to send me another, writes a correspondent of an evening paper. It contains one item exceptionally appropriate to-day. An album containing eighty-three authentic autograph letters written by Sir Walter Scott is offered for £750. Many of the letters relate to literary matters, although a few touch on domestic affairs. "I am glad you like 'The Lady of the Lake,'" he says in one, "as she is rather my own favourite among my literary offspring. 14,000 copies, value £9000, sold in three months." This is agreeable reading. Some extracts are pathetic, however. He intimates his willingness in one letter to go to India to a situation under Dundas as Governor, in which case he "would not hesitate to pitch the Court of Session and the bookseller to the devil!" Following this are others in which the financial embarrassment caused him by the failure of Messrs Constable is the disagreeable theme. It is almost a pity that letters addressed to private friends should on account of a craze for autographs be placed beyond the pale of privacy, more especially, perhaps, when the sentences are embittered by a sudden stroke of ill-fortune.

* * *

The following story is well-known, and is to be found in Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott":—

In the autumn of 1812 Sir Walter paid a visit to his friend Mr Morritt of Rokeby House, Yorkshire, travelling on horseback by way of Flodden and Hexham, with his eldest boy and girl on their ponies, while Mrs Scott followed them in the carriage. "Two little incidents," says Lockhart, "that diversified this ride through Northumberland have found their way into print already, but, as he was fond of telling them both down to the end of his days, I must give them a place here also. Halting at Flodden to expound the field of battle to his young folks, he found that "Marmion" had, as might have been expected, benefited the keeper of the public-house there very largely, and the village boniface, overflowing with gratitude, expressed his anxiety to have a "Scott Head" for his sign-post. The poet demurred to this proposal, and assured mine host that nothing could be more appropriate than the portraiture of a foaming tankard, which already surmounted his doorway. "Why, the painter-man has not made an ill job," said the landlord, "but I would fain have something more connected with the book that has brought me so much good custom." He produced a well-thumbed copy, and, handing it to the author, begged he would at least suggest a motto from the "Tale of Flodden Field." Scott opened the book at the death-scene of the hero, and his eye was immediately caught by the "inscription" in black letter—

"Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray,
For the kind soul of Sibyl Grey," &c.

"Well, my friend," said he, "what more would you have? You need but strike out one letter in the first of these lines, and make your painter-man, the next time he comes this way, print between the jolly tankard and your name—

"Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and PAY."

Scott was delighted to find, on his return, that this suggestion had been adopted, and for aught I know, the romantic legend may still be visible."

* * *

"THE LAIRD'S LOFT." — Rev. Professor Cooper, D.D., Glasgow, read a paper on this subject to a meeting of the Archæological Society on Tuesday, 29th September. He said the laird's lofts in parish kirks were not less characteristic of the condition of Scottish society in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than the tokens which within the last few years had engaged the zeal of such a number of collectors. Charles I. wished to restore to their churches some of the architectural beauty they possessed before the populace had interpreted too literally the injunction of John Knox. He resolved to rebuild the Cathedral of St Andrews; but the nobility and gentry frustrated this intention, and set the fashion of mean churches. But although they gave as little as they could for the glory of God, they did not overlook their own dignity, and this was apparent, among other things, in the laird's lofts, which were witnesses of the relations subsisting between the lairds and the Church of Scotland during two eventful centuries. Very often they were the only internal decoration of the churches where they were found. They sometimes appealed to a deeper feeling—speaking of the perishing of all things earthly, of possessions passed away, of famous names forgotten. Lofts were found in three different situations in the church, the best situation being along the south wall of the chancel, of which they had an example in the Seafield seat in Cullen Parish Church. Touching on the Border district, the Professor made reference to Lanton, Eckford, Crailing, Nisbet, and Bowden, the last-named being one of the most beautiful in the district. The "laird's loft" in Bowden Church was the finest he had seen in the Border counties. It was situated on the north side of the church; and its founder, Sir Thomas Ker, was still represented by the present occupants of the lofts (although the spelling of the name was changed), namely, the Carres of Cavers Carre. Dr Brydon was in the chair, and there was a large audience, who evinced much interest in the paper. On the motion of Mr Adam Laing, burgh chamberlain, Professor Cooper was accorded a very hearty vote of thanks.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The Last of the Reivers,
or Christie's Will.

From the Manuscript of John Armstrong of Ridleyhaugh, commonly known as "Jock the Scholard."

BY JOHN G. GALBRAITH,

Author of "His Own Opinion," "A Revised Version," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

Lord Durie unearths the Wizard—
Traquair's Final Call.

THE Earl of Traquair's forebodings anent another rising of the Scottish Covenanters came true. It seemeth strange that religion, the symbol of which is the Cross, signifies "peace on earth and goodwill to all men," should be at the core of so many fierce and bloody conflicts that rend our world in twain, sets brother against brother, and causes wives and maids to tear their hair and weep bitter tears. Frail men, poor, weak creatures steeped in sin, and who by their lives despise every form of religious belief, set creeds and even morality at defiance, yet these same persons will rise in righteous wrath, fight fiercely, and valiantly die, to defend the faith of their sires from dishonour, although their own conduct belies any faith in a God or belief in a hereafter. When any party tampers with the faith or forms of the national church all men are brethren, be they saints or sinners. Thus when foolish King Charles, at heart a Roman Catholic like his sires, although nominally a Protestant, signed the decree enforcing the use of a certain formal prayer-book in the Scottish kirks, he roused a nest of hornets about his ears, and his troubles in the sister kingdom were augmented by another, the fourth revival of the Solemn League and Covenant. The initial blow of the actual rebellion was struck by an old Edinburgh woman, Jenny Geddes to wit, who flung her cutty-stool at the head of the minister of St Giles, when he presumed to read a prayer from the obnoxious liturgy in her presence, and almost all Scotland took fire as the result of that act, and even now the flame lighted by it is burning as fiercely as ever, although nearly thirty years have passed since the cutty-stool caused the Bishop to duck his head. My fellow-Borderers were never very religious, either in habits or converse, and they took little part in the early portion of the struggle for religious freedom, yet the bulk of the common folks favoured the Covenanters in their views, although the lairds and nobles, who were mostly, like Traquair, scions of old Catholic families, adhered to the Royal cause and supported the King both with influence and men.

His Majesty had already enough of trouble on his hands, for although at first fortune had seemed to smile upon his efforts to quell the rebellious Parliamentary forces under Cromwell, yet severe reverses had followed, and he was ignominiously defeated both at Marsden Moor and Naseby, and this Scottish rising complicated affairs. The famous Marquis of Montrose, a trusty and sagacious leader, and a person of great influence, whose promise of service had been communicated in the dispatches which my kinsman had succeeded in carrying down from Nottingham, indeed did land in Scotland, and the King's adherents flocked in large numbers to his standard. Although the Royalist cause suffered in England, he carried matters before him here, and having cleverly defeated his opponents at Aberdeen and elsewhere, he proudly declared that he "held all Scotland as his own." Alas! this vaunted security was to lead to his downfall. We Eskdale folk entered not into any of these broils, although through the medium of Pedlar Tam we heard some little anent the troublesome happenings of these days. The period of two years and a half, during which all this occurred and which elapsed between the second and third visits of Traquair, passed peacefully over the heads of Gilnockie's inhabitants. The fact that Young Will, my eldest son, was ushered into the world during those troublesome times was of more import to us than any news either of defeat or victory. Our first born was given unto us early in 1644, and from the very first, whilst yet the babe could only gaze wonderingly around, Will took to his namesake, and I warrant that the guileless grandson did much to bring about the changes in my kinsman's character which were now to be observed, and were often remarked by Maggie and me. When after the Jedburgh incident he first gave up the reiving my kinsman was restless. He could settle at nothing, and his only pleasure lay in riding to and fro around the marches seeing where he could gain by the exercise of his talents as a judge of stock. The experience he had gained whilst a youth by being hastily compelled to judge which of the cattle stalled in a Bewcastle byre would best stand the strain of a hurried flight across to Scotland in the pale moonlight, stood him in good stead, and the two farms were always plentifully stocked with decent cattle, but he would not settle down to the ordinary routine work, and I trow that the two commissions which he executed for his patron came to him as veritable God-sends, allowing him to assume for the nonce some portions of the part he formerly played as a daring reiver and rider. He was by this time well known as a keen buyer at all the markets on the Marches, but with the advent of Young Will a change was wrought. Although he had always been a rough-spoken, blunt man, he had ever been a clean living person, and earned the respect of all his fellows, yet prattling with the boy caused him to settle down and quieted his spirit. Instead of being ever-desirous of rushing off on some real or imaginary pretext that meant saddling Bess, for days he never offered to stir from Gilnockie. Maggie and I, as is ever the case with young parents, were very proud of our first-born, but I warrant that even our love was dwarfed by comparison with the torrent of affection poured on the infant by its grandsire Will. Maggie and he often squabbled anent the babe, for he would hardly allow her to take the child from his arms a moment; he instituted himself as nurse-maid-in-chief, and I trow that it was a beautiful sight to see old age and childhood as portrayed in these twain.

During the warm summer Maggie, when pressed by her household duties, often carried the child into the old vault of the peel and there allowed him perfect freedom to crawl around in safety, and whenever we lost track of the laird here we were sure to run him to ground fondling the little urchin and teaching him to walk. It was the month of Sep-

tember again, and on this particular morning when I must take up the thread of my narrative, Will had been over at Ridleyhaugh to consult with my sire anent certain business. I was busy mowing in one of the fields when I saw Will come up the path and make his way towards the old vault, where the child was certain to be. Throwing down the scythe I followed him thither, for I was desirous of hearing the result of the interview with my sire. As I entered the cell where old Durie had been confined for six long weeks, a pretty sight greeted me. The cell was spotlessly clean, and the sunlight streaming in from the open door and window made everything bright. On a low settle sat Will, the child on his knee. One hand held the boy, whilst with the other he was amusing the child by snapping his pistol. When the hammer fell the infant crowed with glee and clapped his little hands delightfully, so the performance was repeated. I stood and watched the fun, and I noticed how the grey locks of my kinsman mingled and contrasted with the flaxen hair of my son. Will, once as straight as a rush, was now somewhat bent. It seemed to me that the lesser worries and cares of his present life aged him more than the rough habits of the reiving trade had done. I asked and received the necessary information, and Will had told me of a grand equipage he had passed, as he came along the highway, and which evidently belonged to some noble journeying from Carlisle to Langholm. I listened to this news, for it was seldom that travellers came near us, and I was turning to go back to my mowing when two shadows fell across the doorway, and there stood Lord Durie and another gentleman.

"Ha! ha! I have unearthed the mysterious wizard in his lair at last!" quoth our erst-while prisoner, ere we recovered from our surprise. I thought I should know the burly form which passed the coach along the turnpike, and I warrant, Lord Inglis, that we have got something worth our trouble of tramping over the moorland in his wake, for there sits the man who stole me away from Leith Sands, and this is the very cell I was confined in. He's got another occupation now, evidently wet-nurse!"

Will broke in dryly, "Is it that five-pund note ye're efter, Lord Durie," and he ostentatiously drew forth his wallet, "I'm thinkin' I'm still awn ye it."

"Weel, I won it fairly," retorted the Lord President, readily entering into the humours of my kinsman, "but you'd better keep it, seeing that you tricked me so neatly. Here have I been going around Edinburgh telling a grand tale anent the powerful magician who whipped me off and kept me under his power for six weeks, and this laird was really at the bottom of it."

"A pretty queer wizard, I trow, gin that be him," quoth Lord Inglis, "I'd warrant few would have seen that face and then talked about wizards."

"Who was it, Brother Inglis," sharply queried Lord Durie, "that bolted from Leith to Edinboro' as fast as his beast could gallop, when he saw my face and heard my voice? That was a time of ghosts, Sir William!" Lord Inglis vouchsafed no answer to this sarcasm, and this jibe set Lord Durie in good tune with himself and consequently softened his opinions, for he said, "Weel, I fancy that my six weeks' sojourn in this cell did me little ill. It proved the real worth of a few friends and the hollowness of the esteem of a good many more," and he threw another sarcastic look at the abashed Sir William.

"I kept ye captive, ma lord," said Will, still toying with the babe, "but I didna let ony ither harm befa' ye."

"Right, sir laird. I was well fed and not ill-treated otherwise, altho' my mind was in a bonny pickle what with fear and fancy. Anyway, the whole adventure gat me some favour amongst the Edinboro' dames, and now I'll warrant the real story will leak out, and if the one account caused the hearers to shudder with terror at such a tale of mystic beings, the real narrative, when it reaches their ears, will cause mirth to replace their fears," said Lord Durie, whilst the grin on the face of his fellow-judge foretold that he would lose no time in making known the real identity of his superior's "mighty magician," and cause the gossips to shake their sides with laughter when he related the truth anent the adventure and the origin of the blood-curdling narrative.

"But why did ye—a douce canty farmer—desire to kidnap me out of the city and so delay the business of the Court of Session for a fortnight," suddenly asked the President. This was a fresh embarrassment, and Will, loyal to his patron, deemed it safest to make no answer to this searching query, he sat dumbly playing with the child. I heard the rattle of spurs upon the pavement, a shadow crossed before the door, and the very person who was in the minds of both Will and me entered—Traquair came striding into the cell. Will, with something akin to alarm in his voice, exclaimed, "The Maister—It's the Yerl!" and Durie also was taken aback when his eyes fell upon the form of his late rival, and the Earl in turn was non-plussed to behold the Lord President within Gilnockie vault.

"My question's answered now, I ween," shouted Lord Durie, when he recovered from his surprise, "Ay, Traquair, ye seem very familiar here—yer plea came before the court whilst I lay a prisoner in this dungeon, and if I mind right ye won the day——"

"Yes, Sir Alexander, thanks to Sir William here," blythely retorted the Earl.

"Ay, ye would grease his palm, I'll warrant, and that was the reason this farmer—your tool, I ween—kidnapped me off from Leith and kept me here, was it?" and he fairly screamed with passion at this denouement. He had taken the former discoveries easily, thanks to his discovering Will as he was peacefully employed with the infant on his knee, and also thanks to my kinsman's wit, but now, when he knew that his old enemy had had a hand in the plot his rage was terrible. "I trow it was a daring trick, your grace, but mayhap some day you'll pay sweet for it. You have allied yourself to a falling cause, and you'll go down with it!"

"I've never been as tricky as you, Lord Durie," retorted Traquair, "and run with the hare whilst I hunted among the hounds, and so kept my position in any case."

Lord Durie blanched at this jibe, and ordering Sir William to accompany him to the coach, he strode off fairly wild with passion. Lord Inglis, after bidding Traquair farewell, followed him, whilst we explained to the Earl how the Lord President had recognised Will passing on the highway and had tracked him home.

"Cursed be the fate that led him hither," exclaimed the Earl, "he'll make trouble for me yet, and, like my sovereign, I've enough of that on hand. He's far in with Cromwell, I know, although he is still King Charles's official, and he'll not spare

me once he gets the upper hand. But I am forgetting—time is passing—Wull, again must I ask a favour of you. Will you guide me quickly to Selkirk? Every moment saved by a short route is of worth. Montrose is camped near there, and he thinks that he has not an enemy within a hundred miles of him, whilst even now Sir David Lesley is stealing down upon him with a strong force of Covenanters. Montrose will be taken unawares, unless I reach him before Lesley attacks. I heard the sure news when I was in Carlisle collecting gold to pay the Royal forces. Who can guide me better to Selkirk than our friend here, and also help me to guard the gold? Wilt thou go, friend?" Will answered, as was his wont when service was asked of him, by action, and, rising, handed me the babe. "Then get quickly to horse, Wull, every instant is of account," and the noble bustled out to hurry departure.

As the Earl went out Will turned to me, and with a downcast look said, "I've been dreading the Yerl's comin' this lang while back, an' somehow I'm feared I'll never see Gilnockie again. Tak' care o' the wean, an' bring the lad up to respect the memory of his race an' o' me. I'll no gang near the hoose. I daurna face Maggie wi' the thochts I hae the noo." "Hoots, havers, Wull Armstrang," quoth I, indignantly, "are ye gaun gyte? Gabbin' there as gin ye were gaun awa' for guid. Ye've only to guide the Yerl to Selkirk, yer no to tak' ony pairt in the fechtin'—I'm fair ashamed o' ye, that's gospel!"

"Weel! weel! then, Jock, them that leaves langest will see maist, an' I'm thinkin' I'll not get back again a' the same. I dinna ken what's wrang wi' me, but I've been unca dowie this whilie an' dreaded the maister's comin' again," he answered, an' although I endeavoured to dispel his fit of depression, still I augured little good from the effect that Traquair's third summons was having on him; he seemed little like the bold reiver he used to be—idleness ever plays havoc with men of action. However, when he got astride of the faithful Bess' back, he seemed to pluck up wondrously, some of the old spirit of daring appeared in his bearing, and kissing Young Will and reverently asking God to bless us all, he followed Traquair, who was already riding across the moor, the heavy bags of gold which he had collected at Carlisle dangling at his saddle-bow.

I watched the twosome disappear below the horizon and made the babe reply to Will's wave of the hand with which he saluted us ere he vanished behind the hill, and then I went in and acquainted Maggie with the fact that her sire had again gone ariding in the service of his patron. She was ill-pleased to hear that the Earl had made a fresh demand on Will. "He's no blate to ask an auld man to rise an' rin at his biddin' as gin he were a callant," was her comment, and I wean I thought that Will had already done enough to repay for two lives, but it is ever the "willin' horse that gets maist wark." I told her nought of Will's forebodings of evil.

(To be Continued.)

The Henderland Raid.*

(1529.)

(To James Arnot, Esq., M.A.)

We stood beside the wild Dow linn,
And strove to live again the past;
Hearing above the water's din
A voice come sighing on the blast:—
A woman's wail for vanquished knight,
For broken bower, and hireling's flight.

Blithe sprang the lark o'er moor and fell,
That fateful morn long years ago;
Uprose the deer from bosky dell,
Heedless, that when the sun sank low
A heart should wail for vanquished knight,
For broken bower, and hireling's flight.

By Manor height and Cramalt crag
Come gallants gay with hawk and hound;
Intent on lonely heron and stag,
Nor dream night-winds shall bear the sound
Of woman's wail for vanquished knight,
For broken bower, and hireling's flight.

For why? the hunt is but disguise
For raid as keen as Border spears;
Not deer, but men, meet death's surprise,
And fate decrees that down the years—
A voice shall wail for vanquished knight,
For broken bower, and hireling's flight.

Flow on lone stream of plaintive sound,
Nor deem thy tale of love shall die;
For hoary tower and grass-grown mound,
Bear witness before earth and sky:—
Thou too hast mourned for vanquished knight,
For broken bower, and hireling's flight.

And every season as it turns
Upon the circle of the years,
Shall greener keep the moss and ferns
Bedewed long since with bitter tears
When rose the wail for vanquished knight,
For broken bower, and hireling's flight.

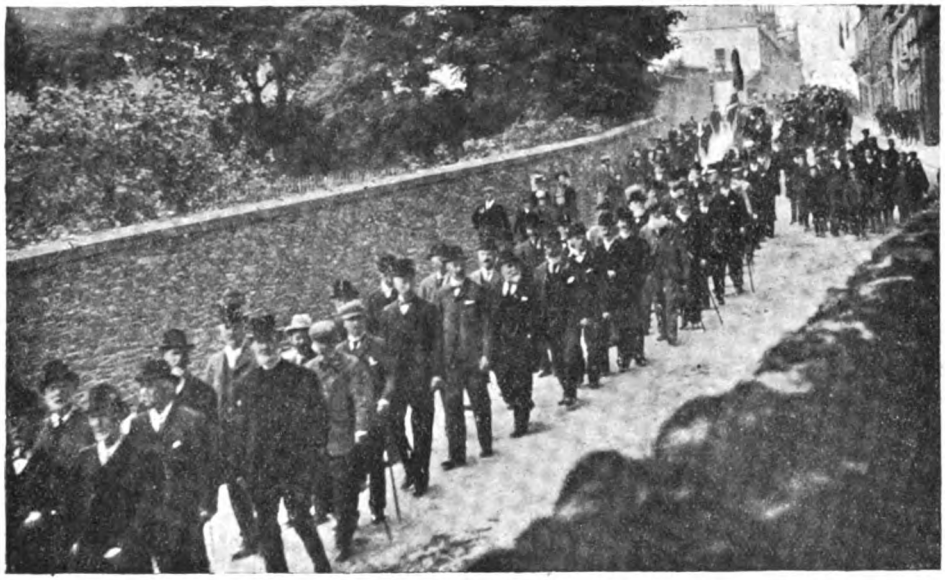
Duncan Fraser.

*See Ballad of "The Border Widow's Lament."

New Border Song—*The Rose o' Leithen Vale.*—We are always pleased to welcome any addition to our modern Border minstrelsy, and more especially when it comes in the form of sweet song set to good music. The new song bearing the above title, the words of which are by Mr William Wight, and the music by Mr J. H. Rogers, will be welcomed by the natives of St Ronan's because of its local colour, and by Borderers in general by reason of its plaintive sweetness. As stated in our advertising columns, the song is published at 1s 6d, and we trust it will have a ready sale.

Selkirk Picture Post Cards.

THOSE who thought that the rage for picture post cards would soon die out have been quite mistaken, for every day sees new issues, all vieing with each other as to quality and picturesqueness. Out of the way bits of scenery are being photographed and reproduced so that there is scarcely a hamlet in the land which has not been made familiar to the public, while the hearts of natives in distant parts are cheered and refreshed by these pleasant reminders of home. We have received a most excellent set from Mr Walter Thomson, printer and stationer, 29 High Street, Selkirk, by whose kindness we are enabled to reproduce two of the cards referred to. The procession of the Merchant Company will be specially interesting to Selkirk folk, while "Newark Castle and Yarrow Braes" is an exquisite bit of Border scenery which will appeal to every one.



THE GREEN, SELKIRK—MERCHANT COMPANY IN PROCESSION ON COMMON-RIDING MORNING, JUNE 12TH, 1903

Bits from an old Book Shop.

WHEN we happen to be in Edinburgh we always feel inclined to turn towards Leith Walk because of the strong attractions of a certain book shop, the proprietor of which is Mr R. M. Williamson, brother of the Border poetess "Effie"—a sketch and portrait of whom appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE, November, 1896. Mr Williamson is one of the largest buyers of second-hand books in Edinburgh, and as a distributor of literary treasures he has done much to foster the love of reading in thousands who have been attracted by his shop. He has had a wide experience as a bookseller, and not a little of that experience he has given us in the neat little volume bearing the above title. The book is a most interesting production, and can be had from any bookseller at 6d, 1s or 2s 6d, according to binding. Mr Williamson loves his calling, and thus refers to the pleasures of bookselling:—

Buying and selling books is a most delightful occupation. Let poets sing of the pleasures of hope, the pleasures of the imagination, the pleasures of memory, or essayists write of the pleasure of literature, 'tis mine to praise the pleasures of bookselling.

The bookseller lives in a bygone world. He is daily in close communion with the good and wise of all ages. The pleasures of hope, imagination, memory, and literature are all his. He is cheered by the hope of meeting some rare literary treasure; the delights of imagination are his as he soars on the wings of fancy with poet or story-teller; the sweet memories of past intellectual pleasures are ever with him, and all literature, past and present, is his to enjoy.

. . . . . .

If one's environment and daily occupation have an influence on one's character, the man who buys and sells books should in the nature of things reflect in his life the atmosphere of the world of literature by which he is surrounded. Meeting with all sorts and conditions of men and wo[illegible] in

search for diverse varieties of books, he must needs be a many-sided man, able to converse on every topic that turns up, from the choice of a picture book for a little child to recommending a volume to a budding divine.

A bookseller is the custodian and dispenser of that which is more precious than silver or gold. The food he distributes goes not to the building up of men's bodies, but provides for the nurture of the mind and the formation of the immortal soul. The commodities sold by other merchants serve but for the needs of this changing life, but undying thoughts in great books are for all eternity. What sort of a man, then, should he be whose daily business life is passed in buying and selling casquets containing such treasures?

. . . . . .

The influence of dealing in books may and should be for all good in helping to ennob'e the character of the bookseller. It is invariably the best kind of people who buy books and who have them to sell. Holding converse day by day with men and women of a literary temperament, habitually handling, thinking about, talking about, and dipping into books must help to mould one's character in the highest and best sense.

Mr Williamson understands both sides of the counter, and thus refers to the customer's enjoyment:—

The pleasure to be derived from poking about an old book shop is like drinking from a well whose waters are ever bubbling forth pure and fresh. Every time one visits the place there is some fresh volume added, some new treasure to be examined, some fresh theme to talk on with the bookseller. Even if there be no fresh books are not the old ones like dear friends ever waiting to be looked at? There is a delight in just being in the presence of old books; one feels at home in the best society, the smell of the old leather binding is good, the homely honest letterpress is better, but the carrying away in one's pocket the volume as one's very own is best of all.

. . . . . .

The pleasure derived from collecting books is a pleasure that never palls: a joy for ever. Once a lover always a lover, is a true saying when applied to a lover of books. As old age draws near, the man who has found his delight in athletic sport is unable to indulge his taste, but the lover of books can find a solace and joy in the companionship of his silent friends which increases as the years go round.

NEWARK CASTLE AND YARROW BRAES, SELKIRK.

Edinburgh Borderers' Union Visit to Geneva.

SIX years ago this Union took a new departure in the way of carrying out one of its objects, namely, the promomotion of social intercourse amongst the members,—by having excursions (lasting from eight to fourteen days) to the Continent or to some interesting locality in our own islands. The BORDER MAGAZINE for October, 1897, contains a short notice of the first excursion, which was to Paris, and which was taken part in by no fewer than forty-one. Ex-

actly the same number were present this year. Leaving Edinburgh on the evening of Monday, 7th September, after thirty-four hours' continuous travelling they reached Geneva on Wednesday morning. Breakfast in London, lunch at Boulogne, and dinner in Paris kept the travellers in good form, and, although a rough crossing of the Channel gave most of them a touch of "mal de mer," they reached their destination wonderfully fit, and were able to enjoy a two hours' sail on the Lake on the day of arrival. The journey from Amberieu up the Rhone Valley was a revelation of Alpine scenery, and the smooth bluish-green waters of the deep flowing Rhone gave a pleasant foreground. The town of Geneva is a very ancient one, but the part on the right bank of the Rhone, where the party were located in the Hotel Bellevue, is modern. It is clean and well-lighted. The sanitary arrangements are very complete, every house being supplied with water throughout, and the whole being lighted with electric light. The tramways also are driven by electricity. The pumping of the water, the lighting of the town, the tramways, and all other municipal requirements have their electricity generated by immense turbines, yielding continuously, summer and winter, 6000 horse-power, driven by the waters of the Rhone as they leave the lake. A peculiarity of the Swiss rivers is that they are, as a general rule, larger in summer than in winter owing to the melting of the snow on the mountains, but there is a constant and steady supply for electrical purposes all the year round. Electric light and power are consequently cheap in Geneva. The Lake of Geneva or Lake Leman, as it is called, has been a favourite theme of poets in all ages. Its deep blue colour is unique. Forty-five miles long and eight miles wide, it has a surface of 224 square miles, and its surface height above the level of the sea is 1220 feet. Its depth is no less than 1095 feet, so that Arthur's Seat or the Eildon Hills might be tumbled in and the blue waters would still wave 200 or 300 feet above their summits. The country is beautifully wooded and thickly dotted with small villages and handsome Chateaux, while for many miles towards the eastern end, the banks are clothed with vineyards. The grapes of Switzerland are not so large or so sweet as those of France or Italy, but they have a pleasant flavour of their own. The lake contains no fewer than twenty-one different kinds of fish, and there are numerous wild swans, gulls, sea-swallows, and other birds on its surface. The sail up the Lake to Nyon, Lausanne, and Montreux, was a very enjoyable one, and from Territet, Glion by funiculaire railway and the Castle of Chillon were seen to advantage. The range of Savoy Alps with Mont Blanc towering above the other dominates the whole town and district. Magnificent views were obtained of these snow-clad peaks the first three evenings just before sunset. For the remainder of the week they were shrouded in clouds. A splendid view was also obtained from Chamonix, which was visited, and most of the party had a walk across the lower end of the Glacier des Bossons. A drive of twenty miles to the Col de la Faucille in the Jura Mountains was also a very enjoyable one. The height reached, 4355 feet, commanded magnificent views, but the more distant peaks were lost in the clouds. A journey by mountain railway (electric) to the top of Mount Salève (4290 feet in altitude) was also robbed of much of its effect by the drifting clouds, in which the summit was enveloped. Below the clouds, however, the Lake itself, the valley of the Arve, and the Monnetier valley were seen to advantage. The city of Geneva has a wealth of museums, public parks, statues, &c. In the Old Cathedral, with its memories of Calvin, the Church of Scotland has, during the summer months for the past sixty years conducted a weekly service in the Chapel of the Maccabees, and practically the whole of the party found their way there on the Sunday. Leaving Geneva early on the morning of Wednesday, 16th September, the journey to Paris was made by daylight, and for the greater part of the way the railway ran through the midst of vineyards. Short halts were made at Macon, the centre of the Burgundy trade, and at Dijon, also a wine country and a military and railway centre. Most of the party spent Thursday sight-seeing in Paris, and the journey homeward was made in independent groups, the last reaching home about a week later. The excursion was most successful and enjoyable. In the Hotel Bellevue a Border concert was given on the Friday night, and a very successful dance on the Monday night. In addition to the first and last excursions above mentioned, the following places have been visited:—1898, Killarney and the South of Ireland; 1899, Lucerne and Central Switzerland; 1900, Wales; 1901, Holland and Belgium; and 1902, the North of Ireland and the Isle of Man. The results have been to make and cement friendships among the members, to give them broader views and wider sympathies with other people, and to bring home to them that after all there is no place like the Borders.

The Border Ploughman: A Portrait.

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

"O' a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the pleughman."—Old Song.

I.

John Tamson is the pleughman's name,
He dwalls on Scotlan's Border;
Frae stable-heck to reddin'-kaim,
His gear is aye in order.

II.

He drives twa horses o' the best,
An' few like him can guide them—
I doot there's nane wad stand the test
To draw a fur' beside them.

III.

His guid pleugh-sock is burnish'd bricht,
And weel it pairts the lee-land,
The faugh-land an' the stibble-land,
The laigh-land an' the hie-land.

IV.

This truth he kens: 'the kindly man,
His beast is kindlys treatit;'
And wat an' hungry aft he'll stan',
To see his horses meatit.

V.

Syne hameward: to his passing look
His hoose is licht an' leesome,
An' seated by the ingle-neuk
A wife an' bairnies threesome.

VI.

The pleughman's job's a toilsome job—
He rises wi' the sun, oh!
An' sterns are keekin' thro' the cluds
Whiles ere his work is done, oh!

VII.

But health is his, and honest thrift,
And, while he turns the soil,
The laverock chants frae oot the lift
To cheer him at his toil.

VIII.

And craws an' pickmaes, white an' black,
Fly skirlin' in his wake,
Like sea-birds in a vessel's track,
As he the grund doth break.

IX.

He pleughs the earth, whence all good springs,
He breathes the bounteous air:
O' Life's an' Natur's precious things
His is an ample share.

X.

And, if he labours the year round,
What waur for that's the pleughman?
His hairt is licht, his sleep is sound,
An' isna' that eneugh, man?

XI.

Sae, though he boast nae pride o' birth,
Nor learnèd education,
There's mony a great one o' the earth
Micht envy him his station!

XII.

For, wantin' health, what charm has walth?
Or power without content,
Wi' cheerful hairt to play ane's pairt,
An' tak' what Heaven has sent?

New Memories of Sir Walter Scott.

THE following interesting article recently appeared in "T.P.'s Weekly," a publication which has taken a place in the front rank of British periodicals:

The writer of this article, Mr Thomas Shaw, M.P. for Hawick Burghs, was personally acquainted with the two men he names who knew Sir Walter Scott. It will be remembered that Abbotsford is in Mr Shaw's constituency.

I have been asked whether I ever spoke on the subject of Sir Walter Scott to men who knew him in the flesh. Well, yes. I have had two such men in conversation on the interesting topic. I remember vividly their talk, and very willingly comply with your request that I should recount it.

More than a dozen years ago I learned that a veteran Radical and Presbyterian was approaching his jubilee as what is known as an "elder"—an admired office-bearer—of his church. His life, hard and humdrum, of course, in many ways, had yet had not a few picturesque incidents; and so, for his sake and that of his story, and—shall it be confessed?—with a certain literary arrière pensée, I had him down to friendly cross-examination. Thomas Learmouth had had a strenuous youth and early manhood; gone to prison rather than pay a despised ecclesiastical impost called the Annuity Tax: known Jeffreys, John Clark of Eldin—"Rab" was, indeed, but a modern—and many others of that forceful set that Edinburgh had to put up with seventy or eighty years ago. He remembered the awful tragedy in a church in Kirkcaldy—crowded to hear the weird eloquence of Edward Irving—when a gallery collapsed, causing a wild scene of injury and death. Learmouth, as a church manager also responsible for galleries, was deputed to visit the spot.

"Why did it fall?" said I.

"Scrimp timmer," he answered.

"How was the timber so slender?" said I.

"Oh," said he, "it was the days of Protection; there was a duty on beams of 1s per foot; everything had to be scrimpit."

"Did you ever," said I on chance; "did you ever see Sir Walter Scott?"

"I did that!" said he, to my delight. And he then told me his story. Learmouth's trade was that of a bell-hanger and "stair-railer," and when he was an apprentice boy learning his trade he was on his job at the building of Abbotsford. The Wizard was there, deeply interested in all that was going on, and speaking heartily and kindly to the workpeople engaged. Learmouth relished the recollection, and de-

scribed Sir Walter in, I think, these exact words:

"I mind him weel, hirplin' here and hirplin' there, wi' a Glengarry bonnet and a bunch o' heather in't."

Johnstone's was a different and a more intimate case, and you shall see at the close of his narrative how he gave a bit of a backset to my complacent hero-worship. Johnstone also was a man of much force of character. When I saw him he was, I think, over ninety; the oldest inhabitant of my oldest burgh, Selkirk. You know the sweet, quaint little town, sitting like a dainty queen among the hills, hearing the rush of Ettrick, and looking up to Yarrow and over Philiphaugh. She holds in her hand the keys of the Borders, its poetry, its story, and its witchery of romance; and is even to this hour, as I myself have seen her, moved almost to tears by the "Flowers of the Forest." It was the story of that strain, and its living link with the compiler of the minstrelsy, that stamped my interview upon my memory.

Johnstone, when I saw him, had risen, with the approbation of the county, to the local dignity of Honorary Sheriff-Substitute. But in the younger days of which he spoke he confessed to having been rather a rollicking blade. "I used to gang doon to Abbotsford; I played the fiddle, and the servant lassies likit a reel.' "Did the great man ever come in upon you?" said I. "Mair than yince. He heard the fiddle and the daffin', and he came." "What happened?" I asked. "Oh, he pretended, to begin wi', that he was angry; and then he bargained to let me off if I played the 'Flowers o' the Forest.' And he stood still till it was dune, and then he gaed awa'." Get me the artist, I say, to paint me that picture—the servant's hall, the awed domestics, and in the centre the rustic violinist confronted by Sir Walter himself, listening, stock still, but for the firing of his eye and the moving of his heart, to his country's dirge over her bravest and best "a' wede away" on Flodden Field.

I had found gold. I was exultant. But now came my "dooncome." "I suppose," said I, "that the Shirra" (Scott was, you remember, Sheriff of Selkirk) "was greatly thought of by everybody?" Then came the blow. "Far frae that," replied Mr Johnstone; "he was rale ill likit!" "Rale ill likit!" said I, when I had gathered my senses. "How came that about?" "Oh!" said he, "he was that hard upon the poachers! The folk chased the Shirra doon the brae and flung clods at him. And some of them were ta'en in before the lords, and sent to the gaol for't." I thought of everything—spots on the sun, the Tweed Acts, the perennial conflict, lairds, bailiffs, and sheriffs on the one side, and poachers and sympathising communities on the other, and Scott was a laird and a Sheriff in one. Well, well; all was confusion. For to this hour I cannot comprehend how anyone can be a devotee of Scott and fail to see with him the skill, the daring, the romance of burning the water and leistering salmon. But let us draw the curtain. You have the stories as I got them. Farewell Learmouth, farewell Johnstone, and still all hail to Scott!—Yours heartily.

Mr Shaw, the versatile and popular M.P., to whom we are indebted for the foregoing interesting reminiscences of the past, may have his doubts about Scott and the poachers cleared away when he remembers that there were no Tweed Acts in Scott's time, and that even to this day the Borderers only use the word "poacher" when referring to those who illegally kill game, the illegal capture of fish not being considered poaching by the majority of the inhabitants of the Borderland. A man is said to have been "oot at the fishing'," when he has been either netting or leistering (a rare accomplishment now) during the night. Scott was not so hard on poachers after all, when he took Tom Purdie, who came before him for judgment, and made him his factotum and companion.—Ed.

The Teviotdale Guizards.

By the Late R. Murray, Hawick.

FOR years now the companies of Guizards have been becoming fewer and far less fanciful than they used to be. Guizarding is a very ancient custom. It can be traced back as far as Roman paganism, and has descended down to the present time in a variety of forms. The enacting of a drama has been the general duty of these hilarious bands. Several of the dramas have in recent years found their way into the printing press; and although there is a family likeness in them all, each of them varies according to their respective periods and geographical position. The version of the said drama which has been most popular in upper Teviotdale during the last sixty years was introduced into Hawick by a stocking-maker family bearing the name of Turnbull, that came from Ancrum, and as it seems now to be dying away, it may perhaps be interesting to some readers to preserve it in the columns of the Border Magazine. The actors, five in number,

were generally dressed with large white shirts and mitre-shaped hats made of paper and decorated with flaunting ribands. The first of the five had to be a "forritsome" lad, as he had the doors to open and begin the play. He often got a reception as rude as his own entrance had been, and had many a time to rush out more eagerly than he had dared to enter in. His part of the play was as under:—

Silence, silence, gentlemen,
And down I cast mine eye;
My name is Alexander,
I sing a tradegy.
My men they are too young, sir;
They never fought before;
But they will do the best they can—
The best can do no more.

The next I call up is the farmer's son.

Enters Actor 2nd:

Here comes in the farmer's son;
Although I be too young, sir,
I have a spirit brave,
And I will nobly risk my life
My country for to save.

First Actor:

The next I call upon is Galashuns.

Enters Actor 3rd:

Here comes in Galashuns,
Galashuns is my name;
My sword and pistol by my side,
I hope to win the game.

2nd Actor:

The game, sir, the game, sir,
It's not within your power;
I'll cut you down to inches
In less than half-an-hour.

First Actor:

The next I call upon is Sir William Wallace.

Enters 4th Actor—Wallace.

Here comes in Sir William Wallace,
Scotia's glory, death, or victory.

First Actor:

What cheer?

Wallace:

Good cheer. I lay my hand upon
This awful blade; I vow, I vow,
I make a vow—I vow before you all,
That since Galashuns has come in
I'll make him down to fall.

A combat, in which Galashuns falls. Then the first two actors chaunt in vengeful strains:

Now that young man is dead, sir,
And on the ground is laid;
And you shall suffer for it,
I'm very sore afraid.

Wallace: Well, well, if I have slain Galashuns, I'll bring him back to life again. Bring in Dr Brown.

Enters Dr Brown:

Weep, weep, says I, old Dr Brown,
I'm the best old doctor in the town.

Wallace: How far have you travell'd?
Dr: From the bed to the door.
Wallace: What have you seen in your travels?
Dr: I have seen old women flying in the air like 'tato-peelings and geese going on pattens.
Wallace: What can you cure?
Dr: I can cure all sorts of diseases, from the howt, rowt, and the gout, to the rumblegumptions of the big toe.
Wallace: What will you take to cure this young man?
Dr: Fifteen pounds.
Wallace: Will five not do?
Dr: Five wouldn't get a good kit of brose. Jack would come o'er the bed and sup them all out.
Wallace: Will ten not do?
Dr: Ten would get a bottle of hoxy croxy. A little to his nose and a little to his chin—rise up, Jack, and fight again.

Galashuns rises up and sings:

Oh brother! Oh brother! why didst thou me kill?
I never would have thought that you my precious blood would spill.

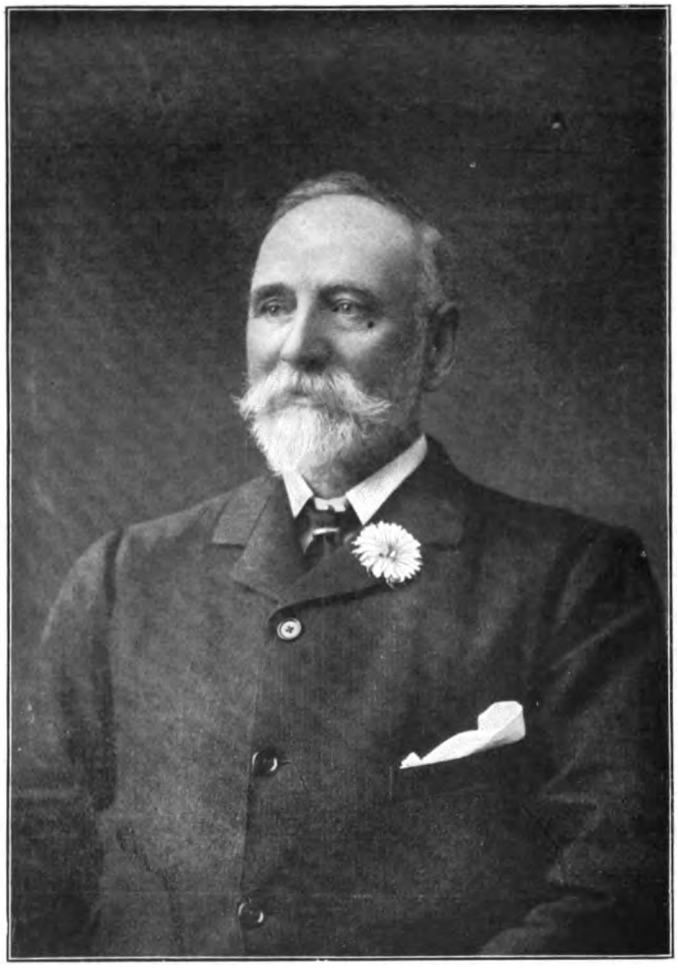
All join hands, and sing:

But since we're all revived again,
We'll all shake hands and 'gree—
We'll all shake hands and 'gree;
And we'll never fight no more,
And we will be like brothers,
As we were once before.
There is five of us all—
Five merry boys are we;
And we are all going a-roving,
Our lasses for to see.
Our lasses for to see,
And some pleasures for to have;
And what you freely give to us
We freely will receive.
God bless the master of this house,
And mistress, too, likewise:
And all the pretty babies
That round the mother flies.
Go down to your cellars,
And see what you can find;
If your barrels be not empty.
I hope you will prove kind,
With some apples and some beer;
I wish you all good Christmas,
Likewise a good New Year.

At this, the conclusion of the drama, the best singer of the company was called upon to sing a song; and then the hat went round by the last of the let, who enters with a direful dress, and introduces himself by saying:—

Here comes in old Belzebub,
Over my shoulder I carry a club;
And in my hand a frying-pan—
I think myself a jolly old man.

The collection is now made, and then they march off to the next likely house, where they repeat the performance.



JAMES PRETSELL.

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Mr JAMES PRETSELL, J.P.

A Story of Self Help and Social Help.

IT is quite fitting that the career of Mr James Pretsell should find a record here. With few early advantages he has not only been able to look upon his own things wisely, and achieve progress and self-culture, but he has also looked upon the things of others, and proved a helpful factor in the civic life of Edinburgh, and assisted many a youth and maiden by the unique educational scheme which has so filled his life during the winter months. His story is an inspiring one.

Mr Pretsell still continues his self-denying labours, in connection with what are known as Mr M'Ewan's and Mr Pretsell's scheme for evening classes for Heriot-Watt College. For these pupils' fees are paid. The scheme has no desire to overturn existing conditions, and only those are expected to apply who have been attending the Heriot-Watt or shorthand classes last session, and made good progress, or who have been attending the advanced classes of the School Board. The meetings held last autumn for the distribution of tickets at the Heriot-Watt show that the scheme is more successful than ever, there being over 260 at the Heriot-Watt and 55 at the shorthand classes. Principal Lawrie told the Lord Provost, who presented the matriculation tickets, that for years Mr Pretsell's students have been the pick of the college. This is amply shown by results, and Mr Pretsell himself feels that the selection is worth all the work that he gives to it. Those students he has had before he knows all about, and those coming to him for the first time must show what they have been doing educationally for the past two years. He finds it is no use sending a lad to the Heriot-Watt who may have been running wild since he left the day school, perhaps three or four years ago. He had a lad this year who had brought certificates for perfect attendance for the last six years at an evening Board School. He had also a lad who brought him a letter from Mr Murray, the headmaster of Sciennes School, which showed that the youth had attended that school as a day scholar for seven years without being even a half-day awanting. These are the lads he finds the greatest pleasure in helping; those who have what Dr Arnold called "moral thoughtfulness."

In doing this work, he has unearthed one or two geniuses; for instance, Miss Helen M. Pike, of 14 Earlston Place, who has a distinct art gift, and who left for London on 3rd October, to begin her third and last year at the College of Art, South Kensington. She is a "royal exhibitioner," and the first of her year, 1901. There are ten of these Royal Exhibitions competed for over Great Britain and Ireland each year, and although one or two women had previously taken a place in the ten, it was left to Miss Pike to be the only woman who ever took first place. Her mother, who has some connection with the Borders, brought her to Mr Pretsell about ten years ago (her father having just died), just when she left the day school, and was anxious to send her to the Heriot-Watt, as the girl had given early evidence of a decided taste for drawing. Mr Pretsell saw her work, and had great pleasure in paying her fees. She started with freehand and model drawing, and at the end of the session she took the medals in both. For the next six years she took first place at the Heriot-Watt, and the medal in every branch of art. This earned her a foundation which entitled her to study in London during the summer session, and at the Mound dur-

ing the winter, and it was the work done there that gained her the Royal Exhibition which expires this year. Mr Pretsell, who has acted as president and vice-president of the Scottish Bowling Association, had his work recognised in connection with the Edinburgh and Leith Bowling Association, of which he has been treasurer since 1884, by the presentation of a gold watch and a number of books; something was also given to Mrs Pretsell.

He was one of the representative bowlers who, in 1892, signed the circular calling in Glasgow a meeting of representatives from every club in Scotland in order to establish a central body, and the "Scottish Bowling Association" is the result, which has given to the world a code of rules which governs the game, not only in Scotland but almost wherever the game is played. He was also one of eight players who went from Scotland and played Dr Grace's team at the Crystal Palace in 1901, and again in 1902, and also played against the doctor when he visited Edinburgh in August, 1902. They beat the Englishmen on each occasion, and these matches have done much to foster the game in London, which was the object aimed at.

One always finds Mr James Pretsell practical and full of strong common sense. He has an eye in his head for any weakness, for something wrong, either in a lamp-post in the wrong place, or in the Edinburgh Town Council, or in the Public Parks, and immediately we find him putting out his hand and trying to set them right. There is a breeziness and healthfulness about the man, as if he had just crossed Lauder Moor, near where he was born, and his cheek has not lost the bloom gathered there in youth, or when drawing a straight furrow at Stow. You can see he is a healthy out-of-door man, and his preface to the twentieth number of his well-known Edinburgh Bowling Annual, dated from 3 Spottiswoode Street, shows this. He is always pleased to record an expansion of all out-of-door games. "This is only what every right-minded citizen wishes to see," Mr Pretsell tells us. Neither football nor the great boom in golf have extinguished the quiet game of bowling. The Scottish Phonographic Association unanimously agreed to his election as a life member, and at the same time desired to acknowledge his great interest in their Association, and congratulated him on the success of his labours in connection with evening classes for young men and women.

It is a common thing to hear ministers and others lamenting the evils of football, and the hold which it has on a large class of the community. Instead of being in their right minds for the Sabbath services after a spell of it, many youths think and talk football. There is some ground for this, but you will not extinguish a love of sport by railing at it—rather uplift and re-direct it, or put something else in its place. It was quite in Mr Pretsell's line to give football an educational tendency, and he deserves all the credit possible for this discovery and its after success. Mr Pretsell was once pointed out as the man who thought young lads should play themselves. He is convinced, moreover, that young lads and girls too, in large towns, tied to an unhealthy trade, in a stuffy unventilated shop, and perhaps sleeping under worse conditions during the night, must have some out-door relaxation for lung expansion and muscular developments. Otherwise this will tell on moral and physical development.

Seeing large sums drawn in the competition for Lord Rosebery's Charity Cup, Mr Pretsell thought the lads interested might do something to benefit themselves, and conceived the idea of another trophy competition in 1885. This led to the founding of the Lord Aberdeen Educational Trophy, and during the winter of 1886-7 about two dozen lads were sent to the Heriot-Watt College, seven of whom were recommended by the Principal for regular attendance and progress at the end of the season. This scheme for providing free tickets to young lads to attend evening classes has grown immensely. His educational efforts were commended in a leader in "The Scotsman" on the 1st September, 1891, at the very time his house was blocked with applications from young lads, and the Edinburgh School Board had denied him a room in their premises to consider them.

The following "Chapter of Autobiography," in Mr Pretsell's own words will be read with interest by our readers:—

"I was born at Lauder on 12th October, 1843, and with the exception of one year at Newtown Old School—facing the burn with its slates at the back on the road—I got all my schooling at the Free Church School, Lauder, of which the late Mr A. Paterson was the worthy master. My school days ended when I was 12½, and before that I had been working two summers and a winter.

My father, a most worthy man, was born at Selkirk, where his parents both belonged, and were on intimate terms with the Ettrick Shepherd. My father has told me that when in his teens he saw Sir Walter Scott and the Shepherd at St Ronan's Border Games, about 1825 or 1826. My mother, Elizabeth Wood, was descended from the Lauder Burgesses on both sides. At the time of my birth, my father was in the employment of the Earl of Lauderdale, while at the same time he leased Stonyford Toll, half a mile to the south of Lauder, which my mother attended to, and there I spent my school days, until at the age of 12½ I started to "serve among the farmer's roun."

Four years later—1860—in order to have more of us under the family roof, my father left the Earl of Lauderdale, and removed to the farm of Muirhouse, close beside the beautiful village of Stow, where he and my brother had a double hinding, and I was the "bondager,"—my blood boils yet when I think of the very name—and there at the age of sixteen, on one of the hinds taking ill, I was given a pair of horses, and a proud man I was when I finished my first lea rig. However, with the experience gained that year, I was too much a man to be any longer a "bondager," and work for a 1s a day, and 10d for three months in winter. I therefore hired myself to the late Mr Thomas Elliot, Blackhaugh, in Caddon Water, a gentleman for whom I have to this day a most profound respect. Mr Elliot leased also the farm of Evelaw, in the middle of the Lammermuirs, and during the summers of 1861 and 1862, I spent three months there in assisting to transform the heather wastes into the clover fields, and anyone knows who saw that farm at the period I refer to, with what success. But my brother tiring of horses, I had after these two years to come back to the family again and take his place. And though a very young hind, at the age of nineteen, I could build a stack, and plough or sow a rig with any of them.

But this brings me down to an important epoch in my life. During the winter of 1865 and 1866, much dissatisfaction existed among the agricultural labourers in the South of Scotland, on account of the "Bondage System," and fired with all the

ardour of one who wished to strike a blow for freedom and justice, I threw myself heart and soul into the agitation. Why should the hind be required to supply the farmer with other labour than his own, and why this stranger brought into the family to "eat the children's bread," for that was what it came to. That very year the wages earned by the hired woman my father had, amounted to 7s 6d less than he had to pay her for her wages, so that her board and keep had to come from his meagre pay.

But a very much worse phase of this most pernicious system was the housing of this stranger in the family, without the necessary accommodation as in mostly every case at this period. The hind's house had only one apartment. Where was the privacy of the family? And knowing as I did that the whole cause of this system was the want of house accommodation on the farm for the labour required, my whole being recoiled from it. It was, therefore, not to be wondered that one Saturday night during that winter a kindred spirit and I wrote notices calling a meeting of the hinds in the Parish School at Stow, to consider the question, and a great meeting at Lauder some weeks later to protest against it, and addressed by the late Rev. John Thomson, Hawick. I was sent there from the Gala Water District to represent them.

Many years after, in 1881, when the Commission was sitting to inquire into the agricultural depression, presided over by the Duke of Richmond, I brought the matter before Lord McLaren, then Lord Advocate, who asked me to name another beside myself, to give evidence. I asked the Rev. Mr Thomson, who was delighted at the prospect of exposing and condemning the system, but the day before we were expected to be called, the Commission suspended its sittings in Edinburgh, and intimation was sent to us that we would perhaps require to go to London. But we were never called. For many reasons I severed my connection with that occupation, though not without some pangs of regret at the time, for though hard, exposed, and ill-paid work, still it was work that I thoroughly enjoyed, so determined was I that my drills should be the straightest, and my rig the best ploughed, or my stack the best built of them all.

But in all these years what troubled me most was the want of opportunities to improve my education. While near Stow, I had the village library, which I availed myself of, but after working seventy-five hours a week there was little time for this, and no such thing as an evening school was to be had.

Mr James Simson, brewer, Melrose, a former employer of mine at Muirhouse, on hearing I was likely to sever my connection with farm life, offered me a situation there, and for nearly three years I visited the Border towns once a week or fortnight, and sold and delivered ale. I did not find this very congenial work, and at last, in December, 1868, made up my mind to try Edinburgh. I at once got employment in a first-class wine merchants' establishment in George Street, Messrs Reid Bros. & Co., in whose employment I am still. Here was another apprenticeship to serve, but I had evidently employed my time well, for four years later I was installed manager, and filled the position until Messrs Reid retired in 1890. I now attend to their Trust estate."

Mr Pretsell, after coming into town, did not neglect his own self-education. He attended the Watt Institution, under Dr Pryde for English, Dr Andrew Wilson for physiology, Dr Russell for sanitation, &c., &c.; and at these he picked up a lot of valuable information, which has stood him in good stead for his work in life. In 1873 he married the only daughter of the late Mr James Matthewson, merchant, Oxton, also well-known in Berwickshire. His wife's father was brought up at Ettrick Bridgend, and her mother, Isabella Rutherford, belonged to a very old Ancrum family, and was sister to the Rev. Mr Rutherford, at one time U.P. minister at Newtown St Boswells. Alas, death has only too often visited his home, and out of four much-beloved children, only one son survives. With all this remarkable record of labour and success, Mr Pretsell is in no wise uplifted, but is the same sensible, modest, kindly man he was when drawing a furrow or building a stack in the early days on the Borders.

"The Scottish Athletic Journal," of March 16th, 1886, had a notice of Mr Pretsell in its series of athletic celebrities. He was then President of the Heart of Midlothian Football Club, and was introduced as a gentleman who, although he had not performed any feat in the athletic arena, has still achieved (in promoting the happiness of others) more lasting honour and higher fame than can be had from prowess in any department of sport. "The Athletic Journal" says:—"He has been closely identified with any movement which had for its aim the advancement and happiness of the working-classes in our capital. Shortly after he settled down in Edinburgh, we find him enrolled as a member of the Choral Union, and for upwards of ten years an active worker in this Society, and once vice-president. In 1877 he became a member of the Drumdryan Bowling Club, to which he was elected secretary in 1881, and has since continued to fill this important office; he had also the distinction conferred upon him that year of being named as representative from his Club to the Eastern Bowling Association. Although having such important work to perform, his hand did not lose it cunning on the green, as year after year he succeeded in carrying off several of the leading club prizes, and actually fought his way to the championship honour of his Club in the years 1882 and 1883. The "Drumdryan" in 1882 succeeded in winning for a second time the Association Trophy, and our friend was one of the winning rinks in this competition. So enthusiastic is he in this game that, in the spring of 1878, we find him, through the Press, advocating strongly the extension of public bowling greens, and he formed one of a deputation to the Town Council to urge this matter upon their attention. His efforts in this direction met with signal success, as shortly afterwards a new bowling green was opened on the south side. Mr Pretsell had the honour of being the first to prepare a "Bowling Annual," a booklet which is to the East of Scotland bowlers what our "Football Annual" is to footballers. Besides being such an ardent enthusiast in bowling, we gather that in the years 1881 and 1883 Mr Pretsell found sufficient time to read three very able papers before the members of the Edinburgh Workmen's Industrial Institute, the titles of the papers being "Evils of the Bondage System among the Agricultural Labourers in the South of Scotland," "The Inequalities of our Constituencies, and what Scotland is entitled to in the coming Redistribution of Seats," and "Better Homes for our Poor, and More Facilities for Healthy Outdoor Recreation for the Young." It would occupy great space were we to enter into a

detailed account of his never-ceasing efforts for the amelioration and happiness of the young of the working classes of our capital, and we will only give a short history of what he had been enabled to do, we may say, almost unaided, in procuring from H.M. Commissioners of Works and Public Buildings the use of the Queen's Park during the winter months for our great national game of football. In December, 1882, Mr Pretsell convened a meeting to take this subject into consideration, and amongst the gentlemen who met in response to the circular, were Dr Cotterill, Major-General Renton, J. H. S. Graham, J. A. Gardner, A. S. Paterson, Alexander Thomson (Ladies' College, George Square), F. G. Watt, Thos. Mackenzie, Archd. Macpherson, M. D. Davidson, etc., etc. A sub-committee was appointed which, after repeated meetings and lengthy discussion, resolved to memorialise Government. A memorial was forthwith prepared and sheets distributed for signature, and it may give some small idea of the work entailed on Mr Pretsell, who acted as secretary, when we mention that in all nearly 5000 signatures were obtained, including those of the Lord Provost and the Magistrates and Councillors of the City. This petition was duly despatched in May, 1883, and officially acknowledged. It was at this juncture that Mr Pretsell's dauntless courage, determination, and business tact, were displayed, as, in face of difficulties which would have dismayed many, he fought resolutely, and left no stone unturned until his object had been attained. Red-tapeism was, however, hard to overcome, and it was only after repeated enquiries in the House of Commons and the untiring zeal of Mr T. R. Buchanan, M.P. for the City, coupled with the powerful influences of the Earls of Rosebery and Aberdeen, that the prayer of the petition was granted; and in June, 1884, Mr Pretsell received the welcome intelligence that his labours had been attended with success. To show how thoroughly the boon was appreciated, it is noteworthy that whenever the privilege was granted, a Junior Association was at once formed, and in the first year of its experience forty-four clubs were registered with a membership of over 1000. Not content, however, with obtaining the ground, Mr Pretsell set to work to obtain a cup for the Association, and fortunately one of the first persons to whom he made application at once intimated his willingness to provide one, the result being that this young association is now the possessor of one of the handsomest of trophies (the Renton Challenge Trophy) annually competed for. Mr Pretsell, although taking such an interest in the recreation of the young, is not unmindful of their mental training, and conceived the idea of obtaining another trophy, to be competed for annually by the leading clubs in the Junior Association, the free proceeds of such matches to be devoted to the providing of free tickets to such members of the Junior Association as might desire to avail themselves of the classes in connection with the Heriot-Watt College, or those of the technical schools which are to be inaugurated in connection with that institution. Here again Mr Pretsell was very fortunate, as the first gentleman to whom he wrote (the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen) readily consented to present a cup. Admiring and benefiting by his services, both the Edinburgh Associations, the senior and junior, resolved to show their appreciation of Mr Pretsell's services, and he was presented by them, on 30th December, 1884, with a very handsome timepiece as a slight recognition of his labours on behalf of the game. At the beginning of the season of 1884, when a dark cloud fell upon the Heart of Mid-Lothian Club, Mr Pretsell, along with a few of his immediate friends, came forward nobly and pilated the club through its difficulties. In 1886 he was elected chairman of the committee, and under his able presidency the wearers of the maroon occupy an enviable position, financially and otherwise, in the football world. Then came the formation of an Edinburgh Outdoor Recreation Union, the objects of which are:—(1) The promotion and encouragement of outdoor recreation for the community; (2) The protection of the interests of the public in regard to outdoor recreation. Mr Pretsell inaugurated the movement, and was appointed secretary. This up till 1886 is the history of one whose name in after years will be as revered and esteemed as it is presently popular.

The great extension of the educational scheme began in 1890, and has been a most unqualified success. This is the origin of the extension, which, again, we give in Mr Pretsell's own words:—At our annual meeting when we handed over Lord Aberdeen's Trophy to the winning club and prizes to the lads, we have frequently had Lord Aberdeen, and also Lady Aberdeen present, but in 1889 we had Mr McEwan, and so much struck was he with the whole scheme, that he told me on leaving that if ever I wanted money for this object to let him know. I told him that the income from our competitions had always quite provided all who applied with a ticket, but our scope was confined to the members of the Junior Football Association. And we reminded him that many young lads outside that body would only be too glad to avail themselves if these classes were put within their reach. The result was that a week or two after, he wrote asking me to call upon him, when he proposed, in order to extend the benefits of this scheme to all needy apprentice lads, that if I would undertake the work, he, for his share, would pay the fees. I well foresaw the amount of labour and worry this would entail, but my own case came to my recollection, and with the experience I had gained, I decided to undertake the work. We had hitherto been sending from thirty to fifty lads each year, and I thought we might possibly raise this number to between two hundred and three hundred. Fancy then, when this became known in September, 1890, my house, and stair, and part of the street became flooded with lads, all anxious to take advantage of Mr McEwan's generous offer. But my difficulties began; every one of these lads had to be individually consulted in order to find out which schools or classes they were fitted for, what each wanted particularly to learn, if in connection with the trade, and the locality where they resided, and the school most suitable for them.

I got three hundred schedules printed, thinking it was best to have plenty, and told the printer to keep the matter up for a week, but in the first three nights these were all away. On my own responsibility I ordered other two hundred, and by the end of the first week these were also exhausted. I then wired to Mr McEwan, in London, for instructions. His reply came from Rome, and was "Go on," and before the ten days expired, the date I fixed for closing, as the schools were about to open, I had over 800, 120 being young women.

Of these 300 were fitted for and sent to the various classes at the Heriot-Watt Institution, and 530 to Board Schools, elementary and advanced. The results of the Board Schools were most astonishing. At the end of the session I asked each head

master to supply me with a report as to the attendance, progress, and conduct, of each of those whose fees I had paid, and in every case the result was better than those who paid their own fees. This knocked the bottom out of the theory of the majority of the then School Board, viz.:—"That people did not value what they did not pay for." The result of this was that they decided the following year to return the fees of all who made 75 per cent. of attendances.

Seeing the fees were to be returned, it did not make the hardship quite so great to pay them. Still I was afraid a number would have a difficulty in first paying the fee. I have paid for a number every year since, and in mostly every case I have got the money returned.

I then confined myself for the most part to lads who had got on as far as they could at the Board evening schools, elementary and advanced, and were then fitted for the Heriot-Watt, and soon we had an average of over 300 there."

We have only to add that Mr Pretsell is a valued member of Committee of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union; that, in 1889 he formed a tennis club for working girls, with over forty members, who play in the Meadows; and this has been a great success. Only the members have such long hours, that unless when the day is at its longest, they have little daylight. Lady Aberdeen takes a great interest in this club, and presented them with a clock, which is competed for annually. Mr Pretsell's name appears in the latest list of Justices of the Peace for the City of Edinburgh. One of his latest achievements has been the securing of a portion of Holyrood Park for the game of football.

The Late Mr James Wilson.

An Appreciation.

LAST month we noticed shortly the death of Mr James Wilson, editor of the "Scottish Border Record." The following "appreciation" is from the pen of William C. McBain, and appeared originally in the "Border Telegraph":—

Geologist, antiquarian, newspaper editor, essayist, and philosopher, James Wilson was indeed a notable man, and his passing away is a distinct loss to Galashiels. But in my view his strongest side was the literary and the philosophic, and though I may be singular in my opinion I could if necessary say much in support of my belief. But as I came closely in touch with him during the greater part of his literary career, and had many opportunities of observing his literary methods and results I should like to write an appreciation of the man and his career. Of course, I mean his literary career, for in the regions of geology and antiquities I have not sufficient special knowledge to express any "obiter dicta" of moment. In the literary field the case is different. Here I have sufficient special knowledge to enable me to utter a fitting tribute to one who was to me a dear friend of many years' standing.

Wilson's literary career dates from the days of the Galashiels Debating Society, of which body he was the founder, the most energetic member, its very Rupert of debate. The society met in Whitson's School, Channel Street, and amongst the members whose names are known to me were James Wilson, William Kemp, William Sanderson, James McBain, Jas. Hood, James Sanderson, and George Sanderson, Whitson's School has long since passed away, and Wilson was the last of the "old debaters." I have in my possession an old document written over fifty years ago by a near and dear relative of mine, in which there is a lively

THE LATE MR JAMES WILSON.

description of a night's discussion at the Galashiels Debating Society. James Wilson, of course, figures there, for he was the outstanding figure in it, and he is described as "James Wilson, founder and expounder, carrying everything before him by his pitiless logic and immense budget of knowledge." That was written sixty years ago, and its truth must strike those of us who followed the man in his subsequent career. Writing and speaking at the Debating Society developed Wilson's taste for literature, and he began his Press career as correspondent for the "Southern Reporter," subsequently passing over to the "Border Advertiser," for which paper he acted as sub-editor and afterwards as editor. On the "Border

Advertiser" he became a Press man and formed his style, a clear, vigorous style that indicated a clear and vigorous mind. According to the French dictum, "The style is the man," and one with an eye and ear for these things could detect in his trenchant leaders, his masterly book reviews, and virile descriptive prose a man with thinking faculties of the highest order. He kept a watchful eye on the Town Council of those early days, and his literary duels with some of the leading members, such as Adam Thomson, William Sanderson, and William Frater, had a touch and finish about them that bespoke a consummate master of such things.

From Galashiels Mr Wilson passed to Edinburgh, and served on the staffs of three papers, namely, the "Courant," under Mr Lawson; the "Daily Review," under the brothers Mackie; and the "Scotsman," under its present editor, Mr Charles Cooper. In Edinburgh Mr Wilson acquitted himself well. He displayed the true sub-editorial eye which detects at a glance the most important news and how to display it. He had a special genius for making up a contents bill, and that is one of the ways the born sub-editor reveals himself by. He never practised the trick of writing round about a subject, of making something out of nothing, but in his special articles he revelled in facts, and made his facts the staple of the argument.

Every Scotchman is supposed to be a born metaphysician, and James Wilson had more than the average Scotchman's taste and aptitude for dealing with wide generalisations and profound abstractions. Underneath the geologist, the antiquarian, and the journalist was the philosopher, the real man, if I may so express it, and only those whose reading and study have lain in the regions of philosophy could adequately appreciate what subtle reasoning, what keen intellectual fence Wilson was capable of displaying. Indeed, some of his talk about the "Riddle of the Universe," the "Great Enigma" was the best talk of the kind I ever listened to, and I have heard some talkers of the first rank—the late Professor Bain, T. H. Huxley, and the brilliant Kingdon Clifford being amongst the great men I have been fortunate to have come in contact with in my time. Wilson had few opportunities of playing the philosopher, for as he used to say in his emphatic way, "there are very few philosophers, the fools are in the majority," but when he did get a chance everything else was discarded and the real bent of his mind had full play. I remember a very striking instance of this. We journeyed together to Melrose for the purpose of visiting the Abbey and discussing Border antiquities. When we reached the Abbey he began a dissertation on the work of the monks, traces of which he thought he detected in the fabric; but I cut in with a remark about "origins" on the lines of Tylor's "Primitive Culture," and that led on to the deeper problems beyond origins, to the inscrutable mysteries of space and time and the unfathomable relations of body and mind. We forgot the Abbey, and the entire day was devoted to that bootless task of "solving the unsolvable." The real bent of the man's mind lay in that direction, and, curiously enough, the very last time I saw him he seemed to fasten on to the subject again, and in a manner "take up the burden and the lesson" at the point we left off when together we had our intellectual wrestle at Melrose Abbey. I say "curiously enough," for really the occurrence was so phenomenal that I hope what I am going to state will come under the notice of the profound author of "Life in Mind and Conduct." For my last interview with Wilson took place only three months ago, when, as we all now know, he was lying on his deathbed. He was indeed greatly changed, painfully so, and the contrast between what I remembered and what I saw affected me deeply. To me it seemed a living illustration of Herbert Spencer's pathetic essay, "The Closing Hours." I did not venture on any remarks, for I saw that both speech and hearing had both failed him, but he looked at me long and wistfully as if an effort were required to recognise me, and then, putting his feeble hand in mine, he said, "Space and Time are inscrutable mysteries; they pass the wit of man." These were his last words to me, and they impressed me much, for evidently his mind had travelled back to our day's talk on philosophy many years ago, and making a great effort, for speech had almost left him, he gave me his parting confession of his philosophic faith.

Of the man personally I need say nothing, his rugged independence, sterling honesty, and unflinching devotion to duty having been made apparent to all during his long and busy career. Men of his type constitute after all a nation's best and most valuable asset, and when they pass away we are apt to be painfully impressed with "Nature's ruthless waste." But we must bow to the inevitable and emulate these "fathers and brethren" to the best of our capabilities. And certainly James Wilson has left behind him a record that ought to be an inspiration to many, and should keep his memory green with the people he lived amongst and in whose midst he is now buried.

Deaths of Prominent Borderers.

IT is our sad duty again to chronicle the passing away of two men who in their own particular spheres have left their distinct impress on the Borderland. On the evening of Thursday, 29th October, Mr J. H. Rutherfurd, the widely-known and highly-respected Kelso publisher and Border historian, died at the age of eighty-four years. Mr Rutherfurd was an untiring worker in connection with Border literature and history, and his familiar figure will be much missed by the natives and visitors of Kelso. We expect to be able to deal with his career in fuller detail at an early date, and present our readers with a speaking likeness of the veteran litterateur.

On the Tuesday following, Jedburgh lost through the death of ex-Provost William Hilson one who had done much for the town, and whose life work will be long remembered by all who appreciate a good and noble life spent in the service of his fellow-men. Mr Hilson had attained the age of eighty-two years, and has left behind him sons who are following in his footsteps. On another occasion we may refer more fully to his useful life, for to the lives of such men the Borderland owes much of its present standing in the intellectual world.

Thomas Telford as a Poet.

AS the interesting sketch of Thomas Telford in the October number of the BORDER MAGAZINE makes no mention of him as a poet, it may be of some interest to state reasons why he should be classed among our minor bards. Forty-three years ago Henry Scott Riddell, in proposing the "Border Bards" at the Hogg monument inauguration dinner, said—"Telford, the celebrated engineer, wrote elegant poems anent the Vale of Esk, as well as some epistles to Burns, containing, among other things, good advices, which, however, were taken in better part by the Ayrshire bard than they were carried into practice, and I see no reason why Telford should not rank among the rest of the men of song, unless it be in the circumstance of his dying rich, a thing not in the wont of genuine bards to do. . . . He did well, however, in leaving such a noble legacy to the library of his native parish of Westerkirk, and well has the boon been appreciated and employed, if one may judge from the sedate and general good conduct, and withal the substantial intelligence of the indwellers of the district." It is probable that no volume of Telford's poems was ever published, but in the "Poetical Museum," published in Hawick by G. Caw, in 1784, there appears one of his poems, with the following introduction:—

Eskdale—A Poem.—Thomas Telford, author of the following poem, was bred a mason at the village of Langholm, on the banks of the Esk, a young man of no education, but common reading, assisted by some few books lent him by the neighbouring gentlemen. The first six and the last sixteen lines are quoted.

'Thy pleasant banks o' Esk and verdant groves
The seat of innocence, and purest loves
Demand my lay; ye sacred nine descend
And o'er your long-loved scenes, my feeble steps attend,
Teach me in purest notes my voice to raise
Loud as were sung in famed Arcadia's praise.
. . . . . .
The muses too, from tuneful Twick'nam came,
And on thy banks have nursed young sons of fame,
With care they formed thy Armstrong's rising soul
And spread his praise at last from pole to pole.
Resolved their favourite Pope should live again
They gave thy Mickle all his tuneful strain,
With manly force his numbers flow along,
He chains the ear, and melts the heart in song.
He smoothly skims along the liquid plain,
Or, roughly roaring, paints the raging main;
Oh! if thy praise would rouse his glowing theme
And bid it live with his immortal name,
Then time might roll his whirling years away,
Or war's dread havock make thy hills their prey,
Thy growing fame in distant realms would shine
And Windsor's rural beauties yield to thine."

It may be interesting to add that in the list of subscribers, published at the end of the volume, the name of Robert Howison, mason, Langholm, is down for twenty-six copies. This is doubtless the master with whom Telford served his apprenticeship. W. M.

SOME months ago we had the pleasure of noticing the appearance of a new monthly magazine bearing the striking name of "Vim," and we recommended it to our readers. We have carefully watched the various issues since then, and have been pleased to see that the editor's sound opinions on health and physical culture (to which "Vim" is principally devoted) are being more and more attractively supported by an able staff of writers and artists who illustrate the various articles. As we stated in our previous review of the above publication, it is edited by Mr J. E. McLachlan, who has contributed several articles to our pages. "Vim" can be ordered through any bookseller, or direct from the publishing office, 121 Newgate Street, London—the price of the publication being 2d.

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

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1903.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With this number we complete the eighth Volume of the Border Magazine and we have to thank our fellow Borderers for the support and encouragement they have extended to us. It is our earnest desire to establish a magazine which shall in every particular be worthy of the best literary traditions of the Borderland, but we alone cannot accomplish this desired end—we require the aid of our readers. Although the size and quality of our magazine is equal to similar publications which have a much larger circulation, we do not rest content, as it is our desire to see the Border Magazine take a first place. If our readers increase our circulation, as they can easily do by bringing the B.M. under the notice of their friends, it will be our pleasant duty to enlarge and improve what is really their own magazine.

Those who keep the Monthly parts of the Magazine for binding are reminded that an elegant cover can be had from the publishers for 1/3. Volumes can be bound in these cases for 1/3 additional, while complete bound volumes can be had for 5/6. Carriage for Cases, 3d extra; for bound Volumes, 6d extra.

The Border Keep.

PRODIGIOUS!

Once more the circling year draws near its close, and we instinctively turn our thoughts to the days and months which have so rapidly passed away. To those who are "up in years" time flies with alarming rapidity, and, if they lead active lives, they find themselves often wishing that there were fourteen days to the week instead of seven, as it seems almost impossible to overtake all the duties which crowd in upon them in these high-pressure days. In the quiet retirement of the Keep I find the Divine order of six days work and one day of rest and calm quite sufficient; but even in my case the time slips away with a rapidity which seemed in our youthful days to be an impossibility. Of course, the reason is not far to seek, for the youthful mind receives so many new impressions every day that life seems full to overflowing, while at a more advanced age the mind has received so many impressions that it requires the fact or thought to be specially striking before any apparent impress is made. The old man who can look back upon a well-spent life has joys that the young know not of, and yet at such a time as the closing days of the year his thoughts go back to youth's bright day, when:—

> The summer seemed a cycle,
> And winter seemed an age,
> From New Year's Day to Hogmanay
> A life-long pilgrimage.

* * *

If the readers of the Border Magazine knew how much delight it gives to the old Dominie

in his lonely retreat, when he receives a letter or a few interesting notes for his column, they would communicate with him more frequently. Last month I had the pleasure of quoting from a letter I received from America, and now I have a like joy this month. Mr James Irvine, 18 Devonshire Road, Birkenhead, thus writes to the editor:—

I have been greatly interested in reading the reference you make at page 186 of your October issue, to a pamphlet by Mr Goodfellow on Dr John Leyden. More than fifty-four years ago, when a boy at the Nest Academy in Jedburgh, I was so enthusiastic over Dr Leyden's poems that I carried in my pocket a small edition, in order that in my early walks, which, in those Spartan days, if the walk with a like minded companion was meant to be over the Dunion or out on to the moors towards Oxnam Water, often began at three or four in the morning, I might find the opportunity of committing to memory the entire "Scenes of Infancy," "The Cout of Keilder," and my chief favourite, "The Ode to an Indian Gold Coin," with others of his minor poems. That small edition I have unfortunately mislaid, but I remember its smooth cover of mottled calf, and I think if it ever turns up among my books I shall be able to detect it by its smell. How is it that the smell of certain books brings back long hidden memories, as the smell of peat smoke in the air reminds me instantly of Jed head and the Carter Fell, while that of wood fires with equal distinctness tells me of loved fields and of a dear old farm on Bonchester Hill in Rulewater. But I am diverging from the purpose I had in view when I took up my pen—which was to speak of the prototype of Dominie Sampson. I observe that sundry letters on that subject appear to have been written to the "Scotsman" in March of the present year by Mr Lindsay Hilson, who bears a much-loved Jedburgh name, and by the Rev. Peter Purves, whose eloquent and spiritually-minded father I knew from the Disruption days until his death somewhere in the sixties. These letters I have not seen, but I can in a somewhat indirect manner confirm the opinion they have apparently given that the prototype of Dominie was the Rev. George Thomson of Melrose. The Nest Academy, to which I have referred, was the property of Mr Burnet, himself being the headmaster, and whose wife was a daughter of Mr Thomson. Now I am quite aware that the belief of schoolboys can never be considered conclusive evidence, but the fact that Mrs Burnet was a daughter of Dominie Sampson was no more doubted than that we breathed in Jed valley the purest air under heaven. No fresh youngster ever came amongst us who did not immediately have the proud distinction thrust upon him of being looked after by the daughter of such a well-known character. And surely there is more in this than the usual conviction of schoolboys, for were we not in the Scott country at a time, only a very few years removed from the death of the great author, when his name and his writings were household words, and when we had around us many to whom Sir Walter had been personally known.

* * *

Some time ago a prominent London advertising agent spoke to me about the excellent character of the contents of "Chambers's Journal," but ventured the opinion that it would be greatly improved if the articles were illustrated. I am of quite a contrary opinion, as I believe that the present rage for over-illustration is a weariness, and the intelligent reader turns with delight to the substantial pages of "Chambers's," where his imagination has free scope, and his mind illustrates the letterpress untrammelled by the oft-times inartistic correctness of the camera. In this month's number of the above journal I notice an excellent article entitled "On the Skirts of the Pentlands," over the initials "R. C.," a signature which is well-known to the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE. The article has a breezy open-air feel about it, combined with a delightful array of literary and historical notes, which are deftly produced for the delectation of the reader. My readers will be pleased to see the following selection in the Keep.

Sir Walter Scott, with his unerring eye for the picturesque, after a drive at sunset between Lasswade and Edinburgh, wrote: "I think I never saw anything more beautiful than the ridge of Carnethy against a clear frosty sky, with its peaks and varied slopes. The hills glowed like purple amethyst; the sky glowed topaz and vermilion colours. I never say a finer series than Pentland, considering that it is neither rocky nor highly elevated." The fact that R. L. Stevenson lived when a lad with his father and mother in the hamlet of Swanston, below Caerketton, accounts for the sketches of the shepherd and the garden in his "Memories and Portraits," the delightful description in "Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes," and many references in his letters and some of his stories, such as "St Ives." He remembered the spot, under the Shearer's Knowe at Swanston, whence the nameless trickle to supply the water-filters comes, where he sat and made bad verses. The Pentlands, says Mr John Geddie, may lay claim to be the birthplace of the genius of R. L. Stevenson; they were his study and class-room, and here at Swanston he believes the awakening took place. The dairy at Hunter's Tryst was once an alehouse, a howff of the Six-Feet Club, of which Scott and Hogg were members; and beside Redford Burn, close by, David Malloch or Mallet composed his ballad "William and Margaret."

* * *

"If we are spared and weel," to use our pious through familiar Scottish expression, I shall send to my subscribers the usual good wishes of the season in our next issue, but this being the number which will reach readers in distant lands about the proper time, let me wish them a Christmas full of joy and a New Year of happiness.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The Last of the Reivers,

or Christie's Will.

From the Manuscript of John Armstrong of Ridleyhaugh, commonly known as "Jock the Scholard."

By John G. Galbraith,

Author of "His Own Opinion," "A Revised Version," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

The Death of Will: Jock concludes.

This night is my departing night,
For here nae langer must I stay.
. . . . . .
What I have done through lack of wit
I never, never can recall,
I hope ye're a' my friends as yet,
Good-night, and joy be wi' ye all.

Armstrong's Goodnight.—*Old Ballad.*

I HAVE now, with sorrow in my heart, to relate the last acts of my kinsman and friend William Armstrong, for, in sooth, that glimpse of him I got as he looked back across the moorland at beloved Gilnockie was the last I saw of him. The tale of his death I have gathered from various mouths and pieced it together as seemed best, although it was long ere I got the details of how gallantly my father-in-law gave up the ghost, sacrificing his life to save his patron.

It seemed that the ride toward Selkirk progressed favourably. Will's unique knowledge of the Borderland enabled him to trace a path through risky riverways and across treacherous morasses, over high hills and across valleys deemed impassable by the ordinary horseman, thus he guided the Earl by a speedy if rough route to the vicinity of Selkirk. Traquair, who knew too well the worth of the news he carried, and eager to save Montrose from surprise and so prevent Lesley from inflicting defeat on the Royal cause, ever urged greater speed, and so the horses were put to their mettle as far as spur and voice could make them. He had trysted to meet Montrose near Selkirk, and knew that the Marquis had encamped there awaiting the arrival of the specie necessary to pay his troops. As the twain, on their panting steeds, got within the confines of Ettrick Forest, they were startled to hear a heavy sound which caused the air to quiver and the very ground to shake beneath their horses hoofs. Holding still their trembling chargers, they anxiously listened and again they heard the sound seemingly far distant. Traquair affirmed it to be prolonged peals of thunder, but the keener ear of Will detected the peculiar roll, and he declared it to be the sound of heavy firing. At first the Earl declined to believe that a battle was already in progress, and that Lesley had so suddenly attacked the Royalist forces, but when they reached an open space overlooking the valley of the Ettrick, and saw the smoke which hung lazily over the trees, and more clearly distinguished the din of fighting, he could not but believe that he was now too late with his warning, and the struggle was already well won or lost.

Fearing lest they should encounter an outpost of the Covenanters, in whose eyes Traquair would be a valuable prisoner, they cautiously descended into the valley. As they neared the verge of the wood, the noise of running, mingled with the more distant din of fighting, and peering between the trees they espied a stream of men hastily moving along the highway, evidently in flight before a victorious force. The confusion and consternation apparent in their mien betokened an utter rout.

"There go the traitor Lesley's knaves," muttered the sanguine noble, "Montrose has quickly defeated them despite their attempts to catch him sleeping."

"If I see clearly, ma lord," cautiously replied Will, "they wear the Royal ribbons."

"Never, thou evil croaker," exclaimed Traquair, in changed tones. "A leader like Montrose, supported as he is by the best blood in Scotland, flying before a few hundred canting knaves—you're surely mistaken, Will?"

"We'd getter gang ower an' speir what's what!" counselled Will, and riding across the open they reached the road, and perceiving only too well that the fugitives wore the Stuart colours, they endeavoured to find one among the broken men who would pause in his flight to give them the details of the evident catastrophe. No one of the frightened fugitives would stay his flight an instant, for defeat caused even the best of men to become panic-stricken, until Will rudely grasped a sturdy sergeant by the jerkin, as he ran past, and held him until he answered the Earl's eager questions.

Montrose but too surely had been put to flight. The Marquis, deeming himself secure, had even neglected to send out the customary outposts and scouts, and thus the Covenanters, by dint of long forced marches, and swept down upon him ere he was aware that any enemy in force was in the vicinity. He had encamped on Philiphaugh, by the side of the winding Ettrick, and to provide the horses with better forage he had even allowed his cavalry to go round by a ford and cross to the other bank of the river; thus when the Covenanters made the attack half of his forces were rendered useless by being divided from the other portion by the deep, swift running stream, and even their efforts to assist their comrades were almost as deadly in effect as the enemy's fire. The surprise was so complete that little attempt at resistance was made, and the Ettrick ran red with blood.

"What came of Montrose himself?" queried Traquair of the unwilling soldier.

"I wat that gin his ain sword could hae won the day, we wad hae been victors enow," quoth the fugitive. "I never saw man fecht like yon, but even he had to gie it up, an' I saw him hew his way clean through a troop o' Lesley's men, an' then tak' ower to Selkirk."

"When Montrose flees we'd better haste to follow," sadly exclaimed Traquair, whilst Will released his hold of the sergeant's jerkin, and the beaten man eagerly hurried away. Traquair knew that Lesley would rejoice if he was captured, seeing Montrose had escaped, so he was eager to get to Selkirk, where he could easily lie concealed. Therefore, the Earl and my kinsman essayed to make for the town, but they had delayed their flight too long, for a pursuing party of Lesley's troopers came

into view, and as soon as they perceived the attire of the nobleman, scenting a valuable prize and ample ransom, they gave chase after the twain. The Earl's charger had been sorely tried, having been ridden from Carlisle hardly without a break, and burdened with the heavy bags of gold, so the animal entirely broke down in this the hour of pressing need. Will could easily have obeyed Traquair's desire and have ridden off on the back of the trustier and hardier Bess, who was comparatively fresh, yet he would not desert his master in this time of peril. By dint of much cruel spuring Traquair forced his jaded steed to keep up the semblance of a gallop, but the troopers were slowly gaining on them. Will saw that capture was inevitable unless some other means were resorted to.

"Change horses wi' me an' mak' for the toon," he urged. "Bess can easily carry ye to Selkirk an' outpace thae loons—I'll try to get into the Forest an' jouk them in amang the trees." The Earl demurred at accepting such a sacrifice. "Come now, sir. Ye're o' mair account than me, onywey. Naebody will mourn for me muckle, gin they do pit an end to me."

"'Deed, Wull, I'd mourn the loss of the best friend I ever had," replied Traquair again, urging on the broken-spirited horse. "They're making fast on us!" he exclaimed, glancing back.

"We maun change nags then," quoth Will, hurriedly flinging himself off Bess' back. "Get up here, yer grace; she's as fresh as ever, an' mak' tracks for Selkirk, an' I'll diddle thae sodger lads." Much against Traquair's will, for well he knew that Will was but offering his life in lieu of his patron's, the change was effected, and with a hurried sentence of thanks the Earl rode off safely on the back of Bess, leaving Will with the winded horse and the four bags of gold in his care.

He endeavoured with spur and voice to get the broken steed to keep up a decent speed, for as danger drew nigh the old spirit of Will, inherited from a long line of doughty riders, got thoroughly aroused, and he was fully determined to give the Covenanters a good chase and a fierce combat ere he succumbed to them. He knew naught of parties or politics, but it was enough for him that these men were his patron's foes, and were in chase of him. The steed was fairly done and stumbled at every stride. I trow that often during the chase Will wished that he had been mounted on a charger somewhat of the build of Bess, for if she was hardly as pretty a beast she was tougher in spirit and sounder in limb than the jaded steed he was on, and he would then easily have evaded the advancing troopers.

They were now almost on him, and as Will rode along the banks of the river an idea struck him.

From Photo. by] PHILIPHAUGH HOUSE. [Mr Guthrie Thomson, Selkirk.

"By God," he exclaimed aloud, "they may nab me, but they'll not get the gold," and he unloosed the canvas bags from the saddle one by one and threw them into the deep river, and there they lie until this day, for, although Traquair afterwards caused search to be made, they have never been fished out. The time lost in accomplishing this closed all hope of escape, for the troopers closed round him just as the last bag left his hands. The lust for slaughter was on these men, and the blood of many fugitives dripped from their blades as they rushed full tilt at the solitary grey-haired horseman. Will received and asked for no mercy, although he had never been an active combatant in the war, his trusty sword leaped from its scabbard, and with the bold bearing of his sires he yelled, "Here's for ye," and stoutly defended himself. An eye-witness of the fight, a frightened farmer on the other bank of the river, told me that it "was a rale

bonny fecht, yon auld carle against the dizzen sodgers." He lustily plied his blade, and four of the troopers were brought low ere they managed to beat down Will's defence and stained the mossy bank with his life's blood. The farmer told me that these troopers, who had deemed it wise to follow the noble and his trusty squire, were thoroughly aroused by this stubborn resistance which had delayed them, whilst Traquair made good his escape, and they fairly "haved" his body into pieces whilst he lay dead on the turf ere they cast him into the ruddy coloured river. Thus, having offered up his life as a sacrifice to save his patron, died Wull Armstrong. Like many another slain on that direful 13th of September, 1645, the running waters of the Ettrick were the only grave he got. He ended, not, as he once thought he would end, with a rope encircling his neck, but sword in hand and defying

again, if he had never been seized and imprisoned in Jedburgh Tolbooth he would have gone down to the grave as an honest reiving Armstrong like the majority of his lineage, and none of the deeds which I have written of and which will cause his memory to remain green in the minds of Borderers for many generations, would ever have been attempted. The thought has often been in my mind that Christie's Will was the last flicker, the dying spark shot forth by a class of men who had served their day well and defended our country from invasion as they thought best, whose fame and courage caused our foemen across the Border to think twice ere they set out to plunder Scotland, and who formed the barrier between the spoilers and the heart of the kingdom, yet, as the march of time changed the conditions, they were swept away ruthlessly. Will thought precisely as his sires thought,

From Photo by] WHERE TWEED AND ETTRICK MEET. [Mr Guthrie Thomson, Selkirk.

those who essayed to capture him. Thus he passed away, whilst Maggie sat wearying for the return of the father who never came.

. . . . . .

It is now the year 1672, and twenty-seven long years have passed since the slaying of my kinsman by Lesley's troopers, years brimful of danger and fully charged with trouble for our beloved country. In bringing my little tale to a conclusion the twin thoughts which filled my mind when I set me down to my self-imposed task reappear with renewed vigour. My narrative, like life in all its moods, has entirely turned upon little actions and incidents. If Will had consented to abide at home from that raid over into Bewcastle, in obedience to my father's warning, and in response to the pleadings of Maggie and me, he would never have come under bond to Traquair, and we might even yet have had him sitting by the ingle-nook, and this tale would never have been written. But then and hated the "auld enemy" with an enmity which was at once fierce and sustained. He entirely guided his life and actions by the precedent of his forbears, and thus in some way his conduct clashed with modern sentiment. His famous grandsire, Johnnie, was his "beau-ideal" of a man and his highest ambition was to pose as a worthy descendant of that personage.

If Will was the last specimen the remnant of the whole race of reivers, indeed he was a noble example, for all their rude virtues, loyal-heartedness, courage, and grim humour were concentrated in him, whilst their vices were toned down, and as the dying embers flare up bravely, ere they totally expire, so Christie's Will, by his deeds and generous heart, left behind him a reputation as the bravest man that ever sat on saddle or forded the Esk to defy the Cumberlandmen. Even had he never met Traquair, had his life ended on "Jeddart gallows-tree," he would have still been spoken of as a brave rider who respected his fellow-coun-

trymen's gear, but, as it is, he is renowned around the Marches as the man who reived a Lord of Session out of Edinburgh town, and who rode to Nottingham and back in four days, and then boldly leaped over Carlisle bridge and swam the flooded Esk, all to save his dispatches and serve the man he had given his oath to. Who defied a troop of Cromwell's "Ironsides"—men who afterwards proved their worth as foemen at Dunbar in 1650—with only a pair of useless horse-pistols, and then finally he is told of as the hero who sacrificed his life to save the man to whom he had sworn allegiance, and who died bravely fighting a dozen lusty troopers—old man as he was. Therefore, I am somewhat proud of being kinsman, both by blood and marriage, to such a leal-hearted man—reiver though he was—and Maggie, now that time has somewhat dried her tears, complacently reviews the past with justiable feelings of pride at being the daughter of such a man. It is needless to refer to the idolitary of the youngsters, Will's grandchildren, for they love to hear me talk of the doings and sayings of their grandsire, and it is for their benefit and at their wish that I have thus set a record of these deeds on paper.

The Battle of Philiphaugh, in the wake of which my kinsman was slain, undid all that had been accomplished by the bold Montrose, and completely broke the Royal influence in Scotland, and with the cause both King Charles and Traquair went under. True, the Earl did not die beneath the executioner's axe like his master. Nay! a worse fate befel him. Seized by Cromwell in the very act of raising a body of horsemen to try and rescue Charles when he was in the hands of the Puritans, he was thrown into prison and all his estates sequestrated by the Crown. Lord Durie, who, by his wiles, had managed to ingratiate himself with the Puritans, did secure a modicum of revenge, for he it was who drew up and signed the document declaring the Earl a pauper and the fair lands of Traquair forfeit to the State. After long imprisonment the broken nobleman was set at liberty and wandered around Peebles, asking alms from any of his old associates, who would recognise him in this his hour of misfortune. One informant swore to me that he once saw the unhappy Earl dine off a "salt herring and an onion!" He was ever a generous man when in the height of his power, and I trow it was sad to see him thus reduced. He died in dire poverty in 1659, just ten years after Charles the First was executed in London.

My parents went the way of all flesh when their time came, and I mourned the loss of as goodly a mother and father as ever breathed, and I now sit in the kitchen of Ridleyhaugh penning the closing sentences of my humble tale. Maggie sits opposite by the fireside busy knitting hose for our eldest son, Young Will, and I notice, glittering in the fire light, the ring which she still wears, and which she received as a gift from the unfortunate Earl, who was the first to greet her as *Mistress* Armstrong. Will is now settled at Gilnockie, where Barbara still reigns as housekeeper, although she has long been the spouse of Big Tam, who still herds the sheep around the old peel. Young Will is now twenty-eight, and acts as steward to both farms, so I have ample leisure in which to pursue my favourite task of noting down all the old ballads and traditions which are sung or related on the Marches. Knowing the benefits I have derived from my meagre education, I have not neglected getting my offspring tutored, so Kirsty, aged fifteen, and Sim, aged twelve, are seated on a settle busily conning over their lessons anticipating a visit from their tutor to-morrow. Ours is a quiet life, and all is peace within, although outside all Scotland is rising to avenge Dunbar and demand religious freedom from the oppressor. Little did old Jenny Geddes imagine that many a score of brave men would die on Scottish heather in defence of the very same principles which caused her to fling the cutty-stool at yon minister's head. The sky seems overcast, and the air full of rumours of strife, the outlook is gloomy, but God will defend the right and his people will assuredly triumph.

[*The End.*]

Whin Blossom.

AS briefly indicated in our November issue, a volume of poems by the Border poetess, Agnes S. Falconer, has just been published by Messrs James Swan & Co., 27 Market Place, Duns, and now that we have the volume before us and have perused its contents, we have the greatest pleasure in recommending the book to our readers. Two verses from the Prologue express the desire of the authoress that her book should find a place in the hearts of Borderers.

> These be wayside flowers of verse
> From the by-roads of the Merse;
> Gathering them, my hands were torn—
> Yea, by many a thorn.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Kindly hearts, who far and near
> Hold the Border name so dear,
> These, my gathering blossoms, take
> For the Homeland's sake.

Our Border singer is in close touch with nature, and with pure poetic fancy translates for us the language of the birds, flowers and trees, while the feelings and sympathies of the human heart find expression in such poems as "The Novice Mistress," "Two Mountain Burials," "When the Day's Darg's Dune," etc. The volume contains over eighty pieces, which are mostly short, with the exception of "Belle Margaret," which extends to thirty-five verses, and is a very clever and pleasing imitation of the old ballads. The book is well printed and bound, while its contents are a welcome addition to our modern Border minstrelsy.

A By-path of Border Smugglers.

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

IN the Market Square of Kelso, on the 24th day of October, 1715, James Stuart was proclaimed King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, by the style of James the Eighth. The proclamation was greeted with enthusiasm by an assembled crowd, and among the cries of those who threw up their hats were shouts of "No union, no malt tax, no salt tax!" The salt tax thus denounced was not finally repealed, however, until 110 years later, in 1825, though greatly reduced two years before that time. For be it known that salt could be produced at a cheaper rate in Scotland than in England, and hence had arisen among the English saltmakers an extreme jealousy of being undersold by their neighbours across the Border. Shields and Newcastle were centres of the salt manufacture in Northern England, and on this heading curious particulars may be found in the somewhat rare Newcastle Tracts, printed in that town in 1849. The salters of those places had petitioned Parliament, with the result that in 1649 an Act was passed which declared that all salt not made in England should be understood as foreign salt, and pay Excise accordingly. This was re-enacted after the Restoration, the tax on Scottish salt being fixed at ½d per gallon, or 13s 4d the "weight." Now so long as the tax remained in force, efforts were continually made to elude it, and these efforts constituted an important branch of the famous contraband trade. As an impost levied, not upon a luxury or superfluity, but upon what was necessary to life and health, it must now be condemned as ill-advised and cruel. Whence we may perhaps be permitted to extend some portion of sympathy towards those who sought to evade it. Just as it is to be deplored that Shakespeare gave us no drama dealing with the sea-power of England, in which Elizabethan seamen should have figured, so we may regret that Scott has left us no realistic study of his contemporary, the free-booter. One would have spared a tale of the Crusaders to have that. But both Nanty Ewart and Dirk Hatteraick—effective figures though they be—savour somewhat of the footlights. They scarcely bear the character of unvarnished truth as do, for instance, Dinmont and Headrig. For we learn from Robert White, the Northumbrian poet and antiquary, that the smugglers were not the out-and-out desperadoes they have been represented. To whatever cause Scott's omission may have been due, it certainly did not arise from lack of opportunity, for the Borders took their full share in the unlawful traffic. And among the traces traditionally said to have been left by it on the country is a by-path which crosses the Cheviot Hills between Kirknewton on the English side and the gipsy village of Kirk-Yetholm on the Scots. For in transactions of this kind, as may be readily surmised, the gipsies would be art and part. The smugglers' journeys were doubtless in general performed by night, but the time selected by the writer of these lines for following in their traces, as the object of a ramble, was the morn of a fine summer day. Leaving Kirknewton behind him, he proceeded, in a southerly direction, up the wide level vale through which College flows to join Bowmont. Road there was none, but the prospect was ideally pastoral, the valley being at that hour vocal with the lamentable cries of sheep in the act of being "dipped." A shepherd received the strugglers from the hands of a lad, and passed them through the trough. He was a personable specimen of a man, attired in overalls, who I daresay had never in his life transgressed the law. But, for all that, had he lived a hundred years back, he would have stood a good chance to be in league with the smugglers. For the simple reason that almost everybody was. Rising above these brackeny lawns, I next pass on to where the river whitens and forms a cascade, pinched between rocky walls, which are fringed with natural oak trees and alders. On a small scale as pretty a stretch of river scenery as one need wish to see; whilst far and wide on all sides spreads the landscape of green hill-sides, saved from savagery by their vesture of fern, and rising, lofty and far-off, to gloomy crests and cairns. For the brightness of the day is just now subdued by cloud, as its warmth is tempered by a breeze. This brings me to the old house of He'thpool, with its numerous subsidiary buildings dispread without plan around it. He'thpool is now the commodious dwelling of a gamekeeper, as may be gathered from the row of whitening skulls and of corpses of hoodie-crows, nailed to a traverse board upon the gable. But above the inner door of the house is scratched the date 1697. And if the present kitchen was in existence then, it has doubtless witnessed many a rendezvous of the smuggling confraternity, many a night of uproarious conviviality over strong waters which had paid no duty, and many a bustling halt or departure of trains of panniered and laden asses, heading for Yetholm, or it might be for Boulmer on the coast. For the Yetholm gipsies were great donkey-men. In the records of the

trial for fire-raising at Brig-End in 1714, when the mansion-house was burnt to the ground as an act of revenge, they are described as going to and fro in the earth attended by strings of these patient quadrupeds; whilst it was the boast of Madge Gordon, a well-known gipsy woman, that at her wedding there had been assembled no less than fifty saddled asses, besides asses without saddles. But to resume. It was on leaving Heathpool that the smugglers would enter upon the most solitary, though not the most dangerous, part of their journey. The slopes of the hills here are easy, the valley is wide and open. The land is grassy, and, at the time when I followed up the track, had been mown for hay, which stood in the kyle ready for lifting. A streamlet threads the meadow, and is memorable to the writer on account of the mass of a splendid mimulus or frog's throat, coloured yellow and stained as with blood-drops, which rose from the water's bed. The tall stalks and pastoral blossoms of fever few were also here to rankness, as well as bushes of wild geranium with flowers of violet-blue. Traversing this lorn sweet-smelling stretch of ground, I sighted Elsdonburn, the smugglers' next baiting place or house of call, where a few old red-tiled buildings rise upon a knoll above a stream. The spot is noticeable, amid this treeless waste, on account of some elms of considerable girth, which are rooted in a sheltered place and overhang the water. The premises seem to be tenanted by hens, and exhibit the comfortable disorder of the farmyard. Leaving Elsdonburn house the track ascends, heading away north-west for a "slack," or opening, visible afar off between the summits of two hills. A scene less spoiled by the hand of man could scarcely be imagined. The mountain pink, that well-attired and dainty floweret, looks up from the pathway leading through the bracken, whilst a number of "stone-cheepers," perched in the sunshine on branches of the fern, repeat their chinking note. Other sound there is none. Behind me Cheviot fills the far distance, with Hedgehope glowering across his eastmost shoulder. Picture the spot by moonlight, and we may imagine it to have been the scene of Will Faa's famous encounter with the Excise officer. The story goes that once when Faa was in the act of conducting a smuggling enterprise he was intercepted by a party of King's men and became engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. The gipsy was a first-rate master of fence, but the odds were dead against him: for whilst the officer fought with a sword, he himself had no weapon but a cudgel. Momentarily expecting rescue, as it would seem, he contrived to parry his adversary's attacks; but the stick in his hand, subjected to repeated blows, grew shorter and shorter yet. None the less Will fought on, until his weapon of defence was whittled down to a few inches, when, chancing to receive a cut across his right or bow hand, he was at last constrained to yield. This he did with the simple observation that the officer had "spoilt a good fiddler." For he had been famous for his skill upon the thairms. He was also a master angler, and it may be noted in passing that the Ettrick Shepherd, in that scarce book, his earliest publication, sketches a spirited portrait of another member of the family, one Geordie Faa, who had the same qualifications. One cannot but admire Will's prowess and his stoicism; but from other information in our possession it would seem that upon occasions he could be offensively dictatorial and high-handed. Well! the days when such incidents as the above were liable to occur are ended for good and all, and the scene which, as we suppose, may have witnessed its share of them, has relapsed to the condition of an undisturbed haunt of shepherds. On breasting the brow of the hill which rises from Elsdonburn, we at once discover the low country on the other side, displayed like a map unrolled. There is still one landmark, in the shape of a hill-house known as The Shank, to be passed, and the descent into the vale of Bowmont is easy. One may imagine the gipsy dames of old time, the smugglers' wives, expecting the arrival of their men, with the mingled eagerness and anxiety with which fisher-women of to-day await the incoming of the fishing fleet. The cargo of the outward-bound smugglers had probably been one of Scottish salt; that of their return journey would be one of Hollands landed free upon the coast, say, at Howick Haven or at Boulmer, and there would be doubtless excited jubilation over its safe home-coming, and eager stowing of it away in cunning hiding-places. And in reference to these stow-holes, I may mention that at the neighbouring farm of Wide-open, the reputed scene of the story of "The Vacant Chair," there might till recently have been seen remains of a cottage with a double wall, the interspace having been used for concealing contraband goods. I may add that, besides the Smugglers' Track of which I have here endeavoured to sketch a few features, a nearer hill-track, lying to the north, and known as the Staw Road, communicates between the same points. There is also a second and shorter track between Elsdonburn and Yetholm. Not unconnected with this branch of smuggling is the subject of illicit stills, of which

some are known to have existed among the Cheviot hills. Perhaps the last traces of these have not yet been quite obliterated. At any rate, a certain mighty hunter on the face of this particular tract of earth has told me the following anecdote:—His hounds were running a fox on or near the hill called Auchope, or Arkhope Rig, when the fox disappeared from view among some stones on the hillside. A few of the hounds followed it, and finally, after loosening more stones, the huntsman himself followed them, to find himself within a species of cavern, in which he (a tall man) could stand nearly upright. He afterwards learnt that the entrance had been roughly blocked by shepherds. Does it not seem probable that the cave had been artificially improved for use as a still? Again, not so very long ago, there was an old man at Primside Mill, on Bowmont, who would tell of an acquaintance of his own who years before had kept an unlicensed distillery in the Cheviots. It was artfully concealed, and was furnished with a chimney which conducted the smoke to a distance before emitting it. (The pipe, by the way, is a still through which the whisky was distilled and was called the "worm," from being shaped like one.) One day, as this distiller was conveying some of his produce near the large hillside wood called Harrow Bog, who should chance to step out from the neighbouring trees but the Excise officer, who arrested him! The Primside Mill man had been following his associate at a distance. But, on seeing how matters were shaping, he turned back and proceeded to the factory, which he then and there destroyed as a precaution against search, the penalty of keeping a still being, of course, severer than that of merely being found in possession of contraband liquors. The approximate site of this, the last of the Border stills, is pointed out to this day. One word more. If the Border smuggler has missed his "pious poet," he has had instead the rarer fortune of a portrait-painter, through whose work fate yet permits us to gaze on his ruddy and open countenance and stalwart and picturesquely figged-out form. Thomas Sword Good was that man. Born at Berwick-on-Tweed in 1789, he died in his house on the quay walls of the same place no longer ago that in 1872. Starting in life as a house painter, he early rose to exhibit paintings at the Royal Academy. But becoming disgusted, apparently by lack of appreciation, and being now possessed of some small fortune, derived from another source, he laid aside the brush whilst still in middle life. Nor did he resume it. Shall we more pity or blame him? In either case we of the Borders have a thousand reasons to regret the course he took, for the few of his pictures which may still be seen in public galleries, or in private houses of the Border country, are of the highest interest and value. Artistically considered, their merit is by no means slight; but it is perhaps as historical evidence, or "documents," that they appeal to us most strongly. Good may be spoken of as the Meissonnier or the Wilkie of Northumbria; but he is something more as well. He is the recorder of costume, character, physique—in a word of the human "type"—as it existed in Northumberland and the Merse at a period which was of great historical importance, because it immediately preceded changes sweeping and radical. Among Good's paintings exhibited at the Royal Academy prior to 1833 was one entitled "Smugglers Resting." Among the pictures of the Ashbee Bequest recently added to the South Kensington Museum may be seen a similar (possibly the same) work. The late Sir William Crossman, of Holy Island, possessed a second version of the subject, besides other examples of the master. Further works from his hand will also be found in the Tait Gallery, and in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Twenty-six of his pictures were dispersed when the collection of the late John Wheeldon Barnes, of Durham, was sold at Christie's in 1894. But just as the artist was unappreciated during life, so would he seem to be forgotten after death. Dealers and collectors throughout the country are, indeed, familiar with his name and with his work. But in his native Borderland these things are never mentioned. Of a truth, we practical Borderers have much to learn in æsthetic perception, and in care for what Matthew Arnold would have described as the things of "sweetness and light!" —"Diversions of a Country Gentleman."

Sir John Cope.—Poor Johnnie, the object of so much satire and ridicule, was by no means either a coward or a bad soldier, or even a contemptible general upon ordinary occasions. He was a pudding-headed, thick-brained sort of person, who could act well enough in circumstances with which he was conversant; especially as he was perfectly acquainted with the routine of his profession, and had been often engaged in action, without ever, until the fatal fight of Preston, having shown sense enough to run away. On that occasion, however, he was, as sportsmen say, at fault.—"Sir W. Scott."

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