"THE LITTLE MINISTER'S VISIT TO NANNY WEBSTER."

By HENRY J. DOBSON, R.S.W Exhibited at Peeblesshire Fine Art Exhibition.

THE

BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

EDITED BY

NICHOLAS DICKSON,

Author of "The Elder at the Plate," "The Auld Scotch Minister,' "The Kirk Beadle," Etc.

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From Photo by Macintosh, Kelso.

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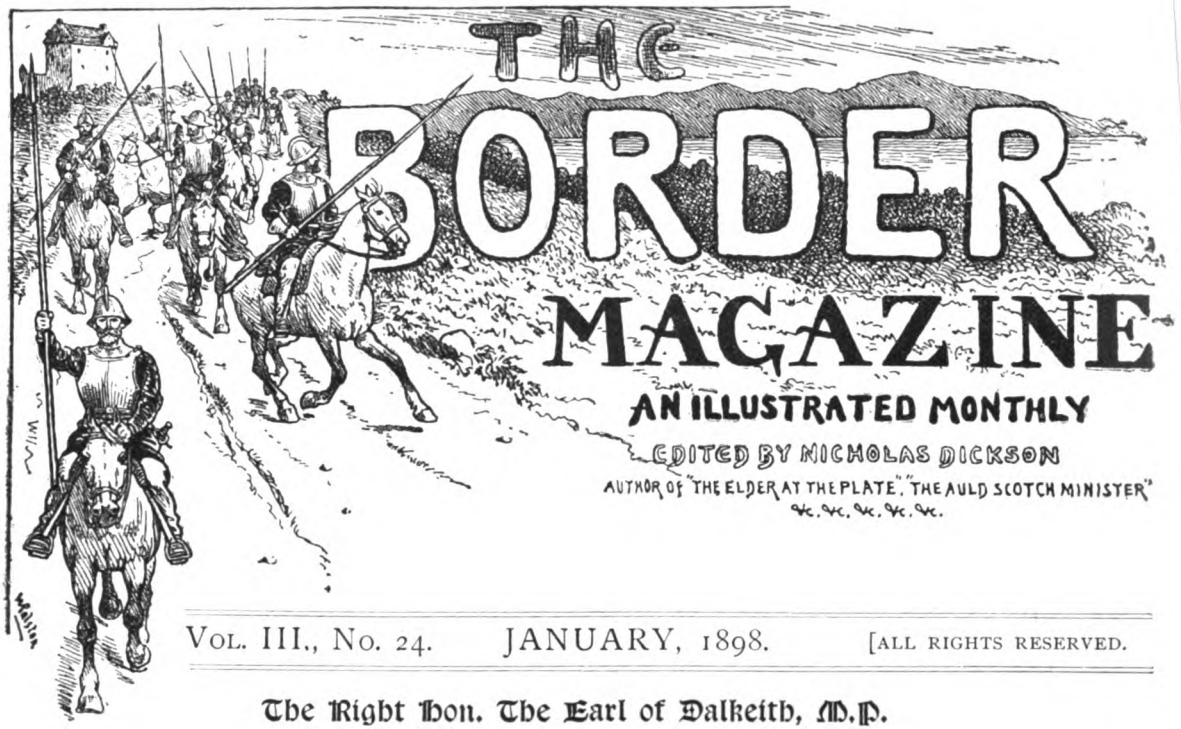


VOL. III., NO. 24. JANUARY, 1898.

The Right Hon. The Earl of Dalkeith, M.P.

BY A BORDERER.

THE derivation of the name of Scott is still a matter of antiquarian dispute, and the origin of the great Border family of the Scotts of Buccleuch is concealed by the mists of "fable-shaded eras." The late Walter Riddell Carre, Esq., of Cavers Carre, in his "Border Memories" gave precedence to the Scotts over the Kerrs and other families, as he thought they were first established in Scotland—indeed indigenous.

In any case the Scotts of Buccleuch have an unbroken record extending over seven centuries, and during this long period they, and the various off-shoots of the family, have played an important part in Border life and story.

Always possessed of a patriotic love of country, from Halidon Hill down to Flodden and Ancrum Moor, their blood has been freely shed on its behalf. The Border annals of poetry and song would be a blank, were the deeds of the Scotts eliminated therefrom.

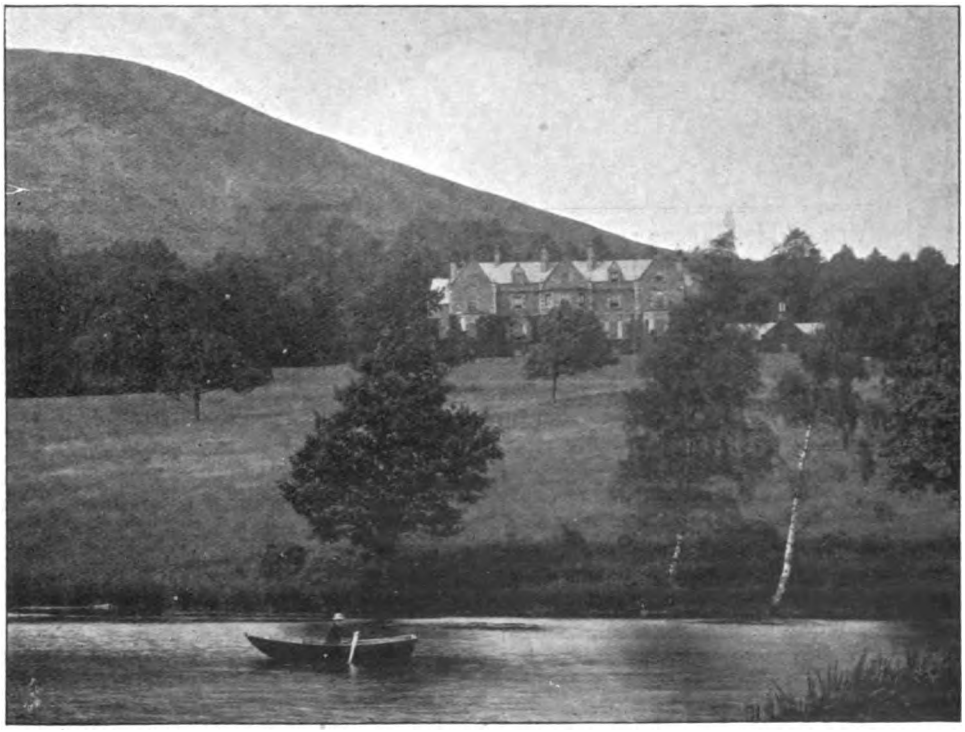
The great minstrel of the race has spread their name and fame to the far corners of the earth, and made the Border land a "Mecca" towards which are drawn pilgrims from wherever the English language is spoken. What more fit, therefore, than that in the pages of the *Border Magazine* some notice of a representative of the family should find a place in our galaxy of Border Worthies? And who more able to occupy this place than the subject of our present sketch?

To enter into anything like a detailed account of the House of Buccleuch would be beyond the scope of any magazine article. At the risk, however, of repeating what to many must be an oft-told tale, we would desire to briefly glance at one or two points in their history. According to Sir Walter Scott, the founder of the house was a noble of the Court of King David I., but it was believed that from the day of Kenneth III. (who was murdered in 994), this nobleman's ancestors possessed the Barony of Scotstoun in Peebleshire—part of the lands of the Barony being still (1897) in the possession of the family.

Richard Scott, first Lord of Rankleburn, lived between 1265-1320. His son, Sir Michael, was present at Halidon Hill in 1333, and was slain in the battle of Neville's Cross in 1346. Sir Michael's great grandson Robert acquired the lands of Bellenden in 1415, and the half of the lands of Branxholme in 1420. His son, Sir Walter, was first designated Lord of Buccleuch; and Sir Walter's son, David, sat in Parliament as Lord of Buccleuch in 1487. Lord David's great grandson, Sir Walter, was present at Flodden in 1513. He was defeated in the battle of Melrose in 1526, but cleared scores by the victory of Ancrum Moor in 1544. He was also engaged in Pinkie Cleuch in 1547, was warden of the Middle Marches in 1550, and was murdered by the Kerrs in the High Street of Edinburgh in 1552.

Thus, Sir Walter's grandson was the first Lord Scott of Buccleuch; the older designation having been simply Lord of Buccleuch. He was the hero of Kinmont Willie's rescue, which Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford has justly termed the last and most gallant achievement performed on the Border.

His son, Walter, was second Lord Scott of Buccleuch and first Earl of Buccleuch. He died in 1633, and his grand-daughter was the celebrated Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth.



From Photo by A. R. Edwards. EILDON HALL. Selkirk.

She was succeeded by Francis, second Duke of Buccleuch.

The fourth Duke of Buccleuch, Charles William Henry, deserves special notice, as the friend and patron of Sir Walter Scott, and to whom "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," written at the suggestion of his Duchess, was dedicated. He it was also who befriended the Ettrick Shepherd. His Grace was succeeded by Walter, fifth Duke of Buccleuch, whose death in 1884 was felt as a public loss. This brings us to the present esteemed holder of the title, William Henry Walter, sixth Duke of Buccleuch, K.G., K.T.P., who married, in 1859, Lady Louisa Hamilton, third daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn. Their eldest surviving son is John Charles Scott, Earl of Dalkeith, born 30th March, 1864. Lord Dalkeith gave early indication of the possession of high talent. Designed for the navy, he entered H.M.S. Britannia training-ship at the early age of twelve, and after undergoing two years' regular course, passed out of the ship, standing first-class in all his subjects, and accompanied with the further recommendation of very good conduct. This success gained him at once the rank of midshipman without the necessity of further probation.

In 1879 Lord Dalkeith went to the Sea of Marmora, and there joined H.M.S. "Monarch," of which the late Sir George Tryon was captain. In the same year he was appointed to H.M.S. "Bacchante," and served three years on board, along with Prince George, the present Duke of York, and his late brother, Prince Albert Edward. After the "Bacchante" was paid off he joined H.M.S. "Agincourt."

Passing as sub-lieutenant with first-class marks, in 1883, Lord Dalkeith then entered the Royal Naval Colleges at Greenwich and Portsmouth.

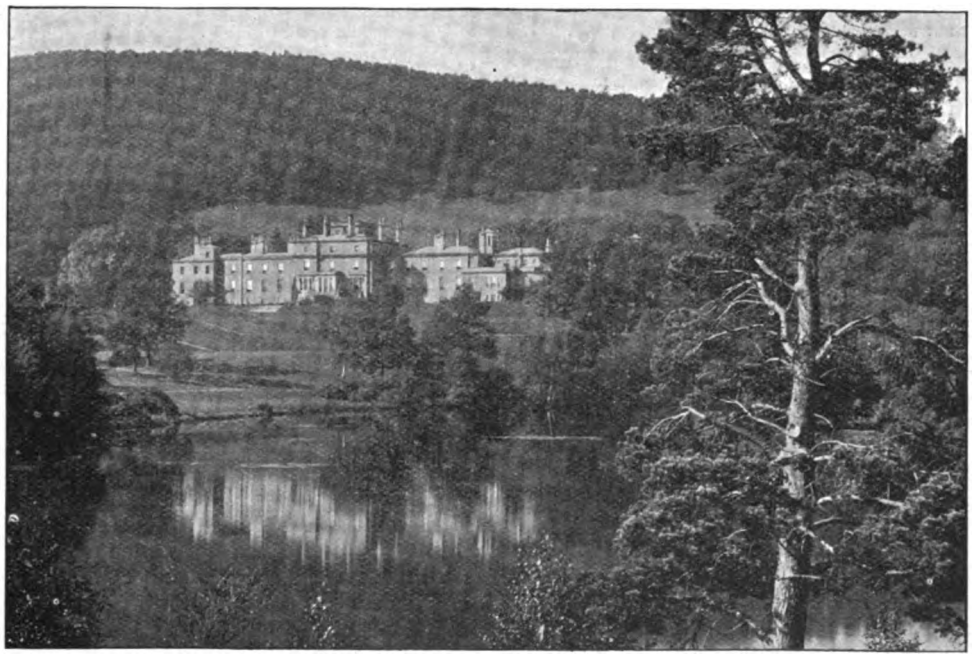
Here again he had a distinguished career, gaining first-class marks and promotion marks in all subjects. He was promoted lieutenant, with his commission dated back to 1883, thus holding at nineteen and a half years, the earliest age possible, the rank of lieutenant in the navy, equal to the rank of captain in the army. Besides this he gained the Beaufort Testimonial for the best examination passed by sub-lieutenants during the year at Greenwich College. Lord Dalkeith was appointed to H.M.S. "Tenedos," in the North American and West Indian Station, and when the ship was paid off in June, 1886, he was selected for a special course for gunnery lieutenants.

What gave promise of a distinguished naval career was interrupted by the lamentable death of his elder brother, Walter Henry, then Earl of Dalkeith, in September 1886. Lord Dalkeith, thus called upon to assume the responsibilities of the heir to the Dukedom, at once set about with his usual thoroughness to acquire a knowledge of the duties which his new position involved; and in this his usual success has attended his efforts.

His personal popularity is very great, and all his actings being dominated by high and fixed principles, no one can come into contact with him without feeling that he will worthily sustain the character of the House of Buccleuch.

On 30th January, 1893, Lord Dalkeith married the Hon. Margaret Alice Bridgeman, second daughter of Viscount Newport, and granddaughter of the late Earl of Bradford. The event was the occasion of great rejoicings all over the family estates. The Countess of Dalkeith, like one of her predecessors in the title, came to the land of her husband with the desire of making herself well acquainted with the country of her future home. Like her husband, anxious and willing to help in whatever might further the welfare of the community, she speedily won the hearts of the Border people, and there is no more popular lady by fair Tweedside or in Teviotdale. For Bazaars and kindred matters her services are always in great request, Lady Dalkeith's appearance thereat being a sure sign of success. Her ancestry is an ancient one and most interesting, but the limits of this article will only admit of our mentioning that her ladyship is great-great-great-great great-daughter of the celebrated Laird of Cockpen.

On the retiral of the Hon. Arthur Elliot as a candidate for the representation of Roxburgh on the Unionist side of politics, Lord Dalkeith was chosen in his stead; and at the General Election



From Photo by A. R. Edwards, BOWHILL. Selkirk.

of 1895 was successful in defeating the Hon. Mark Napier, the Liberal Candidate and previous member for the county. Speaking sparingly in the House of Commons, he has only interfered in debate when the subject was one in which he could contend with authority. On naval matters he has done so effectively, and in no mere partisan spirit; and in voting for the extension to the agricultural community of the Bill for compensation for injuries, and against the Government, he has shown an earnest desire to do what he considers to be right, irrespective of mere party gain.

Notwithstanding his many duties, Lord Dalkeith does not appear to believe that this existence should be all work and no play. He takes much interest in country sports and country affairs generally. He is a recognised authority on all that belongs to the chase, and the improvements which he has effected on the fox coverts comprised within the limits of the Buccleuch hunt, have given a fresh impetus to what its enthusiastic followers hail as the king of sports. On his marriage he fixed his residence at Eildon Hall, a mansion occupying a most beautiful site on the slope of the Eildon Hills, and in the very centre of the land of romance. Possessed of an intelligent knowledge of arboricultural science, he has been steadily improving the appearance of his domain. In addition to the view of Eildon Hall, we have the pleasure of placing before our readers one of Bowhill, the Selkirkshire residence of the noble family of Buccleuch.

Not yet in the prime of life Lord Dalkeith has a great future still before him, and while his abilities may carry him to almost any position to which he may choose to aspire, we trust he will always retain his love for the Borderland, and his interest in the welfare of its people.

Yule-Tide.

WHILE Gala lilts her auld-time tunes,
An' Tweed rowes to the sea,
An' through the wuds the cauld wind croons,
Syne whistles ower the lea,
It's here's to thee, an' ilk leal heart
That lo'es his brother man,
Dame Fortune ever take ye're pairt,
The best o' frien's ye're han';
Scot free frae skaith o' wand'ring ills
Luve gift aye thee an' thine
While heather growes on grey hame hills
An' hearts sing "Auld lang syne."

JAMES MABON.

Visit to the Cheviot by a Party from Jedburgh.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.

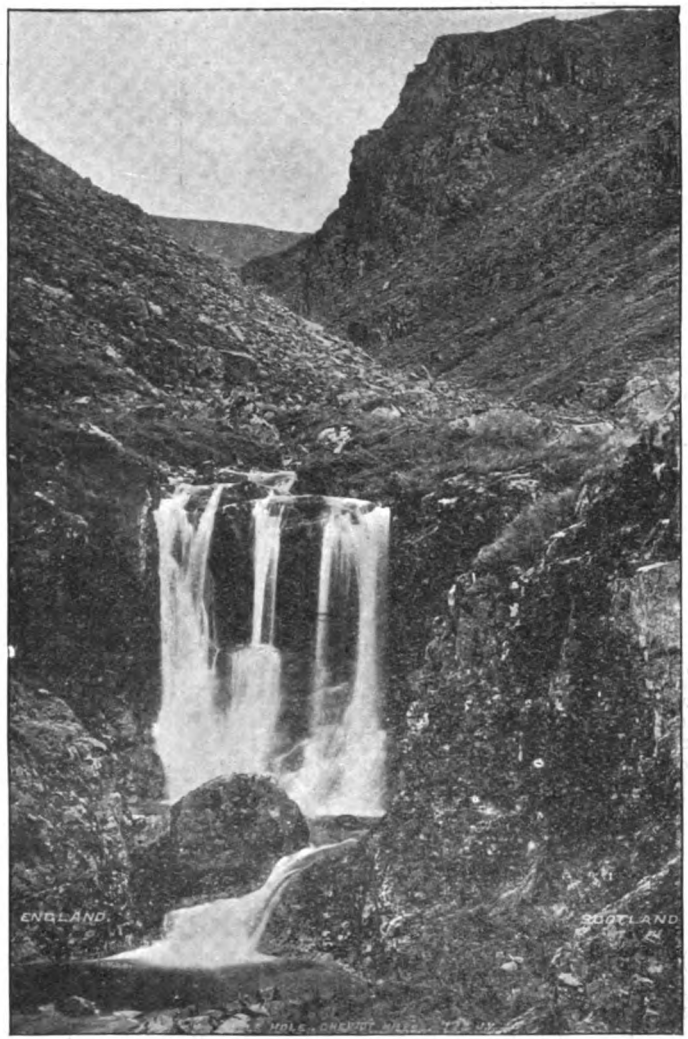
ONE of the prettiest and most exquisite sights enjoyed while on the Cheviot was a glimpse at the triple peaks of the Eildons with a most beautiful and bright sunlight upon them, the rest of the 'Grand Old Borderland' being in shadow. The effect of this glimpse was very charming, and never to be forgotten. Here how Thomas Aird dashes off the striking beauty of those wonderful hills —

Above the mist the sun has kissed
Our Eildons—one, yet three;
The triplet smiles, like glittering isles
Set in a silver sea.
Break, glad of morn, burst hound and horn,
Oh! then the woods for me.

Aird was born in the 'Old Scottish Village' of Bowden, which stands near to the bottom of the middle hill, and close by is the murmuring Tweed that he loved so well. Bowden has produced several notable men. James Thomson was born there. Jamie was a Border poet of a high order, and several of his pieces have attained considerable eminence. He died in Hawick a few years ago. He was well known as the author of the 'Auld Smiddy End,' and his song, 'Up wi' the Banner,' is sung every year at Hawick Common-Riding. This song delights the Hawick folks almost as much as the 'eternal air,' as Robbie Murray styles 'Teribus.' Another name of eminence who lived in the vicinity of the Eildons was the good John Younger, poet, essayist, lecturer, cobbler, and fisherman. He was a man well known for his good commonsense and sound philosophy. At the time of the first Burns Centenary, when every town, village, and hamlet held its meeting in honour of the National Bard, John Younger was chairman of the meeting held at St. Boswells, and delivered a most telling speech, which he had to re-deliver in most of the Border towns and also in Edinburgh and Glasgow. We had the pleasure of hearing him deliver it in the Town Hall, Jedburgh, and a finer lecture we never listened to. 'Scots Wha Hae' he described as the greatest war song that was ever written, and 'Wandering Willie' was the finest love song of any nation. He read the love song through, but had not proceeded far when his voice gave way and the tears ran over his old withered face. We had the honour to entertain old John on the afternoon after the lecture, and in complimenting him said, '"Wandering Willie" was too much for ye, John.' He replied, 'Man, ma wife was a

Nannie, an' a never read it now but I greet, for she is away.' Hear how sweetly John sang of his Nannie—

'Mid a' the thoughts that trouble me,
The saddest thought o' ony
Is wha may close the other's e'e—
May it be me or Nanny?



From Photo. by J. Valentine. HEN HOLE. Dundee.

The ane that's left may sairly feel,
Amid a world uncanny;
I'd rather brave auld age mysel'
Than lanely leave my Nannie.

The author of 'Symon and Janet,' Andrew Scott, also lived there. This piece was very popular on the Borders in the early part of the present century. Here are the first four lines—

Surrounded wi' bent and wi' hea'her,
Where muircocks and plovers were rife,
For monie a lang towman thegi'her
There lived an auld man an his wife.

We know of nothing better as a Scotch recitation. Recently the present writer had the privilege of meeting James Aird, brother of the well-known Thomas Aird. He repeated several quotations from his brother's poems, and recited a very pretty piece of his own on Spring. Long may he live, worthy representative of a grand Border family.

We saw Penielheugh, a monument erected to commemorate the victories of the Duke of Wellington and the battle of Waterloo. Near here is Lilliard's Edge, with its Scotch fir plantation, where the battle of Ancrum Moor was fought, 17th February, 1545. In this battle a young woman named Lilliard was in the ranks and fell by the side of her lover. She was buried where she fell, on the top of the ridge, and a stone with the following inscription marks the place :—

Fair maiden Lilliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame ;
Upon the English loons she laid many thumps,
And when her legs were cuttit off she fought upon her stumps.

Close to Lilliard's Edge stands a Mausoleum overlooking Teviotdale and facing near the favourite 'Yett' of our own Thomas Davidson, 'The Scottish Probationer.' General Monteith Douglas of Stonebyres, who died recently, had it built for his body's accommodation, and now lies in it. 'Last Sunday,' says Davidson, 'I made this speech for the tenant of it.

"AND THERE WILL I BE BURIED."

TELL me not the good and wise
Care not where their dust reposes—
That to him in death who lies
Rocky beds are even as roses.

I've been happy above ground ;
I can ne'er be happy under,
Out of Teviot's gentle sound—
Part us not, then, far asunder.

Lay me hear where I may see
Teviot round his meadows flowing,
And around and over me
Winds and clouds for ever going.

Near at hand were also observed Smailholm Tower, the scene of the 'Eve of St. John,' and Hume Castle also stood out in bold relief with its castellated gables and quaint, old-fashioned, pretty village now fast going out of existence. The Dunion (1095), Blacklaw (1110), Ruberslaw (1392), and Minto Hills, of course, were there in all their glory. In the Mosspaul district was noticed the Wisphill (1950), and Linhopehill, Skelfhillpen, Greatmuir, Penchristpen, and the Maiden's Paps were easily seen. Coming to Rulewater there were the Windburgh Hill, (1622), Fanahill, Lamblair Hill, Rusby Rig, Wolfelee Hill, and Bonchester Hill. The Carling Tooth (1810), the Peel Fell (1964), the Carter Fell (1815), and the hills of the Note-o'-the-Gate were close at hand. This was the route over which Prince Charlie led his army in 1745 when he invaded England. It may be mentioned here that the last battle between the Scotch and the English, the 'Raid of the Reidswire,' was fought on the farm of Wooplaw, which is about a mile from the Carter Bar on the Scotch side, on 7th June, 1575. The struggle lasted a considerable time, when the Scotch showed signs of wavering. But at the critical moment the citizens of Jedburgh, headed by the Provost, came to the rescue with drums beating and banners flying,

Then raise the slogan with one shout—
'Fly Tyndale to it, "Jethart's Here."'

Bauld Rutherfurd, he was fu' stout,
Wi' a' his nine sons him round about ;
He led the town o' Jedburgh out,
All bravely fought that day.

No sooner had the burghers joined the fray than the English took flight, leaving behind many slain and not a few prisoners. We also saw trains running in Cumberland. Mr. Sturrock drew the attention of the company to a lake which we supposed was in the English Lake District.

A return was then made for the top of the famous Henhole. The procession was commenced in a somewhat straggling manner, as it was with the greatest difficulty that some of the company could persuade themselves to leave the spot where so much interesting and charming scenery was to be seen. However, those in front waited when they reached the top till 'we were seven' again. Now began what was perhaps the most serious part of the day's work. The ascent was fatiguing, but the descent into Henhole was rather dangerous. An angle of forty-five is a mild term to give those who have not seen it an idea of the declivity. The glen was dazzling with glorious sunshine and presented a most impressive spectacle. The intrepid guide led the way. The Texan, who wore thin American boots, was badly handicapped, but with due caution they all reached the bottom safe and sound. Here Mr. Stedman, Mr. Smail, and Mr. Brown culled a few specimens of ferns in commemoration of their visit. At the bottom of Henhole there is a bridge across the burn in the shape of a plank six inches broad and four or five yards long. This was crossed by the guide, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Stedman, and the Rev. Canon, while Messrs. Sturrock, Laidlaw, and the Texan scrambled through from stone to stone as best they could, puir fallaws !

Henhole is the boundary between England and Scotland, the stream dividing the countries. It is situated on the northern side of the Great Cheviot, and a large quantity of water flows into it. The glen shows deep rocky banks to within a mile or so of the highest point of the mountain. Within

the space of about three-quarters of a mile the water, in a succession of beautiful cascades of from three to six or eight to thirty feet in height, falls 300 feet. The water on this occasion being very full and dark from the recent rains and the peaty nature of the ground enabled the visitors to see Henhole in all its glory. It is called Colledge Water, and runs into the Till near Newton. The cliffs at one part near the head of the glen stand like walls on each side to the height of nearly 300 feet. The hunting falcon and the raven still breed here. There is a small cavern on the highest cliff, known as Ellen's Cave. The legend in connection with this is that fair Ellen was thrown into a trance till her lover came and sounded a horn, when she awoke and claimed her lover as her own. In the face of the highest cliff, on the right bank, is a small cavern—still offering perilous access to the venturesome—into which, says tradition, one of the old hunting Percys went with some of his hounds. They never returned, but lie there bound by a spell, which can only be broken by the blast of a bugle.

At one point Mr. Smail stood with his right foot in Scotland and his left in England, and the Rev. Canon *vice versa*. While in this position they offered each other hearty congratulations and a snuff. A slight ascent had to be made to gain the footway for Sourhope. A splendid view was had looking back to Henhole, and the fine green hills on each side of the Colledge Water which flows on to join the Till. At this point the guide, who was for ever on the lookout for something specially interesting, discovered an ancient British road, made before the Roman invasion, distinctly marked and covered with brackens. This road the party traversed in a westerly direction to the top of the incline, where they left it and reached Sourhope at five o'clock, having spent six pleasant hours in their walk to the big hill and back. All expressed the great delight the visit had given them, and so delighted was the visitor from America that he took out his notebook and wrote down the 9th of September, 1897, as a red letter day in his life, and gamely declared that he could walk the distance over again. Near the close of the last century, Daniel Defoe, author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' ascended the Cheviot from the Wooler side.

After bidding adieu to Mr. Shiel, the 'seven' drove to Kirk Yetholm, where a splendid dinner was prepared for them in the Border Hotel by Mr. Renalson. Although an hour late the dinner was served up in the best of style. The appetites of the party were pretty sharp, and the repast was heartily partaken of. Ex-Provost Laidlaw presided, and after dinner, sentiment and songs were given. The genial landlord appeared on the scene with his coat off and sleeves tucked up, as usual, ready apparently to look after the wants of everyone who visits his hospitable hotel, and particularly Jethart folk.

The drive home was much enjoyed. The whole district was bathed in beautiful moonlight, which lent a charm to the homeward journey. Jedburgh was reached at a quarter to eleven.

An' each took off his several way
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

(Concluded.)

Yarrow: Its Scenery, People, and Traditions.

II.

BY SAMUEL CARMENT, EDINBURGH.

THE clear, shrill notes of the genial driver's horn were well fitted, we thought, to remind one of a state of things in connection with our postal system, almost pertaining to a past age. Indeed, for very long and even still so, to a certain extent, this romantic valley retains features and manners which carry one back to the days of our great-grandfathers, when life pressed on with a quieter step than in the present feverish age.

The old parish church arrests our attention. It is the very type of a country church, and vivid imagination may carry one back to a century or two ago, when the church bell summoned another generation who came many miles across moor and mountain "burn," or over the heathery hill to mingle with their fellow-worshippers, or to gather with friends and acquaintances around the kirk-style. The church is an old building if we may judge from the following inscription inserted beneath the belfry which still remains, notwithstanding the alterations which internally have been made:—"Tyme is short, watch and pray, 1640."

In the churchyard are several quaint tombstones. One is erected to the memory of Mr. John Rutherford, first minister of the parish after the Revolution. Mr. Rutherford, who was minister from 1691 to 1710, it is interesting to know, was the maternal great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott.

There are several other noteworthy tombstones in this well-kept churchyard, including one dated 1722, to the memory of a family of Stoddarts, some of whose members, I learn from another source, had been Covenanters.

Nine miles from Selkirk, near the river and within a few yards of the church is an old bridge, whose ruined and ivy-covered arch imparts a picturesque aspect to the landscape. This ancient landmark reminds the writer of a conversation he once had with the late well-known and esteemed author of "Reminiscences of Yarrow," Dr. James Russell, whose father and himself, between them, had been ministers there for nearly a century. We had been conversing regarding this old bridge and other antiquities of the parish. Dr. Russell mentioned that James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd" whom he knew well, had always maintained that it had been built by one of the Earls of Buccleuch, a tradition which was afterwards fully confirmed. Dr. Russell writes in his *Reminiscences* as follows: "Like that across the Ettrick the old bridge at Deuchar has a somewhat curious history. The Ettrick Shepherd was wont to say that it was built by one of the Earls of Buccleuch, and that the arms of that noble family were formerly to be seen upon it. No corroboration of this tradition could anywhere be traced till the discovery of Mr. Hodge's MS. of date 1722, containing this notice: 'South-west from Hangingshaw is a very good bridge, with two arches built of freestone, with the Dutches of Buccleuch's arms in the forefront thereof. At the noar-west end of the bridge there stands an old toure called Dewchare toure.'"

In a field on the right hand side of the highway, a little farther up the valley, the antiquary will be interested in inspecting a large upright stone of unknown age, bearing marks of great antiquity. It marks the site, it has been supposed, of a memorable encounter between the Danes and the early settlers of the district. The inscription upon this stone is exceedingly difficult to make out, and has long been a puzzle to antiquaries. Not even the great learning of the distinguished Professor Rhys of Oxford, who, a few years ago, visited it, has altogether cleared up the mystery which envelops it. The description of my wanderings in the upper part of the valley and St. Mary's Loch, must be reserved for a future article. Meanwhile the writer has arrived at "Yarrow Feus," and as the autumnal "shadows of the evening are being stretched out" upon the surrounding mountains and green hills of the lonely valley, he turns aside to his brother's residence, the Free Church Manse of Yarrow.

Although the parish of Comrie remains "the centre of British Earthquakes," it may not be without interest to your readers, to know that about one hundred and seventy years ago, Selkirk and the neighbouring country was once visited with very severe shocks of earthquake. In the year 1843, the vale of Yarrow again experienced a severe shock of earthquake, which was felt also in several parts of Scotland, and extended as far south as Dumfries. But, for the sake of any unduly timid tourist, let me say that both Selkirk and Yarrow are not volcanic mountainous regions.

Book Notice.

Four Hundred Animal Stories. Selected and edited by Robert Cochrane, Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers, Ltd.

THE genial vice-president of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union has produced in this attractive volume one of the most instructive and entertaining prize or presentation books of the season. Four hundred stories of animals! If that is not a prize book worth working hard for, we don't know what a prize book means. There may be one or two old favourites among these stories, such as Poor Gelert, whose untimely fate was one of our school-boy recitations; but the collection is mainly made up, as Mr. Cochrane tells us in his Preface, from the pages of *Chambers's Journal*, and therefore new to most of his young readers. The Preface, by the way, is full of suggestive matter, and is almost as interesting as the text.

The volume is divided into eleven chapters, and into each of these chapters is crammed as many stories and anecdotes as there are peas in a pod or plums in a pudding. We regret that we have no space in which to quote two or three of these stories of shipboard pets, monkeys, talking birds, horses, dogs, cats, elephants, and so on. We have room for only one—a parrot story, and a seasonable one:—

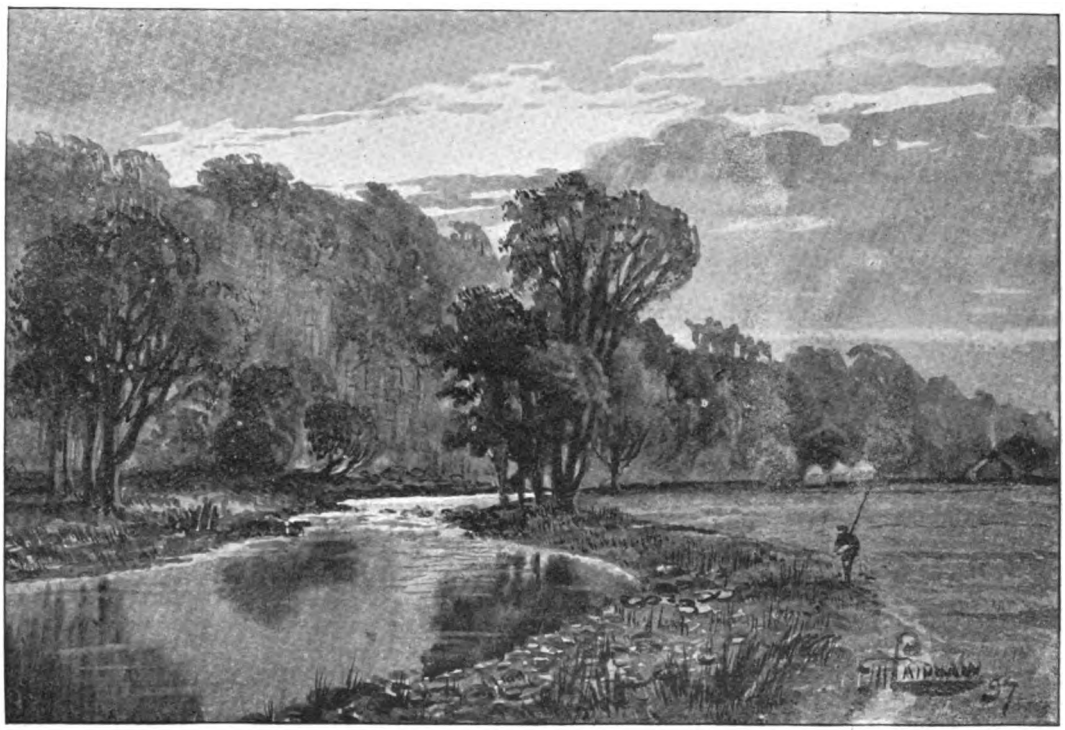
"In the case of a parrot, owned by a family of my acquaintance, his master had tried for a long time, as the appropriate season drew nigh, to teach him to say 'A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you,' but the bird, although wonderfully intelligent and docile as a rule, was, upon this occasion obstinately silent, and his master gave up the task. But on Christmas Eve some friends called at the house, and as they entered the parlour, the bird, to their delight, but to his master's astonishment, saluted them with 'A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you!' The guests were quite ready to declare that this was the most sagacious of all recorded parrots, and might even have believed that such a phenomenon possessed the ability to study the almanac."

We know not a better or more entertaining present for young folks at this season than these "Four Hundred Animal Stories," with numerous capital illustrations scattered profusely throughout the volume.

To Jed Valley.

Oh, lang awa, at last for hame
My wandering steps are led;
Safe ower the hills, I greet ance mair
The lovely valley, Jed!
And sweeter spot in fair Scotland
Ne'er met enraptured een,
Than where the grey auld Abbey stan's
'Mid wavin' wuds o' green.

Ah, mony a lad and lass I kent,
Lang 'neth thy mools hae lain
While ithers wae and weary, soucht
A hame across the main;
But still there's bonnie lassies here,
And mony a sturdy chiel,
Their herts the same as they were aye,
Fu' couthie, kind and leal



From Sketch by THE SCAURS, JED WATER. T. H. Laidlaw, Hawick.

Loved valley! as I tread the banks
O' thy romantic stream,
Unbidden ower my hert there comes
A sweet but nameless dream;
And crowdin' ower my brain fu' fast
Come thouchts o' dear lang syne,
And sair my hert, and wat my een,
For joys that ance were mine.

But we grow old, time slips awa,
And cares seem to increase;
Yet lowin' love, to weary herts,
Can still gie blinks o' peace.
And when it comes that Heaven shall ca'
Me to my lang last rest,
Sweet Valley! I'll lie doon on thee
As on a mither's breast.

J. Steel.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1898.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

Border Notes and News.

EDITORIAL.—With the present monthly part of THE BORDER MAGAZINE we desire to offer our readers the warmest wishes of this Christmas and New Year season. It would be rank ingratitude on our part were we to begin our Third Volume without some expression of the help and encouragement which we receive from the many kind and sympathetic letters written by Borderers, both at home and abroad.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE, while steadily growing in favour and popularity, is still far from what it might and ought to be in regard to circulation. It seems that there are thousands of Border people who have never seen or heard of its existence! What a fine opportunity there is, consequently, for an increased circulation during the coming year. If every reader would send a few copies here and there to friends interested in the Border Country, the success of the magazine would be assured.

We have to thank our friends of the LONDON SCOTTISH BORDER COUNTIES ASSOCIATION for so warmly taking the magazine in hand. Copies can now be supplied in London by our agents there—Messrs. W. J. Hay & Co., 26 Paternoster Square, E.C.

Cases for binding Vol. II. can now be had from the Publishers or Agents. Price 1s. 3d.

A few complete sets of Volume I. remain on hand, unbound. *As these are now very scarce*, immediate application is necessary. On receipt of Postal Order for 6/, the Editor will send, Post Free, a set to any address.

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BORDER ASSOCIATIONS, LONDON.—At least three important Border gatherings were held last month, December. On the 10th, the LONDON SCOTTISH BORDER COUNTIES' ASSOCIATION held the first of their Smoking Concerts in the Holborn Restaurant. J. J. Pringle, Esq., M.D., presided, and, as the result of the energetic efforts of the hon. secretary, Mr. W. B. Thomson, the attendance of members and their friends quite crowded the handsome hall. Some good songs and much pleasant intercourse produced a very enjoyable evening's entertainment.

* * *

GLASGOW.—On the evening of Wednesday the 15th December, the GLASGOW BORDER COUNTIES' ASSOCIATION held their Annual Soiree and Concert in the Queen's Rooms, Clifton Street. The large hall was quite filled by the Glasgow Borderers and their friends. The Earl of Dalkeith, M.P., hon. president of the Association, occupied the chair, and greatly delighted his audience by the fine Border spirit which characterised his opening address, and by his genial remarks during the course of an excellent concert which followed tea. Having to leave for Edinburgh, his lordship's place was taken by John Laidlaw, Esq., hon. vice-president. A dance, after the concert, concluded one of the pleasantest annual gatherings that the Glasgow Borderers have ever experienced.

* * *

EDINBURGH.—The Edinburgh Borderers' Union held their Grand Bazaar in the Music Hall on the 16th, 17th, and 18th December. As already stated, the object of this Bazaar was to enable the Union to secure suitable premises for their meetings, and as a meeting-place for friends from the Border districts visiting town for the day. The drawings for the three days amounted to £1,500.

Border Reminiscences. V.—The Village Postman.

EVERYBODY hails with a welcome the postman's knock. It may be louder and sharper than the usual alarm, but as the visit is expected at a given hour one is always on the *qui vive*. As a matter of course, the door is opened in a hurry and the missive received benignly. No doubt it may bear a message of sorrow or of woe, but even then it calls up a far-away memory, and we live again in the dear long ago, which was all so happy. Our saddest notes are set in the harmony of our sweetest strains. How seldom is it true—though familiarity with words would fain weave a proverb—that *nae news is guid news!*

In our village we had but one daily delivery, and as Robert Aitchison set out in the early morning in rain or shine or shadowland towards Meldrum, our hearts were with him all the way.

I have elsewhere said that Robert was a most obliging man—faithful to any trust committed to his care. His post-gig was literally laden, for he was a kind of miniature carrier. His letters were the lightest of his freight. He was always spoken of as *Postie*, except by my friend of The Howe, who designated him *Robie*, and this it seemed to me on the following account:—It was one of the Regulations that all letters for the village must pass through the hands of *Maister Wabster* at the Post Office before being delivered, and as Robert Wilson's farmhouse was at the *gate*, he thought Postie might very well untie the bundle and search for his as he passed, but duty was to Robert Aitchison a religion, and by that standard he regulated his life.

Although Postie and I were on the most intimate terms, I would not have ventured to ask him to *break his rule*. Occasionally I got from him a bundle of notes, which he had procured for me at Mr. Mather's bank, but these he handed without remark—his eagle eye looking right on. Only once do I remember his addressing me, but the circumstances were very exceptional. The previous night had been exceedingly stormy, and the gale had done disastrous damage on sea and land. As at noon he entered the village, he said, "Ah! maister, the Heid Forester's been here." I could not at first divine his message, but as he drove past he added, "Some michty big trees doun the day." And then I understood that on the estate of Westwood, Lady Eleanor would allow no timber to be cut. The storm had laid low some stately gnarlous oaks which had braved the blast for generations gone. When the delivery came, he explained his laconic speech, and "his eyes were as bright as a five year old's with a new toy." As he related the ravages of the wind, he gloried in the power of Providence. He had great faith in a special dispensation.

It might to a cursory observer have seemed that disappointment had given a tinge of sadness to our postman's demeanour. But to one who knew him well it was but a tawdry garment loosely concealing a strong manly character and disposition. Of such men Ruskin somewhere says, "Some are pathetic in a resolute and predetermined way, when they choose; but, in their own minds, are evidently stern, or hopeful, or serious; never really melancholy."

Postie had very few passengers to and from Meldrum. For one thing he had no room, and as "he was a very silent man by custom," it was not every one who dared to claim a seat. As a rule he had load enough with parcels, baskets, and miscellaneous saddlery, and I always thought his mind was much set upon their safe carriage. And then he had always such an abhorrence of gossip and frivolous talk, that he was not likely to give any wayfarer a *lift* on the road. But I was sometimes glad to beg of him a drive to Meldrum, and he ever made me welcome. You had not gone far on the way till a hind's *wifie* at Rosehill would shout, "Man, Postie, seek me some dernin' needles, and white-o-broun threed, an' as muckle paper as wud *kiver* the wa's o' oor kitchen." As I held the reins, these orders were committed to writing, and then a shrill voice in the rear was heard, "Hoy, look in at Dr. Hastie's, an' ax oor Johnnie's bottle." What remuneration Postie got for all these transactions I do not know, but medicine was always carried *gratis*. One thing I know, he was always too easily recompensed for any favour he did me. On no account would he accept payment at both ends—which virtue is not usually associated with the rural post-runner.

As we passed up *the entries* of Westwood, I tried to have from him an expression of his opinion as to a certain schoolmaster in the neighbourhood who was famed for his elocution. Postie's estimate was not very high. I said that I believed that the pedagogue's style was too critical. "Deed, maister," he replied, "it's *hypocritical*."

Soon after we had left the policies of Westwood, we came to that red-tiled little cottage which nestles so shelteringly by the side of the rippling Cam, as it peers through the dell where hazel, alder, and briar in sweet profusion mingle. It is the blacksmith's house, and his shop is

well-nigh hidden among arboreal growth. As we crossed the rustic bridge to join the road to Meldrum, Postie tugged the rein and said with a leer, "Cawmridge, a place for a *study*."

I thought he might enjoy a story though telling against his own persuasion. The Rood Mill which bends the turnpike at Bounty Burn suggested a tale of Disruption times :—On a certain Sunday both of our ministers—Auld and Free—had arranged to exchange pulpits with their respective associates in Meldrum. On horseback each made his way to his destination. As the Auld Kirk minister passed the miller's house at the canter, Janet Frater was heard to exclaim, "Ay, the Lord forgie the *Erastain* transgressor. Has he ne'er read, 'The mercifu' man is mercifu' tae his beast'? About half-an-hour thereafter the Free Kirk pastor rode along on his steed, spurring it headlong—for he was late for worship. Janet modulated her voice and said so gently, "Ay, there he gangs, the servan' o' the Lord, fond o' his wark an' keen tae get at it." As I told the story I watched Postie's face, but not a muscle moved as he queried, "Did the *strip* strap gie way?" His reference was to my having fallen from my pony on the previous evening, through the stirrup-leather breaking. Thus the point of the joke was turned towards myself, and my conscience was touched.

As we neared Meldrum—around whose hallowed associations so many dear memories have gathered since that gold-tinted morn in leafy June—Postie reminded me of Mr. Wallace's humorous aphorism, "There are but three men of note in Meldrum :—Mr. Mather, the town clerk; the Rev. James Watson, the *Saecaedar* preacher; and *Auld Tam Weelumsin* that drives the 'bus."

But we must now part, and my best thanks are due to Postie. I remark that I am obliged to him, and he replies "No ava." To have asked him to the Bar of the Golden Lion would have drawn blood and anger to his face. It would assuredly have been my *last lift* on the road. I had one means of shewing my gratitude. Now and again I lent him my pony for a day. "Peggy" was a brisk little creature—well-bred and willing to the road, but Postie took a lighter load when he had a "neebour's sheltie as an a obleegement." On the return journey as George Riddell—lately become a very dear friend to me—asked him to take out repairs of harness to Westwood, he answered, "No' the day, George. The maister's pownie's fell eneuch, but oo maun be mensfu'." And as George tried to argue further he tugged the rein, ejaculating, "Ye're no aye in siccan a hurry."

Besides being the village post-runner, Robert Aitchison was also Compulsory officer, as prescribed by the Act of 1872. In all the parish there was not a child of school age uneducated. But Robert was most exacting as to *attendance*. The shepherd at Wiselaw had taken his boy from school three weeks before he attained the age of exemption. The case was reported to the officer. That very evening he visited Wiselaw, and so convinced or terrified John Allan that on the following day his son was at school and in due time. The Compulsory Clause (it has been frequently pointed out to me), stands on the Statute-book as a scandal in the manner of its administration, by many of our rural School Boards. In our parish it was as binding as any other Act of Parliament, and Robert Aitchison deserves the cream of the credit, for he would allow no divisive courses and used to say, "It's nae use pretending the Act's compulsory and makin' exceptions."

Postie was not much of a farmer, though he had to provide straw and provender for his pony and cow. I rather think the *slowness* of agricultural method did not suit him He never seemed at leisure, and in hay-harvest, "he allowed no grass to grow beneath his feet." One bright afternoon in July he was "making hay," and he did it with a will. When evening came, the field was *kyled*. It was well that such was the case, for a very severe thunderstorm—prelude of a *spate*—broke over our neighbourhood, and lightning flashed incessantly. Ever since the school had been *struck* a few years before, I felt a dread of the mysterious fire. Postie was apparently quite as much excited as myself. At last he came to the skirts of the play ground, where I stood half in terror and half in wonder. I said to him, "We must get lightning-conductors fixed throughout the village. At any moment there may be a conflagration." Postie's thoughts were towards his well-gotten hay, and yet he brought home to me the absurdity of my suggestion as he said, "Div ye think, maister, that I should pit a conductor at every hay-ruck?"

One other incident I remember, which will serve to shew the keen penetrative honesty and thoroughness of our village postman. The village-pump was provided and maintained by the villagers. In my time a new pump was imminently required. Public subscriptions more than met the cost. Again, it was to Postie that we were most deeply indebted for a hearty universal response. Even Laird Weston doubted whether he would be expected to subscribe when Robert assured him that "his kye aye drank at the *troch* in the passin'," and that "if a laird

huds back, hoo could the maiter be brocht afore plain workin' folk?"

As in this year of grace the autumn leaves were falling like fleecy flakes of snow which kiss the genial earth, I saw Robert Aitchison enter Meldrum on the stroke of nine—ever punctual as of old. His eye is not dim, nor his physical force abated. His streaming yellow hair and beard grow grizzly by reason of the *rime* of rapid years, but on every line of that ruddy face "integrity" is written. Few men have led a life of more useful endeavour or more dutiful habit. None that I know of more sterling character or of greater loyalty to truth! And as the tender-hearted humanitarian novelist from the far away Samoan Seas longs for a day "when the world may return to the word duty, and be done with the word reward," methinks such an one as Robert Aitchison might herald the ideal age. Long may Postie tug the rein! A. T. G.

The New Year Bells.

THE midnight bells ring out a potent pealing
In softly tuneful cadences, and clear—
The half-unconscious thoughts of men revealing—
In wooing welcome to the new-born year.

And as the bells send forth their merry measure,
There mingles with the strains, from far and near,
A shout of festive gaiety and pleasure,
As myriad voices greet the new-born year.

But list! the chimes have changed from soft caressing,
And doleful dirges with the music swell—
The all-unconscious thoughts of men expressing—
And bid the dying year a sad farewell.

The dying year when viewed in retrospection
Shows many an action—selfish, base, unkind;
And many a deed of painful recollection,
Of laggard steps to help the halt and blind.

The dying year! what memories awaken,
What floods of thought come surging through the brain,
Of good intentions carelessly forsaken,
Of rudely disregarded cries of pain.

Of resolutions boldly made—and broken,
Of vows and promises left unfulfilled,
Of kindly, sympathetic words unspoken,
And friendship oft with words of anger chilled.

Of widows' sobs and orphans' cries neglected,
Of hungry children left unsatisfied;
And when some wounded man lay unprotected,
Of passing by upon the other side.

The midnight bells ring out the year that's speeding
To black oblivion, leaving men to mourn—
Some men neglecting, some, alas, unheeding—
Lost opportunities that ne'er return.

The midnight bells ring in the year with burden
Of richest promise on its radiant wings;
Then may we cherish as our highest guerdon
Each opportunity for good it brings.

TEEKAY.

A Border Morning Concert.

A MIDNIGHT TRAMP THROUGH THE BORDERLAND.

"'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose,
The winds no longer whispered through the woods,
Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods,
The stars in silent order moved around,
And peace with downy wings was brooding o'er the ground."

ONE evening, in the early spring, we were hastily summoned to a distant Border town. On reaching Hawick, about midnight, from Edinburgh, we found that a conveyance could not be got. There was, therefore, nothing left but to foot bravely the twenty-three miles that still lay between us and our destination.

The night was calm and beautiful. When once the guid auld toon had been cleared, the moorlands stretched away for miles on every side. The hill tracks were sprinkled with furze all golden with the blossoms of spring. The houses and hamlets were dark and quiet as the grave. No human being seemed astir, and for hours we were shut in by the hand of nature. The world's din and strife was nowhere felt. The Sabbath quiet was impressive and formed a striking contrast to the turmoil of the city street. The night was never dark, nor were we ever alone. The bleeting of the lamb, the hooting of the owl, the wail of the curlew, and the voice of the way-side burn were ever near, whilst bats in pursuit of food, were ever and anon about our heads.

A few hours continuous tramping carried us over the heights of Mosspaul and down into more cultivated parts. The ruins of the once busy hostlery looked weird and haunted. Beyond and away to the left stretched miles of rich green pastures, whilst to the right there ran a league of tangled brushwood and shady woodland. The dew lay thick on the long grass and brushwood that skirted the roadway, and moving

streamers of skimming gossamer floated about as if in search of a resting-place.

When within a few miles of our destination, the faint beams of day-break came stealing over the eastern hill-top, and tiny shafts of light crept over the horizon. Far away to the south, above the faint blue distance, a broad band of amber appeared; above that lay a long, smooth layer of dark grey cloud; higher up a long shaft of delicate green stretched to the extreme east, and was lost in the blaze of lemon, orange and gold. With uncovered head we stood enjoying to the full, that mysterious graciousness and tender peace which is about the first coming of light.

The change was marvellous. What an amount of life there is in "the spring and morning hours." The sun's warm, electric fingers worked wonders everywhere. "All nature felt his renovating sway." Spring started from its every pore. "Ye could trace her steps o'er the waking earth." The landscape throbbed, hills, glens and fields shook off the sleep of night and rose into newness of life. The air was alive with the hum and glitter of insects. Sweet was the murmur of the waters, and exhilarating the fragrance from grassy banks and wooded knoll. Indeed the music and rhythm of our surroundings was something beyond compare.

From Photo by Geo. M'Robert, VIEW ON THE EWES: THE CONCERT GROUND. Edinburgh.

The lark started from his grassy bed, and soared upward till the unrisen sun gleamed on his speckled breast. Soon the sun's first rays tinged the fleecy clouds and hill tops with a splendour and golden glow of every hue. The cathedral dome never looked half so fair. Then the rays glittered on the streams, and the dew on the grass took on the brighter hues of nature. Now the blue of the sky became as burnished silver; the haze and mists cleared away; valley and woodlands became enriched with fiery glory, and the face of mother earth was beautiful beyond compare.

When nearing the end of our tramp and within a mile of the Muckle Toon, we entered the Border concert. The songsters of the woods and fields were filling the air with their happy choruses. The place of entertainment was well chosen, possessing features of considerable beauty. Two crescent-like woods circled away on either side of the highway. The tall firs waved to the airy motion of every breeze. Hills crowned with verdure rose behind, and formed a pleasing background. The Ewes flowed through the centre—rippling and singing as it went. Burnies that came bickering down the

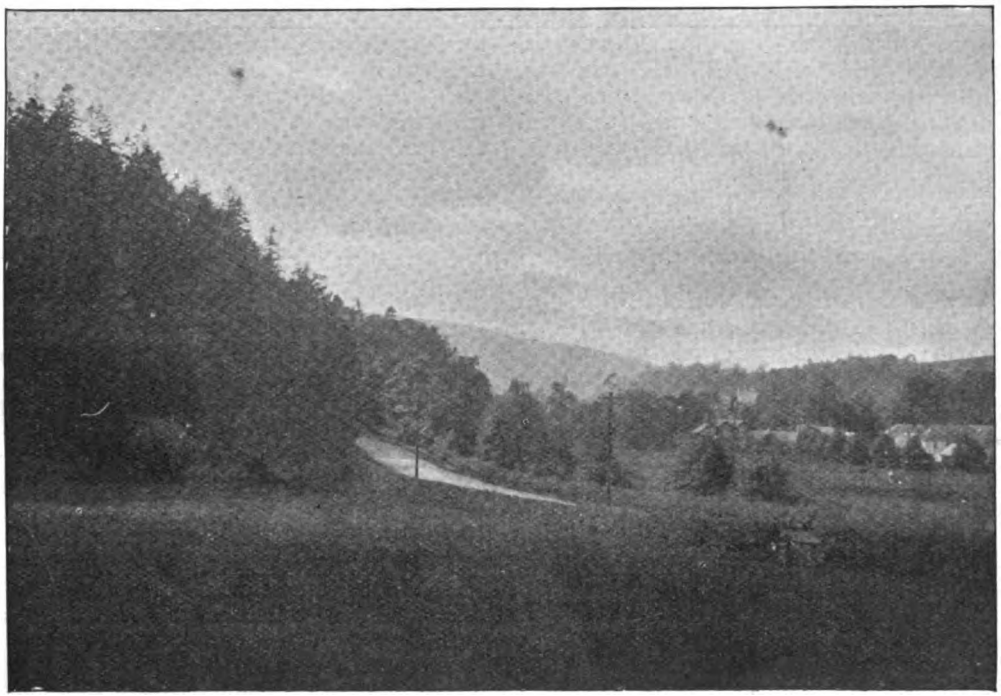
hillsides, stealthily glided through the fields and were lost in the larger stream. Daisies and buttercups grew to the water's edge. The odour of wild-roses was wafted from the banks by soft winds that answered to the gurgling of the brook. Squirrels skipped playfully from tree to tree, the wood pigeon crossed the blue sky overhead, the pheasant boldly stalked across the road, and rabbits like elfin things, gambolled on the grassy wayside, vanishing at the sound of every foot-fall.

In the arena of this natural amphitheatre we sat, the sole auditor, and enraptured with the many songs. Private boxes, dress circles, or reserved seats there were none. Stimulating applause or calls for encores were quite unnecessary. The performers went through their parts with ready heartiness. Every bush, hedge, tree, and bank seemed alive with willing songsters. The songs were rich and rare. The variety, combined with the sweetness and compass of the music, was indeed wonderful. We have never heard anything to equal it. True, some of the singers could not rank among the grandest, yet all were needed, and each added their quota to the melody, which ever and anon rose like one great psalm of praise, or anthem of gratitude from earth to heaven.

"The blackbird strove with emulation sweet,
And echo answered from the sweet retreat;
The sporting white throat, on some twig's end borne,
Pour'd forth hymns of praise to freedom and the rising morn,
Stopped in the song perchance, the starting thrush
Shook a white shower from the hawthorn bush,
When dewdrops thick on early blossoms hang,
And trembled as the minstrel sang."

Near by was heard the whistling notes of the wren, the lovely strains of the chaffinch, the chirrup of the titmouse, and the melancholy song of the robin. Beyond these was heard the pretty trill of the water pipet, the mellow voice of the wood larks and the sudden bursts of the linnet's agreeable flute like song. There was the twittering strains of the siskin, the joyous notes of the merry blackcap, and the counter song of the graceful wagtail as he waded in the shallows of the stream. The hedge sparrow also told a tale to the gentle winds, whilst the clear whistling of the startling was borne to the ear from afar.

There was a peculiar richness in the notes of the thrush, whilst the strength and fulness of its song was most admirable. In happy inspira-



From Photo by Geo. M'Robert, VIEW ON THE EWES: THE CONCERT GROUND. Edinburgh.

tion he poured forth his melody "like streams of distilled perfume." How many have gone forth at early morn treading the dewy grass to be enchanted with the voice of this musician. The clear, forcible notes of the blackbird had a charm all their own as they came from the seclusion of a dreamy clump of firs that stretched along the hillside. His powerful song was the only one that would mingle with that of the lark as he started from the long grass, or that could penetrate the bosom of the silvery, snow-white clouds that floated gently overhead, all radiant beneath the morning sun. How delightful was the song of the musician of the fields as he rose on airy wing. By a series of rapid and irregular, short accents he mounted heavenward, dwindling to a mere speck till his song fell like a benediction from the gates of heaven. He sang long, and the song consisted of many strains composed of trilling and warbling notes, interrupted now and again by a powerful whistle, as

> "Beneath a cloud he swept along,
> Lost for a while yet pours his varied song,
> Our eye still follows, and as the cloud moves by,
> Again he stretches up the clear blue sky."

Every singer seemed to say with glad emphasis, "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." With such natural surroundings and such music, nothing could be more appropriate than this beautiful description of the sacred writer.

How long this woodland choir continued their entertainment we cannot tell. As our time was limited and as there was no indication of the curtain falling, we reluctantly made our bow and withdrew. But for days and weeks the sweet strains kept ringing in our ears. It had never been ours to enjoy such a feast of music.

Silence reigned in the streets of Langholm as we entered. The little place never looked brighter or better as on that lovely morning in spring. There was beauty and freshness all around, and even here from the woods and glens there came

> "Joyous sounds from heaven sent
> To cheer the mind, wearied with human strife,
> To soften down the rugged way of life."

G. M. R.

A Recovered Record.

BY THE REV. J. A. FINDLAY, SPROUSTON.

STRANGE are the vicissitudes through which these chronicles of ecclesiastical and parochial life, the Records of Kirk-Sessions sometimes pass. Thus, for example, a lot of rubbish bought two years ago at an auction sale in Edinburgh was found to contain the Session Records of a Fifeshire parish from 1724 to 1727. Equally fortunate is the discovery which forms the subject of this paper. Not long ago, Colonel Milne Home, while examining some old documents in his mansion of Paxton, in Berwickshire, chanced to light upon one volume of the original Records of the Roxburghshire parish of Sprouston for the years 1709-1712, and four volumes of the original Records of the Berwickshire parish of Duns, dating from 1666 to 1720. These, the gallant Colonel with much kindness and promptitude has restored to their respective Kirk-Sessions, and it is concerning the Sprouston volume that it is now proposed to write a brief notice.

It is of interest to mention that the minister of Sprouston during the period covered by the Record in question, was Mr. Ninian Home, a man of considerable note in his day, and an ancestor of the present proprietor of Paxton and Wedderburn. His incumbency lasted from 1704 to 1718, during which time he was in frequent conflict with his Presbytery, viz., that of Kelso. A reference to the Presbytery books shows that in the various matters at issue he fought with the greatest ingenuity, ability and pertinacity. But on July 9th, 1716, the Presbytery had their revenge at last when they solemnly deposed their recalcitrant brother on various grounds, amongst them being "opposition to the seasonable warning of the Commission" (regarding the disaffection and rebellion of the '15), "and for opposition to the warning of the "Presb." together with disobedience to the orders of the Synod." One would imagine that such a decisive sentence of the Church in the days when her power was more feared than now would speedily have effaced the minister on whom it was passed. While, however, the Presbytery might depose there were other powers who disposed. Mr. Broun, the minister of Makerstoun, was appointed to read the edict of deposition from the pulpit of Sprouston, but when he set out to perform his errand he was met on the road by a company of women, who "by no entreaty would allow him so much as to enter the toune, and obliged him to retire." It would be a pleasure to be able to record that the action of this eighteenth century Ladies' Emergency Committee, so loyal to their spiritual

adviser, was crowned with the success it deserved, but truth compels it to be told that at the very next meeting of Presbytery two elders put in an appearance, expressing penitence for "the opposition and disorders;" and on the Sunday following Mr. Broun was able to do his duty unmolested. But not yet was Mr. Home out of his parish. He appealed to the Synod who reversed the judgment of the Presbytery, who, in their turn, appealed to the General Assembly. For some reason or other, judgment was not given at the next session of the highest court, and for twenty months more Mr. Home sat, deliberated, and voted with those brethren of the Presbytery, between whom and him no love can have been lost. At last on the 19th of March, 1718, he was deposed by the Commission, and the deposition was confirmed by the Assembly of the 24th May thereafter. The sentence of the Commission runs thus:—"The Commission of ye Gnal Assemby being moved with zeal to the glory of God, the peace and safety of the Church, and purgeing the same of such mnrs as are erroneous or disaffected to his Majesties' Person and government, and the protestant succession did, and hereby doe simpliciter depose the said Mr. Ninian Home from the office of the holy ministry, prohibiting him to exercise the same in all time coming." Such was the end of Mr. Home's ministerial career. Of his highly successful subsequent career much might be written, but that concerns not the subject of this present paper, which is the official volume which records the history of part of his ministry, and which after a lapse of nearly a hundred and ninety years has now unexpectedly been again brought to light.

It may be said at once that there are more interesting periods than that in which this volume was written. Had it been sixty years older it would have contained strange tales of witchcraft, and trials of men and women for exercising the black art. Had it been only three or four years younger, it would doubtless have had some reference to the stirring times of the first Jacobite rebellion, in which, apparently, Mr. Home was implicated. But on this latter point nothing definite can be said, for at this time there is a gap of eight years in the records of the parish. And yet, the Record is not without a real interest and value of its own. It is full of quaint expressions, and it depicts with the truth of a contemporary chronicle, the life and customs of the people, and the paternal government of the Kirk-Session in a quiet rural district of long ago.

Let us now take a general survey of its contents. It gives ample illustration, of course, of the ecclesiastical discipline and supervision then in force. There were the usual cases where the offenders were required to sit in "the place of publick repentance," and not unfrequently for a "second dyet." These may be passed without further remark. But on the 13th of August, 1710, there are two rather interesting cases of slander. In the first, the illustrious name of Gladstone occurs under the form of Gladestanes—a name often met with in the Records of Sprouston, and general in the Border Counties. We read that one Agnes Gladestanes gave in a bill against Anna Ker for calling her "brazen-faced loune," and saying that "her loun deeds were well kend in Sproustoune by many." Agnes consigned "ten groates" to be confiscated for the use of the poor if she could not prove her complaint. And she could not. It is true that the Session found that neither was free from "abusing one another by their tongues." But the object of the Court was not only to judge but to reconcile. Accordingly, the two were made to take each other by the hand and promise never to "fall into the like scandell againe under paine of Church censure and fyneing beside." As a warning, however, to Anna Ker, she was required to pay twenty shillings Scots; and since Agnes Gladestanes had not proved her case "by two probative witnesses," she forfeited her caution money.

In the other case, John Stevenson, a herd, complained that James Anderson, another herd, had called him a "theife," and said that he "stoale two sheep." This serious accusation was declared to be "nothing but a heap of incoherent malice and unjust aspersiones which the witnesses could not prove." A capital description of many libel cases even yet! John's self-esteem was further salved by the opinion expressed by the elders that "he was a man always reputed by everybody as an honest man." But not by herds only but by those also training as herds was trouble sometimes given, for in September, 1711, we find the Kirk-Session deeming it necessary to guard the decorum of public worship by appointing intimation to be made from the pulpit "anent the abuses made in the loft by the herd lads in time of Divine Service; and in the churchyard by children at the same tyme." These instances are sufficient to indicate the authority which the Session exercised, and the watchful eye which they kept on the behaviour of the people. It may be said generally of their decisions that they show an amount of good sense which justifies the confidence reposed in them, and helps to explain the readiness with which the common matters of everyday life were referred to them for judgment.

One great function of the Kirk-Session was the distribution of charity. For this purpose there was not only a Clerk, who had also his own proper duties and was paid annually at "Lambes," but a "Thesaurer" of the Poor's money. That there might be no reflections on the honesty of any of the elders it was required that the poor's box should be opened only in the presence of two of them. The sources from which the Kirk-Session drew their income were various. First and foremost were the weekly collections at Divine service. Then there were the "dollers" and crowns paid in for proclamation fees, besides the fines imposed in cases of discipline. There is one entry showing that a certain sum was handed over by the "Bailzie as pairt of the Lint fynes," this being a contribution from a civil source. Another constant and prolific means of revenue was the Mortcloth. Its use was carefully regulated. It was enacted that in all time coming the schoolmaster should keep it and "marke down to whom it is gotten, and William Ker, beddall, is to call for it from him when needed, and always to returne it againe." The one acquired in June, 1712, must have been rather a handsome article. The velvet for it cost 43 lib Scots, and there was "paid to Mistress Scott 36 lib for a silke fringe." The Kirk Session thought good to discriminate between it and the "Mortcloath" already in use, and fixed the following scale of fees:—"That the new mortcloath in all tyme coming be 2 S. sterline qrof a groat to ye Bedle, and the little mortcloath to be 20 S. Scotes qrof 2 S. Scotes to ye Bedle; these are the dews in the paroch. And without the paroch the dews are to be doubled, both for the mortcloaths and the bedel's wages for carrieing of them."

But if the revenues of the Session were various so were their disbursements or "depursements" as they were sometimes then called. There was the weekly allowance to the usual list of pensioners. There was the paying for the education of the "poor schollers." Then entries occur showing that money was voted for such purposes as buying a horse for one man; a pair of shoes for a woman, and also "a paire yearly to the Beddall;" a Bible for both a man and a woman; "a windeing sheet gotten for a poor body who dyed in this toune;" "the burieing five poor folks;" and "pairt payment of George Willsone his dead chiste." Not, however, to the parish were the charities of the Session confined. Once a sum of money was distributed "among a multitude of poor from neighbouring parishes." On one occasion "halfe a croune" was sent to "Robert Hamiltoune, recommended by the General Assembly for supplie;" and on another, 18 S. Scots "to a daughter of my Lord Semple," also recommended by the General Assemblie to the Kirk-Sessions for Supply. It would be interesting to know under what circumstances the last recommendation was made. There is a curious entry on January 6th, 1712. "This day collected one pound and 15 S. Scotes, qrof there is nothing now to be depursed to the pensioners in regaird all the poor of the parish are provided of a maintenance by order of the justices of the peace." Was this an anticipation of later Poor Laws?

One last feature, the observance of Fast Days and the Communion must be noticed. Of the first there were several; of the latter only one during the years 1709-1712. On five different occasions a week day was specially set apart as a public fast, without the Communion following as is the custom now. One of these fasts was "Appointed by publick Authoritie throw the Natione; another "Appointed both by Church and State," and a third "by Appointment of the Provinciall Synod of Merse and Teviotdale." When, however, the Communion was actually celebrated it was a great and solemn event. The preceding Thursday was held as a day of preparation, "with serious exhortations suitable to the solemn worke." The names of those who intended to communicate were read over in the presence of the Session, and each name particularly inquired into, "that soe non may be rashly admitted to the table of the Lord." It was arranged that four elders should collect "*per vices* at the four Kirk styles upon saturday, sabbath day, and munday, immediately after the Sacrament, and that each day's collection be punctuallie compted and carefully given in to the Thesaurer, that soe the Sessione may have a clear and full accompt afterward of what should be collected at this solemn actione." Arrangements were also made for the setting of the Communion tables, and the putting in order of the church that "noe confusione or disorder be seen or found at that solemn worke." On Saturday public announcement was made that Service next day would begin at a much earlier hour than is now usual in Presbyterian Churches, viz., "9 of the clocke," and the same hour was fixed for Monday. There is no reference to what actually took place on the Communion Sunday, but the largeness of the collection shows the great size of the congregation. While the sum collected on ordinary Sundays was between one and two pounds Scots, it was on this occasion 14 lib 15 S. Scots; and for the four days, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, it amounted altogether to 29 lib 16 S. Scots. This may be taken as an index of the importance of the

Communion in the history of the parish. Its very rarity increased its solemnity, and one can well imagine the awe with which it was anticipated, and the vividness with which it was remembered. But on the other hand, it would be considered to-day a deplorable state of affairs if opportunity were given to the people of partaking of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper no oftener than once in three and a half years.

And now these jottings must be brought to an end. They may serve to give some idea of the document which has been recovered by Colonel Milne Home. If that document cannot be said to be the record of great and stirring events, it is at least a true and typical page of the history of a rural parish. It is an annal of affairs which, however insignificant and remote they may seem to us now, had all the importance of stern reality to those whom they affected. And in the words of the Session Clerk of November 16th, 1712, if the reader wishes further to pursue his study, "he is desired to turne over to A new Register of the sessione."

Dan the Beadle.

In a Border toon there leeved a man,
His name was Beadle Dan;
A canty pawkie chiel' was he,
An' feared na' deil nor man.
He kept the kirk an' a' around,
He said it was his "ferm,"
An' a' within the kirk yaird dyke
He vowed to keep frae herm.

He toll'd the bell sae skilfully,
An' wi' sic loving care,
That never yince he coupit her
In thretty year or mair.
He reverently tuik up "the Buiks"
Upon the Sabbath day,
An' raised the tune, gif wi' a hoast
The precentor stayed away.
An' through the sermon Dan wad sit
Wi' a sanctimonious grin,
As if in him there couldna' dwall
A particle o' sin.
An' when the last psaum had been sung
An' gien oot the intimation,
(While th' folk were thinkin' o' their kail,
Th' hungry generation!)
Dan took the "laidle" round his "loft"
Wi' dignity an' care,
An' never ance on 'bacca thocht *
When comin' doon the stair.

Dan howk'd the graves for a' the folk
Wham Daith had lowly laid;
Gif young or auld or guid or bad
Dan happ'd them wi' his spade.
An' he liked to tell his gruesome tales
O' skulls an' muckle banes,
An' raws o' teeth an' giant ribs
He'd *fund* among the stanes.
But a happy hearty man was Dan,
An' dearly lo'ed a dram;
Though weird an' awesome was his wark
He seldom had a dwam.

But years flew on; auld Dan grew frail;
Ae day he cam' nigh to Daith;
(Though he lived by Daith's fell industry
Dan didna' like his braith).
Dan cried alood for mercy sair,
An' pled time to repent,
An' prayed Daith to haud off a wee
An' no push for his rent.
"My lease o' life," quo trim'lin' Dan,
"Is surely no run dune,
Juist gies anither year or twa
Or aw'm tane abune the mune."
"Weel, Dan," quo' Daith, as he grain'd an' leuch,
An' rubbed his hands thegither,
"In pairtnership thae thretty years
We've stuid by ane anither.
I wadna tak' ye unawares,
As I micht do wi' th' frem;
Anither year or twa I'll grant—
See an' mak' the maist o' them.
Auld Time revolves his rum'lin' wheel;
There's a younger race at han';
I maun clear th' warld o' th' auld an' frail,
Sae mak' yer peace, dear Dan."

Daith tuik his leave, Dan easier breathed,
An' felt in better fettle;
Then bade his Jean gae dicht her e'en
An' syne pit on the kettle.
The minister he cam' to spier
How Daniel had been keepin';
Dan said he thocht he'd got "the turn"—
But in fac' he'd juist been greetin'.
He'd been thinkin' o' the bygane days,
An' o' his life misspent,
An' vowin' that, if spared to leeve,
He wad tak' better tent.

"I am glad to hear you speak like this,"
Said the reverend divine,
"For years, you know, you have drunk too much
Of a stronger drink than wine.
Your vow I hope you'll be spared to keep,
That your life you'll better guide,

* *N.B.—Certain Philistines, unaware of the incorruptible integrity of Border Beadles, have hinted that the contents of the "laidle" might occasionally be called upon to contribute to their worship of my Lady Nicotine.*

And then, perhaps, you'll be prepared,
When you cross dark Jordan's tide."
"Weel, sir," said Dan, "I dinna ken;
Aw may think aboot drink th' morn,
But aw hardly thocht to stint ma dram,
An' slicht John Barleycorn.
But ae vow I've vowed an' a vow I'll keep,
Gin I'm spared to be on my feet,
That never mair wull I eat sae mony
Hard 'taties, 'peel an' eat.'"

When the lightning flashed its tongues of flame
And stabbed the shrieking night;
When the air was filled with hideous sounds
And all life was stilled in fright;
When the trembling earth groaned as in pain
And heaven's artillery boomed,
The storm fiends howled and howled again,
As if o'er a world doomed.
'Twas then that Death came back again.

From Photo by Pettigrew & Amos, ANCRUM AULD KIRK. Edinburgh.

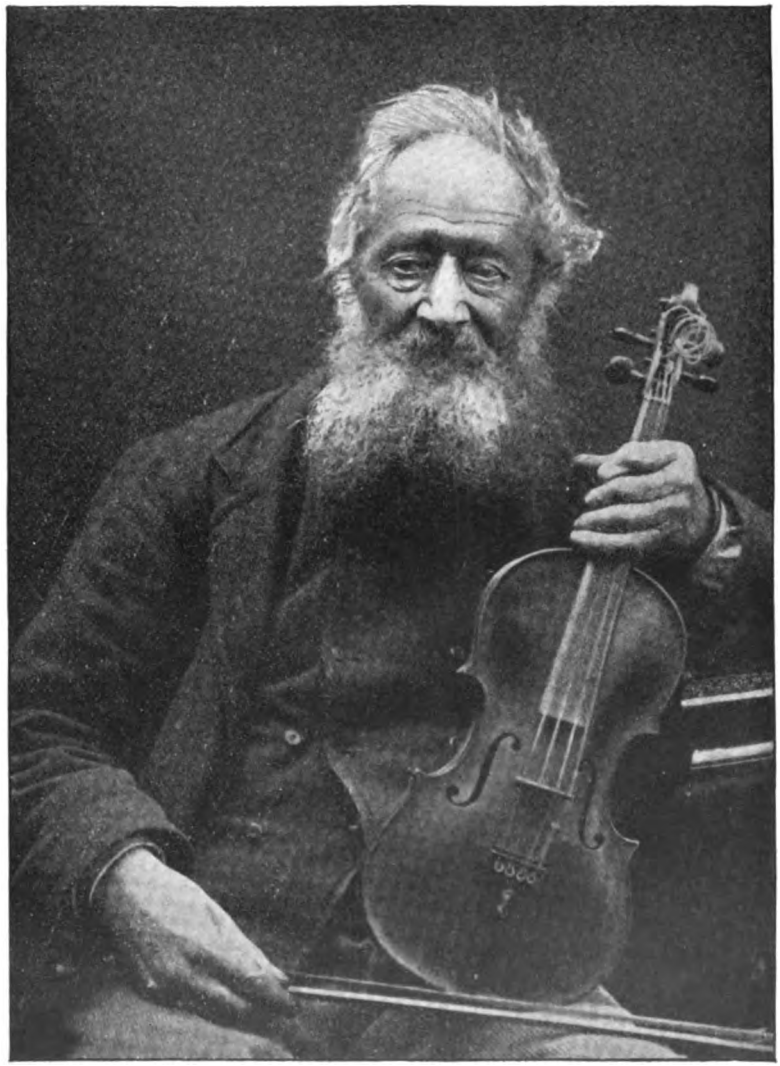
Dan blamed the 'taties for making him ill,
And this was the vow he'd made,
When he turned his thoughts towards earth again,
From his convalescent bed.
Weel Dan gat up, gat oot again,
An' lived just much the same.
He clean forgot his truce wi' Daith,
Or that he would come again.
But ae winter's night, when the wind blew high,
And roared in the wide auld lum;
When the forest trees bent to the breeze
And the storm fiends' hour had come;

Death laid his hand on auld Dan's heid,
And whispered, "Ready, chum!"
Dan felt a shiver gang through his frame
An' kenned that his time had come.

So the auld man went to his lang, lang hame,
Where the weary are at rest;
And earth shall see him again no more.
May we hope he is with the blest?

ARCHIBALD ORMISTON.

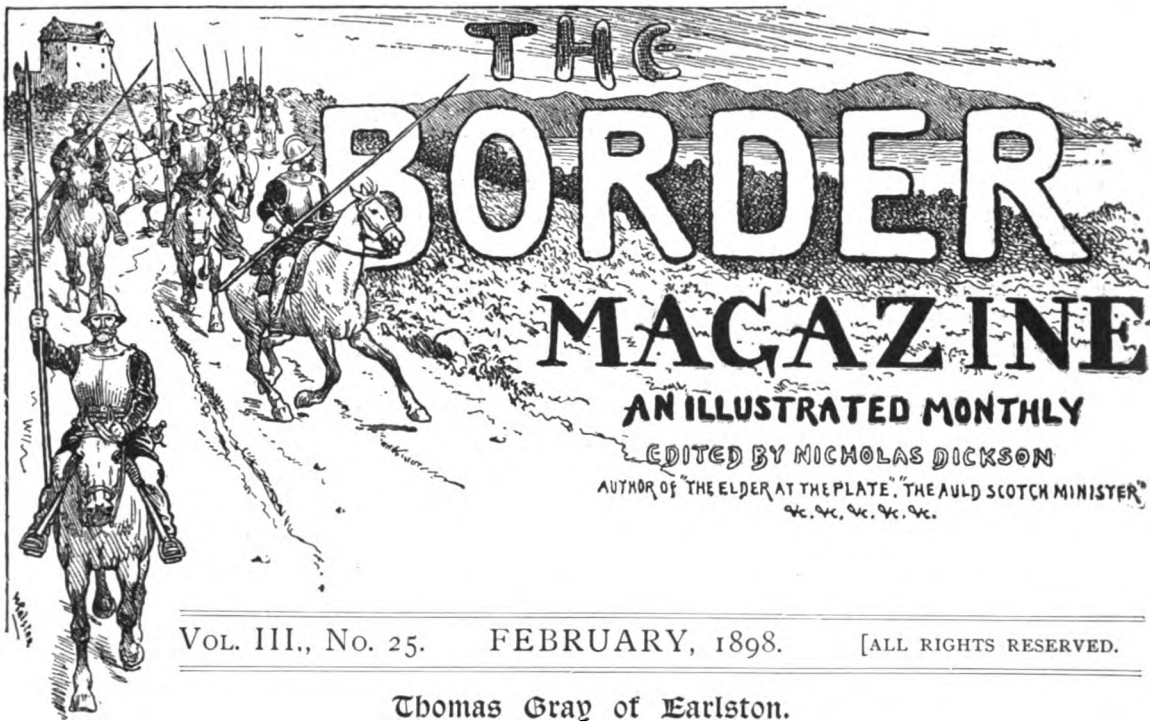
Glasgow: Carter & Pratt, Printers.



From Photo by J. Y. Hunter, Hawick.

THOMAS GRAY,

EARLSTON.



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Thomas Gray of Earlston.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, EDINBURGH.

FOURTEEN years have sped since this remarkable man and grand old Borderer passed away, and no record of him has appeared other than a few short paragraphs in local newspapers at the time of his death.

He was the very kind of man Robert Burns would have been delighted to have made a companion and comrade; but he only came on the stage two and a-half years after the poet's death. He, however, appears to have been nursed in Border poetry and ballad lore, and grew up a thorough representative of the famous Thomas of Ercildoune, whose poetry he admired, and whose memory he fondly worshipped. Had the late Dr. John Brown chanced to have met him and become acquainted with him, the genial author of "Rab and his Friends," might have left a literary portrait of him, which would have been a fit companion to the matchless sketch of his "Uncle Johnston" in his exquisite letter to Dr. Cairns. The two men had a great deal in common, though, in many respects, they were very unlike.

Robert Johnston spent almost the whole of his long life in the remote little town of Biggar in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, and, although a humble shopkeeper, "he not only intermeddled fearlessly with all knowledge but mastered more than many practised, and University men do in their own lines."

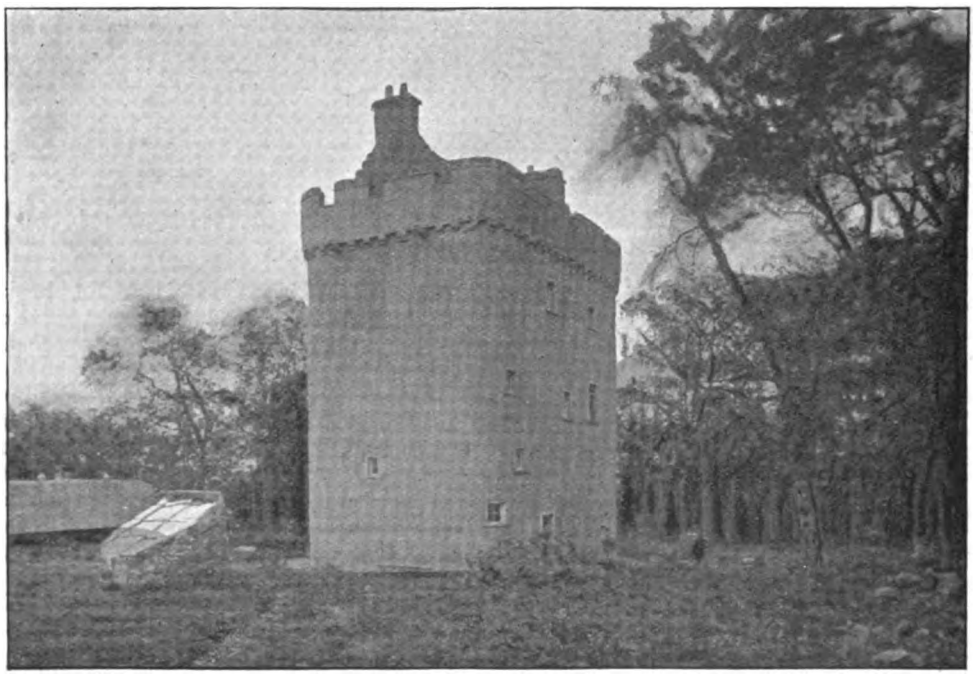
His minister, John Brown, D.D., father of "Rab," used to say with deep feeling, "that one thing put him always on his mettle, the knowledge that yonder in that corner, under the gallery, sat, Sabbath after Sabbath, a man who knew his Greek Testament better than I did."

Thomas Gray was born in the Border town of Earlston, and never left it unless to go on his regular rounds with his pack and his fiddle, to dispose of his "ginghams," the quality of which was proverbial, and concerning which he could have honestly said, "I counsel thee to buy of me." He was born early in the year 1794, and died from the result of an accident while on a visit to friends in 1884, at the age of ninety. With only the early education which the parish school of the day afforded, he managed by diligent application to cultivate his intellect to such an extent that he became in his own neighbourhood and far remote, famous for his learning and intimate knowledge of the leaders in literature. He possessed upwards of 2,000 books—many of them standard works, scarce bibles, dictionaries and commentaries—and not only possessed them but he knew and had mastered the contents of most of them. It is interesting to know that the sale of this library after his death brought many "bidders" from distant parts of the country, and some boasted that they had got prizes they had been unable to find elsewhere.

It was his great delight to rattle off screeds from his favourite authors. Indeed it may be freely asserted that he was more familiar with the great Puritan divines, such as Howe, Flavel,

Charnock, Bunyan and Samuel Rutherford, than most of the clergy of his day, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to meet a kindred spirit who could patiently listen to him, or give him in exchange other "bits" from his favourite or other like authors.

He was one of the last survivors of a race of gingham manufacturers—famous in their day—and his chosen part of the business was to traverse the country distributing his wares. For three score years and ten he travelled over the three Lothians, as well as the counties on both sides of the Border, from the Cheviots well up into Liddesdale. During his later years, however, he confined himself chiefly to Berwickshire and East Lothian.



From Photo by Geo. Cleland, CRANSHAW, ONE OF THE HAUNTS OF THOMAS GRAY. Leith.

Most of these journeys he made on foot, though, as railway facilities offered, and as declining years advanced, he took a lift in the train as he felt disposed. It may be safely affirmed that during his long lifetime he walked many thousands of miles; for it was to places to which no hired conveyance reached that many of his pilgrimages extended.

"A Pedlar of many Excursions," quite equal to Wordsworth's in intensity and quaint variety of character, he rather resented the name of packman; for, as he said, it was only to customers he delivered previously ordered goods. He pressed none to buy, assured that the ginghams would recommend themselves, and so they did; for many a frugal housewife has been known to wear for long years as her best gown his exquisite stuffs, and after that make them down to her daughters.

But it was not only clothing for the body he carried; his capacious pockets used to hold at least two or three favourite volumes on which he might be seen poring while resting by the way; and many an odd book did he pick from the old stalls in Edinburgh that he judged would be appreciated by some young inquiring mind far removed from the chance of purchasing them; for it was a perfect joy to him to direct an inquiring spirit into the paths of pleasantness and peace, or give strength and solace to the weary traveller far advanced in the journey of life.

It was not only to the humble cottage or the shepherd's shieling far up in the hills where he was a welcome visitor and honoured guest. He had also access to the halls of the noble, and many "a lady of high degree" did not think it beneath her to purchase a dress piece from the old worthy, and to get in return his blessing and a tune on his fiddle.

This instrument he invariably carried about with him, his pack on his back, and it slung in front; and his appearance never failed to excite interest in those chosen haunts in which his long experience made him feel most at home. When playing the favourite Scotch tunes, of which he was passionately fond, the tears were often seen running down his cheeks, and he had been heard to say that he would rather live on *brose* with his music, than be a nobleman with all his luxury without it.

The decadence of Scottish song was to him a matter of deep lamentation. With all his heart he re-echoed the appeal of Robert Ferguson :—

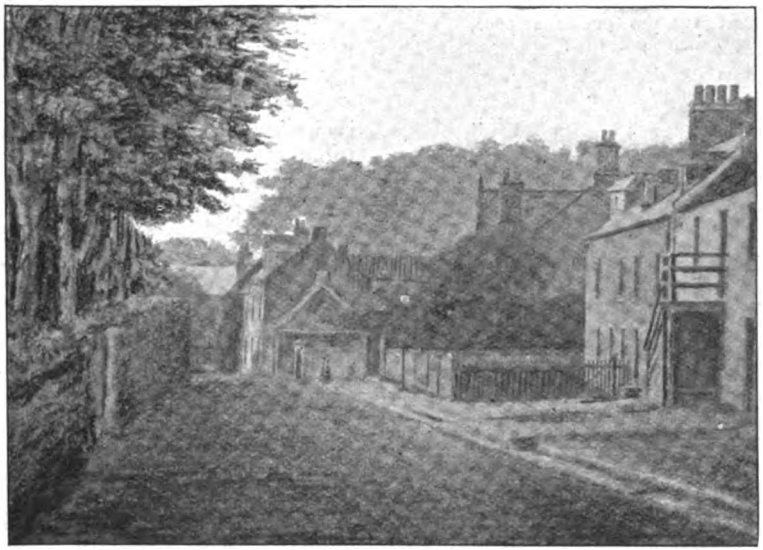
"O Scotland! that could yince afford
To bang the pith of Roman sword,
Winna your sons, in joint accord,
To battle speed,
And fight till music be restor'd,
Which now lies dead?"

A glance at his portrait shows the delicate and sensitive fingers so well fitted to bring out the tender strains from his loved instrument; and no father ever fondled his infant son more tenderly than did the old bachelor his treasured fiddle.

He was admitted into terms of intimacy and friendship with many gentleman farmers, such as the late Douglas Murray of Longyester, a man of highly cultivated tastes, and possessing a library and collection of paintings—including three or four of Sam Bough's at his best—which many a nobleman might have envied. Mr. Murray welcomed Thomas to his house, and many a time they sat on to the small hours of the morning, holding high converse with each other.

One who knew him well says, "His communings with Nature in his solitary wanderings had brought him into sympathy with the dumb animals of God's creation, and nothing so let loose the fire of his wrath as to see or hear of any cruelty to them; then his small twinkling eyes would be set in a fierce glare, and he would denounce the wrong doers with hot indignation."

The writer of this short and imperfect sketch will never forget the happy hours he spent with the old man. He was wont to give expression to his feelings of admiration, on a favourite piece being recalled to him by saying with true pathos and deep feeling, "Eh, man, isna that graund."



From Photo by G. Cleland, STREET SCENE IN DUNS OFTEN VISITED BY THOMAS GRAY. Leith.

Once he had the pleasure of introducing to him—and spending the evening with both—the late Miss Jeanie Watson, the author of "Bygone Days in our Village"; and it was something to hear the old veteran describing scenes and places he had visited, and telling of "old times changed, old manners gone." It was astonishing the alertness and vivacity he still possessed in his old age. His friends used to tell him—what he was quite convinced of himself—that he would break down in some of his rounds; but the wandering spirit was too strong in him to permit him resting at home, where domestic ties he had none; and so he was on the road to the

by accident at last; for while staying with friends in Eyemouth, he had in passing from one house to another, missed his way in the darkness and stepped over the pier into the harbour, and, though rescued at once, the shock had been too much for the old man, and he passed away—not far from his beloved Borderland—within twenty-four hours after. Peace be to his memory. He was one who could say and sing with Burns:

"For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toil's obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, an' a' that,
Gie fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree, an' a' that;
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

The Hidden Nooks of Meggat.

By DUNCAN FRASER, F.E.I.S.

Author of "Riverside Rambles of an Edinburgh Angler."

NOWHERE does the charm of unexpectedness come more vividly before one, than amid the bosky glens and the fern fringed ravines of a Border valley.

When you go sight-seeing in the Trossachs, or by Killarney, you are to some extent prepared for the picturesque effects of pine-clad hill and gleaming loch; and the explorations of others present you with such a vivid menu of objects of interest that your passivity becomes abnormal. Like the tourist Norman MacLeod spoke of who sailed through the grandest of West Coast scenery with his eyes rivetted upon the pages of a novel, we are enslaved by our guide-book.

Notwithstanding the common opinion, that Scotsmen always have their eyes open, go where they may; it is astonishing how blind many of us are to the physical features of the district where we spend the greater part of our lives. Of course we know, that as long as the mist fills the gap at the "windy gowl," so long will wet weather continue: and also, that until the wind goes with the sun, haymaking is risky.

But knowledge of facts like these, has been inherited; having come from the observation of someone wiser than his fellows, someone who was bold enough to reflect upon natural phenomena and draw his own conclusions. Ask the majority of even the more intelligent of our rural population, "How many kinds of ferns grow up that cleuch?" or, "Do the redshanks nest here in spring?" And we fear that in most cases your answer would be—civil enough, no doubt,—but conclusive, "We hae something else to dae than fash wi' sic' things."

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him."

But it is simply the old story of "Eyes and no Eyes," and we fear the dweller in town has as much need of an oculist as his country cousin. However, let's away to Meggat! But first let us premise, that when we speak of "Meggat," we mean the valley so-called, and when we speak of "The Meggat," it is the river which intersects the valley, that is referred to. Until a few years ago the parish of Meggat formed the most southerly point of Peeblesshire, now, however, it is incorporated with Selkirkshire; and shares the distinction with its neighbours Yarrow and Ettrick, of being the goal of all travellers whose hearts are still open to the spell of Border poetry and romance.

Writing this autumn evening, with the seared leaves rustling in our sight, and with no sunset in the west to speak of, we unwittingly find ourselves recalling the sunsets of Meggat.

In August and September particularly, these sunsets are pictures to be photographed, nay, to be indelibly engraven on the memory forever! At such a time the sun just seems to fill the nick at the head of the valley, and after it disappears below the horizon beyond old Talla, it leaves such radiance in the sky overhead, that entranced by gazing upon the changing kaleidoscope of primary colours and their after-tints, mid castellated forms, and far extending golden plains; one is oblivious of aught else, till that strange shiver which passes over hill and plain, recalls you to the consciousness that night has descended.

If any artist reader feels inclined to set off to Meggat at once for sky-effects, let him or her bear in mind that these particular Meggat sunsets are only to be got at the season we have mentioned. A friend of the writer of this sketch once actually took a house in the vicinity of St. Mary's Loch, that he might catch some of the skies we refer to. But he went in June! and at that season you must go farther west amid the Loch Skene hills for your vistas at sundown.

Meggat is part of the ancient Royal Forest of Rodono, and even at this time shows in its place-names the nature of the sport that was pursued

in the neighbourhood. "Boar's cleuch," "See Hart," are sufficiently suggestive, apart from the historical evidence which records the various kinds of sport enjoyed.

We have always looked upon that historian as an unconscious humourist, who mentions, that on the last royal hunt held in Rodono forest by Mary and Darnley, they were much disappointed because amid the trophies of the chase, there were only "auchteen score o' deer!"

The valley of Meggat from the point where Henderland meadow touches St. Mary's Loch, to the famous Meggat-stone near Talla Linns, what we look for in pastoral districts, but here it seems intensified, as if shadows from the holms of Yarrow were reflected on the hills, and echoes of its tales of dule were lingering 'mong the many vales that meet us on either hand.

It is 'mong these vales of Meggat that we must search for the hidden nooks which are so full of surprising beauty and charming unexpectedness. The first we come to is Henderland Glen. Now don't be alarmed, and fancy we are going to serve up all the traditions regarding the "Tower," and "Peris Cockburne," and the "Border Widow's Lament;" and all the pros and cons of this and

From Photo by James Todd, M.A., HENDERLAND. Peebles.

extends for fully seven miles. It is entirely pastoral, and includes in its far extending hirsels some of the highest land south of the Forth. The chief farms in the parish are Henderland and Cramalt, while the "led" farms comprise Meggathead, Syart, Shielhope and Winterhope. Perhaps the best plan to adopt in tracing out the hidden nooks of the valley, is to saunter from Henderland upwards to Meggathead, and trust to memory and tradition for our guides. In doing so, we cannot fail to be impressed by the "world-forgetting-by-the-world-forgot" sort of atmosphere that surrounds us and lies beyond, far as the eye can see. This to some extent is that! Not so, we ask you to follow the burn up to its source, passing three linns as you do so, and it maybe, meeting a herd of wild goats in the heights; and then lay your hand upon your heart and honestly declare if e'er you saw a bonnier burn gleam 'neath this autumn sun?

And should you see glancing trout in any of the fern-fringed pools above the Dow or any of the other linns, touch them at your peril! We know the boys who carried them past the falls they never could leap, and all lovers of nature will wish for the experiment a triumphant success. We have sung of this nook more than

once, and we leave it with a stanza on our lips again :—

"The bonnie burn o' Henderland,
Rins cheerily alang ;
Glintin' in the sunny beam
Lilting a blithe sang,
As if in storied days lang gane,
Its linn had never heard
The wail o' widow's anguish, or
The clash o' reiver's sword."

On the opposite side of Meggat at this point there is a remarkable gorge cleft in the hills, called "Ram's Cleuch ;" botanists will find a large variety of ferns here, amongst them being the "oak," the "parsley," and the "beech." A mile farther up the valley you come to Glengaber vale, which has along the banks of its burn some patches of the finest *red* heather we ever saw. Since the days of James V., men have searched its rocks for gold with more or less success, and it has been our fortune to handle several ornaments made from the precious metal thus obtained in recent years. Although we have looked for gold like the lave, yet we must confess that we have found more excitement and more success in trying for the proverbially shy, but strikingly beautiful golden trout that dwell in the deep brown pools of the burn.

(*To be continued.*)

With "The Lion of Liddesdale."

"Lock the door, Larriston, lion of Liddesdale,
Lock the door, Larriston, Louther comes on :
The Armstrongs are flying,
The widows are crying,
The Castleton's burning, and Oliver's gone."

THE above title may appear formidable, but there is really nothing to be dreaded. It is merely the heading of a short account of a very pleasant day's outing, and our "lion" is nothing more serious than a coach which runs during the summer months from Langholm, up the Ewes Water, down Hermitage and Liddle waters, round by Canobie and up the Esk back whence it started.

The coach bearing in large letters the name of "The Lion of Liddesdale," starts from one of the hostelries in Langholm. Having secured a box seat, and getting comfortably settled, we await the start at which there is the usual hurry-bustle mixed with a lot of good natured "chaff." Our coach drawn by four handsome greys starts merrily up the High Street and onwards to the road up the Ewes Water, the old coach road from Carlisle to Edinburgh. As soon as we enter on this road we leave all trace of Langholm abruptly behind us. On our left, but on the opposite side of the water, we get a glimpse of the ruins of the Castle of Langholm, just at the junction of the Ewes with the Esk river. Very little of it is now left, but it must at one time have been a place of no small importance. It is said to have been once a stronghold of the Armstrongs.

For a good few miles we wend our way up the Ewes, a pastoral valley with steep hills rising from the water and mostly green to the top. It is very pretty and truly has it been said that

"The vale of Ewes its charms display
Bright shining in the noon-tide ray."

On our way we pass Ewes Kirk, a handsome Gothic edifice of modern erection, having its manse close at hand. On this part of our run there is nothing else of special interest. Some miles distant from Mossphaul Inn, a famous hostelry in the coaching days, we leave the Ewes and cross the hills, a high-lying and wild bit of country, into Liddesdale. The first place of interest which we pass after commencing to follow the pretty stream of the Hermitage is the ancient castle of that name. It was built, one historian says, in 1240, and another says in 1243. Certainly its erection so near the Borders was the acknowledged cause of the assembling of an army for the purpose of invading Scotland in 1240. It is still a formidable looking pile, and we look upon its bare battlements with feelings of awe and wonder. What scenes must have been enacted there! Following the Hermitage we come to where it loses itself in the Liddle water—to give it its old name the *Lid*. At this spot is situated Castleton Kirk, recently renovated. It was built about the beginning of the present century and is prettily placed.

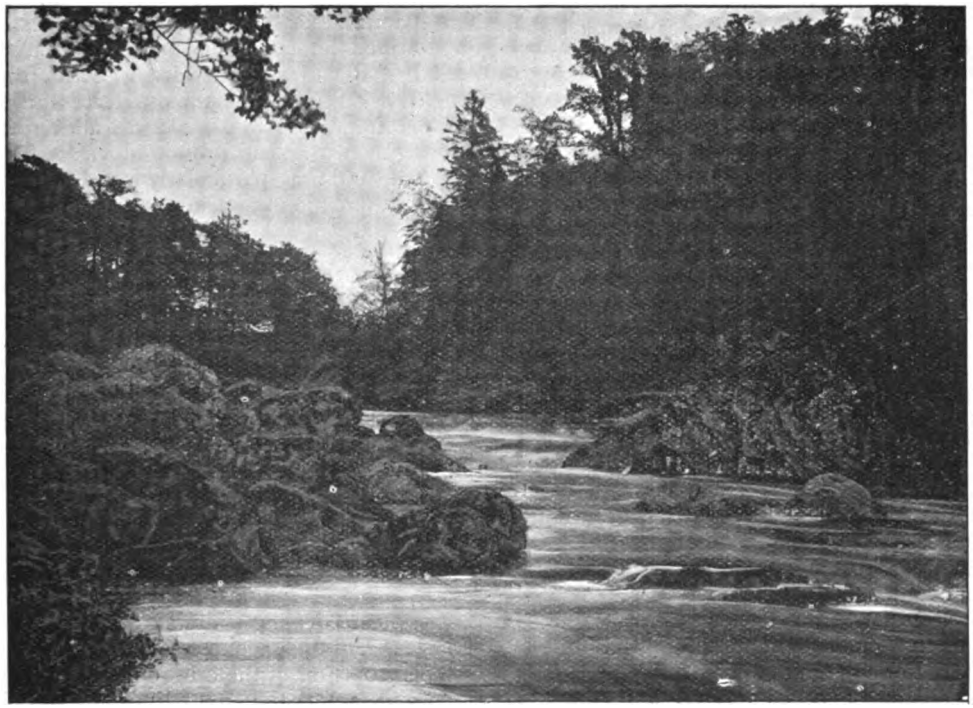
From the junction of the Hermitage and Liddle we pass on down the Liddle and soon arrive at the village of Newcastleton, situated on a large "holm" by the river side. It is a modern village, having been commenced in 1793. The first house was built by Robert Murray, blacksmith, who, from his ardour for building, acquired the title of *Provost*. We call a halt here for an hour or two to refresh both man and beast. The strongholds of John Elliot of Park, better known as "Little Jock Elliot," or of John Elliot of Copshaw, who was quite as daring a freebooter, were situated here, but no traces of them are now to be seen. At one time during this century the village contained at least five inns ; now there are only two, surely evidence in favour of the present generation.

About a mile below the village we pass close to the roadside Milnholm cross, 8 ft. 4 in. in height,

set in a base 1 ft. 8 in.: on one side is carved a sword 4 ft. long. It is of ancient date and is said to mark the spot where the corpse of the Laird of Mangerton was rested on its way to Ettleton graveyard, still in use, on the hillside above. The Laird of Mangerton was treacherously murdered by Lord Soulis while feasting in Hermitage Castle. Near to this spot there was once a place called Ettleton Spa, of which, as well as of Ettleton Kirk, near the same place, there is now no trace. It would be difficult to imagine a Spa, as now understood, during the days of the freebooter and the raider.

description must have hailed from the other side of the Borders. Not far from here and lying at the side of the Liddle is Turner Holm, formerly a place of meeting for the settlement of Border matters, and also a dwelling ground for the adjustment of private quarrels. It was on his way home from a meeting at this place that Kinmont Willie—an Armstrong, and said to be a descendant of the famous Johnnie—was seized and carried a prisoner to Carlisle Castle.

Passing on we ere long arrive at the village of Canobie, with its collieries which supply the district around for many miles with coal of an



From Photo by Geo. M'Roberts, THE LIDDLE, FENTON, CANOBIE. Edinburgh.

On the opposite side of the Liddle are the ruins—scarcely visible—of Mangerton Tower, at one time a place of great strength, and the stronghold of the chief of the Armstrongs.

A little farther on, and we come to a large extent of hill pasture, known as the Side. Near here must have been the abode of "Jock o' the Syid," an Armstrong and a nephew of the Laird of Mangerton. He is credited with having avenged the murder of his chief before referred to. It has been said that his abode was "a cottage not to be compared to many a dog kennel in England." Clearly the author of this

excellent quality; from there it is a short distance until we arrive once more on the banks of the Esk, six miles from Langholm. Our road now runs along the banks of the Esk. The traveller may scour the world over, far and near, and fail to come across anything more beautiful than this last part of our run. The banks of the Esk from Canobie to Langholm are prettily, and at parts, very thickly wooded. We cross the river by Hallows Bridge, from which we get a capital view of the ruins—wonderfully perfect—of Gilnockie Tower. Readers scarcely require to be told whose

stronghold this was, as the record of Johnnie Armstrong is well known.

On the opposite side of the river, a little farther up the Tarras, a strong running stream joins the Esk. In it it is said that a man was never drowned, as the stream being full of large boulders the unlucky man's brains were always knocked out before he touched the water.

"Was ne'er ane drowned in Tarras, nor yet in doubt!
For ere the head can win doon, the hairns (brains) are out."

It is supplied chiefly from the famous Tarras Moss, to which the Liddesdale reivers were wont to retire when pressed by their English friends.

Close to our destination we re cross the Esk by the Skipper's Bridge, underneath which the river runs narrow and deep. In the Skipper's Pool at the low side of the Bridge some pitiful scenes have been witnessed when the ice has given away with curlers and skaters. The pool which is deep and dark has seen the sad end of many a life.

Our trip is r ow ended, and a thoroughly enjoyable one it has been. For beautiful scenery, varied but fascinating, and romantic surroundings, the tour of the "Lion of Liddesdale" is difficult to beat. D.

The "Delta" Centenary Banquet.

UNDER the courtly presidency of Sir Charles Dalrymple, of Newhailes, the "Delta" Centenary Dinner at Musselburgh, though saddened by two most untoward occurrences, passed off in other respects most satisfactorily. From one end of the hall, the benign countenance of the poet (as represented in a replica of Watson Gordon's portrait) looked down upon some two hundred of his admirers, met there to do honour to his memory. Among these—objects of special interest and of warm sympathy—were two of his sons, both of whom had entered his own profession, and doubtless done creditable and unostentatious service therein; whilst from the gallery, among other ladies, looked down at least a score of his feminine descendants. Happy is the poet, happy the man, whose family is so well represented at his centenary! Among the diners there were also ten gentlemen who remembered the poet in the flesh. The toast of the evening fell to the Historiographer Royal, Emeritus Professor Masson, familiarly, but not irreverently, known among litterateurs as the "dear old boy" of letters. He wore a fashionably-cut coat, and, as his admirers and well-wishers were glad to note, bore his years lightly and with grace. As a man of letters, the professor belongs to the class (in Dante's phrase) "of those who know," —rather than to that of those who *see*, and his address in consequence was rather expository than illuminative; he told us facts about Moir, and if those facts were not grouped in any very telling fashion, or set in any very striking light, we were in no mood to complain. Of course, he paid tribute to the poet's character—to his gentle and affectionate nature, and manly and whole-hearted devotion to his duty in that state of life to which he had been called. And then he went on to point out in what a delightful manner these qualities were enhanced and humanised by his keen sense of fun. And here parenthetically it may be said, that an unpublished letter, which was read at a later period of the evening by Mr. A. D. M. Black, W.S., threw a pleasing light on Delta's attitude towards literary aspirants. It was addressed to a young man who had submitted verses for his criticism, and was particularly notable for the delicate expression of its wise advice and for its generous offer of aid in more substantial, though not more valuable, kind. From the poet's character, Professor Masson passed to his poems, on which, to speak frankly, he dwelt much too long, thus leaving himself, in a speech which lasted a full hour, too little time to deal with what is, after all, the poet's main title-deed to the recollection of posterity—his delightful prose master-piece of *Mansie Wauch*. As for the poems, they belonged to that highly respectable class which exactly suit the taste of the time in which they are written, but which go out of fashion later on, and this being so, it was hardly worth while to divide them into classes—as elegies, descriptions of nature, poems of places, poems dealing with weird or supernatural subjects. All this savoured somewhat too much of the schools, or of the critic's desk. More to the point were the quotations. The piece entitled *The Dark Waggon* was singled out by the speaker for special commendation. It may be remembered that these verses describe the journey of a mysterious and most carefully guarded "waggon," as it travels day and night from north of the Tweed to London. The secret of its freight has been well kept, and when at last it comes to a standstill at Westminster, there steps out from it no other than the patriot Wallace, a captive in the power of his country's enemies, borne to a barbarous death! The speaker then passed on to *Mansie Wauch*, and in this connexion it was matter of conversation during the evening that most of the characters in that delightful little book were suggested by persons living in Musselburgh or Inveresk at

the time when it was written. "I knew him well," said one old gentleman to me in speaking of the prototype of Cursecowl, the turbulent butcher. Perhaps the sole omission in an otherwise delightful evening was that no time was found for the singing of some of the poet's songs, which have been set to music. Sheriff Jameson proposed the toast of Literature, and in replying to the same, Sir George Douglas contrasted the high hopes of the young man of letters with the merciless oblivion which so soon overtakes his efforts. "For, of the thousand poets who to-night, with swelling hearts, with thrilling nerves, with eyes Pity suffuses, by moonlight or the shine of midnight oil, wake to unsphere the Immortals or project undying lays —of these, how many will be, like Moir remembered and celebrated in their native places a hundred years from now? Theirs is the morrow of the rose. But we do not murmur at the inevitable law. But, rather, borrowing a cue from the old Roman amphitheatre, as we pass to dissolution and to Lethe, salute the name of one more fortunate than we, greater in heart and brain, and better than ourselves!"

The Heroes and Scenery of Scotland.

JUSTLY of Scotland we boast, true bulwark of dearly-won freedom!
Guarded by valorous heroes, long famed in ballad and story—
Patriots of whom we are proud, for loyal attachment to duty,
Impelling them ever to seek their native land's safety and welfare;
Bravely they fought in her honour, while struggling with merciless foemen
Eager to ravage and slay, or load the defenders with fetters.

Fruitless the quest of the despots, who attempted this Kingdom to conquer,
Unfurling o'er hosts of invaders the blood-stained banner of slaughter,
Forthwith undaunted appeared her champions, great Bruce and Wallace,
Faithfully striving to death in resisting the mighty oppressors;
Therefore these deeds we recount, and follow their shining example;
Worthy we surely shall be, if we cherish such noble ambition!

Scotland, the monarch of realms! to her countrymen ever the dearest,
Whether we dream of the Highlands, with forests, stern mountains, and torrents
Haunted by legends sublime and stories of desperate conflicts;
Perchance on the lowlands we muse, once scenes of trouble and discord;
Or over Time's records we sigh, recalling how brethren and kinsfolk
Fiercely contended for Truth, forgetting the Rule known as Golden.

Southward we wistfully turn to the debateable land of the Border,
Roamed o'er in dark days of old by bands of mosstroopers and reivers,
Sweeping unchecked through its plains and bleak and desolate moorlands,
Stretching for leagues to the heights, and lonely fells of the Cheviots—
Often protecting our land from incursions and raids fraught with danger,
Happy our lot, who now dwell harmoniously one with another!

EDINBURGH. ADAM SMAIL.

NOTE.—This Poem is written in hexameters or lines containing six periods or divisions, as in Longfellow's "Evangeline." See an interesting treatise by Mr. T. S. Omond on "English Hexameters;" (Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1896), for further references to this form of metrical composition. A. S.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

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Notes and News.

THE historic kirk of Polwarth was on the afternoon of Christmas Day last, the scene of an event of unique interest and appropriateness. This was the unveiling of a marble tablet which had been placed in the north wall of the nave, in memory of Robert M'Lean Calder, a poet whose verses have long been familiar to Berwickshire Borderers. Mr. Calder who died in London, on 13th April, 1896, in his 56th year, was a native of Duns, but spent his youthful years at Polwarth where his father was long the village baker. The unveiling ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. S. Crockett, Tweedsmuir.

We regret that we have to record the death on the 4th Jany. of Mr. W. F. Vernon, of Kelso, who was long known as one of the most skilful surgeon-dentists in the Border Country. Mr. Vernon had a fine taste for literary and antiquarian pursuits, and was the author of several works—his "Kelso Past and Present" having long been considered a standard and reliable local history.

EDINBURGH BORDERERS' UNION.—The drawing in connection with the bazaar took place in St. Cuthbert's Hotel on Thursday, 23rd Dec. The first prize was gained by Mr. James Welsh, 12 Exchange Street, Jedburgh; the second by Miss Wilson, 15 Shandwick Place, Edinburgh; the third by Miss Ballantyne, Oaklea, St. Boswells; while the picture of Hawick Common-Riding went to grace the home of Robert Croall, Esq., Craigcrook Castle. After the usual votes of thanks, Mr. Walter Amos, in name of a number of subscribers in the Borders as well as in Edinburgh, presented the secretary of the Union with a handsomely framed portrait of himself. In doing so, he said Mr. Douglas Elliot's name was a household word throughout the length and breadth of the Borders. He had done great service not only for the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, but for Borderers generally. Mr. Elliot suitably replied. The portrait, which is a life-size platinatype photograph from the well-known studio of Messrs. Pettigrew & Amos, Leith Walk, was on view during the bazaar and was much admired.

Many will learn with sincere regret of the death of Mr. George Paulin, ex-rector of Irvine Academy, which took place at his residence, on 11th Jany. last, at the advanced age of 86 years. Mr. Paulin attended the Grammar School, Selkirk, from which he passed to the University of Edinburgh, where he showed himself a brilliant student. In particular he won the admiration of Professor John Wilson ("Christopher North") for a prize poem, "Hallowed Ground," which he wrote as one of the class exercises. He did excellent work in Irvine Academy. Mr. Paulin is survived by his wife and several of his family, amongst whom is the Rev. George Paulin of Muckart.

PRESENTATION.—In the Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh, on Friday, 14th Jan., Mr. Alexander Rutherford, formerly district goods manager of the North British Railway Company at Edinburgh, and now chief goods manager of the company at Glasgow, was presented with a testimonial subscribed to by the trading public generally, and the servants of the North British Company. The presentation consisted of a silver tea and coffee service, with a tray bearing an inscription, a gold watch and chain, a diamond ring for Mrs. Rutherford, and a cheque for 400 guineas. Mr. John Conacher, who presided, paid a high tribute to Mr. Rutherford's qualities. Lord Provost Mitchell Thomson made the presentation.

Border Reminiscences. VI.—Registration Humours.

MY facetious friend, with a kind of grim humour, is wont to speak of the final paragraphs of the daily newspaper as "The Hatch, Match, and Dispatch Column." To the majority of readers—being women and children of weaker capacity—it is the most important item. To express ignorance of its contents is to argue yourself unread.

Somewhere about the middle of this century, an Act was passed whereby a Registrar was appointed in every parish, whose duty it is to keep a reliable statistical account of births, deaths, and marriages as they occur. Under a penalty, they must be recorded within a limited time. If my memory serve me well, the limit of any one has a humorous relation to each of the other two. A birth must be registered within twenty-one days, a death within seven, and a marriage within three.

In almost all country districts, the schoolmaster holds the office of Registrar. Not only is the salary attached thereto a welcome addition to his modest income, but accuracy and veracity are thereby guaranteed. It is quite understood, if not enjoined, that the strictest secrecy be maintained. It was sometimes interesting to hear surmises as to the ages of the maiden element of our community. To have placed implicit confidence in the element's estimate of itself, would have reflected upon the dotage of a former Registrar.

Taking the census did not involve much labour in our limited area, but it afforded a glimpse of that dread of old age usually associated with the gentler sex. On my visit to the farm-house of Barnsdale, where Mr. Jackson and his three maiden sisters resided for more summers than I care to tell, Agnes had not inserted her age when I looked over the schedule. Her idea was to set down 37, and to hand it to me without observation. This she did as I sat talking with the others. On receiving the paper, I said 37 in a doubtful tone—for I knew Agnes was wrong by a decade. Her next younger sister, Jeannie, appeared as 45. But Agnes insisted that she had stated her age accurately. I suggested that she must have set down the same figure at last census. And then she blushed as she said, "Well, Maister Jaffrey, truth will out. I was awa' at Aberdeen when last I gae my age. I was 37 then, and I juist made up my mind tae cheat the pairish here oot of ten years. But, dear me, what need the Government care for young folk's ages? They're maybe ower rife o' siller. They might try the fermin', and their siller would soon melt. But I should think that the information is private. I don't believe there's any chance o' the Misses o' Fairyknowe gettin' wut o' the figures in oor shadles?" I answered that the facts were accepted in perfect confidence, but —suiting so far as I could my style and tone to her own—I added in an *overly* way, I would just say to Laird Weston that Agnes Jackson was "keepin' her age rale weel."

I well remember the shepherd of Wiselaw coming to register a birth. I asked as usual where he was married. He replied, "At Glesca, sir, an' ma hairt's aye in the wast country—but A'm no richt share that A'm gi'en in the richt name. She (referring to his wife) aye said that gin it wus a laddie we wud ca' it Jeems, but gin it wus a lassie we wud ca' it Jeemsima. But oor young maister wus tellin' me that's no a lucky name. A could let ye ken at the kirk the morn—but hae ye putten doon Jeemsima?" "Yes," I said, "I have entered the name of the child as Jemima—and now it cannot be altered without some annoyance. Perhaps you'll require to appear before the Sheriff at Muir." "Dod, no," he hastily replied, "let it abee. A couldna speak tae the Shirra aboot the maiter. A can use liberty wi' you, but afore big folk A'm stupit. The wife says that though A'm a man amang sheep, A'm but a sheep amang men." And whether through dread of the Sheriff or of Jemima's mother, or perhaps the breaking of suspense on the closing of the book, I cannot say—but "there shone such a brightness in his eye you might have lit a candle at."

Only once in my time was there a registration of a twin birth. The paternal parent got quite confused as to the respective names. Each child was loaded with superfluity. While one was designated Norah, Clementina, Deborah, the other bore the appellation Wilhelmina, Sophia, Roberta. As all the accompanying facts and dates had to be repeated in each case, John Adamson wearied of questioning, and averred that "weemin fouk are aye fashious aboot geenalogies."

At the instance of my dear friend, Mr. Wallace, I had occasion to apply to the Sheriff to authorize a corrected entry. We drove together to the court-town of Muir, on a day convenient to His Honour. On our return journey, we met Maister Wellwood, my retired and retiring predecessor, who was then a keen farmer with a jealous eye to the comfort of his successor. He was, further, a member of "my" Board, and shook his head sagely as he met us. "When I was teacher in the village," said he

"I never left my *dask*. Ye may expect to have many a broken ink-bottle when ye begin work to-morrow morning." This genteel reprimand served to amuse Mr. Wallace—for humour was to him a gift of Nature. Both by phrase and gesture he was wont, in the after days, to depict the "intrinsic horror and pathos and the fierce glow of colour" which burned on the visage of one of the most faithful men I have known, and which were in a measure characteristic of the conscientious dominie of the olden time.

Any casual observer looking over the blank pages of our register of marriages might ejaculate, "Marriage, a failure!" Though there were comparatively few registrations, this arose mainly from the fact that there was a tendency to have the knot tied i' the toun. It may have been a kind of reaction from the penny-wedding times, when there was a heterogeneous gathering for the occasion. Wanton wastefulness had given place to rigid economy. Creeling was perpetuated in the home-coming. As in my own case, it was often evaded by bribery—or should I say, a levied luck-penny?

Many years ago now, a law was passed whereby a proclamation of marriage may be made by means of a board exhibited at the Registrar's door in lieu of the "crying," so long associated with the Parish Church. The prospective celebrants are cried so that an opportunity of objecting may be granted to any interested party. Once when Dr. Boston proclaimed the banns in his beautifully sonorous voice, a young man in front of the pulpit rose up and said, "I object to that, sir." The Doctor, ready for any emergency, replied, "The objector will meet with the Kirk-Session at the close of the service." It turned out that there was a second candidate for the heart and hand of Margaret Dunn—to wit, a younger brother of the proclaimed man. His claims were considered trivial. The good Doctor—always so benign—whispered to the Session "*Seniores priores*," and pronounced the Benediction. The objection was invalid.

The procuring of a board—a wooden board—was an event for my friend of the Howe and myself. Its quality, design and size were quite a care to us. "Aibles," Robert said, "ye maun attacked it tae the ooter yett, an' put it weel oot o' the rax o' the bairns" However, I elected to have it hung up only when required, though my friend "wudna be responsible for ony damage the wun' micht dae't, nor wud he blame ony young chap for stealin' the brod jist for a manœuvre." But I thought the very novelty would limit the demand. Though the proclamation fee did not come my way, I always tried to lead the candidate to the Kirk.

In the dusk of a November evening—"the children's hour of firelight and shadow"—two lads called to purchase proclamation. I took down all the facts of the case, received my fee, and as they left I said, "I need not put out the board till to morrow morning." "But A'm no tae be hung up on the brod, maister." "Yes, indeed, you are," I replied. "That'll never dae. Oo maun gang through the Kirk. Oo've a' been cried." "Then, you've come to the wrong house," I said. To save further perturbation to my guests, I repaid the half crown, and directed them to Dr. Boston, to whom they related how hardly they had escaped the *brod*.

In registering a marriage, the designation of both contracting parties must be carefully noted. Jessie Melville had been engaged in house-service in the busy manufacturing town of Glenview—then to me an unknown centre of industry, but now familiar from daily association. James Anderson and she agreed to enter the bonds of matrimony, and the marriage was celebrated in our parish. Consequently, James registered in my books. When I asked him the usual question, "Are you a bachelor?" "Na, na, sir," he replied, "Am a stockin' weaver and sweep." Under Jessie's name I was about to insert the word "spinster"—"Again ye're wrang, sir, she's no a spinner. She was a domeskit servan' at Newholmes, an' a fell guid place it wis."

Death is the common enemy of man. To record the event is always fraught with mysterious pathos. Surely humour will flee the eternal shades! But humour is not unholy. Even amid the solemnity of the death-roll a man's characteristic trait may be revealed—a ruling passion strong in death.

When old Farmer Munro passed away, after a lingering illness, borne with Christian patience, his nephew, who was his heir, came from Bearhope to register the death. Before I opened the books he confidentially told me that his uncle had left "a gey pickle money," but that as he had "sae mony far awa' freen's" he had made up his mind "tae leeve" as he had "been leevin', and no tae look like the gentry till the ootcome o' the year." Munro junior was a very plain country lad. His early education had been sadly neglected, as the sequel will show. He had to sign his name in the register, and to add his relationship to the deceased, which he did thus—"nmpu." He doubted his own accuracy, but I re-wrote the word to save uncharitable reflection.

In all my experience I only remember one

case of inability to sign the name. The solitary cross (×) remains.

As far as I know, there was no registration of interments in our quaint old church-yard. Plan there was none. The moss-grown stone, the rank grass, the erratic footway—all told of neglect, mayhap not culpable, but certainly careless. And yet there were some sweet spots amid the chaos, some modest violets set there by loving hands, some blue forget-me-nots—symbol of hallowed friendship between the living and the dead.

The offices of grave-digger and beadle were combined in the person of John Swanson. He was grandson to the grave holder of similar offices in a former generation. It was of the latter that the following story is told—savouring of the humour of Disruption times:—Old John realised that salaries might be lowered by the advent of Dissent. He gravely suggested that, "whan they bigget a Free Kirk, it suld be ordainit to commence public worship half an-oor ahint the Auld Kirk." He could, withoot abasin' his principeels," he said, "ring in the Auld Kirk at eleevin, and the Free Kirk at the

These trivial incidents—hovering only so little way above the common-place—have to me a wonderful fascination. The folks were all so simple and so sincere. "Their charming habitual sweetness and gaiety of temper," I doubt not, lingers yet. And while the untutored eye may gaze upon a "barren wilderness," the vision to me is always lovely. From the crowded street and busy mart and the clang of shuttle and wheel, my thoughts often stretch towards the serenity of rural life—infinitely tender, pathetic, and sweet!

A. T. G.

From Photo by Geo. M'Roberts. HIGH STREET, JEDBURGH. Edinburgh.

The Queen's Visit to Jedburgh.

OUR illustration is that of the High Street, Jedburgh, admired by the Queen on her visit in 1867. It has been greatly improved since, but many of the older inhabitants declare that it never looked handsomer than on that occasion. They also tell of the manifest interest of the Queen in the massive triumphal arches and the historic buildings. Those who accompanied her beyond the town, state how that she was greatly charmed with the scenery on the

Journal of a Life in the Highlands," is her own reference to that visit. G. M. R.

"Friday, August 23.

"A dull morning, very close, with a little inclination to rain, though only for a short time. Breakfast as yesterday. At twenty minutes to eleven we started: I with our daughters and the Duchess; Christian with dear Beatrice, the Duke of Marlborough (the Minister in attendance), and Lady Susan Melville, in the second carriage; and the Duke of Roxburghe, Lord Charles Fitz-Roy, Sir Thomas Buddulph, in the third, with Colonel Gordon and Dr. Jenner on the box. We proceeded through Kelso, which was very full, and the people most loyal; by the village of Heiton, prettily decorated with an arch (two young girls dressed in white threw nosegays), and up the rivers Teviot and Jed, which flow through charming valleys. The town of Jedburgh is very prettily situated, and is about the same size as Kelso, only without its large shops. It is, however, the capital of the county. It was very crowded, and very prettily decorated. The town is full of historical recollections. King Malcolm IV. died there; William the Lion and Alexander II. resided there; Alexander III. married his second wife Joletta, daughter of the Comte de Dreux, there; and Queen Mary was the last sovereign who came to administer severe justice. The Duchess pointed out to me a house up a side street in the town where Queen Mary had lived and been ill with fever. In the Square an address was presented, just as at Kelso, and then we went on down a steep hill, having a very good view of the old Abbey, as curious in its way as Melrose, and also founded by David I. There is a very fine ruined Abbey in Kelso also.

"There were four pretty triumphal arches; one with two very well chosen inscriptions, viz., on one side, 'Freedom makesall men to have lyking,' and on the other side 'The love of all thy people comfort thee.'

"We went on through a beautiful wooded valley up the Jed, in the bank of which, in the red stone are caves in which the Covenanters were hid. We past Lord Cranstoun's place, Crailing, and then turned, and close before the town we turned into Jed Forest—up an interminable hill, which was very trying to the horses and postilions—and returned through the grounds of Hartrigge, the late Lord Campbell's, now occupied by a Mr. Gordon.

"We then returned by the same road we came, passing Lord Minto's place, and Kirkband, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, where his late brother, Lord John Scott, used to live. Here the horses were watered. We stopped for a few minutes, and the Duke of Buccleuch, who had ridden with us the greater part of the way, into Jedburgh and back to this place, took leave.

"We only got home near three o'clock."

Flodden's King:

A RETROSPECT.

By J. PARRINGTON POOLE.
Author of "The Death Stone," "A Boy's Dream."

[It is a popular belief in the district of Flodden that the Scottish King did not appear on the field, but that he lost his life at Ford. The following narrative is, however, entirely fictitious.]

THROUGH the thinning leaves on the silver arms of the birch trees the broken light of the autumn moon shone like streaks of fire. Behind the wood, and low in the eastern sky, night's orb hung big and clear like a ball of gold. Above, across a star-studded sea of blue, a white band stretched in a half-hoop northwards beyond the zenith, like a frail arch of fading mist.

A big patch of green ran close to the river. In the hedge-bound fields to the westward the yellow corn, still uncut, bent gracefully before the breath of the breeze which blew gently from the slopes of the mountains. Parallel with the stream, the red tiled townlet straggled in a zig-zag line for a full half-mile, terminating in a low thatch-roofed cottage which stood in the shelter of a rounded clump of chestnut and beech.

The town was hushed in peaceful repose. The lights in the shaded dwelling-place had long been out. Inside, however, rest had not come. The solitary inmate tossed wearily from side to side, helplessly struggling to banish troubled thought in sleep. The first hour of the new-born day had slowly ticked out its life upon the large round-faced clock which stood upright against the white-washed wall. The last dying embers in the low three-barred grate had fallen in a white ash on the blackened hearth below. There was nothing now to be heard save the ceaseless pulsation of the clock, and the faint murmur of the wind amongst the trees without.

A light tapping upon the window made the sleepless man start up in his bed. He fancied that he saw a dark shadow pass swiftly across the narrow blind, but though he listened attentively he could hear no footfall nor the sound of any voice. He lay back with a sigh of relief and huddled himself in the bed clothes. The loneliness of the night oppressed him, and for a time his mind ran in morbid channels. The minutes began to crawl like hours. Every puff of wind sent his heart thumping like the throb-

bing of a sledge hammer. His nerves were playing him false, and he gulped down a mouthful of water to ease the tightness at his throat.

The clock struck the hour of two. There was a loud knock at the door, as of some one beating with the hollow of the hand. He jumped up like a shot, and for a moment stood motionless.

The knocking continued louder than ever.

"Who's there?" he shouted, with his hand upon the bolt.

"I want help," came the quick reply. The voice was that of a woman—very sweet and low.

Fear vanished. A keen sense of duty brought him back to his truer self. By nature he was neither fool nor braggart, but he had tinge enough of romance to cause temerity to predominate in many of his actions.

"What's wrong?" he enquired, preparing to unfasten the lock.

"Come to the ford below the 'cauld' at once," the stranger returned in the same hurried tone.

He opened the door slightly and peered out into the night. A figure clad in grey was moving rapidly in the direction of the river. He threw on his clothes, and was soon out upon the road.

The light was almost as bright as day. A well-trodden footpath winded slantwise across a big slope of "shivering" grass, which shelved down from a wide stretch of whin and fern. Below, the river fell in spray-white over a long ridge of smooth-faced stone. Through a narrow gully between the "cauld" and the wooded bank the stream rushed with a noise like the roar of the sea.

At the other side of the ford the stranger stood waiting him. He crossed, unhesitatingly. A smile of welcome greeted him, but he noticed that it was a sad, dreary smile which played only round the lips. The brown eyes were large and sorrowful, and the pale face, though young, and ripe with the richness of surpassing beauty, bore traces of sore disappointment and woman's suffering.

She did not speak, but turned to go, pointing with a long gold-headed cane to a knoll which lay beyond the wood. The spot he knew well. Children babbled round it in the early days of spring, and climbed upon its breast to pluck the yellow primrose, calling each flower the gift of the fairies who dwelt within, and fastening little bunches of cowslips lovingly below their small white throats, believing that they too had come from a fairy world to brighten their tender years. Little ones, in the heat of summer, would lay their ears flat upon the ground, listening in fancy to the music which came floating from the crystal dwelling-place below, and a warm smile would flit across the wee earnest faces as the birds upon the green branches of the trees chirped their songs of love to their sweetheart mates. But in the dark men and women would pass the place with a shudder, and hurry on to the open, for a dark deed had stained its name with blood which long centuries could not efface, so long as the story ran from lip to lip amongst those whose lives were passed in the tiny Border town across the stream. Only the tale was never told to the young, and they in their day-dreams clothed it in airy beauty; and in the night-time, when the tired limbs sought rest, they dreamed again, and heard the golden harps, and saw the soft light from the silver lamps bathe in one long sweep the crimson cloth on the marble floor.

They paused at the foot of the mound, and the woman sat down upon a fallen log. She held up a small blue stone, and asked the man to show his hand.

He obeyed. Every faculty was wide awake, but it seemed as if some psychological influence had stolen over his unguarded brain. She drew the stone quickly across his outstretched palm.

"It is for some to reveal the past," she said mysteriously, laying the pebble on the life-line of his hand. "There is no rest for such until the truth be known."

The stone changed to a nut-brown. Clasped in the hand it felt moist and warm.

The lids of the man's eyes dropped like lead. He slept and dreamed.

The grey stone of a castle loomed in the distance. Near was the shade of a wood. A tall, well-made young man, clad in a leather doublet and with spurs upon his heels, was looking tenderly into the face of a woman. It was the stranger who had crossed the dreamer's hand with the stone. Her eyes were trembling with love. Her face was white with fear.

"You will do this?"

The question was asked softly, eagerly.

The woman covered her face with her hands and began to cry. With an impatient gesture he thrust them aside, and held her tightly by the wrists.

"Yes, for your sake I will do as you wish."

The answer was wrung from her in her weakness. The man stooped down, and kissed her full upon the lips.

The sleeper for a time saw no more.

Everything changed. The noontide sun was burning. The old homestead stood no longer. The smiling fields were black and bare. The long line of hills was hidden by a thick white

smoke; the river was blurred in a haze of dust. There was the champing of horses, and the clashing of steel, and the blowing of trumpets, and the loud huzzas of a thousand voices. From a hundred husky throats one big shout was sent across the plain, ringing and re-echoing amid the clang of warfare:

"For King and country! For King and country, and God for us all!'

Then there was a loud cry of despair, and a burst of red light amongst the shadows, and the night fell, and all was still.

Like a flash the next picture came and went. There was a dim light in a panelled room and the subdued sound of voices—a stealthy foot-step and the rustle of a woman's dress—a cry of pain and a heavy thud upon the floor.

Then again all was still. The stars lay pale among fleecy cloud. By the side of a new filled grave a nun knelt weeping. Another woman stood by with her arms folded across her breast. She was muttering to herself the words of a prayer. Suddenly the nun stood up and the eyes of the women met.

"He was brought from Flodden?" said the woman in grey. The nun wept assent.

"And you loved him?" she added, turning her face away as she spoke.

"I was to join him after the battle," the nun replied.

"And the other—where was he brought from?"

"From Ford, but yesterday."

There was a gasp and a stifled sob.

"Side by side. Traitor love, and murdered King!"

The cry rent the air. The single light in the old Cistercian Abbey blinked and died and the woman fell lifeless upon the sod.

The sleeper stirred and rose. Day dawned. The rising sun kissed the blades of the ripening corn. Only in the western sky a black cloud dipped threateningly upon the plain.

A Peebles Aisle and Monastery.*

THIS tall, thin octavo volume contains a historical account of (1) St. Mary of Geddes Aisle in the Parish Church of Peebles, and (2) the church and monastery of the Holy Cross of Peebles. After a brief narrative of the introduction of Christianity into Britain, and a sketch of its progress, Mr. Renwick brings his history down to 1195, in which year the dedication of the Church of St. Andrew took place at Peebles on the 29th October. It is believed that the tower and fragmentary walls still standing in the churchyard there are parts of the ancient edifice; for, as the author observes, "the twelfth century was a time when churches of a substantial description were being erected." But this age of church-building in Scotland terminated when the War of Independence began.

For many years subsequent to that "calamitous entanglement," there was neither wealth nor tranquility in the country to rear costly churches, and when peace and prosperity returned, the former enthusiasm had cooled down. Religion itself, however, had not died out, for in the fifteenth century there was a wide-spread zeal among all classes to make endowments for services to be performed by chaplains for the souls of those who had founded these churches. Sometimes new chapels and new altars were founded for these purposes: in other cases the endowments were given to augment the revenues of chaplainries or altarages already existing. The earliest endowment of the class here referred to, in connection with Peebles at least, is that which was made by John Geddes, who appears in the old local records in the double capacity of a Peebles burgess and a country laird.

Coming to the second portion of Mr. Renwick's volume, the author sketches the rise and progress of the Monastic Orders in Scotland, and brings us down to 1261 when, on the 9th May, there was discovered at Peebles, "in the presence of the good men, priests, clerics, and burgesses," a venerable cross, believed to have been hidden by some of the faithful, about the year of our Lord, 296, while Maximian's persecution was raging in Britain. Not long after the discovery of this cross at Peebles, a stone urn was found, containing "the ashes and bones of a man's body—torn limb from limb as it were." On the spot where these venerable relics were found—the cross and urn—a church and monastery were erected, the historical account of which forms the most interesting portion of Mr. Renwick's volume.

In addition to the information here faintly outlined, the work contains several illustrations and a very full appendix, which to students of ecclesiastical history will be found to be of great value. Mr. Renwick must have had a great deal of research and a vast amount of labour in the production of this volume. But his heart has been in the labour, and his head having guided him, the result is a piece of Scottish church history which we consider uncommonly well done.

* *A Peebles Aisle and Monastery.* By Robert Renwick, Glasgow: Carson & Nicol.

A Dream of Tweed.

A SONG OF BORDERLAND.

Dear Borderland of classic streams,
Sweet Borderland of poets' dreams,
Brave Borderland of sons so free,
The Borderland's the land for me!

WHEN far from home I dream of Tweed,
And peace comes to me in my dream,
I see once more the grassy mead,
And hear the murmur of the stream.
I watch the crystal waters glide,
I mark the pebbles on the strand,
The sedge blades quiv'ring in thy tide,
Dear river of the Borderland.

From green Tweed's Well thy course I trace
Past Neidpath grey to Ashestiel;
Who marks not all thy wondrous grace,
A caitiff he who cannot feel—
For mem'ry strikes a magic chord,
And beauty leads to beauties rare;
Till Tweed flows on by Abbotsford,
And Melrose rears her ruin fair.

The bending alders kiss the wave,
And cast a leafy shadow cool,
While round the rocks the waters lave,
Where lurk the troutlets in the pool.
The pool whose bosom mirrors still
The ruined peel and ivied tower,
While lending force to yonder mill
That turns obedient to its power.

One after one in colours bright
The scenes familiar pass along,
While in the visions of the night
I hear the strains of Border song.
At old Traquair there's peaceful calm,
And Leithen Vale is fair indeed;
O'er scene and song floats Nature's psalm—
The gentle murmurs of the Tweed.

Where Kelso's wooded islets rise
To grace the wedded rivers twain,
I watch thy tide with raptured eyes
Flow calmly through the flow'ry plain.
I feel the breezes fan my cheek,
As by some scaur I take my stand,
And as they pass I hear them speak
Of thee, my own dear Borderland.

By verdant haughs and heath-clad hills
Our river flows both deep and wide,
Fed by a hundred sparkling rills
And classic streams that swell its tide.
Then where old Berwick proudly stands
And braves the North Sea's fiercest blast
The pride of all the Border lands
Glides into Ocean's arms at last.

'Tis but a dream, and yet perchance
My spirit wings its wayward flight,
Released by sleep's mysterious trance
To wander through the realms of night.
But spirit flight or mem'ry's dream,
It matters not—so I may stand
Once more beside thy crystal stream,
Dear river of my fatherland.

TWEEDSIDE LADDIE.

Border Raids and Reivers.*

MR. Borland's book has at once taken rank as a standard work in Border literature. Within the compass of a single crown octavo volume the author has set forth, in clear picturesque and vigorous language, the narrative of the rise, development, and suppression of that extraordinary phase of Border life—Raids and Reiving. But he has done more: for we have in these three hundred and ten pages a series of graphic sketches of the old mosstrooping days, with some of the more prominent traits in the lives and characters of those whose names are most the main source of our knowledge of Border raids and reivers; but Mr. Borland has gone further into the matter by a careful and judicious study of the latest and most reliable authorities—Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, the recently published Calendar of Border Papers, Cary's Memoirs, Froissart, Sir Walter, of course, "and a host of other writers on Border themes." Out of these authorities, the author has produced a volume which reads like a romance, for the raider and the reiver are arrayed before us with all their imperfections on their heads—nothing extenuated

JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG AND KING JAMES.

intimately associated with the "auld riding days across the marches."

We all know that our forefathers along the Border line were "minions of the moon," that there was often more serious work done in the moonlight than in the glare of day; but not till now have we got any clear and comprehensive account of how systematically, we had almost written scientifically, these moonlight raids and cattle-lifting expeditions were organised and carried out. The old ballads have hitherto been or set down in malice. Nevertheless Mr. Borland conclusively shows that the Borderer was dowered with no "double dose of original sin," as some superficial writers have sought to show, but that he was the creature of circumstances over which, to use the conventional phrase, he had no control. He was confronted by one or other of the two alternatives—either to *starve* or *steal*. With a great deal of human nature in him, the Borderer preferred the latter alternative, and it is the recognition of this fact that furnishes the keynote to Mr. Borland's volume. He states his case in such a way that if we cannot

* "Border Raids and Reivers." By Robert Borland, Minister of Yarrow. Dalbeattie: Thomas Fraser.

always approve of what the reiver did, we can, at all events, give him a large amount of our sympathy on occasions when he needs and deserves that sympathy very much.

On the first page of his narrative, Mr. Borland proceeds at once to tackle his subject, and points out that Border raiding and reiving had their origin in the desire for revenge after the dreadful affair at Berwick, when the English, under King Edward I., sacked the old Border town, and put seventeen thousand persons, without distinction of age or sex, to the sword! This terrible massacre produced a profound sensation all over

OAKWOOD TOWER.

the country, but more especially on the Borders, and had much to do in creating that bitter feeling of hostility with which the English were regarded for centuries afterwards, and out of which arose the remarkable phenomena familiarly known as Border Raids and Reiving. The hordes of moss-troopers, living in the districts fronting England, on every convenient opportunity, crossed the Border and brought back with them whatever came readiest to hand—horses, cows, sheep, nothing coming amiss unless too heavy or too hot. Those on the English side who were thus despoiled were not slow to retaliate, and so the raiding and reiving began on both sides of the Border line. All the great Border families were involved in it, and so naturally did it come to them that they looked upon the matter as the one great business of their lives. The Armstrongs and the Elliots in Liddesdale, with many of the Merse and Teviotdale clans were always on the move. An English warden remarked in one of his despatches to his Government, "They lie still never a night." The season of the year most given to "lifting" was between Michaelmas and Martinmas, for the family beef-tub then required replenishing, and as the "mart" was rarely, if ever, fed at home, it had of course to be ridden for and "lifted" elsewhere. Of one of the most famous of all the Border reivers—Auld Wat of Harden—it is related that on one occasion he overheard the town-herd, calling out to someone passing, to "send out Wat o' Harden's coo." "Wat o' Harden's coo," indignantly exclaimed the old reiver: "My sang, I'll soon mak' ye speak o' Wat o' Harden's kye." And so he at once gathered his forces, marched into Northumberland, and before long he was seen on his way back driving before him a big herd of cows and

a basson'd bull. Passing a large hay-stack, Wat turned round in his saddle and, looking wistfully at it, exclaimed in a regretful tone of voice, "If ye had but four feet, ye wadna stand lang there."

When the Scottish raider found that the English marches were closed against him, he showed his ingenuity and readiness by "lifting" from the nearest friend. Hence the old couplet:

> "He stole the beeves that made his broth
> From England and from Scotland both."

In this way many of the family feuds commenced. The narrative of these feuds affords an interesting glimpse of the condition of Border Society in the auld riding days, and discloses, or at least accounts for, the dominant passions by which the lives and characters of those immediately concerned were shaped and determined. From various causes arose these feuds—not always from cattle-lifting or "conveyancing." These were soon healed, for the despoiled neighbour squared accounts at the first convenient opportunity. An inherited family feud, however, was a very different story. One of the fiercest of these feuds is that which raged between two of the most powerful families on the Border—the Scotts and Kerrs. Closely connected with this family affair is the Battle of Melrose, about which there are so many conflicting accounts, as to the site or field on which it was fought. In the names of various localities between Melrose and Abbotsford, such as *Skirmish Hill*, *Charge Law*, and several others, the incidents of the fight have found many associations. Mr. Borland mentions "*Halidon Hill* overlooking the Tweed near Melrose Bridge." By whatever name the site of the "last clan battle of the Borders" may be known, it is enough to say here that the fight is understood to have taken place where the Waverley Hydropathic now stands.

We had marked several passages of Mr. Borland's book for quotation, but the limited space at our command denies us that pleasure. But this only constrains us the more earnestly to advise our readers to get the book for themselves. Assuredly no Border library can be complete without it as a companion, as an introduction, to the ballads, the songs, the poetry, and the history of the Scottish Border.

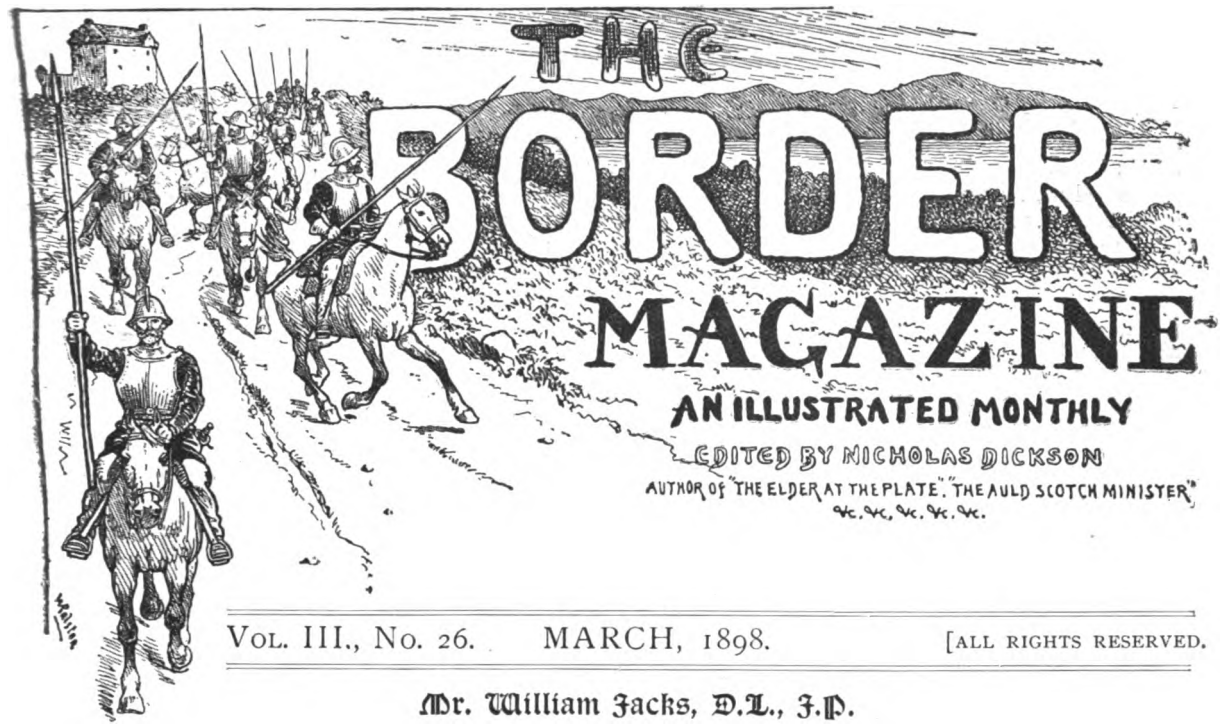
We cannot close this notice of "Border Raids and Reivers" without a word of congratulation to the artist and the publisher Through the kindness and the courtesy of both, we have the pleasure of placing before our readers two of the illustrations to the large paper edition. Mr. Tom Scott, A.R.S.A., so well known in Border artistic circles, has never done anything better than these drawings. Witness his *Oakwood Tower* with its delightful touch of human nature in the left foreground, and the breadth and beauty of the whole picture. In the *Johnnie Armstrong and King James* we have seen no finer interpretation of the old ballad. The artist has intensified the whole scene in that one drawing. Who could imagine that the youthful figure on the white charger, saluting the famous Border chief, was the next moment to wheel round, denounce him as a traitor, refuse to listen to the cry for mercy, and then order Armstrong and all his followers to be strung up on the nearest trees! Mr. Fraser, the publisher, has also done his part exceedingly well. The volume is both a handy and a handsome one, in its clear bold type, thick but light paper, and artistic binding. It is in every way a credit to the local press.

In the second and subsequent editions of Mr. Borland's book, we would suggest the addition of an Index and a map of the Border Country.

Our old friend, *Chambers's Journal*, commences its *Sixth Series* with several new features: a new weekly heading, new and larger type; wider spacing, and initial letters at the beginning of each article. These features, no doubt, will become familiar by and by, but to those who have read their *Chambers* from its *First Series*, they are the first matters that attract attention. The literary matter, however, is fresh, interesting, and promising. We have the opening chapters of a new romance by a young writer who is rapidly coming to the front, and who already has done some good literary work—Mr. John Buchan. His story, "John Burnet of Barns," has for its scenery upper Tweedside and Clydesdale in the latter years of the seventeenth century. It opens well and promises to be full of incident and adventure. Among the numerous other articles making up the January part of *Chambers*, there is one, in two portions, which will prove of much interest to Border readers: we refer to that entitled "The Fate of Sir Walter Scott's Manuscripts."

From Photo by Window & Grove, London.

WILLIAM JACKS, ESQ., D.L.



VOL. III., No. 26. MARCH, 1898.

Mr. William Jacks, D.L., J.P.

BY WM. SANDERSON.

"SEEST thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings." So we find it written in the Proverbs of Solomon, and from the days of the "wisest man the warld e'er saw," even until now, there have been many outstanding examples of the truth of this bit of old world "Proverbial Philosophy." Many men have been diligent in business, and have stood before kings and the great ones of the earth, but, in too many cases, business has absorbed their whole being, and their hearts have become withered and their emotions dried up. Far different, however, is it with the subject of our sketch. Mr. William Jacks stands to-day in the front rank of business men, where shrewdness and keen insight into character are absolute necessities, but he is at the same time, a litterateur of no mean order, an attractive popular lecturer, a genial man in social life, and, last, but not least, a leal-hearted son of the Border. To do justice to our subject would require a book of the "Self Help" series, and a Samuel Smiles to write it, but we must be content with the limited space at our disposal, and endeavour to compress into a few paragraphs some of the outstanding events of Mr. Jacks' career—a life-story which should be an incentive to every young man, hail he from the Border or not.

Mr. Jacks was born at Cornhill on Tweed, on the 18th March, 1841, and from the very first found a stey brae in front of him. Practically, he is a self-educated man, but he looks back with pleasure and gratitude to the little school at Swinton where Mr. Lightbody, the master, instilled into the mind of his youthful pupil that desire for learning which has never deserted him. Part of this time he attended Fogo Kirk and took an active part in the Sunday school, leading the singing, and in various ways helping on the good work, with the result that he became a great favourite with the children.

His short school career being at an end, he had to decide what trade or profession he would follow. His active mind soared beyond the slow surroundings of his native home, so he crossed the Border, as many another Scot has done, to find a wider field for his energies. In West Hartlepool he secured employment in a shipyard for a short time, and later on entered the counting-house of another ship-building firm on the banks of the Wear, and afterwards became manager in an engineering and iron establishment. Here he applied himself with the utmost diligence, and doubtless then laid the foundation of his present great reputation in the business world. After his daily toil his leisure moments were spent in self-education, and by carefully utilising the stray minutes he was able to store his mind with much wisdom. His evening educational time-table was something as follows:—6 till 7 German literature; 7 till 8 mathematics; 8 till 10 theology; 10 till 11 political economy, and

from 11 till 1 a.m. languages; rising in the morning at five o'clock to resume his business duties.

Blessed with a good constitution, and leading a quiet temperate life, the young Borderer was able to keep up this rigorous system of self-education and discipline, with the result that he acquired a knowledge of several European languages, and became deeply versed in the abstruse and philosophic literature of Germany. As this part of Mr. Jacks' history must be of deep interest to young men, let us listen to his own words on the subject. In an address to young men, he says:—

"A correct life and hard work are the necessary conditions of true success. Let me emphasise the importance of temperance, or, more desirable still, of total abstinence. To tamper with drink is dangerous, and thousands are rendered useless and helpless when caught in the treacherous whirlpool of drink. Purity of mind and behaviour is necessary, and this ought to be impressed upon the youth of our country in these days. To be anything else not only ruins the physical powers, sears the conscience, and dwarfs spiritual growth, but judged from the low standpoint of commercial results, dims the mental preception, blinds the judgment, and deadens generally the faculties of one's nature."

Returning to Mr. Jacks' life in Wearland, we find that the "tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune," arrives at last and he is ready to mount the wave. His employers had noted the ways of their studious employee, and observing in him indications of rare business tact and talent, intrusted him with a most delicate commercial mission to an Italian seaport. But let us quote the story from a sketch in *The Biographical Magazine*:—

"A firm in the Italian town had ordered a very large cargo of iron goods, which had been shipped and the Bill of lading forwarded. It was discovered afterwards, however, that it was not intended to pay for the goods. There was, therefore, a large sum of money at stake, a "bad debt" being apparently inevitable. It was at this conjuncture that Mr. Jacks was requisitioned and as he was rightly supposed to possess the qualifications, he was despatched to the Sunny South, and the result proved the wisdom of his selection. Mr. Jacks lost no time in starting, and actually arrived before the cargoed ship. By a rare stroke of commercial diplomacy he managed to obtain possession of the goods, in spite of the prospective defaulters and the eagerness of their creditors; and, beyond this, he found other purchasers, selling the iron at an additional profit on the original price. Mr. Jacks further created a wider business connection in that part of the Continent."

The fame of this exploit travelled as far as Glasgow, where the chief of a firm dealing

From Photo by Wm. Blair. CROSSLET, NEAR DUMBARTON. Dumbarton.

extensively in iron, etc., and having business relations with Italy and Germany, offered Mr. Jacks the position of manager. He accepted the offer and continued to take a leading part in the affairs of this eminent firm until he resigned for the purpose of starting business on his own account as an iron and steel merchant. From this point his career is a series of successive advances. He has founded one of the most important pig iron firms in Britain; has built and sold steamers, executed large contracts for ironwork, and in a multitude of ways made his firm widely known in the commercial world. In addition to attending to his own business affairs, Mr. Jacks is a director of several large limited companies, nearly all of which pay handsome dividends, the keenness of his perception and the magnetism of his personality rendering him a popular man "On 'Change."

MR. JACKS AND HIS FAVOURITE BLOODHOUND.

During all these years of toil and study, Mr. Jacks yet found time to think of politics, and when the Liberals invited him to come before the electors of the Leith Burghs, as their candidate, he consented, and at once surprised the electorate by his splendid oratory, the profundity of his political intuitions, and the skill with which he met and baffled the "hecklers." His opponent was a man of no mean calibre, and the fight was a stiff one, yet Mr. Jacks was returned as member for the Leith Burghs by the splendid majority of 3,870 votes. In Parliament his voice was frequently heard, and speaking as he does without notes, making it a fast rule never to speak about anything he does not thoroughly understand, his speeches always attracted attention. We have not space to even mention the various important measures with which his name was connected, but we must note that long before the "Scottish Petition" was thought of, Mr Jacks had, with considerable effect, protested in the House of Commons against the increasing use of the word "English" instead of "British," and indeed was the first who ever did so. He was remarkable for his regular attendance while Parliament was in session, the *Glasgow Evening Citizen*, thus speaking of him:—

"Even in his palmiest days Mr. Warton never showed himself a more regular attender of the House than Mr. Jacks, the member for Leith. If he were of the temperament of the ex-member for Bridport, he would be the *bête noire* of *any* Government. There is not the slightest possibility of anything slipping through without his presence. He never misses prayers; indeed, he must be as familiar with the words of the daily devotions as the chaplain himself. Wednesdays make no difference to the honourable member. Probably long attendance at stated hours on the Glasgow Exchange has engendered a habit which has become a second nature. Some of the other Scotch members tried to emulate Mr. Jacks; one or two *do* very closely approach, but none can equal him."

More recently Mr. Jacks represented the County of Stirling in Parliament, and it was while so engaged that he came prominently before the world of letters by the publication of his translation of Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*. Of this work the *Glasgow Herald* says:—

"It is rather interesting to know that we owe Mr. Jacks' work, partly at least, to one of the weaknesses—some

would say follies—of our Parliamentary system. Mr. Jacks had formed the intention of translating the book, but it was only after re-entering Parliament that he found time to tackle the work. Like many other business men in the House, he suffered from the *ennui* of listening to the repetition of arguments in debates already practically concluded, and he found relief in pursuing his literary scheme. . . . One of the passages in which Mr. Jacks has been most successful is Nathan's Apologue of the Rings. Nothing could be finer. The work is adorned with a portrait of Lessing, and by a series of characteristic illustrations by William Strang. Apart from its literary value the volume is a handsome one."

The Press at once saw the value and importance of Mr. Jacks' fine translation of Lessing's "noble plea for tolerant humanity," and it must have been gratifying to our author to see his work so widely appreciated.

In 1896, the hundredth anniversary of the death of Burns, Mr. Jacks produced "Robert Burns in other tongues," a handsome volume worthy of the subject and showing great research on the part of the author. To students and lovers of Burns, the book is a perfect treasure, and shows, as has never been shown before, the almost world-wide attempts which have been made to translate the works of our national bard into other languages. We understand that Mr. Jacks is at present engaged on a work which will still further add to his fame and give to the English speaking people an interesting and reliable life of Bismarck. Mr. Jacks is reputed to be one of the best German scholars in Scotland, not only on account of his knowledge of the language but of his thorough acquaintance with German literature.

We regret that we cannot enter more fully into the details of Mr. Jacks' career, but we have said enough to show that, whether as a keen business man, an earnest student, a popular lecturer, a high-souled politician, a clever author, or a genial social gentleman, Mr. Jacks is a man of whom the Borders may be justly proud, and we fondly hope that the very distinct footprints he has left on the sands of time, will be followed by many a young Borderer, for to quote Mr Jacks:—

"There are more good situations than there are good men to fill them; indeed, I have again and again seen the difficulty of getting accomplished able men when important situations became vacant. You know the parable of the ten virgins. The principle laid down in that example holds good to-day in the commercial world. To those who are really prepared, and fitted, the opportunity comes. All depends upon the preparedness."

Mr. Jacks is Deputy-Lieutenant for Stirlingshire, and Justice of the Peace for the County of Lanark and the County of the City of Glasgow. It is to be regretted that since the election he has declined all overtures—of which he has had many—as to entering Parliament again, saying he feels himself more useful and happier as he is. It is to be hoped some constituency may be found sufficiently attractive to lead him to change his mind, for, as the "Liberal Budget" puts it:—

"Mr. Jacks is too valuable a politician to be allowed to retire permanently into the congenial retreat of literature and philosophy."

The Hidden Nooks of Meggat.

By DUNCAN FRASER, F.E.I.S.
Author of "Riverside Rambles of an Edinburgh Angler."

PART SECOND.

THE waters of Glengaber almost kiss the waters of Syart as they join the Meggat from opposite banks. There is something very pensive and Yarrow-like in the first glimpse which one gets of the green hills of Syart, and this impressed us so much that once when we sang of the charms of Meggat we spake of

"Syrat lone, and Cramalt grand."

When next we rested in the shepherd's cottage up that vale, the guidwife took us to task: "Hey, what wey did ye speak o' Syart lone? We think it the bonniest place in a' Meggat!" To which we can only answer:—Blessed be nature's law of compensation!

Still pursuing your path north-west you just skirt the bridle-road by Craigierig burn that leads by a gradual ascent to Manor Head. Fain would we follow it, for a more strikingly Alpine effect than the ravine of the Bitch Craig at the head of Manor is not to be seen in the south of Scotland; besides, it is something now-a-days to know where ravens nest, and to see the kestral poised on motionless wing overhead; but with a longing glance at two lovely rowan trees dipping their graceful branches into a broad pool a few yards up the burn, we keep the common road.

In doing so, we have to pass Meggat Church, which shares with the parish of Lyne in the ministrations of a gentlemen much, and deservedly esteemed in the district. You will search Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture" in vain for the lamp under which this small, spireless edifice should be classified, unless you chance to light upon that of "Sincerity," for it is sincerely and obtrusively ugly. No dreamy kirkyard surrounds it such as you see in Ettrick or Yarrow,—no tree to shelter it from the fierce gale that sweeps with such force down the glen when the equinox is in the ascendent—not even a vestage of ivy to trail in friendly solicitude over its whitey-yellow harled walls.

There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is "*ugliness.*"

Perhaps after all is said, the fact remains, that no architecture, however lofty or sublime, could convey such inspiration to the few humble worshippers who hold their kirk parliament in the shelter of the southern gable of the building on a Sunday, as do the massive unchanging hills that lie all around them, clad in nature's manifold adornment, and suggestive as no earthly temple can be, of infinite majesty and power.

As if to impress this truth upon our mind, a slight bend in the road discloses to our view the vast range of hills that run eastward from Clockmohr immediately on our right, to the massive summits of Broad Law, which stand 2754 feet above sea level. Such hills are not to be despised, even should you prefer the more rugged "Bens" of the north; and the "dens," and "holms," and "hopes" in which they abound, to say nothing of views from their summits almost unrivalled in the south of Scotland, make them well entitled to the attention of those mountaineers who can face anything higher than Arthur's Seat.

Cramalt Lodge, the shooting box of the Earl of Wemyss, comes into view at this point, but we are more interested in an ivy-covered ruin standing on our left, between the lodge and the river. This is all that remains of Cramalt Castle, where so many jocund days were passed by royalty, when they assembled to hunt the various kinds of game that found shelter in the far extending hills and plains of Rodono forest.

This hunting was attended by a good deal of risk to all who took part, for it was mostly done by spearmen and dogs, after beaters had gone out at early morn to the hills and driven the game to the low-lying plains, where the huntsmen awaited their approach. When we are told that James V. had on one occasion as many as 8,000 men encamped here, we must bear in mind that hunting was often used as a pretext for getting a sufficient body of men over from Edinburgh for the purpose of attacking the stronghold of some notorious Border Chief. Still, even ordinary hunts brought hundreds of attendants in the train of the royal hunters, and these as well as royalty were accommodated in tents carried for the purpose.

The castle looks like other watch towers of the district, and when entire, would doubtless serve as the permanent residence of the warden of the forest. What subjects for reflection are suggested by the thought of "then" and "now!" Although poets of both earlier and later times have been singularly blind to the claims of Meggat upon their art, yet we are warranted in using as a faithful description of early times the well-known stanza applied in the old "Sang of the Outlaw Murray" to an adjoining district:—

"Ettricke foreste is a fair foreste,
In it grows mony a semelie tree;
There's hind, an' hare, an' dae, an' rae,
An' o' a' wilde beastis, great plentie."

While all who know and love the valley, will agree that Wordsworth's lines on Yarrow are a true picture of the Meggat of to-day:—

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

In this connection we need hardly remind the reader that the expression "Forest," does not signify dense enclosed woods; but rather extensive stretches of open hill and dale, covered with the vegetation indigenous to the soil, such as oak, ask, hawthorn, whin, fern and heather. It is a remarkable fact, that though we are familiar with every yard of Meggat and her ten valleys, yet we cannot recall a spot near the banks of any of her streams, where now there grows a single forest tree, "semelie" or otherwise! And yet, in exposed banks of these streams, where floods have washed the soil away, there are to be seen lying in a horizontal position, many trunks of trees of a goodly size, which, when they stood erect in olden times, would give the landscape a very different appearance from that which it now has.

The valley above Cramalt becomes narrower, and the hills loftier and more impressive. Looking across to Shielhope on our left, the eye is arrested by a singular spouting waterfall coming from the higher section of the Shiel burn. The reader who is an angler may be interested to learn how they got there. It happened thus:—The late Earl of Weymss gave orders to his gamekeeper to stock the upper pools of Shielhope, which the latter did with trout from the Meggat. Much to his chagrin, the trout would not stay up the burn, but made for the Meggat on the occasion of the first flood. The same plan was tried again, with the same unsatisfactory result. At last the Earl had to step in, and show that unless the fish were taken from a stream whose source was higher than the one to which they were to be transferred, there was no likelihood of them remaining. The keeper again tried, but profiting by this advice, he took his fish from the Linghope—which rises on the opposite side of the valley, but at a higher attitude—with

the result, that ever since there has been a capital class of trout in the deep pools above Shielhope fall.

There are some remarkable boulders both by moor and hillside here, indicative, doubtless, of the remote time when the great ice cap that lay over the land went scrunching and scouring by hill and vale, stranding these stupendous stones as witnesses of its progress.

The beautiful glen of Linghope is well worth exploring, and, though it is a stiff climb to the heights, yet the pedestrian will find that he has found the shortest route to Tweedsmuir if such be his goal. It is just where Linghope joins the Meggat that we get our first glimpse of the "White Coomb," a massive hill 2650 feet above sea level. Its base is washed by the waters of dark Loch Skene, and its entire surroundings are desolate and awe-inspiring to a remarkable degree. Should you wish to visit Loch Skene, your route lies for five miles up the valley of Winterhope, which is the longest glen in Meggat, and which, in every respect, amply verifies its suggestive name. There is but one house in Winterhope, and though it has been our privilege often to rest there, yet never have we heard a word breathed by the dwellers therein, that would suggest that their surroundings were anything but the liveliest on earth.

Unwittingly, we recall the doughty angling deeds of James Hogg and Tom Tod Stoddart, for this was a favourite district of theirs in days when fishing was—fishing; and when, not baskets, but creels were needed for the spoils. "Heigh ho!" as our old friend Tibbie Shiels used to say of Hogg:—"he was a gey sensible man, for a' the nonsense he wrat!"

In passing the delta formed by the junction of the Winterhope with the Meggat, the eye is at once arrested by the dense clumps of heather that seem to extend to the very hill tops of Talla and Tweedsmuir. This is the more noteworthy, as the characteristic features of the hills of Meggat, is their grassy smoothness, conveying through the eye to the mind a soothing sense of restfulness and peace. That nothing may be lacking to intensify the impressions conveyed to the mind by the aspect of the scenery, at this part of the valley, there is introduced the element of human interest denoted by the appearance of a picturesque cottage, standing on the banks of a swiftly-flowing, music-making stream. This is Meggathead, and the stream is the last of any importance that we are likely to meet as we ascend the valley. Were this an angling sketch, we would linger lovingly over a description of the attractions of the Wylie stream, but we have done so at some length elsewhere, so at present we content ourselves by speaking of its rare beauty and its floral wealth.

No glen in Meggat can vie with Wylie for hidden surprises, and yet, strange to say, few glens in the district are less known to the people. When first we saw its charming cascades and ferny dens, we felt warranted in asserting, that lovers of the rare and the picturesque in nature might travel far by land or sea, ere their eyes should be refreshed by the sight of anything half so beautiful.

> "A rainbow spans the cascades white,
> Where bloom harebell and purple heather;
> Gay rowans deck the rocky height,
> Spry fern and foxglove twine together,
> And dancing as its youth beseems,
> Gleams Wylie, Queen of Meggat streams."

One day near the end of last August we were returning from a long outing 'mong the streams of the upper valley, when we were constrained —though "wat and weary,"—to break our journey and rest for half-an hour at Meggathead. In the course of our crack we asked our hospitable hostess if she never grew tried of the solitude and crave for a change of scene. "Change"! she exclaimed, "div ye ken, that if ever I should hae' a day to mysel' I wad jist spend it wanderin' up Wylie burn and doon the cleuch puin' floers!"

Ah, this love for the bleak burnside and the dreary moorland is a marvellous gift from Heaven! The sentiment that makes an emigrant carry a sod from the hillside, "south the line," or "ower the wild Atlantic sea," just because there is rooted thereon a cluster of gowans, is one that will never die in the Scottish breast; and nowhere does its roots sink more deeply than in Border soil.

When we started on our journey from Henderland meadow we were 820 feet above sea level, and now as we approach Meggat stone we reach an altitude of 1500 feet. The road takes a turn northward, and ere long we come in sight of the Talla valley, but its nooks and linns must remain unsung at present. Meggat is essentially pedestrian ground, and the thoughts that it suggest are primarily, such as flow from leisurely contemplation. You are shut in! A deep sense of restfulness and silence prevades all nature, and awakens responsive chords even in the most perturbed spirit. A glorious consummation, when one thinks of the whirl of the age and the brazen publicity of things!

The old-time sentiment that is exhaled from the hills and glens acts alike upon laird and people, for nowhere do you meet with more courtesy or enjoy more freedom than mid the homes and hills of Meggat. D.

Penton Linns.

THE Linns of Penton, visited every summer by numerous excursionists and picnic parties from both sides of the Border, and a favourite haunt of geologists, are undoubtedly worth seeing. They form the grandest piece of scenery on the Liddel, and are found about a mile above its junction with the Esk, skirting the far-famed "Canonbie Lea."

The visitor usually enters upon the scene where the river is contracted by stupendous rocks, that rise on either side, forcing the water into a narrow channel. He wends his way with difficulty up the river side, sometimes amongst the rocks, and sometimes in the wood, watching the while with a source of pleasure, the water as it dashes and boils among the boulders scattered indiscriminately about. When the river is in flood the scene is mighty and majestic. The water lashes and foams, making a deafening roar, and storming its angry way through amongst the rugged rocks.

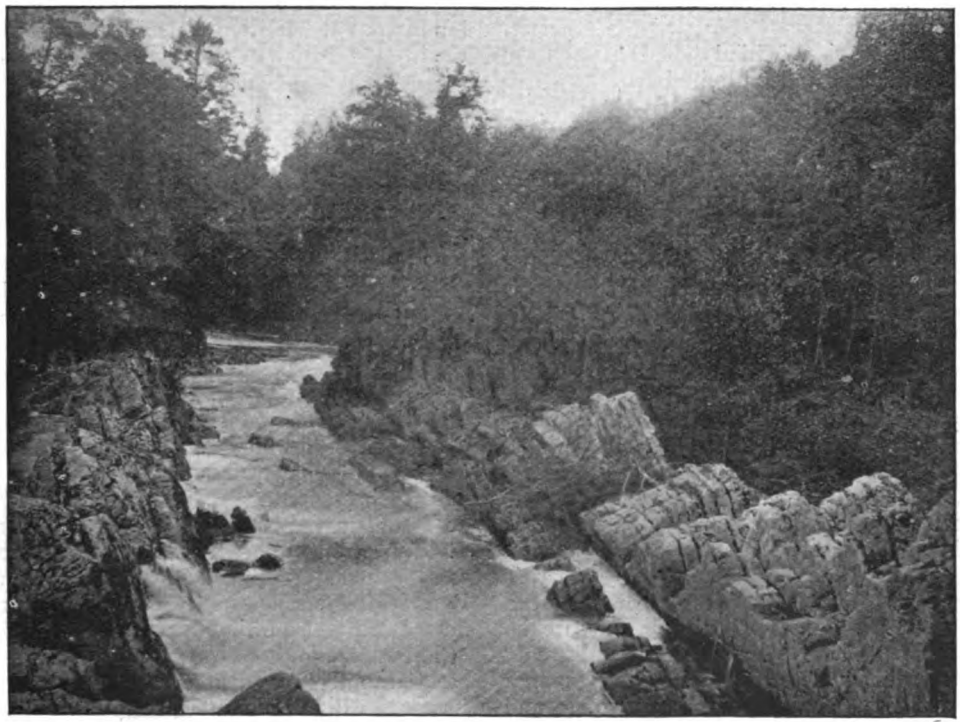
On the Scotch side there are several romantic and terraced walks, parts of which are dangerous and precipitous. From here a splendid view of the channel—up and down is obtained. The view is extremely pretty and impressive. The perpendicular rocks and precipices which narrow the bed of the river are overgrown with copsewood of great variety and tint of foliage. Behind, tall and loft trees rise waving their arms to the motion of the breeze.

> "Such beauty varying in the light
> Of living nature cannot be portrayed,
> By words nor by the pencil's silent skill."

Within touch of the Linns are numerous places of interest, in both countries. Riddings is near by where stood a Roman Camp and where Prince Charlie and his followers crossed the Esk in '45. Beyond is Netherby Hall of "Young Lochinvar" fame. At no great distance is the village of Rowanburn and the coal pits opened nearly a hundred-and-fifty years ago. Then along the banks of the Liddel are numerous old keeps and castles which belonged to the Elliots and Armstrongs. Then on all hands are Nature's charms—the hills, glens, woods,

> "The sweeping vale and foaming flood
> And free alike to all."

G. M. R.



From Photo by Geo. M Robert, THE LINNS. Edinburgh.

Duns Law.

THE "Hill of Dunse," the scene of the encampment of the Covenanters under General Sir Alexander Lesley in 1639, must ever remain a place of interest to the patriotic Scot. No poet has yet arisen to commemorate its stirring associations in martial verse, nor novelist to depict on vivid page the heroic souls who gathered there in defence of their country's civil and religious liberties, that memorable month of June more than two hundred and fifty years ago, but so long as the Story of the Covenants remains a cherished portion of our national history, Duns Law cannot be wholly forgotten.

The hill rises right behind the quiet little town of Duns which is indeed built in part upon its lower slopes. It may be described as one of the flanking hills of the Lammermuir range, a rounded eminence, whose gently sloping sides are cultivated almost to the summit, where it forms a comparatively level plateau, some thirty acres in extent. From the green turf of this expanse bubbles forth a well of deliciously pure and cool water, from which, doubtless, Lesley's Army slaked their thirst when their "divot-theekit" huts dotted the hill.

The series of events which culminated at Duns Law may, despite present day neglect of Scottish history in our schools, be supposed to be familiar to the proverbial schoolboy. The memorable riot in St. Giles' Cathedral, on the 23rd July, 1637, which signalised the attempt to foist Laud's Service book on an unwilling people, the "National Covenant," the setting up of the "Tables," the Glasgow Assembly, with Charles' tortuous, and characteristically double-faced negotiations with his recalcitrant subjects, are the chief incidents in the eventful two-and-twenty months which preceded the King's march northward to punish his headstrong and masterful people of Scotland.

There were plenty English sympathisers with the Scots in their dispute with the King, and the "Tables" had early and sure advice of the King's intentions. Scotland immediately prepared to meet force with force. Six thousand muskets were imported from Holland, and every Covenanting laird gathered round him his tenantry and servants. Preachers, burning with religious and patriotic zeal, denounced the Curse of Meroz upon those who failed to come forward to the help of the Lord. When Charles arrived on the Borders, he found an almost unanimous nation, well armed, and prepared for a desperate resistance.

Standing on the crest of the hill and looking down over the wide expanse of the Merse to where "Cheviot, admitted monarch of Northumbrian hills" rises like a dream mountain half-hidden by the silvery haze which hangs over the valley of the Tweed, it is impossible to do aught but admire Lesley's selection of Duns Law for his encampment. The King in his northward march had arrived in the vicinity of Berwick where he encamped on an open space then as now known as the "Birks," on the 25th May, 1639, some days before Lesley broke up his camp at Dunglass, on the boundary between Berwickshire and East Lothian, and hard by Bruce's old rendezvous at Old Cambus, and marched across the hills to Duns Law. This change of position seems to have been admirably conceived. At Dunglass he was able to control the highway into Scotland by way of Dunbar, but at Duns Law not only was he able to keep watch over any movement on the part of Charles in this direction, but also to checkmate any possible advance by way of the valley of the Tweed. Some rumour of the Covenanters' intention to occupy the hill seems to have reached the Royal camp, for almost immediately after Charles had taken up his position on the South bank of the Tweed, a reconnaissance in force was made to Duns, "upon intelligence that the Covenanters were ther to muster divers men, but they found some a halph a dozen which cam thither with pike and musket," and having read the King's proclamation to these and to a company of some two hundred women, they returned doubtless well content that no stronger force had been at Duns to oppose them. A similar sortie-party under the Earl of Holland, fled from the Scots at Maxwellheugh near Kelso without firing a shot.

The outlines of Lesley's quadrangular entrenchment are still plainly visible on the summit of the Law well within the fainter traces of the hill fort with which Duns Law, like so many other border hills is crowned. On the north east side of Lesley's entrenchment is the stone upon which, according to local tradition, the truth of which there seems no reason to question, the banner of the Covenant was set up. Not more than a generation ago the "Covenanters' Stane" was visible several inches above the sward, but its proportions have been sadly marred by the ruthless hands of the relic-hunters. A strong and close fence now protects it against further depredations.

An eye-witness, Robert Baillie the Covenanter, has left a most vivid description of Lesley's Camp. It may be familiar from quotation to many readers of the Border Magazine, but no

possible portrayal can be more telling than the quaint phrases of the west country preacher.

"It would have done you good" he writes, "to have casten your eyes athort our brave and rich hill as oft I did with great contentment and joy. For I (quoth the wren) was there among the rest, being chosen preacher by the gentlemen of our shire who came there with my Lord of Eglington. Our hill was garnished on the top toward the south and east with our mounted cannon, well near the number of forty great and small. Our regiments lay on the sides of the hill, almost round about, the place was not a mile in circle, a pretty round rising without steepness to the height of a bowshot, on the top somewhat plain, about a quarter of a mile in length and as much in breadth, as I remember capable of tents for forty thousand men. The crowners [colonels] lay in kennous [canvas] lodges high and wide, their captains about them in lesser ones, the sojours about, all in huts of timber covered with divot or straw. . . . Every company had flying at the Captain's tent-door a brave new colour with the Scottish Arms and this ditton 'For Christ's Crown and Covenant' in golden letters. . . . The councils of war were keeped daily in the Castle of Duns, the ecclesiastic meetings in Rothes' large tent. . . . . The good sermons and prayers morning and evening under the roof of heaven to which their drums did call them for bells; the remonstrances very frequent of the goodness of their cause; of their conduct hitherto by a hand clearly divine; also Lesley, his skill and fortune made them all so resolute for battle as could be wished. . . . Such was the wisdom and authority of that old, little, crooked souldier, that all, with an incredible submission from the beginning to the end, gave over themselves to be guided by him as if he had been Great Solyman. Had you lent your ear in the morning or especially at even and heard in the tents the sounds of some singing psalms, some praying, and some reading Scripture ye would have been refreshed. . . . For myself I never found my mind in better temper than it was all the time frae I came from home till my head was again homeward, for I was as a man who had taken my leave from the world, and was resolved to die in that service without return."

Lesley's army, thus graphically sketched by Baillie, was neither small nor insignificant. When he raised his standard at Dunglass, 12,000 men gathered around him, and they were joined at Duns Law by a considerable force under Montrose. The united Covenanting army must have numbered about 20,000 men.

Clarendon has endeavoured to minimise the force opposed to the King, which he represents as composed of "some 9,000 men, ill armed and mostly country fellows who were on the sudden got together to make this show," and suggests that had the King pressed on, this tulchan army would have scattered without a blow. This statement may be dismissed without comment. The King was only too willing to meet with the Scottish commissioners, and the "Pacification of Berwick" practically conceded all the Covenanters demands. The two armies were disbanded on the 24th June. The saying went that the Bishops had been abolished in Scotland not by civil law nor by canon law, but by Duns Law.

Duns Law has other martial associations than those of the Covenanting time. When in 1803 Britain was in daily apprehension of a French invasion, it was one of the Beacon-hills from which the wild alarm of war was to be flashed over hill and dale in the event of a French landing. It is unnecessary to repeat here the twice-told tale of the "False Alarm," but it may be noted that a common and probable version of the origin of that picturesque incident in our modern Border history is that it arose from the watchman on Duns Law having mistaken an accidental fire in Northumberland for a signal fire. How gallantly Border men responded to the call to arms, every Border man knows.

A. A. F.

The Game o' Curlin'.

WHEN the wather's blae the frost sae guid,
And the wund the sklates are tirlin',
We'll gang an' we'll heat oor cauld, cauld bluid
At the roarin' game o' curlin'.
We'll soop the stanes frae the tee to tee.
'Lang the ice we'll send them birlin',
Tho' the whummlin' snaw-flakes blindin' flee,
Yet they canna stop oor curlin'.

CHORUS.—I pity those who are far awa
Frae the bonny broom an' heather,
The dinna ken o' the joys we hae
When its frosty curlin' weather.

The sodger's smert in his braw red coat,
The laird when he's tandem hurlin',
But if sweet perfection wad be sought
Ye maun try the game o' curlin'.
The cottar an' laird stand side by side,
They've played at Carsbreck an' Stirlin',
Tho' Jock's political creed is wide,
Its the nairrow ring when curlin'.

When we hear the soond, the bonny birr,
The bluid thro' oor veins gaes dirlin',
The auld men, tho' they can hardly stir,
Are souple eneuch at curlin'.
Oh, what a treat it is, man, to see
Bonny, bonny stanes come pirlin',
An' hanker juist when they reach the tee,
O, wha wadna lo'e the curlin'.

THE ETTRICK BARD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to Literary and Business matters should be addressed to the Editor, MR. NICHOLAS DICKSON, *19 Waverley Gardens, Crossmyloof, Glasgow.*

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1898.

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Notes and News.

LONDON SCOTTISH BORDER COUNTIES' ASSOCIATION.—This Association held its first annual general meeting in the Holborn Restaurant, on Friday, 28th January, Mr. J. Parker Anderson, librarian of the British Museum, presiding. There was a fair attendance, the report showing the association to be in a flourishing condition. The membership is now considerably over 200, and is steadily increasing; and the funds are in a satisfactory state. It was announced that the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Roxburgh, the Earl of Minto, and the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., have become patrons, and the Earl of Dalkeith, M.P., an hon. president of the association. Mr. Andrew Lang was re-elected president, and Mr. John Sanderson, the Unionist candidate for the Border Burghs, who is now residing in London, was elected chairman of the council, which now consists of the following:—Messrs. J. J. Pringle, M.D., F.R.C.P.; J. Donald Pollock, M.D., Galashiels; J. Parker Anderson, Jedburgh; W. Laing, Denholm; Thomas Moffat, Langholm; A. Brunton, Mertoun; D. Sheriff, Kelso; Andrew Stewart, Lilliesleaf; John E. M'Lachlan, Melrose; W. N. Polson, Jedburgh; Thomas Scott, Kelso; J. Fleming, Hawick; W. Henderson, Kelso; R. Lees, Selkirk; J. Morrison, Sprouston; T. Reid, Annandale; Thomas Wright, Liddesdale, treas.; W. B. Thomson, Bowden, secy.; and Thomas Douglas, Kelso, assistant secy.

DEATH OF THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT JANET'S LEGACY.—There died at Selkirk, on Sunday morning, 6th February, Mrs. Janet Bathgate, in her 93rd year. She was the author of "Aunt Janet's Legacy to her Nieces," a book which gives a truthful and pleasing picture of life among the dwellers in the Vale of Yarrow, and around St. Mary's Loch, in the beginning of the century. Her own experiences and trials in the earlier years of her womanhood are also described with graphic power, and the volume (which has passed through three editions) has excited a wonderful amount of interest among its readers. How the narrative, written simply for her relatives, came to see the light, as that is detailed in a preface to the third edition, is in itself an interesting story. The latter years of the old lady's life were brightened and gladdened by the visits of many who had read her "Legacy," not a few making a run to Selkirk to see her, and listen to her conversation.

THE REV. DR. GLOAG, for over twenty years minister of Galashiels Parish Church, attained the jubilee of his ministerial career on Thursday, 20th January, and was presented with an address of congratulation from the members and adherents of Galashiel's Parish and St. Paul's churches, and the general public of the town.

MR. JACKS, whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers, has just been elected a member of the Reform Club. He was proposed by Lord Rosebery, and seconded by Sir Donald Currie, Bart.

Border Reminiscences. VII.—Parochial Difficulties.

"THERE is a skeleton in every cupboard." Amid all the happy memories of that sweet upland parish there mingle thoughts of worry and anxiety, which, through lack of experience, caused the morning of life to be streaked with a sombre hue.

Cases arise which demand special and exceptional treatment. On the one hand there is the criticism of the ratepayers who gauge duty from the scale of taxes. On the other hand there is the impulse of humanity which doles out the pittance officially termed Parochial Relief. You may steer your barque as cautiously as you may between Scylla and Charybdis, it grounds somewhere. The *thud* makes the heart beat loud. It is not only a matter of doing one's duty. It is the difficulty of recognising the path of duty when finger-posts point conflicting ways.

To some of those painful cases, now less difficult than they seemed in the days agone, I guide my thought and pen.

Soon after I was appointed Inspector of Poor, I visited old James Clarke. He had seen some military service abroad. He retained his soldier-like demeanour in spite of his single arm, which was, in a double sense, his left one. As I entered the thatched cottage he met me civilly, and gave me the best chair in his house. On either side of a *roosin'* fire we chatted for an hour. The record of his adventurous life was highly entertaining. I learnt that he had lost his arm, not at the hands of the enemy, but that having latterly been engaged in farm-labour he had one day, in the absence of the steward, volunteered to "feed in the mill" Somehow his hand got too near the drum. It was so bruised and torn that amputation of the arm was necessary. The loss of blood had so weakened the veteran that he was now quite unfit for any work. Hard was it for the old man to lose his "day's darg," and to give up an honest wage for a pauper's aliment! Nevertheless, there was always a rippling smile on his face, all the sweeter for the raven locks which mantled o'er his high-set forehead.

The immediate cause of my visit was to pay to James his monthly allowance. This he handed to his daughter, and as I rose to say good-night, he said, "Sit ye doun, sir, an' tak' a gless o' toddy." Swaying round the kettle over the *roosin'* fire, he addressed Betty thus, in a husky tone of voice, "Rax me doun thae speerits, an' seek twa tum'lers, an' cut's a sklice o' white breed. It's nae every day that a new mairret maister veesits the likes o' you an' me." Could I take a gift at the hands of a pauper? I was the embodiment of an organisation for the keeping of this man's life above starvation point. I dared not partake of his charity, even though my conscience had condoned this particular manner of its exhibition. I declined the offer, and began to lecture the old man as if I were a paid Agent of the Temperance League. I spoke against the absurdity and waste of such a fashion. I said I had determined to set my face against a habit which was too common all over Barmouth. In the vanity of my little brief authority, I posed as a paragon of perfection. James Clarke sat back on his rude ingle-couch, and with big tear-drops rolling in his eyes, softly said, "I meened nae offence, sir. I hae hud thae speerits i' the hoose sin Betty's mither wis laid tae her rest, an' ye're the first body, gentle or simple, that hae hud it i' their pow'r o' refusin'. I axe yere pardon, sir, but I'm nae a slave to drink, an' hud that airm but stuck tae me, I wudna this day hae been yere humble servant." It was now my turn to make an apology, and we parted mutual friends. I ought, perhaps, to have refused the gift without a feeling of resentment. Indeed, it appears to me now that my spurning a well-intentioned favour was infinitely worse than tasting a pauper's hospitality. Certainly, I inflicted a wound needlessly upon a poor but honest man.

Beneath the same roof Wee Robbie Mark was brought up under the boarding-out system. He was an orphan maintained by a city board, and Betty Clarke was to him as a true mother in Israel. He was a chubby-faced boy, not exceedingly bright mentally, but always good-natured and happy. He was greatly attached to old James, and the lowly cottage was a sweet home, hallowed by the charm of tender affection. Robbie frequently went on errand for me. He was not, perhaps, a swift messenger, but he went willingly. His toes radiating inwardly would not have suggested the smart, agile, and dexterous athlete I met in later days.

James Clarke's stories may have stirred within the gentle boy the chivalry and manliness of a truly sympathetic nature. He enlisted in the service of the Queen, and was true to his colours in several Colonial engagements.

I was visiting a few years ago one of our largest and best equipped city schools where there was given a calisthenic exhibition. The gymnasium was crowded with leading educationists, drawn from various parts of the country. The instructor received well-merited applause through the precise training of his pupils. At

the close he introduced himself to me as Wee Robbie Mark of earlier days. Surprise and pride stirred within me as I noted his truly gentlemanly bearing, his cultured address, and his animated demeanour. I was taught the lesson, "Judge not before the time." Sergeant Mark had retired after short service. He had obtained an important position as drill-instructor in this seminary, where his attention to duty and the integrity of his character were fraught with the happiest influence.

Lately my dear message-boy passed where "beyond these voices there is peace." For him I did not sorrow without hope. From one who knew him well I heard of his reverence for sacred things—his abiding trust in the verities of our holy religion. Who in our sweet village does not remember Wee Robbie Mark? Who will not joy that he was "true, true till death?"

One wintry afternoon, when the roads were crisp through keen and sudden frost, and as the clear moon rose early into a hardened sky, I was on my way to Bearhope to do my duty by a tramp, John Pringle, who, with his wife and three children were, as my informant stated, "deid bate up" on the common highway that skirts the farmhouse there. Their purpose had been to reach Meldrum by the Rood Mill. Somehow they had turned aside. They were now in an apparently exhausted condition just within the confines of our Parish.

As I passed Mossend, whose peaty odour reveals the whereabouts of that straggling hamlet, even on the darkest night, I heard doleful murmurings of the scant relief which the unfortunate vagrants were likely to get at the hands of an Inspector who could not be cognisant of such a serious case without a special message. From the tone of the remarks, you would have thought that I was responsible for all the poverty and wretchedness and destitution which had befallen the "puir waundrin' craiturs, wha micht be guid dacent folk, whase battle wus sair again them."

I soon made up to the unfortunate family. They were in pitiful plight. John was speechless. His wife bemoaned him as he half lay and leaned against the embankment by the wayside. The children, too, were shivering with cold. Mrs. Pringle alone retained the gift of speech. She harangued me as to the warld being ill divided, the likes o' me haein' a spleet new coat, an' her guidman haein' but a shreed o' a sark, an' a jeckit I wudna gang tae the guysin' wi'. I heeded not her verbosity. I had the children cared for by the cottagers at Bearhope. I got the key of a spare house from Farmer Munro. I had, through the goodness of the kitchen maid, a *roosin'* fire put on. Then, with help willingly tendered by two of the farm servants, I at length got John safely laid upon an improvised bed. After giving him a "cheering cup" sent from the farm house, I took my way to Meldrum for medical aid.

When I got as far as High Force, the memory of past years came back to me, when another and I walked in the moonlight down the loveliest of footways to the ruins of old Wellstane Castle. That was the poetry of life, but my walk now and the burden of it were prosaic enough. Less than an hour later, weary, warm, and visibly excited, I arrived at Dr. Hastie's door. I stated somewhat incoherently the facts of the case, and solicited a visit to Bearhope. The genial doctor spoke not a word till I had completed my story. Then he said deliberately, "Mr. Jaffrey, you need rest and nourishment yourself. John Pringle is *shamming*. Come away upstairs, and——" But at these words Mrs. Hastie, who had overheard my request—I had no secrets in those days—met us and said so imploringly, "Doctor," (with that sweet persuasive guttural,) "think of the bairnies," (again that tenderly delightful accent,) "in such a cold night." As she spoke I noticed on that impressive face, even yet attractive in its delicate repose, "the ineffable mysterious glow of motherhood." Who could resist such a lovingly plaintive entreaty? The good doctor yielded to my uncontrollable anxiety, and the *burr* stuck to him as he said, "Look you down to Braehead, and in a quarter I'll call for you. We'll drive out together, but mind he's *shamming*." I got well wrapped up in one of those cosy tartan shepherd plaids, which always lay so neatly folded in the wardrobe drawer of the best bedroom. Since these far off days I have got many a service at Braehead, but generally I fear with much less gratitude than on that eventful night.

We chatted all the way to Bearhope. As I stepped down from the doctor's trap I felt a thrill of joy from the thought of having the best skill in the district within easy reach of a starving, and mayhap dying man. But to my chagrin, as we entered the cottage the rude bed was untenanted. Mrs. Pringle shuddered visibly as she told me that John "rallied wunnerfu', an' hud juist daun'ered yont tae the mains tae seek an extra hap." I thought this was not the whole truth, and I hurried next door to get an explanation. It was this:—John heard I had gone to Meldrum, and I was not likely to get the doctor that night. He said that he would look about him a bit, and should keep his bed the following morning, or, "for that maitter,"

said he, "a'll gang afit tae Meldrum masel'. A nicht like this pits ane weel on the road."

An ordinary man, much less a professional gentleman whose valuable time had thus been needlessly taxed, would have driven home the chagrin of my impetuosity, but the dear good doctor took a hearty laugh at the whole affair. He said that on handing in the Braehead plaid he would report a clean bill. He further expressed the hope that in future when I asked medical advice, I would take it and act upon it. I have had on several occasions since to call in Dr. Hastie, but before he prescribes his lips part ever so little, and a smile plays on his face —as indeed it almost always does—and for a moment our thoughts meet at Bearhope.

I had once an experience which I believe to be almost unique in parochial administration. An old man, who, for obvious reasons, shall be nameless here, was after due enquiry and deliberation entered on the roll of registered poor. I had ascertained the names and addresses of his nearest relatives. On their being asked to contribute to his maintenance, they either pled inability or denied responsibility. My pauper friend was quite feeble, and appeared to me to be extremely destitute. A weekly aliment was allowed. I visited him with more than usual frequency. I was specially interested in the old man, and I was anxious to make him as comfortable as possible in the circumstances. I thought him extremely frugal, and our conversation usually turned towards "the waste of life." One day he was seized with sudden illness. I was sent for to arrange sick-bed offices. How willingly and lovingly the neighbours shared the duties! They, like Mrs. Wight, did for the old man as for their own. Dr. Hastie visited him, but medical aid was vain. There was no *shamming* here. He gradually sank. In a few hours death reached this lowly door. Then it was noticed that a tawdry purse had been concealed under the pillow. I removed it gently, and found therein fifteen pounds —the exact amount which I had advanced out of the parochial funds. Friends came to claim the residue, but I held the money in trust, and acting on the advice of the Inspector of Meldrum —ever a most generous and capable adviser— I repaid the Parochial Board "aliment in error."

Money given without due investigation or safe-guard of administration frequently fosters a spirit of dependence. The poor are always with us, and it is our duty to relieve the most deserving. But this is just where the difficulty begins. "An honest man tho' e'er sae puir" is yet thy brother, and by law human and divine "Thou art thy brother's keeper." A.T.G.

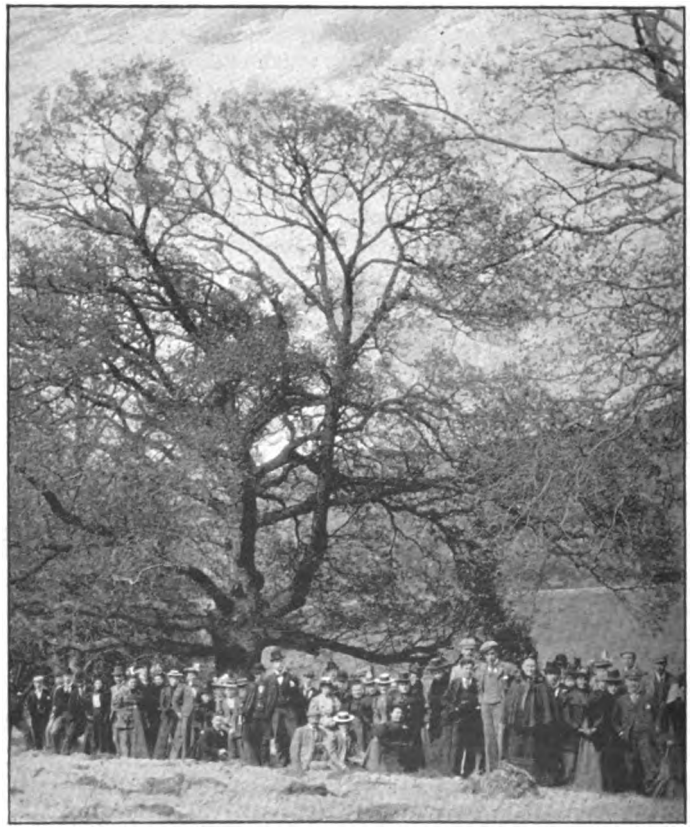
Shrines of Scott.

ASHESTIEL, ABBOTSFORD.

WHEN Ruskin visited Melrose he declared he could find no better map of Scotland than what was purchaseable for a penny, and in the Abbey he found two small white tickets, one for the Bruce, the other for Michael Scott. Is this, he moralised, the modern outcome of Scott work in literature, as he looked out on the hillside which Scott planted, and to the garden he enclosed in the joy of his heart at Abbotsford. A recent correspondent seems also to have been much disillusionised. He found "that the approach to Abbotsford was by a back slum, which ends in something like a butler's pantry, where one has a shilling to pay." For a guide he had "an apparently careless, uneducated girl," who poked the curiosities at him with a pointing rod, and discoursed of them in "the cheap-jack style." Andrew Carnegie in one of the very Republican addresses with which he honoured a British audience, pretended to be shocked by the announcement, "Abbotsford to Let," and the description which followed of its public and private rooms, and of the sacred library. "Oh shade of the great magician, is this the end of your vain hopes to found the Scotts of Abbotsford," he exclaimed. He need not have trembled for the library and curiosities however. At the time of Scott's death a body of gentlemen raised a fund for the acquirement of the library and the other Abbotsford relics. These have been held in trust by the Dean and Council of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, on condition that the heirs of Abbotsford find accommodation for them.

A year or two ago the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, Scott's grand-daughter, and heir in entail of the estate of Abbotsford, appealed against the valuation of the house and grounds by the commissioners of supply for the county of Roxburgh. In the first instance it was stated in the Land Valuation Appeal Court that the tenant (Mr. Thorburn) had taken the house and grounds and shootings for 1888, upon a lease for five years, at a rent of £200 a year. It came out in the statement for the appellant that a sum of £419 had been drawn during 1888 for admission to the five rooms containing the relics of Scott, and the library. Judgment was given that the assessable rent of Abbotsford under the lease was £85, being one-half of the rent of the house and grounds. Therefore this sum derived for visitors who went to see the house and the relics it contained, should not be put upon the valuation roll. This valuation was sustained when the matter was again brought up in the Roxburghshire Valuation Appeal Court held in Jedburgh.

Ruskin reminds us in one of his *Fors* letters that Scott's life in all the joyful strength of it was spent in the valley of the Tweed. Scott gave up his cottage at Lasswade, and settled at the farm-house of Ashestiel, in May, 1804. It appears about the Lord Lieutenant of Selkirkshire had given him a broad hint about the law that a sheriff stay, for at least four months in the year within his own jurisdiction, had not hitherto been complied with. He tells Ellis in August that they are seven miles from kirk and market; that they kill their own mutton and poultry; and to prevent his family turning Pagans he had begun to read prayers every Sunday. The house was then small as compared with the one he had left at Lasswade. It was approached through an old-fashioned garden, with holly hedges and broad green terrace walks. On one side, close under the windows, is a deep ravine, down which a rivulet passed to the Tweed. The hills to the south divide the Tweed from the Yarrow. The house was leased from Scott's cousin, son of Colonel Russell. One of his best servants, Tom Purdie, had his first introduction here as a poacher, and Scott was so moved with the tale of the poor fellow's troubles that he took him into his employment. It was here also he made the acquaintance of Mungo Park, bravest and noblest of African travellers, and it was upon Williamhope Ridge where the two parted forever. Lockhart thinks it unfortunate that Scott did not invest the £5,000 which he had received from the sale of Rosebank, at Kelso, as he at first designed, in the purchase of Broadmeadows estate, adjoining Bowhill. But the success of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, written at Ashestiel, caused him to change his mind. Instead, he put money into the Ballantyne printing business.



From Photo by SIR WALTER SCOTT'S TREE AT ASHESTIEL. Pettigrew & Amos,
(Kindly lent by Edinburgh Borderers' Union.)

Meanwhile he was getting deeper with Ballantyne, writing for the *Edinburgh Review*, and in 1805 part of Waverley was composed, to be thrown aside and completed later on. His habit at this time was to rise at five a.m., light his own fire, if necessary, shave and dress with great deliberation, and by six o'clock he was at his

desk. By the time of the family breakfast, between nine and ten, he had done enough "to break the neck of the day's work." After breakfast he could do a couple of hours more of writing, and by noon he was ready for a ride over the hills. His favourite excursions were to St. Mary's Loch, the Teviot, Aill, Borthwick Water, Harden and Minto. The four introductory epistles to Marmion dated from Ashestiel reflect the scenery by which he was surrounded. A knoll on the adjoining farm of Peel, where he was fond of sitting by himself, came to be known as the Sheriff's Knowe, and another favourite seat was under an oak on the haugh of Tweedside, close to Ashestiel. He had a life-long fondness for Yarrow, the home of his maternal ancestors, the Rutherfords, and told Lockhart, in his declining years, when riding with him from Ashestiel to Newark—"Oh, man, I had many a grand gallop among these braes when I was thinking of *Marmion*, but a trotting canny pony must serve me now." On fine Sundays after Scott had read the Church Service, it was no uncommon thing for him, to walk with the whole family, dogs included, to the ruined tower of Elibank, where the company dined in the the open air. Such Sunday stories as he could tell the children were then related, and Lockhart regrets that his Old Testament stories were not put on paper, as was done with his *Tales of a Grandfather.*

The small estate of Ashestiel has been in the Russell family since 1712. It is a straggling irregular building, enlarged since Scott's occupation, and is thought to have been originally a Border Peel. Scott wrote in the dining room. There was no bridge in Scott's time over the Tweed, which was sometimes impassable during floods. The present fine stone bridge dates from 1848.

Ruskin somewhere taunts the citizens of Edinburgh, "What good is their pinnacle in Prince's Street, when they have forgotten where the room was, and corridor is, in which Scott wrote *Marmion.*" This remark was suggested by a communication from Miss Russell of Ashestiel, informing him that her place was not a farmhouse; that Scott had been greatly honoured in being allowed a lease of it; and that his study had been turned into a passage during recent improvements. The late Dr. Matthew Duncan appears to have been residing at Ashestiel during Ruskin's visit in 1883. "At Ashestiel and Abbotsford alike, his work-room is strictly a writing-office, what windows they have, being designed to admit the needful light, with an extremely narrow vista to the external world. Courtyard at Abbotsford, and bank of young wood beyond; nothing at Ashestiel but the green turf of the opposite fells with the sun on it, if sun there were, and silvery specks of passing sheep."

In May, 1811, when his lease was out for Ashesteil, we find Scott turning his mind towards the purchase of "a piece of ground for a cottage and a few fields." Accordingly he purchased the small farm on Tweedside, between Melrose and Selkirk, which became the nucleus of Abbotsford. The farmhouse was small and poor, with a filthy pond in front which had caused the country people to designate it "Clarty Hole." There was a meetness in designating the place Abbotsford, as the lands there had all originally belonged to Melrose Abbey. The price was about £4,000. His first intention was to have a cottage with two spare bed-rooms, with dressing-rooms. Joanna Baillie wrote very prettily to Scott, on hearing of this acquisition. "If ever I should be happy enough to be at Abbotsford, you must take me to see Ashestiel too. I have a kind of tenderness for it, as one has for a man's first wife, when you hear he has married a second."

Mr. Stark, architect, Edinburgh, was asked by Scott to furnish a design for an ornamental cottage in the style of the old English vicarage, but the delay caused by the death of the architect made him expand his plans until, as Lockhart says, twelve years afterwards, the site was occupied, not by a cottage, but a castle. It has been called "a romance in stone and lime." In May, 1812, he removed thither from Ashestiel to the cottage which had been built; the present huge baronial pile took shape between 1817 and 1821, although its internal fittings was not complete till 1824. He added an adjoining tract of land running up to Cauldshields Loch in 1813, and the lands of Toftfield were purchased in 1817. Amongst its architectural features are copies of a gateway from Linlithgow Palace, a portal from Edinburgh old Tolbooth, a roof from Roslin Chapel, and mantelpiece from Melrose Abbey. There are also sculptured stones collected from different parts of Scotland.

But it is no part of our present purpose to describe either the inside or outside of Abbotsford. Every visitor carries away his or her own impressions. Scott described his own museum in a fragment entitled, "The Gabions of Abbotsford," which was printed by his great-granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. In this was described the fine entrance hall with its shields; the library, armoury, and some of the more important curiosities which have now a world-wide fame and interest. Readers of Lockhart's *Life* know how many famous

pilgrims found their way to Abbotsford from all parts of the world in Scott's life time. It has been quite a literary Mecca since to all who want to understand and appreciate Scott thoroughly.

The Mootin' o't.

SCHOOL had just opened for the afternoon. "Please, can I get away at two o'clock?" asked an urchin of eight, with a very grave expression. "It's my grannie's funeral."

"No, Tom," said the teacher. "I can't allow you to go. Sit down."

Tom retraced his steps. A youth who occupied the place next to Tom awaited his return with great glee—his eyes dancing with merriment.

"Ye saftie," he said, "it's the third time your grannie's had a funeral; serves ye right. What did ye come for at a', if ye wanted to 'kip'? Never heed," Jakey added consolingly, "we'll gang the morn, baith o' us."

Jakey Carmichael was the pest of the school, and the teacher had a lively time of it when he was present. This, of course, was not an everyday occurrence. There were days when she had comparative peace. There were days when, during roll-call, the name of John Carmichael elicited a chorus of "Please, he's kippin'"; by which was meant that the incorrigible John was enjoying a little Bohemian vagabondage instead of the everyday routine.

When the school board officer called at Jakey's home to enquire the reason of his absence, the truant knew it would be as well to put in an appearance for a day or two again. After such visits of the officer, Jakey always repented in sackcloth and ashes, for his worthy father never omitted the necessary chastisement. "I'll learn ye, ye fashous loon, to play your tricks wi me," he used to remark, but his 'learning' was never effectual. There was no love lost between Jakey and his surviving parent, for, when the latter was sober, his greeting was a kick, and, when he had dropped in at the "Castle o' Clouts" on his way home, he usually dispensed with such formalities.

At school they knew better than put Jakey under too much restraint. He would have taken more thrashings than they were prepared to give him, and still have come up at the next round smiling.

Besides, he was a general favourite with the teachers, and the very hero of his class-mates. He managed to get things pretty much his own way. His companions wondered how it was that he seemed to escape scot-free, when they were caught red-handed: but then, in the event of a disclosure, Jakey always had explanations to offer, and such explanations! And then, too, the seemingly righteous indignation that marked that half-ruffled, half-surprised little eye-brow counted for a good deal. This under-sized youth of seven was, consciously or otherwise, quite a diplomatist. Perhaps the teachers could not exactly have told why, but one and all they liked him.

It may have been that pity which is akin to love, for all felt infinite pity for the half-clad urchin with the irrepressible smile on his honest face. Those blue-grey eyes of his! There was nothing remarkable about them by way of feature, but from out their depths there shone a look of friendship for all the world. His square Scotch face was a mass of freckles, crowned by a shock of auburn hair. His mouth was large, and had a devil-may-care air of determination about it. His small nose, after the retroussé order, seemed to ask, "An' what for no?"

Jakey's stolen holidays affected his education but little. Those eyes took in a picture with keen alacrity, and, when they were serious, they were the funniest sight imaginable. Jakey's face was never meant to be serious. The "tout ensemble" of feature looked very "queer" when its owner was sad; one felt that life was melancholy indeed.

His mother had died when he was a baby of three—died, tired of the world, and of a drunken husband's scoffs and blows. So for four years Jakey and his father had tramped through life together, or as much together as was deemed necessary.

In Grey Mare's Wynd, where they lived, there were many sparks of kindness in the seared and weary hearts of its inhabitants, and, now and again, when the cupboard was bare, Jakey got a stray meal, and a "warm at the fire." He quickly made friends, and there were several places about his accustomed haunts where the waif received a fairly substantial welcome.

When school was over he never sought to go home. In fact he never spoke of that wretched hovel as "home." He *slept* in it—as a rule—that was all. Home lived entirely in his imagination, and was, he thought, not for him. He had a dim idea that home was a place where there was "a mother," and, naturally, he concluded that since he had never had a mother he couldn't have a home. There were some other boys who had no mother either. He did not at all indulge in self-pity; he accepted things as they stood.

The streets were his play-ground, and he went to Grey Mare's Wynd just when he chose without being questioned in the least. As often as not he was the only inhabitant of the dwelling, but the absence of his father troubled Jakey little. Each went his own way unmolested.

. . . . . .

It was half-past three, and the inhabitants of the immediate neighbourhood became unmistakably aware of the fact that the school was "coming out." Soon the noisy crowd dispersed in several groups and couples: then "bools," lame tig, leap frog, and sundry other games were the order of the day.

Our hero came along with a great skulking youth, Sam Morrison, about twice his size, and three years older than himself. Sam's face had clean patches here and there where the recent tears had washed aside the grime only to heap it up in more limited areas. His eyes had an ugly leer about them, and altogether Sam's facial expression was far from prepossessing.

His head was wagging with vigorous nods to give weight to his threats. "She disna need to think she'll punish me as she likes," he was saying. "I ken whaur she lives, an' me an' Teddy Keel's gaun to ring her bell the nicht: she'll get a bonny fricht."

A fierce look came into Jakey's eyes. He stopped, stood firm on two feet, and roared, "Ring her bell, an' I'll fecht ye, ye muckle sumph."

"Ay, wull I," muttered the inimical Sam.

"Tak' that for *sayin'* ye'll dae't," said Jakey, and a ringing smack sounded on his opponent's cheek. Thereupon ensued a hot tussle. Sam's closed fist instantly sought out Jakey's nose, and strange to tell—for it was such a small nose—found it with marvellous promptitude. Soon a red stream of blood trickled down to the quivering lips, and was straightway dashed aside by a ragged jacket cuff. An old woman from the wynd opposite was making her way towards them, shouting, "Isna that awfu'; I wuss I saw the polis:" while a group of applausive children were enjoying the fun. It was at this juncture that Miss Ogilvy, the teacher of the two worthies, and the very subject of discussion, happened to come along.

She easily recognised the familiar figure with its short kilt—a bright red tartan of the clan Macnab—well worn into fringes at the bottom edge; his ragged trousers reaching to the knee, and showing considerably below the kilt; his jacket two sizes too big, and fastened with two huge pins, one at the top, and one at the bottom; and his bare feet and legs.

If Jakey recognised any of the teachers, off came the old straw hat with the crown which flopped up and down—it only held to the brim by one little piece. Such politeness was extended to them alone, however, since Jakey did not number among his acquaintances those who expected or answered such. But to-day he forgot entirely the old hat with its ventilating crown.

He was dodging a blow, and nearly knocked against Miss Ogilvy on the pavement. He saw her, and, with flushed face and downcast eye, he dropped the arm ready to lunge out. Miss Ogilvy, astonished at what she deemed such singular signs of repentance, only remarked, "Oh, Jakey, I'm ashamed of you; run home now!" The combatants, casting one angry glance at each other, moved off. The fight was at an end, and Miss Ogilvy passed on.

She wondered at the shame faced look to-day. Jakey had often before been caught in a fight, and, when reproved, had ever been so ready to give the arguments that justified his participation in it at all. "Ah, well," she thought, "he is a strange boy." He was very far remote from the Scotch school-boy, who, comparatively speaking, takes your jokes with a dour "canny-Scotedness," and evidently thinks that is not in the programme of the day's engagements.

. . . . . .

About a week after the fight of honour, Miss Ogilvy was on her way home as usual, when she saw the "clan Macnab," all alone in his glory, practising a series of somersaults on the pavement.

"Well, Jakey," she remarked, "that's better than sums and reading, eh?"

"*I* like it better onyway," answered Jakey, and, forthwith escorted her along a little way.

"When are you going to get that crown sewn in, Jakey? You'll be losing it soon."

"My faither put his foot through that," replied Jakey, "but big Meg in our wynd's gaun to sew it."

Miss Ogilvy looked at the little rag-a-muffin by her side, and grew thoughtful.

Jakey also was thoughtful, but he was evidently on business bent. So there was silence between them for a space.

It was broken by the youngster. Looking up with a searching glance, he remarked, "Dae *you* think 'at I'm aye playin' wi' Jeannie Davi'son, Miss Ogilvy?"

"I really don't know. Why, Jakey?"

"Because they say 'at I am. They say 'at I'm her lad."

"Who say, Jakey?"

"Oh, a' the laddies. Weel," continued Jakey, "I like her weel eneuch, but I dinna

like her half as weel as I like *you*. When I'm a man, Miss Ogilvy, I'll mairry ye. Wull ye mairry me?" And, without waiting for an answer, he went on, "Of course, that'll no' be for a long time; no' till I'm twenty-one."

Miss Ogilvy had seen just twenty-one years herself, and she smiled to think of the youngster's ideas of manhood, and hoped that at twenty-one Jakey would still be "a laddie."

He reflected a moment, and then added solemnly, "But ye'll be deid by that time!"

There was a merry peal of laughter from Miss Ogilvy. "Oh, I hope not, Jakey," she replied.

"Wull ye no'?" asked the young wooer, with a suspicious glance. Then, re-assured, he continued, "That's a' richt. Ye'll never mairry onybody else, wull ye?"

"Never, Jakey!" replied Miss Ogilvy, and on the way home she became philosophic, as becomes a maiden who has just plighted her troth.

May she be forgiven that falsehood!

M. ADAMSON.

The Jedburgh Volunteer Victory.

"Then raise the slogan with ane shout,
'Fy Tynedaille, to it! Jethart's Here!'"

THE brilliant victory of the Jedburgh Company of the Border Rifles in winning the Field Practice Association Championship Challenge Cup, presented by the National Rifle Association, has attracted enthusiastic attention, not only in the Royal Burgh itself, but throughout the Borders.

The competition is decided by three matches, open to all the Yeomanry and Volunteers in England and Scotland, and the success of the Jethart men has been most gratifying and remarkable. In the three matches the Jedburgh Teams had an aggregate score of 1142 points out of a possible 1323, being 31 points better than the score with which one of the Hampshire Companies won the Cup last year.

The following were the Jedburgh Teams:—

No. 1 TEAM—Sergeant J. C. Clark (team commander), Corpl. J. Telfer, Corpl. T. A. M'Creadie, Pte. J. Anderson, L.-Cpl. J. Douglas, Ptes. J. Fair, G. Hollands, D. E. Readdie.

No. 2 TEAM—Sergeant W. Oliver (team commander), Corpl. J. Moffat, Ptes. T. Beattie, G. Bell, J. Ewing, R. Hunter, W. Renilson, W. M. Turnbull.

No. 3 TEAM—Sergeant A. S. Young (team commander), Lce.-Sergt. T. Hollands, Ptes. R. Bell, W. E. Fairbairn, J. M'Donald, P. Storrie, J. W. Thorburn, D. Wight.

Not only did their combined scores win the Championship Challenge Cup and Badges, but in the District Competition, decided by the same scores and open to the whole of Scotland, No. 2 Team won all the three first prizes, and No. 3 Team won a second prize. This is all the more gratifying seeing that Jedburgh has but one Company of Volunteers.

The Captain having been notified that the prizes would be presented by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Sergeant John C. Clark and Sergeant William Oliver proceeded to London to take over the Cup. On arriving at the Royal United Service Institution they were welcomed and warmly congratulated by Brigadier-General the Earl of Minto. General Trotter, commanding the Home District, presided, and in opening the meeting, said that he was desired by the Duke of Connaught to express his regret that he was unable to attend and preside during the evening. His Royal Highness had been called away suddenly to go abroad, and was very sorry he could not be present. The General presented the prizes, and when the Jedburgh men advanced to the platform to receive the Challenge Cup and 24 Bronze Medals, they received a most cordial and hearty reception.

They left London next morning at 5.15, and after a somewhat adventurous journey, in which the two sturdy Scotsmen had to use some of their mother wit (as well as their mother tongue) succeeded in bringing the Challenge Cup for the first time across the Border.

Meanwhile, preparations for the reception had been going on at Jedburgh, and when Sergeants Clark and Oliver arrived at their destination they were met by the Volunteer Company, under command of Lieutenant Anderson, accompanied by the Jed Forest Instrumental Band, under the leadership of the veteran bandmaster, Mr. Robert Hope, and hundreds of townspeople. The Cup, having been taken out of its case, was fixed securely in position on a shoulder-carriage which had been prepared for it, and the two gallant Sergeants bore it out of the station amidst great cheering, the band greeting them with "See the Conquering Hero comes." The carriage was then raised on the shoulders of four stalwart Volunteers, the band took its position at the head of the Company, the word of command was given, and the march to the town began—the Band and Cup-bearers being surrounded by Volunteers with flaming torches. The footpaths were crowded with spectators, and cheer after cheer was lustily raised

as the Cup, by the light of the torches, was seen as it was borne along.

As the procession wended its way up High Street, and past Smith's Wynd, at the foot of which stands the house in which the ill-fated Queen Mary lodged for some time while holding Courts of Justice in 1566, the band again played the "Conquering Hero," and the ancient Cross was reached to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." Meanwhile, the joybells were ringing a merry peal, and the march was continued up Castlegate where the 'Toonheiders' gave the champions a grand reception. Passing the house in which Bonnie Prince Charlie lodged while in Jedburgh in 1745, and the top of the Bow down which a glimpse can be got of the venerable Abbey, and also of the house in which William and Dorothy Wordsworth lodged in 1803, the triumphal procession ascended as far as the Castle. Having wheeled here, the downward march began to the tune of "Rule Britannia," the stirring words of which were written by James Thomson, author of "The Seasons," who was educated at the Grammer School of Jedburgh. The procession marched through the Market Place to the Corn Exchange —the Cup being carried in, amidst loud and prolonged cheering. It was placed on the

From Photo by R. Jack, SERGTS. CLARK AND OLIVER WITH THE CUP. Jedburgh.

inspection. It is a most handsome Cup, and inscribed on the bowl are the words :—"Field Practice Association for Yeomanry and Volunteers—the National Rifle Association Championship Challenge Cup." On the base there are two silver shields, showing that the Cup was won in 1895 by E Company 5th Volunteer Battalion Hants Regiment, and in 1896 by F Company of the same Battalion.

On the following evening a great social meeting and assembly were held in the Corn Exchange—the hall having been most brilliantly and appropriately decorated under the direction of Sergeant Clark. Numerous flags, etc., were displayed, including the flag taken from the English at Bannockburn, by the men of Jedburgh, in 1314; the flag taken at Killiecrankie in 1689; the Queen's Diamond Jubilee Flag of the Burgh of Jedburgh, etc. With numerous Chinese lanterns and festoons the effect was most brilliant. The Cup and other prizes occupied a prominent position on the platform, while a number of scrolls bearing the names of gentlemen whom it was desired to honour were displayed on the walls. The large hall was entirely filled, and the chair was occupied by the popular commander of the company, Lieutenant Anderson, who was accom-

Richard Waldie Griffith; Captain and Adj. Stanton; Captain Sturrock; Provost Sword; Major H. S. Murray and Major W. Stirling, Galashiels; Lieut. Stevenson, Kelso; Quartermaster Tocher, Melrose; Chief-Constable Porter; the veteran Armourer-Sergeant A. S. Forrest, who was the first to join the corps in Jedburgh, and who received a hearty cheer when he entered the hall. After tea, the Chairman intimated letters of apology from the Marquis of Lothian; the Earl of Minto; Colonel Chater; Colonel Dickson; Major Wilkinson; Captain Small, Melrose; Captain Alexander, Selkirk; Captain Crichton Smith, Kelso; Lieutenant Davidson, Dumbartonshire Rifles, and others.

Sir Richard Waldie Griffith presented the National Association badges to the three successful teams, who were loudly cheered. The badges were pinned on their breasts by Miss Anderson (sister of the Chairman) assisted by Sir Richard Waldie Griffith and Captain Stanton. The badge is in the form of a bronze cross with an engraved representation of a rifleman kneeling with his rifle at "the present," and on a scroll above his head is the motto "Swift and Sure."

This ceremony over, the Chairman asked the Provost to accept the custody of the Cup, and Provost Sword in accepting it characterised the honour as one of the most gratifying that had ever come to Jedburgh; and for a Volunteer force of from 80 to 100 to be able to select 24 men to complete for and successfully carry off such a trophy spoke volumes for their training and determination—more especially as there had been something like 1100 entries, including most of the crack companies in Great Britain.

Votes of thanks closed a most enjoyable and memorable meeting, which was followed by an Assembly at which over 100 couples were present.

(The illustrations are from Photographs by Mr. R. Jack, Jedburgh.)

"Poems of a Country Gentleman."*

THERE is something very attractive in the title of Sir George Douglas's new volume—a something which brings before us "The Spectator" with its pictures and portraits of country life and country gentlemen. Sir George's pictures and portraits, however, are those of our own day and are mostly drawn from Nature in her gentlest moods and quietest communings. The volume is divided into two parts: "Poems of Nature and Solitude" and "Songs and Poems." None of the pieces are very long: some of them, indeed, are quite short. A vein of sadness and a desire for solitude run through many of them: but the author prepares us for this, and, accordingly, we soon fall into sympathy with him in his wanderings over ford and fence, through wood and waste, musing over life and its problems, its hopes and its fears. This feeling of sadness seems to reach its climax in the poem entitled "The Trumpet."

The poem entitled "Hide and Seek" which we consider to be the gem of the collection, and not unworthy of Wordsworth, is reminiscent of his childhood, and is both tender and touching. It is the old old story of the mystery of death as it presents itself to the mind of a child, and narrates how a boy, missing his brother, seeks everywhere for him but cannot find him.

There is an agreeable and pleasant variety of measures in the volume, some of which are suggested by passages from classical authors—Greek, Latin, and Italian—and Shakespeare. One of the longest poems is "The Nurse's Tale" as told to a "Sweet Five-years-old" who is so entranced with the story that he listens

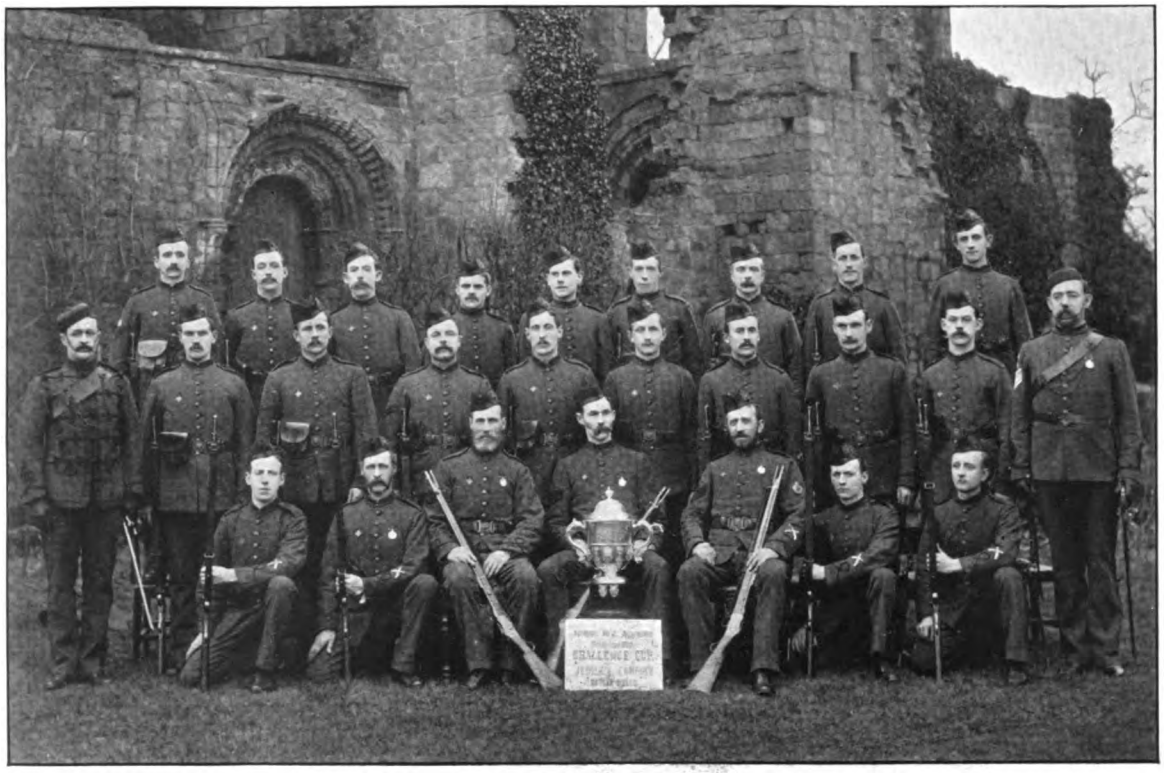
> With eye fix'd on the speaker's face
> Not once had shifted in his place.
> But now his bed-time long was past,
> This tale, indeed, must be the last!

The "Elegy on an Angler Poet" is full of true and tender poetic feeling. It brings before us vivid reminiscences of the author's old friend Tom Stoddart. Of the poems with special reference to Border localities we may note at least three, namely, "The Antiquity of Art" (verses suggested by a stone axe-head discovered in a moss in Teviotdale), "The Pony's Well," and "On the Roman Wall." Regarding this last named, the poet explains that on the wall in Northumberland there may be found growing a field-flower, (*Corydalis lutea*), one of the fumitories, which is a native of the Roman Campagna. How did the flower find its way to Britain? While it is not likely that the Roman legions brought it, the probability is that it came with some Italian maid who tended it with gentle hand, and secret tears, until it took root and blossomed into flower and perfume.

Quiet thoughtful readers of poetry will enjoy this little volume, and to such we cordially commend it. If an air of sadness pervades many of its pieces, it is on that very account the more truly characteristic of the Border Country, where its author is so well-known and so highly esteemed. For the key-note of our best songs and ballads is not joy but sadness—the sadness which was born at Flodden, and which seems destined to haunt the Border Country for ever.

*"Poems of a Country Gentleman," by Sir George Douglas, Bart. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.)

Glasgow: Carter & Pratt, Printers.

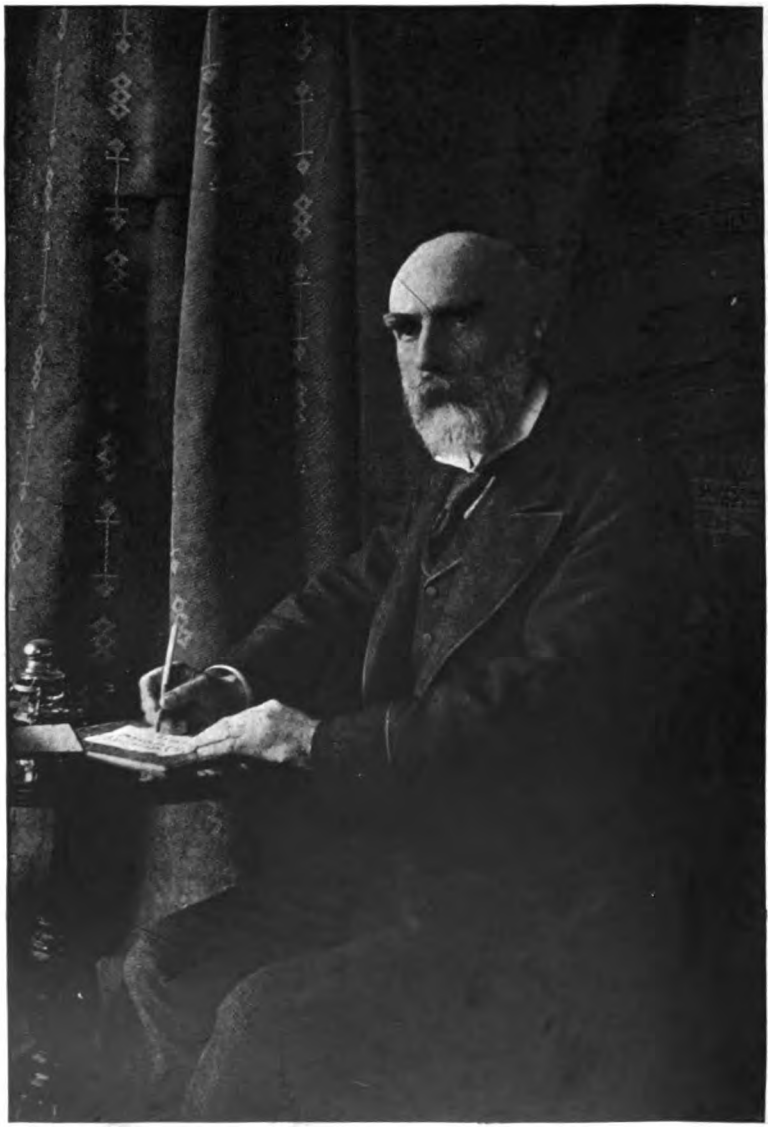


Sergt. CLARK. Sergt. YOUNG.

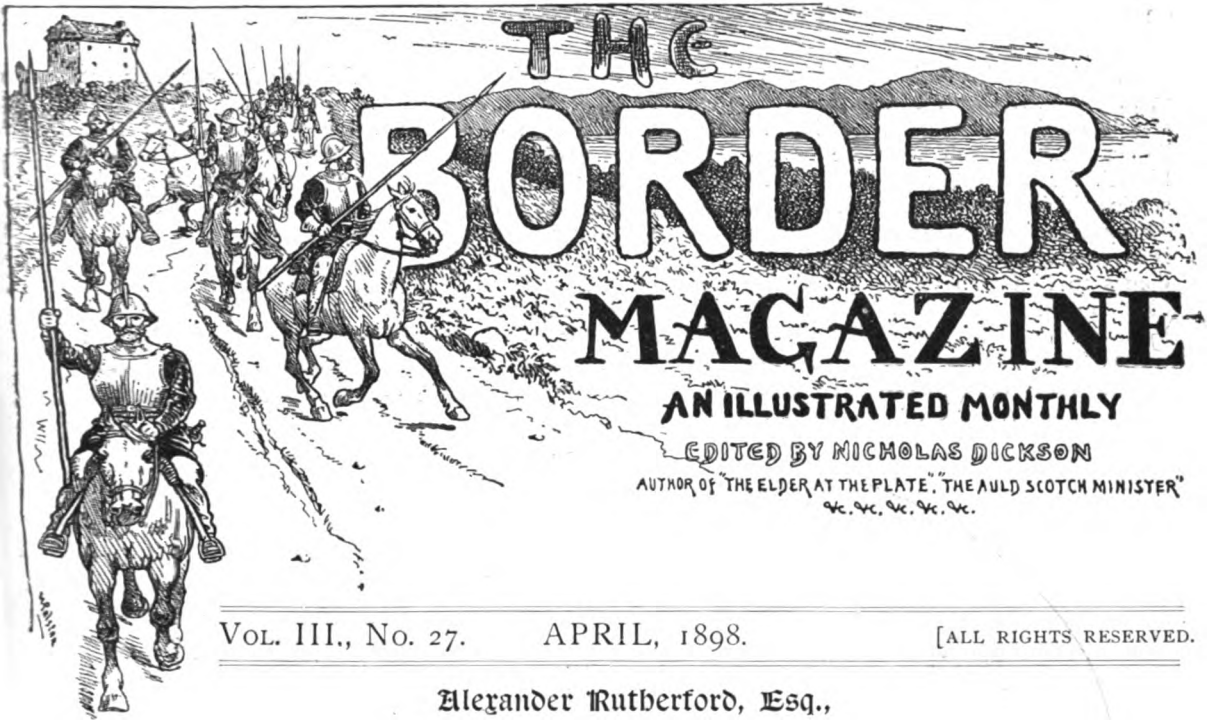
Lieut. ANDERSON. Sergt. OLIVER. Sergt.-Instructor BUCHANAN.

THE THREE TEAMS WITH THEIR COMMANDERS.

From Photo by R. Jack,] [Jedburgh.



ALEXANDER RUTHERFORD, ESQ.,
General Goods Manager, North British Railway.



VOL. III., NO. 27. APRIL, 1898.

Alexander Rutherford, Esq.,

CHIEF GOODS MANAGER, NORTH BRITISH RAILWAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is an old proverb to the effect that what a friend gets is not lost. Applying the proverb to the subject of our present sketch, we have only to vary the phrase by saying that if Edinburgh has lost the services of Mr. Alexander Rutherford, Glasgow has gained them, and so the matter adjusts itself. This arrangement has been rendered necessary by the Directors of the North British Railway Company having unanimously appointed Mr. Rutherford to be Chief Goods Manager, in succession to the late Mr. M'Dougall. This appointment was made at a meeting held on the 18th November last—an appointment which has given the greatest satisfaction, not only to all connected with the North British service, but to the trading community over Scotland generally.

Born at Castle Heaton near Norham-on-Tweed in 1836, Mr. Rutherford's boyhood was spent at Pallinsburn, the ancestral home of the Askews, and situated in the historic neighbourhood of Flodden Field. Among the boy's earliest recollections is one of seeing the black horse on which General Sir Henry Askew, Bart., rode at the battle of Waterloo. The old charger was well cared for in his declining days, as he well deserved to be, for he had served his master and his country faithfully and well. On reaching a good old age, he suddenly dropped down one morning, and passed away in peace and quietness.

After attending the village schools of Branxton and Crookham, Alexander Rutherford went to Edinburgh where he was apprenticed to the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway Company. For forty-six years he has been in the railway service and, during that long period, has seen many changes and developments in the railway system of the country, and specially in the North British, since its amalgamation with the old Edinburgh and Glasgow. On completing his apprenticeship at Waverley Station, Mr. Rutherford was transferred to Queen Street Station, Glasgow—his first experience in the West. At that time the office hours were from 9 a.m. till 11 p.m., and frequently much later, with no half-holiday on Saturdays. A welcome relief, however, to these long hours came quite unexpectedly, and from an unlooked for quarter.

In 1859 the volunteer movement had its birth, and as this movement specially appealed to young men of every trade and profession, it was soon seen that it would be impossible to get young men to join the ranks if their long hours were to be continued. Accordingly, a general curtailment of work began to take effect in counting-houses, warehouses, and offices. Specially was this the case in the service of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway: for the goods manager at the time was an enthusiastic volunteer officer, and exerted all his influence in favour of the movement.

Devoting much of his newly-found leisure to mental improvement, Mr. Rutherford attended several of the evening classes in the Glasgow Athenæum. In this way he was preparing himself for occupying positions in the railway service which was making enormous developments from year to year throughout the country. There is a popular saying which states that everything comes to him who waits; but there is more likelihood of its coming to him who is prepared for its coming. And so we find that the subject of our sketch passed through the various offices of the traffic department of the North British

made before leaving Edinburgh for permanent residence in Glasgow. Accordingly, on the afternoon of Friday, the 14th January last, a large company of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the Waterloo Rooms, Edinburgh, for the purpose of doing honour to Mr. Rutherford, and asking his acceptance of some "tangible token of esteem and regard from his fellow employees, and the trading community of Edinburgh Leith and district."

Mr. Conacher, general manager, North British Railway, was called to the chair. After a few introductory sentences expressive of the

From Photo by MOUNT LODGE, PORTOBELLO. J. A. S. Ogilvie.

Railway, holding successively the positions of station cashier, superintendent, assistant goods manager at Glasgow, and subsequently goods manager at Edinburgh for the Southern and Eastern Districts, including the supervision of traffic at Leith Docks and Granton Harbour. Thus step by step, and position after position, Mr. Rutherford has been promoted until now, as has already been stated, he is Chief Goods Manager of the Company.

After the long and honourable career that we have only faintly outlined, it was simply in the natural order of things, that some public recognition of Mr. Rutherford's services should be

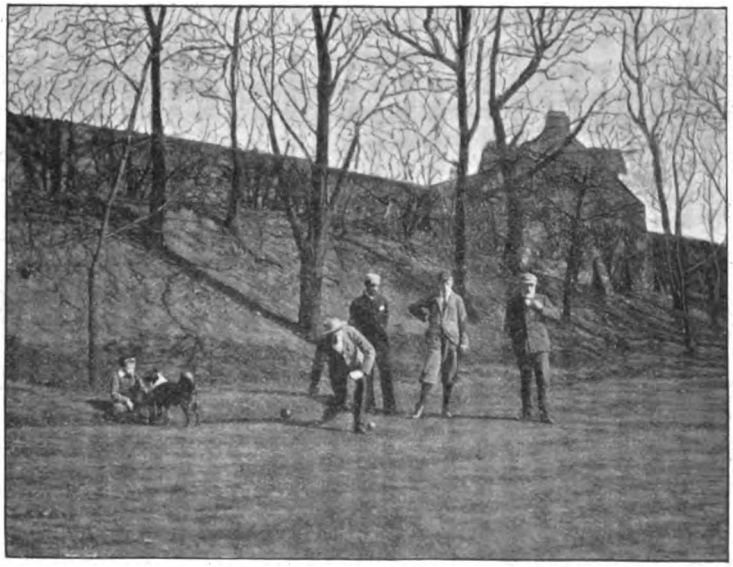
high regard in which Mr. Rutherford was held, not only by his colleagues in the railway service, but also by the trading community generally, Mr. Conacher invited the Lord Provost of the City to make the presentation. His Lordship, who met with a most cordial reception, observed that the large gathering on that occasion proved how much the services of Mr. Rutherford had been appreciated. He had long looked upon his friend as one who had been not only faithfully and diligently serving the railway company for over forty years, but as one who had also been discharging a duty to the public. It was well, therefore, that the present

gathering had taken the form of a public meeting, since the whole trading community in the East of Scotland had met with nothing but courtesy and kindness on the part of Mr. Rutherford. How much he was appreciated was shown by the beautiful and valuable gifts which were now about to be presented—the outcome of a subscription list, confined not to Edinburgh and eastern districts alone, but to many other parts of Scotland.

The Lord Provost, then addressing Mr. Rutherford, said: "I have now the honour and pleasure of presenting you, on behalf of the community in this district and other parts of Scotland, first of all with this service of silver plate, secondly, with this gold watch and chain, thirdly, with a cheque for 400 guineas, and last, but not least, and what I daresay you will feel as much as any of these presents is this diamond ring, which I hold in my hand, to be given to your wife. I need not say that you will be the first to admit that, but for the services which she rendered to you in your home and otherwise, you might not have been able to perform your duties so well as you have done. That you will have a long and happy life in Glasgow is, I am sure, the wish of all your friends here, not only in your private capacity, but in what I may call your public capacity, I wish you God speed."

Mr. Rutherford, in rising to reply, was most heartily cheered. In a speech, warm with gratitude and emotion, he expressed his profoundest sense of the great kindness that had been shown him. "In accepting these costly gifts at your hand, my Lord," Mr. Rutherford continued, "I feel utterly unfitted to thank my many friends here. What is intended for myself I shall wear with the greatest pride. This gift to my wife is, perhaps, the keenest gratification of all. The cheque will not pretend to vie with the other things in beauty; but a cheque has its own peculiar attraction, and its usefulness will be appreciated to the full."

We regret that the limited space at our command prevents us from giving more of Mr. Rutherford's reply, for it was full of interesting reminiscences of railway life and the changes that have followed in the wake of the expansion and extension of the North British Railway. "Without the North British," Mr. Rutherford very happily observed, "Scotland would have been but a poor country to-day."



From Photo by IN THE BOWLING GREEN, MOUNT LODGE. J. A. S. Ogilvie.

Born, brought up, and educated, in one of the most interesting and historic districts of the Border Country: with the Tweed, the Till, the Bowmont, the Cheviot Hills, and Flodden Field, as household words and early memories: Mr. Rutherford caught, while yet a boy, the Border inspiration, and he has never lost it. Called frequently from home on business and professional matters, he feels that his affections still cling to the scenery and the associations of his early years. Everything that concerns the Borderland has a special interest for Mr.

Rutherford: he is a member of both Associations in Edinburgh—the Border Counties and the Borderers' Union. In Glasgow he will find still another Association that will welcome him after he gets fairly settled down in the West.

Our illustrations represent Mount Lodge, Mr. Rutherford's late residence in Portobello, and an interesting group in the bowling green there—himself, his sons, and a little grandson; three generations. The dog, an Iceland hound named "Hecla," is an old pet of the family. That Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford and family may long be spared, in health and happiness, to enjoy their surroundings and discharge the duties that lie before them from day to day, is the sincere and earnest wish of their many friends throughout the Border Country. The present writer, too, may take it upon himself to say the same for every reader of *The Border Magazine.*

The portrait of Mr. Rutherford in our Supplement, is from the Studio of J. K. H. Crawford, Portobello.

Village Tales.

BY REV. ANDREW AITKEN, SHAPINSHAY.

I.

THE CURSE OF ELSIE GRAY.

ELSIE lived at the "toun-fit," in a house which seemed about to tumble bodily into the burn at the foot of the brae. It was one of the oldest places in Sunnyside. Her grandfather had built it about the beginning of the century. Its lichen-covered walls and tattered thatch spoke of stress of weather; its peat-stained timbers within could tell the history of three generations. But for many years there had been no man body in the house, and things had been allowed to go to rack and ruin. The east gable was the worst, and was the outward type of the ruined life within, for like it, Elsie's decay was at the top. Tall, erect, and carrying the burden of her fifty odd years with the easy carriage of youth, her eye, lack-lustre and wandering, betrayed an unbalanced mind. Her dress and her mood always fitted each other, for when her periodic wild fits came, and black darkness settled on her spirit, she would be seen in the gayest fabrics her wardrobe could afford, while in her calmer moods, she wore a sober grey. She was seldom in the street save when going to the shop or the kirk, where she was a faithful attender. But that only when she was calm, and even then, if Robert Renwick—for she went to the Establishment—displeased her, she would interject a vehement "No," or leave the place in a fury.

At all times she was tended by a girl who called her mother, though wedding ring had never graced her finger. Indeed, it was the coming of Cissie, subsequent to the betrayal of her love, that unhinged her reason. The pent-up flood of her affections was poured on Cissie, who on her side brightened Elsie's life with her tender ministries, and lightened her labours by her strong young arms. It was her patient tenderness that charmed away the madness from Elsie's brain. It was her unwearied love that soothed the mother's fears, and made the home an Eden where no outside evil could come.

But the serpent came, and in the guise of a man brought a worse woe on house and inmates. Cissie was a lover of flowers, and under her fostering care the slope from house to burn flamed forth in summer with rainbow hues, and scattered fragrance all around. She was working in her garden one morning when Ned Hunt, the miller's man, passed on his way to the Tweed. He had been but a short time in the village, and though he had heard of Cissie, this was the first time he had seen her. Her fair, fresh face and varied charms took his heart by storm, and he made an excuse of thirst to speak. He had reckoned without his host. At the sound of the strange voice, Elsie came to the doorway.

"There's plenty watter in the burn—drink yer fill," she said. "Awa wi' ye, ye've wrocht ill eneuch."

He was about to speak, when Cissie said quickly:—

"Please go, or ye'll mak' mither bad."

While o'erhead, Elsie continued:—

"Awa—nae man can cheat me twice."

Ned moved on, but ever as he plied his rod the fair face of Cissie rose between him and the water, and the sight gained that morning created a desire for nearer acquaintance. Whether Cissie was vexed at her mother's rudeness, or whether she only yielded to her own feelings, is uncertain. In any case, he managed to see her again, and to persuade her to meet him in the haugh at the Red Scaurs. Gradually her wall of defences was broken down. Unhappily for her she did not know the past dark record of her lover. And the end of her wooing was a torn heart, and a weary looking forward to the future.

The last act of her love tragedy opened on the morning of the midsummer fair. A year ago she had footed it as gaily as any other on the village green, and entered into the rustic revelry which held the village. Now she lay

cold and still. With unseeing eyes she looked at her mother, who vainly sought to wake her. As Elsie's dull brain grasped the meaning of that motionless figure, fury possessed her. She left her dead, and sought the village green. Her bare head with dishevelled locks flying in the wind, her ashen-grey face with eyes of restless fire, drew the attention of all as she stalked through the crowd and peered hither and thither in search of some one. Ned Hunt was standing with some others gazing at the antics of a merry-Andrew, but when he saw Elsie, his conscience smote him, and a nameless fear prompted him to escape.

"Stand."

Elsie's voice rang through the air. She had found whom she sought.

"Stand an' listen."

Her passion lent dignity to her mien, and the clown ceased his fooling, and the crowd their laughing as the sense of tragedy filled their minds. Ever after it was known as Elsie's fair, for none who were there that day could ever forget the picture of judgment she presented, or forget those words of doom that burned themselves into the hearts of all, and shrivelled up the life of one.

"Ned Hunt, I saw you whan you ne'er saw me. Cauld an' still she lies whom ye lured frae her nest. She has dree'd her weird, an' sae maun you. By the watter ye met her first, thro' the watter ye'll meet her last. Yer doom is comin'! I see it, I see it, an' ye canna flee it. Loud ye'll cry, an' lang ye'll try, but nane wull hear, an' dee ye must. The curse is spoken."

Some kindly women followed her home. Never a word she spoke as they did their errand of mercy. Through the days of waiting she sat there, sleepless and fasting until the two bodies were laid in the grave.

Ned's bold spirit wilted under her words, and gradually he settled into a moody morose temper, shunning all intercourse and trying in vain to forget old Elsie's curse. Peter Logan wanted to get rid of him, but the mistress would not hear of it. And so he remained under the eye of the village. Weeks and months passed, and the sharp outlines of the story were fading under the touch of time, when the horror of Ned's death woke it anew in the minds of all.

The mill was fed by two ponds. One was within a hundred yards of the mill, but the other was about half a mile up the burn. For a long time the burn had been running very low, and Peter was almost in despair. It was welcome news to him that a spate had fallen among the hills, and the water was rising. Ned went off to the upper pond to screw down the sluice. When he had done so, he saw a piece of drift wood in a loop at the foot of the iron shaft, which linked the sluice lid with the lever at the top of the framework. He clambered down to remove it, though there was no necessity. With a vigorous kick he sent the obstruction spinning, but his foot went through the loop. He tried to pull it out again, but it was too firmly fixed. It was an awkward predicament, because he could not get his hands round to his boot to unloose it. And the water was rising. Bend as he might, he could not get round the thick wooden supports. He tugged with fierce energy, but only chafed his ankle. Now he saw his danger. It was night, and rain was falling. Few people passed that way at any time, and none would walk there through the storm. And ere morning—he shuddered and strained in a mad endeavour to get free. He shouted himself hoarse, but the rising wind flung back his voice in mockery. He beat with his fists on the beams until the blood spurted from his hands. Slowly rose the waters, fed by the flood from the hills. Black darkness was gathering round him, but a deeper darkness fell on his mind as the cold flood surged to his waist. He cursed and cried, as he raised his arms to the skies in an agony of strong desire. Hope died within him as the water gurgled over his shoulders. The end was near. How it lipped over his mouth and sank away again. A minute passed, higher and higher rose the avenging flood. His head sank; a few bubbles marked his tomb. The last act of the love tragedy was closed. Death rung down the curtain.

Reflection.

BY J. B. SELKIRK.

WITHIN my lady's eyes I find the whole
Of love's sweet moods reflected perfectly,
The rapturous rest, the deep felicity,
That silent sweet serenity of soul
Love only knows when it has reached its goal,
With nothing left to think of, hear, or see,
That does not answer to the master-key,
Nor falls within love's golden aureole.

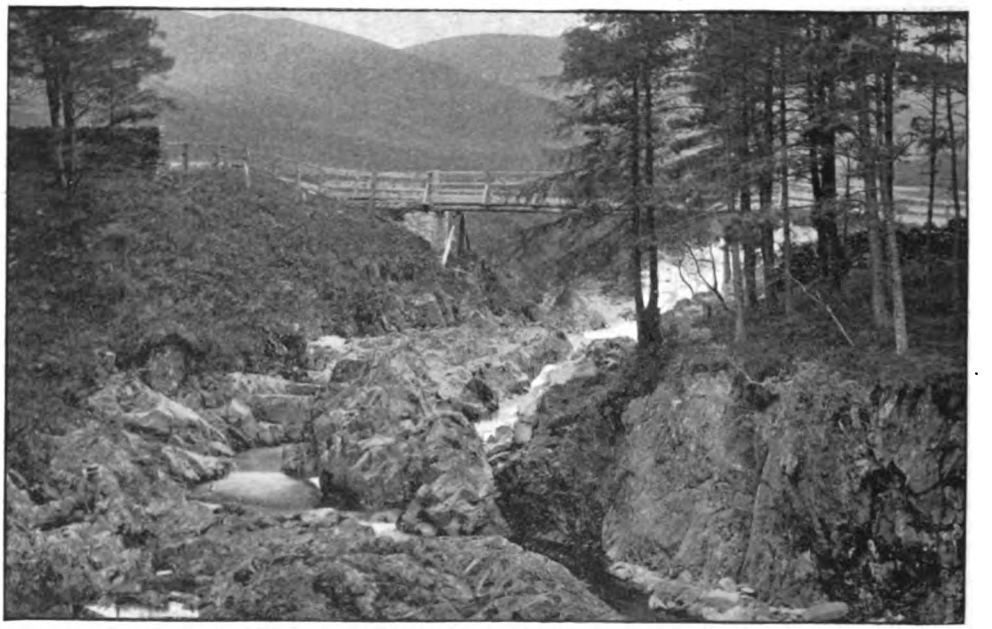
Could anything that heaven itself could give her
Make those still eyes of hers more heavenly fair,
Lo! as I look at them, like summer air
That wakens into flame a sleeping river,
Laughter has taken them with light so rare
It would content me well to look for ever.

Rare Borderland.

RARE Borderland, rare land of song;
Rare land of forest, flood and height;
Rare land of warriors stern and strong,
The guardians of our ancient right.

Immortal bands have sung thy praise
With living harps and words of fire,
And I a feeble voice would raise
On impulse of a strong desire.

Their's was the fairest land on earth,
Uncurtained save by open sky;
Their's was the right of border birth—
The nerve to dare, the strength to die.



From Photo by A. R. Edwards, ON THE ETTRICK. Selkirk.

I stood of late beside thy streams,
I wandered through thy lonely vales;
And in the vistas of my dreams
I saw the people of thy tales.

They passed before me like the flood
That bears on Tweed in Lammas days;
And feuds begot of fiery blood
Worked weary woe among thy braes.

Yet had they life, those elder sons,
And life that suited well their hearts;
For life is not the year that runs
Its sullen course o'er city marts.

'Twas their's to stand in Freedom's front,
Their battle cry the tyrant's knell;
'Twas their's to bear the battle's brunt
For homes and land they loved so well.

Oh Borderland! thy sons to-day
The world through wider vistas scan;
But still they strike for liberty,
And rally for the perfect Man.

And while they travel forth, and speed
To break the ban, and ring the earth,
Men still their border birth-marks read,
And fear the country of their birth.

TANMAIR.

On Dogs.

AND SOME OF THE PECULIARITIES OF THE SPECIES.

"EVERY dog has its day"! This bald assertion crops up in conversation occasionally in a most ubiquitous manner, often, when you might safely stake your "lowest bob," equivalent in this sense to an American's "bottom dollar," that no shadow of dog is within hailing distance. For my part, I never could derive any meaning from such assertion; whether it was pay (license) day, or off day, or Sunday out, or washing day. Lest the supercilious nose should go up, and the curl of contempt distort the lips at so great a display of ignorance, no one attempts to ask an explanation; so, "every dog has its day."

Dogs, like children, are divided into classes; every dog, however, will be found in its own class; there is no record of a dog being found out of its class. The Board-school boy might have this pointed out to him as a precept and example worthy of acceptation and emulation. Of these classes we may instance the sad dog, and the jolly dog. These closely resemble each other in having their day in the night time, and dogging or dodging the faint footfalls of the night policeman, heard three blocks away. The jolly dog has a massy collar and chain; yet he frequently breaks out. He generally goes in bands. The sad dog has a good time by himself. His uncles and cousins and aunts often have a bone to pick with him. He has previously cleared it of mutton, and leaves them to do all the picking.

Some men are occasionally bit by a dog, and look very bad next morning; seedy is their term for it. They go out first thing to get a hair of the dog that bit them. This seems a relic of superstitious pagan times. Poor ignorant men! Tommy Atkins is fond of dog. Perhaps it is not generally known, yet it is an admitted fact that spotted dog is a delicacy of the mess table. Tommy Atkins says it puts stuffing in him—a soldier's term for courage.

Chinese dog, according to Epicurean philosophers who have tripped over China, makes excellent duck pie. It is called bow-wow by the heathen; quite a familiar sound to our ears. A rather peculiar species is that of the lap dog, as the derivation of the name shows. This dog has a great propensity for attending sports, chiefly foot races and bicycle races, although it may be seen at horse races as well, which races are run in laps. When an important race is about to start, or even when it is being run, this dog takes an independent course, and impedes the runners by keeping in front of their track; the omnipresent policeman takes after the dog; the small boy after the policeman; then all the spectators are more or less infected with the racing fever till the dog disappears, the race thus proving a fiasco, a sporting term for a false start, and those interested relapse into a gradual state of normal intensity. This is the history of the lap dog, and how it gets its name; the distance round the course being called a lap.

Another important animal of the canine species is the dog you have to go to see the man about at intervals. The appointment is always suddenly recalled to mind and set about at a dog trot. It never ends in seeing the dog; but if the intervals are frequent, it may end in seeing two. Fortunately, the man who keeps the dog, at least he pays the license, usually goes away before this second sight occurs.

Every British ship has its dog-Watch to divert the crew. It is the friend of sailors, and very much liked by them. It comes out only in the evening, and is never seen during the day. The dog star is a different species. There are good and bad among dogs as among other natural products; but none is more consistently bad than the dog in the manger. The dog-matic is closely allied to it, and these cannot be curtailed too much. The dog-matic wags its tail in or about the pulpit mostly. The best means to cow a dog, no matter how vicious it may be, is to throw cold water over it. A dog douched with cold water turns into a sheep instantly. Sleeping dogs require careful treatment. In most other dogs you may look for honesty and sincerity, but sleeping dogs are allowed to lie. Once a dog takes to lying, it is best to let him lie.

Glasgow. ALEX. LAING.

A Border Ephraimite.

"Ephraim is joined to his idols: let him alone."—Hosea iv. 17.

TELL not to me, in stately hexameters,
How Helen's fatal beauty ruined Troy;
How Atalanta, golden apples lifting,
Lost race and heart unto the fleet-limbed boy.
No—rather deeds of ancient Border valour
Recount, from out the stormy Border lore—
How raged the foemen round the lonely fortress,
While Lariston the Fearless locked the door.

Talk not of pastures green, and vineyards glowing
Beneath the sun of blue Provençal skies;
Of all the balm o'er southern landscape flowing,
And all the languid grace that o'er it lies.
My partial heart still yearns for Tweed and Yarrow,
My foot would wander o'er my Border hills;

Though winds from bleakest north may chill
my marrow,
With warmth and comfort all my spirit fills.

Praise, if you will, those light Italian ditties,
With vowels soft and sweet as running stream,
Whose cadences and liquid tones are fittest
To catch and voice the shadow of a dream.
But give me still the language of the Border
To tell my joys, or sob out sorrows keen;
To sing how bauld "Jock Elliot" daur'd his
neighbours,
Or Bride eloped "wi' Jock o' Hazeldean."

You whisper now of peerless Eastern beauties,
With fringèd eyelids veiling wondrous eyes;
Seductive in their every glance and motion,
And drest in dazzling robes of richest dyes.
I turn from them, most unappreciating,
To eyes of blue and cheeks of rosy bloom—
My Border lassie waits, with warm heart beating,
In yonder cosy nook among the broom.

Prate not to me of chaste Ionic pillars,
Of setting sun that gilds the Campanile,
Of marble arches, graved with Roman letters,
And buttressing an awe-inspiring pile!
Describe, with voice all whispering and eerie,
The moonlight glinting on a Border keep;
Or lighting Melrose, fair in ruined splendour,
While Tweed winds softly through the vale
asleep.

O grand and stately is your English Abbey,
Where poet, sage, and warrior find a tomb;
I covet not such vast funereal chambers,—
I could not rest amid the vaulted gloom.
But when death's stillness wraps me like a mantle,
And closèd eyes no longer Cheviot see,
Lay me due east and west where grass is greenest—
The grave beside a Border kirk for me!

DUNALBA.

Hoodwinked.

BY J. PARRINGTON POOLE.

"THE law o' man's no the law o' God." "Sandylouper" spoke decisively, and by way of emphasis stretched his spindle legs defiantly upon the sand.

A dog yelped and turned on him with a snarl.

"An' the law o' dogs is the best law o' a'. Tit for tat and bite for kick," said "The Walrus," blowing the smoke from his pipe, and settling himself meditatively upon a log which had been washed up by the sea.

"Ye're aboot richt tho', Sawndylooper," broke in old Skipper Manuel, with a wheezy voice. "For ma pairt, a' canna see hoo onybody whatsomever, can hin'er puir folks frae takin' a salmon oot' o' the sea, or even the river, for that maitter. Three miles leemit, be hawnged! It's jist a bit o' balderdash. Noo——"

The speech was too much for him. He piped himself short of wind and turned red in the face with a fit of coughing.

"Hae a snuff;" muttered "The Walrus" consolingly, tapping the lid of his tin box lightly with the shank of his pipe.

The clay broke, and the fisherman swore.

"Wheesht!" jerked out Manuel, clapping his big brown palm flat on "The Walrus's" mouth. "Ye're a Pilgrim."

A slim youth of eighteen, with a cloud of down upon his upper lip, laughed derisively.

"Preachin' canna cure a man a' at ance. It's deid nuts agin poachin', ye ken."

"Poachin's no' a sin," returned "The Walrus," doggedly, "at least, no' for salmon. The Tweed Ac's a crime, an' the quicker it's seen tae the better. It's nocht but a rich man's Ac' at onyrate."

"Ye're no much o' a credit, 'Walrus,' tae thae preachin' set wi' yer tit for tat an' sweerin'," exclaimed "Sandylouper," "but ye've got plenty back-bain in ye, an that's guid eneuch for me."

A shout from the banks made the men look up.

"It's 'Partan Face,'" ejaculated a burly blue-jerseyed ferryman, as the bare legs of a boy were seen flying over the sand.

The loungers knew that there was something in the wind, and sprang to their feet in a whirl of excitement.

"What's up? What's up?" chimed the group simultaneously, and craning their necks in their eagerness to know the worst.

The boy was puffing like a steam engine.

"'Muckle Jock' the bailiff's awa' doon the toon wi' a warrant tae search the hooses for poachin' nets."

Everybody looked blank. "The Walrus" kicked the inoffensive log savagely with the toe of his boot, puckered up his mouth as if to give a long whistle, changed his mind, and eventually said,

"Damn it."

There was a perfect babel for a minute. Then "Sandylouper" passed the words, "All clear?"

Every head bobbed in the affirmative save that of "The Walrus." He was looking towards the sea with a face like thunder.

"A've a net i' the kist. A'm clean dum-foonered."

"Send 'Partan Face' tae Leesbeth. He can run as fast as a hare," suggested the skipper.

"Canna dae it at ony price. A'm fit tae burst"

The boy was lying flat on his stomach, utterly exhausted.

"Tie a note tae the dog's neck," said "Sandylouper." "There's time afore 'Muckle Jock' gets doon The Alley, and Togle's as wise as a man."

"A' canna write," returned 'The Walrus' despondingly.

"Try 'Partan Face.' He's at schuil."

A dirty scrap of paper and a stump of a pencil were soon forthcoming. A piece of string fastened the message to the dog's throat. It ran:

"*Muccle Joke is cummin. Taik the net oot ov the boax. Ure luvin Wolras.*"

"Partan Face" appreciated sentiment.

Togle crouched at his master's feet with his tail between his legs. "The Walrus" patted the animal gently upon the head and then jerked his thumb in the direction of the cottage. The dog barked and was off like the wind.

The men trudged townwards, with the skipper blowing in the rear. The fishing cottages hung close on the lip of the sea, and they had not far to go before they reached the off-shots of Devil's Square. A buzzing noise rose and fell from the neighbourhood of "The Alley." The women were in arms, but useless. They resented intrusion, but were powerless to prevent it, so they hurled imprecations upon the officer of the law, and soothed their indignation in mingled jeer and song.

The shadow of "Muckle Jock" fell dark across the doorway of the thatched homestead as "The Walrus" turned down the opening at the foot of "The Alley." When he entered the house the water-bailiff was standing disconsolate. His wife's clenched fist was within an inch of his nose, and the wagging of her tongue was making a noise akin to the clanging of a broken bell.

The officer appealed to the lord of the house.

"It's my dooty," he said with a nasal American twang, "and Oi must do it."

He flourished the paper authoritatively. "The Walrus" glanced furtively towards the chest, but did not speak.

"There's naething here, sae ye can jist pit yer bit dirty blue paper in yer pooch agin an' walk oot," exclaimed the woman, with a brazen face. "Naebody askit ye tae come in."

The husband came to the rescue. Togle had rubbed his nose against his legs and he had noticed that the note was gone.

"Ye can look, 'Muckle Jock,' but be quick aboot it."

The bailiff searched high and low. Coal house and hen house did not escape. He even glanced below both beds. At last he came to the chest. The lid lifted with a creak. It was empty, and "The Walrus" breathed an audible sigh of relief.

"They've been here," said the searcher, pointing to the fish scales which lay thick on the sides of the box.

"Herrin' man, Jock! herrin'! Yer ig'orance is awfu.'"

Jock snorted, and asked for a candle.

"What tae dae?" enquired Lisbeth, querulously.

"Oi want to look up above."

"The deil ye dae. An set the hoose a fire."

"The Walrus" struck a match and lit a candle. The ladder groaned beneath the weight of the bailiff. A puff of air from a hole in the roof blew out the light. The clumsy invader slipped and fell head first into an open sack of flour. He emerged blind and spluttering, white as a miller.

Lisbeth was furious.

"Whae can bake efter that, ye auld dirty powtering orange-box?" she yelled, rushing at him with a broom-stick.

For answer there came a big silence. "Muckle Jock" had fled.

"Where did ye pit it, Leesbeth, where did ye pit it?" asked "The Walrus" anxiously.

She looked at him and laughed. Then taking him by the arm she led him forward to the fire, over which hung a huge boiling pot, and lifting the lid, whispered in a self-satisfied tone,

"Boilin' water canna dae a net ony ill, an' Sunday's kail 'ill be a' the better for a wee bit flavour o' salmon."

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1898.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

Notes and News.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—In our advertising columns of the present issue, we desire to draw the attention of our readers to two points which may probably prove of much interest to those more immediately concerned :

FIRST, to BOOK-BUYERS.—A List of Border Books—*old*, *rare*, and *scarce*—will be given from month to month. The list is made up from well-known and reliable catalogues.

SECOND, to ADVERTISERS.—An arrangement is now being made by which advertisers may have an opportunity of keeping their Business Cards before the public, from month to month, in a way that is both effective and extremely moderate as to scale of charges. We have made a beginning with BERWICK and HAWICK, but we hope to overtake next month all the other Border towns and districts. Terms: 2/ per inch space per month, or 20/ per annum, on application to the Publishers.

LITERARY NOTE.—A book of special interest at the present time, when West Africa bulks so largely in public affairs, is *Mungo Park*, a forthcoming volume of Messrs Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier's *Famous Scots* series. With the romantic story of the great Scottish traveller, is interwoven the history of the Niger and of the British and French settlements there. The author—Mr. T. Banks Maclachan—gives a short but complete sketch of the spread of French dominion in that region, and the history of this movement is brought down to the present day.

NEW WORK BY REV. A. J. B. PATERSON.—Bliss, Sands & Co., the famous London publishers, have accepted a new work from the pen of an Innerleithen man, the minister of the East U.P. Church, Duns. Mr. Paterson is to be congratulated on having a book accepted by a firm which takes only work that is considered of first-rate promise and merit. We understand that it is a spiritual allegory, of the type which has made Coulson Kernachan's name a household word. The title of it is "A God beyond all—after all," and will be out in March. The first edition is to run into several thousands, and the price will be one shilling per copy.

THE MODERATOR-ELECT OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—The Rev. Thomas Leishman, D.D., minister of Linton, having been nominated Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, his parishioners embraced the opportunity of showing in a tangible form their respect and admiration for him as their minister on the occasion of his being nominated to that high and honourable position. A deputation waited on him at the manse on Saturday, when Mr. Robert Oliver of Lochside, after referring to Dr. Leishman's long and honourable connection with the parish, which now shared in the honour conferred upon him, handed him a handsome sum of money, and at the same time made a suitable present to Miss Leishman. Dr. Leishman feelingly replied for himself and his daughter.

Border Reminiscences. VIII.—An Old-World Dominie.

"Of all professions that this world has known,
From clowns and cobblers upwards to the throne;
From the great architects of Greece and Rome,
Down to the framer of a farthing broom,
The worst for care and undeserved abuse,
The first in real dignity and use,
(If skilled to teach and diligent to rule)
Is the learned master of a little school."

IT will not, I trust, be deemed ungenerous if I here set down some borrowed memories of one who, long ago, played his part in the moulding of the men and manners of his age. As the incidents I am about to relate find their origin in the latter half of last century, it will be readily understood that they present in some ways a contrast to the *regime* of modern educational method. Moreover, they were borne to me by one who lived in what he called the "guid auld days whan there wis nae Brods, an' nae Spectres." Nor should the standard of the present day be applied to a time when culture was generally on a lower level, though men, according to their advantage and means, did their duty in all reason and conscience. It were strange indeed if a century's growth had not heightened and widened the educational outlook. All praise to the *ideal* Parochial system of Scotland! It was just in danger of being lost when Dominie Ainslie—"a poor, hard-toiling, ill-provided man, careless of what vulgar men toil for,"—taught his little school at Mossend, and left his mark on the training and traditions of an honest peasantry.

Mossend Side-School was maintained by the Fergusons of Bearhope Hall in the interests of the outlying parts of our parish. It had a clay floor once true to the spirit level, but now gracefully hollowed to the resemblance of a miniature switchback. The roof was covered with thatch as far as the ridge, which was laid with turf, wherein germinated the seeds of chickweed, groundsel, and other scourges of the soil. The interior was annually whitened with streaky lime. The joists were floored above for the sake of warmth. Two windows, every pane of which was either cracked or patched with brown paper, looked over Meldrum Road. The huge open hearth was in winter-time heaped with odorous peat. Around the walls were set forms squat and unsteady. And yet it is recorded in the Statistical Account of the Parish that "the building is a credit to the munificence of the donor, who, on the representation of the minister, has provided the school with a fireplace."

The pedagogue who, skilled to rule, had command of this delightful seminary was a man with a history. He had fought in several campaigns during the American War of Independence. He had been so crippled that he could not *walk* without a crutch, though he could creep or climb ever so nimbly if occasion required. He had lost the sight in his left eye, and a badly-healed scar immediately over it gave him a grotesque, if not a slightly repulsive appearance. When the martial spirit moved within him, he would "shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won," to the dread and awe of his quaking pupils. It seemed to them a mystery that he could dispense with his support in the hour of supreme effort. A kind of "rough sarcasm" played upon his lips as he thus addressed his juvenile squad:—"Lazy lubbarts that ye are! I do my dooty and lead ye to the cannon's mouth. But there's nae grit in ye. Where would ye be in the day of battle? Fireside defenders! Varmint that ye are! Stand to yere guns! Britons never will be slaves." And then with "Shoulder arms" he would elicit a hearty cheer. "Bursting ever and anon into all kinds of fierce sincerity," he would describe how his regiment led the van where direst danger menaced and manly "dooty" called.

When Mr. Ainslie was bound by the spell of this harangue, he had a habit of standing at full length before the fire. At intervals he ordered supplies of peat to be brought from the stack at the end of the school. Some boys are by nature inventive, and brave deeds bravely told rouse even little souls to enthusiastic emulation. The son of the gamekeeper at Bearhope Hall had thought of a plan to raise an imitation siege. He had inserted some powder in one of the peats which he brought to the fireside. As the general ordered his troops to advance, and at the command, "Commence firing," Davie Little threw the explosive peat on to the fire. The shot floored the old man, while the room was filled with sulphurous fumes. It was some time before the humour of the situation was realized. "Coward," cried Mr. Ainslie, "to shoot a man from ahint. A keeper may shoot through a hole in the hedge. A soldier, sir, meets the enemy face to face." No more work could be done that day, and Davie's method of procuring a half-holiday was warmly applauded.

On another occasion when the huntsmen and hounds—always so attractive to boys—were in

the vicinity of the school, it was unanimously agreed—by girls as well as boys—that the Dominie be requested to grant "leave out," that all might view the chase. Mr. Ainslie was quite as fond of the sport as any of his pupils, but he had taken on this particular day a dignified idea of his sense of *dooty* and would allow none to usurp his authority. The school must go on with its "tasks" as usual. He himself might steal glances through the eccentric panes.

Now, there was in the ceiling a trap door, *i.e.*, a way to the second or attic floor. Some of the boys saw there a way of escape—not through the trap-door, but in this wise. They agreed to make pretence that they observed something remarkable peering over the edge of the doorway in the roof, and ever and anon to look knowingly above. For a time Mr. Ainslie tried to descry the object of this furtive view. Curiosity was roused within him as he noted the alternate upward and downward glance. He insisted that someone should bring him the ladder from the side of the peat-stack, so that he might look aloft and ascertain the reason of such extraordinary behaviour. Davie Little instantly obeyed the summons, and set up the ladder by which the Dominie should climb or creep. All sat in breathless silence while Davie held the ladder steady. When Mr. Ainslie had just left the topmost rung to grope his way in the darkness above, the ladder was gently removed—and the school dismissed itself unceremoniously. The huntsmen and hounds were afield. The merry voices of the "children let loose" did not suggest to any of the red-coated riders that in durance vile was kept the master of the situation, whose anger at the usurpation of his authority was less than his discomfiture in not witnessing one of the best "runs" of the season. In the words of that pathetic poem, the recital of which always brought tears to the eyes of Dr. Johnson, he

"Thought as a sage, but felt as a man."

It is said that Mr. Ainslie greatly delighted to debate matters social, political, or theological with Mr. Ford, the minister of the parish. The latter was a man greatly beloved by his people. As a preacher he was dry, but as a counsellor and friend in times of anxiety and sorrow he was greatly esteemed. The integrity of his life and character had a more benign influence than his weekly homilies. While the Seceders averred that he was a cold moderate in theology, they were ready to admit that he was a gentleman in manner, and a faithful ambassador of Him who went about "continually doing good—doing and thinking evil of none."

Our pedantic friend, whom we left rather ungraciously at Mossend even within "sound of the horn," was a frequent visitor at the Manse. His queries and "points of agreement and divergence" were often irksome to Mr. Ford. He had a harsh, abrupt way of raising discussion. It sometimes seemed as if he were more anxious to irritate and perplex the minister than to elucidate information. He was not a "mealy-mouthed man." A candid ferocity, if the case called it, was in him. He was what was termed a plain-spoken man, and for once he was paid in his own currency.

In passing what was familiarly known as the *glibe* one Saturday afternoon on his weekly call for our village schoolmaster, Mr. Ainslie saw the minister "saunt'rin'" by the side of the little brook which gives the first promise of that rapid-flowing stream which broadens to a river at the county town of Barmouth. Mr. Ford was rehearsing to himself the sermon for the following day. He always trusted to notes in the delivery of his lecture, but he "committed" the sermon. In those olden days, read sermons were like human hymns—a preparation and a plea for Rome.

After the usual introductory salutations, which, on the part of the minister, were always so courteous and graceful, the Dominie began:—"Weel, Maister Foord, I hae long had great diffeeculty in coming tae a proper understanding and comprehension of that ambiguous term, 'Anither o' the same,' which occurs several times in the Psalms o' Dawvid. It looks like tae me that only a college bred stoodent can deal with the original, and yere authority, Mr. Foord, would settle with me a very vexing question." The minister, from former experience, knew how to meet the query, and replied with affected tone and marked solemnity of manner,

"Do ye know auld John Tamson at the back o' the hill?"

"That I dae richt weel. I hae heard that his forbears and oors were distantly conneckit," replied the querist.

"Well," said Mr. Ford, "and how would you define his character? In other words, what kind of a man is he?"

Mr. Ainslie, perhaps with a slight thought of being witty, instantly affirmed, "I would ca' him an auld supperawnooat auld ideewat."

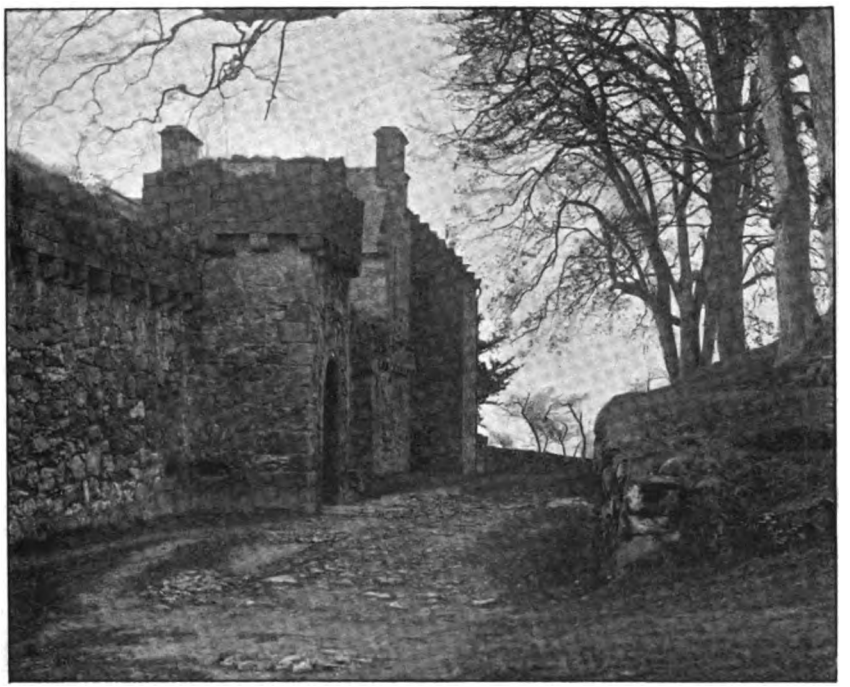
Quietly returned Mr. Ford: "Perhaps you are right, and perhaps you are 'anither o' the same.'"

The pedagogue, wriggling to his crutch, sped to the village, a sadder, and *perhaps* a wiser man.

This type of schoolmaster is almost, if not altogether, extinct. No incapacitated aspirant to genteel employment may now hope for admission to the ranks of the educational profession. It was for long a lingering idea that as a last avenue to the circle of society and fine broad-cloth, one might approach the gate by which Dominie Ainslie reached the lower heights of fame.

It is said that when Mr. Wellwood paid his annual visit to the farmers of the parish in order to collect the local rates, he was wont to affirm, in view of the comparative luxury of the farm-house, that Schulemaisters had tae sup thin kail. Since those days the status and emoluments of the teacher have gradually advanced, till at the present day the profession is worthy of the best faculties of head, and heart, and hand. The nation has at length realized that in the diminution of crime and a more general distribution of material good, the education of its people is its thriftiest handmaid, and its most abiding stimulus and aid to their moral weal. The motto of our School Board suggested by the Rev. Mr. Wallace—himself one of the most genial and cultured of men—is indelibly stamped in letters of sharpest die: "Education elevates the manners, and enhances the dignity of human life."

A. T. G.



From Photo by George Cleland, ENTRANCE TO TILLIETUDLEM. Leith.

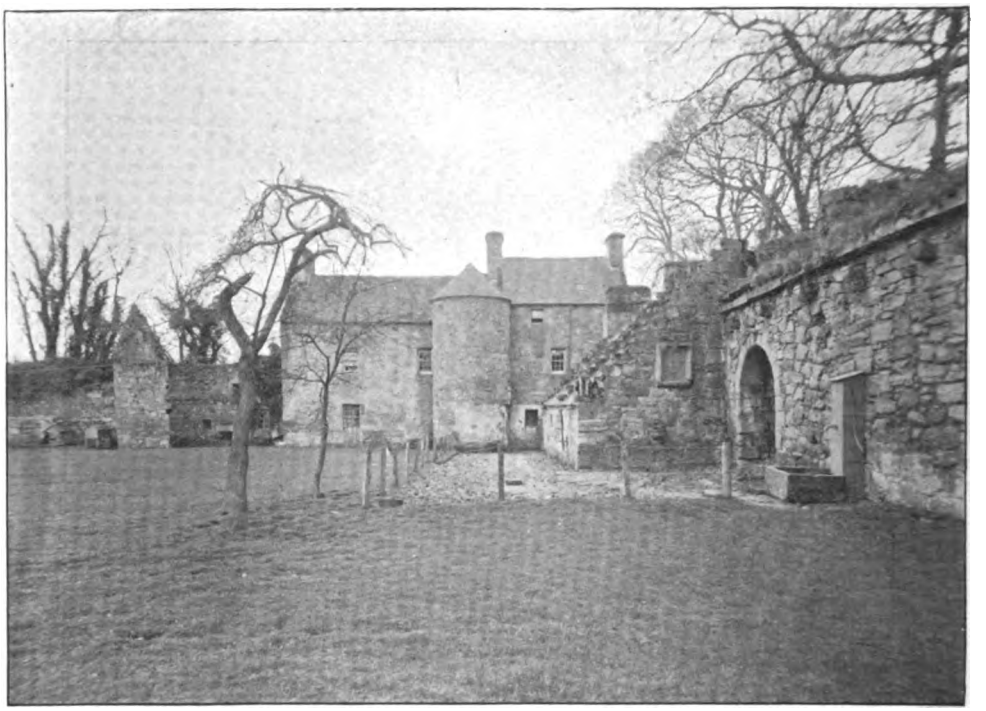
Craignethan.

BY GEORGE CLELAND.

THAT Scott, in describing the fictitious "Tillietudlem," adhered closely to detail as he found it in the actual castle of Craignethan, is the fond belief of the thousands who every summer visit the old ruin and the picturesque bit of Clydesdale in which it is situated. For this belief there is every warrant; the various incidents of the story might have occurred on that scene, without a stretching of possibilities topographical or otherwise. The deliberate adoption of the name of "Tillietudlem" by the Caledonian Railway Company for their station in the neighbourhood is, however, a step of very questionable propriety. This attempt to oust the genuine and historic place-name for the imaginary one of the novelist, even though he is Scott, is resented we believe by the Earl of Home, to whom Craignethan belongs; and his objection must be shared by all who care for the history of our land, and prefer the limits of fact and fiction to be kept clearly defined.

On its own merits the castle is of sufficient interest, and is situated amidst scenery with all

the charms of a deeply wooded glen and steep rugged craigs. The river is the Nethan, which, rising on the borders of Ayrshire, falls 1,350 feet on its thirteen-mile course. The castle stands on a precipitous bank about a mile above the junction of the river with the Clyde. It is most easily reached from the station of Tillietudlem, but from the village of Crossford, on the Lanark road, a footpath up the glen forms an attractive walk to it. Approached from this point, the castle ruins strike the visitor's eye and imagination perhaps more effectively. Consisting of courtyard, stabling and outhouses, with four square towers at each angle of the massive walls enclosing the whole, it is easy still to picture the characters of Scott's story playing their parts within it. The tower at the south east angle is the largest, having evidently been the keep, the most defensible portion of the castle; that in which its lord and superior would have his actual residence, and to which, in case of attack of the stronghold, the actual last struggle would have to be fought. The principal apartments can still be located. A banqueting hall, the kitchen with its inevitable huge fireplace, serving hatch and other arrangements. These have been made out by the judicious renovations carried out by direction of the Earl of Home. The vaults and basement of the keep are of course an interesting feature. A well in the centre of one of these lower vaulted chambers is evidently of great depth, the local tradition being that it descends to the level of the Nethan, and thus secured the garrison of a supply of water in case of a siege. Tradition has the usual tales of "deeper dungeons" to which it gave access, and in which the unhappy wretches who had incurred the displeasure of the "bold baron" of feudal times, were hopelessly immured. Separating the keep from the courtyard there has been a moat, or at any rate a dry ditch which must have been crossed by a draw-bridge. The view from the castle walls is both wide and beautiful, answering well to the description of it as viewed by Lady Margaret Bellenden and her household. "The view downwards is of a grand woodland character, but the level ground and gentle slopes near the river form cultivated fields of an irregular shape, interspersed with hedgerow, trees, and copses, the enclosures seeming to have been individually cleared out of the forest which surrounds them, and which occupies in unbroken masses the steeper declivities and more distant banks. The



From Photo by George Cleland, TILLIETUDLEM: THE HOUSE IN THE SOUTH-WEST ANGLE, AND THAT OFFERED TO SIR WALTER SCOTT AS A RESIDENCE. Leith.

stream—in colour a clear and sparkling brown, like the hue of the cairngorm pebbles—rushes through this romantic region in bold sweeps and curves, partly visible and partly concealed by the trees which clothe its banks."

The earliest mention we have of the castle and lands of "Draffane," as they are called in the earlier records, is in 1538, when these were bestowed on Sir James Hamilton of Fynnart, and it is considered that he would add to the renewal and dimension where necessary. The castle, with that of Hamilton in 1579, was forfeited for some treasonable doings of the Hamiltons. It 1585 it was given back to them, but from that date little has been done in the upkeep. It was sold in 1661, with some of the land, by Anne, Duchess of Hamilton, to Andrew Hay, of the family of Tweeddale, who built the house in the south-west angle, and this is the same that was offered to Sir Walter Scott as a residence. In 1730 the castle and lands were purchased by the Douglases, whose descendant, the present Earl of Home, retains possession.

In the local history of the district and the castle, it is perhaps unnecessary to say that there are no recorded facts upon which Scott built the story of "Old Mortality." This has not, however, prevented his readers seeking to identify other places in the neighbourhood of Craignethan with those introduced in its pages. Dalserf is, however, correctly styled in the story, and its situation is in every way appropriate to the incidents associated with it.

The Proverbs of the Waverley Novels.

I.

IN the smoking compartment of a railway carriage there occurred, not very long ago, the following incident during the sixty-five minutes' run of the express between Edinburgh and Glasgow. The compartment was so fully occupied that there was room for only one more passenger. Just as the train was moving off, a young man rushed along the platform, pulled open the door, banged himself inside, and inserted his personality into the vacant seat referred to.

"Close shave!" observed an old man to the belated traveller who sat directly opposite.

"Close shave, indeed."

Nothing more was said as the company prepared to "light up" for smoking. The belated traveller, still hot and red, pulled out of his pocket a cigar-case, extracted a cigar, applied a match, and commenced operations. The cigar operated upon was of such unusual size that it attracted the notice of the other smokers, but no remark was made. At length the old man opposite broke silence. "Eh, man," said he, "that's an uncommon big ceegar. I wonder ye can stand sae muckle raw tobacco in your mouth at yince. It wou'd coup me a'thegether."

"Very likely," was the quiet reply, "but ye forget the proverb—" one man's meat is another man's poison.'"

The proverb closed the conversation. Except a "grumph" or two about the bad weather, there was nothing more said until the train stopped at Eglinton Street to "lift the tickets." As the old man rose to leave the train, he hazarded this remark to the company in general —"That auld saying was a settler; it saved a' needcessity for argument."

Not a bad illustration of the meaning and use of a proverb which is simply a short pithy saying, embodying the experience or wisdom of many compressed into the wit and readiness of one. Probably had our friend of the big cigar not enunciated the proverb at starting, there would in all likelihood have been an animated discussion on the merits or demerits of big and little cigars in particular, or of tobacco in general. But the proverb, being so full of argument on both sides of the question, saved all "needcessity" for such argument by simply saying, in effect, "Yes, that's all very well, but the fact remains, if a little cigar suits you, a big one suits me. What may be poison to you is meat to me, and there's an end on't."

Every country has its own proverbs. Of those in use among European people, the Spaniards are believed to have the largest number. In one of the most recently published novels descriptive of Spanish life, namely, Mr. Merriman's "In Kedar's Tents," one of the characters in the novel uses a great number of proverbs. For example, "The rat which has only one hole is soon caught;" "Where the fox is will be found the stolen fowl;" "Where the river is deepest it makes the least noise," and so on.

Regarding the proverbs of Scotland, which probably come next in number to those of Spain, it may be said that they are characterised by a certain shrewdness which marks them off as preeminently national. More than this, however, they are direct, idiomatic, and generally full of humour. No reader of the Waverley Novels can fail to note not only how frequently Sir Walter uses proverbs, but also how aptly such use brings the meaning out of what he is saying or what he wants to say. Without many proverbs writes he not a single novel. Collected,

arranged, and classified according to subjects, these proverbs cover nearly the whole range of human life and personal character as depicted in these famous works. While we cannot hope to overtake, in the present series of papers, all the old sayings employed, both by himself and others, we shall at least try to collect as many of them as may serve to show some aspects of Sir Walter's proverbial philosophy in describing human life and human character. To begin with, let us see how he employs the proverbs in the every-day experiences of eating, drinking, hospitality, and other kindred subjects.

The observance of hospitality is duly enforced, while the non-observance of it comes in for some pretty plain speaking. After Angus M'Aulay had delivered the message to Sir Duncan Campbell, in "A Legend of Montrose," he at the same time intimated that the cavalier who was to accompany him was waiting, and that all was prepared for the return to Inveraray. Sir Duncan rose up very indignantly; the affront which this message implied deeply incensed him. "I little expected this," he said, looking angrily at M'Aulay. "I little thought that there was a chief in the West Highlands who would have bid the Knight of Ardenvohr leave his castle when the sun was declining. . . But, farewell, sir, the food of a churl does not satisfy the appetite."

A very different house seems to have been kept by Magnus Troil, in "The Pirate"—a house "where the punch-kettle is never allowed to cool." There can be no excuse accepted for want of time in offering hospitality, for there is much truth in the proverb that meat and mass never hindered work. In "Anne of Geirstein," Arthur Philipson is admitted into the palace and told that as soon as he has tasted of the royal provision he is to have an audience of the Queen. The young Englishman would fain refuse, but the attendant leaves him no choice. "Meat and mass," he adds, "never hindered work. It is perilous to youth to journey too far on an empty stomach." Meg Dods goes to consult her lawyer, the Sheriff-Clerk of Marchthorn. "Happy will I be to serve you, my guid auld acquaintance," said the Clerk, "but sit you down, sit you down, sit you down, Mrs. Dods. Meat and mass never hindered wark." In "Rob Roy" Inverashalloch observes to his companion, "It's time we were ganging to our lads." "Hoot awa," replied Galbraith, "we'll no' start for another chappin." But Inverashalloch declines, pleading as an excuse that it is time they were moving. "What the deevil are ye in sic a hurry for?" replied Galbraith, "Meat and mass never hindered wark."

In "Quentin Durward," Louis XI. is waiting, not without a sense of amusement, until Quentin has satisfied the keenness of youthful appetite. "Go on," says the King. . . . "Charge again. I tell thee that meat and mass never hindered the work of a good Christian man."

This "empty stomach" question crops up so frequently that it may pass into a proverb. In the interview, just quoted a few lines above, between Meg Dods and her lawyer, the latter tells her to take plenty of time to state the object of her visit "Be it what you like," he observes, "you are right heartily welcome here, and we have a' the day to speak o' the business in hand. It's ill treating of business with an empty stomach." Dr. Luke Lundin, in "The Abbot," advises Roland Græme to take some refreshment before setting out for the castle on Lochleven. "As your friend and physician," he remarks, "I hold it unfit you should face the water breeze with an empty stomach."

Akin to this hospitable and sensible advice is the well-known proverb to the effect, that "It's ill speaking between a full man and a fasting." To quote again from "Quentin Durward," the King says to the young Life Guardsman, "Thy watch is not yet over. Refresh thyself for an instant—yonder table affords the means. I will then instruct thee in thy further duty. Meanwhile it is ill talking between a full man and a fasting."

In the weird and "creepy' story of "Wandering Willie's Tale," the figure of Redgauntlet tells M'Callum to bring the pipes to Steenie. But Steenie declines to play, urging as an excuse that he feels faint and frightened, with not wind enough to fill the bag. "Then ye maun eat and drink, Steenie," replied Redgauntlet, "for we do little else here, and it's ill speaking between a fu' man and a fasting."

Dinner at last when fasting and fu' are both on an equality. That doesn't seem to have been a very hearty or happy dinner party where Christie of the Clinthill, in "The Monastery," calls out—"What, ho, my masters! Are ye Border riders, and sit as mute over your meal as a mess of monks and friars! Some one sing, if no one list to speak. Meat eaten without either mirth or music is ill of digestion." Sir Walter gives us many interesting dinner scenes, but our present study confines us to those out of which arises either a proverb or a saying which may be turned into a proverb. In the closing lines of "The Fortunes of Nigel," we almost sniff the perfume coming from the kitchen, and this is probably the reason why the King hurries over the ceremony of knighting one of the most

amusing characters in the novel. "Rise up, Sir Richard Moniplies of Castle Collop! and my lords and lieges, let us all to our dinner, for the cock-a-leekie is cooling." The cock a-leckie reminds us of another incident in the same story. Says George Heriot to the old watchmaker, "Davie, remember your bond, and use me not as you did when my housewife had the sheep's head and the cock-a-leekie boiling for you as late as two of the clock afternoon."

"She had the more credit by her cookery," answered David Ramsay: "a sheep's head over-boiled were poison, according to our saying."

The sheep's head over-boiling comes up again in "Rob Roy," where Bailie Nicol Jarvie invites Frank Osbaldistone to a one o'clock dinner. "What made ye sae late? asks the Bailie as his guest, a little late, at last turns up: "It has chappit ane the best feck o' five minutes bygane. Mattie has been twice at the door wi' the dinner, and weel for you it was a tup's head, for that canna suffer by delay. A sheep's head ower muckle boiled is rank poison, as my worthy father used to say—he likit the lug o' ane weel, honest man."

One of the most amusing incidents in the novel of "Old Mortality" is that where Cuddie Headrigg leads the assault on Tillietudlem. Knowing the whereabouts of the place he is trying to get an entrance by a pantry window. But Jenny Dennison, who had ensconced herself in the said pantry as the likeliest place of safety, gets a sight of Cuddie's head. Setting up a hysteric scream, she flies to the adjacent kitchen, seizes on a pot of kail-brose, returns with it to the pantry and discharges the scalding contents of the pot upon the person of the unfortunate Cuddie. However welcome the mess might have been in other circumstances, the effects, as administered by Jenny, would probably have cured her admirer of soldiering for ever had he been looking upward when the scalding brose was thrown upon him. But, fortunately, on hearing Jenny's scream he had commenced to retreat. Protected, too, by his steel cap and buff coat he reached the ground scatheless. Neither threats nor persuasion could induce him to return to the attack.

This inglorious retreat on the part of Cuddie was frequently brought to his recollection by the mischievous Jenny in a way that has become one of the proverbial sayings of the Waverley Novels. "Fare ye weel, Jenny," said Cuddie, as his sweetheart left Tillietudlem with the rest of the party. "Ye'll think o' puir Cuddie sometimes—an honest lad that lo'es ye, Jenny. Ye'll think o' him now and then?"

"Whiles — at brose time," answered the damsel, unable either to suppress the repartee or the arch smile which attended it. In various forms this proverbial repartee comes up against Cuddie. For example, near the close of the novel, when he and Jenny are married and comfortably settled, he one night asks her why she is not getting supper ready. "What for are ye no getting forrit wi' the sowens?"

"Never mind, lad," rejoined Jenny, "ye sall hae them in gude time. I ken weel that ye like your brose het."

Temperance is enjoined in the proverbial philosophy of the Waverley Novels. "Does your honour like cheese?" asks Jeanie Deans of the Duke of Argyll, who had so warmly befriended her on her famous mission to London. "Like it!" replied the Duke, whose good nature anticipated what was to follow. "Cakes and cheese are a dinner for an emperor, let alone a Highlander." About to offer her guest a "dish of tea," Meg Dods discovers that Tyrrel's bottle is not yet empty. "Ye arena done wi' your wine yet!" Tyrrel, however, declares that he has got all he wanted, and desires Mrs. Dods to remove the bottle, assuring her at the same time that the wine is excellent and all right. "An' what for dinna ye drink it then?" asked Meg sharply. "Folk should never ask for mair than they can make a gude use o'."

The oft quoted proverb "Enough is as good as a feast," is used by Waverley in a figurative sense, when he tells Colonel Talbot that he has had plenty of fighting, and that, so far as he was concerned, enough was as good as a feast. Sometimes there is not enough, however, and here it is where hunger comes in. With reference to the pinched housekeeeping at Wolf's Crag, Caleb Balderston tries to make the most and the best of it. "What signifies tellin' a lee? There's just the hinder end o' the mutton ham that has been but three times on the table. The nearer the bone the sweeter." There is much philosophy, and more consolation, in Caleb's proverb.

Poor Dominie Sampson is "switherin" as to partaking of the savoury stew which Meg Merrilies has prepared. Afraid of "eye of newt and toe of frog," the Dominie had determined not to venture, but the smell of the stew was fast melting his obstinacy. "Hunger and fear are excellent casuists," as Sir Walter remarks while the Dominie "wires in," and shovels away most manfully.

"Now ye maun tak a dram," says Meg.

"I will," quoth Sampson. "I thank you heartily," for he thought to himself he was in for a

penny in for a pound, and so he fairly drank the witch's health in a cupful of brandy.

Coming to the other side of the question of temperance, we land among a great many proverbial expressions with reference to prodigality, intemperance, and the other evils in their train. Meg Dods describes some of her guests as "daft callants. When the drink was in, the wit was out. You can never put an auld head on young shouthers. A young cowt will canter, be it up hill or down—and what for no?" Observe how proverbially Meg Dods is in the habit of talking. In addition to the wine we have the auld head and the young cowt—all well-known proverbial expressions. Recommending the monk to be careful in the matter of supplying wine to the soldiers of the garrison, Wilkin Flammock, in "The Betrothed," observes—"Wine, as thou knowest, is like fire and water, an excellent servant but a very bad master."

A popular variation of the proverb, "When the wine is in, the wit is out," is that of "when the maut's abune the meal." Young Gilliewhackit, shortly before his marriage, is riding home one night in the state described by the proverb, when he is seized and carried off by Donald Bean Lean. The whisky had gone to his head, leaving the more solid portion of the hospitality he had been enjoying to remain below in the stomach to digest at leisure. A similar incident occurs in "Redgauntlet," where the Laird of Summertrees and Provost Crosbie are sitting talking after dinner. The Provost makes some foolish remark, whereupon his wife observes, "Come, come, Provost, if the maut gets abune the meal with you, it is time for me to take myself away."

Over the wine cup there comes another proverb of frequent expression in the Waverley Novels. It seems to be of Highland origin. In "The Bride of Lammermoor," Bucklaw and Craigengelt are sitting over their wine when the latter has some long story to tell. He is interrupted, however, by Bucklaw, who tells him to fill himself a "brimmer of my auld auntie's claret, rest her heart! and, as the Highlandman says, 'Skioch doch na skiaill,'"—that is "Cut a drink with a tale," equivalent to the proverb, "Don't preach over your liquor." The same expression, but in inverted order, occurs in "Quentin Durward," where Lord Crawford says to Andrew Arnot, "This is a long tale of yours, and we will cut it with a drink, as the Highlander says."

Opening "The Bride of Lammermoor" once more, we come upon an expressive proverb in illustration of the danger of intemperance. Asking where he could find the sexton, Ravenswood is told by one of the old women, "Johnnie Mortsheugh dwells near the Tod's Hole, a house of entertainment where there has been mony a blythe birling—for death and drink-draining are near neighhours to ane anither."

But after all this eating and drinking, with their pleasures and penalties, let us rise and take the "doch an doris," or, to put the proverb into plain Scotch, "Do as the cow o' Forfar did, take a standing drink." Regarding this incident, old Mr. Fairford, in "Redgauntlet," makes the following professional statement:—"It was decided in a case before the town bailies of Cupar-Angus, when Luckie Simpson's cow had drunk up Luckie Jamieson's browst of ale, while it stood at the door to cool, that there was no damage to pay, because the crummie drank without sitting down: such being the very circumstance constituting 'Doch an dorroch,' which is a standing drink for which no reckoning is paid."

Whittingham Vale.*

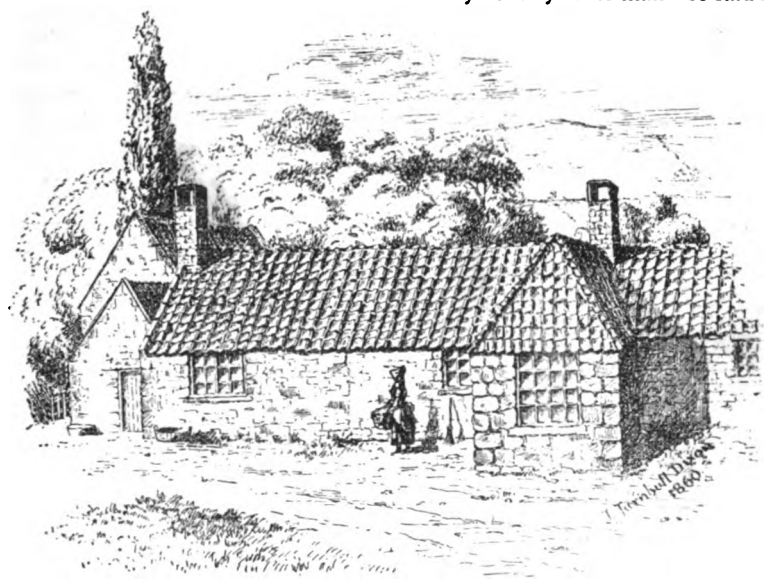
UNDER this title the author has produced a book of no common interest for readers on both sides of the Border line. The Vale of Whittingham forms the upper portion of Alndale, a lovely valley stretching from the Cheviots down to the coast of Northumberland, and extending throughout its course nearly twenty miles. In addition to a graphic description of the natural features of the vale, Mr. Dixon also relates its history, its folk-lore, its traditions, and its social customs. The old Border Wars, too, find a prominent place in these pages. As indicating the extreme hostile feeling that existed between England and Scotland in the auld riding days, we learn from Mr. Dixon's volume what is not generally known—namely, that in 1549 detachments of foreign troops and mercenaries were brought into Northumberland to assist in repelling an expected invasion from the North. Every pass in the Cheviots had its watch and ward, night and day, as we gather from such items as the following:

From Glanton to Old Bowycke to be watched with eight men nightly, of the Inhabitors of Crawlaye, Glanton, Shaddon. . . . Setters and Searchers: Anthony Rostone and the Bayliff of Beneleye.

After peace had been established, and raids and reiving were matters of the past, the Borderers settled down to peaceful pursuits. But

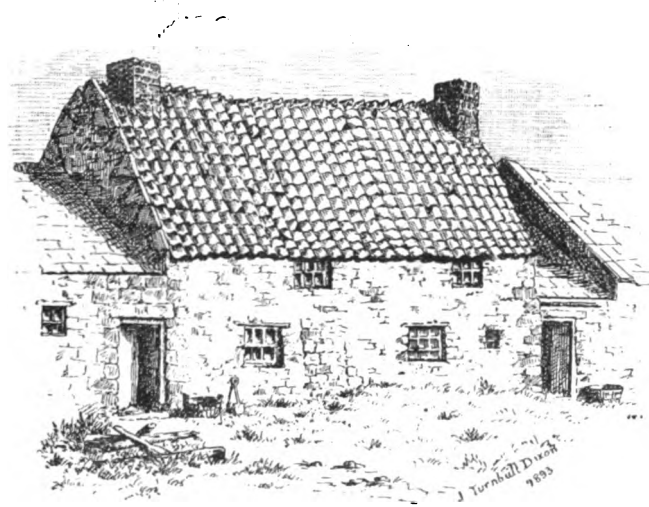
* "Whittingham Vale, Northumberland: Its History, Traditions and Folk Lore." By David Dippie Dixon. Illustrations by J. T. Dixon. Newcastle-on-Tyne: Robert Redpath.

the old war spirit was revived at the beginning of the present century, when the country was threatened with invasion from the French. Mr. Dixon tells some amusing stories connected with the lighting of the beacons in Alndale and Coquetdale.



COTTAGES AT WHITTINGHAM.

George Atkinson, yeoman of Alnham, was "fotherin'" when he saw the beacon fire on Ryle Hill, so he buckled on his armour, mounted his charger, and made for Caisley Moor, the rallying-point of the west countrymen. At Netherton there was great excitement. Tom Nevison, Captain Smart's serving man, better known as "The King o' the Causey," scoured round the outlying district and gathered all the stragglers in. Amusing excuses are said to have been given by several who did not care about going to the muster. For instance, Tom Bolane had "a pain iv his breest," but three glasses of whisky at the 'Fighting Cocks' soon cured him, and then he was open to fight "Bonny" or any other man—so said his neighbours. Willie Middlemas was seized with a violent pain, which nervous folk are liable to have during a thunderstorm; but no sooner did it become known that the alarm was false, than Willie at once set forth and joined the troop in time for dinner at Collingwood House. Jack Dixon's horse wanted shoeing. Whilst that was being done, the news came that it was a false alarm: nevertheless Jack



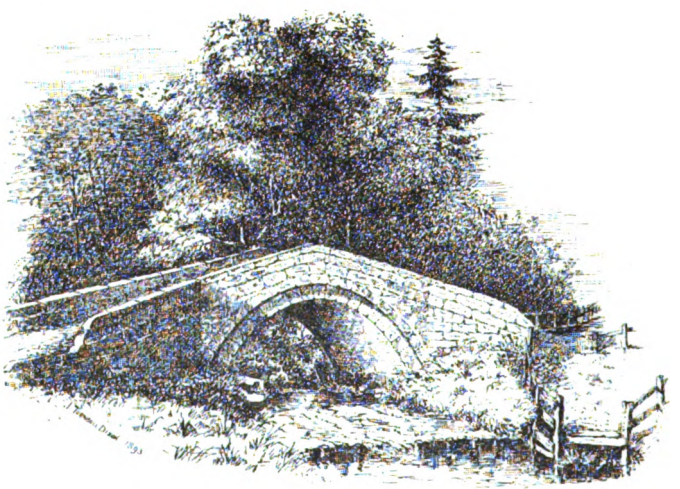
OLD FARM HOUSE AT MOUNTAIN.

boldly mounted, and was also with his troop at dinner time. At Collingwood House there was plenty of good cheer, and as it was wickedly reported, the troopers felt so much relieved that, having not to fight the French, they partook largely of the eatables and drinkables set before them, and very soon their spirits rose beyond all bounds.

Crawley Tower, an interesting structure of the old Border days, occupies an elevated site on the eastern ridge of Crawley Dene, and commands a fine view of the Vale of Whittingham. This Tower was at one period the residence of a Mr. Harrogate, of whom the following anecdote is told.

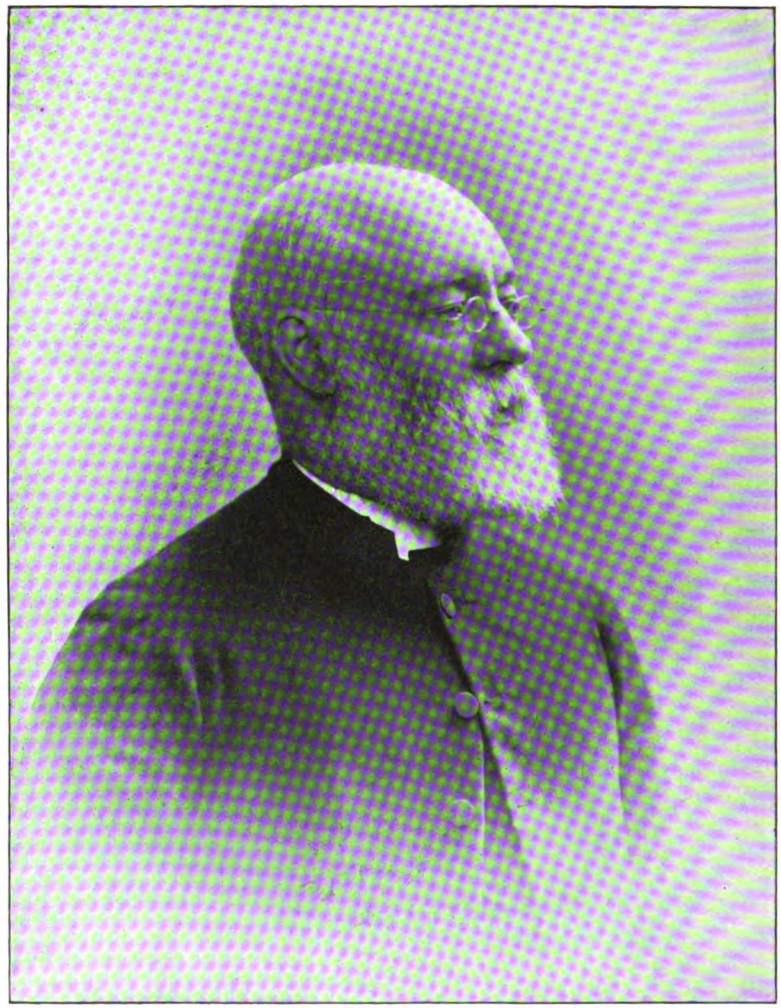
Mr. Harrogate possessed a remarkably fine white horse—*for he was not behind his neighbours in making excursions north of the Cheviots*—and the then proprietor of the Crawley Estate took so great a fancy to this beautiful charger, that, after finding that he could not tempt Harrowgate to sell him for money, he offered him the whole of this fine estate in exchange for the horse. But Mr. Harrowgate, in the true spirit of a Border rider, made him this bold reply: "I can *find* lands when I have use for them, but there is na sic a beast i' yon side o' the Cheviot, nor yet o' this, and I wad na part wi' him if Crawley were made o' gold." How little did the value of landed property appear in those days of trouble and inquietude, and how much less were the comforts of succeeding generations consulted. The only property of value then to a Borderer was his trusty arms and a fleet and active horse, and these seem to have been the only things appreciated by this old gentleman.

We regret that we have no space to spare for a few more quotations. A more quotable book we have not come across for a long time. Country fairs, kirn suppers, family histories, parish churches, marriage customs, old trees, rooks and rookeries, with many more matters, are all described. Not the least interesting chapter in the book is the last, entitled "Folk Lore," but the reader is referred to the work itself for an hour or two's real enjoyment. By the kindness of the author and publisher, we have the pleasure of introducing some of the illustrations of which there are five and twenty or so scattered throughout the text.



THE LADY'S BRIDGE.

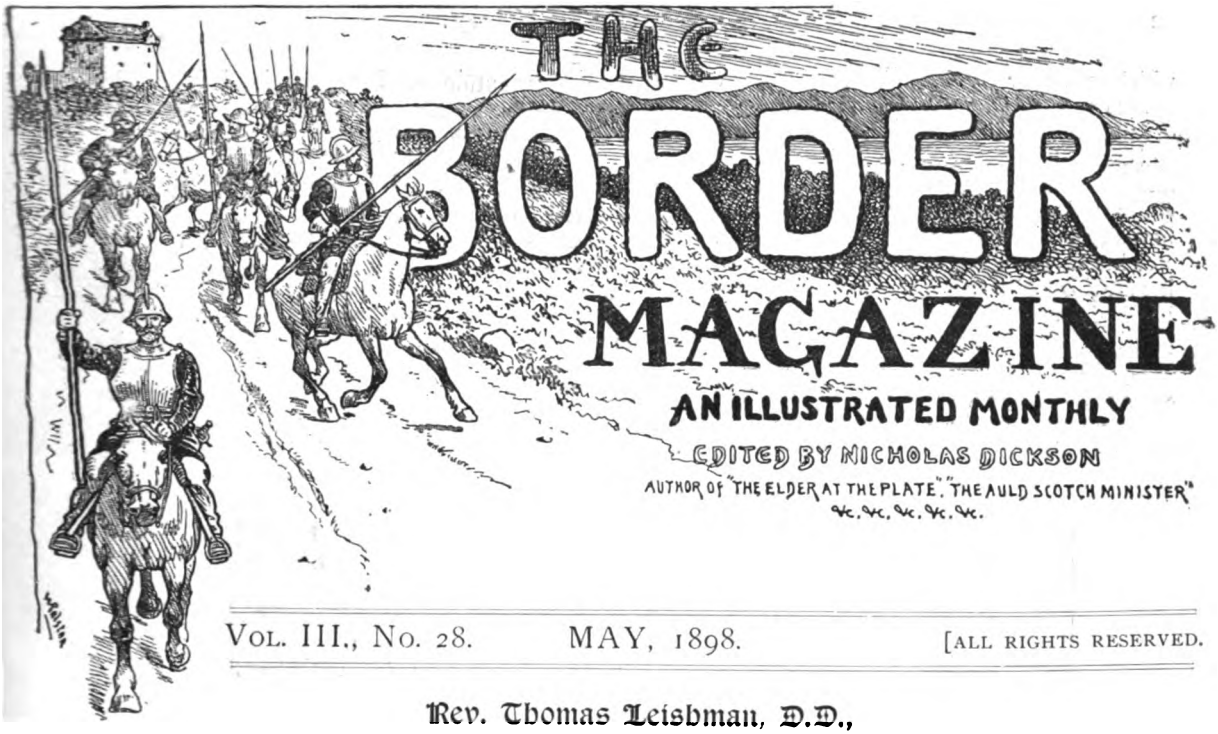
Glasgow: Carter & Pratt, Printers.



From Photo by Mackintosh, Kelso.

REV. THOMAS LEISHMAN, D.D.,

Moderator-Designate of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, 1898.



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Rev. Thomas Leishman, D.D.,

MODERATOR-DESIGNATE OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, 1898.

THE Border District of Scotland is specially honoured in being again called upon to provide the Moderator for the General Assembly of the Church. Last year the minister of Earlston occupied the chair; this year the minister of Linton is to fill that distinguished position. The selection which has been made by the College of Moderators, conveys a well-merited recognition of Dr. Leishman's high character as a scholar, a faithful minister, and a sagacious counsellor. He has long been regarded as one of the most prominent and cultured of the Scottish clergy; and in selecting him as Moderator of the General Assembly, it will be found that he will bring to bear upon that selection those qualities of wisdom, dignity and courtesy, which are so intimately associated with his name and character.

Dr. Leishman is a son of the manse, his father, Dr. Matthew Leishman, having been minister of Govan, and Moderator in 1858. He was born in 1825, educated at the High School and University of Glasgow, where he graduated Master of Arts. His first experience of ministerial work was as Assistant to the late Dr. M'Culloch of Greenock, formerly minister of Kelso, under whom he received an excellent pastoral training, and for whom he retains the greatest respect. In 1852 he was appointed to the parish of Collace, and after a short incumbency there he was translated to his present charge where he has remained since his settlement in 1855.

The manse of Linton nestles cosily in a snug hollow, and the church stands near it on a small eminence. From the top of that eminence, the view is a delightful and charming one. There is an expanse of rich meadowland and woodland: the village of Morebattle is seen straggling on a hill about a mile distant, and beyond, as a background, are the massive Cheviots.

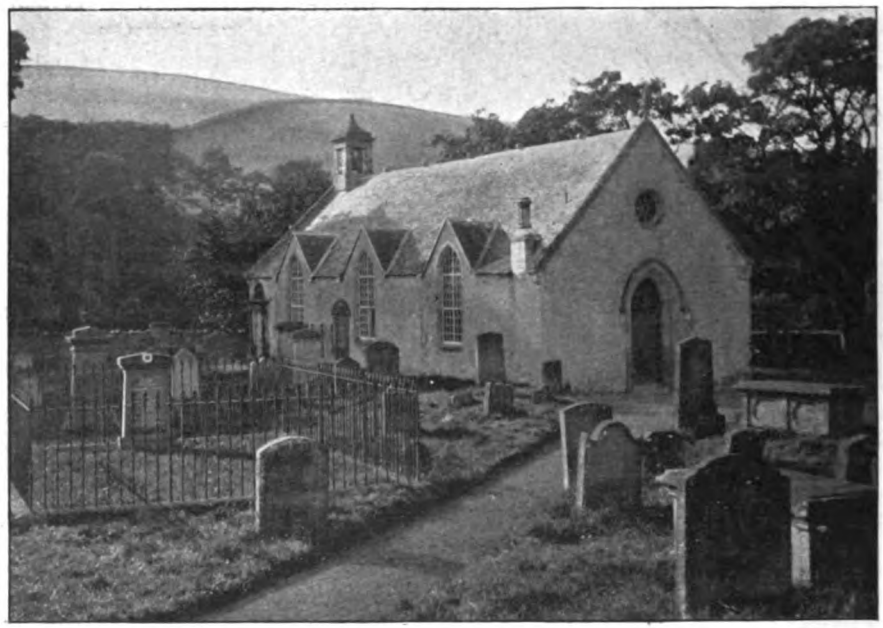
There are at least two noteworthy legends in connection with the parish of Linton. The first is that of "Wode Willie Sumerville" who valiantly slew the "worm" which devastated and terrified the whole countryside. He was the progenitor of the noble family of Somerville, and his exploit is commemorated on a carved weather-beaten stone built over the door of Linton Church. It looks somewhat like a local version of St. George and the Dragon. The other legend is that of the two sisters whose brother had slain a priest. To expiate this sin, the sisters were set the task of riddling the hill on which the Church is built. This is the legendary explanation of why the hill is composed of sand, almost without a stone, whilst the surrounding country is composed of ordinary arable land.

Linton Church is an unpretentious but neat little building. At the east end is an ancient chancel with handsome old carved oaken stalls,

which are now used as the family pew of the Elliots of Clifton. The pulpit is at the other or western end. On one of the walls, Dr. Leishman has had placed a tablet recording the names of the incumbents of the parish from the Reformation, beginning with Walter Balfour, minister in 1560, down to the present day. Dr. Leishman has also rescued from neglect the beautiful old Norman pre-Reformation Font, and has had it erected on a modern pedestal near the pulpit, where it now performs its proper functions.

Dr. Leishman is an acknowledged authority on the subject of the Liturgies and Ritual of the Christian Church. But though deeply versed in these branches of knowledge, he does not at the ordination of his son, the Rev. J. F. Leishman to be his assistant and successor in the office of the ministry. Then, the whole service—prayer, sermon, and addresses—was a model of taste, of devotional feeling, and felicitous language.

Regarding his writings Dr. Leishman has always been very reticent, and averse to publicity. But we find him acting as joint editor of "The Book of Common Order and Westminster Directory, 1868"; whilst among his own works may be mentioned "May the Kirk keep Pasche and Yule?" and "The Ritual of the Church of Scotland." In 1894-95 he was president of the Scottish Church Society, and several contri-



From Photo by Mackintosh.] LINTON PARISH CHURCH. [Kelso.

unduly magnify the place of ritual in public worship. His doctrinal standpoint may be described as that of a High Churchman; but he Ris not a itualist. Any changes that he would make in modes of worship, would only be restorations for the better, on old Scottish lines. He has no sympathy with an exaggerated ceremonialism, and he has kept the service in his own church of Linton exceedingly simple and plain. And yet, though there is simplicity, there are also stateliness and beauty in any service which he conducts. Never were these qualities more conspiciously displayed than on a most interesting occasion three years ago, when Dr. Leishman was the presiding presbyter

butions from his pen find a place in the published papers of that body. In a sphere somewhat different but affording, nevertheless, scope for the exercise of his antiquarian tastes he also figures conspicuously. He has been president of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, and from time to time his articles have added value to its transactions.

He possesses an enormous fund of information concerning ecclesiastical antiquities. He would have made an excellent professor, and indeed, on one occasion was a candidate for the Chair of Church History in Glasgow University when his friend and co-presbyter Dr. Lee was appointed. In that same University one of

Dr. Leishman's brothers was for long a distinguished professor in the Medical Faculty. But though Dr. Leishman's time as an academic teacher was not then, it came in 1896-7 and 1897-8 when, by appointment of the General Assembly, he held the post of Lecturer in Pastoral Theology in the four Universities of Scotland.

He was also selected to deliver the "Lee" lecture for 1897. For this, he chose the congenial subject of "The moulding of the Scottish Reformation." It is the latest of his publications, and it shows well the comprehensive grasp, the wide and accurate scholarship, and the ripe judgment which he brings to bear upon his literary work. Incidentally he deals with the thorny question of the true position of Knox in the great religious revolution. He holds that tradition has somewhat magnified the part which Knox played, and that historic accuracy and fairness require that fuller recognition be given to those other men who equally did their part and offered their sacrifice, and who, through the influence of an undoubtedly notable but obtrusive personality have been relegated to an undeserved obscurity.

But Dr. Leishman is more than a diligent student and an accomplished scholar: he is one of the most lovable of men. That he has won and kept the respect and esteem of his parishioners is evident from the presentation, referred to in these columns a month ago, made to him and Miss Leishman, through the medium of his venerable elder Mr. Oliver of Lochside. That he holds the affection also of his brethren of the Presbytery of Kelso is shown by the steps they are taking to express their sentiments towards him in an Address. He is one of the type of older parish ministers of whom the Church has every reason to be proud. And in no better way can his character be summed up than in the terse and exact description of him given by his life long friend, the well-known "A.K.H.B." of St. Andrews, in the pages of *Blackwood* a few years ago:—"Of Dr. Leishman, who is minister of a quiet pastoral parish in Roxburghshire, it is enough to say that when one seeks to picture the ideal country-parson, learned, devout, peace-loving, pretty close to the first meridian of clergyman and gentleman, many of us think of him."

From Photo by Mackintosh, LINTON PARISH CHURCH—DISTANT VIEW. Kelso

The Lost Bairn.

THE days are lengthening oot
An' the sun shines clear an' bricht,
But he rins nae mair aboot,
An' the hoose has lost its licht.
Oor bonnie bairnie's past and gane,
An' the hills are free frae snaw,
An' we are left to grieve oor lane
For oor laddie's gaen awa.

But he'll no come back nae mair,
Though the birdies sweetly sing,
An' a' Nature's face is fair
Wi' the coming o' the spring.
The trees will get their leaves o' green
An' the simmer flowers will blaw,
But oh, we miss his big blue een
For oor laddie's gaen awa.

His race it wasna' lang,
An' his little feet were sair,
An' the road he had to gang
Was awa frae a' oor care.
But we canna keep him now,
Though it breaks the heart in twa,
An' we kissed his snaw-white brow
When oor laddie gaed awa.

He'll play nae mair aboot the hills
Nor patter doon the brae,
He'll hear nae mair the gurgling rills
Nor gather up the slae.
The picture buik wi' fairy lands,
The rabbit on the wa'
Will never mak' him clap his hands
For oor laddie's gaen awa.

He canna' sport aboot at nune,
An' his bonnie een are dim,
But He wha guides the stars and mune
Kens aye what's best for him.
Oor wee bit snawdrap's blooming there
Where the cauld wunds never blaw,
But oh, oor hearts are sad an' sair,
Sin oor laddie gaed awa.

HAWICK. W. D.

Village Tales.

BY REV. ANDREW AITKEN, SHAPINSHAY.

II.

A STRANGE RESURRECTIONIST.

THIRPLIN' Jamie was a keen student of natural history. But practical and fruitful though his studies were, his modesty was such that while he seldom came home from the Tweed, or the woods without a heavy bag, he never boasted of his success to those in authority, and forgot to ask leave of them for his nocturnal wanderings.

He was on his way to Sunnyside after one such expedition, weary, but heavy laden. The night was darker than he cared for, and the kirkyard lay between him and home. He had no belief in spirits—except in a glass—yet as he drew near the place, he began whistling to keep his courage up. But his whistling ceased, and his heart fairly jumped to his mouth as he saw a machine drive away from the gate, with two dark figures in it and a white one between which wobbled to and fro as the horse sped off. Never in all his life did Jamie make better time than he did that night in the journey from the kirkyard to his house; and it was with a sigh of thankful relief that he sat down by the ingle, and told his adventure to his wife. Mysie's hands went up in horror as she heard the gruesome story.

"Eh! The vaigabonds! Did ye ever hear the like?" she said. "What a toun it'll be i' the mornin.'"

"Aye, it'll mak' a gey tiravee," he answered.

"I wonder whae it is they've lifted."

"Gude kens—likely Tamson o' the Cleuch—he was buried yesterday—but daylicht 'll tell, sae let's to bed."

Jamie hardly took time next morning to swallow his porridge before he was off to stir the town. No sooner did he start for Tam Pringle's than Mysie began a house to house visitation on her own account. When Tam heard the news, he sent off his boy at once to see if there had actually been a body taken away. Soon the little village was in a whirl of excitement. By common consent work was stopped, and young and old gathered at Pringle's corner. Tam himself, in his shirt sleeves, stood in the centre of the crowd sawing the air with his hands as he denounced the resurrectionists.

"We've heard o' sic ongauns in ither places, but nane o' us thocht that oor ain kirkyaird wad be desecrated in this sacrilegious mainner. It's perfectly scandalous. Thae doctors torment us in life, an' they're like to gie us nae peace even in the grave. We'll hev' to watch in future, an' gie thae loons a het an' hearty welcome gin they come again."

His eloquence was irresistible, and it was arranged that a watch should be kept during the winter. There was no lack of willing helpers; and every night two men settled themselves in the session-house, where, with a good fire, and sundry other comforts, they waited through the darkness. Many a weary fruitless night they had, for nothing ever came of their watching,

until they were all tired of it. But one night about the middle of March, something did happen, which set the whole village in a roar, and gave a life-long fame to one of the watchers concerned.

Jamie and Peter Logan were on duty. Peter had his gun with him for purposes of defence and offence. The night was black as the mouth of a wolf, and Logan was very quiet until he was in the session-house, and the door locked behind him. Then the crack went brisk enough, for, like most men who believe in ghosts, Peter could not help speaking about them. He was in the thick of one of his experiences, when a loud thud, thud at the door made both men jump to their feet.

"What was that?" asked Peter, in quavering tones.

"I'll open the door an' see," said Jamie, who cared as much for a ghost as his own shadow. "It's may be a neibour come to gie us a crack."

"Ye'll dae a sicht less. Sit still, ye limpin' anatomy. I've a wife an' bairns, an' I'm gaun to rin nae chances." And he held Jamie by the arms. Then they heard the sound of something trailing over the grass, and again the dull thud on the door. By this time Peter's teeth were rattling against each other like peas in a box, while Jamie began to suspect a trick.

"Mercy on us! What's that!" cried Peter, "see there at the windy, man."

Jamie turned round, but too late.

"There's naething—what was't like?" he asked.

"As I'm a livin' sinner, it was the Auld Yin himsel'. Oh what brocht me frae my hame this nicht? This is unholy wark. A lang hairy face, twa fiery e'en, an' horns abune a'. Wha's there?" he roared, "as sure as death I'll gie ye yer fill o' cauld lead gin ye show yer face again."

Jamie laughed at his terror-stricken face.

"Oh, Jamie, hev' ye nae thocht on yer latter end? Hev' ye nae sense o' reverence aboot ye? It's a time for prayin'—oh Lord, there he's again," and with that he raised his gun, and fired. They heard the crash of breaking glass, a moan, and the sound of a falling body. Then silence fell on all. Peter fairly lost what little wit was left him.

"Oh, I've killed the Deil—the Deil's deid—I'm awa, awa," he shouted, as he tore open the door, and sped out into the darkness. Even Jamie was startled out of his usual canny way, and having no relish to stay there alone, he lit his lantern, and went to the village inn. It was not midnight yet and some of his cronies were sure to be there. They were surprised to see him, and still more so when they heard what had happened. They went in a body to the kirkyard, and what a shout went up when they saw what Peter had shot, and heard Jamie's story again.

"He skelped awa hame like a three year auld," he said. "Oh, the cuif. To hear him sayin' 'it's a time for prayin', an' 'the deil's deid,' an' to think *he shot his ain nanny-goat.*"

Henry Scott Riddell.

AUTHOR OF "SCOTLAND YET."

From Photo by Bell,] [Hawick.

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

THE present year will see the centenary of Henry Scott Riddell, the poet who wrote our national patriotic song. It is but fitting, prior to the celebration of this ceremony, that we sketch his life and character, for it cannot be said that, as yet, he has received full justice from the land of which he sang so fervently. Riddell is second only to Hogg as a Border poet, and as a national songster he treads closely on the heels of our very best; still many a one who sings his "Scotland Yet," knows nothing but the bare name of the poet. Riddell was a quiet unassuming man, living his life in the peaceful vale of Teviot, and when he

died many of his admirers were startled to learn that he had been living in their own day, unknown beyond his own surroundings.

Henry Scott Riddell, the son of Robert Riddell, a quiet, respectable shepherd, was born on the 23rd September, 1798, at Sorbie, near Langholm, where his father was employed as a "in-bye herd." When the embryo poet was but a "runnin' laddie," the family removed to an "oot-bye herding" at Langshawburn, away in the wilds of Eskdalemuir. It was here, whilst yet a boy, that Riddell first saw James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who was one of the most frequent visitors at his lonely cottage. His personality seems to have deeply impressed the boy, for in after life he always spoke of Hogg with great enthusiasm. The Ettrick Shepherd's works had just been published, and consequently many of his poems were read and discussed in the little household. Henry from his earliest years was the possessor of an extraordinary memory, whereby any song or ballad after being repeated twice in his hearing remained fixed on his mind, and so he avers that he could repeat over the major portion of Hogg's first productions long ere he could read them himself. How much this early acquaintance with the Ettrick Shepherd turned the bent of Henry's mind toward poesy it would be difficult to determine; but it shows, at least, that from his earliest years poetry appealed strongly to his feelings and took possession of his memory.

Robert Riddell moved from farm to farm all over the vale of Teviot trying to "better himself," and, of course, his family had to follow him in his peregrinations. Young Henry, like all rustic youths, was early taught to "pit oot his han'" and lend his father all the assistance in his power. In the winter seasons or at slacktimes he was sent to the nearest school, and thus acquired a smattering of education as opportunity offered. Many were the schools he attended, and various were the masters who essayed to make a scholar of him, but in his autobiography he frankly admits that even when he got an opportunity to learn, he "only made such progress as do other boys who love the football better than the spelling-book." By means of this desultory schooling, he gradually acquired the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic. "Grammar," he says, "was not much taught," while the spelling of words seems to have been left much to the personal fancy of the writer. Thus scantily educated, Riddell commenced to earn his own living as a shepherd.

Through the kindness of their laird, Mr. Scott of Deloraine, Scott Riddell was at a very early age entrusted with the care of an extensive *hirsel* of sheep. A change, however, must shortly after this have occurred in the character of the football-loving boy, for we find that he commenced to keep a diary, and jotted down therein the thoughts and fancies which occurred to him while pursuing his lonely duties on the hillside. Sometimes these took the form of sage remarks upon life and its mysteries, but oftener it was in rhyme. If the youth's lot had been cast in a city, he would have haunted the public libraries and the reading rooms, but living in this quiet glen by the banks of the silvery Teviot, and almost bookless, he ascended to the highest point of the neighbouring Stanhopelaw, and perched up there he read and studied direct from God's great book of Nature lying open before him. Picture the young shepherd, with his collie curled at his feet, sitting wrapped in meditation, the sheep browsing on the hillside, and around him the beautiful landscape of wood, water and moorland, hill and glen, all bathed in glorious sunlight. Here he could sit, scribbling down whatever of prose or verse was the product of these meditations, and unconsciously preparing himself for writing "Scotland Yet." Nobody suspected the Deloraine herd of being a poet, and his talent might never have become known but for an unforeseen incident. He had written a series of satires in which everyone in the district who had in anyway offended the youth's conceptions of good conduct, were held up to ridicule. These squibs were not intended for any other eye than his own, and for safety he used to carry the manuscripts in his hat. But one day on the moorland the wind blew off the hat and scattered the squibs broadcast. He endeavoured to collect them, but some of the pieces were blown out of his reach. One of these chanced to be carried by the wilful wind right to the feet of the person attacked in it, who on perusing the lines became angry and complained to the laird. Other pieces being picked up, and similar complaints coming in, Mr. Scott, being annoyed that his trusted herd should have thus created ill-feeling, in turn complained to the sire, who wended his way out to the hillside, and gravely reproved Henry for his unseemly conduct. The young man repentant wrote another satire, but this time *upon himself*. Little matters cause a great stir in country districts, so Henry through this incident earned a notoriety by no means desirable.

After working as a herd for three years, a vehement desire for a good education seized upon him, and having saved the major part of his wages, he began seriously to consider the advisability of leaving off the "crook and the

plaid." The father died, and Henry's share of the effects added to his savings, enabled him to give up his situation and go to Biggar, in Clydesdale, where he entered the parish school. He made rapid progress there, and deciding to pursue the calling of the church, he entered Edinburgh University and went through the ordinary course with great success, receiving several high compliments from Mr. Dunbar, then Professor of Greek. It was whilst studying at Biggar that Riddell wrote one of his most popular songs, "The Crook and the Plaid." He composed this pastoral ditty with the intention of supplanting an English song, to the same air, which was of a very questionable kind, and in this he was entirely successful, and the song drew much attention toward the young student. All through this time of study he kept up the old habit of daily writing a certain amount of either prose or poetry.

From his earliest years Henry had taken a great interest in archæological matters, and whilst herding in the vale of Teviot he oft-times was engaged in hunting around the old neglected "kirkyairds" of the district, for relics of bye-gone times. But it was ever the memory of historic individuals and incidents which appealed most to him; prehistoric tradition did not entice him. All through life he liked to relate the adventures of Johnny Armstrong and his kin, and this taste for the memories of these old worthies must have set the slumbering fire of patriotism within his breast. He first sounded the note which was to dominate his whole life's work whilst at Edinburgh. He, along with a friend, had taken a couple of English visitors out to visit the old battlefield of Pinkie, and during the excursion the Englishmen had chaffed the two Borderers about this old defeat. The good natured chaff had rankled in the breast of the poet, and on hearing his friend urged to remember and "avenge the battle o' Pinkie," Henry took this advice to himself, and ere he slept he composed the following vigorous lines:—

OURS is the land of gallant hearts,
The land of lovely forms,
The island of the mountain harp,
The torrent and the storms;
The land that bears the freeman's tread,
And never bore the slaves;
Where far and deep the greenwoods spread,
And wild the thistle waves.

Ere ever Ossian's lofty voice,
Had told of Fingal's fame,
E'en ever from their native clime,
The Roman eagles came;
Our land had given heroes birth,
That durst the boldest brave,
And taught above tyrannic dust,
The thistle tufts to wave.

What need we say how Wallace fought,
Or how his foemen fell?
Or how on glorious Bannockburn,
The freeborn bore them well?
Ours is the land of gallant hearts,
The land of honoured graves,
Whose wreath of fame shall ne'er depart,
While yet the thistle waves.

In expressing the sentiments of patriotism, either national or local, Henry Scott Riddell ever rises to his highest. He sings tenderly of the love of women; but love of country could stir him to deeper depths. When patriotism animates him he strikes out bolder, and leaves behind him that placidness, that gentle simplicity, which so characterise his other pieces. Whilst in Edinburgh he became acquainted with R. A. Smith, and Peter M'Leod, the musicians, and wrote many songs for them both, and his masterpiece "Scotland Yet," was first published in M'Leod's "Original National Melodies." Just before leaving college he published his "Songs of the Ark," and they received a hearty welcome. His original intention was to write a series of sacred songs which Smith was to have set to music, but the scheme fell through, and he enlarged upon the idea, and this volume of "songs" is the result.

After gaining his licence as a probationer, Riddell again returned to Teviotdale and took up his abode with his brother who had rented the farm of Ramseycleughburn, near Teviothead. Here he resided for a time, and when the pastor of that parish died he was unanimously appointed to the position. Although he had then other prospects, he accepted this call and entered into the duties with great zest. He had to travel nine miles to the church every Sunday from the farm. "It was frequently my lot to preach in a very uncomfortable position," he says, "the wet would be pouring down from my arms upon the Bible before me, and oozing over my shoes whenever my foot was stirred upon the pulpit floor." The generous Duke of Buccleuch, whose kind heartedness he afterwards recorded in his lengthy poetic tale, "The Cottagers of Glendale," built him a neat house near the church. Thus comfortably settled in life, he took unto himself a wife. No "light o' love" was Henry, only one woman had entered into his life, a steady, faithful attachment for the good woman who had charmed his youthful fancies dominated all his life. Whilst he was at Biggar, he had fallen in love with Eliza Clark, a merchant's daughter. Although for a time, the course of true love did not run too smoothly, for he was harrassed by constant doubts and fears for the success of a wealthier, handsomer lover, yet the poet won

the maid, and brought her off from Clydesdale to his little cottage at Teviothead, and a worthy spouse and helpmate she proved. It may be appropriate here to give a specimen of his love songs. The following exquisite stanzas were written in Edinburgh, set to music by La Sapio, and sung at Drury Lane, London. These two verses present as pretty a picture of pastoral courtship as ever was penned.

When the glen all is still save the stream from the fountain,
When the shepherd has ceased o'er the heather to roam,
And the wail of the plover awakes on the mountain,
Inviting her love to return to her home;
Then meet me, my Mary, adown by the wildwood,
Where violets and daisies sleep soft in the dew,
Our bless shall be sweet as the visions of childhood,
And pure as the heaven's own orient blue.

Thy locks shall be braided with pearls of the gloaming,
Thy cheek shall be fawned by the breeze of the lawn,
The Angel of love shall be ware of thy coming,
And hover around thee till rise of the dawn.
O! Mary, no transports of Heaven's decreeing
Can equal the joys of such meetings to me.
For the light of thine eye is the home of my being,
And my souls fondest hopes are all gathered to thee.

As parish minister of Teviothead, Henry Scott Riddell laboured with much success until 1841, when he, like Cowper, crossed that thin drawn line 'twixt genius and insanity. It seems to have been a species of melancholy which affected him, and in the month of May it was thought fit to confine him in the Crichton Institute, Dumfries, and although, after about three years confinement, he was discharged from the Institute he never entirely shook off this taint of melancholy. A peculiar feature of his malady was that, all through the period of confinement, he continued to write poetry as usual, and no one has as yet dared to distinguish the pieces which he wrote whilst at Dumfries, from those penned prior to that date. Some of his poems show traces of acute mental gloom, and these were probably written during this time of trial. After he left the Institute, it was a matter of grave discussion with him as to whether he should resume his ministerial duties, but finally he decided to abandon the profession and resign the pastorate. Again his generous patron came to his aid, and granted him the use of the cottage he had built for him as minister. The Duke also allowed Riddell a pension for life.

In 1844, he published his best prose work "The Christian Politician, or The Right Way of Thinking," and three years later, a volume of "Poems, Songs, Miscellaneous Pieces" appeared. After his partial recovery he retired from all active life, employing his time with farming the little piece of ground around the cottage, and preparing his works for the printer's hands. The only Societies in which he took an active interest were the Edinburgh Border Counties' Association, and the Hawick Archæological Society, of each of which he was an honoured member. Let us hope that these bodies will repay the interest he took in their work, by seeing that his centenary is fittingly celebrated. His personal appearance, according to an intimate friend of his, was striking, tall in stature, a large head adorned with long weird locks flowing down over broad shoulders, impressed even the most casual passer-by. Shy and modest in bearing and conversation, he created little stir amongst the canny Borderers who hardly realized that a soaring eagle had made the peaceful vale his nest, until after they lost him. He passed away on the second day of August, 1870, nearly seventy-two years of age, leaving a widow and son to mourn his loss. Thus lived, and thus died, the second in our list of Border shepherd poets, Henry Scott Riddell, who wrote the "Dowie Dens of Yarrow," and so many exquisite ballads. Long may his memory remain green amongst the people to whose inherent patriotism he was able to give full and adequate expression.

JOHN G. GALBRAITH.

Horns Hole. (1514.)

WHEN the grief that flowed from Flodden
Had assuaged its keenest pain,
When the fields tho' still untrodden
Had begun to smile again;
When the gloom that like a shadow
Long had lingered o'er the land,
Had been chased from moor and meadow
By old Time's all-healing hand.

When the spirit bruised and bleeding
From the shock of Surrey's blow,
Crushed and mangled past all heeding
Aught on earth save Scotland's woe;
When the spirit of the nation,
Trampled 'neath the Saxon heel,
Strove to conquer weak prostration
And its latent strength reveal.

Then it was a band of Callants
(With no thought to gain renown)
Marched to meet some English gallants
Who had come to storm the town,
Marched they forth those border bowmen
Armed with arrow, bow and spear,
Straightway charged their mail-clad foemen
Bravely, for they knew not fear.

Like a torrent, fell upon them,
"Teri-bus" their only shout,
Took their cherished pennon from them,
Put them to ignoble rout.
Then the Callants turned their faces
Homewards, when the work was done;
All displaying ample traces
Of the battle they had won.

When the ramparts they were nearing
On their toilsome march and slow,
Men and maidens met them cheering,
Hearts and faces all aglow.
Aged men came out to greet them;
Children welcomed them with cries;
And the maidens came to meet them
With the love-light in their eyes.

By applauding crowds escorted,
Marched the victors from the fray,
Willing hands the maimed supported—
Helped the wounded on the way.
Teri-Oden's strains entrancing
Through the air triumphant soared,
And the sunbeams charm enhancing
On the captured pennon poured.

Townsmen at the walls collected
Welcomed with prolonged acclaim
Heroes who their homes protected
From the scourge of sword and flame.
And these youths so well endowered
With the valour of their race,
Long had honours on them showered,
By a grateful populace.

While the silvery Teviot's flowing
Ever onward to the sea;
While the Moat with grass o'er-growing,
Dear Auld Hawick, o'ershadows thee;
While the strains of Teri-Odin
Down to distant ages roll;
Shall the fame of "After Flodden"
Race succeeding race extol.

TEEKAY.

By permission of the Artist] RETURN FROM HORNSHOLE, (1514)—FRAGMENT. [Tom Scott, A.R.S.A.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

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Border Reminiscences. IX.—Rural Content.

THERE were three of us who found ourselves on the outskirts of the Bonnet Plantation—so called from its standing on the highest point of the well-defined ridge which runs parallel to that bleak and bare moorland road leading to the market-town of Muir. It was one of those foggy nights in "chill November," when even a well known footway may become impassable. We had been spending the evening at the farmhouse of Barnsdale. The Jacksons were not exactly relatives, but as the family name was that of my own good lady, we owned friendship from the very first and were on the most intimate terms. Mr. Jackson was a strong, well-built, broad-shouldered man, with profusion of black hair waving with the breeze, and a facial expression beaming with the heartiest good humour. For more than a quarter of a century our lives have been far apart, and yet at the desk where I write these notes my dear friend stood but a few days ago—his tresses grey bespeaking venerable age, but his eye lit as of old with the perpetual glow of the most genial kindheartedness.

As we sought our way home from Barnsdale, Mr. Jackson provided me with a stable lantern, whose glimmering light shed its rays but a few yards in advance. We must have gone from our moorings for more than a mile, and we were in almost crazy bewilderment, when James Richardson, the ploughman-steward at Crantown, came upon us with a welcome query,—"Guid-folks, hae ye lost yere way?" We explained to him our plight, and before long he had us in his train, and soon we arrived at Crantown.

It was not very late, and I said that I would look in upon Mr. Lawson before returning to the village. James informed me that the maister's folk were "airly bedders," but he would look round to see how the "land lay." He soon came back with the information that the "licht in the ben-room wis a' derk," but he added, "As oor guidwife's sittin' up for oo, ye micht a' get a glisk o' the fire for a wee." We were glad to avail ourselves of the invitation, and found Mrs. Richardson busy with household work, just—as she said—"tae fecht again sleepriness."

She was now preparing for an early washing on the following morning. She told us she had great faith in Sunlight Soap;—"It's sic a healthy kin' o' saap. Ma han's could never stan' the rubbin'. An' ye ken, Mrs. Jaffrey, flannens should never be rubbit. This saap seems tae hae the pooer o' cleaning flannen. In fac' nae kin' o' saap that a ever hard tell o' is sae cheap i' the en'. Wud ye no' like tae try a bit?"

My wife replied she knew the virtues of Sunlight. Wherever it was used, clothes were sweet and clean.

There was a long conversation over this and sundry matters of household work. Meanwhile James and I lit our pipes, and amid clouds of smoke our thoughts led to a discussion on some of the recent improvements which had been imported into the parish.

"A hae nae broo," said he "o' the steam-pleuch. It's no' at a' naitrel. Gie me a pair o' wullin' horse, an' a pleuch wi' hanels, an' a'll gang where steam'll stick. Than, look at the responsibeelity. Steam's a guid maister, but a traich'rous servan'. Ony day the biler micht burst, an' than ane o' thae engine chaps micht be blawn tae bits. The new pleuch's makin' but a middlin' job at Barnsdale. An' what's the use o' turnin' up *till?* Ave aye thocht mair o' the Leddy sin' she said the steam-pleuch wis a human invention, an' that nae fermer on her grun' wud ever daur tae dae awae wi' horse-wark."

"But," I said, "you surely approve of steam-engines for threshing. At anyrate, farmers must find them a great saving in work and wages. You'll admit that."

"Na, na, ma guid sir," he replied, "A wud gang the length o' haen a mull driven by water pooer, if ye hae a guid pound, but A wud raither hae a horse-mull. A wudna like tae lippen tae a dry simmer, or for that pairt, tae a hard wunter. A horse-mull's aye in guid *gear*. But better than baith's a guid auld-fashioned flail. Ye aye see what ye're daein'. But changes wull come. Only, it's no ava likely that oor maister wull ever thresh wi' steam. Oo have ower guid a wheel to make firewud o'."

I asked James whether he remembered the introduction into the parish, of spring vehicles.

"Vehcils," he said with a start, "A ne'er hard o' sic a thing. But ye'll maybe mean velocipees. A ken them things. They're single gigs with-ooten horses, but the driver sits tandem like. A canna jist say that A ever looked richtly at the business. A canna see hoo onybody can baith drive an' cairry theirsels at the same time."

"My dear sir," said I, "I was not thinking of the velocipede, but of the gig or other vehicle built on springs."

"Deed ay, O! A hae ye noo. Thae's what oo ca' machines. Weel dae A min' o' the first *noddie* that cam' by the doors. A was ca'in' on Katie Johnston when oo hard an unco rum'lin' comin' frae the merkit-toon airt. Katie says tae me, says she, 'Wull that be a hearse? But od, there leevin' sowls lookin' oot o' the wundy. It's nae cannie, Jeems, it maun be gey sair on the beast's back.' A didna very weel see through the business at first, but the maister had been tellin' me aboot springs, an' the bobbin up an' doon gaured me look ablow the *noddie*. There A saw steel plates workin' wi' the stap o' the horse. A eased Katie's min' by sayin' that it wis a temptin' o' Providence for dacent folk tae ride ablow a wuddin kiverin' in braid daylicht."

We had just tarried long enough by the way. James and I had long laid aside our pipes, and while I was charmed with the eloquence of 'mine host,' I had sufficient opportunity to observe the taste and tidiness of all the furnishings of a simple peasant's home. The box bed "valanced around with party-coloured worsted bobs"—its coverlet of print scrupulously clean, profusely patched and adorned with alternate hexagons of turkey-red and cream; the dresser of whitewood, scrubbed stainless; the *bink*, with its array of plates, jugs, glasses, and even a floreated decanter—only ornamental here; the flag-stone floor, crisp with powdered sand; the hearth, whitened and figured by design; the window-sill crowded with fuchsia, geranium, and what Mrs. Richardson called a "palergony"—all were emblems of comfort and content, and the first principles of a happy home.

As the belated visitors hurried down the *entries* from Crantown, I got the ears of my fair escort as I repeated,

> "'Tis better to be lowly born,
> And range with humble livers in content,
> Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief
> And wear a golden sorrow."

Such incidental conversation as here related, portrays in a measure several characteristics of an honest, hardworking, and law-abiding class. They dine on hamely fare, and wear hoddin grey, but they are frugal, industrious, and contented. Alas that I must write as if the former days were better than these! The simplicity of their *menu* markedly contrasts with the variety, and even luxury of to-day. Tinned foods, pastry, cocoa, and tea, were to them almost unknown. The home-cured bacon, or the pork from the *boat* has its place now supplied with the best steak from the flesher's cart. The meal received in *gains* is sold to those who are old-fashioned enough to breakfast on "halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food," and *guid white breid* comes in loads from Meldrum. Scones, oat-cakes, and bannocks o' barley-meal are the sweet dainties of the generation gone.

The rapidly-increasing centres of industrial life, with higher wages and a free breakfast-table, have, since the time of which I write, considerably depopulated the country districts. And, while one may venture to commend the ambition of those lads o' pairts who prefer the bustle and competition of factory life to the dull routine of

agricultural method, on the other hand, the congestion and struggle in our large cities seem to beg a return to the open-air feeling and even tenor of rural simplicity. There is just the possibility of losing the sort of folks of which James Richardson is understood to be a type—

"A bold peasantry—a country's pride—
If once destroyed can never be supplied."

On a somewhat higher level than the ordinary farm-servant was the shepherd, generally a man of distinctly superior ability and education. While he tended his *hirsel* with the utmost regularity and care, he had more leisure for self-culture. He was as a rule a reader. At least the weekly newspaper found its way to every shepherd's cottage, and I have seen a fairly sized library far away on the moors. The shepherd was a most interesting and intelligent man. Keenly observant of the phenomena of nature, he could presage a storm :—

"A rainbow at night
Is a shepherd's delight :
A rainbow in the morning
Is a shepherd's warning."

He was familiar with the orders and habits of the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field. It is even said that the Game Laws of the realm had no relation to the tenderness of his conscience,

"But all hoods make not monks."

William Allan was first, or senior shepherd on the farm of Wareham. He was an elder in the Kirk, a man of the most hospitable nature, and one who gave many "a cup of cold water" to wayfaring men as they crossed the wilds. At any hour of the night he would receive a visitor, set him by a *roosin'* fire, and tend him well all on till daylight dawned. He seemed to entertain the poor on the principle that they could not recompense him again. I should rather say he looked for no reward. His charity, like virtue, was its own reward. Or like the quality of mercy it was twice blessed,

"It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

Some years before I knew William, I fell in with the shepherd of the farm which *mairches* with Wareham. I was crossing country by what is called a drove road. He pressed me to visit his house where I would get scones and milk, *ad lib*, (whatever that may mean). Nor should he look, said he, for the slightest recompense—"Daur say, no. If ye like tae throw a shullin' at the bairn guid an' weel, but oo look for naethin' ava." But perhaps I should not have omitted to say that this "hospitable shore" lay beyond our parish and has not yet been reached.

A shepherd's life has indeed its lightsome aspect, but his knowledge of stock and his diligence in lambing, clipping, and *spainin* seasons, are to the farmer invaluable. Here, at least, the interests of master and servant are identical—a kind of joint-stock company of Capital and Labour. If a shepherd's *pack* occasionally top the market, it but shows the qualities which make its owner rise in the estimation of bidders; and Mr. Adams, hearing the *pack* from Wareham spoken of as "a highly creditable lot—weel brocht oot," was wont to say, "William Allan's a man I could trust with every penny I have. And what William does not know about sheep 'tis needless to learn."

A. T. G.

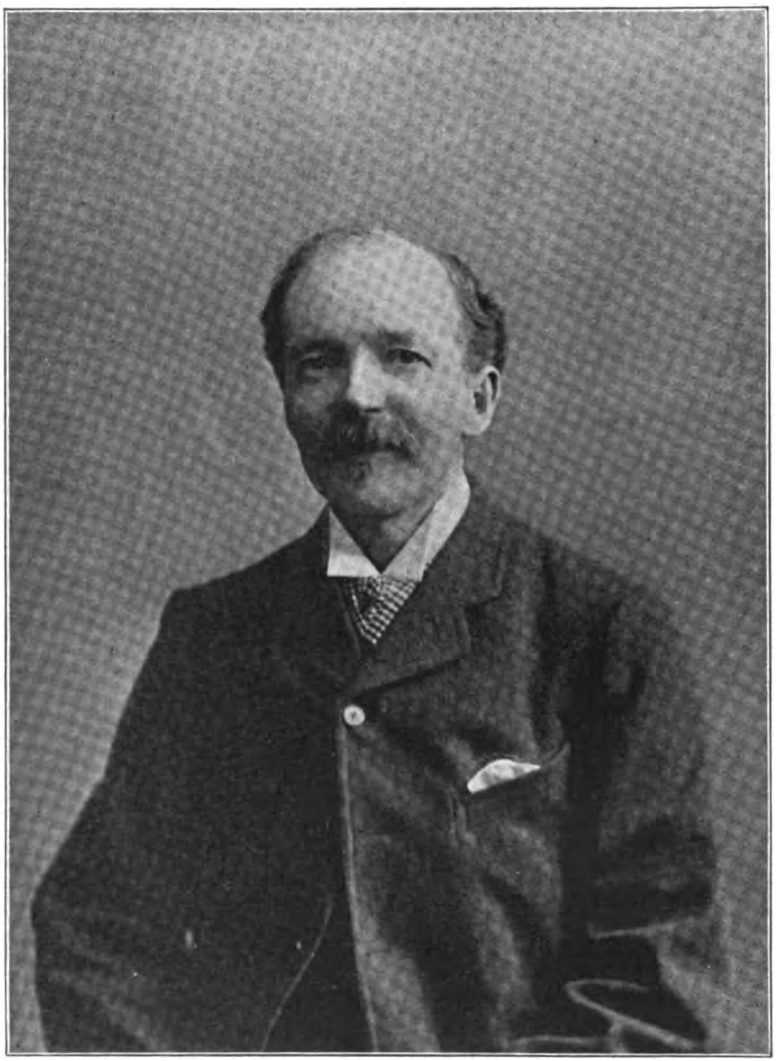
A Berwickshire Bard.*

ROBERT M'LEAN CALDER was born at Duns on the 19th November, 1841. He was the fourth child of a family of nine sons and one daughter born to George and Elizabeth Calder. Five years later, the family quitted Duns for the quieter sphere of Polwarth, where Robert was sent to the Infant School instituted and kept up by the Lady Hume-Campbell. In musical matters he must have been a precocious child, for before he was five years old, he had frequently to stand on the master's chair to lead the other children in their simple songs. Afterwards he attended the parish school but only for a short time, as we find that, at the early age of nine, he was hired out at the farm of Raecleughead in the humble occupation of "herding craws," and filling up vacant time by cutting thistles and gathering "rack." Later on he was employed in herding sheep on the moors, and there he supplemented the meagre school education he had got, by taking books with him, and reading everything that he could borrow in the village.

From the hillside and the quiet retreats of Polwarth, young Calder returned to Duns, where he was apprenticed to his uncle, Robert M'Lean, a leading draper in the town. Here he sought to improve his education by attending evening classes, and studying music under the late Rev. Daniel Kerr, who was one of the pioneers in the introduction of the sol-fa system into Scotland. It was at this period that he began to weave his thoughts and observations into verse, by contributing to the *Berwick Advertiser*. Apprenticeship over, Robert Calder removed to

* The Songs and Poems of Robert M'Lean Calder. Edited with Introductory Memoir by W. S. Crockett. Paisley : J. & R. Parlane.

London, where he remained in several firms till 1866, when he sailed for New York. There he joined Mr. Lloyd, of the famous Lloyd and Bidaux's Minstrels, and visited many of the chief cities and towns of the United States. At the close of this engagement in 1867, he crossed into the newly formed Dominion, and ultimately found a situation in the dry goods establishment of Mr. Joseph Hyslop, at Chatham, Ontario. Here were spent some of his happiest years. With heart and soul he entered into the life of the town, writing regularly for the newspapers, and soon coming to be recognised as a leading spirit in the social life around him. Year after year he was present at the gathering of the St. Andrew's Society, and took a prominent part in its proceedings. Though highly gifted in reciting and in penning a simple song for any special occasion, he remained passionately fond of singing. For eleven years he held the post of precentor in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church at Chatham, and during a brief residence in Toronto, he was also precentor in Bay Street Presbyterian Church, the pastor of which was the Rev. Dr. Jennings, a fellow-student of the late Rev. Dr. Ritchie of Duns.



Kindly lent] ROBERT M'LEAN CALDER. [by the Publishers.

In 1871 Mr. Calder re-visited the scenes of his early years. In the year just mentioned,

the centenary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott was being celebrated in Scotland. Mr. Calder attended two of these meetings—one in Edinburgh, and the other in Galashiels. Though disappointed with the former of these he was yet greatly pleased with the meeting at Galashiels. "Taken as a whole it was a grand success," he says, "and as far as outward display goes, was far ahead of either Edinburgh or Glasgow."

After a three months tour at home, Mr. Calder returned to Canada, where he commenced business on his own account in Chatham. Sorrowfully has it to be recorded that he was troubled by business anxieties. His health also had become indifferent, but though never of a vigorous constitution, he was strong and wiry enough. But the worries through which he was called to pass, told so heavily upon his general health that he reluctantly resolved to give up business in Chatham, and announced his intention of returning to England. After a residence of fifteen years in Canada, Mr Calder returned home in 1882, and settled in London. He made yearly pilgrimages to Scotland, and renewed many happy days at Polwarth; but the old home was broken up, as father and mother had both gone, and nearly all the old "worthies" and "characters" had disappeared.

In 1887 Mr. Calder published his "Home Songs," a small volume of 140 pages, which was most favourably received by both the press and the public of Britain and America. For the next eight or nine years little has to be recorded of what was now a comparatively quiet and uneventful life. His political leanings were on the side of advanced Liberalism, but his tastes were not in the direction of noisy public meetings. His delight was to get home after business to the cosy fireside with his books—the best companions of his life—and there, surrounded with all that recalled the incidents and reminiscences of the past, he would sit and muse, and shape his thoughts into some sweet song. With one Association in the Metropolis he was closely and enthusiastically identified—"The Borders Association in London." Mr. Calder threw himself with characteristic ardour into the undertaking, and all along was an especial favourite among its members.

The last visit to the Borders was in 1895, but that was when his health had begun to give way. The illness which ultimately cut him off was manifesting itself. The clear bracing air of Tweedside, and the romantic spell of the Border Country, did much to inspire him with the hope that he might yet recover. He returned to London, but it was only too apparent that his work was over. On Monday, April 13th, 1896, Robert M'Lean Calder entered into his rest in his fifty-fifth year.

Such is a brief and rapid summary of the life which Mr. Crockett tells in his memoir prefixed to the writings of Robert M'Lean Calder. He mentions 1895 as the year of the poet's death, but that is an evident misprint for 1896. In all other respects, the memoir is admirable—full of sympathy, and true in the grace and tenderness of its touch. The editor tells us that the the present edition contains but a tithe of what had been penned: for notwithstanding the demands of a busy life, Mr. Calder found opportunity for indulging his poetic gift. We regret that we can only mention what the volume contains, namely—Memories of Polwarth, Home Songs, Songs set to Music, Poems founded on Scottish Proverbs, and Miscellaneous Poems.

The following song is all that we can find room for :—

MY BONNIE BORDER LASSIE.

WHERE rivers row to meet the sea,
An' hills their crests are rearin',
Where verdant valleys tempt oor feet,
Wi' birds an' flowers sae cheerin';
By gentle slopes where bluebells gleam,
On gowaned meadows grassy,
The fairest flower that blossoms there's
My bonnie Border Lassie.

As snaw on Cheviot's hoary crest,
Sae pure's my winsome Mary,
Like zephyrs saft in Dowmont vale,
Her step is light an' airy;
An' tho' she treats me wi' disdain,
An' looks sae proud an' saucy,
She's mair to me than tongue can tell,
My bonnie Border Lassie.

I kenna if her heart may turn
An' think o' me wi' favour,
Yet I wad guard her wi' my life
Frae him wha wad deceive her;
But whae'er wins her, time will prove,
Tho' wardly cares harass ye,
They'll a' dispel before the smile
O' my dear Border Lassie.

The volume has several illustrations, and on the last page is a photo of the memorial stone in Polwarth Church.

The Pedlar of Thirlestane Mill.

(An original story founded on fragments of an old ballad, now believed to be out of print. Date unknown).

IT was the evening of the first of March, and the blustering, boisterous month had elected to appear in its leonine character. The wind howled in the chimney and the rain beat against the windows of the cosy parlour of the Thirlestane Arms, where a group had gathered round the clear, wood fire.

Breaking the silence which had fallen upon them, Will Drever, the beadle of Thirlestane, addressed the landlord :—

"Di'ye mind, Sandie, it was this nicht seven year past, Rab Riddell cam hame."

A look almost of fear crossed the face of the jovial host, and he glanced apprehensively round before he replied.

"I mind it fine, Will, for the gale blew doon the auld toll-house," then as if anxious to turn the conversation, he continued,

"I'm thinkin' damage will be done the nicht tae. The river is in flood, and the brig has been carried awa'."

Honest Sandie Armstrong's perturbation was not lost on the youngest member of the party, the new shepherd of Todrigg.

Jimmy Mackay had but lately come from Strathspey, and he possessed all a Highlander's curiosity and love of the mysterious It was evident Rab Riddell's name recalled some unpleasant experience, and he determined to find out what that was. He therefore hastily interrupted the landlord :

"Ony ane wi' twa een can see the river's in spate, *that's* nae news. Let's hear aboot this Rab Riddell, Will."

Although secretly delighted with the request, Will thought it only graceful to demur.

"I'm nae story-teller. Ask the Dominie, he kens mair aboot him than I dae."

"Na, na, Will," interposed the Dominie, "your folk were mixed up wi' the business, and your mither saw the thing hersel'. You're the best man."

After a little more pressing, Will cleared his throat and began :

"Ye may have heard that ma mither was for mony a lang year in the service o' the Thirlstane faimily. The Laird and Leddy Marget lived in those days in the Tower, that stands on the bank o' the Ettrick, a mile frae the village.

"It was Yuletide, and the Laird was awa' at Kelso Mairket, when an unco thing happened. Leddy Marget and ma mither were busy ae nicht wi' their spinnin', when a lood rap cam tae the ha' door.

"'Wha can that be at this hoor o' the nicht?' said ma Leddy, 'rin and see, Janet.'

"Ma mither gaed quickly doon the stair, and speired if onything was wrong.

"'Na,' said ane o' the wenches, 'it's only a doited auld pedlar, wantin' a bed and his supper.'

"Ma mither gaed back and tauld the mistress that a silly auld pedlar, wi' a muckle green pack, askit a lodging.

"'Tell him tae gang tae the mill, Janet. The Laird canna abide folk comin' aboot the place, especially when he isna at hame.'

"The pedlar was sent tae the mill, but ma Leddy's heart misgave her, and she said tae ma mither,

"'I'm sorry I didna let him in, Janet. Gang doon tae the mill, it's no far, and speir at Rab Riddell, if the pedlar is wi' him.'

"Ma mither didna like the errand, so she answered,

"O, Leddy, it's dark, and I hear the deid-bell,
And I daurna gang yonder, for gowd or for fee."*

"'Ye silly wench, what are ye feared for? Ye maun gang doon the first thing in the morning'—and when Leddy Marget spoke in *that* tone, she meant tae be obeyed.

"Early next morning, ma mither gaed tae the mill, but Rab Riddell had seen naething o' the pedlar. The mistress took it sore to heart, for she thocht he had fa'en intae the Ettrick, and she blamed hersel' for no givin' him shelter.

"A month later Rab Riddell gave up the mill and gaed to Ameriky, to see his son, *he* said, but the country folk had anither tale. They said the mill was haunted, and that every nicht uncanny cries and groans were heard by those passing the place.

"The Laird was fine and angry at what he termed 'arrant nonsense,' and he said tae Leddy Marget,

"'I'll gang doon the nicht tae the mill, and see for mysel' what a' this stir is aboot.'

"He accordingly set oot aboot half past nine, and when he cam' tae the mill, he heard distinctly a man's voice cry, 'O, Rab Riddell, hae mercy on me, O, Rab Riddell, hae mercy on me.'

"The Laird knockit and hammered at the door, but nae answer could he get, and a' of a suddent the voice stoppit.

"He gaed again the next nicht, takin' twa o' his men wi' him. The same cries were repeated,

* Taken from the Old Ballad.

and as on the previous nicht, they stoppit whenever the Laird knockit at the door.

"Nicht after nicht the same thing happened, but though the mill was searched, nae trace o' a human being could be found.

"There was nae doobt aboot it, the place was haunted, and neither love nor money could induce the folk to gang near it after dark. A ballant was written aboot it, and when I was a laddie I could say it from beginnin' tae end. I hae nae memory for verses noo, but I'll put in the wee bits I mind.

"The Laird o' Teviot's dochter was gettin' mairret, and oor laird had, of course, taen pairt in a' the festivities, so

"It was late, late, late on a Saturday nicht,
When the Laird was comin' across the lea,
A silly auld pedlar cam' by on his richt
And a muckle green pack on his shouthers had he."

"Noo the laird hated to see strange folk on his land, so he ca'ed oot angrily,

"Noo, whar are ye gaun, ye beggarly loon?
Ye'll neither get lodgin' nor failfa' frae me.
He turned him aboot, and his throat it was cut,
And the bluid ran doon, richt ghastly tae see."

"The laird drappit doon tae see if a prayer wad get rid o' the terrible sicht he had seen, and when he rose frae his knees the ghaist had vanished. He gaed hame as quick as he could, and wi' a face as white as a sheet, he rushed intae Leddy Marget's room.

"'O Marget, the deevil is wounded and bleedin' tae death, in the shape o' a pedlar upon the mill green.'

"Leddy Marget lookit a bit scared, but she said in her ain quiet way, 'Tell me all aboot it, Airchie.' When she heard the tale, she thocht over it a lang time. At last she said,

"'Ye had better gang tae the minister. He will tell ye what tae dae.'

"Maister Boston was a wunnerfu' preacher, and ma Leddy kent fine, that a man that could write a buik on 'The Fourfold State,' could settle a speerit.

"The Laird was for settin' oot that very meenit, but Leddy Marget hindered him.

"'Ye mind this is the Saturday nicht, Airchie, and it is near eleven o'clock. Ye canna disturb the minister in his meditations. Besides it winna dae to distrack him on the Sabbath wi' ony warldly maitter.'

"'Warldly!' quo' the Laird, 'there was naething warldly aboot the thing I saw the nicht, but maybe ye're richt, Marget. We'll wait till the Sabbath wins by.'

"The Laird was a bit headstrong, but the mistress kent hoo to manage him.

"Maister Boston was quite dumbfoondered when the Laird tellt him o' the fricht he had got, but he promised tae lay the ghaist the very next Saturday nicht. The story got aboot, and at the week end, a crood gathered at the Manse yett.

"Before starting for the green the minister offered up a bit prayer, askin' that they micht be preserved 'frae the terrors by nicht,' and that power micht be gi'en him tae grant rest tae the puir troubled soul.

"Ma mither was ane o' the company, and I mind hoo she used tae say that Nature hersel' stood still that nicht. A kind o' quietness cam' doon just like what ye feel afore the thunder bursts. Nae a breath o' wind stirred the trees, the river ceased its roarin', and the very blades o' grass seemed feared tae stir.

"The minister walked first wi' the Holy Buik in his hand, and when they cam' tae the green wha should meet them but the pedlar. The mune fell fu' upon him, as wi' a shiverin' groan, he stoppit a few yairds frae the minister.

"Ma mither was a' o' a tremble, and the ithers lookit as if they wad hae likit tae rin awa'. The minister broke the silence:

"'Why art thou so disquieted, puir, restless soul? Hath any man wranged thee, or art thou a prey to remorse?'

"Ma mither wrote doon his very words. In a low, hollow voice, the pedlar tellt his tale.

"He had a queer forebodin' that ill was tae befa' him, so afore gangin' tae the mill, he had hidden his gowd and a' the costly things in his pack. Rab Riddell had askit him mony questions aboot his goods, and thinkin' the pack was worth a lot o' money, he had cut the puir auld pedlar's throat, when he was sleepin'.

"The packman's wife and bairns were noo starvin', and if the minister wad promise tae find the hidden gowd under a certain tree, his speerit wad gie up its wanderin'.

"The minister promised, and then holding up the Bible he said in a loud voice:

"'In God's name, I bid thee rest in peace.'

"At mention of the Blessed Name the ghaist vanished, and was never mair seen.

"For mony a day the folk could speak o' naething but the pedlar, but wi' the passin' awa' o' that generation his story was forgotten. Ma certes, we were tae be reminded o' it tae some purpose.

"The mill was fa'en tae wreck and ruin, when just seven year past, the new Laird found a tenant for it. Workmen were sent frae Kelso tae pit it in order, and when they were movin' the mill stane, they cam' across a heap o' human banes lyin' beneath it. There was somethin'

uncanny aboot it, for though the sun had been shinin' a' day, whenever the banes were meddled wi', a wind rose like tae blow the mill doon, and the rain fell in torrents. We were standin' roond the smiddy [smithy] fire, talkin' aboot the sudden storm, and wunnerin' hoo the banes cam' under the stane, when an auld man, wi' hair as white as the driven snaw, lookit in at the door.

"'Come awa' in,' cried the smith, 'and wait till the storm is ower. Why, man, ye're fair drookit. Whar hae ye come frae?'

"In a shaky voice he tellt us he had travelled far, and wanted tae bide the nicht in Thirlestane, as his folk cam' frae this pairt. We askit him his name, but he pit by the question, and it was easy seein' he wasna very comfortable.

"'There seems a stir in the village. Has onything particular happened?' he askit.

"'Ay, ay, said ane o' the workmen, 'when we were reddin' up the auld mill the day, we fund a heap o' human banes. I pit ane in ma pooch, for it didna seem an ordinary bane.'

"As he spoke he took it oot o' his pocket, the queerest wee bane ye ever did see. We passed it roond, and as I handed it tae the stranger, I saw he was tremblin' wi' cauld, and his face lookit quite grey.

"'Come nearer the fire, man, and dry your claes. Ye seem a' o' a shiver,' I said.

"'Na, na,' he answered between his teeth; he was fair chatterin'; 'I dinna mind the weet, let me see the bane.'

"I gied it intae his hand, and then I thocht I wad hae drappit. Whenever he touched it, ane o' the joints fell awaggin', and the bane grew red as bluid.

"The auld man drappit it on the floor, and covered his face wi' his hands. Ye could hae heard a pin fa' in the smiddy. After a while he lookit up and said,

"'Ma sin has fund me oot. Ma name is Rab Riddell, and I lived aince at the auld mill. A pedlar cam' ae nicht, seekin' shelter, and frae his talk I sune fund oot he had costly goods in his pack, and had been daein' a guid trade. The love o' gowd was strong in me, and that nicht it owercam' me. Slippin' intae the barn whar the man was sleepin', I cut his throat and stole his pack. I opened it as quick as I could, and fund only a few wabs o' cloth and the bits o' finery, silly wenches like. He had brocht naethin' o' value tae the mill, and I had damned my saul for a few bits o' tinsel. Siccan a fear then fell on me, and the great draps o' sweat stood on ma broo. I kent fine that if the body was fund, I wad be hangit, and I felt I daurdna dee. I toiled and toiled till I lifted the mill-stane, and then wi' ma flesh a' o' a creep, I carried the corpse frae the barn, and pit it in the hole I had made. I dragged the stane on the top o' it, and when I had burned the pack, I thocht I was dune wi' the thing. But I was mista'en. For forty years I've wandered like a restless speerit, till I was driven to come here the nicht. I gaed awa' frae the mill, because the pedlar was ay comin' tae me, askin' for mercy, but he followed me. I canna shut ma een, but I feel his deid weicht in ma airms, and see the bluidy wound in his throat. By day and by nicht his cry rings in ma ears,

"'Rab Riddell, hae mercy on me.'

"'Hang me now if you will, I carena to live.'

"When he had finished speakin', we lookit at ane anither, not knowin' what tae dae. At last oot spak the smith,

"'It is nae for us to give ye up tae the law, Rab Riddell. Ye ken vengeance lies in anither's hand, and he has already ta'en it. Yer guilty conscience has been punishment eneuch. Gang yer way in peace, ye have nocht tae fear us.'

"The auld man lookit roond at us, and then he burst intae tears. Wi'oot anither word, he left the smiddy, and twa days after his body was fund in the Ettrick.

"The next day we gied the pedlar's banes dacent burial, and I thocht o' puir Rab, when the minister prayed, that if in years gane by, ony in Thirlestane had stained their hands wi' bluid, their sin micht na be laid tae their chairge, and that mercy micht be vouchsafed them.

"Noo, Jimmy, ye ken why Sandie is feared tae speak o' Rab."

"It's a very queer story," was Jimmy's rejoinder, as he gazed into the fire, "there is somethin' in retribution after a'."

"Did ye doobt it," said the Dominie, "suner or later a man reaps the reward o' his deeds. It's gettin' late, so I'll say 'Guidnicht, Sandie.'"

"Wait a meenit, Dominie, we'll first get a 'drappie' tae fortify us, and I'll gang wi' ye."

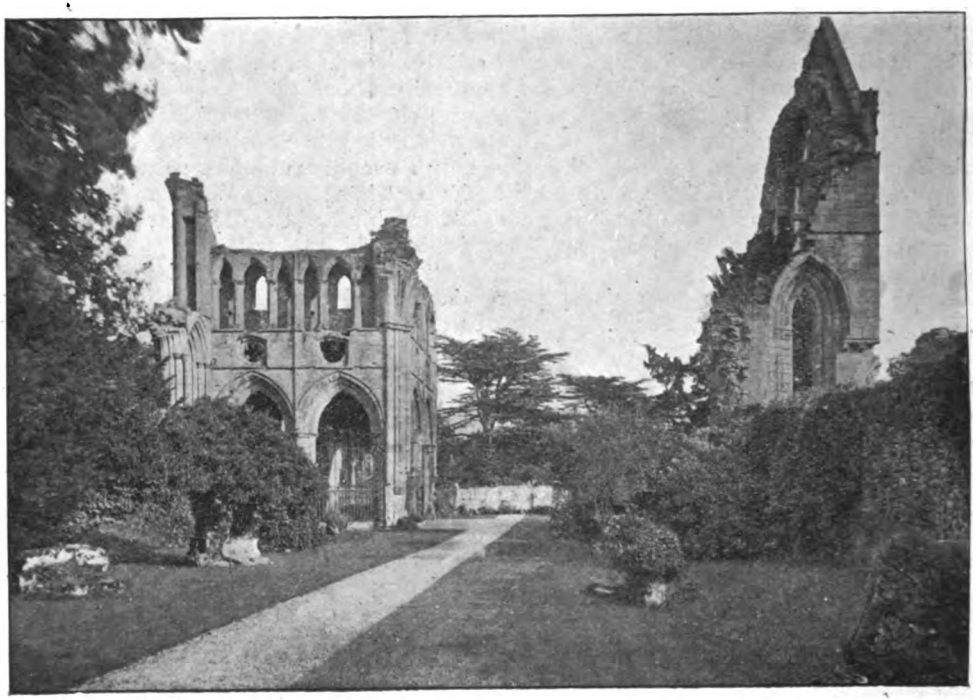
Not for worlds would Jimmy, after the repetition of such a tale, venture alone into the dark night.

The two left the inn parlour together, and as Will Drever took up his stick, preparatory to following them, he remarked, "I've gien that speirin' body, Jimmy, somethin' to think aboot. They talk a lot the noo aboot folk-lore and the like, but I'm sure they'll no get mony stories to beat 'The Pedlar o' Thirlestane Mill.'"

E. SINCLAIR.

Shrines of Scott. II.—Dryburgh.

IT is sweet to stand on a point of vantage lower down the Tweed, and mark the gentle sweep of the river round the fertile haugh on which the old abbey rears its head that holds the dust of Scott. This nook in the south-west of Berwickshire, called Dryburgh, is fit resting-place for a poet. The charm of wood and water, and the touch of old romance from the ruined Abbey, incline one to pensive thought. One cannot help thinking of Scott's sad return from his visit to Italy to the home and scenes he loved so well, in the autumn of 1832. In



From Photo by Pettigrew and Amos, DRYBURGH ABBEY. Edinburgh.

descending the Vale of Gala, it was found difficult to keep him in the carriage, he was so anxious to catch a glimpse of Abbotsford. He hardly recognised anything or anybody on his return, but looked vacantly on everything. Laidlaw, his former friend and amanuensis, tried to recall him to his former self; he pressed his hand affectionately, murmuring "that *now* he knew he was at Abbotsford." Dr. Clarkson, Melrose, attended him in his last illness. He lingered for two months in a state of mental imbecility, and death took place, at half-past one o'clock, on 21st September. About three hundred gentlemen were invited by Major Scott, his eldest son, to the funeral, on Wednesday, the 26th. Dr. Baird engaged in prayer. The funeral procession to Dryburgh consisted of about sixty vehicles of different kinds, and some of the yeomanry on horseback. The train extended for more than a mile. It was touching to think how the mighty minstrel was borne unconscious along the banks of the Tweed, within view of Melrose Abbey, the triple Eildons, and through the sweet, soft scenery of the Border Country he loved so well. All business was suspended at Selkirk, and also in the villages of Darnick and Melrose, on that day. Groups of villagers gathered here and there, and women and children clustered at windows to catch a sight of the funeral procession. One who took part in the procession says the hearse sometimes appeared on a far height, while the near vehicles were stealing their way along a hollow in the road. A thick mass of cloud, like a funeral canopy, hung over the face of the sky all the time. Some accident caused the hearse to halt for some minutes on

the summit of Bemersyde Hill, where Scott in his life-time often paused to take the rich view spread out before him. It was towards nightfall ere the procession reached Dryburgh, where Scott had the right of sepulture from his paternal grandmother's connection with the Halyburtons of Merton. The Rev. John Williams held the Episcopal service at the grave. The pall-bearers were his sons, his son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart, his grandson; his cousins, Charles and James Scott, sons of his uncle Thomas, Scott of Raeburn, and others. It was half-past five o'clock on that autumn evening when the dust of Sir Walter Scott was laid beside that of his wife, within the precincts of Dryburgh Abbey.

Before dismissing Dryburgh there are a few other interesting features to be mentioned. The stone of which the Abbey is built, a pink sandstone, was quarried on Tweedside, just close to the Abbey. Much of the stone for Melrose is also believed to have been brought from thence. In 1587 the lands of Dryburgh had been annexed to the crown along with other temporalities in Scotland. James, seventh Earl of Mar, obtained Dryburgh by gift from the King in 1604, for service done in the education of the Prince. Dryburgh and the other lands were granted to him under the title of the Lordship and Barony of Cardross. Mar assigned the peerage of Cardross to his second son Henry Erskine, by the Lady Mary Stewart. The Abbey having been sold in 1682, to Sir Patrick Scott, younger of Ancrum, passed into the hands of Thomas Haliburton of Newmains, advocate, in 1700. It is through the relation with the Haliburtons that Scott had right of burial here. The Haliburtons sold it to Colonel Tod, from whose heirs it was purchased in 1786 by David Stewart Erskine, eleventh Earl of Buchan, brother of the celebrated Harry Erskine. "By him in 1810," says a recent authority, "the estates were entailed first on his natural son, Sir David Erskine, on whose death in 1837 without issue, Dryburgh passed to Henry David, twelfth Earl of Buchan, nephew of Earl David, on his death it descended to his grand-daughter. At her death in 1870 it passed to her eldest son George Oswald Harry Erskine Biber Erskine." Thus by a singular fatality, after passing into the hands of strangers, Dryburgh has reverted to the senior branch of the lineal descendants of that Henry, Lord Cardross of Dryburgh, third son of John, seventh Earl of Mar, and the Lady Mary Stewart, to whom the Lordship was originally assigned.

The Earl of Buchan caused a chain bridge to be erected over the Tweed, a little above Dryburgh in 1817. It was 170 feet in extent between the points of suspension, and was executed by J. & T. Smith, builders, Darnick, near Melrose. The cost was about £720. The bridge was only for led horses and foot-passengers, so that carts and vehicles had still to ford the river. Six months after its erection it was destroyed by a violent gale, 15th January, 1818. In less than three months it was again constructed on a better plan at an additional cost to the Earl of £220. It was again destroyed by a violent storm in 1838 and hung in ruins till restored to its present position by the late pious and benevolent Major Baillie, of Dryburgh House.

The Late John Kershaw, Hawick.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By JAMES WAUGH, Jedburgh.

From Photo by Dalgleish & Wilkinson, [Hawick.

JOHN KERSHAW.

A FEW short weeks ago there was laid to his long resting place a worthy son of Hawick. For half a century the figure of Mr. John Kershaw was perhaps the most noted in that famous Border town, his physical deformity, in great measure, gaining for him this special pre-eminence. He was about four feet in height, the deficiency being caused by the

stinted growth of his legs. What he lost in length, however, he nearly made up in width, for he weighed about eleven stones. But it was not his unique figure alone that secured for Jack (for he was invariably known as Jack Kaish) this special distinction—it was the superiority of his character, which was made of that solid, wholesome material, and sturdy independence so characteristic of Borderers.

The subject of this short article was the eldest son of Mr. James Kershaw, a weaver, who migrated to Scotland some seventy years ago, from Lancashire. His mother, who is still alive, but unfortunately unable to leave her bed owing to advanced years, is Elizabeth M'Birnie, a member of one of the most notable Border families, and that to which Dr. John Leyden belonged. She is a native of Denholm. Notwithstanding his partly English extraction, Jack was a Scotchman in every sense of the word, and a thorough Borderer, owing much to the teaching of a good and sagacious, and intelligent mother. His parents were quick to notice the natural aptitude he had for learning, and at one time it was expected that he would be prepared for the ministry. Through unforeseen circumstances this step had to be abandoned, and he was prevented from entering a profession to which he would have added dignity. On the other hand he was obliged to take up his lot with the toiling masses, and he was apprenticed to the trade of a frame work knitter, continuing at the frame until within a few months of his death, which took place after he had reached his sixty-second birthday.

Jack was a power among his fellows. He had very considerable strength of intellect, broad ideas, and a wonderful ability to express them lucidly, and this he did without fear or favour. He was gifted with a most retentive memory, and his intelligence ranked far above that of the ordinary toiler. His mind showed nothing of shallowness and vacuum, but was stored with much wisdom and common sense, and had a keen native faculty of reasoning which did not require any instruction in methods of syllogism. Of cant he had none, and was quick to detect its presence in others, and to one possessing his strength of character it was most repulsive. He was loved by all who knew him, and their numbers were not few. His utterances were always listened to with deference and appreciation. As a humorist he ranked high, and was never more at home than when detailing anecdote and reminiscence, his store of these being a very large one. True it is that Jack did not use his pen, although his acquaintance with literature was of no mean sort. But it is not from printed books alone that philosophy can be taught. Can not a man with a true and righteous mind, honourable in all things, a man with deep thought, with a forcible faculty to expound it, do good among his fellows in his day and generation? Such was the man of whom we now write. He was the respected of all men, and among those with whom he was more immediately in touch, he was looked up to with admiration. Nor does what we have said complete his character sketch. Within his noble breast there beat a heart, brave, kind, and leal, and he was generous to a fault. Nothing daunted by his diminutive stature, he was a keen sportsman. Angling had a great attraction for him, and he was pretty expert with the rod. Though anything but a gambler he was very fond of a good horse race, and at one time he took a warm interest in all sorts of athletics. He was a member of the Buccleuch Bowling Club, and was much devoted to the game, having been successful in carrying off two gold medals. In later years he intimated his intention of withdrawing from the club, as he was not so able for the exertion. On hearing this the members of the club at once passed a resolution honouring him with life-membership.

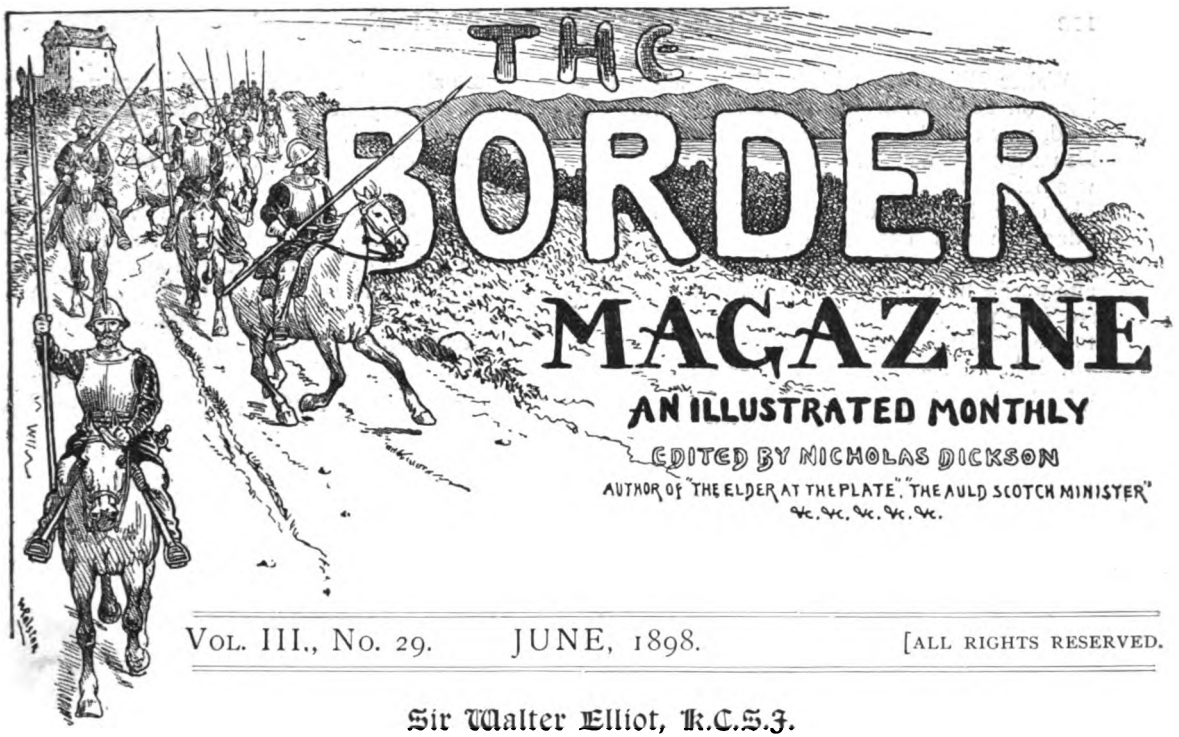
He was a bachelor, but his great popularity was not confined to the sterner sex. In politics he was a true liberal, and although he did not take a very active part in the political world, he was never tired of advocating the principles of Liberalism.

Jack was a member of the Masonic Craft, St. John III., Hawick, being his mother lodge, and he was a splendid specimen of freemasonry. In recognition of his expressed desire his mortal remains were laid in the clay by his brother masons, and the very impressive masonic service was read over his grave.

Glasgow: Carter & Pratt, Printers.

From Photo by Fradelle & Young,] [London.

SIR WALTER ELLIOT, K.C.S.I.,
OF WOLFELEE.



VOL. III., NO. 29. JUNE, 1898.

Sir Walter Elliot, K.C.S.I.

OF WOLFELEE.

FROM the latter part of the fifteenth century, the name of Elliot has been renowned on the Scottish Border. In the period of perpetual strife with our "Auld Enemies of England," the Elliots held their own—and oftener took what was not their own—in many a fierce foray; and in later and more peaceful times, wherever British interests were to be maintained, or honours to be won, again and again has the name of Elliot risen to prominence; and among the most honoured and distinguished stands the name of Sir Walter Elliot, Knight Commander of the Star of India.

The Elliots of Wolfelee claim their descent from Elliot of Lauriston, the chief of the clan, but little is definitely known about the family till the seventeenth century, when we find Thomas Elliot located at the farm of Oakwood Mill on the Ettrick. He was married at Selkirk to Jean Inglis of Newton and Murdiston; and his eldest son, also called Thomas, succeeded him at Oakwood. William, the second son, who was born in 1688, went to Edinburgh, where he entered the legal profession. He was very successful as a lawyer, and in 1730 while still a comparatively young man he purchased the estate of Woollie, an ancient possession of the Elliots of Stobs, situated among the hills in the southern part of Teviotdale, and near the old pass into Liddesdale by the Knot o' the Gate. William Elliot was thrice married, and by his third wife, Margaret Ogilvie of Hartwood Myres, had a son named Cornelius, who became a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh. He had a very large practice as a lawyer, and when he died in 1821 he left a very handsome fortune to his family. His son James, who was born in 1772, was also a Writer to the Signet; but he was fond of a country life, and being possessed of ample means he retired from his profession soon after his father's death, and came to reside in the county of Roxburgh, occupying Teviot-bank, Fairnington, and Stewartfield, successively; as there was only a small farm-house on his own property—Woollie, or Wolfelee as it is now called, being then merely a hill farm of no great extent. The tenants were two uncles of Sir Walter Scott, who, when a boy, often stayed there. James added largely to the estate by purchasing several farms, and various small properties in the parishes of Hobkirk and Southdean; and in 1824 began to build a handsome residence on the site of the old farm house, laying out the grounds with much care and taste; and the rich woods which now surround the house, and clothe the neighbouring slopes, were planted by him.

James Elliot was married in 1799 to the daughter of the last Laird of Polwood, whose wife was the Lady Caroline Mackenzie, daughter of the Earl of Cromarty who forfeited his title and estates in the Jacobite rising of 1745.

Walter Elliot, the subject of this sketch, was born on the 16th of January, 1803 at Stewartfield, now called Hartrigg, near Jedburgh, where his parents resided while the house at Wolfelee was being built. He was the second son, but his elder brother died in childhood. His education was commenced under the Rev. James Trail, a clergyman in Cumberland; afterwards he stayed at home for a few years studying under a private tutor, and then was sent to a school near Doncaster, kept by the Rev. Dr. Inchbald, where he remained till he was fifteen. At that age he received an appointment

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in the East India Company's Service, and went to complete his studies at Haileyburgh in Berkshire: a college founded by the East India Company in 1806, for the special training of students for service in India. He was a bright, handsome, clever, boy, to whose quick intelligence, study presented no difficulties; and, as is not unusual with lads who take the highest place in the class-room, he was a noted athlete, and was foremost in all out-door sports. He completed his course at Haileybury with honours, and left at the age of seventeen with the certificate of "Highly distinguished."

In March 1820 young Elliot left for India in the Kelly Castle. At that time the voyage occupied about three months, and it was not till the middle of June that he landed at Madras. Soon after his arrival he entered the college of Fort St. George; for he had still an arduous course of study before him, ere he was fitted for the duties of the service. The vernacular languages, Indian law and history, and other subjects, more or less recondite, had still to be mastered; but he set himself to his task with characteristic energy and diligence, and at the end of two years, when he left the college, he was the most distinguished student of his time, and received the honorary reward of 1,000 pagodas (3,500 Rs.) for his remarkable proficiency in Tamil and Hindustani.

His first appointment was that of Assistant Collector and Magistrate of Salem, but the routine of official life in a settled province was little to his taste. He longed for a more exciting field, a wider outlet for his energies, and he asked to be removed to a "non-regulation" province; and shortly afterwards was sent to the Southern Mahratta country. Only six years had elapsed since the old Mahratta sovereignty had come to an end, and the country brought under the rule of the East India Company. The Mahratta chiefs, wild and turbulent, with a taste for raiding and plunder, who had known

no law but their own will, and had acknowledged no authority but that of their Peshwa, were little likely to submit patiently to the restraints imposed upon them by their foreign rulers; and the people, though outwardly respectful to the British authorities, were secretly loyal to their old chiefs. To maintain law and order was therefore no easy task, and young Elliot had little reason to complain of lack of excitement in his new field of labour.

Walter Elliot was made assistant to Mr. St. John Thackery, the principal collector of the district. He entered on his new duties with all his wonted energy; and, with characteristic thoroughness and discernment, set himself to study the habits and customs of the people; so that in dealing with them he might not offend their prejudices, or outrage their feelings by a careless disregard of their cherished traditions. His love of sport, which led him to make long expeditions into the country in pursuit of game, brought him into familiar contact with the native population; and his intimate knowledge of their language, his bright pleasant manners, his ready deference to their national peculiarities, as well as his wonderful skill as a sportsman, soon made him a great favourite, and he, on his side, found much to like and admire in the Hindu character.

This friendly feeling was soon to be put to the test. When he had been in the Mahratta country for about a year, the Rajah of Kittur died without direct heirs, and serious disputes arose among the rival claimants for the succession, which eventually had to be settled by the British Commissioner. Mr. Thackery found it necessary to make a thorough investigation into the affairs of the late chief, and the people began to think that he was going to play the part of the fox in the fable, and keep the bone of contention to himself. The Rajah had dwelt in a strong fort in the district, and here men and arms were being secretly collected, and preparations made for open resistance. No hint of what was going on had reached the ears of the collector till a friendly native warned Mr. Elliot, when on a shooting expedition, of the mischief that was brewing, and he repeated the warning to his chief, who sent for a company of horse artillery. Soon the followers of the Rajah broke out into open revolt, and in an attempt to take the fort, the three officers of artillery were killed. Mr. Thackery, who was ill at the time, had himself carried to the scene of action in his palanquin—and he also was slain. Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Elliot, his two assistants, were obliged to fly for their lives, and took refuge in the house of a friendly native. A dependant of the Rajah's with whom they had some acquaintance surrounded the house with his own followers, in order to protect the two civilians from the fury

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of the mob, and afterwards conducted them into the fort, where they were kept prisoners for six weeks.

The insurgents still maintaining their hostile attitude, the Bombay Government determined to take the fort by force, and troops were concentrated, and preparations made for attack. The period of their imprisonment must have been an anxious one for the two young men, who were carefully watched, three men being always on guard in the same room with them day and night. Under this irksome surveillance, and with the knowledge that a violent death was by no means improbable, they were yet able to maintain their cheerfulness, and at length their anxieties came to an end. They were marched out under a flag of truce, and handed over to the British Commissioner; and three days later the fort was surrendered.

Walter Elliot remained for ten years in the same province, and his firmness of character, his mild, equable temper, his intimate knowledge of the people, and his wise tolerance of ancient usage, and considerate respect for their habits and ways of life, made him an ideal administrator. He was regarded by the natives with a respect and affection which few Indian officials have ever attained, and his memory is still held in reverence in the Carnetic country.

As has been already stated, he was a keen sportsman, and in the intervals of leisure from his official duties, he enjoyed many a splendid hunting expedition, in the deep Indian jungles or the rocky ravines among the hills. But to the adventurous spirit and cool daring of the sportsman, he united the quick observant eye and trained intelligence of the student of natural history. The excitement of the chase never made him forget to take note of anything strange or unusual, anything peculiar in the habits or movements of the animals he was in pursuit of: not a bird rose from its nest or an insect fluttered across his path, but he observed it with the eye of a naturalist. It was during these years spent in the Mahratta country, that Elliot first met Col. Walter Campbell, an enthusiastic sportsman like himself, and the young men soon became fast friends. In the delightful pages of his "Indian Journal," Campbell has described in his graphic and picturesque style many exciting episodes of tiger hunting and other forms of sport, in which he had been Elliot's companion, and he tells too, how when some large bison, or fierce tiger had been brought down, he would allow no one to touch the animal till he had measured it carefully, and taken scientific note of its distinctive characteristics. In the preface to his book Col. Campbell says, "My old friend Walter Elliot of Wolfelee, the Elliot mentioned in the text, was my preceptor in Natural History and Indian Woodcraft, and a better sportsman, or more zealous naturalist never shouldered rifle, or handled scalpel."

His hunting train when on the march must have formed a most imposing array. "The old elephant 'Anak,' with his driver and another attendant leads the procession. He is followed by four Arab horses, each attended by his groom and grass cutter, with their wives and children, then come the camel and tent bullocks, a squadron of native ponies, or 'tattoes,' loaded with baggage and trophies of the chase, and some dozen 'coolies,' bearing the beds."

His description of Elliot's hunting camp with its luxurious appointments, the well spread table, the noiseless attendants in their white muslin robes and scarlet turbans and sashes; and the silent folding and spiriting away of the mess tent during the night, to appear all ready to receive them at the next halting place, reads like a chapter from the Arabian Nights. J. N. O.

(*The remaining half of this article will appear in our July No.*—ED.)

A French Lady's Impression of Melrose and Neighbourhood.

MADAME EDGAR QUINET, widow of the French philosophic writer, recently wrote a volume of 327 pages, entitled "De Paris à Edimbourg" (Paris: Calmann Levy, 3 rue Auber). It is an account of her visit to Scotland in the summer of 1896, and the following free translation of a few extracts from the chapters on Melrose, will be read with interest by Borderers. There are numerous references to Rhymer's Glen, and the Fairy Dean; and the authoress, who greatly admires Sir Walter Scott, shows her keen appreciation of his works, by wishing that French writers would adopt his high tone of moral purity.

The book—dedicated to Lord Reay—is delightfully written, and many of its descriptions well repay the reader.

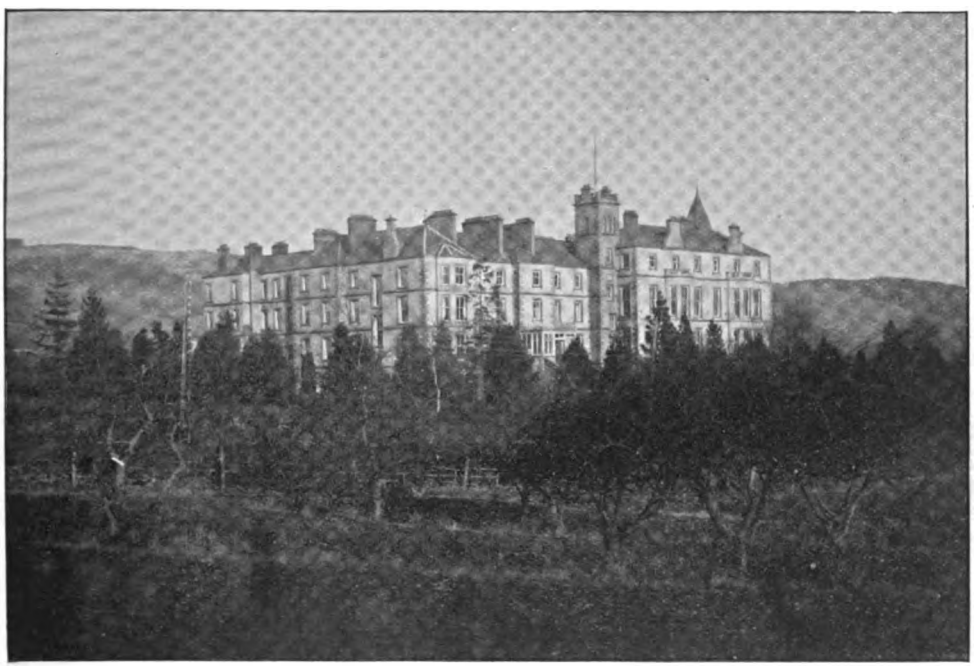
Here I am at Melrose, with fine air, and in a veritable palace!

I write this from my pretty room on the second floor of the superb establishment which bears the name of Waverley Hydropathic. A delightful room, with cheerful view of gardens, woods, and the Eildon Hills.

One pays seven shillings a day, including baths; or six shillings, if one remains longer than a week.

At Aix-les-Bains, the treatment and board cost, at least, twenty francs a day; at Uriage, and even Plombierès, the charges are no less; and there is no comparison as to comfort.

Living is more costly in the hotels of the Highlands; but here, in the Lowlands of Scotland, the charges are more moderate than in Switzerland, or even Marlotte. Shall I give a description of Waverley Hydropathic? It stands on an eminence, surrounded by spacious grounds, planted with trees, and ornamented by boxes of flowers.



From Photo by James Black, THE HYDROPATHIC, MELROSE. Darwick.

On a shady lawn, stands a statue of Sir Walter Scott; and everywhere there are beds of flowers. The games of lawn tennis and golf, have places set apart for them in the gardens. The establishment has a majestic frontage. One ascends a somewhat steep flight of steps to a verandah. The mistress of the house receives you in the vestibule.

In the corridor, to right and left, are the reception room and library.

The dining-room, on the ground floor, and the drawing room on the first flat, are nearly the whole length of the frontage. At the other side, overlooking the gardens, there is a large ball room, with a theatre for amateurs. Then there is a smoking room and writing-room, arranged like a model post office.

The baths occupy the sunk floor of the large establishment. On each of the four storeys are the bed-rooms; furnished with luxury on the first floor, and everywhere else, with great comfort. That extreme cleanliness is found everywhere, goes without saying.

The gong announces four times a day the meal hours; and a deaf person might hear this formidable noise. At nine o'clock, there is breakfast; at half-past one, lunch (a veritable dinner) at five, tea, and at seven, dinner, which differs from lunch, only as regards the ladies toilets, which are brilliant in the evening.

The table is waited by a number of young Scotch girls, uniformally dressed in black, with large white aprons, very elegant, with bibs and frills, and smart fresh white caps, perched like butterflies on the top of their fair hair. These young girls, of whom I have counted twelve, wait the table with mathematical precision, under the orders of a steward. Two and two they follow at each side of the long tables, and place before each guest whatever he may have chosen from the menu card. All their movements are

so well organised, that the service is very quick, and dinner is soon despatched ; as all are served at once, and no one kept waiting.

After dinner, the ladies meet together again in the drawing-room, a room with fourteen windows, as large as the dining-room, and sumptuously furnished. Here, one reads, or enjoys music, and those who are acquainted talk together. The room is so long, that a score of groups might isolate themselves ; but, from the first evening, I observed how sociable the ladies are : far from avoiding each other, they rather seek one another's society, and friendships are quickly formed between ladies from Edinburgh and Glasgow, London and Dublin.

. . . . . .

I am impatient to see the celebrated Melrose Abbey, but as this is Sunday, I must wait till to-morrow. All the same, I turn my steps in that direction, and so as to see the horizon, I take the path through the meadow skirting the Tweed ; a delicious walk. Wooded hills shade the opposite side ; the limpid river winds along under alder trees, sycamores, and planes : in the wide meadow, small ricks of hay complete the rustic scene. They are fragrant, and recall surprisingly the banks of the Oise at St. Ouen-l'Aumône. At the annual Salon, how many times I have seen this landscape ! I imagined Scotland to be more picturesque than even Switzerland ; but here, there is nothing either wild or grand. Patience ! I do not yet know the Highlands. It is like judging of Oberland by the country round Bâle, from whence one sees on the distant horizon, glaciers resembling bits of lump sugar. From here, I can neither see the Trossachs nor the poetic lakes. This is quiet, rural Scotland, where Sir Walter Scott rested, and retired within himself to find in his imagination an inexhaustible mine of invention, and new creations ; often he placed them in the very setting I have now under my eyes.

He described this scene in the "Monastery." The ancient bridge is destroyed which, right in the middle, supported a toll house, across which the keeper allowed, or refused passage, by lowering the drawbridge.

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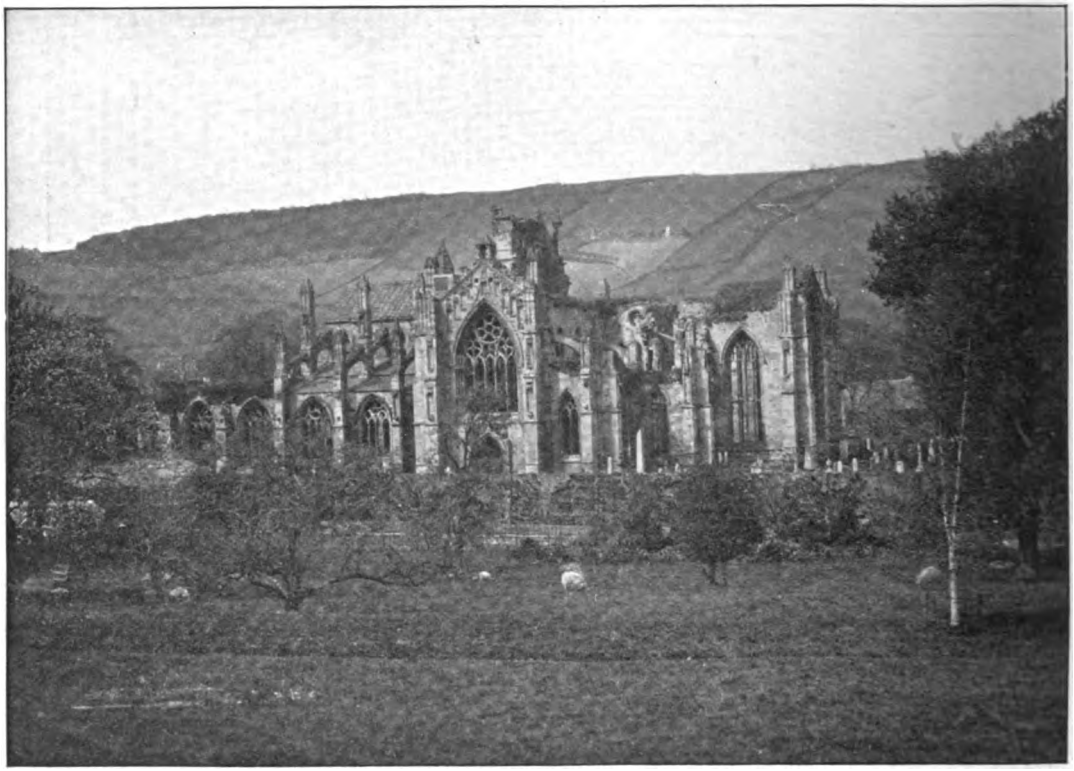

From Photo by A. R. Edwards. MELROSE ABBEY. Selkirk.

I have just returned from Abbotsford, the celebrated dwelling of Sir Walter Scott. He has taken as great pains in creating this castle, as in inventing his favourite romances. A guide points out a very small door, but nothing is to be seen yet. One approaches as if into a fortress masked by walls; then a few stone steps; a steep path by the side of a lawn, where one breathes air redolent of new mown hay. Yew trees, larches, etc., planted here and there, conceal the surroundings; it is a regular labyrinth of shady paths; an enclosure so mysterious, that only the most fanciful novel can give any idea of it, and it is all flowery with spring freshness, and beautifully kept. At last, at a turn, one discovers the castle of Abbotsford. It is of true Scottish architecture, Gothic, grafted upon prehistoric. Indeed, one might say, natural rock, primitive, grey, and black; flanked by towers, turrets, and battlements. It is certainly the largest dwelling ever constructed by a man of letters.

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I return slowly, thinking of the worship which is accorded to novelists, poets, and those who amuse us; and the fate which is reserved for benefactors of humanity, and martyrs to truth.

Sir Walter Scott says that Melrose Abbey should be seen by moonlight.

I should be very well content with bright sunshine, but, to-day, it is absent, and it is under a grey sky, that I first look on the famous Abbey. What poetic ruins! One would like to spend hours and hours among them!

From Photo by A. R. Edwards, ABBOTSFORD FROM THE TWEED. Selkirk.

The sky has cleared, and the beautiful arches of the 11th century, with their finely sculptured rose-windows detach themselves from a background of azure blue. These ruins have remained as they are for three-and-a-half centuries; their exquisite beauty tells what their grandeur must have been in the past.

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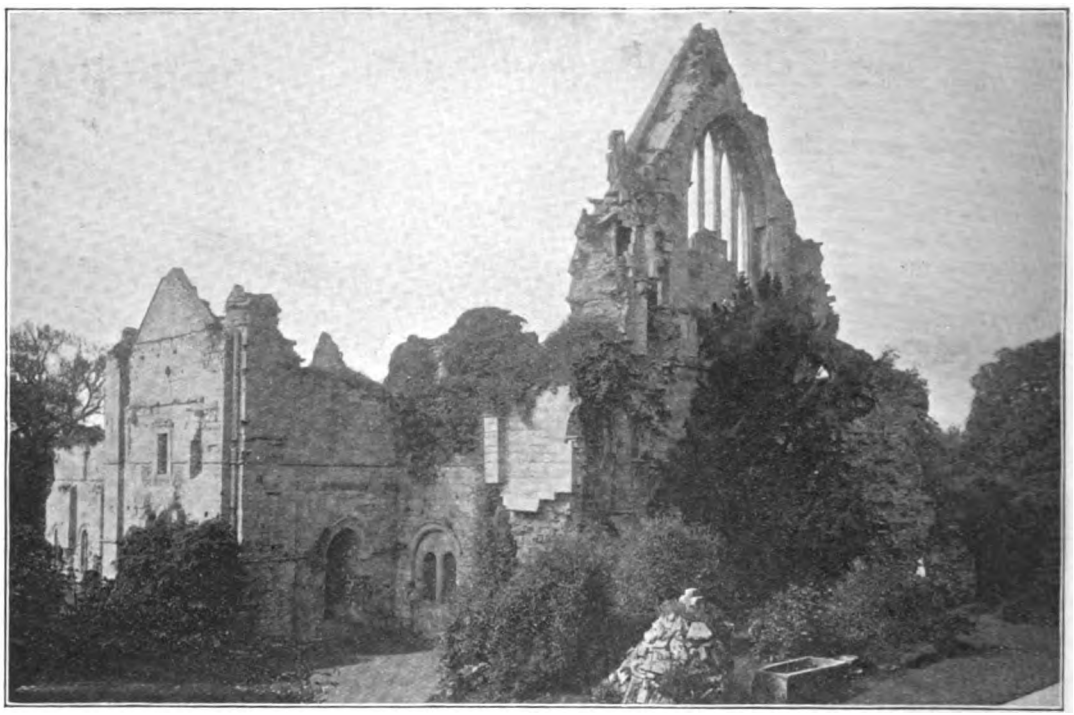
But, here is a thing of which I am proud. It is a Frenchman, a Parisian Jean Moreau, who was the architect of Melrose Abbey when it was reconstructed in the 14th century. A latin

inscription on the stone of the south transept in Gothic letters, easy to decipher, reminds one that Jean Moreau, born in Paris, rebuilt the Abbey. It was he also who was the architect of the superb chapel of St. Andrews. The exterior frontage of the Abbey, as seen from the cemetery, is very beautiful; but, decidedly, it is the interior which excites the greatest interest, by the boldness and lightness of its vaulted arches. There is one part which seems to be Roman; but, that which dates from the time of Bruce, is pure Gothic with magnificent corbellings. The stone of which the church is built is of a reddish colour; here and there green; which produces the effect of painting in fresco.



From Photo by A. R. Edwards, DRYBURGH ABBEY. Selkirk.

Dryburgh Abbey is in a greater state of ruin than Melrose. Of the two chapels, one is totally destroyed, the other shelters the tomb of Sir Walter Scott. He reposes in full day light, in the open air, under an elegant Gothic arch; a light railing prevents visitors who come to see the tomb from entering the chapel. It is not in darkness, under cold vaults; nothing could be brighter; the sunshine, branches of trees, and climbing plants enter at every side, and the chapel is literally surrounded by bright clustering clematis and eglantine. The tomb is very simple: an immense slab of granite, about a metre in height, with his name, and the date of his death, 26th September, 1832. That is all.

The Scotch differ from the English, not only in their looks, but in their manners, which are less reserved, more lively and cordial. It is a strange thing to me to see persons so well bred, assuming such familiar attitudes when intimate with each other; they will even drop on their knees in the enthusiasm of conversation. Here is a picture I shall never forget, the "French lady" in her arm chair, and round her, half-a-dozen ladies kneeling at her feet, quite naturally and simply, without apparently being conscious of it. Here, this posture seems to have nothing surprising in it; both young girls, and respectable matrons, have those easy, unconstrained manners. It is true, that on this occasion, there were only ladies in the room; most of the visitors being in the large ball-room engaged in dancing.

We went down stairs to look on, and found the waltzers wheeling round to the somewhat weak strains of a piano. The music was not

very inspiriting; nevertheless, the young ladies and gentlemen were dancing with great good-will. The difference between the mode of French and English dancing seems to consist in this: the outstretched arm of the gentleman and lady form a triangle raised to the height of the head: this has in the distance a singular effect, reminding one of the lateen sail of a barque. In quadrilles, and especially the famous lancers, the British stiffness comes out in the manner of bowing. The gentlemen bend themselves awkwardly, the ladies make a masculine bow. The French courtesy is unknown here, as in all foreign countries; such a reverence as those of Mesdames Reichenberg, Barretta, and Bartet, is nowhere possible but in France.

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One thing is certain, and that is the extreme sociability of the Scotch and English, they appear to spend their lives in amusing themselves. Truly, they transform life into perpetual holidays, and, it is not once a year as in France, but all the year round. In my walks along the banks of the Tweed, if my eyes light on a rocky promontory, or a little creek at the edge of the river, I am sure to see some young boy, bare legged in the water, fishing for hours on end, or galloping on horseback over hill and dale. And the young girls, it is the happiness which surrounds them, and their life in the open-air, that gives them such a rich, beautiful, complexion, and robust health.

Doubtless, they have their hours of work, but much less so than our young French girls who devote themselves entirely to study.

Overwork here is absolutely unknown. With the extreme liberty which a young girl enjoys, and the respect she receives from young men (of whom she is the real comrade) life is for her a constant merry-making.

All this is sufficiently novel to a mind which has never had a glimpse of life, except from the austere point of view, as a labour, a daily sacrifice.

Ah! but neither did *those* amuse themselves, who, in the time of Wycliffe, Wishart, and Knox, were paving the way for the reformation of Scotland.

. . . . . .

The continuous persevering influence exercised by centuries of education and religious instruction, establishes a uniform level in a people, and modifies in the long run the national temperament.

Scotland offers a striking example of this truth. To convince oneself of it, it is only necessary to have lived sometime in Scottish Society, either in university cities such as Edinburgh and St. Andrews, or in such an establishment as this at Melrose, where different classes of society are gathered together. One is surprised by the real equality of manners and tone: ladies of fashion and humble citizens; the lady of rank and the young teacher; the wife of the vicar, workmen, and peasants; all have a native dignity, a grave elevated tone, which yet excludes neither cordiality, nor sweetness. It is this which is so impressive, and is not this unity in outward demeanour the manifest indication of moral worth?

The republican temperament natural to the Scotch had been strengthened and developed, thanks to a presbyterian education. The national character has been transformed by it. That turbulence, these continual seditions (for the history of Scotland is one long series of civil wars, and struggles for independence) have been quenched; the boiling torrent has had its course regulated. The influence of the presbytery has nowhere made itself more felt than in Scotland, and it is thus that this wild, poor, uncultivated region, has become the most learned, civilized, and prosperous of countries.

K.

The Weary Tryst.

AN eerie tryst's a weary tryst;
They like it weel that like it best;
Dour is the wait for laggard bride,
Sair is the watch by drumlie tide
Wi' een that canna soond the sea,
But waur the tryst by gallows tree.

They've reft the soul his body frae
An' hanged his limbs upon a tree;
They couldna steal his memory
Frae her that dandled on her knee
The harmless clay that creaks and swings
Aneath the waitin' corbies' wings.

Rude men hae ta'en the spite o' men,
And noo a mither greets her lane;
A bluidy deed, a ruthless creed:
Sure, hell or heaven had scanty need
O' his dear sowl; but sma' my care
If but his grave they lat me share.

I couldna thole the kirkyaird bed,
Wi' him tae a' the four airts spread
Hangin' sae hie upon a tree,
But gin they let him sleep by me,
I'll leave the warl' tae mind his sin,
And fast forgettin', cuddle in.

ANDREW POLLOCK.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1898.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

Notes and News.

LINTON PARISH CHURCH.—We have to express our sincere regret with regard to the mistake on page 82 of our last number. The view there given was named Linton Parish Church, but the church was not that of Linton. In the absence of our personal acquaintance with the district, we treated the view sent as being correct, but regret to find that it was not so. The distant view, however, on page 83 is all right.

LONDON SCOTTISH BORDER COUNTIES ASSOCIATION.—The first annual dinner of this association took place in the Holborn Restaurant, London, on the evening of Wednesday, 11th May last, and was attended by about 140 gentlemen. The association, which was founded eighteen months ago, is in a flourishing condition, the present membership being about 280. The chair was occupied by the Duke of Buccleuch, who, after the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been disposed of, proposed that of "The London Scottish Border Counties Association." They had started well, remarked his Grace, and the only thing he felt inclined to criticise was the revenue, which as yet did not seem to be very large. He hoped that might improve as time went on. Such associations as this did a great deal of good. One object of the association was to give Borderers in London an opportunity of meeting together, and that was a most desirable thing. Borderers used to hang together in the old days. They did a good deal of work, though. They had a fine spirit in the old days, and that spirit still remained. Another object of the association was in regard to the great number of young Scotch Borderers who came to London, and who perhaps got into straits. This association would be able to help them. It had also been thought desirable that historical research in Border literature should be cultivated, and under the guidance of the chairman of the association, Mr. Lang, he thought some means might be devised to help that object.

Mr. Andrew Lang, who responded to the toast, said that for some reason or another, which he never was able to fathom, when the association collected itself it asked him to be president. He had happened to read lately in an American paper that physically he was the very type of the hardy Borderers. He had conceived that the hardy Borderer weighed at least five stone more than he did. It was the sentiment of the Border, he hoped, that brought them all together. The history of the Borders was on the whole creditable and honest history, and that especially since the family of their noble chairman appeared in Border history. The clan of Scott held the marches in the strongest sense, because they never wavered.

Several other toasts were duly honoured.

DEATH OF MR. BURNET, Architect.—Mr. James Burnet, architect, died at his residence, Ewesbank, Langholm, on Sunday, 8th May last, in his 73rd year. He belonged to Gattonside, near Melrose, but about 44 years ago received the appointment of architect to the Duke of Buccleuch on his Grace's extensive estates in Eskdale and Liddesdale. He also undertook other work, and had practically the whole of the architectural work in both dales in his hands. He has left his mark behind him in the shape of many excellent buildings of various descriptions, and some of the recent lots of cottages especially are very tasteful.

Border Reminiscences: X.—Lady Eleanor May.

DESCENDED on the paternal side from a Scottish family of ancient lineage and high influence in Church and State, the subject of this sketch was a lady of noble sentiment and most charitable affection. She seemed to realize the dream of Thomas Chalmers, *maximus*. Throughout her broad estate, there were "many poor, but no paupers." She knew intimately the recipients of her bounty, She insisted on integrity of character and plain living as a "counter poise" to her beneficence. To err through flagrant breach of the decalogue was to forfeit her favour and prepare an *exodus*.

The authority of Lady Eleanor May was paramount. This arose more from her kindly relationship to the poor than from aristocratic sway. To introduce her name into an argument was the last word of debate.

When, on the death of a "thrifty" pauper I claimed for the Parochial Board the residue of his estate—a goodly sum—the relations of the old man hasted to the spoil, like flies to dropping honey. They pled for a share; they accused me of greed; they even threatened me with the pains and penalties of the law; and worse than all, and finally—they "wud tell the Leddy hoo ye hae abased a kenned body." One of the younger Amazons, with clenched fist, declared that "the Leddy wud set Maister Wellwud on yere tap. He wis a man that ne'er robbed the puir, though he wis geyan n'ar the bane." Little did the boisterous woman know that no sooner had I got the hoarded money than I communicated with Mr. Wellwood. I knew well how to read his physiognomy. If he smiled ever so little, his approval was secure.

At least once a week Lady Eleanor drove through our village. She invariably travelled in a huge close carriage—somewhat like a State-coach. The postilion with knee-breeches and top-boots of an antique design; the flunky perched on the box remote; the elaborate springs; the wondrous length of the single equipage—all formed a picture quite unique in modern times. No wonder that the rumble of the wheels (as the singular procession laboured along the Rosehall Road) set all our hearts abeating! Katie Johnston would cry along the Back Row to Betty Clarke—"Betty, wuman, get thae claes doun oot o' the kirkyaird. A hear the Leddy's cairrage. Dod, A never kenned she wis hame. She maun hae came frae the North yestreen. Postie saw naethin' o' her the day whan he cam' through the gruns. Hist, ye, wuman! Dry or no, A wudna for the worl' that the Leddy set een on thae claes."

Now, this had reference to what I always thought an unseemly habit of bleaching and drying clothes in the Old Churchyard. It was done from no thought of wanton desecration. It was rather one of those time-honoured liberties which only custom sanctions as correct. I often wished the Leddy would actually see the unsanctified bleaching-green. It might have led at an earlier date to the staying of a painful abuse.

Only once did Lady Eleanor deign to visit our simple home. I heard the carriage quite in time to leave the school that I might receive her Ladyship in that cosy parlour—with its concealed bed, and ceiling so approachable—which always looked so "comely, neat and clean." I had great difficulty in framing my speech so as to give none offence if possible. I knew that my guest had no respect for modern educational method, but I felt somewhat proud of our village school, which was one of the very first to be built in terms of the Act of 1872. I said to her Ladyship that I hoped she liked our new school.

"Like it," she said, "how can anybody like it? It is more like a nunnery than a school."

I suggested that she might wish to see the scholars. I was sure they would highly value her visit.

She replied, "That day, sir, has gone. I was a friend of education till you came here. I will not, I cannot enter now. The glory has departed from the Parish Schools of Scotland."

She spoke with deep emotion and evident sincerity. To this day she gives the most genuine proof of her attachment to primitive methods in maintaining a pretty little school—covered with the daintiest thatch and situated in one of those cool, sequestered dells which stretch through her spacious pleasure ground. In this paradisal spot, as through a veil of mysticism, may be read these words, "I Wisdom dwell with Prudence."

Lady Eleanor was a regular worshipper in the Parish Church. She had an innate abhorrence of all innovation. It was no doubt partly on this account that the ritual and rubric of our service was bald and bare. To one who favours decorous form and even ornate order there seems now astonishment that we could really "worship in the beauty of holiness," when the pulpit had for years a mantle as depressingly dull as a *mortcloth*. I have happy memories of the sunshine streaming so richly through ivy of the loveliest green which clung to the astragals. The recollection of the genuine evangelism and

benign countenance of good old Dr. Boston remain with me a joy for ever. But the cold grey walls; the streaky ceiling; the box-seat, covered with fading green—ever fading and creeping from its brazen nails; the *bolt* upright pew, with the inevitable rasping door; the well-nigh vertical bookboard with its binding-rim "tae kep the buiks fae fa'in'"—all these must have had the tendency to cool the fervour of devotional life. Religion was stern, serious, and supremely sober (as it ought to be), but it lacked "sweetness and light." With these it need not have been less sincere. Certainly it would have been more attractive then, and the memory of it more tenderly responsive now.

At the Sunday service—and our Church door was ne'er unlocked during the week—Lady Eleanor might be relied on taking her seat in the "laft," at noon, the hour of holy worship. Indeed, her carriage regulated the pulpit. The "bell commenced" as it passed Kosehall, and was observed by John Swanson, who was always on the alert to catch the very first *glisk* of the bobbing postilion. As I entered the Church vestibule one Sabbath I said to the ubiquitous beadle, "You're surely behind time to day, John?' "Hoo can A be that," he replied, "whan the Leddy's cairrage's no in sicht o' ma view?"

As will be readily understood, my friend Mr. Wallace had not that unqualified esteem for the Leddy which obtained both in village and parish. He was in a position to judge the case with the utmost impartiality. He was in many ways independent, and one was frequently struck with the originality of his mode of expression. One Saturday forenoon, as I passed the Manse, he tapped on the window-pane, and hurried to meet me at the door—his eyes glistening with tears of humour. He accosted me thus, "Dominie, I conclude that this parish is divided into three classes—first, those who hate the Leddy; second, those who fear the Leddy; and third, those who worship the Leddy." He delivered himself without any feeling of personal resentment. The humour of the situation had struck in genial soil. He seemed to anticipate the language of modern criticism,—"The distinction between fear and worship is fine for the vulgar." Nor let any one who reads these words deem, on the one hand, that my friend's conclusion was tainted ever so little by envy, or on the other, that any cause of virtuous anger ever sprang from caprice or captiousness. It is just what one would call "speaking straight." Or it is another way of saying that her Ladyship narrowly escaped the saddest of all woes which is, "Woe unto you, when all men speak well of you."

One very distinctive trait of character was evinced in Lady Eleanor May in her reverence for sacred things, and the high value she set on Christian living. In some ways our two ministers of religion might very well have sufficed for the duties of the Divine calling, but on the estate of Westwood a lay missionary regularly visited every house, and prayer meetings were held at the various onsteads. When Mr. Scott was appointed, there was just the slightest apprehension that his office might infringe the status and discipline of the regular clergy. This was but a passing sentiment. The missionary, by his tact, good sense, devotion to his own sphere of duty, and more than all, by his consistently upright walk and conversation, won the hearts of all the parishioners. To many a home he brought words of peace and hope and the sweet influence of a daily gospel. There is room in all our churches—and in some of them a large one—for lay workers. Lady Eleanor has here laid the entire community under a deep debt of gratitude.

Veneration for old ways and ancient customs was another feature of the illustrious Lady, who held her ancestral seat with much honour and noteworthy simplicity. Improvements in a material and technical sense were not conspicuous. Much of her domain was gay with the bloom of primitive beauty. The purple heather was to her the dearest of Nature's dowry. The prickly whin, with its velvet cloth of gold, was free from the relentless mattock. The old *natural* woods, densely set with gnarlous oak and wayward mountain ash, were to her a more gladsome prospect than modern plantation growth of measured interval. Nor was any walk half so sweet to her as when led by tender hearted Spring she tripped across the crisp brown rustling leaves as they strewed the woodlands gay with the yellow primrose—so shy to kiss the April showers—where, by "The waters trinklin' doun amang the fern," and the moss-covered growth of a thousand years, Nature always seems to touch so gently the soul of Mother Earth.

Here and there throughout Westwood Park were erected picturesque cairns to mark spots historic, or shrines personal to her own memory of days endeared to her through touching, hopeful, or tragic events. No rude hand dared to uproot any vestige of the day-dreams of her childhood. She lived much in the past. With the haste and fever of modern method, she had the scantiest sympathy. And thus it was that

many of her cottars and retainers grew up along with her, and shared her sorrows and her joys.

"They ne'er had changed, nor wished to change their place."

On this page I should perhaps only write of the Leddy, as her influence bore on the public mind, but her love of ballad lore was so devoted and inspiring, that to me at least, her poetic gift has all the charm of romance. She has penned not a few songs which will live as long as literature has a Scottish home. How she stooped low to hear old Mary Elliot sing of *Bonnie Jean* who

"Slighted baith lairds and lords!"

How much would she give to day to possess some of those heart-stirring strains whose melody lingers in her ear, but whose words have gone with the recollection of the dear old-world rhymes—so tender and so true!

The almost universal absenteeism of the Scottish proprietor cannot be too much deprecated. It has no doubt alienated the heart of the people. Speaking generally, reverence is not now one of the characteristics of our race. At Westwood, it has even yet an abiding home, and all by reason of the benevolence of one who wears the grace of true nobility "amang her ain folks." A. T. G.

Village Tales.

BY REV. ANDREW AITKEN, SHAPINSHAY.

III.

ROBBIE RANKINE'S WILL.

"SCANDALOUS! Perfectly disgraceful! We must stop this somehow."

The Rev. Henry Yule walked to and fro in his study, and his usual placid countenance was marked with lines of anger, while he stuttered out in broken words his indignation at the story Wullie Gow, his ruling elder, had just told him. Wullie had gone down to the Secession Manse on the excuse of some session business, but in reality to communicate to the minister a story that had set the whole village by the ears.

"Hev' ye heard what Wat Morton's gaun t' dae?" asked Wullie.

"No. Who is he?"

"He's a nevvy o' Robbie Rankine—him that's sae ill ye-ken. He cam' owre the hill the nicht afore last."

"Is he one of our folks?"

"It's no' easy kennin' whae he belangs till," Wullie replied. "He says he's Auld Kirk, but I doot he means nae kirk. An' judgin' by his warks, it's the Auld Yin's service he kens maist aboot."

"What about him?"

"Weel, I heard it no' an 'oor sin' frae Rob Brown, the postie. He's here waitin' on Robbie's death, an' syne he means to claim a' that's left. He's the nearest bluid relative, an' he's blawin' already o' what he expecks to get."

"Can that be true William? Is it possible that greed could so possess a man? Do the Rankines know this? He surely could not be so vile as to say that there."

"Deed, no', he hasna been there, but I'm feared they'll hear, though the neibours are ilka yin fearder than anither to say ocht aboot it. It's an awfu' disgrace to the village."

"I'm glad you told me, William. I'll go up in the morning and see if this diabolic plan cannot be circumvented."

And Wullie, simple-minded man, went away wondrously relieved by the minister's resolve, and strong in the assurance that the big words he used would lead to the downfall of the man of Belial.

It was mid-forenoon when Henry Yule entered the little thatched cottage where, boy and man, Robbie had lived for forty years. He was a forester on the Hirsel estate, and had been a strong, vigorous man until a falling tree had crushed his chest. Three months had passed since the accident, and he was rapidly weakening. The end he knew was not far off, but for himself he had no fear; he was dying in the faith that had been the strength of his life. But though he saw his own way clear enough, he often thought sorrowfully of Mary, his wife. There was so little to leave for her comfort, and the world was so cold to the poor. Still he always kept a brave front, and comforted her as best he could.

When the minister came in, he was sitting by the fire, for summer though it was, his blood ran cold. They had been talking some time before Mr. Yule could bring the conversation round to the desired point. Then he said:

"I suppose Mary will still continue to live among us."

"That's so, sir. She's got nae kith or kin to gang till, an' it's sair wark beginnin' life among the frem. She'll hev a' the gear an' ony siller that's left after I'm awa, an' the Husband o' the weedy 'll help her as He's helped us baith."

"And have you put that down in writing—that about the gear, I mean?"

"What dis't ser' daein' that?" asked Robbie. "There's naebuddy surely wad wrang a weedy wumman."

"Perhaps not—but it's best to put matters on a safe footing, and I would strongly advise you to do it."

"Very well, sir, gin that's yer thocht, I'll juist dae't."

Mr. Yule drew up a statement which was duly signed and witnessed.

"Now," said he, "I'll keep this in my pocket in the meantime."

Within a week, Robbie slipped quietly away. Wat Morton no sooner heard of it in the public house, where he spent most of his time, than he went to the house, where, under the guise of sympathy and assistance in the last sad offices to the dead, he summed up with greedy eyes the value of the plenishing. Poor Mary thought he was a very kindly man; she was perhaps the only one in the village who did not know his real designs. And though everybody pitied her, they could do nothing, for in those days there was no "Married Woman's Property Act" to give wives a legal right to their own. And they did not care to tell her in the first sacred moments of her sorrow.

But soon enough she knew. For on the day when Robbie was laid in the kirkyard, and while the mourners were still standing round the grave with bare heads and reverent mien until the earth should be filled in, Wat slipped away as quietly as possible from the scene, and went to the cottage where Mary sat in tearless grief. Some neighbour women, who had been comforting her, glared at him as he came in, but his greed was greater than his regret and he ordered them out. Mary's spirit fired within her.

"Ye've may be forgotten it's my hoose ye're in."

"It's no' the hoose I want," he said, "it's the furnitur'. And I cudna dae onything wi' thae yammerin' craiturs aboot. I've nae time to pit aff. There's a couple o' cairts comin' this afternune to lift the things, an' I maun be busy."

"What d'ye mean?" Mary asked in stark surprise. "Ye'll no' tak' a bodle's worth oot o' here wi' my wull."

"I'm no' needn't," he said, "I'm the corp's nearest friend, an' of coorse I get a' thing."

"Aye, an' where do I come in? Am I a pairt o' the furnitur' tae?" said Mary, in hot indignation. "Oh, ye heartless monster, I wonder ye're no' feared the earth disna open an' swallow ye up."

At this juncture Henry Yule stepped in. When he saw Wat disappear so quietly from the grave, he suspected his intentions and followed him. He only smiled as Wat said:

"We're no' needin' you here noo."

"Can I do you any service, Mary?" said the minister.

"Oh, I'm glad t'see ye. That man there says he's gaun to tak' a' my gear away," and she burst into tears.

"There's some mistake. We'll soon put that right."

He looked sternly at Wat, and said:

"Hadn't you better go now?"

"The fient a step I gang till I get what's my ain," was the surly reply.

"Can you read?"

Mr. Yule stepped forward and held before Wat's eyes a paper he took from his pocket. Wat collapsed like a wind-bag when he saw it was a will in favour of Mary. "Now go, you scoundrel, before I forget my office, and give you what you so richly deserve. And if you get home without broken bones, consider yourself lucky. You're the first of your kind in Sunnyside, and, I hope, the last."

Wat slunk out of the house only to be met by a mob of young fellows whose arguments were more forcible than the minister's. Cuffs were showered on him as he began to run, and while stinging words fell on his ears, still more stinging blows fell on his body. As he ran, his course took him down by the mill, and here they surrounded him. Four of the strongest lads seized him, and with a vigorous swing they let him go squelch into the mud and water of the pond. Mud clad and wet to the skin, he clambered out on the other side, and went home over the moor—a wetter, and wiser, if not a better man.

An Old Postman's Yarns.

BY the recent death of Mr. William Bull, Dumfries, the Queen of the South, has lost one of its worthies. Mr. Bull was born in 1836 in Dumbartonshire, and spent part of his youth at Carnwath, in Lanarkshire. His father was for many years post runner between Dumfries and Keir, and the son, who had decided to follow the same calling, was appointed to the Dumfries and Glencaple run in 1851. The duties of this post he discharged with fidelity till June 1894, when he retired from the postal service on a pension. He did not forsake his old haunts, however, for up till his death, last February, he plied with a waggonette between Dumfries and Glencaple, which, popularly known as the "Old Quay," is a favourite summer resort some five miles distant from the county town. As a driver, he was always extremely obliging, and many will remember with pleasure

a journey under his guidance to the picturesque old castle of Caerlaverock, which is situated about three miles past the village. He always succeeded in whiling away the tedium of the journey with the wondrous stories for which he was famed. It is a few of these "yarns" that we now propose to repeat; but they must, for obvious reasons, be swallowed with the proverbial grain of salt. No doubt some, though attributed to his own inventiveness, are the product of some other person's brains, and have been picked up by him in his daily rounds: for a postman's occupation is one of those in the pursuance of which many people are come in contact with.

Of the first story there can be little doubt as to its originality, and it shows the ready wit possessed by this country postman. When delivering his parcels one day at Netherwood, a country house in the vicinity occupied by a gentleman of the name of Stott, a complaint was made as to the lateness of the delivery. Bull made some sort of excuse, and then said rather abruptly, "I'm a bigger man than you."

"What is that?" said the gentleman, somewhat taken aback by the apparent rudeness of the answer. "Do you mean to insult me?"

"It's quite true," was the reply. "You're only a *stott*, but I'm a *bull*."

Bull took a warm interest in bee culture, and he used to say that his bees got to know him so well and became so fond of him that they would often swarm about his waggonette and accompany him all the way to Glencaple, where they would wait until he started on his return journey. They would then accompany him home in the same manner.

One day, when on his usual journey, he spied a sixpence lying on the road a short distance in front of his vehicle. He wished to get the sixpence; but his horse was a somewhat spirited one, so that it would not do very well to stop the waggonette and alight to pick up the coin. However, he saw it was lying just in a line with one of the wheels, and so, he would say, "I just calculated where the wheel would touch the sixpence, and spat on the place. And all I had to do was to pick the sixpence off the wheel as it came round."

Another of his stories was to this effect. He had been out shooting, and had used up all his shot, and when returning home he caught sight of a flock of seven fine wild ducks, coming towards him in a line. He at first thought he was going to lose this splendid opportunity; but his ready adaptability to circumstances stood him in good stead. Loading his gun, as usual, with a charge of powder, he quickly pushed the ramrod down the barrel. The ducks had by this time come within shot, the line being "end on" to him, so he fired at the nearest one. As he had expected, the ramrod passed through the eyes of the lot, and, falling into the sea, it speared a large salmon. On firing, the gun had "kicked" and Bull, falling on his back, smothered a covey of partridges which were lying hid in the long grass!

Another shooting yarn was the following:—He and a companion had just started out on a shooting expedition, and were passing a deep pool, when his powder flask fell into the water. Of course he was very much annoyed at this. He did not want to turn back now, and his companion's flask did not contain sufficient powder for both. So he asked his fellow-sportsman to dive into the pool and bring up the flask, adding that had he been a younger man he would have done it himself. This request was complied with after a little grumbling, and Bull sat down on the bank to wait. Thinking the other man was a long time in making his appearance, he went to the edge of the pool and looked down into the clear water, and there was his companion coolly filling his own powder flask out of his (Bull's) in the water! In a few seconds he returned to the surface and said that he could not find the flask at all. When Bull informed him of what he had seen him doing, however, he did not deny the soft impeachment, but at once dived again into the stream, brought up the flask, and re-filled it.

Now for a tale of the sea. He and a number of others were out in a boat one day, when suddenly there appeared—not the usual sea-serpent, but another leviathan of the deep—a whale. Before anything could be done the whale "opened its mouth to its utmost extent," as the nursery rhyme has it, and down they went, boat and all. They were now like Jonah, in the whale's belly, and the next question was how to get out; for they were quite uninjured, and still sitting in the boat. But our postman was there, and he, as usual, found a way out of the difficulty. He got them to cut a hole in each side of the whale, through which to put an oar; and they soon rowed ashore, stranded the whale, and got out, either by a larger hole cut in the side of the monster, or by its mouth.

ROBERT J. ARNOTT.

A TRIP TO THE CHEVIOTS. We have received a copy of this interesting work from the author—"One of the Party." In its present form it is "printed for private circulation" only, and appears with a large addition to its illustrations.

Mosspaul.

MOSSPAUL, as may be known to many, was in the palmy days of the "road" a very lively place, an inn and large posting establishment. "Her Majesty's Royal Mail," and other coaches, as well as numerous private carriages passing daily and changing horses.

The distance from Langholm to the entrance of the "pass" is eight and a half miles up the valley of the Ewes water, or Ewesdale, and is a most enjoyable drive, a narrow valley or glen closely shut in by hills of considerable grandeur, and is often spoken of as the Southern Highlands.

The pass, two and a half miles in length, is now suddenly entered—and here was born, and still resides, the writer of the verses. It is a narrow gorge between lovely green hills, rising abruptly and precipitously from each side of the road to a considerable height, and terminating at the summit or watershed, and here on the boundary line between Dumfriesshire and Roxburghshire stands Mosspaul, "now lone and forsaken." The distance from Langholm to Hawick is twenty three miles, and Mosspaul is just about midway between these towns. Its past and present are feelingly and well described in the poem.

After leaving Mosspaul the road passes down the Frostly or Frostielea Burn, where, in the old ballad, Buccleuch overtook the English cattle-lifters and rescued Jamie Telfer's kye. Near where the Frostly joins the Teviot is Caerlinrig, where Johnnie Armstrong and his men were hanged by King James V., and where last year a memorial slab was erected to their memory, and noticed in the *Border Magazine* at the time.

From here it is nine miles down the Teviot, past Branxholme, to Hawick.

Mosspaul was unroofed and dismantled some six or seven years ago, much to the regret of many that an old historic place should have been ruthlessly destroyed. Originally a most substantial building, it was good for many a year to come. That "some one has blundered" is evident. J. M. S.

A LAMENT FOR MOSSPAUL.

Thy walls now stand roofless, thy inmates have left thee,
No voices nor footsteps resounds through thy hall,
The sure march of time now of life has bereft thee,
Thy glory's departed now silent Mosspaul.

And gone is the bustle of cadgers and post-boys,
No human tide now that so high once did flow,
And gone are the days with their sorrows and past joys,
For this generation thy pace was too slow.

Had thy walls but a tongue they could tell to the curious
What tales they have heard and what sights they have seen,
And what storms they withstood though they raged long and furious,
And tell to the strangers how great thou hast been.

No one now to welcome the tired and weary,
No soft downy beds to invite them to rest,
Nor well laden table, but wind whistling dreary,
To mock the lone wanderers with hunger oppressed.

At the head of the pass you stand lone and forsaken,
The bat and the owl undisputed hold sway;
Decay on thy walls now possession has taken,
You have waxed and you've waned, and now passing away.

The stone stair is gone that old Jamie oft mounted,
Away in the distance the coach to descry;
At the very first sight of her coming up he could count on,
Then off for the horses with pulse beating high.

For the stagers had aye tae be ready and waiting
To relieve the poor foam covered steeds from the trace;
The change soon was made, then O' woa horse be steady,
Please ladies and gentlemen each take your place.

The coach now stands idle, and Jamie is sleeping,
They've both had their day, and their day has gone by,
And through the lone court now the cold rain is sweeping,
And the coach-horses' stables in ruins do lie.

Woe now betide the poor pilgrim benighted
When winter's deep gloom on thy ruins is cast;
In vain will he look for a room cheery lighted,
No shelter he'll find from the snow laden blast.

P.S.

And though widely apart thy old walls now are sundered,
Let me see but one stone of thy ruins so vast,
It suggests to my mind aye that some one has blundered,
And recalls to fond memory bright scenes of the past.

1897. *Walter M'Vittie.*

New Music.

"JETHART'S HERE!"—A Border Slogan, written and arranged by G. F. Lenid, and dedicated to the most Honourable The Marquess of Lothian K.T., catches up not a little of the old Border spirit, and introduces the names of places rendered famous in ancient story.

"THE WUDS O' TORWOODLEE" (Galawater), Song and Chorus, dedicated to the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, words by John Singer, and music by J. Lamb Thomson, symphonies and accompaniments by W. Tod Prentice. This song, which was advertised in the last issue of the *Border Magazine* is sure to become popular, as the words are pleasing, and the music original and melodious. It is printed, as all vocal music should be, in both notations, and the range will suit any ordinary voice.

Mungo Park.*

MUNGO PARK was a famous Borderer, and his life is well worthy of a place among famous Scots. For a right brave and resolute life it was, a life of strenuous endeavour, of perseverance under the most trying conditions, and of courage in circumstances which might well have subdued a man less dogged and dauntless. Mr. Maclachlan terms the story of his travels romantic, but the adjective seems somewhat unfortunate. It is a pitiful tale of misfortunes, robbery, starvation, hardships which seem well-nigh unendurable, for Park could literally say with the tent-maker of Tarsus, that he had been in "journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers . . . . in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness . . . . in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

Born at Foulshiels on the Yarrow in 1771, the seventh child in a family of thirteen, Mungo Park was destined by his parents for the ministry, but his tastes inclined to medicine, and he was apprenticed to Dr. Anderson of Selkirk. A course or two at Edinburgh University followed, and then, through the influence of Sir Joseph Banks, he was appointed, at the age of twenty-one, an assistant-surgeon on an East Indian Company's vessel. His first voyage lasted for one year, and had a profound influence on his future life, for it was the experience gained on this voyage that led him to offer himself to the African Association when they wanted an explorer to pierce the mystery of the course of the Niger, which, up to that time, had baffled all the efforts made to find it out. Again on the recommendation of Sir Joseph Banks, his offer was accepted, and in 1795 he set out on his journey with only two companions, both negroes. They had among them only two guns and two pistols, with a few provisions, an equipment which contrasts strongly with the elaborate outfit of modern exploring expeditions. The harrowing tale of his progress is told at length in this little book. He managed to reach Silla on the Niger, but at that point he was obliged to retrace his steps, and after an absence of two and-a-half years he returned to England where he was treated as one returned from the dead, for all hope of his safety had been given up. We next find him married to a daughter of Dr. Anderson, and settled as a medical practitioner at Peebles, but despite a happy marriage he does not seem to have taken kindly to the life of a country doctor. The fact was, as the author aptly puts it, that "the spell of Africa was upon him—that nameless charm of which no man can thoroughly purge his blood once he has been inoculated," and consequently, he again set out in 1805 to make another attempt to pierce what was still a mystery. His party on this occasion consisted of forty-five Europeans who were all well armed and carried a considerable store of provisions. They started in high spirits, but troubles soon crowded thick upon them; and the story of their fate was only revealed long years after. Not one of the expedition returned alive, and Park himself, with a remnant of his following, was drowned at Bussa, to which point he had managed to penetrate.

This book has appeared at a singularly opportune time, for, with the Commission sitting in Paris and the French holding Boussa, the question of future developments in the Niger basin is bound to be eagerly watched and discussed. Of the shameful lassitude of British governments in the past, of the constant aggressive policy of France, of the remarkable prophecies of James M'Queen, who seems to have been a man of almost preternatural perspicuity, of the brilliant forward policy of Sir George Taubman Goldie which has preserved for us a portion, but only a portion of the vast district which might all have been ours, and for the exploration of which so many Britons gave their lives, Mr. Maclachlan has much to say in his most instructive sketch of the history of the Niger territory after Park's death. The narrative is well told and the book forms one of the most interesting volumes of the series in which it appears.

The perusal of it inevitably recalls the lines of the laureate of Greater Britain :—

"We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town;
We yearned beyond the sky line where the strange roads go down.
Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,
Till the soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.
As the deer breaks—as the steer breaks—from the herd where they graze,
In the faith of little children we went on our ways.
Then the wood failed—then the food failed—then the last water dried,
In the faith of little children we lay down and died.
On the sand-drift—on the side-veld—in the fern scrub we lay,
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.
Follow after—follow after! We have watered the root
And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for fruit.

W. E. WILSON.

*Mungo Park. By T. Banks Maclachan. Famous Scots Series. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

Dominie Thompson: A Character Sketch.

THE minister of the Established Church at Melrose during the early years of the present century was the Rev. Mr. Thompson. He had a family of four sons and three daughters—all well educated, although his income was but £40 a year along with "three acres and a cow." This, however, was during the time he was only "assistant and successor." Of the four sons, George was the eldest, and though he became a minister, yet he is best known as the original of Sir Walter Scott's famous character of "Dominie Sampson." Robert was a lawyer with a practice for many years in Melrose. Joseph and Thomas were doctors, who both died abroad. Joseph was on his way home, and great preparations were made to receive him by the family at Melrose. He must have been fond of gooseberries, for a bush of ripe fruit was reserved and covered with netting for his home-coming. But he never reached home, and great lamentation took the place of rejoicing.

In due time, George became his father's helper, and preached regularly on Sunday afternoons to highly appreciative congregations. He was a great favourite of his father's parishioners, who good-naturedly tolerated his eccentricities and absent-mindedness as being "juist Maister George's ways." He confessed that his mind sadly wandered whilst delivering sermons. Once he fancied he was a general upon horseback, when he met a woman with a basketful of eggs who caused his horse to shy, and he was thrown from the saddle. At this point, he suddenly ceased preaching and exclaimed, to the surprise of his hearers, "There is a grand army officer overthrown by an old woman selling eggs!"

George Thompson would have chosen the army as his profession, but, unfortunately he met with an accident early in life. During an absent-minded freak while studying in the churchyard of Melrose Abbey, as was his wont, he leapt over a tombstone, and bruised his knee so badly that white swelling ensued, and amputation became necessary. A wooden leg was substituted for the one he had lost—a circumstance which frequently occasioned the remark, "If it had not been for this stick leg, I would have been a soldier." Yet he continued his studies in the Abbey-yard, jumping over tombstones, knocking with a thick walking-stick the stump of his leg above the wooden part, and uttering a peculiar grunting noise in his throat. On one occasion, he frightened a lady nearly out of her senses. Thinking him a madman, she went off to bring people to secure him, but was greatly surprised to learn that he was the young minister thinking out his sermon, and "that this was only Maister George's way."

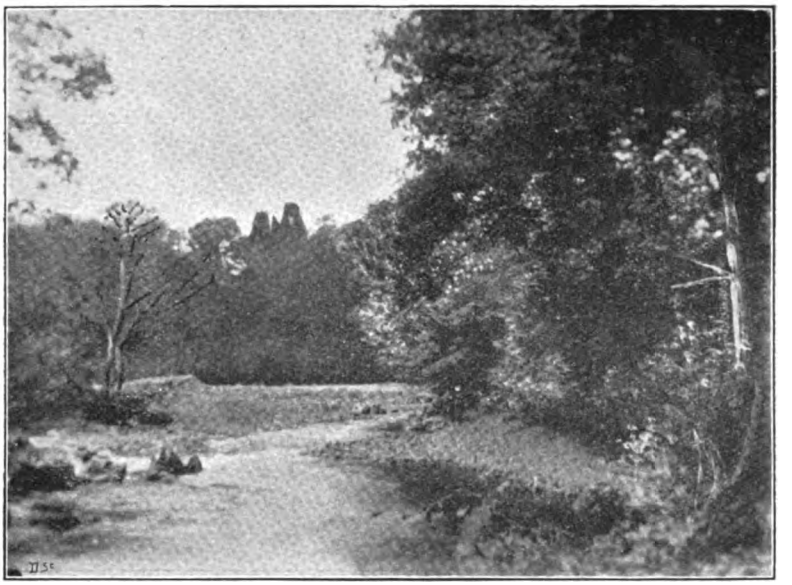
George Thompson's deep knowledge of Latin enabled him to translate all the old inscriptions in the Abbey. When the scare caused by the resurrectionists, Burke and Hare, reached Melrose, the householders built a hut against the wall of the graveyard, and each took his turn in the nightly watch. George was delighted with these vigils, and visited the watchers every night, and cheered them with some quaint remarks or wonderful story. He was very fond of young people. To children in the Sunday school he gave simple loving addresses. He was at his best indeed, while with children, and learning this, Sir Walter Scott engaged him as tutor to his eldest son, and seems to have taken a great liking for him, as he is frequently mentioned in Lockhart's "Life."

Dominie Thompson often dined and spent evenings with the best families in the neighbourhood of Melrose and at Abbotsford. On one occasion having been honoured by an invitation to dine with Lord ——, the Dominie mistook a cottage for the mansion. On entering, he astonished the inmates by his polite manners, bowing and shaking hands with man, wife, and children. They had never seen him looking so grand before, as he was in full evening suit, and it was not until the mistress of the cottage spoke that matters began to right themselves. "Dear me, Maister George," said she, "what has come owre ye the nicht?" Looking round him for a moment, he gradually realised the situation and explained that he had been asked to dine with Lord ——, and thought he had arrived there and was shaking hands with his lordship and his guests.

George Thompson was a tall, well grown man. His large blue eyes had a vacant expression sometimes: his mouth was well-shaped and firm: while the expansive forehead was slightly covered with light brown hair. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than a ride on horseback. Even on Sundays when a pony was brought to the kirk door for the use of a rheumatic worshipper, George would mount the pony, take a ride round the town, and return to the kirk door where the owner was impatiently waiting his return. Occasionally he took part in public matters, and did his part very well. Thus at the laying of the foundation stone of the Suspension Bridge over the Tweed at Melrose, Mr. Thompson gave an able address to the Free

Masons who had come to take part in the ceremony. Sir Walter never lost his interest in Dominie Thompson. He mentions him frequently in his Diary. Under date December 28, 1825, Scott writes, "Last night George Thompson came to see how I was, poor fellow. He has talent, is well-informed, and has an excellent heart; but there is great eccentricity about him. I wish to God I saw him provided in a country kirk. That with a rational wife, would, I think, bring him to a steady temper; at present he is between the tyning and the winning. If I could get him to set to any hard study, he would do something clever." But neither kirk nor wife fell to the lot of George Thompson. He became a school teacher in Edinburgh, where he was found dead in bed one morning in January, 1838. The socket of his wooden leg contained £100 of his savings. The gentle George had evidently peacefully passed away, judging from the pleasant and beautiful expression upon his countenance in death.

M. TAIT.



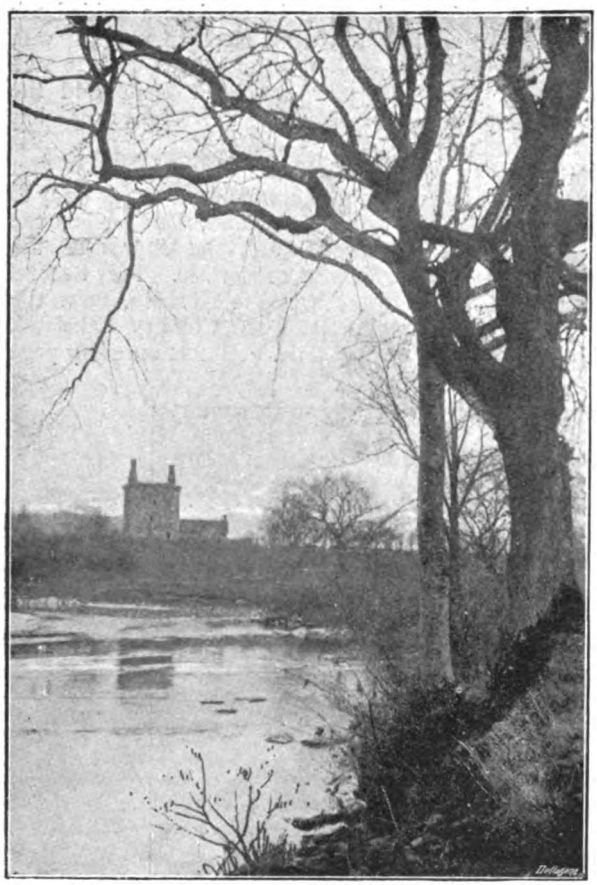
Kindly lent by Author. DISTANT VIEW OF NEWARK.

The Border Country.*

THE author, and the publisher, of this large and handsome volume, bound in red cloth and full of illustrations, sets before us an excellent guide to the Border Country. Though too large to be used as a guide book and carried about from place to place, it will, nevertheless, be a most enjoyable work to take up after the tour has been made and the memory goes back to the scenes it has witnessed.

The work is divided into two parts. Part First tells us of the journey from Leeds away to the north by Northumberland, the Cheviots, the Scottish Border Country, the shores of the Solway, and forward to Carlisle. Part Second takes us on from Carlisle to Hexham, down the Irthing, through the Eden Country, Lakeland, and on to Ribblesdale. Almost on every page there is an illustration, and the district travelled over, as the title indicates, is at least 2,000 miles. In the short space that lies at our command, we have room only to indicate what the author says of the Scottish Border Country. One of the strongest recommendations of the work, in our opinion, is the telling of the stories of each district visited by the author, or the sketch of some well-known character associated with each district. Thus at Lennel, near Coldstream, Mr. Bogg points out Sandy Watson's farm, and tells us how Sandy one morning had mounted his stackyard dyke, the better to overlook the operations of his men in the fields, when a strong gust of wind blew him over. He remounted, but was again blown down. He made a third attempt, only to be again discomfited. In a

*Two Thousand Miles of Wandering in the Border Country, Lakeland, and Ribblesdale. By Edmund Bogg. Leeds: Edmund Bogg.



Kindly lent] ON THE ESK: ARMSTRONG'S PEEL. [by Author.

towering rage, Sandy faced round to the wind and clinching his fist struck out fiercely, shouting the while, "—— ye, would ye blaw a man aff his ain stackyard dyke!"

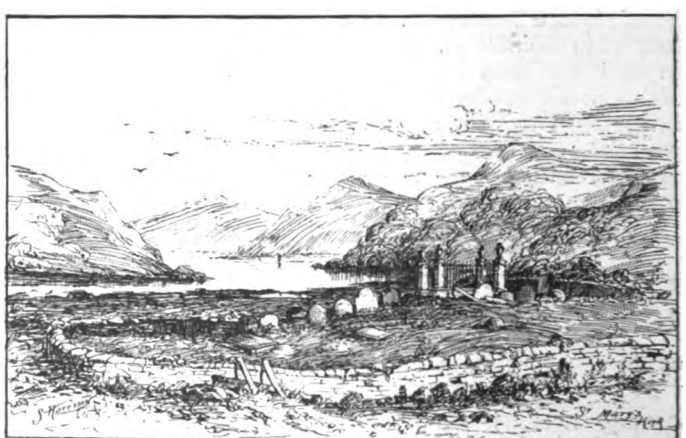
Crossing the Tweed, Mr. Bogg sets foot on Scottish ground, and tells us many anecdotes of the characters associated with Coldstream. By way of Ednam he gets to Kelso, which he describes, and then passes on to Yetholm, where numerous incidents connected with the gipsies are related. Keeping up by the Cheviots and the source of the Rede, Mr. Bogg reaches the valley of the Jed, from which he proceeds to Jedburgh, on to the country between the Teviot and the Tweed, picking up a lot of stories by the way. Fair Maiden Lilliard, Thomas the Rhymer, and Dryburgh, bring us up to Melrose where Mr. Bogg arrives in the calm and dreamy moonlight. Probably he was too late to gain admission in the usual way, for he tells us how he scaled the railings of the graveyard and entered the abbey alone.

After taking another look at the abbey next day, and looking round the town of Melrose, Mr. Bogg continued his journey. The names he gives to many of the places visited are very amusing. Forward he goes till he passes the mouth of the Allan (the Elwand) and reaches the Gala.

"What river is that?" he enquired of a kindly Scot. "That's noan a river at o': it's Gala Watter," was the reply in the Scottish vernacular translated into Mr. Bogg's local English.

By Galashiels our tourist finds his way to Abbotsford, which he describes, and then pushes onward to the Ettrick, up Moffatdale, back to St. Mary's and the Yarrow. From Selkirk he passes over to Hawick and Branxholm, and then finds his way on to Dumfries-shire, and eventually lands at Carlisle where the journey homeward begins as already indicated.

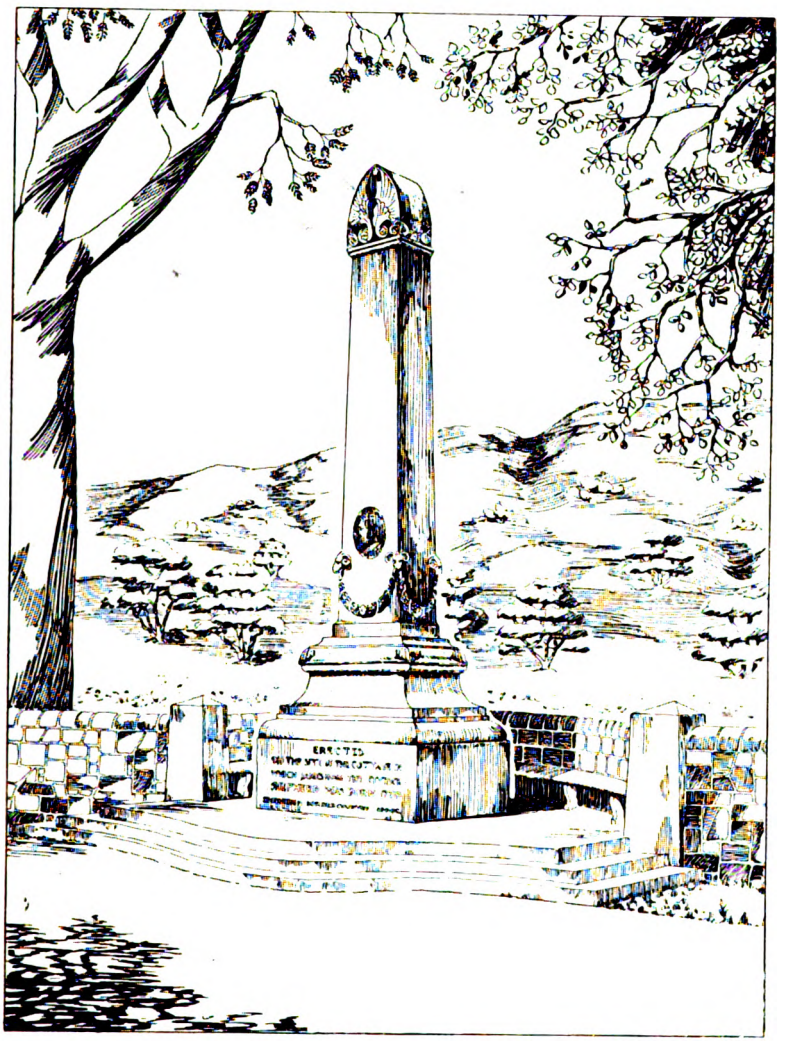
A pleasant chatty volume altogether. It is amusing and interesting on almost every page, and though the author has not caught the Scotch words, or the Scotch phrases, in many of the places described, still the spirit in which the volume is written is excellent and its tone cheerful. It has our warmest commendation, and deserves a place in the library of every Borderer, both on the English and the Scottish sides of the Cheviots and the Solway.



Kindly lent] RUINS OF SAINT MARY'S KIRK. [by Author

JAMES HOGG, "THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD."

Sculptor: HUBERT PATON, Edinburgh.



Monument to "The Ettrick Shepherd," at his Birthplace, to be unveiled on Saturday, 28th July, 1898.

Architect: A. G. HEITON, Perth.

VOL. III., NO. 30. JULY, 1898.

The Ettrick Shepherd.

JAMES HOGG, second son of Robert Hogg and Margaret Laidlaw, was born at Ettrick Hall, near the Parish Church of Ettrick. Some obscurity seems to hang round the exact date of his birth, but it was probably towards the end of 1770. He himself afterwards spoke of the date as the 25th January, 1772, but that was a mistake which had got hold of him, and to the end of his days he remained under its delusion.

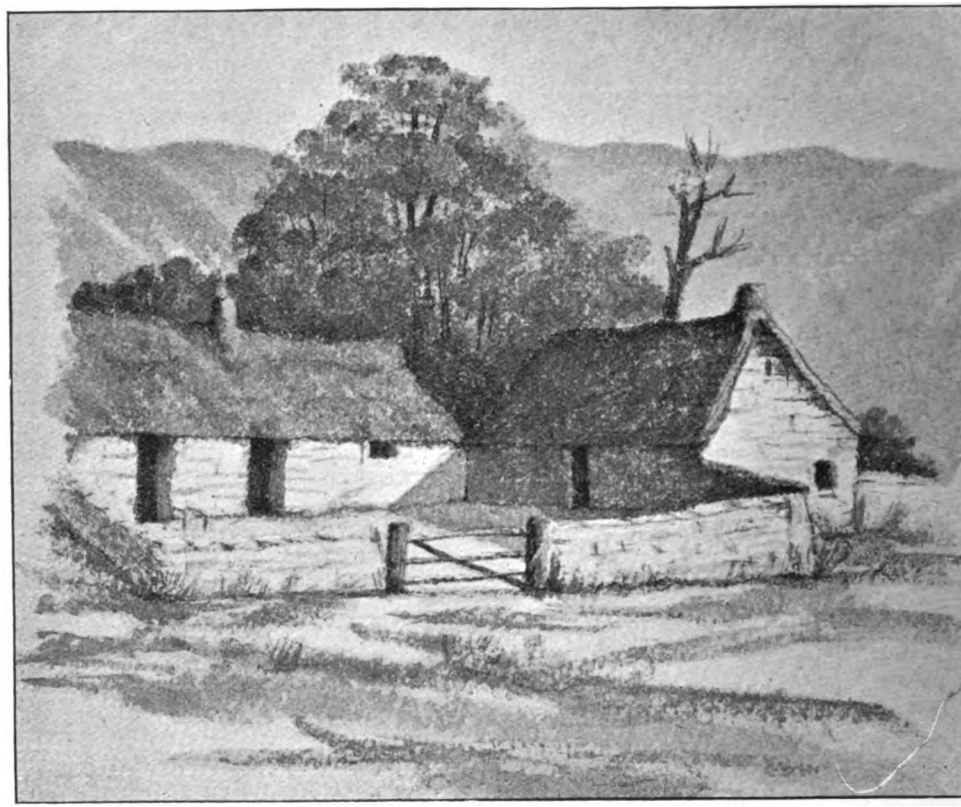
Robert Hogg, the poet's father, was a shepherd. Having saved a little money and married an excellent woman, he took to farming, but success not attending the venture, he accordingly resumed his former calling. His wife, Margaret Laidlaw, was an active, shrewd and clever woman. Too poor to think of giving her sons a long school and college learning, she used to keep them at home as long as possible and take her own way in educating them. The poet was only at school for a few months. Reading he seems to have managed pretty well, but as for writing he tells us that he defaced many sheets of paper and learned only to form a few of the letters. This was all the school education he ever received—six months or so, and then he was sent to work. His aspirations in this direction seem to have been towards a shepherd's life and this he ultimately attained. In his sixteenth year he became shepherd to Mr. Laidlaw of Willanslee, where he remained two years, and where also he first got a perusal of "The Gentle Shepherd," and "The Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace." Of both of these books, he was immoderately fond, but deeply regretted that they were in verse, or at all events, that they were not in the same sort of metre as his favourite Psalms of David.

In 1790 Hogg entered the service of Mr. Laidlaw of Blackburn, a farm on the Douglas Burn, in Yarrow, which proved to be his home for the next ten years. The Laidlaw family were shrewd clever people, fond of reading, and possessed of a stock of books, which were all open for Hogg's perusal. Ever hungering as he was for knowledge, he made good use of the privilege, and read everything he could lay his hands on. It was during this period, in 1796, that a half daft man, Jock Scott by name, came over the hills to the place where Hogg was minding his sheep. The time was summer, and Jock, in no hurry fortunately, repeated the poem of "Tam o' Shanter" to amuse the young shepherd, who seems to have been as one thunderstruck. "I cannot describe my feelings," says Hogg, and no wonder. The poem was repeated over and over again, until he got it all by heart. The visit of this half-daft man, the recitation by him of "Tam o' Shanter," and the declaration that the author of such a poem could never be equalled, nor his place filled, all had a wonderful effect on Hogg. From the date of that visit, he resolved to be a poet, and to

follow in the footsteps of Burns. Fired with this heroic resolve, he composed without stint, and sang his compositions, not only to his own satisfaction, but also to the delight of his homely but admiring companions.

James Hogg's literary fame, however, had not yet dawned. Much was to happen before that took place, and many were the disappointments he was to experience ere he became known. It was while tending his flocks at Mitchell-slack, that he first met with Allan Cunningham, and a little later on, with the Sheriff of Selkirkshire—Walter Scott. This was the beginning of that friendship which was to close only with the death of Sir Walter—a friendship, however, which was to do much for Hogg. Acting on Scott's advice, the poet published "The Mountain Bard," and a Treatise on Sheep, the effect of which was the putting of some money into the empty pockets of the shepherd. With the money thus received, Hogg took a farm in Dumfriesshire, but the result only ended in total failure.

Removing to Edinburgh, Hogg betook himself to literature. There he published a volume of songs, under the title of "The Forest Minstrel," which met with only scant success. In the city, he met with many friends, amongst whom was Mr. John Grieve, who advised the publication of "The Queen's Wake," which at once proved a great success and established the fame of its author. It brought him many friends. The Duchess of Buccleuch, to whom he dedicated a later work, "The Forest Minstrel," died in August, 1814. By her death the poet felt that he had lost a kind and considerate friend. During her illness, she reminded her sorrowing husband to care for the poor poet. This resulted in the Duke granting him the farm of Altrive (or Eltrive) Lake, at a merely nominal sum, and there he went in the spring of 1815.



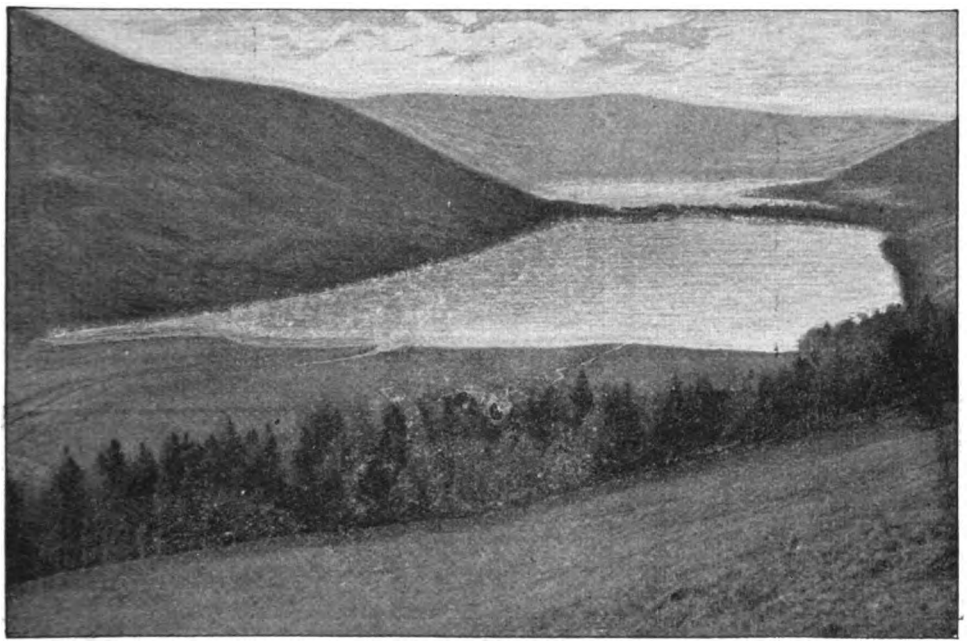
THE BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES HOGG.
Copy of old Drawing kindly lent by Lieut.-General Anderson, of Tushielaw.

Many interesting visitors called at Altrive to see the poet and all were welcome. In the year just mentioned, Hogg published "The Poetic Mirror," but now many prose tales and

sketches proceeded from his pen, principal among which was, "The Brownie of Bodsbeck." Poetry, however, came again in 1819 by the publication of "The Jacobite Relics," a collection of songs and ballads with copious notes.

Settled at Altrive, it was evident that the poet would be the better of some one with whom to share life there. The choice was made on Margaret Phillips, whom Hogg married in April, 1820. The union proved a singularly happy one. Removing to Mount Benger in 1825, the shepherd employed himself in incessant literary work, and got plenty to do. Amidst it all, however, he was secretly cherishing the ambition to become a farmer. Having been accustomed during his youth to look upon farmers as people of great importance and good social standing, it was not unnatural that he should have thought it a good thing if he could become one himself. Better it would have been for him, had he contented himself with Altrive as a home and only literature as his profession; but the change was made. Though working hard at literature, it was of no avail; for Mount Benger with its high rent and its bad seasons, was a gulf which swallowed up all his earnings. Rendered all but bankrupt, it is with a feeling of relief that we find him leaving Mount Benger and returning to Altrive Lake, the sheltering homestead where he first commenced housekeeping. Here with his wife and five children, he was as happy as a man could be. Notwithstanding the constant coming and going of visitors, Hogg was never in better spirits than when seated at his own fireside with his own family gathered round him.

In 1832, the Shepherd went to London, and there met with a very cordial reception. He was fêted, courted, and lionised by the great and the noble. His heart, however, was at home. In one of his letters to his wife he says, "I hate London, and I do not think that either flattery or profit can ever make me love it." His one great comfort was to get out of it after making arrangements for the publication of "The Altrive Tales," the first volume of which appeared in March, 1832 and then—the insolvency of his publisher. This misfortune fell very heavily upon Hogg, so much so, indeed, that his health began to be affected. During the next two years he did little, except writing for various periodicals and going to the moors for hunting and fishing. But at length, he was forced to keep the house, then his bed, and then the long long rest, which came on the 21st November, 1835. He was buried in the green churchyard of Ettrick, not much more than a stone's throw from the lowly cottage where he was born, side by side with his father and grandfather, and near the spot where repose



LOCH O' THE LOWES AND ST. MARY'S LOCH.

the remains of Thomas Boston, author of "The Fourfold State."

Such is an outline of the story of James Hogg's life, as told by his daughter in the volume now before us.* In this volume, Mrs. Garden has cleared her father's reputation from the clouds which had overshadowed it for half a century, and made the work an altogether enjoyable Border book. Her object in writing it was to present her father's life as she considered it ought to be told, and in this object we think she has fully and faithfully succeeded.

In a series of articles published in this magazine a year ago, entitled "Reminiscences of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd," we gave some illustrations of the text. In the foregoing sketch we have the pleasure of placing before our readers several additional illustrations, the most interesting of which, that of the Shepherd's birth-place, was kindly sent to us some time ago by Lieut.-General Anderson of Tushielaw. That lowly building has long since disappeared, but on its site the Edinburgh Border Counties Association is erecting a monument which will be inaugurated by Lord Napier and Ettrick, on Thursday, 28th July next. The monument is an obelisk about twenty feet high, with a medallion of the poet on the central stone. We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with a supplement containing details in drawing of this most interesting Border monument and medallion.

BRIDGE BETWEEN ST. MARY'S LOCH AND LOCH O' THE LOWES.

* *Memorials of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.* Edited by his daughter, Mrs. Garden. With Preface by Professor Veitch. Paisley: Alexander Gardner.

Sir Walter Elliot, K.C.S.I.

OF WOLFELEE.

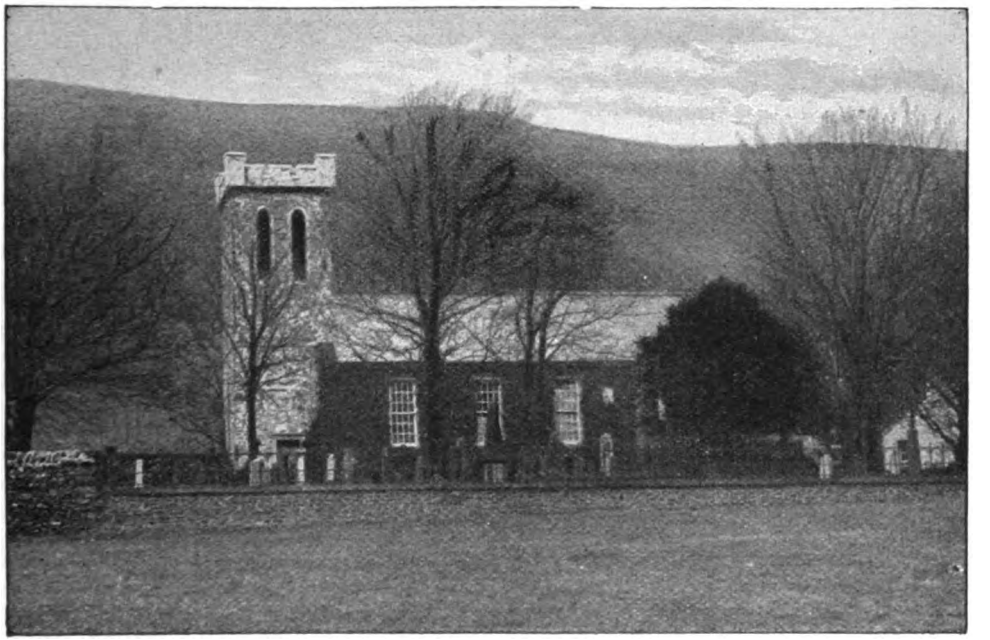
Second and concluding paper.

BETWEEN sport and the office, one might think Mr. Elliot would have little time to devote to abstract studies; yet in addition to his labours in the field of natural history he devoted much of his time to the study of archæology, and the rich field of Indian antiquities was well calculated to excite interest and to stimulate research. In 1836 the Royal Asiatic Society's Journal contains a paper by him on Hindu Inscriptions and the ancient dynasties of the Dakau; and he sent with it two manuscript volumes, containing nearly 600 copies of inscribed stones. He was one of the earliest contributors to the journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, started in 1832, and his papers on historical subjects constituted a standard work of reference for many years.

In 1838, nearly thirteen years after his arrival in India, he left Bombay on furlough, and spent

the next year and a half in travel. With his friend and fellow country-man, Mr. Robert Pringle of Yair, who was also in the Bombay Civil Service, he visited Arabia, Abyssinia, Egypt and Palestine. Here the two young men were joined by Sir Robert Palmer and the Hon. R. Carson (the late Lord Zouche) who travelled with them over the greater part of the Holy Land. They arrived at Jerusalem in Easter week, and were present in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, when the awful tragedy occurred at the pretended miracle of the descent of the holy fire, five hundred pilgrims being either suffocated or trampled to death. A most interesting account of this terrible disaster is given by Mr. Carson in "The Monasteries of the Levant," a book he wrote on their travels, which extended through Asia Minor to Constantinople,—then through Greece, Italy and France, arriving home in May, 1835. In October, 1836, he returned to India as private secretary to his cousin, Lord Elphinston, who had been appointed Governor of Madras. In addition to his work as private secretary, Walter Elliot was made third member of the Board of Revenue. In the end of the following year he had a brief respite from the onerous duties of his double appointment, when he travelled to Malta, where he was married in January, 1839, to Maria Dorothea, daughter of Sir David Hunter Blair, baronet of Blairquhan. This union was a very happy one. Mrs., afterwards Lady Elliot, was a highly educated, clever woman, who took an active interest in all her husband's pursuits, and was of the greatest assistance to him.

The retirement of Lord Elphinston in 1842, relieved Mr. Elliot of his post of private secretary; but though his duties as a member of the Board of Revenue gave him abundant occupation, he still found opportunity to pursue his scientific and antiquarian investigations. In 1840 he spent some months on the Nilgari Hills making copious notes on the numerous cromlechs and cairns which abound there; and he came to be recognised as the leading authority in Southern India in antiquarian and scientific subjects.



ETTRICK CHURCH.

For his rare administrative talents conspicuously displayed in a special commission of great importance, on which he had been employed by the government, he was created Commissioner of the whole of the Northern Sirkars, with extended powers in all administrative matters. He remained in the Sirkars in the performance of very laborious duties till 1854, when he was appointed Member of Council in the Government of Madras. The state of his health made it necessary that he should go home on sick

leave, but he returned at the end of six months to take his seat at the Council Board, and in this high and responsible position remained till he retired from the service in 1860. As a Member of the Council his duties were of a more varied character than those which had devolved upon him as a Revenue Officer. Among the many questions of great public interest with which he had to deal was that of native education—a subject in which he had taken a warm interest for many years, and which he did everything in his power to promote. He was also a cordial friend, and in his private capacity, a generous supporter of Christian missions.

While in the Northern Sirkars Mr. Elliot had diligently prosecuted his antiquarian researches, and in the great Krishna River, which is bordered by the ruins of temples of all creeds, some dating back for 2,000 years, he found a rich field for his favourite study. He excavated at his own expense the buried remains of an ancient Buddist Tope, and the richly sculptured marbles he there discovered he sent home to England, where they now line the walls of the Grand Staircase of the British Museum. Pursuing his investigations in natural history with undiminished zest, he was in constant communication with Professors Darwin, Owen, and other scientific men of the day. He was also a member of many scientific societies, including the Linnæan, the Royal Asiatic, the Royal Geographical and others.

During the terrible time of the Indian Mutiny Mr. Elliot was at his post at Madras. As tidings of revolt and massacre came in quick succession from the north of India, public anxiety was naturally very great, as no one knew how soon the same horrors might be perpetrated in their midst, or who might be the next victims; and it did not tend to reassure the European residents that Lord Harris, the Governor, took a very gloomy view of the situation. In this time of danger Mr. Elliot set an admirable example of coolness and courage, and his efforts to avert a panic were ably seconded by his brave and public-spirited wife. She firmly refused to seek safety in flight, and her undaunted bearing did much to stimulate the courage and allay the fears of those around her.

The crisis passed however, and public confidence was restored. Lord Harris' health had completely broken down under the strain, and it fell to Mr. Elliot, who was Provisional Governor of Madras, to give publicity to the Royal Proclamation, which was to announce to the princes and people of India that the sovereignty had passed from the East India Company to the British Crown; and from the steps of the Banqueting Hall of the Government House he read the Proclamation with every accompaniment of splendid and impressive ceremonial and military display.

In 1860 Mr. Elliot retired from official life, after having spent forty years in India, and returned home to enjoy his well-earned leisure at his paternal estate of Wolfelee, among the green hills of Teviotdale.

At a public banquet given in his honour shortly before he left India, Sir Charles Trevelyan, who presided, referring to the wide scope of Mr. Elliot's knowledge, and the value of his advice and counsel said, "In short, if there be anything that I ever wished to know connected with India, from the cedar that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall, I would go to Walter Elliot for the information."

In 1866, Mr. Elliot received the honour of knighthood, being created a Knight Commander of the Star of India. In 1877 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in the following year the Senatus of the University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

A year or two after his return from India, Sir Walter Elliot built a large addition to the Mansion House at Wolfelee, and when completed, it became a veritable museum of natural history and Indian curios. From the entrance hall and staircase where the walls were literally covered with the skins, and bristling with the heads and horns of wild animals all through the house, strange, beautiful and interesting things met the eye at every turn. Artistically arranged groups of oriental weapons, delicate carvings, mystic sculptures from ancient Hindu temples, and cabinets whose opening doors revealed a wealth of numismatic and other treasures of untold value to the oriental scholar and antiquary.

Sir Walter took great pleasure in his gardens and grounds, which were beautifully laid out and well kept, and always maintained a good staff of work people who seldom left his employment.

Having lived so long in India he was a comparative stranger in his own country, but with habitual energy, and in his own quiet, observant way, he made himself thoroughly acquainted with county affairs, and parish matters; and soon, as a Commissioner of Supply, and a member of the more important committees on public affairs, his opinions carried much weight.

In his extensive and valuable library were many books on Border lore, County histories, Border poetry and tradition; for, like a true Elliot, he loved the Border country. His contributions to the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club

show how intimately he was acquainted with the history and traditions of the country-side—one of his last literary efforts being a paper on "Rattling Roaring Willie," a Border minstrel of some celebrity.

In association with his humbler neighbours Sir Walter was always affable and kindly in his manners, and was particularly pleased to have "a crack" with anyone who could tell him of the old customs and traditions of the district. He loved to hear the old Scotch words and homely phrases, and he encouraged the country people to talk freely.

Throughout his long life, with all its varied interests, no side of Sir Walter Elliot's character stands out more clearly than his simple, earnest belief in the truths of Christianity, and this faith had, from his youth up, been the guiding principle of his life. A devout, sincere, and consistent follower of Christ himself, he did much in his quiet, unostentatious way to spread the truths of the Christian religion, yet he never allowed his zeal to lead him into bigotry or intolerance. His generous disposition, and ready sympathy were ever responsive to the appeal of sorrow or distress. "Can I help you in any way?" he would often say to his friend the parish minister, when talking over any scheme of usefulness, and he gave liberally to every good object.

Sir Walter Elliot died on the 1st of March, 1887, at the age of eighty-four years, and a brass tablet to his memory has been erected by his friends in Hopkirk Parish Church where he worshipped for so many years.

The inscription contains a resumé of his whole life and work in India, paying a high compliment to his worth and ability, and concludes—

"For 24 years after his return from the East, he dwelt in his native country, and on the paternal estate, honoured and beloved, efficiently fulfilling the duties of a country gentleman, recognised by all as a devout Christian, of singularly sweet and equable temper, of generous and kindly hospitality, and of unfailing patience under the blindness which tried so severely a man of his varied tastes and active mind—furnishing to all an example of qualities which, if they were more common, would make this a better and a happier world."

J. R. O.

A Day's Tramp.

By "Vertish."

Part I.—Loch Skene.

IT was my privilege last year in the early days of autumn to form one of a party of six who set out from St. Mary's Loch to visit Loch Skene, the White Coombe, and the Grey Mare's Tail. The route via Chapelhope Burn commended itself to the party, and after putting on the biggest, ugliest boots we could lay hands on, and strapping waterproof capes over our shoulders, we got on the road about noon. Involuntarily, our thoughts wandered to the witching tales of the kindly Ettrick Shepherd, the designer of "Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen." For, was not this very Chapelhope the farm so often mentioned in his Tales, the residence of honest Wattie Laidlaw, and the scene of the exploits of the redoubtable Brownie? The whole countryside teems with memories of Hogg, and it would be a holiday itself to those inclined to trace out the many scenes depicted by him. Up the Little Yarrow is Muchrah, in which dwelt old Hogg. Then there are Shielshope, Whithope, and Quave Brae. Up the Chapelhope Burn are said to be a few caves where the Covenanters sought refuge in the withering days of persecution. Did not Claverhouse himself, along with Livingstone, Bruce, and Copland, harry and slay the brave and unfortunate forefathers of ours in that wild region? And again, was not Brydon, of Riskenhope, over there, ejected from his dwelling, because forsooth the devoted Renwick had been allowed to preach on his farm, and baptize a few children? Such thoughts, more or less, passed through our minds as we strode on. The ground in many parts here is strewn with stones and rocks brought down by the wintry torrents, so much so, that it is not difficult to picture the rush and roar of these turbulent floods. We begin, even here, to catch a glimpse of the mighty hills which have yet to greet our view. Ridged and furrowed they are by many an old-time watercourse, only what was once a desolation of stones is now gently covered and transformed into shady nooks of gladsome green. Heather and bracken are plentiful. We become light and gay almost immediately, as we step over a carpet of Nature's own designing, while overhead clouds chase each other in veriest lightness and, glee. On we go, now keeping by the burn now clambering up the steep hillside. The burn itself is of a deep brown, and time and again we would come on bonnie spots indeed—deep pools shaded by trees whose overhanging

branches are laved by the singing stream, and which serve but to deepen into an almost fairy depth, the brown of the pools. The burn seems well stocked with trout, some approaching half-a-pound or more, but the largest seem to prefer the safe silence of the unreachable "hags" to the dangerous freedom of the open stream. The whole scene and surroundings gradually deepen the impression that this is, par excellence, the Highlands of our bonnie Borderland, a district of districts for the tourist. Crossing a bridge near the foot of a series of waterfalls, we bear away to the left. Our original glen now gradually tapers to a point, and soon we leave it, bathed in the warm sunshine, a bonnie glen indeed, a feast for tired eye and weary brain. The ground now becomes more flat, and comparatively level with the burn. For a while we are knee-deep in heather, but by and by the ground changes, and we get a wide extent of muirland stretching for miles, soft and slushy under the feet. The whole seems of a peaty nature, and we are continually stepping well into the wet soil. Here, the White Coombe bursts on our gaze, a seemingly short distance in front, though only seemingly short. Besides the wet grass, covered in many places by a treacherous yellowish-green moss growth, there are large hollows of not too hard but safe peat—deep ruts, dry at the bottom, or in some cases having a small stream tinkling through them—over which we had to jump. By bearing to the left somewhat, we managed to escape many of them. One couldn't help thinking of the fix a person would be in, caught by the mist among these holes. I wouldn't care to advise him what to do under these circumstances. Much more in winter, what must be the plight of a shepherd caught in these same holes! Dangerous it would be to stumble into some of them, over the head in snow amid the solitary stillness of the wide muirs and the thickening darkness of the cold night. In front of us now is a hollow, which some of the party, rich in former experience, pronounce as the head slope of Skene's basin. Before arriving, however, we pass over an extensive valley, sloping away on the right, into a glorious glen fringed by towering hills, and down in whose far depths nestles a little farm alone. What a scene for a painter's brush! Approaching Loch Skene, say a mile off, we see what looks like a mighty cauldron, bowl shaped on three "sides," and open towards us. The nearer edge is considerably less in height than the farther, which towers black and threatening to the clouds above. The right edge is continued into a knoll-shaped mass, the left is sharply defined. Over the nearer edge of this cup-shaped depression you can't at first see, but after passing over some wet ground, requiring some little caution in walking, we at last look down on the loch of which we have heard so much, said to be the highest and loneliest of our Scottish lochs. Oh, it is bonnie! The sunlight is playing over its dark surface, and throwing exquisite effects on the rocky basin beyond, effects which a painter would despair of transmitting to canvas. Now, I had pictured a different scene—a weird, eerie, lonely place, dark and gloomy. This, however, ere an hour had passed, I recognised as the true description. What we saw at first was Skene in one of its rare smiling moods. Our thoughts once more revert to the heroes of the Covenant. Here, in the desolation and loneliness, hundreds of Covenanters, many of them forming part of the ruined remnant of Bothwell Brig, found a temporary hiding place. 'Tis a pity, perhaps, that in these days, only a dim, misty idea prevails of as noble a race and manly, as ever adorned a nation's story, men who dared to worship their God in their own way, according to their own conscience, despite king or commoner. The "Eagle's Crag," and other dark rocks, relieve the gathering blackness of the surging waters.

("The White Coombe" and "The Grey Mare's Tail" in next and concluding paper.)

The Late W. E. Gladstone as a Scot and a Borderer.

By Wm. Sanderson.

WHILE the last issue of the Border Magazine was in the press, the greatest statesman of the century passed peacefully to his rest. Countless eulogies flowed from the pens of myriad writers in all parts of the world, and pulpit and platform vied with each other in proclaiming the greatness and worth of him whom Earl Russell once declared to have "made for himself a fame which in the lapse of centuries will suffer no eclipse." The many-sided character of the man, the purity of his life, and the peaceful beauty of his death all tended to draw forth the sympathies of people in all ranks, and it is no stretch of the imagination to say that the world mourned him and looked on with heartfelt sorrow at the last sad rites in Hawarden and Westminster.

Our friends on the south side of the Border believe that we have a weakness for claiming great men, and even assert that we often stretch a point in our endeavours. Fortunately there is no difficulty in establishing our claim to the great statesman, so far as blood is concerned,

and that is generally considered to be the principal factor in deciding nationality. On good authority we are informed that

"The blood of Henry III. of England and Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, ran in his veins on the maternal side, and Sir Bernard Burke has traced an elaborate pedigree showing the descent through Joan Beaufort, who married James I. of Scotland, and secondly Sir James Stewart, a descendant of the Bruces. Joan Stewart's granddaughter married Robertson, of Muirton, and from this pair Mr. Gladstone's mother, Anne Robertson, descended in direct line."

There is more difficulty in tracing Mr. Gladstone's descent on the paternal side, though the materials are plentiful, and while no Burke has arisen to devote time and patience to the disentanglement of the ravelled skein, much has been done in this direction by Mrs. Oliver, of Thornwood, in her "The Gledstones and the Siege of Cocklaw," a small volume which will be a treat to any Borderer who has not yet read it. In the issue of 28th May last, of *The Scots Pictorial*, an illustrated paper of which Scotland may be proud, the Rev. W. S. Crockett has an illustrated article on "Mr. Gladstone's Biggar Ancestors" which our readers, who desire to follow up this subject, would do well to secure.

Over 600 years ago the family of Gledstanes was founded in the quiet parish of Libberton, in upper Clydesdale, and soon became of such importance that the proud title "of that Ilk" was added to the family name. In 1296 we find Herbert de Gledstane signing the Ragman Roll and thus paying homage to Edward I. of England. In 1365, David II. granted certain lands in Peeblesshire to William of Gledstanes, while Robert III. granted the additional lands of Hundleshope, in Manor (Peeblesshire) to the Gledstanes family. The latter king also conveyed to the Gledstanes certain lands in Selkirk. After the battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346, we find the name of William of Gledstains as one of the parties to the treaty with Edward III., proving that the family was now one of considerable importance on the Borders. At the siege of Cocklaw, in 1403, which Mrs. Oliver deals with so graphically, we find that the owner of the besieged castle was a Gledstone and an important personage in the Hawick district. In the records of these stirring times there are frequent references to the Gledstone name, and even in the ballad describing the raid of the Reidswire in 1575, we find this reference:—

"Cranstone, Gledstone, good at need,
Baith Rewle Water, and Hawick Town."

In 1616 we find Gledstone of that Ilk acting as a juryman at a most important trial, and about this time George Gledstones, a member of the family, was Archbishop of St. Andrews, and was appointed by James VI. to act as one of the commissioners for promoting the union of England and Scotland. After this the family acquired various other lands, one representative of the clan even becoming cousin to the great Buccleuch: but the eighteenth century saw few of the name in any prominent position in the Borderland, though it is supposed that there was a Gledstone among the followers of Prince Charlie in 1745.

The annals of Hawick contain many references to the Gledstones, and those who visit that flourishing town should not fail to see the Gladstone Bible in the Hawick Museum, as it contains many interesting entries connected with the family who found their last resting place in the vault of the old Church of Cavers.

To pick up the genealogical thread we have to return to Biggar where we find the line preserved through Gladstones of Arthurshiel, a younger son of Gladstones of that Ilk. In 1670 the property passed from the family, and they removed to Biggar where they carried on the trade of malting. It is unnecessary to further trace the lineage of the great statesman, who visited the Borders in April, 1880, when on his famous Midlothian Campaign. On that occasion he received the freedom of the Burgh of Peebles, and got an enthusiastic reception at various points of the memorable journey. In November, 1890, he spent some pleasant days at the Glen, the residence of Sir Charles Tennant, Bart., and spoke with feeling of his sojourn so near to the home of his ancestors.

From the foregoing it will be seen that we are stretching no point in claiming the departed statesman as a Scot and a Borderer. But such a man is a citizen of the world, and while we rejoice to be able to trace his lineage to one particular district, the great thing for us is to take to heart the important lessons of his life and death, remembering the oft quoted lines of Longfellow:—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Parting.

She goes afar to gather health,
O thou great Pilot, take the wheel,
And guide the barque with a straight keel
To bend and bound o'er rolling waves,
And kiss the angry breakers into rest.
And thou, the ever trusty blue-eyed star,
Grasp thou in pledge
The trembling needle's hand,
And calm the ocean's troubled breast,
And bring the lov'd one back in health again.

G. A.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to Literary and Business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. NICHOLAS DICKSON, *19 Waverley Gardens, Crossmyloof, Glasgow.*

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1898.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

Notes and News.

THE LONDON SCOTTISH BORDER COUNTIES ASSOCIATION.

[From notes kindly sent by Mr. W. B. Thomson, Secretary of the Association, we have much pleasure in placing before our readers a short report of the Annual Dinner which took place in the Holborn Restaurant, London, on the 11th May last.—ED. *B. M.*]

St. Paul's says that the London Scottish Borderers boast of one of the "brainiest" and brightest County Associations in the Metropolis. The *London Scotsman*, too, states that the first annual dinner of the Association must take rank as one of the most interesting and successful gatherings of the season As a dinner it was all right, although nothing to boast of: it was as a social gathering that it proved such a marked success. In the chair, the Duke of Buccleuch was the right man in the right place, and it is a source of much satisfaction to the London Borderers that the head of the house of "the bold Buccleuch" has thus placed himself at their head too. His unconscious joke about Borderers hanging together in former days was one of the most delightful things of the evening, and nobody seemed to enjoy it more than he did himself. His Grace thoroughly enjoyed all the proceedings, and stayed until the end which was close on midnight. The speeches were all good. Mr. Andrew Lang made his first public appearance as President of the Association, and no doubt many of those present were glad to have the opportunity of hearing him. There was a distinctive flavour about his remarks which were highly instructive as well as exceedingly amusing. He tells good stories as cleverly as he writes them. Sir Crichton Brown's speech was perhaps the finest specimen of after-dinner oratory, but the speech of the evening was admittedly that of the Hon. Mark Napier in proposing "The Ladies." Every sentence sparkled with wit, and he kept the company in fits of laughter from the moment he got up until he sat down again. Mr. F. Faithfull Begg, M.P., who may be regarded as the official spokesman for the ladies of the kingdom replied, but his speech suffered by comparison with that of the proposer. Mr. Thomas Houghton, Secretary of the London and North-Western Railway, and one of the best known and most popular Borderers in London, proposed "Border Industries," a toast which in the present condition of the tweed trade hardly lends itself to humorous treatment. Mr. C. J. Wilson of Hawick responded, and his remarks showed how thoroughly well he knew his subject. The other speakers were Mr. Thos. Shaw, Q.C., M.P., Brigade Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel Pringle, the Rev. W. G. Rutherford, M.A., LL.D., Mr. John Sanderson, Chairman of Council, and Mr. J. Knox Crawford, S.S.C., from the Edinburgh Border Counties Association. The pleasure of the evening was greatly enhanced by the singing of "Up wi' the Banner," by Mr. W. Inglis, and "We're a' Scottish here," by Mr. J. Simpson, both Border singers of repute. About 130 gentlemen were present, including a sprinkling of strangers—a good muster from a a membership of about 280. The council of the Association have every reason to be satisfied with the closing meeting of their first season.

Border Reminiscences: XI.—Agriculture.

AT the time of which I write, farming had just passed the zenith of its prosperity. The high prices, moderate rents, and reasonable rates and wages of a former generation—allied to thrifty living—had placed the farmer in a somewhat independent position. Thus it was sometimes, as on occasion of mental elation, a fond and cherished ideal, which alas! by reason of recent agricultural depression has now vanished like the baseless fabric of a dream.

Our dear sweet parish was for the most part pastoral. As on the estate of Westwood *improvements* were considered by no means beneficial, the heather bloomed fair over acres of the gently waving upland which stretched far away to the "Brither Stanes." Here, as tradition tells, two gallant warriors fell in deadly combat in days of yore, when the Saxon stole many a march through our Borderland. The leaders in the fray were "brethren dear" whom fate had torn asunder, and who now in view of opposing armies fought till the death-stream poured like rain. First to recognise the kinsmen was he whose image they bore. As he saw the champions reel in the glamour of death's agony, with broken heart he too fell on the fatal field. Two cairns of water stones, conveyed hand to hand from the hillside torrent, have marked for a thousand years the triple tragedy.

Not more than a mile from this scene, linger in stately solitariness the ruins of that Border Keep which guarded the infant days of those brethren, who in death were not divided. It is now in possession of Lord Wareham. Round the mouldering walls his lordship tends the greensward, so lovely in the spring-time with saffron-bloom—fitting tribute to the meek loneliness of the scene. As the sun peers above Old Wiselaw Tower and sheds its beams athwart Wareham Park, one casts long, long thoughts back to those days of old whose memory wakes the sadness of a *waesome* past. And all anon the gladsome vision of the yellow-spangled lea steals in upon the soul, and diviner thoughts arise—

> "They flash upon that inward eye,
> Which is the bliss of solitude;
> And then my heart with pleasure fills,
> And dances with the daffodils."

On the western slope of the parish lay The Holmes—a large sheep-farm, then under trustees and managed with credit, and as was generally understood, with marvellous profit by Mr. *Andra* Douglas. He had previously been a highly valued Land-steward in the service of my Lord Wellstane. He was a most conscientious man. His labour, corn, and cash books were made up with scrupulous regularity. So accurate was he in all manner of detail that I have heard it related that he has been known to rise in the darkest hour of night and seek his business-room (where he could set his finger on any of his papers, so perfectly were they arranged) in order to remove *item* one penny stamp, which in haste he had charged to my Lord's account. When the Home Farm of Mains was let, Mr. Douglas was asked by the agent on the trust estate of The Holmes, to farm at his own discretion, what was by far the largest agricultural holding in the district.

Throughout the entire parish Mr. Douglas was highly respected. His quiet unobtrusive manner was the subject of universal remark. My friend of the Howe was wont to say, "Andra Dooglis is no at a' likely tae open his mooth tae fill ither folks';" and wherever I met him there was that same calm retentiveness in every feature of his face, which betokened solid worth of character and a man of unsullied integrity. In his own house where I was a frequent guest, he was affable, genial, and kind, but there was never the slightest reference to his "master's goods." He looked upon his duty as a sacred trust. He faithfully served his earthly master with his hand and brain; he humbly sought to please his heavenly, by a walk and conversation becoming a Christian gentleman. He did not wear religion as it were upon his sleeve so much as he made it the guiding principle of his every act and word. His life was *hid* in the gospel sense of that term. I always thought of him as the "faithful steward." When the Lord of all shall reckon with him, not with unprofitable grief will his last account be rendered, but "only death or love know it, or have ever seen it."

Among all the tender associations of those far-off days, my affections fondly cling to the house and farm of Knocklaw. Here resided Mr. Alison, with mother and sister of one heart and mind—deeply sympathetic, most estimable all in life, character, and duty. Here much of my leisure hour was spent. The petty worries of the day were all obliterated in the charm of an evening at Knocklaw, where William and I ranged like brothers, and dreamed only of the joy of living.

I have always had a passionate fondness for equestrian exercise. It was a real pleasure to me to saddle William's chestnut mare and sally forth at gentle pace towards the market-town of Muir. This was the winsome side of farm life. From my elevated seat, I pictured myself in the dim

and distant future, as "mounted on a hot and fiery steed," I should ride first to the death on the glorious hunting-field.

Once only did I venture to the *meet*. I viewed it from afar, scheming to line in as the hounds crossed Wareham Road. Eager for the chase I reined my steed, but my heart failed me as the huntsmen cleared the feal-dyke. I rode by detour to see the hounds far on their way to Westwood before I reached the village.

As I halted before the *smiddy* door, Alick Galbraith raised his arms and stared in an ecstasy of surprise saying, "Losh, maister, are ye followin' the hoons?"

I replied, "I follow, but after an interval."

I returned to Knocklaw.

On my way I met the manager on the farm of Wareham. He had observed the manner of my hunting and was ready to compliment me thus:—"Deed, sir, ye did quite richt to keep to hard ground. Ane no accustomed to ridin' micht have an uncannie spill. Aye boo to the burden, sir."

As I rode on, I said over my shoulder, "Discretion is better than valour."

To which David returned, "Far better, sir, far better."

David Mitchell was an elder in the Free Kirk —a greatly esteemed friend of Mr. Wallace, and a most conscientious and consistent man. He did not disfigure his face, as hypocrites do that they may appear to men to be markedly religious. He seemed ever the bearer of a kindly message. His religion animated his whole being with a holy joy. Even when sorrow darkened his home, a bright smile peered through a flood of tears. He was one of the select friends who was invited to say "Farewell" when I left those dear good people among whom it was my happiness to dwell in that gay young spring-time. I said to David that though there must needs be life-partings, yet there was undoubtedly a plan in all our destinies. I had thought it my duty to seek promotion while the tide flowed. All things considered, it were better to venture on a wider sphere of usefulness. And David said ever so gently and resignedly, "Far better, sir, far better."

Even yet through hard times and *backgaun* markets, Faun looks propitiously on David Mitchell. In spite of his being "sair hau'den doun wi' the pains," he never speaks but to cheer humanity and to hallow the joy of living. How can any one look upon that merry countenance without a deeper faith in God, a "larger hope," or a wider charity to all mankind?

Surely my pen will not hold its ink, so far has this digression run!

I was on horseback on my way to Knocklaw. When there, Mr. Alison met me and stabled the chestnut. We then made our way to the parlour of the farm-house, where I drank copiously of what the servan' lass would persist in naming "the irritated waters." Thereafter we sat for an hour in the garden summer-house. With one of those delicious Indian cigars, the aroma of which lingers so sweetly in the clustering honeysuckle, time sped anon till tea was on the parlour table. Then we were all "at home."

This family was truly one whose heart-ties were knit in tender affection. No stain of selfishness ever sullied the purity of that love which, like a guardian angel, hovered o'er the scene—ever ready to do a favour or speak a kindly word. No blush of shame for dastard deed or ungenerous thought e'er rose to any face there. How to serve each other, to lighten the burden of daily care, to mitigate the pain of petty annoyance, and to make life worth living was the touchstone of each soul. Nor were their virtues circumscribed by the limits of the family circle. Their house—or at least the *bern*—was known to all the vagrant train. Many a weary wanderer rested by the way, and blessed the heart and home of Mr. William Alison. With gratitude the chords of my own spirit vibrate as I sincerely pray—

> "May he live
> Longer than I have time to tell his years
> Ever beloved and loving—
> And when old time shall lead him to his end
> Goodness and he fill up one monument."

In those days, facility of travel was at a minimum. Some of our neighbours had not passed beyond Meldrum on the one hand or Muir on the other. When families grew to manhood, other fields of labour claimed a few. Some gained occupation in the far-off City. The eldest son of John Melrose, of Cowstrand, was employed in the docks at Leith. He had invited his father to visit him in his new abode. Our folks had but a hazy notion of the wide sea, with its waves roaring. So when John saw from the stage-coach, as it reached the heights beyond Newmains, the broad expanse of the German Ocean, his eyes literally started in his head. Such a vast sheet of deep blue water was indeed to him a revelation. In an agony of surprise, he astonished his fellow-passengers as he exclaimed, "Losh, sirs, what a lump o' waste lan'. A wunner they dinna drain'd."

Now that the railway route has come within easy reach, intercommunication is more frequent. Not a few of the old families have left the district, their places being supplied by fresh blood. Some, too, have "left the sunshine for

the sunless land." A new generation, with modern ideas, work out life's little day not perhaps more contentedly than of yore, but surrounded by richer luxuries, and with a character less local and unique than that to which my recollections cling.

How true it is that there is nothing constant but change! When the other day I stood by the open grave of one who, as the pastor said, had gone out and come in among those who now lie *i' the mools* of that quaint old churchyard, I too felt that my own life-story was fast receding into the forgotten past.

When dust has been laid to dust we gather in little groups, as it were on the threshold of that "house appointed for all living." Our words are few as we shake each others hands, and look into each other's eyes, and think of the long ago. Time—relentless time—has spun silvern threads among the golden. Faces are weather-beaten. Care, and age, and heart-wound, have furrowed many a brow and hollowed many a cheek. But we must needs pass out and on to life's work-house and battle field, to labour and to fight—to earn the rest that remaineth, and to win, God helping us, the crown that never fadeth. And as I once again bade farewell to those I have known longest and loved best, methought I heard the echoes repeat,—

"With a throb of pain,
When shall we all meet again?
Never here,
For ever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And Time and Death shall disappear."

A. T. G.

Beside Lyne Water.

By A LINTON LAD.

"So onward flow thou bonnie burn,
By hill, and dale, and mead,
Past ancient hall, and cottage home,
To the classic vale of Tweed."

THIS Lowland water joins the Tweed a few miles above Peebles, and near their junction, the valley of the Lyne has some places of historic interest, in the Sheriffmuir, the Roman camp at Lyne, and the ruins of Droehil Castle, each an isolated relic of prehistoric, Roman, and mediæval times; and besides these, there are other interesting spots of lesser fame in the near vicinity.

The most ancient of these relics are the Standing Stones on the Sheriffmuir, at the junction of the Lyne and the Tweed. These stones probably mark the burial place of some once great, but now long forgotten, Cymric chief: or the site of a battle between some of the native tribes in prehistoric days. This level muir derives its name from having been the place appointed by the Sheriffs, two or more centuries ago, for exercising the Tweeddale militia, or for holding "wapinschaws," when each proprietor, or his deputy, had to bring with him to the muster a number of men proportionate to his estate. In Dr. Pennecuik's *Description of Tweeddale*, a weapon showing in 1627 is described, and one of the items may be here quoted as showing the arms and accoutrements carried by "that stout and gallant train of foot and horses." "William Brown in Wester Happrew, bailie to my Lord Yester; in his lordship's name; well horsed, with jack, plet sleeves, steel bonnet, pistol, and sword; accompanied with three score five horsemen and four footmen, all with lances and swords, dwelling on noble Lord Yester's lands in the parishes of Peebles, Lyne, Stobo, and Drummelzier." According to a local tradition, it is said that near here, at Happrew, the Scottish hero Sir William Wallace, and his friend Sir Simon Fraser were defeated by "the base Southrons," the year before the former was put to death; and near by, in a hollow between the Lyne and the Tweed, lies "Bessie with the yellow hair" who was the victim of an intrigue with one of the Scottish kings, and now

"the mountain breezes wave
The wild flowers by her lonely grave."

On a rising ground overlooking the Lyne, are the remains—now much defaced—of the Roman Camp which have been a source of speculation to antiquarians for many generations, and are still very interesting to an enquiring mind, for the real origin of the camp is still a debateable point. The invasion of Scotland by the Romans—unlike their occupation of England—was little more than a temporary military inroad among hostile tribes, necessitating the holding of isolated fortified camps here and there. Their first invasion of Scotland was about A.D. 80, and they remained in the country about sixty years; it was during this period that the camp at Lyne was supposed to have been made. None of the great military ways of the Romans passed near it, but it could be reached by leaving the main road, either at Eildon, and travelling up the valley of the Tweed, or downwards from Biggar. If there existed then, a cross line of communication, along the valley of the Tweed between the upper part of Clydesdale and Teviotdale, this fortified camp would be well placed to protect and keep it open, and would be a place of importance in its day; antiquaries are doubtful as to what its name was, and suppose it to have

been either Corda, or Colonia. The dimensions of the camp, over the ramparts, were about 850 feet by 750 feet, and there were three ramparts each about four or five feet high, by fourteen feet wide, with two ditches between; while the corners were rounded off, and an entrance well fortified, was placed in the centre of each of the four sides. The area of the camp was about six Scots acres, and the circuit outside about half a mile. Around this the soldiers on guard marched, keeping watch on the native camps which crowned some of the neighbouring hills, while in the silence of the night

"Slow paced the sentinel, humming low
In concert with Lyne's murmuring strain,
A song of home by Como's shore,
Or of dear ones on Adda's plain."

are strong negatives on its antiquity. Sir Thomas Randolph, nephew of the victorious Robert I, and regent to his unfortunate son David II, was by the former raised to the dignity of Earl of Murray and Lord Annandale, for his approved courage at *Bannockburn*. This great man, it is said, built the church at Lyne, and had a house in Lyne camp, the remains of which are now called Randal or Randolph's walls, and have been most barbarously obliterated." Referring to a large excavation at the side of the camp supposed by Gordon to have been a place of cremation, because it contained ashes and stones blackened by fire, another writer says "it may probably have been, we should think, the camping ground of gipsies, or border thieves." The real origin of the camp is

From Photo by THE SHERIFF MUIR. Mrs. Robertson, Peebles.

The site received its name of the Roman Camp from the older generation of antiquaries, such as General Roy, Gordon, Chalmers, etc., who based their beliefs that it was a Roman *Castar Stativa*, on the fact of the plan being square and not circular. The newer generation are inclined to doubt its Roman origin and say although the Roman camps were square, this camp is not therefore necessarily Roman, and support their opinion by the fact that although the area has been under cultivation for many years, no Roman remains of any consequence have been turned up by the plough. Some relics which were said to have been found on the site have now disappeared, and their former owners are supposed to have been mistaken. The notes to Dr. Pennecuik's *Description of Tweeddale*, say "the traditions of the country still a doubtful matter, and with so little material evidence to base an opinion upon—

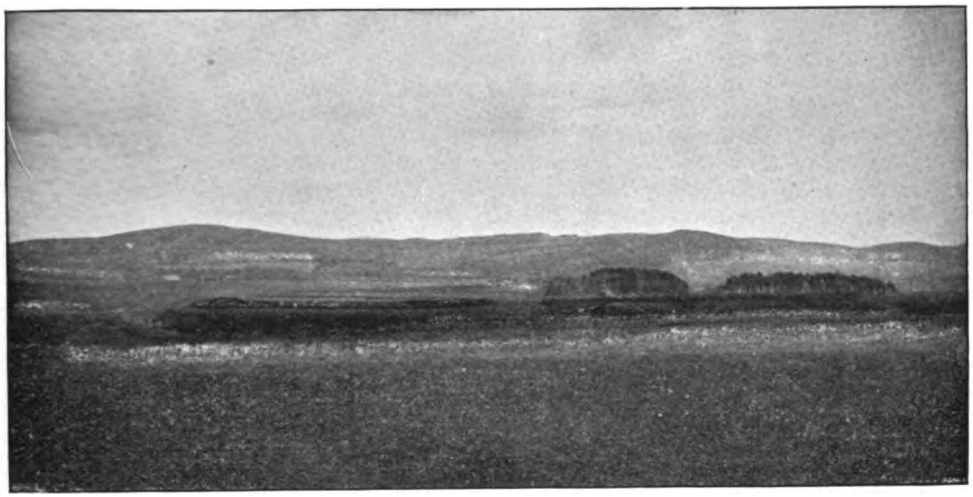
"How profitless are the relics that we cull,
Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,
Unless they chasten fancies that presume
Too high, or idle agitations lull."

On the tops of the adjoining hills, the remains of some "hill forts" are to be seen, and these presumably were made by the natives to watch the movements of the Roman soldiers. A mile or two farther up the Lyne are some seventeen or eighteen terraces rising above each other on a green hillside near Romanno, and their origin, whether prehistoric, Roman, or mediæval, has not yet been solved. The terraces are in height and breadth about fifteen to twenty feet, and as Dr. Pennecuik says, they "in their summer verdure cast a bonnie dash at a distance." Some

have supposed them to be defensive works in front of a native "hill fort" on rising ground above, while others suggest that they are cultivated grounds belonging to the tenants of the monks of Newbattle Abbey who owned lands in this locality. This seems very likely, because the name Romanno—which by the way, has nothing to do with Roman—is derived from the Gaelic *Rhu Manaich*, the headland of the monk. The monks by their tenants cultivated the lands of this valley, and the names of Romanno Grange, Romanno Mains, the Plewlands, etc., are echoes of their day, and it may be that neither these terraces, or the camp at Lyne, are older than the 14th century.

The Parish Kirk at Lyne stands near the Roman camp, on a rising ground called the Quarter Knowe. Before 1350 when it was made the parish kirk, it was a chaplainry dependent on Stobo, and there was a chapel on the site as early as 1150. The ancient building was said to have been destroyed at the Reformation, and rebuilt again sometime between 1603 1644. A very interesting feature of the Kirk is the pulpit which was the work of seventeenth century Dutch carpenters, and brought over from Holland by Lady Yester, who presented it to the kirk in 1644; it is a good specimen of the workmanship of that period. There are also two seats with the dates of 1606 and 1640 carved on them. This parish and the people would be very secluded in former days, and their little world be bounded by the hills around them.

The following anecdote illustrates the homely intercourse between the minister and people, who were few, and their homes mostly at a distance from the parish kirk. "The late minister, who died at a great age, used frequently in winter, from the smallness of his congregation, to invite them from the church on Sundays to his kitchen, as being the most spacious and comfortable place in his manse; where a convenient pause in the service was sometimes usefully prolonged to give his servant an opportunity to stir the fire and the pot, lest the bishop's odious foot should get among the broth out of spite to Presbyters, and to examine the gridiron lest its contents should grill into a devil." The Auld Mill at Lyne, with the farmhouse near it, and the kindly farmer's family were well known in their day. The kitchen of the house was a portion of a hospice which formerly stood on the site, but at the Reformation it was partly pulled down. The original of Scott's Black Dwarf, "Bowed Davie" lived here during some of his early years, his father being a worker in the Stobo slate quarry.



From Photo by THE ROMAN CAMP. Mrs. Robertson, Peebles.

"The wa's maist as thick as auld Neidpath itsel',
And its kipples—stoot kents that a giant micht fell;
Baith ootside and inside, it spak' o' langsyne—
That dear hoose, that queer hoose, the Auld Mill o' Lyne."

(*Concluded next month.*)

The Story of "Up wi' the Banner."

JAMES THOMSON'S "Up wi' the Banner" is a song that is always dear to the Teri. It is closely associated with Hawick, his birthplace, and its annual fête of the Common Riding. It is second only to *Teribus* itself as a vehicle for giving full play to all the emotions of local patriotism. Though it is only eleven years since it was penned, it nevertheless occupies an important place and part in all gatherings of Hawick people wherever these gatherings may be. At all the various imitations and apologies for the June festival, wherever held, it reigns supreme—excepting always of course "the immortal air"—as a suitable song for raising the Teri blood to fever heat. Every callant, be he vocalist or no, can sing or shout the chorus. At the ceremony at Hawick, it may be safely said that, during the two days which constitute the Common Riding proper, the echoes of "Up wi' the Banner," like those of "Teribus," never die away. On the Thursday evening, "the nicht afore the morn," it is to the strains of the former melody that the band, preceding the Cornet and his lads in their march round the town, remind the people of Hawick that the yearly ceremonies have begun.

Mr. J. Y. Hunter, of Hawick, is an enthusiast among enthusiasts in all things pertaining to the honour and credit of "the guid auld toon" and its annual festival. "Jye Wye," to use a local colloqualism, is a well known person in the ancient burgh. During the summer month she is often to be met with gliding along the High Street on his quaintly constructed tricycle. As one of the originators of the Ceremonial Committee, he has always taken a prominent part in its annual celebration, and Mr. Hunter, only a few days ago, gave the writer a description of how "Up wi' the Banner" came to be penned.

It was 1887, the Jubilee year, that the Ceremonial Committee had been appointed, and the forth-coming Common Riding was to be the first festival held under its management. Mr. Hunter was very desirous to obtain some special feature to mark a new era in the history of the ancient fête. What better novelty could be introduced than a new local song, and who was better fitted to pen such an ode than "Jamie Tamson," the Hawick poet and Masonic brother to "Jye Wye." Off the latter went to interview the poet.

"Man, Jamie, I want ye to write a new sang for the Common Riding this year."

Jamie was very doubtful on the matter as the theme had heen exhausted.

"I haena been doin' onything in the writin' line this bit back," he replied, "but gie's an idea. What kind o' sentiment do ye want to be at?"

"Guid sake, Jamie," replied Mr. Hunter "just here's our Flag. It's *our* Flag. We're prood o't. Gather round it. Set it up. Up wi' the Flag. That's the idea—up wi' the Flag!"

"Man, John, 'Up wi' the Flag's' no poetical. It's no' poetry!"

"That may no' be very poetical," replied the other, "but you work on it, an' see what ye can make o't."

Next day the poet came into the studio of Mr. Hunter, who was then a photographer and asked, "How would 'Up wi' the Standard' do?"

"That's no ony mair poetical than the flag. Man, it's a banner they carry."

"Dod, man, that's it! Banner—banner. Up wi' the Banner!" and off he went overjoyed that at last he had secured a phrase which he could write up to.

Thomson's method of composition was very slow and laborious. He erased and revised his pieces over and over. "If he got a line in a day he was pleased," says Mr. Hunter. Accordingly a week elapsed ere he again visited the studio, when he handed "J. W." a nearly perfect copy of the song as it now stands.

UP WI' THE BANNER.

HAIL to the Banner which proudly floats o'er us:
Hail to the brave hearts who bear it along.
Proudly we glance at the records before us,
True hearted heroes so famous in song.

CHORUS.

Up wi' the Banner high,
Hark to the gathering cry!
Dear to each heart is the old native strain;
Children and bearded men,
Join in the old refrain:
Shout Terioden again and again!

Oceans may sever their sons from their native land,
Firm beats their hearts for the homes of the free;
Leaps still the Hawick blood, free as the gushing flood,
Unstem'd as the torrents that rush to the sea.

Boast, Hawick, boast of the deeds of your fathers,
Look to the trophies so gallantly won;
As ages roll on us, fresh laurels we'll gather,
Guard well her honour, each true-hearted son!

Up to your saddles! The slogan is sounding,
Hagbert and halbert in gallant array,
The heroes are marshall'd, the mettled steed bounding,
Follow your Cornet, away and away!

If Thomson's poetry is almost devoid of the delicate imagery, and philosophical musings, which go far to constitute a really great poet, his lines nevertheless always have a swing and verve about them which touch the heart and kindle the Border enthusiasm. The song took

well when it was sung to the tune of "Hail to the chief" by Robert Patterson, a local singer, at the Colour Bussing of 1887. Shortly afterwards the verses were wedded to an original melody by Inglis Robson, author of "Hawick among the Hills" and the bearer of the proud distinction of the "Hawick composer."

JOHN G. GALBRAITH.

[We have much pleasure in stating that Messrs. W. & J. Kennedy, of Hawick, who hold the copyright of words and music of "Up wi' the Banner," have kindly allowed us to reproduce the song in connection with the present article.—ED. *B. M.*]

Song: "When Simmer Comes Again."

THE winter's dreary gloom's awa',
The spring is come ance mair,
An' sune the simmer glint will fa'
To brichten hearts sae sair.
Caul' winter grips the loch an' lea,
A' Nature dowie hings,
Then simmer smiles, the shadows flee,
An' a' thing laughing springs.

O simmer time, sweet simmer time,
My heart is fain for simmer time.

The sky aboon, the walth o' green,
An' Nature's music a'
Gies ilka heart a joy sae keen
Tho' riches flee awa',
Gold canna buy the gowden morn,
'Mong pleasures, there is nane
Can be like glories that adorn—
When simmer comes again.

O simmer time, sweet simmer time,
My heart is fain for simmer time.

Sae lichtly tak' your way thro' life,
Nor heed the worl's disdain,
Remember aye, 'mid winter's strife,
That simmer comes again.
Sae look far o'er our bonnie lan',
An' laugh to be as free,
Coont mair than jewels in yer han'
The sunlicht on the lea.

O simmer time, sweet simmer time,
My heart is fain for simmer time.

I long to climb the Yarrow braes
An' see the waters shine,
An' feel a' thro' the simmer days
That Nature's glory's mine,
To hear the birdie's lichtsome sang
An' wander by my lane
Thro' Border wuds, an' hills amang
When simmer comes again.

O simmer time, sweet simmer time,
My heart is fain for simmer time.

H. PATERSON BAYNE.

A Journey with T. Carlyle.

IN the March number of *The Border Magazine*, an interesting article was introduced by a brief conversation in the smoking compartment of a railway train with its freedom and comfort. This travelling smoking-room contrasts favourably with the privileges, or want of privileges, permitted to smokers in the early days of our railways. Then the smoker could only enjoy his pipe by the permission of his companions. And it was sometimes painful to see a man take out his pipe, while he glanced stealthily along the carriage to read the countenances of his neighbours, and see how far he might venture before he struck the match. And not infrequently, before smoke had well risen over head, an angry growl was given out—"no smoking allowed"—and the poor man would pull the pipe from his disappointed mouth, and forego his little pleasure. Yet exactly under the same circumstances another person with more courage and resort, accepting the challenge, would turn to the window, pull it down, and leaning over, would enjoy his whiff in the open air. In 3rd class, smoking then was done by stealth; whereas, in 1st class, it was done by permission. And this brings me to the object of my story, viz.—briefly to sketch the outlines of a conversation in a railway journey with the late Mr. T. Carlyle.

In the year 1868, on my way to London, Mr. Carlyle joined the same train and sat down beside me at Carlisle station. We were the only passengers in the compartment. And scarcely had the train got well in motion when he pulled out his pipe and asked me if I smoked. No; I did not smoke. "Do you object to smoking, then." "No, especially in your case." "Why in my case. "Do you know me?" "Not personally, but are you not Mr. Carlyle?" "Quite right, sir, I am." Then he struck the match and lighted up. Silence and clouds of smoke prevailed for a time, when he knocked the dust from the pipe and busied his long fingers in refilling it. Turning half round to me, he asked how it was that I knew him? I said that I could scarcely tell him how. Only, that I had been one of his admirers, had read his books and such sketches and likenesses of him as came in my way, and that I felt sure of him as he stood with his friend at the side of the train. "You have been a reader of my books, you say. And did they do you any good?" I hoped so. "That is what we write books for. Tell me which of them you have read." I enumerated them beginning with "Frederick." "And did you get through them all?" "All but 'Frederick'." Now he

burst into a loud laugh and exclaimed, "It was no wonder, I nearly stuck on it too." To excuse my defect, I told him that I was then a young lad working in a factory, and that six of us workers joined and bought the book, that we balloted the order of reading it, and fixed the time allowed each reader, but the limit proved too short for me. After all had read it, the book was sold to the highest offer of the six. He was greatly interested in this description of his readers, and remarked that it was a noble effort of working men. Did I think there was much of that style of reading cultivated by factory workers? "It was then pretty general as a means of getting papers and magazines; what we called a club. But it was rarely applied for getting books." My next readings were his Essays —and of them all, I most enjoyed that on Burns. "Ah!" he said, "you understood it?" I had several attempts at "Sartor" ere I got through it. The "French Revolution" was very exciting. I liked "Cromwell," but thought "Sterling" a very commonplace man for such a biography. Here he roared at my ear—"No, sir; he was a great man and a good man," and that stop't my criticism. Quietness for a time, and diligent use of the pipe. At Lancaster, the clouds of smoke in our compartment deterred a gentleman and lady from joining us, and I selfishly was pleased to see them withdraw and shut the carriage door, as, like young St. Giles, "I wanted the good things all to myself." He now asked what part of Scotland I came from. "Galashiels," and to magnify its importance I said "It's within a short distance of Abbotsford." "Aye, aye," he said, "that's the keek show," and he laughed heartily at his own remark. "Is not the trade of Galashiels chiefly hosiery?" "No, it is the making of tweed cloth." "That of Hawick is hosiery then, isn't it?" "Yes, a goodly portion of it is; but tweeds are largely made there too." "And what do you call tweeds?" I illustrated that by reference to my trousers and travelling plaid, when he put out his long arm and asked if his overcoat was what I called tweed? It might be, but it was of a coarse kind—likely made of home wool. Here I had to explain the difference between home and foreign wool. "Your own is a pastoral country with large flocks of sheep, and since you don't use that wool, where does it go?" "Chiefly to Yorkshire (as it did then), where it is used for various kinds of cloth." "Did our working classes make good wages in Galashiels?" "As a rule, I thought they did, more especially the young women-weavers." In giving him an idea of their average wage, he said "Surely that's the best place in the world to be born a girl." I mentioned that the better class of the working-men were shareholders in co-operative provision and cloth stores, or members of a provident building society—or both. He was glad to hear that, he said, and added, "Then you won't be troubled with strikes." At Preston, several persons entered our compartment, permission to smoke was continued and indulged in, but our conversation was cut off. At Stafford, however, we had a stop for ten minutes, and we met in the refreshment room and drank a cup of coffee. When the train started, I observed that the old sage fell into a dozing sleep. There was more smoking, but no more talking till we reached Euston station, when he came frankly forward holding out his hand to me and said, "Good-bye, my friend."

The remembrance of this journey has ever been a pleasing reflection to me, and I hope this outline of our conversation may not be without interest to the readers of this magazine.

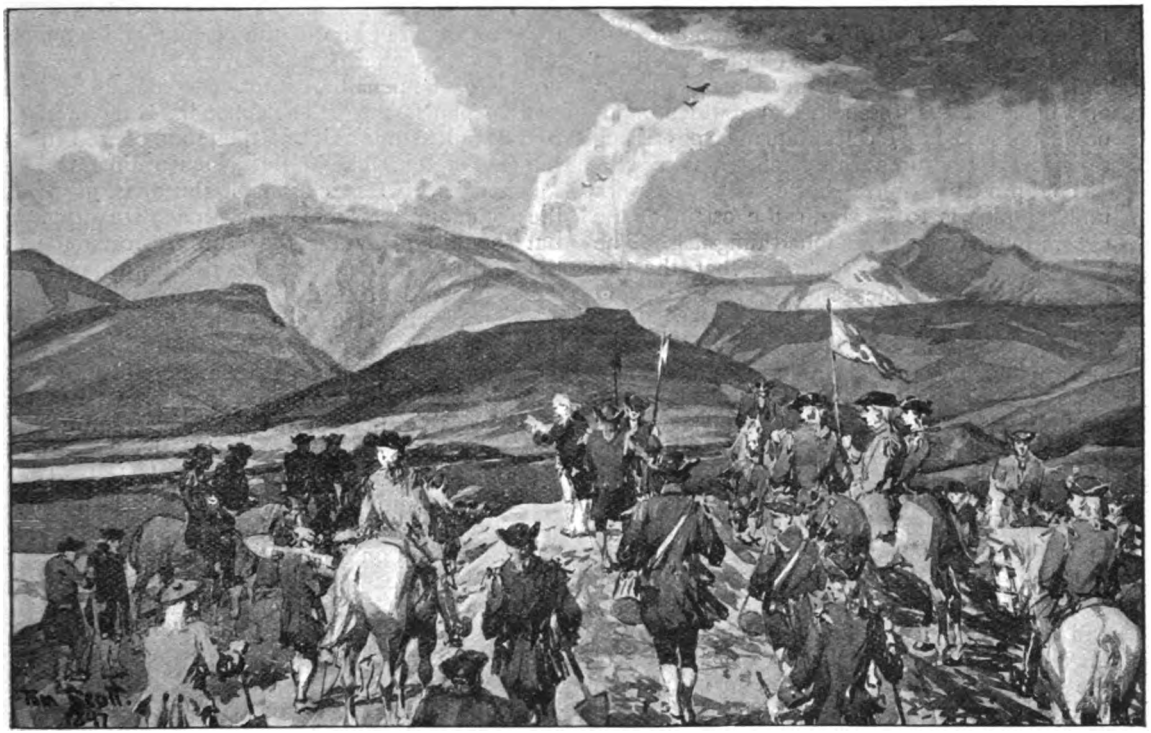
G. A.

1514.*

THE most ancient and most interesting features connected with Hawick Common Riding are those which bear upon the question of primitive land tenure, and the problem of the primitive village community. There seems to be no doubt that in former times a large number of communities possessed common lands which were frequently filched from them in the days when might was right. Occasionally these lands were returned to the common owners by some superior, who gave back by charter what he never had any right to. This is borne out by the statement quoted by the authors from Professor Rankin's "Land Ownership." "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 possession, 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." We see a survival of common ownership in the case of Lauder, and it has to be noted that Drumlanrig's charter by which the town of Hawick nominally received its lands was really the confirmation of an earlier charter "lost and destroyed in times past of hostility and war through invasions of

* *The Hawick Tradition of 1514: The Town's Common, Flag, and Seal.* By R. S. Craig and Adam Laing. Hawick: W. & J. Kennedy.

Englishmen and thieves." (Happy combination!) We know that Hawick "stood from of old created a free Burgh of Barony," and if the early municipal records of the Burgh had not perished, we would doubtless find that the land gifted to the town was in reality its own by right, and that it had been so from immemorial times. This land was, in short, the property of a primitive village community, and it has become a dictum with many archæologists that, to use the words of Mr. Gomme, "the village community was primitive, not historical, in origin—



"THE AULD CA'-KNOWE: CALLING THE BURGESS ROLL."
Block kindly lent by Publishers.

due, that is to the earliest instincts of our race, not to the political thought of a governing class, or to the commercial necessities of a trading class in historical times." If this dictum have anything of truth in it we are, of course, carried back to remote times, long antecedent to the introduction of the feudal system; and the idea receives some confirmation in the survivals of customs connected with the religion of our pagan ancestors. Sir Walter Elliot has described (*Journal Ethnol. Soc.*) the festivals of the village goddess which is observed in every village of Southern India. "The object of this ceremony is intimately connected with the preservation of boundaries, and it includes the sacrifice of a buffalo, and the burial of a piece of the sacred animal in the lands of each of the villages." It is this connection of these survivals with the ceremony of riding the marches in our own land which gives point to the conclusion that the ceremony was originally a religious one. In the Hawick Common Riding we have the visit to the Moat at sunrise, the wearing of oak chaplets, the former lighting of the midsummer bonfires, and the jumping through the flames, all of which had distinctly religious significance; and in the common ridings, and folk customs, and folk lore of other places, there is quite a host of ceremonies which have similar significance. It is not possible here to deal further with these matters. The authors offer the remark that they are more proper to the poet than the historian, but it requires little poetic license to picture to ourselves a handful of people in prehistoric times coming to the point of land where the Teviot and Slitrig mingle their waters. Here they raised first of all the enclosed habitations which were afterwards to be known

as the village or tûn. "This represents," says Mr. Gomme, "the centre point from which issued all the rights over the adjacent territory and in the community. . . . Then come the common lands, over which the villagers have only cultivating rights according to rules determined upon at the common assembly of the people." It was this *folk-moot* which instituted the common riding and invested it with all the religious ceremonial which primitive religion attached to every event in the life of its votaries. The reader who is interested in the subject will find much matter germane to it in Mr. Frazer's splendid work "The Golden Bough," in Baden Powell's "Indian Village Community," in Sir Henry Maine's works, and in the "Village Community," by Seebohm and Gomme; and it may be added that the field is one which might prove profitable to local antiquaries possessing the necessary leisure for research.

The principal object, however, of the work under notice is to ascertain the origin of the decoration on the Common Riding flag. The authors come to the conclusion that the flag bears the arms of the Priory of Hexham, and that retainers of that house must have been among the band who were defeated at Hornshole, and that they must have carried a pennon bearing these arms, and that this pennon was captured by the men of Hawick. The authors are both lawyers, and marshal their arguments in fine legal style. No loophole seems to be left open into which the arrow of criticism can enter. The opinion they advance is fortified by that of the Marquess of Bute, and it will require some one whose knowledge of heraldry is, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "extensive and peculiar," to oppose it. One wonders if the authors consulted the Lyon King, or any of the English heralds. A point in connection with this matter may be mentioned. There are several towns which observe a common riding ceremony. At some of these a cornet is chosen who also carries a flag. Is this in all cases the town's flag? If so, then the Hawick flag should be the town's flag too. Had the town ever a flag, or were the inhabitants so elated with the capture of the pennon that they adopted it as their flag, and carried it at their ceremonies? These questions suggest themselves in perusing.

Having considered the flag and the burgh seal, the authors devote considerable space to Dacre's accounts of his Border raids, and they also supply, along with a fresh translation of Drumlanrig's charter, a large number of extracts from the municipal records bearing on the festival. It is interesting to note the names of the individuals who are mentioned in the charter. Personal names like Howburn, Lidderdale, Fawlaw, Cesfurd, Benkis, are now unknown in the town, but Paisleys, Gladstones, Waughs, Hendersons, Wilsons, still survive. The last mentioned occurs only once, though it is now "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa." The extracts give interesting glimpses of the old life of the town. How jealously these old world folks watched over their town lands, and what a wary eye they kept on "the auld enemy of England!" In 1645, Allan Deans, "accusit for not being at the ryding and merching of the commoune upoun the 24 of May, 1645, compeir and confest he was at the Watch Know, thairfoir assoilzeit him of the penaltie and fyne, and himself gif ewer he do the lyik he sall pay the dowble of the penaltie, conforme to the act, and dowble punisment." The appendix is devoted to a complete transcript of the proof offered in the case of the Duke of Buccleuch against the Magistrates of Hawick, anent the division of the Common. It is somewhat "dreich" reading, but should be useful to the future historian of the town. The curtailing of the town lands struck a chord in some poetic soul, as an old music book known to the present writer contains a song or air entitled "A Lament for the division of Hawick Common." It seems, however, to have quite fallen into oblivion and has no place in the vocal portions of the modern ceremony.

A word must be said regarding the general get-up of this handsome volume. It is, indeed, a credit to printers and publishers. The coloured representations of the flags are most interesting, and one is glad to have the beautiful plate of John Dean's tombstone. The charming view from Hawick Muir seems to lose somewhat in reproduction, but the same cannot be said of "The Troutlawford," and "The Ca'-Knowe," both of which have much inherent interest. Altogether the book is one which no Teri can afford to be without. The common riding still flourishes. For some time in the seventies it languished, but a gratifying revival has, of late, taken place, and it has even acquired the distinction of being genteel enough to receive benefit of clergy. It is, however, too deep seated in the hearts of the people to require the support of race meetings or clerical benedictions. The enthusiasm it excites in a usually staid community is remarkable, and is not understanded of the alien; while the deep longing with which it is looked forward to is perhaps best illustrated by the remark said to have been made on the morning after the festival by one "native, and to the manner born," that "If oo hed the New 'ear bye it'll no' be lang in bein' here again.". W. E. WILSON.

From Photo by W. Green,] [Berwick-on-Tweed.

COMMANDER FRANCIS MARTIN NORMAN, R. N.

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AUTHOR OF "THE ELDER AT THE PLATE," "THE AULD SCOTCH MINISTER" &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

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Francis Martin Norman, Commander, R.N.

BERWICK-ON-TWEED.

By J. PARRINGTON POOLE.

UN bien fait n'est jamais perdu—in plain English—"a kindness is never lost."

Such might well be the motto of the gentleman who welcomed us as we stepped within the walls of Cheviot House. To those who know him, this assertion needs no proof. We had just roamed round the fascinating red-tiled, wall-girt, capital of the dear old Borderland, and gazed from the historic hill of Halidon, beyond the blue sweep of Berwick Bay, to where the Isle of Lindisfarne lay upon the water like a fallen cloud of smoke. No spot, we thought, could be more fit resting place for one to whom the roar of the sea makes music in the ear, and to whom the breath of the wave brings back sweet memories of days long since dead.

Captain Norman was born sixty-five years ago at Chislehurst, Kent, and was educated at Harrow, under the late Dean Vaughan. Leaving school at the age of fourteen he entered the navy as naval cadet on board H.M. frigate "Havannah," which was commanded by Captain Erskine, senior officer on the Australian Station. This station was a very extensive one, embracing New Zealand, Van Dieman's Land, and the islands of Western Polynesia, and thus we are not surprised to find that the early years of his sea life, spent on a wide stretch of the South Pacific, abounded in incident and adventure.

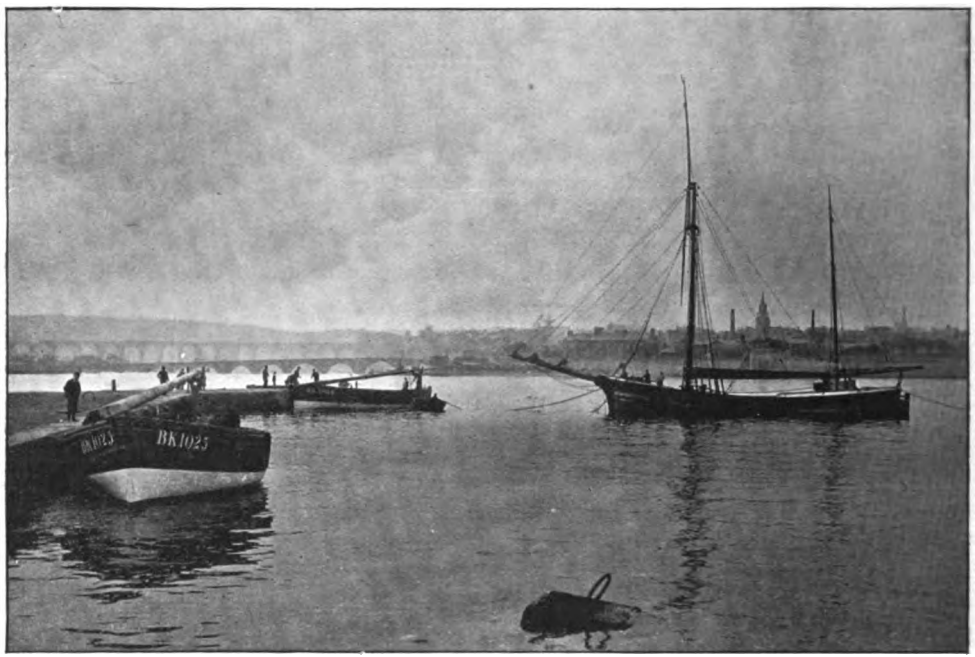
When on board the "Havannah," the young cadet, on one occasion, saw a large ship of convicts arrive at Sydney Harbour, but not being allowed to land, the vessel was sent off to Hobart Town, the capital of Tasmania. He also remembers the discovery of gold in California, which drained New South Wales of a large portion of its population. Scarcely, however, had the gold-seekers arrived at their *El-dorado*, than a larger find took place in Australia, and all returned together with a great influx of fortune-hunters from all parts.

During the prevalence of the gold fever, the ships at Sydney were denuded of their crews, and the vessel which carried home the news of the discovery and the first consignment of gold was manned, in great part, by a detachment of the "Havannah's" men. The officers and men of the frigate also took part in the ceremony of turning the first sod of the first railway which was ever constructed in our Australian possessions. A fellow midshipman in the "Havannah" was the present Sir George Nares who commanded the last British Government Arctic Expedition.

The "Havannah's" duties included two long voyages among the South Sea Islands, many of which at that time were but little known, and imperfectly surveyed, most of the inhabitants were confirmed cannibals. The Captain has reminiscences of

a visit paid to the "Havannah" by Thakombaw, king of the Fijis. This gentleman was more obliging than humane. On seeing the life-sized figure of a man being drawn on canvas to be used as a target for the big guns, he offered to save trouble by putting up one of the canoe's crew instead, and further, when he saw, on a gun being fired, that pieces of shell struck the water, he requested the captain to fire a shot into the nearest village to see how many men it would knock over.

Navigation among those islands in these days of steam and complete surveys is comparatively an easy matter, but then with a sailing ship and



From Photo by Nichol Elliot.] BERWICK, SHOWING RAMPARTS AND OLD BRIDGE. [Coldstream.

often imperfect, and sometimes no charts, it was a difficult and often dangerous task for a vessel to thread her way in safety among the intricacies of the coral reefs.

Observing a schooner in the offing one day, Captain Norman as midshipman of his boat, was sent to board her and was delighted to find that she was the Missionary ship, "Undine," commanded and navigated by that prince of missionaries, the late Bishop Selwyn, whose object was to collect young savages to have them trained as native Christian teachers in the Bishop's Missionary College in New Zealand.

It is interesting to learn that the old "Havannah" (which is still in existence as a Ragged School Ship) was built in Liverpool, in the year 1811, and formed one of the convoy which escorted the great Napoleon to St. Helena in 1815.

On his return to England the subject of our memoir was appointed to H.M.S. "Britannia," 120 guns; under Vice-Admiral Dundas, Commander in Chief, Mediterranean Station. The "Britannia" was the last sailing three decker that was ever in commission, and on her return from foreign service was established as the first Naval Cadets' Training Ship, for before that time cadets received no special training for the navy. The present "Britannia, whose original name has been altered, is the third of the training ship dynasty.

During his service on the "Britannia" the Crimean War broke out and our fleet, as is well known, after having passed many months at the historic Besika Bay, proceeded to Constantinople and entered the Black Sea. The captain says that, after having assisted in his capacity of officer in charge of the ship's pinnace to land soldiers on the Crimean shores, he saw the Battle of the Alma from the ship's poop like a game of chess. After the battle he was employed, with many others, in carrying the wounded off the field to the transports.

He formed part of the original Naval Brigade

which landed at Balaclava Harbour on 1st of October, 1854, and took an active part in getting men and guns to the front. In the trenches before Sebastopol, Captain Norman remained for four months throughout all the severities of that dreadful winter, and many tales he has to tell of what he saw and endured there.

He was on the battlefield of Inkerman with a reserve regiment of six hundred blue jackets who were ensconced under a hillock situated about a quarter of a mile from the famous Sand Bag Battery, and in the middle of the fighting was employed in carrying a despatch to the late Sir Wm. Hewitt, in the Lancaster Battery, who was the first naval officer to receive the Victoria Cross. This service was a most dangerous one, bullets from the battlefield as well as shot from the Russian ships in the harbour rushing past him the whole way there and back.

About the battle our officer can tell but little. Past the temporary sheltering ground of the sailors streams of wounded were continually carried, and the sight of the pale, hunger-worn but determined countenances of our men, as they marched pas tinto action, was deeply impressive. Great relief was experienced when about noon, after hours of fighting, and when it began to be rumoured that we could not hold out much longer, the French at last arrived and turned the scale in our favour.

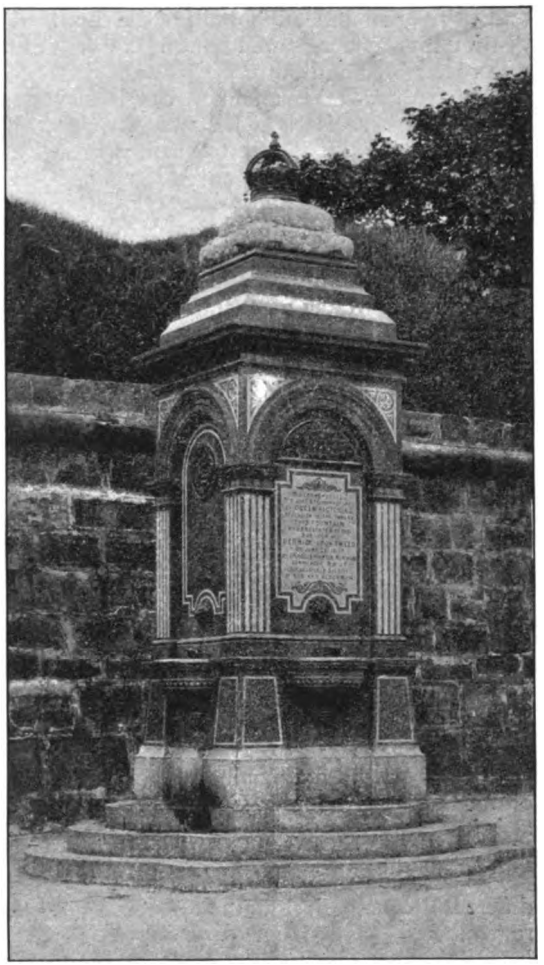
One of the worst experiences of the campaign was the tremendous gale of November, when the ships, laden with food and ammunition, were sunk at the entrance of Balaclava Harbour, and when all the tents were blown down, some of them still containing wounded men from Inkerman.

For a short time during the first part of the siege, Captain Norman was under the immediate command of the late Captain Peel, R.N., whose aide-de-camp was a young midshipman, now General Sir Evelyn Wood. The captain attributes a great part of our sufferings in the Crimea to ignorance on the part of our leaders that a siege would be undertaken and the woeful want of roads when it was undertaken.

In March, 1855, Mr. Norman received his promotion as lieutenant, and was appointed to the steam frigate, "Tribune," on board which he took part in many subsequent operations at sea, including two night attacks on the sea-forts of Sebastopol. On the day after its capture he landed and walked all over that shot and shell ridden town. He was fortunate enough to secure several photographs of some of the Russian batteries, taken that day, and we judge that these pictures must now be valuable, for very few were taken, and we do not remember having seen the like before.

Later on we find him serving in the China war (1857-58.) Then he was engaged in several boat affairs. During one engagement a small bullet entered his mouth and lodged in the back of his throat, thus very nearly inflicting a most dangerous wound.

On his return from Chinese service Captain



From Photo by W. Green.] [Berwick-on Tweed.

DRINKING FOUNTAIN
PRESENTED TO THE BURGH OF BERWICK-ON-TWEED
BY COMMANDER NORMAN, R.N. JUNE, 1897

Norman fell into ill-health and retired, at an early age, with the rank of Commander, holding two Crimean medals (two clasps, Inkerman and Sebastopol), Order of Medjidie, and a Chinese medal. Handsome as these medals undoubtedly are, it seems to us that the case contains even more interesting items, viz., a Russian bullet which, whizzing

past the captain's head and lodging in the rocky ground in the rear of the battery, was picked up by him, retaining to this day, in its crevice, the soil of the Crimea; and an English Minie-rifle bullet, one of the old sort with the iron cup, which has been flattened out like a piece of putty against the muzzle of a Russian cannon.

Captain Norman eventually, in the year 1877, settled down in the old Border town of Berwick-on-Tweed, which has been his home ever since, and where, and indeed in most of the Lowland district, his name is as well known as if he were a Borderer bred and born.

He has always taken an active part in all sorts of public work. He is a J.P., was for eight or nine years in the Town Council, was twice Sheriff, twice Mayor, and an Alderman. One cannot enumerate all the minor offices he has held, and still holds in connection with civil, ecclesiastical, and social life in and around Berwick. For twenty years he has conducted a Bible-class for young men and boys at Cheviot House, and those who have attended it are well aware of its value. He is Honorary President of the Berwick Cycling Club, and entertains that flourishing body of wheelmen annually to supper, when the president's address on cycling topics is always bright, interesting, and humorous.

In 1884 he held the honourable position of President of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, in whose proceedings, for that year, interesting contributions from his pen are to be found. But the Captain's tastes for Natural History are well known, and for many years he has been a regular lecturer at Berwick Museum, his subject nearly always being in connection with some branch of that study.

We must not omit to say that the subject of this sketch has been a member, for many years, of the Edinburgh Border Counties Association, at whose annual gatherings he is always called upon to respond for the navy.

His hospitality to the Bible classes of the different denominations in the town will long be remembered, and is perpetuated by many beautiful gifts which hang on the walls of Cheviot House; and it is scarcely necessary to remind readers of Border journals that in 1897, Captain Norman presented to the town of his adoption a costly, and handsome granite drinking fountain to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of Her Majesty's accession. The number of people who have used it proves that it has been a thoroughly useful gift. That it is an ornamental one our readers can see for themselves. Berwick Town Council, as an acknowledgment, very recently presented the donor with a beautifully executed illuminated Minute of Thanks, under their seal, and contained in an album which we have been permitted to see.

Captain Norman is the possessor of, and was good enough to show us, many beautiful engravings of the navy in which he was brought up. Though admitting the necessity of the age, the Captain seems to look with no particular favour on the modern iron-clad monsters of the present day, and declares that the romance of sea life has been buried in coal bunkers, crushed beneath revolving turrets, and exploded by torpedoes. We dare say he is not far wrong. At all events we can sympathise with him in the matter, and we heartily wish him many years of good health, and continued usefulness, in the town which he so dearly loves and for which he has already done so much.

Coronation of the Gipsy King at Yetholm.

THE little village of Yetholm, which is picturesquely situated amongst the Cheviots on the borders of Roxburgh and Northumberland, was the scene of an unusual stir and excitement on Whit-Monday last. People from all the Border country round assembled in thousands to witness the Coronation of the King of the Gipsies, which ceremony took place at noon on Yetholm Green.

Yetholm consists of two villages, Town-Yetholm and Kirk-Yetholm, separated by a valley, through which runs the Bowmont Water, a tributary of the Till. On Monday the weather was all that could be desired, and the village on the hillside was steeped in the most brilliant sunshine. The roads in the neighbourhood, ever since early morning, had been black with a continuous stream of Whit-Monday sight-seers—the greater number of them approaching by means of bicycles, of which there must have been several thousands. Kirk-Yetholm is the gipsies' particular village, in which they have had an encampment for nearly two centuries—ever since a bit of land was granted to "William I." of the royal line of "Faa" by Sir William Bennet, in gratitude for service rendered.

The gipsies are generally believed to have come from Egypt, and they themselves claim that their ancient surname of "Faa" is derived from "Pharoah;" but from a likeness between the Romany and Hindustani languages, some authorities, among others Sir Richard Burton, imagine them to be of Indian origin.

"Wull" Faa I. died at Coldingham, leaving twenty-four children. His subjects carried his

body back to Kirk-Yetholm in state, with a large escort of donkeys, and buried him by his "Palace" in the Cheviots. His son William's succession was disputed by a man who bore the unpleasant sounding nick-name of "Earl of Hell," but this usurper was defeated in a battle on Yetholm Green, and Wull Faa II.'s authority successfully established. In his reign the tribe lived chiefly by smuggling, like the gipsies in "Guy Mannering," which pursuit they seemed to find very profitable.

"Wull" Faa II. died in 1847 at nearly a hundred years of age, and was succeeded by his brother-in-law, Charles Faa-Blyth. Charles was well-known to Sir Walter Scott. His reign was

The proceedings were curious and amusing, in spite of the feeling of mockery about them.

A small low platform, upholstered in red and yellow, and draped with flags, was erected against the gable end of the "Old Border Inn," and on it were placed about half a-dozen chairs, and a small round table with a red velvet cushion for the crown. There was a small enclosure of reserved seats round the daïs, to which people could obtain admission by payment of a small sum;—said seats, consisting of planks, were soon crowded, and neighbouring cottages, from which a good view could be obtained, were covered with men sitting astride the roofs.

From Photo by A. R. Edwards.] CORONATION DAY AT YETHOLM. [Selkirk.

but a short one, and when he died, his son David refused to take the Sovereignty, so Charles I.'s daughter, the late Queen Esther, who had married a Rutherford, succeeded her father. On her death, which occurred some years ago, the title remained in abeyance, till it was revived last week by the coronation of her son, an old man of seventy, as Charles II. Charles and his wife have followed the calling of inn-keepers at Yetholm since Queen Esther's death.

The prime mover in the restoration of a king to the gipsy tribe was the parish minister, Rev. W. Carrick Miller, by whose exertions the function was got up, and all the arrangements made.

The first dignity to appear on the scenes was the "Lord Mayor," in a long red fur-trimmed robe, and big brass chain of office. Then came the "Court," or committee "in character," who were received with a great deal of laughter. Their clothes looked as if they had been supplied from a circus, and were of a most motley description. There was a man at-arms in tin armour; a Robin Hood in Lincoln green; Harry VIII.; a cow boy; heralds and halberdiers in velvet and tinsel, and many others whose costumes were less easy to identify. At last the minister appeared in silk gown and trencher hat, and after the crowd, at his invitation, had sung two verses of the hundredth

Psalm, to the accompaniment of the brass band from Coldstream, he opened the proceedings with prayer, and then made a short speech to welcome the gathering to Yetholm. A short address followed from Bailie Gibson on the history of the gipsies in Scotland, (the more sympathetic that he, like the minister, are supposed to be akin to the Romany "chals"), which being ended, "Rule Britannia" was played by the band, and then two heralds, in marvellous costumes, read the Proclamation, sentence by sentence the one repeating it after the other. It began (as befitting a Royal Proclamation) with "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" and it set forth that it having been found that the ancient people of Little Egypt were becoming scattered for want of a ruler, they had declared for a king, lest they should become a forgotten race, and having considered the hereditary rights of Charles Faa-Blyth, they had agreed that he should be crowned King of the Yetholm Gipsies with all the honours due to a prince of royal gipsy blood. "Challenge who dare."

The Proclamation did not go unchallenged, for after the laughter and cheering which followed the reading had subsided, Mr. Miller read out a letter he had just received, signed "William Blyth," protesting against the Coronation of Prince Charlie, and claiming that as the writer's father was a son of the late Queen's brother David, Charles Faa-Blyth-Rutherford was an usurper! There was an exciting pause while the minister called upon any one who challenged King Charlie's right, to come forward, but as no one came, the "Archbishop" was "summoned with all convenient speed," and the band played "Wha'll be King but Charlie." At this moment the King arrived, and entered the enclosure with some difficulty, for his team of six donkeys suddenly became seized with obstinacy, and refused to move! The "Archbishop" was the village blacksmith, bareheaded, attired in his working clothes, with his sleeves rolled up. He stood waiting with the crown (a brass one, studded with big imitation stones) till the King made his way to him, when he placed it on His Majesty's head, and made a short speech in Romany, of which the closing words were "Long live King Charles!"

The people cheered merrily, and the King, standing up in his royal robes, with the crown on his head, waved his old cap, and looked supremely happy. He then mounted his donkey chariot again, in which his Queen (with a crown on her head) had remained during the ceremony, and the grand procession was marshalled, and paraded through the village, preceded by two halberdiers, and closed with a "miscellaneous following" as the programme put it.

Their Majesties held a Levée at their "Palace" (a little white washed cottage) in the afternoon, which was very well attended, and the day was further enlivened with a public dinner, sports, a selection of music and Highland dances from the Buccleuch Pipe and Drum Band. A grand ball in the evening closed the proceedings which are memorable, as it is not likely that anything of the kind will be seen again.

A. M. H.

Aunt Janet's Legacy.

WERE I asked by a clergyman to recommend a suitable book for presentation to the young women of his Bible-class, I should unhesitatingly advise him to select the volume bearing the above title, the fourth edition of which now lies before us.* The book is published by the well-known—we might almost say—famous Border publishers, Messrs. George Lewis & Co., of Selkirk, which is a sufficient guarantee that paper, printing, and illustrations are first class.

The authoress, Mrs. Janet Bathgate, whose kindly face looks on us from the frontispiece, passed to that everlasting rest for which she had been so long preparing, on the 6th February of this year, and a notice of her appeared in the March number of THE BORDER MAGAZINE. In the preface we are informed that the book is a true record of the life of the authoress from childhood to middle life, and was not written with a view to publication, but simply in compliance with the request of her nieces who desired information about their ancestors. Once begun, the work seemed to grow upon Mrs. Bathgate, and out of the fulness of her heart she poured forth a tale which is simple enough to be understood by the unlearned peasant, and yet sufficiently interesting to engage the attention of those well versed in literature. From beginning to end the volume is deeply religious,—exceptionally so, we might say—and yet it is natural to a high degree, the soft breezes from the Border hills and streams breathing through every page. While in the modern novel we meet with so much straining after effect by fascinating style, intricate plots, and abstruse psychological studies, it is refreshing to read such a simple tale—giving a true picture of the life of the Border peasantry sixty years ago. Our hearts are touched as we read of the

*Aunt Janet's Legacy to her Nieces. By Janet Bathgate. Selkirk: George Lewis & Co.

little girl going out to service at the early age of eight years, and we begin to realise the vastly improved state of affairs which now exists. What that service was, will be understood from the following quotation :—

The inmates of Hartleap are all up by five in the morning and Katie (the mistress) sets Jenny (the child servant) to work. "Here, lassie," she says, "look ahint the door, and ye'll get a heather buzzim; soop the fluir, and mind an' gang into every neuk : nane o' yer half-dune wark, and take out the ashes—see, there's a wecht (a riddle covered with skin), and then cairry in peats and fill the peat neuk. I'll gang and make the beds, an' milk the cow, and make the porridge ; an' after ye' cairry in the peats, gang to the back o' the hoose an' ye'll see a hurl-barrow ; bring it roon to the door, an' ye'll get a graip an' a paidle at the hay-neuk, and gang and clean up the byre ; an' see that ye dinna slaister the entry, haddin' folk cairryin' in shairn on their feet."

Invaluable are the peeps we get into those humble dwellings, while we read of almost forgotten articles and strange appliances for registering time when clocks were not in common use. So simply and yet so graphically are these word pictures presented to the mind's eye, that the reader has no difficulty in grasping the various details of the scenes depicted. Though the greater portion of the volume refers to the pastoral life of Ettrick and Yarrow, we get occasional glimpses of the town life of Edinburgh. Alike for its historical value and its deep religious sentiment, *Aunt Janet's Legacy* is a book we should like to see in every Scottish household.

ANNA SANDERSON.

From Photo by A. R Edwards,] 'AUNT JANET.' [Kindly lent by Publishers.

DEATH OF A SON OF THE PIPER OF ABBOTSFORD.—Mr. Charles Fairbairn, who died recently in West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., was a son of George Fairbairn, for some time piper of Abbotsford, and up till the time of his death in 1870 the last survivor of those who had been in the service of Sir Walter Scott. By his mother's side he was a grandson of a still better known worthy, Tom Purdie, of whom it has been said that he was the confidential friend as well as the head servant of the Sheriff.

The Proverbs of the Waverley Novels.

II.

THE localisation of the proverb is one of the most interesting chapters in our present study. Its native place is indicated by its own internal evidence. The proverbial advice to make hay while the sun shines is unmistakably British, and could only have had its origin under such variable and uncertain skies as ours—not certainly in those southern climes, where, during the summer season at least, the sun is always shining.

The localised proverb is conspicuous by its presence throughout every volume of the Waverley Novels. The lieutenant of Captain Falconer's troop of horse, in "Waverley," imagines that in joining the rebellion of 1745 he could scarcely be going far wrong in running the risk of getting a St. Johnston's Tippet slipped over his neck since, as a horse-couper, he had been dealing in halters all his life. St. Johnston's Tippet is a proverbial expression in Perth, the city of St. John, for a halter according to the old couplet:—

> And in contempt when any rogue they see,
> They say St. Johnston's Tippet's meet for thee.

This proverb, in Perthshire generally, is applied to persons who, if they were not hanged, were at least deserving to be hanged. The mention of Perth reminds us of the Fair Maid and her lover Harry Smith, or Hal o' the Wynd as he is generally called. At the beginning of the novel we find Smith rather down in the mouth regarding the slow progress of his love affairs. "What has befallen you that makes you look as grave as an owl when . . . you ought to be as lively as a lark?" asks the Fair Maid's father, old Simon Glover. But Smith remains disconsolate, and expects, apparently, that the wooing process should be "knocked off" in a single morning. "Tut, tut," replied Glover, "neither Rome nor Perth was built in a day"—a proverbial expression which carried more weight and hope than a whole hour of argument could have done.

Coming to the Border country, we find in "The Antiquary" an interesting incident in connection with the proverbial "Kelso convoy." In reply to a question asked by the Antiquary as to whether or not he is expected to attend the funeral of Steenie Mucklebackit, old Caxon says—"Ou doubtless your honour is expected. . . . Ye ken in this country ilka gentleman is wussed to be sae civil as to see the corpse aff his grounds. Ye needna gang higher than the loan-head—it's no' expected your honour suld leave the land. It's just a Kelso convoy, a step and a half ower the door-stane."

"A Kelso convoy!" echoed the inquisitive Antiquary. "And why a Kelso convoy more than any other?" "Dear sir," answered Caxon, how should I ken? It's just a by-word."

The Antiquary then took out his memorandum book and wrote down: "Kelso convoy—said to be a step and a half ower the threshold. Authority—Caxon. *Quære*, whence derived. *Mem.* To write to Dr. Graysteel upon the subject."

Peter Peebles, in "Redgauntlet," is both a great proverb quoter and a proverb maker. When he called at the house of old Mr. Fairford to state the case of *Peebles against Plainstanes*, he talked on at such a rate that the lawyer was glad to stop his client's verbosity by the offer of some refreshment, which was greedily accepted. Cold meat was accordingly brought in, to which James Wilkinson, the old butler, was about to add, for the honour of the house, the brandy bottle which remained on the sideboard. At a wink from Mr. Fairford, however, the butler supplied the brandy's place by small beer. Peter fell upon the cold meat as if he had neither seen nor smelt it for many a day. When the first pangs of hunger were assuaged, Peter remarked, "Your beef is excellent, but something highly powdered. And the two-penny is undeniable, but it is small swipes—small swipes, more of hops than malt. With your leave, I'll try your black bottle."

Mr. Fairford started to help him with his own hand, but Peter himself got possession of the bottle by the neck, and returned to the table triumphant with the prey in his clutch.

"Better have a wine-glass, Mr. Peebles," said Mr. Fairford in an admonitory tone. "You will find it pretty strong."

"If the kirk is ower muckle, we can sing mass in the choir," replied Peter, helping himself in the goblet out of which he had been drinking the small beer. "What is it?" cried Peter exultingly, smelling the bottle, and then tasting the liquor—"Brandy! as I'm an honest man." He then poured out one dram after another, ultimately stopping to remark to Mr. Fairford, who was stating the great cause, "Here's to ye again by way of interim decreet. But ye hae omitted to speak a word of the arrestments."

"I was just coming to that point, Mr. Peebles."

"Or the action of suspension of the charge on the bill."

"I was just coming to that."

"Or the advocation of the Sheriff-Court process."

"I was just coming to that."

"As Tweed comes to Melrose, I think."

Those who have stood on the scaur-head at Melrose and looked down on the river coming slowly round the curve above the weir, will appreciate the proverbial expression of Peter Peebles—"As Tweed comes to Melrose."

In "The Abbot," Jasper Wingate, the shrewd time-serving steward of Avenel Castle, oracularly observes that the "tongue of a tale-bearer breaketh bones as well as a Jeddart staff." The staff here referred to is, of course, the battle-axe, which used to break a good many bones in "the auld riding days across the marches." There is another proverbial expression associated with Jedburgh which is much better known than the one just quoted. We refer to "Jethart Justice," which used to amuse itself by hanging the accused man first and then trying him. A variation on this Border proverb occurs in "Redgauntlet," where Crystal Nixon says that his master is oftener at a blow than a word—likelier to bite before he barks; "the kind of man for giving a Scarborough warning, first to knock a man down and then tell him to get up." In the same novel, Darsie Latimer, in writing to his friend Allan Fairford, narrates that one evening while taking a stroll along the sands of the Solway he was overtaken by a man on horseback, who shouted out, "Are you deaf? Are you mad? Have you a mind for the next world?"

"I am a stranger," Darsie answered, "and had no other purpose than looking on at the fishing. I am about to return to the side I came from."

"Better make haste then. He that dreams on the bed of the Solway may wake in the next world."

Many of our most popular localised proverbs are to be found in this novel of "Rob Roy." When Frank Osbaldistone details the circumstances attending the death of Morris, Rob Roy interrupts him by exclaiming, "What! What d'ye say? I trust it was in the skirmish he was killed?"

"He was slain in cold blood after the fight was over, Mr. Campbell."

"Cold blood! Damnation!" he said muttering betwixt his teeth, "How fell that, sir. Speak out and do not maister or Campbell me. My foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor."

The familiar proverb, expressive of wilfully running into danger, receives an interesting illustration, from Andrew Fairservice's point of view at least. On learning from his master, Frank Osbaldistone, that the journey to the Highlands is to be prosecuted as far as Rob Roy's country, Andrew energetically protests against the danger, and winds up by saying "I can follow ye nae farther, even if ye suld founder and perish from the way for lack of guidance and counsel. To gang into Rob Roy's country is a mere tempting o' Providence."

It's a far cry to Lochow (or Loch Awe) is a proverbial expression, meaning that you are pretty safe in mentioning some particular locality, as it is too far away to expect any danger from it. In Jeanie Macalpine's public-house, already mentioned, Bailie Nicol Jarvie got into hot dispute with the two Highlanders who had resented his entrance. "I'll hear nae sic language respecting the Duke o' Argyll and the name o' Campbell. He's a worthy, public-spirited nobleman, and a credit to the country, and a friend and benefactor to the trade o' Glasgow."

"I'll say naething against MacCallum More," said one of the Highlanders, laughing. "I live on the wrang side of Glencroe to quarrel with Inveraray."

"She'll speak her mind and fear naebody," said the other. "She doesna value a Cawmill mair as a Cowan, and ye may tell MacCallum More that Allan Iverach said sae. It's a far cry to Lochow."

"A' the comforts o' the Sautmarket" is a familiar saying or proverb which has passed far beyond the city of St. Mungo. It owes its origin to Bailie Nicol Jarvie who, while in the Highlands, receives a visit from Rob Roy, with many kind inquiries. "I'm pretty weel, kinsman," replied the Bailie; "indifferent weel, I thank ye. And for accommodation, ane canna expect to carry about the Sautmarket at his tail as a snail does his caup (shell)."

Glad to reach home once more, after all his adventures in Rob Roy's country, the Bailie observes to Frank Osbaldistone, "Ye are a young gentleman, and an Englishman, and a' this may be very fine to you; but for me, who am a plain man, an' ken something o' the different values of land, I wadna gie the finest sight we hae seen in the Hielands for the first keek o' the Gorbals o' Glasgow. And if I were ance there, it suldna be every fule's errand, begging your pardon, Mr. Francis, that suld tak' me oot o' sight o' St. Mungo's Steeple again."

It is in such homely expressions as these that the proverb has its origin and birth. On returning home from wandering or holidaying elsewhere, who among us does not feel inclined to quote, or adapt to our own surroundings, the words of the worthy Glasgow Magistrate—"The first keek o' the Gorbals is worth a' that I hae seen in the Hielands."

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1898.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

Notes and News.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD'S MONUMENT.—Should the present number of the magazine reach our readers in good time, they are kindly requested to note that the unveiling of the monument takes place on *Thursday*, 28th July—not *Saturday* as stated in our last number.

THE VEITCH MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.—A Memorial Fountain to the late Professor Veitch was formally inaugurated at Peebles on Saturday, 9th July last. The memorial is of granite, and bears the following inscription:—"Erected by friends in Peeblesshire and elsewhere in memory of John Veitch, LL.D., Border Poet and Philosopher; Professor of Logic, Rhetoric, and Metaphysics in the University of St. Andrews, 1860-64; Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow, 1864-94. Born at Peebles, 24th October, 1829; died at Peebles, 3rd September, 1894." Underneath this inscription is the following quotation:—"Amongst rocks he went and still looked up to sun and cloud, and listened to the wind." Above the drinking basin for dogs is the following appropriate motto:—"Never blend your pleasure or your pride with suffering of the meanest thing that feels." On the shaft above the drinking fountain are carved floral wreaths, and the whole is surmounted by the figure of a lion and the Peebles well-known coat of arms. The whole reaches a height of fifteen feet.

NEW BORDER BOOKS.—We have much pleasure in announcing that three of our esteemed contributors have each a work in the press, and nearly ready for publication:—

In Praise of Tweed.—The Rev. W. S. Crockett of Tweedsmuir will have ready shortly his book entitled "In Praise of Tweed," upon which he has been engaged for some time. It will be a kind of anthology in prose and verse by many eminent writers who have extolled Scott's favourite river. Mr. Crockett is steeped in Border lore, and his new book will doubtless be worthy of its subject. The publisher is Mr. James Lewis, Selkirk.

Lammermoor Leaves, by A. T. G. This work is a collection of leaves gathered for the most part on the lower slopes of the Lammermoors during autumn holidays. Already these leaves, in the quaint prospectus of the author—Mr. Thomson of the Glendinning Terrace School, Galashiels—have appeared in the folds of *The Berwickshire News*, *The Border Advertiser*, and *The Border Magazine*. They are, in the volume nearly ready for publication, stitched together for the sake of those who desire to preserve them and bear the memory of

"The waters trinklin' doun amang the fern."

THE Rev. Andrew Aitken, of Shapinsay, has nearly ready a little volume, entitled *Flowers of Gold and other Addresses for the Young*. The list of contents promises a very interesting work, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Peace & Son, Kirkwall.

Border Reminiscences. XII.—An Affectionate Pupil.

NOT very long ago, I was returning by rail from a short bright holiday. In the compartment of the carriage, my eyes caught ever and anon a sharp piercing look from a young man perched in the opposite corner seat. I was engaged in pointed argument with a friend whom I had casually met on the platform of the Waverley Station. Just as the train slowed to thread the *points* at Knowehead Junction, the pent-up thoughts of the youth found expression thus:

"Maister Jaffrey, ye'll no mind o' me? A wus at yere schule."

One so often meets with those whom busy days crowd out of recollection that I was not surprised at the remark, though for the moment I did not recognise the features. I said that he had surely changed greatly since his school-boy years, but that I hoped he was doing well in the world. He replied that he was a surfaceman, and that he now resided in Glenview. By way of returning my compliment, he added,

"Weel, maister, A dinna ken a bit difference on ye. Only, ye're a gey bit aulder like."

Such an interview sent my thoughts back to our dear old village school, and brought to my memory some of the fond familiar faces that come about me in my wakeful dreams:—

"They come to me in the twilight hour,
They steal o'er my heart with bewitching power;
Above and around me they lightly play,
And carry me far to the past away."

Although the majority of my pupils entered into the labours of their forbears amid the calm routine of rural life, and veritably earned their bread by the sweat of their brow, yet now and again exceptional merit could only find its due reward remote from earlier associations. Some this day are engaged in mercantile life, and may have set foot on the first *rung* of the ladder of fame. Some have gone beyond the seas to seek or make or woo their fortune. In our Colonies, not a few hold positions of trust and influence. In the far West, at least one has given to agriculture an impetus and a guidance born of sterling character, indomitable perseverance, and that most enviable genius which consists in "taking pains." And one of the manliest little fellows it has ever been my privilege to teach—one of keen intellect and full of bright promise of linguistic gift—has just gone to the Mission Field to join those brave men and noble women "who have hazarded their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

In spite of strong temptation to depict the career of any or all of the above, I choose rather here and now to tell the simple story of Jamie Turner who was a most tender-hearted boy, and whose life's taper feebly burned till death's darksome curtain fell some years ago. He was neither bright nor gifted. He was robust neither in mind nor body. But he had a heart true to all the finer feelings of love and duty, and he lives in my memory as an affectionate pupil.

Jamie was the only child of his mother—and she was a widow. She had been early left in a lonely world to *fend* for herself and her boy. She spurned the idea of Parochial aid, and as a cottar wrought on the farm of Crantown. She was wont to say to my friend Mr. Lawson, "A've nae thocht for the laddie. A aye ken where he is. The maister's maybe no sae cannie as he micht gin he hud bairns o' his ain, but A'll lippen him. A ll lippen him. Jamie 'll no hear a word again' him."

As Mrs. Turner went early to her daily work, Jamie was always first at school—summer and winter, sunshine and shade. If on any occasion he did not grasp the handle of the door as I turned the key, I felt an aching void. I always let him enter first. After hanging his bag and cap in the lobby—and caps never lay on the floor in those days—he sat down on my chair in winter-time, as he said, "to take the caul' air off."

I have already hinted that Jamie was a delicate boy. Whether from physical weakness or perhaps from mere habit, he was not long at his *tasks* before he requested "Leave out." Never did I deny him. A slight nod of my head gave him the necessary permission. His exit caused not the slightest annoyance to the other pupils, for all had sympathy with the weakly orphan,

"And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?"

Our village school was conveniently situated at the meeting (or parting) of *five* roads leading from the surrounding farms. My good friend Mr. Wallace used to speak of them as the five gateways of knowledge. Jamie would peer eagerly along each of these roads, and woe betide any loiterer! With an assumed asperity of tone he would say, "Lazy fellow, dae ye think oo can wait or ye get forrit? The maister says the airly bird catches the worm. Hurry up, maun, yere jist gaun off ae fit on tae anither." But as the laggard approached, Jamie mellowed considerably as he remarked, all the while

patting him on the shoulder, "The day's aye lang eneuch afore it's dune."

I well remember his kind attention to the younger children, especially in wintry weather. One morning he led in little Henry Robertson, over whose chubby cheeks glistening tear-drops rolled. Jamie took him *up* to the fire—we always say "*up* to a school fire." He first warmed his own hands, and then rubbed those of Henry till the "numbness" went away, all the while consoling him thus,—"Puir wee chappie, yere fingers are fair nithered. The wather wus bad. Bonnie fire, warm Henry's caul' handies."

It is universally recognised that proficiency in reading, writing, and arithmetic is the standard of education in the common school. In none of these subjects was Jamie Turner versed. Yet he was not void of understanding. He paid great attention to what are called object lessons. He had a wonderful knowledge of natural phenomena. As he was of an inquisitive turn of mind, he was always learning. Whenever and wherever he found me alone, he drew my attention to some remark I had made in school. Once he came up to me as I was *marking* some exercises after the pupils had been dismissed for the day. He addressed me thus,

"Deed, maister, Am thinking the moon is of more use than the sun."

"How do you think so, my boy?" said I.

His reply was not void of thought,

"Well, maister, when the sun's shinin' it's aye dayl'ght any way."

In teaching, there is nothing more depressing than listlessness. If a class fall into the habit of being too slothful to *answer*, it is well either to sleep off drowsiness or to awake the dreamers. Jamie was always on the alert. His answers were often more amusing than accurate, but they were very suggestive. His hand was often "up," and he never failed to say something. At the annual inspection, the examiner was handling a class in physical geography. He asked how far the sun was distant from the earth. Jamie was ready—"As far as the east is from the west."

When my pupil reached the statutory age of school exemption, I was sorry to lose him. He was so simple and guileless; he was so much beside me, both in and out of school; he bore so evidently the thin red line of delicacy—that I felt he needed some one to take him by the hand, and guide his feeble steps. He got work from Mr. Lawson, and I had hope that out-door occupation might deepen the colour of his cheek, and strengthen his fragile frame. But the seeds of a fatal disease were too deeply rooted in his constitution to have their germination checked by artificial means, and the poor boy sank into a lingering decline—

> "One sorrow never comes but brings an heir
> That may succeed as his inheritor."

It was a sore trial for Mrs. Turner to realize that her only child would erelong be taken from her. Her life, she said, had been sad and lonely enough already, and she prayed God that He might spare her one solace in a weary world. It did seem hard that Providence should lead her, through the loneliness of widowhood, to draw close the cords of parental love, and then demand the loosening of the filial tie. But sorrow and joy are somehow woven into the discipline of life. As Robert Wilson said, "It wus a God's mercy that Jamie wus ta'en awa' first. He micht hae been a by-ordinar' burden on the pairish." Yes, in whatever way we think of it, it was well that Jamie should be "ta'en away." He was ready.

All through his last illness the little sufferer endured the pangs of dissolution with calm resignation. His mind had wonderful store of Bible truth, and he often plied me with perplexing questions. One day he said to me—

"Does God ever speak?" I replied—"The Bible is the word of God."

Then he queried—

"If God speaks *he* must be a man. A heard God speakin' yesterday. Ma mother says that thunder is God speakin' to the wicked. But A'm no bad, maister, A'm n't A no?"

I could honestly say God had no words of anger for him. He was God's child, and "perfect love casteth out fear." This world had been but a "little space" to Jamie Turner, but it was not far from the Kingdom of God. In it he meekly bore his cruel cross and passion, and taught all not yet hardened by sin and selfishness that it is quite possible to glory even in tribulation. How sublime the pathos of widowhood loosening the heart-strings of filial affection! How can an only child be given up to the eternal silences? Mother, child—ye know in Whom there is no separation.

During the few weeks that he lay in his little trundle-bed, which we set close beside the window, I was daily at his service. He liked to hear how matters went on at school, and what Henry Robertson was "thinkin' o' bein' noo." But more than all, his thoughts were set on things divine. When he got very weak, he would look into my face and whisper—"A bonnie hymn?" I knew that he wished me to

repeat one of the hymns we used to sing in school. His favourite was—

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
'Come to me,' saith one, 'and coming
Be at rest.'"

His last words were—"Jesus gives me rest."

In one of my visits to the Cot-houses at Crantown, I learned that, before her marriage, Mrs. Turner had been a servant in the manse of Dr. Boston. I learned from the tender-hearted minister himself that she had been a most reliable and active "maiden." Mrs. Turner, seemed to me that in the intensity of her grief Mrs. Turner would fain address the minister thus,

"I have heard you say that we shall see and know our friends in heaven. If that be true, I shall see my boy again."

In the brightest day of June, when "fragrant airs are gentle as a maiden's whisper," we laid the mortal remains of Jamie Turner in that quaint old church-yard among the everlasting hills. No stone marks the spot where rests my affectionate pupil, but I never pass along the highway without turning aside to linger ever so

From Photo by Robertson.] DROCHIL CASTLE—NORTH SIDE, [Peebles.

her eyes moistened with grateful tears, told me that the kind lady of the manse had sent many a little gift to the dying boy. More than once, in spite of the infirmities of age, she had crossed the fields to sit by this lowly death-bed, and to gladden mother and child by the loving thought of heavenly re-union. She, too, had lost a child. Nay, not lost, say rather "gone before."

Dr. Boston, Mr. Lawson, and I were at the *chestin'*—a painful rite in which bleeding hearts well-nigh lose faith in God, but withal a dutiful moment of affection when all of mortal form and worth is forever hid from our eyes. And as the good doctor—always so literal and orthodox—spoke of the resurrection of the body, it little by the grave of one whose mother *lippened* me. Lone, widowed mother! thy son liveth. Jesus gives him rest. And Jesus said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." A. T. G.

Beside Lyne Water.

By a Linton Lad.

(*Second and concluding paper.*)

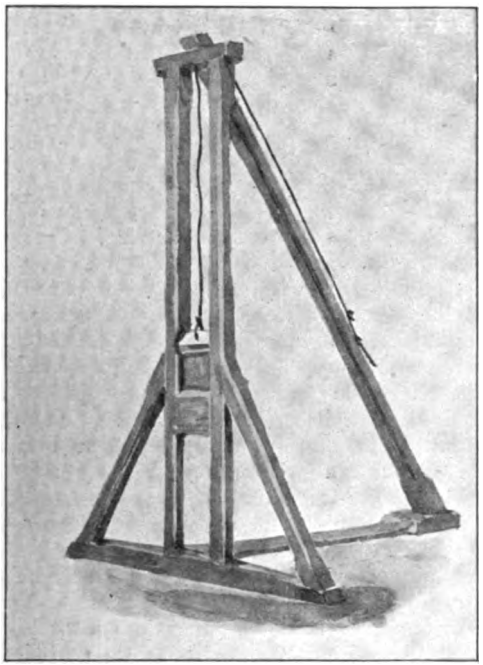
ON a height overlooking the junction of the Tarth with the Lyne stands the massive ruin of Drochil Castle, built by the Regent Morton shortly before his death in 1581. The structure, judging from the plan

and external appearance, seems to have been intended more for a place of peaceful retirement than a stronghold. It was a building of four stories high, and the plan somewhat unusual for that period. Along the centre was a corridor off which the rooms opened on both sides, each with a separate entrance, and the windows all facing outwards. The defensive features of the building were mainly the two round towers at opposite corners with shot-holes in each, to rake the outside walls should an enemy approach too near. The hall was

From Photo by Robertson.] DROCHIL CASTLE—FRONT. [Peebles.

fifty feet long, with a large fireplace and windows in the outer wall. Old descriptions of the castle say that the letters I.E.O.M. (James, Earl of Morton) were carved over one of the entrances; they seem to be now weathered off, but in another part of the building is seen the fetter lock, the symbol of the Warden of the Borders. The Earl of Morton, when he resigned the regency in 1578 retired with an ample fortune to Dalkeith, and began to build Drochil Castle. Dr. Pennecuik pithily says of him: "This mighty Earl, for the pleasure of the place, and the salubrity of the air, designed here a noble recess and retirement from worldly business, but was prevented by his unfortunate and inexorable death three years after, anno 1581; being accused, condemned, and executed by the *Maiden* at the Cross of Edinburgh, as art and part of the *murder* of our King Henry, Earl of Darnley, father to King James the Sixth. This fatal instrument, at least the pattern thereof, the cruel Regent brought from abroad *to behead the Laird of Pennecuik* of that *Ilk*, who, notwithstanding, *died in his bed*, while the unfortunate Earl was *first himself* that *handselled* that merciless *Maiden*, which proved so soon after his own executioner." This instrument of execution is still preserved at Edinburgh in the National Museum of Antiquities. The Regent seems also to have possessed the castle of Aberdour on the shores of Fife, and the author of *The Fringes of Fife* says it belonged to the Douglases, Earls of Morton, of the doughty line of the Knight of Liddesdale. If any unquiet ghost inhabit these ruins, it must be that of the Regent Morton—regents

were rife of old in this strip of Fife. That type of the rapacious and unscrupulous time-server of his age sought this retreat in Fife, after his fall from power had driven him from Holyrood



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THE MAIDEN.
In the National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh.

and Dalkeith . . . . More than his own soul he loved to gather gold and heap stone on stone. He was executed for being accessory to the tragedy of Kirk o' Field, and for clipping the King's coin. One can easily fancy the preturbed spirit of the man of blood girning and glowering across the Firth from the empty windows of Aberdour, and muttering the curse of one of his kin,—

Edinburgh Castle, town and tower,
God grant you sink for sin ;
And that even for the black dinoure,
Earl Douglas gat therein,

or haunting the spot, never yet found by any treasure seeker, where, under the "braid stane before the gate of Aberdour, his ill-gotten wealth is hid." The Regent Morton left the castle buildings at Drochil unfinished, and after his death his estates were forfeited, and in 1581 granted by James VI. to John, Lord Maxwell, who seems to have also assumed the title of Earl of Morton, and to have inhabited the castle, but the favours of princes are deceitful, for in 1584-5 the following order was issued, referring to "Johnne, Earl of Mortoun, Lord Maxwell," who was then denounced as a rebel, "To command him, and the other keepers of the Castles of Carlaverock, the Traif, the house in Dumfries, Mernes, and Drochellis, to deliver the same to the king's officers within twenty-four hours after being charged, under pain of being pursued as traitors," and in 1589 the lands and castle were granted to William, Earl of Mortoun. In 1600 it was averred that the chief cause of the "bauldness and encouragement to the rebellious and disobedient thevis and lymmaris of the Bordouris," was the non-residence of certain of the nobles who had strengths in the district, and these were commanded to reside there, "quhairby they mycht be reddy not only to stay and impede the incomeing of the saidis thevis and lymmaris, but also to persew and follow them as the occasion present it," and among others were "William, Earl of Mortoun, his sons or baillies, in the Castle of Drochellis." This castle of the ancient Douglases has now fallen into decay, but it stands a massive ruin, and a "memorial of their power and splendour, as well as their crime and misfortune."

At an early period the sides of the valleys of the Lyne and the other burns were covered with a profusion of wood of natural growth, and instead of the bare pastoral hills, "the slopes of

By permission of the Publisher.] [Mr. D. Douglas, Edinburgh.
ABERDOUR CASTLE.

the Lyne in front, and the valleys on each side of the castle were clothed more than half-way from their bases with silvan scenery, stealing up their hollows and water-courses, and only the

varied summits of the surrounding mountains lightened and elevated the prospects, the present grandeur of the site must have been rendered still more strikingly picturesque and powerfully captivating by the harmonious union of richness with sublimity, from the easy unaffected hand of nature." Professor Veitch says of this scene—

"Dark Lyne, flow sad and slow 'mid dowie haughs,
Meet thus to pass by Drochil's mouldering walls,
The symbol of a baffled earthly hope,
And of a broken life uncrowned by fame;
A home ne'er roofed, or warmed by hearthfire glow,
Or raying forth upon the cheerless night,
A kindly light set by a human hand."

A Day's Tramp.

By "VERTISH."

PART II.—THE WHITE COOMBE AND THE GREY MARE'S TAIL.

LEAPING the Tail burn which issues from the bottom of the Loch Skene we make tracks for the White Coombe, the large hill on our left, separated from Skene by a fairly extensive valley. We keep along the nearer side of this valley, purposing to go round by its top end, and thus reach the Coombe. A short halt is called, and we make merry over biscuits, and the ice cold water lying in the crevices of the rocks. Down below us the burn winds and twists like the silvery coilings of a snake. This burn issues from a gorge at the head of the valley, and down to this gorge we are gradually making. The gorge was one of the finest sights of a fine day's holiday. The effect is greatly heightened by the burn itself, here smiling as it flashes round a boulder and darts onward in a shining curve, there sad and low, flowing deep and shadowed The steep grassy slopes are dotted with sheep which blink meditatively on the rushing tumbling waters below. The great variety of rock plants would gladden the eye of a botanist. Hullo! What a fine sight! A waterfall is swishing down from the heights above, not in the conventional stream of picture books, but swishing and spreading at its own sweet will, and falling out in a thin spray, gleaming against the background of rock behind. The rocks here are remarkably soft, and caution is required in climbing over them to reach the top, as they split away in sheets almost at the touch. Out we come, with the impression lingering in our minds of as delightful a half-hour in a miniature of Border scenery, as one could desire. A short tramp over flat ground, followed by a brief climb, and at last we stand on the summit of the White Coombe. Gazing round, we are surprised into silence by the magnificent panorama unrolled before us. What a view! Hills, hills, nothing but hills. Hill upon hill heap themselves before our eyes. What a rare Borderside! 'Twould gladden many a dweller in the valleys to be out here. Away on the northern horizon we recognise old friends in Ruberslaw and the Eildons Three. Down south, through the woodlands, we see Moffatdale, a smiling vale of content. It is grand this district of ours, bold, massive, almost tremendous in outline, but withal bonnie as the sunset on the sea. 'Twould make the coldest, most methodical of us shout "Scotland yet." For sheer glorious scenery, the grandest and wildest of our grand, wild Borderland, give me the view from the summit of the Coombe. A novel experience is here in store for us. Before we are well aware of it, a mist is bearing down upon us, trailing in white folds, making one imagine a huge battlefield, brooded over by fatal clouds. The entire landscape gradually dies away into a white silence, and one feels strangely alone. However, fortunately for us, it drove onward, and passed as quickly as it came, and in a few minutes the outlines of the hills became once more sharply defined. We would have been in a sorry plight, on the brink almost of huge unseen steepnesses, if the mist had lain on the hill. Leaving the summit for the steep, we gradually get down towards the valley once more. During our descent, we glanced over the surrounding landscape, watching shadow chasing shadow over the rocky cauldron of Skene, and the indescribable tints and shades that ever and anon played on the summits of the silent hills, while over all lay that strange sadness deepened time and again by the wild storm chargers over lone Skene. Glancing at Skene, as we go down, we see it gradually deepening and darkening into shadow, and growing weird and more weird in the deep blackness of its cauldron and still darker waters. We see its true aspect now, and experience a thrill almost of fear. Reaching the Tail burn just about the spot where we left it, we keep down the Coombe side a short distance and approach the first of the smaller waterfalls above the great Tail itself. Then leaping the burn, we gaze once more on the tumbling waters forming in their miniature cataracts a veritable watery staircase. The stream now drops over the first of the preliminary falls, a slight drop of over twenty feet. Shortly after, comes the second fall, a double one, and very beautiful. The waters break into spray blowing back and around, or hurl themselves over like "snowy chargers" into the basin below. The valley through which the stream is

moving, is narrow, steep and deep. The gradient is considerable, and the whole forms a fine romantic valley, alternating in grass and rock. Instead of a monotonous piece of hillside stretching down to the water, we have a series of grass-covered shoulders sloping at right angles to the flow of the stream, and breaking ever and anon, into cool shady nooks from which ferns peep with a shy delight.

After the second small waterfall, we once more cross the burn to its right bank, just immediately above the third, the famous Grey Mare's Tail itself. You almost feel you are approaching it, when the top of the gorge, down which the waters are hurled, appears in sight. I would advise others to follow, here, the side we took, *i.e.*, the right side going down the burn. The descent is steep, but comparatively easy compared with the almost impossible slopes on the other side which cause one for a moment to stand silent before their awful gradient. As it is, one has to be careful, even on the safe side, coming down towards the path at the foot of the Tail. A short pause, gives us a chance to gaze at the top of the Tail. What much we see here is beautiful. A great white stream, as if mirroring the clouds above, is hanging, as it were, in air, scintillating and sparkling in the sunlight. We move on slowly, climbing back and round the slope away from the fall. Great caution is indeed needed. Half crouching in some parts, painfully slow, and step by step, we make for the path at the bottom. The descent is again easier, though caution is still required. It is quite safe, if due carefulness, and a slow rate of speed be attended to, but one feels that if we value our necks, all foolhardy rushing, and foolish boastfulness in keeping near the edge of the yawning chasm, is strictly prohibited. We now turn down a ridge immediately in front of the Tail, and not far from the foot, a ridge which, though it appears somewhat difficult, is really easier and safer than we think. At last! and we are gazing at the full leap. What a mighty tumble! The very height makes you dizzy and silent. You catch yourself, almost unconsciously, trying to measure in a general way the height, but you soon stop. Swish, swish, down it comes, the main part clinging close to the rock—a mighty snow-streak. The rock behind is black as coal and edged with green, continually wetted by the flying spray. You feel insignificant indeed as you listen to the ceaseless swish, and gaze at the height from which the waters drop. The main streak breaks near the foot into a dozen or more of cloudlike whiteness. It is a bonnie sight. To describe it, as I saw it, is impossible, but my advice to you is, 'Go and see it yourself.' If you wish to see the Tail alone, without the long tramp to Skene and the Coombe, go up the Moffat road from St. Mary's Loch, and approach the fall from the bottom. A path leads from the Moffat road to the foot of the Tail, a matter of a few hundred yards. See as many of our Border sights as you can,—they are well worthy—but don't miss the Tail and Skene.

We are now almost on the main road, and nearing civilization. On a raised flat overlooking the main road near the bridge, the troop of Claverhouse shot six covenanters at one fell volley. We are here twenty-four miles from Selkirk, fifteen from Moffat, and five from St. Mary's Loch. A tramp of a mile or so, will bring you to Birkhill, where a capital tea may be had at a moderate charge. Before arriving however we pass on our left, the mouth of Dobb's Linn, a noted hiding-place of the Covenanters, and where, also, according to the old legend,

> "Sandy Dick and Davy Din
> Dang the Deil ower Dobb's Linn."

St. Mary's Loch was reached once more about seven o'clock. We had been away since noon, and had experienced one of the most enjoyable and exhilarating days it has been our privilege to have.

Village Tales.

BY REV. ANDREW AITKEN, SHAPINSHAY.

IV.

A DAUGHTER OF THE MANSE.

MARY Wilkie rushed into Jean Brown's one morning towards the end of August. "Oh, Jean, Jean, this is awfu' wark." She sank into a chair, her hands dropped helplessly on her lap, and her face was working with such pity and wonder that Jean exclaimed:

"Mercy on us! Whae's deid that ye sud be sae putten aboot?"

"It's waur than deid; the minister's dochter's run awa."

"Mary Wilkie," said Jean sharply, "dae ye think I'm dottled? Ye're daft tae say sic a thing, an' I'm waur to listen t'ye. Sic a like story, humph!"

"It's owre true," retorted Mary. "Davie Tait gien us a cry in no' ten meenutes sin'. I got it frae him. He'd been alang at the manse, an' fand them in an awfu' like steerie. The servant lass was sittin' i' the kitchen greetin like to break her heart. It was she that telt him. Lily was away, and naething left ahint her but a wee bit paper on the mantel shelf o' her room."

"Wae's me for the auld man," said Jean. "That's awfu' hearin'. She's away nae gude

road in that hidlin' way. She was owre chief wi' yon daidlin' body that ca'd himsel' a penter —set 'im up. Ye mind 'im, he was aye fouterin' aboot wi' bits o' pasteboard an' brushes, an' sic like. Oh! it'll be the end o' oor minister—she was the aipple o' his 'ee."

"I'm rale sorry for baith," said Mary, "an' abune a' for Lily; she's been misguidit some gait—puir thing."

"An she'll maybe be mair needin' pity afore a's dune," Jean answered. "It's a weary business, but we'll hear the richts and wrangs o't afore lang."

In a day or two all that could be known was public property. The village was moved to its depths, and many a deep curse was spoken against the man who had caused the trouble. For all were quite agreed in laying the guilt to the credit of Finlay Macleod, who had stayed in the village during the summer. He had come in May, and had found quarters in the mill. Little was known of him save that he came from Edinburgh, and intended making some studies of the scenery round the village. Mr. Renwick, as the parish minister, no sooner heard of his arrival than he called upon him and offered him the hospitality of the manse. When he entered the manse study on the following evening, and was presented to Lily, he laid himself out to fascinate. He had the gift of speech, and a mobile face which lit up with every passing emotion and feeling. Soon the acquaintance ripened into friendship; soon the specious charm of his conversation and presence kindled within Lily's breast a feeling stronger still. And many a long afternoon she spent in the glen, sitting on the banks beside him, while he at his easel was engaged, now transferring to his canvas the scene around him, now pouring his soft liquid words into her all too receptive mind. He gave himself up to the full enjoyment of the hour; but what to him was little more than a summer fancy, was to her a full, strong passion. Swiftly the weeks glided past, and he began to think of returning home. In the cool of an August night, as they passed up the burn side, he first let slip his intention. Standing on the stile over the burn, he said:

"Well, Lily, I'll soon be away, and I'll be sorry to leave you and all my other friends."

Her grasp of his arm tightened.

"But Finlay, you're not going away, are you?"

He laughed, and tried to soothe her.

"Oh! you cannot leave me, you must not," she continued." Finlay, how can you be so cruel? You said . . you promised . . . to take me with you."

She burst into tears, and he renewed his promise.

"But I am leaving next morning. Will you come with me?"

The spell of his pleading was more than she could refuse, and she consented. It was only in the silence of her room that she saw what she had promised. Love and reason long battled together. At the last, as the grey dawn appeared, she steeled her nerves to going. And so on her unblessed journey she started, leaving an incoherent note to her father. It was this he found on the black morning of her flight.

"Forgive me, father," it ran, "and forget me. I am going with Finlay. Forgive me,—Goodbye.—Lily."

The old man reeled as the awful nature of the message sank into his mind. Like one blind, he groped his way to his lonely study—doubly lonely, for his wife had died some years ago, and he thanked God she had been spared this blow, while now Lily was gone, and under such a cloud. He sank on his knees, and the old Davidic lament poured from his lips as the passion of his bitter sorrow filled his heart. The cloud was lifted a little by a letter from Lily announcing her marriage. But there was no other message, and every effort to trace her was vain. Gradually the episode became a matter of history in the village; new interests covered old tragedies. But there was one home in which her memory was never forgotten; there was one heart whose daily cry was that the wandering daughter might come back from the far land; there was one window whose never-dying light showed a never dying love, waiting through the weary days until she should return.

. . . . . .

At the close of an April day nearly two years after, Robert Renwick sat by the study fire, his book had dropped on the floor, and his face bore the look of one whose thoughts were far away. He bore the marks of the severe strain he had endured, his face was whiter, and its lines more deeply drawn, his deep-set eyes had the restless look begotten of sleepless nights; his body bore that shrunken appearance—the result of old age or deep sorrow. The latter it was that had so changed him, and so possessed his mind that his ears did not hear the light click of the garden gate and the slow, uncertain steps of one who now stood gazing through the window. Her dress of rusty black was travel-stained and dusty, for she had just come off the mail coach. And as she noted the thin, wan face with its weary look, and saw the many signs of decay, her eyes filled with tears, and vain regrets entered her mind—for this was Lily home again.

She walked round to the kitchen. As she entered, Tweed, the old dog, rose with a growl from the hearth, and then a glad bark and caper showed recognition of his former mistress. Save the dog, there was no one there to welcome her, and she stood still, hesitating as to her next step. But a quick step outside, and the entrance of Kitty, who had been there when she left, removed the fear that a strange servant might require her to introduce herself. Kitty dropped her pails to the floor, and with a glad cry, rushed forward :

"Oh, miss, an' its yersel' at last."

"Yes, Kitty, I'm home again," she said, "I'm glad you're still here."

"Oh! I cudna leave the minister to an unco bodie. He'll be fain glad t'see ye."

"How is he? Where is he?"

She could not tell that she already had seen him.

"He's no weel ava ; he's fa'en aff his meat, an' he's sleepin' ill, but a sicht o' you'll mak 'im a' richt. Ye'll be baith meat and med'cine. Will I tell 'im ye're here?"

"No, Kitty, I'll go myself."

With faltering steps and fearing heart she passed along to the study door. A gentle "come in," answered her feeble tap. She opened the door and stood just within the room, looking at the bowed figure within the chair.

"What is it, Kitty?" he asked without turning his head.

"Father."

Like the sound of a sigh, he caught the word. He rose, and as he saw the drooping form and pleading face, he stretched out his arms :

"Lily—oh, my Lily," he said, as he folded her in his embrace. Joy seldom kills, but it often weakens before it restores. And her father had to sit down to recover his balance, mentally as spiritually. She fell on her knees, and hid her face on his breast, while the long pent passion of her sorrow exhausted itself in tears and sobs. With gentle touch his hand caressed her soft brown hair, while his loving words wrought healing on her self-stricken soul.

"How good it is to be home again," she said at length. "Oh, father, can you forgive me?"

"My dawtie."

He said no more, but the use of the old pet name told of love transcending wrong, and she knew she was forgiven.

"When I left home," she began, "I thought I could not live without Finlay, and I went without counting the cost. After we were married we settled in Glasgow, where I thought Finlay's genius would soon bring fame and fortune."

"But why did you not write, and let me know where you were?"

"I waited until I could tell you of his success. But, oh God, the horror of it all! Finlay sank instead of rising. Drink led him astray. I could not tell you how low we fell, shifting from house to house, and always becoming more miserable. Many a night he was out of the house, and I was actually glad, as he was sometimes cruel to me. I am glad no child was given to us, as it was better that the guilty should suffer alone. Then one awful day about a month ago, Finlay was carried home—dead ; he had been run over by a carrier's cart. Then the landlord seized the few things in the house for his rent. The world has been very cruel, but I had to dree my weird. And now, alone and friendless, I have come home."

Her sorrowful tale ended in a flood of tears.

"My poor lass," said her father, "how you have suffered. Let the wrong of your past be atoned for by its pain, and let us carry your whole story to Him, who because He was this world's burden-bearer, can and will take yours upon Him."

Side by side they knelt together, and as her father opened his heart in quiet, earnest words, peace fell on both like a benediction, and they rose comforted. The evening glided away, and its joy was to them both as sacred as a communion. The next day was the Sabbath, and the people saw their minister transformed before them. They thrilled responsively to the gladness that inspired every word from the pulpit, and made his joy their own. For Lily had ever been dear to all, and now she was dearer. They saw she had suffered, and they forgot what she had done as they saw the newness of life given to her father. And their hearts were knit to her with stronger love as she began again to move out and in amongst them. The tragedy of her two years' absence drew tenderness from the depths of their hearts. Her youthful glee was buried in the grave of her passion, but out of that grave rose the new life of a woman's tender heart. The sculptor hand of sorrow had chiselled deep lines on her face, but to the end of his life her father had content, because the unceasing prayer of his heart had been heard, and she who had been lost was found again after many days.

The Old-Time Ministers of the Border.

SCOTTISH ministerial life on the Border in the early part of the century presented a humorous side, to a great extent unknown in these days. Indeed the divines who directed the spiritual concerns of the people, when the century was young, appear to have been specially gifted with quickness of repartee and keenness of humour. The store of amusing anecdotes is so rich that one is strongly inclined to think of them as clerical humorists.

The free and easy terms on which they lived with their parishioners is admirably illustrated in the story told of one who had neglected to pray for rain in a time of drought, and being approached by a deputation which remonstrated with him on the subject, replied—"Weel, weel, I'll pray for rain to please 'e, but faint a drap ye'll get till the change o' the moon."

There was a good deal of commonsense about that minister, and he evidently knew his congregation's weaknesses as well as did the old divine whose church, usually well-filled, showed a number of empty seats on Sunday, which caused him to administer a rebuke from the pulpit for the desertion from the sanctuary. On reaching home his daughter told him that his words were wasted, for the people he wished to reprove were not present. "Never fear that, ma guid lass," said the canny doctor, "if 'e speak ill o' onybody they are sure to hear o' 't"

The pleasantries and pithy remarks of these old ministers afford no end of amusement. A genial member of the cloth was written to by his predecessor who had left some sermons and other documents in the manse attic, and was asked if these were safe and free from damp. He replied by stating that "all the papers were quite dry, especially the sermons."

Another old-time preacher having employed the village carpenter to put a rail round the manse dial was presented with a bill "To fencing the *deil* 5s. 6d." "I couldn't refrain from saying, 'John, this is rather more than I counted on, but I haven't a word to say. I am paid somewhere about two hundred pounds a year for fencing the *deil*, and I'm afraid I don't do it near so effectually as you have done.'"

But for pulpit eccentricities the Rev. Mr. Dyce, minister of Teviothead, seems to have excelled all others. In his time shepherds brought their dogs to kirk, and when a herd appeared with a new dog a canine quarrel invariably ensued. One day when two dogs commenced to fight, Mr. Dyce closed the Bible with a bang, and looking eagerly over the pulpit at the struggling brutes, cried—"A shillin' on the din dog's head."

On another Sunday a weaver named Briggs, from Hawick, entered the church to hear "Tam Dyce." When the minister ascended the pulpit he noticed Briggs, and bawled out, "Briggs, are 'e here th' day? What news hae e' broucht frae Hawick?"

These old ministers also excelled in repartee, a gift which the Rev. Mr. Thomson of Melrose had in no mean degree. One instance of his repartee, which contains quite a classic pun, may be given. His manse was situated close to the fine ruin of the abbey, and commanded a good view of the Eildon hills, but right in the foreground was the parish church-yard. A lady visitor having remarked to Mr. Thomson that it must be melancholy to live so near the church-yard, received the happy reply, "Madam, there is a beautiful prospect *beyond the grave*."

The Rev. Walter Dunlop, once a well-known figure in the South of Scotland, like many of the old-time ministers, was gifted with a large measure of shrewdness, and could pack a lot of wisdom into a witty response. On one occasion while on his round of pastoral visits he arrived at a farm house. Shortly after entering, he was asked if he would take anything to eat. He replied that he would take something after he had finished his devotional exercises, adding to the good wife: "Ye can pit on the fryin' pan an' leave the door ajar, an' I'll draw to a close i' the prayer when I hear the ham fryin'."

The following is perhaps the best specimen of Mr. Dunlop's ready wit. When the famous Edward Irving was lecturing in Dumfries, he met a man who had been to hear the celebrated preacher, and inquired, "Weel, Willie man, an' what dae 'e think o' Mr. Irvin'?" "Oh," answered Willie, somewhat contemptuously, "th' man's crack't." Putting his hand on the critic's shoulder, "Watty Dunlap" in his own pawky way replied, "Willie, ye'll often see a licht peepin' through a crack."

Amongst this quaint body of ministers, there was a simplicity which was refreshing. This is well illustrated in the life of the Rev. Dr. Wightman, Kirkmahoe, one of the old school. When a young man he paid his addresses to a lady in the parish, and his suit was accepted on condition that it met with the approval of the lady's mother. Accordingly the doctor waited upon the matron, and stating his case, the good woman, delighted with his proposal, passed the usual Scottish compliment, "Deed, Doctor, ye're far owre guid for oor Janet!" "Weel, weel," was the instant rejoinder, "ye ken best; so we'll say nae mair aboot it," and he never did. Forty years after he died an old bachelor, and the affiance of his youth died an old maid.

G. M. R.

From Photo by Crooke,] [Edinburgh.

MAJOR THORBURN, OF CRAIGERNE,

VICE-PRESIDENT AND CHAIRMAN OF GENERAL COMMITTEE, PEEBLESSHIRE FINE ART ASSOCIATION.

VOL. III., NO. 32. SEPTEMBER, 1898.

Peeblesshire Fine Art Exhibition.

THE fact that the old Royal Burgh of Peebles has given rise to three common sayings is proof positive that this brave old Border town is a place of no mean importance. Some have heard of "Peebles and the sky abune"; many have spoken of "Peebles and the grave"; but almost everyone must have become familiar with "Peebles for pleasure." What obscure meaning lies hid in the first of these sayings we are not prepared to explain, but we can remember when the peaceful quiet that generally reigned in the capital of Tweeddale, made the second saying specially appropriate. In former times when the town was noted for its ecclesiastical institutions and the wisdom of its priests, as witness *The Three Priests of Peebles*, the grey gravity of the ecclesiastics may have given rise to this expression; but be that as it may, it was a noted place for pleasure when the Scottish monarchs visited the town in the brave old days, the attractions of Ettrick Forest bringing them thither, and the poem of "Peblis to the Play," by James I., shows that the Peebles folk took their pleasures with anything but gravity in pre-Reformation times. In recent days the evolution from grave to gay has been very marked, while the enlightened policy of a progressive Town Council has done much to make Peebles attractive to visitors, and a model to other Border towns. Though Nature has dowered Peebles with a wealth of that soft beauty which is the most noted characteristic of

surprising that, until quite recently, the inhabitants of the town and county have given so little public attention to art, though the private collections of some of the more wealthy inhabitants have long been famous. Some years ago Mr. Henry J. Dobson, R.S.W., a Peeblesshire artist, then resident in Bradford, wrote to the local

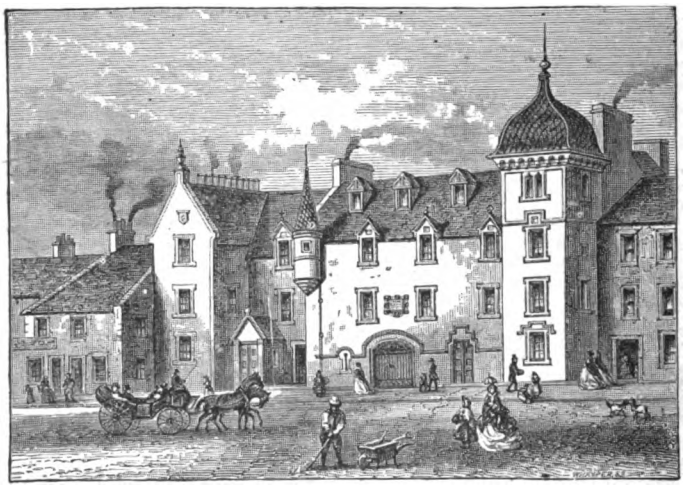
press, advising the establishment of a Fine Art Association in Peeblesshire, but nothing came of the proposal until that gentleman settled in Peebles last year. He at once set to work to form an Association, and from the first met with gratifying success.

Major Thorburn of Craigerne, vice-president of the Association, and chairman of the committee, has long been known to the general public

teermatters, and theannual gatherings at Wimbledon and Bisley; but those who knew him intimately were aware that military affairs did not take up his whole attention, and that he was a picture connoisseur of no mean order, and possessed a collection of paintings of considerable value. From the first he devoted his energies to the formation of the Association, and the establishment of the Exhibition, which was opened on 30th July, by Sir G. Graham Montgomery, Bart., only a few months after the first public meeting for the purpose of forming the Association had been held. Great praise is due to the hon. secretary, Mr. Wm. Gordon, solicitor, Peebles, whose indefatigable efforts have done much to secure the success of the Association and Exhibition. These gentlemen, with Mr. Wm. Buchan, hon. treasurer, were ably assisted by the other members of the Exhibition and hanging committee, Messrs. Rev. M. Gardner, J. C. Pringle, M.A., J. M'Naught, jun., and T. D. Davidson, all local gentlemen, who realise the great importance of such associations and exhibitions as a means of fostering the love of art in the town and county.

The Exhibition, which is under the skilful charge of Mr. J. G. Carter, F.S.A. (Theodore Mayne), consists of 230 oil paintings and 79 water-colours, is held in the large hall of the Chambers Institution. This building formerly belonged to the Queensberry family, and within its walls was born the fourth Duke of Queensberry (old Q.), the "Degenerate Douglas" of Wordsworth. This worthy sold the property to Dr. Reid, who for some time had Mungo Park as his employee in the adjoining surgery. In 1857 it was bought by the late Dr. Wm. Chambers, who re-modelled it, and presented it to his native town at a cost of about £20,000—a noble example which more of our wealthy Borderers might follow.

To even mention the names of the more prominent paintings in the exhibition would take up more of our space than we can spare, and so, to a large extent, we must confine ourselves to the contributions sent in by those resident on the Borders, though some of the more outstanding paintings by the masters must be noted. Some of these pictures are valued as high as £5,000 and £6,000, and it is seldom indeed that such canvases are seen together outside a national gallery. To quote from the *Glasgow Herald*:—

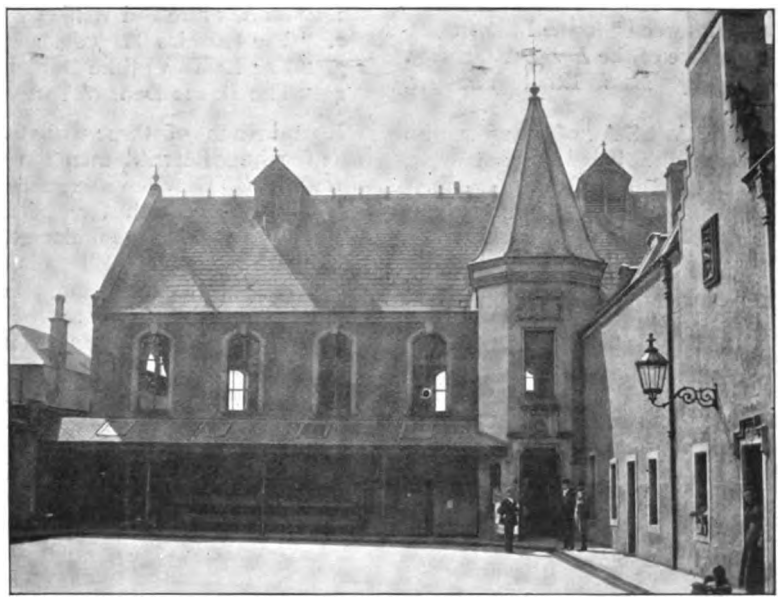


THE CHAMBERS INSTITUTION, PEEBLES.
From an Old Drawing.

It is surely alone worth making a pilgrimage to Peebles to find under the same roof half a dozen Romneys, together with examples of Reynolds, of Gainsborough, and of Raeburn. In these canvases we have simplicity and directness, coupled with distinction exemplified in the highest form. One of the loveliest of the group is Gainsborough's "Mrs. Fitzherbert," the property of Mr. Arthur Sanderson, of Edinburgh. Sensitive in its beauty, it is perfect also in its unconscious grace. The exquisitely-modelled head and bust are carried to enamel-like finish, while the draperies, artistically suggested rather than defined, are painted with a rapid hand, and in such a way that every pass of the brush tells. The "Countess Harcourt," by Reynolds, is also lent by Mr. Sanderson, and equally claims our admiration by reason of its glowing colour, and the almost devotional feeling imparted to the subject. Three of Romney's canvases constitute a family group, the portraits respectively of the third and fourth Earls de la Warr, and of their sister, Lady Georgina West, and all the property of Major Thorburn of Craigerne. Refinement and engaging frankness go together in the expression of the handsome Earls. Lady Georgina's young face, with brown, liquid eyes, and

curling tresses escaping under the simple headdress of the period, is very charming in its native grace and modesty. But why seek to review at this time of day portraits which have passed beyond criticism? With hardly an exception, the colour is as sweet and fresh, the carnations as pure, as if they had been painted yesterday. Other examples of Romney are lent by Sir. G. Graham Montgomery, Bart., of Stobo (who also sends Raeburn's portrait of Sir James Montgomery, Bart., Lord-Chief Baron of Exchequer), and Mr. Robert P. Pattison of Kingsmeadow. To the latter gentleman we are likewise indebted for one of the most noteworthy examples of W. Q. Orchardson, a contemporary artist and a Scotchman to boot. "Hamlet and Ophelia," the picture in question, attests Mr. Orchardson's distinction as a colourist whose restraint has in it nothing of feebleness. The Prince and the maiden in skrinking modesty, the King and Polonius behind the arras, are so contrasted and grouped as admirably to realise the situation conceived by the dramatist. Major Thorburn has placed the association under further indebtedness by lending Whistler's "Old Battersea Bridge," which is a Thames reading of quiet beauty and careful detail, and James Maris's "The Bridge," with its powerful sky and clouds and the same artist's "Near the Hague;" while Sir James Fergusson, Bart., has lent Wilkie's "Cottar's Saturday Night." Mrs. Calderwood has parted for a time with the presentation portrait of her late husband, Professor Henry Calderwood, painted by Sir George Reid, and Sir G. Graham Montgomery has added to his other treasures on loan two works by Patrick Nasmyth. One is tempted to linger longer amongst these pictures by artists of distinction, living and dead, but we have perhaps sufficiently indicated the trend of local generosity in this direction.

Mr. Henry J. Dobson, R.S.W., Peebles, to whom, as we have already indicated, belongs the honour of first proposing the formation of the Peeblesshire Fine Art Association, and who undertook the arduous duties of convener of the Exhibition and hanging committee, has long been famed for his old Scottish interiors, a line of art which he has made his own, and contributes to this exhibition no fewer than eight pictures. "Neidpath Castle," "On the Kennet, Berkshire," and "The Cuddy Brig, Innerleithen," are good examples of Mr. Dobson's landscape work, while his well-known skill as a portrait painter is represented by "Head of a Young Lady," "William Melrose, Esq., J.P.," and "Andrew Philip, Esq., Dunblane." The last is a speaking likeness of Mr. Philip of Hydropathic fame, and is destined to adorn the walls of Glenburn "The Trousseau" is a work of considerable merit, but the palm is carried off by his Royal Academy picture "The Little Minister's Visit to Nanny Webster." This large canvas depicts what is perhaps the most touching part of Mr. J. M. Barrie's story, and the artist has caught the full pathos of the scene which took place in the humble abode of old Nanny. As a dramatic situation the grouping is perfect, and those who have only the merest hint of the story can realise the success of the artist in placing on canvas what the novelist has written.



From Photo by Mrs. Robertson.] [Peebles

THE HALL OF CHAMBERS INSTITUTION, PEEBLES.

Among other contributions from artists resident on the Borders the following may be noted:—

"On the Doon, Ayrshire" by Miss Constance Allen, Peebles; "On the Leader," "A Border Bye-way," and a "Border Landscape," by Mr. Peter Chisholm, Galashiels; "Largo Church" by Mrs. Jeanie Dobson, Peebles; "A Scene in Holland" and "A Dutch Village" by Mr. William Dodds, Galashiels; "Niphetos Roses," "Lilies," "Lilac," and a "Study," by Miss Jean S. Lindsay, Galashiels; "Neidpath Castle" by Miss Janet Melrose, Peebles; "Roses," "Chrysanthemums," and the "Rev. Matthew Gardner" by Miss Janie Patrick, Peebles; "A Collie" and "A Portrait" by Miss D. Riddell, Cockburnspath; "The Harbour, Burnmouth, Berwickshire," by Mr. Harry L. Robinson, Coldstream; "Traquair House" and "Summer Days," by Mr. George Hope Tait, Galashiels; whose "Milking on Tweed" formed the frontispiece to the first volume of the *Border Magazine*, and "Moorland," by Miss Ethel Younger, Earlston.

Mr. A. K. Brown, A.R.S.A., of Glasgow, who lent valuable aid to the hanging committee, contributes three fine pictures, "In Springtime," "In Shadow" and "The Tweed at Drumelzier"; while Mr. Tom Scott, A.R.S.A., of Bowden, with many of whose pictures the readers of the *Border Magazine* are familiar, contributes "The Woodman," representing the driver of a janker helping his team with their heavy load up a stiff hillside. Mr. William Pratt, a well-known Scottish artist, connected by marriage with the Borders, is represented by the two fine pictures "On the Fife Coast" and "Springtime." Three Galloway artists, Messrs. T. B. Blacklock, W. S. Macgeorge, A.R.S.A., and Jas. Paterson, A.R.S.A., etc., are also represented by several paintings.

The Peeblesshire Fine Art Association has made a splendid beginning and the promoters have conferred a benefit, not only on their own county, but on the Borders as a whole. We wish them every success in the future, and hope that a renewed interest in Art, with all its softening and elevating influences, will be the result.

WM. SANDERSON.

The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow.

THE ballads and songs of Yarrow are all sad. Yarrow itself has even something sorrowful in the sound of it. I mean the name Yarrow. It is a name of sorrow.

As for the river itself, it is soft flowing. Not like the Tema that dashes over rocks, fills up dark pools, twirls round corners, and has twenty moods before it flows into the Ettrick at Thirlstane. No, the Yarrow goes more soberly along. And there is a quietness, a solitude, a far-from-the-madding-crowd feeling when one wanders on the "Dowie dens o' Yarrow."

Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, would not own the "Dens" were "dowie." He said, "In theirsels they are no dowie, but as cheerfu' as ony ever sung ower by the laverock . . . . and mony a lintie is heard liltin' merrily in the broom. But poetry and passion changed their character at their ain wild wull, told the silver Yarrow to rin red wi' lovers' blood, and ilka swelling turf, fit for the fairies' play, to look like a grave where a human flower was buried."

The ballads of Yarrow are interesting as they apparently refer to real incidents. The four most commonly referred to are—

1. "Willie's rare and Willie's fair."
2. "The Douglas Tragedy."
3. "The Lament of the Border Widow."
4. "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow."

Round each of these ballads have battles been fought. Learned men have not believed in tradition. They have searched to the bottom of the well of Truth for the facts, the real historical facts that are underneath the poetry. And their labour has not been lost.

Sir Walter Scott in collecting his "Minstrelsy" entered very carefully into the search. He found the old ballads had sometimes been added to, and in many instances shortened. He was charmed with the Yarrow ballads, particularly "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow." Of it he says,—"This ballad, which is a very great favourite among the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest, is universally believed to have been founded on fact. I found it easy to collect a variety of copies, but very difficult indeed to select from them such a collated edition as might, in any degree, suit the taste of these more light and giddy paced times."

Professor Veitch, in his "Border History," said that it would have been better to have given one purely untouched version, as it came from the mouth of an oral reciter. He did not like the collated edition that had given Sir Walter Scott so much trouble. Still, with his usual carefulness, Scott preserved all the different versions of the ballad. Mr. Child has since printed them from the MSS. at Abbotsford. The story of the "Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," is the murder of a bridegroom by his brother-in-law. The general view is that taken by Sir Walter Scott. He considered it likely that the ballad referred to a duel fought at Deuchar Swire, near Yarrow Kirk, between John Scott of Tushielaw and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott, in which the lat'er was slain. Mr. Clark

Brown, in his "History of Selkirkshire," held another opinion. He said the ballad referred to a later duel. For in these olden days, the lairds of Thirlstane and Tushielaw were always at war. Even the Privy Council had something to say about that. The Moderator of the Presbytery was ordered to write to the "Guidman of Thirlstane to desire him to absent himself that day of the said Walter Scott of Tushielaw, his compearance, because of the dreadful feud that is amongst them."

If even the Moderator of the Presbytery did not care to have the lairds of Thirlstane and Tushielaw meeting, what must it have been when the young folks, forgetting the ancient feud, rode down the Reidswire, straight on to the Border to get married in Jock-o'-Hazeldean fashion. There had been several such marriages, but it did not seem that the ballad referred to any of these.

New light was thrown on the history of the ballads when Professor Veitch unearthed a very old version of the "Dowie Dens o' Yarrow." He traced this version back to the early part of the last century. It had been long in the possession of a very old man in Peeblesshire, a man named William Welsh. It is a very long ballad: In fact it made one of what had been considered two ballads. The "Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," and "Willie's drowned in Yarrow," were one. Sir Walter Scott had been rather puzzled by several of the versions he heard, making it out that the bridegroom was no laird's son but only a "plooboy lad o' Yarrow." In the version Professor Veitch found, this fact is made the reason for the murder. Tibby Shiel so sang it. I heard it so sung twenty years ago by one who had learned it from her mother in one of our Border glens. In fact the usual version sung by the common people said that:

"At Dryhope lived a lady fair,
The fairest flower in Yarrow,
And she refused nine noblemen
For a servan' lad in Gala."

Professor Veitch thought that the ballad had been broken into two portions at an early date. The old ballad having twenty verses was too long to sing, especially to such a wailing tune as "Leaderhaughs and Yarrow." The first portion referred to the courting of the Rose of Yarrow by the humble lover, and then the murder of the bridegroom by the haughty brother-in-law. The second portion takes in the dream and the finding of the slain lover by the bride. It begins:—

"Willie's fair and Willie's rare."

The story as told in the old ballad is simply this—The Rose of Yarrow's lover was drowned and thrown into the Yarrow. She has a dream that makes her sad. Her brother bluntly reads her dream. The lady goes to seek her dead lover,

"Until she spied her ain true love
Lyin' deeply drowned in Yarrow."

She drew him out of Yarrow. She kissed his lips and bore him home on her milk-white steed. In mourning over her slain lover she says—

"Haud your tongue, my faither dear,
I canna help my sorrow,
A fairer flower ne'er sprang in May
Than I hae lost in Yarrow."

There is one verse of this old ballad that was stolen most daringly by Logan. He may not have stolen from Bruce, but he certainly stole two of the most beautiful verses of the old ballad. Logan's poem appeared in 1770 and there was one verse that Sir Walter Scott valued highly. In ran—

"They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough,
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow."

In the old ballad it runs—

"Then she rode ower yon gloomy height,
And her heart was fu' o' sorrow,
But only saw the clud o' night,
Or heard the roar o' Yarrow.

But she wandered east—so did she west,
And searched the forest thorough,
Until she spied her ain true love
Lying deeply drowned in Yarrow."

To show you how a ballad of twenty verses can be cut down I will give you the version of the ballad I heard long ago. It is evidently a fragment. The air is very touching and sad, almost as sad as the words. A weird, slow, wailing tune. Something like the eerie sound of the wind that soughs over the hill-tops fencing in the Yarrow.

"There was a leddy in the west
Some said she had no' marrow.
She was coorted by three noblemen
And the plooboy lad o' Yarrow.

I dreamed a dream, a dreary dream,
I dreamed it a' in sorrow,
I dreamed we were pu'in heather-bells
I' the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

Dear sister dear, I'll read your dream,
A dreary dream o' sorrow,
For your true love lies dead and gone
In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

She put her hand up to her heid,
Wnere there the curls hung mony,
She loot them a' to the grun doon fa'
And hi'ed awa to Yarrow.

Her hair it was five quarters long,
An' the colour o't was the yellow,
She twined it roon his body sma'
In the dowie dens o' Yarrow."

I have seen Yarrow at midwinter and at midsummer. But at all times the sense of solitude was on me. There are other two places where one can experience the same restful feeling—at the hill-land that sends forth to the world the Clyde, the Annan and the Tweed. And at Watcarrick—a lonely table-land edged in with hilltops, the highest of all the lordly Ettrick Pen.

Thank God, all ye who love solitudes, that there are yet spots in our Borderland as sweet and as soothing as these are!

AGNES MARCHBANK.

The Ettrick Shepherd Memorial.

SELDOM has such a gathering been witnessed in the quiet pastoral valley of Ettrick as that which assembled on Thursday, 28th July last, at Ettrickhall to do honour to the memory of one of its most famous sons, when a memorial to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, which has been erected on the site of the poet's birthplace, was unveiled. Not only were the dwellers in the valley present in large numbers, but there were also many visitors from Selkirk, Galashiels, Hawick, and other Border towns, who travelled to Ettrickhall in brakes or by cycle. Besides these there was Mr. Robertson from Glasgow, and a large contingent of the members of the Edinburgh Border Counties Association, to whom is due the erection of the memorial, and who utilised the occasion by having their annual outing to Ettrickhall.

The sister valley of Yarrow, where Hogg spent the greater part of his life, has long had a memorial of the Shepherd in the form of a monument erected in 1860 at St. Mary's Loch, but hitherto his birthplace has only been marked by a stone, with the initials "J. H.," inserted in a wall by the roadside. Now, however, over sixty years after his death, a fitting and handsome memorial has been erected, and will show to future generations the spot which, to the shepherd poet's infant mind, appeared "the very centre o' the world."

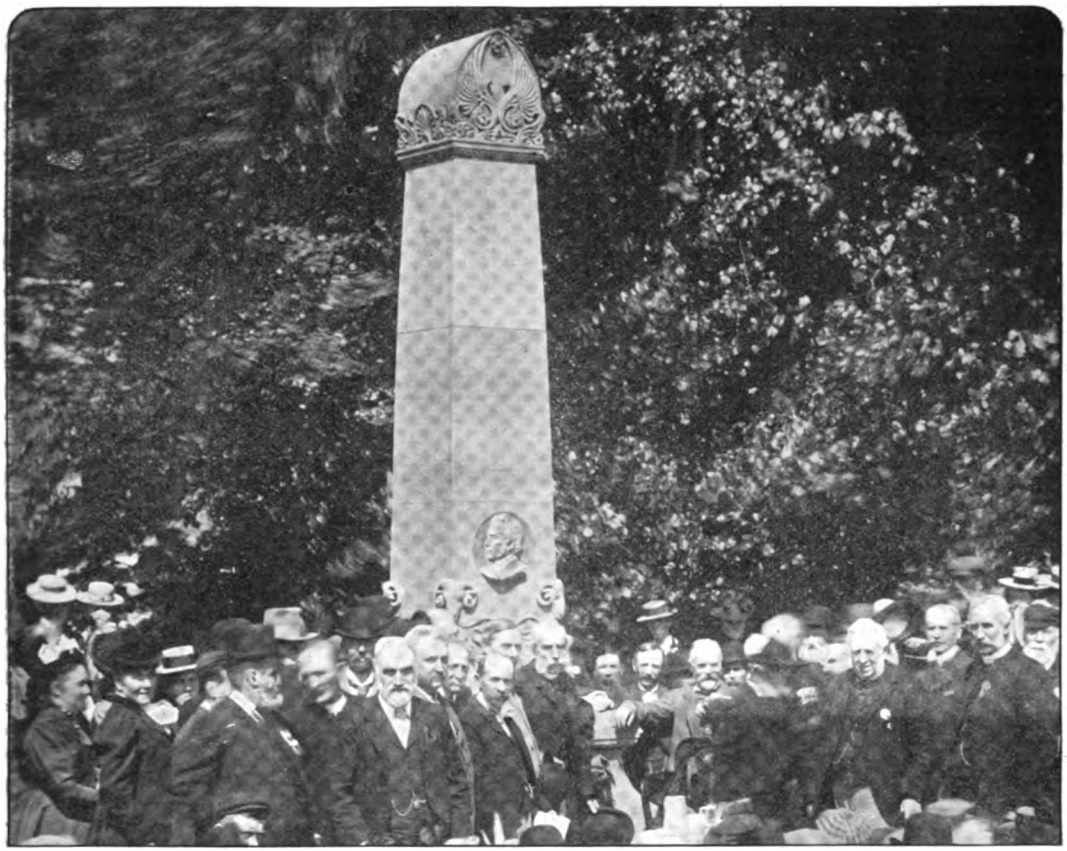
The memorial, a drawing of which appeared in our July number, takes the form of an obelisk, about twenty feet in height, with a bronze medallion of the poet on the central stone, by Mr. Hubert Paton. The memorial is of red Corsehill freestone, and was prepared and placed in position by Messrs. J. Marshall & Sons, Hawick, and appropriately ornamented by Mr. R. Stenhouse, Hawick, the design having been prepared by Mr. Heiton, architect, Perth. The lower base carries the following inscription: "Erected on the site of the cottage in which James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was born, 1770. Died 1835. The Edinburgh Border Counties Association." The memorial was concealed by flags, and the medallion was appropriately covered with a shepherd tartan plaid, while several lines of bunting were stretched over the road in the immediate vicinity.

A large gathering, numbering about two thousand persons, assembled round a platform erected in front of the memorial.

The proceedings were opened with the singing of the 100th Psalm, after which the Rev. G. Mackenzie, minister of the parish, offered up an appropriate prayer.

Lord Napier and Ettrick had a most cordial reception on rising to deliver his address before proceeding to the unveiling ceremony. His Lordship said—Ladies and gentlemen, the meeting which I have the honour to address, and the object for which it is convoked, offer a striking evidence of the affectionate memory in which the people of the Scottish Borders hold their distinguished fellow-countrymen. The land has not been barren of famous men, men of creative fancy, of wisdom, of policy, of action, of labour, of industrial invention. None are forgotten, and several have received local marks of public esteem in their proper places. James Thomson, Sir Walter Scott, Mungo Park, and Leyden, at least possess monumental or material commemoration in our midst. Nor has Hogg been neglected. His rustic effigy, with plaid and staff and dog, presides over the waters of St. Mary's Loch, water which he fondly haunted, and fished, and sang, and drank, with an infusion of another fluid which he loved wisely, and which some Scottish poets have loved too well. The admirers of the Shepherd have, however, not deemed that memorial sufficient. They felt a deep attraction in the humble scene where this wonder-child drew his first breath, and caught the last accents of the legendary Border muse from his mother's lips. It has accordingly been determined to fix the site of the Shepherd's birth in a form which shall defy the lapse of years and the possible neglect of posterity. This indelible memorial it will be my duty to unveil to-day, and in doing so it may be well for me to indicate in a few words the rational grounds on which your sympathy and approval may be justly claimed. These grounds may be found, in my humble judgment, first in the example of his life, and secondly in the value of his work. When I speak of the example of his

life, I do not mean that our Shepherd poet was in all respects a pattern for our imitation. No man is in all respects a pattern to his fellow-men, for in that case he would be a perfect man. Now, there are no perfect men. If ever you meet a seemingly perfect man, he will probably turn out to be only a man who has not been found out. The Shepherd had his foibles and his frailties, like other mortals, blended with many natural and kindly good qualities. But education. Fergusson was a scholar of St. Andrews. The father of Burns was a man of some literary culture, and of admirable, enlightened character. He gave his glorious son a solid elementary education, which the son was enabled to develop and improve in congenial surroundings. The Shepherd had far less teaching than the average peasant child of his own period. He was barely taught to read. At the age of eighteen he could not write in the



From Photo by Jas. C. H. Balmain,] UNVEILING OF MEMORIAL TO THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD. [Edinburgh

he has left to the world one shining example of imperishable value. He has left us the story of a mind which triumphed over obstacles of poverty, obscurity, and ignorance, which might seem insurmountable, but which he vanquished by the sheer force of high aspiration, of self-culture, and self-assertion. No man was ever more a self-made man than the Ettrick Shepherd. He was far more so than Ramsay, or Fergusson, or Burns. Ramsay was descended of gentle folk, and received a careful early current character. When he had occasion to write he copied the printed letters with the pen. He was not totally without intellectual and religious instruction, for he was born in the shadow of Ettrick Church. There he must have listened to the word of God, the psalms of David, and the paraphrases of Logan. Yet he was so immersed in solitude and darkness in regard to the outer world, that when he was twenty-five years of age he had not heard the name of Burns. It is little short of a miracle

that he was able to emerge from this Cimmerian condition. He taught himself to read with intelligence. He taught himself to write. He taught himself to spell, which is more surprising. Gradually, little by little, partly by the help of friends, chiefly by his own energy, he opened to himself the whole field of contemporary English literature, and placed himself almost on a level with the highest intellectual intercourse of the time. This courageous application and industry the Shepherd continued throughout his whole life. We possess the sum total of his selected intellectual labour in four volumes of original poetry, in six volumes of prose fiction, in a volume on sheep, in a volume of sermons, and in a compilation of Jacobite song, invaluable to the literature of Scotland, and which, in spite of certain characteristic imperfections, has not been superseded after the lapse of more than seventy years. That, then, is the lesson which we may read in the Shepherd's life, the example of arduous and successful aspiration, which may cheer many a poor Scottish youth on his painful ascent to eminence and fortune. I now turn to the value of the Shepherd's literary work. I wish I could affirm that James Hogg was the greatest popular poet of Scotland; but I cannot do so, and if I did you would not ratify my verdict. That place belongs to Robert Burns. Burns struck a deeper and more diversified vein of reflection and emotion. He associated his verse with all the interests and passions which agitated mankind then, which agitate us now, and which will, as far as we can see, affect the succeeding generations more and more. He made history, nature, theology, politics, piety, patriotism, good fellowship, beauty and deformity, virtue and vice, alike subservient to his inspiration, and has left the stamp of his genius branded on every theme in watchwords, maxims, and proverbial utterances, which will never be erased. In the common view, however, Burns is peculiarly the poet of the four "L's"—of love, liberty, labour, and liquor. He has become the poet, almost the prophet, of the British democracy, and his name is handed round the earth with expanding acclamation. The genius of Hogg had a more restricted flight. He dealt by preference with historical and legendary subjects, with the pastoral manners and scenery of his native district, with rustic joys and rustic loves, and with the features of a supernatural and fairy world. Most of his poetry, like that of Southey, has ceased to live, some of it never lived at all, but take the Shepherd at his best, select the finest flowers of his genius, place "Bonny Kilmeny" and the "Witch of Fife" beside the happiest productions of Burns and Scott, and you will find that our Shepherd need not shrink from the comparison. In one respect the literary faculty of Hogg was even superior to that of Fergusson or Burns. He was capable of a more sustained constructive effort. "The Queen's Wake," regarded as a poetical scheme or plan, is a more elaborate and ingenious composition than any single composition of Burns. As a song-writer, the Shepherd, like Burns himself, was very unequal. Burns wrote far more good songs than Hogg, but Hogg wrote several that run the great master very close. Every one will select his own favourite. For my part, I claim for "Cam' ye by Athole," "When the kye comes hame," and "My love is but a lassie yet," a position of exceptional merit, and it must be remembered that, though one swallow does not make a summer, one song does make a poet. Lady Anne Lindsay, Miss Jean Elliot, Mrs. Cockburn of Fairnilee, and William Laidlaw, are all recognised as poets, and each of them is qualified for the high fraternity by a single song. This is not the time or place to analyse the merit of the Shepherd as a prose writer. I will only say that in my opinion he attained in his best pieces a natural, unaffected, idiomatic English style, which, considering his early training, is almost more wonderful than his proficiency in verse. Much of his prose works is destined to oblivion, but the author of the "Chaldee Manuscript," of the "Shepherd's Calendar," and of the "Brownie of Bodsbeck" was a prose writer of no common humour, versatility, and power. Our distinguished countryman, Andrew Lang, stands at the head of British literary critics in the present age, and not long since this great authority told me that he regarded the "Confessions of a Fanatic" as a work of high literary value. Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns cannot be cited as prose authors at all. They wrote prose, as we all do; but they did not try to write books in prose. We cannot tell what they would have done if they had tried. The Shepherd did try, and succeeded, and that gives him an exceptional position among the rustic poets of his country. I trust that enough has been said on behalf of our Shepherd as a man and as a poet to justify the homage which the Border Counties Association are this day paying to his memory. As a native of Ettrick, I desire to be permitted to address a few remarks to my fellow-parishioners on an occasion in which they have a peculiar part. Men and women of Ettrick, do not forsake the love of Ettrick. Local attachments are very common in our country, and very strong, and they exist even where there is little

to evoke their presence and their warmth. The sentiment may be natural and instinctive, like the attraction of the salmon to the native stream, or of the swallow to the native nest. At any rate, it has existed in all times and places, and among all conditions of men, and nowhere with more tenacity than in Scotland. Let us be grateful to those whose virtues and whose genius invest our native places with real, enduring attractions and celebrity. Let us remember that Thomas Boston lived and suffered up yonder, and laboured long with Predestination and the Hebrew Poets, and was much exercised by the offences of our forefathers, and that he there provided spiritual sustenance by his pen for the people of Scotland, which lasted for a hundred years. That sustenance has lost something of its savour now. It is no longer fully adapted to our needs, but it no doubt brought faith and comfort in its day to many a humble Christian heart. And do not forget the Shepherd who carries the name of Ettrick, with the melodies and numbers of the Scottish muse, to distant times and lands. Read his poems and his tales, learn and sing his songs, and remember that he made them, and not another. I have often observed that the song is remembered and that the poet is forgotten. That is the best service that you can render to your Shepherd. Give him the human heart as a living shrine. I believe that if you could now raise him for a moment from his rest, he would tell you he would rather survive in the memory and in the voice of an Ettrick girl, than to attach his name to an obelisk of bronze. On a general survey of the whole life of the Ettrick Shepherd, we are hardly warranted to say that it was an easy or happy life. The road to better fortune was long, and steep, and rough, clouded by impending poverty, and chequered with many reverses. Nor do I know that at any period there was perfect freedom from the anxieties that beset the path of humble genius. Yet there were many compensations. The Shepherd had the gift of a sanguine, unconquerable spirit. He had the visionary delights of the poetic temperament, the consciousness of genius, and its eventual recognition and reward. There were also, at all times, faithful, helpful friends. Let us think with gratitude of Brydon of Crosslee, and Laidlaw of Blackhouse, and Grieve of Cacrabank, the patrons and counsellors of his early years. Let us think of the friends of his maturer time, of Sir Walter, Wilson, and Blackwood. Let us think of the good Duchess of Buccleuch, who recommended the Shepherd on her deathbed to the care of her husband, of the good Duke, who provided him with a congenial home; above all, let us remember the faithful, devoted wife and dutiful children, who brought respect and affection to his later life. To such influences, strengthened by his own domestic virtues and kindly inclinations, we owe it that our Shepherd passed his declining years in a state of modest welfare, not comparable to the commercial prosperity of Allan Ramsay—"honest Allan"—but bright, indeed, when contrasted with the gloom that gathered round the closing days of Fergusson, Tannahill, and Burns. Now, ladies and gentlemen, it is my duty to unveil the likeness of the Shepherd, and, in doing so, to express my hope that this memorial may long endure as a record of our admiration and esteem.

His Lordship then unveiled the memorial amid loud cheers, and remarked that he was one of the few—one of three, he thought, on the platform—who remembered the poet. The remaining incidents of the day, which are fully recorded in the newspapers, were brought to a close by a luncheon held in a large marquee, erected in a field near the memorial.

We have to acknowledge our obligation to *The Southern Reporter* for the excellence of its report of this memorable day's proceedings.

ED. *B. M.*

In Memoriam.

JOHN VEITCH, LL.D.

A SHADOW hangs across the Border hills,
The cold winds blow that tell of winter's shroud,
And the strange chill that comes with death's dark cloud
Hath ta'en the music from the mountain rills.
The falling leaves the air with mourning fills,
And all around are tokens of decay;
Earth's fruits are gathered in and so his day
Hath come, and past is life and all its ills.

He lies at last in his dear land at rest,
The land that knew Veitch as an honoured name,
That kept the faith the brightest and the best,
Now keeps his dust, best loved of all the band,
Who, while the heather blooms, so shall their fame,
Grow more and more in the sweet Borderland.

H. PATERSON BAYNE.

Roslin Cottage,
Peebles.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

Notes and News.

REFERRING to the article entitled *The Story of "Up wi' the Banner"* in our number for July last, the writer, our esteemed correspondent Mr. J. G. Galbraith of Hawick, asks us to say that while Mr. John Inglis wrote the words of "Hawick among the Hills," the music was composed by Mr. W. Inglis Robson.

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.—As it is one hundred years this month since the birth of Henry Scott Riddell, it is proposed to issue a *Centenary Volume* in commemoration. The work which is nearly ready will contain a selection of his best verses, illustrations of places associated with the poet, a new portrait, and a memoir. The work will be edited by the Rev. W. S. Crockett, and published by Messrs. W. Morrison & Co. Limited, Hawick.

JAMES HYSLOP.—Another Centenary of a Border poet. This was celebrated at Sanquhar on Friday the 22nd July last. Provost Waugh presided, and the memory of the poet was proposed in an interesting address by the Rev. Peter Mearns of Coldstream. Beyond the proceedings in the dining-room of the hotel, there was no other celebration in Sanquhar, but the meeting was of the heartiest kind. Before it closed, a suggestion was made that a monument to James Hyslop should be erected in the neighbourhood, and so well was this suggestion received that we trust it will not be forgotten.

THE GRANDFATHER OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.—While at Ettrick Hall on the day of unveiling the Ettrick Shepherd's Monument, the correspondent of the *Hawick Advertiser* had a conversation with an old gentleman who knew James Hogg well, and who was present at his funeral in Ettrick Churchyard. Close to the grave of the Ettrick Shepherd is the last resting place also of his grandfather, on whose tombstone there is the following inscription:—"Here lyeth William Laidlaw, the far-famed Will O'Phaup, who for fun and frolic, agility, and strength, had no equal in his day. He was born at Craick, A.D. 1691, and died in the 94th year of his age."

THE LATE MR. ROMANES.—By the death of Mr. Robert Romanes of Harryburn, which took place at his residence on the 28th July, after a comparatively short illness, Lauder has lost a devoted son and burgess. The office of Town Clerk of Lauder was held by Mr. Romanes's grandfather, father, and himself in succession for the long period of 101 years, and deceased is succeeded by his son-in-law, Mr. George Rankin, W.S., with whom for some time he held the office jointly, as also that of joint-clerk of the West District Committee of the Berwickshire County Council. His other county appointments were Justice of Peace Clerk, Keeper of the Register of Sasines (until the office became extinct in 1869), Lieutenancy Clerk, which office he held at the time of his death, and Commissioners' Clerk of Berwickshire, an appointment which will now revert to the Sheriff Clerk of the County. The deceased was one of the few gentlemen in Scotland who held this appointment apart from the Sheriff Clerkship. He was factor for the Lauderdale Estate from 1865 to 1878, since which time he has continued to manage the affairs of the Countess of Meath, the daughter of the Earl for whom he had been factor.

Border Reminiscences. XIII.—Home, Sweet Home!

" There's nae place like our ain hame ;
Oh, I wish that I was there ;
There's nae hame like our ain hame
To be met wi' ony where ;
And oh ! that I were back again
To our farm and fields so green ;
And heard the tongues o' my ain folk
And was what I hae been ! "

IT is a long road that has no turning, and "the gloamin' brings us a' hame." I have now gone pretty well round that dear sweet parish among the hills, where without haste and without rest Time labours on till time shall be no more. If here I speak of things circling round my own hearth and home, I may be allowed to plead as Agnes Jackson was wont to do to her younger sister Jeanie when she complained of her "everly being so aigotistical." She would reason thus, "Well, Jeanie, if I am aigotistical, it's all about myself."

Under the Old Parochial System of Scotland, there was at least one School in each parish. The ideal of John Knox of erecting a secondary school, or "gymnasium" in every considerable centre of population has not even yet been fully realised.

Attached as a rule to the School was the Schoolhouse, a dwelling by no means commodious, but frequently quaintly situated—nestling amid luxuriant verdure. Our abode had undergone some little reconstruction. Early in the century one half of the ground-floor was used as a Schoolroom, while the other half formed the Kirk-Session House. In the latter, Mr. Ford might be heard on the Sabbath morning rehearsing the sermon for the day. Pacing the parlour, he argued his point without fear of contradiction. When the new School was built by the Heritors, the old Schoolroom was transformed into the village post-office, and over what is now the window of the dominie's kitchen rude letters peer to the view of those who look deep enough.

The Schoolhouse has a very fine southern exposure. Two cherry trees, which these hands planted long ago, now amid profusion of leaves half conceal the red china fruit, as if unwilling to own obligation to the planter. A *dead* wall of modern structure would fain hide a quite modest dwelling-place. A brazen plate affixed to a sparred gate bears the mark of authority and the pledge of service, guides the vagrant towards the source of relief, and ensures accuracy of Registration. In these days of close observance of the laws of sanitation, it is said that our dear old house is about to be condemned. If so, will the thriftiest of Boards spare me a stone for my cairn, or carve me a keepsake from my own cherry tree?

In my time there was ample accommodation, albeit ceilings were low and a dank odour bore heavily on the nasal organ. In moist weather, one longed for the upland breeze. There were but three *indwellers* here—one, the third party, a willing helper both in house and school. Like one's furniture or family, she may be designated a fixture.

In the quiet of a winter evening, Laird Weston would slightly raise the knocker, and step quite softly into our cosy kitchen. Without remark he would light his pipe. Then as my wife emerged from the parlour he said, "Is the maister busy? Seek us ben the dambrod." On no account would the Laird come "but" to the room. "Ye never know who is to be in on business," he would say. "My business here is pleasure. I wouldna gie the singing of the kettle by the kitchen fire for the finest music in house or ha'. Sit ye down (this to me), and kindle yere kiln, and bring up yere men." Many a game we played, occasionally resulting in a draw; but more frequently in a victory for the Laird. Then, ere he said "Good-bye tae ye," we drew our chairs round the fire, and chatted of weather, crops, and wider news for a *quarter*. But no word of idle gossip or of prying curiosity into neighbours' affairs ever marred our conversation.

The Laird was a general favourite with the villagers. They looked up to him as one of the landed gentry, and they liked him as one of themselves. His striped vest, with its white pearl buttons and open front; the high peaked collar with neckerchief of silk checker work, which was always tied and crossed with such precision; the deeply lapelled surtout—all distinguished him from ordinary parishioners. As he sat down in his pew on Sunday, and spread his fingers through his long grizzly hair, and bent his head in reverent worship, I thought of one of whom the Master said, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile!"

Our School was quite of modern build, and was well equipped with all necessary apparatus. It was properly ventilated, comfortably heated, and fairly well painted and *sized*. On one of the turrets during a severe thunder storm the lightning broke, and for a moment terror filled all our thoughts. But no serious damage was done, and the pupils to this day tell how bravely they gazed upon the liquid fire. Since my time a piano aids the sweetness of rural song, while

a huge platform reminds one of an auction mart. Why is it necessary that teachers should stand on a higher platform than their pupils? Let them rather meet them on the same plane, and raise them morally and intellectually—neither by wood nor leather, but by the silent suasive influence of constant and consistent discipline. This reflection on my part is entirely personal. It may possibly spring from an old-fashioned idea that equality means the lowering of the pulpit and the elevation of the pew.

What is technically spoken of as School Staff or Supply of Teaching Power is limited by the number of pupils, and in my time consisted of two pupil teachers along with myself. In the choice of such I was exceedingly fortunate. The two professional requisites are sympathy with the minds of children and energy of personal character. By virtue of these qualities, both of my former assistants have attained distinction.

Owing to my brief residence I can claim no pupil as my own for the full term of school life, but I knew many of them well enough to anticipate the nature of their future career. Mrs. Melrose of Cowstrand had one boy, who to her seemed of more than average merit. She hoped that I would "bring him oot for the meenistry." I told her the matter of expense might be a hindrance to his studies, but she said she would live on "tatties and saut," if her boy would but some day "wag his heid in a poopit."

A young hopeful one day appeared from the farm cottages at Crawlaw. An elderly dame stated that she had brought her grandson to School, and she had just come herself to tell me that I must pay great attention to him. "He has been a sairly spoilt laddie," she said. "His mother is but geyan silly, and her man is a wee thochtless, so a hae hud the laddie tae *aidyecate*. Oo ha'ena had mickle tae gie him, but his ain way. He's geyan *camsteerie*, but, sir, juist try tae study his temper and ye'll fin' him nae waur nar his neebours." "My good lady," I said, "when he enters here, I do not seek to study his temper. He must learn to study mine." Mrs. Campbell felt the force of my remarks, and often wondered how I could get her grandson to do anything for me, while for her "he took his ain way."

It has become a proverb that teachers cannot please everybody. Thus it was that one day, just a little after the mid-hour, Mrs. Simson from the Back Row came with her daughter Maggie to lodge a complaint against my excessive discipline. She alleged that "Maggie's airm wus baith black an' blue," and that she would bring me before my *betters*. Mr. Wellwood had never been known "tae abase puir folks' bairns," but Mrs. Simson had heard from Meldrum of my cruel and harsh treatment of my pupils. She could no doubt prove the statement, for she had heard Maggie saying that she had heard the story from one of her companions who had a cousin a "servan' lass" in Meldrum. Now, all this harangue occupied time, and I was in no haste to stem the torrent of abuse. I said that if by any mistake I had struck the girl's arm instead of the palm of her hand, I would be really sorry, and would guard against future annoyance. "But," said I, "kindly shew me the marks I made."

A long pause here!

Mrs. Simson drew up Maggie's sleeve and looked in vain for the black and the blue. They had vanished with the vapour of her eloquence. The passion of revenge gave way to impassioned shame as through her tears she exclaimed, "Hud a waited anither meenut—juist anither meenut—a wudna hae been here the day," and off she went to household duties and serenity of temper. This was the only case of parental complaint—so far as I know—that became articulate in those happy, happy days.

I suppose that frequently the faults and foibles of children are visited upon the teacher. It was certainly good policy on the part of Andrew Mason, my next door neighbour, to suggest to me that there was a "needless waste" of water from our village pump. "It looks bad," said he, "tae see the waiter rinnin' by the doors. The Leddy's hame a week afore her time." I got pails for School supply, and saved a drought.

Once the Misses of Fairyknowe told me that "the callants were sair on the kye when drinkin' at the trouch." After enquiry, I found on the authority of Jamie Turner, whose word I never doubted, that "it wus the flees that bited and raised them."

I was greatly obliged on one occasion to have my dear friend Mr. Wallace to take charge of School for a day while I was from home on parochial business. He found the duty irksome, and longed for the hour of "letting loose." On handing in the key he declared, with humour scarce concealed, that he could not live another day among barbarians and savages. How true it is that there are very few born teachers! Few envy their lot, it is so trying to the temper! No wonder that we long for *superannuation*, and that the public press our claims upon a tardy legislature!

Close beside the Schoolhouse was laid out a spacious garden rich with soil of loam, then without form and void, now well furnished with fruit tree, bush, and flower. An acre of ground, beyond the garden wall, familiarly known as the

maister's glibe, is let to Alick Galbraith who farms it well. Many years ago the dominie and the factor at Westwood had a heated discussion as to the introduction of the paraphrase to public worship. The dominie was known to have a great aversion to such unwarrantable innovation upon ancient custom. At a meeting of Kirk-Session, when argument had failed to convince or convert the Schoolmaster, the factor, as if to mete out due punishment to an obdurate opponent declared, "Sir, I assure you, I'll sow your *glibe* with paraphrases."

Our School was conscientiously devoted to the purpose for which it was erected in terms of the Education Act and Code. Statutory Meetings of Parochial and School Boards were held at half-yearly intervals. There were no acrimonious debates, and no sensational newspaper paragraphs followed. Matters clerical and financial were accurate. No auditor could supersede the careful scrutiny of the agent on My Lord Wellstane's estate, a gentleman who possessed intimate knowledge of all parochial affairs, and whose legal acumen saved the parish both difficulty and debt.

As the franchise was limited in my time, we had no occasion for political meetings. The excitement and party spirit of parliamentary electioneering did not touch the bone and sinew of our population. When the Ballot Act was passed, my friend at the Howe suggested to Richard Robertson that "the tae Box micht be pented blue, and the tither yellow." On Richard's saying that the Ballot was secret, he averred that "it micht be sacret to ane's ain hoose, but yere boun' tae vote accordin' tae yere conscience, an' aibles the wife keeps it forbye the purse."

No strolling player, no amateur playactor, no show e'er sullied the precincts of our seminary. Only once a concert in aid was permitted. The inevitable dance did not succeed. In our day the heads and not the heels of the rising generation were the *venus* of Education.

And now, I close these "Reminiscences"—glad that they have brought a happy hour to some who recognised themselves and others, and assuring all who may yet read them that nothing here recorded will wound the most sensitive soul, or cause a blush of shame to flow from the most tender conscience.

My thoughts are full of happy memories of those far-off days, and at eventide there is a lingering light.

> "All these have left within this heart
> A feeling tongue can ne'er impart—
> A withered and unearthly flame—
> A something that's without a name." A.T.G.

John Lunn.

JOHN LUNN of Lilliesleaf? Yes, I remember him well, although only a boy when I left the village, now more than fifty years ago. He was the village draper—especially after the roup of old Wullie Stewart who had served a previous generation.

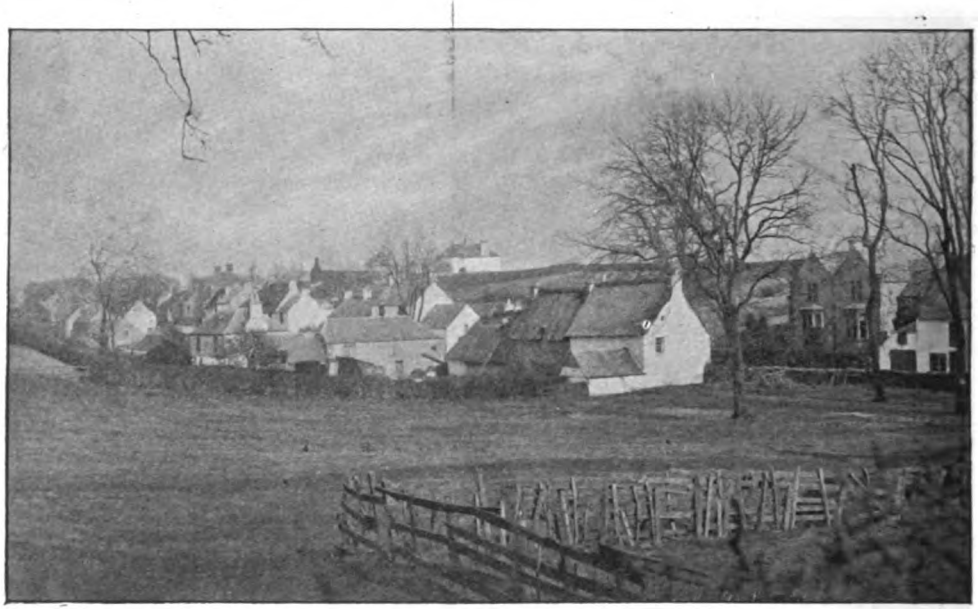
John was a native of the parish. His father (James Lun) was farmer in Clerklands on the Riddel estate (see Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel"), some three miles or so west of the village.

JOHN LUNN.

Early in his career he owned some stocking frames, and himself educed the clank and tirr peculiar to the industry; but my first remembrance of him begins with his shop and dwelling a little east of the village centre (where the business still prospers in the hands of his nephew, Mr. James Hood), facing north to the valley of the Ale—(where I *doukit* and played langsyne)—and the sheep-farm of Freshaw and the forest sky-line of Riddel Hill.

As I recall him, Cowper's portrait of a quaker

outlines him well, "An honest man close-buttoned to the chin, broad cloth without and a warm heart within." He was then in the vigour of manhood with a healthy glow on his cheek, with a face usually in repose, which quite naturally opened in a smile. He laughed chiefly with his eyes. His photo (by a Paris artist) very imperfectly represents him—he must have *crined* very much. He was a bachelor, and his own hearth-stone was evidently to him the sweetest spot on earth; the picture of it rises before me. On the left of the fire Jenny Reid, his mother, knitting a blue stocking; to the right Jeanie, his youngest sister, reading at a bright little bole window looking east; and



LILLIESLEAF, LOOKING EAST

Peggy disappearing through the inner door to assist in the shop.

With perhaps one exception, John Lunn was the best all-round man of his time in the village. He was *yin o' the stoops o' the Meetin'-hoose* (U.P.), well known at "the plate" and in the Sabbath school. He never professed to be religious, he just *lived* it. He had no enemies, and was the friend of all. His urbanity was habitual, and his charities, wise, hidden, and opportune. He "caused the widow's heart to sing."

In harvest time John Lunn was, during all my time, grieve to the shearers of Tamson o' Bewlie—the farm which lies on the road from Lilliesleaf to Belses Railway Station. Everybodie likit 'im, so did the bairns that gather't singlins among the stooks. A was yin o' them.

In politics he was a keen liberal—all the voters in the village were, except John Robson of "the Plough Inn." By common consent, John Lunn was regarded and spoken of as "the Provost." With two or three others, similarly elected, he administered the civic affairs of the *toon*, and the work was well and quietly done—it might be a physical or a moral puddle that required attention, or a heritors' or a postal grievance, or a work of mercy, or safes for the kirkyaird in the *resurrection* scare.

There were two centres of intelligence in the village, viz., the *smiddy*, and the post-office—the latter was the "upper house" and in it the provost was in his element. Lectures, essays, debates, emanated hence. At the centre, beside the provost, stood Tammie, the saddler (Thomas Turnbull, postmaster), and Bob Scott, the stockin' maker. Bob and John had sat at the *frame* together and were very sib. It is said that *ance* when some knotty point had generated much heat they quarrelled and separated at night, but next morning met in the *toon-gate* each on his way to *make it up* with the other, and "they made a paction 'tween them twa. They made it firm and sure" that *nothing* should ever come between them again, and the brotherly covenant was never broken.

John Lunn was the poet of the village. He

wrote (as the birds sing) when he could not help it. His pieces—some of them—found their way into the local press. In "Living Bards of the Border," a small volume published in Edinburgh by Paton & Ritchie, in 1859, under Lilliesleaf, three of his short bits are quoted, viz., "The Blue Sky," "Aspirations," and "The Poet's Funeral." The first of these is a gem of three stanzas. I fear that through the modesty of the author a number of pieces have been lost. Of the few that remain two are humorous, "A Legend of the days of Crinoline," and "Lilliesleaf Burns Festival." The others known to me are, "The Wanderer," "The Child's Snowdrops," and "Auld John Steele," a copy of which I have great pleasure in here producing for the readers of the *Border Magazine*.

AULD JOHN STEELE.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

STILL scandal goes at railway speed
About from place to place;
But good reports move slowly on,
In sober snail-like pace.

But, oh! we would be happier far,
If every one did feel
As warmly for his neighbour's good
As honest, auld John Steele.

He was a worthy villager—
We all his loss deplore—
And straight he walked in virtue's path
For sixty years and more.

Honour, honesty, and truth,
Were stampèd on his face;
He felt the warmest sympathy
For all the human race.

And regularly he strode to church
With meek and humble mind;
And Peggy toddling after him,
Just twenty yards behind.

He many curious stories told
Of wonders that had been—
Of ghaists escapèd from the grave,
That mony a ane had seen.

For witchcraft he had mony charms,
Each cantrip he could foil:
He said that every haggard witch
Should burn in tar and oil.

And sair he dreaded Linden Cleuch—*
That fairy-haunted glen;—
He said the little fiddling imps
Were neither deils nor men.

For they would ride in revel rout,
Along the rainbow's rim,
And gallop o'er the milky way
On fairy horses slim.

And they would nip a bodie up,
Ere ane could think or pray,
And out o' spite would set ane doon
A thousand miles away.

But John had one besetting fault,
And that was quite enough,
For people said that he'd consumed
An Eildon Hill o' snuff.

And of the wilfu', woefu' waste,
Right conscious was he;
So he resolved no more to taste
His favourite brown rapee.

His nose had fasted three whole days—
A trial few have known;
On the fourth morning Peggy said
"Come to your breakfast, John."

"No breakfast Peggy can I tak',
Of meat I've had enough;
For death will shortly end my care,—
O, snuff, dear Peggy, snuff!"

Then Peggy quickly did provide
An ounce of brown rapee;
And John sat down and snuffed it all,
And then he took his tea.

He was a man of sterling worth,
And neither proud nor vain;
I mickle doubt we'll never see
The like o' John again.

* Opposite Riddell Mill.

John Lunn died December 21, 1871, aged sixty-nine. His departure was sudden—"a little indisposed for a few days. . . . He had been sitting by the fireside when he took up his hat and seemed to be going out, but fell down as in a faint, . . . death occurred in a few minutes." The village put on sack-cloth. Perhaps the most beautiful of the many obituary notices of him is that of the Parish minister, Rev. Adam Gourlay, who, on Sabbath, December 31, from his own pulpit said, "His strong well disciplined mind, his great intelligence, sterling integrity, and benevolent disposition, rendered his opinion valuable on any subject. . . . His innate love of children made him take a deep, life-long interest in . . their happiness. . . . His sympathy for the distressed, his truly catholic spirit, and his freedom from sectarian bigotry rendered him a most loveable neighbour."

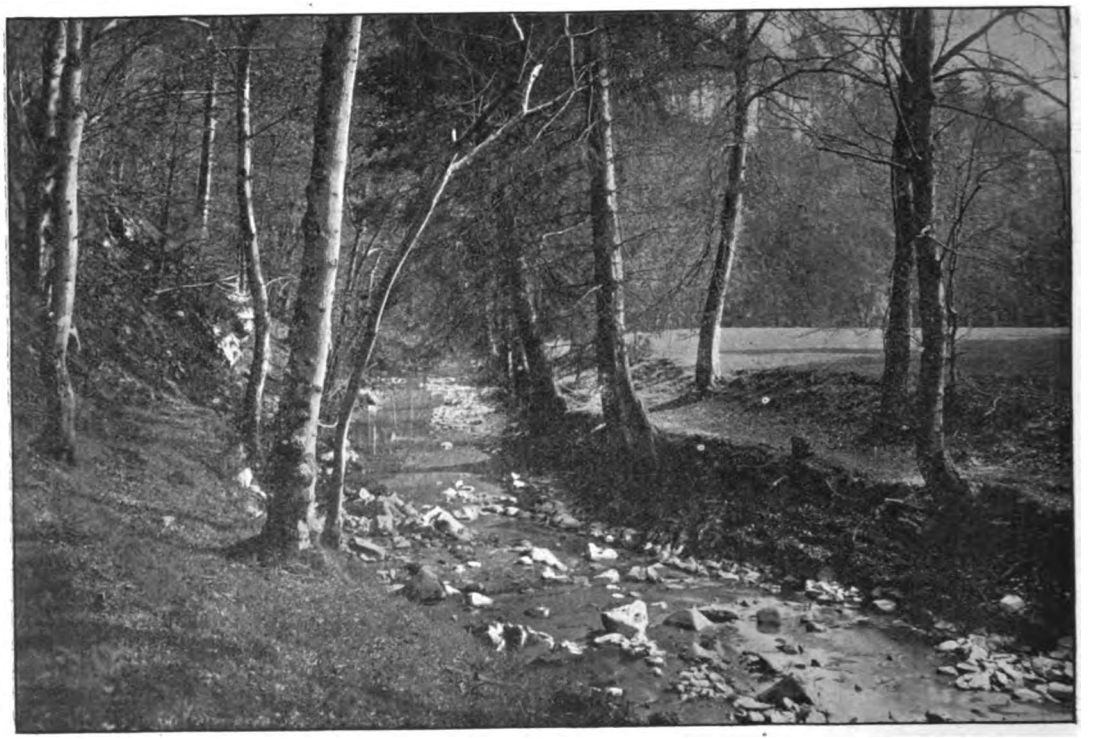
In the village churchyard, on his tombstone is inscribed:—

JOHN LUNN,
Died December 21, 1871.
Honoured, Respected,
and Beloved.

G. T.

The Fairy Dean.

A GREAT many visitors to Melrose spend only a single day in seeing that beautiful and romantic bit of the Border Country. The places marked out for them to see are the Abbey, Abbotsford, and Dryburgh. Having visited these, the tourist thinks that he has done remarkably well, and so he has for a single day's work. But Melrose has a great many other attractions and sights for those who stay a week or more in its neighbourhood. Among these is the Fairy Dean, a delightful place in which to spend a summer day or autumn afternoon. It has a charm all its own: once seen it is never afterward forgotten.



From Photo by A. R. Edwards.] THE FAIRY DEAN, NEAR MELROSE. [Selkirk.

Let us visit the Fairy Dean to-day. Taking plenty of time before us, with leisure enough to look at things in the passing, we vary the usual route by crossing the Chain Bridge over the Tweed, and take the village of Gattonside on our way. What a delightful village lying all day on the sunny slope of the hills, embosomed in orchards, and gay with flowers. Keeping to the west we arrive at a high bank over the Tweed, with a view before us that is always fresh, new, and charming. In the immediate foreground of the picture is the classic river, on the opposite bank of which are the grounds and gardens of the Waverley Hydropathic. The background is closed in by the Eildon Hills. In the Border Country, at all events in that part of it round about Melrose, you never get away from the Eildons. They are always looking at you; sometimes there is only one of the peaks in attendance; sometimes there are two, while at other times, and in other places, the whole three are before you. Now and again you may lose sight of the Eildons by a turn of the road or by a clump of trees, but the next turn just brings you into their presence again, and there they are, intent on watching you and keeping themselves in evidence as guardians both of you and the Border Country.

Continuing our walk westward, we arrive at the Elwand water hurrying down to pay its tribute to the Tweed, not far from Abbotsford, and two miles or so from Melrose. Leaving the public road, we wander up the banks of the famous stream, crossing bridge after bridge until

we reach the place where probably hundreds of visitors are there before us.

What an exquisitely beautiful bit of scenery is here. An open space surrounded by the trees of the wood, the sparkling waters of the Elwand in front, and a glance of the hill-tops behind. What a charming place for picnics. Hundreds of children are here on summer days and Saturday afternoons. A more enjoyable spot can scarcely be imagined—wood, water, and hills, with the singing of birds, and the world in the background.

After a leisurely enjoyment of this exquisite bit of woodland scenery, we make our way farther up the dean, eventually get out of the wood, and reach the open glen where the fairies are busy making the curious stones that are to be found here. A powerful chalybeate spring discharges its waters down the sides of a steep bank into the Elwand. In the sides of this spring, there appears to be a substratum of clay which becomes petrified by the water, and falls down into the bed of the stream, where the clay takes a number of curious and interesting forms such as guns, buttons, watches, hammers, and such like. Easily as scientific tourists may explain these curiosities, it is, we think, better to look at them as the handiwork of the fairies, and to keep them as memories of the Fairy Dean.

Making our way still farther up the glen, we reach the scenery of Sir Walter's romance of "The Monastery." In the open country we see several old towers, one of which, known as Hillslap, is generally understood to stand for Glendearg where lived Dame Glendinning and her two sons, along with their two guests the Lady Avenel and her daughter Mary.

The nature of the present paper precludes any attempt on our part from analysing "The Monastery," but it does not prevent us making the acquaintance of Father Philip as he leaves Glendearg, hurries down the Fairy Dean on his mule, and carries off the forbidden Bible in his bosom. Emerging from the glen, the monk approaches the drawbridge on the Tweed and salutes the keeper: "Peter, my good friend; my excellent friend, Peter, be so kind as to lower the drawbridge. Peter, I say, dost thou not hear? It is thy gossip, Father Philip, who calls thee."

Peter heard the monk perfectly well, and saw him into the bargain; but as he considered the Sacristan as peculiarly his enemy in his dispute with the convent regarding the question of pontage, Peter retired quietly to bed and left Father Philip to cross the river by the ford. Cursing the obstinacy of the bridge-keeper, the monk began to persuade himself that the passage of the river by the ford was not only safe but pleasant. The moon was now up; the banks and scattered trees were so beautifully reflected from the bosom of the dark stream, that the result was rather agreeable than otherwise.

As Father Philip approached the water's edge at the spot where he resolved to ford the river, there sat, strange to say, a female under an oak tree, weeping and wringing her hands. Moved by her distress, the monk thus addressed her: "Damsel, thou seemest to be in no ordinary distress. Peradventure, like myself, thou hast been refused passage at the bridge by the churlish keeper, and thy crossing may concern thee either for performance of a vow, or some other weighty charge." Then inviting the lady to mount the mule behind him, she at once assented, and soon seemed the firmer rider of the two. The mule by no means approved of the double burden; she bounded, bolted, and would have soon thrown Father Philip over her head, had not the lady with a firm hand detained him on the saddle. At length the restive mule changed her humour, and suddenly dashed into the river with her double burden. But she lost the ford and her footing, and began to drift down the stream instead of crossing it.

The lady sitting behind, however, was quite at home. She began to sing, and continued her singing until the mule reached the dam or weir across the Tweed near Melrose. Here she behaved rather unceremoniously. Pitching the monk out of the saddle into the stream, and giving him at the same time a good ducking, she quitted her hold, and sent him scrambling ashore. Turning round to see what had become of such an extraordinary travelling companion, Father Philip could discern nothing. He heard, however, some one singing—

> "Landed—landed! The black book hath won,
> Else had you seen Berwick with morning sun.
> Gain ye, and save ye, and blithe mot ye be,
> For seldom they land that go swimming with me."

This singular scene has brought us back from the Fairy Dean to Melrose. Leaving the river, with the White Lady of Avenel sitting singing in the moonlight, and following Father Philip and the mule as far as the Abbey, we take our own way and arrive at our lodging without further adventure.

The Proverbs of the Waverley Novels.

III.

PROVERBIAL comparisons are to be found so freely scattered throughout the Waverley Novels that they are said to be "as plentiful as blackberries"—an expression used by Fergus MacIvor with reference to the many masterless horses, after the battle of Prestonpans, when he mounted one and added, "Every man may have them for the catching."

When Bailie Nicol Jarvie unexpectedly meets Rob Roy in the prison, the former exclaims in great astonishment, "Conscience! If I am na clean bumbaized——you, ye cheat-the-wuddy rogue! You here on your venture in the tolbooth o' Glasgow! . . . Ye reiving villain, tell ower ye're sins, and prepare ye, for if I say the word——."

"True, Bailie," replied Rob Roy, folding his hands behind him with the utmost nonchalance, "but ye will never say that word."

. . . "Weel, weel," said the Bailie, "bluid's thicker than water; and it lies na in kith, kin, an' ally, to see the motes in ilk other's een if other een can see them no."

This same proverbial comparison occurs in "Guy Mannering," when Dandie Dinmont remarks, on learning the disappointing nature of the will left by the late Mrs. Margaret Bertram of Singleside, "Weel, blude's thicker than water! She's welcome to the cheeses and the hams just the same."

Andrew Fairservice, the old gardener at Osbaldistone Hall, offers to act as guide to Frank, who wants to get forward to Glasgow as soon as possible. "You, Andrew? How will you get away from your employment?"

"I tell'd your honour a while syne that it was lang that I hae been thinking o' flitting, maybe as lang as frae the first year I came to Osbaldistone Hall. And now I am o' the mind to gang in gude earnest. Better soon as syne; better a finger aff as aye waggin'."

Mr. Fairford, in "Redgauntlet," uses this proverbial expression when inquiring about his son Allan. "We must have our explanation over," said the old man impatiently, "better a finger aff as aye wagging." From the finger to the skin is not a far cry. "A sound skin is better than a slashed one," observes Wilkin Flammock, in "The Betrothed," to the Norman knight who had hazarded the remark that that was the first time he had ever heard one with a beard on his lip avouch himself a coward.

Turning from personal matters to inanimate objects, we come across a great variety of proverbial comparisons in the latter direction. In "Rob Roy," Frank Osbaldistone asks the Bailie if the state of the Highlands was really such as he had been describing—"Is it possible, Mr. Jarvie, that this can be a just picture of so large a portion of the island of Britain?"

"Sir," replied the Bailie, "I'll make it as plain as Peter Pasley's pike-staff." Who Peter Pasley was, deponent sayeth not; we suspect he is only introduced for the sake of the fine alliteration in the comparison. The expression is frequently used without the name of Peter Pasley—"Plain as a pike-staff," which in its turn resolves itself once more into a simple alliteration without any pretension to plainness or intelligence. In the same novel, when Frank Osbaldistone takes possession of the Old Hall, he tells the butler to light a fire in the library.

"In the library!" exclaimed the old man. "Nobody has sat there this many a day, and the room smokes, for the daws have built in the chimney this spring, and there were no young men about the Hall to pull them down."

"Our ain reek's better than other folk's fire," interposed Andrew Fairservice. "His honour likes the library. He's nane o' your Papishers that delight in blinded ignorance, Mr. Syddall."

The well-known proverb, "Deaf as a post," occurs in "The Antiquary," when Monkbarns is impatiently waiting the arrival of the coach advertised to start for Queensferry at twelve o'clock precisely. "Mrs. Macleuchar!" he calls aloud to the old woman in the "laigh shop," who kept the tickets, "Good woman" (with an elevated voice), then apart, "Old doited hag, she's as deaf as a post." The same comparison, but differently expressed, is again made use of by the Antiquary in the famous scene on the beach where Hector Macintyre encounters the seal.

"Is the devil in him?" was the Antiquary's exclamation, "to go to disturb the brute that was never thinking of him." Then elevating his voice, "Hector—nephew—fool—let alone the phoca: let alone the phoca: they bite, I tell you, like furies. He minds me no more than a post." This deafness is convenient sometimes, as in the case of old Mause Headrigg when she has the test-oath applied to her by Sergeant Bothwell. "What is that old wife about?" asks Bothwell. "Give her a glass of brandy to drink the king's health."

"If your honour pleases," said Cuddie, "this is my mither, and she's as deaf as Cora Linn. We canna mak her hear day nor door, but if your honour pleases, I am ready to drink the

king's health for her in as mony glasses of brandy as ye think neshessary." This reminds us of another topographical comparison, well-known in the Border country—as fixed as Cheviot. This occurs in "The Black Dwarf" with reference to Sir Frederick Langley's determination to marry Miss Vere.

While we have Cuddie Headrigg near us we may note a proverbial comparison to which his wife gives expression. Learning that his former mas'er, Henry Morton, has returned, Cuddie announces his intention to go and see him. Jenny cooly and resolutely forbids him, however.

"The deil's in the wife," said Cuddie; "d'ye think I'm to be John Tamson's man, and maistered by woman a' the days o' my life?"

"And whase man wad ye be? And wha wad ye hae to maister ye but me, Cuddie lad?" asked Jenny. "I'll gar ye comprehend in the making o' a hay-band."

This illustration of the hay-band occurs in "The Heart of Midlothian," not, h wever, with reference to the shortness of time employed in making one, but to its being torn by two contending parties each anxious to get a piece of it. In speaking to her father regarding her husband's reading and studies, Jeanie Deans says, "Reuben was carefu' both to search the Scriptures and the books written by wise and good men of old. And sometimes in this way it wad happen that twa precious saints might pu' sundrywise, like twa cows riving at the same hay-band."

The cows remind us of the farm-yard with its live stock and other surroundings. As Frank and Rashleigh Osbaldistone are fighting in the College-yard at Glasgow, they are interrupted and stopped by Rob Roy, who suddenly comes on the scene. "Are you hurt, lad?" inquired Rob Roy, then known as Campbell.

"A very slight scratch," replied Frank, "which any third cousin would not long have boasted of had you not come between us."

"In troth and that's true, Maister Rashleigh, said Campbell, "for the cauld iron and your best bluid were like to hae become acquaint when I mastered Mr Frank's right hand. But never look like a sow playing upon a trump for the luve of that, man—come and walk wi' me. I hae news to tell ye, and ye'll cool and come to yoursel', like MacGibbon's crowdy when he set it out at the window-bole." Campbell uses another expressive comparison when he sees Justice Inglewood put into the fire the declarations against Frank Osbaldistone, and hears him remark—"Now you are at perfect liberty, Mr. Osbaldistone, and you, Mr Morris, are set quite at your ease."

"Ay," said Campbell, eyeing Mr. Morris, who was still far from being happy or satisfied, much like the ease of a tod under a pair of harrows."

Frank and Campbell once more are with the Bailie. "My only business in Glasgow," said Frank, "was to do what I could to aid Mr. Owen in the management of my father's affairs. My dislike of the commercial profession is a feeling of which I am the best and sole judge."

"I protest," said Rob Roy. "I had some respect for this callant even before I ken'd what was in him; but now I honour him for his contempt of weavers and spinners and sic-like mechanical persons and their pursuits."

"Ye're mad, Rob," said the Bailie—"mad as a March hare; though wherefore a hare sud be mad at March, mair than at Martinmas, is mair than I can weel say."

Meeting Yellowley, the factor, at Kirkwall, Captain Cleveland, in "The Pirate," asks how all is going on at home, and expresses the hope that the bees are thriving. "Thrive!" exclaims the factor, "they thrive like everything else in this country, and that is the backward way."

"Want of care, I suppose," suggested Cleveland.

"The contrary, sir, quite and clean the contrary. They died of ower muckle care, like Lucky Christie's chickens."

Impatient to communicate the good news of the buying back of Tully Veolan in favour of Baron Bradwardine, Bailie MacWheeble was all the while shifting from one to the other, "like a hen on a het girdle," and clucking like the said hen in all the glory and importance of laying her first egg.

Leaving the farmyard and coming to proverbial comparisons expressive of human character, we find Rob Roy saying to Francis Osbaldistone, 'Come and see me in the glens and it's like I may pleasure ye, and stead your father in this extremity. I am but a poor man, but wit's better than wealth." Talking over family matters, the lawyer and John Mowbray, in "St. Ronan's Well," are engaged in earnest conversation. "My sister will never marry," Mowbray remarks, with reference to her mental condition. "That's easily said," replied the lawyer, "but as broken a ship's come to land. If ony body ken'd o' the chance she has o' the estate, there's mony a weel-doing man would think little o' the bee in her bonnet."

In "Kenilworth," the Earl of Leicester and the recently knighted Varney are discussing the near possibilities that lie before the former.

Varney, perhaps designedly, addresses the earl as "your grace."

"Grace!" said Leicester, "what meanest thou by that epithet?"

"It came unawares, my lord, and yet it sounds so very natural that I cannot recall it."

"It is thine own preferment that hath turned thy brain," said Leicester, laughing. "New honours are as heady as new wine."

"May your lordship soon have cause to say so from experience," replied Varney, and wishing his patron good night, he withdrew.

The Eyemouth Disaster.

By H. M. S.

IT is close upon seventeen years since the great storm which caused such loss of life on the East Coast, but Eyemouth is only now recovering from the effects of it.

On the morning of October 14, 1881, the fleet of forty one fishing boats sailed from the little harbour and made for the fishing-grounds, and gay and gallant they looked in the bright sun. It was the beginning of the winter fishing, and many of the boats had been painted and freshened up; indeed one of those which was afterwards lost with its entire crew of young fishermen, was out that day for the first time.

It is true that some of the men hesitated about going, as the barometer had fallen ominously during the night, and the storm signal was up; but fish were known to be plentiful, and prices good, and everyone expected to be home again ere the wind rose.

At a distance of from seven to ten miles from shore the men began to shoot the lines, and were busy till mid day, when suddenly the sky darkened, and the storm burst upon them "like the clasp of a hand," as one of the survivors said A terrific wind sprang up, accompanied by blinding sleet and rain; some of the boats had no time to take in sail, and more than one foundered at once; the others made for the open sea, or endeavoured to reach the harbour. Of these last, four effected an entrance, but the next that came was struck by a huge wave, and every man perished. Ere long another boat was seen through the gloom, bravely struggling with the gale, and she succeeded in coming to within twelve yards of the anxious spectators on the shore. A line was thrown to the crew, but just at that moment a wave carried the boat back to the rocks, where it was dashed to pieces. Yet another came, and it seemed as if it were to be saved, but it met a similar fate; women saw their husbands and sons drown, almost within reach, and yet nothing could be done, for the life-boat would have been utterly useless amongst the rocks, in such a sea. One more, "The Pilgrim," succeeded as if by a miracle in gaining relatively smooth water, an enormous wave carrying her over the rocks which had proved so fatal to others, and from there the men were landed by means of a line.

Night came, and many boats were still unaccounted for, and the streets near the Post Office were thronged by a pale and anxious crowd, waiting and hoping for telegrams announcing the arrival of boats in some other port; but up till late on Saturday night comparatively few had been heard of.

On Monday the gun-boat Ariel, accompanied by a doctor and some fishermen sailed from Berwick in search of the missing boats, but in a few days she returned, having been totally unsuccessful, and those whose friends had sent no word abandoned all hope.

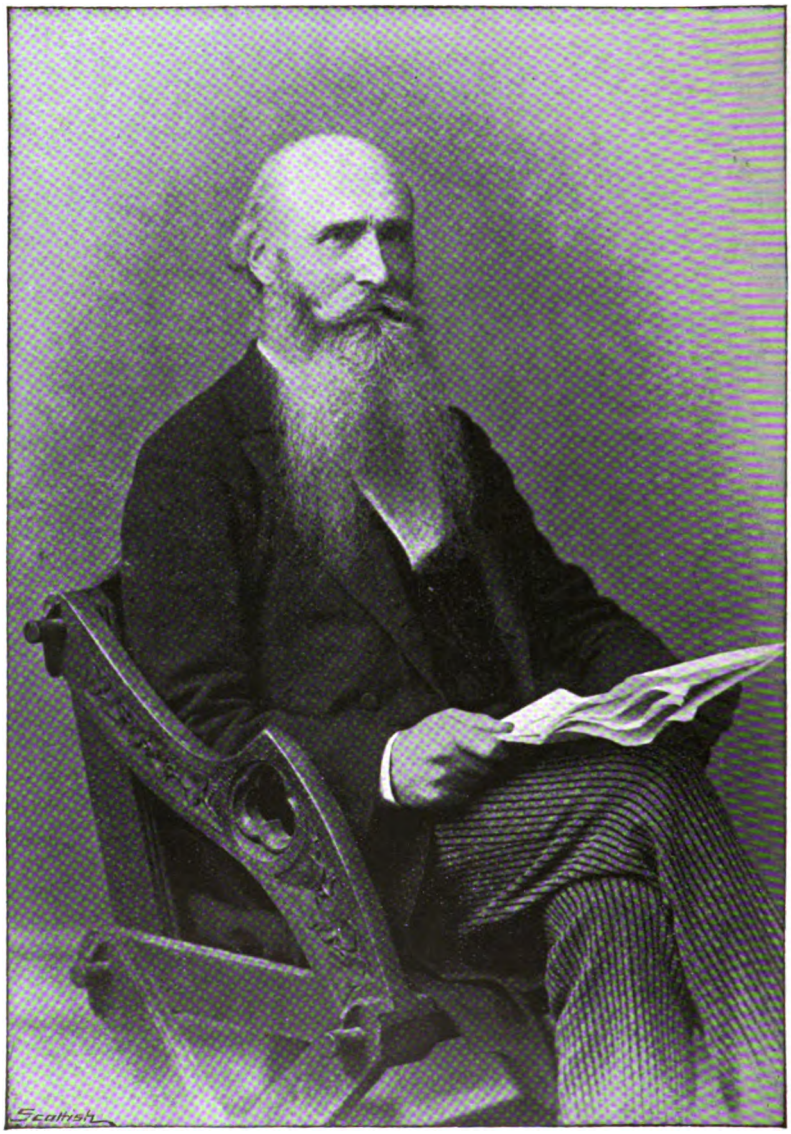
A hundred and twenty-nine Eyemouth fishermen perished, leaving seventy-three widows, and two hundred and sixty-three children, and Burnmouth and other villages lost in the same proportion.

Relief funds were promptly organized, and were so liberally responded to that much want and suffering were averted; but the disaster ushered in many years of depression which affected all classes of the community.

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEW ALBUM OF JEDBURGH AND VICINITY. Jedburgh: A. and W. Easton, 18 High Street.

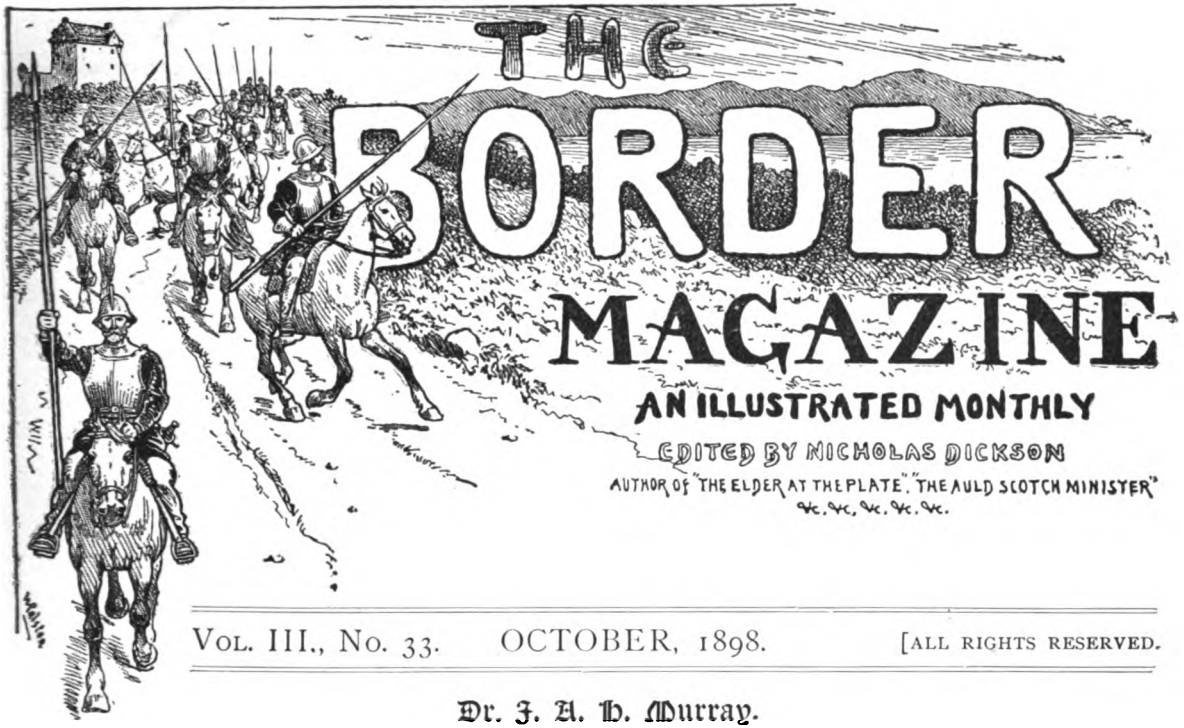
THERE are few visitors to any locality who do not wish to take home with them some views of the places they may have seen during a holiday. A packet of views, or album of photos, is a never-ending delight either to refresh one's memory, or to point out to friends who may have been over the same ground, or who may wish to go. Jedburgh and vicinity are very nicely represented in the album now under notice. It contains no less than eighteen views, and of these there are seven which give us a general view of the town with many of its public buildings, three of the famous Abbey, and eight of the rich and interesting scenery in the neighbourhood. No visitor to Jedburgh should leave the town without a copy of this beautiful album, either to keep for himself and family, or to make a present to a friend who would also like to see "Jethart," during his visit to the Border country.

Glasgow: Gorton & Pryde, Printers.



DR. J. A. H. MURRAY,

EDITOR, "THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY."



VOL. III., NO. 33. OCTOBER, 1898.

Dr. J. A. H. Murray.

EDITOR OF "THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY."

IF Dr. J. A. H. Murray has enemies there is no need that they should ask him to write a book; his name will be handed down to posterity in connection with what is in some respects the biggest book that has ever been published in this country. Not the biggest book in the mere number of its volumes or the size of its pages, but the biggest book so far as regards the enormous intellectual effort which has gone, or will have gone to the making of it. "The New English Dictionary" is, indeed, a unique production—unique already, still more unique when it will have been completed. Some years ago the French Academy announced to the world that it had resolved "for the present" to abandon its huge undertaking of the "Dictionaire Historique." It is nearly fifty years since the Academy began this work, with the aim of producing just such another dictionary as Dr Murray's. The Oxford work goes steadily forward; the great French work has never got to the end of the letter A! If Dr. Johnson should ever meet Dr. Murray in the Elysian fields there will be a hand-shaking, with something, of patriotic joy. When Johnson was asked how he could compile a dictionary in three years single-handed when the French Academy of forty members took forty years to a similar task, he replied that forty times forty made sixteen hundred, and that as three was to sixteen hundred, so was the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman. Johnson proved it so in his own case; the Oxford editor is proving it even more clearly in *his*.

Dr. Murray has resided so long in England that we are apt to forget that he is a Scotsman, and a Border man to boot. He is, indeed, a typical example of the hard-headed Scot who wins his position chiefly by reason of untiring perseverance and tenacious industry. He was born in 1837 in the pretty little Roxburghshire village of Denholm. Denholm is known to fame as the birthplace of another distinguished scholar, John Leyden; and it is something like a coincidence that both men should have edited that fine old prose work, "The Complaynt of Scotland." Educated at the village school, Dr. Murray started life as a teacher, and was for many years a resident in the town of Hawick, where he was latterly the owner of a large private school. In 1864 he removed to a larger sphere of usefulness in London, and after residing there for several years he was appointed headmaster of Mill Hill School, near the Metropolis, where he remained till 1885, when he gave up teaching entirely and removed to Oxford.

Dr. Murray gave early evidence of his love for antiquarian study, not only in the domain of philology but in connection with those more material relics with which the Border country is

so thickly studded. He was one of the founders of the Hawick Archæological Society, a body which, during the forty years of its existence, has done much useful though unostentatious work. To the transactions of this society Dr. Murray contributed several papers; one of these, dealing with the name of Hawick, indicates that even then he had made considerable progress with those philological studies which were afterwards to bring him fame. The fruits of Dr. Murray's scholarship are to be seen in his editions of "The Complaynt of Scotland," already mentioned, and "The Minor Poems of Sir David Lindsay," in the Early English Text Society's publications. Mention must also be made of his volume on "The Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland," which is considered quite a standard work on the subject. Not the least interesting feature of it is a translation of the Book of Ruth into Lowland Scots.

It is, however, in connection with the great dictionary, whose progress every scholar in the country watches with delight, that Dr. Murray has found his life's work. His connection with it originated in a request on the part of an American firm that he would associate himself on the English side in the bringing-out of a new dictionary designed to compete with and beat the existing large American dictionaries—Webster's and Worcester's. This led to Dr. Murray examining the materials of the Philological Society, of which he had up to then only a hearsay knowledge, and to the preparation of specimens, showing what might be made of these materials. The immediate proposals came to nothing, for the specimens meant a much larger work than the publishers had in view, and all that remains of them now are the specimens themselves. They possess, nevertheless, a kind of historical interest, for they kindled once more the dormant interest in the Philological Society's original scheme, and led to negotiations with the Clarendon Press, which resulted finally in their acquiring the existing materials for the construction of a new English dictionary in accordance with that scheme, but with such modifications and improvements as the progress of philology and the experience of practical work dictated.

The first proofs of the great dictionary were sent to press so long ago as the middle of 1882, and as yet only the first seven letters of the alphabet have been overtaken by publication. These letters, however, comprise a good deal more than a fourth of the work. As Dr. Murray has himself pointed out, the number of words beginning with a particular letter differs enormously, far beyond what any one would imagine without actual experiment. S for instance, the largest of all the letters in English, occupies in a dictionary two hundred times the space of X, seventy times the space of V, eighteen to twenty times the space of K or Q. C comes next to S. It comprises more words than nine of the other letters J, K, Q, U, V, W. X, Y, Z—more than one-third of the alphabet added together. It took two years to exhaust its words. D filled up two and a half years, during a part of which period Dr. Murray worked for three months uninterruptedly eighty and ninety hours a week. There is no heavy letter now ahead until the staff arrive at P, although the editor is at present working sixteen hours a day.

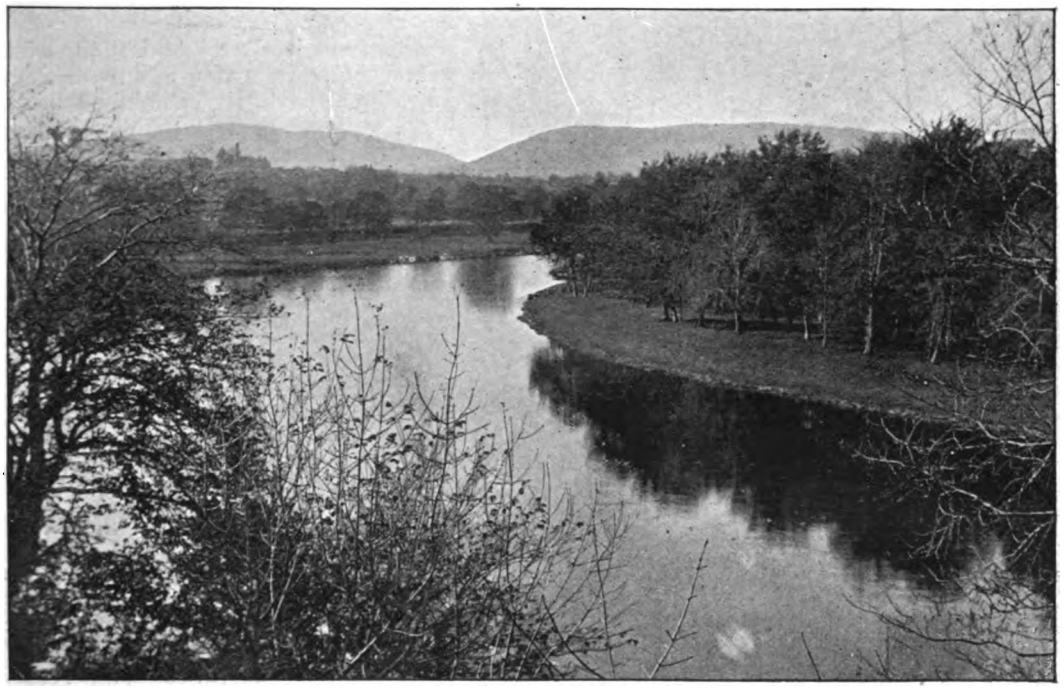
To judge of the difficulties—and we should add of the interest—of the enormous task on which Dr. Murray is engaged, one must take a look into his workshop. "Here, for instance," says he, "is a series of quotations for the word 'cultoist.' It is probably new to you, as it was to me yesterday, and no one would be called rash who, in an ordinary article, condemned it as a superfluous word. But I cannot act half so hastily with such a pile of evidence as this before me. I have to think very carefully before rejecting any word, however faulty it may appear at sight. And this laborious editing must be gone through with the great majority of the material here. Then there is the choosing of the particular and characteristic quotations we need, and—the hardest task of all—the arrangement of the different meanings of the same word in such a manner that they shall present a true historical and logical sequence, and flow one from the other. If you consider any common and much-used word for a moment, you will see how difficult and critical a business this is" So saying, the editor opens one of the printed parts, and showing us the word *come*, occupying 23 columns and illustrated by 1,200 quotations classified under 225 headings of sense and phrase, asks us to picture these, in the shape of 225 little parcels of slips spread out chaotically over his dining-room table, with the problem set to find and apply a clue whereby the contents of the labyrinth should be reduced to the order in which they now stand in the 23 printed columns.

At a dinner given recently in his honour at Oxford, Dr. Murray confidently expressed his belief that the Dictionary would be completed by 1907. The eminent philologist has plenty of energy in him yet; and it is the hope of every Scotsman that he may live to see brought to a successful termination this monumental

work, of his connection with which his countrymen on this side of the Tweed are not a little proud. It may just be added that the secretary of the Scottish Society of Literature and Art in Glasgow has booked Dr. Murray to lecture next season on "The World of Words and its Explorers"—a theme which he has ingeniously undertaken to enliven by lime-light illustrations.

[We do not know whether or not the holiday season is to be blamed, but we have been disappointed, in at least two instances, in not getting forward in time the leading article for this month. The Editor of *The Scots Pictorial* has most kindly come to our relief, and placed at our disposal both the portrait of Dr. Murray and the interesting article which accompanies it.

ED. *B. M.*]



From Photo by THE TWEED AT MELROSE, HYDRO IN DISTANCE. The Author.

A Cycling Holiday in the Land of Scott.

BY A "YANKEE."

LET me commence by stating that I am an American, with my countrymen's love for anything old or historical, largely developed. Britishers do not, or cannot, appreciate these relics properly.

Having fixed on Melrose as the best all-round centre for daily interesting cycling trips, we, my husband and I, arrived there on Monday morning, and established ourselves at the (Ashby private) Hotel, from whence we visited the famous Abbey, both by moonlight, as recommended by Scott in his lines—

> "If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight,"

and also by daylight.

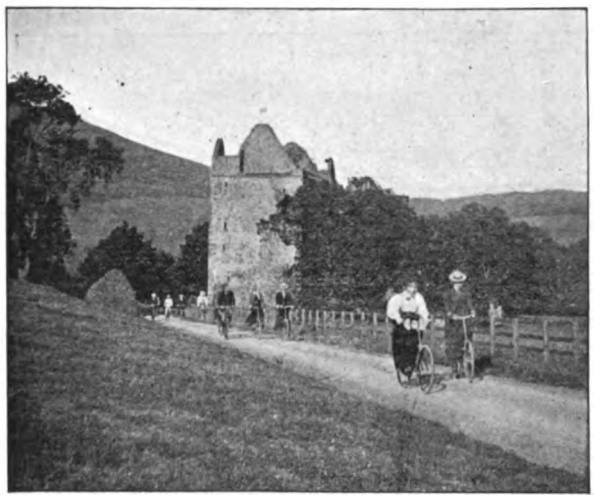
After lunch we sped away to Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, planned by himself, where he lived, worked, and died. There is an interesting collection of his books and private belongings on view, and at onetime visitors used to be allowed to sit in his favourite study chair, but as it was getting worn out this had to be stopped.

Then we rode on to Dryburgh Abbey, where Sir Walter was buried; a most charming secluded old ruin, on the banks of the Tweed, and got back in good time for dinner.

On Tuesday we cycled down to Jedburgh, and were taken to see the fine old Abbey there, Mary Queen of Scots' house, and the room in which Sir David Brewster was born. The fifteen mile ride there was most enjoyable, splendidly shaded roads, rather hilly but with beautiful views.

Next day we did Kelso, also a nice ride of fifteen miles, which is quite the prettiest border town we have yet seen, with its rivers, old Abbey —Abbeys seem at a discount about here,—and ruined Castle, famous in history for having so often changed hands during the Border wars. It was at the siege of this Castle that James II. was killed by the bursting of a cannon, which was then an almost unknown instrument in Scotland. Returning home by a different way, past Floors Castle, the residence of the Duke of Roxburghe, we stopped to visit a picturesque old Border-tower, called Smailholm.

On Thursday, making an early start, we rode the 28 miles—against a strong head-wind, which had become chronic, I was told, since cycles had come into use—to St. Mary's Loch, said to



From Photo by NEWARK TOWER. The Author.

be the largest inland lake in the South of Scotland, being seven and a-half miles round and three miles long. I guess we held back a smile when we heard its dimensions.

After leaving Selkirk the road winds along the valley of the Yarrow, passing the ancient battlefield of Philiphaugh, where General Leslie defeated Montrose, in 1645, with such slaughter that a field close by is still known as "slain men's lea."

Then on, and passed a most beautiful old Border Castle, called Newark Tower, a ruin now, but described in all its former greatness by Scott in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Here we stopped and picnicked inside the central hall of the Tower, grass-covered now, but with its enormous fire places fairly intact, and ascending the winding stairs which brought us out on to the battlement, we had a lovely view all round.

After having peered into the dark lower hall, used as a store-room and stable of the establishment, and traced out the courtyard, and outer defences, we once more mounted and pursued our way, gradually ascending up and up, till the peaceful wooded scenery gave place to the more imposing ranges of dark hills, bare, save for great patches of bracken-fern, heather here and there, a stunted twisted old tree, relics of the vast forest that once covered this whole region over which the great outlaw Murray ruled as forest king.

> "The scenes are desert now, and bare,
> Where flourished once a forest fair."

Still pressing onward we began to feel we should like to see signs of the lake. However, as this feeling was not reciprocated, we sustained ourselves with a hearty tea at the Gordon Arms, a nice roadside inn, six miles from the Loch.

After some hard work against the wind we caught a distant view of a melancholy little tower, standing back on the hillside, which we knew to be "Dryhopes' lonely Tower," celebrated in the district as being "the birthplace of the Flower of Yarrow," which rather mystified us at first; however my husband found out it had something to do with a beautiful daughter of Lord Douglas—trust a man to find out anything that has a pretty woman in it. Then at last we really did come in sight of the Lake. It was very pretty, lying there at the foot of the green hills on all sides, with only a few white-washed cottages, and two tiny hotels to be seen for miles (the nearest town of any description is nineteen miles distant!)

Our love for anything aged, led us sternly past the more modern, and therefore more luxurious little Rodono Hotel, to a rambling whitewashed farmhouse, situated on the shore of the Lake's head, this being the famous cottage inn, known as "Tibby Shiel's," often visited by Sir Walter Scott and Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd" and poet.

Here we were warmly welcomed by the comely proprietress, and her huge, good-looking husband. Certainly many of the Scotch peasants are splendid people, highly intelligent, and up to all that is going on in the outer world.

We were offered a large room, with *box-beds* said to be haunted, which we hastily jumped at, and repented at leisure, as we slept vilely, and saw and heard nothing the least ghostly.

Next morning after being out in a boat pretending to fish, that being visitors' usual ploy, and seeing all that was to be seen, we started off

home by a different route, and except for the first hill of three miles, somewhat like the side of a house, which we had to toil up, one could coast almost the whole way back, and so arrived home perfectly fresh. People usually do there and back in a day, or else go on to Moffat from St. Mary's.

We spent our last day at Peebles, and visited Neidpath Castle, the Glen, and Traquair House, —the last mentioned is the oldest inhabited house in Scotland—and on the way passed Thornilee and Horsburgh Towers; truly this is a land of Abbeys and Towers galore. The ride to Peebles from Melrose, though twenty five miles, is the easiest in the district, and quite charmingly pretty, as you follow the beautiful Tweed all the way.

Next day being Sunday we rested, that is to say, in the afternoon we struggled up to the top of three peaks of hills known as the Eildons, on one of which is an old Saxon camp, dating, so I was told, as far back as 760 A.D.! From this summit one of the most glorious views of the Border Country is obtained.

Next morning, our week being up, we regretfully packed our things and took the train to Edinburgh, the rain preventing us from riding there, (it is only a matter of thirty-six miles.) And thus ended our tour. For the benefit of those who do not cycle, I may add, that public coaches do nearly all those trips during the summer at a very moderate charge, but hiring a trap by the day or hour is very expensive indeed in Melrose, as there is no competition, one man having it all in his own hands. Living at the Hydropathic would also be a good deal cheaper, if not quite so comfortable. There is also fishing and golfing, as well as hunting with the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds during the hunting season, to be had. Altogether Melrose is a capital place in which to spend a holiday.

From Photo by FISHING ON ST. MARY'S LOCH. The Author.

A Border Tinker Family.

THE tinkers of this country are a peculiar people. For generations they have lived apart from the rest of the population, observing ways and customs of their own. Although they live outside the pale of our civilization, they are not without laws which they sacredly observe. They have unwritten laws and a code of honour, of which they are as proud as the Norman Saxon is of his blue blood. Hence a tinker family is indignant and disgusted when any of their number so far forget themselves as to marry a common vagrant.

Amongst perhaps the oldest of the "randie gangrel bodies" of this country, the Kennedys take rank. From time immemorial they have perambulated the land, and a remnant of the tribe is still to be found on the Borders, pursuing their trade of mending and making baskets. The mending of pots and kettles, and making of horn spoons—a branch of their business—has been dropped, as there is now no demand for these.

The glory of this family has departed: there is now but one male representative with several wretched-looking children. Yet when the writer met with him in the summer-time, he traced a relationship with Robin Hood, and claimed kin with the Egyptians of old. "Oor family's fer

aulder than th' Yet'am gypsies; they're no real Egyptians," he declared, and then boasted that they maintained the original habits of the human race, in as much as they lived out in the open.

The strange wild life of this hardy reckless and grotesque tribe was very much in keeping with their code of morals, and caused them to be dreaded in every district in which they pitched their tents. They were not in general restrained by conscientious scruples from helping themselves when their necessities were urgent and favourable opportunities presented themselves.

Their tents were usually pitched on some waste ground near a stream, and were composed of hazel sticks, covered with cotton raised about four feet from the ground. A fire when required was kindled about two yards from the tent door, and it was an ordinary sight to witness the tribe arranged in two circles, the inner composed of the young, and the outer of the old, around the camp fire like a number of Bashi Bazouks.

Their bed as a rule was on the "cold, cold ground," with sometimes straw or brackens below them. They slept thus in all kinds of weather, and yet were scarcely ever ill. Many of them lived to a good old age. It was a most extraordinary event when a doctor was summoned. From their birth their life was one of "roughing it." It was this that made them a hardy race.

Just to show how much this class of people believe in this severe regime, it may be mentioned that when a child was born in Glenlochy in the depth of winter, proffered warm water to wash the child was rejected with contempt. It had to be taken to the river and washed with icy water. Feeling friends declared that the child would die. "Na fears o' 'im," said a "squaw," "if he canna stan' that he's na muckle worth." The child lived, and grew up able to withstand the coldest exposure.

The Kennedy clan professed to obtain their regular supplies by a sort of barter with housewives. Sometimes they assumed the character of fortune-tellers, and delighted the simple youths and maidens with golden visions of future wealth and felicity; and such occasions of happiness conferred necessarily called for due remuneration.

They sometimes amused the country folks by relating strange extravagant stories of their adventures and exploits, not infrequently telling how that they had been engaged in fierce feuds and frays, doing battle either with strangers or amongst themselves.

They were reputed for being gluey-fingered, and when out on foraging expeditions they were in no way "mealy moo'd" and did not stick at "tirrin" a "tattie" pit, or cabbaging a fat fowl. All who came in their way were supplicated for a "copper" or a bit "bacca."

Many stories are told of the sayings and doings of this restless tinker family.

It is told of Wull Kennedy, the most prominent of the tribe, that on being presented with a son and heir, he wished the rite of Christian baptism to be conferred on the child. With this laudable desire, he undertook more than a Sabbath day's journey to Dryfesdale Kirk, where he duly arrived and took possession of the most prominent seat he could find. It happened to belong to the Laird of Lockerby, and when the family came and observed the rough intruder, they sent a powdered flunkey to request him to vacate the pew, and make room for the ladies of Lockerby House. Turning a pair of keen, flashing eyes upon the messenger, Wull replied that he considered it a very impertinent demand, and that he had no intention of complying with it. He sat through the service and intimated to the minister at the close his wish to have his son baptised.

The worthy clergyman proceeded to examine him as to the nature and benefits of the ordinance, but on finding him in dense theological darkness, told him that he could not himself hold up the child for baptism.

"Haud up the child!" exclaimed Wull, greatly nettled at the statement. "What, sir, I could haud 'im up if he was as big as an ox calf!"

One of the Kennedy chiefs had more than one wife, and these were made to do the begging, and at fairs and markets to relieve country folks of their purses, whilst he lived like my lord in ease and plenty. If they failed in prosecuting their calling with that success which gave him pleasure he was not slow in laying on the lash, and that without mercy. His wives were sometimes heard thus vainly remonstrating—"What mair could we dae? We had oor han' in mony an honest body's pouch, but there was naething in them."

After a successful day's collecting of grain and meal, this same chief would treat himself to a "noggin o' the best." On one of these occasions when returning home with "a wee drap in his e'e," the pock in which he carried his earnings got loose when crossing a stream, and the corn kept pouring into the water. He stood still and watched the departing property for a time, and then with all the air of a philosopher remarked, "It cam' by th' wun, an' its gaun by the water."

As illustrating the liberal ideas which prevailed amongst the tinker class on the marriage tie, the following colloquy, heard between two sturdy

females who occupied the same quarters in an old barn may be told.

"Hae 'e ony man th' noo, Mag," said number one. "Ou ay," replied number two, "ma present man is ane Rob Grey, if 'e ken 'im." "Ay, fu' weel I ken Rob," said the first woman, "he was ma husband for twa years, an' a very guid man he mak's."

These restless arabs and waifs as they travelled over Scotland met with much kindness at the hands of the people. Their picturesque appearance, combined with the romance of their wild roving life, raised them above the ordinary tramps. A good old body whose house was known to all vagrants, used to allege in defence of her liberality to them, that they were much less trouble and expense, and much more grateful than her visitors who held their heads a great deal higher.

This particular tinker tribe in the matter of education is no exception to the rule. Their children are without even the meanest training, either secular or religious. Many of them know even nothing of the three R's. Out of over two hundred tinkers, natives of one shire, it was discovered that only nine adults and three children could read, and that to a very limited extent. From a recent inquiry into the condition of our migratory classes, including tinkers, it was found that the percentage of slightly educated persons was very small. Men such as George Smith, of Coalville, and Joseph Wright, of "Drooko" fame, who have done much for the wandering tribes of England and Scotland, are in hopes that a special Act will soon be passed which will secure the education of the rising generation of tinkers.

GEORGE ESKDALE.

Sir Walter Scott.

BORN AUGUST 15, 1771; DIED SEPTEMBER 21, 1832.

A Sonnet suggested by the decoration of his Monument in Edinburgh.

SIX-SCORE and seven eventful years have passed
Since first the wizard of the north appeared
Upon the scene, where his true genius reared
Memorial works, that shall for ages last,
Enshrining harvests, from seeds sown broadcast
With kindly hand, to countless hearts endeared,
Which thrill with gratitude for sad hours cheered,
Or happy times when glamour strange was cast
On varied scenes where gallant deeds were done,
Described by him, whose days with gloom so rife
Were brightened by success through honour won;
Yet at three-score and one, rest from earth's strife
He found, when Death's pall shrouded his clear sun,
And made yon fading wreath fit symbol of his life.

Edinburgh, August, 1898. ADAM SMAIL.

The Rhymer's Glen.

IN an early number of the *Border Magazine* there appeared a paper on "Chiefswood," in which reference was made to the Rhymer's Glen as being open to the public. "Ninety-nine tourists out of every hundred never see it," said the paper, "since they neither have time to visit it, nor do they know where it is, should they have the time." Let us take the opportunity on the present occasion, and see what there is to be seen; at any rate, the walk down the glen will revive much of its association with Sir Walter Scott, and that is its principal object.

After visiting Abbotsford some forenoon, let us take the Rhymer's Glen on our return to Melrose. In doing so we shall never get very far away from Sir Walter, for he is the real presiding genius of the place. Leaving the public road to the tourist, we find our way up to Cauldshields Loch which always seems to us to be a bit, not so much of the poet's property, as of the poet's individuality. It was while struggling with languor and illness, one lovely evening in the autumn of 1817, that he composed the following beautiful lines. They mark the very spot of their birth, namely, the then naked heights overhanging the northern side of the loch, from which Melrose Abbey to the east, and the hills of Ettrick and Yarrow to the west, are visible over a wide range of rich woodland—all the work of the poet's hand:

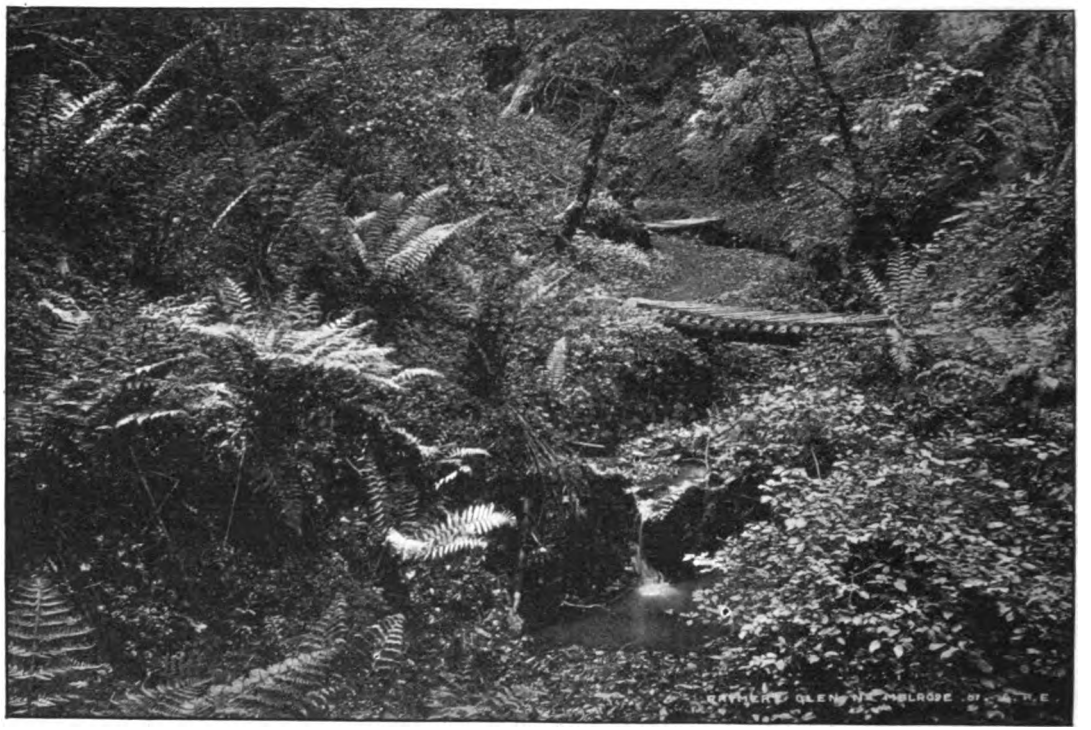
THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still—
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas! the warp'd and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye!
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply!
To aching eye each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

The stillness and solitude that seem to be for ever hanging over this moorland loch, fade away from our sense and memory as we leave

its shore, and follow the burn or brook that finds its way downward among the trees and deepening shadows. For we are now entering the Rhymer's Glen, the interesting scenery of which is forever associated, not so much with True Thomas and the Queen of Fairyland, as with Sir Walter. It is his genius that has turned and changed this once bare and lonely place into this romantic glen. Trees, bridges, ferns, wild flowers, cooing doves, and singing birds—all are here. What a delicious retreat in which to spend a warm day! There is no use in hurrying downward: let us enjoy the Rhymer's Glen,



From Photo by A. R. Edwards, THE RHYMER'S GLEN. Selkirk.

and spend a holiday as it should be spent, with no engagement but the dinner-hour and that is yet a good way off.

Emerging eventually from this fairy scenery, we see Huntly Burn a little way farther down the glen. It is a private residence, however, so we can only stand in distant admiration and think of it in connection with Sir Walter. When he knew it first it was known by the name of Toftfield, but when his friends, Captain Adam Ferguson and sisters, came to reside there the name was changed, at the ladies' request, to Huntly Burn. A little way farther down the burn is Chiefswood, but, as already mentioned, it has been described in a former paper.*

The Prison Linns in Ettrick.

FOR some years back my good friend the bard of Yarrow had longed to see the Prison Linns, a picturesque spot on the banks of the Baillie Burn, a small stream on the estate of Helmburn, which joins the Ettrick on the opposite side of the manse of Kirkhope, and about a stone's throw below the famous Loup.

After an early dinner, on a lovely afternoon in early summer, we set out to see the beautiful spot which has few rivals in the Borderland for romantic situation or delightful solitude.

The sun was shining in regal splendour in a sky of deepest azure, flecked here and there with patches of snow-white clouds, which lazily lay against the blue horizon, while the softest of western winds was blowing, making the air deliciously cool and fragrant.

* The *Border Magazine* for December, 1896.

Wending our way slowly up the side of the burn, which to the writer is calf-ground, for has he not in his schoolboy days fished and gumped the stream to his heart's content, and by its banks he was elevated to the dignity of a cowherd, and thought himself as much a necessary adjunct to the farm as the stalwart ploughman.

Here the yellow primrose in sweet profusion grows, the blue violet spreads its lovely breast o'er the mossy heath, and the stately foxglove keeps watch and ward over its sweeter but more fragile sisters. Quenching our thirst at the caller spring that pours its icy water into the burn, we pass by the remains of what have always appeared to us a Roman camp or fortification. It is formed in a half moon circle, and the mound is about ten feet thick and four feet high.

Entering the Baillie Burn wood just at the bridge that separates the estate from Ettrick Shaws, we find ourselves on a well made footpath, which winds gracefully along the margin of the stream, but at a considerable altitude. Consequently our view, though partially hid by trees, is beautiful in the extreme. Resting on one of the rustic benches and refilling our cutties, we silently sit and gaze on the glories of nature, but not a word is spoken. Here at our feet lie the far-famed Linns which had long excited my brother of the muse, and whose beauty, as he afterwards told me, had far surpassed all his conjured visions. Here, in the intense stillness, broken only by the splash of the crystal stream as it hurries onward over its rocky bed, and the sweet song of the lark as it hung o'er our heads, a mere dot in the sky, we conjured up to our mind's eye glimpses of our persecuted fore-fathers who here sought and found the peace to worship God according to their conscience. Surrounded on four sides by yawning cliffs and frowning precipices, the fervent prayer and soul-sung psalm would rise to the majesty of heaven with a solemn grandeur and sweeter pathos than in the ornamental church with cushioned pews. No seat compares with the gowany sward, no roof like the dome of heaven. Montgomery's lines came to our mind—

> Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
> The Christian's native air,
> His watch-word at the gates of death,
> He enters Heaven by prayer.

Knowing that my friend had lately been composing something new, I kindly suggested that time and situation were favourable for its reception, and after a little coaxing he, as a counter-blast to our malediction on the worn out beauties of the sister stream, recited the following sweet poem on Yarrow. This we believe to be as fine a bit of verse on Yarrow as has ever appeared, not even excepting Wordsworth's, and with which we conclude this short and imperfect sketch of one of the loveliest bits of scenery to be found in all the forest land.

THE ETTRICK BARD.

FAREWELL TO YARROW.

FAREWELL to thee, sweet Yarrow stream,
It grieves my he'rt at pairtin' frae thee,
Inspire my muse an' be my theme,
An' a last pairtin' sang I'll gi'e thee.
Oft hae I roved by thy sweet stream
When whin an' broom were wearin' yellow,
And soothed my young poetic dream
With the sweet murmur o' the Yarrow.

An' noo tho' far frae thee I gang,
An' lang frae thee may be a rover,
I'll wed the name to lasting sang
With the fond breathings o' a lover.
In thee true friendship's voice I hear,
In love's fond accents whisper'd mellow,
In thee I leave my comrades dear,
It's winter noo wi' me an' Yarrow.

And when to cupid's pawky wile
My he'rt in thee I did surrender,
And lived upon the sunny smile
Of radiant love's meridian splendour.
We trysted 'neath the auld thorn tree,
Our canopy the sky sae starry,
What vows o' love were heard by thee
Our lips pledged love beside the Yarrow.

Farewell thou stream of beauty best,
Nae other ane can be thy marrow,
Nae sweeter glen or fairer drest,
I'll never find another Yarrow.
A last fond look frae dewy 'ee,
A glance to pierce my bosom thorough,
A pairtin' wish again to see
My best beloved, my bonnie Yarrow.

R. S.

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All communications relating to Literary and Business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. NICHOLAS DICKSON, *19 Waverley Gardens, Crossmyloof, Glasgow.*

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1898.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

Notes and News.

READERS of last month's Magazine will remember an article by H. M. S. dealing with the Eyemouth disaster by sea in 1881. Eyemouth is now again in peril, but on shore. Its protective sea wall has been partially destroyed by inroads of the sea, and if speedy measures are not taken, it is said, the winter storms will wash houses away and much misery will be the result. The inhabitants are too poor themselves to rebuild their bulwark, and a subscription list has been opened which, we hope, will include not merely such people as are connected by landed or commercial interest with the little seaport, but those inland dwellers in the country who may have enjoyed seaside holidays either at Eyemouth itself or its picturesque neighbours St. Abbs and Coldingham. The fact of being fellow Borderers calls on them to befriend these hardly tried Border folk.

Eyemouth is the centre of the east coast herring and white fishery, and if all those who enjoy at breakfast the dainty herring would now remember the poor herring fisher in his need, and send even the smallest subscription to the Hon. Treasurer, Sea Wall Fund, Eyemouth, Berwickshire, it would be most thankfully received and acknowledged. Although a large sum is required, "many a little makes a mickle."—M. P. M. H.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD MEMORIAL.—The speeches delivered at the unveiling ceremony at the poet's birthplace last July have been collected. These will be published in a memorial volume, for which the minister of Yarrow, the Rev. R. Borland, has written an introductory sketch. Mr. James Lewis of Selkirk is the publisher.

THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.—By the time this part reaches our readers, this famous regiment will have completed its march through the Border Country—beginning at Berwick and ending at Dumfries. In our next monthly number we hope to give a detailed account of the march, along with a Photo of the encampment at Melrose.

BORDER CRICKET.—We have received from a correspondent, a graphic account of the home-coming of the Selkirk team, after their victory at Hawick, on Saturday, 3rd September. When the four-in-hand coach, Ettrick Shepherd, arrived on the outskirts of Selkirk, the popular captain and his victorious eleven were met by a large body of supporters, who unyoked the horses and pulled the coach through the town under the inspiring influence of popular music and great excitement. Halting at the Market Place, the team broke up amidst enthusiastic cheering and the band playing "Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk." This memorable reception of the Selkirk cricketers arose, not so much on account of their victory at Hawick, as from the fact that this year they have won every league match—a feat never accomplished before.

BORDER BOOKS.—We have received the following works, all of which will be noticed next month: *Historical Sketch of the Hawick Golf Club*, by James Barrie; *Sir William Wallace*, Famous Scots Series, by A. F. Murison; *Lammermoor Leaves*, by A. T. G.; *Rambles Round the Eildons*, by James B. Webber.

Village Tales.

BY REV. ANDREW AITKEN, SHAPANSEY.

V.—The Barber's Ghost.

"THERE'S for ye, Peter. Ye hevna a leg to staun' on now," and Rob, the postie, leaned back on his chair with ill-concealed triumph on his face. They were sitting round a table in their usual howff. A dambrod lay between them, and for the last half hour Logan and Rob had been fighting for victory, while the others had watched the varying fortunes of the game.

"Aye, Rob, it's geyan like it; ye're in graun' fettle the nicht. But dinna craw sae crouse. I'll gie ye yer paiks yet."

Logan pushed the board and checkers along the table, and went over to the fire.

"Eh, but it's cauld the nicht," he continued. "It's the first steady frost the 'eer; if it hauds, we micht be on the commonty ice the morn."

Rob lifted a glowing peat, and lit his pipe.

"I wadna say," he interjected between puffs, "unless there's an onding o' snaw, an' it's no unlike it. Come on, Sandy," he said to the landlord, "hev ye no' a story t' gie us afore we be going hame."

Sandy's eyes twinkled as he caught Rob's sly wink.

"Haivers, Rob," he answered, "ye ken a' my stories, unless—let me see—hev I ever telt ye hoo this hoose was yince haunted."

"No—let's hear'd," said Rob.

They hitched their chairs in a half-moon round the fire, and Sandy began.

"It'll be near therty 'eer sin' it happen'd. My faither—puir body—had the inn then. It was the nicht afore Christmas, and a bitter, gusty nicht it was. There was naebuddy in the hoose, an' though it was jimp nine o'clock, we were thinkin' o' shuttin' when I heard a reeshle at the door. Afore I wan the length o't, it banged open, an' in came a wee man, fair smoored in snaw, an' a gizened dottle o' a man he was, yince we had a fair vizzy o' 'im.

"'Gude e'en t'ye,' I said. 'Ye're late on the road, an' fell fond o' traivellin' to be oot on sic a nicht. Sit yont by the fire an' thaw yersel'.

"'I'm a barber on my way from Newcastle to Edinburgh,' he said. 'I left home a week ago, but have been stormstayed on the way. What a night! I almost thought I was done for!'

"I saw at yince that he was an Englisher, by the way he clippit his words. He sat doun in the vera armchair ye're in the noo, Logan, an' couried by the fire until I got a bite o' supper for 'im. I didna like the cratur's looks; his een were as sharp an' as shifty as a foumert's. He hadna muckle to say for himsel', an' wasna long in seekin' his bed. I took him to the east room, an' puir sowl, *I never saw 'im again.* As he seemed fair forfoughen, I gied 'im guid measure in the mornin', an' it was chappit nine afore I knockit on 'im. An 'oor passed, an' he was never like to show face, sae I gaed up an' birled at the door again, but never a cheep did I hear. I tried the haunle, but the door was lockit. Then I thocht something was wrang. Sae I put my shouther tae the door an' yerked it open. When I gaed in, the deil a man was there; the bed claes were heapit on the flure, but he was awa'. My faither an' me gied oot, but the fient a fit-print cud we see. That's the beginnin' o' the ghost. For though my ain idea was that he had slippit awa' in the early mornin' to dodge the lawin', an' the snaw had hidden the marks o' his feet, there was an awfu' wonderment in the village aboot it, an' lots threepit doun through me that the man had been witched awa', an' that he wad walk.

"Aweel the vera neist Christmas, an' juist a year to a day after the man disappeared, a pairty o' a dizzen came frae Edinburgh in the coach. They were gaun to Kelso, but the coach didna gang that way, an' they had to hire frae here. It was nicht when they landit, an' as they were weary baith wi' traivel an' hunger, they stayed a nicht in the inn. A young lass was to sleep in the east room, an' at the back o' eleven a'body was beddit, an' the hoose quiet. But what a nicht ootside! The wind was blowin' big guns frae the east, an' the rain draps were rattlin' like chuckie stanes on the windows. About yin o'clock I woke in a start, thinkin' somebody was callin' for me—there it was again—the shrill skelloch o' a woman. I was owre the bed, my breeks on, an' down the stair in a jiffey—for I was sleepin' in the garret. Every door on the landin' was open, an a'body was spierin' what was the maitter. The faither o' the lass declared it was his dochter who had screamed, an' we gaed to her door an' knockit. There was nae answer, an' he opened the door an' keekit in. Then wi' the cry o' a man dementit, he rushed into the room. I followed, an' there was the lass lyin' in the middle o' the flure in a deid fent. The caunle was burnin' bravely, an' a buke lay open on the table. She had her hair doun, and was preparin' for bed when something had flegged her. We sune had her oot o' her dwam, an' the first word she said was 'Oh,

the voice—the voice!' She hung on by her faither, an' as confidence cam' back, she told her story.

"'I was just going to bed,' she said, 'when I heard a noise at the window. I looked, and saw a huge dark figure with outstretched arm, and heard a deep voice saying, 'Shāve, shāve'!

"I made up my mind to look into the maitter. We got the lass into anither room, an' I took her's. It wasna lang before I baith saw the shape an' heard the voice, but my nerves are fairly strong, an' sune I saw through the hale affair. I told the company in the mornin', an' whan they saw the thing in braid daylicht, they laughed at their former fears, an' the lass was as hearty as any o' them. But come up to the room, an' I'll show ye the hale hypothec. The wind's in the richt airt, an' the ghost's sure to be there."

They pushed back their chairs and followed him. Rob gave a sly look at Sandy, as he went forward to Peter Logan, and said, "Come awa', Peter, an' I'll introduce you to a ghost." Peter had no great longing to go. He had too deep faith in the actual existence of ghosts and witches to have any anxiety to see them. Still he dared not sit there alone, and he followed upstairs. Sandy lit a candle and put it on a table near the bed, and drew down the blind. Then they waited. Suddenly a deep, bass voice rang in the silence—"Shāve, shāve!"

Rob chuckled and said to Peter:

"Step forrit, man—a shave for naething, an' frae a ghost, tae. Ye hinna that chance often."

"Wheesht, ye irreverent fule," said Sandy, "it's the voice, an' we'll see the barber himsel' the noo."

Peter's teeth chittered, an' his whole body shook as if he had the ague. Then said Sandy,

"Losh, there he is."

The moon had flashed through a rent in the black clouds, and sharply outlined against the blind, they saw a figure with a long arm extended. And as the wind swept round the house, the dread voice was heard again. Peter could contain himself no longer; his face had turned ashen grey; he turned and fled from the house in mortal fear. And the courage was fast ebbing from the others, until Sandy said:

"That's the ghost, but come owre to the window, an' see what he's like."

He drew up the blind. Two trees stood just outside the window.

"Look at thae elms," he said. "D'ye notice that their trunks are interlocked? Weel, listen—D'ye hear the voice? Whanever the wind's in the east, an' strong aneuch, it gars thae trees grind against each ither, an' that's where the voice comes frae. But hooly a wee. See whenever I draw the blind doun, an' the mune shines clear, the trees cast a shadow on the window an' that's what makes the man. Sae there's yer fine ghost. Puir Peter."

And he burst with laughter at Logan's weakness.

"I'll be bund," said Rob, "his heid's under the bed claes by this time."

Then he revealed to the others that Sandy and he had arranged that this old story should be told that night to test Peter's nerves. As for the luckless Peter, he believed unto his dying day that he had had an actual visible manifestation of the powers of darkness.

An Old Border Bridge.

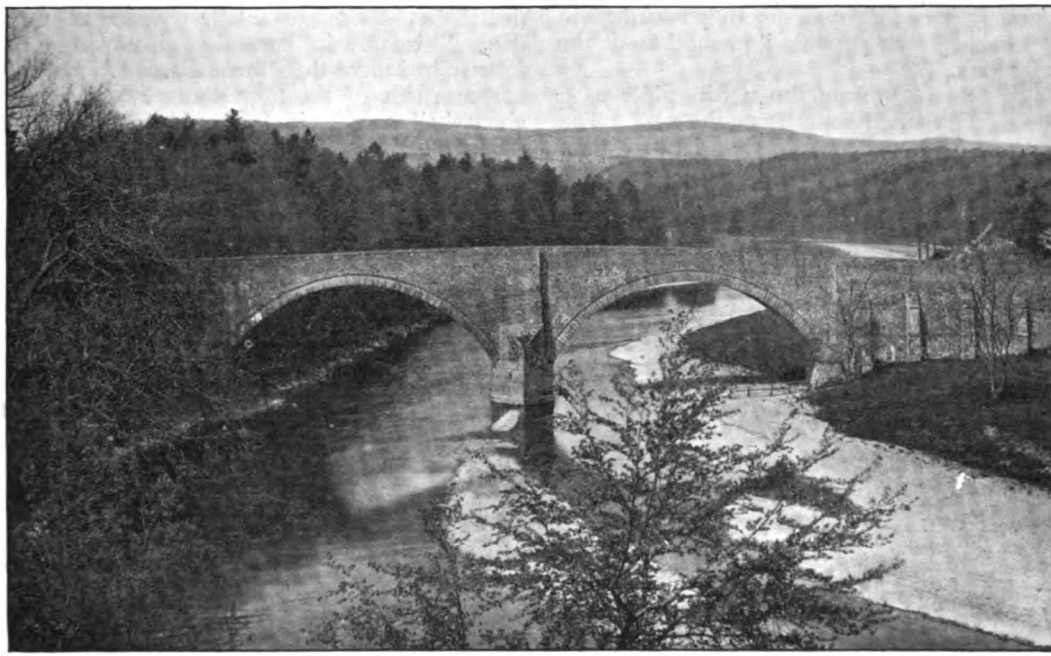
ABOUT a mile and a half to the west of Melrose, the Tweed is crossed by an old stone bridge which is now in the course of demolition. This bridge has had its day, but it now gives way to a more suitable successor; it has its memories, but these may soon pass away, unless they are recorded either here or in some other local history. Let us make a beginning of these memories in the present paper, in the hope that some of our readers and correspondents may contribute something further after this intimation.

Among the earliest recollections of the present writer, the "stane brig" across the Tweed holds a very honoured place. His memory takes him back to the old days when the Lammas Fair was in all its glory on the 12th of August every year. The day before the Fair was an important one for the bridge. Thousands of lambs crossed it on their way up to the fair ground at the foot of the Eildon Hills. The passage of the bridge was a memorable business, and those who used to see it on such occasions are never likely to forget the sight. There were thousands of lambs bleating piteously, dozens of dogs were barking distractingly, while scores of shepherds were hallooing, yelling, and behaving like madmen. All this happened on the night before the Fair, and probably the scenes were just repeated on the night after it, though probably with a change of lambs, but with the same dogs and shepherds. But all is quiet now at Lammas time. There is no such thing as a drove of lambs crossing the bridge on their way to or from the fair, for the railway has taken the lambs in hand, and carried them away to the various sale-rooms over the Border Country.

The "Chevy Chase" and the "Blucher"

coaches are to be seen no more. The galloping of the four horses, the cracking of the driver's whip, the music of the guard's bugle, are all silent now. But these will live in the memory and in the imagination of those who used to hear them long ago. Among the passengers, in these far back days, there was Sir Walter Scott who, when the Tweed was flooded, used to drive down from Abbotsford, under the charge of Peter Mathieson, and pick up the "Blucher" as she came rattling along from Melrose.

There is no more saddening memory connected with this old bridge than the one that comes up at the mention of Sir Walter's last days. On his return home from the Continent, of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited, and when turning himself on the couch his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. The river being in flood, we had to go round a few miles by Melrose Bridge, and during the time this occupied, his woods and house being within prospect, it required occasionally both Dr. Watson's strength and mine, in addition to Nicolson's, to keep him in the carriage. After passing the bridge, the road for a couple of miles loses sight of Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his stupor; but on gaining the bank immediately above it, his excitement became again ungovernable."



From Photo by Poulton, AN OLD BORDER BRIDGE. London.

he reached Edinburgh in a state of utter unconsciousness. At a very early hour next morning, July 11, 1832, he was placed in a carriage and conveyed by his affectionate attendants to his own much longed-for home at Abbotsford. As the party descended the vale of the Gala, Sir Walter began to gaze wistfully about him, and by degrees it was evident that he was beginning to recognise the features of the landscape he knew so well. Presently he murmured a name or two, "Gala Water, surely: Buckholm: Torwoodlee."

The rest is best told by Lockhart. "As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline

Though peace and quietness again returned, yet Sir Walter's last days were drawing to a close. About half-past one, on the afternoon of the 21st September, he gently breathed his last in the presence of all his children. Apart from this incident in the closing days of the illustrious novelist, we can never think of the old bridge across the Tweed near Melrose. And now its own last days have come. As it fades away into a memory only, we begin to realise what a wealth of Border life and incident there is gathered round it, and to indulge the hope that this contribution may only be the first of many others that are yet to come.

The Great Border Storm.

OCTOBER 14, 1881.

THE traces of this storm are still written deep on the Border landscape, though inland the effects were not so disastrous to human life as at sea. The records of the storm will not easily be effaced from the memories of those who experienced or witnessed its terrific force, for it seemed as if it were goaded on by some demoniac power on a destructive mission.

> "Now for a mad-cap galloping chase;
> I'll make a commotion in every place."

In time its dire havoc may pass out of record on the page of history if not duly inscribed in the newspaper or periodical memorials of the current era.

The gale blew from the north, while as a rule our high winds come from the west. The result of this westerly weather is that trees stretch out their roots in that direction, and they are consequently able to withstand a stouter blast from the west than any other point of the compass. Add to this that the monarchs of the wood still retained much of their foliage, and it will be understood that they thus presented a face to the wind such as a ship under sail does. The storm began somewhat early in the morning after daybreak, and reached its climax between the hours of ten and one. It was accompanied by frequent torrents of rain, blinding to the unfortunate traveller, and so filling the air that either moving or stationary objects could not be discerned at any considerable distance. Overhead the clouds draped the heavens as with a funeral pall, or frowned and threatened as if they would have doomed the land and the inhabitants thereof to the fate of the world in Noah's days. The mighty rushing of the blast as it careered through the heavy and rain-laden air, and assailed with wrathful fury the trees of the wood and resisting hedgerows, had all the terror-inspiring effect on the lower animals of a violent thunder-storm. People could not shake off an indefinable kind of awe, and the "owrie" cattle in the fields must have felt something akin to their biped superiors. Not a few pedestrians were in danger. The dislodged slates, the toppling chimney cans and even chimney stacks, and the wrenched-off roof-rhones were sources of imminent danger in towns; while on country roads equal hazard was run from up-rooted and over-turned trees. Persons journeying in vehicles were in constant dread lest a gust of the gale might carry their machine off its wheels and play havoc with it on the highway. Such a fear may now in some quarters be treated as the offspring of exaggeration or unstable nerves; but to those who experienced the force of the tempest under these circumstances there remains the impression of the haunting terror which they still conceive to have been well founded. What was there unreasonable in it, considering the ravages everywhere marking the course of the hurricane?

Considering how largely trees contribute to the beauty and variety of the landscape, it can be readily understood how the ravages of the storm made many feel heart-sore by the disappearance of forest favourites. The devastation was not uniform; but all over the Border districts its effects are only too visible till this day. Kelso and its immediate district seemed to have had more than their share. Along the northern side of the town there stretched for about half a mile in length by nearly thirty yards in breadth, a noble array of trees, chiefly beeches, known as the Angroflat Plantation. Taken by the blast on the northern side—that which was least accustomed to withstand the force of a gale—many of the noblest of these were overthrown. In that stretch of wood nearly one hundred trees, mostly the choicest specimens among a multitude where all were goodly, were up-rooted and cast prone to earth. Viewing the sad scene in the quiet days that ensued, it might have been pictured to the imagination as the battle ground of forest giants, where the slain were left to testify of the fiercely foughten field. They lay terribly disfigured and seriously dismembered in their branchy parts, realistic reminders that the wars of the elements have their destructive accompaniments as well as the wars in which men expire in agony, and shock the finer feelings of humanity with "garments rolled in blood." In most places the prostrate victims of the strife lay scattered at short distances along the line of wood without creating vacant spaces right through; but near the western end of it, where it was of greatest breadth, the furious blast had cleared a broad space straight before it, as if some monster cannon shot had ploughed its way through a solid square of infantry. The gap reveals the daylight through and through the plantation till this day. When the great trunks fell the roots tore up the soil in which they had found their life for yards around. On examination it was seen that the root tentacles had not sought their sustenance in depth of earth, but in breadth. They had suited themselves to their circumstances, for the subsoil was too gravelly to afford

the food they needed, while they found it by spreading over a greater area. The plantation —an ornament at all times, and a shelter from the chill north wind—is situated on the sloping face of the bank which had in a remote era formed, according to geological averments, the bounding margin of the great lake or river expanse which can here still be traced, and on part of which the town of Kelso stands. It was long ere the fallen victims were fated to be removed, and for months they lay like the fallen and unburied warriors in the Soudan desert, whose ghastly remains have frequently been passed by our British forces on their line of march to Khartoum. But in the end they were taken out of sight. And for what end? A steam-driven saw hench was brought to the spot, and most of the trees were cut up into paving blocks, and are now trodden under foot in the busy streets of some of the great cities in the north of England. Shall we say that to destine them to this purpose was to reduce them to "base uses," or shall we assign to them the honourable function of promoting the convenience and comfort of man in the modern requirements of civilisation?

The example here given, on a limited scale, of the havoc wrought by the memorable storm may serve to show its dire effects over the wider area where its force was felt. But one more example may be given. On a fine estate in the vicinity the noble proprietor took great pride in a fine bit of plantation near his princely dwelling. The blast "breathed" upon the firm-rooted trees as it passed, and in one fell sweep they were one and all laid low. The heart-pang was sore to the finely-strung feelings of a nature inherently noble, and the relief of tears alone could assuage the overflowing grief.

We read of the tremendous effects of the tornado in America and other climes, with whose atmospheric conditions ours are not seldom held up to unfavourable comparison because of our clouded skies and be-moistened atmosphere; but have we not reason to be content with our climatic conditions if thereby we experience exemption from the extremes that prevail in sunnier though not more favoured lands?

THOMAS TWEED.

[Under the title of "The Eyemouth Disaster" last month, our readers will remember the vivid description of "The Great Border Storm" in so far as it affected the Berwickshire Coast. Eyemouth is again threatened by disaster. In the circumstances, we would earnestly direct the attention of our readers to the APPEAL as stated on page 190 of the present number.—ED. *B.M.*]

A Famous Border Poet.

IT is a great pity that the proposal to revive the memory of William Julius Mickle, the translator of "Lusiad," by erecting a tablet to his memory in Langholm Town Hall, should have fallen through. He was a poet of considerable taste and fancy, and deserves to be better known by his fellow-countrymen. It is to be feared that few know him except through Sir Walter Scott's reference to his "Cumnor Hall," prefixed to "Kenilworth," which suggested the ground work of that romance. Perhaps the most effective method of perpetuating the poet's fame would be to issue a complete edition of his poems, with an authentic biography, for of existing biographies no two agree on several important details of his life.

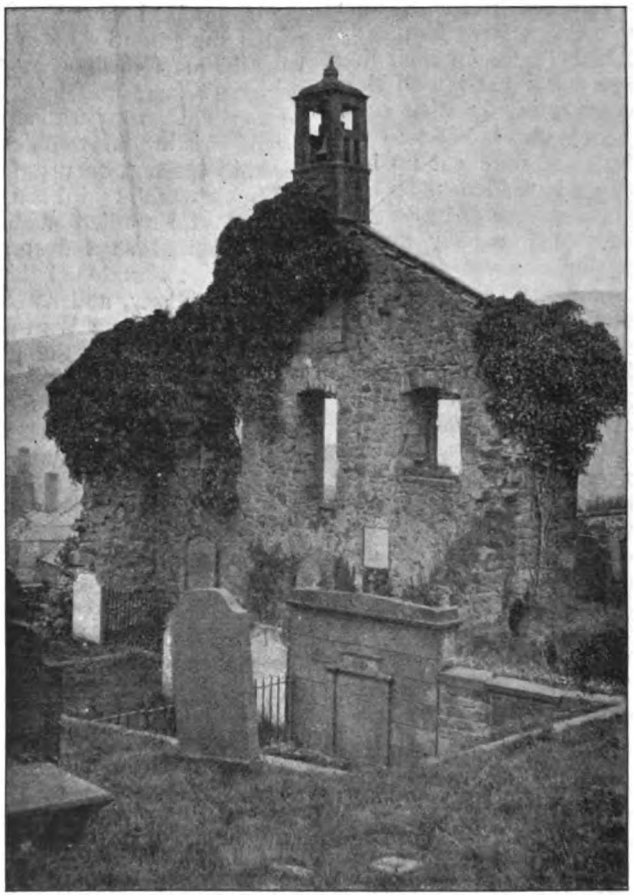
Mickle was the third son of the Rev. Andrew Mickle who studied medicine at Edinburgh, and practised as a doctor in London. He, after a time, abandoned the medical profession for the ministry, and acted as an assistant to the Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts, but in May, 1717, became minister of the parish of Langholm, where we learn from old records he exercised a considerable influence for good.

His poet son was born at Langholm, on the 29th September, 1734, and was educated at the parish school. On the resignation of his father, in 1746, the family removed to Edinburgh, where William attended the High School. On leaving school he became clerk in a brewery in which his aged father had been induced to place all his fortune. Here, by care and diligence, he gradually rose, till in 1755, he had sole charge, and ultimately became partner of the concern.

His literary tastes, however, and commercial duties did not run well together, and his good-heartedness led him to become security for a printer friend, with the result that he became a bankrupt. It was probably this relationship that led to the absurd notion that Mickle followed the occupation of a printer. We find Scott speaking of him as following this calling, adding that he "frequently put his lines into type without taking the trouble previously to put them into writing"—very improbable.

Desirous of literary distinction, he sold his business and went to London, in 1764, having published his poem "Providence" two years before. Once in the great city his rosy dreams of fame lost their russet hues. Even with the the patronage of Lord Lyttleton he spent two years of comparative destitution, and when on the eve of leaving the country for Carolina, was glad to accept the situation of reader for the Clarendon Press at Oxford, which post he held till 1772.

While at Oxford he published his "Pollio," "Syr Martyn," and "Cumnor Hall." The last, though printed anonymously, was highly successful, running into three editions, and being ascribed to different outstanding authors. The first canto of the "Lusiad" was published in 1771, and the first edition in 1778. With the appearance of the great translation Mickle found himself famous, and his fortune greatly helped. Many of his pieces were of high merit, and won for him a place among the poets, but this work ensured his name being handed down to posterity.



From Photo by Geo. M'Robert, Edinburgh.
WHERE THE POET WAS BAPTISED—HIS FATHER'S CHURCH.

In 1779 the poet became secretary to his relative, Commodore Johnstone, R.N., with whom he went out to Portugal, and was received with marked honour in Lisbon by the compatriots of Camoens. On the return of the successful expedition, Mickle gained a large share of the prize money, which enabled him to discharge all his debts in full, and to take to himself a wife, when he settled down at Forrest Hill, near Oxford. Here, till the failure of a bank, the poet spent his days in ease and leisure. Once more he was launched into difficulties, and died in comparative poverty on the 29th October, 1788.

The most popular of Mickle's poems is undoubtedly "Cumnor Hall," but for tenderness and pathos his "Nae Luck aboot the Hoose" quite surpasses any of his poems. Some one has well said that it is "the fairest flower in his poetical chaplet," and that the "delineation of humble life and matrimonial happiness and affection" presented in this song is almost unequalled. Burns had a high regard for the song, and spoke of it as "worthy of the first poet." But it is from a double verse added by Dr. Beattie that the Scottish bard, when referring to the song, takes the couplet—

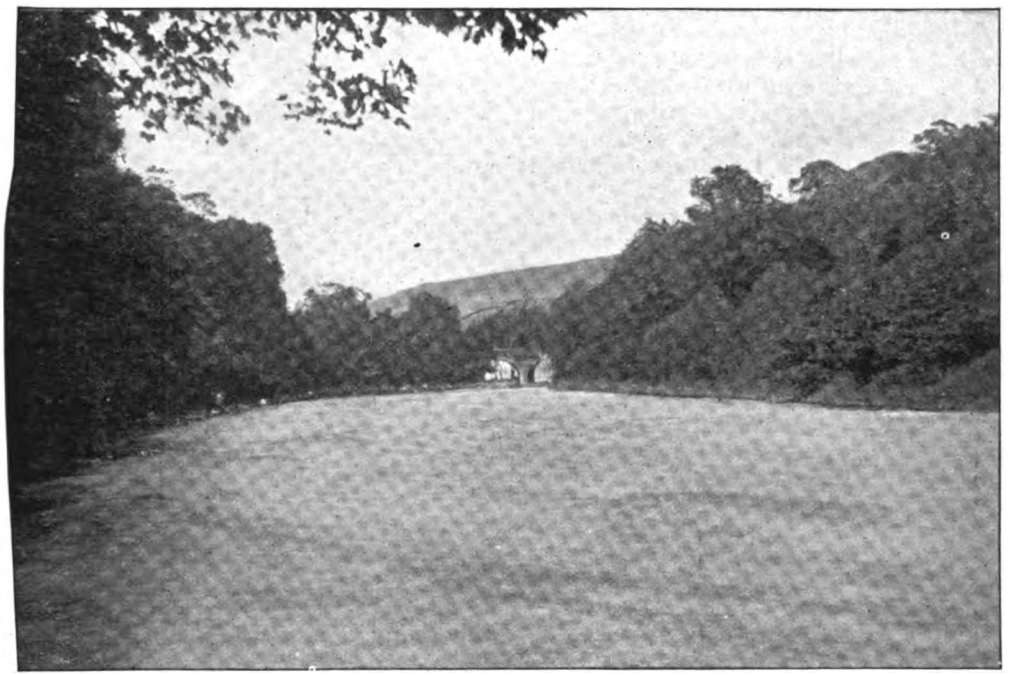
> "The present moment is oor ain,
> The neist we never saw."

The Langholm Flood of 1846.

FEW localities but what have had their deluge, designated the flood, and spoken of by the older inhabitants with as much interest as if they rivalled the deluge of universal history. Ours however is not the Noachian flood, nor yet the famous Hawick spate, but Langholm Common Riding flood of 1846—still remembered by not a few, and described as having been something fearsome.

The ancient ceremony of crying the fair, and riding the marches had been duly observed; the games and races had been contested with great spirit, and the day gone past with a good deal of mirth and merry-making before evidences of the coming storm appeared. The Kilgreen, the scene of the festival, was almost deserted, but the Muckle Toon was as lively as a bee-hive, when an old man, addressing a company of frolicksome youths, said, "'e hed better be lookin' aboot 'e, lads, for if aw'm no far mista'en we'll hae sic a storm soon, as the maist o' us never saw." It was not long till his words came true. The heavens grew black, lurid forked fire shot across the sky, and the mutterings of distant thunder were heard. The lightning gradually increased in brilliancy and the thunder in force and awesomness, and the rain, a mere vapoury drizzle, soon came down in torrents. The streets, now deserted, became flooded, yet the storm grew in intensity, and people began to think that the world's end had come. Those who had imbibed too well and were out in the element, looked in a few minutes as if they had been taking a bath with their clothes on. The rain is said to have fallen "fair hale watter."

The Esk and its tributaries overflowed their banks, and in their impetuous rush carried everything before them. Great trees were torn up, and wooden erections were swept bodily away. One poor fellow sleeping off the effects of John Barleycorn, on "the little Kilgreen," was picked up by the boiling flood, and no trace of him was found till nine months after, when his body was discovered near Longtown. For many weeks his faithful dog tracked the course of the stream daily, in search of his master.



From Photo by Geo. M'Robert, THE ESK IN FLOOD. Edinburgh.

The Tarras, the fastest running stream in the South of Scotland, rose in a most incredible time, and came down with a terrific rush. Its roar was heard for miles around. One who visited Niagara years after, declared that it reminded him of the Tarras on the "floody Common Ridin'." Bridges, cattle, and boulders weighing several tons, were borne down the

stream. For days after, fish were picked up on the hill-side far above the ordinary water mark.

The Byre Burn and the Liddel rose to a fearful height. A bridge spanning the former was swept away, and two men, thinking to cross it, stepped into the seething flood. One saved himself by catching hold of a bush, but the other was never heard of. Riccarton Toll was carried away, roads through Canonbie were rendered impassable, and many of the houses were inundated. The Esk at some parts ran so high that one could have washed their hands from some of the bridges, indeed, some of the bridges were submerged, and communication between the banks was completely cut of.

Along the lower reaches of the river, a feeling of panic took possession of the people. Many of their children and friends had been to Langholm carnival, and how it had fared with them they knew not. All night long, parents and relatives wandered the highways in the merciless rain, searching for their own. Many of the latter had hair-breadth escapes, and others had taken "any port in a storm."

It was well into the morning before there was much abatement of the storm. With the first streaks of day, eager watchers ventured nearer the roaring flood, anxious to learn the full extent of destruction, and the whereabouts of their friends. Not a few happy re-unions followed the awful night's experience, and not the least of these was among relatives of the writer.

It took many years labour to repair the damage done by "the flood," and even yet traces of its destructiveness are to be found in many parts. Floods and thunderstorms have since been experienced in Eskdale, but these have been as nothing to compare with that of the eventful night of the Common Riding of 1846.

G. M. R.

The Proverbs of the Waverley Novels.

IV.

IN the proverbs of the Waverley Novels the animal kingdom occupies a very conspicuous position. Dogs, horses, sheep, hares, rabbits, poultry, fish, and even midges, are all represented as pointing the moral or adorning the tale. They come when they are called, and they retire when they are not wanted, leaving no unsettled questions behind them. Let us begin with the dogs. Looking round the former home of his fathers, and unaware as yet of its ultimate recovery, Mr. Bradwardine, in "Waverley," says to Colonel Talbot, "I cannot but marvel that you have nowhere established your own crest, whilk is, I believe, anciently called a talbot, as the poet hath it—

A talbot strong—a worthy tyke.

At least such a dog is the crest of the martial and renowned Earls of Shrewsbury, to whom your family are probably blood relations."

"I believe," replied the Colonel, smiling, "our dogs are whelps of the same litter. For my part, if crests were to dispute precedence, I should be apt to let them, as the proverb says, 'fight dog, fight bear.'"

After the battle of Drumclog, in "Old Mortality," Cuddie Headrigg enters the service of Henry Morton, and thus describes the portmanteau which he had picked up—"It was Lord Evandale's yesterday, and its yours the day. I fand it ahint the bush o' broom yonder. Ilka dog has its day. Ye ken what the auld sang says :

Take turn about, mither, quo Tam o' the Linn."

This same proverb of ilka dog having its day is quoted by Andrew Fairservice in "Rob Roy," when he says to Syddall, the old butler at the hall, "We are come to tak your charge aff your hand, my auld friend. Ye may g'e up your keys as sune as ye like—ilka dog has his day."

In "The Heart of Midlothian," the Magistrate says to Ratcliffe, "I do not know what you may have proposed to yourself, but I know what the law proposes for you, and that is to hang you next Wednesday eight days." "Na, na your honour," said Ratcliffe firmly, "craving your honour's pardon, I'll never believe that till I see it. I have kent the law this mony a year, and mony a thrawart job I hae had wi' her first and last; but the auld jaud is no sae ill as that comes to—I aye fand her bark waur than her bite." This same expression is used further on in the same novel, by Mrs. Balchristie, when she says to Jeanie Deans—"Na, na, never mind me, lass, a' the warld kens my bark's waur than my bite."

In "The Bride of Lammermoor" the fine to be imposed on the Laird of Bucklaw is being discussed. "I had set that down for a by bit between meals for mysel'," says Lord Turntippet. "To use one of your favourite saws, my lord," replied the Marquis, "you are like the miller's dog that licks his lips before the bag is untied—the man is not fined yet." Further on in the same novel we come across Bucklaw himself saying to Ravenswood—"So you have set yoursel' down to mourn over the crop-eared dogs whom honest Claver'se treated as they deserved." "They first gave the dogs an ill name, and then hanged them," replied Ravenswood.

Speaking of the game laws and the difficulty

of catching poachers, Mowbray, in "St. Ronan's Well," remarks, "There was the same plague in my father's days, I think, Mick." Mr. Meiklewham, who was thus addressed, replied with an inarticulate grunt, addressed to the company, and a private admonition to his patron's own ear "to let sleeping dogs lie." Wandering Willie, in "Redgauntlet," has the same advice to give regarding the Laird of Birrenswork. "Tak' my advice," he says to Darsie Latimer, "and speer as little about him as he does about you. Best to let sleeping dogs lie."

Speaking of Redgauntlet while confined in the prison of Carlisle, Mrs. Crosbie represents him as one who would have died twenty times before he touched a fiddler's wages. "Hout fye—hout fye—all nonsense and pride," said the Laird of Summertrees. "Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings, cousin Crosbie: ye little ken what some of your friends were obliged to do yon time for a sowp of brose, or a bit of bannock." Later on in the same novel, Nanty Ewart says to his friend Alan Fairford, "Why then, if you will do nothing for the free trade, I must patronise it myself." Taking a large glass of brandy, Nanty resumed, "A hair of the dog that bit me . . . of the dog that will worry me one day soon."

Bevis, the faithful mastiff of old Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, in "Woodstock," fell under the proverb which says—"He is a good dog which goes to church," for he regularly followed his master to worship, and behaved himself as decorously as any of the congregation, and returned as much edified as most of them.

Such are some of the proverbial references to dogs; let us see how the horses get on. There is generally something worth listening to in the cheap philosophy of Andrew Fairservice. "If ye dinna think me fit to speak like ither folk," says Andrew to his master, "gie me my wages and my board-wages, and I'se gae back to Glasgow. There's sma' sorrow at our parting, as the auld mear said to the broken cart." Just so. These horses seem more accommodating than the dogs who did not take to their surroundings in the same way. "A wink's as gude as a nod to a blind horse," observes Ratcliffe, in "The Heart of Midlothian," and yet they have their own ways too, and if we may gather from what the Laird of Dumbiedykes says to Jeanie Deans. "A fair offer, Jeanie . . . ae man may bring a horse to the water, but twenty winna gar him drink." Give the horse a bad name, and you may do anything you like with him. "It's the wanton steed that scaurs at the windlestrae," says Meg Dods, in "St. Ronan's Well," and yet he has his good points too if we accept of Dame Martin's easy philosophy, in "Redgauntlet," where she says, "Better the nag that amblesa' the day, than him that makes a brattle for a mile, and then's dune wi' the road." In this same novel we find Provost Crosbie saying, with reference to the "Forty-five," "I reckon the Highlandmen did me damage to the amount of £100 Scots, forbye all they ate and drank—no, no sir, I stand beyond challenge; but as for the plaguing myself with county business, let them that aught the mare shoe the mare."

After all this playfulness with the horse, or the mare, we may turn to another side of the equine character, and ask of Alan Fairford, in "Redgauntlet"—"Have ye taken the rue? Will ye take the sheaf from the mare and give up the venture?" In the same novel Maggie asks of her husband, Wandering Willie, if she wasna gaun to the ploy. "Na, na," he replies. "Stable the steed and pit your wife to bed when there's night wark to do." Old Mr. Fairford, too, in the same novel, says to his son—"Hark ye, lad, hark ye—I never intended to cheat you of your fee when all was done, though I would have liked to have heard the speech first; but there is nothing like corning the horse before the journey." And in the same novel Peter Peebles thus speaks of his case, "It's the barley-pickle breaks the naig's back, and wi' my consent it shall not hae ony mair burden laid upon it."

Turning to other animals about the home or farmyard we find that the cow comes first. "I would not be such a dog-bolt as to go and betray the girl to our master," says Lance in "Peveril of the Peak." "She has a right to follow her fancy, as the dame said who kissed the cow;" and Caleb Balderston, in "The Bride of Lammermoor," brings in the cow in this way while speaking of the cooper's wife to her mother. "Ne'er a bit but she looks far better than when she married Gilbert, and then she was the bonniest lass in our parochine, and the neest till't, but gawsie cow—goodly calf."

The sow comes in for a word or two by way of proverb. "There is no making a silken purse out of a sow's ear," observes Sir Geoffrey in "Peveril of the Peak;" while poor Nanty Ewart, in "Redgauntlet," tells us how he was on one occasion "as drunk as David's sow"—mere parentheses, revealing much but relating nothing beyond the proverbs.

The cat and the cream come in for frequent mention, while the same may be said of the mice at play while the cat's away; but they are mentioned only incidently and do not merit special quotation. The mice suggest the rats, and the suggestion takes us to "The Chronicles of the Canongate," where Christie Steele speaks

her mind pretty freely about Chrystal Croft-angry. "This unhappy lad had devoured his patrimony," said Christie, "when he kenned that he was living like a ratten in a Dunlop cheese, and diminishing his means at a' hands —I canna bide to think on't." The fox and the wolf come next, but a single proverb disposes of both of them. "If the badger leaves his hole, the tod (the fox) will creep into it," says the Booshalloch, in "The Fair Maid of Perth;" while Adam Woodcock, in "The Abbot," tells us that "when the wolf has lost his teeth he should be treated no better than a cur."

Passing to the poultry in the farmyard we come across, in "Ivanhoe," an old Saxon proverb which points out an exception to a general rule, namely, that such and such a person was "a cock that would not fight." The cock, however, comes into full play in the following proverbs:—Meg Dods, in "St. Ronan's Well," says that the Laird had jumped at the ready penny "like a cock at a grossart." Peter Peebles, too, leapt at the position, "like a cock at a grossart," to have Alan Fairford as his counsel; while Ritchie Moniplies, in "The Fortunes of Nigel," uses the same illustration when he says that in Edinburgh they will jump at these English gold pieces "like a cock at a grossart." The cock suggests the goose in the farmyard. Adam Woodcock, in "The Abbot," compares his companion to Macfarlane's geese, who "liked their play better than their meat." The geese rise into swans on special occasions; like that, for example, when Mr. Winterblossom contrived to make every scrap of engraving or drawing the finest that ever was seen. But such was the way with collectors: "their geese were all swans."

Leaving the farmyard for the open country, let us take a walk at liberty, and note down what we come across among the birds in the way of proverbs attaching to them. "Hawks do not pike out hawks' een," says the proverb, and of this there are many illustrations in the way of families, instead of quarrelling with each other, agreeing in setting each other up a step in the social scale. There is the story of the Provost, in "Redgauntlet," for example, whose ancient and honourable house has cousins among the great folks, "Hawks, you know, Mr. Alan, will not pike out hawks' een." In "Rob Roy," too, the Bailie observes, "I widna . . . rest my main dependence on the Highlandmen: hawks winna pick out hawks' een." In "The Abbot," the brother of Unreason observes to Father Ambrose, "We came hither, my good sir, more in mirth than in mischief—our bark is worse than our bite. . . . It is ill whistling for a hawk when she is once on the soar." In "The Betrothed," Lillian punches Raoul with the end of her riding rod. "Try the new trade, man, since thou art unfit for any other—to the good men—to them—crave their charity." "Beg from beggars?" muttered Raoul, "that were hawking at sparrows, dame"

The crow comes frequently amongst us in these proverbial sayings. "If these Ravenswood cases be called over the coals in the House of Peers, you will find that the Marquis will have a crow to pluck with you," says the agent to the Lord Keeper; and in "Redgauntlet" this proverb is used by the crowd, who cry out—"Where is the sea-otter, John Davies? . . . . I have an old crow to pluck with him, and a pock to put the feathers in."

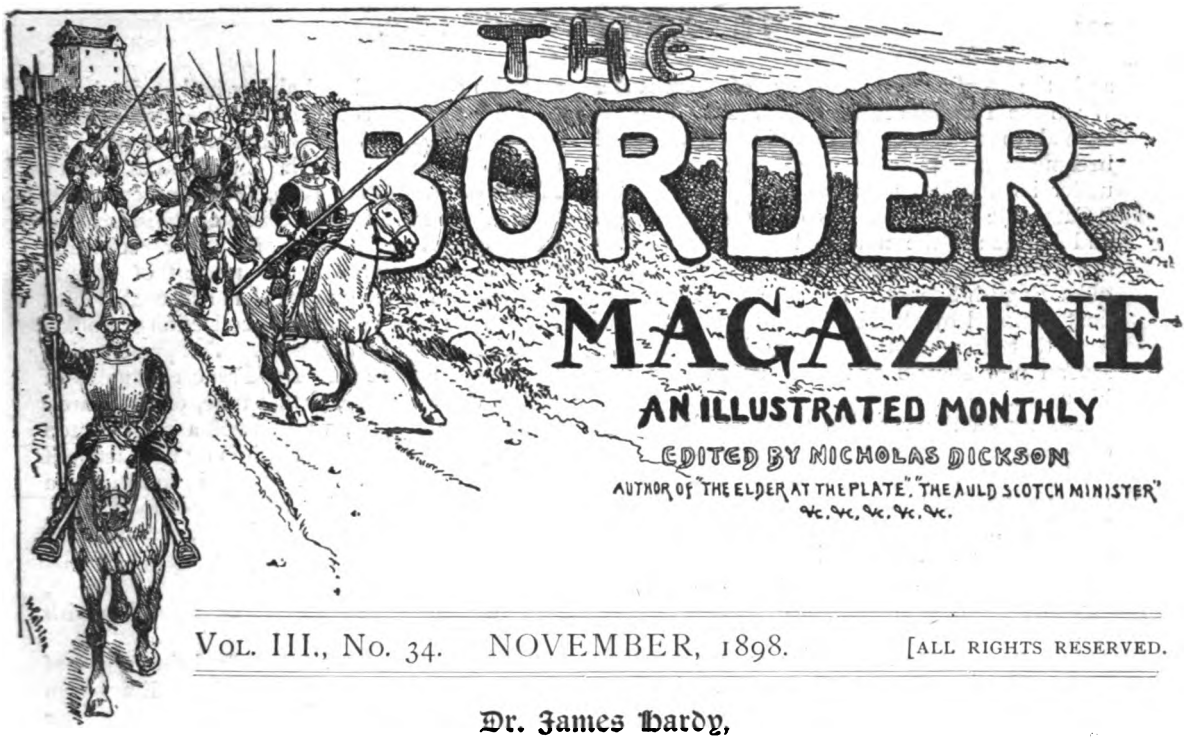
In "Kenilworth," Walter Raleigh disowns, "with becoming modesty, that one day's fair reception made a favourite any more than one swallow a summer." In "The Fair Maid of Perth," the Prince observes that "it is better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak," implying that it is better to keep in the forest than shut themselves up in fortified places. The lark reminds us of the messenger in "The Betrothed," who says—"He that designs to catch larks must not close his net upon sparrows," intimating that it was a greater boon to ask of the Lord Constable, and that, therefore, he declined the present gratuity. "It's an ill bird that fouls its ain nest," is a proverb that frequently crops up in the Waverley Novels. Let us close this paper with one illustration of it from "The Fortunes of Nigel." "It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest, and a pity it is that a kindly Scot should ever have married in foreign parts, and given life to a purse-proud, pudding-headed, fat-gutted, lean-brained Southern, e'en such as you, Maister Christie."

Glasgow: Carter & Pratt, Printers.

DR. JAMES HARDY,

(Obiit, Sept. 30, 1898,)

BERWICKSHIRE NATURALISTS' CLUB.



VOL. III., NO. 34. NOVEMBER, 1898.

Dr. James Hardy,

OF THE BERWICKSHIRE NATURALISTS' CLUB.

WE regret to announce that Dr. James Hardy, secretary of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, died suddenly on Friday evening, 30th September, 1898, at his residence Oldcambus, Townhead, Cockburnspath. Though in his 84th year, Dr. Hardy enjoyed until the end the full use of his mental faculties, and continued to pursue with unabated interest the scientific and antiquarian studies which had almost entirely occupied his long, active, and useful life. On the day of his death he appeared to be in his usual health and spirits, and after tea left the house to take a walk in the garden. Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Hardy went out to join him, and was shocked to find him lying quite dead.

Born and brought up amid all the activities of a most worthy and excellent farming family, which had its home and centre at Penmanshiel, on the Dunglass estate, in the parish of Cockburnspath, this eldest son of the farm, even as a boy, was more concerned in making observations on the wild denizens of air, earth, and water, whether of the floral or faunal tribes, than about the care of the flocks and herds of the field, or the beasts of the stall. In this respect "the boy was father to the man." There was a good classical teacher in the school at Oldcambus at that time, so that Mr. Hardy got his preparatory education there without needing to leave home. He entered the classes in the Edinburgh University in the year 1833, and after four sessions of College life, one of which was spent in Glasgow, for the purpose of attending special classes there for the study of chemistry, mineralogy, botany, and natural history, he returned home somewhat broken in health. Though a most diligent and faithful student in all the work of the various classes he attended, yet having no predilection for any of the professions, his course for a time was uncertain. All the while, however, he was making himself, by careful reading in the various departments of natural history, and by close observation of phenomena, as he taught himself geology, conchology, ornithology, and entomology.

What appeared a favourable opportunity for opening an academy for higher education having occurred in Gateshead-on-Tyne in 1846, he made trial of that for some years, and it seemed as if he was going to succeed in making a place for himself, when again his health broke down, and he was forced finally to return to the parental home. Ostensibly a farmer, he was really and truly a scientist all the time; for while there was always a "led" farm where he might reside, and bestow his books and specimens, a brother did all the farming in the way of marketing and other transactions, and left Dr. Hardy to follow out his true life's work.

Whilst at Gateshead Dr. Hardy joined the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle,

and the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle. When the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club was formed in 1847-48, Dr. Hardy and a friend became members, and in 1848 began to publish under its auspices with Dr. Hardy as editor, a "Catalogue of the Insects of Northumberland and Durham," the new and accurate nomenclature of which entirely superseded that of the older English School. The Cheviot Hills were next explored by Dr. Hardy, and it is worthy of note that there and elsewhere he discovered several new species of insects which now bear his name.

During all the vacation times of his College course, and subsequent periods, he had been, as we have seen, pursuing with great ardour his native bent of a field naturalist, and this for the benefit of his health as well as following out his natural taste and inclination. It was at this period he became, through Sir Wm. J. Hooker, known to that distinguished naturalist, the late Dr. George Johnston of Berwick-on-Tweed; and how much and successfully they worked together is known to all readers of Dr. Johnston's works on the Fauna and Flora of Berwickshire, and the Doctor's other published works, as well as his Correspondence, which was a few years ago published by Mrs. Jane Barwell Carter, of the Anchorage, Berwick—a volume which Dr. Hardy himself edited, and from which some idea may be got of the variety and extensive nature of his knowledge and attainments.

Dr. Johnston and a few other of his scientific associates had been the founders of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club in 1831; and long before Mr. Hardy had become a member of it, which he did in 1863, papers by him had been communicated to the Club, were read at their meetings, and prepared in the annual Proceedings. He in fact began to contribute to these Proceedings so early as 1839, and in the Correspondence of the late Dr. Johnston, frequent reference is made to the articles he wrote. Most of these dealt with botanical, entomological, and archæological subjects, but others were of a general character, amongst them being "The Occurrence of the Wild Cat in Berwickshire," "Bowling as an extinct Game in Berwickshire," and "The Popular Rhymes of Berwickshire."

When, in 1871, a vacancy occurred in the secretaryship, upon the death of Mr. George Tate, Alnwick, Dr. Hardy accepted the office, which he filled with the utmost distinction, and continued to hold to the end. At a meeting of the Club held at Gilsland in September, 1880, it was decided to present Dr. Hardy with a testimonial "to show the Club's high consideration of his long and gratuitous services as secretary, and also of the zeal and ability he has displayed in the laborious editorship of the Proceedings of the Club." The presentation took place at the jubilee meeting of the Club held at Grant's House on the 29th of June, 1881, and consisted of a microscope by Hartnach of Paris, bearing an appropriate inscription, other scientific instruments required in the pursuit of natural history, and a cheque for £111 to enable him to bind his very voluminous collection of books, pamphlets, and manuscripts. The presentation was made by the late Dr. Francis Douglas of Kelso, the colleague, at that time, of Dr. Hardy in the secretaryship, who passed a well-merited and happily expressed eulogium on the recipient of the testimonial. Dr. Hardy in reply gave a detailed account of his studies in natural history from his youth until that time, interspersed with pleasing reminiscences of many of the friends to whom he had been thus introduced, and particularly alluded to his friendship with the late Dr. George Johnston.

In April, 1890, Dr. Hardy had the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him by Edinburgh University. He was introduced by Professor Kirkpatrick, as the well-known Berwickshire naturalist, a distinguished *alumnus* of Edinburgh University, remarkable for his life-long devotion, and his most important services to natural science and archæology. He was then "capped" by the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Wm. Muir. Out of respect for Dr. Hardy there were present some members of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, including Mr. W. B. Boyd of Faldonside; Dr. Stuart, M.D. of Chirnside; Mr. W. T. Hindmarsh, F.L.S. of Alnwick; and Mr. John Ferguson, F.S.A. Scot., of Duns. At the conclusion of the ceremony they lunched with Dr. Hardy at the Palace Hotel, Edinburgh, when his health, with congratulations on the honour conferred upon him, was ably proposed by Dr. Stuart and most cordially received.

In the meantime Dr. Hardy continued his labours on behalf of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, and at the opening meeting of the season 1890, the secretary was again presented with a very handsome testimonial by the members, the occasion being also taken to congratulate the recipient upon the academic honour recently conferred of the LL.D. degree by the University of Edinburgh. The outing on the 25th May, 1890, took place at Beanley Moor. After luncheon in a tent pitched on the site of the lower camp, Dr. Hardy was presented with a beautifully bound illuminated address, and a cheque for £400, subscribed for by 200 members of the Club. Sir Wm. Crossman, president for the year, made the presentation

and was supported by a representative company, including Sir George Douglas, Bart., Kelso; the Rev. Canon Tristram; Mr. Middlemas, Alnwick; the Ven. Archdeacon Martin, Eglingham; and Mr. D. D. Dixon, Rothbury.

Dr. Hardy, who was received with enthusiastic applause, suitably acknowledged the address and presentation. He spoke of his career in connection with the society, and said he would make no promises for the future. The willingness to labour continued, though "the flesh was weak," for he was getting old and stiff, though the faculty of observation continued in him as lively as ever. In a few days time he would be 75 years of age. He thanked them all most heartily for their kindness and for their reliance and encouragement during so many years.

Though he felt more and more the advance of years, Dr. Hardy was able for a considerable time later to continue his interest in the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club and its meetings; but a few years ago, in consequence of the infirmities of age, the duties of his office were lightened by the appointment of the Rev. George Gunn of Stichill as joint-secretary.

Amongst other contributions to science, too numerous to be here detailed, Dr. Hardy has written many papers on the botany of the Borders for the Proceedings of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, and for various scientific journals. To these volumes he contributed the "Lichen Flora of the Eastern Borders," and the "Moss Flora" of the same district, besides numerous other papers. He devoted special attention to insects injurious to agriculture, a subject on which he was regarded as a high authority. He was also greatly versed in the migration of birds; and was for a time a member of the Committee of the British Association on that subject. Mr. Muirhead, in his "Birds of Berwickshire" makes frequent reference to Mr. Hardy's knowledge of the subject.

During the last forty-nine years, as we have already indicated, Dr. Hardy has been a voluminous contributor to the Proceedings of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, and was regarded as the highest authority on nearly every subject which came within the scope of its investigations. His knowledge of natural science, local family history, and archæology, was encyclopædic, and no one ever consulted him in vain on any matter relative to these branches of knowledge, however obscure or recondite the point might be. Dr. Hardy also did valuable service in many other directions, especially as editor of various works published by the Folk-lore and other learned societies.

The death of Dr. Hardy will be regretted by a very wide circle of friends and students who had come to respect him as much for his genial qualities as for his learning. His memory, however, remains to imbue still more deeply with his own spirit of patient research not a few who have already felt the impulse given them alike by his teaching and example.

James Hyslop.

AUTHOR OF "THE CAMERONIAN DREAM."

BY THE REV. PETER MEARNS, COLDSTREAM.

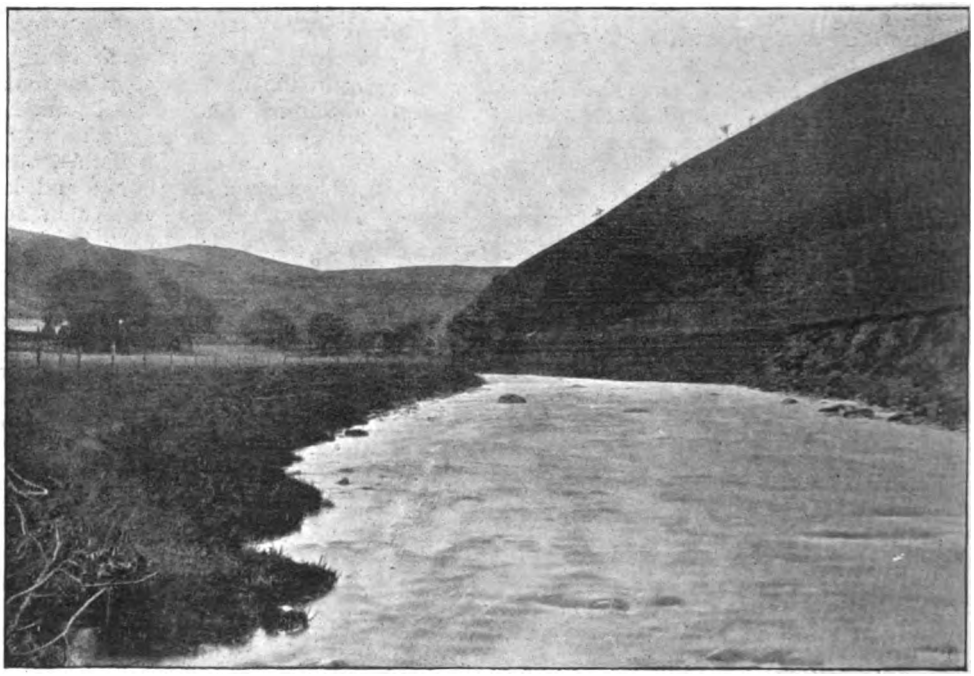
JAMES HYSLOP was born on the 23rd of July, one hundred years ago. His birth took place in the parish of Kirkconnel, and he received his early education partly there and partly in the neighbouring burgh of Sanquhar. When a boy at school, he was sent to Wee Carco, Kirkconnel, which was then tenanted by his paternal grandfather, where he was set to work on the farm; and he was allowed to attend evening classes in summer and the day school only in "the dead o' the year." He lamented his partial exclusion from the education which he earnestly wished to obtain; but he was diligent in self-instruction, and set an encouraging example to young men in similar circumstances. He remained only two years at Wee Carco, after which he was hired to be a shepherd at Nether Wellwood, in the parish of Muirkirk, where he remained for four years—from 1812 till 1816. When I was a boy at school in that parish, I found that the people were proud to count some connection with the shepherd poet, and to know that his muse was stimulated by feeding his flock on the scene of a famous battle, which had been fought there in the days of the Scottish Covenant. Hyslop returned from Wellwood, and was engaged as a shepherd at Corsebank for two years, after which he became a teacher at Greenock. At Corsebank he taught himself English, Latin, and French, and acquired a knowledge of mathematics and algebra. The year after he left Corsebank he sent specimens of Scottish poetry to Dr. Morehead, who published them in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, of which he was then editor. During his summer vacation in 1820, he wrote the "Cameronian Dream," the poem which first brought him into fame; and he dated it from the banks of the Crawick, near Sanquhar, Nov. 17, 1820. He was now an accepted and much-prized contributor to the *Edinburgh Magazine*, where ultimately fourteen of his pieces were printed under his own care. "The Cameronian Dream" when published in

that magazine immediately attracted the attention of eminent literary men. On the invitation of Dr. Morehead, Hyslop visited Edinburgh, where he received much attention from Lord Jeffrey, who introduced him to his literary friends. In particular the great barrister introduced the young poet to Captain Grahame, of the Royal Navy, which led to his engagement to fill the office of tutor on board his Majesty's ship Doris, which was about to proceed to the coast of South America. Hyslop also made the acquaintance of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and at his request he visited Hogg at his home on the Yarrow, on his way to the Cameron fell on Aird's Moss was calm and beautiful, but the engagement itself took place in a thunderstorm. A chorus of female voices sing the stanza softly—

"And Wellwood's sweet valley breath'd music and gladness,
Its fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of green July's bright morning."

Then a baritone comes in strongly:

"But, ah! there were hearts cherish'd far other feelings,
Illum'd by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from this scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow."



From Photo by J. C. Penrigh. CRAWICK WATER. Sanquhar.

banks of the Crawick. Both printed and manuscript copies of the "Cameronian Dream" were extensively circulated in Britain and America. Boys at school with me, whose penmanship was good, could easily get sixpence for a copy of the poem—a large sum for a boy to earn in these days. Two of these became ironmasters, and were wealthy men. This poem continues to be the most popular, though not the best of Hyslop's productions. It has recently been set to music by Hamish M'Cunn. There is one part of the poem which, when accompanied by the music, produces a thrilling effect. The day before the battle in which

The description of the battle, too, is powerfully rendered:

'The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were, gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming;
The heavens grew dark and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the mighty were falling."

At the mention of "rolling" there is a pause in the words, and the orchestra imitates the rolling of thunder, which produces a feeling of awe and wonder. The poem would have concluded with the description of the battle, and the atmospheric disturbance which accompanied

it; but the poet was aware that a strange sight had been witnessed in this moss by a fellow-servant at Wellwood, a sight which was trifling in itself, but which the genius of the poet converted into stanzas of great beauty and impressiveness. John M'Cartney, a young man who was his bedfellow at Wellwood, was returning from a visit to his sweetheart at Tarreoch, and on crossing the moor he witnessed "an apparition," which he afterwards graphically described to Hyslop. In the appearance of horses and a chariot of fire, it described a circular course half round the grave of Cameron; the drivers seemed clothed in light, and the heather appeared bending under its burning wheels. It vanished in a cloud of mist. But "he trembled and felt as if the Almighty had passed by on His horses and chariots of salvation." His report to Hyslop of this phenomenon—one which is often seen in marshy places—reminded the poet of the chariot of fire in which the prophet Elijah ascended to Heaven, and suggested the beautiful imagery with which the "Cameronian Dream" concludes—

"When the righteous had fallen, and the combat had ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended:
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turn'd upon axles of brightness.

"A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining;
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

"On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the paths of the thunder the horsemen are riding.
Glide swiftly, bright spirits, the prize is before ye;
A crown never-fading, a kingdom of glory."

It would occupy too much time to describe the other poems by which Hyslop is favourably known. Suffice it to say, that his "Scottish Sacramental Sabbath" is considered by many to be the best of all his poems; and the spirited strains of his "Scottish National Melody" are widely known. Mr. Todd, of the *Cumnock Express*, has said, "'The Scottish Sacramental Sabbath' overflows with beauty and a pure devotional spirit, and is our favourite among Hyslop's productions, superior even to the 'Cameronian Dream' and equal to 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' of Burns, of which indeed it is confessedly an imitation." Dr. Collins, of Philadelphia, United States, says in his "Christian Instructor:" "'The Cameronian Dream' is full of lofty beauty. 'The Cameronian Vision' is also very touching and beautiful. But 'The Sacramental Sabbath' is perhaps his finest and most tender. He brings the whole happy scene to mind with inimitable pathos and grandeur. A youth of so much promise and piety still lives in the hearts of all who love the pure and beautiful." Dr. H. MacGill, who was himself a true poet and an eloquent writer, greatly admired the patriotism and poetry of "The Scottish National Melody," and judged it the best of the poems. When James Hyslop sailed in the ship "Tweed" for South America, he committed his manuscript volume of poetry to Miss Barker, his lady-love, to whom many of his love-songs were addressed. He hoped to publish the volume on his return to his native land. Miss Barker kept the volume with great secrecy and care. Mr. Alex. Rodger, merchant in Greenock, who was intimate with Hyslop while he taught in that town, was at great trouble and expense to collect materials for a memoir of the young poet, and a collection of his poems; but after years of search he could find no trace of the volume. After Mr. Rodger's own death I got possession, through the kindness of his son, of his father's Hyslop MSS. A few years after Mr. Hyslop's death, Miss Barker had become Mrs. Otto; and when she was a widow living in Sanquhar I visited her in the hope of getting some information regarding one who was formly very dear to her. From confessions which she made to me I came to the conclusion that the Hyslop volume was not lost, but that she had only forgotten the place of its concealment. I could not persuade her to search for it, but after her death I ascertained that it had been found among her things; I obtained the great favour of a loan of it, made a complete copy of it, and got permission to publish it in whole or in part. The result is the elegant volume issued by Mr. Wright, publisher, West George Street, Glasgow, which is the only complete edition of the poems of James Hyslop. But for this edition we would have had to depend on very incorrect copies in manuscript of the poems. We would not have had a correct edition of "The Cameronian Dream." I have only to add that Mr. Hyslop's early death was deeply lamented by a numerous circle of friends. He died of fever on one of the Cape Verde Islands on the 4th of November, 1827. It is remarkable that another distinguished poet, Robert Pollok, author of the "Course of Time," was born in the same year with James Hyslop, and that both poets died in the same year.

[This interesting sketch was read by the Rev. Mr. Mearns at the public dinner held at Sanquhar on the 22nd July last, to celebrate the Centenary of James Hyslop. At this dinner it was suggested that an effort should be made to collect sufficient money to

erect a monument to the memory of the poet. Seeing that he dated "The Cameronian Dream" "from the banks of the Crawick, that a great many of his minor pieces relate to scenes in Crawick Valley, that he lived with relations at Wee Carco, and acted as a shepherd for several years at Corsebank, in the same valley, it is considered appropriate that any monument erected to his memory should overlook the scenes he loved and depicted so well."

The suggestion here recorded was so warmly received that a large committee was appointed to procure subscriptions, and generally to carry out the erection of a monument. For the convenience of the readers of THE BORDER MAGAZINE it may be stated here that any subscriptions to the "Hyslop Centenary Monument Fund" will be received by Alexander Anderson, Esq., University Library, Edinburgh; William Anderson, Esq., 174 Ingram Street, Glasgow; and the Rev. P. Mearns, Coldstream.—ED. *B. M.*]

Borthwick Castle.

BY P. S. MALCOLM.

MAKING Fushiebridge our starting point, we found ourselves in Nature's lap. She was in one of her lavish moods, displaying profusely her beauties all around as we journeyed on a pilgrimage to the historic castle of Borthwick. The "sounding streets" of "mine own romantic town" were a contrast to the quietness that reigned; only broken, at intervals, by the rumbling of a cart as it creepily wended its way over the stony road, and the merry laughter and shouts of children at play. The ridges of the undulating hills are covered with growing wood that comes half way down their sides. Fields of corn, tinged with autumnal tints, are ripening for the harvest. The loamy soil, laid bare of the verdant green that covers meadow and hillock, deepens the effect; while the leaves of the trees, whose beauty is gradually fading from its virginal purity, add a softness to the scene.

Taking the road that leads to the village from the station, we pass Catcune Mills—a hive of industry nestling in a sleepy hollow. Crossing a branch of the railway a little farther on we come to a path that runs by the river Gore. There, on the extensive park, divided by the stream's course, "Ye ancient game of golfe" holds undivided sway. Some men in red coats are putting to their hearts' content, leaving the cares of a jarring world far behind.

The Gore itself meanders peacefully along, kissing the grassy banks with his crystal water. The timid trout are darting here and there, hiding themselves under the mossy stones and "tufts of loveliest green," that lie in the bed of the river; or seeking the shade of an overhanging tree. The midges are careering wildly over its surface until they fall a prey to the sportive trout, who venture to leave their native element for a moment, only to fall back again, causing little ringlets to mark their airy flight.

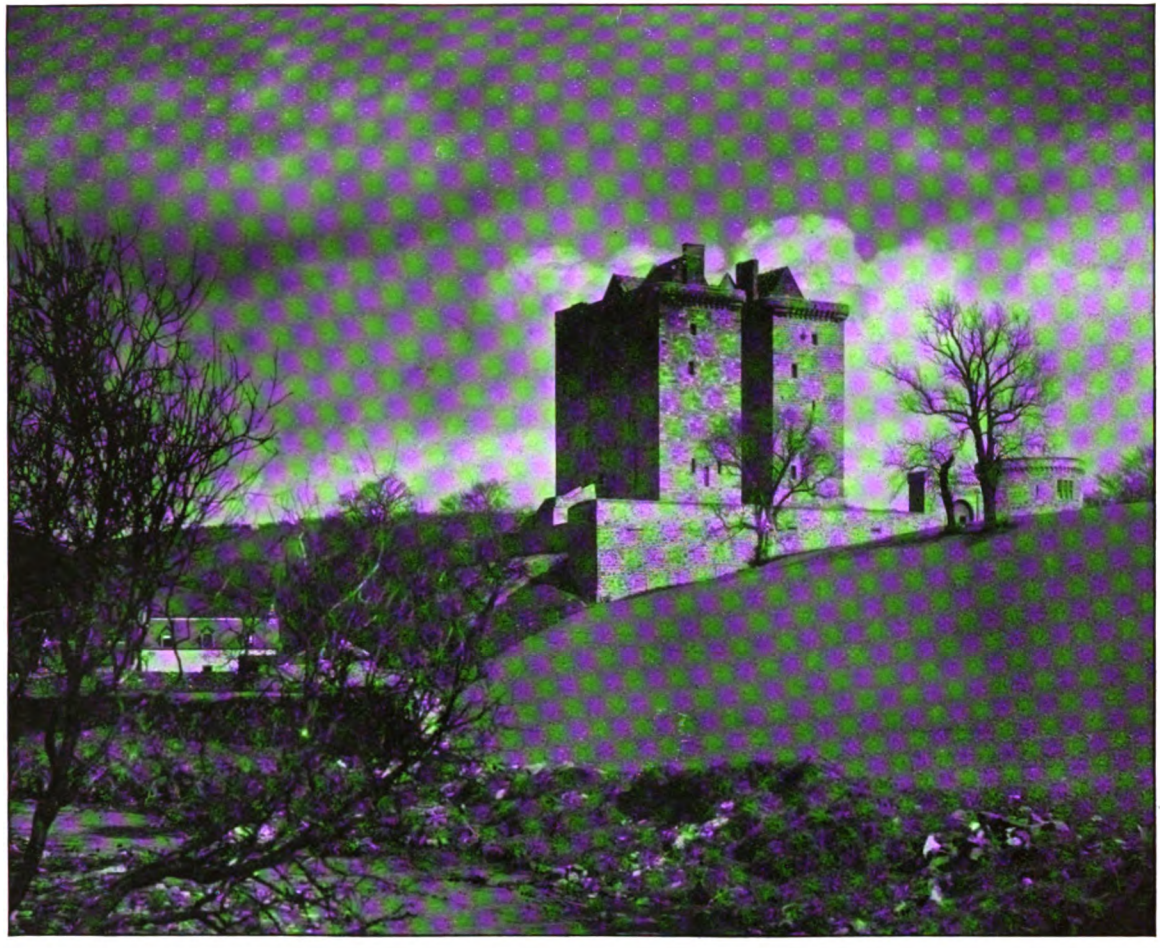
As we lightly tread the velvet pathway, the road takes a bend and Borthwick Castle comes in view. Like a grim sentinel it stands, rearing its dark, weather-beaten walls over the valley of the Gore. In close proximity the iron horse rushes over the steely road, leaving behind a long train of steam that disappears over field and meadow.

It is an ideal afternoon to wander amid such scenes. The world, indeed, has left those days of chivalry and minstrelsy—the recognised institutions of a poetic country—far behind. Still, in fancy, we saw the feudal Barons with their retinue roving far and near; fighting for king and country, but as often engaged in those deadly feuds, from which have sprung such a wealth of romance. The long march of centuries passed before us, and amongst its more notable personages the most prominent were the beautiful, yet unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, and Sir Walter's knight, Marmion. With these thoughts flashing across our minds we arrived at the base of this "stately pile."

> "Borthwick, thine, above that fairy nook,
> Formed by your blending streams."

Taking a footpath that leads from the river, we ascended the hill; where the wall that surrounds the castle is of great strength. On the side of the gateway is a "drum shaped" tower in which the genial and intelligent keeper resides. It is the only one that has been rebuilt; the others having disappeared or fallen into decay.

The castle itself, was founded by the first Lord Borthwick in 1430; although the family history dates back to 1067. Its walls are as intact to-day as when they left the builder's hands: while the stone is of the finest quality, said to have been taken from Currie quarry. His Lordship had it built on the edge of his estate, and when asked why he had done so, he retorted "We'll brizz yont," *i.e.*, "we'll press forward." His neighbour, Sir William de Hay, an ancestor of the Marquis of Tweeddale, was so displeased that its shadow should cross his ground that he erected a mill so that "Lord de Borthwick, in all his pride, should never be out of hearing of its clack." In the course of time, however, he "brizzed yont;" the surrounding lands coming into his possession, not by com-



From Photo by Pettigrew & Amos,] [Edinburgh.

BORTHWICK CASTLE.

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pulsion but by love—he marrying a lady of the Hay family, who brought them as a dowry. Another version runs thus: that in the reign of James I., he received special permission to erect a castle on the Mote of Lochwarret, he having already obtained it by purchase.

Following our conductor to the principal entrance, he pointed out the site of what might have been the stables or outhouses belonging to the castle; though only a few crumbling stones now remain. Looking upward, from the east view, we saw the dent in the wall made by Cromwell's cannon. Our guide informed us that when he was trenching the ground to make his garden, he unearthed a stone ball. It was so hard that only a small portion had been chipped off—perhaps, when it came in contact with the solid masonry.

Climbing the stair we noticed above the doorway, the figure of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, cut out in stone. The ravages of time have nearly effaced it, and only a blurred mark now remains. Beneath us we see the marks where the drawbridge had been; but the moat has disappeared. The walls themselves, are from ten to fourteen feet thick, while "five well stairs, constructed in the thickness of the wall" lead to the different apartments inside.

Originally the castle had two entrances, but only one is now available, and by that we enter into the grand hall. It is a large square room, fifty-one feet long, twenty-four feet wide, and almost thirty feet in height. On its walls are innumerable mason's marks—one on each stone. At one end, directly facing the entrance door, is a large fireplace, nine feet by three feet deep, with a stone hood. At the other end, looking northward, is the minstrels' gallery to which access is gained by a stair at the side. Here those wandering musicians, around whom Sir Walter Scott has thrown the glamour of his magic pen, "sang of Border chivalry," to the delight of the merry company assembled to do justice to the Baron's hospitality, But——

"Hushed is the harp—the minstrel gone."

We look down from this place and our imagination kindles at the sight of phantom "warriors bold" and "Ladyes fair," mingling with one another in perhaps forgotten dances; or sitting down to the toothsome repast, caught in woody forest or by murmuring brooks. We see the smoking joints of beef and venison and other dainties being handed through the aperture that connects kitchen and hall. The waiters in their picturesque garb—a lively contrast to the sombre evening dress of modern days.

From this position we notice on the arched roof of the hall, these words in Gothic letters: "Ye temple of honour." Unlike its neighbour, Crichton Castle, Borthwick can lay claim to no great tragedies; although it was from here, Mary, Queen of Scots, took her memorable flight to Cakemuir Castle, dressed in the garb of a page boy. The window was pointed out where she lowered herself, twenty-eight feet, following her husband, Bothwell—who had already fled—to escape the vengeance of the Lords. Notwithstanding the divisions that rent Scotland during this period, Lord Borthwick was unswerving in his loyalty to his Queen. While she was imprisoned in Loch Leven, he was one of the party who rescued her from the hands of Murray. It is also said that it was in Borthwick Castle she spent "her real last night of freedom;" the rest of her life being an endless struggle, until, like a radiant form divine, she passed away from all her earthly troubles in Fotheringay Castle.

At the side of the minstrel gallery stairs, a handsome wash-hand basin, built in the wall, attracts our attention. Above it is a beautifully sculptured canopy from which have hung five small pillars about a foot or eighteen inches in depth; now ruthlessly destroyed. But we leave this interesting hall.

"I feel like one who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted;
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed."

Moving upwards we passed through various rooms, all intimately connected with minor history. Amongst them we visited the Chapel where the place for the holy vessels, baptismal font, and holy water, are still intact. On the same floor is the drawing-room, which is in direct communication with Queen Mary's and Bothwell's bedrooms. It has a massive hearth with stone hood. Another large room is also passed where, probably, the garrison slept and drilled.

Arriving on the battlements a scene of charming beauty lies around us. Northward, Loquhariot, Mount Skip and the woods of Vogrie are seen. Looking in the same direction, the towers of Crichton Castle—the proud rival of Borthwick—appear. To the east one sees the eminence where Cromwell planted his ordnance in 1650. Southwards, the Moorfoots, and westwards, "the rich sylvan scenery" of Arniston and Catcune.

Immediately beneath, the little Church of Borthwick, with its quiet graveyard, rises on a little mound by the side of the North Middleton Burn. On the other side of us the Gore runs along to meet the waters of the Esk. Its surface glitters like diamonds in the sun as it passes through a valley, "rich in pastoral and agricultural produce." Clustered, at various points, the

humble homes of the peasantry, with their well gardened plots, add a charm to the scenery.

Following our guide we descend into the Castle. Passing through Queen Mary's bedroom we notice, more especially the fireplace, where our imagination places her by its side, mourning her misfortunes. It is disfigured and partly destroyed; still, we have a hazy idea of what it would be like when perfect What must she have suffered when in haste she had to flee from her relentless foes! And when she was informed that her husband, Bothwell, had fled and left her to follow as best she may! Ah! we seemed to see it all over again, and wished fortune had been kinder to her.

Descending, we come to a lady's bower. The walls bear evident signs that tapestry has been hung to cover the bare stones. There are two windows, one on each side of the apartment, with stone seats built on three sides of a square. Here, no doubt, the ladies of the house would assemble to discuss their own affairs; while some love-lorn knight, at the first opportunity, would pour the old story into the willing ears of his enchantress.

Down some more steps again, and we found ourselves in the banquetting hall. Another look around and we left this interesting part of the castle to descend into the dungeon where it was delightfully cool. It is twenty feet by ten feet, lit by two small windows; one of which was added during the late alterations, the mason having to cut through the fourteen feet wall. Halfway up one side of the walls is an opening where the guard stood sentry over his captive.

Coming out, we passed into other three rooms—dungeon like. They may have been used for granaries or storehouses. Around the walls, about ten or twelve feet high, buttresses project at distances from each other. In one of the rooms the proprietor has placed beams resting on them, and on these flooring, making it an upper storey. This division distributes the light and takes away its massiveness.

In a small opening upon our right we came upon the well which supplies the castle with water. So well appointed are these old buildings that nothing is awanting for sustenance of life. Everything is in readiness for the inevitable.

Passing into the fresh air again, we breathed freely, as if newly loosed from captivity. After turning the ponderous key in the door our guide accompanied us to the gate, where we bade him farewell.

"Hoary walls, farewell!
Since first ye rose in architectural pride,
Since first ye frowned in majesty of strength,
Since first ye caught the crimson of the dawn,
Old time hath wrought on thee strange revolutions."

The Governor-General of Canada.

On Monday night, October 17, the Earl of Minto was presented with the freedom of the burgh of Hawick at a public banquet held in the Town Hall, Provost Mitchell presiding.

Lord Minto, in reply, said his family had been near neighbours of the town of Hawick for centuries—from the days of Border Forays down to more peaceful and prosperous times. Not so long ago the whole trade of Hawick could be conveyed in two carriers' carts twice a-week. Times had changed since then for the better, and all along Hawick had always been able to hold its own. His ancestors had some share in the history of Hawick, and he and Lady Minto had endeavoured to preserve and perpetuate some of the old traditions of the town.

Some Border Leaps.

FEW districts but what have legends of some wonderful leaps made by some daring hero, in his dash for liberty, or romantic stories of lovers' quarrels ending in a tragic death by a leap into some yawning gorge or over some beetling cliffs. And although many generations have come and gone since those events took place, the footprints of the hero or the lover are in many cases still pointed out to curious visitors.

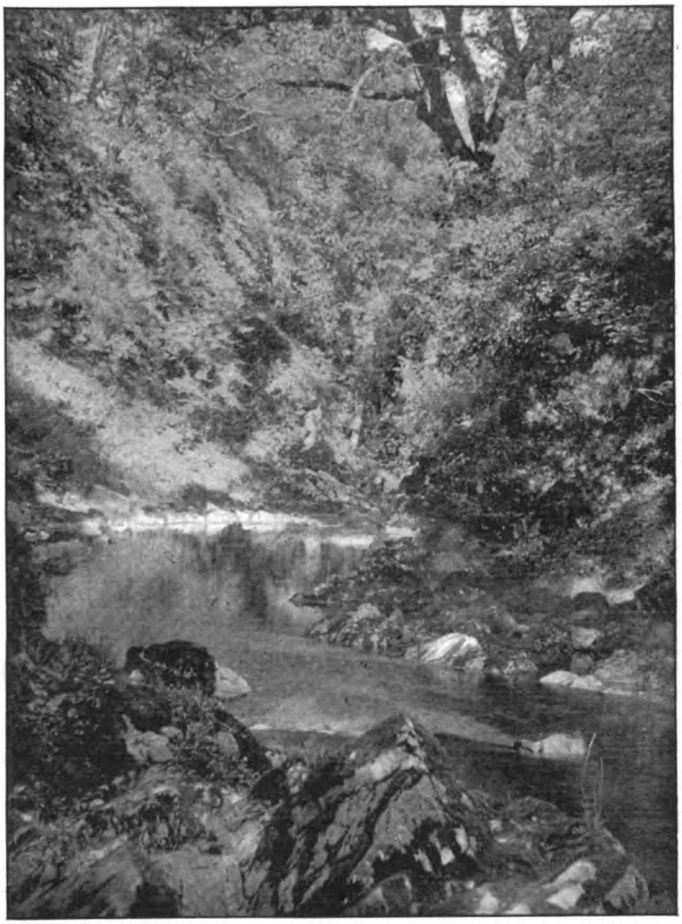
The Border districts are no exception. These contain not a few famous leaps. The one between Bewcastle and the Flat, which bears the name of "Socky's Leap," has often attracted attention.

Here lived Thomas Armstrong, a daring freebooter, locally known by the name of Socky Tom. He was the hero of many a determined deed, cunning strategy, and hairbreadth escapes. His house stood on the summit of a steep declivity, rising almost perpendicular from the margin of the stream. For some more than ordinary crime, the civil officers of justice, after repeated and unsuccessful attempts to capture him, had called in the aid of a party of military, and at break of day surrounded the house in which the redoubted Armstrong had for some time lain concealed.

His favourite grey mare which had borne him off safely from many a hot pursuit, stood ready saddled beside him, and Tom was roused from his sleep by her neighing. The officers stood near the door, and for once deemed the marauder in their power. Aware of his desperate situation, Armstrong instantly mounted his trusty steed and calmly awaited events. As the officers burst open the door he dashed through

their midst headlong down the declivity. The soldiers fired upon him, but only slightly wounded the mare, which bore off her master to the not-far-distant falls, where all search proved ineffectual.

Throughout the Borders there are several "Lover's Leaps," around which interesting romances gather. Our illustration shows one in the neighbourhood of Langholm, on the Wauchope, a stream with many leafy bowers, flowery dells, and sparkling rills.



From Photo by Geo. M'Robert, THE LOVER'S LEAP. Edinburgh.

Tradition is not very clear on the matter, but here, some centuries ago, some ardent wooer met with a tragic end, whether by his own hand or that of a rival is not said. The spot reached by the picturesque "Lover's Walk," is still a favourite haunt of wooers.

A local poet describes a melancholy incident, which occurred here within the memory of man. Two lovers one calm night after hours strayed by Wauchope rills, through Gaskel's shady bowers, seated themselves near the "Lover's Leap," when one of them expired, and says the poet :—

> "She gave but one loud piercing scream,
> Which many a one did hear,
> And when they hastened to her aid,
> She pointed where he lay,
> A moment since in life—now a piece of clay."

Twenty years ago whilst three maidens were bathing in the tub-like pool two of them lost their lives, and this, with the other associations, serves to make the "Lover's Leap" of more than ordinary interest in the district.

The spot is near where the Castle of the Lindsays stood, and is extremely pretty. The waters of the Wauchope rush through amongst rugged rocks and past pendent oaks and under trees of varied hues. The old graveyard of Wauchope and the parish Manse where the translator of *Lusiad*, William Julius Mickle, was born in 1734, stand on the opposite bank.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

Notes and News.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE, LIMITED.—Our readers are specially recommended to take note of the Prospectus which accompanies each number of the magazine this month. That Prospectus will speak for itself: let us only say this in addition. Greatly encouraged as we have been by the success of the magazine up to this date, we are at the same time far from thinking that we have reached a point where we may cease from our labours in seeking to extend its usefulness, and increase its circulation. From many parts of the Border Country itself, from various districts in England, and from the Colonies, we are every now and again learning that the magazine is not known in various centres. While such intelligence is dispiriting in one sense, it is in another wholly helpful and inspiriting. A large field is still before the magazine, and if our readers will only help us by taking up the shares, our labours for the last three years will be crowned with complete success.

SYDNEY SCOTTISH BORDERERS' ASSOCIATION.—We are always delighted to hear from our fellow Borderers in the Colonies. From Mr. W. P. Gowans, hon. secy. of the Sydney Scottish Borderers' Association, we have an interesting report of a lecture which was delivered in the Sydney School of Arts, on August 3rd, by Mr. James Stephenson. Mr. Thomas Clark, president of the Association, occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance, both of members of the Association and of the general public. The lecture was illustrated by a number of first-class lantern views. Mr. Stephenson's description of the Battle of Flodden, and his rendering of "Tam O'Shanter" were greatly enjoyed by the audience. During the evening some of the old Scotch songs were sung by Mrs. Walter and Mr. J. Lindsay, after which the meeting was closed with "Auld Lang Syne"—the whole audience rising up and joining heartily in the grand auld Scotch sang.

Village Tales.

By Rev. Andrew Aitken, Shapansey.

VI.—The Ash Tree Well—A Tale in Three Parts.

Part I.

"When the kye come hame."

"A PENNY for yer thochts, Mark."

"Siller wadna buy them, lassie, but ye can get them for naething. I was thinkin' o' gettin' mairried. Wad the New Year suit ye?"

"Haivers! mairriage can wait, but the kye canna. It's time they were milked. Sae let me inbye."

And Jessie stepped forward to the byre door. She was the only daughter of John Cowan, whose family had farmed Hawkslee for generations. But though their lineage was long, their acres were few, and life was full of work for all. And ever since her mother had begun to fail, Jessie had taken over the dairy as her special duty. She was going to the milking when she came across Mark Kyle standing dreaming in the open door of the byre, and it was his obvious intention to waste her time that called forth her wrath.

"Come on now, Mark. I've nae time to pit aff. Six chappit on the clock as I le't the hoose, an' the kye no milked yet."

"Hoots, wumman, what's a' yer hurry? Can ye no spare a meenute to pass the time o' day?"

"It's past the time o' nicht for the kye, though. Man, hear at them routin'! Ye ocht to think black burning shame o' yersel; my certy, if I've to pit my pails doun, it'll no be tellin' ye."

"Pay yer toll then, an' ye'll get in."

"Toll? To you? A bonny toll-bar you would make. Faith, I'll toll if ye dinna shift oot o' that."

"We'll, if ye'll no pay me, I maun pay mysel'."

Marked stepped forward, and quickly putting his arm round her neck, kissed her.

"There's a good smack," he said.

"An' there's as guid a smack o' anither kind," was her swift reply, as she dropped her pails, and gave him a ringing box on the ear. When she had gone into the byre, and had begun her task, Mark lounged against the open door, and listened to the quick "chur" of the milk as it streamed into the pail, while his eager eye took in every movement of her supple frame, and nimble fingers. And she was worth more than a passing look. Her well-set figure, and the clear bloom of her countenance, spoke of a body in the full vigour of health. Deep blue eyes, lips with laughter lurking in their corners, a nose whose roguish upward tilt, lent piquancy to its beauty, and a head crowned with heavy coils of rich nut-brown hair, all made up a picture of which Mark never wearied. For he was her acknowledged lover. And he would have been her husband ere this, had it not been for his poverty.

For that, however, Mark was not blameworthy; he was the victim of circumstances. His mother, who was old John Cowan's cousin, had died when he was only seven years old, and his sister Jenny, a baby. And his father was killed by a savage horse within a few months after. That was twenty years ago, and that time he had lived at Hawkslee, where John Cowan treated him as a son. Now he was saving and waiting and hoping for the time when he would have a farm of his own, and Jessie as its mistress. Nor, if appearances are a test of worth, was he unlikely to have his ambition realised. Tall, broad-shouldered, with an open frank face, whose chief grace was its strong square jaw, he seemed not only a goodly youth to look at, but one who might be trusted to make his own way in the world.

The expression of his countenance changed, and the merry twinkle in his eyes deepened, as he drew himself up, and filled the doorway. In the darkened interior, Jessie raised her voice:

"Sorrow take ye—can ye no' keep oot o' folks licht?"

Mark never moved. She turned a little on her stool, and with a dexterous turn of her wrist, she squirted a jet of milk with unerring aim into his eye. Stung with the sharp pain, he wheeled round: his foot slipped, and as ill-luck would have it, he fell over a pail of milk. Quickly he gathered himself together and looked ruefully with one eye—for Jessie had effectually closed the other—at his trousers, down which white streams were running on every side.

"Ye big sumph that ye are—hav' ye no' been spained yet? Ye cudna help it? Where were yer een? Oh, man, no' to be a cauf, ye're awfu' fond o' milk."

Mark burst out laughing, and soon she had to join him. He lifted the pail, now quite empty, and sped off to change his garments. When she entered the kitchen, she told the others what had happened, and they all made merry at Mark's expense. In the midst of the hubbub,

Jessie set about making the porridge for supper. She sat down by the fire with the meal girnal and the salt at her side. But as unfortunately, she allowed her mind to dwell too much on Mark's mishap, she confused the respective proportions of these ingredients, and unconsciously she put three heaped-up handfuls of salt into the pot instead of meal. When the porridge was ready, she dished them, and they all sat down to supper. Mark was the first to notice the peculiar flavour.

"Hev' ye forgotten the saut the nicht, Jessie?" he asked.

"Dae they need it?" she answered.

"Mercy me," said her mother, "hev' ye no the use o' yer mouth? They're as saut as lick, an' no worth the supping."

Then the tables were turned on Jessie, and so far did their fun carry them that Mrs. Cowan anxiously said:

"Wheesht, bairns—ye're surely fey the nicht. I wish some ill maunna come oot o' this yet."

"Ne'er cross the brig till ye come till't," laughed Jessie. "A laugh ne'er brings grief though it whiles eases it."

She put a shawl over her head, and went for water—as she said. But as Mark immediately muttered something about the horses, and as they both met at the Ash Tree Well, it is not difficult to know what took them there; and if any one should be ignorant, he will know the secret in its fulness when his chiefest joy is "to meet a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame."

The Riddell Centenary.

AN INTERESTING CEREMONY IN EWESDALE.

ON Friday, 23rd September, the centenary of the birth of Henry Scott Riddell, the picturesque valley of the Ewes witnessed an interesting ceremony. Not by any means the first, for in olden times this "Yarrow" of Dumfriesshire, with its green stretches and silent haughs witnessed many stirring pageants. It was up this dale that John Armstrong and his gallant company, "verrie richely apparralled," after having broken their spear on the Langholm Holm rode to meet the faithless King and also to their doom. 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; and later still, bonnie Prince Charlie, with his skirling pipes and Highland men.

From Photo by Geo. M'Robert, SORBIE FARM, BIRTHPLACE OF HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL. Edinburgh.

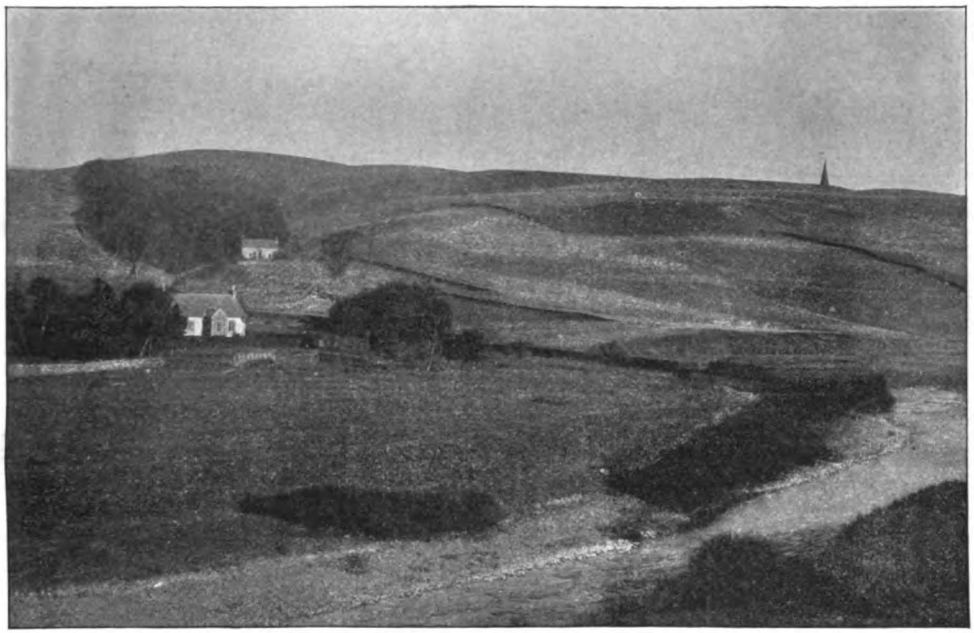
The company, composed for the most part of the Eskdale Burns Club and a number of Langholm gentlemen, who visited the valley on this occasion, were on a peaceful mission bent.

Adorned in their Balmoral caps and tartan sashes, and with pipes playing, they visited the historic spot near Sorbie Farm where the famous author was born. Here they were met by a number of inhabitants who were anxious to take part in the ceremony. A standard was planted on the mound where stood the cottage in which the poet was born. The hearthstone is said to be all that now remains of the humble dwelling.

The proceedings proper were opened with prayer by the Rev. Jas. Panton, F.C., Langholm, and this was followed by a very pleasing address from Provost Thomson of the Muckle Toon. He very clearly sketched the poet's career, and Yet" and several others of the poet's songs were sung.'

Sorbie, it might be mentioned, is beautifully situated some four miles from Langholm, near the high road from Edinburgh to Carlisle. It was here when Henry Howe, afterwards Lord Kames, went for the first time on the circuit as advocate depute, Armstrong of Sorbie inquired of Lord Minto in a whisper, "What lang, black, dour lookin' chiel that was they had got wi' them." "That," said his Lordship, "is a man come to hang a' the Armstrongs." "Then," was the dry retort, "it's time the Elliots were ridin'."

It may also be added that William Knox,



From Photo by Pettigrew & Amos. HOME OF HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL—MONUMENT IN DISTANCE. Edinburgh.

did justice to the memory of one of Scotland's sweet singers. If Henry Scott Riddell had given us nothing but "Scotland Yet," he was worthy of our greatest admiration. Riddell, though a poor man, he said, devoted the whole profits resulting from the publication of this, the greatest of all patriotic songs, to the erecting of a railing around the Burns monument on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

The Rev. J. W. Mann, U.P. Church, Rev. G. Mackendrick, E.U. Church, and others from Langholm, took part in the proceedings, including Mr. Robert Dalgliesh, who was very intimate with the poet, and was in company with him at the centenary of Burns' birth in '59. "Scotland

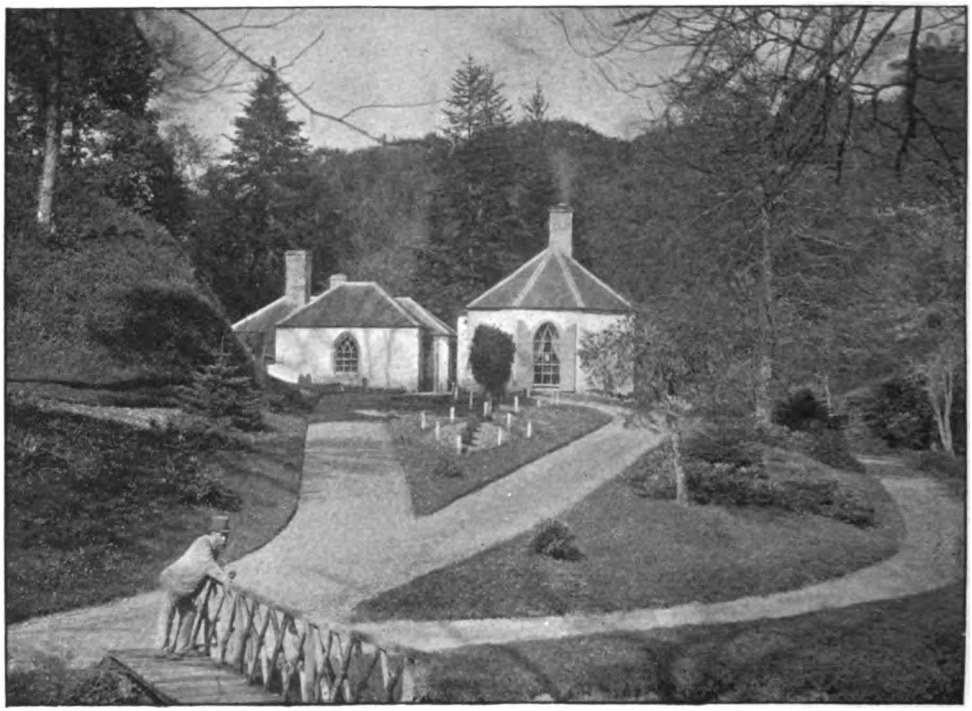
author of the "Lonely Hearth," and "Why should the Spirit of Mortal be proud?" whom Riddell first met at Todrig, and who exercised such an influence for good over the young poet, was farmer of the Wrae, situated between Langholm and Sorbie. Three trees which Knox planted are still pointed out. It had been previously arranged that the King's Own Scottish Borderers, when on their march down the valley should halt at Sorbie and take part in the centenary ceremony. Unfortunately, these arrangements were changed, and the regiment went to Langholm by rail, but the band on reaching the town played "Scotland Yet," in honour of the occasion.

GEORGE ESKDALE.

Denholm as a Holiday Resort.

THE little village of Denholm is situated in the heart of the "bonnie Borderland," and is only five miles from Hawick. The village proper is built on a haugh by the banks of the silvery Teviot, and is in the form of a square, the centre of which composes the village "green" or common. As Denholm has the honour of being the birthplace of Dr. Leyden the poet, a beautiful monument, erected to his memory, stands in the exact centre of the green, and the house wherein he first raised his infant voice is also pointed out to the visitor. The claims of this Border hamlet, as a resort for the tired city worker upon the few days of leisure annually at his disposal, are many and varied. The primitive simplicity and restful quietude, which are its main characteristics, are just exactly what an over-wrought business man wants. Here, during his fortnight, he can forget that stuffy offices and crowded warehouses exist, and, book in hand, he can wander out to "Denholm's Fairy Dean," and, under the shade of a spreading tree, he can lie, brilliantly doing nothing—except drawing in renewed health and vigour from the bracing air.

Denholm Dean is situated about half a mile from the village, and on the estate of Cavers. In this beautiful dell, in the shade of the verdant foliage, even on the warmest day of summer, one can feel as cool as the proverbial cucumber; young and old can spend days and days in restful idling. Cosy garden benches are placed in retired nooks, and here young lovers can make love to their hearts' content, whilst the paters and maters allow the younger olive branches full scope, and recline amongst the daisies with the ripple of the little burn and the warbling of melodious birds sounding in their ears. The Dean used to be a favourite haunt of Leyden, and it was here that he composed most of the "Scenes of Infancy."



From Photo by R. Bell VIEW IN DENHOLM DEAN. Hawick.

When refreshed with a few days' idling, and when the charms of the Dean have been thoroughly explored, numerous one-day excursions can be arranged. A pleasant day can be spent in ascending the lofty Ruberslaw, which rises almost from the Dean. The ascent of this mountain is not too arduous even for ladies, and the view from the summit is ample recompense for the labour. Here, on this height, Peden held several conventicles during the troublous times of the Covenanters, and the rock upon

which he stood whilst he held forth to the assembled worshippers, and the ledge whereon he rested his Bible, are pointed out as "Peden's Pulpit." On the other side of the summit stands the rock upon which he dispensed the sacrament to the devout. A visit can also be made to Cavers House, the home of the ancient Douglas family, which stands about two miles from the village. Cavers old church and the ancient churchyard stand quite near the mansion-house; it was here that Chalmers held forth while but a youth, and in the "auld kirkyard" repose the remains of the Leyden family. But the most interesting day's journey from Denholm is a visit to Minto House and grounds, the seat of Lord Minto. The house is only about a mile and a half from the "square," and in the grounds stand Minto Craigs. On the extreme top of these picturesque rocks stand an old keep, once the stronghold of the noted freebooter, Barnhill. This old tower is only accessible from one point, and is so situated that it would prove impregnable to the primitive methods of early warfare. Under the edge of the cliff, at its highest point, a niche cut out of the solid rock, now grown over with mossy turf, is known as "Barnhill's Bed." The story connected with it is as follows:—When the robber was hard pressed by pursuers, and when ready entrance to the castle was denied, the wily robber, seemingly in desperation, and in the full sight of his foes, boldly leaped over the crag. His pursuers after looking cautiously over the edge, and only seeing the tops of the firs growing beneath in the haugh, descended to look for the corpse of Barnhill. They, doubtless, would be astonished to find no mangled remains at the foot of the crags, whilst a defiant laugh from the summit announced that the outlaw was still alive, and in his keep, within whose walls he could laugh them to scorn. The fact was, that Barnhill had caused this niche to be cut out of the rock, and in it, instead of going down to certain death at the foot of the cliff, he lay concealed until his foes retired and left him free to enter the castle. It is to this tradition that Sir Walter Scott refers in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," when he says,

> "On Minto Crags the moonbeams glint,
> Where Barnhill hew'd his bed of flint."

Some years ago, Lady Minto caused the castle to be thoroughly repaired, and now it contains a private collection of family heirlooms. The key can be obtained from the steward, and from the balcony of the keep a glorious view of a portion of the "bonnie Borderland" can be obtained. Hawick and Jedburgh, although in opposite directions, are both distant but five miles by road from Denholm. An interesting day can easily be spent in each of these thriving Border burghs by cyclists who make Denholm their headquarters. The nearest railway station to the village is Hassendean, on the N. B. R., two miles distant. Denholm possesses a post-office and telegram facilities, so that communication with "the outside world" is quite possible. It has two inns, but boasts no hotel, while plenty of lodgings can be obtained amongst the villagers, whose charges are extremely moderate.

J. G. G.

An Autumn Mood.

'Tis all in vain, to say the hills
Stand changeless 'mid the flight of years;
That sights and sounds the wand'rer thrills,
With old-time joys that banish'd fears.

Or, that the heavens are bright as yore,
And wild bird's song as sweet and true;
While wavelets ripple round the shore
Of gay St. Mary's Loch, as blue.

The hare-bells wave on moor and glen,
The heather blooms along the hills;
The river dances through the den,
And sweet songs rise from lonely rills.

But what are these when hearts grow cold,
And still'd for ever hope's glad chime;
When joys we fancied ne'er grown old,
Are wrecked amid the shoals of time?

The gale blows chill down Meggat vale,
Where erst the west winds softly sigh'd;
The heather fades upon the hill,
Like friends and loves that bloom'd and died.

But why repine? when at our side
Arise young forms with hopes as bright
As those we scatter'd far and wide
When life was bathed in Heav'n's own light!

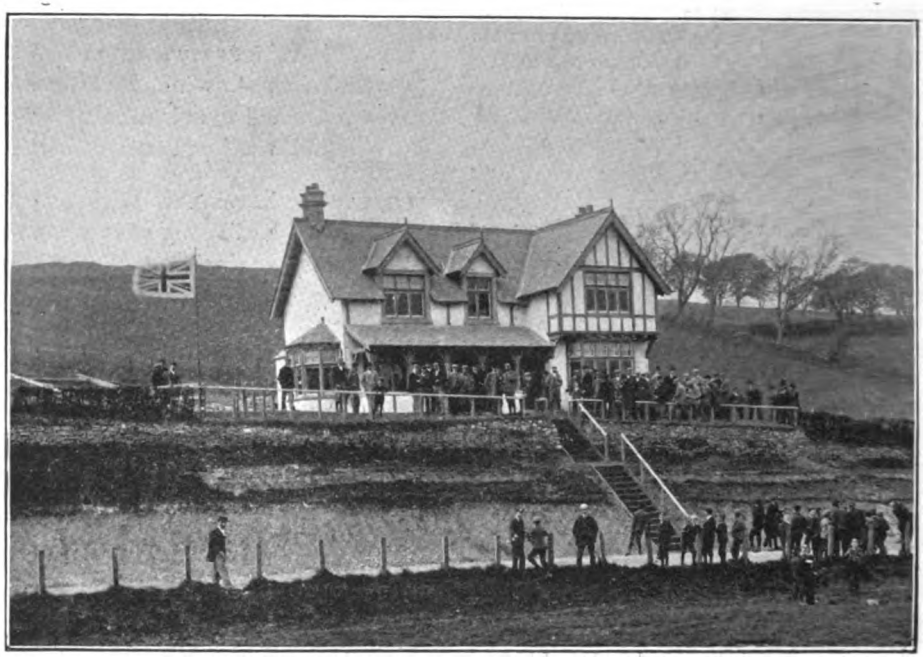
For each succeeding age there springs
Great fountains of perennial joy;
And to youth's eye rich nature brings
Entrancing charms nought can alloy!

DUNCAN FRASER.

Henderland, Sept., 1898.

Golf in Hawick.

THERE is scarcely a provincial town in Scotland of the same size as Hawick, which can boast of so many books having been issued either from it or regarding it. Beginning so far back as the year 1784, when George Caw sent forth his "Poetical Museum containing songs and poems on almost every subject" as the title page has it, we can trace up to the present time a long line of substantial works. They comprise Robert Wilson's "History of Hawick" which went into a second edition, and of which Sir Walter Scott subscribed for two copies; the same sturdy reformer's "Observations on the Reform Bill," and "On the Repeal of the Corn Laws." James Wilson's "Annals of Hawick" and "Hawick and its Old Memories," "Dr. Charteris' Sermons," Mrs. Oliver's "Upper Teviotdale and the Scotts of Buccleuch," Mr. Winning's edition of "Scott of Satchells," the proceedings of the Archæological Society, and the handsome work on "Hawick Common Riding" by Messrs. Laing & Craig, which was noticed by a contributor to these columns some time ago; all these and others of lesser importance form a collection of which any native Hawician has good reason to be proud. We can now add to the list a little book which has just been issued by Mr. James Edgar, High Street, Hawick, bearing the title, "A Historical Sketch of the Hawick Golf Club." It has been compiled by Mr. Barrie, the Secretary of the Club, and is indeed a most creditable production. The get-up of the book is excellent, and Mr. Edgar is to be congratulated on the taste and good judgment he has shown in the production of it. It is well printed, neatly bound, and fully illustrated. We have the pleasure of placing before our readers three of the illustrations which have been kindly sent us by the publisher.



Kindly lent by THE GOLF HOUSE, HAWICK. The Publishers.

Golf in Hawick does not seem to be an ancient institution, for the Golf Club was only founded twenty years ago, but it is quite possible that the "royal and ancient game" may have been played centuries back when no one thought the fact worthy of being chronicled. By the way, why is shinty so little played now-a days? It is a capital winter game and used to be in vogue, at least among schoolboys, ten years ago. The founder of the Hawick Golf Club was Mr. Robert Purdom, the present town-clerk, and it must be gratifying to him to have seen the movement of which he was the initiator, grow and flourish as it has done. It looked at

first as if the proposal to found a golf club was to receive no support. At the first meeting called, only two gentlemen turned up, and at the next meeting, only three. But this dauntless triumvirate resolved to form a club, and having secured ground for a course, they proceeded to lay it out for play. Gradually the membership increased, and a small club-house was built which recently gave place to the handsome

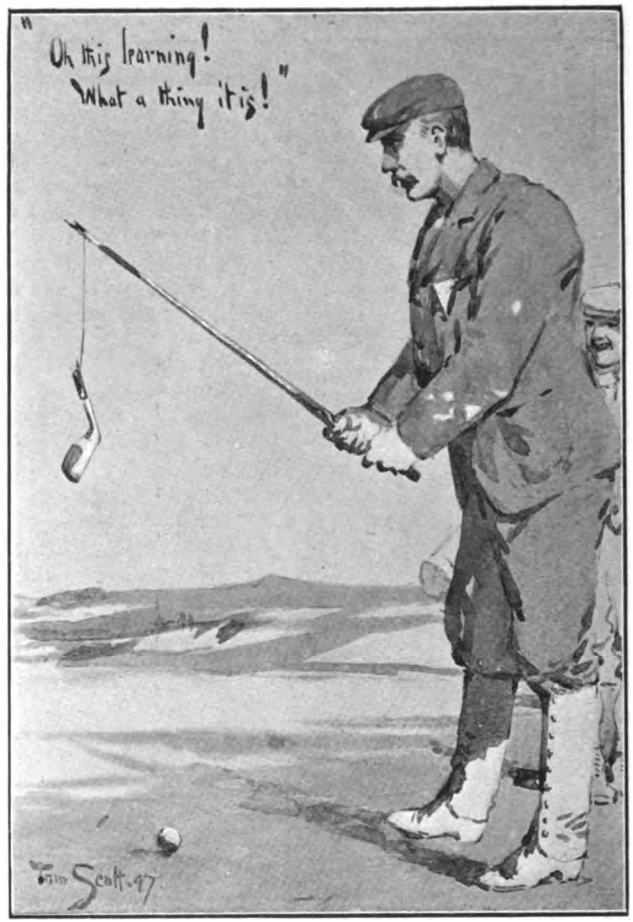
Kindly lent by THE SECRETARY, MR. BARRIE. The Publishers.

structure now used by the members. Unlike lawn tennis, the game of golf has steadily increased in popularity. It has evidently come to stay, for the Club's membership has now reached the respectable total of two hundred and twelve. It was the first institution of its kind in the south of Scotland, and has quite a numerous progeny of clubs in the other Border towns.

The course is on the Vertish hill, and is one of the finest in Scotland. Mr. Barrie is amply justified in all he says regarding the beautiful view from the top of the Vertish. Who that has seen that glorious panorama of hills will ever forget it? From Cheviot Peak to Ettrick Pen they stretch in an unbroken chain across the southern horizon, while on the north the Eildons and the Minto Hills rise from the plain. It is an old land of war, too, that we gaze upon; of Flodden and the Reidswire, and Ancrum Moor and Philiphaugh. Happy indeed is the town which can claim a hill like the Vertish as its own property.

The golf course is an eighteen-hole one and has every variety of obstruction, bunker and hazard, to suit the most fastidious and good tempered player. Talking of good temper, our author has some delightfully naïve remarks on the duty of the club's chaplain, an office at

present vacant. To the thoughtful mind it will seem strange that a golf club should require a chaplain, for golfing victories are (usually) celebrated at the shrine of Bacchus. Here then is Mr. Barrie's reason for bewailing the absence of a chaplain. "Knowing the propensity of golfers in general, to use—well—improper language, it seems a pity that this office should



Kindly lent by the Publisher.

be allowed to remain vacant, as the very fact that there was a chaplain attached to the club might have a restraining influence on players, and prevent them using the immoderate language we so often hear about. There is, however, a good deal of sympathy with players, shown even by members of the ministerial profession. . . . It is astonishing how many players are habitually guilty of so 'relieving their feelings.' They hear others, they acquire the habit, and by and by it so grows on them that it gets to be part and parcel of their game." Really, Mr. Barrie, these be dreadful reflections to make on your fellow members! But if our author is poking fun, such delicate "goaks" should be labelled, and after all, when a golf player makes a "foosle" it might be an act of charity and possibly help to avert any threatenings of apoplexy if a bystander requested him, like Hotspur, to "Swear me a good mouth-filling oath!"

Of the gradual progress of the Club, of its matches, its medals and trophies, of its record scores and all other incidents in its history, the reader will find full particulars in this work; its interest is doubtless in the main local and limited, but it is nevertheless a pleasing book, and Mr. Barrie has done his work with credit. The

illustrations are numerous, while the individual photographs are excellent and life-like, and for sake of these alone many people we fancy will be glad to possess the book. The plates at pages 122 and 130 are very amusing. In the former the artistic eye will not fail to be impressed with the unsophisticated innocence of Mons Meg and the beautiful stomachic contour of Mr. Bulger. Alas, James, that such an elegant and Falstaffian rotundity should have been denied thee in real life!

Sir William Wallace.*

THE story of the hero of Scotland has an undying interest for all peoples and all times, and notwithstanding recent attempts to besmirch his fair name, his memory will ever be treasured by all lovers of freedom. While much that we know of his career may be classed as legendary, we must not fall into the too common error of setting aside such evidence without painstaking investigation, for the despised legend has an awkward habit of becoming an historical fact after diligent research has been made among contemporary documents. The fascinating story of the life of Sir William Wallace, as told by Professor Murison in the latest volume of the *Famous Scots Series*, will do much to awaken a renewed interest in the subject, for, as the author says in his introduction:—

"One is reluctant to believe that there are no more references to Wallace still lying dormant in the muniment rooms of Scottish families. One is no less reluctant to suppose that any patriotic Scot would leave a solitary corner of his muniments unsearched for every possible glint of light upon the great man that has stood forth for six centuries, and will, in all probability, stand forth for ever, as incomparably the most heroic and most fateful figure in the history of Scotland—a hero and a patriot second to none in the recorded history of the nations."

We are fond enough of singing "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," but it is to be feared that we are too much inclined to rest contented with this cheap expression of national pride, and to neglect the life-story, in which are bound up many of our dearest rights and liberties. As Dr. Charles Rogers wrote, "The ignorance of some otherwise well-informed persons respecting the claims of Wallace as a national patriot, is deplorable."

In the opening chapter of the present volume, Professor Murison draws a vivid picture of the dire calamities which befell our country after the death of Queen Margaret, on her voyage from "Norrowa' o'er the faem," and the insidious and all too successful attempts of Edward I. of England, to gain the over-lordship of Scotland. Under the pretext of a deep interest in the people of the northern kingdom, Edward constituted himself arbiter in the rival claims of Bruce and Balliol, but, as our author says: "the whole process was a gigantic palaver, impressing the grandeur, the legality, and the considerateness of Edward, while utilised as a cloak and a means for the remorseless prosecution of his designs upon the independence of Scotland." Balliol, the successful claimant, very soon began to understand why Edward had decided in his favour, and he had not been long seated on the Scottish throne before he was served with repeated summonses to appear in English courts to answer petty charges brought against him by Commoners. The times were troublous indeed, but—"Already, however, in the breast of an obscure young man in an obscure district of the west of Scotland, there were surging turbulent feelings of personal and patriotic resentment, destined eventually to overturn all these calculations of ambitious aggression. That young man was William Wallace of Elderslie."

In chapter two we have interesting glimpses of the early days of the hero, succeeded by carefully selected facts regarding the guerilla warfare, in which he engaged, and which fitted him for the great work before him, and made him the accepted champion of the liberties of Scotland. The deliverance of Scotland from the galling yoke of Southern oppression is carefully gone into by Professor Murison, and readers must feel indebted to him for bringing together the evidence of various authorities, and compiling it in such a readable form. As Guardian of Scotland, Wallace is shown to be possessed of an amount of political insight for which he is not generally credited, and the success of Stirling Bridge had proved beyond a doubt that his skill in military tactics was of a very high order. That Wallace visited France on one occasion at least is certain; and our author throws considerable light on this rather obscure page of the life-story. A victim to the basest treachery, the patriot hero at last fell into the hands of Edward, who, in the most vindictive manner, always under the cloak of law and religion of course, took vengeance. The trial was a miserable travesty, intended to cover the King's personal hate and fear of the noblest enemy he ever faced. "The blood of the saints is the seed of the church," and the hero's death cry is the war-song of freedom. The moral is thus rendered by Burton:—

"The death of Wallace stands forth among the violent ends which have had a memorable place in history. Pro-

* Sir William Wallace. By Professor A. F. Murison. *Famous Scots Series.* Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.

verbially such acts belong to a policy that outwits itself. But the retribution has seldom come so quickly, and so utterly in defiance of all human preparation and calculation, as here. Of the bloody trophies sent to frighten a broken people into abject subjection, the bones had not yet been bared ere they became tokens to deepen the wrath and strengthen the courage of a people arising to try the strength of the bands by which they were bound, and, if possible, break them once and for ever."

Six months had hardly passed ere the flag of freedom waved once more in Scotland, and Bruce was crowned King in the Chapel-Royal of Scone. The *Famous Scots Series* is within the reach of all, and this particular volume should be in the hands of all true Scots. Professor Murison fitly closes the story of Sir William Wallace by the following pithy paragraph :—

"The instinct of the Scottish nation is thoroughly sound. Though at one time nourished by Blind Harry's poem, it is rooted in the rock of historical fact. And, despite the sneers of the inconsiderate, it is a great imperial influence. Who will assert that the empire has suffered from the intense passion of freedom that Scotsmen associate with the name of Wallace? Is it not the obvious fact that the free national feeling by transmutation swells the imperial flame? If it is fundamentally due to Wallace's heroic heart and mind that the national spirit of freedom saved Scotland from union with England on any terms less dignified than the footing of independence, then the results of his noble struggle entitle him to a foremost place among the great men that have established the foundations of the British Empire. One sovereign at least of England as well as of Scotland acknowledged—and handsomely acknowledged —'the good and honourable service done of old by William Wallace for the defence of that our kingdom.' Wallace made Scotland great; and, as Lord Rosebery proudly and justly claimed, 'if Scotland were not great the Empire of all the Britains would not stand where it does.' In the work of imperial expansion, consolidation and administration, Scotsmen have done, and are doing, at least their fair share; but that share would have been indefinitely deferred and indefinitely marred, but for the uncurbed passion of freedom pervading their nature. And to Scotsmen, in all generations, Freedom will ever be nobly typified in the immortal name of Sir William Wallace."

WILLIAM SANDERSON.

POETRY:—"LAMMERMOOR LEAVES." By A. T. G. Readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE will at once recognise the initials A. T. G. as those of the author of the interesting series of "Border Reminiscences" which appeared in the pages of this magazine. The neat volume of verse now before us is dedicated to "All who keep leal to the Borders," and the introductory note runs thus :—"This little book is a collection of 'Leaves,' gathered for the most part on the lower slopes of the Lammermoor Hills, during Autumn holidays. In the folds of the *Berwickshire News*, the *Border Advertiser*, or the BORDER MAGAZINE, they have been already pressed. They are here stitched together for the sake of those who desire to preserve for a few days longer some simple thoughts they were pleased to value. These 'Leaves' shall fade, as all leaves do. Till then they may bear a memory of

'The waters tricklin' doun amang the fern.'"

The author has the faculty of gathering the "harvest of a quiet eye," and in simple verse tells his impressions of nature in her varied moods. The volume will be received with pleasure by many readers, alike for its contents and for the excellent printing and binding, which are a credit to the *Border Advertiser* office from which it is issued. The book ends with the following pleasing lines :—

"And he who stitched these leaves together,
In spite of adverse winds and weather,
Would fain shake hands, across the brook
Whose rippling sang this little book,
With all who value—rich or poor—
LEAVES, fading leaves, from LAMMERMOOR."

"RAMBLES ROUND THE EILDONS." By James B. Webber. Hawick: Craw & Edgar.

This is a volume which in less than two hundred pages contains nearly one hundred and thirty short poems on a great variety of subjects. The variety, indeed, is the principal attraction of the book. Those of us who were brought up in the neighbourhood of Melrose will be greatly amused by a description of the temptations which beset those who used to witness the Duke's foxhounds meet on the Eildons. The enjoyment of following the hounds was so rare and exquisite that it always cast a shadow behind those who had "plunked" the school and taken the law into their own hands. Inevitable punishment followed. Called up before "the maister" next morning, that dread functionary exclaimed :

"An' you, ye foxhounders, forsooth,
Ye dinna need tae be sae couth,
For I will speak the simple truth,
Ye carena for yer maister.

'Twas only yesterday the blaw
O' Willie's horn enticed ye a'
Tae leave the schule an' gang awa'
The same as ye were maister."

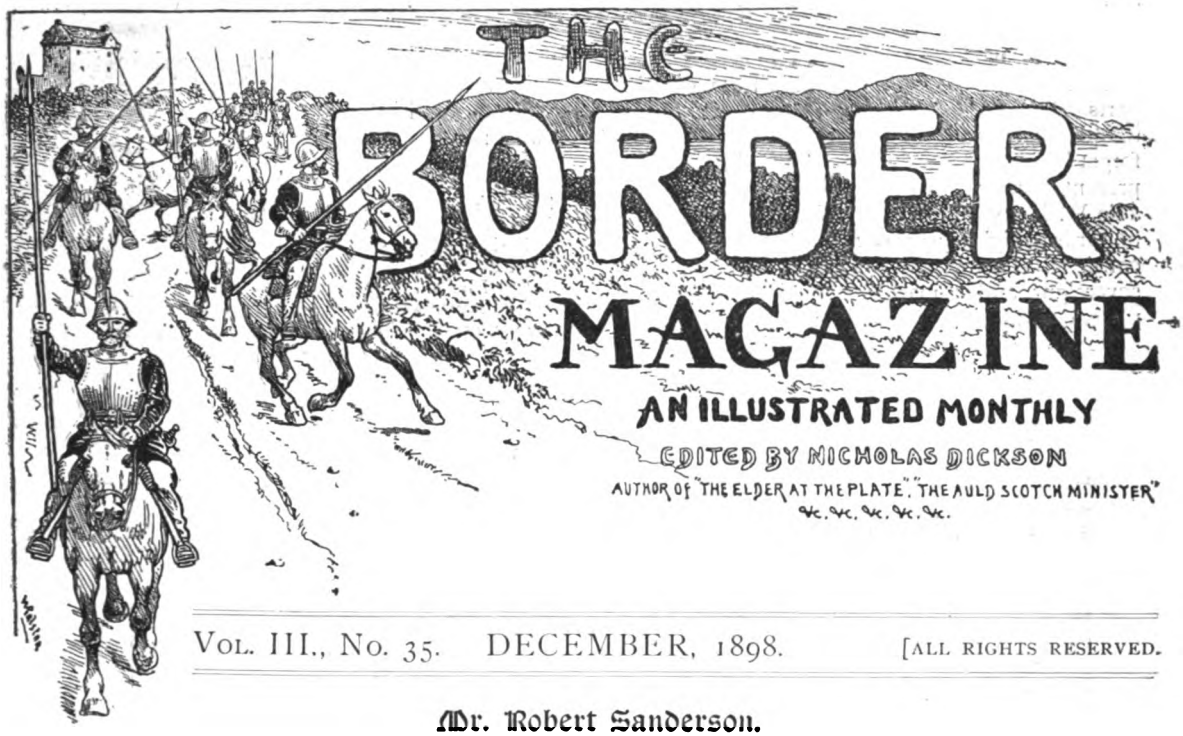
Disaster followed; but after it was over, the old temptation returned next week with the appearance of the hounds going up to the Eildons. To all those who would like a bit of real enjoyment out of verses that are born of pure and sheer simplicity, we can honestly recommend Mr. Webber's "Rambles Round the Eildons."

Glasgow: Carter & Pratt, Printers.

From Photo by Mrs. Robertson,] [Peebles.

MR. ROBERT SANDERSON,

AUTHOR OF "FRAE THE LYNE VALLEY," ETC.



VOL. III., No. 35. DECEMBER, 1898.

Mr. Robert Sanderson.

AUTHOR OF "FRAE THE LYNE VALLEY," ETC.

THE subject of the following sketch, was born at West Linton in the year 1836. Though at one time a weaver and land measurer, he had ample time to follow the natural bent of his inclination in a literary way. No doubt the many graceful charms of his native valley over which the lofty "Mendick" keeps watch and ward, prompted and inspired him to write verses at a very early age. While rambling among the quiet fields and woodlands around his boyhood's home, song-writing would come as naturally to him as the joyous notes which daily pour forth from the up-springing lark as she greets the waking morn.

But it is not only in verse that Mr. Sanderson is seen to advantage. Many reminiscences of notable characters, which are well worth recording, have come from his pen. He was the first to gather and publish in a collected form the anecdotes of the two clergymen, Mr. Hamilton Paul and Mr. Aiton, under the title of "Clerical Wits." There is nothing which can kindle the poet's eye, better and quicker, than rehearsing the ancient customs, beliefs, and various amusements of the peasantry with whom he was associated in his early years. We find this in such poems as his "Aul' Clachan Worthies." What is so dear to the memory of many, or distant from the imagination of some, than scenes such as are there portrayed:—

"I like aye to muse on the laich theekit sheiling,
Wi' divot built riggin' an' raips roun' the lum;
The but an' the ben o' the humble Scotch hallan;
The hearty Scotch welcome for a' that may come."

In our march of progress most of such venerable relics have been swept from our hillsides and glens. It is however in poems and pictures, such as this, which keep them in memory as momentoes of a by-gone day. Mr. Sanderson has also an abundance of antiquarian lore. There is not an old church in Scotland but he knows its history, its uprising, and its downfall. Even after they do crumble and decay, they are doubly dear to him. He loves to potter amid their ruins, and cherishes their fonts and chalices, if not in reality, as far as is possible in shadow, by photographs, etc. This observation does not however point to his having a melancholy or morose turn of mind, he merely loves to gather from all things knowledge, which he in turn imparts to others. There is nothing like putting all one's talents out to usury, so that in turn we may find

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

The latest article regarding the district of West Linton which Mr. Sanderson has published is "The Ministers of West Linton from the Reformation to the present time."

In 1885 he was presented with a handsome

testimonial subscribed for throughout the district where he resides, and also from distant parts. The "Scots Abroad," who were his friends and associates in former years, did not forget him on this occasion. The chair, at the presentation, was occupied by the venerable W. Forbes, Esq., of Medywn, at that time upwards of eighty years of age. The testimonial consisted of an illuminated address, a purse of sovereigns, and a marble time-piece, with gold plate, on which was inscribed:

"Presented, along with fifty guineas and an illuminated address, to Mr. Robert Sanderson by his friends and admirers, to mark their appreciation of his poetical and other writings, and his many services to his native district, 25th March, 1885."

At this meeting reference was made to the fact that Lord Rosebery had expressed his appreciation of Mr. Sanderson's volume then published, and had sent to him a handsome copy of Burns' Poems specially bound for the occasion. We may also here state that the poet's latest published volume, was gifted to the Queen, and graciously acknowledged by Her Majesty.

A good many of Mr. Sanderson's poems were published in the *Hamilton Advertiser*, and other local papers, after which they appeared in the American papers. He has embalmed many of the tit-bits of Linton in song: such as the following:—

THE BONNIE WEST WATER.

Oh! balmy's the breath o' the new tedded hay,
An' bright beams the sun on the burn, bank, and brae,
While in silence I ponder and peacefully stray
On the banks o' the bonnie West Water.
When first I beheld it in life's mornin' fair,
When fond hearts were near me to gladden me there,
Let me witness the calm, glorious, sunset ance mair
On the banks o' the bonnie West Water.

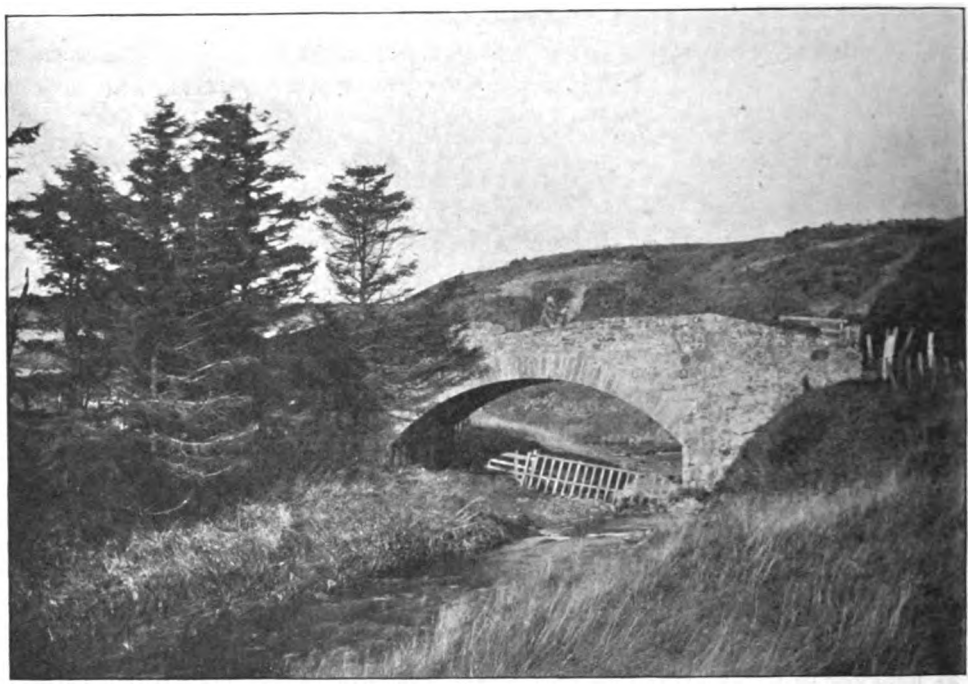


Photo by Mrs. Robertson. WEST WATER. Peebles.

Frae yon lone desert scene 'mong the mountains afar,
Where in winter the angriest tempests make war,
'Mong the caves and the scaurs, around proud Craigengar,
Come the waves o' the bonnie West Water.
An' they wind round the base o' the steep heathy hill,
By the auld Roman Brig an' the hamely meal mill;
Oh! sairly I envy the artist his skill,
For sake o' the bonnie West Water.

In the lang days o' June, oh, how bonnie's the broom!
In July how fair are the flowerets that bloom
On ilk haugh and ilk brae, sheddin' pleasant perfume
On the banks o' the bonnie West Water.
In Autumn, how richly the heather blooms then!
Owre the wide spreadin' moor, and the dark rocky den,
An' beside the lone graves o' the Covenant men,
Near the banks o' the bonny West Water.

Oh! the sun rise was dear in the dawn of life's day,
When I sped thro' the haughs to the gowany brae;

Now, the sunset is dearer, an' gloamin' hour gray
On the banks o' the bonnie West Water.
An' when past are the days o' life's fast fleeting dream,
Oh, how soundly I'd sleep on thy banks, blythsome stream!
Tho' lull'd to repose by no holier hymn
Than the sang o' the bonnie West Water.

Another very favourite spot to young and old is—

THE AULD LINT ILL.

Let me linger on the brae by the Auld Lint Mill,
At the peacefu' close o' day by the Auld Lint Mill,
Let me list the torrents din,
Rushing down the deep ravine,
There to meet the limpid Lyne by the Auld Lint Mill.

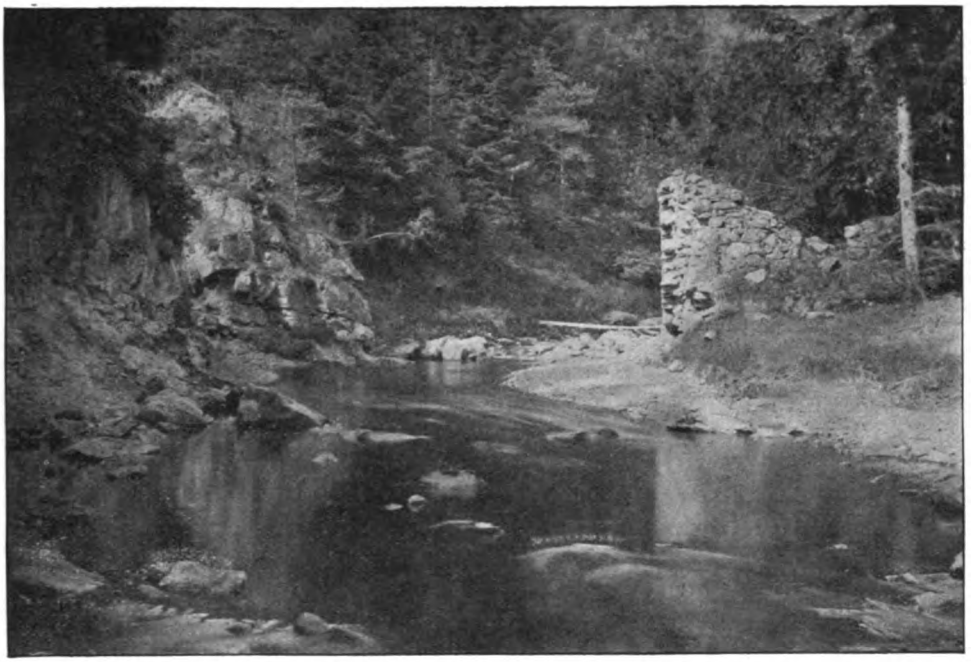


Photo by Mrs. Robertson.] LINT MILL, WEST LINTON. [Peebles.

The valley, oh, how dear, round the Auld Lint Mill,
And each sight an' scene that's near to the Auld Lint Mill,
Let the pleasin' past declare,
O' the happy moments there,
That return to me nae mair by the Auld Lint Mill,
Etc., etc.

Those of Mr. Sanderson's poems which appeared in Canada and the United States, were occasionally accompanied by kind and complimentary remarks regarding the author, whose healthful, homely doric no doubt had special attractions for those of Scottish birth.

As a brother and bard of the lodge of St. Kentigern, Penicuick, Mr. Sanderson often contributed verses such as—"Burns, the Masonic Bard"—all of which were very highly prized by the members.

It was noticed that in a collection of Scottish hymns published specially for the aged, two at least of Mr. Sanderson's had found a place. They were—"Gae bring the Stranger in," and "Is the aul' Gudeman aye leevin?" both of which are tender and sympathetic, and evince the quiet, thoughtful and reflective spirit of the writer.

Mr. Sanderson is very much interested in the minstrelsy of our Borderland. He delights to study the writings of Scott, Hogg, Henry Scott Riddell, Thomas Pringle, and William Knox, whose precious sweet little pieces he delights in as being those he learned in his boyhood. He is personally acquainted with many of our present-day Scottish poets, and has in his possession a good collection of rare books, letters, etc., gifted to him by them. Among the givers were James Ballantyne, James Smith, Peter Gardiner, and other sons of song. Not the least was a *facsimile* of the Kilmarnock Edition of Burns' Poems which was recently presented to him by Mr. A. V. Begg, grand-nephew of Robert Burns.

Like most other poets Mr. Sanderson has a decided love for home and fatherland, and still

he tunes his lyre to chant its praise. He has of course a continual interest in his native parish—the hills and glens among which he has spent a life time, where every nook and cranny is well-known to him. It is natural, however, that the village of West Linton itself is the one spot above all others "supremely blest, a dearer sweeter spot than all the rest." He has a vivid remembrance of it in its small, quaint, uncouth state, as described in his

DAYS OF THE CROFTERS.

'Twas trim an' trig Rab Farquhar's rig, as kailyard e'er could be,
'Twas bounded by the rustic brig, the hedge and hawthorn tree,
The bonnie burn that swept alang and wimpled doon the glen,
Aye seemed to sing its sweetest sang at Robin's gable en'.

Now that the village is increasing, Mr. Sanderson has a great pleasure in helping its growth. Three years ago he took an active part in bringing in a new water supply from springs in Slipperfield. Since then houses have been built on every available site, and West Linton is becoming fast a favourite summer resort. He continues to have a wealth of friendship in the musical and literary world, which is to him a source of much enjoyment. His cottage home is to many a centre of attraction when in the district. His various volumes have been well reviewed, and each one speaks of the wholesome moral tone of the writings. They are calculated to awaken not only a glow of patriotism and sympathetic feeling, but also of elevated thought and pure religion. In closing we may apply to him two of his own verses—

Lang may't be thine to ponder o'er
The rich an' interesting store,
O' quaint and antiquated lore
Which thou canst boast,
Result o' neither little care
Nor little cost.

Lang may ye pen the pithy line
Owre Scotland's heroes o' lang syne,
Within the joyfu' hame that's thine,
'Mid a' thing dear;
While sons and dochters, wife and weans,
Thy bosom cheer.

LOUISA.

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE DR. JAMES HARDY.—We regret that we omitted to state last month the name of the artist of this fine portrait—Mr. George Bruce of Duns.

Border Military Marches.

THE route march of the 1st Battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers is an event which is not likely to be soon forgotten. Beginning at Berwick and ending at Dumfries, in September last, the march was one continued series of welcomes in every town and village along the route. Corporations and Volunteers, private gentlemen, townsmen and villagers, all extended a most hearty reception to the Borderers. In every centre of population along the line of march, there was a number of recruits seeking admission to the regiment, and this gratifying result was really and simply the principal object of "the outing."

The Border Regiment was raised by Lord Leven in Edinburgh as far back as 1689, and long known, in consequence, as Leven's Regiment. It dropped this distinctive name, however, when George III. conferred on it the name of the "King's Own Borderers." In 1887 the word "Scottish" was introduced when the Border Militia were joined to the regiment, which is now known as the "King's Own Scottish Borderers," or initially as the K. O. S. B. For more than 200 years, the Borderers have been associated with active service in various parts of the world, and have always earned a name for distinction and bravery in action. At home they fought at Killiecrankie and Culloden, while in modern times they were engaged at Chitral, and distinguished themselves at the taking of the Malakand Pass. The splendid service they rendered in the campaign against the Afridis, in the Tirah Country, must yet be fresh in the minds of our readers as that occurred so recently as towards the end of last year.

The Border Country, both on its English and Scottish sides, is perhaps the most military portion of the United Kingdom. In respect to actual welfare there is no part of the country—not even excepting the Highlands—where there has occurred so much military service as just this Border Country. For centuries the English and the Scottish Borderers were continually in arms against each other, and when this state of matters ceased in later times, the old military spirit asserted itself, wherever there was the least occasion for its doing so. In the spring of 1795 when the country became alarmed by the rumours of a great French Army which was being raised to land upon our shores, two companies of volunteers were formed in Dumfries on the Western Border, and the first in Scotland. Among the names then enrolled was one which warms the heart of every Scotsman as he hears it mentioned—that of Robert

Burns. At a dinner given by the Magistrates of Dumfries to the Volunteers on the King's birthday, the poet, who was present, proposed the following toast, "May we never see the French, and may the French never see us." This was only Burns's way of saying, "After all, the French may never come, in which case we shall neither have the opportunity of seeing them or getting the chance of thrashing them." The toast, however, was misunderstood, and the poet was mortified beyond expression to find that the sentiment he had uttered was received as if it savoured more of cowardice than of

ham, "it was heard in every street, and it did more to right the mind of the rustic part of the population than all the speeches of Pitt and Dundas." All this happened only a year before Burns's early death, and when that lamented event occurred, the Volunteers of Dumfries resolved that the remains of their departed comrade should be buried with full military honours. This ceremony took place on 20th July, 1796, and it is worthy of remark that the first recorded Volunteer funeral was that of the illustrious Robert Burns.

In 1803 a fresh alarm of invasion convulsed

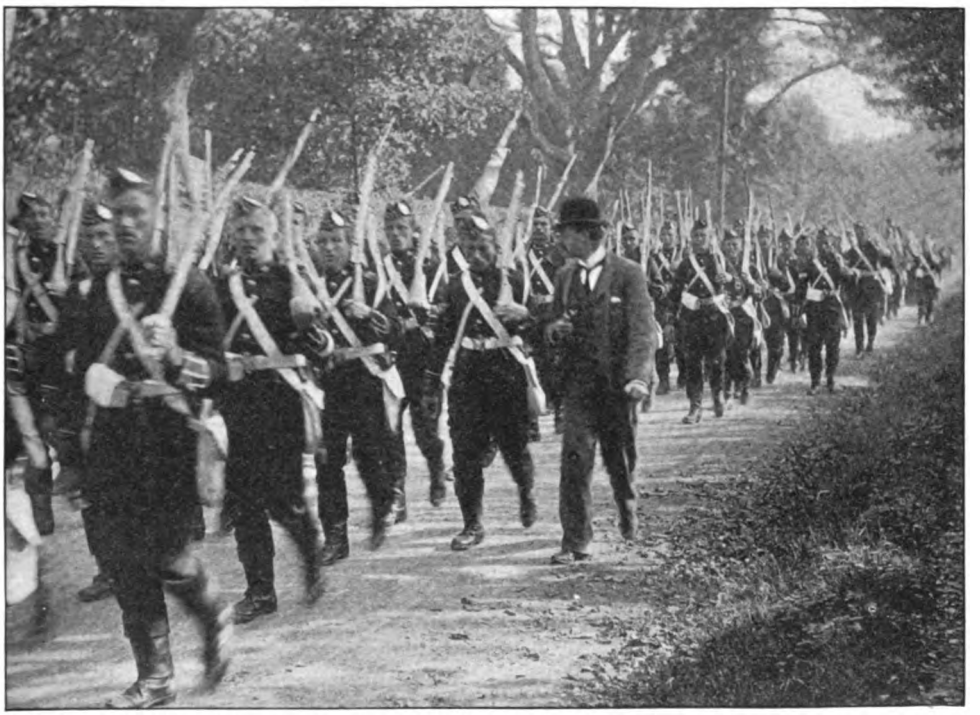


Photo by George W. Gibson.] THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS ON THE MARCH. [Coldstream.

patriotism and valour. He went home, and a few days afterwards there appeared in the columns of the *The Dumfries Journal* the heart-stirring song—

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat ?
Then let the loons beware, Sir ;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And Volunteers on shore, Sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!

This invasion-song as it was called, made a profound impression throughout the country. "The hills echoed with it," says Allan Cunningham, "it was heard in every street, and it did more to right the mind of the rustic part of the population than all the speeches of Pitt and Dundas." All this happened only a year before Burns's early death, and when that lamented event occurred, the Volunteers of Dumfries resolved that the remains of their departed comrade should be buried with full military honours. This ceremony took place on 20th July, 1796, and it is worthy of remark that the first recorded Volunteer funeral was that of the illustrious Robert Burns.

In 1803 a fresh alarm of invasion convulsed the country. It was no light matter that set our forefathers again to drilling and marching: but in looking back over the printed records of the time, it is amusing to read some of the humours of the movement which are largely interspersed with the more serious details. A country laird who commanded a company of Volunteers used frequently to forget the technical word of command when most he needed it. On one occasion he wished to say, "Rear rank, forward," but not being able to clothe the expression in military language, he solved the difficulty by calling out, "Back raw, step forrit." In every Border town and village, there was, according to a

local authority, "ridin' and drillin' like the very deevil." Beacons were erected on every outstanding hill-top to give the signal when the French had landed, as they really were expected at any moment. Every man was instructed to hold himself in readiness, and the instant that he saw a lighted beacon he, along with the local company of which he might be a member, was to march to Kelso, the rallying point for the Northern District of Roxburghshire. One night the whole of the Border signal hills—the Eildons, the Black Hill, Dunion, Ruberslaw—were all in a blaze. Amidst the wildest excitement, the various companies mustered and prepared to march on Kelso. The scenes and sights at parting with husbands, wives, and sweethearts, were something never to be forgotten by those who witnessed them. The lighting of the Beacons turned out to be a false alarm, but it showed of what stuff the Volunteers were made, for Kelso next morning was swarming with men disappointed, after all, that there was no opportunity offered them of showing the country that the fighting blood of the Border was as warm and determined as it had been in the auld days of raids and wars.

Those of our readers who would care to go further in this direction are recommended to read the "Autobiography of John Younger, Shoemaker, St. Boswells," where they will find a vivid description of the "Lighting of the Beacons" and the moonlight march to Kelso of the local Volunteers.

The Proverbs of the Waverley Novels.

V.

SCOTTISH literature and Scottish proverbs are so full of "the Deil" for a subject, that the familiarity thereby engendered has tended very materially to rob that august personage of many of the terrors with which he is elsewhere invested. Indeed so far has he wormed himself into human affairs that a certain amount of sympathy has been bespoken for him in consideration of his being compelled to retire to "yon den" after his vagaries in the "roaring lion" business are over for the day.

O wad ye tak a thocht an' men'!

cries Burns in his famous "Address." That he really does make some movement in this direction is clear, we think, from the well-known proverb which Willie o' Westburnflat quotes to the Black Dwarf—

When the devil was sick,
The devil a monk would be.

But then follows the disheartening intimation

When the devil was well,
The devil a monk was he.

Notwithstanding all this, however, there is some hope that he calls a halt before allowing matters to go too far. "Oh Geordie, Jingling Geordie," says the King to Heriot in "The Fortunes of Nigel," "it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence."

"I am afraid," replied George Heriot, more harshly than prudently, "I might have thought of the old proverb of Satan reproving sin."

This is so far satisfactory—reproving sin; but our Deilian proverbs go further; for they point to the fact that the "Father of Lies" can actually be brought to a sense of shame by telling the truth. King James, quoted a few lines above, tells Richie Moniplies to "speak the truth and shame the deil." This same exhortation is often used to clinch an argument or close a discussion, even in the absence of the personage referred to. Thus in the story of "The Black Dwarf," the Elliot family are talking over the misfortunes that have befallen them. A suggestion is made that Hobbie should wait upon the Dwarf—Cannie Elshie—and ask assistance from him that very night. Hobbie, however, urges excuse after excuse for not going. "The night's very dark," he says, rising and looking through the casement of the cottage, "and, to speak the truth and shame the deil, though Elshie's a real honest fellow, yet somegate I wad rather take daylight wi' me when I gang to visit him."

Never very far away from any one of us is "the Auld Ane," as Hobbie Elliot calls him. In fact, one of the most frequently quoted of our proverbial sayings is "Speak o' the deil and he'll turn up." There is this to be said of his turning up, however, that he seldom, if ever appears in person, but only in the shape or resemblance of someone who is accredited and accepted as his representative for the time being. A busy time of it he would have if he were to take part in all the transactions of human affairs where his name or office is invoked. "The deil take them wha have the least pint stoup," observes Evan Dhu, with reference to the Scotch liberality in computing land and liquor, when Waverley was beginning to feel that Evan's projected walk of five miles into the Highlands seemed to be nearer ten.

Now and again we find the deil mixing himself up with individuals by way of variety, we suppose, from the race of mankind in general. Cuddie Headrigg complains to his wife that he has been fated to gang the gate o' some carline

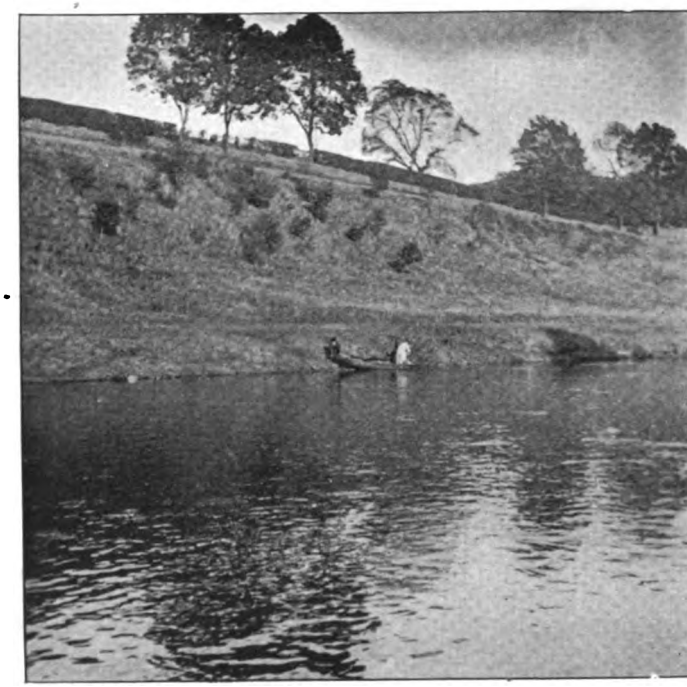
or queen instead o' his ain. "There was first my mither," he proceeds to say, "then there was Leddy Margaret didna let me ca' my soul my ain; then my mither and her quarrelled, and pu'd me twa ways at ance, as if ilk ane had had an end o' me, like Punch and the Deevil rugging about the baker at the fair."

Who Jock Wabster was does not seem clear from any biographies that we have consulted; but he and the deil apparently have come into close grips now and again. In reply to Frank Osbaldistone's question as to the meaning of the expression "clean wud," Andrew Fairservice explains, "Ou just real daft—neither to haud nor to bind—a' hirdy-girdy—clean through-ither —the deil's ower Jock Wabster." Further on, in the same novel, "Rob Roy," Frank again seeks explanations regarding his father's bills. "Why," replied Bailie Nicol Jarvie, "if these bills are not paid, the Glasgow merchant comes on the Highland lairds, wha hae deil a boddle o' siller. . . . They will turn desperate; five hundred will rise that might hae sitten at hame—the deil will gae ower Jock Wabster—the stopping o' your father's house will hasten the outbreak that's been sae lang biding us."

It is, perhaps a proof of the strong personality of Jock Wabster that he disdained to listen to any overtures, and preferred an encounter with the "Auld Ane," in the matter of some disputed or contested point. Others, however, have given way, like those who lived near the Highland line, preferring to pay M'Tavish Mhor protection money than coming to close quarters with him. They comforted themselves with the old proverb that it is "better to fleech the deil than fecht him."

All these incidents have reference to human matters and earthly experiences; but Fergus MacIvor, in quoting a Highland proverb, sends us "down below" in search of an explanation as to its meaning. "Blow for blow, as Conan said to the devil." Conan, like other heroes of antiquity, had some business in the infernal regions on one occasion. While down there he received a cuff from the presiding genius of the place. This cuff Conan instantly returned, and thereby gave expression to the proverb. The expression is slightly varied in its use by Ensign MacCombich who, in reply to Mrs. Flockhart asking if he was not afraid to face the English dragoons, remarks, "No, no," said he. "Claw for claw, as Conan said to the deil, and let him take the shortest nails."

But after all these vagaries, either above or below, there is a disposition in some quarters to make out that "the deil's no sae black as he's ca'd." "Hout, tout, neighbour, ye mauna tak'



FISHING ON THE TWEED.

the warld at its word," observes Saddletree in "The Heart of Midlothian." "The very deil is no sae ill as he's ca'd, and I ken mair than ae advocate that may be said to hae some integrity as weel as their neighbours—that is, after a sort o' fashion o' their ain." In "The Monastery," too, Christie of the Clinthill encourages Halbert by whispering in his ear, "Answer boldly and readily to whatever the Baron asks you. Never stop to pick your words, and above all show no fear of him—the devil is not so black as he is painted." It may be so; but the "cloven hoof" shows itself sometimes even among such expressions or, at all events, in the motive that has prompted them. Seeking to ingratiate himself with his neighbours, and buy golden opinions from all sorts of people, the villain Glossin stands treat at the Gordon Arms. "Weel," said the Deacon to the landlady, "the deil's no sae ill as he's ca'd. It's pleasant to see a gentleman pay the regard to the business o' the county that Mr. Glossin does."

"Ay, 'deed is't, Deacon," answered Mrs. MacCandlish, "and yet I wonder our gentry leave their ain wark to the like o' him. But as lang as siller's current, Deacon, folk mauna look ower nicely at what king's head's on't."

THE TWEED NEAR MELROSE.

River-Fishing at Melrose.

THE recent severe rains have caused the Tweed to rise higher than it has been for years, much to the satisfaction of anglers of all descriptions: from the mighty salmon slayer, down to the humble but happy truant from school, energetically wielding his home-made rod with the best of them.

Though the trout season is practically over, good takes have been the order of the day. Trout of 1 and 2 lbs. being quite common, while two, weighing 4 lbs., were caught near Melrose, one of them falling to the rod of Miss James, a keen and well-known sportswoman about there.

Salmon are running up in great numbers after the spate, but the water is still too high for the fly; though here and there one or two salmon have been caught; one of 24 pounds was landed by Mr. G. W. Erskine, while several were caught by trout fishers. Some of these, however, were promptly returned to their native element by ever-vigilant water bailiffs.

To the uninitiated fishing seems a cold, dreary, absolutely incomprehensible sport, but let those who say so, walk along the river bank after a spate, and watch the fishers for a little. Then he will own that there must be a wonderfully strong attraction about it, that keeps "all sorts and conditions of men" perfectly happy, occupied and hopeful, watching patiently for hours on end their particular bit of line floating in the stream.

"Hope springs eternal in the fisher's breast," and where there is hope, there is at least a glimmer of happiness.

J.

Sir Walter Scott as an Elder.

IN Mr. Baird's lately published volume * we have an account of much that will interest readers far beyond the boundaries of Duddingston and Portobello. There is an incident in the life of Sir Walter Scott, for example, which is not generally known, and with which his biographer and son-in-law does not seem to have been acquainted. We refer to Scott's having been ordained as an elder in Duddingston Church under the ministry of the Rev. John Thomson, pastor and painter.

When Mr. Thomson was translated from Dailly in Ayrshire to Duddingston near Edinburgh, in 1805, there appear to have been only three elders in the kirk-session. It was considered desirable that this number should be increased. Suitable men for the office seem to have been scarce, and elections were accordingly few and far between. At the beginning of the century, the public life of Edinburgh seems to have been limited enough, the only exception being the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland where the office of elder was frequently aspired to by practitioners at the Scottish Bar for the purpose of bringing themselves into public notice by taking part in the debates of that ecclesiastical body. Accordingly, the minister of Duddingston singled out from the legal profession several names which he desired to be added to the session of his Church. Amongst these was Walter Scott, who was beginning to make for himself a name in literature as the author of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Scott's brother, Thomas, was factor on the Duddingston estate and, as such, had considerable influence in the parish and over the congregation. But the congregation seems to have taken very little interest in the matter, Mr. Baird takes us to the session records and gets out of them all that we are at present in search of. The first minute is dated March 12, 1806, and runs as follows:

> The session of Duddingston having met and constitute, present the Rev. Mr. Thomson, moderator; Mr. Andrew Bennet and John Thomson, Esq., of Priorlatham, elders. It was resolved to add the following gentlemen to their number: Thomas Scott, Esq., W.S.; Walter Scott, Esq, advocate; William Clerk, Esq., advocate; and Thomas Miller, Esq., W.S.; and it was appointed that their edict should be served upon the Sabbath following, the 16th March.
>
> Duddingston, 16th March, 1806.
>
> In conformity to the resolution of the session of this parish at their last meeting, when it was resolved to add to their number the following gentlemen:—Messrs. Thomas Scott, W.S.; Walter Scott, advocate; William Clerk, advocate; and Thomas Miller, W.S.; their edict was this day regularly served, and their ordination appointed to be on Sabbath the 30th March.
>
> Duddingston, 30th March, 1806.
>
> The previous steps having been regularly taken for the election of the above named persons to the office of eldership, they—viz., Mr. Walter Scott, Advocate; Mr. William Clerk, advocate; and Thomas Miller, advocate; were accordingly ordained, and solemnly set apart to that office.
>
> (*Signed*) John Robertson, *Session-Clerk.*
> John Thomson, *Moderator.*

From these minutes it appears that Thomas Scott did not come forward for ordination along with the others who signed the usual formula declaring their adhesion to the Confession of Faith, and their submission to the Presbyterian Church as by law ordained and settled. Later on, in the same year of 1806, we find that Walter Scott was chosen to represent the kirk-session of Duddingston in the Presbytery of Edinburgh and Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale. Here, accordingly, we have the author of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" as "an elder o' the kirk." Though he does not seem to have done much in the way of discharging the duties usually devolving upon such an office, still there he is as an elder, and in the position of being able to draw from life the portraits of such characters as the Rev. Mr. Morton, Dr. Erskine, Reuben Butler, Josiah Cargill, Deacon Bearcliff, Precentor Skreigh, and a great many other "Scotch portraits o' the kirk."

In later life Sir Walter ceased to identify himself with the Church of Scotland, and adhered to the sister Church of England. But as Mr. Baird observes "it is very doubtful if his convictions in favour of Presbyterianism as a system ever changed so much as his biographer would have us believe."

* Annals of Duddingston and Portobello. By William Baird, F.S.A.Scot. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

Loch Skene: A Sonnet.

WEIRD mountain loch! a subtle spell thou hast
Of woe unutterable: like the eye
Of some care-broken man whose memory
Dwells on the dark scenes of a troublous past,
Whose sombre shadows o'er his soul have cast
Eternal twilight—so the mountains high
Have taught thee all their gloomy thoughts which lie
Heavy upon thy soul, sullen and vast.
And yet what memories around thee cling!
Here on thy shores the Martyr Renwick trod
With that "small remnant," owning Christ as King:
Their sufferings made this consecrated sod,
And still these wildernesses seem to sing
Their death-defying loyalty to God.

ALEX. M. BISSET.

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DECEMBER, 1898.

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Village Tales.

By REV. ANDREW AITKEN, SHAPANSEY.

VI.—THE ASH TREE WELL—A TALE IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.—"A SORROWFUL CHRISTMAS."

SOME three months later, Mark was walking moodily in the lone night along the top of the Red Scaur below the house. The sky was like a meadow blossoming with its forget-me-not of stars. From the high heavens the moon was flooding the earth with her pale glory. Through the clear frosty air the Eildons, with their snow clad summits, loomed large and near in the landscape. Far to his right the great brown figure of Wallace stood out clear on the Bemersyde braes, like a sentinel guarding the sleeping valley. And over all things the snow, shining under the silvery orb of night, as its soft swelling curves hid every unsightly object, and softened every sharp angle, made the scene fair as poet's dream.

But Mark took no joy from the picture; its beauty made no appeal to him. His heart was too heavy to be in touch with nature's loveliness. Only three hours ago his prospects had been rbight, and he had looked forward to the coming Christmas with expectant desire. Now, he felt crushed under the heavy trouble that had fallen on the house. A letter had come by that night's post, whose contents had caused misery to all. They were at their early supper when it was handed in. Old John read it in utter silence, but his hand trembled as he gave it to his wife. As she took in its bitter news she sobbed out—"Oh, John"—and bowed her head on the table. In utter consternation the girls rushed to her side, anxious to know her trouble, and comforting her with soft caresses. Mark picked up the letter.

"Aye, ye may a' read it," said the old man in tremulous tones, "it concerns us a'."

Mark could not understand it.

"What is't a' aboot? Here's the factor sayin' ye maun clear oot next Martinmas. What the dickens does the man mean?"

"Wheesht, laddie, nae sweerin'! That'll no mend maitters a grain," said his uncle. It's nae

great puzzle to me. When I was owre the hill at Andra Jamieson's payin' the rent, he was for layin' other twenty pounds on the ferm for improvements. That cudna be done, I said. It wasna fair to mak' me pey for what I had done mysel' aboot the ferm. An' the upshot was, if I wadna pey mair rent, he said some ither man would. Oor tack o' the place ends next back end, and he declared he wadna renew it on the auld terms. But I little thocht it wad come to this—an' frae Andra Jamieson tae—fifty eer sin' we were at the school thegither—he's come weel on i' the world. But he's hard, he's hard."

Mark could no longer witness the grief of the old man, he felt choked in the house. And there above the Red Scaur he paced up and down, trying to find some way out of the difficulty.

It was a sorrowful time to all. Life seemed frozen in its channels. And when Christmas night came round, they held a council of ways and means in place of their usual revels.

"Ye ocht to gang an' see Jamieson, faither," said Jessie, "he maybe disna mean a' he says."

"Ye dinna ken Andra as I dae. What for wad he write in siccan a wey unless it was settled. An' besides he says he has the Laird's order. I canna think that. There's been Cowans in Hawkslee as lang as there's been Watsons at the Hirsel. Oor forebears focht the gither, and a' alang they've ta'en each other's pairt. I canna think the Laird's dune this."

"Whereaboots is the Laird the now?" asked Mark. "Gin we had speech o' 'im we wad sune ken the richt an' the wrang o' this."

"He's awa foreign—naebody seems tae ken where," said Cowan. "It'll be twal 'eer come June sin' he gaed awa. I spiered at Maister Walter the other day when his faither wad be hame, but he didna ken."

"I hear that Katy Jamieson's gettin' mairried to young Purvis," said Jessie, "an' I've been wonderin' where they were gaun to bide. There's maybe a plan to pit them in here."

"Jessie, never let me hear the like frae you again. Lang I've kent Andra to be as hard as the nether mill stane, but we've nae right tae mak' him ony waur than he is. It's nae sin to suffer, but it is to alloo suspicions to colour yer opinion o' a man's life. Charity thinketh nae evil, lass."

"Weel then, could we no' pey the other twenty an' sit still i' the ferm?" Mark asked.

"It micht be dune at a pinch, but it wad be fair neither to you nor the Laird. The grund's worth nae mair than I gie for't. Mair nor that, it's owre late, for ye see he says plain eneuch that we're to leave. There's naething for't sae far as I can see, but roup the ferm, an' begin again some other place."

"We're owre auld for that John," said his wife. "I couldna live away frae my ain hoose. It was here ye brocht me frae my faither's; it was here the bairns cam' to us"—a catch came into her voice—"it was here wee Annie was ta'en frae us. Hoo *can* ye say sic a thing? Through guid years an' bad years we hae struggled on thegither. I had hoped to close my een here, an' lay me doun to rest i' the auld kirkyaird where oor ain folks lie. Oh, John, I canna gang awa."

"Fu' weel, I ken, guidwife, it winna be easy to gang awa'—the very thocht o't maist makes a bairn o' me. But I've lived a' my days i' the fear o' God, an' no' o' man. I've aye been able to staun' on my ain feet, an' been behaudin' to nane. An' I'll no' change i' my auld age. I'll creenge to nae Andra Jamieson as lang as I hae life, an' my trust is i' that Providence that's been wi' us a' the road, an' winna leave us at the end."

"But oh! to think o' frem folk gaun oot an' in as if the hoose was their ain, pricin' wi' glib tongues my bit trokes o' furniture that are beyond price to me—the things my mither gied me—an' them we bocht oorsel's in the early hard days. They're maybe auld an' frail like mysel', but they're pairt o' my very life. Is there nae ither wey, John?" and she put her thin work-worn hand on his shoulder and looked at him with eyes full of unshed tears. The girls were silent in the presence of a grief deeper than their own.

"Aweel," said Cowan, "we'll wait an' see. We've aboot a year yet, sae there's time for a heap o' chainges or then. Get the Book, Jessie; we'll read and awa to bed." And as they parted for the night, the dying fire cast flickering shadows on the wall, but deeper shadows still were gathered round their hearts.

The ordinary routine of the farm went on as usual during the next few months. Winter gave place to Spring, and in the rush of work, the young folks lost sight of their trouble. But far different was it with the old man. He had long been failing in strength, and the process of decay seemed to be quickened by the factor's high-handed act. The thought that he must leave the home of his fathers ever rankled within his mind, and under the strain it weakened, until, as the summer drew on, he lost his grip of events past and present, and was as a child again. And to all this was the sorrow that surpassed all others—the sorrow of seeing a dead mind in a living body. He lingered with them till the

hawthorn came, but passed away before its fragrant blooms were gone.

Six at a time, his friends bore him to the kirkyaird on the hill, and there they laid him among his fathers. When Mark heard the cruel hollow thud of the clay as it fell within, he became so unmanned that he had to be led away. And when he reached home, and felt the awful significance of the empty chair by the fire, he broke out in fierce hot words.

"If I had ten minutes wi' Andra Jamieson, an' never a soul to keep me back, I'd mak' him rue the deed he's dune. By the living God abune me"—and he sprang to his feet, "if ever I meet him face to face I'll deal wi' him yet for this."

"Oh, Mark," said his aunt, "dinna let sic anger fill yer heart this day—think o' him that's in the mools. An' mind ye o' Him whase word is: 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay.' Tak' back thae awfu' words if ye hae ony regaird for yer uncle, or love for me."

"Forgi'e me, aunt—it was the thocht o' yer sufferin' now, an' what's yet to come that made me speak as I did."

"Dinna mourn for me aboot the ferm. As yae door steeks, anither yin opens. Such has been and will be the case as lang as we are in this world, an' though for a while we walk in darkness, the promise is sure—'At eventide it shall be light.'"

Seldom had they seen their mother so moved, and the triumphant faith ringing through her words, gave them comfort in their sorrow, and nerved them for dark days yet to come. And sooner than they thought, the darkness was to lift, and the glad light of prosperity to shine again along their path.

Scrope's "Days and Nights" on the Tweed.

IN an article which appeared in *Literature* lately,* under the heading of "Among my Books," Sir Herbert Maxwell gives us an interesting account of William Scrope, author of the two brief but charming volumes, "The Art of Deer-Stalking," and "Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing." Referring to the latter work Sir Herbert says:

Scrope had cast angle in many waters, but in 'Days and Nights' he recounted only his experience on Tweed; what land so fascinating as Tweedside for a mind like his? He rented the Pavilion near Melrose for many years, and naturally grew into friendship with 'The Sherra',' of whom his pages are full of reminiscence. Nor the Sherra' alone, but Tom Purdie, Scott's immortal henchman, is brought before us as he lived; we hear his own quaint phrases, even as Scrope heard them in far off summer days. *Magni nominis umbra*—sons have failed the line of Abbotsford, but still the stem of Purdie flourishes, inseparable from Craigover, the Webbs, Bloody Breeks, and other famous salmon casts where Scrope found his delight.

> "Ercildoune and Cowdenknowes,
> Where Homes had ance commanding,
> And Drygrange, with its milk-white ewes,
> 'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing.
> The bird that flies through Redpath trees
> And Gladswood banks each morrow
> May chant and sing sweet Leader Haugh
> And bonny howms o' Yarrow."

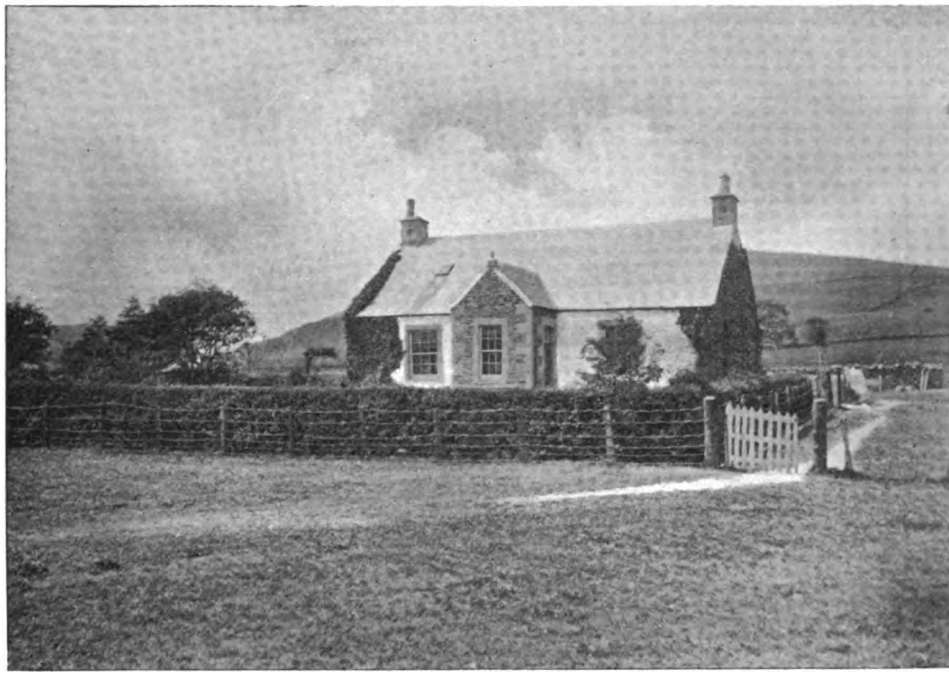
In scenes like these a fisherman like Scrope, with an eye for landscape and an ear for legend, might well seek his pleasure, but not till he had companied with Scott could their spirit thoroughly enter into him. He confesses as much in sentences more homely, but not less tender, less passionate but not less faithful, than the verse in which Moschus wailed for his lost Bion:—

"My first visit to the Tweed was before the Minstrel of the North had sung. . . . The scenery, therefore, at that time, unassisted by story, lost its chief interest; yet was it all lovely in its native charm. . . . Since that time I have seen the cottage of Abbotsford, with its rustic porch, lying peacefully on the haugh between the lone hills. . . . I have seen that cottage converted into a picturesque mansion, with every luxury and comfort attached to it, and have partaken of its hospitality; the unproductive hills I have viewed covered with thriving plantations, and the whole aspect of the country civilized. . . . But, amidst all these revolutions, I have never perceived any change in the mind of him who made them. . . . There he dwelt in the hearts of the people, diffusing life and happiness around him; he made a home beside the Border river, in a country and a nation that have derived benefit from his presence and consequence from his genius. From his chambers he looked out upon the grey ruins of the abbey, and the sun which set in splendour behind the Eildon Hills. Like that sun, his course has been run; and though disastrous clouds came across him in his career, he went down in unfading glory. . . . Abbotsford, Mertoun, Chiefswood, Huntley Burn, Allerley!—when shall I forget you?"

Then, for a character sketch, what could beat "Tom Purdie's muckle fish?" True, it is a

* September 10, 1893.

dark deed that is related, one that every legitimate sportsman is bound to reprobate; for these were the old, wicked days when leistering was lawful, and the muckle fish was an enormous kipper in Caberston throat—"mair like a red stirk than ought else"—so huge that Tom believed it was the Devil himself tempting him to break the Sabbath. He *had* broken it, indeed, by spying the water instead of going to Traquair Kirk; but he had the grace to wait till midnight, till he roused the "nout-herd callant" to go in quest of the mighty kipper. How they found it, how Tom struck it, and how the fourteen pound leister "stottit off his back as if he had been a bag o' wool," must be read in the original taken down from Tom's own lips. Tom rarely missed his aim, and at first he felt convinced that he had had Satan to deal with. A few minutes' reflection, and, his blood being up, he argued himself and Sandy into the belief that the Devil could never have shown himself in broad daylight on the Sabbath. It *must* be a fish after all; they renewed the assault, and, after a fearful tussle, secured their quarry, which was so big that "As I waded the water wi' him, leadin' Sandie by the hand, his neb was above my head, an' his tail plash'd in the water on my heels."



TEVIOTHEAD COTTAGE.

Scotland Yet.*

HAD Henry Scott Riddell done nothing more than combine these two words and put them into circulation, he would have done much to keep alive the glow of national feeling in the breasts of his countrymen, but when he embedded them in a stirring song, which is sung wherever Scotsmen gather, he earned the lasting gratitude of all true Scots, and added immeasurably to the forces of present-day patriotism.

Until the centenary celebration in Hawick, in September last, brought the matter prominently before the public, many were under the impression that "Scotland Yet" was the poet's only song, but, as Dr. Brydon said in his speech at the centenary gathering:—

He, Henry Scott Riddell, was a Scotsman to the core, He loved Auld Scotland with a great and all-pervading love. Her hills and glens, her howes and knowes, and fountains foaming frae the fells, the loves and joys and sorrows and doughty deeds of her sons and daughters, he sang with a trueness to nature and with a freshness and melody of versification, that, coming from, appeal directly to, the heart. As a lyric poet he was at his greatest. Of all his songs "Scotland Yet," is without comparison best known. Wherever Scotsmen have gone, and that is nearly every-

*"'Scotland Yet' and other verses by Henry Scott Riddell"—Centenary Edition. Hawick: W. Morrison & Company, Ltd.

where, it has like a guardian angel gone with them, and by awakening memories of home and other associations, it has done more good than a multitude of sermons. It and other songs of a like nature, by the patriotism they enkindle, help to strengthen, no man knows how much, that "wall of fire" which encircles our sea-girt land. Many of his other songs, such as, "Our ain folk," "The crook and plaid," "Ours is the land of gallant hearts," "Flora's Lament," "Scotia's Thistle," etc., are little, if at all, inferior to "Scotland Yet." His didactic pieces are characterised by deep and original thought, intense earnestness, vigour of imagination, and lucidity of language. Many of them, such as "The Admonition," "Stanzas on the death of Lord Byron," "The loneliness of change," "The poet's homily," etc., are masterpieces of their kind. "Apathy" is perhaps his most original conception. It is a strange study in psychology, and stands by itself in English literature.

But the interest awakened by a Centenary celebration is liable to disappear, and so that the old songs, and beneath sunnier climes than these cold northern skies—in lands where there is even little suggestive of the home-country across the seas, they cling with tenderest attachment to the treasured traditions of the past, and never cease to recall the old-time ways and days, and ballads and songs, of their native shore. And save "Auld Lang Syne," no other touch of Doric melody could in an instant girdle the globe, were it possible to listen to the combined voices of all who have gone far out from the old mother-country—colonist, trader, traveller—whose homes now lie in every continent and under every constellation.

This handsome volume, which we trust will find its way into many a Scottish home, is illustrated by a portrait of the poet and several beautiful reproductions of the scenes connected with his life-story. We have the pleasure of reproducing three of the illustrations, which have been kindly sent us by the publishers.

BIGGAR.

prominent Border litterateur, the Rev. W. S. Crockett of Tweedsmuir, author of "Minstrelsy of the Merse," "A Berwickshire Bard," "In Praise of Tweed," etc, has compiled a handsome volume entitled:—"'Scotland Yet' and other verses, by Henry Scott Riddell." The work is dedicated to "The brethren of the crook and plaid," and contains over sixty of Riddell's best poems and songs. Not only, however, has Mr. Crockett here brought together these gems of Scottish minstrelsy, but he has introduced them by an interesting memoir of the poet. Of "Scotland Yet" he writes:—

It is unlikely that its stirring appeal will ever be forgotten. Wherever Scotsmen wander they take with them

The Centenary Celebration.

THIS interesting celebration took place in the Buccleuch Memorial, Hawick, on September 23, 1898, under the auspices of the Hawick Archæological Society, of which Society the author of "Scotland Yet" was a member. We have here in large pamphlet form an excellent report of the proceedings on the above occasion, with illustrations of the Poet's Birthplace, Cottage, and Memorial Cairn. Mr. James Edgar, *Express* Office, Hawick, is the publisher, and those who become possessors of the pamphlet will feel grateful to him and the Hawick Archæological Society, for whom it is published,

for thus preserving in permanent form the speeches delivered and letters read at the Centenary of the Poet of Teviotdale.

The Ettrick Shepherd Memorial.*

THIS neatly got up volume presents in a most pleasing form a full description of the unveiling of the Memorial at the birthplace of Hogg, on Thursday, 28th July last. We must express our gratitude to the publisher for thus preserving to us the interesting speeches delivered on the occasion. A third of the volume is devoted to an interesting sketch of the life of Hogg, from the able pen of the Rev. R. Borland, F.S.A.(Scot.), author of "Yarrow: its Poets and Poetry," "Border Raids and Reivers," etc., who thus introduces the subject:—

There are few names in Scottish literary history better known than James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. It is almost a hundred years ago since his first song, "Donald Macdonald," was given to the world; but the lapse of time has neither lessened the public interest in the man, nor seriously diminished the reputation of the poet. Hence the erection of a monument, by the Edinburgh Border Counties' Association, to commemorate the site of his birthplace, and which was unveiled by Lord Napier and Ettrick on the 28th July, has evoked considerable interest and enthusiasm among all classes of the community.

The volume is embellished with several illustrations, and will be valued by all admirers of the Shepherd Poet.

*"James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd Memorial Volume." With Introductory Sketch by R. Borland, F.S.A.(Scot.). Selkirk: James Lewis.

The Factor among the Shearers.

AT the opening of this sketch, Tom Grey, a young writer in Edinburgh, had just received the appointment of Factor on the Chesters Estate. His predecessor, Mr. Robertson, was only holding office until he had got Mr. Grey introduced to the various departments of farm work that lay before him. Harvest was just at hand, and the date takes us back fully seventy years. Anxious to see for himself what a day's work on the harvest-field really meant, the new factor arranged with "the grieve" on the Home Farm to be present at the cutting of a fine field of barley that lay sloping to the sun, with the Tweed flowing gently past.

THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW.

It is a glorious morning, a little after half-past five o'clock. The reapers (or "shearers," as they are always locally called) are beginning to make their appearance, and wend their way towards the foot of the field, where operations are to begin.

John Henderson, the grieve or farm overseer, is a fine specimen of his class—tall, clearly-cut features, closely shaven, and ready with his snuff-box. He salutes the new factor with a hearty "good morning," and tells him he has done "the richt thing" in coming out to see for himself what shearing is.

"Now I'll set them on," said John, consulting his watch, which indicated one minute to six o'clock.

The shearers take their places in a long line,

with their backs to the river and their faces to the upward slope of the field. A long line of maidens and matrons, of young men and men in their prime, all nicely paired as by previous arrangement. Behind them stand the bandsters, with here and there, boys to act as rakers. The grieve gives the signal, and the fine, strong, healthy young woman who occupies the place of honour on the extreme right of the line, bends to her work, thrusts in her sickle, and cuts the first sheaf of the golden barley. One after another falls to work, until the whole body is in motion, and forms a pretty angled line of men and women stretched across the field. Looked at from a distance, the scene is worthy of all that poets have sung and artists painted; but, close at hand, the grieve points out that the toil is of the hardest, the sternest, and the most unpoetical description.

As the sun rises in the heavens, the heat of the day increases. The constant stooping, the severe muscular exertion demanded in wielding the reaping-hook, the carrying of the cut corn to the rear for the bandsters, are all done under blinding "dracks o' sweat," and perspiration streaming down the face. Most welcome is the arrival of nine o'clock, when the shearers halt for breakfast. Yonder it comes in a cart from the farm-house, in the shape of an immense quantity of porridge, which is served out to each reaper in little wooden dishes called "coggies." Plenty is the order of the morning, with enough and to spare of rich and creamy sweet milk, to be taken with the porridge.

After an hour's rest—oh, delicious rest among the stooks!—work is resumed as before. Only, the heat of the sun is becoming fiercer, and with it rise the spirits of the harvesters, tempting them sometimes to "kemp," or race, so as to get ahead of their fellows on the rigs away to the right. But the "kemping," or "scamping," is soon stopped by the grieve, who calls out in stentorian, sarcastic, and unpoetic tones, "Come back, ye deevils, and cut lower. Bonnie wark ye're makin' on the stubble!"

One o'clock comes, and with it dinner, the most enjoyable meal of the day. It consists of a plentiful supply of bottled ale and small loaves called "baps," fresh from the baker's.

The factor, on the invitation of the grieve, sits down, and, reclining against a stook, partakes of a shearer's dinner. It is delicious, cheering, refreshing—eaten with a relish he never before enjoyed. The scene going on around is of the most animated description. Boys and girls, who never seem tired, are chasing each other round among the stooks; lads and lasses are sitting besides each other, looking up in each other's faces; maids and matrons are telling stories of home, and elderly men are discussing politics and church matters, or comparing the crops of the year with those of former harvests. Too soon the hour passes. The grieve announces the approach of two o'clock, when work is resumed till six, with only a break at four for a quarter of an hour to get a little breathing space and sharpen hooks if necessary. Six o'clock releases the shearers for the day, when all return to their several homes.

Such was the factor's first experience of a harvest day. As he journeyed up the hill towards Sunnyside, he felt that he had now got some idea of the two extremes of life that were likely to engage much of his attention while in the country. There was the Castle, with its leisure, its enjoyment, and its wealth, on the one hand; while on the other there was the out-door work of the Home Farm, with its toil, its reality, and its poverty. While the factor was relating to his wife and children the incidents of the harvest-field, he was interrupted by the arrival of the grieve with a message that Mr. Robertson would like much to see him if he could find it convenient to come down for a few minutes.

It seems that a party of Irish reapers had been employed by Mr. Robertson to cut a field of wheat at so much per acre. After the wheat had been cut, the Irishmen quarrelled over the measurement of the field, declaring that it was "six acres if it was a fut." Mr. Robertson, on the other hand, maintained that it contained only five and a quarter acres. The dispute waxed high, and loud, and long, until the factor was sent for as arbitrator between the parties.

On going down to the Home Farm, the factor was introduced by Mr. Robertson to the Irishmen—a party of eighteen or nineteen ragged, rough, determined-looking men. They were resting themselves, after the labours of the day, by the door of the barn where they slept all night, and amusing themselves in speculating over an empty whisky-jar which one of their number was handling, and putting his nose to the bung-hole so as to catch a flavour and a memory of what had once been inside.

"I fear it's empty, Patrick," observed the factor, in his quiet, humorous way.

"Sure, sir, and it *is* empty; but it's a pillow that'll do for my poor head this blessed night."

"A pretty hard pillow, I'm afraid."

"Ah! but I'm after stuffing the jar with hay, your honour," a reply which set Mr. Robertson, factor, and Irishmen into such a roar of hilarious laughter that the dispute about the field was waived, and the usual measurement was peacefully accepted.

Tweed's Romance and Beauty.

WHERE Eddlestone runs to the Tweed,
Beneath the Venlaw hill,
Far down the Loaning-side I gazed,
Of beauty drank my fill.

Still Tweed's wan water fleets and flows
Down to the restless sea;
And earth still glows with loveliness,
Though hopes have flown from me.

The clouds along the Hundleshopes,
Ting'd by the westering sun,
In fairy scenes now shift and change,
And still Tweed's waters run.

And still the sunbeams glance and glint
Down to the restless sea,
As in the days of old romance,
When Neidpath's knights rode free;

And joined in Border fights and frays
In old heroic times;
But now all peaceful is the scene—
Far-off the church bell chimes.

No more the clash and clang of arms
Disturbs the evening air;
And no more "Neidpath's Maid" looks forth
To watch for lover fair.

All, all is changed, but Neidpath stands,
And Love still holds his sway,
While other lovers—lad and lass—
There by the grey walls stray.

As in the days of old romance,
When lords of courtly mien
Would kiss their hands to ladies fair,
As they rode off the green.

On some fair, shimm'ring autumn day,
As winds the bugle-horn,
And echoes of the march begun
Were down Tweed's waters borne.

Soft-footed time effaces all,
And knight and dame have fled;
Now Neidpath lists no bugle-horn,
Nor hosts to battle led.

. . . . . .

Twilight, and Tweed, and Loaning-side*—
Fair, ay! too fair you be;
You whisper that the voice is still,
That should have welcomed me.

THEODORE MAYNE.

* The residence of the late Professor Veitch.

Sir Walter Scott's Father.

WHILE writing the biography of his illustrious father-in-law, Lockart mentions that he had made some progress in the work when he discovered, in an old cabinet at Abbotsford, an autobiographical fragment composed by Sir Walter Scott in 1808. This "fortunate accident" puts us in possession of a clear outline of the great novelist's early life down to the period of his call to the bar in July, 1792. From this fragment we learn much of Sir Walter's father, who was born in 1729, and who practised in Edinburgh as a Writer to the Signet.

Walter Scott, the elder, was the eldest son of a large family. He was a singular instance of a man rising to eminence in a profession for which nature had in some degree unfitted him. He had, indeed, a turn for labour and a pleasure in analysing the feudal doctrines connected with conveyancing which would probably have rendered him unrivalled in the line of a special pleader had there been such a profession in Scotland. In the actual business of his profession, however, in availing himself of the wants, necessities, caprices, and follies of some of his clients, and in guarding against the knavery and malice of others, Uncle Toby himself could not have conducted himself with more simplicity than Walter Scott. Nevertheless, his practice was extensive, and he understood his business thoroughly both in theory and in practice.

In face and person Walter Scott was uncommonly handsome, while his manners were full of genuine kindness, especially when exercising the duties of hospitality. His general habits were not only temperate but severely abstemious. On festive occasions, however, there were few whom a moderate glass of wine exhilarated to such a lively degree. In religious matters he was devoutly severe, while his favourite study related to Church history. "I suspect," writes his illustrious son, "the good old man was often engaged with Knox and Spottiswoode folios when, immured in his solitary room, he was supposed to be immersed in professional researches."

On Sundays regularly and systematically Mr. Scott's family attended the old Greyfriars' Church, of which the celebrated Drs. Robertson and Erskine were the ministers. Thither went Mr. and Mrs. Scott every Sabbath when well and at home, attended by their family of children and domestic servants. Every Sunday evening Mr. Scott assembled his family and servants in the drawing room, and examined them on the sermons they had heard in church, and the

Shorter Catechism they had learned at home. With reference to the strict observance of Sunday, or "the Sabbath," as it was then universally called in Scotland, the following anecdote is related of Mr. Scott by a tutor in the family. An opulent farmer of East Lothian had employed Mr. Scott as his agent in a cause depending in the Court of Session. Anxious to ascertain some point relative to the process deposited in Mr. Scott's hands, the farmer went to Edinburgh one Sunday afternoon to see his agent and inspect the papers with him. As there was no immediate necessity for this measure, Mr. Scott asked the farmer if an ordinary week-day would not answer equally well. The farmer, however, was not willing to take this advice, and insisted on the production of the papers. Mr. Scott thereupon delivered them to his client, remarking, at the same time, that it was not his practice to engage in secular business on Sabbath, and that his client would have no difficnlty in Edinburgh in finding some of the profession who would have no scruples about Sabbath work. "Good morning, sir!"

Mr. Scott was nearly thirty years of age when he married, and six children, born between 1759 and 1766, all died in infancy. A suspicion that the close and confined situation of the College Wynd had been unfavourable to the health of his family was the motive which induced him to remove to George Square. This removal took place shortly after the birth of his famous son, Walter, and the children born subsequently were generally strong and healthy.

One of Sir Walter's early memories always reminded him of his father. Lockart tells that the following incident was one which Scott loved to relate. Once when travelling with his father from Selkirk to Melrose, the old man suddenly desired the carriage to halt at the foot of an eminence and said, "We must get out here, Walter, and see a thing quite in your line." His father then conducted him to a rude stone on the edge of an acclivity about a half mile above the Tweed—

> Where gallant Cessford's life-blood dear
> Reeked on dark Elloit's border spear.

This was the scene of the battle of Melrose, fought in 1526, between the Earls of Angus and Home on the one side, and the two Chiefs of Kerr and Buccleuch on the other, in sight of the young King James V., the possession of whose person was the object of the contest. In this incident the young minstrel has before him the scene of the last clan battle of the Borders.

After a somewhat irregular school and college career, Scott was apprenticed to his father and entered upon the dry and barren wilderness of forms and conveyances. The drudgery of the office he disliked, and its confinement he detested. In the midst of it all, however, he loved and esteemed his father, and felt a rational pride and pleasure in rendering himself usefu to him. Scott's apprenticeship closed in 1790, and it then became necessary for him to consider with which department of the law he should connect himself. His father conducted the matter with the most parental kindness. He offered to take his son into partnership with him, but, at the same time, he did not disguise the wish that Walter should relinquish this position and embrace the more ambitious profession of the bar. Walter had little hesitation in making this choice, and turned, accordingly, in the direction indicated.

Mr. Scott sat for the portrait drawn by his son in the novel of "Redgauntlet," Under the name of Mr. Saunders Fairford, he was "an elder of the Kirk, and, of course, zealous for King George and the Government." Having "many clients and connections of business among families of opposite political tenets, he was particularly cautious to use all the conventional phrases which the civility of the time desired. Thus he spoke sometimes of the Chevalier, but never either of *the Prince*, which would have been sacrificing his own principles, or of *the Pretender*, which would have been offensive to those of others. He usually designated the rebellion as *the affair of 1745*, and spoke of any one engaged in it as one who had been *out* at a certain period. So that, on the whole, he was much liked and respected on all sides." All this was true of Mr. Scott, W.S., and then, as if by way of illustration, Lockart relates the following story which he had often heard from the author of "Redgauntlet."

One autumn Mrs. Scott's curiosity was strongly excited by the regular appearance, at a certain hour every evening, of a sedan chair to deposit a person carefully muffled up in a mantle, who was immediately ushered into her husband's private room. There he commonly remained until long after the usual bed-time of the family. Mr. Scott answered his wife's repeated inquiries with a vagueness which irritated the lady's feelings to such a degree that she could endure the secret no longer. One evening, just as she heard the bell ring for the stranger's chair to carry him off, Mrs. Scott made her appearance within the forbidden parlour with a salver in her hand, observing that as she thought the gentleman had sat so long they would be the better of a dish of tea, and accordingly she had ventured to bring some for their acceptance. The stranger, a person of

distinguished appearance and richly dressed, bowed to the lady and accepted a cup. Her husband, however, knit his brows and refused to partake of the refreshment. The moment after the visitor had gone Scott, lifting the window sash, took the cup which the visitor had left empty on the table and tossed it out upon the pavement. Mrs. Scott exclaimed for her china, but was put to silence by her husband saying, "I can forgive your llttle curiosity, madam, but you must pay the penalty. I may admit into my house, on a piece of business, persons wholly unworthy to be treated as guests by my wife. Neither lip of me nor mine comes after Mr. Murray of Broughton's."

Scott delights in drawing his father's portrait in the person of Saunders Fairford, and nowhere is he more felicitious than just while describing the relationship between father and son. "He would have shuddered at his son's acquiring the renown of a hero, and laughed with scorn at the equally barren laurels of literature. It was by the path of the law alone that he was desirous to see him rise to eminence, and the probabilities of success or disappointment were the thoughts of his father by day and his dream by night." It is easy to imagine the original of this portrait. Writing to one of his friends about the end of June, 1792, Mr. Scott says, "I have the pleasure to tell you that my son has passed his private Scots Law examinations with good approbation—a great relief to my mind, especially as worthy Mr. Pest told me in my ear there was no fear of 'the callant,' as he familiarly called him, which gives me great heart. His public trials, which are nothing in comparison save as a mere form, are to take place by order of the Honourable Dean of Faculty on Wednesday first, and on Friday he puts on the gown, and gives a bit chack of dinner to his friends and acquaintances, as is the custom."

Scott was called to the bar only the day before the close of the session, and he appears to have made his escape to the country as soon thereafter as possible. But a letter from his father follows him. "Lord Justice Clerk is in town attending the Bills. He called here yesterday and inquired very particularly for you. I told him where you was, and he expects to see you at Jedburgh upon the 21st. He is to be at Mellerstain on the 20th, and will be there all night. His lordship said in a very pleasant manner that something might cast up at Jedburgh to give you an opportunity of appearing, and that he would insist upon it, and that in future he meant to give you a share of the criminal business of this Court, all which is very kind." This escape of Scott to the country seems to have been the beginning of many more adventures of a similiar kind. Returning home after one of these adventures his father met him with some impatient questions as to what he had been living on so long, for the old man knew how scantily his pocket was supplied. "Pretty much like the young ravens," answered the young advocate. "I only wished I had been as good a player on the flute as poor George Primrose in the Vicar of Wakefield. If I had his art, I should like nothing better than to tramp like him from cottage to cottage over the world." "I doubt," replied the grave father, "I greatly doubt, sir, you were born for nae better than a gangrel scrapegut." These angry words, however, do not seem to have been repeated in future. After he had had further opportunity of observing his son's habits and proceedings, Mrs. Scott happened one night to express her anxiety on the protracted absence of Walter and his brother Thomas. "My dear Annie," said the old man, "Tom is with Walter this time; and have you not yet perceived that wherever Walter goes he is pretty sure to find his bread buttered on both sides."

In his Diary, under date April 8, 1826, Scott writes of the dislike that he always had in attending funerals. But he takes advantage of the entry to say that his father's tastes on this subject were exactly the opposite of his own. The old man had a fine presence and looked the mourner remarkably well. "He seemed," writes his son, "to preserve the list of a whole beadroll of cousins merely for the pleasure of being at their funeral, which he was asked to superintend and, I suspect, had sometimes to pay for. He carried me with him as often as he could to these mortuary ceremonies, but feeling I was not, like him, either useful or ornamental, I escaped as often as I could."

After a long time of feeble health and suffering, Mr. Scott died in 1799 in the 70th year of his age. His famous son, with his wife, was in London when this took place, and this sad event forms the subject of one of Scott's finest and tenderest letters to his mother. This letter is famous, too, as having a postscript added by Walter's wife. "Permit me," says the writer, "my dear madam, to add a line to Scott's letter to express to you how sincerely I feel for your loss, and how much I regret that I am not near you to try by the most tender care to soften the pain that so great a misfortune must inflict on you, and on all those who had the happiness of being connected with him. I hope soon to have the pleasure of returning to you, and to convince you of the sincere affection of your daughter.—M. C. S."

While summing-up the character of Sir Walter in the last chapter of his famous biography, Lockhart directs special attention to the tone and veneration which Scott always has for his father and mother. His early domestic feelings remained with him to the last. On opening his desk after his decease to search for the last will and testament, Lockart relates how the executors found arranged in careful order, a series of little objects which had obviously been so placed there that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his day's work. These were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilette, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room; the silver taper stand which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five-guinea fee; his father's snuff-box; and many more things of the like sort, all recalling

The old familiar faces.

Pictures of Sir Walter's father and mother were the only ones in his dressing room. Even his father's rickety wash-stand, with all its cramped appurtenances, though exceedingly unlike what a man of his very scrupulous habits would have selected in these days, kept its ground. "The whole place," says Lockhart, "seemed fitted up like a little chapel of the lares."

The remains of Scott's father and mother were probably interred in the churchyard of the Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh; but we have not been able to trace that point in any of the numerous works we have consulted. It is worthy of note, however, to mention in closing this paper, that while there are numerous articles in magazines on the subjects of Scott and his dogs, his factor, his imitators, his literary friends, his publishers, and Scott's mother, there does not seem to be a single paper on the subject of Scott's father.

END OF VOL. III.

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