THE NEW TOY, BY HENRY J. DOBSON R.S.W.

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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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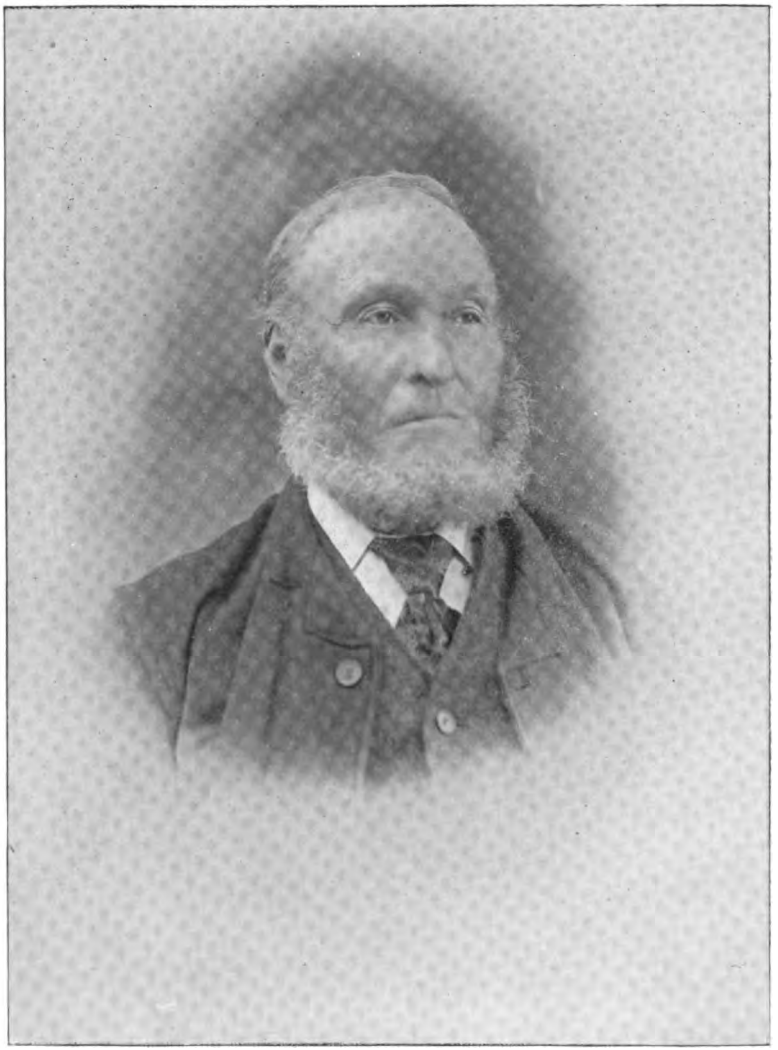
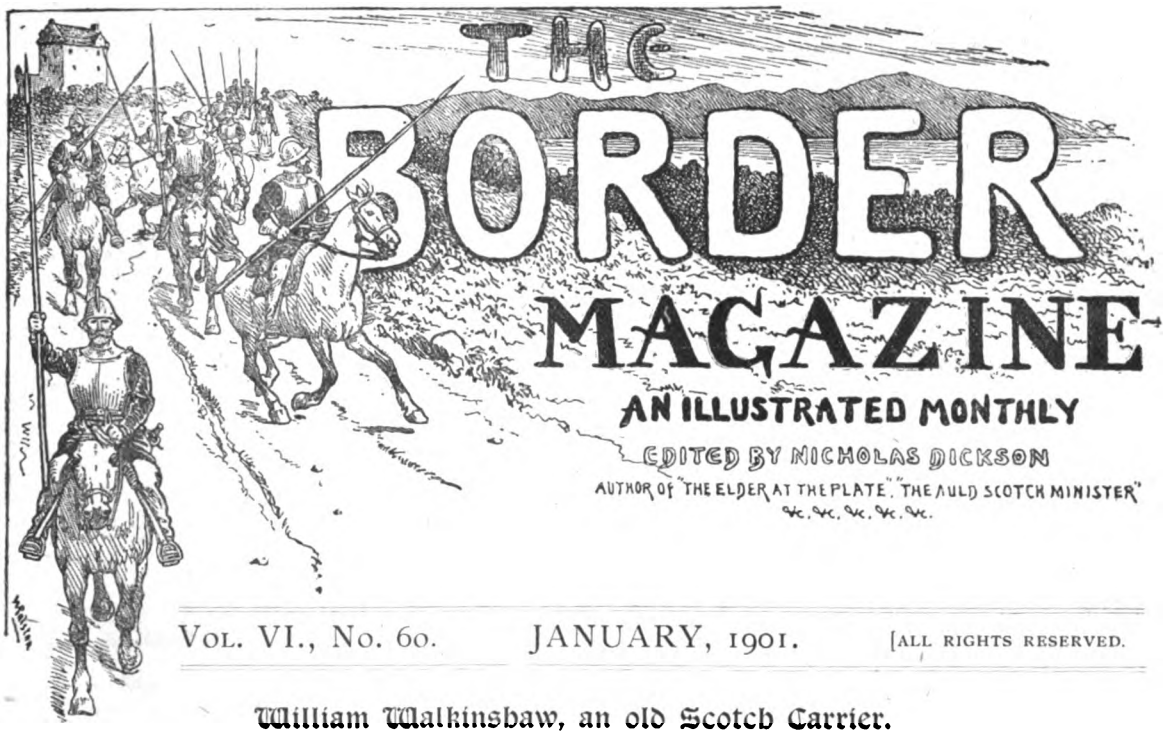
INDEX.

ILLUSTRATIONS.



MR WILLIAM WALKINSHAW, CARLOPS.



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William Walkinshaw, an old Scotch Carrier.

BY THE REV. GEORGE W. TAYLOR, M.A., CARLOPS.

A GALASHIELS WORTHY, many years ago, had the misfortune to be involved in litigation which necessitated his appearance at the Court of Session.

On his arrival home from Edinburgh, after the trial of the action, he encountered one of his cronies who anxiously enquired how the "case" had gone. In reply, the litigant vouchsafed the information that the judge had taken it to avizandum. "Whaur in a' the world is that?" was the further query of his puzzled friend. "Weel, I hae just been thinkin' o' that," came the long drawn-out answer, "and the conclusion I hae come to is that it's somewhere in the neeberhood o' Carlops!"

I fear there are not a few people still who have equally hazy notions regarding the geographical position and surroundings of this upland village. For the information of such let me say that Carlops is on the southern slope of the Pentlands. It lies in the north-western corner of Peeblesshire, and is distant only thirteen miles by road from Edinburgh. Near by is Habbie's Howe, the scene of Allan Ramsay's delightful pastoral—"The Gentle Shepherd."

One of the oldest and best-known inhabitants of Carlops is William Walkinshaw, whose jubilee as a "carrier" was celebrated a few months ago, and whose honourable career is deserving of a notice in the BORDER MAGAZINE.

Mr Walkinshaw was born at Carnwath in 1828. Amongst his earliest recollections is that of the enthusiasm evoked by the passing of the Reform Bill in '32. Like most youths in those days, young Walkinshaw's acquaintance with school-life was strictly limited, being confined indeed to three months. This was merely the "finish," however, to a comparatively sound elementary education received from his parents at home.

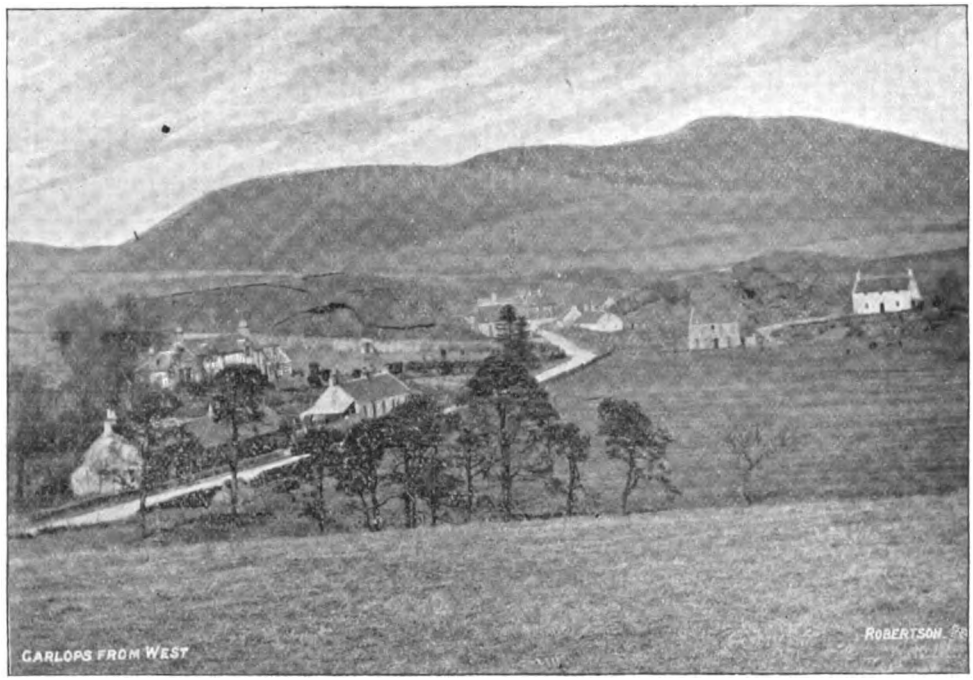
At the tender age of nine he was sent out to "herd," and he continued in farm service of one kind or another for about a dozen years. Desirous of making some headway in the world, he was first led to think of becoming a "carrier" by observing that a man of that occupation, who lodged in his mother's house, seemed always to have a plentiful supply of ready cash. At length an opportunity of starting in this business presented itself, when his "cadger" friend retired, and Walkinshaw decided to make the venture. The route to which he thus succeeded, and which he has now traversed for over half a century, embraces the strip of country that lies between Carnwath and Edinburgh. His transactions are chiefly with farmers and shepherds, whose

dairy produce, etc., he purchases and duly disposes of in the Edinburgh market. But Mr Walkinshaw's business is not, by any means, limited to one department. He accepts parcels for delivery at his various points of call, and also supplies his country patrons, on due notice being given, with goods of any description which they may require from the city. He thus acts as a connecting link between the busy metropolis and the shepherd's cottage on the lonely moor.

One feature of Mr Walkinshaw's business methods is that all his dealings are for cash. He pays the seller on the spot for his merchandise and is thus able to buy on the most favourable terms. Another characteristic of the man is his regularity and punctuality. It is said that you can "time" your clock by the rumble of his cart as it passes your door, and those who have goods to despatch or receive may calculate on his arrival to a minute.

During these many years Mr Walkinshaw has not once failed to overtake his round of calls in town or country. He has faced many a "blizzard" and been well-nigh frozen in his cart, but never has he turned back, nor has he ever been kept at home through sickness. Such a record for fifty years is surely unique!

It is needless to say that the carrier has witnessed many changes since first he took to the road. Every farm along the route has changed hands—in most cases, repeatedly. Of all the carriers who made the journey between Edinburgh and Lanarkshire fifty years ago he is the sole survivor. It would appear, indeed, as if, with the extension of railways, the vocation of "carrying" or "cadging" was doomed to extinction. In 1849 thirty carriers stood in the same market at High Street, Edinburgh, selling their "produce." Now, in spite of the greater population of the city, there are only two—Mr Walkinshaw and another.



From Photo by Mrs Robertson

CARLOPS.

Our friend has resided in the same house at Carlops since shortly after he started business. It was, therefore, fitting that on the celebration of his jubilee a short time ago his neighbours and customers should present him with an enlarged and handsomely-framed photograph of his abode, the carrier himself, along with his horse, cart, and dog being in the foreground. The photo is the work of one who is not unknown to readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE—Mrs Robertson, West Linton (formerly of Peebles)—and it has been greatly admired.

Although Mr Walkinshaw has passed the allotted span of human life he is still in vigorous health, and plies his calling with undiminished zest—a testimony surely to the healthiness of open-air occupation. His favourite pastime for forty years has been draughts, and he is recognised as the most scientific and skilful player in Peeblesshire. He also indulges during the season in curling. In his earlier days he was fond of a game at quoits which, at one period, was an exceedingly popular form of recreation in rural districts. A proud boast of Carlopians thirty or forty years ago was that they possessed amongst them the champion quoiter of the world! This redoubtable personage was a brother of the carrier, but the game has long since fallen into desuetude in Carlops as elsewhere.

It is the hope of those who know him that the honest and kindly carrier may be spared to enjoy a green old age, and that for him the "last journey" may still be far ahead.

From Photo by Mrs Robertson

MR WALKINSHAW AND HIS HORSE AND CART.

A Galloway Worthy.

By Evan J. Cuthbertson,

Author of "William Shakespeare," "Alfred, Lord Tennyson," &c.

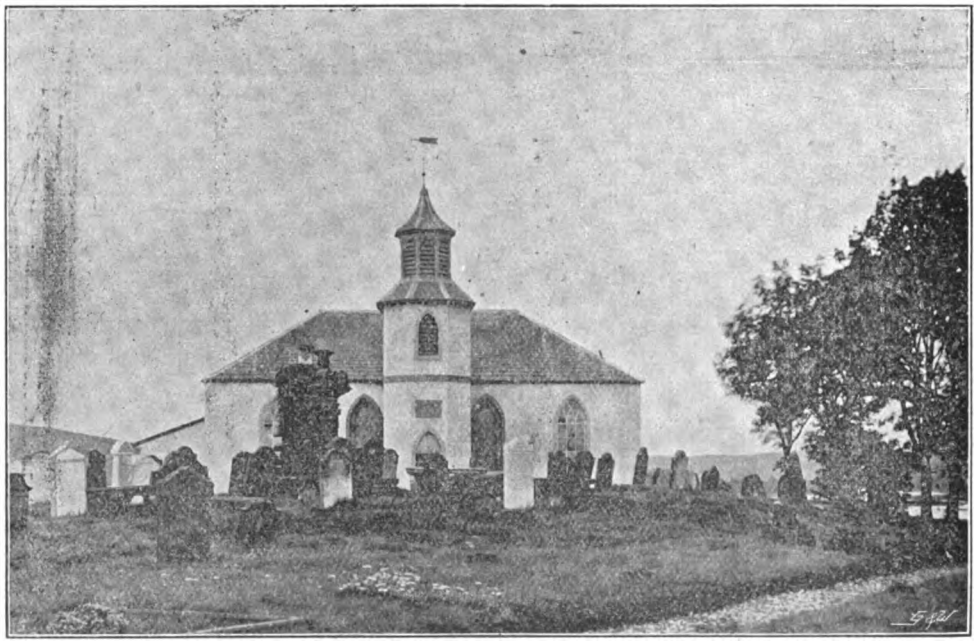
NON-COMPLIANCE is the keynote to the Galloway character, and by non-compliance have the men of Galloway made themselves what they are. I have no doubt they are born resisting; they live resisting, and, if the testimony of the tombstones be accepted, they certainly die resisting. There is a legend current of a Galloway youth of one hundred years of age who was found by a roadside weeping because his father had thrashed him for throwing stones at his grandfather. "I wull *not!*" is writ large in their very countenances. They are typified by a red-eyed, thick-necked, black Galloway bull that 'held-up' two unhappy cyclists one August day last summer, intimating most plainly whenever they attempted to pass him, "I wull *not!*"

It is not a growth of yesterday this non-compliance. When Agricola marched through Kirkcudbright parish in the year 82 he fought his way against the stubborn resistance of a

dozen British forts. To-day, through all the province, the Roman encampments stand over against the British, testifying from century to century to the sturdy independence and determined non-compliance of the ancient Galloway folks.

In place of the fathers came the children. The martyr stones of Kirkcudbrightshire, on many of which the chisel of "Old Mortality" has wrought, bear eloquent witness to this. But it is not of any who died for their faith, but of one who lived that these lines are writ —of John Macmillan, minister of Balmaghie Parish, Apostle of the Cameronians, whose life imprint of his hill surroundings. All through his after-days he is still the Galloway herd,* careful of his flock, determined, self-reliant.

He was born in troublous times. In his birth-year was passed the Assertory Act of Charles II., declaring the king's supremacy over all persons and in all matters ecclesiastical. His parents were members of the United Societies, whose principles were spiritual independence, separation from those who accepted the modified Presbyterianism conceded by the Government, and non-recognition of the lawful authority of the existing powers in Church and State. Thus Macmillan was



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BALMAGHIE CHURCH SHOWING REMAINS OF MACMILLANS' CHURCH.

is the story of the non-compliance of a good man in time of moral and ecclesiastical slackness.

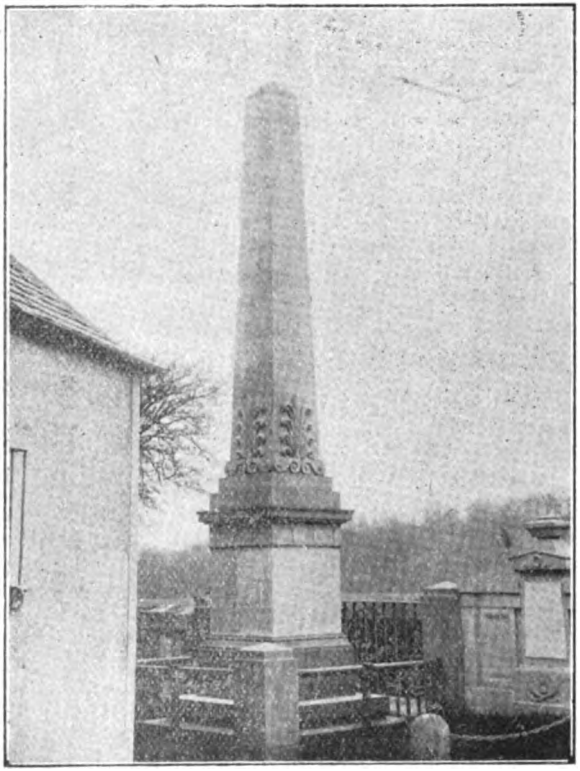
Macmillan was a true Galloway man; his birth place, Barncauchlaw, a solitary hill farmhouse (still standing) some miles from Newton Stewart, on the edge of the country of the "Raiders" and "Men of the Moss Hags." An untamed countryside, of rocking moss and savage boulders, large tracts of it to-day scarce safe without a guide; but if you would know it in 1669, Macmillan's birth-year, blot from your vision every road and bridge and fence. The lad's early years were spent herding his father's sheep, and his character bears the brought up among the 'hill folk,' and knew of the 'killing time' when it was a crime, punishable by death, not only to attend the conventicles, but to have any human intercourse with those who did. But with the Revolution came promise of better times, and Macmillan, with leanings to the ministry, went to Edinburgh University, took his Arts degree, entered the Divinity Hall, and in 1701 was ordained minister of Balmaghie Church and parish, in the Presbytery of Kirkcudbright. Many have condemned his entering the Church of Scotland, but it has to be borne in mind that at

* Herd is the homely district name for minister.

that time the United Societies were training no ministers, and hope of a peaceful settlement was in the air.

Balmaghie Kirk was a small building on a rising slope above Dee Water almost opposite Crossmichael village, not unlike Rutherford's Church at Anwoth. A gable end still stands, and we know the size of the edifice, eighteen yards by twelve. It was slated, but the manse hard by was thatched. Pews were unknown, and the congregation sat on rough benches or stools. The parish contained, perhaps, 400 people, and some idea of Macmillan's parishioners may be obtained from the following description of his latest biographer*:—

"It was a parish thinly peopled, with a hardy but ill-clad and ill-fed body of inhabitants, houses in huts and hovels where we should not nowadays care to put a dog. We have to think of them dwelling almost *al fresco* amid wide unfenced fields, or beside pathless moss-hags, or in little dingy groups of thatched houses. We have to remember that few of them could read or write, yet in nearly every home there was family worship of praise and prayer. We must bear in mind, too, the absence of roads and bridges, the rude implements of husbandry, the uncultured and superstitious ways of the peasantry. It was the day of brownies and witches, charms and spells. Nor, above all, can we form a fair judgment of the troubles which arose without always remembering the martyrs' graves and the stern wild enthusiasm of the Galloway Covenanters. For many of Macmillan's parishioners had been among the 'hill folks' or 'wild folks,' and some had narrowly escaped death for conscience sake. Scotland's 'Reformation, Covenants, National and Solemn League' were household words with all."



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MACMILLAN'S MONUMENT IN DALSERF CHURCHYARD.

Macmillan speedily proved himself an acceptable minister, and so fraught with solemnity and conviction of sin were his communion celebrations, to which came people from far and near, that the tradition is that none who was unworthy could look on Macmillan's cup. From the first he won the affections of his people, and it was from the Presbytery that trouble came.

With the accession of Queen Anne, who leaned strongly to Episcopacy, the Presbyterian Establishment again hung in the balance. It was saved by the Queen's recognition, but

* "A Cameronian Apostle." By Rev. H. M. B. Reid, B.D., Balmaghie. Paisley: Alex. Gardner.

all ministers were ordered by the Privy Council to swear allegiance and subscribe the assurance to Government. This caused some heart-searching, but the General Assembly knowing the hold that Episcopacy had, and that in many parishes curates still held the benefices, and feeling the jeopardy of its position, swallowed the allegiance and assurance, and the Presbyteries on the whole followed suit. But Macmillan distrusting, as did many another minister, the ecclesiastical politicians of the Assembly, would not, and, being taken to task by his Presbytery, lodged a paper of grievances against the Church Courts, maintaining that the Assemblies had neither asserted Presbyterian Government, nor denounced prelacy, and that they were vassals holding of the Crown and not of Christ. It was an able and formidable indictment, and its corollary was that the Church Courts, though in form Presbyterian, were so only by sanction of civil law, and that, therefore, Christ's true ministers owed them no allegiance. But no self-respecting Presbytery could endure being flouted in this way, and the Presbytery of Kirkcudbright held not a few members who possessed temper and self-importance as well as self-respect. Many were the outs and ins of the conflict, but in the grey dawn of a December morning in 1703, after a sederunt of fourteen hours, Macmillan was in absence deposed from his charge.

The Presbytery imagined they had 'finished the affair'; such, at anyrate, is the phrase in their minutes; but so far was it from being finished that twenty-four years were to elapse ere Macmillan went forth from church and manse. For the Presbytery could not depose Macmillan's congregation, and when, a month later, one of their members proceeded to Balmaghie to preach the kirk vacant he was met at the kirkyard by some twenty or thirty men who laid hold of his horse's bridle, and he was compelled to retire to an adjoining house, where he preached to such as were present, Macmillan himself conducting service in the church. This was the first of many such scenes, for Macmillan's people adhered to him almost to a man. The Presbytery sent supplies, while Macmillan was in Edinburgh in connection with his case, but the keys of the church could not be found and the supplies had usually to enter by the window, and preached to empty benches. When Macmillan was at home he preached to a crowded kirk, while the boat that crossed the Dee containing the Presbytery's men was not allowed to reach the landing place. The Assembly moved in the matter and minister and people were summoned before the Privy Council, but failed to appear. Pacific measures were next tried at a conference at the public-house at Clachanpluck, now Laurieston, but Macmillan's opponents were so tactless as to offer him a sum of money if he would leave the district. 'Sirs,' he retorted indignantly, 'let your money perish with you! I am not going to make merchandise of my ministry.' The Sheriff-depute came by boat with a notary "to put Mr Macmillan out of his hot nest," as he styled it, but he met with as scant treatment as if he had been but a Presbytery supply. Infuriated, he peremptorily summoned under fine of £50 Scots the heritors of twelve parishes to assist him. About one hundred assembled and rode to Balmaghie, a constable carrying in a bag new locks for church and manse. They were met near the church by a crowd of women, the men being posted round the kirk. The Sheriff gave the order, "forward," but a gentlewoman (so the narrative runs) taller in person than many ordinary men, laid hold on him, seizing the horse's bridle, and said, "Sir, you need not insist in this affair, for by no means will we allow you in such an action as you are about." The perplexed Sheriff could not ride down women, so exclaiming, "Let them employ their sojers, I am not obliged to fight for it," gave his second order, "right about," and retreated with his bodyguard, his constable, and his locks.

The civil authorities then slackened their proceedings, doubtless in the knowledge that nearly the whole of Galloway was at Macmillan's back prepared if need be to demonstrate with arms. Macmillan about this time definitely withdrew from the State Church and joined the United Societies. His successor was ordained for safety's sake in Kirkcudbright burgh, not without interruption even there, but entirely failed to gain admittance to Balmaghie church or manse, and a small meeting-place had to be put up for him in the parish, which was nicknamed the House of Rimmon. Macmillan was now very much occupied with the general work of the Societies, of which he was a prominent member, and about 1714 a working arrangement was come to with his rival, who was a peaceable man, whereby the latter occupied the pulpit in Macmillan's absence. Thus friction gradually died down till, in 1727, Macmillan decided in the interests of all parties to leave. He had been receiving no stipend, the church sadly needed repairs, and a decree against him had been obtained for seventeen years' rent of

manse and glebe. His people were ready to meet this, but he would not allow them, and on his departure law and order once more reigned in Balmaghie parish.

Of his thirty-six years' ministry as a member of the United Societies and of his part in the organising and development of the Reformed Presbyterian Church there is no time now to tell, but I would regret if he were to be regarded merely as a tumultuous law-breaker. In our day, among all the sects, the endeavour is to find a common meeting ground, and Macmillan's Church has been practically swallowed up in larger and ever larger unions. Nevertheless, it must be borne in mind that this is only possible because the Church of Christ in Scotland to-day has won much for which he contended and suffered; she cherishes as her dearest possession the spiritual independence which he demanded, and she will do well to count him as one of her most honoured sons.

Thirlestane Castle, Berwickshire.

"This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle sense."

FROM remote times the proprietor of a mill enjoyed the right or servitude of thirlage, whereby all corn grown on the lands adjoining was ground at the said mill. Certain duties or "multures," consisting originally of a proportion of the grain or flour, were levied by the mill-owner, and in some cases those who farmed land on lease were bound "to purchase all the meal which they should have occasion to buy" at the mill to which these lands were thirled. Until one hundred years ago, the law or custom thus described obtained in the Border district, and to this day the name of Thirlestane reveals a time of baronial jurisdiction. This name is widely diffused, and, associated with the noble House of Lauderdale, it has distinguished for centuries the seat of the Maitlands—

"Wha doesna ken the Maitland bluid?
The best in a' the Borderland!"

About two miles from the Royal Burgh of Lauder, on the road leading to Duns, stand the ruins of Old Thirlestane, where the family resided till about 1595, when they removed to Lauder Fort—from that date designated Thirlestane Castle. It is situated on the right bank of the Leader, within a few hundred yards of Lauder. The fort was rebuilt and enlarged by Chancellor Maitland. As early as 1250 "Auld Maitland" is said to have defended his "darksome" house at Leader-Town against a son of Edward I. Throughout Border warfare there is incidental reference to English occupation and defeat.

Tradition asserts that Lauder Fort was built in 1124. Authentic history relates that it was destroyed during an English invasion, and that it was rebuilt and fortified by Edward II. in 1324. In the reign of Edward VI. it was again fortified by Somerset, the Protector, (1548), and garrisoned by Sir Hugh Willoughby "in the end of winter and beginning of spring." In 1550, with the help of French cannon, the English were dislodged. On 3rd February, 1550, "certain persons in the Mers had furnished carriages and carriage-horses for supplying the fort at Lauder." Alexander, Lord Home, was authorized to hold courts of justice and punish the principal offenders capitally. In 1551, John Haitlie in Fawnis, and William Haitlie in Redpath, came in "will" for treasonably supplying the English in the castle of Lauder, thereby enabling them to hold out longer. The site of Lauder Fort is marked on Pont's Map (1662.)

It is highly probable that during the life of the earlier Stewarts the fort was frequently the residence of Royalty. It stood beside the Kirk, where met the old Scots Parliament, and "befoir the King's eyes" on Lauder Bridge the favourites of James III. were hanged in 1482. In 1489 James IV. "on monnunda the iiij da Januar raid to Lauder to the halkin. Laddis ran with the king at the halking and the childer chasit dukis in the dubbis and set thaim up to the halkis." James V. used the fort as a hunting seat, and in the north small bed-room Charles Edward Stewart slept while on his way to Carlisle after the Battle of Prestonpans.

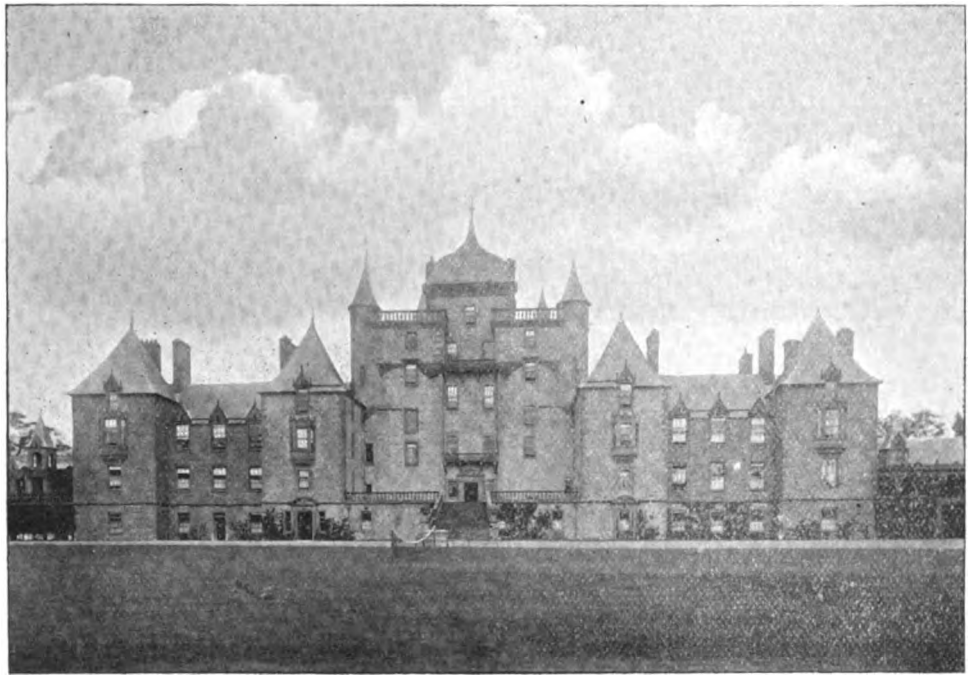
In Sibbald's MS. Collections it is stated that "upon the water-side beneath the town stands the stately house of Thirlestane Castle, of old called the fort of Lauder, built by Chancellor Maitland, the Duke's grandfather, but of late wonderfully adorned by the Duke with avenues, pavilions, outer courts, and stately entries with large parks and planting."

John, the first and only Duke of Lauderdale, greatly enlarged and improved the Castle, adding east and west wings in line with the front wall of the Old Tower, which was rebuilt by him. The front is now symmetrical—a central square tower with projecting angles—six stories high, flanked by circular turrets characteristic of Scottish architecture. It has an old entrance doorway of the seventeenth

century. On the ground floor the reception rooms are "ornamented in a style of richness and grandeur probably unequalled in Scotland." The ceilings are of the time of Louis Quatorze. The panelled walls are set in white and gold. The architect who designed the improvements was probably Robert Mylne, principal master mason to Charles II., who "carried on works" at Thirlestane Castle. The present front door was made by the Duke, who also constructed the esplanade or platform as well as the front stair. Underneath there was an entrance to the cellar floor, from which sprang the old entrance to the fort. Pennant

him to touch the hem of the royal garment, but in the Duke's room, off the drawing-room, there is a memory of a nobleman who built a great house wherein his name may continually abide. Throughout the eighteenth century the family may be said to have been generally non-resident, and this may have led a literary itinerant of 1809 to say, "Lauder Castle is incongruously grouped. This place has been long neglected."

In 1841-2 there seems to have been observed the need of immediate repair. The walls behind the wainscot of the billiard-room were found to be quite loose, and some parts of the



From Photo by Geo. W. Gibson, Coldstream.

THIRLESTANE CASTLE, LAUDER.

(1769) seems not to have thought this Castle externally a subject of admiration, or his visit to Lauderdale may have been made in dull weather. He passes on with these words — "the front small, bounded on each side with a great round tower, capt with slated cones." A recent writer says, "The building rose like a palace of the 'Arabian Nights' in all the magnificence of its gorgeous display in art and classic adornment, enriched by all the natural beauties of a unique situation."

The Duke did not reside regularly at Thirlestane Castle, his study of Statecraft causing

building were sinking. The architects employed were Messrs David and John Bryce, and steps were taken forthwith to strengthen the works and to improve and modernize the appearance of the Castle. Formerly all the lower windows on the north side were protected by stanchions. These were now removed. The "Chappell" wing had been burnt down in January, 1823, and in December, 1844, a fire broke out in the drawing-room, where were assembled the Duke of Sutherland and other distinguished guests, but, fortunately, little damage was done. Until 1841 the west

wing of the Castle contained the factor's dwelling-house, and at the end of it was a large stone-walled dog-kennel, while the east wing included coach-houses, etc.

Although the famous (or infamous) Duke is said to have built the wings of the Castle, much of the work was incomplete. In the upper flat the walls had not been plastered, and some of the windows had been built up. The bartizans were there, but there were no balustrades, a low coping being built instead. The under flat of the west wing was intended for kitchen apartments, but were not used as such. It was only after 1844, when extensive alterations and improvements had been completed, that the family resided more regularly at the Castle. Before that time they only visited it for a few weeks in summer.

The style of building being Scotch Baronial, it required an approach direct in front, and until 1827 there was a double row of large beech trees leading towards the "Avenue." At this date other trees were planted in the Park to give the outlook a more modern aspect. In 1829 the rookery was destroyed, the front lawn laid out and shrubs planted. Till the beginning of last century potatoes and turnips were grown in the policies. Most of the wood on the estate was planted after 1807. There were then few or no fences. From Thirlestane Castle to Byrecleuch, a shooting lodge of the Roxburgh family, ten miles distant, there was no fence. It was thought that hedges would harbour birds to devour the grain, and that "they would prevent the circulation of the air necessary to winnow the grain for the harvest." At that time the Leader had no embankments. Floods frequently carried off corn and sheep. In 1841-2 the present lodges were built, and the roads extended in their direction.

The progenitor of the House of Lauderdale was a vassal of Hugh de Moreville, from whom he obtained a grant of the "lands of Thirlestane." In 1165 Thomas de Mautulant was a man of distinguished rank. His son, William, held office in the Court of Alexander II. In 1180 De Moreville conveyed to the blessed Mary and St Leonard and the infirm brethren of the Hospital of Lauder "that land where the Hospital is situated," and one of the witnesses to this Deed of Mortification is "Alanus de Thirlestan." The name of Mautelant appears as witness to a charter of John de Landales of Hownam in 1227. It is beyond contradiction that no family in Scotland has been more distinguished in national history, not only as courtiers whose influence in the government of the country was paramount, like that of the Duke who was a "prodigious favourite," but more especially in the realm of law, where learning and the gift of legal discernment have blazoned the name of Maitland in the records of the Supreme Judicatory of the land.

Frederick Henry, the present representative of this illustrious house, is descended from Charles, the sixth Earl, of whom Lord Binning (1696-1732) in a spirited poem, entitled "In Praise of Emilius," thus speaks,

"Some cry up Earl Lauderdale, though he be grim and black,
For at the battle of Sheriffmuir he never turned his back."

The Lauderdale estate contains over 25,000 acres of land. The Earl is greatly esteemed by his tenantry, while his amiable Countess has, with a considerateness beyond all praise, shewn the kindliest interest in all institutions and organizations whose aim is the increase of faith, hope, and charity. Her gracious thoughtfulness in affording little children the privilege of an afternoon "at home" with her in the Castle pleasure-grounds makes "rough places plain," whereon, with accustomed intercourse, angels of benevolence and gratitude may walk in amity and joy.

A. T. G.

Life's Weather.

When the sky of our life is dark and o'erclouded,
And the rain of misfortune beats pitiless down;
And we wander, poor creatures, bedraggled, forlorn,
Forsaken by fortune, driven off by her frown;
Our heart almost fails us,
Oh, what can avail us;
As we stagger along in the fast glowing storm.

But e'en as the blast seems to drive at its fiercest,
The gloom fades away and the heavens grow bright;
And silver-bound cloudlets bedeck the horizon,
Behold all the gloom is transformed into light;
Then quickly forgetting,
Our soul's bitter fretting;
We bask once again in the bright sunshine of life.

JOHN ANDERSON.

At Evening.

Oh! bird, that on the greenwood tree
Sits silent now with folded wing,
How still our hearts might rest, could we
As blithely live, as sweetly sing.
How peaceful, and how hopeful too,
Would wait a morning's dawn like you.

Yet not in vain the shadow's fold,
The dreamy hours that drift along—
Though night may tarnish evening's gold,
The morn shall come with wealth and song.
And the sad heart, however lone,
Shall find a morning of its own.

JOHN BROWN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
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All Business matters, Applications for Shares, Advertising, &c., should be transacted through the Secretary of the Company, Mr JOHN HOGARTH, *121 West Regent Street, Glasgow.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1901.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

The Border Keep.

A Guid New Year to one and all of my readers, the "gentle readers" as Sir Walter Scott used to put it, and that the new year and the new century may bring comfort, peace, and joy to them all is the sincere wish of the old Dominie. By the way, there is a good story told of Dickens in this connection. On one occasion he had agreed to attend a dinner party at which each guest was to appear dressed to represent some character from the "Waverley Novels." Dickens, to the surprise of all, appeared in the regulation evening dress, and on being questioned on the subject, replied that he was dressed to represent the "gentle reader," a character frequently referred to by "Sir Walter Scott."

* * *

The month we are now entering upon will soon have to be called the month of Burns, if the celebrations of our national Bard's natal day go on increasing at the same ratio as they have in recent years. His popularity shows no sign of waning, and the enormous number of visitors who visit the cottage at Ayr, where he first saw the light, is a sufficient proof that his fame has gone into all parts of the earth.

It was a most fortunate circumstance which made it possible for us to link together the names of Burns and Scott, and it may interest my readers to know that the small engraving which was the subject of the short converse between the popular bard and the lame lad, is to be seen in the museum of the Chambers Institution at Peebles.

* * *

From the "Galashiels Telegraph" I reproduce the two following paragraphs referring to Burns:—

The "Queen of the South," as the picturesque red-sandstone city on the banks of the Nith loves to be called, is the objective of many a wandering tourist, and if he be of historical and literary tastes, he may well spend a pleasant week in looking round the numerous monuments of antiquity of which it is the centre. Ayr has no monopoly of Burns worship, for, though it boasts the scenes of the national poet's early life, it has to divide the honours with Dumfries, where the fifth act of his life's tragedy was enacted and where his memory is kept green by the elaborate, if not very sightly, edifice that contains his sacred dust. The two houses he successively occupied are duly tableted with the facts, while his farm of Ellisland, some six miles to the north, is within easy reach—a humble steading pleasantly situated on the right bank of the leafy Nith and with a fine outlook over miles of rich cultivated country to the east and west.

His choice of Ellisland is said to have been guided rather by poetic than by agricultural or commercial considerations, and in the last century this may have been true, but to-day the farm has

excellent crops, and seems to respond heartily to careful cultivation, which perhaps the poet did not give. Here are trees whose thickness of bole points to the certitude that they shaded the poet as far back as 1790, and though the dwelling-house has been to some extent altered internally, still certain of the rooms are intact, and it is easy to picture the bard seated in his low-roofed parlour and reading Tam o' Shanter for the first time to his faithful Jean. Marching with Ellisland is Friar's Carse, so much in evidence during that portion of Burns's life, but indeed the surrounding place-names are pregnant with associations to every Burns student.

* * *

From the "Hawick Free Press" I culled the following notice of a worthy well-known to visitors to Moffat and St Mary's Loch:—

DEATH OF "CAVERS."—Recently a highly popular celebrity and a figure known far and wide passed away at Moffat in the person of George Cavers, who for close upon half a century drove one of the four-in-hand excursion coaches on the St Mary's Loch route. "Cavers," as he was familiarly called, was known to the bulk of visitors to Moffat during the past 45 years, having also driven a 'bus that plied every morning to the mineral wells. Deceased was a native of Hawick, and, with the exception of a brief interval when he removed to Glasgow, where he was for a period a member of the fire brigade, his days were spent in the posting yards of the Annandale Hotel, Moffat. He was an expert and steady "whip," and with "Cavers" on the box tourists could make their excursions with a proverbial equanimity. He leaves a widow, five sons, and a daughter. Mr Cavers was born at Changehouse, near Teindside, where his father had charge of the horses in the old coaching days. He himself was a postboy at Mosspaul. Throughout his whole career he was a steady and highly respected man, and during the last thirty years he was a total abstainer. He was uncle to Mrs Gibson, of the Cavers Temperance Hotel, Bridge Street, Hawick.

* * *

The quiet peaceful lives led by some men are too often set down by the unthinking as careers of no importance, but those who care to go below the surface will find that the current flows steady and strong though not a ripple may appear on the surface. Such was the life of Mr James Barker, who died recently at his residence in Bank Street, Galashiels. His eighty years were well spent as the following tributes from Border newspapers will show:—

The deceased gentleman was a poet of no mean order, and his pieces, chiefly on Border subjects, appeared frequently in the local newspapers. He was also a recognised authority on art. For forty years he was an assiduous collector of pictures and engravings, and his collection is understood to be of considerable value. About ten years ago he took up wood carving as a new study with much enthusiasm, his work in this line comprising groups of fruit, foliage, flowers, and animals, and of these he had amassed over 100 pieces. He devoted many years to the study of literature, and had a wide and intimate acquaintance with the works of the principal English authors. An admirer of Mr Barker, writing in a local contemporary, says:—"He had a juvenescent spirit, and his fondness for art led him to take a deep interest in youths connected with the cult. In these later years his home became a sanctum to which the young aspirants of this particular walk paid regular pilgrimage, carrying pictures and studies and other efforts, that Mr Barker might see. He loved the lads, and cheered and encouraged them in their work with a kind and genial disposition for their "weal" and success. To-day they will reciprocate it with a tear. He was one of nature's gentlemen, overflowing with the milk of human kindness—one of those men whose quiet influence percolated into the unsearchable channels of the heart, and, like all forces that are hidden, difficult to estimate. His long illness he has borne with submission befitting his faith and hope."

* * *

The last link in a long chain of Border connection was broken by the death of Miss Murray at her residence of Beechwood on the Philiphaugh estate. The respected lady is thus referred to by a Border newspaper:—She had attained the ripe age of fourscore, and for some time had been in feeble health, though not suffering much except through the infirmity of years. Miss Murray was the only daughter of James Murray, Esq. of Philiphaugh, who rendered good service as Commander in the Indian navy. She was of a kindly and generous nature, a ready helper of the deserving poor, and a liberal supporter of many benevolent and philanthropic objects. She took a warm interest in all that pertained to the town of Selkirk and the districts of lower Ettrick and Yarrow. Her early life was spent in the South, and her religious connection was with the Church of England. Her sympathies were always with what is known as the Evangelical section, represented by Mr Ryle, the late Bishop of Liverpool, and others of like principles. She loved simplicity of worship; like her brother, the late Sir John Murray, she was no favourer of the Puseyite or Ritualist movement, and her church connection of the past forty years or more was with the Congregational body, worshipping in the chapel at Selkirk bridge. So far as residence marked it, the deceased lady was the last representative of the ancient Forest family of the Murrays of The Hangingshaw and Philiphaugh; she possessed a good many of the family treasures and antiquities; and her death is an event not without pathetic interest in the history of the once powerful and distinguished Border family of Murray, whose ancestral estate of Philiphaugh became the possession of Mr Strang Steel in 1889.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Place Names of the Upper Tweed.

By a Linton Lad.

In Two Parts—Part II.

"Time throws wide his long barred past,
And I touch the far off ages."

THE Quair may be from the Welsh *Gwyr*, which means a green tinge or verdant.

"They were blest beyond compare
When they held their trysting there,
Among the greenest hills shone on by the sun,"

And beside these was "the green green grass

o' Traquair Kirkyard." The district is said to have been anciently called Strathquair. Traquair may be from the Welsh *tre*, a house or home, and mean the dwelling in the green valley.

Another colour, gray, is found in the name of Drummelzier, which seems to be the Gaelic *druim*, a ridge, and *meall odhar* (ower) gray hill, and it would stand for the ridge of the gray hill. An old spelling of it was Dunmellar, which would mean the fort on the gray hill. Other spellings, dating from 1200 to 1557 are Dunmedler, Drummeliar, Drummeiller, and Drummelzer. The first of these, Dunmedler, is said to mean the fort of Meldrid, who slew Merlin the seer. The colour brown is indicated in Cardon, from the Gaelic *cathair* (car), a hill fort, and *donn*, brown. Cardrona is also from *cathair*, and the Gaelic *draichneach* (dranah), a place of black thorns, literally a thicket, and meaning the hill fort in the thicket. Broughton, the ordinary pronunciation of which is like Bruchton, and this seems to be the Welsh *brych* (bruch), meaning brindled, with the Saxon *ton*, a village, added to it later on. Glenbreck is the Gaelic *gleann*, a glen, and *breac*, spotted. These last two, Broughton and Glenbreck seem to refer to some peculiarity in the appearance of the landscape, or of the soil. Glenrath, is from the gaelic *rath*, a fort, and means the glen of the fort, while Glen Sax probably means the glen of the Saxons, (*sax* occurs as part of English place names, with this meaning). Glencraigie is from the Gaelic *creagach*, rocky, and will mean the rocky glen. Glenheurie is from the Gaelic *iubheraich* (yūreh), and means the glen of the yew wood.

The three words *ben*, *pen*, and *ven*, mean nearly the same thing, in Gaelic, and Welsh respectively, the last being the same as *pen*, but changed by mutation, to the sound of V. In Tweeddale there is Benshaw, partly Gaelic, *beinn*, a hill, and partly Saxon, and means the hill of the wood, Benjock is from the Gaelic *d(h)eoch*, and means the hill of the drink. Penvenna from the Welsh *pen*, a head, and *banau*, hill with the peaks, Venlaw is partly Welsh, and partly Saxon, and is from the Welsh *ban*, a peak, Lee Pen is also partly Saxon, and partly Welsh. Trahenna Hill is the Welsh *Tre*, a home, and *hen*, old, and may stand for the hill at the old home. Garlavin from the Gaelic *garbh*, rough, and *leamhan*, (lavan), the elms, may be the hill of the rugged elms. Garelet may be from the Gaelic *leitir* the slope of a hill, and so mean the rough slope. The Great Knock is from the Gaelic *cnoc*, a hill, (or more properly a knowe).

Kilbucho, the Gaelic *cil*, means a cell, and some think this was the cell of St Begha, a female disciple of St Aidan, others think it is a corruption of St Bede, because a number of his monks settled there, and an adjoining well still bears the name of St Bede's Well. The name has been variously spelled, from 1200 to 1567, it appears Kelbechoc, Kylebevhoc, Kilbouchow, and Kilbocho, the latter being the usual pronunciation, and from this it would

seem that St Begha is probably the correct source. Dawick is the old Scottish *dawache* said to be as much land as can be laboured by eight oxen, and this again is from the Gaelic, *damh-ach*, oxfield. The old antiquary Chalmers says "Dawick is the abbreviated pronunciation of Dalwick, which in the Anglo-Saxon signifies the dwelling in the dale," but this is manifestly wrong, as the name so early as 1220 is written "Dauwic," and for several hundred years following it is spelled "Dawik," and seems

to have no reference to a dale. Stobo was anciently called "Stoboc," "Stubho," and "Stubbehok," and it can be inferred from this that the Gaelic words *Stob*, a peak, and *achadh*, a field, and that the meaning is the field of the peak, and the peak would be the hill called Pyket Stane, the name of which seems to be old Scots. The parish of Lyne, is traversed by Lyne water, which here joins the Tweed, and it is probably from this it derives its name. Skirling seems to be the Welsh *ysgar*, to part, or a separation, and *llyn*, a pool, and may be either some division in a loch or from the Lyne water, which also is derived from *llyn*. Logan Lea and Logan

Water are from the Gaelic *laggan*, a little hollow. Near these last is the site of Linkumdoddie made famous by Burns—

"Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The place they ca'ed it Linkumdoddie."

The first part of this name is likely the Gaelic *lin cam*, the crooked pool, and the old Scots word *doddy*, meaning bald or bare, has been added later on, probably referring to the appearance of the place. In the parish of Kirkurd are the names of Lochurd, Ladyurd, and Netherurd, all with a similar origin, for "*urd*" is the Gaelic *ard*, a height, and the various prefixes are Saxon to distinguish the one from the other. Torbank is the Gaelic *Torr*, a heap or mound, and the same is repeated in the syllable *bank*. The Crook may be from the Gaelic *crocan*, a hook or crook, or it may also be that the Crook Inn used the shepherd's crook as its sign. On the other side of the Tweed is a place called the Hearthstane, and referring to the crook used for hanging pots over the fire, a local saying was that the river here ran between the crook and the hearthstane. The town of Peebles has had several origins suggested for its name, some being rather far fetched. In the notes to the learned Dr Pennecuik's "Description of Tweeddale," it is given thus, "Peebles, in the oldest writings *Peblis* seems plainly to have been taken from the pebbles with which the soil abounds, particularly where the town was first built. The history of the Cross Church in the text shows the childishness of this derivation of the name; and that the Latin word *Plebes*, the commons or lay people for whose special benefit and good the Cross Kirk was erected, gave rise to it." More modern writers suggest the Welsh *pebyll* (pronounced like pebethl), a tent or pavilion, with the Saxon plural added. The most likely source is the Welsh *Peblys* (which sounds like Peeblus), meaning the flix weed. This last also corresponds with the old phonetic spellings of the name in documents, the oldest of which is Peblis, in 1116 Pobles, and 1126 Pebles.

Some few names are difficult to define, for instance, Coomb Hill, and Coomb Dod may be derived either from the Welsh *cwm*, a hollow or dingle, or they may be from the Saxon *coomb*, also a valley, as used in the South of England. Glenmead may be either from the Gaelic *madadh*, a wolf, or the Saxon *meadwo*, in either case with the latter syllable worn away.

When the Saxons and other new-comers had driven off the Celtic tribes from the lower grounds, they used many of the old names with additions of their own, making what may be called compound names. Tweedshaw has the first part, as before explained, of Celtic origin; and the latter part *shaw* is the Saxon for a wood. Tweedsmuir is similar, so is Traquair Knowe, and Torbank. Very probably Neidpath is from the Welsh *nid*, what

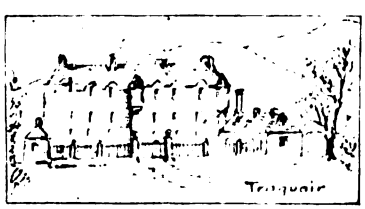
is impending, referring to the overhanging rock, and the Saxon, *path*. Many of the new-comers, when naming their lands, were fond of adding the syllable *ton*, after their own names, and among others there are Winkston, Edston, Kidston, and Caberston. The word *ton* is the Saxon for a collection of houses, but nothing like a town, and is still used in the South of Scotland when speaking of a "farm toun." Harestanes means the boundary stones, and Hartree, the boundary tree, both from the Saxon *har* or *her*, a boundary mark.

Traces of the great Caledonian forest are to be found in Hallyne, Hallmanor, Hallyards,

and Halmyre, all from the Gaelic *choil* (c silent), a wood. Those sea rovers, the Danes and Norsemen, do not seem to have penetrated so far inland, unless the tradition is accepted, that Janet's brae means Dane's brae. Newby may be the Danish *by*, a dwelling, and Cadondale and Tweeddale may be the Norse *dal*, meaning a valley.

The Bield is the Saxon word for a shelter; and Badlieu is from *bawd*, a hare, and *leauw*, a place for drawing the nets on, both old Scots words. The Sheriff Muir derives its name as being the place which was appointed by the Sheriff for the "weapon shawings" of the Tweeddale militia, or, as Dr Pennecuik calls them, "the loyal Tweeddale blades." Whitehaugh, Howford, Thornilee, and some others are, without doubt, of Saxon origin.

In glancing back over these old place-names it will be noticed that the Saxon and later settlers seem to have had no appreciation of the character of the scenery about them, but, contented with material possession, they left



sentiment to others. As said before, these names have since then acquired a personal interest, and old associations have gathered round them, as part of the lowland tongue now spoken on Tweedside. When the Celtic races disappeared the poetry, beauty, and fitness of the names died out, and of them it can be said—

"The song is sung, the bard is lost."

"Chambers's Journal."

THE December number of this popular monthly is one of more than common interest. In keeping with the season, it contains an extra Christmas Supplement with five complete stories and several very pleasing poetical contributions. The usual monthly fare, however, contains two articles which are sure to attract the attention of all readers of this famous periodical. The first of these is "Some Books in my Library," and is written by the Editor, who gives us some interesting information about the works written and published by the Brothers Chambers. The first literary and publishing venture of William Chambers was, in 1820, a small volume containing an account of the Scottish Gypsies, embellished with a copperplate frontispiece of what was termed "The Fight at Lowrie's Den." About this period Robert Chambers joined his brother, and the gypsy book was followed by "The Kaleidoscope, or Edinburgh Amusement," a fortnightly periodical published at threepence, but which came to an end after the eighth number in 1822. Relating how Robert Chambers became acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, the Editor proceeds to tell us of an incident in connection with the first volume of the "Waverley Novels." In a copy of the very rare first edition of "Waverley," Robert Chambers points out a curious error by which Evan Dhu Maccombich is made the foster-brother of Fergus McIvor, while both the chief and his sister are stated to have been born and brought up in France! The Editor concludes an interesting paper by noticing two other eighteenth-century works in his collection—"Poems by Allan Ramsay" and "The Directory for the City of Edinburgh, 1774."

The other article to which we referred in our opening lines is entitled "About some of our Latest Contributors." The writer's name is not at the head of the article, neither is it at the end; but we should imagine it to be the Sub-Editor's, since neither regular contributor nor occasional writer could have given us such an interesting paper. Readers of "Chambers'" will derive a page or two of most instructive matter connected with the writers who have contributed articles and stories of later years. And here we have the whole secret of this famous periodical's life and energy and popularity. "By its method of gleaning from a wide field," says the writer, "and because it has never been the slave of any clique or coterie, it has been able to present a great variety of fare, which its readers have ever been ready to recognise and acknowledge. There is a period at which the professional writer becomes hackneyed, and repeats himself under various tricks of style; by drawing from a wide constituency, as has always been done for these pages, freshness and variety can alone be maintained." In the editorial principles, herein clearly stated, lies the whole vitality of any periodical. In this enunciation, at the close of the season, we see "Chambers'" entering upon a period of greater interest and prosperity than ever it has known or experienced before.

A Sylvan Nook on the Esk.

ONE of the prettiest nooks on the Border Esk is found at Hollows, some four miles below Langholm, between the old ruined tower and Gilnockie or Hollows Bridge. For the lover of nature there is here a feast.

The tower, now roofless, but of great strength, occupies a site of considerable natural beauty, and was a stronghold of the Border freebooter. It stands on a verdant holm on the bank of the river, and a good view of it is obtained from the Edinburgh road.

The bridge is even more beautifully situated. Its stones an unromantic architect borrowed from Gilnockie Tower or Fort, which was the principal residence of, and gave designation to, Johnnie Armstrong of ballad fame. To quote the old Rhymer:—

"Saw you ever bonnie Canonbie,
Or saw you ever the Border land,
Or saw you ever Gilnockie tower,
Where Johnny Armstrong leeved so grand?"

The scene from the bridge presents striking features. The water which runs rapid between high beetling rocks wears more placid features as it reaches Limeycleuch, and beyond glides into sylvan shades, sometimes vision-like, and on through "Canonbie Lea."

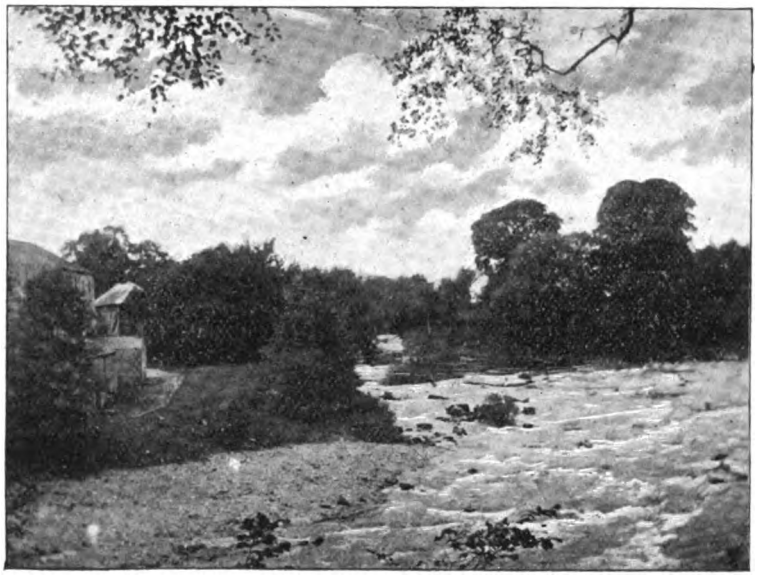
Immediately above the bridge is Hollows Mill, and some of the most lovely river and woodland scenery seen in the whole of Eskdale. The old mill, with its wheel and its dam, forms an outstanding feature in a panorama of beauty not easily surpassed, and immortalised by Scott in his "Border Minstrelsy."

This sylvan nook has been the haunt of poets, painters, and tourists for generations.

"No hand of man is here, 'tis nature's own design,
And matchless in its beauty, because the hand's divine.

. . . . . .

Our weary spirits rested, our heart is glad and still
As we linger mid the beauty, around the ancient mill."



From Photo by George McRobert, Edinburgh.

HOLLOWS MILL.

What a lesson is all around! There are all these trees and bushes, with their arms and leaves outspread in unconscious prayer. Nature feeds them with bounties—bathing them in sunshine, nourishing them with air, and reviving them with gracious dews.

Often has the scene touched hearts and stirred thoughts. The silence of the woods, the twittering of the birds, the murmuring of the river, the gamboling of the rabbit, the beauty of the flowers, and the varied shapes and shades combine to make a lasting impression.

"Round the sylvan fairy nook
Feath'ry brackans cling the rock;
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
An' everything is cheerie, o'."

Beyond the Hollows the woods close in on all sides, and the roadway which runs parallel with the river till within a mile of Langholm is in an avenue of majestic trees, with an abundant undergrowth of ferns and flowers and an interesting variety of bird and animal life. This is, says a writer, a roadway without an equal, passing under an avenue of some of the finest trees in Scotland.

To the native this is known as "the banks." Visitors who pass through it every now and again are startled into an exclamation as some fresh scene of beauty unfolds itself to view. The glimpses that are got of the Esk flowing between the tree-clad banks, are in themselves memorable, and form no mean feature in a most romantic country side.

G. M. R.

Where Slitrig and Teviot Meet.

There's a snug little town that had won renown
On a far-a-way day o' dree,
When fair Scotia's host at Flodden lost
The flower of its chivalry;
And when reivers rode and moss-troopers trode
To victory or defeat,
On their reiving raids through the glens and glades
Where the Slitrig and Teviot meet.

Where the Slitrig and Teviot meet,
O fierce was the fray and fleet
Was the fate that fell
At the slogan's swell
Where the Slitrig and Teviot meet.

This snug little town, a moat for its crown—
Well guarded on every side
By sheltering hills, while gurgling rills
To their murmuring music glide;
The mavis, lintie, and laverock lilt
Their love-lays in cadence sweet,
And make gladsome day with their melody,
Where the Slitrig and Teviot meet.

Where the Slitrig and Teviot meet,
With nature's charms replete,
There are beauties rare
Beyond compare
Where the Slitrig and Teviot meet.

And this snug little town that still nestles down
Where Druid and Pagan prayed,
Has encountered the ire of flood and fire
Yet emerged from them undismayed;
But in happier times, with the vengeful chimes
Of warfare now obsolete,
The arts of peace their fulness increase
Where the Slitrig and Teviot meet.

Where the Slitrig and Teviot meet,
True hearts in concord beat,
I fain would be
Till the day I dee
Where the Slitrig and Teviot meet.

TEEKAY.

Thomson the Poet and some of his Friends.

IN the late celebrations of Thomson, both as author and man, it does not seem to be necessary to travel, as it were, over old ground, but in the ensuing article allude only to his works in conjunction with those of his intimate friends of the period. It must, however, be critically admitted that the popular bard of "The Seasons" possessed faults peculiar to the character of the human species, but these are severally covered by a veil of obscurity, owing to the veneration paid to the memory of so amiable a personality and still kept fresh in the annals of time. Thomson, it is related, never would take offence even though unpleasant remarks were sometimes administered in a most direct way, but quietly turned the subject to more congenial channels: thus the placitudes condensed from so divine a disposition gained him the regard of men in every grade and united them in the bonds of kindred attachments. Amongst the more youthful Border allurements, Eckford, in the Parish of Marlefield, was particularly attractive, and here he always spent his summer vacations, a retrospect of life he afterwards remembered with particular pleasure.

In this locality was born and resided Sir William Bennet of Grubbit, one of his most prominent patrons, who used every endeavour in the encouragement of young poets to promote their talents for verse, and in whose family Thomson became regarded in all respects as one of the household.

At this time Thomson's genius was confined only to the writing of minor pieces for the entertainment of Sir William and Mr Riccarton, or for general amusement, and such attempts were annually destroyed with a crowning solemnity in rhetorical rhyme. Sir William Bennet is said to have represented the person of Sir William Worthy in Allan Ramsay's pastoral poem of "The Gentle Shepherd." There is a common tradition that places the scene in the vicinity of Marlefield House, as many of the descriptions correspond and are similar to the representations there, and it is affirmed both Sir William Bennet and Thomson lent their assistance and contributed a share in the composition of this comedy. The estate of Grubbit was in Morebattle, but only the occasional residence of its owner. A place called Wide-open in the same neighbourhood was often visited by Thomson, it being the property of the poet's maternal uncle, and there, it is supposed, Bennet's first acquaintance with the

author of "The Seasons" grew into a definite form. The greater portion of his time, however, was spent at Eckford, and he died there in 1724.

The Bennet burial aisle is still to be seen adjoining the Parish Church. There is a Latin inscription over the door of the vault to his memory, but this is now much obliterated by the progress of time. It ran as follows:

HOC
MONUMENTUM
SIBI ET SUIS BENE MERENTIBUS
PONENDAM CURAVIT
DOMINUS GULIELMUS BENNET
EQUES AURATUS
ANNO SALUTIS
1724.

Amongst the other friends of Thomson, after he left his native country, may be mentioned Mr Quinn, the famous actor, who, while he continued upon the stage, was in constant touch with the genius of the age. In the memoirs of this great comedian it is said—"He was well known to Pope and to Swift, but there was none for whom he entertained a higher esteem than Mr James Thomson, author of 'The Seasons' and other dramatic pieces" When the poet's pecuniary embarrassments took place, Quinn was the first to render substantial aid, he, himself visited the Sponging House where Thomson was confined for a debt of about seventy pounds and solicited an interview. The story is related that the hero was a good deal put out by the appearance of the actor in such a place, he, having always taken particular care to conceal his wants. But he became even more seriously alarmed when Quinn announced that he had come to sup with him as he was not prepared to meet the expense that such a demand entailed. But this his companion soon put right by settling the balance in favour of the delinquent and, upon the conclusion of their repast, remarking—"Mr Thomson, the pleasure I have had in perusing your works I cannot estimate at less than a hundred pounds, and I insist upon now acquitting the debt." Upon saying this he put down a note for that value and took his leave without waiting for a reply. The true friendship of Quinn is again brought forward in "The Life of Lord Lyttleton," who was also a friend and patron of this most popular bard. Upon the death of the latter, whose affairs were for the second time involved, Lord Lyttleton took Thomson's sister under his protection, revised the "Tragedy of Coriolanus," which had not been completed, and introduced it at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, with a prologue of his own writing, where he so affectingly lamented the loss of that delightful poet, that not only Mr Quinn, who spoke the words, but also the whole audience burst into tears! In the "Memoirs of David Garrick" it is noted that Thomson was recommended to the patronage of Frederic, Prince of Wales, who appointed him one of his secretaries along with Mallet, then private tutor to the Duke of Montrose, and the former, at this period, under the auspices of his illustrious patron, brought "Agamemnon" before the public upon the Drury Lane stage, and the writer himself was present during its delivery. This play was unsuccessful and produced a most powerful effect upon its author. He had promised to meet some friends at a tavern as soon as the piece was ended, but was obliged to defer the meeting to a very late hour. When he came they asked a reason for the delay, and his reply was characteristic, for he told them "that the critics had sweated him so terribly by their treatment of certain parts of his tragedy that the perspiration was so violent as to render his wig unfit to wear, and that he had spent a deal of time amongst the peruke makers in procuring a proper cover for his head." "Agamemnon," though acted by the most famous stage delineators of that day, failed to draw attention and was soon afterwards withdrawn from the boards.

After Thomson's death in 1748 his affairs required material assistance at even later dates, and King George III. interested himself in them as is shown in the following entry from Dodsley's Annual Register, for 1761:—"His Majesty has given £100 towards the subscription for printing the works of James Thomson, the whole profits of which are to be applied to erecting a monument to his memory, and for the relief of some of the near relations in distress." This public memorial was erected in Westminster Abbey in 1762.

M. W. Scott.

Memoir of General Wauchope. *

ALONG with the general rejoicing at the termination of any war and the acclamations which greet the returning heroes, there is ever present the sadly-haunting thought that many a brave soldier who went away full of life and hope lies cold and still 'neath the

* General Wauchope. By William Baird. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.

sods of the battlefield, while the tears of his relatives flow afresh as they hear the shouts of welcome. One of the saddest incidents of the recent war in South Africa was the death of General Wauchope, who so bravely fell at the ill-fated Magersfontein. In the February number last year of the BORDER MAGAZINE there appeared an appreciative article of the General, but our readers will be delighted to have the opportunity of reading in a more extended form the life story of this true hero. Messrs Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier, the well-known Edinburgh publishers, whose books we have frequently reviewed in these columns, have issued a handsome volume on the subject, which we heartily commend to all our readers. The author, Mr William Baird, has done his work well, and the popularity of the book is proved by the fact that the first edition was at once bought up. A second large edition has now been issued, which

From a Photo by Horsburgh, Edinburgh.

MAJOR-GENERAL WAUCHOPE, C.B., C.M.G., LL.D.

From Mr Baird's Life of General Wauchope, published by Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.

is also speedily finding its way into the hands of the reading public. Mr Baird may almost be said to have entered on his task by a kind of hereditary right, his uncle, Mr James Paterson (of Kay's "Portraits" fame), having been the author of a "History and Genealogy of the Family of Wauchope," which was printed for private circulation in 1858.

Just before writing these lines the present writer met a friend who had been a Colour-Sergeant in the Soudan campaign, and on asking him if he ever came in contact with General Wauchope, he at once replied with enthusiasm, "Yes, he was a true soldier and a perfect gentleman." This estimate of the "non-com." is fully borne out in the volume before us, for whether we take General Wauchope as a soldier, politician, a country laird or a churchman, we find him true and thorough, to use his own expression, "wherever I am wanted, I shall be there, straight." The author in his preface says: —"General Wauchope's tragic end was no unfitting conclusion to a life of devoted, arduous service. He died as he had lived, ever in the midst of strife, an earnest, brave, and self-denying man, thinking more of others than himself; graced with the dignity that comes from inborn gentleness of spirit, and ever in his conduct exemplifying the faith he professed. No wonder that, when such a man fell, there was a wail of lamentation, not merely around his own home in Edinburgh, where he was best known and loved, but throughout the whole British Empire.

"The story of his life is one of incident and hairbreadth escapes, and it deserves to rank high in the annals of our country, for among those who have helped to raise Great Britain to the honourable position she holds among the nations of the world, as the vindicator of freedom, as the protector of the weak against the strong, as the pioneer of commerce, and the disseminator of Christianity, there are few who have laboured more zealously, or fought more bravely than he whose career we shall in the following pages attempt to sketch."

The volume, which is published at the low price of 2s 6d, contains several good illustrations, one of which, by the kindness of the publishers, we reproduce. W. S.

Local Notes and Traditions.

IT has been said by wise folk that there is nothing "new on earth," by which, I suppose, is meant that what to each successive generation seemeth new, is really only a revival of what has already been. After all, in the revolutions of a wheel, the same spokes must come up with each turn, and we think them new each time that we see them. Are we not now harking back to the costumes and half-forgotten industries of our grandmothers' and great-grandmothers' times? Vide the revival of amateur bookbinding, the return of the long discarded spinning wheel in the household, and bringing one back to the cultivation of the flax plant, which used to be seen in this immediate neighbourhood—Fairnington.

With the serious rise in the present price of coal, I have observed with interest the suggestion to introduce the use of peat again. Time and improved agriculture will, I doubt, have swept away many of the bogs and morasses which supplied that primitive fuel, and we may have to go far afield perhaps to obtain it. On the lands of Fairnington between thirty and forty years ago, the monks of Melrose drew from the Monk Shot field (a very large one now under cultivation) their supply of peats, and I wonder how they conveyed it over such a distance. Also another supply ground on the same estate, viz., the moor around the Baron's Folly, furnished the cottagers with fuel. This, too, has since been redeemed and therefore no longer of use in that respect. It must, of course, be the same in other parts of the district—land reclaimed by powerful steam ploughs and harrows. A rustic on one occasion during the reclamation of a large moor from a swamp to its present condition, said, "The turfs flew like a bird from its nest." Another equally unique remark, referring to the dragging out from a morass of some timber, a lad came running up to ask for three "cheens" to pull out Bobby —"Bobby's stuckin'"; Bobby being the horse, and the "cheens," a set of chains to release him from the slough. Two Highland lassies from the island of Coll (which is known to be almost, if not quite, treeless), told me that when walking bare-footed to school in the winter months they held in their hands a glowing peat, which, from time to time, they blew to keep alive and to give them warmth.

An interesting local feature has disappeared within the past thirty years or less, viz., the making of pirns or bobbins from the alder trees.* This industry was carried on in a small way at Pirnie Hall, on the estate of Fairnington, and I remember noticing a long

*These alders still flourish in a marshy bit of ground on the north march, near Muirhouselaw estate. They were also much in request for clog-making.

wooden beam outside of the cottage, and which, I am told, had attached to it within the house the pin or turning lathe. Some people are of opinion that "pirnie" means a woven woollen cap, such as our grandfathers are represented as wearing at night, elongated, and with a tassel at the top, but that idea is scarcely consistent with the use of the alder tree! Pirn is a wooden reel or bobbin, and the beam and pin could have been used for no other purpose. The portion of the lands where the industry was carried on is still known as Pirnie, and I have known several instances of travellers who had come some distance to see Fairnington being turned back, because 'Pirnie' not being specially mentioned (where the modern dwelling-house now stands), they thought they had made a mistake.

Another tradition exists as to the why and wherefore of a certain hillock, surmounted by a few trees, with a low wall surrounding it, on the north side of the old park. It is locally considered to be the burying place of a certain pedlar, and that the old man was by no means without 'gear.' It is a refreshment in these days of hurry and hard practical views to halt by the way and ruminate over bygone memories and local traditions, and to try and imagine ourselves in touch with those simple times, when our predecessors were content to stay upon their estates and farms, and to go occasionally to the "muckle toon" to see "civeleezation." An old wife remarked to me, "It would gar the bodies turn in their graves could they rise and see some o' the changes on this place." Yes, and if those silent witnesses, trees and stones, could speak, what might we not learn from such faithful historians!

E. R.

Border Note.

LADY JOHN SCOTT-SPOTTISWOODE'S WILL.—By her will, Alicia Anne, Lady John Scott Spottiswoode, of Spottiswoode House, Lauder, Berwick, who died on the 12th March last, aged nearly ninety years, daughter of the late Mr John Spottiswoode, and widow of Lord John Douglas Montague Scott, who was son of the fourth Duke of Buccleuch, has bequeathed £6000 to the Duke of Buccleuch, as well as everything in Kirkbank, and in and about the house at Cawston, and the dearest set of Dresden china, which belonged to Lord John, and the morocco case, with the valuable Jacobite relics therein contained. Among the other interesting bequests which deceased has made are the following:—To Lady Cameron of Lochiel, her diamond collar and Prince Charles's silver inkstand; to the Lady Mary Trefusis, her miniature of Prince Charles and her miniature of James VIII.; to Victoria, Marchioness of Lothian, the miniature of Prince Charles of Jaija; and to the testatrix's nieces, Margaret and Alice and Eleanor Warrender, all the archæological collection in the Eagle Hall, or if none of them wish to have this collection, it is left to the Antiquarian Museum, Princes Street, Edinburgh. Lady John Scott-Spottiswoode appointed James Low of Lawes and James Wilson, late schoolmaster, to expend the sum of £2000, which she left to the moral and respectable poor on the estate of Spottiswoode; "but none of the money is to be given to a drunkard, or to any woman who has gone wrong before or after her marriage." She also bequeathed legacies and annuities to many servants. The personal estate in England and Scotland has been valued at £34,987.

Curling.

O' a' the games that man has made
Sin' Adam delved wi' the first spade,
There's only ane that ne'er shall fade—
The royal game o' curling.

For wha wad gi'e the cricket field,
Or carpet bools wi' cosy bield,
To what the frozen loch can yield
Upon a frosty morning.

At fitba' loons may kick wi' glee,
An' quoiters hide the iron tee;
If ye wad ken what sport should be
O, gang an' try the curling.

When Johnny Frost pits oot his paw,
An' on the grund an inch o' snaw
Is lyin' white on Bourhope Law,
Prepare, my lads, for curling.

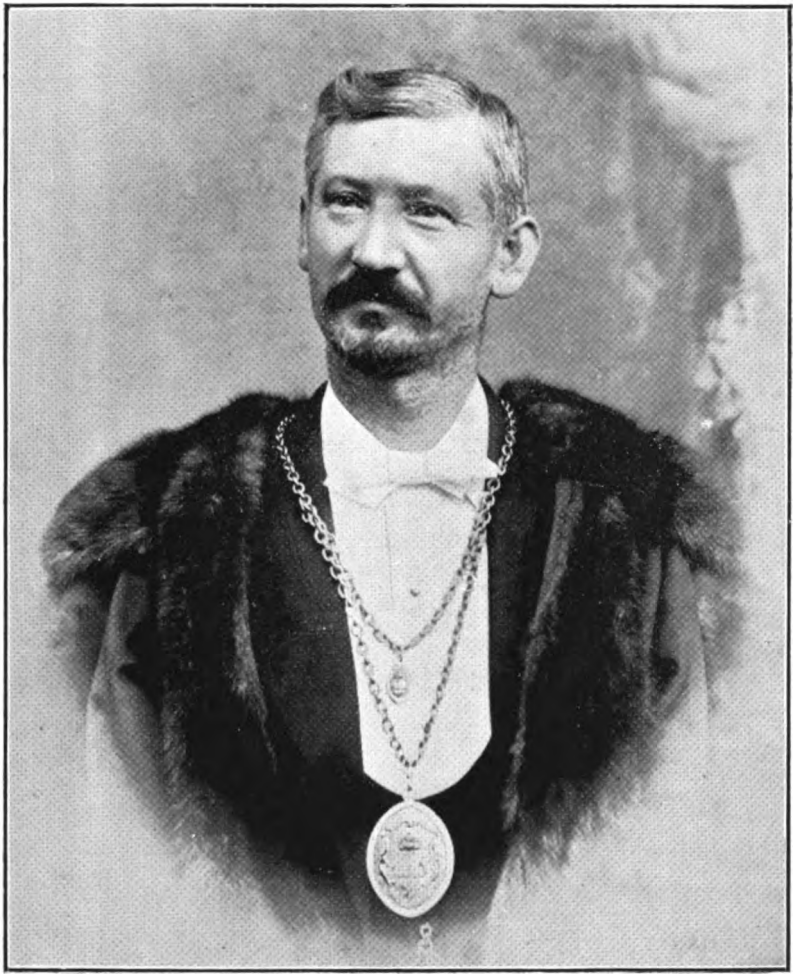
Auld han'ils, wi' an age untold,
Are made to shine like minted gold,
Then kittle shots doth skill unfold
That's only seen at curling.

Here peer and peasant freendly meet,
Auld etiquette has lost her seat;
The social broom has swept her neat
Beyond the pale o' curling.

Ye've heard yon cheer, yon lusty cheer,
In manly accents strong an' clear;
Our foes have heard it far an' near
At sterner games than curling.

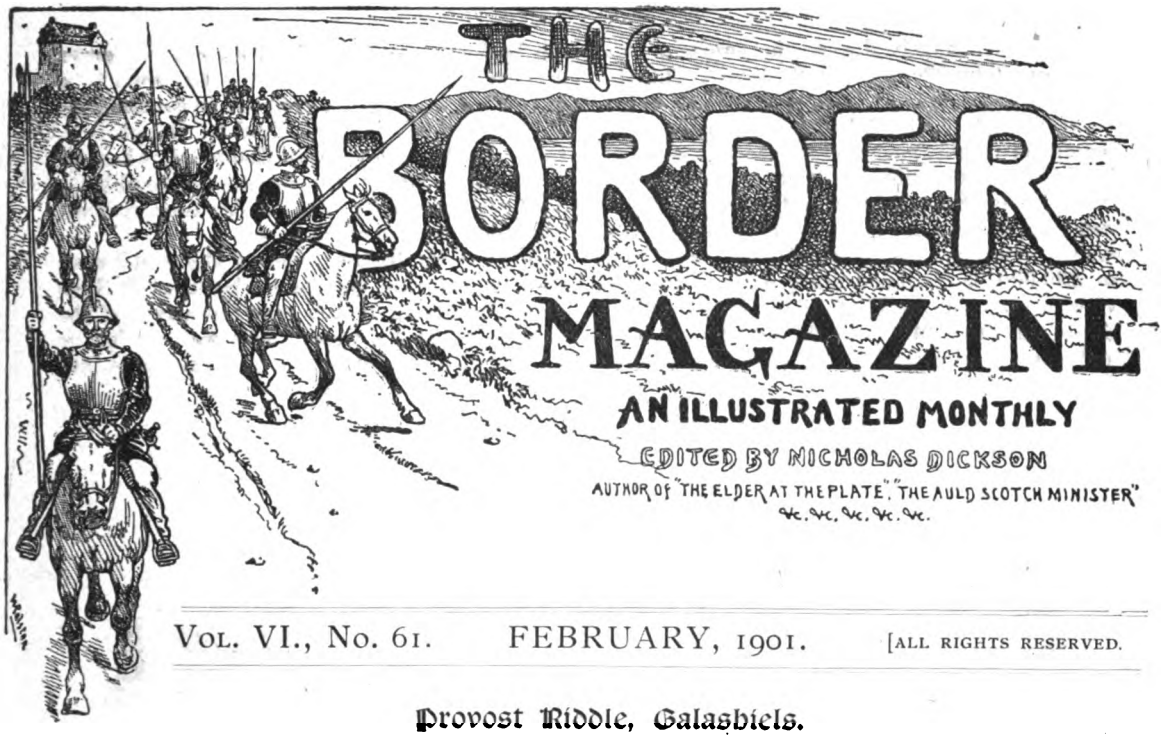
Some owre the briny ocean hye,
To toil where shining diamonds lie;
But gi'e me Scotland's bracing sky
Abune a' gie's her curling.

THE ETTRICK BARD.



From Photo by Geo. T. Chisholm, Galashiels. Block kindly lent by Editor of "The National Guardian."

PROVOST RIDDLE, GALASHIELS.



VOL. VI., No. 61. FEBRUARY, 1901.

Provost Riddle, Galashiels.

LIKE Bothwell in Professor Aytoun's spirited poem, Provost Henry Riddle of Galashiels, might also exclaim

> "For I was born among the hills,
> Reared in a Border home,
> Where rushing from the narrow glens
> The mountain torrents come,"

having first seen light in 1850 at Martin's Bridge, at the junction of "old Borthwick's roaring strand" with the Teviot, nearly two miles from Hawick, the farm being tenanted at that date by William Fulton, his grandfather, on his mother's side. In his earlier years William had served his country as a soldier, and had fought in General Graham's famous brigade throughout the Peninsular war. His military career was brought to a close at the storming of Badajoz, in which brilliant feat of arms he received a musket bullet in his chest. He was sent home and discharged with a pension, when he turned his attention to agricultural pursuits, having been accustomed to farm work previous to joining the army.

Henry Riddle's father was Walter Riddle, a native of Newcastleton, who was associated with his father-in-law in working the farm. When the embryo Provost was six years of age his father and family removed to Hawick, where he found employment in one of the factories. There Henry attended "Dodds's Schule" for the following five years, where he acquired a knowledge of the "Single Carritch" and wrestled successfully with the problems contained in "Gray's Gray," by which name the boys of that period were wont to term a book of arithmetic then in vogue. The modern system of education, with its Boards and compulsory attendance, was yet in the womb of futurity, and as was an everyday occurrence in the humbler ranks of life where there was

> "Little to earn and many to keep,"

the lad was obliged to leave school in his eleventh year and start work as a "piecer" at 3s 3d per week. In order to avoid the penalty incurred by employing boys or girls of such tender years, it was customary to send them home or hide them when the factory inspector made his periodic visits. Even at this early period in his career, the child had been father of the man. His strict attention to duty was the cause of his promotion to be "piecer" to the first pair of self-acting mules introduced into Hawick, his pay being raised to six shillings weekly. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed for five years with the Hawick Co-operative Store Company. During a portion of that period Mr Riddle was the first secretary to what was then termed "The Hawick Mutual Improvement Society," the success

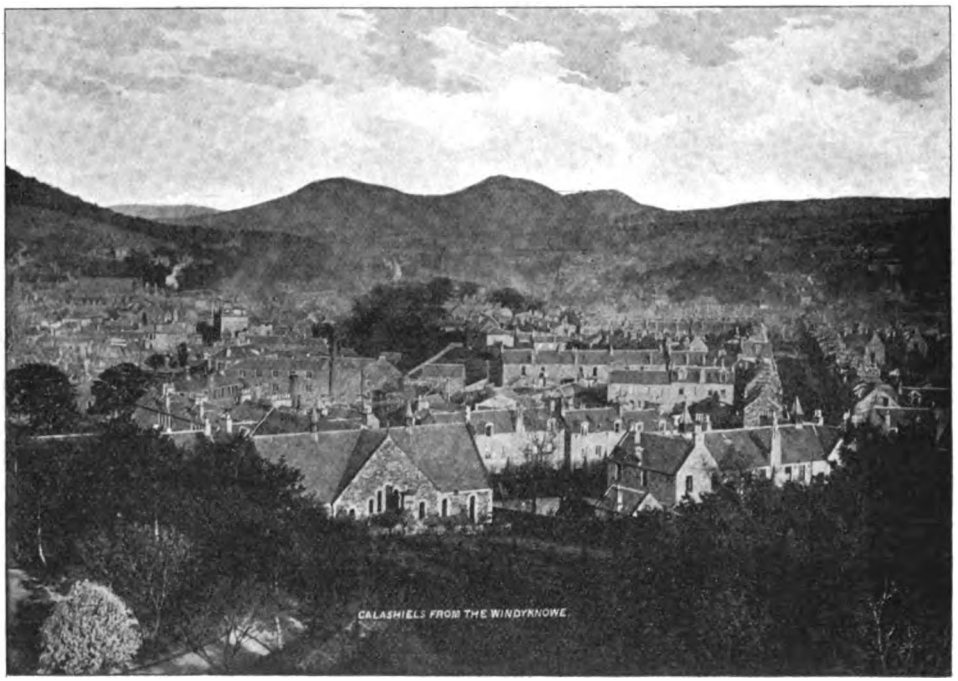
of which was largely due to the efforts of the late Rev. John Thomson of St Mary's Church.

In his new sphere it is evident that what his hand found to do he did with his might, as at the expiry of his apprenticeship he was selected to fill the responsible position of manager to the Waverley Store Company, Galashiels. After eight years' service, during which period the annual overturn of the Company had increased to £30,000, he resigned his situation with the view of representing Mr William Wilson of the Swanfield Flour Mills, Leith, on the Borders and east of Scotland. Previous to leaving Galashiels, Mr Riddle had the satisfaction of receiving tangible testimony to the esteem in which he was held by the members of the Store Company, who presented him with a valuable harmonium. He also was presented with a handsome writing desk and other tokens of respect by the employees with whom he had been associated.

After remaining two years in his new situation he resigned and returned to Galashiels to commence business on his own account as a grocer and provision merchant. He secured premises in Channel Street, where he remained till 1879, when the demands of an increasing business necessitated his removal to larger premises in the same street. After some time he was again obliged to remove in consequence of the building being required by the proprietors, the Waverley Store Company, when he purchased a site in the immediate neighbourhood, upon which he erected his present spacious and convenient premises.

In 1884 Mr Riddle acquired the well-known grocery and wine merchant's business in Sime Place, belonging to the representatives of the late Mr Adam Thomson. This was carried on as a branch establishment for some time, but the new premises being more suitable, the business was transferred to Channel Street. In 1899, he also acquired an interest in the old-established business in Kelso, formerly carried on by the late Mr Shiel, which is conducted by his son Walter, under the style of Smith, Riddle & Co.

Notwithstanding the busy life led by Mr Riddle, he early fell a victim to the shafts of the urchin Cupid, his "winsome marrow" being Alice, third daughter of the late Mr Robert Wood, Galashiels. At the age of twenty-two he entered into the bonds of matrimony, and during the years that have elapsed since that



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GALASHIELS FROM WINDYKNOWE.

auspicious event took place, his quiver has been filled with

"Lads and bonnie lasses ten,"

the family circle remaining yet unbroken.

In 1895 Mr and Mrs Riddle celebrated their silver wedding. At that date Mr Riddle was president of the District Trade Defence Association, the members of which entertained the worthy couple to a cake and wine banquet, at which they were presented with a handsome sterling silver tea and coffee set, Mrs Riddle also receiving a beautiful gold brooch mounted with pearls. They also, on the occasion, received numerous tokens of good-will and kindly feeling from their friends and acquaintances belonging to the town.

In 1879 Mr Riddle was approached by an influential section of his fellow-townsmen with the view of securing his services to represent the Fourth Ward in the Town Council. Their request was acceeded to, and since that date he has successfully filled the positions of Councillor, Bailie, from Junior to Senior, and Treasurer for the Burgh. This latter duty he continued to perform till the retiral of Provost Dun in 1900, when, in recognition of his long and faithful services on behalf of the community, he was unanimously chosen to fill the vacant chair. Since this event took place no opportunity has been afforded for Provost Riddle to signalise his reign. He made his first official public appearance by addressing the largest audience ever gathered at an outdoor meeting in Galashiels, on the occasion of welcoming home the Gala Volunteers from South Africa.

While the career of Provost Riddle has abundantly testified to his business capacity, yet to him "getting" has not been the be-all and end-all of his existence. He is a strong believer in the doctrine that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and finds time to indulge in curling, bowling, and golfing, at all of which games he is an adept, having also occupied the position of Captain of the Golf Club and President of the others.

Previous to 1886, Mr Riddle was a supporter of Mr Gladstone, but on the introduction of the Home Rule Bill he left that party and became one of the vice-presidents of the Unionist Association, which position he still occupies. He is an Established Churchman, being one of the trustees of Ladhope Parish

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GALASHIELS FROM GALA HILL.

Church, and *ex officio* a J.P. for the County of Selkirk.

Though long separated from the familiar scenes of his boyhood, his heart still clings to his old home; and when "the night afore the morn" arrives he is apt to disappear from his wonted haunts for a season. It is whispered that at the dawn of that red-letter day in the Hawick calendar, whose advent stirs the hearts of every true "Teri" over the world, and turns his longing thoughts toward "the hames o' his ain folk," an individual bearing a striking resemblance to the missing Provost may be observed indulging in the "snuffing" and other time-honoured observances peculiar to that occasion, and joining to swell the chorus of "the eternal air" with all the vigour and enthusiasm of a "callant" born and reared under the shadow of Hawick Moat.

It is generally admitted that, like a rival beauty, Hawick is a little jealous of the superior attractions of the sister burgh, yet with that magnanimity and fine sense of justice characteristic of the "Braw, Braw Lads," they are proud to acknowledge their indebtedness to "the Queen o' a' the Border" for that worthy son of the Borderland, their frank, kindly, genial and public-spirited Provost.

R. H., G.

Introduction to the Waverley Novels.

"WAVERLEY."

IN "The Scot's Magazine" for February, 1814, there appeared an announcement that "Waverley: or 'Tis Sixty Years Since," a novel in three volumes, would be published in the following month of March. The author's name was not mentioned, nor did it appear on the title-page when issued.

Scott had been spending Christmas at Abbotsford, and when he returned to Edinburgh, at the close of the holidays, he was told by his friend Erskine, to whom he had sent the proof-sheets of the novel, that this new work would prove to be the most popular of anything that Scott had yet published. Entertaining a few friends to supper one night, Erskine read the proofs, and was confirmed in his opinion by the enthusiastic interest they excited. Saying nothing as to the authorship, the friends inferred that they were listening to the first effort of some unknown writer who was destined to become one of the most popular authors of his time.

The MS. of "Waverley" was copied by John Ballantyne and sent to press. As soon as the work was nearly ready, Ballantyne conveyed it to Constable, who did not for a moment doubt from whose pen it had come. He asked, however, a few days' time to consider the matter of publication. That consideration resulted in Constable's offering £700 for the copyright—an extremely liberal offer in those early days of the novel. Scott's answer, through Ballantyne, was to the effect that £700 was too much in case the novel should turn out to be unsuccessful, but too little in the event of its turning out to be a success. The ultimate arrangement resulted in the publication of the novel on the footing of an equal division of profit between publisher and author. There was a considerable pause between the printing of the first volume and the beginning of the second and third; but the work was completed and issued on the 7th July, 1814.

In Lockhart's Life of Scott we get some interesting details of the publication of "Waverley." We are told that Scott wrote to his friend, Mr Morritt, about the new work that had just made its appearance. "I must account for my own laziness," he explains, "which I do by referring you to a small anonymous sort of novel in three volumes, 'Waverley,' which you will receive by the mail of this day. It was a very old attempt of mine to embody some traits of those characters and manners peculiar to Scotland, the last remnants of which vanished during my own youth, so that few or no traces now remain. I had written great part of the first volume, and sketched other passages, when I mislaid the MS. and only found it by the merest accident as I was rummaging the drawers of an old cabinet. I took the fancy of finishing it, which I did so fast, that the last two volumes were written in three weeks. . . . It has made a very strong impression here, and the good people of Edinburgh are busied in tracing the author, and in finding out originals for the portraits it contains. In the first case, they will probably find it difficult to convict the guilty author, although he is far from escaping suspicion. Jeffrey has offered to make oath that it is mine, and another great critic has tendered his affidavit 'ex contrario'; so that these authorities have divided the gude town. However, the thing has succeeded very well, and is thought highly of. I don't know if it has got to London yet. I intend to maintain my 'incognito.' Let me know your opinion about it."

In acknowledging receipt of the work, Morritt expressed the hope that the author would

drop his incognito on the title-page of a second edition. Scott, however, resolved to withhold his name. In a subsequent letter to Morritt he says, "I shall *not* own 'Waverley.' My chief reason is that it wont prevent me of the pleasure of writing again. . . . In truth, I am not sure it would be considered quite decorous for me, as a Clerk of Session, to write novels. Judges being monks, Clerks are a sort of lay brethren, from whom some solemnity of walk and conduct may be expected. So, whatever I may do of this kind, 'I shall whistle it down the wind, and let it prey at fortune.'" John Ballantyne seems also to have recommended to Scott that the authorship should be acknowledged; but the latter replied in the following rhyme:—

"No, John, I will not own the book—
I wont, you Picearoon.
When next I try St Grubby's brook,
The A. of Wa—— shall bait the hook—
And flat-fish bite as soon,
As if before them they had got
The worn-out wriggler,
WALTER SCOTT."

In addition to John Ballantyne, Erskine, and Morritt, the only other friend entrusted with the secret of the authorship of "Waverley" was Scott's brother, Thomas, who, at that time, was in Canada as paymaster of the 70th Regiment.

The first edition of "Waverley" appeared, as already stated, on the 7th July, 1814, and the whole impression of 1000 copies disappeared within five weeks. A second edition of 2000 copies appeared about the end of August, and it also went off so rapidly that when Scott passed through Edinburgh on his way home from the Hebrides, he found, through Ballantyne, that Constable was eager to treat on the same terms as before for a third edition of 1000 copies. This was published in October, while a fourth was called for in November. The remaining editions appeared as follows: A fifth of 1000 copies in January 1815, a sixth of 1500 copies in June 1816, a seventh of 2000 copies in October, 1817, and an eighth of 2000 copies in April, 1821. The last edition during the author's life-time, and *bearing his name on the title-page*, was in 1829, and consisted of over 40,000 copies.

It is more than eighty-six years since the first edition of "Waverley" was published, and over seventy years since the author's specially revised, corrected, and acknowledged edition appeared. Ever since these dates down till now, the "Waverley Novels" have been issued, of late years by various publishers, without break or ceasing. The reading world has never been without these famous novels for over eighty years past: for when one edition approached exhaustion, another was being prepared to take its place. And to-day the demand seems as fresh, as keen, and as popular as ever it was. The latest volume of a new re-issue has just come into our hands, and it is perhaps the most noteworthy of any that has yet preceded it.* "Waverley" first appeared in the usual three-volume form: the latest issue is in one small volume, half an inch in thickness. This remarkable work is one of the wonders of book production. Bound in green cloth, gilt top, with portrait of Sir Walter as frontispiece, this new "Waverley" contains the Abbotsford General Preface, three appendices, and the Author's Introductions and Notes, in all extending to over seventy pages. Then follows the novel itself, occupying over five hundred and seventy pages. Notwithstanding all this amount of matter, the volume is so small and thin that it can be placed in the pocket for perusal while travelling, or laid on the table without interfering with anything already there. To those in search of a "Waverley" that is at once a delight to look at, light and easy to hold, and with fine large type on India paper, we cordially commend to their attention the first volume of Messrs Nelson's "New Century Scott."

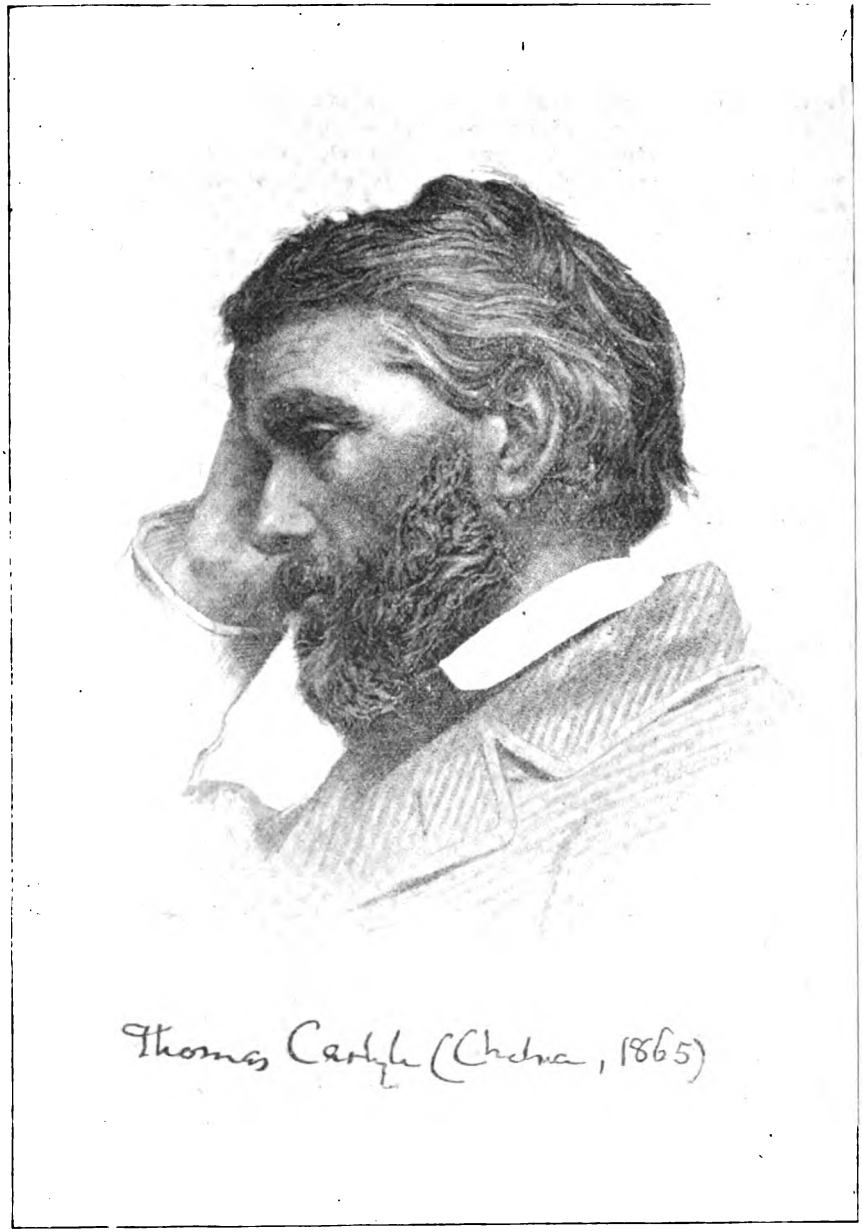
Thomas Carlyle.

WHEN February 10th comes round again I wonder how many Borderers will remember that on this day, twenty years ago, one of the greatest of their fathers was laid to rest in Ecclefechan Churchyard! It would be a pity for us were we to cease to take an active interest in the noble personality of Thomas Carlyle. But that, it would seem, can never be. More and more is his name brought before us as a pattern teacher, and as the Seer and Sage whose words will most enlighten, encourage, and ennoble us. We Scottish Borderers are proud to claim this great soul as our own—produced in our own simple countryside so naturally and unostentatiously.

Ecclefechan, the place of his birth, is a

* Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. London and Edinburgh: Thomas Nelson & Sons.

peaceful sleepy hamlet in the very south of Scotland, only a few miles both from the Solway Firth and from England. There the infant genius of the great poet was nurtured,



From Photo by Elliot & Fry, London.

as everyone knows, in the most pious and simple of Scottish rural families. A rigid and earnest schooling was his: but who of us escaped it? He, however, had the insight and perception to understand what it meant, that it was all intended for his own future advantage and welfare. This made him grateful and obedient, full of affection, too, for his parents: which affection never waned, but waxed rather as they and he grew older. There are few things in any extant biography more beautiful and touching than the story of

Carlyle's strong ardent love for his mother. Perhaps it is the most typical of what is known to be typical of all true Scotsmen!

The circumstances of Carlyle's life doubtless are too well-known to be repeated here. He became, after much uncertainty and aimless aberration, 'a writer of books.' Such was the official appellation, though it is rather misleading. He wrote a book only when he had 'something to say to the world.' No passing thought or imagination could bring ideas to him, out of which some soothing symphonious fairy-tale could be spun. His books proceeded from sterner stuff. History was the great ground into which he was continually digging for heroes. When he had unearthed a noble soul there, crude and rugged it might be, and unrecognisable generally, he set about to make it presentable and known to his countrymen. Not artificially or affectedly, but naturally, as he believed it had once existed. In this respect the world owes him an incalculable debt of gratitude, but it rolls on drowsily and contentedly unaware of it. Once Carlyle had found his subject, he read about it, pondered and meditated over it, for months and months ere he wrote a single line. Not till it was printed indelibly on his mind did he consider himself capable of uttering 'some earnest word about it.' And is this not the secret of all true writing—of all writing that ever will last! When we read and think of his life's performance we cannot but exclaim, 'Here truly was a great, sincere, and heroic soul!'

The life of man was full of mystery to Carlyle—'full of reality and earnestness withal, for whomsoever will think of it.' The tragic shortness of our pilgrimage here, the mystery of it—so unspeakable, were never more dramatically uttered than in these few sententious words—'We emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane.'

Science, however, does not speak of him so gratefully. She rides over him with great haste in these days, blazoning her own pseudo-philosophers into notoriety, and succeeding partly in misrepresenting the aims which all along dominated Carlyle's attitude towards the world of thought. If his mind did stray at times a little beyond the boundary of its native land, how are we by magnifying such perfectly-human tendency, and dwelling only upon that, ever to arrive at any true conception of the real Carlyle? Scientists will have become seers when they give expression to such a profound view of the universe as this:

'The course of Nature's phases, on this our little fraction of a Planet, is partially known to us; but who knows what deeper courses these depend on; what infinitely larger cycle (of causes) our little Epicycle revolves on? To the Minnow every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native Creek may have become familiar; but does the Minnow understand the Ocean Tides and periodic Currents, the Trade-winds, and Monsoons, and Moon's Eclipses, by all which the condition of its little Creek is regulated, and may, from time to time (unmiraculously enough), be quite overset and reversed? Such a Minnow is Man; his Creek this Planet Earth; his Ocean the immeasurable All; his Monsoons and periodic Currents the mysterious Course of Providence through Æons of Æons.'

The ethics of Carlyle took their stand on a foundation something like this:—'First of all, be in earnest here. Do only what you honestly believe to be right and compatible with true manliness. Seek the noble part if there be one possible. Say only what is worth saying, or be silent; indeed, you have no right to do and to say unless you comply with such conditions. Moreover, only in this way can you be acting true to yourself and God.' A most strenuous and strange doctrine! But a most lovable one, when we *understand.*

Regarding religion, the author of "Sartor Resartus" never could define his Credo. 'What theorem of the Infinite can the Finite reader complete?' Silent reverence always he felt to be the true attitude for man here. He believed in the Personal attention of the Deity to those who endeavour to make their lives coincident with the Divine requirements—so interpreted by their own intelligence. And this Power, too, was not indifferent to any earnest human prayer whensoever and wheresoever offered up. Thus he stood apart from the prevailing religions of his time. Christianity, like Mohammedanism and all mythologies, was but a branch of the Eternal religion, and in time might pass away. The Eternal only was certain to remain. The Divine Teacher of Nazareth, though hidden in distant and impenetrable nebulæ, was ever a beautiful figure to him, but entirely different from that conceived by Christianity. But he rarely spoke of this: silence was *better.*

As a poet, Carlyle must take the supreme place of last century's production. To be a poet is not to be a mere master of jingling rhymes, but to be a *seer*—a discerner of truths and realities unobservable by the multitude. Such a discerner must find some outlet for what he *sees.* Generally he gives it to us in

the form of verse called poetry, but it never strikes the majority of people that there can be as perfect poetry in prose. Carlyle had not the patience or the temperament to arrange his message into what he called 'jingle'; he poured it forth in his own inimitable prose which really falls as harmoniously and melodiously upon the ear as the finest lyric verse. One never forgets the beautiful poetic reference he made to his mother, whom he had gone to visit in her declining days. He was so struck by the change—'so waesome'—in her appearance, that in describing the incident he wrote: 'It was my mother—and not my mother. The last pale rim or sickle of the moon which had once been *full*, now sinking in the dark seas.'

It will be long before we can expect another Carlyle; but if we will visit the spacious garden he has bequeathed us, in which the finest fruits await our enjoyment, who knows but that we may be making ready for the arrival of another seer and poet amongst us, who will look back upon Carlyle and say:—'Here truly was no wasteful life-drama enacted under the sun, but a genuine living life, one of the noblest our earth has ever seen.'

T. W. W.

General Wauchope and the Borders.

IN the address which the late Gen. Wauchope delivered at the annual festival of the Borderers' Union in 1898 he said he was a true Border man, and his family, a long time ago, were resident in Wauchope Dale. The gallant General did not seem very sure where Wauchope Dale was, but a Langholm man put that all right, and described the Wauchope stream at Langholm in a newspaper immediately afterwards. The General thought his ancestors had made tracks for Edinburgh 900 or 1000 years ago; but 300 years ago they took root again at Yetholm, which he loved so much. There, at a public meeting held lately, and presided over by Sir R. J. Waldie-Griffith, Bart., it was decided to raise a suitable memorial to him. The Rev. W. Carrick Miller was appointed secretary and treasurer. Meanwhile his life has been written by Mr William Baird, and published by Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. It was reviewed in our columns last month, and already it has gone to a second edition. There we find in the excellent genealogy that Sir John Wauchope purchased the Border estate of Yetholm, or Lochtour, in 1661, and that it has been in the family ever since. General Wauchope spent his boyhood at Niddrie, near Edinburgh, but it was his delight to get out to Yetholm and roam amongst the Cheviots. He continued to be interested in Yetholm and the Yetholm folk, and bestowed monetary help in providing a better water supply and sanitary requirements for the village. Mr Baird says that in Yetholm he was an open-handed benefactor, "and will probably be longer remembered as such than for his warlike achievements. And all this kindness was done without ostentation. It was the outcome of a noble and generous disposition." And there it has been decided to rear a memorial to General Wauchope.

R. C.

A Border Lady's Life of Lord Rosebery.

MISS JANE T. STODDART, daughter of the late Mr William Stoddart, missionary, Kelso, a literary lady on the "British Weekly" staff, and the "Lorna" of its columns, has just made an admirable contribution to contemporary biography.* With a singularly fascinating personality for her subject, she has given a most fascinating life-sketch of one who is destined to fill a much larger place in British politics and literature. Lord Rosebery has been the Queen's Prime Minister, and has made some notable contributions to literary history. He is an orator of the front rank, and a party leader trusted and loved, but no one doubts that there is in store for him a future more brilliant and further-reaching in its influence. The biography before us consists of ten chapters, and there is not a dull sentence in the whole of the book, whilst the illustrations, about seventy in number, dealing with every feature of the noble Earl's career, will give some idea of the value and absorbing interest of the volume. Miss Stoddart has done her work well, and already the book has had a wide circulation. It is out of place to refer here to the many incidents in Lord Rosebery's life. But Border readers will be interested in what has been called the Hawick Mortar, which belonged to one of his ancestors and is now among the treasures at Dalmeny. The mortar, which is of bronze, and bears the inscription, "Gilbert Primros, Chirvrgien, 1569," was preserved until recently in the museum of the Hawick

*The Earl of Rosebery, K.G., an Illustrated Biography. By Jane T. Stoddart. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Archæological Society. Gilbert Primros was a well-known physician in France in the middle of the sixteenth century, and wrote several books on medicine. As Lord Rosebery possesses nothing connected with his family of so early a date, he was naturally anxious to acquire the mortar by purchase or exchange. The Hawick Society met in October, 1899, and decided to present it to his Lordship, retaining a cast in the museum. They put it on record that this action was exceptional, and was not to be taken as a precedent. Perhaps the most interesting part of the present biography is of Lord Rosebery's association with Mr Gladstone; and a very touching chapter — sympathetically penned — tells of the lamented death of the good Countess—a Rothschild, but richer far in the graces of noble womanhood and that genuine love for humanity, which is also a chief characteristic of her bereaved consort. Miss Stoddart, it may not be generally known, is the author of two stories of Border life—"In Cheviot's Glens" and "A Door of Hope."

W. S. C.

In the Hospital.

(A HUMAN DOCUMENT.)

Said to be found under the Pillow of a late Inmate of one of our City Infirmaries.

Doon amang the doldrums,
Gey an' near the dead,
Where seldom mortal sowl comes
Near the weary hied.

Place o' sufferin', place o' gloom,
Your smells are ill to bide,
Iodiform's chockin' fume,
And rank paraldehyde.

The nurses in their livery—
White mutches and grey frocks,
Frae meesary to meesary,
Gang veesitin' their "croaks."*

But whisht! the nurses stop their talk,
And solemn airs assume,
What is't? Ah yes, I ken his walk,
The doctor's in the room.

To meet his hand I streech my airm
(A stick inside a sark);
To me, there's aye a kind o' charm,
Aboot the doctor's wark.

His wark the day's nae fulin',
His buits are red-wat-shod.
His patient's body's coolin',
Its sowl's awa' to God.

There's cases where nae mortal hand,
Can piece the broken life,
Yet weel it's ken'd through a' the land,
He's skeely wi' the knife.

As soon as he comes in to me,
It's strange that I should feel
Sic courage when his face I see,
I like the doctor weel.

Though weak and bleered are baith my een,
I'm no just yet sae blind,
That rouch exterior disna' screen,
The lover o' his kind.

It helps me, how, I canna tell,
For I'm baith sair and sad;
To keep repeatin' to mysel'
"God bless ye, doctor lad."

Now, doctor, when I'm lyin' cauld,
Ye'd best forget my name,
Just tak' my body to your fauld,
There's nane to baulk your claim.

It's usefu' whiles to hae a corp,
When lecturin' to your class;
I'll no compleen your knife's o'er sharp,
When I've gane through the pass.

Some hidden madness i' the hairt,
Some flaw aboot the brain,
May shed a licht upon your airt,
To ease a brother's pain.

But there! he's ca'd awa again,
He's been o'er lang wi' me;
The doctor's time is no his ain,
He does the wark o' three.

And now my room o' twal feet square,
Is a' the warlt I hae;
For now I'm curtained off aince mair,
Till darkness ends the day.

Late, late at een, when a'thing's mute,
And quiet as a moose,
I hear policemen c'earin' oot
The corner public-house.

And as the silence settles back,
I'm startit wi' a moan,
A fellow sufferer on the rack,
That cuts ane to the bone.

I hease mysel' to drink my cup,
An' fa' back wi' a thud,
My backbone winna haud me up,
I'm soople as a dud.

I've naither flesh on legs or airms,
There's nae use tellin' lees;
I'm stealin' frae the vera worms,
An' I apologeeze.

Thinkin' o' the past o't,
Lyin' lief alane,
Waitin' for the last o't,
Pyket to the bane.

But yet there's sun ahint oor fears,
There's love within the rod;
Sae I can end the weary years,
At peace wi' man and God.

Far oot ayont the nicht I see
A bonnie mornin' dawn,
Let nae ane drap a tear for me,
I'm better where I'm gawn.

J. B. S.

---

* Hospital slang term for patients.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

Several Articles unavoidably held over till next month.

The Border Keep.

BURNS' COTTAGE.

This illustration of the "Auld Clay Biggin'" was intended for our last issue, but our friend the P.D. had been a little forgetful, and so perforce I must have something more to say about the celebration of the anniversary of "Our Monarch's hinmost year but ane." Some of us can recall the centenary celebrations in 1859, when many of the Border towns and villages got up torchlight processions, etc., in honour of the hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth. It was a dreadfully wet night I remember, and the ordinary torches were kept alight with the greatest difficulty and had to be reignited frequently at the big tarry clout which kept blazing in spite of the rain. I have often wished that the birthday of Sir Walter Scott had been in winter, for I feel quite sure that a little of our enthusiasm for Burns' anniversaries would disappear were we compelled to celebrate them in the summer time.

* * *

The "Queen's Burghers" movement which was recently initiated in Glasgow proves conclusively that the sad lessons of the South African war are being taken to heart, but the present-day folks must not flatter themselves that they have hit upon something quite new. The Border towns have had their Burgher movements in times past as is shown in the following extract from an old magazine article by the late Professor Veitch:—

> The "jowing" of the town bell would bring at any moment of the day or night to the cross of each of the Border burghs 500 men at arms. They were bound together, not by a tie of feudal vassalage, but by a sense of common interest in the defence of the "gude toun," of their goods and gear, and by a patriotic feeling for the central authority of the kingdom.
>
> There thus arose trained soldiers, owing no feudal obligations, looking to the monarch alone as their liege-lord. The noble part which the burghers of Selkirk and Hawick played at Flodden shows how brave and staunch to their country and their king could be those workers in the peaceful pursuits of industry, notwithstanding the social contempt with which they were treated by an assumptive, arrogant, and illiterate aristocracy. And, on the other hand, they were not infrequently destined to turn the tide of a hard-fought fight, when the Sovereign had so far forgotten his relations to the nation he ruled or was so driven by circumstances as to

fight with a feudal faction against the people.

The crucial fight of Langside, where the blanket banner of the guilds of Glasgow was more than a match for all the chivalry of the Hamiltons, with the unfortunate Mary at its head, is perhaps the most emphatic illustration of the power of the burgher element in Scottish history.

* * *

From the "Peeblesshire Advertiser" I reproduce the following interesting notes of a Peeblesshire relic:—

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY IN ROTTENROW, GLASGOW.—Some time ago a paragraph appeared in the "Glasgow Citizen" that a lintel stone, bearing the inscription *"Domus Edilston"* was still to be seen in the rear wall of the Cross Keys Inn, at the corner of Rottenrow and Weaver Street, Glasgow, which had been taken from the pre-Reformation Manse of Eddleston, a Peeblesshire prebend of Glasgow. The Incorporation of Weavers, who had acquired the Manse from Cornelius Crawford, of Jordanhill, were obliged to take it down to open up the south end of Weaver Street, when that thoroughfare was first made, in 1795, and they built its stones and woodwork into their Cross Keys property, then in process of erection. Mr Robert Reid ("Senex") described the Manse in "Glasgow, Past and Present," as "an old-fashioned two-storey house." He had often seen it, as a Grammar School boy, about 1782. As Mr Robert Renwick, Depute Town Clerk, wished to include this information about the lintel stone in the last volume of Glasgow Protocols, now in the press, he recently inspected that 15th century relic. On the same wall, near the *"Domus Edilston"* lintel, he noticed what appeared to be an armorial stone, thickly covered with whitewash. Mr C. J. Maclean, writer, as Clerk to the Weavers' Incorporation, had this cleaned, with the following result:—"At the top of the stone there appears to be *'Justitia nostra I.H.S.,'* beneath are the three escutcheons of the Hays, and the initials 'A. H.,' and 'Anno, 1573.'" The "three escutcheons gules" appear on the armorial bearings of the Marquis of Tweeddale, the recognised head of the Hay family. Andrew Hay, who acquired the Glasgow Manse of Eddleston from his brother, George Hay, rector of that prebend at the Reformation, had been prebendary of Renfrew before that event, but having embraced the new doctrines, he became a prominent Presbyterian, and was for many years Principal of Glasgow University, during which time the old Manse was his residence. The Cross Keys, Rottenrow, or Eddleston Manse, rebuilt, has always been a well-cared for property of the Weavers, and in more primitive times the head officials of that craft assembled there on rent-days. After a modest lunch of potatoes and herring in the large parlour of the Inn, they received payments from their Rottenrow and Weaver Street renters, and made arrangements with tradesmen. The antique drinking-glasses used on those occasions are still preserved.

* * *

In these days when "The Soldier's Return" is an almost every day occurrence, the following scrap from the "Berwickshire News" of 23rd May, 1899, may be of interest:—

True is it how Borderers get everywhere. We read in "The Berwick Journal" for July 21, 1865, that Thomas Turnbull, late of the Royal Navy, died in Church-street, Berwick, at the age of 87. At the Battle of Trafalgar this old Berwicker was on board the Africa, a 64-gun frigate, and was captain of a lower-deck gun. He fired the first shot in the celebrated engagement. As we write the above, the grave has just closed over another Berwick veteran, John Tompkins, who served in the Indian Mutiny, where also served the late Brigadier of Berwick Volunteer Rifles (the late Sir Henry Havelock Allan, V.C.), perhaps the finest type of the soldier and the man one could wish to meet. We remember among many experiences of the late General a story which finds its way into print for the first time. At one of his Brigade Camps in the Tyne and Tees District, Sir Henry had occasion to speak harshly to one of the Volunteers in the ranks, a man who had medals for service in the Regulars. Contrary to all discipline, the man spoke back to Sir Henry, in words in this effect:—"Sir Henry, I served under your father in the Mutiny, and he never spoke to me like that." Sir Henry passed on without another word. After parade he sent for the man, and gave him half-a-sovereign.

* * *

Even in these days of dull trade in the manufacturing centres of the Borderland there seems to be a good deal of careful thrift, as is shown in the following news-cutting:—

The factory workers on the Borders are a provident people, and even when trade is by no means bright, the Galashiels millworkers can always manage to save a little to meet the emergencies associated with the proverbial rainy day. In a provincial town, the condition of the Savings Bank is regarded as a tolerably accurate index of its prosperity, and viewed in this light Galashiels can compare favourably with its neighbours. True, during the past year the Savings Bank funds have not increased by £3000, as was the case in 1896, but there was an increase of between £300 and £400, and the total deposits are higher than they have ever been, and in view of the period of depression which those connected with the tweed industry have been passing through, this is rightly regarded as being satisfactory.

* * *

Salmon poaching is not considered a very heinous offence, even at the present day, by a large section of the inhabitants of the Border, and so the following good Scott story will bear re-telling:—

Mr Gideon Laidlaw who, having known intimately James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd," died in Selkirk at the age of ninety-seven, was in youth informed by the author of the "Queen's Wake" of an amicable "bicker" with Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter held the appointment of Sheriff, and to Hogg he one day expressed satisfaction that a notorious Tweed salmon poacher had been caught and sent to prison. Said the shepherd drily, "Eh, Shirra, if it werna' for robbers, thieves, an' villains, whaur wad yer books hae been? Dinna be sae hard on a puir sawmint poacher!" Sir Walter dropped the subject.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Mrs Louisa Robertson, West Linton.

MANY and varied are the ties by which locality is linked to locality, more especially in the rural parishes of Scotland. There is one very interesting bond which connects the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright with the Shire of Peebles, and the old historical parish of Rerrick, with the less historic but beautiful pastoral parish of West Linton. That link has now been created by the arrival in the latter of one who spent her early years in the picturesque little village of Auchencairn, Kirkcudbrightshire. There are few places in far-famed Galloway more beautifully situated than this spot. Nestling so sweetly on the shore of the Solway Firth, guarded around bv the lofty hills, Dungary, Ben Tudor, Bengairn, and Screel, dressed in the rugged robes of pine, heather, and bracken, the russet, crimson, and green, blending into one bright harmonious picture, while in the foreground the Solway's rushing tide is forever coming and going, flowing and ebbing.

From Photo by Mrs Robertson, West Linton.

THE SQUARE, AUCHENCAIRN, KIRKCUDBRIGHTSHIRE.

It was beside the scenes here mentioned that the subject of our present sketch was born. She is the youngest daughter of the late Mr William Scott of Auchencairn, and having inherited from both parents a poetical temperament, it was not to be wondered at that the lofty grandeur and beauty of her surroundings nurtured and fanned the latent spark of poetry into evidence. She received a good general education, and soon evinced a love for literary pursuits, cultivating from her earliest years a taste for poetry, and in her hours of leisure, which were by no means limited, as was to be expected, she took every opportunity of giving expression to her thoughts in verse. Though these were written principally for her own amusement and the enjoyment of her companions, to whom she was devotedly attached, yet at the early age of fifteen she had the satisfaction of seeing her verses in print. As the years rolled on, piece after piece appeared, until her name became well known among lovers of the muse in literary circles, not only here, but in America, where her Scottish pieces especially found admirers, and were often reproduced in the "Scottish American" and other newspapers. The pieces which were produced in her earlier years were of a diversified character, many of

them being descriptive of sights and scenes in every-day life. Others dealt with the deeper emotions of the human heart, and found expression in sacred pieces, which were much prized when they appeared in the various magazines published, and were found to be helpful to many earnest souls who were fighting the battle of life.

After her marriage to Mr Robert Robertson, who died recently, she resided in Peebles until her removal lately to West Linton. During the intervening years she varied her sources of literary enjoyment by contributing a series of articles on "Our Common Ferns and How to Cultivate Them," which appeared from time to time in the Peeblesshire and Kirkcudbrightshire "Advertisers." These gave every proof of her close acquaintance with botanical pursuits, and were much appreciated, especially by those of similar tastes. The cares of motherhood did not eradicate the love of those studies which had been to her a source of much enjoyment throughout her life. From time to time many kindly tributes were paid to her genius, and many complimentary letters were sent to her regarding her writings.

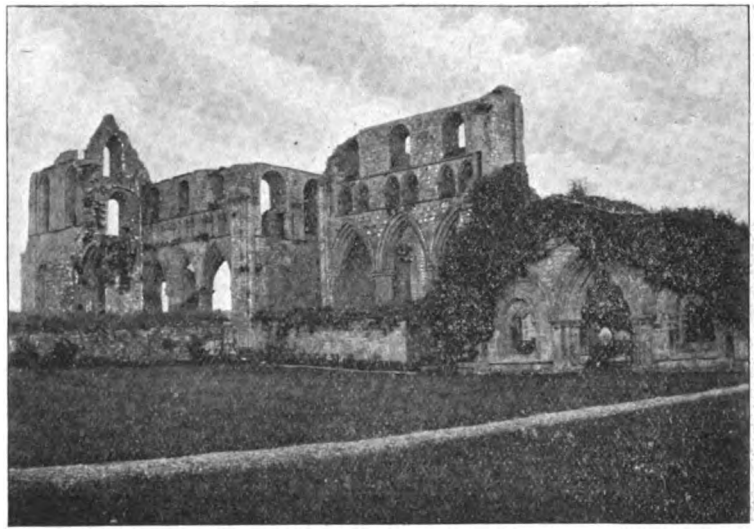
In 1882 Mr Edwards of Brechin produced an interesting sketch regarding Mrs Robertson, in the fourth volume of "Modern Scottish Poets," from which we extract the following:—"She has written numerous poems, possessing a musical ring and a geniality of phraseology and sentiment, bearing the familiar signature of 'Louisa.' She spent much of her time along with her poetic brother James, also mentioned, in gathering nature's nurslings of the woods and the seashore. . . Many of her more recent productions suggest pictures of bright fireside comforts, thoughts of daily experience, and a deep-rooted love of scenery and natural objects, they embrace a multiplicity of subjects, and many of them are treated in a very felicitous style." Mrs Robertson has also the honour to be classed among the "Bards of Galloway," an important work, which was first published in 1889 and has run into many editions. In this work specimens of the writings of the Galloway poets, and notes regarding them, are given since 1620 up to the date of publication. It is edited by Mr Malcolm McL. Harper, who writes as follows:—"The reader, in looking over the contents of this volume, may have

From Photo by Mrs Robertson, West Linton

HESTON ISLAND AND BALCARY TOWER, AUCHENCAIRN.

remarked how few of Galloway's songstresses are represented. It would have been pleasing to have enriched its pages with their effusions, but in our researches very few have been discovered who can lay claim to have produced anything of a higher flight than what is to be found in the commonplace 'In Memoriam.'" Only other two ladies are mentioned with Mrs Robertson among the "Bards," while specimens of her writings are given—one recitation entitled "Douglas at Otterburn," and two songs, "I'll hide in his plaidie" and "The Merry Shepherd." Speaking of songs, she published one a short time ago along with the music by herself, "Mavourneen, Awake! The Day is Dawning." This song had excellent criticisms. Madame Annie Grey sings it, while she wrote a letter of appreciation to the author. We regret that the limited space at our disposal leaves us only the opportunity of referring to the subject of our sketch in the capacity of a contributor, artistically, for a number of years back to the BORDER MAGAZINE. We have only to refresh the memories of its readers by mentioning Drochil Castle, The Roman Camps, Newlands Churchyard and Manse, Broomlee House, &c., on Lyne Water, also the village of West Linton and many of its choicest snatches of scenery around, views of Tweedside and in the Valley of the Manor, and many other spots which have appeared. She has still, however, a large collection of unpublished views, such as "Peggie's Pool" and other scenes in "Habbie's Howe," amid the classical scenery of "The Gentle Shepherd," including the quaint mansion of Newhall, in that glen; also Spitalhaugh, Romanno House, Medwyn, Cairnmuir, Garvald, Netherurd, and many pretty scenes in the localities mentioned.

PEEBLESSHIRE.



From Photo by Mrs Robertson, West Linton.

DUNDRENNAN ABBEY, KIRKCUDBRIGHTSHIRE.

An Adventure in Liverpool.

[The following interesting paper by the late John Younger of St Boswells was written to a friend in the form of a letter, dated "Tweedside, 23rd November, 1838." It was afterwards published in "The Galashiels Weekly Journal" on April 16, 1842. Ed. B.M.]

MY Dear Mr P.—I send you the roe, as Jenny L—— has prepared it from Mr Brown's receipt. I am glad to hear you had fallen in love, when you were out, with Jenny's little room, where you will be so near me on your next summer visit. Well, I returned from my southern jaunt, within the month, by railroad to Preston, and mail-coach to Hawick, where the home-sickness seized me so strongly that I there broke through the ties of some of my best acquaintance, and came home fifteen miles on foot in the dark raw night, when my Nan had so forgotten my voice she would hardly be persuaded to open the door at two o'clock in the morning.

I wonder how you can live a bachelor, for I shall never venture another month from my own wife again.

I was too late in going, to get my brother-in-law to London; however, not the worse pleased, being exceedingly comfortable stopping with them at a gentleman's fine old place, six miles from Shakespeare's tomb,—a lovely country.

I had a good sample of England, in coaching across from Newcastle, by Durham, Barnard's Castle, Lancaster, and so to Liverpool, from thence by railroad to Birmingham; and, of all my summer rides, commend me to the top of the Oxford coach, on a fine afternoon, from Birmingham to Eatington Park, beyond Stratford. There can never be any weather in yon country that a hill Scotchman would call winter. Though but five degrees south from us here, it is ten or fifteen warmer. I ate ripe grapes from the open wall; and oh, the face of the country, where woods are not in thick deadening forests, but decorate the general surface, as stars do the firmament.

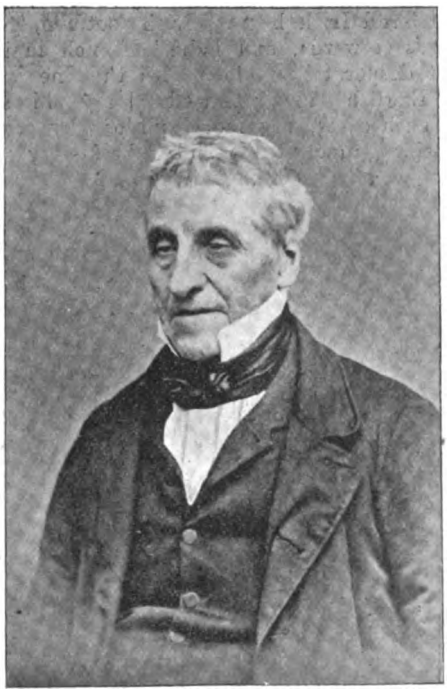
I took great pleasure in wandering about the fine old house-park and shrubberies, making acquaintance with the little sportive squirrels, birds, and other wild creatures. But the nightingale was gone for the season! they pointed out to me its favourite haunt, a hollow place, where a small stream crossed the stripe of plantation that skirted their house avenue. I envied every twig of shrub where I supposed it to have dighted its neb after tippling at the rillet; and there listened alone in the evenings, thinking it might perhaps have lingered late, and give yet some chirrup of acknowledgment to its favourite shade of evening; as I sometimes still do myself, half unconsciously, though my spring season of "love's young dream" and song of courtship is now long over. I listened; but, no, though the beautiful glow-worm was there twinkling on my footpath, the place was silent. "I have missed you," thinks I, "being too late in the season on my only possible visit to your delightful country, for I shall never see England again, to hear your poetically famed summer song, even once in my lifetime." I had awakened my friend the robin, however, who there startled me with his sweet autumnal plaintive quaver. "O you dear little rascal, are you here too, and yet awake? Yes, you are the bird that never forsakes your friends, but follows humanity even to the hovels of wintry poverty; your sweet voice is everywhere, alike to rejoice with mirth or to soothe sadness,—to enliven the palace shrubberies or to penetrate the grated windows of the debtor's prison. You sung your summer song over the thatched shed of my humble nativity, and have done all you could to soothe me on the path of life; and, my dear little cock-robin, I hope there may be at least one tree or bush near my nameless grave, where your sweet voice may be heard in dirge, and where, if a shadow of this conscious mind still remain to hover over the silent dust, it may feel a sister sympathy in something still materially musical."

I went with my friend one day through Warwick to Leamington, and there dined in a promiscuous group, with heavy farmers, Byrne, the blind Irish harper, Irish footmen, gentlemen's stewards, and ladies' French maids.—Got desperately in love with the fine face of an English widow; I need all my philosophy in such cases, my moral philosophy scarcely reaching ninety-three and a half,—my predilections often running to the hundred! There is danger to "the poor creature o' the earth" even after fifty. And then, O dear! such hair never hung from such forehead,—such intelligent eyes never glanced through such languor!—her poor husband must have died of excess of fondness!—But she will soon wed again.

I caused one great lump of a plum-pudding farmer to discuss two bottles of London porter, one over his stated measure (for he could not join us in toddy) and shake his heavy sides dangerously laughing at my ludicrous defence of O'Connell against the conservative attacks of his own country-man present. I set up the great O as a circle of endless fame, proved him a Colossus of immortal mind, bestriding the paltry insignificance of our every-day heroes, our broad-sword and bayonet Wallaces and Wellingtons; and demonstrated that, by the courtesy of his country, St Patrick must give place to O'Connell in succeeding ages. But the harper was a rather intelligent conservative, "devilish cunning of fence;" I had to parry his scatterment of short strokes, and carry him sweepingly. Though no orator, I think I could make ale and plum-pudding by opposition preaching in England,—to be sure, I want strength of lungs for a Ranter; and although I fell amongst a nest of rogues at Liverpool, of which I have an amusing tale to tell you, yet I like John Bull's broad face, and plain open manner. John sets himself to really live, without any encumbrance of our suspicious cautiousness and proverbial Scotch pride, which I find arise from our general poverty. We have got into the fashion of it here

from our original necessity of bending to feudal insolence, and ultimately of hiding our poverty to keep our daily credit—it is just a kind of self-defence against hill-country starvation. I have been always right in supposing myself three-fourths Englishman.

I saw through several things which I formerly could not have comprehended from mere description. One thing was, how the English are generally better to live than we,—how the most stinted commons of their farm-labourers would make wedding dinners for our Scotch hinds' daughters, and how a skim-milk Scotch agriculturist might go to Warwickshire with



From Photo by J. Stuart, Glasgow.
JOHN YOUNGER.

a thousand pounds, take a farm there, and raise, and save from it ten thousand in the term of a nineteen years' lease. It also appeared to me, in moving along through town and country, as if the railroad and mercantile concerns were managed by freemen, while the agriculture of the soil was managed by slaves. But these things must be reserved for talk over the next tumbler of toddy I may have the pleasure of drinking with you—I wish we were together, and the water on the boil.

We brought up the harper from Leamington to Eatington Park, where we made merry musical evenings. He is the same who was in Edinburgh last year,—an amusing mortal; a great favourite with my brother-in-law, and now also an intimate of mine. I had to clear up my old throat, and crune Scotch songs to them; "My Nanny O" was a favourite of course.

Nothing in England charmed me more than their church organs. I sat an hour too late at Shakespeare's tomb, listening to the practice of some ladies on the church organ; they occasionally drew aside the screen to look about them—I was imagining them angels peeping through their clouds, while delighting the shade of the immortal bard with the music of the spheres. My friend was with me, who, though not altogether a child of fancy, was so affected by the scene, the sound, and other circumstances, that his face and eye beamed in the evening light "a hundred shine more rainbow like." When "music has charms to soothe the savage breast," what will it not do in casting up the cream on the milk of human kindness?

Well, your friend, the Doctor Goodwin, had beat you sadly at the salmoning after I left home! When I was a lad, I would not be beat by anybody in any such thing, but since I became a man and "put away childish things," I have discovered a new pleasure in being beat, since it makes my friend so friendly, brisk, and happy, that he is a ten times more agreeable companion when sitting in drumly reflections on his discomfitures. I had not got properly acquainted with the Doctor, but am told by my inmates he is a fine free fellow. Please remember me to him with due respect. I find I incline more to measure a man on the qualities of his heart, than on all the other qualities and additions attachable to his mere manship. And, in spite of this world's shabby fashions, I am determined to follow my own feelings outthrough it. You had been joined here by another who, they say, was also a blythe fellow; although from a want of some of the game-cock qualities in my organization, I am always suspicious of Captains; this produces my constitutional aversion to all sorts of dispeace and fightings, and leads me naturallv in here to relate to you my Liverpool adventure.

Well, I had stopt two nights with my friend at Barnard's Castle, and there got on the peak top of the Newcastle coach, at eight on a raw reezy night, and set face to the wind and wet on the Yorkshire hills, where, on the wild Stainmoor by midnight, I did not so much regard the pock-pits I believed the wind-driven rain was indenting in my face, as I found a sad want of eight additional waistcoats; still,

after some cooling—they ought rather to have been heating—reflections, such as that I was a poor son of the earth, and this a piece of the journey of human life, I found myself at Lancaster by day-break, and at Preston to breakfast; where, being joined on the top by some rational companions, I talked them on to Liverpool by two. "Is the coach-office an inn where I can stop a night?" says I, to a decent old farmer on my right hand. "I don't know," says he, "but the driver before us will point you to a good inn when you alight; I have known him these twenty years, and he is driving his own horses at this moment." So when I clambered down from the coach, sufficiently raw and feelingless, amongst a batch of bystanders, such as crowd around an arriving coach, on receiving my carpet-bag from the boot, "Can you name me a good inn for the night?" whispers I to the decent old driver. "Take the gentleman to so and so," says he to a porter lad, who seemed in attendance on his coach. "Come along, sir," says the lad: so I followed him a few doors around a corner to an inn, where the mistress stood trig and pert behind a tap-counter. "This gentleman wishes a bed for the night." "Take the gentleman's bag and plaid," says she, "to the bedroom," which a girl did, and showed me into a small bar-room, where there was a good fire. This is exactly like the old George Inn at Newcastle, thinks I, where decent people drop in to sip their comfortable glass of mild ale, and smoke a ridiculously long shanked pipe; and the fire is even better, if better can be, than the old George fires. Oh, these coal districts are glorious to live in, and these two retiring ale-cup customers have broad open comfortable faces. "Now give me a glass of ale, till you get me some tea ready." So here I toasted my powerless limbs till I found the circulation prinkling a little brisk—took two cups of tea with a little steak, and, quite refreshed, enquired for a porter or person to accompany me to see the harbour. The landlady called a fine-looking young man from another room, who, from speaking more college-like English, and looking very pleasant, rather scientific like, I supposed might be the landlord's brother. So out we sallied, and had above an hour's view of the shipping concerns, which was a sight indeed, to one who had never seen beyond Berwick, Leith, and the Broomielaw. "Now, sir, here is the smoking ruins of the burnt houses, and we can see the meat market on our return. So we kept gazing about till daylight failed us. When returning to our inn, my little comfortable bar-room was stuffed full of squabbish faces, seen through a cloud of smoke from eighteen-inch-long tobacco pipes. On seeing this, my guide wheeled and took to the kitchen, where I followed him up between a long table and an equally long form row of somewhat sailor-looking fellows, with which every corner was crowded, except a solitary chair placed for the time in the passage past the woman-servant's tea-table, at which three of them were busy. This chair fell to my occupation, where, what with the heat of a great fire opposite, and the fumes of ale, tea, and tobacco, etc., I felt a sense of suffocation, which a gush of perspiration, in some degree, tended to relieve. I had got my glasses of ale for myself and companion, to be neighbour-like, when, for want of a seat, he left me, and slid on to the end of the main long table, leaving me as solitary as one could well be in such a group, while he took his long pipe, like every male individual there, except myself. I had then only a half profile view of his face, in favour of which I had somehow taken a silly prepossession. And yet I do not know how it was that before anything else had occurred to excite my suspicion, I felt such a presentiment of still approaching discomfort as made me wish I were rather again with the hill-fox on the top of Stainmoor.

(Concluded in our next.)

John, Duke of Lauderdale.

THE remark of Macaulay that secular history cannot at all be "understood by us unless we study it in constant connection with the history of eccleciastical polity" is specially true with reference to that period of Scottish history when tyranny goaded the religious conscience to rebellion, and made the "Killing Times" for ever memorable in Church and State. It is not necessary to vindicate the character of the Covenanters. Their integrity stands approved, their sufferings deplored. True it is that but scant justice has been done to their literary ability, writers generally confining their view to those stories (many of them romantic) mainly in peasant life, which move the feelings and touch the heart, but which do not often rise to a high mark in social or intellectual status.

The origin of the oppressive measures enforced against the Covenanters may be traced to two sources. On the one hand there was the democratic trend of presbytery with its

strong love of independence, on the other a monarchy effete through an insane desire for absolute power. It was a life-struggle, and in spite of persecution the Church rose from the conflict purer, broader, and more reverent.

Lauderdale was the creature of Royalty—a "prodigious favourite." History has scarcely left a line on which to relate of him a noble sentiment. His name is almost everywhere opprobrious.

The family into which Lauderdale was born can be traced at Thirlestane from the middle of the twelfth century. The Lordship of Lauderdale was then in possession of the great Norman family of the Morevilles. Their land extended into the royal forest as far as "the Blainsleys." It is more than likely that when in 1149 Henry of England came to Carlisle to confer with David of Scotland, Normans of noble birth took permanent service under the Scottish King. In 1150 Dryburgh Abbey was founded by Hugo de Morville, Lord of Lauderdale.

Richard de Morville was Constable of Scotland from 1162 to 1189. In 1180 a charter gives the "land of Milcheside" to the Church of St Mary and the monks at Melrose.

Subordinate to this great house were inferior lords who held land at the will of the King. It was usual to receive a charter of confirmation on succeeding to an inheritance. That is to say, on the death of a proprietor the land reverted to the Crown. The heir-at-law claimed the estate, and the King made good his claim. As early as 1386 there exists a charter in proof of the rights of John Mautland, lord of Thirlestane, son of Robert Mautland, and therefrom in direct descent is found John Maitland, the famous (or infamous) Duke of Lauderdale, the first and only duke.

Born in 1616, he eventually attained paramount sway in the government of Scotland, under Charles II. He held offices of State,

From a Painting by Sir P. Lely, And engraved by Mr Page.

JOHN MAITLAND, DUKE OF LAUDERDALE.

high and lucrative. In 1671 he was Keeper of the Bass; in 1672 he received the Dukedom with its royal crest and heraldic device; in 1674 he was created a peer of the realm by the titles of Baron of Petersham and Earl of Guildford; in 1678 he was deputy-governor of Scotland. He was undoubtedly a man of eminent ability, but he was unscrupulous, and of him Bishop Burnet says, "He was the coldest friend and the violentest enemy I ever saw."

His first wife was Anne Hume, a daughter of Alexander, the first Earl of Home. Latterly the Countess was estranged from her husband and died in Paris in 1671. Six weeks thereafter, at the age of fifty-seven, Lauderdale married the widow of Sir Lionel Tolmach, in her own right Lady Dysart, and daughter of "Will Murray," son of the minister of Dysart. Will had been "whipping-boy" to Charles I. Lady Dysart was "a woman of great beauty, spirit, and accomplishment, but cruel, rapacious, and extravagant. Her wit and cleverness were something singular, nor had the extraordinary beauty she possessed while she was young ceded at the age (45) to which she was then arrived."

The Duchess treated her husband most contemptuously. She induced him to leave lands and personal property to herself and her son by her first marriage. Lethington House, near Haddington, became her jointure. She had procured from her brother, the Solicitor-General for Scotland, forms of deeds disposing of a husband's estate. Valuable portraits—family treasures—were sold or given away. A quaint itinerant says, "The Duke was a little wife-ridden," and Fountainhall affirms that "discontent and age—perhaps corpulency—were the chief ingredients of his death, if his duchess and physicians were not free of it; for she abused him most grossly, and had gotten all from him she could expect, and was glad to be quit of him." She lived fourteen years after the Duke's death, and in the family annals she is spoken of as "this woman."

In August, 1682, the Duke died at Tunbridge Wells. His body was brought to Highgate, where it lay in state. The "roum was hung with black and garnished with scutchions." From the Lauderdale State Papers we quote—"After dinner about eleven o'clock all went to sermon at Inveresk Kirk, where the Bishop of Edinburgh preached very learnedly. The body was placed in good order before the pulpit and the friends about it; At one of the clock the funeral (the body being in the hearse covered with the pale or canopy) went in procession toward the Church of Haddington. And at five o'clock that noble and extraordinary person was placed in his tomb, next to his father's body, but raised higher upon a base of stone made of purpose. There were present at the funeral 2000 horse at least; insomuch that they filled the highway for full four miles in length. There were 25 coaches."

As usual in those days, crowds of beggars surrounded the grave. In a quarrel which ensued over the distribution of alms, one of the men was killed. The suspected murderer was made to touch the wounded corpse. As blood ran from the wound guilt was proved, and the condemned man, named Bell, was hanged over the bridge of Haddington next day.

For ten years from the Battle of Worcester, Lauderdale was a prisoner in London. From Windsor Castle, in 1659, he sent an account of Margaret Lumsden, "the possessed woman in Duns" (who had been brought before the Privy Council, 13th July, 1630,) to Richard Baxter. He states that a knight named Forbes along with a minister of the north interviewed Margaret, and came out of the house fully satisfied. The Duke may have had a superstitious dread of witches. At any rate, on 2nd May, 1678, John Preston (probably of Craigmillar) was by him excluded from Commission as "one inclined to burn too many witches." Before 1672, Richard Baxter wrote to Lauderdale, beseeching him not to "grow strange to God and Heaven," and severely denouncing his gross sins. It is some relief to note the Duke's fondness for books. The weight of the library at Highgate well nigh cracked the ceilings there to the great grief of the exiled Countess. Bishop Burnet says, "He was very learned not only in Latin, in which he was a master, but in Greek and Hebrew. He had read a great deal of divinity, and almost all the historians ancient and modern." In 1663, the Earl of Moray writes to the Earl of Lauderdale, "The last box brought your Heb. Bible and your spectacles, as this does your litle bottles." But he had no ear for music. He declared that "he had rather hear a cat mew than the best music in the world, and the better the musique the more sick it makes him, and that of all instruments he hates the lute most, and next to that the bag-pipe."

In 1723, a good picture of the Duke was in Pinkie House, Musselburgh—the "accursed toun" of Silvus—and at Glamis "his picture

in his Robes by Sir Peter Lely" led one to note the robust figure of "this extraordinary man." His place and power in political life are, perhaps, of more general interest than his lineage and domestic environment, but even well-known public men are not known well till they are seen "at home."

A. T. G.

Border Notes.

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

THE RECENT GALE.

Springwood Park, Kelso.

THE occurrence of the greatest gale experienced in the Border country for over nineteen years ought not to be passed over in silence by the Border Magazine. A digest of the accounts published in the various Border newspapers would have been interesting; but, failing that, a description of the gale as it affected a single spot may not be altogether without interest. "From one" we may then "learn all," as the classics have it. Unfortunately there is little doubt that the spot in question sustained the extreme violence of the convulsed element.

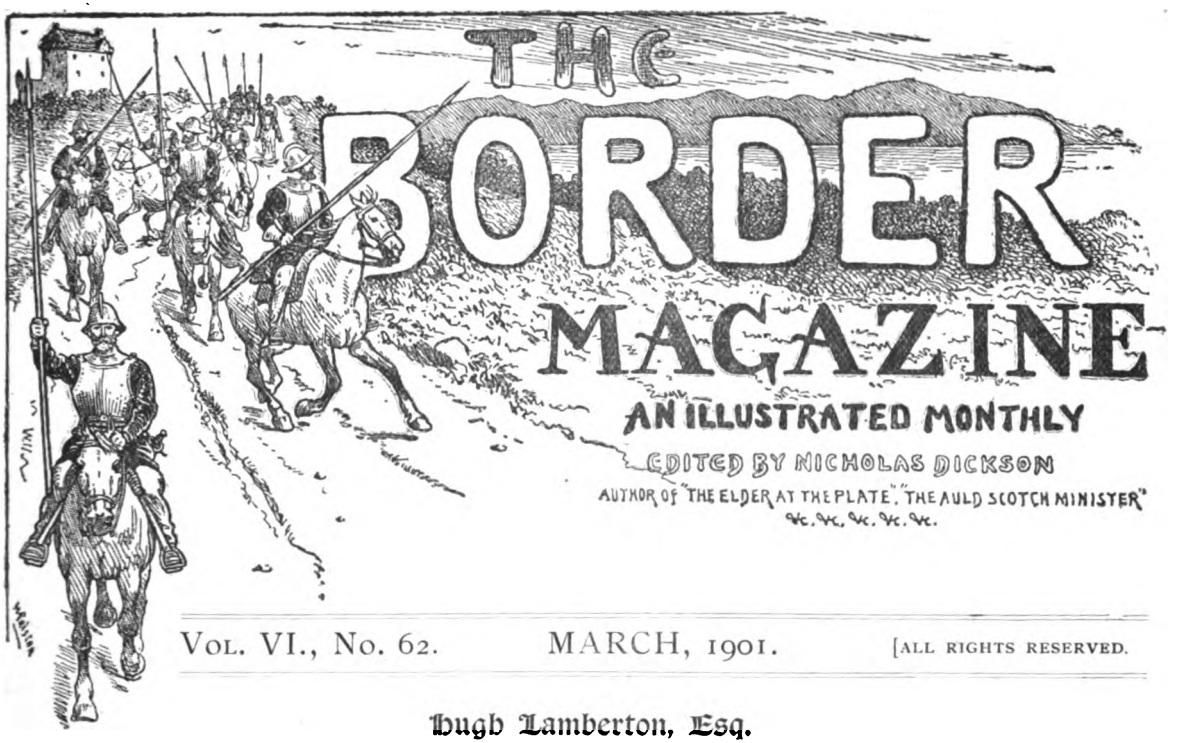
By eleven o'clock on the night of December 20th, the gale was raging, the wind blowing from the S.W. or W.S.W. The glass had fallen to 28$\frac{9}{10}$ "stormy;" the night was dark, though not absolutely starless. Rain struck the window-panes in occasional small spurts. And above the dull continuous roar or boom of the wind, rose from time to time the shriek of a gust of redoubled fury. At these times the impact of the wind against this solidly-built house was distinctly sensible. It came in the form not of continued pressure, but of successive blows. I had felt the house similarly shaken in the historic gale of October 14th, 1881. Only on that occasion the uprooting and fall of mighty trees, the merciless tearing off of huge limbs from their trunks—a pale scar remaining in the place—were facts patent to the eye. At present one could but listen and gloomily speculate as to the extent of the damages. Also, in '81, the gale was of much shorter duration, its violence continuing unabated for only about half an hour. In '90 the small hours were advanced before any diminution was apparent.

The dawn of the shortest day revealed the devastations of the preceding night. The losses sustained upon this neither large nor heavily wooded policy may serve as a measure of those suffered in the surrounding country. Omitting smaller wood, 284 trees had been either uprooted or broken off, of which the tale was composed as follows:—Oaks 41, ashes 31, elms 12, larches (large) 13, small 56, silvers 24, spruces 26, Scotch firs 62, birch 1, limes 3, planes 5, beeches 2, poplars 5, guines 3. These damages might to a considerable extent be localized in three distinct places, not apparently more exposed than others. Hence the conclusion that the main current of the wind must have been diversified by streams of peculiar velocity. In the places alluded to, some of the trees which have been broken clean off appear to have been whirled or twisted round in the air before reaching the ground, for they lie not all in one main direction as would have been expected, but in confusion, or to employ an expressive Scotticism "through other." In one case, the end of a hot-house was knocked bodily out in a direction directly contrary to that of the wind. Many bodies of such birds as crows, jack-daws, pigeons littered the ground, the birds having evidently been taken by surprise, and dashed to earth with the falling trees before they could escape from their roosts. On this estate, trees standing in the open have suffered much less than in '81. None the less, some giants which could ill be spared have fallen; item, a noble elm which, measured by the eye of a practised wood-merchant, contained more feet of timber than any other tree on the ground, one excepted; two stately and umbrageous planes which had formed roadside trees of the old highway leading direct from Teviot-Bridge to the Kelso-Jedburgh turnpike road.

Probably only one who has grown up and spent his life in a single locality can fully estimate the blank left in a landscape by the loss of a particular tree. In order fully to estimate the sentimental blank left by its removal, he must not only have done this, but must also have protected and made sacrifices for the tree. Its loss is, of course, absolutely irreparable. For though damage to roofs, walls, palings and the like (of which this gale has brought enough and to spare) may be repaired by a trivial though possibly unwelcome money-payment, in order to restore one's trees and make them what they were again one would have to live out the present new-born century, and in some cases another one into the bargain! Before dismissing the subject, it may be noted that the abnormal rainfall of the present year—34.45 inches, as against an average of 24.68 inches for the past twenty years—must, by weakening their hold upon the ground, have had much to do with the uprooting of the trees.

From Photo by Chas. Mitchell, Glasgow.

HUGH LAMBERTON, ESQ.



VOL. VI., No. 62. MARCH, 1901.

Hugh Lamberton, Esq.

BY WM. ROBERTSON.

MR LAMBERTON, whose photograph we have more than ordinary pleasure in being able to present to the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE, is an enthusiastic Borderer now residing in the western capital.

The village of Ladykirk claims him for a son, and of his birthplace and his Berwickshire connection he is still immensely proud. Born in 1844, he was a youth at the period when the late David Robertson, Esq., of Ladykirk, was M.P. for the County. In those days "Ladykirk" was much more than Member, he was the idol of Berwickshire, and deservedly so, for he was a man possessed of strong intellect, and of a kindly disposition. Our friend Mr Lamberton, as a young man, was greatly influenced by this much-respected County leader, and inherits at the present time both the "Laird's" spirit and politics, which he clings to without "shadow of turning" as tenaciously as ever. Mr Lamberton learned his A.B.C.'s at the village school. Mr Joseph Thomson was schoolmaster, a splendid type of the old parochial dominie whose every scholar was a special charge, and who was the personal friend for life of all who turned out well. Mr Thomson was educated for the ministry, but took to the teaching profession, and was highly successful in turning out many notables. His memory is much revered by old scholars.

At school age Mr Lamberton, like most sons of the Border peasantry, had a turn at agriculture during the vacations. He has singled turnips, cut corn, driven the odd horse, and done most things in the way of a lad's work about a farm toon. This employment forms excellent training in early life, laying the foundation of a healthy constitution, a blessing mostly enjoyed by those who have the privilege of being brought up in the country.

In early life Mr Lamberton evinced a great taste for arboriculture. Trees were his delight, and forestry became his profession. His first important work was at Wiston, in the upper ward of Lanarkshire. When that estate passed into the possession of the late James Ferguson, Esq., Mr Lamberton was commissioned to lay off the grounds, and directed to give his special attention to a certain hollow, to plant in freely, and turn the same into a miniature Trossachs.

The writer had the pleasure of visiting the place quite recently along with Mr Lamberton, and was delighted with the enthusiastic pleasure of his friend admiring the growth of "his trees."

During Mr Lamberton's tree-planting career he took unto himself a wife, choosing a lady in

every respect the better half. Shortly after this event he migrated to England, and on Colonel Tomline's estate in Suffolk, set himself to work with "might and with main" to "plant in the wilderness the cedar, the myrtle, the pine, and the box tree together." At this time Mr Lamberton gained a medal for a collection of fir cones, which were presented to the Botanical Museum in Edinburgh.

Whether it was love for his "ain countrie," or home sickness, of both, anyway in the seventies, Mr Lamberton returned to Scotland. A suitable opening having occurred in Glasgow, he entered into partnership as & Co., Limited, Glasgow and Greenock.

During the whole period of his residence in Glasgow, Mr Lamberton has been, and still is, an active member of the Glasgow Border Counties Association; and, having gone through all the offices, is now an honorary vice-president for life. Some years ago our friend's love for the country and the water-side led him, in conjunction with his dear friend Mr James McDougall and other cronies, to form in the city a Borderers' Fishing Club. The club have fished many streams with the usual fisher's luck. Few clubs, however, have had such delightful outings. The club has an

From Photo by James Lamberton.

LADYKIRK.

a store-keeper, a business which, considering the value and magnitude of the merchandise stored, entails a responsibility known to but few. We have already said Mr Lamberton got married. He has now around his hearthstane a fine family of boys and girls. Two of the former he has trained to the rope-spinning and line-making trade, and now our friend is the head and associated with them and other relatives, in one of the largest and most prosperous works of the kind in the west, they having acquired two old businesses and now trade under the firm name of Stewart, Leitch

annual social, which, with President Lamberton in the chair, and worked up to concert pitch by 'Mac,' his energetic henchman, brings out the members to a man. It is the ambition of Glasgow anglers—outsiders—to get an invitation to this function, which is known as the "Anglers' evening of wit and humour."

Mr Lamberton's career in his varied occupations has been one of honour and success. He has always acted the part of a true Borderer, as we have heard it defined—"Some do what pays them best: true Borderers do what they think right at any cost."

Proclamation of King Edward VII. at Selkirk.

ON the death of Her Majesty Queen Victoria at Osborne, on 22nd January last, her eldest son, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, ascended the throne, while the Princess of Wales became Queen Consort. His Majesty was proclaimed King in London on Thursday, the 24th January, under the name and title of King Edward the Seventh of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India. The proclamation was afterwards made in the various cities and burghs throughout the United Kingdom. Interesting as these details all were, our hearts specially warmed to the places in the Border country which witnessed this national and historical ceremony. Mr Edwards, of Selkirk, has kindly sent us a photograph of the proclamation ceremony in that ancient Burgh, and we have much pleasure in reproducing the interesting and historical scene. For a report of the proceedings we are indebted to the columns of "The Southern Reporter."

The ceremony witnessed in Selkirk Market Place on Saturday afternoon, 26th January, 1901, when His Majesty King Edward was proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland, is one which, from its very uniqueness, will be long remembered, and which, we doubt not, will be often talked of in years to come. Despite the miserable weather which prevailed —snow and sleet fell during the greater part of the afternoon—the people came out in their hundreds, a considerable number from Galashiels, as well as the surrounding country districts, to witness the day's ceremony.

The proclamation had been received on Friday by the Sheriff-Clerk, Mr D. M. Mackintosh, and arrangements were made for having it read, with "pomp and circumstance," on Saturday afternoon—a time which enabled the great majority of the inhabitants to witness the proceedings without much inconvenience. It was arranged that a procession should march from the County Buildings to the Market Place, the following being the order:—

Two Constables (mounted).
Selkirk Silver Band.
Selkirk Burgh Officers.
The Provosts and Town-Clerk of Selkirk.
The Bailies of Selkirk.
Dean of Guild and Treasurer of Selkirk.
Town Councillors and Surveyor of Selkirk.
Sheriff Vary Campbell.
Sheriff Smith and Hon. Sheriff-Substitutes.
Sheriff-Clerk and Depute Procurator-Fiscal.
Court Officer (with Proclamation).
The Clergy.
Depute Lieutenants.
Members of the Bar of County of Selkirk.
Justices of Peace for Selkirkshire.
County Councillors.
Provost and Town-Clerk of Galashiels.
Bailies of Galashiels.
Councillors of Galashiels.
Representatives of Hammermen, Shoemakers, Weavers, Tailors, and Merchant Company.
Selkirk Volunteers.
Boys' Brigade.
Constables (on foot.)

Four o'clock was the hour fixed for commencing the proceedings at the County Buildings, but long before that time those taking part in the procession began to assemble in the Sheriff Court-Room, and by the time the Sheriff of the County, Mr R. Vary Campbell, took his place on the bench, the room was well filled. The bench, as well as the bar, was draped in black. The Sheriff was accompanied to the bench by a large party of gentlemen—official and representative.

The proceedings were opened by the Rev. Mr Lawson offering an appropriate prayer, the company upstanding the while. He returned thanks to God for the long and noble life of unsurpassing righteousness lived by her Majesty, and entreated that a rich blessing would be bestowed on His Majesty on his accession to the throne.

Following the prayer, Sheriff Vary Campbell addressed the gathering. He said:—Gentlemen—It is no empty ceremonial which brings us together to-day. It is with no formalism of speech and manner that we mourn our Sovereign Lady the great and good Queen Victoria. The thought of every Scotsman here present or represented, is that her death came as a personal loss. A gentle but potent influence for all things that are lovely and of good report, increasing year by year of her honoured life, seems to have gone away from us, and from her sorrowing kingdom and Empire. She appeared to us, and was, the living link which bound together not only Englishmen, Scotsmen, and Irishmen in these islands, but our growing kindred beyond the seas, whether under the British flag or under another which she and we after all refuse to regard as utterly strange and foreign. She stood for the English speaking race throughout the world as the realisation of their highest ideals of queenhood and womanhood. In her the constitutional monarchy reached its highest

and best of efficiency and pregnant power. In her all Scotsmen in particular recognise a constant friend to their native country and its special traditions and institutions. But we have no desire to think of ourselves alone, nor to forget our equally-loyal fellow countrymen of the United Kingdom and elsewhere. The constant care for and sympathetic interest in all those who were proud to call themselves her subjects, the lofty sense of public duty, the increasing exertions even in advanced years for the good of her realm, and the late private griefs which she bore so royally, all form a record in our hearts which we now utter only partially, after the reticent manner of Scotsmen, in pious affection for her memory. Full of years and honours, with the love of her peoples and the respect of all worth counting as men, she has gone to her rest, and the good she has done lives after her. The King, we may be sure, as a loving and much beloved son, will grudge no word of what we have said of his and our late Queen. We welcome with l yal zeal and devotion his accession to the throne. He has succeeded not only to a kingly and imperial power, second to none in the world, but to a great heritage of affection and respect. The Crown, which has been made sacred by the late reign, is safe against all comers by the steady and loyal determination of all under its sway, and by the wisdom which we have all recognised in the Royal Highness whom we honoured as Prince of Wales and Duke of Rothesay, and to whom we now heartily pledge ourselves as our King. Gentlemen—God save King Edward the Seventh.

From Photo by A. R. Edwards, Selkirk.

PROCLAMATION OF KING EDWARD VII. AT SELKIRK.

The Provost and Magistrates of Selkirk and Galashiels were then asked to stand up, and the oath of allegiance and the judicial oath were administered to them. The process was repeated with the Sheriff-Substitute, and Honorary Sheriff-Substitutes, the Procurator Fiscal, and the Sheriff Clerk. The Court Officer (Mr John Thomson) here intimated that all the gentlemen present were invited to meet the Provost and Magistrates of Selkirk in the Town Hall after the proclamation ceremony. Thereafter the procession was marshalled by

Chief-Constable Milne, and as the various details marched out they took up their places on the roadway in front.

In the meantime the Selkirk detachment of Volunteers, in uniform, had assembled at their headquarters, and, headed by their pipe band, they marched to the County Buildings, the recently returned active service members from South Africa, in khaki uniform, occupying a place at the head of the column. The detachment was under the command of Major D. C. Alexander, with whose permission the Boys' Brigade in connection with the Established and Heatherlie Churches also assembled at the Drill Hall and marched along with the Volunteers.

The procession moved off to the strains of the Silver Band, playing a grand march from Handel's "Scipio." The route taken was down Ettrick Terrace, up Halliday's Park, along Chapel Street, and thence by way of High Street to the Market Place. All along the route the streets were lined with interested spectators, and when the Market Place was reached it was found to be well filled by an eager crowd of old and young, many of whom had stood in the half-melted snow for a considerable time.

The processionists marched into an enclosure which had been made, and Sheriff Vary Campbell ascended the rostrum, which was covered with black cloth. The two Selkirk burgh officers who had marched in the procession in front of the Town Council, carrying their halberds, which were dressed with crape, took up a position on each side of the Sheriff, while the black-coated and tall-hatted processionists were grouped around. In spite of the sleet which was falling, it was noticeable that the great majority of umbrellas were considerately lowered, so that the view of the proceedings might be as little interrupted as possible. Order and quietness having been secured by a fanfare of trumpets, the Sheriff proceeded, in a loud voice, to read the proclamation, which was as follows:—

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call to His Mercy our late Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, of blessed and glorious memory, by whose decease the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Prince Albert Edward—

"We therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this Realm, being here assembled, with those of her late Majesty's Privy Council, with numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of London, do now hereby, with one voice and consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Prince Albert Edward is now, by the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory, become our only lawful and rightful liege Lord, Edward the Seventh, by the Grace of God, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, to whom we do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all hearty and humble affection, beseeching God, by whom all Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the Royal Prince Edward the Seventh with long and happy years to reign over us. God save the King."

The reading of the proclamation, during which many had stood uncovered, was followed by another fanfare of trumpets, and the band then played the National Anthem. Sheriff Campbell then called for "Three cheers for the King," which were given with enthusiasm. Stepping down from the rostrum, the Sheriff's place was taken by Provost Russell, Selkirk, who addressed the gathering in the following terms:—

Sheriff Vary Campbell, Ladies and Gentlemen, the proclamation which we have just witnessed stirs within us mingled feelings. We cannot refrain from looking back—and from looking back with feelings of regret—upon a long, upon an eventful, and upon a glorious reign, brought to a close by the death of a beloved and justly revered Queen. We are, however, at the commencement of a new reign, compelled to look forward to what must be a new era in the history of this country, and also in the history of our world Empire. I should like to express the hope that the blessings which have been enjoyed under the reign of Queen Victoria—blessings founded as they have been upon justice and righteous government—may long be continued to coming generations. Our hearts to-day find expression in the words—words which on this memorable occasion amount to a prayer to the Controller of the destinies of the nation—Long live the King. Ladies and gentlemen, will you join me in again repeating "God save King Edward the Seventh."

The Provost's request was heartily responded to, as was also his call for cheers for the King. Provost Riddle, Galashiels, also addressed the gathering, homologating Provost Russell's remarks, and expressing the loyalty of the Galashiels citizens to the new King. He also called for cheers for His Majesty. The proceedings terminated with the Sheriff waving his hat and calling for three more cheers for the King.

Those who had taken part in the procession then adjourned to the Town Hall, where they were entertained to cake and wine by Selkirk Town Council. Here several toasts were honoured, after which Sheriff Campbell re-

marked that nothing else than a feeling of loyalty could have brought so many out from town and country on such a stormy wintry day. The proceedings shortly afterwards terminated.

An Adventure in Liverpool.

BY THE LATE JOHN YOUNGER, ST BOSWELLS.

SECOND AND CONCLUDING PAPER.

BY this time two separate low disputes were getting high. One on the merits of some pugilists, and the other between a low glaze-hatted squat-looking sailor, half way up the form on my left, and a tall pock-pitted sly-looking customer, who stood up near the door for want of a seat. The sailor swore the breeze last night was a sou'-wester, while the landman (who threateningly intimated he had been a sailor) would prove by his manhood it was three points nor'. I could have solved the dispute, by alleging that it was a full souther on the Lancashire hills, but remained silent, only taking a taste of my ale now and then, not to seem so stupidly unoccupied.

In other situations, the sweet smile of woman used to soothe my heart's dulness, but in this I felt as if the passing ogle of acknowledgment of one of these three dearies tended only to excite an alarm for my situation; more particularly when I was given to understand, by message from the mistress, that it might not be possible to allow me a room wholly for myself. I passed this off easily by a smile to the girl, hoping I should have a comfortable companion any way, for I felt this not the moment or the situation in which to demur about trifles. By this time, I had caught a side observation of the big pock-pitted disputant, formerly alluded to, in a sort of distant half-sign, half-slang conversation with my former guide, who seemed to give certain knowing looks for answers, when I became convinced that I was the subject of their pantomimic conversation. The big fellow then forced his way up to the table past where I sat, sham-kissing a tea-sipping nymph as he passed her on his way out of the room; she returned his salute by a sham slap on the cheek. Another fellow followed him to his retirement, from which the first soon returned, going through some mummery of motions, as at an essay of making fun; then pushing up the person on the form nearest me, requesting him to give him seat-room, "for some conversation with this strange gentleman." "You have had rather coarse weather for travelling, sir," says he. "Rather so," says I. "You are a Scotchman," says he. "Caught on the hills there last week," says I. "How do you like England, sir?" "Oh, very well in general, what I have yet seen of it." "What do you think of Liverpool?" "Certainly a fine seaport, as all the world knows." "Have you seen all the docks?" says he. "Enough for a fair specimen." "I doubt you would not have a proper guide to show you." "O, yes, I had that young man." "O, that was well, but, by-the-by, as it is just his business to show people the town, did you recollect to pay him for his trouble?" "I have not parted with him yet. We don't come from Scotland expecting such service here for nothing: although I have a sort of brotherly claim on you English, since my old father, now living on Tweedside, ninety-two years of age, is a Cockney." I saw at this time, by the fellow's low cunning eye, his insensibility to such appeal, and was convinced he wanted only a word to put a quarrel upon me, notwithstanding this claim to national kindred, which is held sacred even with cannibals. He even mumbled some jargon about boxing, to the other fellow next him, which I seemed not to understand; till pressed a little nearer, I smiling, replied, "We know little of boxing on Tweedside, sir, and feel a greater pleasure in tying up our neighbour's aching head than in breaking it; and, for my part, I have never fought since I was a boy at school." "That is strange!" says he. "Not at all, sir; in my district we consider it most unmanly." Here taking out my snuff box, "I will thank you for a snuff," says he. "I am glad to hear an Englishman ask a snuff," says I, "for you are here all pipes and ale, while in Scotland we are all snuff and whisky; but fashion is the mother of habit everywhere: I am sorry to find my snuff is done; I must go to a shop and have a supply." Here my young guide, who I had not supposed to have been in a situation to have heard us, came forward, "I will bring you snuff, sir." "O thank you," giving him sixpence with the box. He soon returned, on which I slipt him a shilling for his past trouble, and laid down sixpence, requesting three more glasses of ale. "You will drink a glass of ale with us, sir, to the health, or rather I should say, to the blossom of the rose and the thistle enwreathed," says I to my old soldier companion. "I certainly will," says he, though I saw he would have drank it to the health of Satan! yet this mellowed him into a sham kindness, which became officiously troublesome. "O, you should have seen more of the town, sir, as you leave before day-light."

I perceived he had picked up this information from my first companion. My suspicions, now excited, naturally took advantage of every look, word and motion. In such cases I often believe I can see through an inch door behind me. Here I sat, seven fellows deep from the door, which I could not reach without touching the toes of whoever might wish to impose a quarrel. And in calculating the faces, the rough chance seemed seventy-five per cent. against me. And now what's the use of my supposed philosophy; or power of presentiment, thinks I, if I cannot here contrive with some magical touch of honest ingenuity to extricate myself genteelly.

I would fain have conceived hopes of the sailor part of the company, from their proverbial generosity; but then, were they really sailors? or, in what way could I interest a sailor but by showing pluck? and in showing pluck I might get my face put past being shown to-morrow in Warwickshire. All this passed my mind, between his sentence that I should have seen more of the town, and his next proposition that I should now go and see a sight worth all the rest of Liverpool: "You must go and see Jim Ward," says he, "the champion of England." "I would rather see the biggest apple in England," says I, laughing simply to him; "but rather my warm bed than either, as I am mainly fatigued, sir; I shall sleep unrocked, for that cold last night's travelling a hundred and fifty miles over these wild York and Lancashire hills, on the top o' the coach, has starved every iota of the hero out of me." My other companion joined him in entreaty that I should go and see the grand champion. I still showed reluctance, on the pretence of fatigue. "O, sir, it will cost you a mere trifle of expense, and then you will see such company, music and singing." "O hang expense," says I, "if there are music and singing in the matter—is it far?—can we return in an hour or so?" "Perfectly well," says he. "Come, move on, then," says I, when the whole fell back on their form, while I marched along the line like an admiral, attended by my two first lieutenants! I knew they were winking to their favourite companions, though I did not look behind to see them. The open air gave me back all my sunk energies; and, had it not been for the loss of my bag and plaid, I would have walked into the best shop or inn I passed, and so shaken off my vile encumbrance. But my big chap linked his arm in mine, and we marched up the street most respectfully. "Go on with him, sir," says the fine young man, "while I call on a friend here —I will soon rejoin you." So off he darted, and dashed into an archway across the street, while my companion enlarged on the qualities of Jim Ward, and what I should see and hear.

We soon reached the square, where, up in front, I saw Jim Ward, in large letters, glancing in the gas light. Up stairs we tript, into a large room, full of tables, chairs, and dressed company, and the walls bedecked with pictures of dear-knows-what, and a man raised on a bench at one end, thrumming on a piano. We seated ourselves at the nearest empty table, and had there three glasses brought, when in dropt my young man, attended by three others, as like himself as the four beans in a pod. I caught them all turning their eyes on your humble servant at first entrance, without regarding the general company. They perceived not that I saw them; for I paid them no attention, but pointed my first acquaintance individually to a seat and glass, while they slank, a little abashed, to an off side form, and were there joined by my big companion, who restlessly turned to them and to me alternately.

The piano performer arose, and struck up a half comic song, which gave me time to think, not on the song, but on my own awkward position. What will be the plan these fellows are adopting in regard to disposing of me? And what sail must I set next, to take the wind of them timeously? They may, perhaps, only mean to brew me into ale, for a grand fuddle; or, may they not rather wish to detain me here as late as possible, and then lead me to some other fine sight, down some alley, close, or archway, where my two first chaps will lose me to be rifled by these three new cut-throats? I looked around the large room in vain for a known face. I had not yet sufficient reason to warrant an appeal to the general company; although I was forming a novel determination,— to appeal to the Champion himself, when he should present himself, rather than return with my former companions. But, while beginning to arrange the ideas of an address for the occasion, who should march into the room but a fine-looking young man, with whom I had talked on the top of the coach for the last thirty miles, accompanied by a young friend, whom he had told me he was going to see. They took their seat on the opposite side of the room, facing us, and then my heart rose higher in my breast, as I mentally thanked the Almighty for having given such fine faces to at least a good proportion of the human race. I then carelessly observed, "I find I meet with known faces, go where I will; there is an intimate friend of

mine, I must ask how he does." So I "stately strode" across the room; and, sitting down by him, observed this was a more comfortable situation than the top of the coach, talking as familiarly to appearance as was at all prudent. I soon whisperingly told him my situation, when he glanced across to them, and advised me to go out and call a policeman, return to the house, demand my things, and then go to a proper good inn. I observed, that as all was only suspicion as yet, I felt it awkward to kick up a dust; but here I found him a man positive in his decisions; and hence I could look for no more assistance from him than whatever advantage our appearance of intimacy gave me at the moment. His town friend, however, then took an interest, and observed, that I must on no account whatever continue long there, or return with them to lodge in that house, and I perceived from his manner that had I had him alone he would have put himself to some trouble to have had me extricated. I could warrant that lad's heart was of the best stuff. Our conversation was here interrupted by another song from a new face on the bench. I sat it out, and, bidding my friends good-bye, went across the room to my old situation, missed my two first fellows, who had removed, leaving their three young friends, like three well fledged young hawks in a nest, occupying their place. I am no schoolboy now, thinks I, to risk your claws by putting out my hand to disturb you.

I instantly supposed my first lads slunk, leaving these carnivorous nestlings to bring me to my inn, or to some still worse place. I merely seemed to look around for my first companions, and walked down stairs, and down streets, but was half an hour before I could again find the Newcastle coach-office, where at last I got the office porter to find me out my inn, or rather what I may call the houf, which, as I had paid no regard to the sign, we with much difficulty at last discovered. The mistress was still stationed at the tap. I asked her if my young guide was returned, she replied, "No." I said I had lost him, and had to get the coach-office porter here to find me the place, but that, since going out, I had met with a friend, and was now going out to lodge; so I bade her take payment for my tea from that half-crown, and bring me my bag and plaid. On this, the landlord, whom I had not previously seen, bolted from a side door at my hand, a little pert fellow, the figure of three characters in one; the acute sharper in look, the mountebank in laced jacket, and the knowing landlord in all. "You must not leave the house at this time of night, sir; you don't indeed know your danger." 'The later the less time to stand talking of danger, sir." "You talk of lodging with a friend, I advise you to take care of friends in a town like this, you don't know"—and here he was backed up by three girls, all sweetly solicitous for my safety! They might have been daughters, and reminded me of the three princesses in Pindar's Lousiad, staring, "good la!" at the little intruder walking on the king's plate. "I thank you for your advice, but as I am as old in the world as you, sir, I hope you will give me the management of myself.—Take payment ma'am, and bring me my bag and plaid." They looked at each other, and then, after a moment's pause of seeming reluctance (no doubt in care for my safety) she, with a rather starch look, bid a girl "bring him his things;" on receiving which, and eighteenpence of change (as to show the moderation of her house, she charged only a shilling for tea), I bade them good night, with a bow of respect, and then desired the porter to take me to the most respectable inn in town, which I am certain he did, where, after requesting him to call and take me to the railway train at six, and indulging in two glasses of warm gin-toddy, in which your health, amongst friends at home was not forgotten, I fell souse, a foot deep, amongst English feathers, laughing inwardly, while conceiving myself like a creature which, after being hunted by a pack of duke's dogs, or jackals, had got snugly denned, leaving the growlers to nose in vain amongst their jungles. They might run my back-foot as they pleased, while I softened into sweet slumber, soon visited by my usual pleasant dreams, which are always a delectable treat, in comparison with my waking life.

The Deil's Quandary.

"THE DEEVIL, HE SAT IN DERNICK TOOR"—
Old Ballad.

[A correspondent of the late Mr Barker, whose quiet and simple career was noticed in our issue for January last, sends us the following verses which will, we feel assured, greatly interest our readers.—*Ed.* B.M.]

THE poet gave tae Dernick Toor
The fame o' hoosin' o' the deil;
Where he could aye flee oot and in,
And watch the Dernick folks fu' weel.

There was a time, when Dernick folk,
The serious folks aboot the toon;
In doctrine werena very sound,
And ca'ed the deil a leein' loon.

It's mair than four-score years synsine,
Ae night ma hairt grew unca' sair;
While sittin' sad in Dernick toor,
I heard a fit come up the stair.

And then, a voice a kent fu' weel,
Said gently—Does the deil bide here?
At weel he does, ma honest man,
Aboot the deil what mak's ye speer?

Noo, speak the truth, for a' can guess,
Are ye no come doon here tae preach?
And want tae reach the deil himsel',
If that be sae, ye're Jamie Leitch.

I've kent ye lang, and heard ye preach,
An' ken ye're hairt's aye rinnin' ower;
If ministers were a' like you,
Langsyne the deil had lost his poo'r.

I've seen Him on the mountain side,
For mony a nicht He sleepit there;
And tho' He made the world wide,
I ken masel' hoo He did fare.

He was the Holy One, I know,
Who offer'd mercy tae a' men;
But He had nane tae offer me,
For mercy's no for deils ye ken.

If men had kent as weel as me
The person they despis'd in scorn;
Langsyne the world had bow'd the knee,
And worship'd Him they crowned wi' thorn.

Puir Dernick, ance I lik'd ye a',
Could count ye mine, baith young and auld;
But Jamie Leitch has rookit me,
And ta'en ye to a better fauld.

From Photo by DARNICK TOWER. James Black, Darnick.

Weel, weel, I see ye're Jamie Leitch,
The man that makes the spinning wheels;
An' preaches on the Sabbath days,
Tae Baptist folks in Galashiels.

I've often gane tae hear ye preach,
And thoucht that ye did unca' weel;
And kent that a' was true ye said,
But truth's puir doctrine for a deil.

The Baptist folk I kent them a',
Some o' them gey and proud a' ken;
And fancy that they a' can preach
As weel as ony learned men.

Noo, Jamie Leitch, ye aye maun preach,
Tho' ye get nathing for't ava;
But, mind yer maister, ance doon here,
Himsel had neither hoose nor ha'.

He's nae the waur o' makin' reels,
Or spinnin' wheels, if they are troo;
For men langsyne as guid as he
Baith preached and caucht their fishes too.

Weel, Jamie Leitch, I leave ye here,
A faithfu' preacher aye tae be;
Ye serve a faithfu' Master noo,
And be thou faithfu' till ye dee.

Puir Dernick toon, I leave ye noo,
Wae for ye a' I still maun be;
Tae ma advice, ye stapt yer lugs,
Puir Dernick toon, deil pity thee.

Then fare-e'-weel, auld Dernick toor,
Fareweel ma bonnie Eildons three;
Fareweel tae Jamie, honest man,
Be glad ye're no a deil like me.

J. M. BARKER.

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All Business matters, Applications for Shares, Advertising, &c., should be transacted through the Secretary of the Company, Mr JOHN HOGARTH, *121 West Regent Street, Glasgow.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1901.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

The Border Keep.

THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA.

Our first words on this occasion must be those of lament for the passing of Queen Victoria. Our last issue was through the printer's hands when the sad event happened, so we were deprived of the opportunity of adding our humble lamentation. When the rays of the setting sun sank behind the waters of the Solent on the ever memorable 22nd January, the spirit of our great and good Queen passed within the veil where earthly distinctions are unknown, but where, we believe, the imperishable crown awaits the good and true.

* * *

To all of us, with the exception of a very few, it seems impossible to think of our great British Empire without at the same time thinking of the Queen under whose beneficent sway its borders have been extended into all the ends of the earth. Her name has been so interwoven into the fabric of our existence that it will be long before we can accustom ourselves to the new life which will be inevitable after the days of mourning are past. Her memory, however, and all that is bound up in it, will be projected far into the future, and a restraining and purifying influence will go forth to bless generations yet unborn. Once more will the Scripture be fulfilled in a most marked degree, and the world will confess that she "being dead yet speaketh."

* * *

I have been much surprised at the almost entire absence of reference to the late Queen's visit to our Borderland in August 1867, in most of the Border newspapers. This is the more extraordinary, because that event must be still fresh in the memory of many who took an active part in the rejoicings at the time. The *Wellingtonia Gigantica* which

grows in front of Floors Castle was planted by her gracious hands, when that finely-situated Border residence was the home of Royalty for a short season. Then there was her visit to Jedburgh, where no Queen had been since the beautiful but ill-fated Mary Stuart had resided there for a season. Melrose and the Scott shrines were also visited, for Queen Victoria, like the vast majority of her English speaking subjects, was a great admirer of Sir Walter Scott.

* * *

Though many who read these lines will be able to recall vividly the many interesting incidents connected with the Royal visit to the Borderland, yet there are thousands to whom it would be all new and fresh were the subject taken up by some able pen and the experiences of those pleasant autumn days once more retold. In reading the accounts of the Queen's funeral a sad link with that gowden past might have been noticed in the fact, that one of the tunes played by the pipers was "The Flowers o' the Forest," a melody which contains the very essence of sweetness and sadness, but from which is not absent an echo of that boldness and firmness which are characteristic of the Borderland.

[Has our esteemed friend, the Dominie, forgotten that a paper, with portrait and views, appeared in our issue for June 1897, under the title of "Her Majesty the Queen in the Border Country." *Ed.*]

* * *

The first Border newspaper, the "British Chronicle," was founded in 1783 by James Palmer, and terminated its career just one hundred years ago. Rutherford's Border Almanac for 1887 refers to the subject, in these valuable reprints which are such a marked feature of the publication:—

1801—March 12—"The Editors of the "British Chronicle" must now close their labours, but as their reasons are of a private, not a public nature, they will not obtrude themselves on the patience of their readers with a detail of the circumstances which have led to it. They would afford no amusement or instruction to the public. They cannot, however, retire from their situation without expressing their grateful acknowledgments to those friends who, in the arduous task in which they found themselves involved, have with a philanthropic and truly patriotic spirit afforded them, as they formerly did their father, their countenance and support.

"To those who, from a mistaken zeal, and an absolute want of knowledge of their real principles, unfeelingly persecuted the father, and sternly kept aloof from the sons, they have nothing to offer but forgiveness on their part, and a wish they may never feel the poignant distress their blind *intolerance*, they hope not *vindictive malice*, brought on an innocent and injured family.

"Those in the business they now relinquish may be more successful in their endeavours, but cannot be more anxious to please, nor more assiduous to inform the PUBLIC, than both they and their father at all times were, and that their labours may be more effectual than theirs have proved, for the *general good*, is the fervent and sincere wish of the PEOPLE'S ever faithful FRIENDS,

THOMAS AND GEORGE PALMER."

* * *

The "Almanac" thus comments on the foregoing:—

Thus came to a close the career of the first newspaper published in the Border district, after a checkered existence of eighteen years (1783-1801), during which it had always been the courageous, strenuous, and independent advocate of liberal and progressive principles, for which its proprietors sacrificed and endured not a little in person and estate from the authorities of the day, as well as from those who considered themselves the guardians and preservers of the "body politic." The price of the paper when it terminated, and when it consisted of four columns each, as it had done for a considerable time previously, was sixpence, and on each copy was impressed in red ink a three halfpenny Government stamp. The whole size of the paper was almost exactly the same as one leaf of a seven-column page "Scotsman" of the present day, though the print covers a much larger space in the latter, so that what cost 6d in 1801 costs now only one farthing, and sometimes even half of that small sum. The local advertisements, which were at one time considerable in numbers and of good "quality," had almost entirely fallen off, only the announcements of a few quack medicines and State lotteries being, as a rule, made in its columns. The struggle had been bravely maintained, but there came a time when the sons of the founder of the paper saw fit to quit the field and depart to America, leaving the "Kelso Mail," which was commenced in April, 1797, the only newspaper published in the district.

* * *

Whether our new King Edward and his popular Consort, Queen Alexandra, will ever visit the Borderland or not, I feel assured that no part of their dominions will be more loyal than the dwelling-place of the descendants of those fearless men who, in the distant past, could make their power so felt that even kings had to make terms with them. Even at the present day, when it is the "Tweed Fishery Acts" and similar enactments which are under discussion, I am afraid that not a few are inclined to act in the spirit of "Little Jock Elliot" when he said—

"Let the Queen and her troops gae whussle,
For wha daur meddle wi' me?"

but when it comes to a question of loyalty to the Crown, all Borderers are ready and willing to quote the first line of "Chevy Chase"—

"God prosper long our noble King."

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Street-Singing as Illustrating National Characteristics.

[The following paper forms one of the articles in the December number of the "Kelso High School Magazine," a copy of which we lately received. To those attending this School, and especially to those who have left it and entered upon their respective spheres in life, such a magazine as this must possess no common interest. The contents are varied—two of the papers relating to the war in South Africa, while the others are classed under Editorial, School Notes, Certificate Lists, and several short papers under the general heading of "Initia."—Ed. B.M.]

MUSIC is cultivated among the people in these days to an extent perhaps never equalled. It is not to be understood that skill in music is a new accomplishment in Scotland. The violin, more popularly known as the fiddle, has long been a favourite instrument among its people, and many a mirthful night it has been the means of making. There were few places in the country where those who could wield the bow could not be found. Even among the Gypsies the instrument was held in favour, and one of the clan "kings" was noted for his mastery in performance. When one of them got a severe sword-cut on the wrist from a gauger in a smuggling encounter, his ready exclamation was not about the pain he felt, but about the disaster to his fiddling powers. "Man," exclaimed he, "ye've spoilt the best bow-hand on the Border!" Have we not records of penny weddings, which the clergy in bye-gone days were strict to prohibit, but almost powerless to suppress, where the fiddle gave "life and mettle to the heels" of the rude merry-makers? In vocal music there were many who could contribute to the social hilarity or sentimental instincts of the common people. Songs as well as singers there were plenty, the former often much in need of clarification, which Burns had a leading share at a later date in effecting. About the Reformation period it would appear that trained singers were not scarce, at least in what may be considered the centres of intelligence, for we read that in the procession which welcomed John Knox at Leith on his return from the Continent the people in the throng were able to take the several musical parts in the psalms or "songs" which formed a feature of the joyful demonstrations by which the public hailed his return. These are old-time evidences of the prevalence of musical gifts, tastes, and training among the Scottish people, not by any means confined to the classes who might be thought to be cultured and refined, but diffused among those belonging to the humblest social ranks.

There are evidences which may be adduced to show that the Scots are much more musical in their temperament and practice than either the Irish or English, though the habit of imputing to them a gravity, gloominess, or grimness of character would hardly lead to such a conclusion on a superficial glance at the subject. Let it be granted that the Irish are a more lively and jovial race, their lightness of temperament overflowing at frequent periods and on slight cause like some brisk beverage of the ginger beer order. This seeks outward demonstration; but too often it fails to find exhaustion in innocent or refining song, but rather in pugnacious encounters, where the shillelah plays a prominent and painful part. Even in the attempts at singing, what is the character of it? Does one ever hear a woebegone Irish wayfarer break into song on our streets in order to earn a copper. It is not impossible that some strolling minstrels of the street professional sort may have rendered an Irish song; but that does not strengthen the case for the Irish. Not seldom we have an Irish performer in our streets; but when did he ever favour us with a sentimental song, or let us call it a song of the heart. That is not the way in which the sons of Erin show their characteristics. Rather we have a brisk little chap dressed in knee breeches, a grotesque coat with many bright buttons, and a billy-cock hat set on one side of the head, the shillelah jauntily carried in one hand, or twirled into the other. His "song" is a jingle of Irish humour, not very humorous in itself, but creative of mirth by the antics of the performer, as he dexterously plays with his bit of stick and capers away at the half of an Irish jig. Let it be admitted that it possesses the flavour of Irish characteristics so far as it goes; but it is not singing: it is not the expression of any deep or even superficial sentiment. The heart is not engaged in it: it is bodily exercise of the mountebank order, and makes no appeal to the finer feelings of the spectator. There are a few Irish songs which have claims to appreciation and praise; but they do not seem to have taken hold of the average Irish mind, judging from what examples of Irish melody are to be found out of Ireland. The English singer as heard on our streets makes even a

poorer figure than is presented by the occasional Irishman who claims our ear or our charity. The English have no songs and no song tunes such as we have in Scotland. If you listen to an Englishman attempting to sing on our streets, he almost invariably makes choice of some wretched piece of doggerel where his mother is put forward with painful iteration. It is quite apparent that the singer has not the remotest idea of recalling any fond memory of his mother, or expressing any maternal affection. All that he hopes to accomplish is a "draw" upon the feelings and through them the pockets of the passers-by or the loiterers on the street. The whole performance is so utterly mechanical and unmusical that no one can be moved to sympathy and hardly to charity. And the articulation is still more defective than the music. It requires hard listening and a faculty for guessing at the meaning in order to obtain a kind of glimmering apprehension of the thought, so far as there is any, or of the language in which it is conveyed. One English vocalist who frequently performed on our Border streets was in the habit of "singing" about the proverbial saying that a "rolling stone gathers no fog;" but he converted it into "a rowling stowne gathers no fowg." Perhaps it may be suggested that we have in "The girl I left behind me" an example of a popular English song lyric. But that is a mistake. The tune has perpetuated the song. The tune is common to commonplace with military bands, and even as a whistled bit of street melody; but nothing more can be said for it. The song is rarely sung, and may be said never to form the burden of the English street performer's efforts. It can be read in poetical collections, but there is lacking in it the power to touch the finer chords of feeling, and indeed there seems to be an absence in the English heart of the finer chords of feeling to be touched. Account for the circumstance as we may, the fact remains. The history of England has not touched the soul—the higher nature—as the history of Scotland has done with the Scots, even in the ranks of the common peasantry. The peasantry of Scotland have been saturated through and through with the finer sentiments which blossom as by a natural law into poetry and song. So apparent and widely spread has this become as an accepted fact that it is common to speak of the "peasant poets of Scotland." Numerous as are the instances in which these have fought or found their way into print, there are scores whose recited or written poetical exercises have perished, and their productions have done nothing to preserve their name, so that they are now nothing but "mute, inglorious" singers. Some of their pieces, it is certain, partook more of mediocrity than merit, and many of the warblings of those who have achieved print may not be claimed as of a higher order; but with all possible deductions there still remain the goodly band of humble singers, who are the pride and boast of their patriotic and intelligent fellow countrymen, especially those whose fortune has led them across the "dark and stormy water" to other lands afar. It may be that the cultured critic—or shall he be called cynic?—may have nothing but snarling ridicule and snappish derision for these examples of the rustic muse; but where is there anything of English production to equal them, or cast them into the shade? It may be that an apology may be sought for the English peasant in the fact that his education was not cared for as was that of the Scottish peasant. Let such consideration have fair weight. It is at once conceded that they suffered under that marked disadvantage, and that their minds were as the clods of the field, unbroken and untilled. But even were the clods ever so diligently treated to bring forth their qualities, it is the testimony of experience and observation that the poetical ingredient is awanting. In Scotland we have wood and mountain, green pasture and waving forest, river and rivulet, sunshine and gloom, calm and tempest—everything that can become

"Meet nurse for a poetic child,"

while the fairer, softer, and serener scenes of England, of which we sometimes envy her, have failed to implant the seeds of the truly poetical nature, which has consequently never responded to the melodies of its own nightingale or been "touched to finer issues" by innate sentiment or exalted passion. We seem a long way from the time when the English street singers will be able to give us "Come into the garden, Maud!" or compositions of that sort. Whether the modern School Board will impart intelligence and taste enough to cause such a class of songs to become popular is a problem yet to be solved; but so far as observation yet teaches, one is entitled to conclude that the English mind or sensibilities are not of the order to imbibe and cherish the richer sentiment of love, patriotism, and high nature-feeling, which are as the Scotsman's native air.

Perhaps few give any consideration to these characteristics as they manifest themselves in our street singers. But any one who will give ear in passing to a Scots singer as he warbles with evident care and effort

"Meet me on the lea rig
My ain kind dearie O,"

will be led to feel that the man is putting feeling into his song. He may appear in his weather-worn apparel and wastrel look to be a mere wreck of humanity; but he may have had a youth as innocent, honest, and well-toned as any who now look askance at him, and as he voices forth the notes of his lay he may be recalling the "scenes of other days," and mayhap the love of a pure youth. That may well give earnestness and pathos to his performance, and for the time being almost lift him out of himself. Let one note a street melodist as he starts his minstrelsy. Quietly and almost bashfully he steps into the middle of the street. With a preliminary cough—as is the manner of his kind—he clutches the lapels of his coat with each hand, advances one foot, and then there rolls forth

"'Twas on a summer's afternoon,
A wee before the sun gaed doon,
A lassie wi' a braw new goon
Cam' owre the hills tae Gowrie."

There is poetry, sentiment, and music—perhaps the latter may not be of high concert pitch—in the performance, and it is a dull heart indeed to which it does not in some measure appeal, and draw forth a crooning echo as the wayfarer passes on his way. It may be that the song may be "The bonnie, bonnie banks o' Lochlomond," which has been heard quite frequently of late on our streets. Whatever be the theme there is something above the commonplace—something that needs a certain degree of native instinct or youthful training to appreciate it, and to pass over the mere dregs of doggerel production in favour of the finer and richer favourites of our poetically-inspired song-writers. It can easily be seen that most of our street-singers have not begun their efforts amid the noise of the traffic of public thoroughfares. It may have been scenes of happy merry-making among friends or the village concert. Wherever it has been it has been a species of education to them, and it is all in their favour that they have not been corrupted in their younger and finer tastes by the down-grade course of life which they are now following.

Then there is the humorous element which is sometimes brought into requisition with telling effect. It does not depend, as with the Irish, upon gymnastic antics to give it the power of exciting laughter or appreciation. It is broad and pawky in its nature and rendering, not roystering and extravagant, but flavoured with a combination of slyness and mirthfulness. Any one who has heard a "sturdy beggar" rendering with a full voice and in an expressive Scots dialect the song with the familiar Scots burden,

"There's aye a muckle slippy stane
At ilka body's door,"

will understand the point of what has just been said. But it must be heard in an appreciative mood or by a person with a mind capable of being readily diverted from sordid considerations or the corroding cares of profits and per centages. But the performer ought not to be a professional comedian, for he is a mere actor, and is apt to impress others with the idea that he is endeavouring to gain their attention not so much by the nature of his message as by the manner in which he is delivering it. What in other singers would be natural and unaffected becomes with him artificial and superficial, and fails in the purpose it is desired to accomplish—that is, to touch the sense of pleasantry and evoke a feeling of sympathy. Perhaps the singer of such a song might not thus put his purpose into similar words, but if he seeks his way into the softer chords of human nature it is no discredit that he does so in a manner almost unconsciously.

The contention thus put forward in favour of Scotland is founded, not on the observation of a few days, but the casual opportunities of noting the different characteristics of street singers extending over a series of years. They are not meant to excite controversy or cause irritation or national ill-feeling. They can be verified or refuted by any one who will use occasion to note the occurrences of our streets, especially those where nothing of public excitement causes the singer to leave the songs of his own choice by reason of some passing wave of popular favour. The subject is not one commonly debated; but it has in it the elements of indicating and illustrating national characteristics in a manner easily verifiable, and not liable to be purposely misconstrued.

THOMAS TWEED.

The Lothians and Berwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry.

By William Bertram.

PREVIOUS to the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa, Yeomanry were looked upon as a pastime force, but the splendid services rendered by them during the past few months at the Front have entirely removed that conception from the minds of everybody. There can be no questioning the fact that in the near future this valuable force will receive from those responsible for its upkeep such consideration and concession as have never before been known of in the history of auxiliary cavalry. Of recent years the method of drill has been almost entirely changed in order to meet the military advancement of the times, and as Yeomanry are now deemed more valuable, if converted into mounted infantry, for cross-country work, it is not improbable that such an important alteration may be reverted to. When the call for Imperial Yeomanry was made eighteen months ago the Lothians Yeomanry promptly and loyally responded with 116 men, of whom six were officers, thirty-

SIR JAMES MILLER, BART

two were drawn from the respective squadrons, a gun detachment of sixteen, and the remainder volunteers. Up to the present time six of this (No. 19) Company have succumbed to wounds and disease, including Lieutenant Campbell, a most popular and dashing young officer. During the past month the call for a second contingent to augment those presently in service has been responded to by 200, purely volunteers.

Sir James Millar, Bart., of Manderston, Duns, in command of No. 19 Company Imperial Yeomanry, has already been favourably commented upon by Lord Roberts for the splendid services he has rendered at the seat of war. Sir James, who is Master of the Berwickshire foxhounds, is a keen sportsman, and some years ago, Sainfoin, from his stables, became the winner of the Derby.

The Lothians and Berwickshire Yeomanry cavalry was established in 1797, and the same year had the honour of being inspected by George III. As a mark of his appreciation, the Duke of Wellington the following year gave what was then called the East Lothian and Berwickshire Yeomanry its uniform. Formerly it was attached to the 2nd Life Guards, and it still wears the same uniform—with slight alterations—as was worn by that regiment at Waterloo. The uniform includes the tailless jacket, so trying to some noblemen and gentlemen. The exceptional privilege of wearing gold instead of silver lace, which adorns every gentleman's uniform, was granted to the regiment by the Duke of Wellington. The honour came about in this fashion: The then Earl of Lauderdale, whose mansion is the present Militia Barracks at the foot of the High Street of Dunbar, and who commanded the Yeomanry at that time, chanced to be visited during the annual training by the Duke of Wellington. He remarked to the Earl at the close of the inspection, "I like your men, I like your mounts, and I like your uniform." "That last," said the Earl, "is the only thing I don't like." "What would you wish it to be?" "Well," replied the Earl, "I would like it to be scarlet and gold." "No, no," said the Duke, "scarlet and gold for the regulars." On returning home the Duke of Wellington wrote to Lord Lauderdale, stating that he was so impressed with what he had seen that he was agreeable to make an exception in his favour with this regiment. This letter is still in the possession of the Lauderdale family. A few years ago a general order was issued that gold lace was to be done away with, and that Yeomanry regiments were to have it replaced by silver lace. The now Honorary Colonel, the Earl of Haddington, made representations to the Inspecting General on the matter, reiterating the story of the "Great Duke," and he was successful in again receiving permission from headquarters to wear the gold lace, a privilege which no other mounted auxiliary force holds. The first Commandant—in 1797—of the regiment was Sir James Gardiner Baird, of Saughton Hall, a distinguished veteran officer of the American War. At that time it consisted of three troops of fifty men each, the fourth, or Dunbar troop, being added in 1803. In 1822 the Yeomanry was inspected by George IV. on Portobello Sands, where, for many years, they drilled prior to Westbarns Sands being made the training ground. The Midlothian or Edinburgh troop was originally founded by Sir Walter Scott, under the title of the "Royal Midlothian Gentlemen Yeomanry," his lameness preventing him from joining a foot corps. The East Lothian and Berwickshire regiments were amalgamated and continued under the designation of East Lothian Yeomanry till 1877, when a troop was added from the Mid and West Lothian districts, the old Mid Lothian Yeomanry having been disbanded some years previously, and shortly afterwards the name was altered to that of Lothians and Berwickshire Yeomanry. The centenary of the regiment was celebrated in 1897, when a gorgeously worked standard and pair of kettle-drum banners were presented to it by the ladies of the four counties from which it is recruited. For a great number of years a detachment formed a guard of honour in the Lord High Commissioner's procession at Edinburgh, and in 1878 also performed a similar duty when Her late Majesty the Queen visited East Lothian, and on countless occasions since then has acted as escort to other members of the Royal Family.

Amongst many distinguished officers in command of this regiment was Mr James Balfour, of Whittinghame, in 1853 (father of the present First Lord of the Treasury.) In 1896 the Yeomanry sustained a severe blow in the compulsory retiral, on account of the age limit, of their then Commandant, Colonel the Earl of Haddington, after a connection extending over the long period of forty-one years, during which time he missed only one training, and that through a severe accident in the hunting-field. When slowly recovering from the shock of this accident, Her late Majesty the Queen sent a special messenger to him with a beautiful collie dog, along with a four-paged

letter. The silver collar round the dog's neck, which the Queen called "Prura," bore the following inscription:—"From Her Majesty the Queen to Lord Haddington." The amount of money which Lord Haddington has spent upon the regiment would surprise many. Not a stone did he ever leave unturned in order to obtain recruits, and for this end he gave, year after year, banquets, balls, smoking concerts, and innumerable silver cups, bowls, and other prizes. So deeply attached was the regiment towards him that on his retiral they presented him, at a public banquet given in his honour, in the Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh, with a magnificent silver statuette of himself on his old charger "Renard." The total cost of this munificent gift amounted to many hundred pounds, and was subscribed to by every member of the five troops. The Lothians and Berwickshire Yeomanry cavalry is the only Yeomanry regiment that has succeeded in forming a musical ride, and consequently, de-

From Photo by W. Crooks, Edinburgh.

HON. COL. THE EARL OF HADDINGTON.

tachments have for a number of years back been in great demand at agricultural shows and other functions. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir W. A. Baillie Hamilton, C.B., K.C.M.G., who succeeded the Earl of Haddington in command, is a member of the Civil Service, a barrister, and a soldier. He is Chief Clerk at the Colonial Office, and he has been connected with the Yeomanry since 1874. It may be mentioned that he is the author of "Mr Montenello, a Romance of the Civil Service." He is a very keen soldier, and has passed the examination in tactics laid down for Captains in the regular

From Photo by Charles Spence, Dunbar.
CAPTAIN DANIELL.

army. The present Adjutant is Captain Daniell of the 11th Hussars, who, a couple of years ago, succeeded Captain Carr Ellison, now at the Front. The Adjutancy of the 12th Yeomanry Brigade, which comprises the Lothians and Berwickshire Yeomanry cavalry and the Northumberland Hussars, demands an enormous amount of care and attention, and since his appointment Captain Daniell has displayed remarkable ability and tact. Quartermaster E. C. White of A Squadron, is one of the finest horsemen that the Yeomanry possess. He has only missed one year's training since he joined, in 1870, and as a prize winner it is questionable if a non-commissioned officer in any other Yeomanry regiment has carried off such a host of prizes and valuable cups. He appears annually on as good and well-trained a "mount" as probably it is possible to find. He carried off the regimental medal for sword exercise on foot, in 1878, won the regimental sword on horseback, 1878, the Baillie Hamilton challenge cup (twice), the M'Donald Lloyd-Lindsay challenge cup, and Lord Haddington's cup. Besides these honours he won the regimental shooting prize three times, the riding competition three times, and for the best trained horse twice. He has been one of the most successful competitors at military tournaments in Great Britain of recent years; and is exceedingly popular in the regiment. In 1896 the regiment was brigaded with the Northumberland Hussars, performing their training at Newcastle-on-Tyne. When there they created a great amount of enthusiasm, the beautiful horses, attractive uniform, and military gait of one and all winning for them admiration on all sides. With such an admirable record it is not surprising that the Lothians and Berwickshire Yeomanry holds the position of being one of Scotland's finest cavalry regiments.

Border Notes.

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

Springwood Park,
Kelso.

Birds During the Past Winter.—On the memorable morning which followed the recent great gale (December 21st), there was taken at Grahamslaw on the Kale a handsome specimen of the Oyster-catcher—Yarrell's *Haematopus Ostralegus*. The bird was in an exhausted condition, and, though not exclusively a haunter of the sea-shore, had in this case probably been driven inland from the west coast by the tempest. I hope a time will come when, instead of destroying such a storm-beaten little stranger when it happens to come in our way, we shall prefer to protect and succour it. Except in very rare instances, the chance of observing the habits of an uncommon bird is a thing more to be prized than the possession of the little creature's skin.

A locally much rarer bird which was shot on the Tweed near Carham during the winter weather was a Great Crested Grebe *(Podiceps cristatus.)* The crest and "tippet" in this specimen are, however, rudimentary, or but slightly marked.

Shortly before Christmas, a woodman working with an axe not far from the Whale's Jaws at Spylaw saw what he took to be a flock of wild swans pass overhead. They were more probably wild geese. They numbered twenty-one, and were flying more or less in the regulation formation, which is somewhat harshly and pedantically described by Hogg in a picture of St Mary's Loch at dawn in "The Queen's Wake":—

"The gauza waved his cuneal way,
With yellow oar and quoif of green."

The uncommon word "cuneal" is, of course, from the Latin *cuneus*, a wedge. Contrary to what might have been expected, the birds seen at Spylaw were heading northward.

Apropos of the Whale's Jaws or "Whale-Bone Arch," it may be worth mentioning as a thing not generally remembered that that curious and noticeable way-mark is owed to the late Mr Dudgeon, long time farmer of Spylaw, who obtained the "jaws" or ribs from Leith, which was then a resort of whalers and with which his family was connected, and established them in their present position at least as long ago as the early thirties of the last century.

On the 7th January last, the writer observed what was probably the largest flock of pigeons ever seen by him in this locality—certainly the largest since some years ago when measures were directed against these birds by the local Agricultural Association. The pigeons were noticed at about mid-day, settled upon the lawn where it was strewn with mast, beneath and round a beech-tree, and such was their number that the ground looked positively grey with them. On a window at least a hundred yards off being opened somewhat noisily, they rose as one bird, taking flight together with much sound of flapping wings. It is locally said that these flocks come from Norway, and that on their arrival in this country, they lack the throat-ring of our native ring-dove or wood-pigeon. Perhaps some reader of the Magazine can give definite information on these points. The local temperature on the day of this visitation was for the season mild, the minimum registered having been 28 degs. Fahr.

A Characteristic Letter.—By the kindness of a lady at Berwick-on-Tweed, the following characteristic letter of the late Lady John Scott has been placed in my hands. It dates from at least thirty-seven years back (perhaps more), and was addressed to Helen Blythe, who, for a short period, held not undisputed sway over the Yetholm gipsies as their queen. The "humble offering" alluded to was a china hen, seated upon pretty little eggs of the same ware, and was designed by her ladyship to take the place of a red (china) cow, which she had admired when on a visit to "the Palace," and which had been bequeathed to her by the late Gipsy King.

To
Her Most Gracious Majesty,
Queen Helen I.,
The Palace, Yetholm.

May it please Your Majesty to allow the humble offering sent, to take the place of the Red Cow, graciously willed to me by Your Majesty's Father, the late King Charles. May I be permitted to wish Your Majesty a happy Christmas and New Year, and that you may long be spared to reign over your subjects, and that peace and prosperity may mark Your Majesty's government, not only in your Northern Metropolis of Yetholme, but throughout your populous and widespread domains. Permit me to subscribe myself, with all humility and respect Your Majesty's most humble servant (altho' the subject, of the Kingdom of Scotland, adjoining Your Majesty's realm),

Alicia A. John Scott.

In reference to Lady John's old residence at Kirkbank, and to the pious care which guarded it from change even to the minutest detail, it may be mentioned that there is still to be seen, suspended from a tree there, one of the torch-sconces used in salmon-leistering. No doubt but it has hung undisturbed from the good old days of that famous sportsman, the late Lord John, who died in 1860.

Rutherfurd's Border Almanac.—This well-known and long-established publication is once more before us, and we are again surprised at the large amount of useful and interesting information to be found in its closely-printed pages. One instinctively goes back to the lang syne when we had to content ourselves with "Orr's Belfast Almanac," and other small publications, and we cannot but be struck with admiration for the energy which has evolved such a comprehensive year book as the one now before us. The almanac portion of the publication conveys its valuable information in a clear, concise, and handy form, while the obituary notices of prominent Borderers who have passed away during 1900, are most interesting, and contain in their well-condensed paragraphs the necessary amount of information to entitle the almanac to be retained as

a book of reference. Among these latter are to be found short biographies of the Dowager Countess of Aberdeen, Lady John Scott of Spottiswoode, the Marquis of Lothian, K.T., Lord Mark Ker, G.C.B., Admiral Sir H. Fairfax, K.C.B., Captain Thomas Mein, California; Captain G. C. Buchan, Fordyce: James Cowan, Canada; James Turnbull, Glasgow: Robert Walker, London; James Howie, America; Robert Russell, Musselburgh; and the Rev. George Gunn, parish minister of Stichel, widely known as the Secretary of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club. Some of the foregoing names have appeared prominently in the pages of the BORDER MAGAZINE, and doubtless our readers will be pleased to meet them again in the pages of the Almanac.

W. S.

Lizzie the Nor'lan', a Village Tradition.

AULD LIZZIE, the Nor'lan', in Lill'slea did dwell,
In ma auld Granny's days—as she used to tell—
An' she leev'd in a yae-room'd hoose by hersel.
O! a queer auld bodie was Lizzie I trow,
Elf locks o' grey hair hingin' ower her weird brow;
Her toy mutch was nearly as grey as her hair,
The ribbon that tied it had naething to spair.
Her lang lantren cheeks left a howe roun' her mou',
Her rig-an'-fur cheeks had a leathery hue,
Her een ower her nose shed ane unhaly licht,
An' her stickin'-oot chin wi' brissels was bricht.
She sat on a creepie a' huddled thegither,
Wi' her haunds roond her knees claspit in ither,
Hoo auld Lizzie Nor'lan' was naebody ken'd,
Naethir wha pey'd her rent, nor hoo she could fend.
Wha were her forbears there were nane ken'd ava,
She juist cam thrae the Nor'lan'—and that was a'.
She gaed wi' a stick, it was liker a crutch,
An' a'body ken'd 'er to be an auld witch.
The sough o' her cantrips had spread far an' wide,
Her pranks were the crack o' the haill kintra side.
It was said she could change her bodily form,
An' it was jaloos'd that she raid on the storm!
Few fouk misca'd 'er though plenty were willin',
For they feared 'er curse an' its weird fulfillin',
An' even the laddies wad stop in their play,
An' stand still mim-mou'ed, whan she daundert their way.
Baith elder an' meenister left her alane,
Her neebours were aw'd wi' her croon an' her grane.
She spak wi' a skreigh, an' her lauch or her host
Made yin eerie as if they had seen a ghost.
The mischief she did wad tak ower lang to tell,
Baith gentle an' sempil cam under her spell.
By her favourite trick the milk wadna yirn,
Or nae butter wad come frae the lang-ca'd kirn.
Ani tho' rowntree was tied on the coo's horns an' tail,
Her udder gaed eild ower the milk-maiden's pail.
But ae day a wifie, richt muckle distrest—
Tho' to thole Lizzie's tricks she had tried her best—
She, stung to the quick, by a cantrip—kill'd coo
Determined to try what *her* nostrum could do.
It was this—If Lizzie her guid coo had slain,
To boil the coo's bluid wad gie Lizzie great pain.
Sae then in a jiffie the deid coo was bled,
An' intae the kail-pat the warm bluid was shed.
An' ontae a big bleezin' fire it was set—
She stirr'd it wi' saut till it was boilin' het.
In silence the spurtle she eident turn'd,
While not a voice was heard thro' a' the ferm toon.
Whan losh! wi' a yell Lizzie Nor'lan' cam in,
Her twae een glancin' fire, an' froe on her chin,
Baith haunds on her stamach, sae great was her pain,
An' she yell'd, an' she scrauch'd, an' yell'd yet again.
She ran up to the pat an' tried to coup it,
While ever anon she raired an' she roupit.
She'd nae time to curse, or she wad hae done it,
She tried to sit doon, but she couldna win it,
But in her endeavour she trippit an' fell,
An' swarf'd clean awa—as the neebors can tell,
The witch didna dee, as micht hae been hoppit,
But ever sinsyne her cantrips were stoppit.

G. T.

Those who have sung or heard sung that fine modern Border ballad, "The Border Maiden," may be interested to know a few particulars about the composer of the music of the song, who passed away at his residence in Glasgow on the 17th October last. The last time I saw and heard the old musician was at the annual dinner of the Glasgow Branch of the Institute of Journalists, and at that time the old veteran was "gey frail." The "Glasgow Evening News" thus referred to his career:—Emile Frederick Louis Berger was born in Berlin on the 9th of April, 1838. His father was a German professor of music, but his mother was an Englishwoman, and in England the famous pianist spent the most of his younger days. From childhood upwards he was passionately fond of music, and rapidly climbed to a high place in his profession. When still a young men he toured with many great artists. He did not, however, take up residence in Glasgow till 1866. For a time he was a teacher at the Athenæum, and played frequently at St Andrew's Hall. He was also musical director of the Masons' Grand Lodge, Edinburgh, and the Princes Lodge, Glasgow, making his last public appearance there about a fortnight before his death. He was one of the original founders of the Glasgow Society of Musicians, and of the Pen and Pencil Club. Mr Berger, as a teacher, a pianist, and a composer, was well known to the musical world, and was instrumental in bringing many famous singers to Glasgow. His last work was a little song entitled "My Pretty Sweeting," but his best-known composition was "The Border Maiden."

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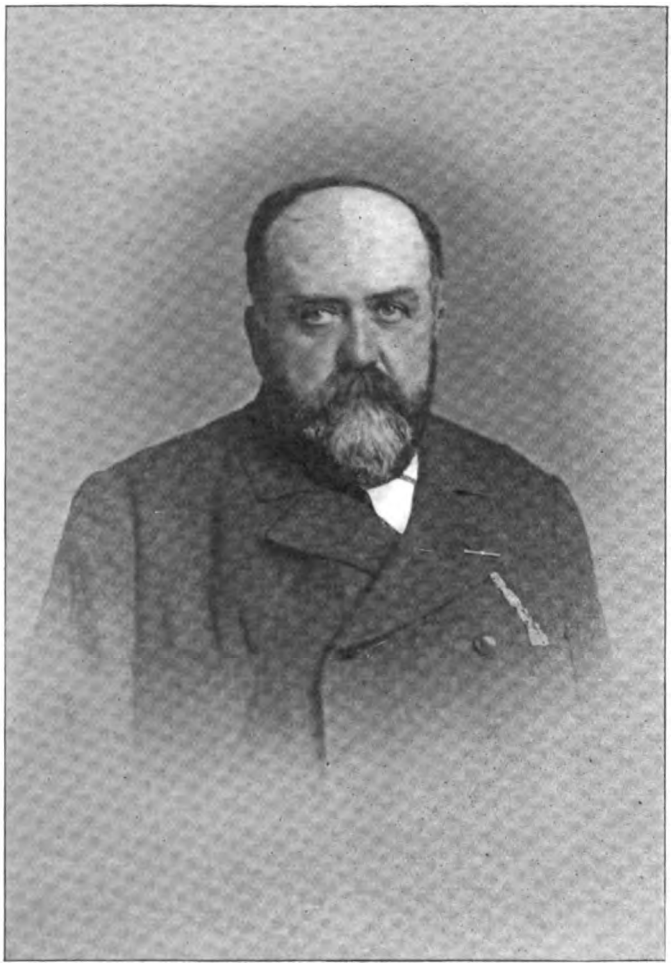
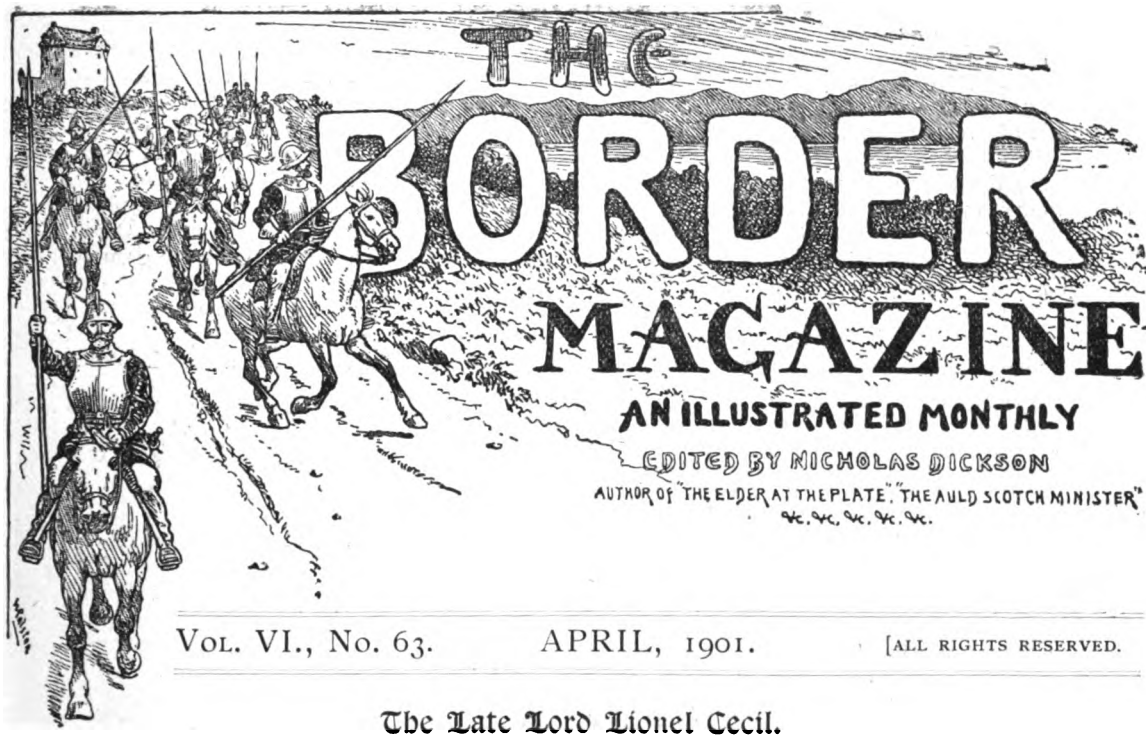


From Photo by J. Mallia & Co., Valetta, Malta.

LORD LIONEL CECIL.



VOL. VI., No. 63. APRIL, 1901.

The Late Lord Lionel Cecil.

BY WM. SANDERSON.

TO be a scion of a noble family which can trace its descent from the days of the Norman Conquest must indeed be a proud boast, but when this is combined with that "simple faith" which is better than Norman blood, and that kind-heartedness which is worth "more than coronets," the fortunate possessor must indeed be one who is to be envied by ordinary mortals. Such was the late Lord Lionel Cecil, whose passing away calls for a more extended notice than an ordinary newspaper paragraph, more especially as his residence in our midst for fourteen or fifteen years entitles him to a place in the annals of the Borderland. A writer in "Black and White" thus summarises the career of Lord Lionel:—

Lord Lionel Cecil died on Sunday morning, the 13th January, 1901, at Holwood, Keston, Kent, at the residence of his mother, the late Mary, Countess of Derby. He was the third son of James, second Marquess of Salisbury, by his second wife and was, therefore, half-brother of the present Marquess who is Prime Minister. Born in 1853, he was educated at Cambridge, and graduated B.A. in 1871, being then only seventeen years of age. Major and Hon. Lieut.-Colonel and second in command under Lord Algernon Percy, of the 5th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, in the beginning of 1900 his Lordship, with the battalion, volunteered for active service, and was

October. After leaving Cambridge, Lord Lionel, and his brother, Lord Arthur Cecil, became practical farmers, and having devoted to these pursuits many years of study and application, they enjoyed to the end of Lord Lionel's life a high and well-deserved reputation for their Clydesdale horses and Forest ponies.

When in 1874 it was known to the inhabitants of the Innerleithen district that the vacant farms of Orchardmains and Newhall, on the Traquair estate, had been leased by two English lords, there were not a few head-shakes and prophecies of failure, for the two farms in question had become much impoverished, and the harvests were among the latest in the locality. A surprise was in store for the wiseacres, however, for no sooner had the two comparatively young noblemen arrived on the scene of their future agricultural labours and triumphs than "things began to hum," as the Yankees say.

Scientific farming of the most advanced kind was introduced, and stock of the finest quality procured. No expense was spared, and no sooner was an improvement seen to be necessary that it was forthwith done, while local tradesmen and artisans were employed in a way hitherto unknown in the annals of local farming. The two noblemen took an intense

to every branch of it, with the result that the farm servants soon discovered that the superior knowledge of the masters made the careful execution of even the humblest kinds of labour a necessity.

Between the two noblemen and their numerous employees the best of relations existed, and the latter soon began to see that farm service was quite compatible with true dignity, for their employers were ever ready and willing to lend a hand—there being no part of the work too menial in their eyes.

All this could have but one result. The two impoverished farms were, in the course of a year or two, so transformed that they were among the earliest and most productive in the neighbourhood. In a short time "the Lords A. & L. Cecil" were known far and wide among farmers, and cattle shows and sales all over the country became familiar with their presence. Their ever-increasing stock of splendid Clydesdales were soon spoken of far and near, and prize breeds, even down to the poultry, became the order of the day.

Lord Arthur, the elder brother, shortly before his arrival in the Scottish Borderland had been married to a lady connected with a well-known family in Northumberland, in which county the brothers got much of their practical training as farmers. Orchardmains having been selected as the most suitable for residence, a mansion was erected and the grounds laid out in such a manner that they added a pleasing variety to the peaceful valley of the Quair, a classic stream which runs through the grounds of Orchardmains, while the "Bush aboon Traquair" is not far from the mansion.

For many years the free yet refined life at Orchardmains gave a much-needed impetus to the social life of the whole district. Public entertainments, such as lectures, concerts, etc., had been languishing for lack of support from those in the upper circles, but as soon as the Lords Cecil appeared in the place a change came over the scene. They went heartily into all social movements, and encouraged by their presence and support the young men of the neighbourhood who were striving to entertain and instruct the public. The present writer and many others, who were willing to spend and be spent in these various social movements, look back with

From Photo by C. Reid, Wishaw.

ORCHARDMAINS, PEEBLESSHIRE.

gratitude and pleasure to the ungrudging aid and support they received from the noble occupants of Orchardmains.

Universal brotherhood seemed to be thoroughly understood by the Lords Cecil, and they freely entered into intercourse with any man who came in their way, no matter how humble he might be. Notwithstanding this apparent breaking down of social distinctions, the public never lost their respect for the noblemen who knew so well how to combine the man and the gentleman, and so put the humblest person at his ease. Their kindness of heart was shown in many ways which need not here be detailed, but many a weary pedestrian was surprised when one or both of the Lords Cecil who chanced to be driving past would pull up and invite him to complete the journey in the machine.

The Lords Cecil were so similar in character and pursuits that it is difficult to write of the one without dealing with what was almost a dual personality. Lord Lionel was a fearless horseman, and the wildest steed brought to Orchardmains soon found that his new owner was a master in the fullest sense of the word. As far as the present writer could judge, and he saw much of the farm and family life at Orchardmains, the power of their Lordships over the numerous animals which they reared, was the result of kindness combined with that firmness which animals so readily understand.

In 1889 a gloom was cast over the whole district when it was ascertained that the Lords Cecil had decided to remove to Kent, where they intended to carry on farming on similar lines. Every employee who was willing to go was taken to the south of England, so their departure made many blanks in the home circles of Traquair. A public dinner was given in honour of the two noblemen in the Volunteer Hall, Innerleithen, and the eloquent speeches made at that large and representative gathering were at once a proof of the high esteem in which the Lords Arthur and Lionel Cecil were held, and the wide-spread regret at their departure. From a poem, written at the time of the "way gaun" of the Cecil family, we quote a few lines which expressed the feelings of the inhabitants of the district:—

From Photo by C. Reid, Wishaw.

STEWARD'S HOUSE AND PART OF FARM BUILDINGS, ORCHARDMAINS, KENT.

When mornin' wi' her rosy tips
Throws wide the gates o' day,
And tints wi' gowd the Minchmoor Hill,
The mead and upland brae,
The birds that flit frae tree to tree,
And on their wild mates ca',
Aye seem to add unto their sang—
The Cecils are awa'!

The crimson licht at close o' day
Still warms the grey auld kirk,
And len'th'nin shadows slowly creep
Doon yonder hillside lirk,
Though still owre Tweed or Leithen stream
The nicht win's saftly blaw,
They sigh alang the Vale o' Quair—
The Cecils are awa'!

The Spring still comes wi' freshest green,
The Simmer's aye as fair;
While Autumn fills wi' gowden stooks
The hamlet o' Traquair.
For Nature heals wi' kindly hand
The sorrows that befa';
But lang 'twill be ere we forget—
The Cecils are awa'!

That the parting was a painful one on both sides is seen from a note which was received by the present writer from Lord Arthur after his departure. His Lordship says:—"It was a great wrench to us to leave Traquair, where we had spent so many happy hours, but we were offered so many advantages at this new Orchardmains that we should have been foolish to have refused them. The great consolation to us is that we are accompanied by most of those who were so long with us. Without this we could never have left Scotland." Lady Cecil also expressed similar feelings, and spoke in high terms of the kindly character of the Borderers of the Quair and Leithen valleys.

Being half-brothers of Lord Salisbury, it was almost natural that they should be Conservatives in politics; but theirs was no narrow-minded political creed, and had there been a party styling itself Liberal-Conservative, it might have claimed their Lordships as members. While thus closely related to the family of the Premier, the marriage of their mother to the late Earl of Derby connected them with one of the noblest families in England, and their frequent visits to Knowsley must have added much to the charm of their lives. The Dowager Lady Derby predeceased Lord Lionel by only a few weeks, and it must have been a consolation to both, that the son was able to return from his post in Malta before the mother passed away.

Though the two Lords had so much in common, the sad death of the younger brother, who died "A soldier of the Queen," has brought his name prominently before the public during the early weeks of this year. At the time of Lord Lionel's death, Lord Arthur was in India, having been sent there by the Government to inspect the various horse-breeding establishments, with a view to improving the re-mounts.

The funeral of Lord Lionel Cecil was remarkable for its simplicity, and is thus described by a local (Kent) newspaper:—

The funeral took place in Hayes Churchyard on Wednesday afternoon, and was of a quiet character. The body was conveyed in an ordinary Scotch cart drawn by a farm horse, both of which had been sent from Lord Lionel Cecil's stud farm at Orchardmains at the express wish of the deceased. A train leaving Victoria for Bromley at 12.50 brought a large number of friends and relatives, and the majority were conveyed in carriages to Holwood. The bell at Hayes Church tolled for half-an-hour before the arrival of the funeral cortege. The chief mourners included Lady Arthur Cecil, the Hon. A. W. J. Cecil, Lord Eustace Cecil, Lord Robert Cecil, Rev. Lord William Cecil, the Hon. Algernon Cecil, Lord Sackville (of Knowle), Col. Sackville West, the Duke of Bedford, Col. Lord Algernon Percy, Mr Philip Beresford Hope, Sir Jacob Wilson, Rev. J. B. Wilson, Miss Stephenson, Sir Richard Nicolson, Rev. J. Richardson, Mr Lionel Sackville West, Capt. Sant (late of the Northumberland Fusiliers), Capt. Burden (of the Fifth Fusiliers), Mr Littleton (late of the Fifth Fusiliers), Mr James Lowther, M.P.; Col. Sutherland, Mrs Richardson, Dr Drage, Dr Ivers, Dr Blake (deceased's medical advisers), Captain Torrens, J.P.; and Mr and Mrs Latter (Knowsley). These were driven in eight landaus, which were followed by the indoor servants from Orchardmains and the employees on the same estate. Then came the household servants and the estate employees at Holwood Park.

The coffin, which was covered with magnificent wreaths, was conveyed from the cart to the church by some of the deceased's employees. The Rector of Hayes (Rev. G. Clowes), assisted by the Rev. C. H. Wright (Rector of Keston), and the Rev. Lord William Cecil (Rector of Hatfield, and son of the Prime Minister), officiated. As we have above stated the service was very plain. At the graveside the Rev. Lord William Cecil officiated. The grave was situate alongside that of the deceased's brother, Lord Sackville Arthur Cecil, who died on January 29th, 1898, and had been draped with ivy creepers and moss by Mr Alfred Garrett, head gardener at Holwood, and Mr J. Williams, sexton of Hayes Church.

Among those who sent wreaths were Lord Salisbury, Lord and Lady Derby, "Isobel and Stanley" (sons of Lord Derby), Lord Cranborne, Mr and Mrs James Wm. Lowther, Earl and Countess Stanhope, Lady Emma and Miss Ellen Talbot, Lady Margaret Cecil, Lord and Lady Arthur Cecil, Hon. Arthur James Cecil, Hon. Reginald Cecil, Mr and Mrs Jimmie Ritchie, Lord and Lady Burghclere, the Hon. Hamilton Russell, the Earl of Galloway, Mr and Mrs W. Lee Pilkington, Mr and Mrs E. Barrett, Mr William Pilkington, Mr and Mrs William Hughes, Mr Arch. McDonald, Capt. and Mrs Joicey, Mr and Mrs Mathison and family, Mr and Mrs W. J. C. Moens, "K and Ada," Mr and Mrs Arthur Bosanquet, Mr William Hoscote, Mr P. H. G. Powell-Cotton, "Mary Little," Mr and Mrs Thomas Pilkington and the Misses Pilkington, Mr and Mrs R. A. Bosanquet, Mrs Rich and "Peggy," Lieut.-Col. and Mrs W. E. Sturges, Mr and Mrs L. Capon, "Brother Officers," "the household servants at Orchardmains," "the farm servants," "the household servants of Holwood," and the "estate of Holwood." The wreaths sent by the Countess of Galloway, as well as the crosses sent by Lady Margaret Cecil, Lord and Lady Arthur Cecil, Hon. Arthur William James Cecil, and the Hon. Reginald Edward Cecil were laid on the coffin in the grave.

The coffin plate bore the following inscription:—

LIONEL CECIL,
Born 21st March, 1853.
Died 13th January, 1901.

The foregoing sketch appeared in the "Southern Reporter, and to the proprietors (Messrs Geo. Lewis & Son, Selkirk,) of that enterprising weekly, we are indebted for permission to re-publish it in the BORDER MAGAZINE.

The lessons to be derived from the career of Lord Lionel Cecil are very apparent to all, but space forbids our enlarging upon the subject, so we sum up our feelings in the following lines:—

We cherish much the honoured name,
That's never ceased to shine
From Norman William's stormy days—
A long and noble line;
But "Friend" the noblest title is
Known to the human heart;
So with the kind wish of a friend,
From noble friends we part.

Lauderdale and his Times.

IN leaving the personal and domestic history of the Duke to consider his place and power in politics, and through these to form an opinion of his character and influence upon the national life, it is necessary to postulate that historical events be described without prejudice and read without malice. Errors of judgment must not be accepted as evidence of premeditated crime. As far as possible it is our first duty to be accurate. It is then of importance to estimate the change of time and circumstance. These distinctly in view, our conclusions may be stated as honest convictions—just and right so far as knowledge and discrimination have been vouchsafed.

The character of Lauderdale has not been always viewed from the premises here laid down. Charity has seldom mingled with the severe and scathing criticism which historians have measured to his name. But, for this abiding virtue there may have been no place. Alas! too, for its rarity!

In 1633 Charles I. visited Scotland to the intent that Episcopacy might be established here. The Scottish nation declined negotiations unless he signed the Covenant. Until 1647—then too late—he refused. The signature was probably the persuasion of Lauderdale; at least the Duke was one of the four Commissioners sent from Scotland to interview the King at Uxbridge. He was undoubtedly a staunch Presbyterian, and in 1643 he (then Lord Maitland) was one of the Commissioners from Scotland to the ever memorable Westminster Assembly.

In 1650 Lauderdale accompanied Charles II. to Scotland. Returning to England, he was taken prisoner at the Battle of Worcester. He was released in 1660—as tradition affirms, through the service of a golden cake. He went to The Hague, returned to England with Charles, and was soon thereafter appointed Secretary of State for Scotland. The King proposed the institution of the High Court of Commission, of which Lauderdale disapproved. Eventually he yielded, and from the moment he was the tool of a tyrannical King. He stooped low in Statecraft. He was "a prodigious favourite," but he sold his birthright. He received honours and land, but he gave away honour and himself.

In 1660 John Swinton of Swinton was seized in London, and was brought before the Parliament of 1661. Refusing to take off his hat, he was removed by an officer of the Court. His estate was forfeited to Lauderdale. In those

days, truly, land was "movable property."

Middleton, Rothes, and Lauderdale were the leading members of the Scottish Council which met in London (1660), and urged the King to execute his control over the affairs of the Scottish Church in conformity with the decree of Parliament. It was a mean act, meanly done. But Middleton came by disgrace and dismissal. Rothes, too, fell in 1667, and Lauderdale's influence was supreme. He was made President of the Council, Extraordinary Lord of Session, Lord of the Bedchamber, and Governor of Edinburgh Castle. In 1669 he was Lord High Commissioner to the Parliament. In 1672, his "lady with the number of thirty or forty more ladies, accompanies the duke to the parliament in coaches, and are sat down in the Parliament House, and sat there to hear the Commissioner's speech." In 1678 he was present at the Convention of Estates.

In 1661, an Act had been passed by what is known as the "Drunken Parliament," in which Presbytery was disallowed, and ministers forced to leave their charges. This led to the execution of Argyle and Guthrie—the latter at one time minister of Lauder. He died a few days after Argyle—1 June, 1661. His dying words were, "The covenants, the covenants shall yet be Scotland's reviving." Forced to leave their homes for conscience sake, the ministers held secret meetings or conventicles on field or moor, in the dens and caves of the earth. Scott says that the Indulgence of 1669 was part of Lauderdale's policy. By it ministers were allowed to preach in vacant parishes, but extreme Covenanters thought the Act a subterfuge. In 1670 an Act against conventicles was passed. The Highland Host descended on the west of Scotland and laid waste the land, but Lauderdale heeded not. "Better," he said, "that the west bear nothing but windle-straws and sand-laverocks than it should bear rebels to the King."

At length fourteen peers and fifteen gentlemen, led by the Duke of Hamilton (of whom Lauderdale was always jealous) repaired to London to lay their grievances before the King. On their way thither, the governor of Berwick would not suffer them to "abyd in the city." Charles heard the complaint without emotion, and sarcastically replied, "I perceive that Lauderdale has been guilty of many bad things against the people of Scotland; but I cannot find he has acted anything contrary to my interest." But it was an age of political corruption. Money was extorted from Presbyterians, and not without infamy were held the public offices of State. It was not till 1674 that conventicles met in Berwickshire, on the farm of Pilmuir, at that time part of the estate of Morriston, held by the Kers—a powerful Presbyterian family. Field meetings were also held at Bluecairn, near Lauder, between the valleys of Tweed and Leader. At one of these gatherings there were about 4000 people present. Lauderdale came from London to make enquiry. When told that William Veitch was the preacher, he seemed astonished and said, "Was it so? My own relation! I'll think upon him." And so the meetings continued. It was thought by some that the Duke secretly approved of conventicles, but on his return to London severe laws were promulgated against all who took part in the same. The Act of 1662 was revived. Heavy fines were imposed upon any who would not declare against the covenants. Lauderdale may have been aimed at, but he is reported to have said that he would sign a cartful of such oaths before he would lose his place. Alexander Martin of Riselaw, in the parish of Fogo, Commissary Clerk of Lauder, was thought to be favourable towards the Covenanters, fined 18,000 merks, and put in prison till the fine should be paid.

With the old historian (1680) one feels it "gratifying to record instances of humanity in the rulers of the time. A private letter from a prisoner having been miscarried with the connivance of the governor, the matter came to the ears of the Duke. He was in a passion and said for any gentleman to promise a kindness, and not to make it good, was a base and unbecoming treatment." He did not mete the same measure to the Governor of Berwick, who basely betrayed the confidence of Hamilton and Tweeddale. He may have felt the meanness of the city's refusing him its freedom, when the Guild deliberated and decided that "it could not be upon this sudden" made void, but in any other thing they "will be ready to shew all imaginable respects to His Grace."

But to return to Bluecairn (so called from the colour of its stones)—"The conventicle was so visibly blessed of God that it raised a spirit of zeal and forwardness both in ministers and people in that country, both to keep up that meeting and set up several others in Merse and Tiviotdale, to the great advantage of religion for many years."

In the following year, Lauderdale came down from London for supplies for the King. He was resisted by Hamilton. Polwarth, also, spoke strongly in favour of the opposition, and was sent a prisoner to Stirling Castle till February 1676. Anthony Murray, minister of Coulter, a relative of the Duchess of Lauderdale, was selected by a number of influential

ministers to present an address to the Duke in favour of the Covenanters. About the same time an Act was passed to restrict conventicles. Any heritor allowing such on his estate was liable to a fine of £50. In 1678 Lauderdale secured from the King more stringent orders, and through his influence on 14th May, 1680, the Indulgence of 1642 was virtually revoked. Several gentlemen of note, during those bitter years, were fined in substantial sums—e.g., James Scott of Thirlestane lost £2775; Robert Brown of Blackburn £1200; Pringle of Greenknowe £1500; Geo. Home of Bassendean 1000 m. At every stage Lauderdale was ready to suppress field meetings, and yet we read he "was at bottom a passionate zealot against episcopacy." It is even said that he had endeavoured to persuade the King that if he granted the Scots a statute in favour of their form of Church government, they would in all other respects be loyal. "But," said the King, "Presbyterianism is not a religion for a gentleman." It is impossible to account for this profligate assumption on any other ground than that of fanaticism and self-glorification. It is not spiritual pride, and it is not altogether bigotry. It is cruel mockery and unworthy the character of a King.

And here, alas! Lauderdale must fall with the King. When the Covenanters were persecuted the Duke would sit "with an indulgence in his pocket chuckling at the gentlemen brought before him to pay their fine for accession to conventicles, crying, 'Now gentlemen, ye know the price of a conventicle, and shame fall them that tires first!'" Burnet says that when the Covenanters petitioned against the prevention of conventicles, Lauderdale was in "such a frenzy that at the Council table he made bare his arms above his elbows and swore by Jehovah that he would make them enter into these bonds."

In the literature of the day, Lauderdale is spoken of with hatred and contempt. In the "Covenanter's Bridal," Hume is made to say, "My father might be inclined to draw in the superannuated hireling Lauderdale." The curate of Closeburn "under the countenance and sanction of the infamous Lauderdale" refused Christian burial to any who did not wait on his ministry. And when James, Duke of York, superseded Lauderdale, the historian distinguishes the latter as "the savage old tyrant who was sinking into the grave."

It is not necessary to make reference here to the odious Cabal beyond saying that it is impossible to believe that Lauderdale was privy to the secret alliance which Charles formed with the French Court, and that on the ground that he was opposed to prelacy. Macaulay even asserts that "he still preferred the Presbyterian form of Church government to every other." The assertion is not without solid basis in historical fact.

It is generally agreed that the Duke was a virulent persecutor of the Covenanters, that he was the instrument of extreme torture and oppression. Such judgment savours of intolerance and seems, in part at least, to spring from vindictiveness. His great fault was an inordinate ambition which gave blind servility to a King who had neither respect for conviction nor reverence for conscience. Love of place and power was his ruling passion. Persecution was not the motive-force of his ambition, but its resultant. And while no one may condone his tyrannical treatment of those who were willing to seal their testimony with their blood, it is on the other hand empirical and unjust to clothe his public character with ignominy and disgrace. The great Duke was not impeccable. His heart was hardened through the lust of rank and royal favour. He died "rolling in wealth," and he lives in all time the evil genius of Scottish Presbyterianism.

A. T. G.

Burns's Relations with Bolton.

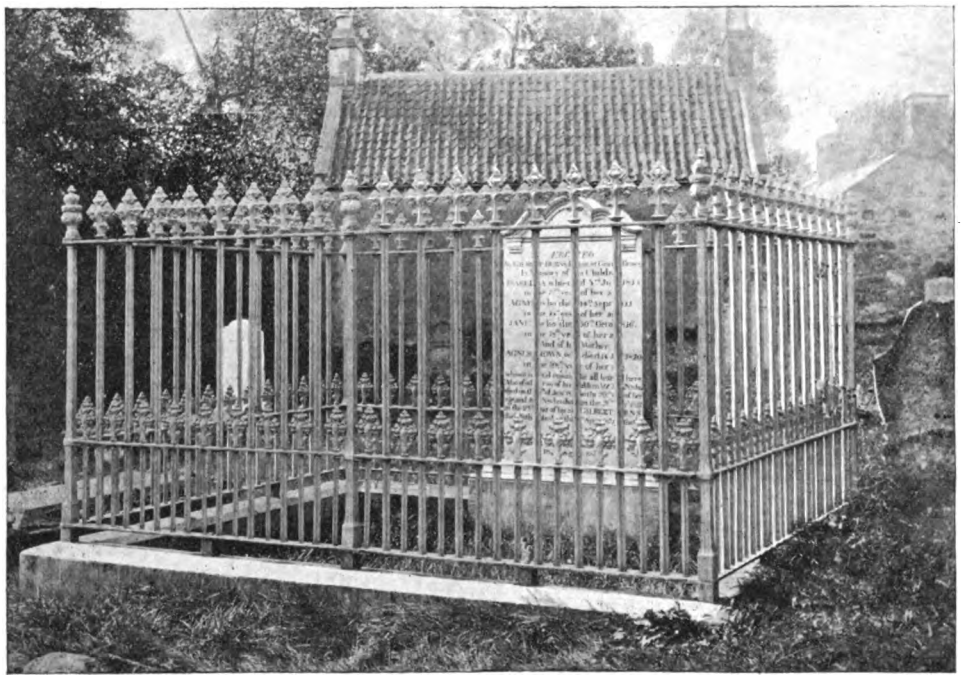
COMPARATIVELY few people are aware that the hamlet of Bolton is closely associated with our National Poet, Robert Burns, for it was in this quaint district that his brother, Gilbert Burns, spent the greater part of a life-time. Located about three miles from Haddington, Bolton consists of a church, school and school-house, and a farmhouse and cottages, and is in every sense a picturesque hamlet.

Captain Dunlop of Dunlop, in Ayrshire, whose wife was a correspondent of the poet Robert Burns, was instrumental in bringing Gilbert Burns into East Lothian, so often designated "the Garden of Eden," and in 1788 he discharged with pronounced success the duties of grieve for Mr Dunlop on the estate of West Morham. Within a few years the estate was disposed of, and in 1804 Gilbert Burns received the important appointment of factor to Lord Blantyre on Grant's Braes, and the many duties pertaining to his office received faithful care and attention till his death on the 8th April, 1827. He was an elder in Had-

dington Parish Church, which he religiously attended till within a few months of his death

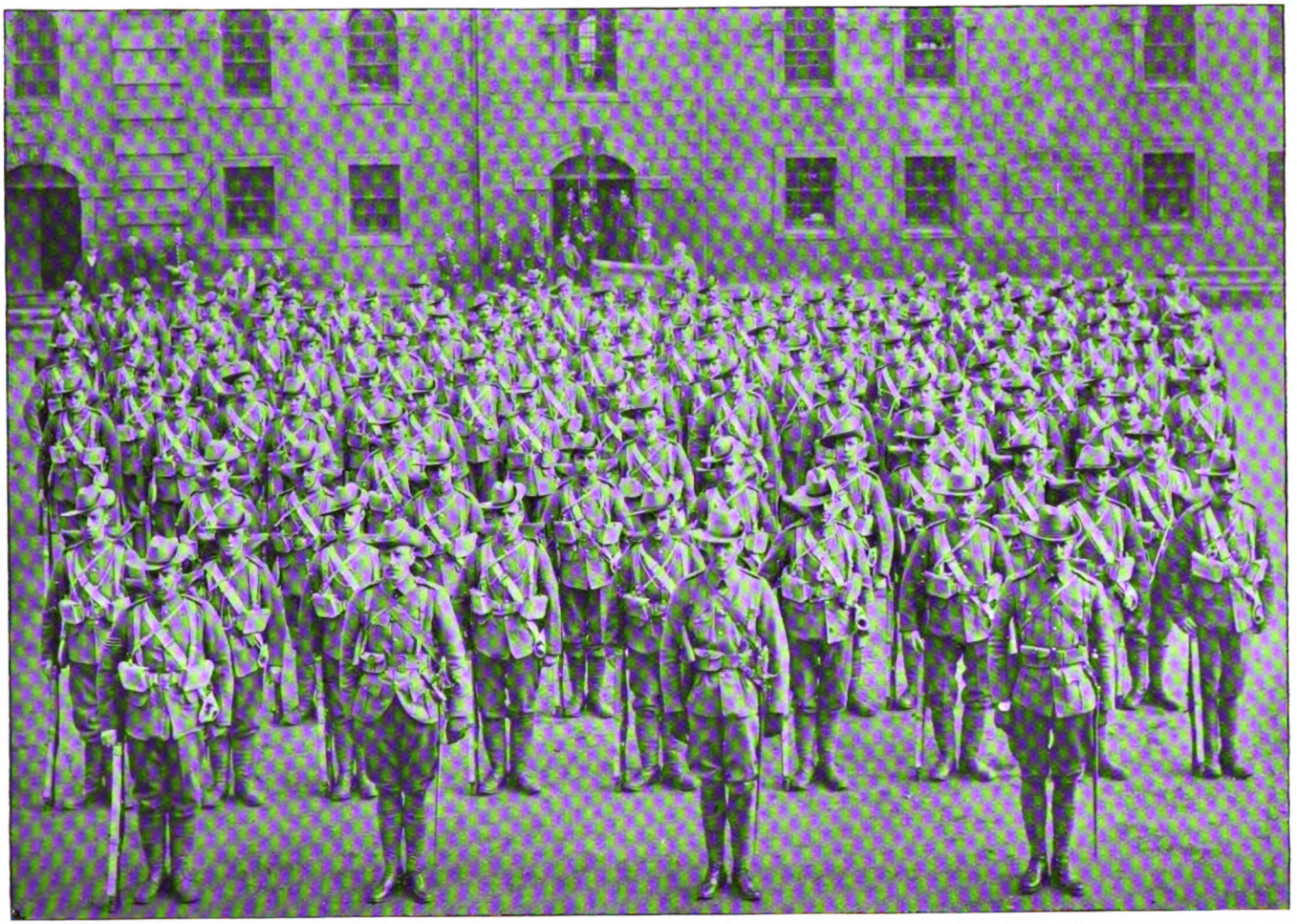
Colonel Davidson, C.B., vividly describes him thus:—"I have often seen Gilbert Burns in church, where he was an elder, and had marked him especially on sacramental occasions, when he solemnly dispensed the sacred bread. He had a splendid head, with high forehead, and lyart haffets wearing thin and bare. The lower part of his face was less refined than that of his brother, the mouth larger, and the chin well developed, indicating stronger moral qualities." His second son, James, continued to undertake his father's duties for a considerable period, and his widow thus remained occupant of Grant's Braes until 1834. This residence was afterwards demolished and a more modern building erected, but, unfortunately, was destroyed by fire on Christmas Day, 1891.

Herewith is a view of the grave of Agnes Brown, Gilbert, and Annabella Burns, the mother, brother, and sister of the poet, to which most interest is now attached. The Churchyard is situated on a lofty bank above the Bolton burn, and close to the Church, an edifice with an attractive square tower is the last resting-place of the Burns family. A sum of £50 was, in 1877, left to the minister and Kirk Session of the Parish by Mr Gilbert Gurns of Knockmarock Lodge, Chapelizoid, County Dublin, the interest of which to be devoted to keeping the ground in order, his desire being that the sod should be kept clean, trim, and free from coarse weeds, that no garden flowers, shrubs, or trees should be planted, and that the tombstone and railing be painted when necessary, any interest remaining to be divided amongst the residenters of the parish at the discretion of the minister and Kirk Session.



THE BURIAL PLACE OF THE BURNS FAMILY.

The old-fashioned hearse of Bolton, which was purchased in 1783 for £37, 14s, was built at Bath, and took the place of a hearse bought in 1723, which was then disposed of for the princely sum of 16s. The use of this hearse was discontinued in 1743, although that same year 10s 6d was expended for the repair of the harness, which, it may be mentioned, is still in good preservation. The body of the hearse, front and back, hangs on leather, two large carved pieces of wood, the sides being carved in imitation of modern carriage springs. The iron rings which bind the wheels are in



From Photo by Wm. Green, Berwick-on-Tweed.

No. 2. VOLUNTEER ACTIVE SERVICE COMPANY OF THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

four sections, while strong bars of iron connect the ends of the splinter bar with the ends of the front axle. Decorating the sides are skulls, sand-glasses, and tears (an inch long), and there are also such mottoes as "memento mori," "tempus fugit," &c. Attached to the front of the hearse is a box which not only permitted of the coffin having full room, but also steadied it, and it seems not improbable that this box was also used as a seat for the driver, as, of course, there was no other accommodation. The roof bears a number of small wooden pillars, but little or nothing now remains of the plumes.

Lying against the wheels of the hearse there was the morsafe or massive iron grave-guard used in Burke and Hare's time. These grave-guards, so general during these times, were placed on the top of the grave and secured with rods and nuts. It used to be quite a common expression among the older hinds in the county when a stack of hay or straw had not been evenly built to say, "You've built it all asklent like Bowton hearse." There can be little doubt that in years to come the district will have a great fascination for worshippers of the Scottish Bard.

In Memoriam.

VICTORIA, QUEEN AND EMPRESS.
BORN 1819; DIED 1901.

"I will be good":—Her Majesty's resolve at 10.

O'ER town and country mournfully resound
Deep-tolling bells, proclaiming far and wide
A Sovereign renowned, Great Britain's pride,
Has passed away, 'mid heartfelt grief profound
Of loyal subjects, by affection bound
To her, whose noble record shall abide
In future times to strengthen, cheer and guide
Long after Death that royal life had crowned.
Victoria's honoured name the world reveres,
Who did this mighty Empire's sceptre wield
So blamelessly for three-and-sixty years
With righteous hand, through joys, griefs, smiles, and tears,
While Justice, Truth, and Love became her shield,
And childhood's sweet resolve was constantly revealed.

Edinburgh. ADAM SMAIL.

East and West: Hame's Best.

O LEEZE me on my Border Land! O' Lands the pick and wale,
Tweedside, Jedwater, Leaderhaughs, and bonny Teviotdale,
The links o' Cayle, and the caves o' Aill, and Ousenam's sylvan glens,
Ettrick's banks and Gala braes and Yarrow's dowie dens.
East and West, Hame's best: east or west it be,
East and West, let be the rest: Hame's best for me.

I carena for Parnassus' heights wi' a' its fabled crew,
Gie me the Dunion and Ruberslaw, or "Cheviot's mountains blue";
Or the heather tints and crimson glints where the summer sun gaes down
On the sleeping knights of Arthur, under Eildon's triple crown.
East and West, &c.

There's the heights o' Hume and the bonny broom o' Cowden's dimpled knowes,
Where fancy lists the maiden's sang at the buchting o' the yowes;
There's Minto, and there's Fernielea, that gave the twinsome lay
Of fortune's dowers and th' Forest Flowers at Flodden wede away.
East and West, &c.

But dearer still yon dusty mill, the slippery cauld aboon,
Its clappers still resounding to the old familiar tune;
The fearless trout glide in and out in the shelter of the pool,
Till the bairns come skelpin' doon the bank at skailin' o' the schule.
East and West, &c.

Yon quiet cot, ah sacred spot! what rowth and walth were thine,
O' a' that's strong and holy when parental virtues shine;
An Elim in the wilderness to which fond memory turns
For freshening hope when days are dark and the heart wi' sorrow burns.
East and West, &c.

But hark, ye lads! the sun is high, the westlan' wind is low,
Once more aroving down the burn, aroving we will go;
A posie bright o' snawdraps white "in the dell without a name,"
We'll pu' wi' care and bind it fair for those we love at hame.
East and West, &c.

W. MATHER.

With this Number is presented a portrait Supplement of No. 2 Volunteer Active Service Company of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, who left the depôt, Berwick-on-Tweed, on Saturday, 16th March, for South Africa.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr NICHOLAS DICKSON, *19 Waverley Gardens, Crossmyloof, Glasgow.*

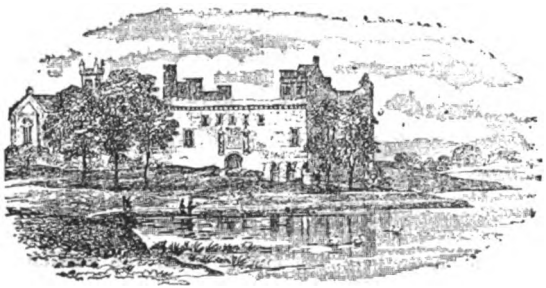
All Business matters, Applications for Shares, Advertising, &c., should be transacted through the Secretary of the Company, Mr JOHN HOGARTH, *121 West Regent Street, Glasgow.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1901.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

The Border Keep.



LINLITHGOW PALACE.

Lord Rosebery is not given to over much speaking, but he generally says something of importance when he gives the public the benefit of his opinions. There may be differences among archæologists regarding his Lordship's recent proposal to restore Linlithgow Palace as a memorial of the late Queen Victoria, but I am inclined to think that if the movement is initiated properly, it will meet with a considerable amount of popular support. I had long been familiar with the appearance of the venerable ruin, as seen from the train, but it was only when visiting the historical place some time ago, along with the Glasgow and Edinburgh branches of the Institute of Journalists, that I fully realised the beauty and importance of the birthplace of Mary Queen of Scots.

* * *

The mention of Scotland's beauteous but ill-fated Queen, will recall to many readers their Debating Society days, when one of the stock subjects for discussion was generally worded thus:—"Was Mary Queen of Scots accessory to the death of Darnley?" This matter has been debated and re-debated, and book after book has been published on the subject, but we are still in as much doubt as ever. There seems, however, to be some chance of fresh light being thrown on this difficult historical question, as the redoubtable Mr Andrew Lang has taken it up. We know what he has done by diligent research among the records of Prince Charlie's career, and there is no saying what he may accomplish in connection with one of the tragedies of Mary Stuart's life. Such work, though

historically important, is anything but pleasant to Mr Lang, as he informed the present writer before the appearance of "Pickle the Spy."

* * *

The "Glasgow Evening News" recently dealt with the above subject as follows:—

A profitable device of Mr Andrew Lang's invention is the Side Show; when he is preparing for a History of Scotland he discovers matter for other books, and so we have "Pickle" and "Pickle and his Companions" and "Prince Charles Edward," as it were, in the by-going. And now he craves our kind indulgence for a little delay in finishing his performance with the big History while he calls our attention to his forthcoming "Mystery of Mary Stuart." We may well anticipate that work with fear, for it is to deal with the Casket Letters more fully than has ever been done before, and with the aid of material hitherto unavailable. What if Mr Lang is going to dispel the alluring mystery that has for generations hung about the death of Darnley, and set all speculation at rest with regard to the documents found in that wonderful silver box, which, it is now settled, lies at this moment in Hamilton Palace? There may be some who would like that, but I am not among them. I cherish much a little lacuna now and then in things recorded—the "mystery" of landscape painting, the half-hints of poetry, the vacant spaces of the maps, the debated events in history, and however Mr Lang shall finally solve the great mystery, I shall refuse to be comforted.

* * *

Of course, the coffer in Hamilton Palace contains none of its old important documents (if it ever contained them), but Mr Lang is just the man who may have come upon the real original letters written in French by Mary, and long lost to the world. There is a peculiar local interest in the casket epistles that have been mainly the ruin of the Queen's reputation, because the most damning of them all—that in which the lady's Roman hand informed Bothwell of her illicit love for him and her hatred of her King, and hinted of her "hateful purpose," was penned (if it was really penned by her) in Glasgow, in a house belonging to the Lennox family, situated close to the Cathedral. That letter is quite consistent with all Mary's later acts—her protection of Bothwell, her marriage to him, and her refusal to desert him. If she actually wrote these letters (and Froude has said that they could, if forged, have been invented only by a genius like Shakespeare) she was—in the light of subsequent events—quite capable of murdering Darnley, her husband. To an elucidation of the mystery Mr Lang brings, as has been said, new material, including authentic MSS. employed by Mary's enemies in getting up their case against her, notes of evidence, and a great many documents throwing light upon the character of Maitland of Lethington. But I think we may keep a calm sough, and that Mr Lang is not yet going to put an end to the Casket Letter controversy. At all events, as late as last December, he was in a "swither" as to whether the letters were genuine or not. His mind upon the point changed very suddenly, for he had but a short time before that been convinced that they were genuine, and discovered in going into new material placed at his disposal that, as he said himself, "before a jury one could tear the case of the prosecution to rags."

* * *

A Link with Scott.—It is interesting to know (writes a correspondent of the "Glasgow Evening Times") that one of those who have had personal relations with Sir Walter Scott is still alive and hale in Edinburgh in the person of Mr George Croal, who on the 28th February entered on his 91st year. It is now a far cry to the Theatrical Fund Dinner held on 23rd February, 1827, and it may be accepted as certain that Mr Croal is the last survivor of those who were then present and heard Sir Walter Scott's memorable declaration of the sole authorship of the Waverley Novels. Mr Croal was born in February, 1811, and one of his early experiences was that of seeing the "gallant Black Watch" marching up the Canongate of Edinburgh—each man with a turnip impaled on his bayonet—when they came back to the city from the Waterloo campaign. Mr Croal was presumably the youngest in the company in the Assembly Room who heard Scott, as the guests were mostly men of years and position, where he was there as an apprentice of sixteen in connection with the musical part of the proceedings, and thus all the rest have doubtless predeceased him. In 1828, a year later, Mr Croal was at Abbotsford, again on musical business, and played a selection of Scotch airs by the desire of Sir Walter, who listened with delight in the next room. The younger of us who have heard Mr Croal play these airs—at the Pen and Pencil Club dinners, for example—know with what skill and expression he does so, and it is agreeable to know that even at ninety his hands have not entirely lost their flexibility and fine round touch. Mr Croal's 90th anniversary was celebrated by a small family dinner in his youngest brother's house in Edinburgh.

* * *

I hold my old friend Mr Frank Lynn, F.S.A., Galashiels, in high estimation, but his bravery is even greater than I thought it was, for has he not dared to belittle the great antiquity of Hawick Moat? I hope my numerous Hawick friends will deal mercifully with him when he next visits the Teri town. The matter is thus summarised in several of the Border papers:—

What Hawick Moat Is.—On a recent Friday night Mr Frank Lynn, F.S.A., Galashiels, lectured to the Jedburgh Ramblers' Club on "Jedburgh District in the Roman and pre-Roman Times." At the close of the lecture he was asked to give his opinion about Hawick moat. He said he did not think there was anything unique about it, that there were plenty of moats all over the country, and that if Hawick people went down to Galloway they would find they were not in it. His own idea was that the little moat was a signalling station. Very likely, as had been suggested, the Hawick moat was an erection of the Saxon period, and he referred to the Saxon influence in Galloway, where so many moats were to be found, as corroboration of this view.

Dominie Sampson.

Clovenfords Inn.

AMONG the changes and improvements about to be effected in the early months of the twentieth century is one which from its associations deserves a passing notice in the pages of the BORDER MAGAZINE. This is a proposal to extend and transfer the license from the present house to the original inn at Clovenfords, known as Whytbank-lee Cottage, which is situated at the junction of the old coaching road leading from Selkirk to Edinburgh and that from Galashiels to Peebles. Some little interest may be aroused by the transfer when it is known that a century ago it was a solitary wayside inn, under whose roof Walter Scott occasionally resided after he was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire. A previous writer on the village states that "its most interesting spot is its unpretending hostel, where Scott used to take up his quarters after his appointment as Sheriff of the Forest." This is a mistake, as the house referred to was not in existence at that period. Tradition and memory alike fail to furnish the date of its erection, but previous to 1833, it was occupied as a dwelling-house and workshop by the village joiner. At that date the highway between Selkirk and Galashiels was opened, which furnished direct communication between Selkirk and Edinburgh, consequently the old road by way of Yair and Clovenfords fell into disuse, when the license was transferred to the building in question.

In addition to its associations in connection with Walter Scott the old inn is also noteworthy on account of having been visited, in 1803, by William Wordsworth, along with his sister, and friend Samuel Coleridge, when on their Scottish tour. Miss Wordsworth thus refers to it in her diary: "We left the Tweed when we were within a mile and a half or two miles of Clovenford, where we were to lodge. Turned up the side of a hill and went along sheep grounds till we reached the spot, a single stone house without a tree near it or to be seen from it. On our mentioning Mr Scott's name the woman of the house showed us all possible civility, but her slowness was really amusing. I should suppose it is a house little frequented, for there is no appearance of an inn. Mr Scott, who, she told me, was a very clever gentleman, goes there in the fishing season, but, indeed, Mr Scott is respected everywhere. I believe that by favour of his name one might be hospitably entertained throughout all the borders of Scotland. We dined and drank tea, did not walk out, there was no temptation, a confined barren prospect from the window." This visit is also referred to by Wordsworth in "Yarrow unvisited."

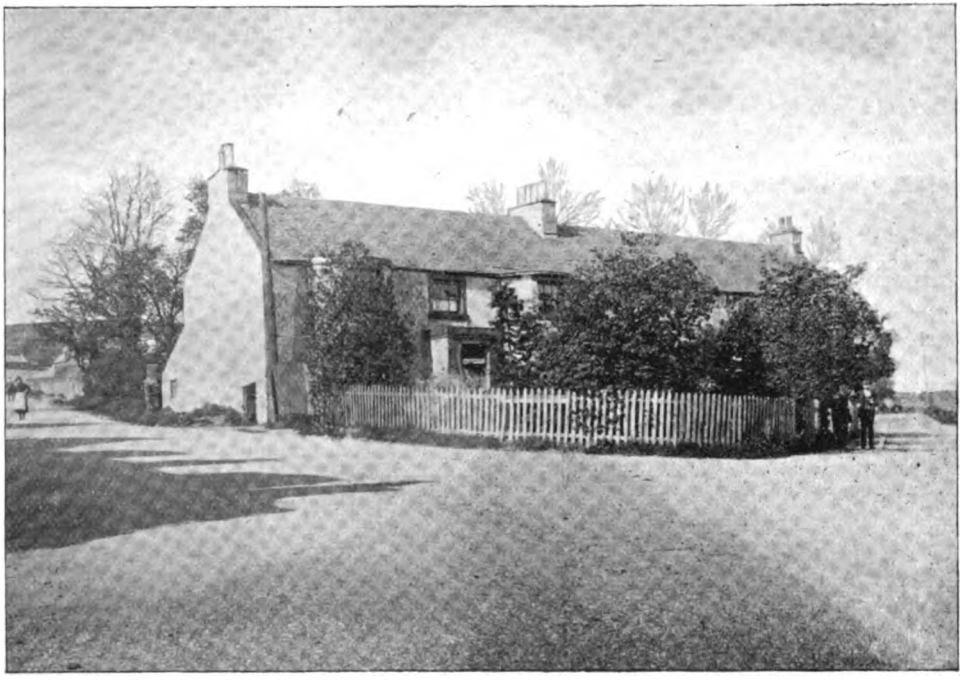
> "From Stirling Castle we had seen
> The mazy Forth unravell'd,
> Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
> And with the Tweed had travelled.
>
> And when we came to Clovenford
> Then said my "winsome marrow,"
> Whate'er betide we'll turn aside
> And see the braes of Yarrow."

Were Miss Wordsworth now to revisit the pale glimpses of the moon, she would considerably modify her description of Clovenfords and its surroundings. Since the days of her pilgrimage great changes have occurred. The heather-clad Forest hills still lift up their heads as of yore, but fruitful fields and verdant woodlands now adorn the erst-while barren valleys.

During the earlier years of the past century the hamlet remained almost stationary. Like numerous villages throughout Scotland it could only boast of the usual smithy, the favourite howff of the rustics from the neighbouring farms. The joiner's shop, where was manufactured a large proportion of the agricultural implements then in use, besides the "plenishing" of long-forgotten dwellers in the district; and the wayside inn where the weary and footsore traveller found welcome rest and refreshment. The first real movement toward extension is to be attributed to the late Mr William Thomson who, in 1869, acquired the ground upon which he erected the now famous Tweed Vineries. The once cheerless and solitary inn with its depressing surroundings, referred to by Miss Wordsworth, is now surrounded with handsome villas, trim cottages, and tasteful gardens. The village has progressed with the times, and possesses a full share of all the advantages which science has conferred upon mankind. The railway, telegraph, telephone, and postal service afford facilities for communication in every direction, while the needs of the higher nature are provided for in connection with the pretty Parish Church and manse of Caddonfoot, which stand "far from the madding crowd" amid green pastures and by the still waters.

To the tourist, cyclist, angler, golfer, or "week-ender," Clovenfords presents unrivalled attractions, and is an ideal retreat from the cares and worries of everyday life. It stands on classic ground. The whole district teems with historic associations which vividly recall that time in Border history when no one could lay his head on the pillow without the chance of having to defend his hearth and home, or perchance, mount and ride before morning.

Within easy reach are spots immortalized in Border legend and song which all the world holds dear. The hoary ruins of Elibank tower are pregnant with memories of Border feud and foray. Ashiesteel is a name familiar as a household word throughout the civilised world, as having been the home of Scotland's great magician, near to which "Glenkinnon rill" still mingles its waters with the Tweed. Hidden in verdant woods stand the ruins of the old mansion-house of Fernilea, haunted by the wail of the deathless lyric, "The Flowers of the Forest," which will perpetuate the memory of Alison Cockburn Sir Walter Scott. Next appears "the groves of noble Somerville," and "Elwand's fairy dean," celebrated in "The Monastery," haunted by the white lady of Avenel. Melrose Abbey, St David's ruined pile, enshrined by Scott in a halo of romance, which has made its name and fame known in lands wide as the poles asunder. At his bidding abbot, monk, and lay brother once more live, move, and have their being, and unfold to our wondering gaze the daily routine of monastic life; then Dryburgh, where the poet sleeps within hearing of the murmuring Tweed which he loved so well.



From Photo by F. I. Walker, Galashiels.

CLOVENFORDS INN.

distant lands have turned to gaze on the abode while the language endures. From its elevated site is obtained a vision of mountain, stream, and wood that delights the eye of every lover of nature: "the Yair," from which but lately its "long descended lord," the last of the original stock of the Hop-Pringles of Whitsome, was gathered to his fathers. The old name carries us back to the dim and misty past when those families constituted a numerous and powerful Border Clan. Abbotsford, the poet's dream, toward which myriads of pilgrims from far and scenes rendered classic by the genius of

That angler will be difficult to please who cannot find scope for the pursuit of his contemplative recreation. From Clovenfords the Tweed, Caddon, and Gala are within easy reach, while further afield the Leader, Ettrick, and Yarrow may also be laid under contribution. In connection with the immediate locality, however, the late Mr Thomas Tod Stoddart has left on record that,

"Frae Holylee to Clovenford,
A chancier bit ye canna hae,
Sae gin ye tak' an angler's word
Ye'll through the whins an' ower the brae,

An' work awa wi' cunnin' hand
Yer birzy heckles black an' reid ;
The saft sough o' a slender wand
Is meetest music for the Tweed."

The lover of nature in her varied moods may stray by the classic river, whose gentle murmur speaks with a voice which only those who love it can interpret. In the gladsome spring time the sights and sounds of rural life are to be observed on every hand. The woods are flecked with tender greens. where the modest primrose peers from its mossy bed. Then the voice of the cuckoo is heard over the land, and the time for the singing of the birds has come. It must be a sad heart that cannot rejoice as the wood-notes wild of the merle or mavis make the woodlands echoes ring.

When the glorious summer time has clothed the pleasant meadows with crimson-tipped gowans where the children love to play, while their elders stray along pleasant country lanes, where the wild rose, stately foxglove, and graceful ferns grow in wild luxuriance, and the milk-white thorn and new-mown hay scent all the summer air. In the gloamin' when the westering sun has sunk to rest, and the purple shadows are deepening in the glens, the ripples of the rising trout "under the elms of Yair" disturb the placid pool. As the twilight fades the falling dew brings out countless sweet odours that cannot live in the scorching noontide. Then wandering slowly homeward one gets to realise that

"The twilight shadows creeping
O'er the silent woodlands sleeping,
Brings a calmness to the spirit
That the day can ne'er bestow.

Perchance it may be sober autumn, clad in its mantle of "russet dropped with gold," when the hills are purple with the blooming heather, and the scarlet hips, and the ruddy clusters of the rowan gleam from amid the yet green leaves, then the bracing breeze from the Forest hills acts like generous wine upon the worn and jaded seeker after health, as the way-gaun o' the year returns, when

"No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our Forest hills is shed :
No more beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects the purple gleam ;
Away hath passed the heather bell
That bloomed so rich on Needpath-fell ;
Sallow her brow and russet bare
Are now the sister heights of Yair."

Even winter has its charms which the dwellers in cities and towns cannot realise. When like the serried ranks of a ghostly army the tall columns of driving sleet move noiselessly and swiftly athwart "the bent sae broun" ; or when the wintry winds are hushed and the snow-flakes fall softly clothing the leafless woods with a spotless garment of weird beauty, like an enchanted scene in fairyland. Then the face of nature is hidden beneath a snowy shroud, through which the black river glides silently to the restless sea. When "westlin' winds blaw saft," causing the ice king to relax his iron grip, the erst-while sparkling mountain rills become turbid torrents as they rush to mingle their foaming waters with the angry and swollen river which

"Grows drumlie and dark as it rolls on its way."

Every season has its own special beauty, and those willing to learn the lessons Dame Nature is always ready to teach will "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything"

Those interested in ancient Scottish history will find that Clovenfords is not entirely destitute of having some little connection with

"Old unhappy far off things
And battles long ago."

The village is built upon the lands of "Quhytebank," near which is still to be seen the ruins of the old tower of that name, once the abode of the Hop-Pringles, who played their part in those wild and lawless times once common on both sides of the Border. In the immediate neighbourhood William the Lion assembled his army previous to the ill-fated invasion of Northumberland. Here also James V. gathered his followers for the purpose of chastising the "Outlaw Murray" in his stronghold in Yarrow, in connection with which expedition we are told

"The King was coming thro' Caddonford
With full five thousand men was he ;
They saw the derke foreste them before,
They thought it awsome for to see."

Lingering memories of the solemn League and Covenant yet cast a halo over the district. Notwithstanding the terrors of fine and imprisonment the men and women were found true to their faith, daring to worship God according to their conscience, and setting at naught

"A tyrant and a bigot's bloody laws."

In close proximity to Clovenfords stands "Magalt" hill, where the "bloody Claverse" surprised a conventicle and captured a number of ladies belonging to the district, whose husbands were heavily fined for their non-conformity.

In the immediate neighbourhood occurred

one of the last recorded Border raids, when Elliot of Copeshaw led about three hundred of the "Armstrangis, Elliotes, Batiesons, Grahames," and others to Torwoodlee, which they harried, and carried off George Hop-Pringle, whom they cruelly murdered near Selkirk.

The archæologist will also find ample scope for pursuing his researches in connection with the mysterious Catrail, brochs, Roman forts and camps, and other relics of an ancient or forgotten race which abound in the district.

The golfer will also find every facility for chasing the "gutta ba'" over the Torwoodlee course, which is within a half-hour's easy walk from Clovenfords.

Much more might be written regarding this celebrated district, but space forbids further enlargement on the subject. Readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE who have not yet visited the land of Scott have yet a great pleasure in store, and will find no cause to regret an early pilgrimage to Tweed's classic valley, where, in the near future, they will find suitable and central quarters in the famous old inn at Clovenfords.

R. H., G.

Border Notes.

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

The Year's Awakening; Snowdrops.

THIS year nature seemed about to waken early; then turned to her sleep once more, and slumbered on till near the end of February. Yet, during this belated winter of frost-bound snow-covered earth, there were frequent signs of spring in the air. On one day in particular it might have been said that the two seasons co-existed, parallel and distinct. Overhead there was a warm spring sun, a spring sky of pale blue air, with clouds few, light, and high. But at the same time, underfoot, the snow—frozen again and again as it had been by the "feeding" storm—was hard and crisp and crunched beneath the tread. Except in favoured exposures, the sunshine had made no impression on it. On other days, warm amethystine hazes filled the distance and one-half the sky; and one could feel that spring was there "within the belly of the cloud." It was on the afternoon of such a day as this that, looking westward, I was struck by the singular richness of a colour-contrast presented by the landscape: the distance, of a deep violet under violet clouds, contrasting with the pure white frozen snow of the nearer country. I do not recall having noticed any colour-effect so vivid since a year or two back, when the red beech-leaves of autumn lay fallen upon grass which, owing to a moist summer and remarkably late spring, retained the brightness of its early green. At least a month before this, song-birds had begun to "clear their throats"; but throughout this period of suspended animation, the rhythmical note of the ox'ee, or tomtit, was about the only bird-music one heard. In the world of flowers, the companion of that gaily-feathered pioneer had been the winter aconite *(eranthis hyemalis)*, which from mid-December had flowered steadily on, through frost and snow—cheering the beholder with its sunshine-coloured blooms. The earlier snowdrops had been caught, and held prisoners, in the frozen snow. But no sooner had this disappeared than they thrust forth, with all the vigour of life temporarily repressed, none the worse for their imprisonment. My woods were at once alive and swarming with them; for the flower is native here, and flourishes better in a wild state than in gardens. Yearly it spreads—on level ground, by offsets from the bulbs; on banks, through the soil which wraps these becoming granulated, or "balling," in dry weather, and so rolling down the slopes, carrying the bulbs along with it. So that at this moment (March 2nd), there are certain woody spots of which the snowdrops have literally taken possession,—rising in thousands, and in all the matchless refinement of their purity and simplicity, above back grounds of verdant moss, or of red last-year's leaves—grounds which are scattered over with barkless boughs, torn down by the recent gale, and peeled by hungry rabbits during the late hard weather. A fungous disease, which attacks these fairest of spring flowers in this neighbourhood, has so far never touched them here; and should they be fortunate enough to escape "spiring" (or parching) winds, we may look to have them with us for perhaps a fortnight longer. It is perhaps to such winds as these that Mr Swinburne, who is not usually so close an observer of nature, alludes in his exquisite lines,

> "Snowdrops that plead for pardon,
> And pine for fright,
> Because the hard East blows
> Over their maiden rows. . . ."

It is not only the *galanthus nivalis*—the common, though also the most beautiful, variety of the flower which is found here. We have also the *plenus*, or double variety—somewhat disfigured by the dumpiness of its blooms;

the *plicatus*, with its broad leaves, resembling those of the daffodil; and—a considerable rarity—the *poculiformis*, or cup-shaped snowdrop, in which the six petals are of one equal length and lack the delicate green markings seen in those of the ordinary flower. The somewhat sickly *lutescens*, with its yellow seed-vessel, is the only variety confined to the area of cultivation. A lady of my acquaintance once informed me that flowers may be recognised by the touch, no less than through the other senses. She added that, besides its beauty of form and colouring, besides the delicious freshness (I may scarcely say fragrance) of its breath, and besides the sensitive tremulousness of its movement in the lightest breath of air, the snowdrop has a touch of peculiar delicacy. The idea is certainly a pretty one; but I must confess that by the coarser-fibred male it can only be realised through the help of imagination.

Liddesdale.

By A. Dubluess.

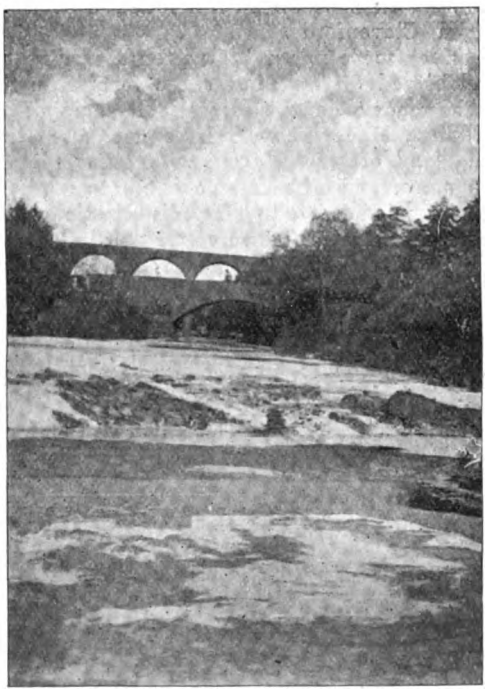
THE picturesque vale of the Liddel is so intimately associated with Border romance, that a brief allusion to some of the historic places within its limits may prove of no little interest to readers of the Border Magazine.

Few relics have been left to give evidence of the stirring times through which the valley has passed. The keeps have nearly all been destroyed and the material utilised in the building of dykes and modern farm-houses.

Hermitage Castle, standing on the north bank of the river Hermitage, about four miles from its junction with the Liddel, is the only keep or tower that has been handed down to us in a comparative state of entirety. It stands, now deserted, a lasting monument of the bygone feudal times. It was founded about the year 1243 by the fourth Lord of Liddesdale, of whom we have not any record—Lord Nicholas de Sules—and has passed through the hands of many owners since, perhaps the most notable of whom was the Earl of Bothwell, who married Mary Queen of Scots. Queen Mary visited Bothwell at the Castle in October 1566, riding from Jedburgh to Hermitage and back again in one day. On her way from the Castle her horse sank in a bog still called the "Queen's Mire."

The Castle has been of great strength, being about one hundred feet square and sixty feet high. The outer walls, which are eight feet thick, are in a good state of repair, but the inside is in a very dilapidated condition. A tower has been added to each corner of the original oblong keep, these four towers being connected on the east and west sides of the Castle by high curtain walls supported by Gothic arches.

Recently, owing to representations from the Hawick Archæological Society, the ruins of the chapel, which stood in the north-west corner of the graveyard, about two hundred yards from the Castle, have been unearthed by the proprietor, His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch. The waste of centuries to the depth of about four feet had to be removed before the foundation was reached. The floor of the chancel was found complete, raised three steps above the level of the rest. A font, several window arches, and other carved stones were discovered. A huge gnarled ash, which, to all appearances, is centuries old, grows partly within the walls, and affords ample evidence that the chapel has been in ruins for ages.



From Photo by Geo. McRobert, Edinburgh.

VIEW AT THE JUNCTION OF THE RIVERS HERMITAGE AND LIDDEL.

Between the graveyard and the river is a mound nine feet long, with a stone at either end, said to be the grave of the Cout o' Keeldar, who, tradition says, was treacherously drowned in the adjacent pool by Lord Soulis.

A little more than a mile to the north-east of the Castle is the Nine-stane Rig, so called from a Druidical circle originally of nine stones, some of which are still standing. Here, tradition says, the last Lord Soulis was boiled alive. A little to the north of the Nine-stane Rig is an ancient wall or barrier called the Catrail, a subject of much antiquarian dispute.

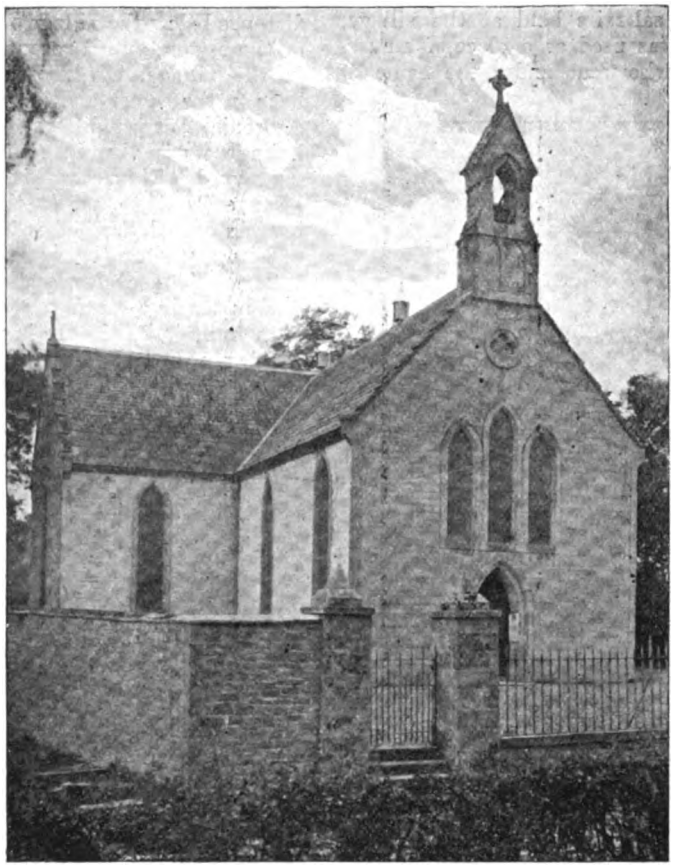
Following the river down we come to Redheuch, the keep of the chief of the Elliot clan and home of the hero of Lord Ernest Hamilton's popular book—"The Outlaws of the Marches."

On the opposite side of the river from Redheuch we can distinctly trace the site of "The Park," the keep of the famous free-booter, Little Jock Elliot, who wounded the Earl of Bothwell at Hermitage Castle:

> I vanquished the Queen's Lieutenant
> And gar'd his fierce troopers flee;
> My name it is Little Jock Elliot,
> And wha daur meddle wi' me.

On the east bank of the Liddel, a little short of a mile above where it is joined by the Hermitage, is the site of the original Castle of the Lords of Liddesdale. It is impossible now to trace the walls, although the foundations were visible when the Reverend James Arkle was minister of the parish—1792-1801.

The position has been one of immense strength, protected on the north and west by an almost perpendicular linn nearly one hundred feet high, on the east by a ravine of considerable depth, and on the south by a broad fosse about fourteen feet deep.



PARISH CHURCH.

Round the Castle the village of Castleton had sprung up, which was destroyed, probably deserted, near the end of the eighteenth century. The only relic of this village is the pedestal of the market cross which can still be seen, although the cross itself has disappeared.

The graveyard here contained the Parish Church until the latter was removed to its

present position at the junction of the rivers, in the year 1808. In the wall of a stable near the church is a sculptured stone bearing a Latin motto and the arms and initials of Walter Scot, minister of Castleton, at the date 1621, which date is also on the stone. This stone would in all probability occupy some prominent place in the old church.

The following legend of the old Castleton village was related to the writer a number of years ago by a very old native of the parish, and may be worth recording here:—

At the periodical fairs held at the village, the churchyard was used as a place of amusement. A man, who went under the name of

From Photo by Geo. McRobert, Edinburgh.
REDHEUGH

Hobbie o' Castleton, and who was said to be wanting in the upper storey, but, according to ideas of the present time, seems to have been endowed with more reason than the rest, determined to put a stop to this sacrilege. To effect his purpose he chose a rather novel and dangerous plan. Tying an axe to a rope and swinging it round his head he suddenly swept down on the assemblage in the churchyard and drove them all out. So ended the last of these meetings. This Hobbie had southern blood in his veins, his father having been a French prisoner quartered in the district, and was described by the writer's informant as "a little tawny body."

At the northern extremity of the parish, between the burns of Wormscleuch and Peel, a few stones mark the place where the Wheel Chapel was situated. This chapel derived its name from the wheel causeway or Roman road which passes close by. The chapel is frequently mentioned in history.

The southern portion of the valley formed a separate parish, called Ettleton, till the year 1604, when it was united to Castleton.

Some interesting sculptured stones are to be seen in the graveyard of Ettleton, a short distance below the village of Newcastleton. One of these stones until recently adorned a pigsty in the village, but pressure was brought to bear on the owner and it was removed to more congenial surroundings. The famous Milnholm cross is also in close proximity to the graveyard. This cross is supposed to have been erected to mark the spot where the bearers rested the body of the last Armstrong of Mangerton on the way to burial.

The village of Newcastleton has sprung up during the last century, the first house having been built in 1793. It is now increasing as a holiday resort, and yearly attracts a large number of tourists, fishers, golfers, and antiquarians.

Border Anecdotes and Stories.

[We have been favoured by two esteemed correspondents sending us the following Border Anecdotes and Stories. It would be a great favour if some more of our readers would follow such an example, and send us anything interesting or worth preserving in these pages.—*Ed.*]

DR GORDON of Earlston was one Sunday preaching in the Parish Church of Melrose. At that time, in Melrose at any rate, there was no interval between the forenoon and the afternoon services—an arrangement which was made to accommodate farmers and others who had long distances to come. The singing of a psalm alone marked the division of the two diets of worship. On one occasion, just as the psalm was ended and the second sermon had begun, an old lady entered the church and made her way to a seat in rather a noisy manner. Pausing for a minute or so, Dr Gordon addressed the late comer, "What time o' day is this to come in to the house of the Lord?" Not at all pleased at this public rebuke, the late comer looked up to the pulpit and said, "I wis in afore." "Go to your seat and don't speak to me," answered the irritable divine, who thereupon

resumed the service and met with no further interruption.

Long ago a great flood in the Tweed carried away the bridge at Kelso. On Sunday morning the minister of the Parish Kirk was at a loss to know what to do without the precentor, who lived across the river at Maxwellheugh, and who was therefore unable to attend to duty that day. Stating his difficulty to the congregation, the minister was gratified to see a man rise up and make his way to the precentor's desk. The psalm was duly given out, the tune was started, but the would-be precentor fell through at the second line. Nothing daunted, he tried again, but again broke down, when the minister leant over the pulpit and said, "Sit down, James." Still certain of his ability to do better, James once more tackled the tune and was apparently to illustrate the truth of the remark that "the third time's fair," when he received a rousing crack on the ear from the now enraged minister, which caused James to resume his seat and give up precenting as something not in his line.

In the days when so many half-witted people were allowed to go freely about, there are many amusing stories told of their sayings and doings. One of these characters was named "Daft Tam," who made it his boast that he had never entered any other place of worship than the Established Kirk. He was, however, induced on one occasion to enter a Secession "meeting-house" for the purpose of hearing a famous preacher. The building was so crowded that Tam could only find standing room outside the pulpit stair. A hymn was being sung, and though he knew all the psalms by heart, he was unable to join in the praise from not knowing the lines. He accordingly shoved his head through the pulpit stair-railing for the purpose of "looking on" with some other worshipper. At the close of the hymn, the congregation were startled by a loud and hideous yell from Tam, who could not withdraw his head from the stair-railing. After some assistance he was released, but not before informing the minister that he "had only been looking on wi' another woman," and that this was "jist a judgment on him for leavin' his ain Kirk."

Archie Flockhart was sometimes thought to be more rogue than fool. The minister often called him to account for his misdeeds, but Archie invariably maintained that these were the result of "original sin" for which he was neither accountable nor responsible. Thinking that the minister had been harder on him than usual, Archie said to him one day, "Aweel, sir, ye're aye gi'en me questions to answer, but noo I'll gie yin to you—Wha is the greatest tumbler (acrobat) mentioned in the Bible?" The minister, after thinking a while, declared he did not know and could not tell: whereupon Archie chuckled and replied, "Weel, sir, it was the deevil himsel' when he tum'led doon frae heaven to hell." Archie was not at all troubled about the profane language he so often employed. One day his employer told him that the Lord would be very angry at hearing him swearing so much and so often, whereupon Archie replied, "If the Lord had to cairry sic heavy pitchers o' milk ilka day in sic warm weather, he could gie a better swear than me, as I suppose he'll be better edicated."

A poor woman, Leezie Berridge by name, kept house for her brother, who went by the nickname of Partie. Both were quiet, simple folk. Partie fell ill, and when Leezie went to the well in the morning, as was the village custom, she found a number of women waiting their turn to get their stoups filled. "Hoo's Partie this morning, Leezie?" asked the women, one after the other. Taking offence at the nickname, Leezie cried out, "What the deevil, if I may be allowed to take my maker's name in vain, are ye a' Partie, Partie'n aboot? Can ye no' ca' a man by his richt name!"

A schoolmistress, expecting a visit from the Inspector, was trying to instil into the minds of her pupils some information on the subject of "Tea." After exhausting the subject as she thought, she put the question, "Now, children, what is Tea?" naturally expecting a reply in something like the form of "Tea is the leaf of a plant," etc. Not a hand was held up. Suddenly, however. the dunce of the class held up his, when the mistress asked, "Well, George, what is tea?" She was rather taken aback when George answered, "Coffee."

In a small village in the south of Scotland, there was a worthy known by the name of Jock. He was considered a great catch, "haein' a bit land o' his ain." One day a girl said to him, "Do ye ken what the folk are a' sayin about me and you, Jock?" "Na, I dinna ken," was the reply. "Weel, they're sayin' we're to get mairrit." "Houts, wumman, what does it maitter what folks are sayin'; we ken oursels it isna true." The hint was lost on Jock and was never repeated.

ANON.

An Incident of the Year 1815.

On a stormy Sabbath morning during the winter of 1815, the shepherd on a farm situated in the valley of the Yarrow wrapped

himself in his plaid, seized his staff, and sharply calling his collies, left the house. He made straight for the hill with the air of a man determined to do the utmost possible for the flock under his charge. Snow had fallen very heavily during the early hours of the morning. After his departure the storm increased in fury—swirling and drifting down the water-gate so fiercely that the farmer and his men began to feel anxious for the safety of their comrade. The midday hour having passed with no appearance of his return, two of the younger ploughmen equipped themselves and sallied forth to visit some of the points on the hill where they knew the shepherd was likely to go. This they did with no little difficulty. After three hours' absence they returned without having found any trace of the missing man. The short afternoon soon deepend into twilight, and a regularly organised search party was, with anxious haste, preparing to leave the house when the door opened and in stalked the sturdy herd, wrapped to the eyes in his maud, every fold of which was levelled up with the drifted snow.

"Man, Wullie," cried the farmer, "oo thocht 'e was lost. A'm shair it's little 'e could dae wi' sheep in sic a storm." "Man, oo thocht 'e had perished. Aboot, lads, an' let Wullie to the fire." Wullie, however, parted not with crook or plaid, but freeing his mouth from the wrappings, he sharply inquired, "Has ony body lookit efter the hoggs i' the haugh?" "The hoggs," replied the master, "never bather aboot the hoggs, man, ony yin o' iz can dae that, sit doon, man, sit doon." "'E should never ha' had a sheep, man," quoth the shepherd contemptuously as he again strode towards the door, and, turning, added, "An' dinna think it's ma ain twae or three that's vexin' me. A'm as ready to stock again as 'e ir." So saying he once more faced the bitter blast, and not until he had seen carefully to the wants of the stock in the somewhat sheltered haughs did the rugged Borderer, himself famishing and weary, return to the comfort of the farm kitchen, from which his easy-going but kindly master had by this time disappeared.

A Cat and Dog Story.

Half a century ago there lived in Lilslie a couple who were said "no to gree vera weel." The report was common enough, though a wag in the village never missed an opportunity of insisting that theirs was the most peaceable life he knew—a month's silence between other being a common occurrence.

The state of affairs reached the minster's ears, and in one of his visits he thought that the administration of a gentle reproof was only right, the more so as an excellent opportunity presented itself at the time.

The dog and cat were lying on the hearth before the fire, the dog's paw being laid lovingly over sleeping pussy. Particular notice of this was taken by the minister. "How delightful," he said, "to see the lower animals living in such harmony. We, who were created a little higher, might well take a lesson from such conduct. Married people like us," he went on, "might especially profit by such examples."

Nellie said never a word, but John saw the drift of his remarks and was equal to the occasion. "'E'er comparison's no' a gude yin, sir," he drily remarked. "How so?" asked the minister. "How so?" said John, "'e clean forget, sir, that a man and wife are tied the gither for life. Tie oor Yarra an' the cat thegither, an' little mair gude 'greement e'l see."

Impruivements.

The old Laird of Riddell, Sir John Riddell, was an enthusiast in matters relating to agriculture. In the early years of last century he was known far and wide as the introducer of many new ideas in farming, and was always the first to acquire and test any new implement of husbandry. Naturally, many of his visitors were gentlemen of like tastes, deeply interested in the working of his farms, and thus it was that an English squire one day found himself strolling into the field where Jock, the Laird's 'plewman,' was turning over the stubble. A donkey ran at free will about the place, and was in the habit of going out with Jock and his "pair," and following them up and down the field. So on this particular day, a bright idea struck Jock, and he got the cuddie down into the 'fur' and in between the "pleuch stilts." Then mounting on its back he got a grip of the reins and the "hands" and off the comical cavalcade set. The Squire, when he came in sight, could scarcely believe his eyes, and hurrying forward, pulling out his notebook and pencil, he cried for Jock to stop. "By jove, my good fellow," he said, "I've seen a lot of things in my day, but I never saw this arrangement before." "Oh," said Jock, quite innocently, "did 'e no? Man, this is yin o' Sir John's impruivements," and with a word to the horses, and a kick to the cuddie, he moved away quite seriously.

G. C.

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From Photo by Elliot & Fry.

COUNTY COUNCILLOR THOMAS DARLING

VOL. VI., No. 64. MAY, 1901.

County Councillor Thomas Darling, Berwick-upon-Tweed.

BY J. GREGSON.

"That man is but a lower part of the world who is not brought up to business and affairs."—OWEN FELTHAM.

SAMUEL SMILES has written "Man does not live for himself alone. He lives for the good of others as well as himself. Everyone has his duties to perform—the richest as well as the poorest; to some life is pleasure, to others suffering. But the best do not live for self enjoyment, or even for fame; their strongest motive power is hopeful, useful work in every good cause."

The subject of the present sketch may be appropriately described as one of these. Himself a native of, and always "leal to, the Border," he is the son of another who was born in the Berwickshire village of Chirnside, notable as the scene of the labours of the Rev. Henry Erskine, father of the founders of the Secession Church, which is now so happily merged in the United Free Church of Scotland. In fact, the family name can be traced back there for more than two centuries, as the inscription, "Robert Darling, 1690," is to be seen on a small stone in the churchyard of the parish.

Mr Thomas Darling, with whose career we propose to deal, is the eldest son of the late Alderman Adam Darling, J.P., who, in his adopted home in the ancient Border town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, where he lived from 1847 to 1896, within a short distance of his ancestral spot, rendered much valuable public service, and was held in high esteem on that account, as well as for his private virtues and worth as an excellent and capable business man. We are told on high authority, that a good name is better than great riches, and the late Alderman Adam Darling, whose ability and rectitude were recognised on both sides of the Border, left that as a bright inheritance and example to his family. Believing that a good education is the best fortune any young person can have, he sent his eldest son to Madras College, St Andrews, which was considered to be one of the foremost public schools in Scotland. Here Mr Thomas Darling spent four years of his life, from 1863 to 1867, and was associated with many pupils who have since achieved distinction in various walks of public life.

After leaving Madras College, Mr Darling entered the office of the well known Border firm of Messrs Johnson & Co., artificial manure manufacturers, grain merchants, and brewers, at Berwick-upon-Tweed, in which his father was a partner, and subsequently took a course of practical chemistry with the late Dr Stevenson Macadam at Edinburgh. This eventually proved of great advantage, not only to Mr Darling, but to his business, for he was thereby

enabled to prosecute experiments which were of great importance in the manufacture of artificial manures. On the completion of his scientific studies at Edinburgh, Mr Darling returned to Berwick and next spent two years —from 1871 to 1872—in the great brewing establishment of Messrs Meux & Co., London, for the purpose of qualifying himself for another department of the business of his firm, after which he went back to the old Border town, where he has devoted the rest of his life up to the present time to the management and extension of a large mercantile concern, many branches of which require close and careful attention. Here it may be mentioned that the late Alderman Darling acted as the principal agent of the Scremerston and Shoreswood Coal Company for 27 years, and his son also officiated in that capacity for a quarter of a century, so that both generations occupied the same position for the long period of fifty-two years. When Mr Darling felt obliged, owing to pressure of other affairs, to retire from the agency of the Scremerston and Shoreswood Coal Company, the firm recognised the long service of his father and himself by presenting him with a handsome silver bowl bearing a suitable inscription. This substantial and tangible token of esteem was presented to Mr Darling at a dinner given in his honour, at which the Directors and principal employees of the Scremerston and Shoreswood Coal Company were present, and at which testimony was borne to the long and honourable connection of Mr Darling and his father with the concern. In 1878 Mr Darling, by reason of his many qualifications and excellent business connection, was admitted a partner in the old firm of Messrs Johnson & Co., and when, for family reasons, it was converted into a private limited liability concern as Messrs Johnson & Darlings, Limited, he became a director and ultimately chairman. That firm now carries on a large business as brewers and maltsters at Berwick-upon-Tweed, and Belford, in Northumberland; manure manufacturers at Spittal; and grain merchants at Berwick, with ramifications not merely in Great Britain, but in many parts of the Continent of Europe.

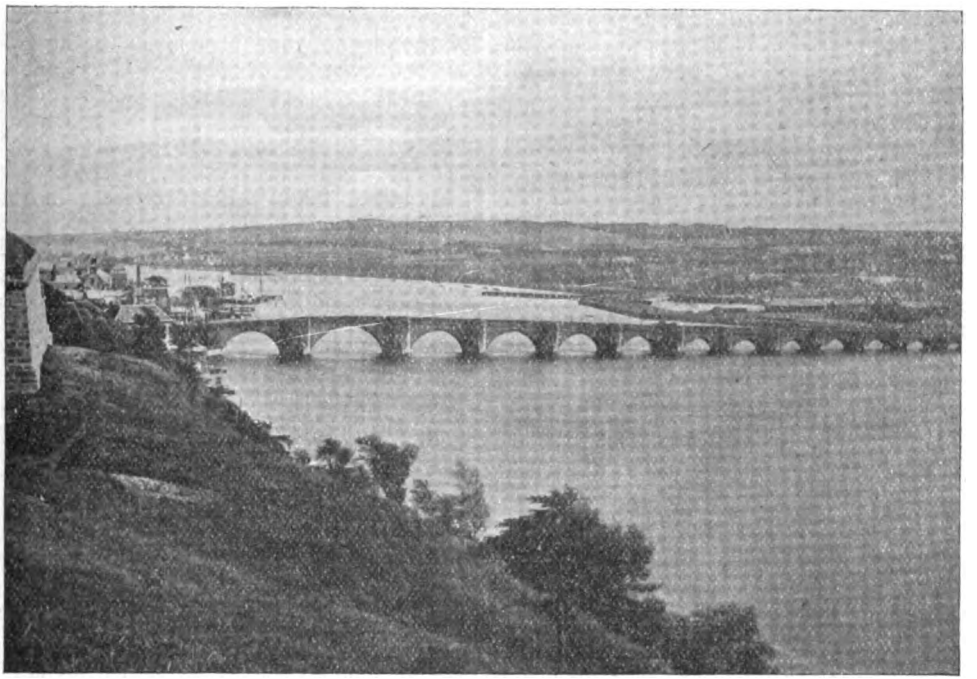
From Photo by W. Green, Berwick.

HIGH STREET, BERWICK-ON-TWEED.

It might be supposed that one whose private commercial affairs demanded continual application would not have much opportunity to take a share in public or other work, but we are told that the busiest man has the most leisure

because he is aware of the great advantage of economising his time, and Mr Darling's career is a very good example of that truth. He was for many years connected with the Volunteer movement, into which he threw himself with whole-hearted enthusiasm, sparing neither expense nor trouble. In 1868 he joined the ranks of our citizen soldiers, and was a gunner in the 1st Berwick-upon-Tweed Volunteer Artillery. When in the metropolis, from 1871 to 1872, he showed that his love for the work was keen and earnest by becoming a member of the London Scottish Rifle Corps, and on returning to Berwick he obtained his commission in his old Company, finishing his service in the Edinburgh City Artillery, and retiring with the honorary rank of Major. While in the Volunteer force Major Darling took great interest in the Krieg-spiel or war game which was then introduced, and was one of the first members of the Council of the East of Scotland Tactical Society, having passed the Tactical examination for Volunteer Officers at York, and on which he represented the Border district—travelling frequently to Edinburgh for the special purpose of attending to the affairs of the Society. So great a love had Major Darling for the work of volunteering that he also attended the School of Instruction at Woolwich after he obtained his commission in order that he might the more thoroughly equip himself as a Volunteer officer. In addition to theoretical exercise, Major Darling had his share of practical work by attending the Artillery Instruction Camps at Shoeburyness, Irvine, and Alnmouth, as well as the annual rifle competitions for Volunteers at Wimbledon.

Mr Darling has also held several public offices. During the Mayoralty of Captain Norman, R.N., in 1900-1, he was Sheriff of Berwick, and in that capacity he not only gave entire satisfaction to the people of the old Border town, but reflected credit upon himself by the way in which he discharged the duties and responsibilities of his high position. Mr Darling in this respect followed in the footsteps of his father, who was not only Sheriff but also Mayor of Berwick, occupying the latter office on three separate occasions. Mr Darling was also a member of Berwick Board of Guardians for some time, and has during six years been one of the Berwick representatives



From Photo by W. Green, Berwick.

OLD BRIDGE, BERWICK.

on the County Council of Northumberland. His business aptitude has been acknowledged by that important body electing him one of the Finance and Rate Basis Committee, of which his late father was a useful member. Mr Darling is also an Income Tax Commissioner; a director of Berwick Corn Exchange Company, Limited; as well as of the Border Agricultural Association; and a manager of the Berwick and Tweedmouth Savings Bank. He is in fact connected with innumerable local institutions, and has evinced a deep interest in education. He has been not only a manager of Spittal British School, but a member of the committee of management of Berwick School of Art and of Berwick Museum. In these and other ways Mr Darling has always taken an active part in the promotion of technical instruction in the old Border town. His earnestness in this respect was recognised last year by his election as one of the original members of the newly-formed School Board of Berwick. Mr Darling has also devoted much time to promoting the prosperity of Berwick Harbour. As a merchant, a bond holder, and a Commissioner, he has a large stake in the shipping trade of Berwick, and he has steadily laboured for the progress and improvement of the port. The fishermen of Berwick and Spittal, too, have always regarded Mr Darling as a friend, and his influence has always been employed to obtain redress of their grievances under the Tweed Acts. It is not so long ago since he formed one of a deputation from Berwick, which waited upon the Secretary of State for Scotland with reference to this subject. His ardour, too, in undertaking public work and responsibility is still undiminished, as witness his recent election to Berwick Burial Board. County Councillor Darling, in fact, has always identified himself with every object that seeks to secure the improvement of his native town and the welfare of his fellow citizens. As instances of this fact, mention may be made of his work as a governor of Berwick Infirmary, and his election as honorary member of various friendly societies. In fact, almost every charitable institution in Berwick has had the benefit of his liberal support, and there are very few subscription lists in Berwick that do not bear his name or that of the firm with which he is associated.

In view of his wide connection with the farming world it is natural to find Mr Darling a member not only of the various local Agricultural Societies, such as those of Northumberland, Berwickshire, Glendale, Coquetdale, and the Border Union, but also belonging to the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland as well as the Royal Agricultural Society of England, of both of which he is a life member. The Royal Horticultural Society claims Mr Darling as a Fellow, while he is likewise a member of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, and of the Edinburgh Border Counties' Association. As the local secretary of the latter institution at Berwick, he has rendered it valuable assistance by obtaining a considerable accession to its ranks in and around the ancient Border town. Major Darling is also a member of the Edinburgh Merchant Company, and a Fellow of the Chemical Society of Great Britain.

As an athlete in his younger days, County Councillor Darling also came to the front in several branches of sport. He was one of the original members of the Berwick Rowing Club, and formed one of the crew which carried off the silver cup for the first Foy four races on the river Tweed, in 1869. He has ever since taken a great interest in the art of natation, and not only was he a winner in several swimming races at Berwick in his early manhood, but he has been mainly instrumental in promoting these contests in recent years. One of the keenest competitors that he encountered on the Tweed was Mr Stuart Cunningham Macaskie, now a barrister, and who only the other day took silk as a King's Counsel. Mr Darling was the first treasurer of Berwick Curling Club, and has always taken a prominent part in the roaring game, having played in the Scottish and the International Bonspiels at Carsebeck and Talkin Tarn. County Councillor Darling in recent years has devoted himself to the royal and ancient game of golf, and may be seen occasionally frequenting the course of the Berwick Club over the links at Goswick, a few miles to the south of the town. As an old Volunteer, Major Darling is an expert with the gun and seeks relaxation from the cares of business in shooting over some lands in Berwickshire, of which he is lessee.

Mr Darling is a member of Wallace Green Presbyterian Church, Berwick, and has been a trustee of that place of worship for several years. He is a Liberal in politics, and has been from the first a strong supporter of Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M.P., the distinguished representative of the Berwick-upon-Tweed Division in the House of Commons. He was the first chairman of Berwick Junior Liberal Association, and is a member of the Edinburgh Lib-

eral Club. In Berwickshire, where Mr Darling is interested, along with the other members of his family, in the farm of Fairlaw, near Reston, he has worked for the Liberal cause, with which his family have long been associated, his father being a great admirer and personal friend not only of the present Lord Tweedmouth but also of the first holder of that title, who, as Sir Dudley Coutts Majoribanks, for many years represented Berwick-upon-Tweed in Parliament.

Mr Darling has been happy in the choice of a domestic partner, and his wife—the second daughter of Alderman William Alder, J.P.—who can claim both her father and grandfather as former Mayors of Berwick, presides over his household with dignity and grace.

Reminiscences of the Late Queen Victoria.

BY THE EDITOR.

AMONG the outstanding memories of my boyhood there is one which is always brought vividly before me whenever I see or think of the Eildon Hills. With these famous Border peaks I always associate the marriage of our late revered and beloved Queen Victoria. When it was known that the eventful day was fixed for February 10, in the year 1840, there was a general desire expressed in the northern part of Roxburghshire, that a great bonfire should be built on the top of one of the Eildons, and that it should be lighted on the evening of the marriage day. The general desire was carried into effect, and preparations for the memorable day, or night rather, were at once set agoing. Cart-loads of coal, cut wood, barrels of tar, and other combustible materials, were collected and carried up the central hill as far as horse and cart could take them. Thereafter, they were hauled or pushed to the summit by hundreds of willing hands, and delighted workers. When the marriage day came, the bonfire was all ready. As soon as darkness set in, the fire was kindled amidst much rejoicing, and, ere long, such a blaze was set up as had not been seen in the Border country since the memorable night when the beacon was lighted on the hill-tops to notify the descent of the French upon the British coast—a signal that turned out to be a false alarm, after all. I was too young to be allowed on the top of the hill on the marriage night, but I distinctly remember seeing the bonfire from my native village of Gattonside, and watching the "bleeze" till it burned itself out, and faded away into a memory only.

Nineteen years passed ere I had the honour of seeing the illustrious couple whose marriage had been commemorated by a blazing bonfire on the summit of the central Eildon. On Friday, the 14th October, 1859, Her Majesty and the Prince Consort went to Loch Katrine to open the water works for the city of Glasgow. That was a memorable day for Glasgow. Not only was her famous water supply inaugurated, but one of the Guards of Honour, which attended the Queen, had the proud distinction of being the first occasion on which the Royal party had seen the Volunteers on duty.

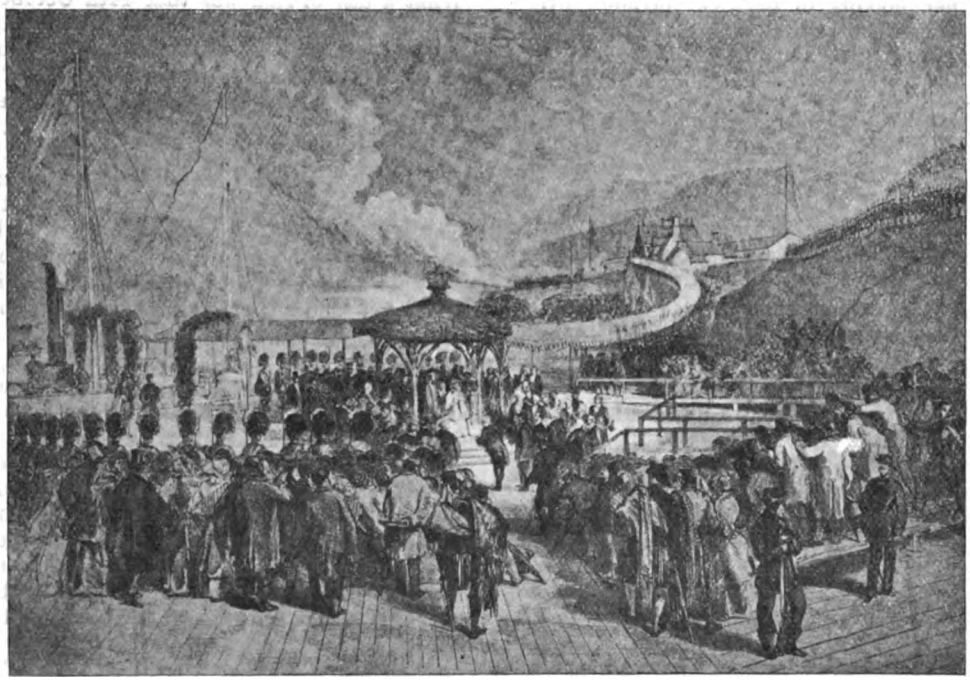
What a day of rain was that 14th October! The wind had been high and boisterous all the previous night, but on the memorable morning it fell, and the rain came in its place. The Guard, however, was in no way discouraged. Its members were out on military duty for the first time, and they were determined that the rain should not annoy or dishearten them. The civil population proceeding to see the Royal ceremony at Loch Katrine began to let their spirits down under the drenching rain: the Volunteers, on the contrary, got cheerier and brisker under the depressing conditions. On arriving at Balloch, they were ordered to "fall in—two deep" along the pier. One of the jokers, looking over the side of the pier, observed "Yes, it would indeed be too deep to fall in there!"

The sail up Loch Lomond was under widely different circumstances from those generally experienced in the tourist season. The exquisite beauty of "The Queen of Scottish Lakes" was wrapt in mist and cloud, while the rain was falling not in soft and gentle showers but in blinding sheets of cold and drenching water. Arriving at Inversnaid, the Guard moved up the steep road which winds around the hill behind the hamlet. The roads were in a fearful state, while the rain was falling in heavy and blinding torrents. But Loch Katrine was reached at last.

After a most welcome rest and refreshment, the Guard were allowed to "break off" for a short time. With pipe and cigar, the members strolled over the ground and inspected, with much interest, the scene of their first campaign. Between one and two o'clock, the smoke of an approaching steamer announced that the Royal party were coming up Loch Katrine. The bugles sounded, and the troops forming the various Guards of Honour took up their respective positions. That assigned to the Volunteers was to line the narrow footpath leading from the sluices on the Loch up to the Com-

missioners' cottage on the top of the cliff.

As the Royal party landed, strange to say, the rain cleared off, and after the ceremonial had been duly observed, Her Majesty declared the Loch Katrine Water Works open. The announcement was made amid the booming of the Athole guns, the bands playing "Rule, Britannia," and the vigorous cheering of the spectators. At the request of Her Majesty, she and the Prince Consort were conducted down the steps of the platform, in order that they might see the water flowing through the sluices into the tunnel. An inspection of the works



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OPENING THE GLASGOW LOCH KATRINE WATER WORKS.

seemed greatly to interest the Royal visitors, for they had many questions to ask of the engineer who described a few of the salient points of the great undertaking. "Happy Glasgow!" the Prince Consort remarked, "would that all the other cities of the Kingdom were provided with such an abundant supply of pure and sparkling water as I see rushing down there."

The inspection over, the Lord Provost and Water Commissioners conducted the Royal party up the covered way to the cottage, where luncheon was to be served. Now for the Volunteer Guard of Honour! Along the line was heard the command, "Royal Salute: Present Arms"—no mere words of drill, such as the companies had been accustomed to hear while under training, but a Royal salute in earnest, and in presence of their Sovereign and her Consort. Her Majesty and the Prince appeared much interested in their new Guard. The 79th Highlanders they had often seen; the Celtic Society and the Athole Highlanders on the height above the Loch, wore the familiar kilt and glengarry; but the Volunteers in their sober grey were the first companies of the new citizen soldiers who had ever been in the presence of Royalty on active duty.

While the Royal party were at luncheon, the various Guards remained on duty until the return and embarkation on board the steamer. The interval was employed, while "standing easy," in narrating some of the ludicrous incidents which had happened during the Royal Salute. Several of the fixed bayonets had pierced the linen covering overhead on the pathway, and were protruding through the cloth like so many bare knives—to the very great amusement of the spectators. One Vol-

unteer, who had been standing on wet and slippery ground, lost his footing and presented "legs" instead of "arms" at the salute.

After luncheon, Her Majesty and party passed down the lines, embarked on board the steamer, and were soon out of sight. The companies forming the Volunteer Guard of Honour marched back to Inversnaid beneath another drenching downpour of rain. Every discomfort, however, was surmounted, and the "wetter-uns" returned home in safety after their short but eventful campaign, the memory of which is kept fresh and green by the survivors at their annual dinner on Loch Katrine day.

The Berwickshire Naturalists' Club.

MR JAMES SMAIL, Edinburgh, in an octavo pamphlet of over fifty pages publishes his own contributions to the transactions of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club while holding the office of President in 1899. In his opening address we have some delightful remarks on the study of natural history. "To a large portion of the human race," says Mr Smail, "it brings its own reward. It yields, as you well know, much intellectual as well as pleasing physical enjoyment. Members of the Club are fully conscious of the pleasure and profit they derive from its study, and are also conscious of the kindly intercourse and warm friendships that have been engendered at the field and social meetings of the Club. However much we may individually differ on many of the themes and problems of life, here we are at one, with a strong love for all that pertains to the natural history of our own lovely district of country."

Mr Smail, in the course of his address, notes the changes that have taken place in the distribution of some of our district birds during the last sixty years, and gives us much interesting information on the Raven, the Carrion Crow, Rooks, the Jackdaw, Wood Pigeons, the Blackbird, and many others. Not the least interesting portion of this information is the interpretation of what some of the song-birds are supposed to say. Thus the yellow-hammer never asks more than "a little bit o' bread and no cheese," while the chaffinch "fink fink's" a deal, and often reminds his mate that she is "a wee-wee, wee-wee drucken sooie."

After reports of the Club's meetings in 1899, we have some further notes from the President on "Birds in Edinburgh," "A Brood of Long-tailed Tits," and some enjoyable "Country Bird Rhymes." Two illustrations, with notes, are given, one of the "Spear-head found at Rutherford," and the other of "An Ancient Apothecary's Mortar." Regarding the latter Mr Smail informs us that the old bronze mortar was presented to the Museum of the Hawick Archæological Society by the late Mr Anderson, of Woodburn, in 1881. From an inscription on the mortar, we learn that it belonged to Gilbert Primros, a well-known physician in France in the middle of the 16th century, and an ancestor of the present Earl of Rosebery.

To those who had not the privilege of attending any of the meetings of the Club, or of joining in any of their excursions over the Border country, this octavo pamphlet is of special interest, and as such we have to thank Mr Smail for its publication.

A Southern Tribute to Sir Walter Scott.

[The Rev. Hugh F. Smith-Marriott, Rector of Horsmonden, has kindly sent me a photograph of the above, which is herewith reproduced. Mr Smith-Marriott is a son of the late Sir W. M. Smith-Marriott, and a brother of the present Baronet. One of the family—the Rev. John Marriott, M.A.,—was a great friend of Scott during his tutorship of young Lord Scott, heir to the Buccleuch dukedom. It will be remembered that Sir Walter inscribes the Introduction to Canto ii. of "Marmion" to John Marriott—"dear Marriott"—as he there styles him.

"Marriott, thy harp on Isis strung,
To many a Border theme has rung."

Marriott contributed several poetical pieces to the "Minstrelsy," notably "The Feast of Spurs," and was altogether a thorough Borderer in spirit.—W. S. CROCKETT.]

ADMIRERS of Sir Walter Scott in the south are much elated at the discovery, which has just been made in Kent, of a tower to perpetuate his memory. That such a memorial was erected forty-three years ago, and that so few are aware of its existence, may be explained by the isolated position of the building, the absence of railway facilities, and the distance from the ordinary track of the pedestrian. The tower in question has been found at Horsmonden, a little village in the centre of the Kentish hopfields, and was erected in 1858 by the late rector, Sir W. M. Smith-Marriott, Bart. It has two circular towers, one of which contains a staircase, and the other furnishes two apartments, which have many interesting relics of bye-gone days. Although the building is devoid of any architectural pretensions, it provides tangible proof of the builder's veneration of Scott's work as a

novelist and poet. Various quotations adorn the building, and one pointedly asks:—

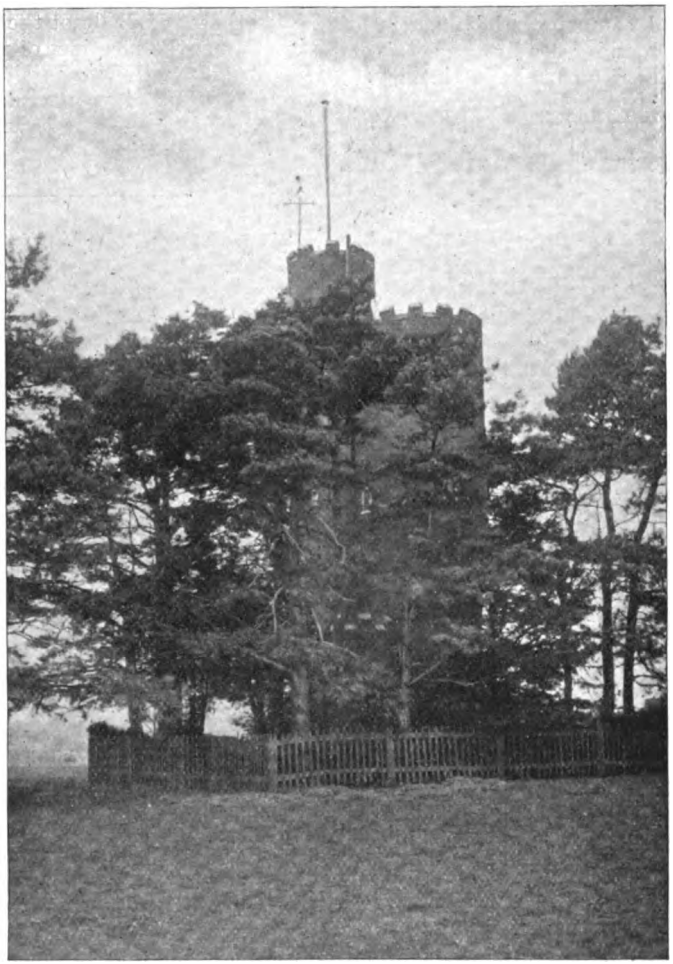
"Lives there a soul so dull as not
To claim some kin with Walter Scott?"

On entering the turret, the visitor is bidden to—

"Turn from this tower, if you came to scoff it,
Or deem him fool who does not build for profit."

"For all around the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase,
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle axe, a hunting spear."

Ascending the staircase, the principal apartment is entered. It contains sketches and prints of the various points portrayed in Scott's works; small tablets, with the names of the chief characters so well known to readers of the Waverley Novels, are tastefully dis-



From Photo by Stichell's & Son, Cranbrook, Kent.

THE SCOTT TOWER

The room on the ground floor contains several colour sketches of the heroes and heroines immortalised by the poet; two Highland bonnets, which perchance have decked the brow of some famous chieftain, while the trusty claymore, battle spear, and shield which decorate the walls, recall Scott's lines in the "Lady of the Lake"—

played on the walls; while underneath a bust of Sir Walter is the following poetic tribute:—

"A humble bard this praise may claim,
He lingers raptured o'er thy thrilling strain;
To thee he builds this turret, though thy name
Will long survive the builder and the fane."

Opposite is a bust of Shakespeare, which evokes the following:—

"Though gentle Shakespeare will not scorn to grace
A niche—albeit lowly is the fane—
With one in whose sweet notes we love to trace
Some token of thy matchless muse again."

The following invitation is made to ascend the turret, and view the surrounding country; the lines, which are presumably from the pen of the late rector, conveying a faithful description of the scene as viewed from the summit of the tower:—

"Ascend Scott's turret, and the view
Would have pleased him as well as you.
Though bolder scenes in Scottish clime
Called forth the native poet's rhyme;
Yet o'er th' expanse this height displays,
Scott had not spared some well pleased lays,
And tho' no mountains grace the scene,
Nor bright blue lake their rocks between,
Yet hill and dale the view adorn,
And valleys sing with golden corn,
And clustered hops their garlands twine
More gracefully than graceful vine;
Through many a Kent or Sussex glade,
The lordly oak throws wide its shade;
And on hill top, or deep in bower,
Of holy grove, the grey church tower,
And near the pastor's blest retreat,
And England's pride, the squire's old seat,
The snug farmhouse, the labourer's cot,
Where peace may be, though wealth is not.
These meet the grateful sight, as yet
No chimney tall and black is met
With smoke from Mammon's altar, there
To vex the heart, and taint the air;
And could we pierce yon far-off rock,
Which long has dared old ocean's shock,
E'en the wide sea would close the view,
Not vaguely in the distance blue—
My pen must fail, ah! Scott's is dry,
Let each beholder trust his eye."

The Midshipman's Marriage.

IN Captain Hall's Journal of his visit to Abbotsford, there is the following story which was related by Sir Walter Scott to his guest:—

My cousin, Watty Scott, was a midshipman in a ship at Portsmouth. He, and two other companions, had gone on shore, and had overstaid their leave, spent all their money, and run up an immense bill, at a tavern on the coast. The ship made the signal for sailing, but their landlady said, "No, Gentlemen, you shall not escape without paying your reckoning," and she accompanied her words by appropriate actions, and placed her guests under the tender keeping of a sufficient party of bailiffs. They felt that they were in a scrape, and petitioned very hard to be released. "No, no," said Mrs Quickly, "I must be satisfied one way or other. You must be well aware, gentlemen, that you will be totally ruined if you don't get on board in time." They made long faces and confessed that it was but too true

"Well," said she, "I'll give you one chance. I am so circumstanced here that I cannot carry on my business as a single woman, and I must contrive, somehow, to have a husband, or at all events, I must be able to produce a marriage certificate, and therefore the only terms on which you all three have leave to go on board to-morrow morning are, that one of you consents to marry me. I don't care a —— which it is, but, by all that's holy, one of you I will have, or else you all three go to jail, and your ship sails without you."

The virago was not to be pacified, and the poor youths, left to themselves, agreed after a time to draw lots, and it happened to fall on my cousin. No time was lost, and off they marched to church, and my poor relative was forthwith spliced. The bride, on returning, gave them a good substantial dinner and several bottles of wine a-piece, and, having tumbled them into a wherry, sent them off.

The ship sailed, and the young men religiously adhered to the oath of secrecy they had taken previous to drawing lots. The bride, I should have said, merely wanted to be married, and was the first to propose an eternal separation. Some months after, at Jamaica, a file of papers reached the midshipmen's berth. Watty, who was observed to be looking over them carelessly, reading an account of a robbery and murder at Portsmouth, suddenly jumped up, in his ecstacy forgot his obligation of secrecy, and cried out, "Thanks be to God, my wife is hanged."

CYCLING AND TOURING MAP FOR JEDBURGH AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY.—So many go awheel nowadays that every addition to the list of pocket maps is gladly welcomed by cyclist and pedestrian alike. The map now before us is really a pocket map, as it folds sufficiently small to go into the vest pocket, but notwithstanding this the details are so distinct that the cyclist may consult it without dismounting. The scale is three miles to the inch, and the main routes are specially marked, while the less important roads are quite distinct. Extending from Castleton to the Lammermoors and Ladykirk to Yarrow, it will be seen that the map includes a very large part of the Borderland, and will be found useful as a handy reference chart for those who have to be content with imaginary Border tours. Mr Walter Easton, 9 Market Place, Jedburgh, is the publisher, and the price is sixpence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr Nicholas Dickson, *19 Waverley Gardens, Crossmyloof, Glasgow.*

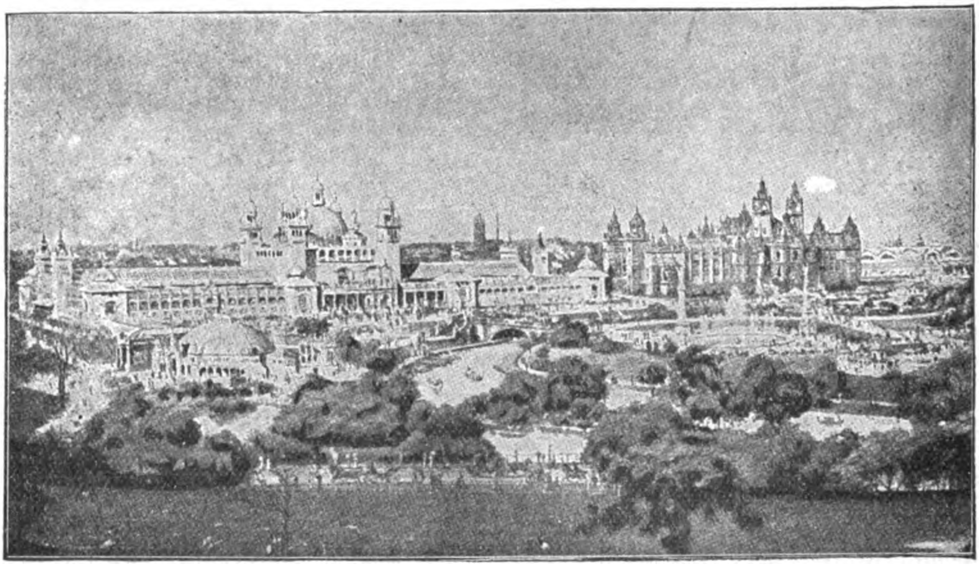
All Business matters, Applications for Shares, Advertising, &c., should be transacted through the Secretary of the Company, Mr John Hogarth, *121 West Regent Street, Glasgow.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1901.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

The Border Keep.



Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901.

Some of my older readers will remember how the world was stirred fifty years ago by the opening of the great Exhibition of 1851, and how the wise ones prophesied that the reign of universal peace had begun. These readers will also be able to recall how soon these peaceful hopes were shattered by the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. All the same, the Exhibition of 1851 left an indelible impression on the world's history, and notwithstanding appearances to the contrary the reign of peace becomes more and more possible. Every international exhibition is an object lesson of the advantages of peace, and we hope that the truly splendid show which now occupies the classic slopes of Kelvin Grove, will meet with the success it deserves, and that its lessons will be taken to heart by those who

are responsible for our commercial prosperity, and our pre-eminence as an industrial people.

* * *

There seems to be an inexhaustible supply of paragraphs referring to Sir Walter Scott, and their almost daily appearance in the press of the country is a sufficient proof that the subject is a popular one with the readers. The following three interesting paragraphs are taken from the "Galashiels Telegraph":—

* * *

The latest tribute to the memory of Sir Walter Scott was paid in London recently by Mr Choate, the United States Ambassador to this country. Mr Augustine Birrell, the accomplished author of "Obiter Dicta," had lectured on "A Backward Glance at English Literature in the past Century," and at the close of his discourse Mr Choate, who presided, moved a vote of thanks on his behalf. When doing so, Mr Choate referred to the enormous production of books which goes on nowadays, and took occasion to make special allusion to Scott and Dickens. As regarded the latter, His Excellency admitted by implication that he was really becoming somewhat old-fashioned. You might stand for an hour, he remarked, in Piccadilly, and watch every omnibus and every coach, without finding a single Tony Weller.

* * *

In like manner, a walk up and down Goswell-street would not be repaid with a glimpse of Mr Pickwick. On the other hand, the romances of Scott could always be read with the same relish and zest as they had been devoured in the eagerness of youth. They were found in the despatch-boxes of Ministers and Ambassadors, beneath the gowns of bishops and Judges, in the knapsack of the soldier, the bunk of the sailor, and in the miner's camp. And having said all this, Mr Choate went on to tell a story of Mr James Russel Lowell, his most illustrious predecessor in the office of American Ambassador, who was also one of the greatest of American men of letters. Lowell's end, he said, was very near. He and all his friends knew that for him the silver cord of life would soon be loosed. Dr Oliver Wendell Holm went to pay him a last visit at his house at Elmwood. The two had always been like brothers, calling each other by their first names. As Holmes entered the room he said, in his usual benignant and breezy way, "Well, James, how are you to-day?" And Lowell, book in hand, looked up with a bright smile and answered, "Wendell, I don't know how I am, and I don't care. I'm reading Rob Roy."

* * *

In Scotland, we are perfectly satisfied concerning the splendid pre-eminence of Scott above all other romancers; but still, testimony to the magic of his pages, like that borne by Mr Choate is pleasant, nay, it is grateful to our feelings, both as individuals and as a nation. Indeed, there is no surer way of appealing to the heart of a Scotsman than by praising the "Author of Waverley." Scott was in somewise an epitome of the Scottish nation. He embodied at once, not only in his writings, but also in his own person, its element of romance, its sense of humour, and its strain of pathos. Popular, therefore, as Mr Choate made himself north of the Border by his admirable address, delivered some months ago in Edinburgh, his popularity should now be increased ten-fold. And if anything were needed, beyond his own eloquent words, toward the establishment of this popularity, it would be supplied by the touching, and yet happy, story he related of the last hours of Russell Lowell.

* * *

Those who are interested in Temperance reform will be pleased to read the following from the "Glasgow Evening News":—

Many will be surprised to find Sir Walter Scott writing in favour of the reduction of licensed houses. In a letter, written by him in 1817, he said:—'There is a terrible evil in England to which we are strangers. The number of tippling houses where the labourer, as a matter of course, spends the overflow of his earnings in Scotland is few, and the Justices are commendably inexorable in rejecting all applications for licenses where there appears no public necessity for granting them. A man, therefore, in Scotland cannot easily spend much in liquor since he must walk three or four miles to the place of suction and back again, which infers a sort of malice prepense of which few are capable; and the habitual opportunity of indulgence not being at hand, the habit of intemperance, and the waste connected with it, are not acquired. If the financiers would admit a general limitation of the ale-houses over England to a quarter of the number, I am convinced you would find that the money spent in that manner would remain with the peasant as a source of self-support and independence.' If Scott were living to-day, he would not be able to hold up Scotland in happy contrast to the predominant partner. Much yet remains to be done by educational and personal influence for the reformation of the drinking habits of the country, and all patriots will rejoice if the efforts of reformers to induce the Government to tackle the question, and of private philanthropists to reduce drunkenness, result in a marked improvement in the social condition of the people.

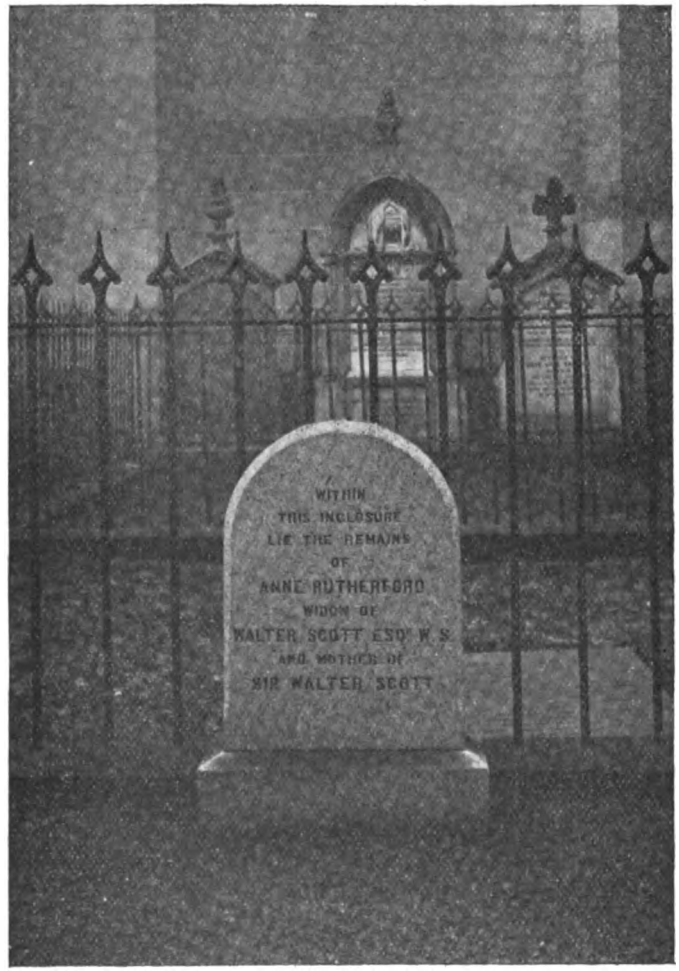
* * *

Scarcity of Salmon in the 15th Century.—Mr Andrew Lang in last month's number of "Longman's Magazine" says:—We are apt to think that scarcity of salmon is a modern sorrow, caused by netting, poaching, pollution of rivers, and so forth. But salmon were always inscrutable in their ways. In a letter of 1571 I find an Englishman in Scotland saying that the salmon fishing, both in the rivers and at Berwick, has been an entire failure. Much earlier, in the 15th century, Haig of Bemerside was under a fine of twelve salmon yearly to the Monastery of Melrose. He prayed to be allowed to give money instead, as he could not by any means catch twelve salmon, though he owned a still celebrated stretch of the Tweed. Once the Scots Parliament took off all cruives and salmon-traps of every kind for three years. Thus salmon have several times seemed apt to become extinct fish and that when our modern methods of slaughter were not in full force. So let us hope that the useful fish may continue to survive, in spite of laws kept or broken.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The Burial Place of Sir Walter Scott's Father and Mother.

IN the apse of St John's Church, west end of Princes Street, Edinburgh, lie the remains of Anne Rutherford, mother of Sir Walter Scott. An unpretentious tablet marks the spot in striking contrast to the magnificent memorial to her son in the same street. She was the eldest daughter of Dr John Rutherford, professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh, and a woman of rare talent. Her son, writing after her death, to Lady Louisa Stewart, Windsor, says:—"She had a mind stored with much acquired information and natural talent, and as she was very old, and had an excellent memory, she could draw without the least exaggeration or affectation the most striking pictures of the past age. If I have been able to do anything in the way of painting the past times, it is very much from the studies with which she presented me." A few days before her own death she lost her brother and sister, but it was thought better not to tell her as she was so weak. She was laid beside them in St John's, because of its seclusion, rather than beside her husband and children in Greyfriars' Churchyard. The Russells, of Ashiestiel, relations of Scott, have their burying-place in the same enclosure,



From Photo by Jane Cochrane, Edinburgh.

STONE AT ST JOHN'S CHURCH, EDINBURGH, TO MARK THE SPOT WHERE SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MOTHER IS BURIED.

There is an Ionic cross to the memory of Dean Ramsay not very far away.

It is remarkable that neither Scott's father nor mother should have a tombstone of any kind. There is nothing for his father save a small red granite tablet, in Greyfriars' Churchyard, which says that "In front of this tablet lie the remains of Walter Scott, Esq., W.S., father of Sir Walter Scott, with those of several members of his family." Scott's own tomb in Dryburgh Abbey is an ideal resting place for a poet.

That School and Schoolmaster.

(By a very old Boy.)

Part I.

THE noise that constantly issued from the ancient schoolhouse—a narrow, oblong building with thatched roof—made the ordinary hind start, and stare, and contemplate, as he wended his way to his work in the dinner hour. Perhaps his own children were among the crowd, and that is why he smiled in jocund self-satisfied fashion.

Inside, the rustic youngsters, boys and girls, in corduroy trousers and velvet jackets, wincey frocks and white pinafores, throng in the centre of the establishment, and at the folding desks that stretch along the walls. Away at the upper end of the school is a class of children—Class No. 1—standing in concentrated semi-circular form. Between the horns of the crescent sits our dominie on his chair—a little god. Our Dominie is not one of the type usually found in literature, lean and wizened faced, with spectacles on nose, and scarecrow limbs in knee-breeches, and arrayed in threadbare black-brown coat—a meagre, feckless individual, at whom pupils point the finger of scorn. No! he is not one of the old-world race! He is comparatively modern. A man of middle height, of middle age, well fed and well clad. His sleek hair is done up to perfection. Want of competition has beguiled him into the habit of taking life leisurely. He might be termed lazy.

Leaning back in his chair there, with eyes half closed, and legs crossed, he is "hearkening" Class No. 1. One by one, the small boys and girls—this is before the days of separate classes—march up to the Dominie's side. In his left hand he holds the A B C, and in his right hand a pencil. Mechanically, without looking on the lesson, he traces his pencil across the page, and mumbles the letters of the alphabet, the child drowsily repeating each letter and word after him. The man is in a kind of reverie, or dreamland, and beneficent as his absolute good nature. No fear of any "palmies" at this particular moment!

While he is thus teaching the young idea how to shoot, the great din is sustained in the body of the school. Groups of robust boys clamour together, or fight with each other in the centre of the room. On a stray form, two or three con their lessons in sing-song tones. At the desk by the wall, an earnest pupil is to be seen pouring over his "Grey" and slate, and doing his "counts"—working his fingers to help his intellectual summations, as if he were thumping the keys of a piano. The girls arrange themselves in small coteries, and stealthily display some fragment of a rag which, some day, is to be turned into a doll's dress.

The Maister is, for the moment, in the very essence of his enjoyment, "hearkening" the little ones, and revelling in dreamland. He is not always in so fine a temper. His moods contrast like day and night; or, as the shepherd's son graphically phrases it, "he's either a' honey or a' glaur." Just before he sat down to his task there, he had thrashed the school into quietude. But it is a quietude that does not last. One boy whispers to another, a third to a fourth, and so on—cautiously as rats emerging from their hiding after a serious fright—until the speech becomes general, and a buzzing of tongues fills the room.

High above the universal confusion, is confusedly heard the voice of Bob Trummil, a thick-set, thick-pated rustic, with greedy, but innocent blue eyes, and the cuffs of his moleskin jacket glazed to the elbows through constant application of that part of his raiment to his mouth and nose—which always seems to "run," as if he were afflicted with a perpetual cold in the head. There he stands, in the middle of the floor, and bellows according to his own particular programme. Bob, you see, has his duty. It is the fashion of our school. Just after the Dominie has thrashed us into silence, and settled himself down to the easy "hearkening" of No. 1, he had shouted out "Hands up"—which meant that all arms must be folded across the breast—and "Mouths shut." When that was accomplished, he appointed Bob to "call out" the names of the scholars who might be observed talking. By the way, the boy chosen for this kind of business was usually regarded as a "tale-pyot."

Bob stands in the centre of the school and calls out, or rather bawls out, one or two

names, the owner of which receive their "skults," for speaking. A couple of boys are similarly treated for showing an inclination to commence a fight. Then the Dominie fades completely into dreamland, and Bob is left severely alone to call out the names of delinquents—but all unheeded. Half an hour goes by, and the Dominie begins gradually to come back from dreamland. Bob, who knows every expression of the Maister's countenance, is aware that the return journey has begun, and his yelling of names, consequently, becomes more laborious. With gaze fixed on three incorrigible companions, he roars their names through his stuffed nose—Dodd Dudd, Tab Swadd, Wull Freebuird—which, being interpreted, means George Dunn, Thomas Swan, William Freebairn. The eyes of the Dominie open; he is irritated by the tones; and, looking up with a face of anger, instead of complimenting Bob for his diligence, he commanded him to "go to the door, and blow your nose, you filthy fellow." Some of the youngsters laugh at the words; there is a buzzing all round. The Dominie is now thoroughly wide awake, and the mood of wrath is upon him. He fixes his eyes upon the three incorrigibles, Dunn, Swan, and Freebairn, and, pulling his long tawse from his coat pocket, he coils them into a ball, and hurls the said ball fiercely at the heads of the trio. It strikes Tom Swan. "Bring the tawse here, sir." Off marches the boy, dolefully, to the desk, and is rewarded with a whacking that sends him back to his form in tears. That but whets the Maister's desire to assert his authority. Round the school he careers like a whirlwind, smiting right and left whoever may come in his way. Happily, the tempest does not last long. He quickly gets the round of the school, and is back to his desk —albeit with red face and flashing eyes—while the scholars cower in silent terror, until they are quite sure that he has cooled down. Truly, he is "either a' honey or a' glaur."

Our Dominie had his own way of teaching. No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, he "heard" in a somnolent way, sliding cannily into dreamland. The two higher classes he "hearkened" standing, with his eyes very wide open. If their reading and spelling were passable, he was pleased.

Grammar! Well, we had, properly speaking, no grammar—at all events, no grammar books. When the reading and spelling were finished, in the classes above No. 3, he would take the book and go to some extent over the lesson, sentence by sentence, scholar after scholar. The first sentence, say, begins—"And he said unto them." "Now, James," he would demand, "what part of speech is 'and'." "A conjunction, sir." "Quite right. Next. Jessie, what part of speech is 'he'?" "A pronoun, sir." "Right again. John, what part of speech is 'said'?" "A verb, sir." "Quite correct, John." And in such manner the catechising went round the entire class.

Nor had we any manuals of geography. We were called up into classes, in crescent shape once more, and a map was hung up on a large perpendicular frame, in front of us. Each boy and girl was armed with a "pointer"—a dried, taper, willow wand. The Dominie began at the top of the class. The "dux" was commanded to walk forward and point out the place on the map named by the Maister—England, Scotland, Ireland, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, or any country—according to the map displayed. If the first pupil succeeded in the ordeal, good and well; if he, or she, failed, then the next was tried, and thus in the old "trapping"—does anybody mind that word now?—style, one would get above the other in the class. It was a funny, and occasionally an exciting performance. Very often the "pointer" of some "dunce" struggled mysteriously over the map, and the Dominie would then give vent to a superior sneer. At times, the pointer ran clean through the canvas altogether, and the delinquent naturally looked for an amiable but a firm chastisement.

It was, too, a primitive style, in which we learned or practised our arithmetic. The "counting," indeed, was nearly as much of a physical as a mental exercise. Twice a week the chief class was gathered round a form. The Dominie called out the "count": we worked it out at lightning speed, and dashed forward to lay our slates on the chair placed in the centre of the class for the purpose. The accumulated divit of slates was turned over, and the bottom one was winner if the answer happened to be correct. If it were not correct, then the next, and the next, and so on, came under inspection. The idea of swiftness generally dominated the ambitious, and it was very often found that the undermost slate bore the wrong answer.

Our Dominie's strong point, I should say, tended towards the ecclesiastical. Every morning he sang a Psalm—we joining in the chorus —and said the Lord's Prayer. Every morning he indulged in a Bible Lesson, each verse being read by a pupil in rotation. On afternoons, too, every now and then, when the mood was upon him, he made us take our Bibles, and, standing in front of his desk, he would open his own Bible at a chance place, and shout out to us a random chapter and verse—"Job, sev-

enth and tenth," or anything else. You heard a whirlwindish rustling of pages, and in the next moment, a dozen shrill tongues yelling out the three first words of the verse mentioned by the Dominie—or some other thing, by mistake.

In ecclesiastical teaching the Maister, indeed, was great. He saturated us with the Catechisms—Shorter and Longer—and especially grounded us in the "proofs." As an auxiliary, he introduced the "New Testament Biography." I never knew what it was all about. I was well aware it was a book of questions on the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles, but I never understood it. Those rueful interrogations! They seemed to my young imagination as so many small hump-backed men standing on sentinal duty, and ready to report me for condign punishment, if I could not answer them.

Alas, I never could answer them—few of us could—and the consequence was a steady and sturdy administration of the tawse—for the Dominie really was anxious to lick the heathenish ignorance out of us. Yet, I must confess, that for many a year afterwards Paul, and Peter, and James, and John, were never very great favourites of mine. Even to this day that intricate and indigestible biography has for me ungracious memories.

To be Continued.

The First Martyr Minister.

IT is extremely unfortunate that in the ecclesiastical history of Lauder there is a distinct hiatus from 1617 to 1673. At the earlier date, an Act of Parliament (xxii of James VI.) enjoined that the Kirk, which had been associated with Scots history and chivalry, at least since the tragedy of Lauder Bridge, should be removed to the Burgh. But it was not till 1673, as the Sibbald MSS. note, that the Duke built "a well-contrived handsome church, as it were consisting of four isles, with a large steeple rising in the middle thereof."

Some years ago, when the Old Manse was erased, and on its site a handsome villa—Red House—erected, a rudely-lettered red sandstone was found inserted in the outer wall, but obscured or preserved by a thick coating of lime. It bears a significant date. The inscription has been deciphered thus:—

PATRIS. ET POSTERIS. IN RELIGIONE
M.I.B.K.D. 1618.

It is commonly understood that the Manse was not built till 1660, so that the presumption is that the stone has relation to some marked ecclesiastical event, which has passed away unchronicled. Who shall say that this unpolished sculpture bears not silent testimony to a place of worship made holy through sacrificial deed or gift laid upon its altar! James Burnet A.M., subsequently translated to Jedburgh, was minister of the parish, 1615-42, and his initials are supposed to appear in the above letters. The inscription is wholly in relief and, though irregular, it is not by any means indistinct.

James Guthrie, the subject of this sketch, was, in the words of Principal Story, "a man of no ordinary talents and acquirements." He was the son of the Laird of Guthrie, the scion of an ancient and honourable family. He was educated at St Andrews. He came under the benign influence of Samuel Rutherford, and in his room he took the Covenant. Henceforth, he was an "inveterate protester," inflexible in his devotion to the doctrines of the Church, and no respecter of persons.

Ordained to the incumbency of Lauder in 1642, he continued there till 1649, when he was translated to Stirling. As the extant parochial register of the former parish dates only from 1677, any information of Guthrie is trivial and incidental, the service of his earlier years being lost in the transcendent prominence of the part he took in the cause of Covenant Reformation. It has been said that he paid his addresses to Spottiswoode's daughter, but he was refused. Perhaps he persisted not. His ministry was, doubtless, more successful than his matrimonial suit. His last Communion at Lauder is noteworthy. Walter Pringle of Greenknowe was seriously impressed, and continued ever afterwards a beloved friend of the faithful preacher. The said Walter Pringle married his cousin, Janet Pringle of Torwoodlee. The marriage took place at Stow, and Guthrie was the officiating clergyman. Many of the minor lairds of Berwickshire were at the time staunch Presbyterians, e.g., the Houses of St Leonards, Bassendean, Flass, Shielfield, Park, Thornydikes, and Blackburn.

It is somewhat remarkable that "Satan's Invisible World Discovered," anno 1649, should be almost the only historical document wherein a light is shed upon the first ministry of the eminent divine—if indeed "the beginning of the year" be authentic. A warlock, named Robert Grieve, was apprehended and imprisoned in Lauder Tolbooth. His wife, who had been burnt for witchcraft twenty years before, was the "occasion of his coming into that

snare." She had introduced him to a gentleman who should teach him how to become rich. At her desire, he went down with her to a haugh on "Gallow water, near to the Stow." At length, there came a great mastiff, bigger than any butcher's dog, and very black, running upon him. After a short space the "Devil appeared in the shape of a black man," and made many promises to him, and then he gave him "that charge to be his officer, in which charge he continued for eighteen years and more, untill he was apprehended." He had "delated" many, notably "another woman in the town of Lauder," who sat down upon the "Tolbooth-stair," and said she would never go to her house till Hob Grieve were confronted. "Whereupon, the Bailie came to the Preacher," who entreated the woman to go home, but she obstinately refused.

Now, it cannot be stated absolutely that the preacher herein specified is the Rev. James Guthrie, but the conjecture is plausible. It is unpardonable to suggest that the parish minister was incompetent, because the woman disobeyed. Even yet, unbewitched gossips, with a predilection for the last word so fatal to the authority of bailie or minister, may be seen hailing Hob Grieve, when their duty lies "at home."

It should be borne in mind that the Covenanters were sometimes "at enmity between themselves." Hence the sharp division and contention of Protester and Resolutioner. Guthrie was on the side of the former, and is said to have kindled a fire in front of his manse at Stirling, in honour of the Restoration. He may be said, therefore, to have been a loyalist, but his loyalty was more independent than servile, and he was generally known as "sicker foot."

From Engraving By S. Freeman.

REV. JAMES GUTHRIE.

While discoursing one day on Heb. xi., he took a violent bleeding of the nose, and this to him was a premonition of martyrdom. On one occasion, the King visited him at Stirling, to endeavour to mellow his manners. Mrs Guthrie was solicitous to receive her distinguished visitor with decorum, and hastened to set a chair for him, but the stern divine prevented her, saying "My heart, the King is a young man; he can get a chair for himself."

On 23rd August, 1660, Guthrie, along with eleven other Protesters, met in a private house in Edinburgh, and framed a petition to the King, in which they expressed loyalty to the Government, and reminded him of his solemn promises to uphold Presbytery. But the Committee of Estates seized the petitioners, and thrust them into Edinburgh Castle. At the instigation of Middleton, upon whom he had pronounced sentence of excommunication, he was tried for high treason, February 20, 1661, forthwith condemned to death, and met his fate with the utmost composure of mind. After he was executed (1st June, 1661), his head was fixed on the Nether Bow Port of Edinburgh. As Middleton passed beneath it in his coach, "a considerable number of drops of blood fell from the head, on the top of the coach, making a stain which no art or diligence availed to wipe out." His head remained on the Nether Bow Port for twenty-seven years, when it was taken down and buried by Mr Alex. Hamilton.

Hume says that the Marquis of Argyle and "one Guthry" were pitched on as the victims of the exactions of Charles II., and thus contemptuously leaves the first reverend hero of the Reformation—"Guthry was a seditious preacher, and had personally affronted the king; his punishment gave surprise to nobody."

On the Martyrs' Monument in Greyfriars' Churchyard, Edinburgh, there occur these lines.

. . . "But only they were found,
Constant and steadfast, zealous, witnessing
For the prerogatives of Christ the King;
Which truths were sealed by famous Guthrie's head,
And all along to Mr Renwick's blood."

It is altogether probable that the last conventicle held in Berwickshire was addressed by James Renwick. In a retired glen, called the Greencleuch, near Braidshaw Rig in Lammermoor, July, 1686, a little company gathered from Mayshiel and Clints, from Thirlestane and Gala Water, from Bara and Garvald, assembled on the Gairmuir—a name even yet familiar to those who delight to "walk in the old paths." Leaving twelve men on guard, they sought the shelter of the valley for meditation and prayer. Renwick, with an experience far beyond his years, lectured, prayed, and preached, from before mid-day till the setting of the sun, and "still wearing the short sword, which he had never laid aside even while he preached, mounted his horse, and returned on his former track by Byrecleuch and Danskine, to the Lothians."

From Guthrie (1649) at Lauder, to Renwick (1686) at Braidshaw Rig, there is a pathetic story writ indelibly in human blood. As long as men have faith in pure and undefiled religion and count nothing dear in comparison with the glory of Christ's Crown and Covenant, the record will remain a sealed and sacred testimony to the imperishable worth of lives hazarded, for conscience' sake, in the defence of liberty, truth, and righteousness.

A. T. G.

Eyemouth and its Fishing Industry.

By WILLIAM BERTRAM.

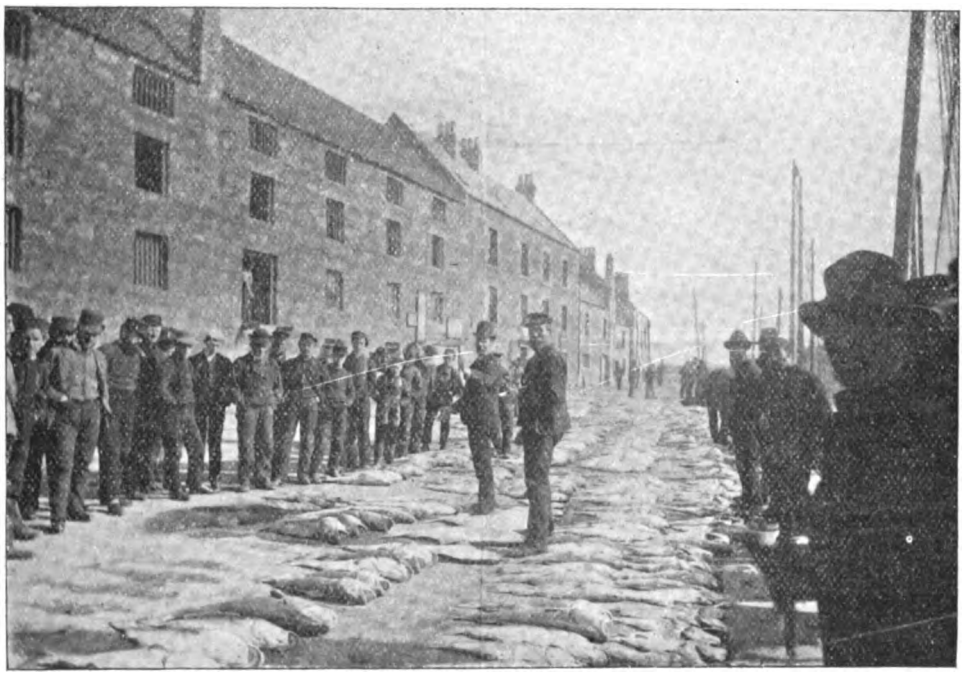
OF recent years the east coast of Scotland has quite taken the fancy of summer holiday seekers, and places at one time looked upon merely as fishing stations, have been, or are in course of transformation into, fashionable seaside resorts.

Such is the position of Eyemouth to-day and, although perhaps not run upon to anything like the extent of watering-places further west, yet sooner or later it will be very largely dependent upon summer visitors as a source of revenue. Sight-seers view the place at its best during summer tide, in marked contrast to the wild north-easters which keep the ocean in perfect turmoil, and generally have in their train a wind with a sting in its teeth, and a biting rain.

The town lies exceedingly low, and in order to prevent the encroachment of the sea, a wall protects a certain portion of the town after the fashion of Holland. This bulwark has several times given way, but the plucky inhabitants have always succeeded in raising the wherewithal, and got matters put in order again for the town's safety. Eyemouth is truly a quaint little place: its streets are narrow, and its houses in some quarters have been dropped down anyway, and not a few of them are of strange construction. But apart from these oddities so peculiar to erections of by-gone days, the town can boast of an excellent golf course, a pleasant beach, and many charming walks.

Eyemouth, according to a charter in the Coldingham Records, evidently came into exist-

ence during the twelfth century, and being the only seaport in Berwickshire, has from time immemorial held the position of considerable importance. At one time the place can have been nothing but a mere open tidal creek at the influx of the river Eye, a bar of sand obstructing the admission of craft of any kind save fishing boats, while numerous old feu charters indicate that the inhabitants were bound to render every assistance in the removal of these obstructions. In 1750, the old pier was erected by private subscription, but, as a great flood played much havoc with the payers of the town succeeded in obtaining a loan of twenty-five thousand pounds on the security of the rates, from the Public Loan Board. Operations commenced at the Woodyard, about a quarter of a mile up the river Eye, but ere the harbour entrance was reached the work of deepening exhausted the money, and although much had to be overtaken, want of the needful brought things to a standstill. Ultimately, another loan amounting to ten thousand pounds, was granted by the same Board, thus enabling the work to be completed, and it was admitted on all hands that a mighty



EYEMOUTH HARBOUR—A BIG HAUL TWO YEARS AGO.

structure, about twenty years later another pier was constructed, a sum of over two thousand pounds being expended on it. During the past quarter of a century the port has held the reputation of being the principal fishing centre on the Berwickshire coast, and the long-standing outcry for a suitable entrance and a new harbour became accomplished facts some seventeen years ago, thanks to the influence which the then Member of Parliament (Mr Majoribanks, now Lord Tweedmouth) brought to bear upon the proper quarter. Prior to the commencement of this extensive scheme, the rate-boon had been conferred on the fishing community. At low tide several feet of water could always be had in the harbour, and instead of being shut out of port for seven hours, and perchance losing the market for fish, the period of closure was reduced to about one half, which likewise to shipping was a most important factor. To meet the interest and repayment of capital by instalments, the town was heavily assessed but, save for the richer class and a few public-spirited fishermen, the ratepayers have long since refused to meet the tax, with the consequent result that the debt has suffer-

ed little reduction, and the Government have more than once threatened proceedings.

About ten years ago a company was formed, and a railway laid down from Burnmouth in order to cope with the fish traffic, which at that time was exceedingly heavy. This company was somewhat inclined to take over the harbour work, but the Government declined to allow of such a transaction. The large close-decked fishing boats, which many years ago gave such an impetus to the deep sea fishing, were first introduced here by the famous boat-building firm, the Messrs Weatherhead, who for half a century have built most of the boats for the seaports on the Berwickshire and Haddington coast. An industry at which nothing can be made is the outcry of the line fisherman to-day, and a continuance of the present unfortunate fishing conditions in a very few years must inevitably mean a complete cessation of operations. Such a dearth of haddocks has been unknown in the memory of any living fishermen, and the oft-repeated prediction that trawlers would in time clean the waters of every description of fish, is now becoming a realised fact. Not only in Eyemouth, but throughout the whole of Scotland, is this fish famine existent, and the only compensation is a fair price in the market for what is landed. Fortunately for those fishermen possessing big boats, gear, and a little capital, the herring fishing still offers inducements, and although the fleet on the coast have to leave home for a good portion of the year, an encouraging return is more often than otherwise met with.

But the great and vital question is—What in the near future will become of those brave, energetic, and intelligent fellows whose calling is solely confined to the line fishing? Having only yawls or small open boats, and gear applicable to this particular branch of the industry, it seems almost impossible that they can turn their hand to anything else. For years the Fishery Association (of which the writer is a member) has fought hard to have the three mile limit extended, but, unfortunately, without much success on account of the difficulties which from time to time have cropped up with the North Sea powers. True it is that the crab fishing in some ports has kept the wolf from the door, but every port has not been fortunate enough, through sea conditions, to prosecute this branch of the fishing, and, therefore, the only hope held out is that in the course of time trawling will exhaust itself. Many of the fishermen would be unable to exist even now, were it not for the help afforded them by members of the family whose earnings emanate from a different channel.

On the 14th October, 1881, a terrible and sudden gale swept along the coast, and in Eyemouth alone one hundred and twenty-nine brave and loyal fishermen found a watery grave. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when Eyemouth's honest industry, and her gallant fishermen, will receive the reward which such a precarious calling so justly merits.

Letter to the Editor.

[We have received from an esteemed correspondent the following letter with reference to one of the anecdotes in our last month's No. under the heading of "Border Anecdotes and Stories."—Ed. *B.M.*]

An article in the April number of the BORDER MAGAZINE relates an incident which took place in the life-time of the Rev. David William Gordon, Parish Minister of Earlstoun. As the writer has evidently received his information second-hand, and from one who was himself misinformed, perhaps you will allow me space in your pages to give the exact version of the affair, especially as I was an eye-witness of the scene.

First of all, I have to correct the mistake of calling Mr Gordon Dr—he never had a degree, but, being well-known as a famous preacher, has frequently been confounded with Dr Gordon of Edinburgh.

Earlstoun, not Melrose, Church, as your correspondent has it, was the place where Jenny Small, the heroine of the story, ventured to speak back to the minister!

Jenny, a regular attender, had walked that particular day all the way from Redpath where she resided, a distance of about three miles, and was early in church. The weather was hot, and she, becoming tired and faint after her long trudge, slipped out at the east door to breathe the fresh air and recover herself a little. No one took any notice of her exit, but it was otherwise when she returned as she unfortunately contrived to make a good deal of noise. Mr Gordon, whose lectures and sermons were all committed to memory, was easily disturbed during his delivery, and nervously afraid of losing the thread of his discourse, and the congregation being well aware of the flutter which any interruption caused their minister, were always careful to avoid putting him out.

Jenny, however, had not the slightest idea that she had transgressed in this way, and when Mr Gordon, after stopping and stammering for a moment, turned upon her and ex-

claimed, "You should have been here sooner," she felt she was being unjustly rebuked and immediately retorted, "I was in afore, sir." This unusual conduct in church took the minister and congregation by surprise, but without more words than bidding her take her seat Mr Gordon resumed his lecture, and Jenny sat down to listen quite unconscious that she had been guilty either of irreverence or disrespect. This was really all that took place on what was afterwards considered a somewhat memorable day.

To say, as your correspondent does, that Mr Gordon used the words, "What time o' day is this to come into the house of the Lord!" is a proof that he did not know the character of the man he was talking about. Mr Gordon was not in the habit of speaking in such a fashion; he belonged rather to the school of the old moderates, and never employed expressions of this kind. He was a perfect gentleman and a man of fine presence, and was besides noted for his good English, both in the pulpit and out of it, and far too dignified, and too tenacious of his reputation ever to make use of colloquial abbreviations.

C. S. W.

King Edward VII.

Many stories of the early days of King Edward VII. are being retold at the present time, and not a few of them are connected with Scotland, and particularly Edinburgh, where the future King and his brother, the late Duke of Edinburgh, received part of their education. A friend of mine, who hailed from Lauder, was at the High School when the Princes were there, and he once saw a stand-up fight between the two Royal brothers, resulting, if I remember aright, in the defeat of the Heir Apparent. In this connection my old friend, Mr Robert Murray, of Hawick, tells a good story. When resident in Canada, he heard a Canadian speaking rather strongly about the class distinctions which existed in the Old Country. After hearing a few decidedly overdrawn pictures of our social life, Mr Murray astonished the speaker by informing him that the absurdity of these statements might be seen in the fact that he (Mr Murray) had a son who was educated at the same school as the Prince of Wales. It is recorded that when visiting the Scott country in these youthful days, the Prince began to shake the boat in which he and the party were being ferried by Mrs Fox across the Tweed at Dryburgh. That worthy lady, after one or two remonstrances, threatened to 'coup' His Royal Highness into the Tweed if he did not stop his nonsense.

From the "Berwickshire News" I take the following interesting cutting:—

The opening by King Edward VII. in person of his first Parliament recalls the interesting fact that his illustrious predecessor and founder of the line—Edward I.—on one occasion convened his Parliament at Berwick-upon-Tweed. "Longshanks" had conquered Scotland, and in passing Scone on his return south, in the summer of 1296, he caused the "Fatal Chair" (a great stone) on which it had been customary to seat the Scottish Kings when crowned, to be removed to London, as a monument of the conquest and resignation of the kingdom. Persons of all ranks from every quarter of Scotland hastened, in obedience to the summons of the King, to Berwick, where he and they met on the appointed day—23rd August—and the town was the scene of one of the greatest and most important convocations ever held on the Borders. All dutifully renewed their fealty to King Edward, renounced their late allegiance with the King of France, confirming their loyalty by oaths and letters patent drawn up by a notary, and which filled a roll of not fewer than thirty-five skins of parchment, which are still preserved. The Government of Scotland was entrusted to Warrenne Earl of Surrey, and Henry de Percy, his nephew, had also assigned to him a high position in the control of the Borderland. Scotland's patriot, William Wallace, however, soon arose and gave fresh trouble to Edward; but Wallace, by treachery, was overcome, and nine years after the famous meeting of Parliament at Berwick, even to the very day—23rd August, 1305—Wallace was executed in London, his head being placed on London Bridge, his right hand and arm exhibited at Newcastle, his left at Berwick, his right foot and limb at Perth, and his left at Aberdeen. In Scotland Wallace had kindled a patriotic fire, the fury of which was intensified by his ignominious death, and which, under Robert Bruce, resulted in that kingdom achieving its independence. The ancient stone on which the Scottish Kings were crowned remains at Westminster, and when our King Edward VII. is crowned it will fulfil the lofty purpose to which it has been so long set apart. A curious inscription on it has been translated thus—

> Unless the Fates are faithless found,
> And prophet's voice be vain,
> Where'er this monument is found
> The Scottish race shall reign.

A veritable prophecy, for, by the succession of James VI. of Scotland to the throne of England the two kingdoms became one, and his successors have ever since been seated on the historic stone when the crown of Great Britain was placed on their heads.

JEDBURGH POST CARDS.—We have received from Mr Smail, bookseller, a new series of post cards containing four views of the town and Abbey. The writing-space is large enough for correspondence, while the views are very beautiful and worth sending to friends from home in memory of home.

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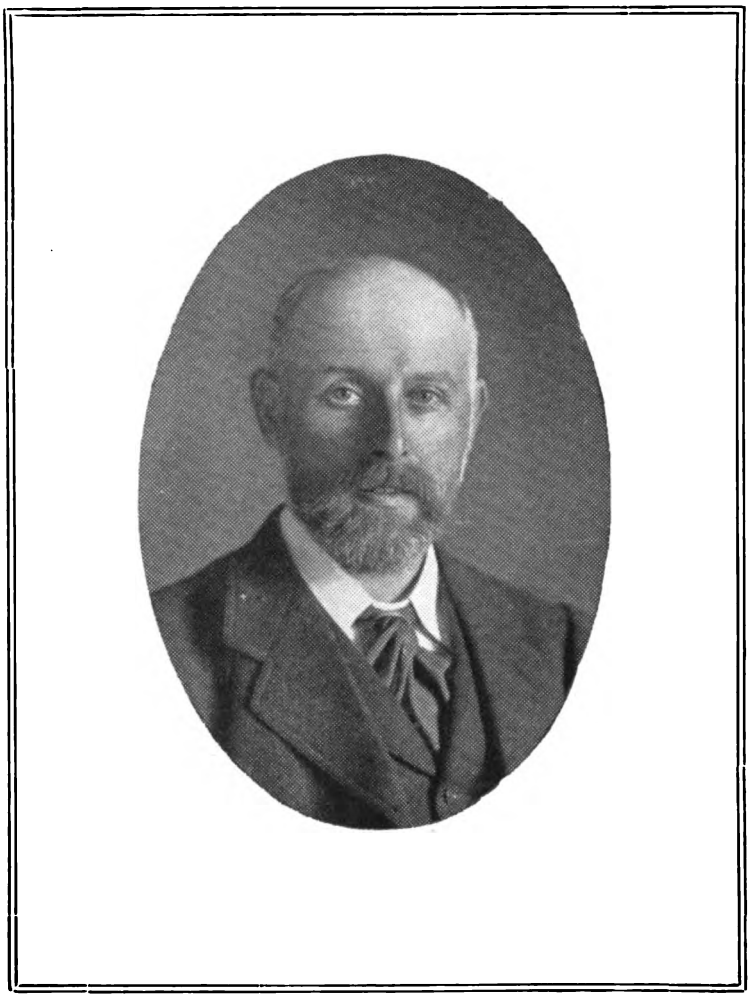


Block kindly lent by Mr Edgar, Hawick.

COUNCILLOR T. H. LAIDLAW, J.P., HAWICK.

VOL. VI., No. 65. JUNE, 1901.

Councillor T. H. Laidlaw, J.P., Hawick.

By WM. SANDERSON.

IT has been said that he who causes two blades of grass to grow, where only one grew before, is a benefactor to the human race; but it is also true that the man who throws himself into public life and, in spite of disappointments oft repeated, helps to improve the conditions of those around him, is equally entitled to the gratitude of his fellow-men.

The Border country is specially rich in such men, and the pages of the BORDER MAGAZINE are worthily employed in recording some of their life stories as an encouragement to the young men who may follow in their footsteps. Hawick has long been noted for men to whom the foregoing words may be applied, and it is with much pleasure that we give a brief sketch of the life of Mr T. H. Laidlaw, J.P., who is a worthy son of the Border.

Mr Laidlaw was born in Annan, Dumfriesshire, in 1846, and while at school evinced that taste for art which has never left him. Drawing was considered a waste of time in those days, and his drawings on slate or copy-book were rewarded by many a "lick" with the "tawse," instead of commendation and encouragement. Notwithstanding such unpromising surroundings art was not extinguished, for one of his schoolfellows was the late W. E. Lockhart, R.S.W., whose friendship he retained till Mr Lockhart's death. The late Messrs David Payne of Derby, and James Elliot of Manchester, both artists of considerable repute, were also among Mr Laidlaw's schoolmates, while he was related by blood to the late Robert Thorburn, R.A., miniature painter to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

In 1860 Mr Laidlaw was apprenticed to Mr John Cleminson, painter, Annan, a man whose reputation as one of the first grainers of the day, made him well known in the south of Scotland. To this employer Mr Laidlaw owes to a large extent the interest he takes in his workmen and apprentices, for Mr Cleminson was noted for producing first-class workmen.

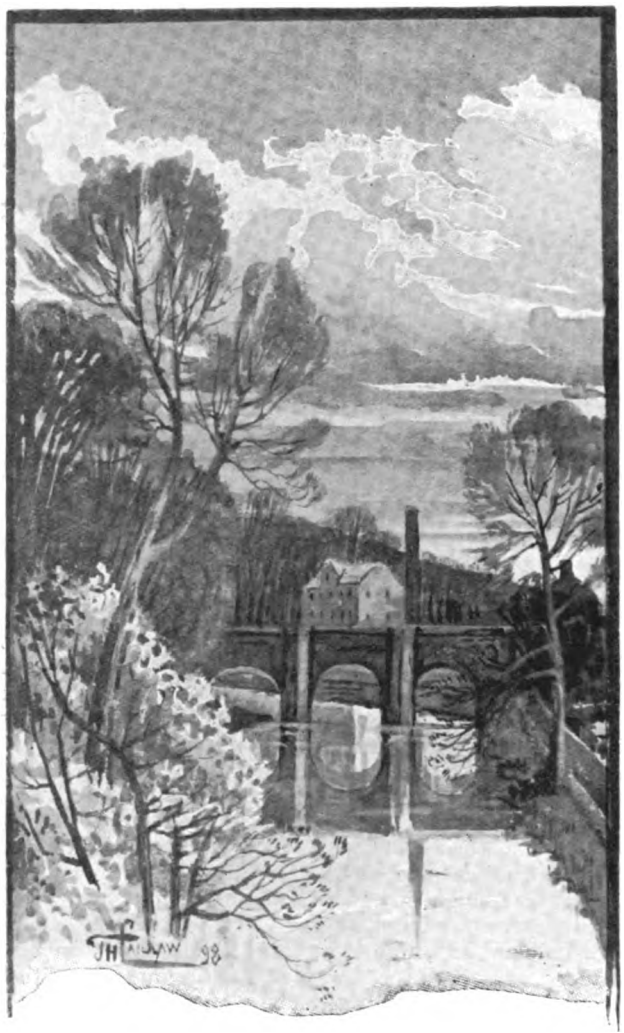
In 1866 Mr Laidlaw went to Hawick for a short time, and then pursued the wise course of working in some of the English cities, where he gained much experience. In 1870 he bought the old-established business of Mr Alexander Wilson, Hawick, and began that successful business career, which has continued during the past thirty-one years.

Mr Laidlaw began with a high ideal, and by introducing a superior class of decoration, did much to elevate the public taste in that direction, firmly believing that good work always pays in the long run. To accomplish this

desirable end he knew that it was necessary to have good workmen, so he has always taken a keen personal interest in elevating the taste of men and apprentices by inducing them to attend the local Art School, of which he was one of the principal promoters, being for many years a member of committee.

One of the best evidences of the training which the apprentices receive from Mr Laidlaw is to be found in the fact that they carry off the highest honours in the annual competitions, both in the Border competition at Galashiels and in the National contest at Aberdeen. This year one of his lads carried off the President's gold medal for the best work in the Border Exhibition, and for the second year in succession gained a similar honour at the National competition at Aberdeen. Technical education finds a warm supporter in Mr Laidlaw, who sees in some such system our only chance of retaining our industrial supremacy.

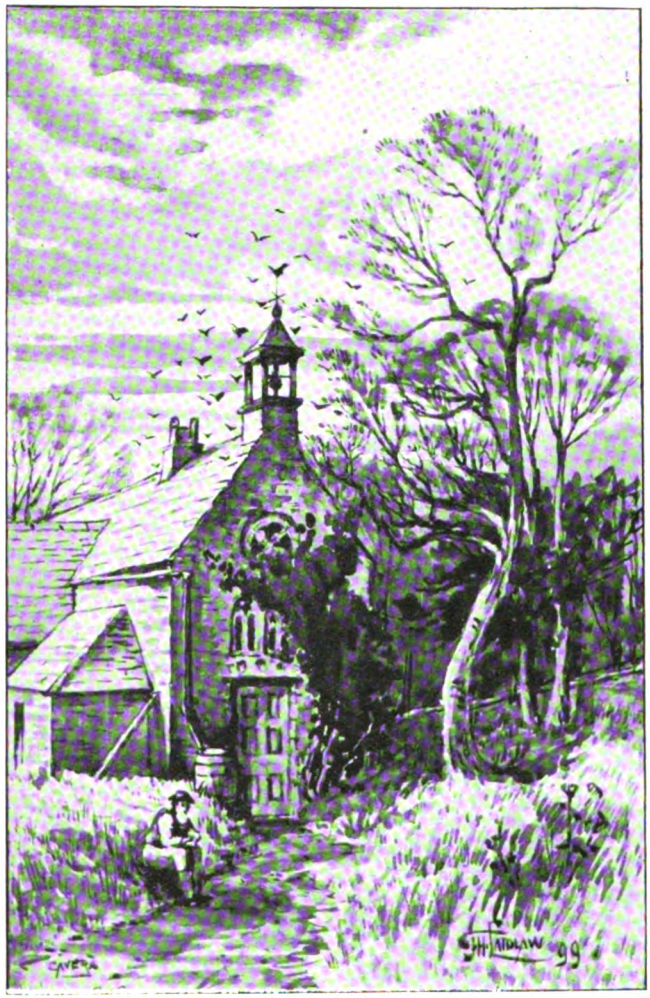
Although Mr Laidlaw had no opportunities in his youth of attending art schools or receiving any artistic training, he has, by sheer determination, coupled with natural ability, raised himself to the rank of an artist, and his pictures have been seen in the art exhibitions of Edinburgh, London, &c. As a black and white artist he has made a name for himself, and has illustrated many books, such as Mrs



OLD BRIDGE, JEDBURGH.

Oliver's "Upper Teviotdale," while his sketches are well known to readers of the various Border newspapers, where they have appeared. His drawings have been reproduced in the pages of the BORDER MAGAZINE, while important papers like the "Manchester Guardian" and "The Journal of Decorative Art" have been indebted to his pencil. Mr Laidlaw has designed Christmas cards for the firm of Raphael Tuck & Co., London, and in many other ways has proved his versatility. Quite recently he produced a most interesting lecture, entitled "The Teviot from its Source to the Sea," and surprised the audience in Hawick by a special feature, which is thus referred to by the "Hawick Advertiser":—"While the lecture was being read by Mr Domingo, Mr Laidlaw drew in water colours a number of pictures illustrative of the subject, such as "Teviotstone," "Branxholme," "Norham Castle," "Berwick—the herring boats going out to sea." These pictures were rapidly produced, and were splendid representations, greatly appreciated by the audience."

We are tempted to enlarge upon Mr Laidlaw's great love of the Borderland, but must rest content by quoting from a writer in a well-known art publication:—



CAVERS OLD CHURCH.

Mr Laidlaw has an intense love for Border scenery and is one of the most patriotic Scotsmen you could meet in a day's journey. There is only one beautiful country in the world for him, and that is Scotland, and the 'very bonniest' spot in that country is the Borders. He has been heard to say that an

artist could spend a lifetime in painting scenes in Teviotdale alone. As a water colourist he will live in his works, and there are few mansions on the Borders that have not some gem of Mr Laidlaw's to adorn their walls.

Some of the gems referred to are even now adorning the walls of Government House, Ottawa, His Excellency the Governor-General, the Right Hon. the Earl of Minto, having taken some of them with him to remind him of the homeland.

So far we have only dealt with the subject of our sketch as an artist and a business man, but it is when we turn to his public and social life that we see the unselfishness of his nature and his readiness to make himself useful to his day and generation. As we are privileged to count Mr Laidlaw as a personal friend, we prefer to quote the words of another, when dealing with this phase of his career.

Mr Laidlaw entered the Town Council of Hawick in 1883, and during his first term of three years he was raised to the Magistracy. In 1886 he retired from the Council, finding that the time devoted to his public duties interfered too much with the management of his own business. He was, however, only out of office for a year or two, when his townsmen again pressed him to serve. After other six years of public service, he again retired for two years, but was pressed to stand for election, so that the proposal to put the Fever Hospital in the Public Park might be defeated. This he consented to do, but would have neither committee nor canvassing, believing that if the public felt strongly on the question, they would vote without these accessories of the modern election. The result proved that he had measured public opinion correctly, for he was returned at the top of the poll, and the Public Park was saved from the threatened indignity.

In connection with his position of a Magistrate, Mr Laidlaw tells a good story:—He used to boast of the good moral character of painters as a whole, and of the fact that you rarely see a painter brought before the police courts, notwithstanding the great temptations they have when working in private houses. Judge then, how he felt when, on his first appearance on the bench, the very first criminals brought before him were both tramp painters. They, however, had only committed some paltry breach of the peace, and you may depend upon it that the Bailie dealt generously with his erring 'brither brushes.'

Some years ago Mr Laidlaw was made a Justice of the Peace for Roxburgh, and owing to the convenient position of his dwelling, he does rather more than his share of the work.

Mr Laidlaw is also very fond of out-door sports, more especially of cricket, bowling, and curling. As a bowler he has won many trophies on the green, while he has filled the offices of president, secretary, and treasurer of the Buccleuch Club, and is at present president of the Border Bowling Association. He has also passed through the positions of secretary, treasurer, and president of the Border Counties' Master Painters' Association, and has acted as judge in the national competition of England and other competitions, his ability as a craftsman being well known.

Mr Laidlaw is a Fellow of the Incorporated Institute of British decorators, and was for years on the committee of the Association of Master Painters in Scotland.

We have pleasure in reproducing one or two of Mr Laidlaw's sketches, and we hope that he may be long spared to use his pencil and brush in depicting the "Bonnie Bits in Borderland," and his spare time in adding to the joys of those around him.

That School and Schoolmaster.

By A VERY OLD BOY.

PART II.

DEAR MR EDITOR,—You could not afford me the space for a detailed description of that School and Schoolmaster, and I have not the time—albeit the will is with me, so I must confine myself to what the newspapers call one or two points. For example, you must know something of the Examination Day. That was the great day of the year, the grand crowning glory of the session. For six weeks before its arrival each class was kept to its own particular task—a great preliminary drill in reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and the Question Book. Mere cram, some say. Very possibly; but it was a kind of cram that sticks to the memory. Don't I still remember—"The heart is the grand reservoir of the blood, whence it flows through the arteries to the utmost extremities of the body and is conveyed back again by the veins." For a month it was the daily lesson.

Examination day was a day of excitement We scholars were all in our Sunday clothes—if we had such,—"snodded" up artistically with shining boots and faces. Did not our dear mothers delight in making us trig for the occasion! The dominie himself put on his best coat and oiled his locks and beard with an extra touch of anxiety.

In those days there were none of your mechanically-interested Government inspectors to scrutinise with glacial calculating soul. No. instead, came the parish clergyman—fat red cheeks and ample paunch; the U.P. pastor, of grey colour in eyes and garments and visage; and the Free Church divine, spectacled, and of quick, irritable, stern temper and mein. Then one or two of the "Committee"—managers of the school—would turn up, but always took a back seat in presence of the divines.

Class after class we were put through our lessons by the dominie, and at the close of each class the ministers took up the parable and endeavoured to "fickle" us. Somehow, I think, we seldom brought the blush of shame to the face of our esteemed "maister." In particular we showed up remarkably superb in the Bible and Catechism lessons—and the clergy were pleased. (I am seriously of opinion that the youngsters of the present day cannot turn up the lessons when they are in church.) The successful pupils got prizes,—and in spite of new fangled notions, I think prizes are a good thing. The winners carried off their trophies in triumph and pride; although I noticed that the failures could not resist some manifestation of the original sin, the old Adam of envy within them. Ay, the failures would sneer and jeer and throw out jealous insinuations towards the prize-takers, whom they designated "sneaking favourites,"—not allowing for a moment that success was obtained mainly by merit. Such is life.

The examination brought to all the grand freedom of the harvest-field—the vacation. My blood yet tingles in ecstasy when I recall the first joyous moments of that freedom!

Our schoolmaster was an original in the way of punishments. As a last resource, of course, he had the tawse—an emblem of coercion and force. He didn't apply them with any kind of severe regularity, but rather spasmodically. "Skults" or "pammies" were not common with him. It was only in his gusts of passion that he used the tawse with indiscriminating vigour. A mild kind of sarcasm was one of his pleasant weapons of chastisement. He would make a slovenly boy blush by drawing attention to his muddy boots, and remarking in mockery—

"Bobby, my man, do you know what blacking is? Have you any brushes at home?"

"Yes sir."

"Then, Bobby, if you come back here again without using that blacking you will be put in the coal-hole, where you will be more at home."

The bully of our school—every school has its bull—was Dan Laidlaw, a pluffy cheeked, thick-headed, thick-skinned youth of thirteen or fourteen. Dan for common appeared unkempt—a towsy mop of scarlet hair. One day, however, he presented himself with his mop beautifully brushed, and shining with "bear's grease." The dominie stared in surprise, and then he puckered up his brows and smiled.

"Danny, my man," he observed, "if you could only do up the inside of that scaup of yours as prettily as you have done up the outside, we might yet have hopes of you learning the alphabet."

Unmercifully, too, did he chaff the little girls, when the mood was upon him about their shoe laces, their neck-ties, their head gear, their dresses, and I think his sarcasm had far more effect than thrashing. (You modern dominies, make a note.)

One special mode of punishment did our "maister" exercise, which, I am sure, must be long since out of fashion. It comes before me vividly. The incurable or obdurate dunces were the victims. Under the dominie's desk lay concealed a lot of dark square boards, of various sizes, piled one above another like a pyramid. Whenever a boy proved himself incapable or intractable, the dominie went slyly behind his desk, brought forth one of those boards, and hung it round the offender's neck. When so placed, suspended by a loop of twine, it lay flat upon his back, showing plainly upon the exposed side the word "Booby." For a whole day would the defaulter wear that "Booby-board" in presence of the mockings and the scoffings of his fellow-pupils.

In the country the other day I foregathered with an aged dame who recalled our dominie. "The callants couldna help likin' him," she remarked to me. "He was fond o' their ploys; he was aye playin' wi' them." That is so. He revealed the humanness of his nature in our amusements. In the biting winter days, when the ground was hard, and the hares lay like hillocks among the snow in the near fields, he was not exacting in lessons. He would heap roaring fires in the stove—as roaring as the funds would admit. At such times he would bring his pearl-keyed accordion into the school and play over his whole stock of tunes, the while his little Dandie, Snap, his close companion, howled in unearthly unison—for Snap hated or loved music so much that he could not hold his tongue. When tired of the accordion the dominie would move back to his desk and focus the eyes of the school upon him. Then would he drill us in ancient ditties. Gesticulating there at the upper end of the room he would sing out, in his own inconsistent somewhat visionary voice,—

"Heads and shoulders, knees and toes,
Knees and toes, knees and toes,
Heads and shoulders, knees and toes,
And imitate your teacher."

As he sung he suited the action to the word, and the whole school did likewise—with our outstretched fingers touching our heads, our

shoulders, our knees, and our toes successively, and "imitating our teacher."

Throughout the year the "maister" took part in our pastimes. He played quoits with us, cricket, football, handball, and all the other games. Two things were his hobby—the kite, which moderns call "dragon," and "hunt the hare." When the wind was strong he brought forth the huge kite, and we followed him—he the great "kite" and we the straggling "tail"—up to the old mound, commonly known as the "castle." Under the shadow of this mound flowed the mighty and famous river—you know its name. The wind is strong, the dominie unfolds the string—an egg-shaped ball of cord—and the kite soars high into the air. We are in exuberance of spirit, watching the thing as it leaps skywards. More and more cord is let out. The dominie is in mighty glee. The string suddenly snaps and the kite soon lies low on the other side of the water. But the accident is soon repaired.

Hunt the hare! Love of sport was surely born in the bone of our dominie, and it came out in the flesh. When the hounds came to the village, the real hounds, with the old grey Earl at their head—a nobleman of seventy—the "maister" always allowed us boys a half-holiday. But recollect, you had to ask it formally. Once, eight of us went without asking, and when we returned in the afternoon we got eight severe skults a-piece. The marks of the tawse remained with Bob Anderson for a fortnight. How glorious it was to "follow the hounds" and see the "lay on" at the cover, and take near cuts to watch the chase after the fox! Is it all done now?

That sport was chiefly for the gentry and the richer farmers, although we boys had our share in it. We boys, however, had our own characteristic "hunts," which we enjoyed with rare glee—I mean "Hunt the Hare." This altogether without horses. The dominie, when the season pleased, would lead us up at the dinner hour to the old mound, and there he would choose the swiftest or best winded boy in the crowd and send him off as "hare." The hare had, as a rule, ten minutes start, and splendid runs occurred before he was captured. Once there was a funny incident. Jocky Saunders was hare. Jocky was a hind's son and lived some three miles from the village. The "hounds" were extra strong that day, and Jocky was allowed a good half-mile start across the turnpike road and through the fields. Away went the hounds on the run. The dinner hour was up. The dominie blew his whistle. The hounds returned; but where was the hare? It was explained next day When Jocky got fairly into the fields he simply kept straight ahead, and—went home! The "maister" could not help a smile.

I wonder if "little Saunders" is still alive? There was a curious black-blue mark on one of his cheeks, which he got by dropping a match into a powder flask when he was out helping his big brother to "herd craws."

(Concluded in our next.)

Another brief Life of Livingstone.

WE can never have too many brief lives of David Livingstone if they are as well done as the latest by T. Banks Maclachlan, for the Famous Scots Series (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.) By his persistent perseverance, and conscious and unconscious influence, Livingstone did more in opening up, and drawing the attention of the world to the needs of the Dark Continent than any traveller or missionary who has ever touched its shores. Livingstone was a wonderful combination of the Christian missionary, philanthropist, pioneer, traveller, and explorer, and the world may never see his like again. For a time he turned Stanley the journalist, into Stanley the missionary. It is a heroic story, for Livingstone sacrificed everything for the opening up of Africa. After attending his funeral in Westminster Abbey, the Rev. John Macfarlane, LL.D., wrote: "Farewell, good and great old Livingstone! It will yet be seen that thy death has struck a chord in the heart of humanity, which will cause Africa and her wrongs to be sympathised with till her emancipation and evangelisation shall shout victory." In 1871 Dr Macfarlane asked the grand old Robert Moffat if he had any fears of his son-in-law. "No, I have no fears; David will cast up some of these days." Like bread upon the waters, his work and life is again "cast-up" upon these days of ours. It is a positive duty of every one to know the details of Livingstone's life, and these details can be most agreeably and accurately learned from Mr Maclachlan's little volume, as well as about progress in Africa since his death.

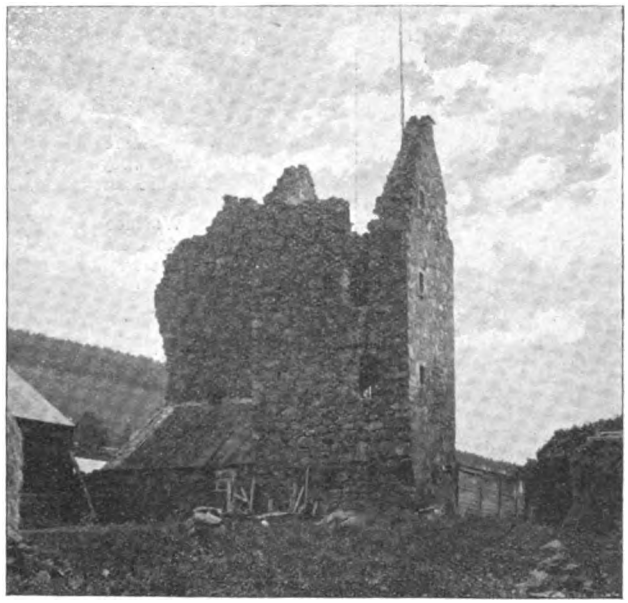
Peeblessbire and its Outland Borders.

IN the publication bearing this comprehensive title, we have one of the best county guide books it has been our pleasure to peruse. The book is in its third edition, and its claim to be "Historical and Descriptive" is successfully carried out. The three editions are thus facetiously referred to in the "Forewords":—

It is expedient to tell the visitors who have wandered by the banks of the Tweed so often, that they are no longer strangers, that this new edition has many of the old facts re-invigorated with new ideas. It is like the old bridge across the Tweed, on which, in its original state, "twa wheel-barrows trembled when they met"; after its first extension two coaches might still have been fearful of their fate; but now, in its third condition, its wide expanse is not only pleasant to the eyes; its stability assures us that the addition has been built according to the advanced scientific knowledge of an enlightened age. So with my book. On the first edition I tried my 'prentice hand; on the second, maturer knowledge shed its rays; and the third is before friends and foes alike, to do with it as they list.

The book, which is written and published by Mr James Watson, High Street, Peebles, is beautifully printed, contains much valuable information, set down in a most readable form, a thing which cannot be said of many guide books, and the excellent illustrations (seventeen in number) add much to the attractiveness of its pages. The author is an antiquarian of no mean order, as his introduction and appendix clearly show, but unlike many who search into the secrets of the eld, he can write to suit the popular taste. Natives of Upper Tweeddale will prize the book as a reminder of the "scenes of infancy," which remain firmly printed on their memory, while those who do not belong to the district will find in this guide book, with its excellent map, much that will please and instruct. We have pleasure in reproducing two of the smaller illustrations in the book, Horsburgh Castle, and Dhu Glen on the next page.

T. L.



HORSBURGH CASTLE.

A Relic of the Earl of Buchan's Poet Laureate.

RECENTLY, while looking over some old numbers of the BORDER MAGAZINE, I came across a short article on the Wallace statue at Dryburgh, which brought to my mind that I had in my possession one of the books used by James Barrie (the poet-

laureate) for the visitors to the statue entering their names. Although the book is in a rather dilapidated condition, the names of the visitors and some of "Jamie's" effusions (with which it is freely interspersed) are fairly decipherable. It is an ordinary exercise-book, such as children use in the schools. On the front "brod" James rather laconically proclaims the fact that it is the "Book Head." Inside, on the fly-leaf, James allows his muse full scope, making the following introduction:

DHU GLEN.

Lord Buchan made this pleasure grow,
For friends and for himself;
All for the love of Wallace great,
And not for love of wealth.
And, as the owner of this land,
A small request seeks he,
That visitors set down their name,
Who Wallace come to see.

But rebels all, who doth despise
The Earl of Buchan's orders,
They are not welcome visitors,
From country, town, or Borders.
My loving friends, set down your names,
When Wallace you do see;
And then your name, like Wallace stand,
With honour crowned be.

Then follows in the centre of the page the total number of visitors for each separate year from 1816 to 1825.

For the year		1816	—Number of	visitors,	1300
,,	,,	1817	,,	,,	1655
,,	,,	1818	,,	,,	1630
,,	,,	1819	,,	,,	1580
,,	,,	1820	,,	,,	1636
,,	,,	1821	,,	,,	1681
,,	,,	1822	,,	,,	1720
,,	,,	1823	,,	,,	1896
,,	,,	1824	,,	,,	1700
,,	,,	1825	,,	,,	1740

Apparently these numbers had inspired his muse afresh, for he goes on again at the foot of the list—

No rebels here, nor enemies,
In number stand above,
But friends of Wallace, love and truth,
The name-book it doth prove.
All proven friends of Wallace great,
Whose names are on record,
And hath obeyed the just command
Of Noble Buchan's Lord.

Here Wallace stands in his old dress,
Like to Goliath seen;
The spear he holds in his right hand,
Shaft like a weaver's beam.
The shield he holds in his left hand,
All for to guard his heart;
And when his foes did him surround
He acted well his part.

From the names inscribed within it would seem that the tourist was as much in evidence in 1825 as he is to-day, with all the advantages of rail and cycle. The following names taken at random from the book's pages go to prove that the statue had visitors from all parts:

John Herriot, Belfast; Sarah Smith from London; Rev. T. Smail, Ecclefechan; Robert Burns, Buenos Ayres; Richard Allen, Charleston, So. Carolina; Thos. B Reed, Demerara, and several others from a distance.

"Jamie" criticises freely many of the signatures. On one C. Leon Le Croix, he makes the remark in parenthesis that it is "a Frenchman's hand writ." At the bottom of the same page, in the "laureate's" hand-writing is the entry, "Mr Waldie with party from Kelso, all rebels."

Amongst the signatures are found many names still well known on the Borders, including A. Lawson, minister, Selkirk; Andrew and Henry Clendinnen of Earlston, famous for their connection with the gingham industry of that place, and whose descendants still conduct a flourishing business there. Also Margaret and Agnes Carter of Earlston, presumably sisters

of Robert Carter, publisher, who died in New York a few years ago. There are also many signatures of members of the old Border families, including Francis Home of Cowdenknowes; Percy, Alnwick Castle; A. and E. Tod of Drygrange and Kirklands; the Misses Scott of Harden and Mertoun; and many others too numerous to mention.

At the end of the book are two or three pages apparently set apart for any poetical visitor to give vent to his feelings. One in a rather lugubrious mood thus addresses the statue—

Adieu to Wallace, a long adieu,
From thee I at last must part;
Nought now can cheer this aching void,
Nor cheer this drooping heart.

The Earl of Buchan is the object of the next one's muse, who goes on as follows—

My thanks unto you, Lord Buchan,
For this memorial stone;
And may thy memory be adored,
To ages yet unknown.
And when time's destroying sway
Great Wallace down shall throw,
May some faithful friend appear
The hero's virtue show.
Is the wish of his Lordship's sincere friend,
JOHN CRIBBER, Spotswood.

Another in an evidently more frivolous frame of mind wishes that—

"While oceans roll beneath the skies,
And ships their news convey, sir,
May Kelso Whiskey take the prize,
At home and far away, sir."
AMICUS.

Another effusion, entitled "Lines addressed to Wallace," is of a higher order of merit, but the author's signature is unfortunately illegible.

Hail! noble chieftain! Scotia's darling stay!
'Twas thine to suffer when the brilliant ray
Of glory beam'd to carve thy warlike name,
Immortal on the pinnacle of fame.
Betray'd by ruffian hands—a tyrant's steel
Usurp'd the sway of Caledonia's weal;
The sun that rose elate on many a crown,
In sable hue of darkest woe, went down;
No banners streaming o'er the field of death,
Proclaim'd the hero at his parting breath.
Altho' escap'd the rage of warfare's tide
On Falkirk's plain or bloody Carronside;
See perfidy, and Edward's crested band,
Subdue the soul that triumph'd o'er the land.

Immediately under the foregoing, Barrie, evidently to utilise the space, gives the following riddle, and answers it at the same time—

There are four things above the ground
By everybody seen;
What's clearest, fairest, fattest, rarest,
Where they are, and what they mean?
The sun is clearest, the moon is fairest,
The earth is fattest to be seen;
A Nymph that never thought of man,
When she passes twice fifteen.

The nymph who never thought on man is evidently meant to represent the rarest thing, but to see the earth above the ground would certainly be quite as great a phenomenon. Towards the close of the book the "poet" becomes quite philosophical, as on the last page but one he urges, in lines which he entitles "The path of virtue," that—

Whatever work we do begin,
We must think on the end;
Each man his talents must improve,
No time on folly spend.
The path of virtue cultivate,
And firm therein go,
Because the slippery paths of vice
Doth every man o'erthrow.

Each day, on Wallace I do wait,
When health and strength permit;
A pleasant paradise to me
When I do walk or sit.
Each night, when I go to my bed,
It is with adoration,
Because I have got good bed and wife,
None better in the nation.

I have spent many sleepless nights,
These twenty years by-gone;
My Maker's kindness bears me up,
I do not mourn nor moan.
With patience, bears my troubles all,
Which Wisdom to me sent,
And in the path of Wisdom's ways,
I wish my time be spent.

(Sd.) JAMES BARRIE, in the fog-house at the foot of Wallace's Statute.

On the last page James has drawn a circle to represent the globe, and underneath has the following cheering lines—

The earth and everything were made
By word of High command,
And firmly established,
Like to a rock, doth stand.
All creatures on the earth are bred
By nature's compilation,
Both man and beast doth now exist
In every isle and nation.
Each day the earth's replenished,
By births and burials all,
As long as sun and moon goes round
The earth it cannot fall.

Truly, after this we may rest in peace, despite the many prophets who foretell the end of the world at no distant date.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

All Business matters. Applications for Shares, Advertising, &c., should be transacted through the Secretary of the Company, Mr JOHN HOGARTH, *121 West Regent Street, Glasgow.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1901.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

The Border Keep.

GLASGOW COAT OF ARMS.

All eyes are turned to Glasgow where the finest Exhibition ever seen in Great Britain has been successfully completed, and opened to the inspection of visitors from far and near. Could Sir Walter Scott's immortal creation, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, re-visit the scene of his former trials and triumphs I am afraid that the present appearance of Kelvingrove would extract from him so many exclamations of "Ma Conscience!" that he would for once forget to appeal to the memory of "My worthy faither the Deacon, rest and bless him!"

* * *

As many will be turning their steps towards Yarrow during the coming months, that they may drink in new life and vigour from its healthful breezes and soulful silence, I quote the following from the "Southern Reporter":

A WESTERN MINISTER ON YARROW.—The Rev. Gordon B. Watt, Kilmarnock, in an open letter to his parishioners from Selkirk, says:—I am looking day by day up the vale of Yarrow, which the local poet says is

> A vale where world-worn weary feet
> May come to rest or roam in.

I have seen it in the early spring, and now it is clothed in God's spotless white. Early or late spring or winter, Yarrow is ever full of beauty. And as I look to-day, I think of the soul of man that can be made whiter than the snow, and my heart sings in its song of praise for the grace that ever does wondrous things. I can see also from my window Philiphaugh, the scene of a great battle between Montrose and Leslie in the days when men stood even to the death for Christ's crown and covenant In the grounds of Philiphaugh estate, the laird of which built Mr Stevenson's Church in 1853, is to be seen a monument erected to the memory of the Covenanters who fought and gained that battle Selkirk sent seventy of its bravest and best to fight at Flodden—ay, and left them there, except one who brought back an English flag, still in possession of the town authorities. It was of these seventy who went from Yarrow and Ettrick that the song was written which tells us that "the flowers of the forest are a' wede away." So I am sojourning in a place rich in historical glory as well as in natural beauty.

* * *

The much discussed subject of a proposed railway up the vales of Yarrow and Ettrick is thus referred to in an editorial in the above widely-circulated newspaper:—

Did it ever occur to those who are interesting themselves in the opening up of the Yarrow valley to avail themselves of the water power which lies to their hands in the development of electric trac

tion? The valleys of Ettrick and Yarrow are peculiarly well situated for such development, possessed as they are of abundant water-power, from the Grey Mare's Tail downwards. If such a reserve of power were transferred to America it would be instantly taken advantage of, both for railway and lighting purposes. Were such stations formed, not only could the houses in the valleys be lighted by electricity, but it could be utilised for railway purposes to any extent, and Selkirk could also be lighted from the same source. The consular report issued by Mr Harrison regarding the development of Spain since the close of the Philippine War and the loss of its colonies is most instructive, and shows what is being done in the very direction we are indicating in that country, supposed to be the most backward in Christendom. He says—"The general use of electricity is causing the introduction of many valuable industries into practically deserted districts. Until a few years ago the streets and houses of most of the small towns and villages, which are now well lighted with electricity, were dependent on a few oil lamps and the lanterns of the night watchman. Once an electric plant has been put in a village it becomes necessary to employ skilled labour. The residence of a few people of superior education in a village soon puts new life and energy into all its undertakings, and other improvements follow. The introduction of factories, and opportunities of exercising skilled labour in country districts, tends to encourage the rural population to take more interest in education, so as to fit themselves to compete for better wages." This is quite apropos of the development of Yarrow and Ettrick vales. Is there energy and enterprise enough in our midst to translate the ideas into practical effect?

* * *

As the subject of Yarrow seems to be of perennial interest to all true Borderers, I have no hesitation in quoting from the "Galashiels Telegraph" some interesting remarks by the minister of the parish:—

At the parish soiree some time ago the Rev. Robert Borland, minister of Yarrow, made a few interesting observations on Yarrow, ancient and modern. In glancing back, said Mr Borland, over the past we find that great changes have taken place here as elsewhere. In the olden time the Parish Church was at St Mary's, beside the old graveyard on the hillside. It was removed to its present site in 1640. There were in Roman Catholic times a good many Chapels scattered over the parish, all under the supervision and fostering care of the Mother Church, such as Deuchar, Kirkhope, Buccleuch, and Chapelhope. At that time, and down into the seventeenth century, the parish boundaries were much wider than at present. The parish then extended on the one side from Ashiestiel to Birkhill, and on the other from Cardrona, on the Tweed, above Innerleithen, to Borthwick Water, a few miles from Roberton. The first change in these extensive boundaries was made by the Commission on the planting of Churches about 1620, when the portions of the parish from Tibbie Shiel's to Birkhill, and the district known as Buccleuch, on the Ettrick, were thrown into Ettrick parish, which, before this time, must have been comparatively small. It is interesting also to know that Meggat originally formed part of the parish of Traquair, and was joined to Lyne on the petition of Lord Hay, and a promise was made that a manse and church would be built for the convenience of the residents in this district—a promise which, unfortunately, is still waiting fulfilment. About the middle of last century the parish of Kirkhope was wholly taken out of the parish of Yarrow; and in still more recent times the Tweedside district has been joined to Caddonfoot, so that the ecclesiastical, as well as the civil boundaries, have been considerably curtailed. The social conditions of the parish have undergone changes equally great. During the eighteenth century, and in the early part of last century, the population of the parish must have been nearly double what it is now, not taking Kirkhope into consideration at all. There were small village communities scattered all over the parish, at Deuchar, Tinnis, Kershope, Sundhope, etc. These have all disappeared, and the old cottar houses have followed in their wake. As an indication of the comparatively large population of the parish in those times, I find that at the beginning of last century there were forty people in the parish in receipt of parochial relief, and a sum of £300 per annum was required to meet their necessities. At the present moment pauperism in the parish is all but non-existent. The farms, too, have become much larger than they used to be. In one case, of which I have heard there is only one farm now, where before there were five, which gives an idea of the extent to which consolidation of farms has taken place. And worst of all, some of our largest and best farms are without resident tenants. The led-farm system, as it is called, is one in regard to which it is impossible to speak favourably. The influence of such a system is almost wholly bad, and I feel sure, if our our landlords were to consider the question from the moral and social point of view, they would do everything they could to bring the pernicious system to an end. It should never be forgotten that property has its duties as well as its rights; and when the former are forgotten, the latter are likely, sooner or later, to be disregarded, and justly so, by the community. There are two things much needed in the parish. (1) We are greatly in need of a public hall. We have really no place where meetings such as this could be held. It would be of the greatest possible advantage if we had a building in which the parishioners could meet together for such purposes as that for which we are here assembled to-night. This surely is an object not altogether beyond our reach, and I am quite sure, if we were to set about it in earnest, every man in the parish putting his shoulder to the wheel, the thing could be accomplished. Such a place of meeting would help to brighten and develop the social life of the community, and make life in our rural solitudes more worth living. (2) There is another thing very much wanted, and that is a light railway from Selkirk to St Mary's Loch, or from Selkirk to Moffat. I am glad to hear that you are not greatly shocked at the suggestion. I do not think that a railway would in any way destroy the charm of our romantic ballad-haunted river. The Tweed is not less lovely than it was before the railway was laid along its sylvan banks, and the Yarrow would suffer just as little. The advantages in other respects would be very great. It would bring our valley into more immediate contact with the great world without, and might ultimately lead to a great increase in the population.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

"The Dreamer."

By J. Leckie Herbertson.

REUBEN found it impossible to understand what the fascination was that the sight of Nan had for him: there was no reason in it, as far as he could see. He told himself so with scorn each time he found his steps wending in her direction; nevertheless he was powerless to deny himself the mingled pleasure and pain it cost him to glance in curiously upon her at her sewing, on his daily round of the outbuildings.

Nan always sat in the same place, with eyes bent upon the long seam upon which she was engaged. She had, on the first day of her visit, chosen this particular seat and corner, after grave consideration. To Reuben's questioning eyes she had replied that to be comfortable and happy in her work she must have the light falling full over her left shoulder, and in that direction and in no other. The fad, for, of course, he called it one, seemed harmless enough to his mind, and interesting, too. At Craigerne there were no women folk of the family, only a father and a son, and Nan, much in need of a change from her teaching, had descended upon the farm, ostensibly for recreation, but, as time showed, also fired with an ambition to be a temporary 'angel in the house' to the two men.

Nan could sew beautifully, and her patches and buttonholes were marvels. She emptied the drawers and chests of her new found relations with daring, and set herself to lessen the appalling mountain which spread itself before her.

She was not dismayed by the magnitude of the task she had so blithely determined to attempt, and it was her joy and pride at eventide to display the worlds of ragged space she had conquered, and refractory buttons firmly stitched in place by her capable hands, and the torn holes oversewn.

It gave Reuben a strange thrill to see her bend over some article of his own; and when she said gaily, in answer to his remonstrances to see her so hard at work, that she loved to be so occupied, he felt his face flame. He could not explain to himself what the feeling was that drew him in spite of himself. He remembered that Nan, laughingly alluding to his shadowing of herself, which seemed to afford her some amusement, had ascribed it to the proverbial attraction of opposites.

There was not an ounce of romance about her, he told himself irritably, when, after one of his serious speeches she had engaged in a sharp encounter of wits, and routed him entirely.

It may be, however, that in this he was mistaken: Nan, in her eager way could gauge quickly the characters of those about her, and it had not taken her long to see that Reuben's dreamy temperament bade fair to ruin his prospects. What he needed, so it had seemed to her, at first sight, was to be roused and piqued into action, not only for his own sake, but for his father's too; for the old man was gradually resigning the reins of government to his son. It did not take her long to become persuaded that fate had marked her as its chosen instrument for the awakening of her cousin Reuben, and forthwith she set herself to regenerate his life for him.

Nan was neither pretty nor handsome, but she was attractive. There was quiet strength in her face, in her steady eyes, and gravely smiling lips. When she looked roguish, and she looked so very often while listening to Reuben's long speeches, there was something irresistible about her, which, even though he was angered, he could not withstand.

Nan liked him; she told him so, frankly, she also intimated that she could like him so very much more if only he were different. 'How different!' he would exclaim, and she would lay down her work, and look into his eyes, and then say tantalisingly, "Well, if you do not know, it is no use trying to tell you."

At first he turned away scornfully. After a time, when he saw his indifference—which was feigned,—bore no comparison to hers, which was—or, at least, so it seemed to him—unfeigned, he begged her to try to explain.

"Don't dream," said Nan, at length, after much coaxing.

He repeated the words after her with indignation: "I never dream," he said. "I wish I could."

"Why?" said Nan, with the earnest air of one in search of knowledge.

"I suppose because life is so generally unsatisfying," he said angrily.

Nan's eyes opened wide: "Why, I should think you ought to be the most contented man alive," she added with emphasis.

He looked at her pityingly. "That is it," he said; "how can a woman understand a man's ambitions and limitations."

"What are your ambitions?" she asked.

He looked at her with some anger, which was possibly augmented by a lingering doubt of himself, and what it was he really desired. "I should like to get away to a big town," he

replied, realising the vagueness of his own statement as her eyes met his.

Nan was too tactful to press him, but she said calmly: "Big towns are often no better, and sometimes much worse than little."

He shot out his lip.

"Don't you like farming?" she asked.

"Ye-es; pretty well."

"Then I don't see what it is you do want, cousin Reuben," said Nan gravely.

It is probable he did not know himself: he was fired by a young man's longing to do big deeds, and as big deeds were impossible in a small village—or so it seemed to him—he decided that a large city must be the scene of his life work. It was youth racing in his veins that moved him, and his ambitions were fine, and might have been productive of great results had they been definite; but they were not definite, and therein lay their power for evil. They were just strong enough to divert the current of his life from its proper destination, but not keen enough to hollow a channel of their own.

It may be Nan realised something of this, though she was somewhat younger than he; but she kept her thought deep down in her mind, and, though she was anxious to speak them he always found a difficulty in persuading her to do so.

It was Reuben's unconscious desire to know if Nan had ever had a lover. The longing cankered his day for him; he put the question to himself in a roundabout way, persuading himself that it was in his reluctance to believe her passionless that he sought to vindicate her right to declare herself not unfeeling.

Nan had had lovers: two of them, and one she had loved very deeply. He had gone out to America to make a home for her, and in the process had fallen in love with another girl, and married her. The news of his unfaithfulness had come to her a few months before her break-down, and subsequent visit to Craigerne; it is possible there was a connection between the two. Nan was not embittered by the experience, but she had felt she might be, if something were not found to distract her thoughts, and forthwith she set herself to the by no means grateful task of playing providence to her cousin Reuben. One factor in this problem of juggling with a man's ideals she had overlooked: it was the possibility of Reuben's cousinly feeling for her developing into something warmer.

The probabilities were on the side of him becoming her lover: his life had been a very lonely one, his mother had died in his infancy, so that he had never known the home-life, and influence, of a woman at closer quarters than those vouchsafed to him in his occasional visits to other farms.

Reuben was a good son, albeit a dreamer, and his love for his father had often caused him to wish, in the long winter evenings when each sat on his side of the hearth smoking his silent pipe, that the older man would marry, and thus bring a woman into the home to cheer and comfort him.

It had never occurred to Reuben that he, himself, might marry. Indeed, had the idea been proposed to him he would have rejected it with scorn—before Nan came. Yet he was tall, and broad-shouldered, and not ill-looking, and if he had not yet gauged his own powers of success in the occupation he underrated, it only needed the judicious and innate kindliness of purpose of such a woman as Nan to fire his ambitions in their proper direction.

As has been said, Reuben believed there was no reason in his pursuit of Nan, for she was quite indifferent to him. He acknowledged to himself that she attracted him, and that he wished he could attract her; but he went no deeper for the root of his desire, and,—as in his longings for life in the big world—he failed in consequence of having no definite object in view.

It was the old farmer who shook him somewhat roughly from his dream. As an onlooker he believed he saw most of the game, and he was convinced that with judicious handling these two might be brought together.

Nan had had a disappointment, he was persuaded of that; and not unwilling to be persuaded, for her conquest over her natural feelings showed the sweetness of her disposition. She was not attached to Reuben, or, if she were she was unaware of it. It would not be difficult to prove to her the condition of her own heart, and if her leaning were toward Reuben all might yet be well with his son.

Reuben was a novice in love, and Nan had been burnt by its fire: without interference they might go on for years, each unconscious of the state of his or her feelings towards the other.

The two men sat alone in the great kitchen. Nan was out, she had become very popular in the country side, and they were left to the full enjoyment of each other's company.

They had been sitting in silence several moments when the older man took his pipe from his mouth, looked at his son curiously, and then said in an interrogative tone:

"Nan will soon be going."

Reuben started. He had been sitting, with knitted brows, looking into the fire, and it may be it was the abruptness of the remark that caused him to draw in his breath sharply.

His father continued: "I've been wondering if there's anything between her and Sam Kinnear. He's a fine lad, and would make her a good husband; the farm's small, but it pays well for labour spent on it. She seems daft about the farming, too; strange for a lass that comes from the town."

Reuben answered nothing; but under the tan his face whitened.

The other wondered if he need say more. He was a man who shrank from inflicting pain, and something in his son's look accused him, though what he had done, he had done for the best.

He rose and stretched himself with an affectation of weariness. "Good-night, my son," he said, and then added, as if struck by an after-thought: "I wouldn't be surprised to hear she'd taken the lad."

Reuben sat quite still in his great chair by the fire, long after his father had gone, wrestling with the fierce pangs of jealousy that gripped at his heart.

Was it true? Was it true? he cried. He must know—now—to-night if it were true. Sam—Sam Kinnear! How blind, how mad he had been not to have guessed the miserable truth long ago: day after day, on one pretext or another, Sam's sisters had come for Nan, and carried her off reluctant but smiling. Why had he not gone out more, why had he not known, why had he not even suspected?

Automatically he rose, and heaped wood upon the fire: Nan loved a good blaze.

Nan was daft about farming! and Kinnear's farm was a model of all that a farm ought to be. Sam worked early and late upon it—so did he upon his; but Sam worked with his whole heart, and he—he had worked with half a mind.

Oh, the wasted years! but for his father's hand, guiding and overseeing all, long past his time, what would have been his position this night?

He rose and paced the room, great beads of perspiration upon his brow, facing the possibility of ruin which a few years would prove a certainty. He had been blind, blind, blind; and none had sought to open his eyes for him. . . . No, that was untrue; one had, Nan! He looked back, and read her speeches in a new light.

Why had she not spoken more plainly, he cried in his heart; and, then paused, knowing that he would not have brooked her interference had she attempted to do so. He had been mad, and a fool; but it was not yet too late; if he might not undo the past, he could, at least, reform the future; but what was bitterest of all was that he must do it alone. Alone, because while he had dreamt others had been awake; and, if he now found that life without Nan would be dreary and tasteless, others had found the same before him.

He set his brain to work upon the problem of Nan's heart, to find, alas! how little of it, or any other woman's heart, he knew. One thing he asked himself again and again, why had she cared to trouble herself about him? why had she sought his welfare? why these half-serious, half-laughing talks together, which had increased so much of late?

In these few hours of bitter reflection upon the past, of heart-searching, and of laboured self-examination, he approached a truer estimate of his own character than ever before. He saw himself in a new light, looking towards a new feature, fired by new ideals; and the days of the dreamer were brushed aside.

What would he not have given to see upon Nan's face the reflection of his own emotion in the finding of himself.

He remembered his father with tenderness; he, too,—he realised it now—had longed for this day; but the thought of the old man's joy, bringing with it a pang of sharp remorse, as it needs must to the son, was not enough.

"Nan, Nan, Nan," he cried, and went to the window and flung it wide, leaning far out into the night, calling her name, his face dark with emotion.

Nan, coming through the wicket gate after bidding Sam good-night—he had brought her home,—heard him. She paused with her heart beating wildly. Once before she had heard that cry in a man's voice—the other lover's, whom she had not loved, but who had loved her—there had been no answer to it then; but now! Something within her seemed to leap up beyond her control at the sound, and she leant upon the wicket whispering Reuben's name, for he it was who had called.

Someone came through the trees to meet her, crying "Nan, Nan."

It was he, and he had seen her.

"It isn't true, Nan, it isn't true," he cried, and his voice carried conviction.

"What is not true?" she asked, bewildered, realising the great change in him,—as great as in herself.

He hesitated, as if to collect himself for a blow: "Nan, you don't love him—Sam Kinnear—you don't love him, Nan."

He was holding her hands now, and trying to read her face in the shadows. He felt her start and shrink away from him, and would have dropped them, but that she caught his firmly.

"Who says so, Reuben?" she cried. "It is not true."

"Not true," he said, and drew a deep breath.

She remembered the sound of his voice calling: "Nan, Nan," into the night, and a strange elation seized her.

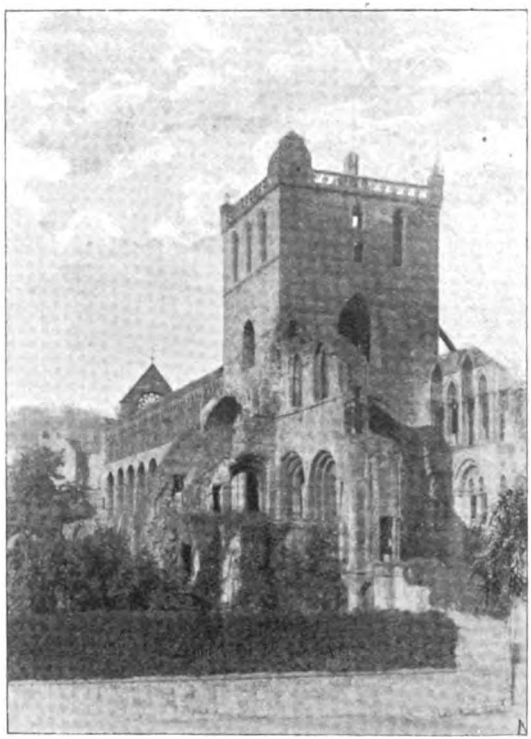
"Love me a little, Nan," he pleaded: "even a little."

She drew her hands from his, and laid them upon his shoulders: "I love you, Reuben, more than a little," she said steadily, "though I did not know it; and—we can fight the battle of life together, now."

He drew her to him, with a sense of new power and tenderness. "Oh, Nan, Nan," he cried, and could say no more for the passion of gratitude that filled his heart, in that he had found himself, at last, and, in finding himself, had found her, and that not when it was too late.

Jedburgh.

FAIR falls the sun on Jedburgh tower,
But fairest on its hallowed ground;
Even through the glowing noontide hour
They tell of rest, of peace profound.
But when the moonbeams flood the scene,
And murmurings faint rise from the stream.
The heart is moved with memories keen
Of far-off years, now like a dream.
And charms that brightened life's young days
Come stealing o'er me as of yore;
I tread again the primrose ways
With blithe companions, here no more:
Again with joy the pulses beat
While I recall the frolics gay,
And feel the rush, the rapid feet,
Of merry-hearted youths at play.



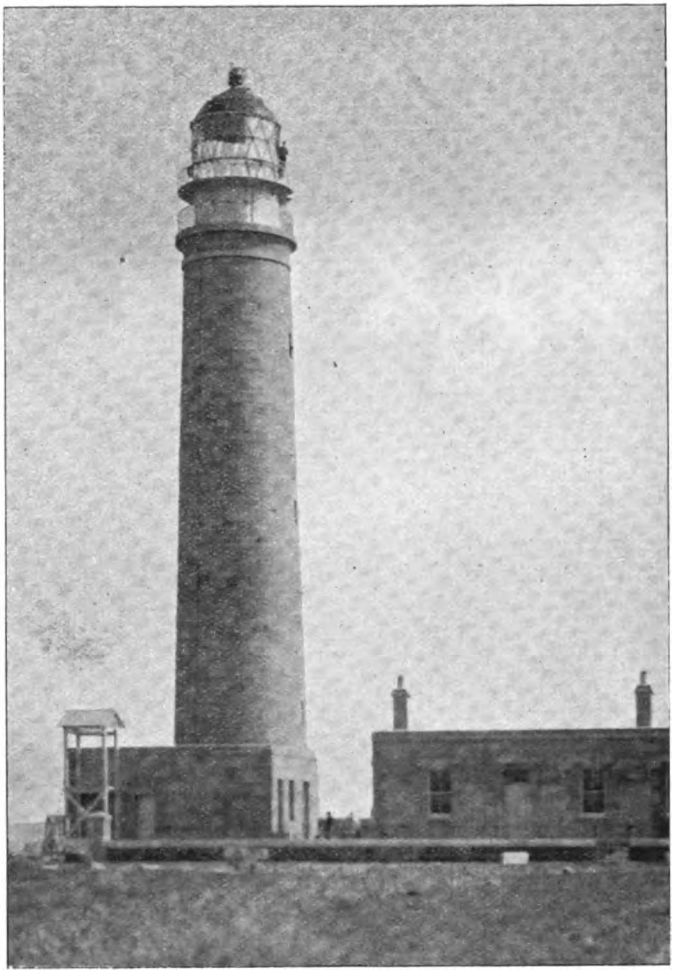
From Photo by JEDBURGH ABBEY BY MOONLIGHT. Miss Blair, Jedburgh.

The world has store of toil and strife
For every man in some degree,
And less or more in every life
Has placed the seeds of joy or glee;
And dull must be the weary heart
That no sweet throb of rapture feels
When retrospection plays its part,
And lively scenes of youth reveals.
The native stream, of beauty rare,
Gleams often through the past on me,
And thrills me with such visions fair
As border on reality.
But age and youth in love are one
For the dear land that gave them birth.
And Jedburgh is, in shade or sun,
To me the brightest spot on earth. M.G.

The New Lighthouses on the Haddington and Berwickshire Coast.

By WILLIAM BERTRAM.

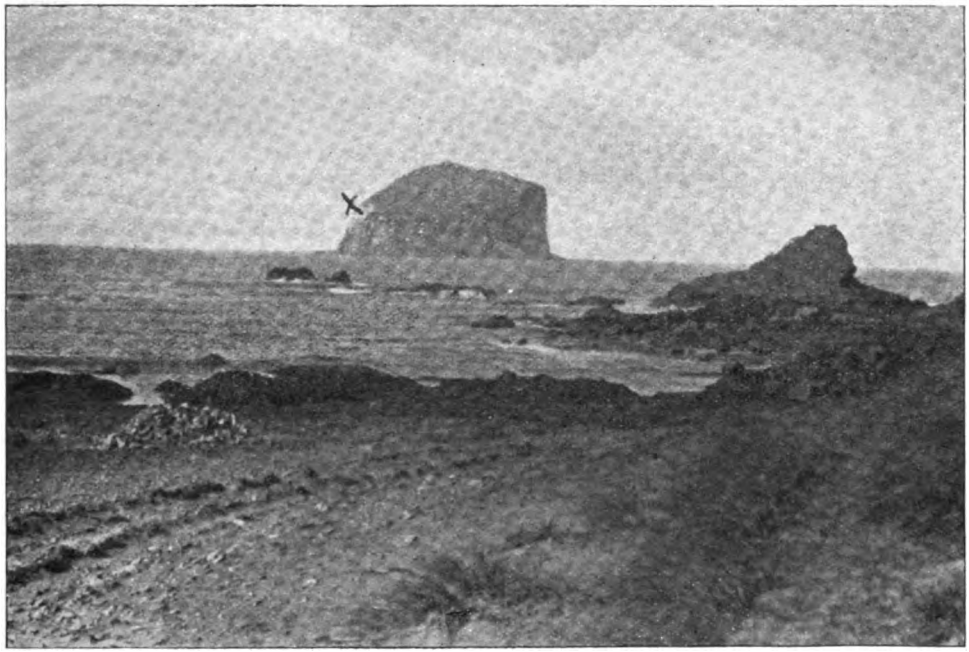
UNTIL comparatively recent years the only guiding light vessels had when entering the Firth of Forth was that on the May Island, which was established there as early as 1836, although at that time it was only an open coal fire which gave forth its uncertain light for the guidance of mariners. Situated as the May Island is, close to the Fife coast, the light there was quite inadequate for the proper illumination of the entrance to the Firth, the whole of the Haddingtonshire and Berwickshire coast being in darkness. Yet it was not till 1862 that the lighthouse on St Abb's Head was established, and twenty years later saw another built on Fidra Island, near North Berwick These two lights have been a great boon to shipmasters, but the distance between St Abb's and Fidra extends to close on thirty miles, so that a considerable stretch of darkened coast still required attention. From time immemorial this rock-bound coast has been a death-trap for vessels coming out the North Sea, and apart from the fact that ships stranding there, with one or two solitary exceptions, became total wrecks; there has further been an enormous loss of life to reckon with, and as recently as the winter before last seventeen ships became a prey to these sunken rocks, besides the loss of twenty valu-



From a Photo by C. Spence, Dunbar.

INNERWICK NEW LIGHTHOUSE.

able lives. The Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses have, therefore, for many years rightly maintained that considering the enormity of the traffic to and from the Firth of Forth, and that never a winter passed without ships coming to grief between Skateraw and the Bass Rock, that more lighthouses were necessary, and accordingly they proceeded two years ago to erect on the most fatal rocks another couple of "danger warners." The first of these (of which we give a portrait) stands at Barn Ness Point, on the Innerwick coast, within sight of the St Abb's light and close by the village of Cockburnspath. This lighthouse, which is nearing completion and will come into nightly service within the next few weeks, stands on ground belonging to the Duke of Roxburghe, is fully 100 feet high, and has illuminating apparatus of the most modern description in order to give a light of great power. The lantern is of the type known as the group-flashing light, giving three flashes in succession every half minute, the beam of light of each of the three flashes being of 78,000 candle-power. The other lighthouse stands on the historic Bass Rock, and will not reach completion for another year. The lighthouse tower is being built on a plateau on the south-east corner of the Rock at the old Castle. The base of the tower is about 100 feet above high water, and the tower about 50 feet high, so that the light will be 150 feet above sea level. The buildings on the rock consist of a tower, oil cellar, store rooms, and accommodation for the men. The wives and families are to live ashore, most probably at Granton, the station being what is known as a Rock Station, —i.e., a station where the light-keepers live alone at the lighthouse and are relieved every fortnight, each man going ashore in turn and spending a fortnight with his wife and family. The light in this case also will be a group-flashing one, showing six flashes in quick succession every half minute, and the intensity of each flash will be equal to 39,000 candle-power Myriads of sea-birds have always made this rock their home, and speculation has been rife as to how they would take with the new conditions, but lighthouse keepers in the North of Scotland assert that the birds take very kindly with the light. What with five lighthouses on the coast and the provision of the most modern type of lifeboat in existence, which last month was placed at Dunbar by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, besides the introduction of the telephone skirt-



From Photo by C. S. ence, Dunbar.

THE BASS ROCK.

ing the land, some adequate conception of the terribly dangerous nature of the coast can be realised.

Prehistoric Lauderdale.

UNTIL quite recently it was considered heterodox to suggest that the Romans had not left a deep mark on Northern Britain. But Mr Andrew Lang has unsettled the faith. In his latest contribution to historic research he says, "For practical purposes Scotland is hardly more affected by the Roman occupation than Ireland, which the Romans never occupied at all." The assertion of this startling fact will do good. It will lead to a more than superficial knowledge of the immigration and settlement of races anterior to the Christian era. It will make a study of the early inhabitants of the Scottish Borderland of first importance in fixing the limitations of Roman sway. Our estimate of what the Romans have left will be all the more accurate that we distinctly know what they found. Many so-called "Roman Remains" may possess more venerable antiquity. The memory of Rome may be, indeed, preserved in many a Border name, but the Border people had already an ancient lineage when the Romans brought "inordinate motions and affections" to our shores.

It is to antiquarian scholars that we owe the time-marks designated by the Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages. In the first of these, North Britain was inhabited by allophylian races, of the Basque type, originally sprung from the Mediterranean shores, and named Iberian or Iberic as they drifted over Spain to Northern Europe, where they settled in the territory now named Britain, whose insular position had not at that remote distance of time severed it from the Continent. The people dwelt in caves. They had dark hair, and long skulls. They were of a short build, and similar to those described by Cæsar as found existing in Wales. At the close of this neolithic age, there came from the swampy plains of Central Germany the Aryan family—the first of the Celts—carrying with them a knowledge of bronze and its adaptation to defensive art. And lastly, came the Galli and Belgæ, probably induced to visit that part of Britain opposite France and the Netherlands for plunder. This invasion or intrusion corresponds with the advent of the iron age, and may date from the third or fourth century B.C. For the sake of definiteness, the races specified above may be classified as Pre-Celtic, Early-Celtic, and Late-Celtic.

The Aryans have left their names in Lowland hill and stream and hamlet. One of these tribes—the Brigantes, a Brythonic or Cymric race—peopled Northern England, Berwickshire, and East Lothian, and a branch of this great family was the Celtic Ottadeni, the aborigines of the Borders. The later Celts do not appear to have passed further north than the southern limits of Northumbria. It is probable, however, that along our eastern shores Norsemen and Scandinavians made erratic inroads, and to some extent mixed with the native race. Speaking generally, it may be affirmed that, on the arrival of Cæsar, the inhabitants of the southern shores of Britain were Late-Celts, in the Borderland Early-Celts, and in the greater part of Scotland Pre-Celts. At the same time there was undoubtedly a mixture throughout of all three races. The physical characteristics of the later Celts were fair skin, yellow hair, blue eyes, large limbs. Centuries passed before the Teuton, with low stature, long head, and dark eyes, interfered with the native breed and sent forth a posterity of "developed mongrels," of whom we are at this day the passive representatives and types.

Munro, in his recent scholarly work, "Prehistoric Scotland," says, "The early immigrants into North Britain were hunters and pastoral farmers, who probably paid no attention to the cultivation of the land. It was only as population increased, and permament communities gradually took root in the glens and straths that agriculture became the mainstay of their subsistence." It must be borne in mind, however, that the primitive Iberic people were tillers of the ground. They have left the impress of their toil in those well-defined terrace-markings which are seen at various places in the Borders, frequently in close proximity to the earliest habitations of men. The Aryans were a sporting race, and held in serfdom the people they found cultivating, partially and rudely, the "stubborn glebe." It is on record that at the time of the Roman occupation the inland inhabitants did not sow corn, that they lived on milk and flesh, and that they were clad with skins. The reference is wholly to those tribes under view of the Roman legions, and the historian writes with the prejudice usually borne towards an inferior race.

The first Roman incursion in Lauderdale was probably in 78 or 79 A.D., when Agricola, passing through Roxburghshire, on his way to Edin-

burgh, proceeded north towards Channelkirk, where he left his name in that early fortification known as Agricola's Camp. Later investigation points to the earth-work as of British origin, but assuming that the invader passed through Berwickshire, he must have followed the route of what is now known to have been a great Roman roadway. This "road" was at a later date named Malcolm's Road, and readily gave inference that it was the work of his time, but it was an old road when that monarch came by it to the hunt. It passed to the west of the Royal Burgh of Lauder, following the high ridge of land about a mile from the right bank of the River Leader. By the same route Severus in 208 A.D. sought to subjugate the northern tribes who give evidence of their having been settled into communities in those remains of circular stone huts which have been discovered in various parts of the Borderland, and some of which as late as 1872 were observed on Lauder Hill between the roads leading to Galashiels and Stow. These probably mark a site of a Caledonian town, which may have existed till the close of the second century. There is often doubt to what extent the Romans utilized existing works. In many cases it is matter of conjecture whether they ever visited the fortifications called by their names. For example, that fine specimen of an early British camp at Blackchester, near Pilmuir, has often been included in the list of authoritative remains of Roman entrenchments. Other works, again, present greater difficulties as to historical classification.

The Barrow Stanes, on the way from Edgarshop to Broadshawrig in the extreme east of the parish of Lauder, have not yet revealed the story of their origin, use, or memory. They stand on Borrowstone Rig, and in the local name of The Baron's Stane mark the sepulchre of a great Chief who died on the battlefield, with his face to the foe.

On the farm of Blythe are the ruins of what at one time was known as a "Druidical Settlement." It is properly called Haerfaulds, from the Danish *luer fold*, a camp or military station. It lies two miles west of Spottiswoode, and in the Ordnance Survey prior to 1869, some of the cells in the north and west are shewn perfect. The good folks of Blythe see in these cells the temples where their forefathers worshipped the Sun. They thus project their own ideas of sublime reverence into works whose origin is inexplicable, and in a most prosaic sense find "sermons in stones."

In 1760, a rampart and fosse were traced from Haerfaulds to the English Border. They passed to the north of the village of Westruther, and may have been erected by a Romanized British tribe. In type the work resembles the Catrail, and may with it have been a veritable highway long before the Romans left the Gallic shore.

At Braidshawrig, there is a cave hewn through the solid rock, but it does not seem to have been worthy of antiquarian notice.

In the Proceedings of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club (1869) it is stated that "on the hill behind Byrecleugh is a very curious and remarkably-shaped cairn called the Deil's Mitten, which, according to tradition, marks the burial-place of a Pictish King." The stones are sometimes spoken of as the "meeting-stones," or Mutiny Stones. The cairn is irregular in height and breadth, but the maximum measurements may be given thus—Length, 240 ft.; Breadth, 75 ft.; Height, 18 ft.

If it be correct to affirm that the Romans passed Lauderdale towards Mons Graupius (84 A.D.). it may be at once suggested that several of the hill-forts in the district are remains of Roman entrenchments. These could most advantageously be raised as a means of defence where wood was abundant. It is said that each Roman "soldier on the march carried a certain number of wooden stakes along with his entrenching tools." Temporary camps were thus formed along the line of advance. But as for nearly 300 years the Borderland formed part of the great Roman Empire, dwellings of greater permanence and extent were erected. Roman camps are usually square; British camps are always round; the existence of both types of building in the same entrenchment point to Romano-British occupation.

The largest of these hill-forts is at Tollis or Tullius Hill, in the extreme north of the parish of Lauder. Formerly it was held to be of so distinctly Roman type that it was generally understood to have derived its name from a Roman leader, called Tullius. The inference does not now obtain. It is even ironically said that Tollis is contracted Toll-house, and is associated with the "Packman's Road" which ran from Lauder to Haddington. It should, however, be added that no exhaustive survey of the camp has yet been made.

About four miles north of Lauder is the Camp of Addinstone. Its interior measurement is 300 feet long, with an average width of 165 feet. It is built of earth. It stands on the precipitous edge of one of the tributaries of the Leader, and is approached from

the north-east. The sides are nearly straight, but the north-west end has rounded angles. All round there are two massive ramparts. A trench and a third outer rampart are at the south-east and north-west ends. At the north-west end, the inner rampart is 16 feet high on the outside. A raised platform, 160 feet long, is in the rear of the middle rampart. At the north end, a low mound encloses a circular space, 40 feet in diameter.

Longcroft Camp is circular, and is largely built of stone. It lies 70 yards north-east of the junction of Soonhope and Whalplaw Burns, and is 1100 feet above sea-level.

There are several other camps in Lauderdale —some of less extent but of greater antiquity. That on Earnscleugh or Ernescleuch Hill—the home of the eagle—is double-walled round the most exposed parts. At Burncastle, also, there is a camp of remote date. A monolithic stone—locally known as "The Lang Stane" —was set on Dabb's Hood in 1867 to commemorate the marriage of Lady Mary Maitland. The stone is said to have been brought originally from Dye Water.

Numerous stone axes, "celts," and rings have been found in Upper Lauderdale. Stone-hammers were sometimes called "purgatory" hammers, as being found in cists or burying-places they were used by the dead when they came to the gates of Purgatory.

The quern or hand-mill was unknown till the Iron Age, and in North Britain did not exist before the Christian era. It consisted of a light mill-stone set in motion by a staff fixed above. A hard stone or the flat surface of a rock served as a "nether" or lower mill-stone. Examples of these stones have been found at Lauder, Longcroft Hill, Addinstone, and Huntington, but it will be readily understood that they may have rolled far from the site of their grinding.

Arrow-points of flint, sometimes called elf or fairy stones, were some years ago found in great numbers on the farm of Bowerhouse, in the parish of Channelkirk. This led antiquarians to believe that at one time there existed in the locality a "factory of flints." The stone is not native, and the residue tells of commercial interchange of products, serviceable roads, and skill to work towards a definite point. Isobel Goudie, in 1662, deponed, "As for elf arrow-heidis, the Divel shapis thame with his awin hand, and syne deliveris thame to elf-boyis, wha whyttis and dyghtis thame with a sharp thing lyke a pakin neidle, bot quhan I was in Elfland, I saw thame whytting and dighting thame." It is quite unnecessary to say here that the antiquities of Lauderdale have not been fashioned in such a phantasmagorial factory.

A. T. G.

HAWICK COMMON-RIDING SONGS.—No sooner do the spring buds appear than the loyal sons of Hawick begin to think of that great event of the year, the Common Riding, and anything which will throw additional light upon the history of the interesting ceremonials connected with the event is welcomed by all genuine "Teries," in whatever part of the world they may be located. We note with pleasure the issue of a new edition of the "Hawick Common Riding Songs," by the enterprising publishers, Messrs W. & J. Kennedy, Hawick. The publication is thus described by the facile pen of "The Rambler" in the "Hawick News":—

> The edition before us contains one or two points of interest that may well be pointed out. We have here a detailed description of the route taken by the drums and fifes on the Thursday evening and the Friday morning, which is clearly the old bounds of the burgh. We do not remember observing this in any of the other editions, and it is well that an important part of the ceremonies should be preserved in print. We believe the description of the route is taken from the narration of a member of the drum and fife band who next year attains his jubilee of membership. . . . . .
>
> Another feature in the pamphlet is the careful collation of the songs from the edition revised and corrected by the author. Several slips in text and arrangement had crept in, and these have been duly rectified. If we might be allowed a hint, we would suggest that the Ceremonial Committee take the arrangement of the song as here indicated, and use it as the authorised version.

As the booklet costs only one penny and contains the music of the immortal "Teribus," we would recommend our readers to procure a copy.

W. S

SOUL-CULTURE.—Bearing this important title, the Rev. J. Brand Scott, B.D., minister of the East U.F. Church, Hawick, has issued in book form his three lectures—"An Ideal Woman," "An Ideal Young Man," and "An Ideal Home." As the author says in his prefatory note, the book "is issued not because it contains any new moral theory, but simply in the desire that it may be of some practical help to those who seek to make the ideal real." It will be well for the youth of the Borderland if the sound advice which is kindly given by the author be taken to heart and carried into practice. The book, which is neatly got up, is published by Mr James Edgar, 5 High Street, Hawick.

D. S.

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From Photo by A. Lothian, Duns.

SIR JAMES MILLER, BART., OF MANDERSTON.

From Photo by A. Lothian, Duns.

LADY MILLER OF MANDERSTON.

VOL. VII., No. 66. JULY, 1901.

Sir James Miller, Bart., of Manderston.

BY WILLIAM BERTRAM.

IT was fitting acknowledgement of magnificent service that Berwickshire accorded Major Sir James Miller, Bart., on his return home a few weeks ago from South Africa after close on a couple of years' fighting and hardship, when it made him the recipient of numerous public presentations. It was during the autumn of 1899 when things in South Africa looked black and uninviting that the Government, in casting their eyes around them, went so far as to appeal to the Yeomanry of Great Britain, a branch of the service which had always been looked upon as expensive and almost unavailable for men, to take part in their country's battles.

The conditions laid down were most exacting, but these in no way deterred thousands of brave fellows from answering to a call which most certainly was urgent and demanded instant response. The Lothians and Berwickshire Yeomanry were amongst the very first to come forward, willing to proceed anywhere and anytime on this dangerous mission, and in an incredulously short time the requisite strength was selected from the many hundreds who volunteered. The very responsible command of this 19th Company Imperial Yeomanry was entrusted to the subject of this article, who at the very outset had offered himself for service abroad, and again and again in the many months gone by the wiseness of this choice by the War Office has been abundantly proved. To again recount the toil, the dangers, the hardships, and the battles which the 19th Company have had to undergo is quite unnecessary here, as these are now pretty well a part of history, and for all time will remain green in the memories of every loyal Scot, suffice it to say that Lord Roberts made special mention of the tact, ability, and conspicuous bravery of this body of typical Scotsmen, of whom the regiment at home, and the Empire at large, might rightly feel proud.

Such an honour, coming as it did from the head of the army in South Africa, is to be coveted and gives ample indication of the superior military abilities of Sir James Miller, who, in the eyes of countless thousands, is looked upon in the truest sense of the word as "a Soldier and a Man." Some adequate conception of what the Company has passed through can be realised from the fact that seven per cent. have succumbed either to wounds or disease. Promotion compelled Sir James last month to relinquish command and return home some weeks before the contingent, a body who had come to esteem and value, nay, even worship, their commandant and friend. His arrival in Berwickshire in May last was greeted by ten-

antry and friends with all that cordiality which such noble self sacrifice so richly deserved. At his beautiful mansion-house of Manderston, near Duns, of which we give a portrait, addresses of welcome were presented by the tenantry and work-people on the estates of Manderston and Doddingston, and by Duns Town Council, expressing admiration for the courage and patriotism which had impelled him to leave the comforts and joys of his home to fight in defence of the Empire amid all the hardships and dangers of the battlefield.

From Photo by A. Lothian, Duns.

MANDERSTON HOUSE.

Sir James, in accepting the address of the Town Council, remarked that as he had been a soldier (14th King's Hussars) in the time of peace, he felt it his duty to volunteer for active service in a time of need. As is well known, Sir James Miller is a keen sportsman, is Master of the Berwickshire Foxhounds, and has also for a number of years figured prominently in the racing world.

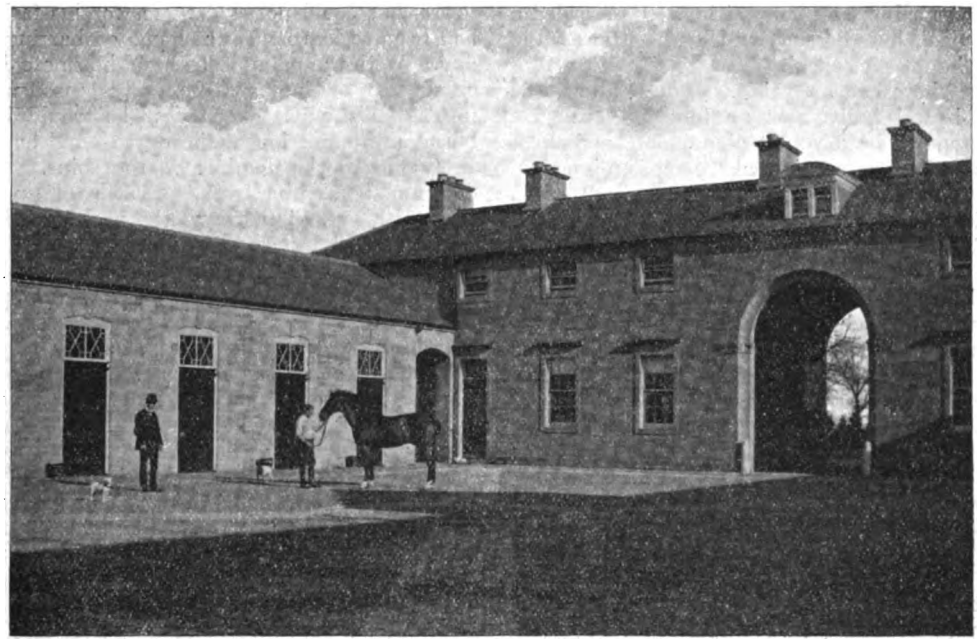
As far back as 1889 he was successful in winning the Derby with Sainfoin, and in 1895 in La Sagesse he secured the Oak Stakes of £4500 at Epsom. In 1899 he gained as many as eighteen wins, including the Cæsarewitch and Manchester Handicaps, the amount of money for that season alone reaching the handsome figure of £7000, and indeed not a year since then has passed without its quota of victories.

Two years ago the magnificent range of stables, of which we also give a portrait, were erected at Manderston, and these will bear comparison with any other establishment of the kind in this country. Provided as they are with all the latest appliances in sanitation and ventilation, apart from having accommodation which only a gentleman like the Laird of Manderston could require, they cost something like £20,000. In public and philanthropic matters associated with the town of Duns, Sir James has always evinced especial interest, and of both the Burgh School Board and Parish Council he has for several years discharged the oner-

ous duties of chairman, not only with dignity and grace, but in a thoroughly business-like fashion.

Several years ago a piece of ground covering thirteen acres was gifted to the town by Mr Andrew Smith of Whitchester for the purpose of a public park, and Sir James, with that munificence for which he has ever been noted, came forward with the handsome offer to lay out the grounds and erect a gateway and railings along the frontage, wholly at his own expense, an offer which was very gratefully accepted by the Local Authority. Operations were at once proceeded with, the grounds were laid out in really artistic style, provision being made for a park, gardens, bowling green, and tennis ground, besides a large central park skirted by a carriage drive of nearly half a mile in length and bordered with plots of flowering shrubs and ornamental trees. This Public Park has added greatly to the amenity of the Burgh, and is very largely taken advantage of by all sections of the community. A more zealous, disinterested, and magnanimous worker in all that pertains to the welfare and success of the town and district could not possibly be. Sir James Miller is esteemed as a landlord, valued and trusted as a man of business, and beloved as a friend. It is therefore little wonder that he has won for himself a lasting place in the regard of all with whom he has come in contact.

In Lady Miller the War Fund has fonnd a true and courageous worker, and one who has spared herself no pains to help what has proved to be one of the most laudable objects of recent years. Several entertainments organised by her realised very handsome sums, and throughout the campaign not only the 19th Company but numerous other regiments have been the fortunate recipients of parcels of comforts, which reached their destination just when most needed. Such noble consideration has been justly cherished, and is only a solitary instance of the ready response which Lady Miller has made to the countless calls made upon her.



From Photo by A. Lothian, Duns.

MANDERSTON STABLES

THE RECORD PRICE FOR "WAVERLEY."—Writing in reference to the sale of a first edition of "Waverley," in London the other day for £16 a correspondent says:— Sir Walter Scott's "Waverley," or "'Tis Sixty Years Since," first edition, 3 vols., original grey boards, with white paper labels, Constable, Edinburgh, 1814, was sold on April 24th, 1899, at Sotheby's for £150, which is the record price as yet.

That School and Schoolmaster.

BY A VERY OLD BOY.

THIRD AND CONCLUDING PART.

"BARRING-OUT DAY"—the shortest day as everbody understands—was not appreciated by our schoolmaster. Custom, however, compelled him to stretch a point and permit us to recognise it. Early on that morning the bigger boys secured the keys and locked themselves inside. Timid youngsters cautiously remained outside—and, of course, the girls were not allowed to take part in the heroic ploy. At his usual time the maister would arrive and knock, and then we generally kept him an hour waiting. He scowled a good deal, but did not punish us. It was the tradition of the school.

But there came a crisis. Dan Laidlaw, the dull, brutal bully, was no longer there. He had gone to be a young ploughman, and Jack Allan, who was considered "game," reigned in his stead. He was full of pluck and spirit, albeit he had broken a leg and an arm when climbing a tree, and was not particularly strong. So on a certain barring-out day he was hero and leader of about a score of us—the "gamest loons" in the school. Not only did we lock the door, in the entrance porch, but we piled behind it a huge barricade of wooden forms and rendered it invulnerable.

By and bye the maister appeared outside. As was his wont he knocked—at first a gentle tap and then louder. To his second appeal responded a chorus of voices:—

> "The shortest day, ye canna get in,
> So let's away and hame we'll rin."

That was the rhyme of the period. It was understood to mean that if we could keep the maister out for a certain time he was bound to give us "play" for the rest of the day.

When an hour elapsed the dominie again approached the door and imperatively demanded an admittance. "Nae fears," whispers Jack to the rest of us. "Keep the buffer oot." The dominie grew furious, and shouted at the top of his voice—

"Open the door; do you hear, Allan?"

"It's the shortest day, sir," is Jack's quick but respectful response.

Dominie—"I'll punish you severely when I do get in."

Jack—"I dinna care, sir; forbye, ye're no in yet."

We laugh uproariously in the belief that Jack alone will come in for the loundering.

The dominie stands there yelling and the more he yells the louder we laugh. No capitulation! The maister's furious efforts to force open the door are in vain. But an idea strikes him. He slips quietly round to the back of the building, shoves up the largest window, and, forgetful of his dignity, creeps in through the opening. In a moment he is facing us, who have suddenly been transformed from a heroic into a bewildered and fearful garrison.

Then began the encounter. He caught our leader by the jacket-collar and dragged him from the porch into the centre of the schoolroom—the maister in a white heat of passion. Holding the boy at arm's length with one hand, with the other he groped his pocket for the tawse, but could not find them, for his fashion had been to leave them at home on barring-out day. With the palm of his hand he smote Jack on the ear a stinging skelp. The tears sprang into Allan's quick grey eyes—he would have borne an application of the tawse—and he savagely kicked the dominie on the shins. The dominie struck him again. Jack leapt up and grasped his assailant round the neck with both arms, and clung as keen as a weasel. The dominie struggled to free himself—writhed, staggered, reeled. In a tempest of fury he gave himself a terrific shake, and whirled round to get rid of his tenacious enemy, but in doing so he lost his footing and down went teacher and pupil. Two dogs in a fight sometimes roll over and over each other in the mud. So was it now. The pair sprawled and twisted and coiled about, white with dust and sweating in their anger. From the middle of the room the strife fluctuated to and fro until at last the combatants got under the long desk at the wall, where the dominie had not sufficient space for effective movement. Jack took in the fact and tightened his grip—even fixed his sharp teeth in the upper fringe of his opponent's coat neck and thus secured a fresh advantage. Game! ay, he was game!

"Let go, sir," roared the master, feeling a portion of his raiment giving way. Jack only made surer his hold by hand and jaw. The position was humiliating, and the maister must suffer it no longer. He clasped his arms around the boy, turned and got above him, and by sheer force and weight compelled him to loosen his grips.

They were both again on their feet and free. If wrath was ever embodied in mortal man we had now a vision of it in the dominie. His body and limbs shook and his eyes glared with rage. For an instant he looked on his little antagonist, and then he pounced upon him and took him by the throat, buffeted him on

back and shoulders belaboured him all about with open hand, and then thrust him to the floor. It was impossible for him to be milder after the terrible indignity he had suffered.

Jack was cowed for once, clean fought out, limp, fusionless, completely thrashed—moaning and sobbing.

Never a word spoke the dominie. But he was an awsome sight; his face was covered with dust and sweat and blood; his hair, always so glossy and smooth, was soiled and mixed and hanging over his temples in masses; his collar and tie were amissing; his vest torn, and part of one of his coat tails gone. He moved up to his own desk and sat down in his chair, burying his face in his hands. The poor man was in the agony of remorse. When he looked up again he bade us go away for the day in a sombre broken voice. I am sure we were all frightfully vexed—although we had enjoyed the splendid fight.

Grave admonition and cool systematic chastisement were meted out to us all in due time; but Jack Allan was never back at school.

I could fill a volume about that school and dominie, but circumstances confine me at present to only one more incident.

The maister formed about twenty of us into a whistle and flute band, and we used to practice in the school in the evenings and have occasional musical parades through the village. It was the time of a great religious "revival." The village was constantly crowded with evangelists, who seemed to concentrate there from all parts of the country. Owing to certain conditions in its constitution and management, the school was open to ministers and missionaries on so many nights of the week and at such and such hours. Those wandering evangelists—for whom our dominie probably had no great admiration—took full advantage of the school conditions and were encouraged by various influential villagers.

Donald McTavish was one of the evangelists—a perfect son of thunder—and his great second performance was fixed for a Wednesday night. That same evening the school was to be occupied by the dominie and his band for practice up till eight o'clock. Just as that hour had "warned" on the wag-at-the-wa' the door opened and in marched McTavish followed by a crowd of revivalists. Our maister took no notice of their advent, but kept on beating time to the tune under rehearsal, which I recollect was "The kye comes hame."

The Highland blood in the McTavish veins rose to the occasion. The evangelist glared on the dominie and the dominie glared on the evangelist. McTavish motioned to his "committee" men and the general crowd behind, and, opening his hymn book, struck up in tempestuous strains, "On the other side of Jordan." The dominie ceased beating time for a moment, and, throwing a withering glance on the McTavish, roared—"What do you mean? You have no right here just now!"

"Yess we have the right," replied the McTavish in Highland accent. "It's time you and your sinful crew were out of this."

"Peace, sir. It is not," shouted the dominie, stamping his foot.

"But I say it is—it's eight o'clock," yelled back the evangelist.

The dominie pulled out his gold watch—a gift from friends and admirers—held it up triumphantly, and cried in defiant tones, "It wants three minutes of the hour, and I shant quit the place until the hour is up."

"Oh the sinners! oh the lost ones! let them do their blasphemous work. Shout for the Lord! Shout for the Cause!" Such was the command of the evangelist, and at the same instant he continued in swifter and more robust tones than before—

> "On the other side of Jordan,
> In the sweet fields of Eden."

"Strike up boys," commanded the dominie in his turn, and "Bonnie Dundee" was skirled from the tin whistles and flutes and rattled out of the drums.

So there stood the opposing hosts bellowing out their inharmonious defiances—the whistle band at one end of the school discoursing "Bonnie Dundee," and the revivalists at the other end thundering "On the other side of Jordan." The while, the dominie stood with watch in hand and would not budge until the punctual moment. Then he marched away, close past the evangelist, merrily marking time for "Bonnie Dundee"—and throwing a disdainful glance on the preacher.

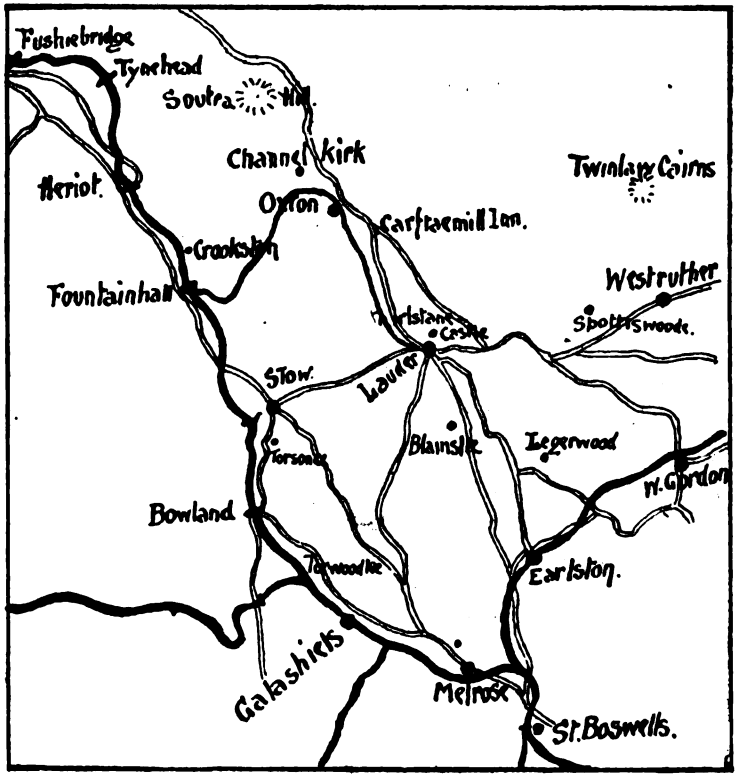
As ill luck would have it, the big drummer's baton in its upward stroke hit the left eye of the evangelist, and made the Highland blood boil hotter than ever. The McTavish made one clutch at the wielder of the drum-stick, but happily the committee men held their champion back or there is no saying how the lurid melodrama might have ended.

Our dominie was not a man to be trifled with. Where is he now? That school is no more; the scholars are all scattered.

Lauder Light Railway.

"Of ilka place it is the wale
The sweet and pleasant Lauderdale."
POPULAR RHYME.

THE railway from Fountainhall to Lauder which has been constructed under the Light Railways Act (1896) passes through a fine stretch of country, partly moorland, but mainly agricultural, and including an excellent grain-producing district. At the point where it leaves the North British Railway the elevation is 700 feet, while Lauder, which is the present terminus, is 600 feet above sea-level. Fountainhall is 22½ miles south of Edinburgh, and 11 miles north of Galashiels.



LAUDER LIGHT RAILWAY.

The project is just about fifty years old, and the story of its inception may be interesting to those who have waited "all their days" to see the opening, which is now promised for July, the real holiday month of the year. It may be too late for this season to "take rooms" in Lauderdale, but all who desire a healthy resort, where the hills and waters are free, should note that the irritancy and nervousness associated with Stow-hill coaching days have gone, and that henceforth it will be a pleasure to visitors to go to, as well as to reside in, the Royal Burgh of Lauder. The town and district are full of historical associations, and to these the inhabitants are constantly adding the attractive influences of superior accommodation. Quite recently, the Lauderdale Temperance Hotel has been erected within easy reach of the new station. It is under capable management, and has all the comforts and conveniences of modern life. Numerous delightful drives around Lauder commend themselves, and the posting establishment attached to the Black Bull Hotel will supply smart and sure equipage. Both inn and stables have been highly reputable for half a century at least. Golf and bowling are fixed games, and the cyclist may "spin" without toil, brake, or mud-guard. The future of Stow is problematic. It is no longer a "small and unimportant village—station for Lauder."

In April, 1852, at a public meeting held in Lauder—Mr Valence, Chief-Magistrate, presiding—it was proposed to construct a railway from Fountainhall. The requisite capital was estimated at £40,000. A committee of twenty-four gentlemen, with the late generous and genial Mr Broomfield as secretary, issued a prospectus in October of the same year. The estimated revenue was stated at £5450, and the investment tempted the shareholders with a qualified promise of 6 per cent. The engineer was Mr Jopp, Edinburgh, but promotion, persuasion, and per centage were all in vain. After the proposed route had been surveyed, the project fell into abeyance, enthusiasm declined, and soon all hope of the "line" lay dead.

A revival of 1883, during the Chief-Magistracy of Mr Rae, now falls to be noted. Messrs Meik & Sons, engineers, Edinburgh, offered to survey the route, and the Earl of Lauderdale promised, conditionally, £10,000. The total cost was estimated at £49,000, and lines to Stow and Ormiston were suggested as alternative routes. A computation of the number of passengers from Stow to Lauder for this year is given as 6450. It was at length proposed

From Photo by Mr Gibson.

LAUDER TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

In 1870, another attempt was made to further such a desirable project as that of direct railway communication with the metropolis. In October of that year, Mr Wm. Dickinson, Longcroft, presided over a public meeting, whereat a report from Messrs Macnay & Nimmo, engineers, London, was adopted with so much enthusiasm and unanimity that, before March, 1871, £2800 had been raised. Lauder Town Council promised £2000, and eventually there was on hand, actually or prospectively, a sum of £31,000. under the Railway Powers Construction Acts (1864-70) that the line should be formed from Fountainhall through the farm of Middletown —the gradient for two miles being 1 in 50. This scheme had in view the construction of a bridge over the turnpike road which runs from Edinburgh to Galashiels. The intervening station was fixed at Carfrae-mill, and the railway would have been on the east side of the Edinburgh and Lauder road, as far as Shielfield. This, too, was left in the realm of the

intentional, and prophets arose who said the day of doom was nigh to Lauderdale.

But the new Act brought the dawn, and the day will see a "Puffing Billy" steaming by Longmoormoss and Airhouse Wood into the valley of the tranquil Leader On certain parts of the line the speed will be fifteen miles an hour, but generally the rate is twenty-five miles an hour. The gauge is 4 feet 8½ inch. The rails are fifty-six lbs. to the yard, and are spiked to the sleeper. The highest point is at Easter-Town, which is 944 feet above sea-level. The length of the line is ten and a half miles, and there is a level-crossing over the Gala Water road. The only bridge (fifty feet span), which is costly, is that over the river Gala, near the point where the branch line leaves the Waverley Route, though that over Harry Burn, near Lauder, is a substantially built, if not considerable, viaduct. Oxton Station, which is a kind of half-way house, with its road and bridge is said to have cost about £1200.

The capital of the Lauder Light Railway Company has been fixed at £45,000, i.e., 4500 shares at £10 each. The estimated cost of the line is £48,308, 13s—the value of the land required being £4845. In May, 1899, Messrs Dick, Kerr & Co. offered to execute the work for £34,151 in name of construction, and to supply the permanent way for £5600. To meet the cost of such a beneficial undertaking, fraught with such pecuniary possibilities to their constituents, Berwickshire County Council subscribed £12,000, and Lauder Town Council £3000. The first sod was cut on 3rd June, 1900.

Though Lauder Light Railway is comparatively short, the passenger may have in view several scenes of more than local and temporary interest. Channelkirk Church and Manse will call to mind the shepherd-lad who watched his flocks on the slopes of the "Leder," and beheld the glory of Aidan as he joined the angelic choir. He may catch a glimpse of the road by which "Johnnie Cope" fled to Coldstream, and Bonnie Prince Charlie led his leal-hearted Highlandmen. He may, between trains, spend a few hours at Oxton to visit Cross-chain-hill, along the pilgrims' road as far as the Church of Holy Trinity. And if he be not ecclesiastic, historian, or antiquarian, let him proceed to the terminus, where he may wander for a week of days on Lauder Common, amid "bonnie braes and wimpling burns," and inhale the invigorating breeze from the wild and stormy Lammermoors. If he be too old or too lazy to climb, let him in the morning set his watch by the Tolbooth clock, during the day let him watch the shadows of the "ill-fated favourites" as they sport on the pellucid Leader under the Castle Bridge, and in the evening let him meet a few choice Burghers in "my favourite shop" to pass the gossip of the town. And if all these fail to heal his disordered mind, let him make straight endeavour to discover his relationship to that idle writer who gave the name of "Sleepy Hollow" to one of the most picturesque and pleasing scenes of the Scottish Lowlands. This done, with ticket and baggage he must needs take an early train, and return to that fools' paradise whence he came.

A. T. G.

The Auld Scotch Sangs.

In turning over the pages of a Border lady's scrap-book recently, I came across the following entertaining list of Scottish songs, etc., which may be useful to those who desire to remember the names at least of our national lyrics, for it is no longer considered "good form" to have a distaste for the "Auld Scotch Sangs." I regret that I am unable to give the name of the paper from which the cutting was taken:—

GREAT MEETING OF SCOTTISH SONGS.—There was once held a grand meeting of Scottish song. The date thereof was some time before or after the year "Auchty-nine," the place cannot be fixed with the same exactness, but it was probably near "The Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," in honour of the "Lad that was born in Kyle." "Macgregor's Gathering" was nothing to this. Songs came pouring in from every quarter. Here came "Jolly Shepherds that whistle thro' the Glen," and "Braw, Braw Lads from Gala Water;" and there abundance of national music in the shape of "A hundred pipers an' a', an' a'," accompanied by "The Pibroch o' Donal' Dhu;" while yonder in gallant array, "The Campbell's are Coming," "The Bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee," and a numerous company of others. It was moved by "Auld Robin Gray," and seconded by the "Laird o' Cockpen," that "Logie o' Buchan" take the honoured place in "The Old Arm Chair." The repast that followed was not what mortals would be apt to think the choicest, the delicacies being such as "The Haggis o' Dunbar," "Bannocks o' Barley Meal," "Caller Herrin'," and "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen." For this meeting, however, "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut," and Neil Gow had not yet bade "Farweel to Whisky," so that after all they might have sung something else on the occasion than "Contented wi' little an' cantie wi' mair." Among the ladies of high rank were "Annie Laurie," "Mary Morrison," "Bonnie Bessie Lee," "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch," "Highland Mary," "Bonnie Jean," "The Lassie wi' the Lint White Locks," "Maggie Lauder," and "Auld Joe Nicholson's Bonnie Nannie;" while prominent among the other sex were "John Anderson, my Jo, John," "Duncan Gray,"

"Tam Glen," "John Grumlie," "Wanderin' Willie," "Jock o' Hazeldean," "The Rantin', Roarin' Hielanman," "Johnnie Cope," "Alister McAlister," and "The Soldier Laddie." The chairman gave an account of his wanderings, which had extended from "Maidenkirk to John o' Groats." He had seen "The Bonnie Wood o' Craigielee," had wandered by the banks of "Afton Water," among "The Braes of Ballochmyle," and "The Birks o' Aberfeldy." Many hours had he spent among "The bloom of my ain native heather;" he had plucked many "A rosebud by his early walk," and knew by name all "The Flowers of the Forest." But wherever he strayed he had never forgotten that he was "Woo'd and Married and a'," and that "For the sake o' somebody," he loved best "My Ain Fireside." At every point of the compass he had consoled himself with "I'll awa' to Nannie, O," and, indeed, he hoped they would all be able to say at the close of life, "Happy we've been a' thegither." "Duncan Gray" having just been rejected by "Maggie," was in a very morose mood—wished he was "Where Helen lies," said "She was fair and fause that caused his smart," and to cheer himself up sang "Oh, are ye sleeping, Maggie?" at the end of which "Maggie Lauder" requested him to "Behave himsel' afore folk." 'John Grumlie swore by the licht o' the moon" that "Once he wished he'd ne'er been married," and that for this cause he had "Gane o'er the water to Charlie," but that now he had learned that his wife was "A winsome wee thing," and that as she "Lo'ed him best ava," he should henceforth go "Marching Along," with the motto "Home, Sweet Home." At this stage entered "Dainty Davie," accompanied by "Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane," and "When she cam' in she bobbit, she bobbit." Envious a little of her sister, "Annie Laurie" whispered "Gang doon the burn, Davie," and then "Whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad." Davie took her at her word, and in going hummed, "Dinna think, bonnie lass, I'm gaun to leave you." The "Laird o' Cockpen" thought there was "Nae Luck aboot the Hoose," where such sentimental songs were sung; he didn't care for "A kiss ahint the door," "Come under my plaidie," "Dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee," "My Nannie," "O could I with fancy stray," and such like. He preferred something he could clutch; for instance, "Gie me a lass wi' a lump o' land," "Hey for a lass wi' a tocher," and "Jenny's Bawbee." "The Rantin', Roarin' Hielanman" suggested that for the remainder of the evening the laird should be tied up in "Rab Rorrison's Bonnet," but Rab interposed, saying, "It canna, maunna, winna be." After this there was a dance. "John Anderson" began to play "Within a Mile o' Edinboro' Toun," when he was interrupted by "Jock o' Hazeldean," who wished him to play first "God Save the King." "Never mind the King," cried "Bonnie Prince Charlie," who was immediately knocked down with a branch of "The Auld Oak Tree," by "Johnnie Cope." As he recovered he grumbled that he didn't like "A' that and a' that," when he was politely requested to "Whistle ower the lave o't." So the evening passed away till the chairman intimated that, as he "Saw the mune, and kent her horn," and as some of them evidently had rather more than "A wee drappie in their e'e," it was time to break up, because it was not becoming for such celebrities as they to sing "We'll not go home till morning." They took the hint, but before leaving they had a final chorus to "Meet again some ither nicht for the days o' Auld Lang Syne."

There are several imperfections in the foregoing, such as the introduction of one or two songs which cannot be called Scottish, the repetition of names, etc., but on the whole it is a clever production as anyone will find who tries to compile a similar collection. It is wonderful what a change has come over the public taste in regard to Scottish literature and songs. Not so long ago it was quite a rare thing to find an educated young lady who would sing a Scottish song—it was considered "infra dig" to do so; but the ignorance which caused that state of affairs is fast disappearing and giving place to an enlightened knowledge of the classical position and value of the Scottish language.

T. L.

The Border Hills.

I SING a sang o' stately hills,
That deck our bonnie Borderland,
(Bespangled a' wi' glistening rills)
Thrae Berwick to the Solway's sand.
The potent charm of oval crowns
And sweeping slopes where beauties be,
Of purples, greens, and russet browns,
Endear the Border hills to me.

The Border hills are fair, I ween,
A' mantled ower wi' verdure green,
Where ere I be, by loch or lea,
Nae hills are like thae hills to me.

The Border hills with glamour gleam
As linking earth with azure sky,
Their grass-grown, heath-clad summits seem
To kiss the cloudlets passing by.
The Border hills, dear Border hills,
Thrae Criffel to the Eildons three;
Their witchery my heart enthrills
To sing, the Border hills for me.

The Border hills are fair, I ween,
A' mantled ower wi' verdure green,
Where ere I be, by loch or lea,
Nae hills are like thae hills to me.

Though other hills may seem as fair,
Or bear the palm in other eyes,
What though their lofty heads they rear
In rugged grandeur to the skies.
What though their peaks be lost amang
And thrae the snaw-drift never free,
The leal day lang, my blithest sang
Is aye, the Border hills for me.

The Border hills are fair, I ween,
A' mantled ower wi' verdure green,
Where ere I be, by loch or lea,
Nae hills are like thae hills to me.

TEEKAY.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1901.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

The Border Keep.

DUMBARTON CASTLE.

The beauties of the Clyde Valley are sufficiently powerful in themselves to draw thousands of visitors each season, but the fact that a great Exhibition is given into the bargain, so to speak, in this particular year, must add considerably to the attractiveness of the west of Scotland. Visitors who have plenty of time at their disposal should sail all the way from Glasgow, as there is much to be seen before Greenock is reached, to which place so many go by rail. Perhaps the most notable object on the way down the river is the bold outline of Dumbarton Rock, which has witnessed some stirring scenes in the days of yore when Scottish history was being made.

* * *

I have a suspicion that some foreigners know more about us than do some would-be Scots on the other side of the Atlantic. My old friend, Mr Robert Murray, when in Canada, was asked by a young lady if there were any schools in Scotland, to which he replied with great gravity:—"Yes! there are two, and they're thinking about building another one," with which answer the enquiring mind of the lady seemed to be satisfied. Some time ago I cut the following from one of the Glasgow evening papers:—

It has often been said that we must go from home to learn something of ourselves. I have just received a copy of the "Waverley Magazine," published in Boston, "the home of American culture," which contains a most extraordinary description of the North of Scotland. The writer, who pretends to know the district well, relates in all seriousness that the fisher people along the coast still perpetuate the customs of their forefathers by living in underground caves, some of which are artificial, having been constructed by smugglers, while others were formed by the action of the waves. He does not stop here. He goes on to explain that this manner of life accounts for the diminutive stature of the fishermen, who bear a close resemblance to Laplanders! What will our tall, fair-haired sons of the Vikings in the north say to this?

* * *

Speaking of the Exhibition reminds me that Russia is opening the eyes of not a few by the richness and variety of her exhibits. As a people, we are profoundly ignorant of the vast dominions of the Czar and what is produced by the Russians, but the wonderful display in Kelvingrove will help to mend matters in this re-

spect. A writer in the "Glasgow Evening News" had an interview with one of the Russian Government Officials who are attending to the Muscovite interests at the Exhibition. In the course of conversation, the foreigner thus expressed himself:—

I am familiar with some of your Scottish writers. Every educated Russian lady and gentleman is. That is because we have such a meagre literature ourselves. We have to fall back upon other literatures, notably English. The English, French, and German languages are regarded as part of the school curriculum of every gentleman's son or daughter. Many are taught French before they know even their own tongue. Sir Walter Scott is a very popular writer in Russia. He, indeed, is one of the very few English or foreign authors, who is not only translated into Russian, but is read. Every educated person knows most of his writings. I, myself, have read them all. Burns, too, is well known and well read, but not so generally as Scott. I imagine we don't get the real Burns in Russian. Scotch (observed my friend smiling) is not easily translated except in a liquid form. It is known well in that form in Russia, and may by-and-bye displace vodka in public favour. Carlyle is another writer who is read in good circles in Russia. But (added the gentleman) you have no scientists in Scotland. Lord Kelvin is unknown in Russia. But we know about your explorers, and all about the renown of your fighting men.

This is very interesting and is another proof of the world-wide and abiding fame of Sir Walter Scott's writings.

* * *

There is always something sad about the disposal of a public library, and we are inclined to fall into a moralising vein and try to conjure up visions of byegone generations of readers as we look at the well-thumbed volumes.

A very interesting institution, remarks the "Athenæum," has just disappeared with the sale of the Selkirk Subscription Library. The library was founded in 1772, Mr Andrew Lang's grandfather being one of its originators. Sir Walter Scott naturally took a great interest in it, and it is said, presented the committee with all his works prior to "Waverley." The library, at anyrate, contained many first editions of Scott, which were, however, too much thumbed and worn to count for much at the sale. It is calculated that the library cost in all something like £3000, yet the total sum realised was only £60. One hundred and twenty-six bound volumes of the "Edinburgh Review" were knocked down for 3s 6d.

* * *

The space at my disposal being limited, many interesting scraps have to be kept until their appearance may be somewhat out of date. The following appeared in a Border paper some months ago:—

It has just been discovered that the grave of Annie Laurie, the heroine of the world-famous ballad, has remained for all these years without a tombstone. Many people are under the delusion that Annie Laurie was merely the figment of the poet's brain, but this was not so. She was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, and was born in Maxweltown House, which stands on the "braes" immortalised in the song. Her birth is thus set down in the Barjorg MS.:—"At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter Anna Laurie was born upon the 16th day of December, 1682 years, about six o'clock in the morning, and was baptised by Mr George, minister of Glencairn." Maxweltown House is still full of memories of this winsome girl, and in the long drawing-room there still hangs her portrait. Her lover and the author of the original song was young Douglas of Fingland, but whether he, as is common with lovers of poetic temperament, did not press his suit sufficiently, or whether she wished a stabler husband, she gave her hand to a prosaic country laird, her cousin, Mr Alexander Ferguson. They lived the rest of their lives at Craigdarrock House, five miles from Maxwelton, and when she died Anne was buried in the beautiful glen of the Cairn. Lady Scott Spottiswoode, who died early last year, was responsible for the modern version of the song.

* * *

Some time ago the Rev. W A. P. Johnman, Hawick, delivered to the Edinburgh Borderers a most interesting lecture, entitled "Some quaint recollections from a Border pastorate of twenty years."

The following extract, relating how Mr Johnman once preached to the Queen, will be read with interest. He said—You don't know, I suppose, that I had the distinguished privilege of preaching before her late Majesty the Queen. How it happened was this. It was in the age of Fast days. I was doing service morning and evening at Yetholm. In the afternoon I expressed a desire to see the Palace. Mine host accompanied me. In the interview with the Queen, I remarked, "I hope your Majesty remembers to uphold the dignity of the Crown." She replied, "It's no easy keepin' up the dignity without the revenue." I said, "If you will attend to the dignity, I will take care of the revenue." "Jean," for that, I think, was the younger relative's name, "Jean, what does he mean?" She professed to be very deaf. "Tell her," I said, "I shall give her five shillings if she'll come to the church to-night, as I am going to preach." With some astonishment she said, "Do you mean it?" "Yes, I do, and to show I have confidence in you, if you will promise I shall give you the money now." She promised, but not without some consideration, as she had not been "inside a kirk-door for fifteen years." With her relative, she came to the palace-door to see me off. When about twenty yards away, and to discover the measure of her deafness, I turned and called back, "Now I'm trusting to you." She renewed her assurance. As mine host and I moved away, I heard her observe to her relative, "He's a fine muckle straplin' falla." Whether the congregation was benefited by the presence of their fellow-worshipper that night, I cannot tell. But there she was in her Italian-ironed mutch and tartan shawl; and I am hopeful the old body got good by coming. At any rate, though many years were upon her, which is one of the drawbacks of royalty, I can say that she listened very attentively. That is how I came to preach before the Queen—of the Gipsies.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

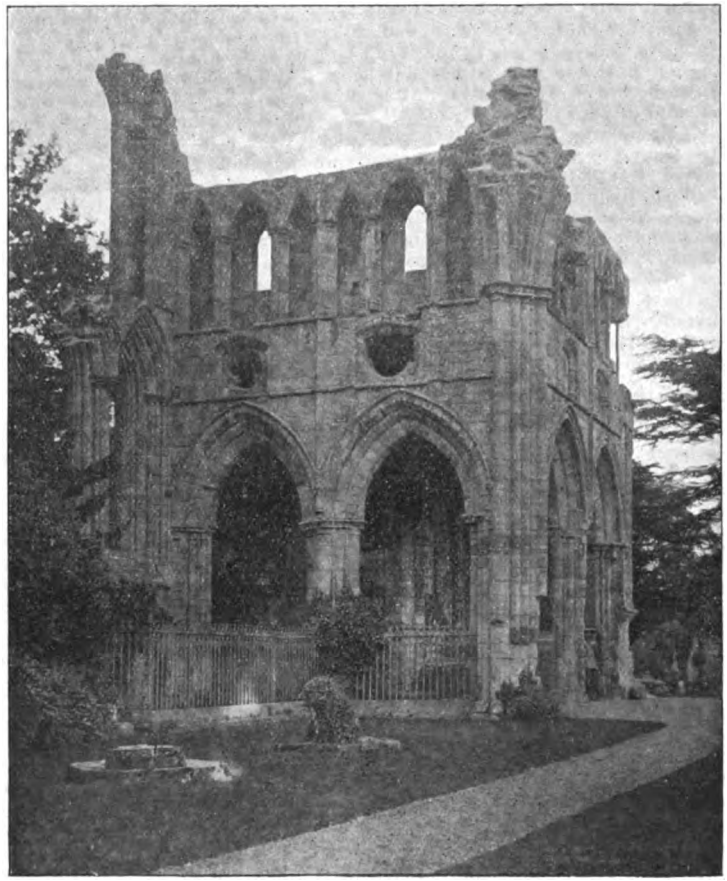
Dryburgh Abbey.

By Tweed's fair wooded shore
Embower'd in verdant trees,
Where silvery cascades pour
And gently wafts the breeze,
Fair Dryburgh stands.

THOUGH less stately than Jedburgh and not so intact as Melrose, Dryburgh Abbey is, in my opinion, more picturesque and beautiful than either of these famous ruins.

The Abbey stands on a wooded bank of the silvery Tweed, within a short distance of the village of St Boswells. The lovely ruins are approached by a winding pathway bordered with magnificent beech trees, and which enters the Abbey close to St Mary's Aisle, where lies the dust of Scotland's greatest bard—Sir Walter Scott.

When at last the Abbey breaks on the view, the pedestrian stands in wonder at the picturesque beauty of the ruins. Smooth sward of emerald green carpets the ground at his feet, and on every side rise fragments of the old red sandstone walls, covered almost entirely with hanging festoons of ivy; while here and there trees of no inconsiderable size find a foothold on the crumbling walls, and send forth their green branches, forming a cool shade and shelter from the summer heat. Bushes and shrubs and climbing plants grow everywhere in the greatest profusion, and each cleft in the old walls serves as a resting place for some beauty of nature.



From Photo by Wm. McDougal Watson, Easter Softlaw, Kelso.

ST MARY'S AISLE WITH TOMB OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

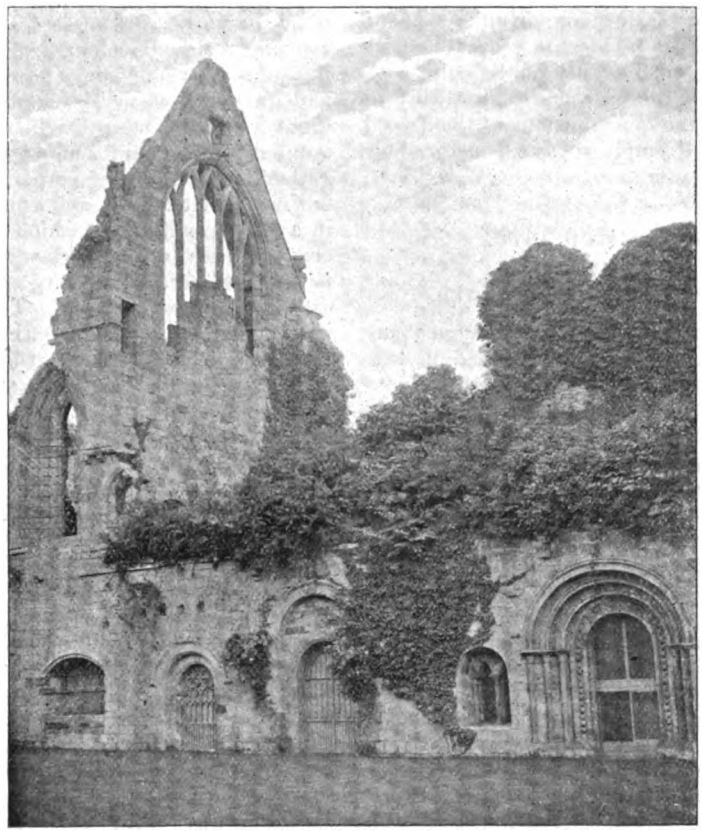
The Abbey was founded in 1150 by Hugh de Morville in the reign of David I., in whose time the monastic piles of Melrose, Jedburgh, and Kelso were also built. Situated close to the Border, the Abbey was ever open to hostile attacks, and we read of its burning by the English

under Edward II. in 1322, by Richard II. in 1385, by Sir Robert Bowes and Sir Bryan Latoun in 1544, and again by the Earl of Hertford in 1545.

It is no doubt due to some extent to these repeated attacks that the Abbey is now in such a fragmentary condition, for though it was restored time after time it is said that it never in after years attained its original magnificence and splendour. Be this as it may, the visitor to Dryburgh will not hesitate to say that whatever the ruins have lost in architectural value they have more than gained in natural beauty.

The site of the Abbey is uneven, it being necessary to descend ten steps from the Church to the Cloisters, and ten more from there to the Chapter-house. The Cloisters, which are now open to the sky and carpeted with green sward, are over ninety feet square. To the north of them stood the Church and to the south the refectory, in the gable of which is the beautiful St Katherine's window: to the east lay the library, Abbot's parlour, dormitory, chapter-house, and St Modan's chapel.

The most perfect of the buildings now is the chapter-house, which still retains its vaulted roof, and on the floor of which a circle is said to mark the founder's grave. Very little remains of the church except the gable of the south transept with its fine large window, and St Mary's Aisle, which contains the tombs of Sir Walter Scott and many of his kinsfolk. The last resting-place of Sir Walter is a small part of ground in an area formed by four pillars of the ruined aisle. He was buried there in 1832, and his wife, Lady Scott, in 1826.



From Photo by Wm. McDougal Watson, Easter Softlaw, Kelso.

PART OF CLOISTER COURT AND WINDOW OF SOUTH TRANSEPT.

"So there in solemn solitude,
In that sequester'd spot
Lies mingling with its kindred clay
The dust of Walter Scott!

. . . . . .

The generous heart, the open hand,
The ruddy cheek, the silver hair,
Are mouldering in the silent dust—
All, all is lonely there!"

As we look with reverent gaze on the tomb of "the mighty minstrel" a feeling of awe steals over us and instead of the ruined walls and crumbling stones, overgrown with the greenest verdure, we seem to see the stately columns and cloisters intact as of old, and peopled with numerous silent figures clad in the coarse dark robes of the monk; while in imagination there strikes on the ear the solemn mournful sound of the vesper bell.

In conclusion, I would advise all those who have not already done so to make a visit to Dryburgh at their earliest opportunity; and I can assure them that besides its venerable associations, the wonderful beauty of the ruin, with the three peaks of Eildon rising majestically in the distance and the faint murmur of the Tweed close at hand, will amply repay them for their trouble.

W.E.S.T.

A Village Conclave.

No. II.

THE ELECTION OF THE MINISTER.

THE sadly shrunken village straggles on either side of the road, divided in the centre by the school and schoolhouse, and a farm-house set in its garden a little back from the public way. These give a point of division; for even a village has its east and its west end, and ours is no exception. True, its differences are so microscopic—its social grades so infinitesimal—that the Ducal owner, or even the modest farmer, would have great difficulty in grasping them.

Let no Socialist dreamer ever think that his plans can controvert nature. Equality is not in her scheme of things. A professor's wife, filled with philanthropic ideas, tried to put into practice her Socialist theories in a large city. In pursuance of her kind intention she asked the varied residents of a High Street close to spend an afternoon with her. Judge of her astonishment when the wife of the milkman was filled with indignation to find she was asked to take tea with the scavenger's wife! No. The so-called upper classes may with difficulty coax to life the exotic plant of equality, but it can never be expected to grow and flourish in the common soil of earth, and in the keen open air of heaven.

From the upper part of the "toun" one looks on a scene as wide and fair as any in broad Scotland. The whole lower valley of the Tweed lies dispread to view, in its rich and varied opulence, from the triple fork of Eildon in the west to the distant rise of ground above Berwick in the east. To the north the long low line of the Lammermuirs breaks the horizon—the Black Hill of Earlston, Smailholm's haunted tower, and Hume Castle showing dark against the sky line; while to the south sweeping billows of Cheviots—rounded, purple, and shadowy—swell up to meet the blue cloud-flecked sky.

The joiner's shop turns a bare side wall to the village street, broken by four dull, small-paned windows. But inside, what couthie comfort! what a delightful confusion of benches and tool-racks, stacks of deal, chairs and presses in varying stages of completion, all on a homely carpet of clean curly shavings! Nor is decoration wanting. Rough coloured prints and engravings of our Queen—alas! now our late Queen—and favourite Generals adorn the walls. At night a paraffin lamp brightly illumines its appointed radius, while sombre and eerie shadows gather in the out-lying corners. A strong light fell on Dauvit's spare well-knit figure and lit up in a Rembrandtesque fashion his keen, shrewd, characteristic face. Work was set aside for the nonce, for there was a large gathering and an exciting subject to discuss. The parish had lost its minister some three months before, and having heard five candidates, the important work of criticising and choosing was now forward. Unlike his English brother, the Scotch hind (or ploughman) is more or less a keen connoisseur in sermons. Brought up—as the elder portion were—on the "Shorter Catechism" and Boston's "Four-fold State," nothing pleases them better than to tackle a stiff question in theology.

The old days of patronage in the Church of Scotland had passed by, and since the passing of Lord Aberdeen's Act in 1874, each member had a say and a vote in the election of a minister. This was the first time the good folk of Tweedton Parish had required to exercise their right. Therefore they were in a pleasant state of excitement, feeling their vanity tickled, and their self-importance gratified by the coming opportunity of exercising the novel privilege—that of sitting in judgment on their future guide in matters spiritual. To-night there were some extra visitors. The shepherd from Blawearie, and Brown, the steward from the Mains, had dropped in. They both came from the lower Tweed-side part of the parish, and being resident nearer to the kirk their opinion on the absorbing topic was in great request. After perfunctory remarks on the weather, in that slow, cautious way characteristic of the canny Scot in approaching a subject, Airchie's (the shepherd from Blawearie) first remark turned on a subsidiary local event: "Man, Jock, that was a muckle soo ye killed a week come Wadnesday. They tell't me she weeghed ower twanty stane,

Ye maun hae been ower guid till her." "Weel, I'll no say she was jist hungert, no like yon yin frae the parson's at Branxton. Did ye hear hoo at the sale yon bletherin' fella Tamson cried oot, 'It's easy seen yon pig's had mair prayers than tatties!'" A loud guffaw greeted this anecdote, which in a delicate way led up to the subject in hand, the choice of a minister.

The pipes being lit: "Weel," said Dauvit—an auld Licht Seceder, but still interested in the parish, "whae's to be the man ye're to pit in the manse neist? Whatfor are ye sae lang owre the job?" Archie Hewison, the Blawearie shepherd, thus addressed, cleared his throat: "Ye see the election's no till neist week come Wadnesday. We've heerd five preach, and a' body has his ain idea on the maitter. Noo, mine's the first," with a defiant look round the company. "There's nane to beat him." "Why, ye divna mean it?" was Dauvit's rejoinder. "An' what for no?"

"Juist this. I was doon at the station gin Monday for a cartload o' wud, an' I sees a puir white-faced crittur, his chafts a' rowed up. Ses I, what may yon chap be, and they tell't me him that preached last Sabbath at Tweedton. Weel, gin ye pit him i' the kirk, ye'll no be lang till ye hae him to pit i' the kirkyaird—as sure's I'm leevin'." The Joy shepherd now broke in, "Ma wife's clean for the third yin. She ses he lookit that young and bonny i' the poopit, wi' his fine yella hair, an' his skin that pure colourt—and wi' that blew silk ahint his back, wi' the white skin roond it. Yon's some new fash, ony wye; an' mair, they tell't me that whaur he comes frae—St Gile's, Edinbro—he reads the Scriptur stannin' ahint a muckle gowden craw!" After sundry expressions of undisguished astonishment, such as "My certy," "gude keep us a'," the schoolmaster, who had been at St Andrews University, here enlightened the company on the mystery of college gowns, hoods, and degrees; and of the lecterns lately introduced into a few town churches though utterly unknown in the country kirks. "Weel, though the wife likit him, it's no to say I was o' the same opeenion. Fur ma pairt, I divna fancy they gesterin' young chaps, and what's mair I misgie his doctrine wasna owre sound." "Noo, that's unca queer," put in Andrew, "I thoct it soundit graund. Ye see it was this wye, he showed ye yerself gey black and he left ye there, and what mair wad ye want?" "For my pairt," said Jock, "I wad like to get oot, an' be shown the wye. Wad ye no? An' that's why I'm gaun to gie ma vote for the second yin. His was a graund text, 'I am the door.' He pointed ye mony wyes oot, him the fine speaker wi' the black beard." "He'll no do ava," said Andrew, with a twinkle in his eye, "we're Auld Moderates in oor upper pairt o' the pairish; we're no juist owre muckle releegious, an' divna ye no think he hung ower muckle on the yett?" "Weel," said Archie, "I can tell ye he's the yin wi' a' the Tweedton folk. They're deith on him, the words cam' that free frae 'im. They're clean decidit that the braw young chap, wi' the hood or whatever ye ca' it, isnae sound in doctrine." Dauvit removed his pipe. Evidently he was meditating an important deliverance. "Ye canna expect aye a' thing. Gin ye get soond doctrine it's mebbe oot o' a stammerin' mou', an' gin ye wull hae a glib speaker, mebbe there's nae marrow in't. If there's nae substance at bottom, ye sune weary o' empty clavers."

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"It's the auld story of the copy-buik headlines, 'Familiarity breeds contempt,'" put in the schoolmaster, "an' I'm fain hoping we're no too familiar wi' the deil an' his warks now-a-days. Though Darwin shewed and proved how strong heredity is, he hadna muckle light to give us on how the evil first got a stairt, an' the auld tale o' the serpent an' the aiples may be as gude as ony ither. As for big-hearted Robbie Burns, he was that hum-

† Heredity.

As we look with reverent gaze on the tomb of "the mighty minstrel" a feeling of awe steals over us and instead of the ruined walls and crumbling stones, overgrown with the greenest verdure, we seem to see the stately columns and cloisters intact as of old, and peopled with numerous silent figures clad in the coarse dark robes of the monk; while in imagination there strikes on the ear the solemn mournful sound of the vesper bell.

In conclusion, I would advise all those who have not already done so to make a visit to Dryburgh at their earliest opportunity; and I can assure them that besides its venerable associations, the wonderful beauty of the ruin, with the three peaks of Eildon rising majestically in the distance and the faint murmur of the Tweed close at hand, will amply repay them for their trouble.

W.E.S.T.

A Village Conclave.

No. II.

The Election of the Minister.

The sadly shrunken village straggles on either side of the road, divided in the centre by the school and schoolhouse, and a farm-house set in its garden a little back from the public way. These give a point of division; for even a village has its east and its west end, and ours is no exception. True, its differences are so microscopic—its social grades so infinitesimal—that the Ducal owner, or even the modest farmer, would have great difficulty in grasping them.

Let no Socialist dreamer ever think that his plans can controvert nature. Equality is not in her scheme of things. A professor's wife, filled with philanthropic ideas, tried to put into practice her Socialist theories in a large city. In pursuance of her kind intention she asked the varied residents of a High Street close to spend an afternoon with her. Judge of her astonishment when the wife of the milkman was filled with indignation to find she was asked to take tea with the scavenger's wife! No. The so-called upper classes may with difficulty coax to life the exotic plant of equality, but it can never be expected to grow and flourish in the common soil of earth, and in the keen ... of heaven.

From the upper part of the "to... on a scene as wide and fair ... Scotland. The whole lower ... lies dispread to view, in ... opulence, from the triple ... west to the distant rise ... wick in the east. To t...

line of the Lammermuirs breaks the h...
the Black Hill of Earlston, Smailholm's...
tower, and Hume Castle showing dark...
the sky line; while to the south swe...
lows of Cheviots—rounded, purple, an...
—swell up to meet the blue cloud-fle...

The joiner's shop turns a bare side...
village street, broken by four dull, s...
windows. But inside, what couthi...
what a delightful confusion of bench...
racks, stacks of deal, chairs and pres...
ing stages of completion, all on a ho...
of clean curly shavings! Nor is...
wanting. Rough coloured prints...
ings of our Queen—alas! now our l...
and favourite Generals adorn th...
night a paraffin lamp brightly illu...
pointed radius, while sombre and...
gather in the out-lying corners.
fell on Dauvit's spare well-knit fig...
in a Rembrandtesque fashion his...
characteristic face. Work was se...
nonce, for there was a large gat...
exciting subject to discuss. The...
its minister some three months...
ing heard five candidates, the...
of criticising and choosing wa...
Unlike his English brother, the...
ploughman) is more or less a...
in sermons. Brought up—as...
were—on the "Shorter Catec...
ton's "Four-fold State," noth...
better than to tackle a stiff qu...

The old days of patronage...
Scotland had passed by, and...
of Lord Aberdeen's Act in 1...
had a say and a vote in the ele...
This was the first time the g...
ton Parish had required to...
Therefore they were in a p...
citement, feeling their vanit...
self-importance gratified by...
tunity of exercising the no...
sitting in judgment on t...
matters spiritual. To-nigh...
extra visitors. T...
and Brown, ...
dropped ...
Tweed ...

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oursome he couldna even take the deil seriously, an' I've aye found whan ye allow your humour an' your heert to gang oot to onything, ye canna feel burnin' anger against it, nor curse even the deil wi' true proper unction."

Dauvit opined that "the deil—ca' 'im by what name ye like, Auld Nick or eeridy—has his haunds as fu' as ever, an' it's no sae lang when I was a bit bairn, but Hermiston an' some Irish at the hair'st saw him. He rase oot o' the wheat at Langrigs i'the early morning, a hairy, augsome crittur, an' ga'ed an unca skreich, that skeert them a' dreidfu'." "Ay, I min' too," said Tam, the hedger, "but did it no turn oot to be a muckle veecious puggy efter a' that the young fairmer doon bye keepit?" "Weel," said Dauvit, loath to part with his belief, "there's no sayin', mebbe it micht be, mebbe no."

A hind who kept to the main topic now resumed: "Whan the votin' comes off it'll be a job, ma certy. I'll een hand for the last yin. Ye aye mind him best. He was that hard on thae fowk that are neither het nor cauld. Ma certy, but he did rouse ye up, an' what a character he did gie ye a'! Faix he canna be that far wrang."

"Hoots, man. This isna a bad parish ava. I'm no sayin' we're just overwhelmed wi' releegion, as Andrew obsairved, but ye see there's nae a public-house i' the pairish an' there's nae muckle drinkin' forbye Fastern's E'en an' St James's Fair. We're a fair average, an' we want a fair average moderate meenister, like auld Mr Fairgrieve, whae went aboot wi' aiples i' his pouches for the bairns, an' a kin' word—while's mair—for a'body."

Yon's a kind no made thae days. Ye'll no happen on sic like, as sure's am leevin'." "Atweel, ye must have patience, and wait till with years an' experience of life, the man ripens and matures. Only make sure he's the right stuff to begin with. Choosing a wife or a meenister is a kind o' leap in the dark at the best; it's my opeenion, an' I'll be glad whan it's a' bye, an' hoping some o' us will be pleased ony way, I'll say 'Gude nicht to ye a.'" So saying the schoolmaster left them.

"It's a lang doon-hill to Blawearie, said Archie, an' I'll hae to be takin' the hill to Blawearie an' I'll hae to be takin' the road too," so with a nod or a kindly parting word the meeting broke up, having come to little or no decision on their choice of a minister.

M. M. T.

Some New Books.

MESSRS MORISON BROTHERS, Glasgow, send us copies of their three latest publications.* In "The Auld Scotch Sangs" we have the completed edition of the First, Second, and Third Series, issued respectively in 1889, 1894, and 1900. This collection of Sangs is admirably arranged and harmonized by Mr Sinclair Dunn, Professor of Singing, Guildhall School of Music, London. It contains all, or nearly all, the Songs, and several Ballads, which have been favourites for generations past, while "the introduction and afterludes have been considerably shortened as, in many instances, long afterludes spoil the continuity of the story." Some of the songs have been arranged as duets for medium voices. At the beginning of each song Mr Dunn gives a short but interesting account of its history or its authorship. Thus about "Gae bring to me a Pint o' Wine," he tells us that "Burns wrote this song after seeing a young officer take leave of his sweetheart at the Pier of Leith. The first four lines are from an old ballad written in 1636 by Alexander Seeley of Diveronside." Border singers will find much in the volume to interest them. Regarding the song "At Polwart on the Green," the Editor notes that "Polwarth is a small village two and a half miles from Duns, in Berwickshire, and is still as primitive-looking as it was over two centuries ago, when newly-married couples danced with their friends in a circle round a thorn tree which stood in the centre of the village. The old church still stands, in the vaults of which Grizel Baillie fed her grandfather when a fugitive. The melody is nearly three centuries old." There is a full glossary which will keep the present generation up to the mark with regard to many of the Scotch words which have quite gone out of use now. The volume is beautifully printed, handsomely bound, and is altogether a rare treasure for all who care to possess a copy of Scotch sangs at such a price as entitles it to be described on the front page as a "New Popular Edition."

"Morison's Chronicle of the Year's News" is the third of a series which is now an indispensable book of reference for all who read, write, or care to have a record of what has taken place during the year under review. In looking over its pages and bringing before our memory what has already been recorded in the newspapers, it

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The Auld Scotch Sangs. Arranged and Harmonized by Sinclair Dunn.

Morison's Chronicle of the Year's News of 1900. Compiled by George Eyre-Todd.

is delightful to find that what is worth preserving is here recorded and placed before us in permanent form. Yesterday's news are forgotten in the papers of this morning, and yet there are many things which we would have wished, like Captain Cuttle, to "make a note of." But many of us have neither the time to make such a note, nor the book in which to record it. And here it is where "Morison's Chronicle" comes in. A look over its pages enables us to live the year over again and fix in our memories many things and incidents we would not willingly forget. There is a full and carefully-constructed Index at the end of the volume, which enables us to gather up information upon any point required. Thus in regard to the war which is still on our hands in South Africa, we have all the incidents and events so carefully indexed that we can turn up in the text anything which we may wish information upon. The "Chinese Crisis," too, is fully recorded, while the details and dates of events such as the death of John Ruskin, the assassination of King Humbert, the chief statistics, travels, trials, and scientific discoveries of the year are all carefully summarised. A leisurely look over this Index lets us feel what a busy world we are living in, after all. If there is "nothing stirring" at home on any particular date, we have only to turn up that date in the "Chronicle" to find that there is plenty of stir abroad, and so the world wags. We wish Messrs Morison every success in the publication of this most useful Year-Book, and desire to congratulate the compiler on the careful way on which he has recorded the vital events and news of the year 1900.

In a thin quarto of only sixteen pages we have a fac-simile of the Latin text, translation, and notes of the earliest document relating to Glasgow—"The Inquest of David." This "Inquest" was made by the Prince of Cumbria concerning the lands and possessions belonging to the Church of Glasgow. But for an anonymous copyist it would have been, strange to say, a document absolutely unknown to history. The notes at the end of the text and translation are full and explanatory: thus with reference to the expression "Verbum prædicationis," the editor points out that the phrase suggests the now discarded words of the City of Glasgow motto, "by the preaching of the Word." Border readers will notice many references to places in the Border country, but the Editor does not seem to be at home there. For example, in his notes on "Lillescliva" he informs us that the reference is to a village lying between Jedburgh and Selkirk, now called "Lillesleaf,." In another note he repeats the misspelling and is apparently unaware of the fact that it ought to be "Lilliesleaf." Our readers, however, will find much to interest them in these pages, as, for example, the references to "Stoboc" (Stobo), "Alnecrumba" (Ancrum), "Pobles" (Peebles), "Mereboda" (Morebattle), and several others.

The Inquest of David: Fac-Simile, Text, Translation and Notes. By J. T. T. Brown.

Comparative Health in Town and Country.

THE "Spectator" presents an analysis of the comparative health of residents in town and country, based on the latest life-tables and returns of the Registrar-General. The country stands first as a healthy area and for healthy occupation. More than a million men over fifteen years of age are employed as farmers, labourers, graziers, and gardeners in agricultural districts. These men spend more time in the open air than any class except, perhaps, the fishermen. They are the product of the country life, and the heirs of the constitutions so developed. Their death-rate, from fifteen till fifty-five, is on an average 35 per cent. less than that of all the other male workers of Great Britain, and lower than that of all other workers in the country districts, than shopkeepers, smiths, or wheelwrights. Farmers and cattle-owners have a lower death-rate than that of the clergy; the gardeners, and nurserymen come next, and the entire class of farm labourers and others. The writer credits this to freedom from induced disease and from consumption. Their partial exception from both must be largely credited to the country life and to the open air. Drink and consumption are the great destroyers in the towns. Sunlight kills the bacillus of tubercule. Londoners are said to suffer in long calms of mild weather when the carbonic acid gas and other impurities sink to the ground level, and are breathed. At a fat stock show, in a period of calm and heavy fog numbers of the over-fed animals died, it is believed by the foulness of the air they breathed. The contrast is drawn of life in the South African veldt at a great elevation, when, in spite of hardships and the poorest food, great exhilaration is felt owing to the splendid air. In our own country high spirits are to temporary visitors the first and most obvious result of a change to country air. If the stay be prolonged they merge into a general rise of level in all forms

of bodily energy. This, of course, is only one side of town life; there are many compelling reasons why millions must be harnessed to work in large towns, in spite of less healthy surroundings. But the obvious trend, as shown by the census, is still towards the busy centres.

A Memorable Liddesdale Storm.

By A Dubluess.

ON the 27th of July, 1849, there occurred in Liddesdale by far the most disastrous flood in the annals of the district. It is still talked of by the inhabitants as the "big flude", and many are the tales that old residenters can tell of that memorable night.

At the close of a sultry day, the rain began to fall in huge warm drops, and by midnight the Hermitage river, which was the first to overflow its banks, had risen to an abnormal height and the tenants of houses in the proximity of the river were aroused from their slumbers by the water rushing into their dwellings.

As it seemed by the guidance of Providence, the Liddle did not reach its highest till nearly daybreak, for had both rivers been at their highest simultaneously a great loss of life must have ensued, and probably double the amount of stock and house property would have been destroyed; indeed, it has been asserted that the whole village of Newcastleton would have been swept away. The state of the village was, however, bad enough. The tenants of the houses next the river had to flee to safer ground, and they were lucky if they got there, while the more unfortunate stragglers had to betake themselves to the rafters and lofts. In Douglas Square the water was over knee deep, and several stories are told of scared villagers seeking a higher and drier spot with nothing more than their shirts on.

The damage done to farm stock was immense, as at that season of the year the cattle were left in the fields during the night, and as scarcely any warning was given to drive them to the hills, these animals together with sheep, pigs, &c. were washed down the river in a hopeless confusion, and in many cases were thrown out miles below their home. Strange to say, many of them were alive, although, in most cases, rendered useless owing to bruises and hurts. A large number of hay ricks were washed away, but the greater part of the hay caught on the hedges, where it was saturated with mud.

At Whitrope Tollbar the family were too frightened to retire to rest, and the first intimation they had of the water entering the cottage was the rolling of the hearthstone under which the water had forced itself. They quickly left their home and took to the hillside. In the morning the house was almost completely demolished and swept away. Most of the toll bars in these days had a licence to sell intoxicating liquor, and several barrels of beer were carried down the Whitrope. Next morning an apparently thirsty individual was observed triumphantly bearing away a barrel of beer tied on his back with a plaid. He had found it in an adjoining field and considered his claim complete. He was, however, stayed on his homeward way and forced to deliver up his prize.

Perhaps the most remarkable escape in this storm was that of a party of young people from Newcastleton who had been at Langholm Common-riding. They were walking home by the hill road during the night. When on the point of, as they thought, crossing a bridge over a burn, which they knew to be in flood by the noise, a bright flash of lightening lit up the scene for a moment and showed them only the broken remains of the bridge and a rushing tumult of water, into which the foremost of them would most assuredly have stumbled and perished.

The following is one of the many amusing stories told of that night. At a farmhouse which was flooded over three feet deep in the ground rooms, the inmates carried the most of the furniture that was likely to be spoiled by the water upstairs, and retired thence themselves. The servant girl was, however, missed by the party on the upper storey and the mistress stepped down the stairs to see what had become of her. On looking into the kitchen the mistress caught sight of her picking her way among floating chairs and various other pieces of furniture, with the water up to her waist, and bearing aloft an armful of scones and bannocks. On being questioned she replied, "We dinna ken how lang we've to sit up there and we'll hae to hae something to eat."

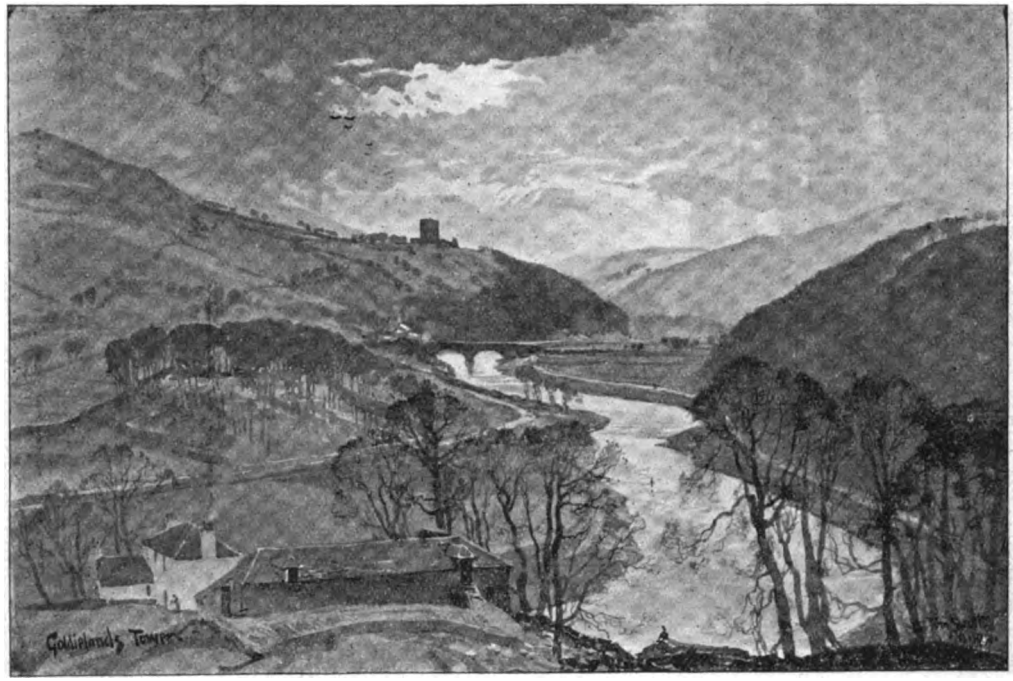
The generally accepted theory of the cause of this deluge is that a water-spout or very heavy rain cloud had travelled along a line reaching the sources of the Hermitage, Whitrope, and Liddle successively. Were such an occurrence to happen now-a-days its effect would be much more disastrous. The North British Railway has come on the scene since then, and now crosses the valley of the Hermitage over a high embankment and bridge. These would have to bear an enormous weight of water, and were they to give way the effect of the burst of water on the lower part of the valley can scarcely be imagined.

Branxholm Castle and the Land of Scott.

UNDER this attractive title Mr Adam Laing of Hawick describes "A drive through Upper Teviotdale from Hawick to Mosspaul," and has succeeded in compressing into the eighty-six pages of a guide-book, a mass of historical information relating to the Highlands of pastoral Scotland. It is a perfect delight to read the book, alike for its contents and the beauty of its printing, and even those who cannot possibly take the drive above mentioned would do well to expend the necessary sixpence in procuring this mine of Border lore.

the ancient home of Sir Walter's famous ancestor, "Auld Wat;" Branxholme Castle, the stronghold of his chiefs, the Scotts of Buccleuch, now world-famous for the vivid pictures of ancient Border life described in his immortal "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" the home of Henry Scott Riddell, author of "Scotland Yet;" and many other places, the scenes of stirring and romantic incident in some of the finest of the famous Border ballads. Every pilgrimage to the land of Scott should include a visit to this classic spot.

To this we say heartily Amen, but we would certainly counsel anyone who purposes to take this drive to first read the book referred to



Block kindly lent GOLDIELANDS TOWER. By the Publisher.

The author does not waste time in any lengthened preface, but says that

The pages, descriptive of the twelve miles' drive through the beautiful and romantic district of Upper Teviotdale, lying between Hawick and Mosspaul, have been written in the hope that their perusal will be of interest to lovers of the song and story of the Scottish Borderland, and especially to the many admirers of Sir Walter Scott and his writings. The valley is the beloved land of his clan—the moss-trooping Scotts; and contains Hawick, an old Border town, the town of the Scotts; Harden,

twice at least. The information it contains is so varied and extensive that a cursory glance at its pages, while seated in the coach, will hardly suffice. But even, to the latter mode of treatment, the book lends itself, as all the points of interest to be seen during the drive are printed in bold type so that they can be found at a glance. The author, while full of his subject, has the rare faculty of being able to break down his knowledge sufficiently small to suit the requirements of the tourist. The style is pleasing, and is sure to give the reader a desire for fuller information on many of the subjects touched upon—a result which, we feel

sure, will be specially pleasing to the author. The book is beautifully illustrated by Tom Scott, A.R.S.A., who gives graphic representations of Courtyard, Goldielands; Goldielands Tower, the Dule Tree, Branxholme; Branxholme Castle; Teviothead, Henry Scott Riddell's House and Monument, Frostylee Burn, Linhope, Mosspaul, Burn in Mosspaul Grounds, Ewes Doors and Mosspaul Burn. We have much pleasure in reproducing the second and fourth of the above mentioned illustrations, and in stating that the book is published by Mr James Edgar, High Street, Hawick. W. S.

Block kindly lent By the Publisher.

BRANXHOLME.

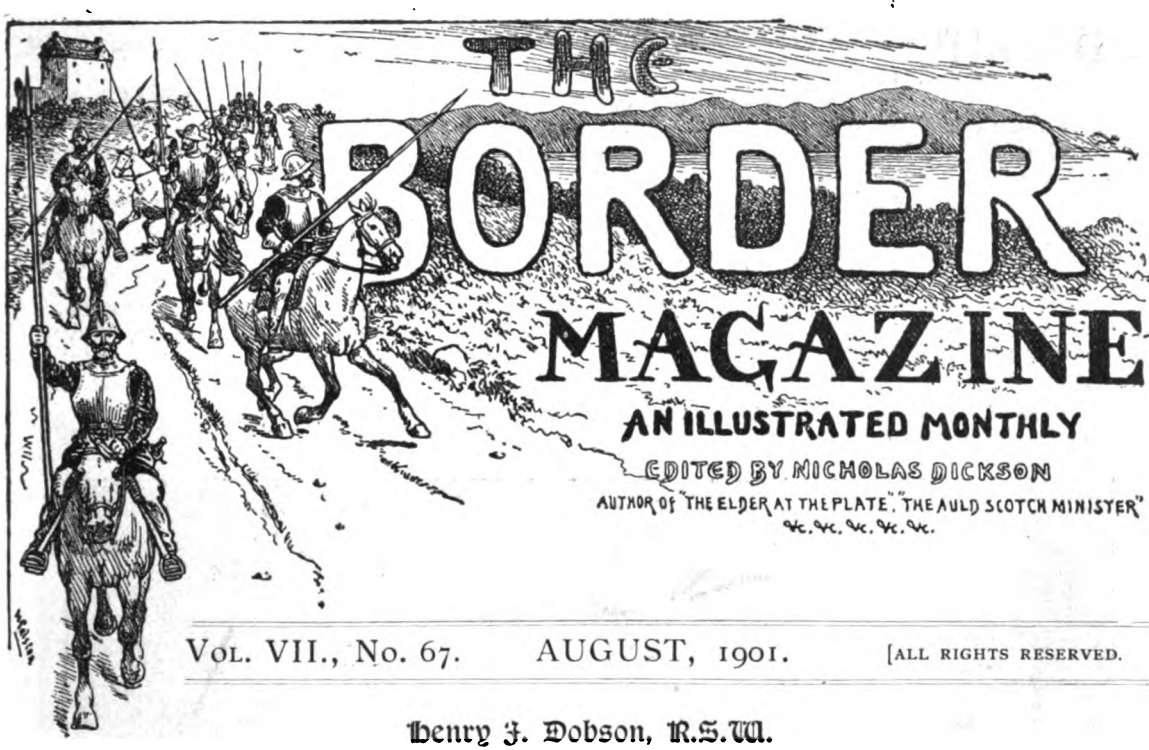
"I'll no Emuses!"

THE sixteen animals "Deposited by His Majesty the King" in the Zoo, which have been transferred thither from Shaw Farm, Windsor, include a couple of black Spanish cattle, a black-faced kangaroo, a yellow-footed rock kangaroo, two ostriches, a zebra, American bison, three St Kilda sheep, three Indian zebus, and two Nubian goats. It is possible that the King is right in thinking that these animals do not come within the live-stock limits of a farm. When a gentleman in New South Wales, out of gratitude to Sir Walter Scott, offered to bring him home a couple of emus, the author of "Waverley" accepted them at first, thinking they were a kind of blue or green parrot. When he discovered that they stood six feet high, or so in their stocking soles, and were little better than a kind of cassoway or ostrich, and might eat some of his old armour, he declined the favour. "No! I'll no emuses," he said! Has the King decided—"No! I'll no more lions or tigers!"

The Late Mr Thomas Craig, Kelso.

OUR readers will learn with sorrow and regret that Mr Thomas Craig lately passed away. He was one of our most esteemed contributors. While we have to mourn his loss, Mr Craig will be missed by Border readers for his devotion to literature—a devotion that was only known by those who had the privilege of his intimacy and his friendship.

HENRY J. DOBSON, R.S.W.



VOL. VII., No. 67. AUGUST, 1901.

Henry J. Dobson, R.S.W.

By WM. SANDERSON.

THERE is a special pleasure in writing appreciatively about the career of anyone whose progress you have watched from childhood, and such is my pleasure now as I pen these few lines regarding one whose success as an artist adds lustre to his native Borderland.

We were boys together at St Ronan's School, Innerleithen, and being both inclined to neglect our other studies for the sake of the drawing lessons, we had much in common in these early days. At that time drawing was not so commonly taught at school as now, and I have known parents object to their children being taught this useful art on the ground that it was a waste of time.

At a very early stage in Mr Dobson's career I noted the great gift of patience he possessed, and has it not been said that genius consists in "taking infinite pains." This has been very fully proved in the case of Mr Dobson, for his perseverance in overcoming the technicalities of his art, and his determination to be an artist no matter what obstacle might be placed in his way, have resulted in his gaining for himself a distinct place in the art world.

Nurtured "amang the greenest hills shone on by the sun," as the late Principal Shairp fondly termed these verdure-clad uplands, and familiar with the soft beauties of the vales of Leithen and Quair, where they broaden out into the Tweed valley, the young artist had plenty of inspiration for his pencil and brush. The book of nature was opened to him at one of its purest pages, and the gentle influences of hill and vale and stream sank deep into a heart ready to receive them. The undulations of the hills around him, the towering peak of the Lee Pen with its distant glimpses of the Eildons and Cheviots, the lofty brow of wide-spreading Minchmoor, the quiet of Traquair where we—

> "Heard the cushie's croon
> Through the gowden afternoon,
> And the Quair Burn singing doon
> To the vale o' Tweed,"

all helped to foster the artistic taste which no amount of difficulties could crush.

Our teacher in those days was Mr Richard Pearce, and this gentleman seemed to have little difficulty in instilling into his pupils his own passion for drawing and painting. When we left the ordinary day school we continued our studies privately under the same master, and I can recall one class of four who divided their time between the usual boyish fun and the delights of freehand drawing. There was Mr Joshua Cox, who afterwards became a popular M.D. in Innerleithen, and then removed to

Eccles in Cheshire, where he has since risen to considerable eminence in the medical profession; his brother, Mr Ben Cox, who is now a successful manufacturer; Mr Dobson, the subject of our sketch; and the present writer. Though their paths now lie far apart I have no doubt that these four frequently remember that:—

"In a land of rolling hills,
Lies a valley ever fair,
And in peace to stray thro' the live-long day,
And breathe the balmy air,
Or to lie at rest on the Caerlee's breast,
Is bliss beyond compare."

common among artists, prominent picture dealers have frequently made tempting offers to him to join them in their business, but he is too much wedded to his art to do so.

It is difficult for the young mind to see the end from the beginning, and so the time came when he could "thole" the ordinary round of business no longer, and being advised by a noted London artist to adopt art as a profession, Mr Dobson took the necessary step and from that day has never turned back.

In 1879 our young aspirant began his studies at the School of Design, Royal Institution, Edinburgh, where his perseverance and energy

By H. J. Dobson, R.S.W.

THE CROFTER'S GRACE.

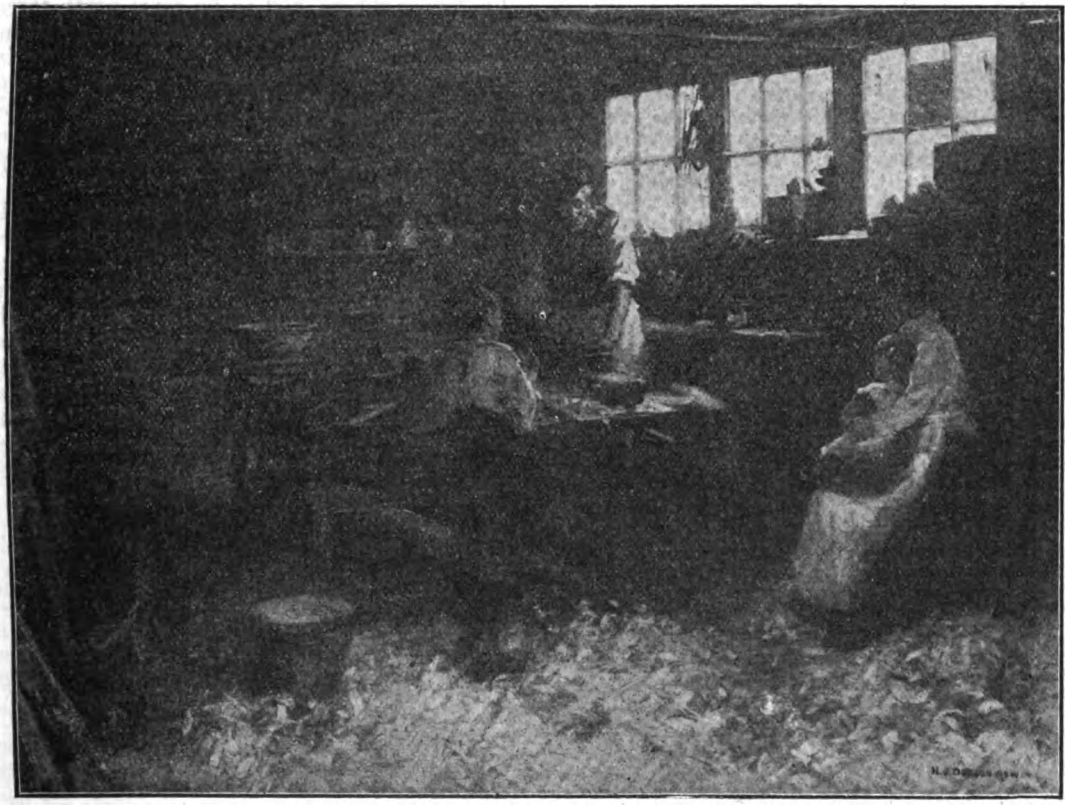
Fortunately, Mr Dobson's parents were wise enough to give him several years of good business training before he was allowed to take up the profession which he now adorns, and it would be well if this rule were applied to every young man, no matter what future career he is intended for. Time and again Mr Dobson has proved the usefulness of this early training, and this capacity for business being rather too unsoon brought him to the front. Among his early triumphs were the gaining of the Queen's Prize for painting heads, and a special money prize for a monochrome study of that wonderfully involved piece of sculpture, the "Laocoon."

Four years of earnest study enabled him to pass successfully the examination for the human figure, and in 1883 Mr Dobson was admitted as a student of the Royal Scottish Academy. In

this higher school the art atmosphere was still purer, for he was surrounded by fellow-students who have in many cases risen to eminence in their profession, among these being H. W. Kerr, A.R.S.A.; R. B. Nisbet R.I.; Robert Noble, A.R.SA.; T. Austin Brown, R.I., &c.

Mr Dobson was not long in discovering his forte, and gave up much of his time to studies of Scottish character. His interiors with their subdued lights and unmistakeable bits of humble Scottish life are widely admired and the "'Black and White' Royal Academy Pictures."

In 1890 Mr Dobson was a candidate for election to the membership of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colours, and was duly elected, being third highest out of a list of twenty-two candidates, of whom only six were elected. The pictures by which he gained his membership were "The Last Request," now the property of Dr Jamieson of Edinburgh, and "The Spinning Wheel," now in the possession



THE WORKSHOP. By H. J. Dobson, R.S.W.

have gained for him the name of "The Scottish Israels." In "Life and Work" many of his best pictures have been reproduced, including his well-known work, "The Little Minister's Visit to Nanny Webster," which we reproduced three years ago in the BORDER MAGAZINE. This important picture occupied the place of honour in the Scotch Artists' Exhibition at the Continental Gallery in the spring of the Diamond Jubilee year, and was reproduced in

of J. B. Fairgrieve, Esq., Edinburgh. A poem, descriptive of the former picture, was written by Mr Alex. Anderson, better known as "Surfaceman."

In 1887 Mr Dobson made his first sketching tour into Yorkshire, finding most of the subjects for his easel in and around Knaresborough. So impressed was he with the possibilities of Yorkshire as an art county, that he settled in Bradford in 1891 and rapidly came to the

front, as the following extract from the "Bradford Observer" shews:—

An exhibition of pictures by Mr H. J. Dobson, R.S.W., is on view at Messrs Crome & Co.'s Gallery, Kirkgate, Bradford. Although Mr Dobson has made Bradford his adopted home now for a considerable number of years, and has been a regular contributor to local exhibitions, this is the first time that he has afforded the public an opportunity of seeing a comprehensve show of his own work. That the thing was well worth doing is proved by the interesting character of the collection which has been got together. As a painter of the life of the humblest classes in rural Scotland Mr Dobson holds a creditable position. His technique is sincere, effective, and unpretentious, and his Scotch nationality enables him to bring to bear an insight into the character of his subjects and a natural and unforced sympathy with their feelings and mental constitution which are of the greatest value. Perhaps the first thing to strike the visitor to the exhibition will be the absence of any note of joyousness or gaiety in his work. His mood is nearly always earnest—generally grave—but it is tranquil, and the narrow, laborious, devout, and frugal peasant life which he loves to depict produces no impression of pain on the spectator. One feels that the lot of these poor folks, though hard, is borne with quiet courage and piety, and that it has its compensations in simplicity and wholesomeness of life. The exhibition contains upwards of forty pctures in oils and water-colours, some of which are already known to the Bradford public, whilst others, including the products of a recent tour in Galloway, have not been shown previously. To the former category belong "A Scotch Sacrament," now the property of the Bradford Corporation; "The Little Minister's Visit to Nanny Webster," "Time, Age, and Infancy," and a number of smaller works. Among the new examples are "The Horse Shoe," the cavernous interior of a blacksmith's shop with a horse being shod, and a group of onlookers seen under the dim cross lights—a somewhat similar subject, with a change in the sentiment called "A Labour of Love," and several studies of the religious aspect of Scotch life in "A Pillar of the Kirk," "The Guide of Life,"—which represents an old man reading the Bible—"An Anti-Burgher," and "Looking Upwards." Mr Dobson takes us out of doors in "A Galloway Shepherd," the subject of which is sufficiently described by the lines of Burns appended to it:—

> And weary o'er the moor his hameward course doth bend.

The little piece entitled "Buttercups and Daisies" is noticeable as an exception to Mr Dobson's usual style of treatment and sentiment, on account of its bright colour and generally diffused light and the cheerful and purely objective incident chosen. The exhibition includes several local portraits.

We have given the foregoing lengthy quotation, as the writer has evidently grasped the ideas underlying most of Mr Dobson's work. We regret that "The First Communion," a truly national work, should have been bought out of the country, but the artist is a young man yet and may produce some important work on similar lines. The picture referred to was exhibited at the Dunedin, New Zealand, Exhibition in 1890, where it attracted much attention among the Scottish folks in these southern latitudes.

While resident in Bradford Mr Dobson was a member of the Council of the Yorkshire Union of Artists, and hon. secretary of the Yorkshire Water Colour Society, which is affiliated with that Union. Successful as he was in Bradford he yet felt that his native land was his proper sphere, and so he came north three years ago, and after a short time in Peebles, he settled in Edinburgh, where his studio in George Street is well-known to lovers of art. Mr Dobson's industry is wonderful, and the number of canvasses he has on hand at one time would surprise those unacquainted with his business methods.

At a competition open to Great Britain held in London a few years ago, Mr Dobson succeeded in carrying off the first prize of £100 with his picture, "The New Toy," which now hangs in the Crystal Palace, the water colour study of this work being at present in the International Exhibition, Glasgow. We are pleased to be able to present our readers with a reproduction of this well-known picture, which tells its own story without a word of explanation. This directness in Mr Dobson's pictures is thus referred to by the "Glasgow Herald":—

With a Scotch cottage for interior and a figure or figures drawn from its simple life, he tells a direct story such as he who runs may read—whether the language be that of pathos or of quiet humour. On the technical side Mr Dobson's work is well marked, while his manifest sympathy for "the humble annals of the poor" give him at once the right to speak so eloquently in their behalf.

Mr Dobson was one of the promoters of the Peeblesshire Fine Art Association, and in its Exhibition now being held in Peebles, he has the following pictures:—"The Workshop" (the property of G. Duncan, Esq., Newlands), "Motherless," "News from the Front," "John Anderson, my Jo," and "Interesting News."

Mr Dobson is well known in Galloway, from which interesting district he brought his wife, an amiable lady, whose artistic tastes make her an admirable companion and helpmeet. As we have already said, he is still a young man, and we may yet look for many important works from his studio, including, doubtless, some bearing more particularly on his native Borderland, for he is an enthusiastic Borderer.

"Ord."

A Retrospect, by Robert Hall.

RECENTLY in one of the Border towns might have been observed a gorgeous procession wending its way through the streets in connection with a travelling circus. As the huge gilded caravans swept past, closely followed by a brilliant cavalcade "of fair women and brave men," one of the spectators, a young man, remarked to an old friend standing by his side, "it's a grand sight." With a smile of mingled superiority and pity the old man looked up in his face and quietly remarked, "Man, 'e never saw Ord!" The unwonted spectacle had awakened within him memories of far-off days, and the passing pageant had no part in his thoughts. He saw once more a gay laughing crowd as they stood around the charmed circle patiently awaiting the appearance of the once popular favourite. He was again a boy looking through the rose-tinted medium peculiar to that gladsome time. His youthful fancies still held sway, and what he worshipped in his spring time he dreamed of lovingly in the autumn of his days. Scenes of other days were passing before his mental eye, and he beheld an entertainment given by actors who have vanished from human ken, and whose manners and methods find no counterpart at the present day. But we hear a chorus of impatient voices exclaiming, Well! but what about Ord? Who was he, or what did he do to keep his memory green in the hearts of every old fogey who knew him? Have patience my youthful readers, when the snows of three-score winters have fallen upon your heads perhaps you also will love to ponder over the cherished memories of boyhood and realise in some degree the meaning of the poet when he wrote,—

"With a joy that is almost pain,
My heart goes back to wander there;
And 'mid the dreams of the days that were
To find my lost youth again."

Well then to my story. Thomas Ord was a son of the Rev. Selby Ord, sometime parish minister of Longformacus in the Merse. His early life is somewhat obscure. One version states that he became a medical student, but being of a roving disposition he threw aside the lancet and enlisted into a cavalry regiment, where he remained till a friend purchased his discharge. Another account states that when a boy he left his father's house and engaged himself to an equestrian named McDonald, with whom he remained five years. While yet in his teens he started on his own account, making his debut at Kelso, and performed with great acceptance in many of the smaller towns throughout Scotland. Encouraged by the success that attended his efforts he set up establishments in the larger cities in Scotland and soon became a popular favourite. Seeking "fresh fields and pastures new," he made a descent into England, but his attempt to cater for the amusements of the southerners proved, financially at least, a failure, and he was compelled to dispose of the greater part of his stud, break up his company, and return to Scotland in comparative poverty. After this experience he carried on his vocation in a humbler manner. He maintained a smaller establishment, and performed in the open-air, trusting for remuneration to the sale of lottery tickets. Fortune again smiled upon him, and he amassed upwards of £2000, which he invested in a Berwick bank. This establishment came to grief, and Mr Ord had again to face the world without a penny. Nothing daunted, he "set a stout heart to a stey brae," and again succeeded in acquiring such a sum as enabled him to acquire a small property in Biggar, which he afterwards regarded as his head-quarters. Here, in 1844, he erected his last amphitheatre, a substantial wooden erection, which was fitted up with a considerable degree of elegance and comfort. The entertainment consisted of equestrian and theatrical performances, the great majority of the plays being now obsolete. These comprised The Gentle Shepherd, Rob Roy, Jeanie Deans, The Bride of Lammermoor, Mary Queen of Scots, Luke the Labourer, Cramond Brig, Macbeth, The Fair Maid of Perth, &c. Owing to the limited number of the population in the district this undertaking also proved a failure, and on the 11th April, 1844, he published a card stating that he had found his attempt to cater for the amusement of the gentry and public of Biggar and its vicinity had entirely failed. He trusted to his patrons turning out to his closing performance, and concluded with the quotation,—

"'Tis not in mortals to command success;
I've done more, I've studied to deserve it."

He made his last public appearance at Thornhill on the 29th September, 1859. Proceeding with his company into Ayrshire, he became unwell and was conveyed to his home in Biggar. Here he grew gradually worse, and at last his earthly career closed on the 27th December following, aged upwards of 80 years. At that time it was proposed to erect a monument to his memory, but no practical steps were taken

to accomplish that result. Regarding Mr Ord's private character, he was temperate in his habits, charitable in his disposition, and manly and straightforward in all his dealings. He was an equestrian of the first rank. In the heyday of his strength he challenged the renowned "Ducrow" to a trial of skill and agility for £500, but the latter refused to peril his reputation by entering the lists against so renowned a competitor. In personal appearance he was athletic, and bore a strong resemblance to the late Professor Blackie. Such then was Thomas Ord, whose name to the older generation was familiar as a household word, and to those who survive his memory is yet green. In Biggar Kirkyard, amid kindred dust, his once athletic form now peacefully reposes, and take him all in all, we shall not look on his like again.

Fifty years ago the annual appearance of the famous equestrian was one of the red letter days in the somewhat monotonous life of a country town. In modern times such events are intimated by gaily coloured and impo ing posters which cover every available spot weeks before the event. When the appointed day arrives a procession, more or less brilliant, headed by a brass band more or less efficient, parade through the principal streets previous to the afternoon performance. In the case of Ord, however, these expensive preparations were entirely unnecessary. A modest handbill with the name of the town and the time of performance filled in with pen and ink were all that was required to stimulate public curiosity. It was a great time for the boys. Animated by some mysterious influence, a crowd of all sorts were always found waiting the appearance of Delaney, "the big fule," and the subordinate members of the company for the purpose of preparing the ring. About seven o'clock in the evening the crowd of sightseers commenced to congregate. From all directions men, women, and children converged to the great centre of attraction. During the course of the day great efforts were made by the boys to cultivate the acquaintance of those members of the company who had it in their power to confer the privilege of leading one or other of the stud from the stable to the arena. The greatest rivalry existed for the purpose of obtaining the coveted honour of leading Ord's favourite mare, "Cromartie," and the boy who was successful felt taller by some inches as he proudly marched at the head of the procession. On arriving at the ground, the orchestra, consisting of one fiddler, took up his position in the centre of the ring, where, mounted on the green chest in which reposed the prizes, he went through the preliminary performance of tuning his instrument, while Delaney, armed with a long whip, was busily engaged in forming the spectators into a circle at a safe distance from the ring. "Further back, please; a little further back," was his constant cry, accompanied with a crack of the whip, which sounded like a pistol shot, as he dexterously brought the lash into uncomfortable proximity to the bodies of those onlookers who were tardy in obeying his peremptory order. In due course the crowd got into position, with the boys and girls squatting in front. During the time of waiting for the commencement of the performance, the merits of the different performers formed the principal theme for discussion. It was whispered with abated breath that Delaney, then in his prime, could easily surpass Ord, but consideration for the feelings of the old man deterred him from exerting his full powers. Ord was referred to in terms of the highest respect, numerous stories being told regarding his deeds of daring outside the ring. His regular attendance at church used to be noted with pleasure, and he was credited with never passing the plate without depositing therein a pound note. But while the boys sit open-mouthed listening to their elders, the performance has commenced. The first portion of the programme consisted of the usual acrobatic feats, performed with more or less dexterity, familiar in similar entertainments at the present day. The principal feat was undertaken by Delaney in what was termed the ladder dance. This was performed with a light ladder some fourteen feet long, with which he took up his position on a spring board in the centre of the ring. Keeping time to the music, he soon succeeded in reaching the top by successive leaps from rung to rung with both feet at once. After maintaining his balance for a short time he allowed the ladder to fall, and holding on till near the ground, he alighted on his feet. During this portion of the performance the audience revelled in the quips and cranks of the painted and fantastically-dressed clowns, while a number of the boys were apt to develop a sudden passion of love for the scantily-dressed young lady that performed on the slack wire, or leaped through paper-covered hoops while careering round the ring mounted on a bare-backed horse. The boyish illusion is now dispelled, the glitter was but tinsel and the erstwhile goddess has been found to be only painted clay. We, alas! have eaten of the tree of knowledge, and our eyes have been opened.

When the first portion of the programme had been concluded the orchestra had to shift his quarters. The chest was opened and the prizes

displayed, the first being a gold watch, timepiece, or sometimes a load of oatmeal. On one occasion on which the first prize consisted of this latter commodity, one of the company, an Englishman, got rather crusty because the tickets were not being purchased with that rapidity which he considered desirable. After vainly endeavouring to cajole the audience into a more liberal frame of mind, he finally lost his temper and went round the ring exclaiming, "Mind the brose, you brutes." The prizes included a large assortment of cotton-gown pieces, tea trays and waiters, shoulder shawls, which were universally worn by the female sex at that period, and as Delaney used to say, "together with a large assortment of valuable articles too numerous to mention." The disposal of tickets now taxed the energies of those of the company not otherwise engaged. "Tickets! any more tickets wanted?" was the familiar cry, which never ceased till the drawing took place.

The second part of the programme was now begun, by Ord making his appearance from some adjoining dwelling which had been placed at his disposal, amid the plaudits of the crowd. He usually appeared in the garb of a big burly farmer, who, with that weakness immortalized in Tam o' Shanter had allowed "the maut to get abune the meal." In his apparently helpless condition he insisted upon taking part in the performance. After some amusing discussion his wish was gratified, "Cromartie" was led into the ring, to whose back the farmer vainly endeavoured to mount. At length, with the assistance of the company, he found himself astride his favourite mare, who evidently enjoyed the fun, and she started to canter round the ring. With great difficulty the rider appeared to maintain his seat, but notwithstanding he was soon engaged in frantic efforts to get to his feet. At length success crowned his efforts, and his horsemanship became something marvellous. He went through all the positions and motions a drunk man could do except to fall off. When this had gone on some little time a few cords were pulled, and, lo! the farmer vanished, his place was occupied by a "bonnie fishwife," who, finding herself elevated on horseback, the observed of all observers, in bashful confusion modestly endeavoured to make the most of her somewhat scanty drapery. Mutch and creel were handed up and then "caller ou" was heard in a style Maggie Mucklebackit herself could not have surpassed. Again the scene changed. Mutch, creel, and blue petticoat disappeared, and with a wild huroo, "Paddy from Cork," newly swum, his hair hardly dry, introduced himself. The blackthorn was chucked up and deftly caught, and clothed in blue swallow-tailed coat, ornamented with large brass buttons, yellow vest, and knee breeches, blue rig and fur stockings, and battered tile stuck knowingly on one side of his head, round he went twirling the shillelagh with a dexterity acquired by long practice, and chaffing the onlookers in the richest brogue, as if to the manner born. With another wild shout Paddy disappeared, and "Rollo" occupied his place. Who he was, or what particular incident in his career was being represented we were not informed. A girl clad in gauzy drapery was handed up, and by means of a belt round her waist was held out at arm's length, her feet resting on the performer's thigh, who, sword in hand, appeared to be hewing his way through all opposition. Again the scene changed, and almost before the girl had reached the ground, the "patriot Tell," bow in hand and anguish depicted on his countenance, was rehearsing the famous apple scene. The arrow sped, and anxiety gave place to transports of joy. Dick Turpin's famous ride to York was next rehearsed, in which a pair of pistols and a five-barred gate played important parts. But suddenly a stalwart figure, all plaided and plumed in tartan array, occupied the saddle; the brass-studded targe, claymore, and Highland bonnet were handed up, and "with foot on his native heath his name was Macgregor." The fiddler, who hitherto had been industriously sawing away at what would be intended for appropriate music, now struck up

"Pardon now this bold outlaw,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O."

and amid a scene of the wildest excitement, Cromartie put on her best pace, while with tartans flying, and brandishing the gleaming claymore, the hardy Highland cateran was pourtrayed to the life. Now came the last scene of all. The tartans flutter in the breeze for a moment, when, lo, clad in pink tights, stood the grand old man himself. The rest of the stud were now run into the ring, and amid the encouraging shouts of the company, the cracking of the powerful whip wielded by Delaney, and the sustained applause of the onlookers, the grand finale took place. This consisted of the furious gallop of five, six, and sometimes seven bare-backed horses, that changed their places with marvellous precision, bestrode by the old man steady and stately as a Collossus. After a few turns round the ring, the speed slackened, he sprang lightly to the ground, amid a tempest of applause, and so far as horseman ship was concerned the performance was over for the evening.

The drawing for the prizes now took place. Amid the good humoured chaff and hearty laughter sometimes caused by the incongruity between a prize and its winner, they were speedily distributed, and the concluding portion of the entertainment was now entered upon.

By this time it was now "'tween the gloamin' an' the mirk," and the display of fireworks had opportunity to be seen to the best advantage. These were not of the highest degree of excellence possibly, but there was abundance of fizzing, whizzing, and crackling, with the occasional bang of a rocket, accompanied with showers of sparks, the whole enveloped in a dense smoke redolent of the villainous smell of burnt gunpowder. When the last sparks had died out the empty cases were thrown into a hole, which had been dug for the purpose, and covered with soil. No sooner, however, were the backs of the performers turned than a wild rush from all parts of the circle was made by a number of boys anxious to obtain the fragments in the hope that some portions had failed to explode. Willing fingers soon resurrected the cases, which were produced at school next day, when at the first opportunity a sort of second display was enjoyed, which generally proved a fruitful cause of grief in the shape of burnt fingers if nothing worse. Previous to leaving the ground the announcement had been made that "a theatrical performance would be given in —— Ballroom, curtain to be rung up in half an hour, the play being Cramond Brig; or, the guidman of Ballingiech," characters by the company, admission 6d each." Then off they had rushed to appear in a short time to strut their little hour upon the stage.

Like the swallows they had come and gone, but the ring remained to form a centre of attraction, and common playground for all the boys in the neighbourhood. With wonderful ability they performed a number of the feats they had witnessed. Even the characters enacted by Ord were imitated so far at least as the stripping of clothes was concerned. First went the caps, then the neck-ties, jackets followed, till one by one the various articles of boyish apparel were lying in a confused heap in the centre of the ring. Like that other but not so innocent company immortalized by our national poet,—

> "They cuist their duddies to the wark,
> An' linket at it in their sark."

At times this scanty covering was also dispensed with, when a number of small boys might have been observed careering round the ring clad like a band of ancient Britons, minus the coat of woad, or, as somebody briefly and forcibly puts it, "mit nodings on."

Such then, gentle reader, was Ord and his performance as viewed through the mists of fifty years. Much more could be written by others who had seen him enacting a different role; what has been described only formed a portion of his repertoire, which varied at the different towns visited. Times have changed, and the entertainments that were eagerly looked forward to and enjoyed with a hearty zest by a passing generation in their boyish days would be voted dull and slow by the up-to-date cigarette-smoking manikins and inane bar mashers so painfully in evidence in our streets and public places at the present day. To all readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE to whom the name of Ord conjures up sunny memories I only add,—

> "The little country show has gone, the clown has passed away,
> And we no longer wait for hours to hear the music play;
> The children of to-day may have a multitude of joys,
> But that old circus beat them all, when you and I were boys."

T. L.

A Lowland Lassie.

THE Tweed lo'es weel auld Peebles toun;
Kind nature smiles sae sweet
On glens, where burnies trickle down,
An' lassies blythesome meet;
On shady paths through woodland bright,
Where fragrant wild-flo'ers grow,
An' grey auld Neidpath crowns the height,
While Tweed rins clear below.

Not kindly nature smiling fair,
Nor burnies glintin' free,
Can match the tint o' Blanche's hair,
The love-licht in her e'e.
Not Tweed, whose rippling currents flow,
The sounding woods amang,
Can match her accents soft and low,
The music o' her sang.

Whene'er she walks abroad in spring,
The sang birds seem to ken,
An' gar the wild-wud echoes ring
In Hayston's Gipsy Den.
The daisies, starring Soonhope, rear
Their heads wi' tender pride,
Feel simmer stir them, when she's near,
An' ope' their petals wide.

Long may she prove her winning ways,
In thought, in word, in deed;
And stainless, spend youth's joyous days,
Beside the placid Tweed.
Till, from old age's distant sea
To haven calm ye pass,
May love unclouded compass thee,
Pure modest Lowland Lass.

J. ALSTON.

Murmurings from Rugged Waters.

WE have just received from America a volume of Poetry and Prose bearing the above title, which is welcome, alike for its own worth and for the pleasing evidences which accompany it, that the BORDER MAGAZINE has not a few readers across the "herring pond."

It is almost unnecessary for us to say a single word in praise of the volume, as we desire to give space to our American friends,—suffice it to say that we wish the volume could be in the hands of all our readers. The book is issued by the International Publishing Co., Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.

In the preface to the volume Mr Geo. Williamson, Detroit, thus refers to the author:—Mr James P. Broomfield, is a native of Roxburghshire, Scotland. Born in 1862, he received his education in that district and in Edinburgh, and located in Detroit, Mich., in 1885. Married Miss Annie M'Vicar, a Scotch Canadian lady, in 1888, and three daughters bless their union. They are a very charming family, and their numerous friends in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada, rejoice that our gifted Poet-Author now publishes in book form his delightful and instructive compositions of song and story.

The Rev. Marcus Scott, B.A., Pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Detroit, who is himself the author of several books and pamphlets, thus writes to us regarding the above volume:—"It is a goodly book of 300 pages, and contains 76 original poems and 10 original stories, all from Mr Broomfield's pen. . . . When we turn to the book we welcome it for its own sake, as the poems contain real poetry and the stories are well told." Mr Scott, who is himself a Borderer, hailing from Gavinton, near Duns, adds:—"There are other Borderers here —all good men and doing well—not one of them but is an honour to his much-loved Borderland."

Mr Edmund R. Dowdney of Detroit favours us with a short critique of the book, which we have pleasure in publishing, the more especially as it embodies, to a large extent, our own opinions of the volume.

After referring to the author, Mr Dowdney says:—

In endeavouring to write an impartial and thoroughly honest critique of Mr James P. Broomfield's volume, "Murmurings from Rugged Waters," the writer is placed in a position that the ordinary critic would contemn and declare impossible. The scenes which Mr Broomfield pictures, the humble men in "hodden gray" whom he brings us among, the dialect he uses, the very "ewes" and "gimmers" he introduces us to are all part and integument of our own youthful days, days that cannot fade nor dim, nay, not until that moment when earth shall have given place to that mystery beyond the "great divide." If adjudged prosy, still it may be this very spirit of partiality that causes us to read the author as he would the world should interpret his verses. The charm of the volume clearly lies in its simplicity. Read it from beginning to ending and one cannot find a labored phrase or a single attempted effort after showy effect. The thoughts that breathe within him—soft and cooing, mostly, as his "cushie in the plantin-"—are told in words that all Scotchmen can understand. He confesses to be a simple rhymer and plain story teller, and his book proclaims him eloquently as such. Take his "A' Body's Wean" for an example, who could help engaging in the loving intricacies and ultimate possibilities of a lyric that carries us with auld Rob "frae his auld thacket sheiling," hirpling "down to the foot o' the Dean," where, "maist extraordner," was a basket, and "within it, asleep, a wee wean."

Then there is his "Wee Orphan Tammy Tod," whose little bereaved heart sobbed out so brokenly for a mother's love, and who so childishly declared that—

"I wad rin and dae her biddin',
Leave ma peerie or ma ba',
For I think a laddie ought to
When he hears his mither ca'."

Nothing grand, eloquent, or hysterical may be found in such verse, but there is surely something which appeals to the very best that is within us.

"The Dying Piper" is perhaps the best, as regards strict metrical construction, that the book contains. What man, Highlander or Sassenach who would not give much of what he holds most dear to be made legatee of a gift such as this:—

"My pipes I bequeath thee, true son of thy father,
May their strains as of yore warm the heart of the Gael;
I go to my God, as our kin round me gather;
Play the slogan once more of the Chief of Kintail."

Much of Mr Broomfield's heroic verse is good, but his gentle spirit appears to be most at ease amidst moor and quietude and domestic peace. It may be hard for one who has never heard the "peesweips" wheep and whaups shriek to enter fully into all of the author's moods, but there is enough left and to spare for every one to appreciate.

His prose, quite as much as his verse, gives abundant evidence of Mr Broomfield's passionate love of nature and the lowly things of life. He is particularly happy in his moorland scenes. There is a pungent odour from the broom-clad haughs in his characteristic belief that among the purest of God's creatures are "fresh-washed ewes." Easily understood sermons are contained in every tale he relates. His doric, also, is a language spoken by the people he dwelt among and not the fictitious jargon of some writers.

We had intended to find fault with "Murmurings from Rugged Waters," but the reading has been so pleasing that we can do naught but praise, always hoping with Mr Broomfield that—

"Someone may find a line to cheer,
Or a thought that'll bring to the eye a tear."

The letterpress of the book is good and clear, and the volumes, bound in morocco, a very limited number of which were published, are really works of art.

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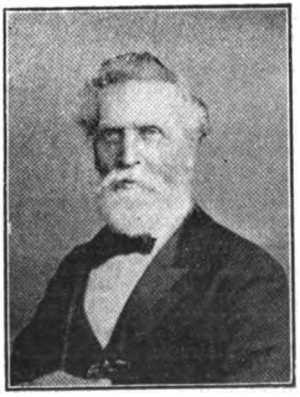
THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1901.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

The Border Keep.



LORD PROVOST CHISHOLM.

There are few more popular men at the present time than the Lord Provost of Glasgow, and it is well that it should be so, when all eyes are turned to Kelvingrove, where there is such an object lesson of the energy and enterprise of the city of which he is the civic head. As a public speaker, Dr Chisholm has few to equal him, and he is possessed of the happy knack of being able to say exactly the right thing at the right time, whether he is addressing Royalty or a Sunday School soiree. He seems to be able to speak with ease on all subjects, and is equally at home in a city pulpit delivering an earnest sermon, or in encouraging true manliness by distributing the prizes at an athletic gathering. Unfortunately we cannot claim him as a Borderer, for he is a son of Midlothian, but he takes an interest in Border subjects, especially the subject of Mungo Park. I had hoped to get a paper from Dr Chisholm on this subject for the BORDER MAGAZINE, but unfortunately the MS. was lost or destroyed, and his varied duties prevent him rewriting it. Some weeks ago at the reception given by the Corporation of Glasgow to the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars, in the Municipal Buildings, I had the pleasure of a chat with the Lord Provost on the subject of Mungo Park, and his Lordship said how impressed he was with the pathos of the home-coming of that early pioneer of African travel. No one to meet him, and no warm welcome, such as is accorded to many of our modern travellers, whose exploits are often not worthy to be mentioned in the same breath. To Mr Tom Honeyman, the indefatigable Grand Secretary of the I.O.G.T. for Scotland, we are indebted for the use of the excellent photo-block of Lord Provost Chisholm, who is also a member of the Order.

* * *

It is really surprising how few people it requires to link us on to the distant past, and this fact is well brought out by a correspondent of the "Glasgow Evening News," who thus writes:

I had a conversation recently with a venerable citizen, who fondly treasured the recollection of an interview he had in Edinburgh, in his salad days, with no less a personage than Sir Walter Scott. It is curious to reflect that one is thus placed at the end of a chain which, by a very few links, reaches back to Oliver Cromwell. This is how the mat-

ter easily and conclusively works out. Scott, in a letter to Lady Louisa Stuart (a fresh volume of whose correspondence was issued the other week by Mr David Douglas), mentions the death of his mother, of whom he speaks in characteristically affectionate terms. He then states that she remembered, and had often spoken with a person who perfectly recollected the Battle of Dunbar, and Oliver Cromwell's subsequent entry into Edinburgh. The memories of four generations thus bridge the distance of two centuries and a half. There are still several people living who remember Scott, and thus some fresh reminiscences of the Wizard of the North may yet be given to the world.

* * *

Just another Scott story which I find among my scraps, and here quote with apologies to the original writer for its belated appearance.

"Rambler" in the 'Hawick News' writes:—In reference to the notice which recently appeared in our columns regarding the late Mr James Mathison, Hawick, grandson of Peter Mathison, Sir Walter's coachman, it may be interesting to mention the following amusing, if somewhat gruesome story, as told by Lockhart, the biographer of the novelist. Hearing that Scott was very ill and not likely to recover, the Earl of Buchan proceeded to Castle Street, Edinburgh, and found the knocker tied up. Nothing daunted he descended to the door in the area, where he was met by honest Peter Mathison, who told his Lordship that he had strict orders to admit no visitors. The Earl, however, was not to be denied, but pushed his way in, and had his fingers on the handle of Scott's bedchamber before Peter could give warning to Miss Scott. The Earl continuing obstinate, Peter gave the tottering meddlesome old coxcomb a shove. His Lordship accepted the hint and made a rapid exit. Scott, hearing the confusion, asked what was wrong. On being told, he desired James Ballantyne to follow the old man home and explain to him that at such a time the ordinary rules of civility could hardly be strictly observed. James proceeded to the Earl's house and found him in a towering passion. Ballantyne, however, succeeded in soothing him, and learned that the Earl's errand to Sir Walter was to embrace him before he died, and inform him that he considered it a satisfactory circumstance that they were destined to rest in the same place of burial. His main anxiety, however, was to show Scott a plan he had prepared for the funeral procession, in which the predominant figure was to be, not Walter Scott, but the Earl of Buchan. When the novelist had recovered somewhat from his illness, and heard the whole story, he laughed till, despite his weakness, the stick was flourishing in his hand, over this "almost incredible specimen of the most absurd personage the late Earl of Buchan."

* * *

Another cutting taken about nine years ago from the "Hawick News" will recall bygone memories to some "Teri," who may read these lines in a distant land:—

Death of Reuben Watts.—One Sunday morning recently a noted Hawick character in the person of Mr Daniel Marriott, locally known as "Reuben Watts," joined the majority. Mr Marriott was a frame-work knitter to trade, and a native of Derbyshire. He came to Hawick about forty years ago, and speedily developed an extraordinary interest in all manners of public affairs, and earned a lifelong notoriety by his ventilation of real and imaginary grievances. Reuben was never known to be without a grievance of some kind on hand. Among public benefits for which he was entitled to take praise may be mentioned the fencing of Wilton dam, which was brought about by an action he was the means of raising before the Sheriff. He took the credit of the lighting of the Wester Clock. The introduction of chimes with the steeple clock of the new Town Hall was another of his pet schemes. He also posed as a sanitary reformer, and was a frequent writer of letters to the newspapers, the Home Secretary, and other officials of State, complaining of the insanitary condition of certain localities in the town, defective police cell accommodation, and so on. His efforts were several times rewarded by Crown officials making personal investigations, and on these important occasions Reuben prided himself on meeting the Government representatives at the station, and conducting them over the town. He claimed credit for initiating all the sanitary reforms carried out in Hawick during the last forty years. He was a widower, and in his seventy-fourth year.

* * *

My fishing friends will be interested in the two following items which I took from the "Scotsman" some time ago:—

Voracity of the Trout.—Under the above heading a Melrose writer, "J. T. M.," has the following:—Sir,—Yesterday (Monday) afternoon, when removing a "Greenwell" fly from the jaw of a large trout which I had hooked just below the cauld on the Tweed at Melrose, I was surprised to find a half digested smolt, about four inches in length, sticking in the fish's gullet—in fact, the tail of the smolt was protruding from the trout's mouth. It was well hooked, and must have risen somewhat greedily at the fly. I have seen a large black snail in the mouth of a trout when it had just been captured by worm, but I was not prepared to see a fish rise to the fly with such a tasty mouthful as a nice little salmon smolt to finish. Last week I saw a trout taken which had two of the flies of one cast in its mouth.

* * * *

The Salmon and its Food."—"Piscator" writes as follows in regard to salmon and its food:—"Sir,—Some months ago there was published an important study (by Dr Noel Paton, I think) on the habits of the salmon, treating especially of the curious fact that this fish possessed a latent energy by which it is enabled to travel long distances in rivers without taking any food during the journey. And at the time, unless I mistake, the "Scotsman" contained an interesting article on the subject. Has it been noted that this same problem in regard to the salmon was raised in the year 1527? On page 85 of Dr Hume Brown's work, "Scotland before 1700," I find the following from Hector Boece's "History of Scotland":—"It defendit be our lawis, ta sla ony salmond frae the viii day of September to the xv day of November. Fa man knawis quhairon thir fische leiffis for na thina is found in their wambe, quhen thay are oppinnit bot ane thik groose humour!"

Dominie Sampson.

Peeblesshire Fine Art Exhibition.

THREE years ago it was our pleasing duty to record in these columns the formation of a Fine Art Association for Peeblesshire and to give a short account of its first Fine Art Exhibition. Since then the work of the Association has gone on steadily, and the hopes of the promoters that such an institution would foster a love of art in the county are being, to a large extent, realised.

As a proof that the Association is in a vigorous and healthy condition, we have pleasure in noticing the opening of the second triennial exhibition, which took place in the new Volunteer Drill Hall, Peebles, on Thursday, 25th July, the opening ceremony being performed by that well-known art patron, Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael, Bart.

As on the former occasion, the exhibition contains a splendid collection of valuable works of art, and visitors will be surprised that so much that is rare and beautiful can be brought together in a country town. Amongst the principal exhibits are:—Portrait of the late Sir John Cowan of Beeslack, by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.; portrait of the late Sir Graham Montgomery, Bart., of Stobo, by J. H. Lorimer, R.S.A.; portrait of Rev. Hugh Black, by J. Bowie; portrait of Mrs Michael Thorburn, Glenormiston, by R. C. Robertson, &c.

In addition to the above there are other valuable loan pictures by such famous artists as Watts, Orchardson, Maris, Corot, Israels, David Roberts, Raeburn, Constable, the late Lord Leighton, Lorimer, Sir George Reid, McTaggart, David Cox, J. M. W. Turner, &c. The following artists are also represented by more or less important works:—Wm. McTaggart, R.S.A.; Robert Alexander, R.S.A.; Robt. McGregor, R.S.A.; G. O. Reid, R.S.A.; R. B. Nisbet, A.R.S.A.; A. K. Brown, A.R.S.A.; W. S. McGeorge, A.R.S.A.; James G. Laing, R.S.W.; R. M. G. Coventry, R.S.W.; H. J. Dobson, R.S.W. (interior reproduced); Tom Hunt, R.S.W.; Joseph Henderson, R.S.W.; D. Fulton, R.S.W.; Edwin Alexander, R.W.S.; T. M. Hay, R.S.W.; Harry McGregor, Peebles; Robert Burns (chairman, Society of Scottish Artists); C. H. Mackie, &c. We are pleased to see some local names also, among whom are Miss Patrick, Mailingsland, and Harry MacGregor, Peebles. The hangers—Messrs Robert Alexander and James G. Laing—notwithstanding the disadvantages of side lights in the building, have succeeded by their scheme

By H. J. Dobson, R.S.W.

A CUMBERLAND HOME.

of decoration in softening the light so as to give the best effect to the pictures.

The beauties of Peebles and its surroundings are known far and wide, and are in themselves sufficient to draw many visitors to the auld Burgh town, but the Fine Art Exhibition will be an additional attraction this autumn, and we trust the energetic promoters will have the satisfaction of seeing their labours rewarded by good attendances until the exhibition closes on 7th September. W. S.

The Witch's Curse,

A LEGEND OF TRAQUAIR.

By JOHN A. ANDERSON.

THE sun had just risen over the distant Holylee hills and his rays were flooding with a golden glow the bright valleys of the Tweed and the Quair. Minchmoor, the scene of this episode, was looking its grandest as it always does when August and September suns kiss its purple heather. Over its dark brow the morning mist hung like a fairy curtain, and the cultivated lower slopes were a mass of gold and brown. In contrast were the green hills of Traquair to the west, and the steel grey hills of Leithen beyond the silver Tweed, making a picture on that still autumn morning not easily matched. So at least thought a young man of about thirty summers, who had spent the night on a heathery couch, and who was now eagerly drinking in the scene the morning rays revealed. Beneath him the burn was singing gaily as it birled doon the brae, the mavis was pealing forth his early song in the neighbouring wood, and already far in the sky the lark was trilling forth his liquid melody as he soared heavenward. These were all the signs of life visible, and the youth stood long contemplating them. His journey the day previous had been an eventful one, and arriving here long after the sun had set he had resolved to make a by no means uncomfortable bed among the heather. He was dressed in the picturesque garb of the period. A green silken doublet, beautifully embroidered, his hose were of green velvet to match, and a dark velvet cloak lightly hung from the shoulders. On the hillside behind him his staff and his hat lay as he had discarded them the night before. His hat, a broad-brimmed beaver, adorned with a large feather, proclaimed him, as indeed his whole appearance did, to be a person of some quality. A short dagger or dirk was suspended from his belt, and on it was inscribed the name Lionel Beauclerc.

Presently the traveller became conscious of movement in the valley; putting his hand over his eyes to shade them from the fierce glare of the sun, he perceived a number of horsemen leaving the grey castle a mile beneath him. "My lord Traquair hunts to-day," was the youth's ejaculation, as he saw the cavalcade move slowly up the hill. There appeared to be twenty or more horsemen or horsewomen, for at the distance he could not distinguish who or what the riders were, but from the bright coloured dresses of certain of the riders he rightly concluded that some of the ladies from the castle were in the hunting party.

"I wonder whether they hunt on Minchmoor or in the Quair valley?" and as if in answer to his unspoken question, the leading two horsemen crossed the Quair water and headed for the hill. At this moment the youth's attention was suddenly arrested by the form of a woman, who was standing at a distance of not more than thirty yards from him. So unexpected was the sight that he stood spellbound for an instant. Lionel had imagined that the hill side, which was destitute of cover, save for the thick heather, had no other human occupant than himself, and here was another person whose approach he had not heard. Her appearance did not reassure him, but she seemed perfectly oblivious of his presence, and stood intently watching the approach of the horsemen. A tall, augular woman with long skinny arms, which to the armpits were destitute of covering, eagerly leaned forward as if anxious to distinguish some individual in the advancing company. Her features were in keeping with her figure, and the youth now lying prone in the long heather noted with aversion the malignant smile on her face. The open mouth displayed two prominent teeth, and a large hooked nose and high cheek bones gave her countenance a hawkish look. As the horsemen approached she shaded her eyes with her hand, and then, as if satisfied with the result of her scrutiny, she said in a curiously rasping voice, "Ay, it's him, juist him, and I'll let him hear what Tibbie Wilson has to say this braw morning. I'm thinking he'll get mair on the Minch this day than he cam' to seek."

By this time the Earl of Traquair and his company had left the rough road and were opening out on the soft, springy moss and heather of the lower Minch. Our young friend with his hat in hand advanced to the leader of the party, but the woman was before him. Starting forward at a run, she had laid hold of his

lordship's bridle ere any of the attendants could ride up, and raising her voice to a scream, she poured forth a volley of abuse so vile and abhorrent that the page who accompanied Traquair raised his riding whip to strike her down, but the Earl laid a detaining hand on the upraised arm of his companion, and turning to the woman said:—"What mean ye now, Tibbie Wilson, and what do ye here? Have I not told ye I'd have ye branded if ere I saw ye in my gait again?" "Ay! ye've telt me that an' far mair than that, Lord Traquair, but I'll no leave you nor yet your lands till ye bring back the dochter o' mine that ye hae stolen." "Oh, my bonnie Mary," she continued, "I ken if ye are leevin', ye'll want back to Traquair, but thae ill gettit wretches if they hae'na tint your life, they hae ye stervin' in their black dungeons."

"Hold your peace, you rambling hag; how often have I told ye that I ken nae mair aboot your daughter than the hound that smells the witch in ye. Keep back oot o' my gait or, by the saints, I'll teach ye the mainners ye hae never learned."

He raised his sword as if to strike at her, but she, apparently anticipating his action, retired to a knoll some dozen paces from where the now irate Earl stood, and pointing her long skinny fingers at him, shrieked, "Aha! prood Yerl, ye may craw as croose as a barnyaird cock for ye'r noo on the tap o' the stack, but craw yer loodest and craw as lang's yer fou' wame wull allo ye, for lang or yer hauchty hert gies its hinmaist dunt ye'll hae to craw sair for far less than I hae axed ye ceevily for."

"Oot upon ye for a limb o' Satan," said Traquair as he hastily crossed himself, "fool that I was no' to put ye in the stocks when Mr John Inglis wanted to dae't. Oot upon you and your maister's black airt; this comes o' keeping and cleeding a' the auld clavering crones that hing aboot the Ha' door. I tell ye, withered beldame," he continued with passion, "gin I ever see your wrinkled face atween me an' the sun again I'll send ye to your maister ere he has time to haud oot his brumstane fingers to haul ye hame."

"Ye'll ne'er see me again, Lord Traquair," shrieked the hag, now at a respectful distance, "until ye hae got your deserts frae the Royal maister ye pretend to ser'. Cleed me, quo he; my Ha' door quo he! Whan next we foregaither, prood laird, ye'll hae nae Ha' door nor yet a steek o' claes to cover your nakedness. I praise my Maker, though I hae nae land, nor yet a change o' claes, I hae as muckle cotton hidden as mak' my shroud. Rich and prood tho' ye be, vain Yerl, ye'll hae yours to beg ere ye gang to your account, and the lands an' the castle ye brag o' shall be a curse to ilka yin o' yer name. Ye hae stown my ae ewe lamb, an' as surely as ye hae made my hert cauld so shall your bluid dry in the veins o' your bairns until the name and the title o' Traquair are forgotten"

With these words she disappeared into the forest, while the hunting party, alarmed by the scathing words of the witch, gathered round the Earl, with concern depicted on every face. As for Lord Traquair, he endeavoured to laugh over the incident, but it was easily seen that the words of the hag had cut deeply, and that he was not likely to forget easily the dark prophecy concerning himself and his house.

The ladies of the party had at the commencement of the passage between his lordship and the witch observed the youth whom we know as Lionel Beauclerc. They had obviously met before, but on this occasion, save for the merest greeting, no words passed between them. In fact, their proximity to the scene of the foregoing dialogue prevented speech of any kind. They now came forward as Beauclerc advanced to Lord Traquair, hat in hand. Gracefully bowing, they exchanged courtesies. "Master Beauclerc," said the Earl's daughter, "has slept here on Minchmoor all night and did not know until morning he was so near Traquair House," and the young lady who thus accounted for the presence of the youth playfully held up a warning finger. "I'm afraid," she continued, "you've been having more wine in your wallet than our Nicol would trust with a young man on a journey."

"Nay, Lady Margaret," blushingly replied the youth, "you know I am a stranger to this road, and but for the accident which killed my horse at the ford of Yarrow, I should have reached Traquair long ere night overtook me, and I did not dream that I was so near hospitable quarters."

"May ye never hae a waur bed," said the Scots lord, who had smilingly listened to the conversation between his daughter and this English youth, for his speech betrayed him Southron; "but ye maun gang back to my poor house with Nicol and break your fast, and join us later on the Minch."

"I shall be most pleased to do so, my lord," said Beauclerc, "but perhaps you will allow me a word here. I can throw some light on the ravings of the woman of whose abuse of your lordship I was compelled to be an unwilling listener."

The Earl's brow clouded, but the interrogation printed on his face emboldened the youth

to proceed. Shortly he told his lordship that his servant during a former visit to Traquair had formed a liason with the young woman in question, and she had recently, as the result of an illness, gone mad, and was now in confinement. This had only recently come to Beauclerc's ears, and he had resolved to make Traquair acquainted with it on his first visit.

The Earl listened gravely during the recital, and finally he said, "Weel, weel, it canna be helpit. Gang you back to the house wi' Nicol and I'll send one of these fellows to seek the revengeful' hag; confound her! I ought to have drawn her blood to avert the curse. I like ill to hae a skinny finger and a squint e'e cuist on me wi' sic a harangue o' spitfu' maledictions."

"Save us!" he said, devoutly crossing himself, "but I hae an ugly omen that her words 'll come true, though gude kens how. Seek the witch and bring her to me," he said, addressing one of his men, but the witch had mysteriously disappeared, and John, first Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, and first favourite of his King, was destined not to meet her for many days, and then in circumstances as strange as ever mortal dreamt of.

. . . . . .

It was a bleak cold day in March, an angry wind raved down the narrow street known as the Canongate of Edinburgh, the few passengers who were about drew their cloaks tighter around them, and those who were afoot hurriedly sought a shelter from the sleet which accompanied the ever-gathering blast.

From the Netherbow Port a sedan chair emerged carried by two stalwart giants, who appeared oblivious of the keen biting wind, if one could judge from the slow, albeit stately, manner in which they moved. The occupant was hidden behind the heavy curtains which covered the windows, but from the armorial bearings which were richly chased on the door, one could see that the chair belonged to the family of Queensberry. Close to Queensberry House—which is still in the Canongate, stood an old man. His white hair hung in tangled locks over his stooping shoulders, he leant heavily on a short oaken staff, and his well-worn cloak of velvet gave ample evidence of his having seen better days. He had stood a long time heedless of the bitter blast and the angry gathering sleet storm, and was only aroused from his reverie by the approach of the sedan chair. The bearers appeared to know him, for they halted, and the occupant, looking out to inquire the cause of the stoppage, rested his eye on the old man, and addressed him instead.

"Lord's mercy, Traquair, is that you?" he exclaimed in a stentorian voice, which gave one the impression that a big body was behind it. "You'll get your daith o' cauld chittering there. What dae ye here? Can ye no stick to Traquair instead o' doitering aboot Edinburgh. Ye've shelter there, if nothing else."

"Ah, my lord, the hungry hare maun venture oot when frost and snaw wither up the land. I can only live where freens are, and Traquair is to me as the toom girnel is to the hungry moose. There's nothing left to me now, my lord, but the grave. Surely an ungratefu' country that has robbed me of every foot o' land I aince possessed will no' deny me a place to lay this dune auld frame."

These concluding words were uttered in an almost inaudable voice, and Queensberry, who was one of the few remaining friends the sometime Lord High Treasurer had left, was about to offer a commiserating reply, when from a window near by there rang out a voice which made Traquair's ashen face grow even more deathly in its pallor.

"Aha! Aha! Traquair, wha laughs loodest noo? I'm thinking there's wild fowl on Minchmuir warmer and hamelier that you this nicht. Dree your weird, prood Yerl, ye that hae scorned the hungry wame frae a fu' bicker are kenning noo what cauld bluid—tho' blue—and sair banes mean. Them that leeve the langest see the queerest ferlies. An' noo that Tibbie Wilson has seen the Yerl o' Traquair begging his breid she'll dee wi' a contented hert. My curses on ye yet, Traquair! May ye ne'er hae a cloot to cover your clay, and may your way-gaun be as bitter as the wind that noo shakes your banes."

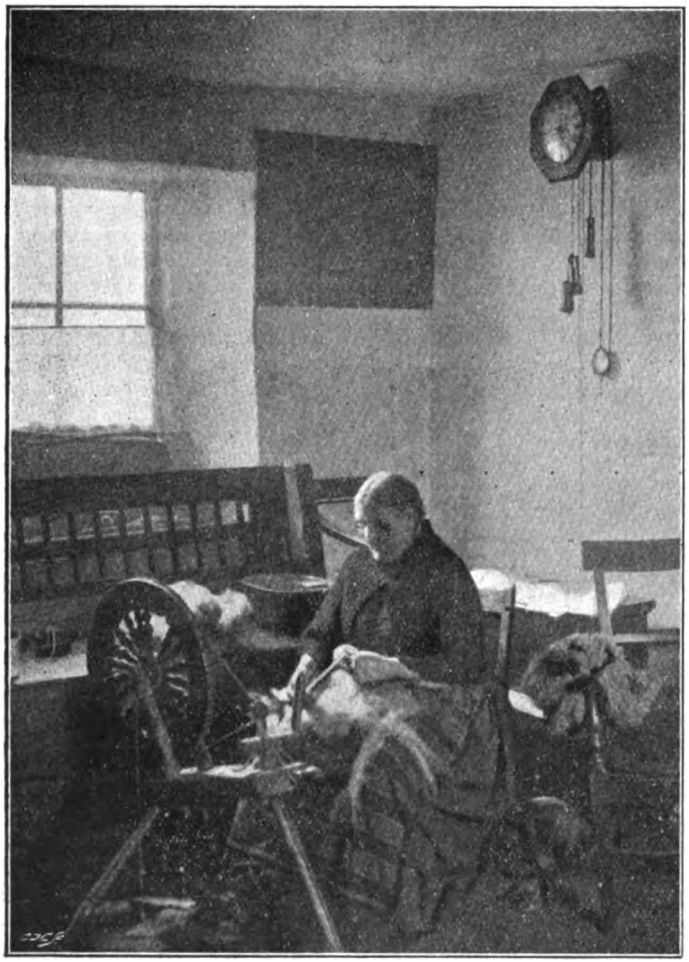
Queensberry who had listened to this fierce diatribe in statuesque silence, left his chair, and taking the arm of the old man, led him into the house.

Whether the effect of this speech on a superstitious mind, or the unwonted exposure, caused his death I cannot say, but he lingered only a few days, and when at length death released him from his sufferings, those who ministered to him in his last moments had to borrow a mortcloth to cover his remains.

He rests now in Traquair Kirkyaird amid the dust of his kindred, and now none of his name and title own the broad lands that bore his name; yet on a stormy winter night an eldrich screech is heard around the old mansion of Traquair, but whether 'tis the shade of Tibbie Wilson or the begging Earl who is denied rest in his tomb, I know not.

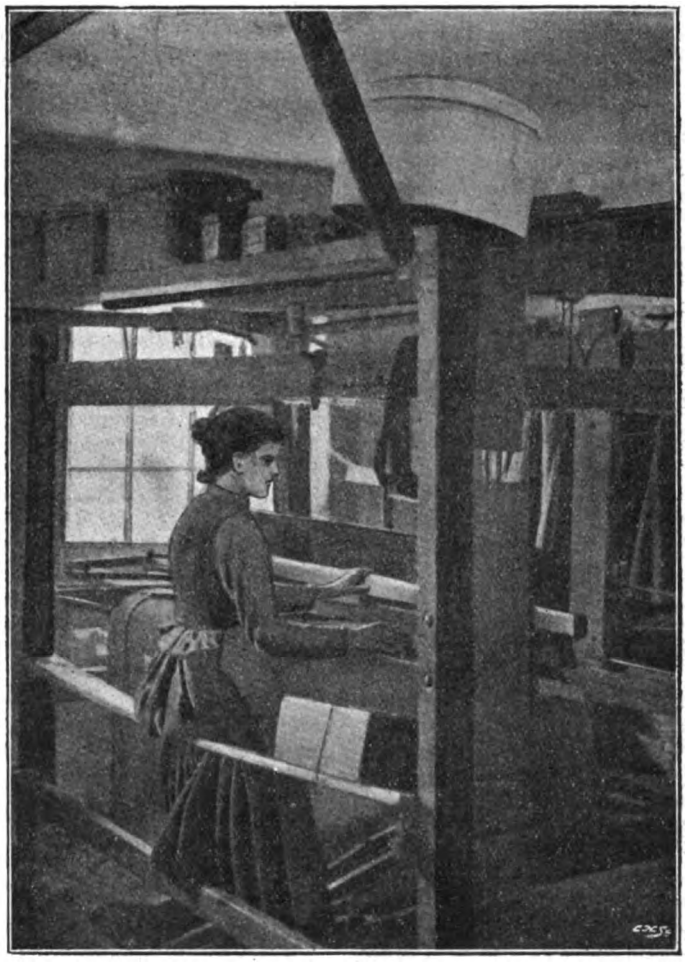
Old-Time Spinning and Weaving.

THE present generation, who are accustomed to the roar and clash of our great tweed manufactories, can hardly realise that all this has been brought about within living memory, and some old people can remember when, as yet, the powerloom had not made its appearance, and the spinning-jenny was only in its infancy. The bloom on the fields "when lint was i' the bell," and the humming music of the spinningwheels have disappeared from the land, but it is well that we should recall these bygone times when life flowed on more calmly and folks got time to think. The subject opens up a wide field, and we invite our readers to contribute short articles to our pages, bearing on these old industries of the Borderland. This has already been done by one or two of our valued correspondents, but we feel convinced that there is a perfect mine awaiting the persevering digger. Those who undertake such a task will find that their own hearts will be refreshed and strengthened, and should they favour us with their notes they will have a double pleasure in the knowledge that others are made partakers. Of course it must not be imagined that old-time spinning and weaving have entirely disappeared from our country, for visitors to the Glasgow Exhibition can there see men and women actively engaged in these occupations. Girls may be seen carding the wool



OLD-TIME SPINNING.

with hand cards and preparing the "rowens," which others deftly spin into yarn on the spinning wheel. Old looms are there, where even the "pick" is not used, the shuttles being thrown from one side of the "shed" to the other by hand. It is most interesting to watch these various processes, especially to one who has been accustomed to modern factory life.



OLD-TIME WEAVING.

For the use of the two excellent blocks illustrating our subject, we are indebted to the well-known firm of Messrs Lowe, Donald, & Co., who, by their push and energy, have done so much to make the tweeds of the Borderland so well known at home and abroad.

W. S.

Border Stories.

AMONGST the "worthies" of a Border town, who flourished fifty or sixty years ago, whose memory, and in some cases even whose names are fast fading from public recollection, was one of a herculean frame who followed the occupation of a butcher, and one of whose exploits, as illustrating a trait of character, which although by no means an amiable one, is at the same time not uncommon and may be worth preserving. In the particular town alluded to, the public slaughter-house was situated near the centre of the town, and appears to have shared along with the "smiddy" the doubtful honour of being the

"howff" of a number of the idlers about the place. One day amongst this company a dispute arose in regard to the merits of which I am unable to enter further than to say that, like many another dispute both before and since, beginning with words it developed into blows, and ended in a free fight all round, one of the most prominent figures in which was Rob, the person already alluded to. While the row was at its height, one man who came within the sweep of the stalwart butcher's arm, was knocked to the ground, where he lay in an apparently dying condition. This, of course, put an end to the disturbance; the combatants gathered around the prostrate man, the erstwhile valiant butcher keeping well in the background, and now and again explaining, "It's a bad job, but aw'm thankfu' aw had nae hand in't." By and bye, the injured man, who had only been stunned, began to show signs of returning consciousness, and was soon on his feet again, on observing which our "worthy," now as anxious to claim the credit of dealing the finishing blow in the quarrel, as he had formerly been to disclaim all participation in it, addressing his late opponent, said, "Aw'm thinkin', ma man, aw gied ee a skivet that time."

Another old "worthy" in the same town filled the offices of beadle and gravedigger, in regard to whom many droll sayings and doings are told. Some of these stories have already found their way into print, but I do not remember ever having come across the following:—On the occasion referred to he was digging a grave, and had occasion to leave it for a short time before it was quite finished; while he was away a butcher who rented the grazing in the kirkyaird, came in to have a look at his stock, and being 'half seas over' it chanced that in stumbling about amongst the graves he came too near the open one referred to, fell in, and was unable to extricate himself. By and bye the old man returning to finish his job, found to his astonishment that the grave was already occupied, and that, too, by a different tenant than the one it was intended for. A single glance was sufficient to enable him to take in the situation, and quietly addressing the intruder, he said, "Come away no' Andrew, ye've nae bisniss there, ee ken ee dinna bury in this pairish."

Tammie Robertson was one of those "naterals" or half-wits who, at the time of which we write, were allowed to go about pretty much as they pleased. Tammie's wanderings were chiefly, if not altogether, confined to the counties of Roxburgh and Selkirk, and he generally carried for sale a few small articles of everyday use. One day he was met by a person who had not seen him for some time previously, who thus adressed him, "Hullo, Tammie, awm gled to see ee, aw heard ee was deid." "Ay," was the answer, "aw heard that tae, but aw kenned it was a lee whaniver aw heard it."

In the early years of the past century, in the valley of the Ail, there lived an old woman, who, never having been married, occupied a cottage near a farm "toun," and supported herself by spinning lint for some of her better-to-do neighbours. One day one of the cattle being fattened on the farm got choked with a turnip which it was negotiating, and had to be slain, a fate which, although ultimately awaiting it, was not intended to be carried out at that particular time. In the "fore suppertime," while around the kitchen fire, one of the young ploughmen conceived the wicked design of playing off a practical joke upon Auld Nannie. Communicating his design to the other young men present, no time was lost in putting it into execution. With the skin of the slaughtered animal in their possession the party reached Nannie's cottage, a glance in at the unscreened window of which enabled them to see that she was alone and engaged in her usual avocation. Getting himself enveloped in the ox skin with the horns projecting well in front, the originator of the plot opened the door and presented himself before the old body. Without betraying any sign of trepidation at the entrance of so unearthly-looking a visitant Nannie quietly addressed to him the question, "Ay, man, an' whae ir ee?" In as hollow a voice as he could command came the answer, "Aw'm the deevil's sister's auldest son." "Eh, man, but ee ir like ee'r uncle," was the rejoinder. His satanic majesty's relative, not at all relishing this compliment, bolted in double quick time, convinced, it is to be presumed, that he had only come off second best.

Johnnie Willison and his wife Jean were a couple who were looked upon as a little eccentric. Johnnie, however, was a man of a religious turn of mind, and it was his custom to have family worship each evening before retiring to rest. One evening Johnnie at this exercise struck up a tune which his better half was not acquainted with. "Whatna tune's that e'er on th' nicht, Johnnie?" queried Jean. "Wumman, div ee no ken that yin, that's Canterbury," was the reply. "Aweel! aweel!" said the guidewife, "ee can juist canter away yersel th' nicht, for aw canna canter that yin ava."

J. A. S.

Odds and Ends in Rhyme.

BEARING the above title, we have placed before us a little volume of over fifty pieces by Mr John Alston, Motherwell, a leal-hearted Borderer and warm supporter of the BORDER MAGAZINE. The booklet was originally intended for private circulation, and consequently the author appears on the title page as his own publisher; but friends who saw in the book much that was worthy of an extended circle of readers, persuaded him to place it in the hands of the booksellers.

Mr Alston is a skilled artizan, a good business man, and one of the foremost tradesmen in Motherwell, where he is popular alike with the public and the employees who serve him. To possess these admirable qualities and be at the same time a poet is not given to every man, but this small volume of verse proves that its author can forget the cares of business for a season and stray into the realms of poesy. Mr Alston has adopted the rather unusual course of dating his poems and arranging them chronologically, the dates ranging from 1859 to the close of 1900. To some extent this adds to the interest of the book, but it is apt to make the cursory reader overlook some of the best poems which are to be found towards the end of the volume.

As we give one of the author's poems written since the publication of the volume in another column, we have not space for any lengthened quotations, but we must refer to one or two of the poems. In the poem entitled "Tweed," the author gives a very pleasing description of the scenery from Tweed's Well to Berwick, and thus tempts us in the opening verse:—

"Tweed, and the southern fells,
Where the cloud-land shadows play;
From the stifling heat of the crowded street,
Away to the hills away."

In "Leithen Vale," Mr Alston recalls many of the scenes of his childhood and early manhood, but brings us back from the realm of fancy to the realities of every-day life in the last verse which, in our opinion, is one of the gems of the book:—

"But alas! for visions bright,
In the scope of fancy's play,
For the sun sinks low, and the after-glow
Of the evening dies away,
And the shades come down on the quiet town,
And leave us old and grey."

The subjects touched upon are very varied, ranging from local municipal and political hits to the sadness of Magersfontein and China. The volume contains several sonnets, with one of which we close this notice:—

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

Another crossing reached by life's swift train—
The distance signal drops, the lights flash clear;
Christmas rings warning of a station near,
Friends for a moment meet, then part again
With hasty hand-clasp and a word of cheer;
Each note time's changes; or the absence here
Of some dear ones, for whom we look in vain;
Gone by the way, another course they steer,
O'er radiant track, to some trans-lunar sphere,
Where rest and perfect peace for ever reign.
A pause, a backward glance, a sigh, a tear,
Then speed forth into an unknown New Year;
Through rush and roar—unceasing—stress and strain,
Till Time, and Fate, and Death itself be slain.

T. L.

The Liddesdale Clans.

By A. DUELUESS.

BY far the most numerous of the clans that inhabited the vale of the Liddle in days of yore were the Armstrongs and Elliots, but we also find Irvings, Crosiers, Littles, Bells, and others. The Armstrongs and Elliots are known to have had chiefs who were answerable for their own clan. The stronghold of that of the former was situated at Mangerton, while that of the latter had his at Redcleugh. The name of Armstrong is first found in connection with Liddesdale during the fourteenth century, and that of Elliot near the close of the fifteenth century. They were, doubtless, settled in the district a long time previous to these dates; indeed, we have every reason to believe that their first settlement in the district was as retainers to Lord Randulph de Soulis, who came from Northamptonshire sometime about the year 1200.

As might be expected from clans living on the verge of a hostile country, those of Liddesdale were almost entirely given over to raiding and open foray on their English neighbours. Although their actions were severely condemned by the Scottish Kings, and although they were commonly termed thieves and robbers, it must be admitted that the Borderers, wild though they were, did not see anything base or dishonourable in this practice, and their sense of honour is known to have been high. We may say that nearly their sole livelihood was derived from the spoils taken from their enemies, as, owing to the constant peril in which their homes were placed, little or no agriculture was indulged in. One authority says, "they have a persuasion that all property is common by the law of nature and is therefore liable to be appropriated by them in their necessity"

However well this argument may have held good in bygone days, its modern supporter generally makes acquaintance with the police courts.

The raids were often planned at the periodical sports meetings, or "ba-spiels," held at Mangerton holm and elsewhere. The manner in which these raids were generally carried out was to ride by circuitous routes to the place selected and ambush near it in some secluded hollow, in order to refresh their horses. Then in the darkness of midnight, they would close in on all sides of the victim's dwelling, suddenly break in, and carry off the prisoners, horses, cattle, and live stock, and finish up by setting the place on fire.

The strategy of the Liddesdale men is illustrated by a letter written by Lord Dacre in 1528. On this occasion the Scots had penetrated a considerable distance by way of Bewcastle and had burned the house of Thirlwall, belonging to one John Bell, had carried him off as a prisoner, and driven away his cattle. On hearing of this daring proceeding, Lord Dacre at once dispatched a number of his household servants in pursuit. These followed closely on the Scots, and at length got within striking distance near Kershope. On attacking the handful of Scots they had perceived at first sight they were surprised at being surrounded by nearly three hundred more, who had been lying in ambush. The English, to the number of about forty, being unable to withstand such heavy odds, surrendered and were disarmed. Not content with this success, however, the Liddesdale men deliberately murdered a number of their defenceless prisoners

The Clans seem to have had no small contempt for religion, and we find that they were excommunicated in 1525 for reason of their misdeeds A lengthy document published for this purpose says, "and thairfor my said Lord Archbischop of Glasgow hes thocht expedient to strike thame with the terribill swerd of halykirk, quhilk thai may nocht lang endur and resist; and has chargeit me, or ony uther chapellane, to denounce, declair, and proclame thaim oppinly and generalie cursit at this market croce and all utheris public places. Heirfor throw the auctorite of Almichty God, the Fader of hevin, his Son, our Salviour Jhesu Crist and of the Holy gaist, throw the auctorite of the Blissit Virgin Sanct Mary, Sanct Michael, Sanct Gabriell, and all the holy patriarkis and prophets; Sanct Peter, Sanct Paull, Sanct Andro, and all haly appostillis . . . and of all the sanctis and haly company of hevin; . . . I denunce, proclamis, and declaris all and sindry committaris of the said saikles murthuris, slauchteris, birnyng, heirschippis, reiffis, thiftis, and spulezeis oppinly apon day licht and under silence of night, alswele within temporale landis as kirklandis . . . generalie cursit, waryit, aggregeite, and reaggregeite with a greit cursing. I curse thair heid and all the haris of thair heid; I curse thair face, thair ene, thair mouth, etc., etc." It goes on to curse and denounce the poor Borderers in a most fearful manner, until every available malediction is exhausted and finishes in these terms: "I dissever and partis thame frae the kirk of God, and deliveris thaim ouyk to the devill of hell, as the Apostill Sanct Paull deliverit Corinthion. . . And, finaly, I condemn thaim perpetualie to the deip pit of hell, to remane with Lucifer and all his fallowis, and thair bodeis to the gallowis of the Burrow Mure, first to be hangit, syne revin and ruggit with doggis, swyne, and utheris wyld beistis, abhominable to all the warld, and as thir candillis gangis fra your sicht, as mot thair saulis gang fra the visage of God, and thair gude fame frae the warld, quhill thai forbeir thair oppin synnys foirsaidis, and ryse fra this terribill cursing, and mak satisfactioun and pennance." The amount of "skaith" done to the intended victims by all these maledictions we cannot ascertain, but the result seems to have had no other effect than to make the Borderers still more violent in their attacks on the Church, as we find Sim Armstrong of Whithaugh boasting to the English Warden shortly afterwards that he and his followers had destroyed parish churches to the number of thirty.

The dwellings of the Clans, called keeps or peels, were strongly built in the form of a tower. Within the outer wooden door of the keep was a grated iron gate. On the two countries being united, these gates were ordered to be removed and converted into plough irons. The stair or road leading to the upper apartments was known as the "turnpike." This word is still in common use in the district as denoting the roadway.

Liddesdale has been depleted of much of its original stock in the advance of civilisation, for whereas in the rent-roll of 1540, there appears over fifty Armstrongs and Elliots, we now find only three tenants of the name of Elliot, and not a single Armstrong. As we meet with these names in almost every one of our colonies and dependencies, this tends to show that the descendants of the old raiders are very enterprising, and not inclined to a quiet agricultural life.

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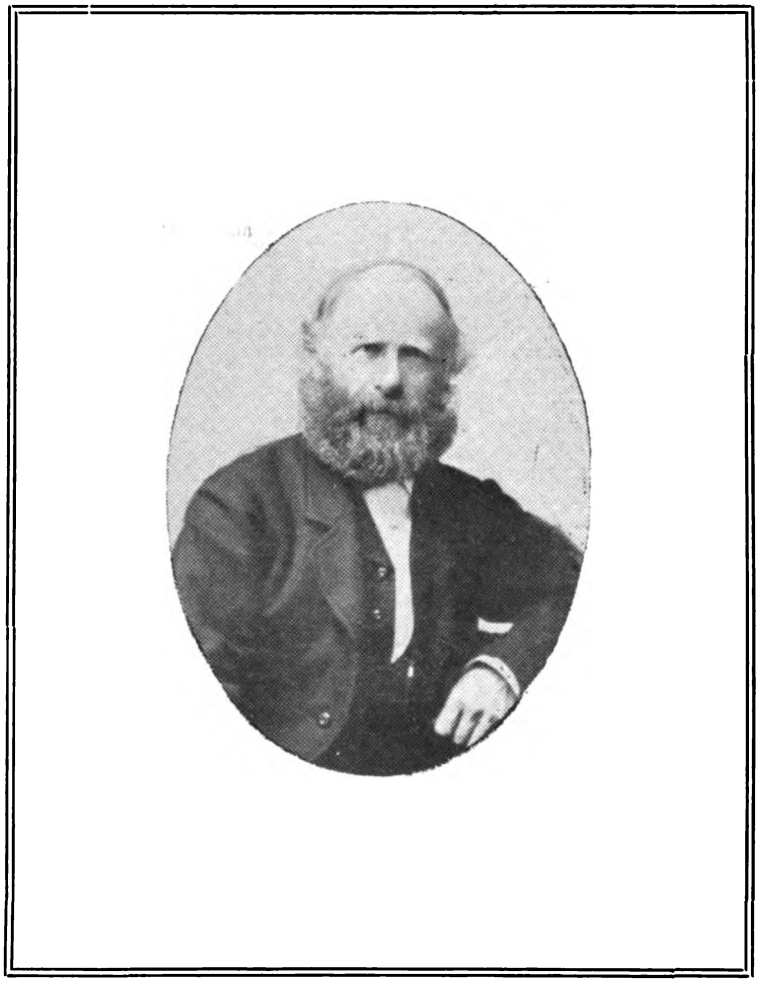
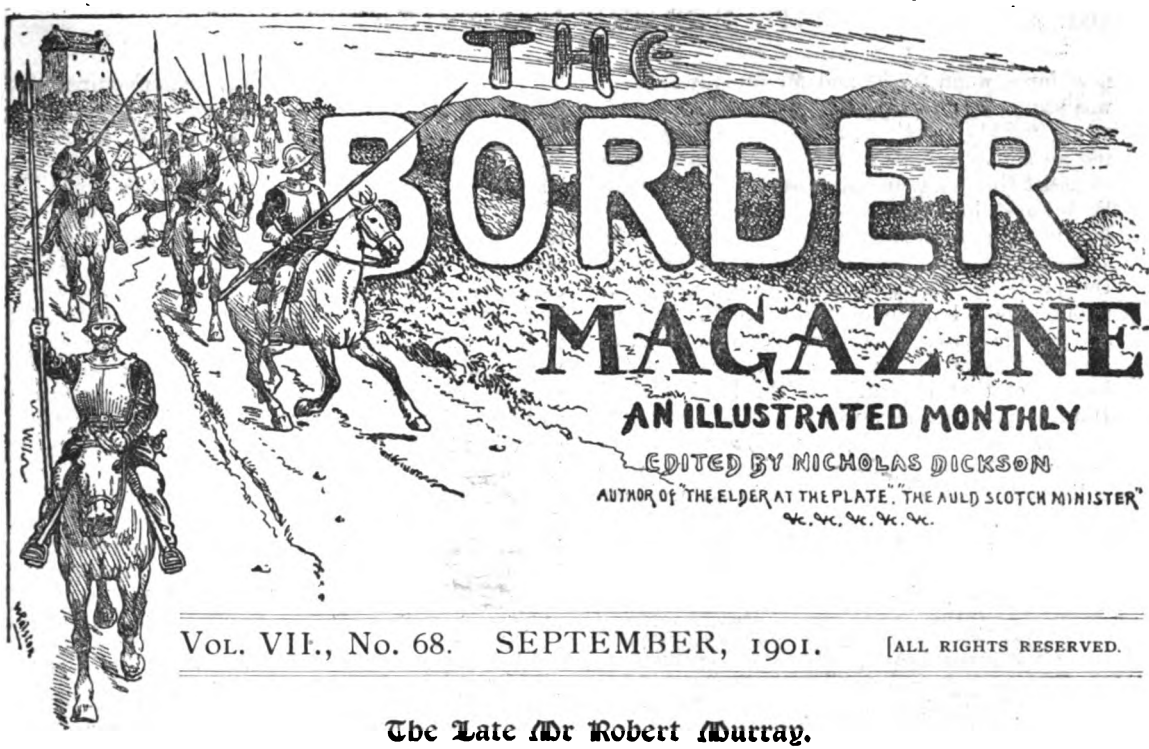


THE LATE MR ROBERT MURRAY.



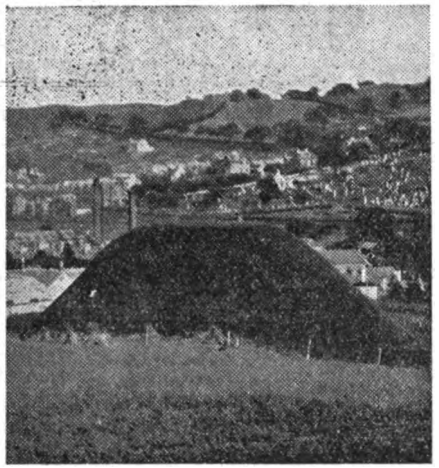
VOL. VII., No. 68. SEPTEMBER, 1901.

The Late Mr Robert Murray.

BORDERERS throughout the world will have learned with deep regret ere this reaches their eye of the death of Mr Robert Murray, Hawick, which took place at his residence there on the evening of Friday, 26th July. For a very long number of years Mr Murray was a voluminous writer on local and Border subjects, and he was a regular contributor to a number of provincial newspapers, as well as an occasional contributor to this magazine. His acquaintance with the folk-lore of the district was widely recognised, and he was frequently consulted by such acknowledged writers of repute as Dr J. A. H. Murray, of Oxford, to whom he was related, Mr Andrew Lang, and others. Though his style may be described as terse and homely, yet he had the happy knack of presenting his points in a clear and attractive manner. Word-spinning was an accomplishment unknown to Mr Murray, consequently his readers were never bored with fine phrases signifying nothing.

The late Robert Murray was born in Hawick on July 10th, 1831, and thus had just completed his 70th year. After passing through the usual classes of the parochial school he was at an early age sent to learn the hosiery trade with Messrs William Watson & Sons, then a large and thriving branch of their business, employing nearly as many hands as were engaged in the making of tweeds. After acquiring a knowledge of the trade he entered the employment of the Messrs Currie, hosiery manufacturers, Millbank. The late Provost Ewen ultimately succeeded to this business, and Mr Murray continued for a time in his service, but eventually left for an engagement as manager of the hosiery department of Messrs Wood Brothers, manufacturers, Innerleithen. Referring to this part of Mr Murray's career, the "St Ronan's Standard" says:—Many Innerleithen folks will remember the public interest taken in the establishment of a hosiery factory in the town by Messrs Wood Bros. The industry was new to the place and the peculiar rasping sound produced by the frames proved for long a fascination to the young folks. The late Mr Murray was appointed manager, and occupied the position for several years. He was not long in the place before we discovered that he was well up in more things than "stocking-making," as the hosiery industry is often called. We found that he was an antiquarian of no mean order, but, unlike many antiquarians, he was ready and willing to take an active part in public life. About that time our little town had just awakened out of a long sleep, and a number of the young men were sparing neither time nor pains to start or revive public lectures, concerts, reading-rooms, &c. The local Good Templar Lodge was the source from which the

new force went forth, and Mr Murray's name was soon added to the roll. By reading papers at the weekly meetings, and in other ways taking an active interest in the work, he did much to assist the Lodge in its efforts to awaken public interest in not only the temperance cause but in all movements having a moral and elevating tendency. He took a great interest in the public reading-room and library, and I remember how he brought the late Esther Faa and her daughter Ellen from Yetholm to act as a special attraction at a concert given for the benefit of that institution. The local Mutual Improvement Society, which was at that time also full of vigorous life, found a warm supporter in Mr Murray, and the meetings were enlivened and made interesting in no small de-



From History of Hawick.

THE MOAT.

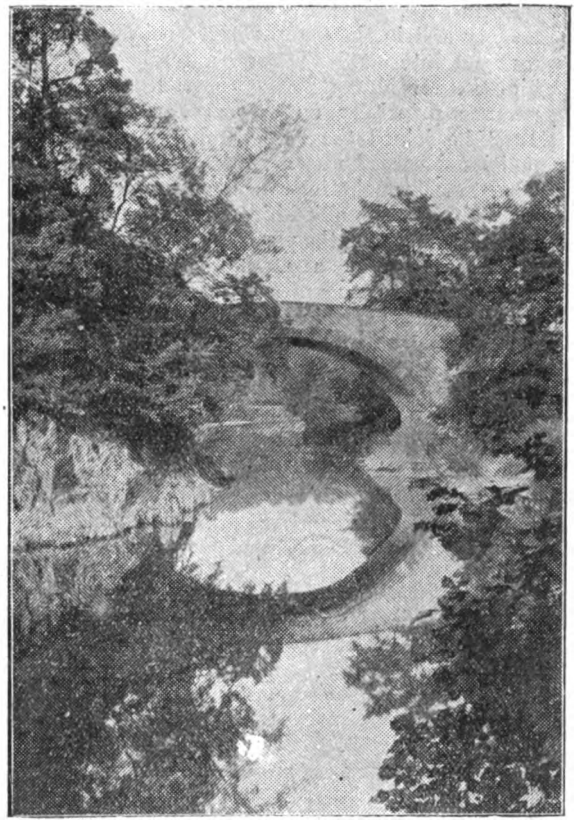
gree by his contributions to the syllabus. Our departed friend was a decided young man's man, and hence he was very popular with those youths who understood the pure enjoyment to be derived from intellectual pursuits. When Mr Murray decided to leave St Ronan's, a number of those who had been associated with him in the various intellectual movements of the town, invited him to a supper in a local temperance hotel and presented him with an illuminated address. The evening was a most enjoyable one, and as not a few of those who were present are now in far-distant climes, the sad news of the passing of Robert Murray will be read with deep regret by the sons of St Ronan's where'er they be."

On leaving Innerleithen and returning to Hawick he was engaged as warehouseman and traveller with Mr P. Laidlaw, hosiery manufacturer, Wilton Grove. When Mr Laidlaw left Hawick and started as a tweed manufacturer at Allars Mill, Jedburgh, Mr Murray succeeded to the hosiery business. Subsequently, about the year 1879 he assumed Mr Routledge, of Newcastleton, as partner. The partnership was not, however, of long duration, and in April, 1882, he emigrated to Canada to engage in the hosiery business there. While in Canada he resided in Galt, but his love for the "auld toon" never waned, and he kept himself fully posted up in all that was transpiring at home, and continued to now and again contribute to the local press, as well as to the columns of the "Scottish-American Journal." During his sojourn in Galt he made the acquaintance of a great many Borderers—never hesitating to go any distance to have a chat with any native of Teviotdale whom he could discover. Returning to Hawick in the early summer of 1895 he occupied himself chiefly in literary work for the local press. In this he was very assiduous, and on the eve of his death had just concluded in two of the local newspapers a short history of Hawick, and a series of sketches of Hawick worthies. Among those whom our departed friend met while in Canada was the present Governor-General, the Earl of Minto, and it is noteworthy that as soon as his lordship, who had also returned from the far west, heard that Mr Murray was back again in Hawick, he sent for him and held a long and interesting conversation.

In the Common-Riding and other local festivals Mr Murray displayed a warm interest, but it may be said that his chief pleasure in life was in the work connected with the Hawick Archæological Society and its Museum, of which he was one of the founders, being number six on the roll of that institution. Out of the fourteen who met in the old Town Hall and formed themselves into the Society on Tuesday, 16th September, 1856, there is only one survivor—Dr Murray of Oxford. During the forty-five years of its existence, Mr Robert Murray—except during his residence in Canada—was an esteemed office-bearer. For the first eight years he was an active member of the committee; the next two years vice-president; and from January, 1866, to January, 1870, president. During this period he contributed a large number of papers to the society's "Transactions," bearing on almost every conceivable matter of interest connected with the Borders in general and Hawick in particular. Warriors, poets, divines, "et hoc genus omne," all were subjects of sufficient interest to him; and thus we have

preserved to us many incidents in their careers, which, but for the patient work of collecting and recording by Robert Murray, would long ago have passed into oblivion. But his writings were not confined to the Archæological "Transactions," for he was a not infrequent contributor to the columns of all the Border newspapers, as well as to the "People's Friend" and "Journal." Since his return from abroad he had filled the post of curator to the Museum with much acceptance. Not a visitor of note came to town but Mr Murray endeavoured to get them to visit the Museum, and if successful, his gratification was heightened by their inscribing their names in the visitor's book. One of the most distinguished visitors of whom he retained the kindliest recollections was Major-General Wauchope, who visited the Museum shortly before he left for South Africa to take command of the ill-fated Highland Brigade. He was a genial guide, and nothing loth to relate old stories and ballads, to the enjoyment of his audience. His kindly presence will be missed at the Museum for many a day. Robert Murray was a man of considerable force of character, of untiring industry and perseverance, and of unyielding integrity. In both public and private life he was genial and kind-hearted to a degree, one who could never look on distress of any kind without doing his utmost to relieve it. A general favourite, he was much loved and respected by all with whom he came into contact, but most by those who worked with him. It will indeed be difficult to find one qualified to take up and carry on his work.

The "Hawick News" thus refers to Mr Murray's literary work:—"Possessing an enormous store of MS. and printed materials relating to old Hawick, he was never at a loss to put his finger on information in relation to any subject that might come under discussion. He was consequently admirably fitted to be the historian of his native town, a part which he essayed only too late in life. It is pathetic to reflect that he had just completed the first part of his "History" when he was stricken down to rise no more. Mr Murray's literary labours were multitudinous to a degree. So early as the year 1858 he was the Hawick correspondent of the "Border Advertiser," and about the same time he wrote articles for the "Teviotdale Record." In 1874 he contributed papers to the "Border Beacon," a Galashiels publication under the management of Mr T. F. Brockie; and in the following year he published a volume entitled "The Gipsies of the Border." Mr Murray was the main compiler of the "Life of Hi-I-Obby." He also wrote "Hawick Songs and Song Writers," which was published by Messrs W. & J. Kennedy in 1881, and proved so popular that it reached a third edition—the only Hawick book which has ever attained this honour. He wrote innumerable articles for the 'Hawick News' and other local and district papers, besides the 'Border Magazine,' the 'Newcastle Chronicle,' the 'People's Journal,' &c. A feature of his literary work is its readableness. He did not waste time in needless circumlocution, but at once picked out



From History of Hawick.

HORNSHOLE.

the main and interesting parts of a narrative, and presented them to the reader in a terse and attractive form. He was most painstaking and conscientious in all he did. His earlier literary articles very often appeared above the nom de plume of 'Romanus.'"

During his career he published a number of small works, among which may be mentioned "The Gypsies of the Border," "Life of Hi-I-Obby," and "Hawick Songs and Song Writers," the latter of which has run into a third edition.

Since his demise there have also been issued in book form his sketches of "Hawick Characters" and his historical sketches under the title of "History of Hawick."

At one time Mr Murray occupied a seat in the Hawick Town Council, and there were few questions agitating the public mind in which he did not take an intelligent interest. He was one of the promoters of the working men's garden allotments in the Wellogate, and was successful in influencing the late Rev. Dr Macrae to let some of the fields in the Glebe for that purpose. In the Working Men's Building Society and in the Co-operative Society he also took an interest. Though a total abstainer himself, Mr Murray never obtruded his temperance principles on any one. As early as 1842 he joined the local Rechabite tent. In politics deceased was a Liberal, but when Mr Gladstone brought forward his Home Rule proposals in 1886 he allied himself with the Liberal Unionist section of the party, and continued ever afterwards to be a staunch and consistent Unionist. He was a member of East Bank U.F. Church, having all his days been associated with that congregation, his father, Mr Wm. Murray, having been for thirty-two years church officer there, and during that long period was only twice absent from his duties. Mr Murray himself sat under no fewer than six ministers of the congregation, Mr Henderson, Mr Thomson (who officiated at his marriage), Mr McEwen, Mr (now Professor) Orr, Mr Allan, and the present pastor, Mr J. Brand Scott, B.D.

Dr J. A. H. Murray, of Oxford, writing to Mr Vernon, secretary of the Archæological Society, with reference to Mr Murray's death, says:—"Mr Murray has done much for the Society, and much for those pursuits which the Society has endeavoured to cultivate. He possessed literary talents of no mean order, and was a zealous collector and preserver of all the *ana* connected with Border song and story and the lives and works of our Border celebrities. I for one hoped to see him live to gather into a volume the cream of the articles which he has written in many local journals. This, if it be done, must now be done imperfectly by another hand, and to-day we can only, with bared heads and feeling hearts, express our sorrow at his departure."

Singularly enough, Mr Murray's last illness may be said to have been his first, he himself having no recollection of anything more severe than an attack of sea sickness or an occasional headache. So recently as the Saturday before his death he was going about his business. On the Sunday he rose, but not feeling well had to go back to bed again. On Dr M'Leod being called in, he pronounced the patient to be suffering from congestion of the lungs, to which, after an illness of six days' duration, and notwithstanding every care and attention, he succumbed at nine o'clock on the Friday evening. Mr Murray has left a widow and two sons—Mr William Murray, now resident in Aberdeen, and Dr George O. Murray of Tunnel City, U.S.A.

HAWICK, 1812-14.

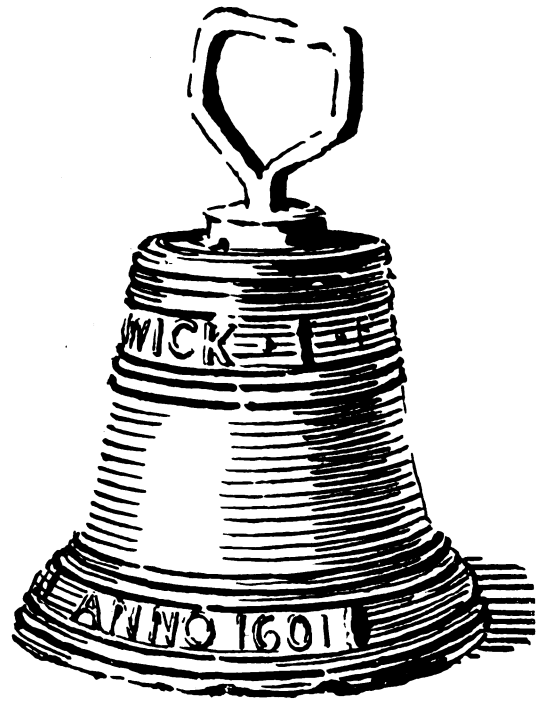
From "History of Hawick."

History of Hawick.

THERE is something specially pathetic in the fact that the little volume bearing the above name has just been issued from the press after the lamented death of the author, Mr Robert Murray, whose life story is

EARL OF MINTO.

dealt with in another column. The volume consists of sketches of Hawick characters and events, which have been contributed to the Hawick newspapers during the past few months and were read with much interest at the time of their appearance. Every lover of Hawick, and there are many such who are not natives, will be grateful to Messrs W. & J. Kennedy, the well-known Hawick publishers, for gathering these interesting articles together and presenting them in book form. The little volume is neatly printed, well illustrated, and is sold at the small price of . The history of Hawick here presented deals with a period stretching "from the earliest times to 1832," but the prospective reader need have no fear of being wearied with dry-as-dust dissertations on debateable points in archæology, for the whole book from beginning to end is bright, racy, and readable. The author's style is clear and direct, and the various articles are so arranged that even one perusal of the book will fix many of the stories, etc., in the memory of the reader. Where all is interesting it is difficult to make a selection, but the following will be of very general interest:—"Hawick Dead Bell, dated 1601, an illustration of which is here given, is a relic of the funeral customs of Hawick 300 years ago. An account of the bell and its use formed part of a paper read to the Hawick Archæological Society in February, 1871, by Mr D. McB. Watson, who says:—'In our own locality at a comparatively recent date one of the burgh officers proceeded through the town, and while lifting his hat and ringing a hand bell at regular intervals made the following announcement with great solemnity:—'I hereby take you to wit that our brother (or sister) departed this life at —— of the clock, according to the pleasure of our Lord.' This intimation was accompanied with a general invitation to the funeral; and after going through the town the bell was carried to the house of the deceased and placed in the bed where the body was lying, from which position it was not

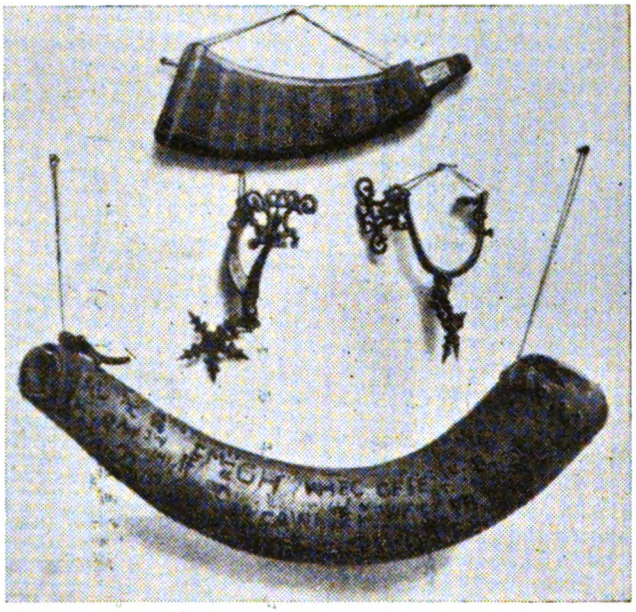


HAWICK DEAD BELL.

removed till the time appointed for the interment. The bell which was used for this purpose in Hawick is now preserved in the Museum, and has had an eventful history, resembling in some respects that of Aladdin's lamp,

having twice had narrow escapes from the crucible as old metal. It was cast in Holland, as shown by the inscription in relief round the neck—'R.S.I.D. Hawick,' and round the rim 'I'AN BVRGVS .HVISHET . MY . GEGOTE . ANNO . 1601.' In modern Dutch —John Burgushouse me made (literally begotten) in the year 1601. Both inscriptions are terminated with an antique figure resembling a head. On one side a cut has been made through its entire depth, probably to remove some accidental crack which interfered with its sound. The letters preceding the word 'Hawick' are supposed to be the initials of the contemporary Magistrates, but this is only a surmise, as it is of older date than the earliest of our Burgh Records which are preserved.' The bell was not used subsequent to the year 1780" Chapter xix., the last in the book, deals with the stirring times of 1831 when the Reform Bill was passed by "Huz and Mainchester," as an enthusiastic "Teri" put it, and we get a glimpse of those times when the people were real politicians, having well thought-out principles to which they stuck through thick and thin. To Messrs Vair & McNairn we are indebted for the illustrations used in this article, and the character sketch of the late Mr Robert Murray, whose departure has been a great loss to the Borderland.

D. S.



From "History of Hawick."

HARDEN SPURS, BUGLE, AND POWDER HORN.

Across the Border by a Disused Road.

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

AT the present day four principal highways lead out of Roxburghshire across the Cheviot and Liddesdale ranges—to wit, the old coach road which passes into Rede Water over Carter Fell; the two roads which run southward from Jedburgh and Hawick into England—the one by the Note-o'-the-Gate, the other by the course of the present line of railway, roughly parallel one to the other until they begin to converge upon Newcastleton; and lastly, the Hawick and Langholm road, which passes Carlanrig and the lonely hostelry of Mosspaul. But, in addition to the above lines of travel, in themselves sufficiently romantic, there exist a number of tracks and bridle-paths over the hills which are seldom trodden nowadays save by the hillmen. Of these, the path which conducts from the head of Bowmont Water to the

hamlet of Alwinton, in Northumberland, has the advantage of crossing the Cheviots at a point where the range is, if indeed not at its wildest. The deflections of the track bring this up to at least twelve miles, whilst roughness of surface, ascents and descents, make it equal to perhaps fourteen or fifteen miles on an ordinary road. This track was formerly the main road for pack-horses for travelling between England and the valley of the Bowmont. After the revolution in the carrying trade which took place sixty or seventy years ago, it fell gradually into disuse, and it has now become in certain places no longer easily traceable. An idea of its solitariness may be derived from the statement that, traversing a great portion of its extent by daylight in the dog-days, the writer encountered but a single wayfarer. It was at nine o'clock that, with one attendant, he began to ascend from the point where, after very signally deteriorating, the public road comes to an end at the farm of Cocklawfoot. The weather was nothing less than glorious. Doubtless such persons as complain loudly of December's cold, yet flinch from an assertion of the sun's power at mid-summer would have found cause to condemn it. For the day was, in fact, the hottest experienced in this part of Scotland since the Jubilee year of 1887, the local maximum shade temperature being registered at 85 degs. Fahrenheit. And as for shade among those bare hills, one need not look for it. But to those who cultivate a taste for the natural joys of the varying seasons, the condition of the atmosphere was acceptable. Also the vegetable vesture which o'erspreads those hills, and which is apt for long periods to be somewhat meagre, was now well nigh at its richest. It is true that heather had not yet begun to flower; but the deep green of the bracken, extending over wide tracts of hillside, enveloped them as in mantles of a rich velvet pile. Over these the tricksy gleams of sunlight were travelling and chasing one another. For as yet the heat was tempered by a clouded sky, as well as—on the higher ground—by light breezes from the south-west. In these surroundings we mounted eagerly steering by the aid of a compass our course south-east by south, and from time to time consulting a map. As we moved onward, far ahead the gloomy barrier of the watershed, somewhat under two thousand feet in height, seemed to hang before us like a curtain drawn to shut out the unknown; and ever as we approached it, rising and descending, the solitude grew yet more intense. Even the sheep, which constitute this wild world's populace, though here not a numerous one, were at this hour withdrawn from the hill-tops into the valleys. Of grouse we saw but one flock; and even of smaller birds, such as the lark and "whin lintie," by no means many. In the world of plants, which we studied as we walked along, we observed nothing more remarkable than the Spagnum, a grey moss, in which gardeners grow their orchids. Cotton grass was somewhat scanty. Wild thyme, abundant and in flower, helped to fill the atmosphere with a soft elusive fragrance. That familiar hill flower, the tiny yellow potentilla, looked up at us from the ground level, and a row or two of the beautiful pink blooms of the heather-bell added the softening touch of grace and refinement to the rough scene about us—the diminished realm and last retreat of the long-dispossessed god Pan. As we progressed, the power of nature grew even stronger upon us. Meantime the old bridle-road was standing us in excellent stead. Looking ahead we could see it winding away over the hillside next in front of us; whilst the surface we were treading was for the most part bare of grass, strewn with pieces of the familiar "bastard-granite" of the Cheviots, or gravelled with the same when granulated with the action of water. For, during many days of the year, this roadway is probably a channel, much resembling a river bed, or the roads of England in the eighteenth century, as described, with characteristic exaggeration, in De Quincey's "Autobiographic Sketches." In the present season of great drought the absence of water on these hills was very noticeable, and not quite convenient to my companion, who had brought with him the wherewithal to dilute it. But the pedestrian's true stand-by and best friend on these occasions is a pint bottle of cold tea without sugar. Another hint from experience. When climbing hills one is generally recommended to carry a wrap, to put on upon coming to a standstill at the top. Instead of this, let the climber strip off his coat or waistcoat, and allow it to serve as his wrap when a wrap is required. Wonderful is the difference in the comfort of a hard day's walking made by attention to such trifles as these. As the soul of hill-travel is monotony, it naturally affords scant material to the chronicles. After crossing the water-shed, the old so-called Roman road of "Clennell Street" would have brought us by the nearest way to Alwinton. But having deviated from this most direct route, we had descended upon the shepherd's house of Fairhaugh—a slated cottage, with peat stack, bourtree-bush, and patch of kailyard, pleasantly situated on the banks of the young river Osway, or, as it is here pronounced, Ouseway. And so

from this point we preferred to follow the course of the stream, which we knew would also lead us to our destination. By this time the lower strata of clouds had cleared off; the sun darted his rays down vertically and untempered. Our course lay through a succession of valleys, narrow, shadeless, and closed to the breezes, confined between the stony sides of steep hills on either hand. The air was breathless. The close fronds of the bracken seemed to give back the lustre of the sky, as from a metallic burnish. The grasshopper plied its shuttle with incessant industry. In front of us, high overhead, stood a summer-day cloud, motionless in heaven, wearing something of the beauty, mystery, and whiteness of an apocalytic vision. The heat was intense. But Nature, who had fevered the blood, herself supplied the febrifuge. The privacy of the place was absolute. The shrunken stream of Usway rippled and poured over its rocks, with a tantalising sound, close at hand. To select a pool, to strip, and plunge into the water was the work of a few moments. And then having replaced one's hat, one resigned oneself with voluptuous abandonment to the cold embraces of the Naiad. . . . One had entered the river heated and a little fagged or jaded. One emerged from it not only cooled, but calmed; in fact, in the possession of a high degree of philosophic serenity, a frame of mind surmised to be akin to that wherewith Goethe or some similar great man habitually confronts the problems of the universe. So were we fitted to subscribe to the sentiments of the greatest of all lyric poets, when he wrote, "Best of all things is water." Resuming our journey, Battleshiel and Shillmoor were the other herds' houses we passed. The former name is perhaps the dim and sole surviving memorial of some old-time Border fray. At the latter place, where Usway is joined by Coquet, we struck again upon a road, and soon afterwards debouched from the Cheviot valleys into more open country. So that, from this point, the fag-end of our day's march lacked the interest of its earlier stages. At a distance of a mile or two from Alwinton is situated Biddleston Hall, the seat of the Selbys, an old Catholic family, owning large estates in Northumberland. At Biddleston Sir Walter Scott had been a visitor, and it is now generally recognised as the archetype of the Osbaldiston Hall of "Rob Roy." Readers of that famous romance—from the merits of which, by the way, Scott's characteristic carelessness as to vraisemblance or illusion detracts a little—will recall the night ride of the hero, under Fairservice's guidance, when about to embark in that career of adventure in which the Highland freebooter figures so prominently. The writer has little doubt that the course which Scott had in his mind as pursued by young Osbaldiston was, in the inverse sense, that described above as pursued by himself. It is true that this does not dovetail accurately with the subsequent incident of the story. But that fact serves rather to increase than diminish the plausibility of the assumption. For accuracy of this particular kind was not yet in vogue in Sir Walter's day, and he notoriously and constantly deviated from it.—"Scotsman."

The Attractions of Yarrow.

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

WHILE we take no part in the present discussion on the proposed Yarrow railway, we desire to preserve the following excellent resume of the lore connected with the romantic district, contributed to the "Scotsman" by A. I. R.:—

Among the chief attractions of Yarrow are its solitude, its loneliness, its atmosphere of chastened calm, its "meek loveliness." Its fascination is "the pleasure of a hushed enjoyment" which it affords. The loud-checked, too-assertive tourist and the hilarious tripper see nothing to admire in Yarrow. Its charms are invisible to such. And these charms are precisely of the character which would be fatally injured by the introduction of a railway. Should the threatened invasion take place, one may well exclaim with Wordsworth—

"And is this—Yarrow?"

But the question would be used in a very different sense from that in which the poet used it.

It would not be difficult to compile a very interesting anthology of Yarrow ballads, and of poetry relating to Yarrow; and such an anthology would furnish ample proofs of the peculiar characteristics of the valley. It would be found that in most cases—in fact, in almost every case—the strain was a minor one. Yarrow seems to be pervaded by a certain air of sadness, and this sadness is reflected in its poetry. Take, for example, the well-known ballads of "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow." Then there is that other, "Rare Willy's Drowned in Yarrow," which some persons suppose to refer to the same tragic incident as that narrated in "The Dowie Dens." Or take "The Lament of the Border Widow;" "The Douglas Tragedy;"

"The Braes of Yarrow;" "Lucy's Flittin';" and others which might be named. In each there is a vein of tragedy, or at least of sorrow. "J. B., Selkirk" has sung, and sung truly—

"O Yarrow! garlanded with rhyme
That clothes thee in a mournful story."

Sir Walter Scott in his poetry has many references to Yarrow. It was at Newark Castle, as every one knows, that "the last of all the bards" sang "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." The Minstrel expresses the longing—

"By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,"

and it is believed that there was personal feeling in Scott's closing lines, where he describes the bard as dwelling "close beneath proud Newark's tower":—

"When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve with balmy breath
Waved the bluebells on Newark heath;
When throstles sang in Hairhead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke!
Then would be sung achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
. . . . . .
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song."

"Marmion" also contains several references to Yarrow—to "Newark's riven tower;" to "untenanted Bowhill;" "Yarrow bowers;" the "moonlight dance on Carterhaugh;" "lone St Mary's silent lake;" "Dryhope's ruin'd tower;" and "Yarrow's faded flower." No one who knows aught of Scott can fail to see that Yarrow cast its glamour over him, and that it had a strong hold on his affections.

It was in Yarrow, although not his native vale, that the spirit of poesy descended upon "The Ettrick Shepherd." Here, while herding sheep, he

"Found, in youth, a harp among the hills
Dropt by the Elfin people."

With Yarrow he was closely associated. There he lived and sang, and there, at last, he died. It was in Yarrow that Scott and Hogg had their last pathetic meeting. And the monument to Hogg which stands in Yarrow is a response to the hope which he expressed, that when he was "cauld in the mool" there should be a memorial of him "in some quiet spot fornent Tibbie's dwelling." Hogg, like other poets, and other men who are not poets, experienced the peculiar charms of the valley. It cast its glamour over him also:—

"Oh, lone St Mary of the waves,
In ruin lies thine ancient aisle,
While o'er thy green and lowly graves
The moorcocks bay and plovers wail;
But mountain spirits on the gale
Oft o'er thee sound the requiem dread,
And warrior shades, the spectres pale,
Still linger by the quiet dead."

And Wordsworth! Yarrow was just such a place as Wordsworth loved to wander in. Its spirit was admirably in keeping with his poetic genius—reflective, contemplative. He wrote three poems on Yarrow; and in one of these he takes leave of it in the closing lines, thus:—

"The vapours linger round the heights;
They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, no more is mine—
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know where'er I go
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me to heighten joy
And cheer my mind in sorrow."

Dr Norman Macleod is credited with the statement that his highest idea of earthly happiness was to spend a long summer's day in Yarrow with a few choice friends. Christopher North, with Hogg and the other heroes of the "Noctes," spent many a glorious day in the valley—and many a glorious night beneath the roof of Tibbie Shiel. Then there was that other genial Professor, John Stuart Blackie. But it is impossible to attempt even to name the numerous men of note who have visited Yarrow, and been charmed by its

"softness still and holy—
The grace of forest charms, decayed,
And pastoral melancholy."

Nor is it only the great and gifted upon whom Yarrow has cast its spell. The late Dr Russell has told a story of Dr Norman Macleod which illustrates its fascination for "all sorts and conditions." Dr Macleod met a man like a shepherd in Canada, and the two began to talk of the grand country they were in. The man admitted it was a "very good country," and had "majestic rivers" and "grand forests; but, oh!" he exclaimed, "there are nae linties in the woods, and nae braes like Yarrow."

Yarrow is classic ground in every sense. Every mile of the valley, every little glen which joins it, is redolent of historical associations, of tradition, and of legend. At the same time, the claim which has been made that the poetic interest bulks most largely may be frankly admitted. Robert Chambers and others have declared that there is "something highly peculiar" in Yarrow; but possibly this is due, to some extent at least, to the spirit in which we approach it. We see Yarrow, as it were, through a kind of poetic haze. But, be this as it may, the charm is there, and insensible indeed is the man who fails to realise it.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

The Border Keep.

LOCH KATRINE.

I had a long and interesting chat recently with two young ladies from Chicago University. They were just preparing to go to the Trossachs, and it was pleasing to note how the writings of Scott, in which, like most Americans, they were well versed, helped them to understand the country through which they were going rather rapidly. So much has Scott done for the country by his writings that we can pardon the schoolboy who spelt the name of the country with a double "t," and said that it was so called because Sir Walter Scott lived in it.

* * *

We are always getting fresh light thrown upon Scott's life and character, and the following from the "Glasgow Evening News" will be of interest to many readers:—

I see that a writing man called Wratislaw has been calling Sir Walter Scott a man of bourgeois mind, and though I like Scott's novels, I incline to agree with Wratislaw. At all events, I'll never forgive Walter Scott for preventing the total abolition of the one-pound note in Scotland seventy years ago. It's a tale almost forgotten. The Whigs, you know, got up a cry of Bank Reform, and demanded the curtailment of the power of the Scottish banks to issue £1 notes. They would have carried the day, too, for the Scottish bankers of the period, however good they were at their own business, had not the stuff in them to make a popular fight for the privilege of the one-pound note, and Scott stepped in to help them. He wrote three letters over the signature of "Malachi Malagrowther," in which he roused great popular anger against the idea of stopping the one-pound note, and effectually deterred the Ministry from the proposal. It was a piece of misplaced patriotism in Scott; he wrote afterwards that he hated to see everything in Scotland changed to an English model, and rejoiced to see the old red lion ramp a little, and the thistle again claim its "nemo me impune," but I'll be hanged if I can see the patriotism of preferring the filthy paper of private firms to the minted metal of the nation. But in Scott's time, and, indeed, long after, the ordinary Scotsman had a great attachment to the one-pound note which, by

habit and by motives of convenience, seemed to be an absolute necessity to him. I, myself, know parts of the country yet where farmers, drovers, and ploughmen look on a sovereign with some suspicion, and would never, under any circumstances, prefer it to the dirtiest of one-pound notes. Specie payments were often seriously open to suspicion in Scott's time, and though that has disappeared, traditional habit makes the £1 note a favourite currency in Scotland.

* * *

The following was cut from the "Kelso Chronicle" nine years ago, but it is as readable now as then and proves once more the advantages gained by preserving news-cuttings:—

THE BORDER HILLS.—In one of his letters to Carlyle, Goethe, expressing the interest with which he had read his correspondent's glowing description of Craigenputtock, says that he had identified the site on the map, and congratulates him on having chosen the western bank of the Nith for his abode, because he observes that the precipitous mountains of granite leave hardly any room for perambulations on the eastern bank. Had Goethe ever fulfilled Carlyle's repeated prayer by visiting Craigenputtock, the allusion of soaring crests and deep-rolling river might have been sadly dispelled by the reality of low, bare Galloway hills and petulant, brawling Nith. In like manner, when Washington Irving first visited Abbotsford, and Scott took him to the top of the Delectable mountains to show him the wide-spread glories of Lammermoors, Torwoodlee, Ettrick and Teviotdale, he could scarcely believe that this was the enchanted scene of Border chivalry:—"I gazed about me," he wrote afterwards, "for a time with mute surprise, I may almost say with disappointment. I beheld a mere succession of grey, waving hills, line beyond line, as far as my eye could reach, monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their outline; and the far-famed Tweed appeared a naked stream, between bare hills, without a tree or thicket on its banks. And yet such had been the magic web of poetry and romance thrown over the whole, that it had a greater charm for me than the richest scenery I had beheld in England." It is true that, had we never quaffed the spirit of Scott's romance, the hills that tower so grandly in his lays might have remained for us but geological dwarfs, the vaunted Merse but indifferently drained meadow, the grey peels of Smailholm and Earlstoun but narrow housing for the heroes of Border war—caruerunt quia vate sacro; but nevermore shall one pass through this land indifferent to the apocalypse which has invested every foot of the way with chivalrous and patriotic association. Familiarity has brought no contempt, but only tender reverence for the names of

Ercildoune and Cowdenknowes,
Where Home 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 bonnie howms o' Yarrow.

The following gives a pleasant glimpse into the home of a Border family long resident in Canada:—

The "Brussels (Ontario) Post" gives an account of a happy family gathering at Sunshine, in the vicinity of Brussels, the occasion being the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr and Mrs George Hood. It is only older readers who can remember Mr Hood as an assistant teacher in the Grammar School of Selkirk, and afterwards parochial teacher of Ettrick; and only the older residents in the Ettrick valley remember his betrothed wife as Miss Jane Laidlaw, the daughter of Mr William Laidlaw of Thirlestane Hope. Their marriage took place at Ettrick Schoolhouse on 15th March, 1850, the Rev. James Smith being the officiating clergyman, and the deceased Lord Napier being among the guests. The Hoods emigrated to Canada twenty-nine years ago, purchasing land and following agricultural pursuits. The entire family of four sons and six daughters, now widely scattered throughout Canada and the United States, assembled at the old homestead. It was their first complete re-union for twenty-four years, and on the occasion was one not to be forgotten by them. "The days of auld langsyne," says our contemporary, "were lived over again, and to make the scene more real, the Ettrick bride of fifty years ago donned the black satin dress she wore on the eventful 15th of March, 1850; and the guests had before them on the table the china tea set which she brought with her to Ettrick Schoolhouse."

* * *

Great minds are often interested in what we consider trifles, and the following cutting brings this out very clearly in the case of the late Mr Ruskin:—

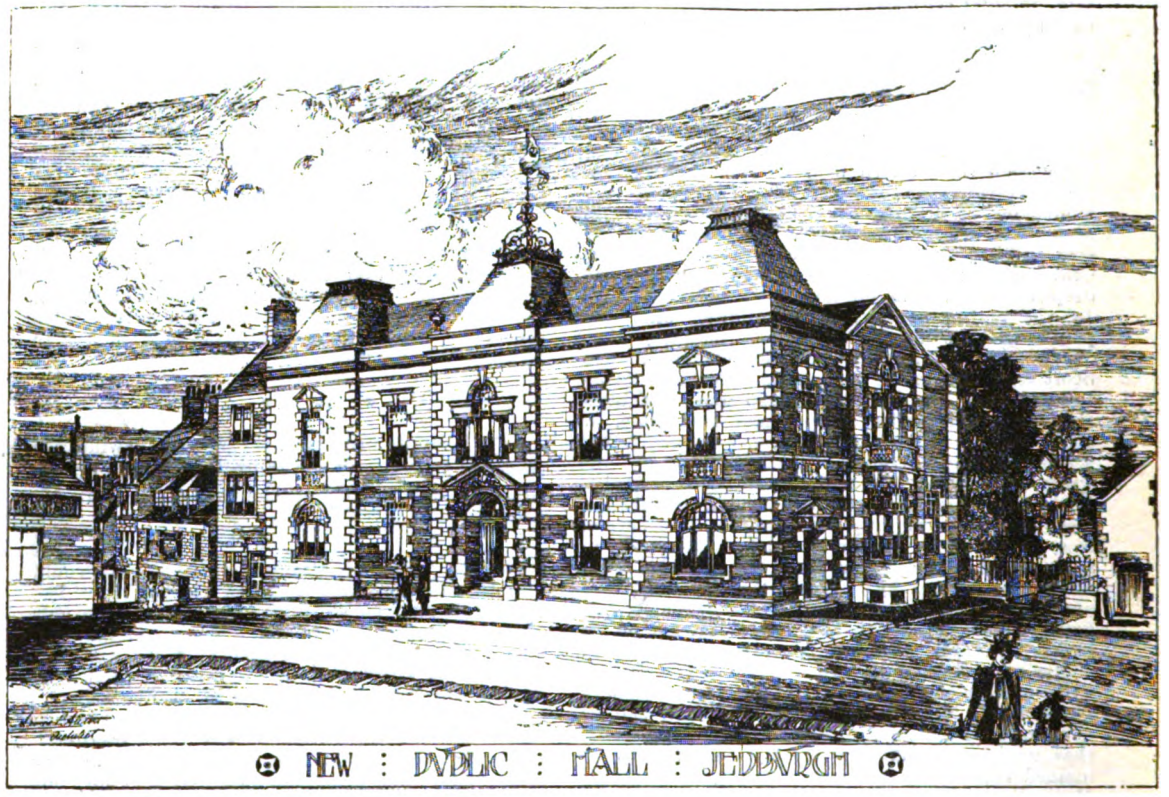
For his guests at Brantwood Mr Ruskin could not do enough, writes L. Allen Harker, in "The Puritan," and he gave pleasure in such various ways. During one of these visits, one of his pets, an extremely pretty little girl, with the real Titian-coloured rippling hair (she owed a good deal to that hair!) expressed a wish for a blue Liberty-silk dress. The maiden was at the time much enamoured of Miss Kate Greenaway's costumes, there were so many of her beautiful drawings at Brantwood. The dress was instantly sent for, but when it came neither its texture nor its colour pleased our host; so, I think Marshall & Snelgrove were bidden to send "a sky-blue silk, a good one." It came, it was a good one, and a local dressmaker was found to make it. According to the owner's instructions it was made with straight, skimpy skirt and a high waist. Mr Ruskin would not lessen the joy of the pretty wearer by a single adverse criticism, but when Miss Bluegown had tripped off to bed he exclaimed reproachfully to another girl staying in the house, "Why, the woman hasn't left her a single scrap of waist!" In fact, he greatly appreciated what nowadays we call "smart frocks," and daintily frivolous, not to say worldly, French modes found distinct favour in his eyes.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Jedburgh New Public Hall.

THE above is a sketch of the handsome new Public Hall at Jedburgh, which is nearing completion. It may not be amiss to remind Borderers of the disastrous conflagration of three years ago, which deprived the old County Town at once of its Corn Exchange Hall and its Museum, besides a large amount of valuable private property. The loss of the contents of the Museum was an irreparable one,—replete as it was with a collection of local relics unsurpassed by any other town on the Borders. A new Museum has been incorporated in The Carnegie Public Library recently opened, and we are glad to hear that it has elicited a great amount of interest and practical support.

The old Exchange Hall having been the property of a private company, which decided not to re-erect any of the buildings, the Town Council were forced to take the matter up, and, at considerable cost, they secured a site unequalled for the purpose in view, alike on account of its convenience and commanding situation. This site, from its proximity to the ancient and massive pile of the Abbey, demanded the erection of a building substantial yet ornate, and—needless to say—of an expensive character. The design selected was that of Mr James P. Alison, architect, Hawick, and the work has been in progress during the past two years. In the internal arrangements of the building the Council have very wisely kept in view the needs not only of the Burgh population, but also those of its position as the County Town. The cost—



Block kindly lent by Messrs A. & W. Easton, Jedburgh.

which will exceed £6000—is far beyond the means of the community, and they are now appealing for support to a bazaar with which the Hall will be opened early in October, and which, it is hoped, will very materially lessen the debt. This scheme deserves the sympathetic and material support of all true Borderers,—and from the fact that The Duchess of Buccleuch—the most exalted lady in the Borderland—is to open the bazaar—we feel warranted in prophesying a great success for "Jethart" in October.

J. V.

The Eskdale Martyr's Grave.

OUR July holiday found us up with the lark and "on the peg" at an early hour, bent on visiting the grave of gentle Andrew Hislop. The streets of Eskdale's capital were quiet and deserted. Our way lay through the famous Gallowside wood, which overshadows the ducal mansion, and past Sandy Peden's well and view.

Once outside the town we found the flowers, grassy dells, and bickering burns waiting for us, and feathered songsters innumerable ready to sing us their morning songs. Indeed, all nature seemed anxious to give pleasure and delight.

> And from its nest in the long grass
> The lark was upward springing,
> And sharply on the morning air
> The curlews' cry was ringing.

For a time we listened to the charming song of the lark as it came filtering through the sunny air like a benediction from the gates of heaven. From the woods and hawthorn bush there came a rich flood of melody from the feathered throat of the thrush, whilst the notes of the blackbird were borne from the seclusion of a dreamy clump of firs on the green hillside. Its powerful song alone could rise and mingle with that of the soaring lark, or penetrate the bosom of the snow-white fleecy cloud that floated so gently overhead, all radiant beneath the brilliant sun.

As we kept footing it bravely we were soon beyond Craigcleuch, the home of Sir John Ewart, K.C.B., of Crimea and Indian Mutiny fame; and Burnfoot, where "the four knights of Eskdale" were born. Beyond we came in touch with the birthplace of Sir Thomas Paisley and that of Thomas Telford, the famous engineer, and pass Westerhall, the seat of the Johnstones, "the Benty" and Westerkirk village, with its Church, school, library, and quiet inhabitants.

We pass the Knock, which has been in the hands of Moffats since the days of Bruce, and pressing onwards reach the junction of the Black and White Esks, where "handfasting" was wont to be performed. Then comes Castle O'er and remains of British and Roman camps. Beyond Eskdalemuir Church, in a field by the wayside, we reach the object of our sixteen mile tramp. As we seated ourselves beside the lonely tomb

> The sunlight fell on cottage roofs
> And waving heathbells bright,
> And all the world seemed lying still
> Beneath the golden light.

The tombstone covers the spot where Andrew Hislop was shot and buried. He was a young man of earnest piety, who lived with his mother, a woman with deeply-rooted religious principles. His death is said to have been attended with circumstances of unusual atrocity on the part of Claverhouse.

The house in which the Hislops dwelt was unroofed and pulled down, because they had given shelter to one of the persecuted, who, worn and weary, had reached their cottage, and shortly afterwards died. Having no shelter, mother and family were scattered, and forced to wander on the lone hillside.

One day when Hislop was out looking after his sheep "Lucifer" came upon him and hauled him before Johnstone of Westerhall, who ordered him to be shot. For some reason Claverhouse was unwilling to execute the sentence, but seeing Westerhall so urgent he exclaimed, "This man's blood be upon Westerhall, I'm free of it," and ordered a Highland captain to carry out the sentence. He, however, refused, withdrawing his Highlanders and declaring that "her nainsel would fight Claverhouse and all his dragoons" rather than shoot the youth.

On receiving this decided refusal, Graham ordered three of his own dragoons to shoot the prisoner. When ready to fire, he called on Hislop to draw his Scotch bonnet over his eyes, but undaunted Andrew quietly refused to obey, and nobly said "That he could look his death bringers in the face, and that he had done nothing to be ashamed of," and raising his much-loved Bible he charged his murderers to answer for what they had done and were now about to do, as they would yet stand before the great Judge and be judged from that Book.

He was instantly shot down, and his remains were buried where he fell. The tomb which marks the spot is oblong and unpretentious. The top is wholly covered with an inscription, which gives the date of the execution as May 12, 1685. The quaint composition bears the date 1702. At one end are the words, "Repaired by subscription, 1825," then from lettering on the north side we learn that it was again repaired in 1885 by a Liverpool gentleman.

Here we observed, as we have done elsewhere, a feature of nature most tender and pathetic. We refer to the green grass and delicate moss growing around this solitary grave. Silently the moss had spread its coverlet of sympathy, tenderness, and peace over the beloved dead. Verdure rose to beautify the spot where rests "The Covenant man of yore."

After visiting "God's acre," and having a

peep at the Roman camp at Overbie, and the Cote Druid circles, we entered on our homeward tramp. The heat was intense.

> The cattle stood beside the hedge,
> The sheep were near the fauld;
> The sunlight on the auld kirk tower
> Lit up the fane of gold.

Our way was on the opposite bank of the river from the one by which we came. The road ascended till at Shaw Rigg we were 900 feet above sea level. From here there is an extensive and varied prospect. Indeed it would be difficult to find another such view, so sweeping and impressive.

Coming down among those historic hills we were reminded of many a tragic tale and Border hero. All these glens and hills are rich with the memory of men and women who dared and suffered. Those wild glens, and dark mosses, deep hags and misty mountains ever speak of those who suffered in the cause of truth, liberty, God—our fathers who were hunted from hill-top to glen and from morn till night.

> The banner might fall, but the spirit lived,
> And liveth for ever more;
> And Scotland claims, as her noblest names,
> Those Covenant men of yore.

G. M. R.

Riding Out the Rape Seed.

By Anna Sanderson.

AS I write these lines it is a lovely moonlight night, warm, balmy air, the western sky still illumined by the setting sun, the clear mild moon in the south-east and the dark blue dome overhead. Occasionally a gentle breeze is stirring the foliage of the trees, and a sleepy bird is fluttering through the bushes, while some homely crickets—the night musicians of nature—are chirping in a hidden corner. From the street comes the sound of playing children, and the subdued conversation of their elders, who sit before the house-doors or lean out of the open windows. Such are my surroundings as I sit and look out on the little far inland German village where I am at present residing. I am reminded of the distant Borderland by the scenery, which bears a striking resemblance to some parts of the Scott country, and by the familiar yellow covers of the Border Magazine which has penetrated to this out-of-the-way corner of the German empire.

I notice that the readers of the Border Magazine are requested to send in stories about old-time spinning and weaving, and though I might be able to comply with the request, for here we see "Lint i' the bell," and can watch the various processes of primitive cloth production, I prefer, however, on this occasion to describe the very peculiar mode adopted for securing the rape seed, when that valuable product of our fields is ready to be harvested.

To reach the scene of operations we had to walk about three miles under a blazing hot sun, but the coffee provided by the kindly hostess at the farm was all the more enjoyable after our fatiguing journey. The mention of coffee will surprise not a few, but it must be remembered that this beverage occupies the same place in Germany as tea does in Britain. It was six o'clock in the evening when we entered the field where the "riding out" was being carried on. The workers consisted of between thirty and forty Poles, men and women, who had been hard at work since an hour after noon. These Poles are hired each summer and return to their own country when their work is finished. As they attend to their own board, &c., and are thus able to work almost continuously, they are preferred to the native villagers.

These Polish women all wear many-coloured handkerchiefs round their heads, and loose jackets with red trimming, which distinguishes them at once from the people here. The men are short in stature, but muscular, and all are very hardy and strong. The rape is cut about one foot above the ground and therefore neither the reaping machine nor the scythe can be used. The old-fashioned hooks or sickles are used, and are the cause of not a few minor accidents. The cut rape is gathered in little bundles and placed on the top of the high stalks, thus enabling it to dry rapidly. After a few days of this drying process, the "riding out" takes place. A very large and strong linen sheet is spread out on the top of the foot high stubble, and a quantity of the dry rape is placed upon it. Five pairs of horses are now brought forward, and each pair having been tied together they are mounted by young Poles, one man to each pair, and are thus ridden and led on to the large sheet. Round and round they go many times, and then a halt is made, when the rape is turned and stirred with wooden hay forks. Again the riding is gone through and so on until the seed has all fallen out. The top layer of rape stalks is now removed and what remains is stirred up and ultimately removed. The sheet is now covered with rape seed and chaff. To remove the latter the women raise the sheet at certain parts until it assumes something like waves, quite a picturesque appearance. The men now throw up

the chaff and it falls outside the sheet, after which they seize two sides of the sheet and fold them towards the middle, thus bringing all the seed together at the centre, and then the sheet is folded back again. This folding is the signal for much fun, for the men try to pull back the sheet so quickly that the women are covered with it, but you should see how the latter jump. One would think that they would be dead tired working all day in the blazing sun and among the dust, but they are as lively at seven o'clock when they stop working, as if they had just begun their labours. They shovel the seed into bags, which they empty into the carts, you will be inclined to say—but no, they are placed upon sledges, which glide quite smoothly over the long stubble and require less labour than wheeled carts would. The lowness of sledges is also an advantage as the emptying of the seed bags is made easier. The sledges are lined with large sheets so that no seed escapes, and thus they are removed from the field and the "riding out" is finished. On our way home we took a short cut, as we thought, across the field, but we found that it was much more difficult to walk through foot-high stubble than to dauner hame across a Border herst-rig.

Some Humorous Selkirk Stories.

By W. A., Selkirk.

EVERY town and village has its own collection of humorous stories and anecdotes, and the old Royal Burgh of Selkirk is no exception to the rule. Some really good stories are told of the Souters—the local colouring of which makes them doubly interesting to Borderers at home and abroad.

A good story is told of an old Souter whose wife had died. The night for the "chestin'" had arrived, and at the appointed hour the usual number of relatives and friends were gathered together at the house, but, unfortunately, the undertakers had not arrived. The little sad company waited patiently, expecting them to arrive every minute, but time went on and neither joiners nor coffin appeared. At last the old man lost all patience and sent his son to see what was wrong. The boy had gone a little distance from the house when the father, who was standing at the door, was heard to shout after him:—"Johnnie! Bring it wi' ye, dune or no dune, black or white—bring't back wi' ye."

Another story, which is almost a sequel to the foregoing, is told of an old Souter who had the same misfortune as the former one. His wife was to be buried in Lindean Kirkyaird, which is some distance out of the town. In those days it was the custom to carry the coffin, and when the burial-place was at some distance this was no easy matter. On this particular occasion the procession had scarcely reached half way when the bereaved husband suddenly exclaimed:—"Set her doon, set her doon, there's nae need o' makin' a toil o' a pleasure."

The driver of one of the Selkirk coaches that ply between Selkirk and St Mary's Loch was well known for his ready wit. One day while driving some tourists up Yarrow, one of them asked Bob, why the farmers kept cattle on the top of these high hills, which were so bare and stony, that there could be no food for them? To which Bob, with his usual wit, replied:—"O! there may be nae grass for them to eat, but look what a grand view they've got."

Many good stories are told of the Selkirk cricketers, and amongst them one that happened at Hawick a few years ago, when the Souters defeated the "Teries" in a Border league match by only one run. As the Selkirk players were leaving the cricket field, a little Hawick callant humbly asked leave to carry the Selkirk captain's bag, but was rather gruffly refused, to which the little Terie mischievously replied:—"If ye'll no let me carry ye're bag, ye micht let me carry ye're yae run!"

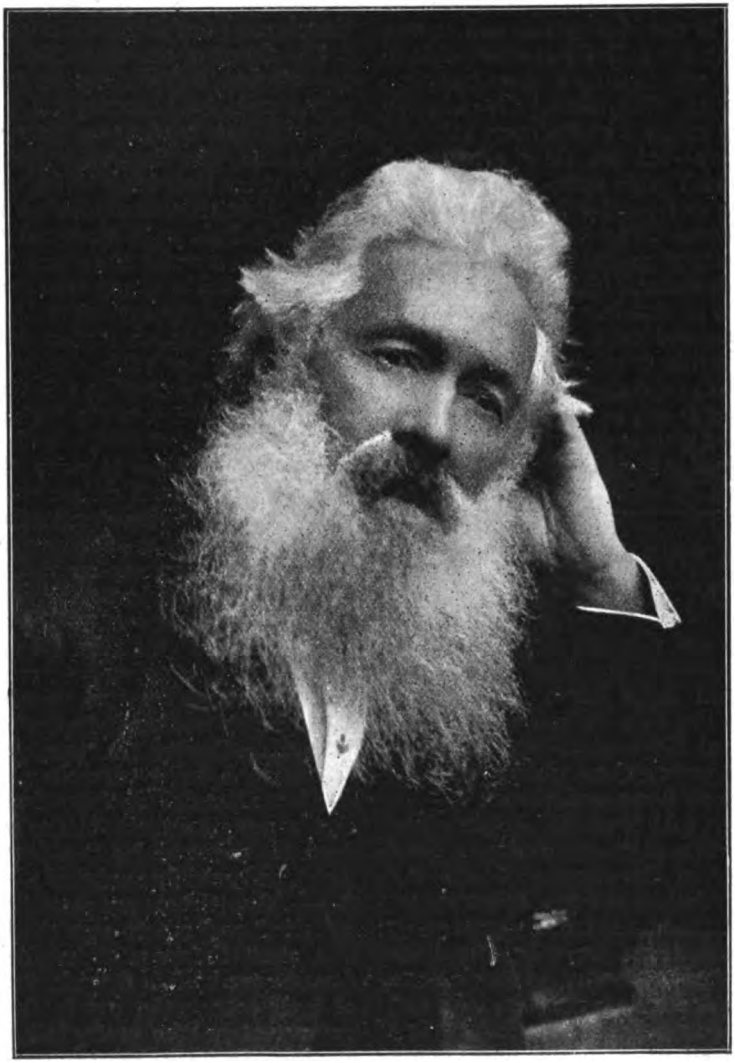
The Selkirk curlers have also a good stock of stories all their own. A few years ago they were travelling to England to take part in a bonspiel, and, of course, like most other parties travelling in winter time, they had a flask with them, which was handed round the company at intervals. During the journey their railway tickets were being very often checked, and it was just after one of these checking operations that a certain worthy in the company looked from his ticket to Mr S—— (who carried the flask), and pawkily remarked:—"I'm sayin' Mr S—— thae tickets are gettin' mair nips than oo' yins," and report says the hint was taken.

A short time ago an hospital for infectious diseases was built in Selkirk, and as an epidemic of fever soon broke out in the Burgh it has unfortunately been pretty full ever since it was opened. One evening two women were going along the street, when the ambulance waggon passed conveying a patient to the hospital. One of the women was overheard saying:—"Is'nt awfu', there's another away to the 'ospital," while the other was heard to reply quite seriously, "Oh, megstie aye!—ye ken now that they've built it, they'll need to try an' keep it fou."

A Welcome Jethart Book.

EVERY visitor to Jedburgh is delighted with the old Abbey, and grateful to the noble family of Lothian, whose enlightened representatives have done so much to preserve the ruin from destruction—would that all Border landed proprietors had treated the ruins they were privileged to possess in a similar manner. The visitors to Jedburgh Abbey are at once struck by the personality of the custodian, Mr Walter Laidlaw, whose portrait we are pleased to be able to reproduce, and they are not many minutes in his company before they become aware that their "guide, counsellor, and friend" is a man of no ordinary stamp.

It is at once evident that Mr Laidlaw is an authority on antiquarian matters and at the same time a poet, and should his hearers prove appreciative, as they generally do, the far-famed beauties of Jed Water are pointed out with poetic enthusiasm, and in such a way that a lasting impression is produced. But the listeners are not wearied, for Mr Laidlaw has a rich vein of



MR WALTER LAIDLAW.

humour in his character, and his "stories" are remembered and re-told with delight by those who have been privileged to hear them.

It was with much pleasure that we heard that Mr Laidlaw intended to publish his poems and prose writings, and now the neatly got-up volume, published by Mr T. S. Smail, Jedburgh, lies before us. The book, which is beautifully printed—thanks to the press of Messrs Rutherfurd & Craig, Kelso—contains many delightful illustrations of Jedburgh scenery, and its contents will be read and re-read by Borderers far and near. Enthusiasm for the Borderland breathes through the volume from beginning to end, and the Jedburgh native can lay his hand on it and say without fear of contradiction, "Jethart's Here." We feel tempted to deal at some length with the contents of Mr Laidlaw's book, which bears the very unpretentious title of "Poetry and Prose," but we prefer to quote from the very pleasing introduction which is written by Sir George Douglas, Bart., whose contributions to Border literature have done so much to increase its admirers.

After a few biographical details, Sir George Douglas says:—"The poems represent the gatherings of years; and as many of those years have been spent by the author literally beneath the shade or within the precincts of the Abbey, so it will be found that his muse has never strayed far from home in her search for themes of poetry. The old Border town of Jedburgh, the vale of Jedburgh; the neighbouring hill of Ruberslaw, and the neighbouring rivers of Tweed, Teviot, Rule; a few old-world local characters,—these go far towards completing the list of his subjects: a narrow field, but one which is saved from suspicion of scantiness—first, by the abounding natural beauties which it comprises and for which the poet has so marked an affinity, and, secondly, by the stretching background or perspective of a rich historic past. So that the singer, wandering by the Jed, dwells with delight not only on its sylvan banks and ruddy scaurs, but also on the strategy of the Good Sir James at Linthaughlee, the assault of Desse upon Fernihirst, and the perilous ride of the fair hapless Mary from a house still standing in the town, to visit her wounded subject-lover at Hermitage." After a pleasant quotation of five verses, in which the beauty of Jedburgh's surroundings are descanted on, the introduction continues:—"Readers of all conditions will appreciate such passages as this. And through these there runs a manly strain of contentment, a grateful recognition that so great a source of happiness as natural beauty is free alike to all:

> "And all the beauty of the earth,
> To reverent man, in love, is given;
> Confined to neither tribe nor birth,
> 'Tis free to all—a gift of Heaven!"

In another place the author writes that, though born poor, he never repined against his lot; 'but felt always proud of being a Scottish Borderer, and a native of Jedburgh—a town famed for its scenery and historical associations, and where every spot teems with song.' . . . . The booklet has linguistic worth as well, and its racy lines—

> "A gleed had set the lum a-lunt,"

or,—

> "Her mairt and melder aye she gat,"

or others like them, may do their little to prolong through these days of an emasculated and slovenly diction the pristine vigour of old Border speech. May good fortune, then, attend these rhymes! May they be so happy as to recall and to express the beauty and the praise of Jethart to hearts that love her both at home and overseas!" T. L.

The Three Brooks.

YESTREEN I saw three brooks that sought
Tweed on its homeward way;
I listened by the river path
To all they had to say.

They murmured where the budding thorn
Stood waiting for the rain;
And where the speckled starlings made
Fond melodies again.

One sang of fern and mottled moss;
And one of meadows gay;
And one of hill-tops where the sun
Shines first at dawn of day.

Ah! you remember where we found
Love's lesson sweet to learn?
When first beyond the shady woods
We wandered through the fern.

And you remember when we pluckt
The iris golden hued?
The meadow seemed a holy place
With sanctity endued.

And you remember that fair day—
Yon sunny slopes at noon—
The blue above,—and all around
The rosy joys of June?

Three brooks, with each a song to sing;
And, which is sweetest? nay;
To much akin each silver song—
I have not skill to say.

But, this be it, to-day we'll hie
And take them one by one,
And love, perchance, will tell us, when
The pilgrimage is done.

JAMES MABON.

St Ronan's Border Games.

THE celebration of these time-honoured sports took place at Innerleithen on the 17th August, when the public turned out in strong force. A writer in "St Ronan's Standard" thus refers to the subject:—

"I am delighted to see continued evidences of the awakening of a public interest in the annual celebration of St Ronan's Games and to learn that "the nicht afore the morn" is celebrated with increased ceremonial. Some may look upon such things as childish trifles unworthy the attention of thinking men, but in this they err grievously, I think. All over the country there is a tendency to revive the old ceremonials and gatherings which were of such importance to our forefathers and for the neglect of which we suffer so severely in the loss of extensive common lands and many privileges. Unfortunately we cannot get back what we have lost, but we can keep what little we have. An awakened public spirit is always a healthy sign, but there must be some rallying point in local history upon which the interest is made to turn in times of peace, when there is no exciting question to be discussed. An intense love of our own district makes for good citizenship and is of far-reaching importance to our country and our Empire. The man who is willing to pull the strings of the Empire (the string ends being at his own fireside) or write strongly-worded letters to the newspapers on politics, but who will not raise his little finger or pen a line for the betterment of local affairs, is not a good citizen and is as one beating the air. Having been privileged to see not a little of German country life and to observe the important place which is assigned to annual celebrations of various kinds, I have been led to understand why the Government of that country seems to give every encouragement to the people in their simple rejoicings. Centuries ago in our country the value of these things was understood, but we forgot the lesson, thinking in our pride of heart that we had become civilised and had "put away childish toys," forgetting all the while that human nature is the same in all ages. We have always to return to first principles, so here we are at the beginning of the twentieth century, learning the lesson anew and returning to the healthy simplicity of our forefathers. In a few towns, prominent among which is Hawick, the annual celebrations have never been allowed to fall into disuse, and it will be found, as a rule, that in such places, public spirit is very strong. The lesson for us is obvious."

From the "People's Journal" we quote the following interesting article:—"In these days when every little town and village has its annual sports and games, it is difficult to realise that such gatherings were almost unknown at the beginning of the century just closed. Such is the case, however, and the St Ronansite—as the native of Innerleithen terms himself—will tell you that the games to be held there next Saturday (August 17th) are the oldest on the Borders at least, and have a history second to none in "Braid Scotland." It was in 1826, three years after the "Great Unknown" had given to the world his novel of "St Ronan's Well," that St Ronan's Border Games were instituted by that brilliant coterie whose honoured names have won a lasting place on Scotland's illustrious roll of fame—Sir Walter Scott, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, Professor Wilson (Christopher North), and Sheriff Glassford Bell. The presence of these "lions" for many years drew large crowds from all parts of the country. The gathering was held on a haugh above the junction of the Leithen and the Tweed, and almost opposite the grey old palace of Traquair, the Earl of that ilk being the patron of the meeting. Lockhart, in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," says:—"A gayer spectacle than that of St Ronan's Games in those days could not well have been desired." Thither came the gentry and yeomanry of Tweeddale, the bon vivants of Edinburgh hobnobbed with the shepherds from Gala, Yarrow and the distant Ettrick and Teviot dales. The famous wrestlers from Cumberland here exerted their prowess against the weavers and spinners of Tweedside, and felt it no light task at times; while the soutars of Selkirk and the stocking-makers of Hawick had all St Ronan's Games prominently marked on their calendar of events. To-day these patrons still swell the crowds that gather on the meadow beneath the famous mineral springs, but the railway has smoothed the difficulties their fathers had to encounter when they "gathered to play." Excursion trains now swiftly bear them to the scene of revelry, and an afternoon suffices for what was a week's idle-set to the athletes of a former generation. It is interesting to notice that there is still in the land of the living one who in those far-off days was accounted a champion runner and jumper. The nonagenarian, John Leyden of Denholm, used to walk from his home near Hawick to Innerleithen, and after engaging in the sports walk home again the next day, a distance of forty miles each way, a feat our modern trainer will pronounce incompatible with an appearance on the prize-list. Yet Ley-

den accomplished this, and some of our present-day champions can barely excel his records. There were giants on the earth in these days, physical and intellectual giants, for both the Shepherd and North were athletes of repute. The former from boyhood had lived an open-air life, and gloried in all manly exercise. He engaged in the tussles at the games until on the verge of threescore years, astonishing competitors many years his junior, by carrying off the coveted honours. Wilson also was a life-long devotee of outdoor recreation. Amongst the traditions of his student days, his remarkable pedestrian feat is well worthy of being recounted here. It is said that on one occasion he left Grosvenor Square after a dinner party and proceeded to walk direct to Oxford, a distance of 58 miles, this he accomplished in less than nine hours. No less worthy was his clearing the river Cherwell at a flying leap, twenty-three feet on the dead level. These were the stalwarts who three-quarters of a century ago established St Ronan's Border Games. Originally the gathering was held under the auspices of "The Bowmen of the Border," an Archery Club which met for many years at Innerleithen. Very picturesque they must have appeared in their uniform of Lincoln green, with broad blue bonnets. Hogg, as captain of the "bowmen," acted at the games as Master of the Ceremonies, and the dress he wore on these occasions is at present on exhibition in the New Art Galleries in the great Glasgow show, in close proximity to the dresses worn by Mary Queen of Scots, Bonnie Prince Charlie, and other Scottish notables. Two days were devoted to the events on the programme. The first day was given over to athletic sports—running, leaping, wrestling, quoiting, &c.; and on the second day the bowmen shot for the St Ronan's silver arrow. The winner—unlike the present-day system—had to contribute a medal, and in the course of time the trophy was literally covered with these silver appendages. It is now in the possession of the local corps of volunteers, who have an annual competition for its custody. Nowadays the elite of society are rarely seen on the meadow where the gathering is held, but the event is still immensely popular with the middle and working classes. Few prize-winners at athletic gatherings in Scotland have had their trophies presented to them by a reigning sovereign. This was the case at St Ronan's games two years ago, when Charles, King of all the gipsies, attended the sports, and, with the crown on his head and the sword of State in his hand, presided at the distribution of the prizes. Like all similar institutions, St Ronan's Border games has had its ups and downs. Within recent years, however, the historic element of the gathering has been impressing itself strongly on the popular mind, and the management have wisely introduced a number of features which gives to the annual re-union of St Ronansites something of an old world flavour. As a local poet has it—

> The Games! there's magic in the word;
> They bring back youth's bright day,
> And send a thrill o' gladness through
> The auld folks far way.
> We see kind faces aince again
> And hear familiar names
> When comes the day to celebrate
> St Ronan's Border games.

On the Friday evening previous to the festival the inhabitants are summoned by the town's band to the "Bussing of the Colours." . . . The chair is taken by the Provost, who is supported by the Magistrates and Council and many prominent townspeople. The banner, which is of blue silk, with the town's coat of arms emblazoned on it, is taken from its resting-place and handed by the Provost to the young ladies selected to "Buss the Colours." This done, it is committed with many charges for its safe custody to the care of the two veteran games officials—Messrs James Hope and Robert Euman—who, in returning thanks for the banner conferred on them, promise to faithfully discharge their duties on the morrow. The remainder of the meeting is devoted to a programme of local songs, and before parting each receives an ivy leaf—"the token of fidelity and loyalty to St Ronan's Border games." On the Saturday a great procession is made to the field headed by the town's band. This year several innovations were introduced, the most notable being the dux boy of the Public School, dressed as St Ronan's with pastoral staff and lantern. The Railway Company generally grants cheap travelling facilities, which are largely taken advantage of. The gathering is a popular one amongst athletes. . . . As the common riding is to the Souter and the Teri, so the Games is to the St Ronansite—an irresistible magnet drawing him to the old home, and though there is no ancient, tattered flag reminding him of "old unhappy far off things and battles long ago," still he sings not less heartily than the sons of the old Border reivers

> "Raise high the banner, St Ronan's blue banner.
> Let it's folds proudly wave while we show to the world:
> The lads o' St Ronan's wherever they wander
> Are leal to the Vale when the banner's unfurled."

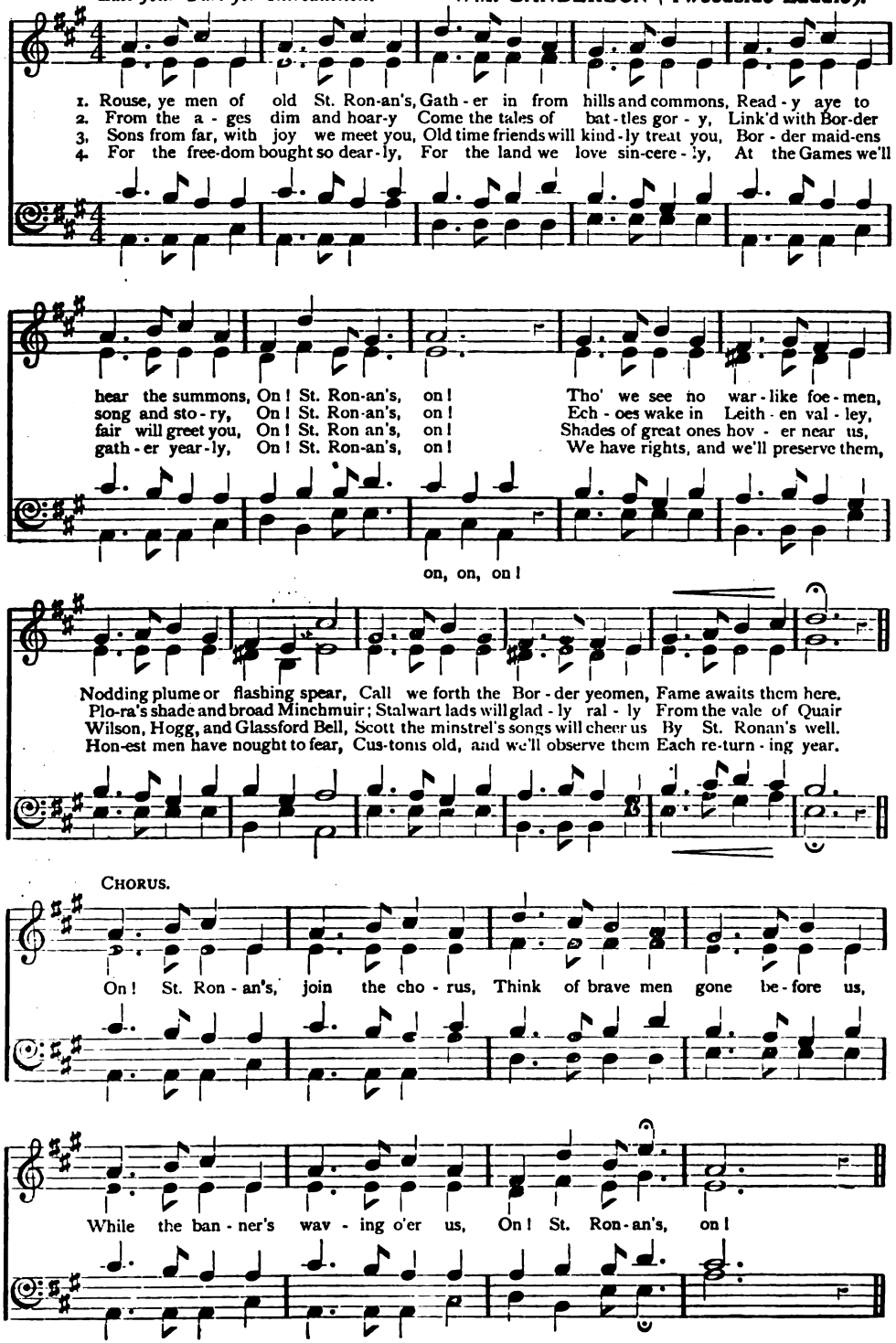
On! St. Ronan's.

Harmonised by PETER SMART, *Glasgow.*

Last four Bars for Introduction.

Words and Music by

WM. SANDERSON (Tweedside Laddie).



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MR GEORGE LEWIS, SELKIRK.

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

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Mr George Lewis, Printer and Publisher, Selkirk.

BY A SOUTER IN EXILE.

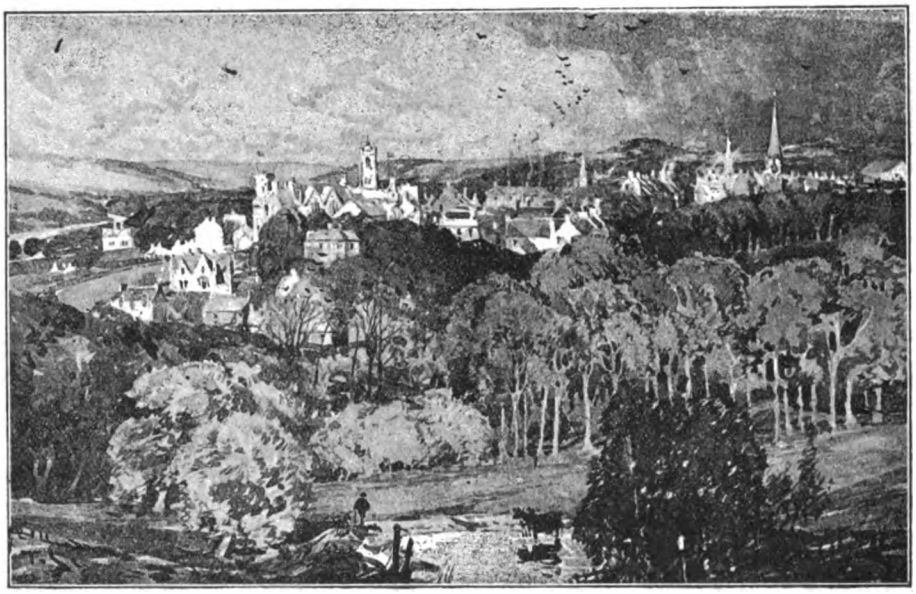
IT would be an interesting study to trace how much of the industrial prosperity which has happily fallen to the lot of many of our Border towns has been due to the infusion of new blood. Left in undisturbed quiescence the tendencies of communities—like every other form of life, is not only to stagnate, but ultimately to decay. Conservatism is a natural tendency of the human mind, and like every other form of selfishness it invariably defeats itself. So the old truth, however paradoxical it may sound, re-asserts itself—that if we would save our life we must be prepared to lose it—if we would have we must give.

The point of these remarks in their communal aspect had perhaps a more fitting application fifty years ago than they have to-day. With the immensely increased facilities for intercommunication which exist nowadays it may be difficult to realise how any infusion of new life was resented by the natives of a place in these days. Such additions to the community were invariably spoken of either slightingly or resentfully, according to the position they occupied, as "incomers," and the writer well remembers the stinging rebuke which one of these "aliens" administered to a complaining conservative "native," who had certainly profited very considerably by the activity which had resulted from the institution of a thriving industry imported by one of the despised "incomers." "Man," said this local worthy to the successful "foreigner," "I canna understand how a' you 'incomers' hae gotten on sae weel?" "Incomers!" retorted his hearer, "Whae has better reason to thank the 'incomers' than 'ersel! Had it no' been for huz 'incomers' ye wad hae been sittin' shewin' the collar on some made-doon coat to the licht o' a ha'penny dip, in place o' strutting up and doon the street at a' 'oors o' the day like some bantam cock as 'e dae now." Needless to say, that gentleman was not again reminded of his foreign extraction by that particular native.

It may perhaps be difficult for the present generation of Souters to think of the subject of this sketch being regarded as an "incomer" by some of their grandfathers. Mr George Lewis has been so intimately associated with every phase of the life and development of the Royal Burgh of Selkirk for considerably more than half-a-century, and is so loyally proud of the honourable history and classic associations of the Burgh in the past, as well as jealously interested in its present prosperity that few now think of him otherwise than as a Souter born and bred. Mr Lewis, however, is a native of West Linton, where he spent his early years. Then as now, however, there were few opportunities in smaller country places for young

lads finding suitable employment, and young Lewis found his way to Edinburgh. After serving his apprenticeship there as a grocer, he came to Selkirk fifty-seven years ago in May last, and started business on his own account. During his apprenticeship Mr Lewis must have made good use of his spare hours. In addition to acquiring a good musical knowledge,—at that time a very exceptional attainment,—he seems also to have taken every opportunity for increasing his knowledge in general subjects. Naturally possessed of a fine discriminating literary taste, and an exceptionally keen faculty for discerning and retaining the salient points of a subject, he speedily came to be regarded as a particularly well-informed young man. In these circumstances it will not be surprising to learn that when an opportunity occurred, shortly after his coming to Selkirk, of acquiring a printing and bookselling business, he relinquished the grocery trade and took up this more congenial occupation. Though of very modest dimensions at the outset, the business steadily grew in Mr Lewis's hands. The Souters of Selkirk are proverbially an intelligent, well-read class, and the love of good wholesome literature has been greatly fostered by Mr Lewis. Long prior to the days for acquiring a library on the instalment system, Mr Lewis provided facilities for the acquisition of good books on easy terms of payment, and these were largely taken advantage of by the people of Selkirk and district. The writer has heard an old traveller for the firm of Messrs W. & R. Chambers say that Mr Lewis's account for the little town of Selkirk far exceeded that of many of the larger provincial towns.

In these days of half-penny daily papers *ad infinitum*, and sensational hourly editions *ad nauseam*, it is difficult to realise that fifty years ago there were whole districts without even a weekly newspaper. Mr Lewis was among the very first to supply this want. A modest little monthly paper was started in Selkirk as early as 1854. Encouraged by the favour with which his venture was received he essayed a bolder step, and the "Southern Reporter" as a twopenny weekly newspaper was started in 1858. Mr Lewis was exceedingly fortunate in the selection of his correspondents in the various surrounding towns and villages, and the circulation and area covered by the "Reporter" steadily grew, until it soon became what its title indicated as its aim—a Reporter for the southern district of Scotland. On the repeal of the paper duty the paper was reduced to one penny in 1876, with the result that the "Reporter" became and continues to be one of the best circulated papers in the Border district. Many years ago the writer happened to



SELKIRK FROM THE HAINING, BY TOM SCOTT, A.R.S.A.

be travelling in a remote part of Berwickshire. The day was oppressively warm, and on calling at a neat-looking house on the wayside to ask for a drink of water he was invited to enter. Almost the first thing he saw on doing so was a copy of the "Southern Reporter," which had evidently been newly laid down. Naturally he spoke about it as an old friend and expressed surprise at seeing it there, on which the good wife explained that she originally came from Stow and that she had got the paper as far back "as she could mind," adding with great gusto—"An' div 'e ken, I wad sunner miss ma denner than want ma paper." Not only that, but the writer was supplied with a tumbler of delicious milk and some fine home-baked scones in place of the water on the strength of his acquaintance with the "Reporter." From which it will be seen he has a debt still to discharge.

It would be quite impossible in the limits of a paper like the present to enumerate in detail even a few of the many unrequited services Mr Lewis has rendered to the Burgh of Selkirk during his long connection with it. Every movement set on foot for the last half-century, whether for the industrial, social, or moral benefit of the community has found in Mr Lewis a wise and willing helper. He was elected to the Town Council in 1853 and continued to hold an unbroken tenure of office for fourteen years. He was raised to the Magisterial Bench in 1864, but in consequence of the increasing claims of business and for other reasons retired from the Council in 1867.

But his services in this capacity were not by any means his only contribution to the public life of the community. Not many of even the larger provincial towns of Scotland hold such an honourable record for cultivated musical talent as the Burgh of Selkirk. The late Mr David Kennedy, the celebrated Scottish vocalist, was in the habit of saying of the additions to his *repertoire* that if it pleased a Selkirk audience he was not afraid to sing it anywhere. How much of that musical taste is due to the fostering care and unwearied labour of Mr Lewis it would be impossible to estimate. Long before the days of kinderspiels or the introduction of musical drill into school work had been thought of, Mr Lewis was in the habit of attending what was then known as the Charity School—at that time under the care of Mr Bell—and relieving the tedium of the ordinary school work with an hour's musical tuition and singing exercises one day in the week. At that time there was no such thing as congregational part singing in church services. "Sight singing" was almost undreamt of, and even precentors owed their positions to a good voice and their ability to pick up a number of commonly-used tunes. Mention has already been made of Mr Lewis's exceptional musical attainments. These were allied with an inexhaustible stock of patience and a rare gift of making clear and simple the intricacies of what is now known as the staff notation. He had not been long in Selkirk before he had many applications from parties interested to be initiated into the mysteries of "time and tune." At the start these meetings were held in Mr or to speak more correctly, Mrs Lewis's kitchen, for by this time Mr Lewis had taken unto himself a wife in the person of Miss Elliot, daughter of Mr Thomas Elliot, of Hawick. This good lady it may be remarked in passing, has ever since been partner of his joys and sorrows—his successes and his disappointments; and while presiding over his home life with rare fidelity and devotion to all her domestic duties she has yet found time to exercise a kindly interest for those in need of sympathy and help. But to hark back to our musical friends, for this is a digression; they soon became so numerous that a hall had to be taken, and a musical association was formed with Mr Lewis as conductor, as far back as 1846. The first public concert was given in the Masonic Hall in 1847, and the enthusiasm and delight which the four-part singing produced on that occasion was such as could not be readily understood or appreciated in these days. For more than thirty years this society carried on its good work with varying success. Like every such society it had its ebbs and flows, and its membership had to be constantly made up by young recruits. For this purpose Mr Lewis for a long series of years held at intervals preparatory classes, where a solid ground work of musical instruction was given in the theory and practice of music. How many, now scattered over all parts of the world, are indebted to these training classes and Mr Lewis for the musical knowledge they possess it would be impossible to reckon.

Mr Lewis has also manifested a keen practical interest in the moral and social advancement of the community. Very early after coming to Selkirk he identified himself with the temperance movement, and he has ever since continued to be one of its most consistent and active supporters. For years there was no house of public entertainment other than licensed premises, where evangelists, lecturers on temperance and other moral and social ques-

tions could be entertained, and Mr and Mrs Lewis's home was always open and their kindly hospitality at the service of such, and these were largely taken advantage of.

The prominent part taken by Mr Lewis in such movements has brought him into contact with many notable personages during the past half-century—Kossuth, the Polish patriot; Thomas Cooper, the Christian lecturer; Ernest Jones, the apostle of Democracy; Professor Kirk of Edinburgh, are names which at once occur to the writer among others of whom he has heard Mr Lewis speak in most entertaining fashion. Indeed, amongst a group of expatriated Souters, now widely scattered, but who still occasionally meet around a hospitable hearth in "Auld Reekie," the wish has often been expressed that Mr Lewis could be induced to use the "Art Preservative" to lastingly record some of these unique experiences. He has in addition an inexhaustible store of humorous incidents and stories, "racy of the soil," which he can retail with a *naivette* and charm that is simply inimitable: and the Editor of the BORDER MAGAZINE would, I feel sure, greatly delight his wide circle of readers were he able to persuade Mr Lewis to contribute to his columns a series of his reminiscences of Border life during the last sixty years.

At Whitsunday last Mr Lewis severed his connection with the business he established fifty-seven years ago and retired to enjoy the rest and quiet which a long and unusually laborious life had richly earned. Into that retirement the good wishes not only of his own townsmen, but of a wide circle of friends outside, no doubt, followed him, but it has been matter of surprise and regret on the part of many that Mr Lewis should have been allowed to pass from public life without some general expression of appreciation on the part of the community he so unselfishly and whole-heartedly served for such a lengthened period.

St Ronan's Border Games.

IN last month's BORDER MAGAZINE we gave some account of those time-honoured sports, the St Ronan's Border Games, and now we are enabled by the kindness of the proprietor of the "Peeblesshire Advertiser" who has lent the block, to reproduce the portrait of the Dux boy who played an important part in what is likely to become an historical ceremony. A writer in the "Scottish Border Record" gives the following interesting notes on the subject:—

The town of Innerleithen on Saturday, 17th August, inaugurated a ceremonial and fete which is interesting in many respects as being a development of what touches many points historical, legendary, and heraldic, the establishment of a precedent—a carnival custom and form that they intend to carry through annually. Some years ago the town adopted a coat of arms designed and put forward by George Hope Tait. These are based on what Sir Walter Scott designated the Cleikum Arms, and which adorned the swinging sign that hung over Meg Dods's hostelry. The charges emblasoned on this strange shield represent St Ronan catching hold of the devil dexterously with his pastoral staff. The origin of this strange device is doubtless borrowed from some archaic picture or symbol, such as was wont to be interwoven in the illuminated work of the caligraphists of the 7th and 8th centuries. Some of the sculptured monumental fragments of this period have Celtic interlaced figures and ornaments that quite strikingly resemble and account for the source. Contemporaneously with St Ronan, who succeeded St Columba (by about two centuries), according to the historian Adaman, 737 A.D., there existed a system of teaching by these painted missals. These were reproduced by the monastic illuminators and carried with the missionaries wherever they went. Some incident connected with the life of this devout and zealous saint, some miracle or deed of prowess, such as the symbol indicates, is just in its nature and character the kind of thing that lent itself to the rude but direct picture missal of this epoch.

Of the life and labours of St Ronan little is known. The Columbian Church of Iona was in communication with that of Lindisfarne in Northumberland, and the pilgrimages to and fro led to the establishment of Old Melrose, but any authentic record of this missionary saint having passed thither is probably not in

existence. That he left his impress somewhere near is evidenced by several facts. First, Sir Walter Scott's method of laying hold of historic items was rare and unexampled, and he seldom resorted to pure invention, his antiquarian knowledge being so complete and varied His Cleikum charge cannot, therefore, be set aside as such. This fact, taken together with the resemblance the charge bears to the

"ST RONAN."

characteristic miniatures on Celtic illuminated manuscripts, testifies to the source from which Scott obtained the symbol. Though admittedly obscure and vague, the very charm of tradition and doubt invests it with an old time interest which is only intensified by the antiquity it bespeaks. The town possesses a relic of these early Celtic Christians. Years ago when the old church was being demolished, the late Robert Matheson found the shaft of a runic cross in the foundations. It stands within the grounds of Plora Cottage, and the writer of these notes ventured to examine it recently. Mr Matheson lovingly treasured this find, little thinking that in the near future it would awaken interest to more than the lonely specialist. Shortly before he died, he communicated with me regarding the origin of the Cleikum symbol, the design and heraldic contrivance of which he seemed to appreciate. The existence or connection of the relic, however, did not claim his attention, although for years, as a lad, I had looked through the railings where it stood, and wondered long however it came there, and by whose hand the strange eye-shaped Celtic ornament was graven. The shaft is about 5 feet high, and stands on a modern base, on which is a statement describing where it was found. Malcolm Canmore's son was drowned while hunting at the foot of Leithen, and the body was taken to the old church, which stood to the north of the town. This fact, together with the use and fate of these old Celtic monoliths—that is, they must have been commonly transferred and placed to mark such events as the one just referred to—being of the race of Scots, and devoted to the Columbian Church, it may have had some connection with the death of this prince. These, of course, are only things we recall as we stand and consider. The surface is fast taking on a green growth of mould, and its hoary aspect is being cared for by Time's artistic, tender hand.

It was out of these attenuated and stray fragments of fact, history, legend, and tradition that the arms were built. The proceedings in the Cleikum ceremony are based on the symbol and its story. The installation of the titular patron St Ronan—who is the dux boy of the year—a procession, and the burning of an effigy. These were carried through at the suggestion of Mr Tait, and under his superintendence. We trust that Mr Tait will continue his valuable historical and heraldic researches and that the good folks of St Ronan's will keep up their enthusiasm until their annual ceremonials take rank with the best in the Borderland.

One of the charms attaching to ceremonial of any kind is that part of which embodies the mystic. The triumph of St Ronan over the power of evil (as in the symbol). Stealthily issuing from some unknown quarter of the village as the darkness begins to grow thick,

young St Ronan takes his way with staff and lantern up the side of Caerlee Hill, overlooking the town, and is there supposed to enter into conflict with the arch enemy of men. Here he lights the pyre (burns the Deil), overcoming evil, and returns victorious to his people below. Standing behind the blazing elements the figure of St Ronan was seen to great effect, and cheer after cheer went up from the crowds below, and was answered again by two or three who had the privilege to be on the summit. On coming down a friend of mine, whose opinion I solicited on this point, says "it was one of the weirdest spectacles he had ever witnessed." We returned to the town in company with the "wee patron saint" staggerin' through the whins. We followed the blue licht o' his lantern. A high west wind was scourin' the hillside, the stars were here and there, and the white cluds were scuddin' and hurryin' high overhead. "This is the best bit o't a'," said my friend, as he vanished headlong into a whinbus'. When through the "well-wud" we took each an arm and linkit' the little victor doon the auld Curly Road, hummin' the marchin' sang o' a nameless bard—

"Fighting nobly wi' his back
Yerkit' tae the wa';
Auld St Ronan catched the Deil,
And gi'en his leg a thra'.
He gi'en his leg a thra',
The fatal 'Cleikum thra'.
The spot he fell's a sulphur well,
Ye'll taste it in the Spa'."

The Oldest Militia Regiment in Scotland.

By William Bertram.

PROBABLY no regiment of militia has borne so many designations or passed through so many vicissitudes as the South East of Scotland Artillery Militia, the oldest regiment of Militia in Scotland, which in a few months will have attained its centenary. The formation of the regiment came about in 1802, when an order was issued by the War Office to raise a Militia force in Scotland, to be drawn from the counties of Berwick, Haddington, Linlithgow, and Peebles, with the title of "The First Regiment of Militia," or "The Berwickshire Militia." The number of privates from each county was fixed at—from Berwick, 155; Haddington, 154; Linlithgow, 194; Peebles, 45; a strength of 448. A very fine body of men speedily enlisted, and had as their commandant the Earl of Home, Lord-Lieutenant of the county, the town of Duns being chosen as the headquarters, to which centre the men annually assembled for the training. In 1803, in consequence of war with France, this regiment of Militia was embodied at Duns, and the strength of the regiment increased by ballot to nearly 200 more men. During the following eleven years the regiment served at Ayr, Kilmarnock, Perth, Dundee, Port Seton (near Prestonpans), Musselburgh, Dumfries, Glasgow, Colchester, Edinburgh, Paisley, Tynemouth, Carlisle, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, where it remained till disembodied at Coldstream in 1814. It was re-embodied in 1815 and occupied Queensberry Barracks, Edinburgh, till 1816, when again disembodied at Coldstream. A flag presented by Lady Sinclair in 1803 still remains in admirable preservation. The prevailing colour is lemon yellow, and a hand-painted wreath composed of the rose, shamrock, and thistle occupies the centre, over which are the words—"Berwickshire Militia," space having also been found for the Union Jack in one of the corners. In 1842 Colonel Hay of Duns Castle, who served through the Peninsular War, was appointed to command the regiment, vice the Earl of Home retired. Another important change in the regulations came into force in 1854, when an order was issued that the men were to be raised by voluntary enlistment, and to serve for five years, and that year it was also intimated that Her Majesty had been pleased to approve of the regiment being altered from infantry to artillery conditions. In consequence of war with Russia the present-day Haddington Artillery Militia was embodied in 1855, Lord Lauderdale's house (the present Colonel's grandfather) being purchased by the Government for Barracks, a purpose for which it still continues to be used. Many county families have been connected at some time or other with this body of Militia, and amongst these—Sir James Hay of Limplum, Sir William Baird-Halliburton of Inchcairnie, Colonel Hepburn of Bearford, Derham of Luffness, Dougall of Nunland, Brown of Newhall, the Laird of Gilmerton, Sir Archibald Cockburn of Langton, Hume of Ninewells, the Laird of Kimmerghame, Brown of Thorndykes, Belshes of Tofts, Hume of Houndwood, Sharp of Houston, and of recent years, Colonels Dickson and Ramage Dawson of Balado. The accompanying portrait is that of Colonel T. H. Boswall Preston, who assumed command on the retirement of Colonel Daw-

son eight years ago. Colonel Preston has from the outset enforced strict discipline, and the behaviour of the men has in every respect proved most commendable, drunkenness, &c., having almost entirely disappeared. He is a brother of Sir George Houstoun Boswall, Bart., of Blackadder, who served in the Grenadier Guards (as did also their father before them), retiring with the rank of Colonel. His grandfather was Governor of Gibraltar, and his grandmother, daughter of Lord Lauderdale, to whom the present barracks once belonged, and in the early days the family occupied this house as summer quarters when they came over from Thirlestane Castle. In 1894 the War Office, with the view of including all the recruiting area, departed from the old title and substituted the comprehensive one of the South East

COLONEL T. H. BOSWALL-PRESTON.

of Scotland Artillery Militia. The men are of excellent physique, and it has always been maintained that they are one of the best drilled bodies of Militia in Great Britain. Every four or five years the training takes place at Portsmouth and the reports made by the inspecting officers (one year by the Duke of Connaught) have always been in the most complimentary and satisfactory terms. The food which the men receive is of a superior and very different quality to what was provided in the olden days as is indicated in the following typical bill of fare for a week :—

BREAKFAST.

Corned Beef and Bread.
Butter and Bread.
Tinned Salmon and Bread.
Butter and Bread.
Eggs and Bread and Butter.
Corned Beef and Bread.
Butter and Bread.

DINNER.

Soup and Boiled Meat and Potatoes.
Meat Pies and Potatoes.
Soup and Boiled Meat and Potatoes.
Curried Meat and Peas and Potatoes.
Hotch-Potch and Potatoes.
Baked Meat and Potatoes.
Soup and Boiled Meat and Potatoes.

The evening meal always consists of tea and bread and butter. The following is the scale on which provisions are supplied :—

Coffee, ¼ oz. per man.
Tea, ⅛ oz. per man.
Sugar, ½ lb. per 10 men—Tea.
Sugar, 1 oz. per man—Coffee.
Cheese, 1 oz. per man.
Butter, 1 oz. per man.
Jam, 2 oz. per man.
Golden Syrup, 2½ oz. per man.
Brawn, 2 oz. per man.
Corned Beef, 2 oz. per man.
Potatoes, 1 stone per 7 men.
Barley, 1 lb. per 10 men.
Salmon, 5 men per tin.
Eggs, 1 each.

At present the regiment is well up to its full strength, which runs close into 600. At one time gun practice was carried out during the latter part of the training, but now the big guns are heard firing almost daily, the methods of drill having become much altered of recent years. The silver plate belonging to the officers' mess is most interesting and valuable, and although much of it dates back to 1802 there has been considerable additions year by year. Several years ago a handsome gold vase was presented to the mess, and a quaint and beautifully mounted snuff mull gifted by Colonel the Earl of Home in 1803 has from that date been handed round nightly at mess. The permanent staff are a most popular body of men and held in high repute alike by officers and men. One important feature in the training (which, by the way, was in progress during July) is the great care that is taken to make the men in every way comfortable as possible. The barracks and camps are models of cleanliness, and generally speaking, the rooms are light, airy, and well ventilated. The brass and pipe bands are a very capable body, and most of these are

drawn from the ranks. As an instance of the regiment's popularity it may be mentioned that quite a number of the men have been associated with it for over twenty years. Since its origin this body of Militia has borne the following designations:—Berwickshire Militia, Haddington, Berwick, Linlithgow, and Peebles Artillery Militia, 2nd Brigade Scottish Division Royal Artillery, Haddington Artillery Militia, and as at present South East of Scotland Artillery Militia.

Lilliard's Edge Monument.

By W.E.S.T.

NO doubt everyone has heard of the battle of Ancrum Moor, but I think that comparatively few people know of the heroine of Lilliards' Edge.

The battlefield lies about two miles to the north of the village of Ancrum in Roxburghshire, and was the scene of one of the last conflicts between the Scotch and English. In 1545 an English army, under Sir Bryan Latoun and Sir Ralph Evers, made a raid into Scotland as far north as Melrose, which town they sacked, committing at the same time wanton havoc to the noble Abbey there. The invaders carried fire and sword wherever they went; and the burning of the tower of Broomhouse, along with its venerable lady, is but one example of their rapine and cruelty. However, a bitter day of reckoning was to come.

While retreating with the booty they were pursued by a Scotch army, under the Earl of Angus, who, however, was not strong enough to attack the invaders himself. For this reason he merely kept in touch with them, and when the English halted at Ancrum Moor he took up a position upon a neighbouring height, undecided whether he should risk an engagement with the small forces at his command.

Fortunately reinforcements arrived under Scott of Buccleuch, whose experienced eye saw at once the line of tactics to be followed. He persuaded Angus to withdraw his forces from the eminence which they occupied and to marshal them upon a piece of ground situated behind it; at the same time sending his camp followers to another hill in the rear.

This movement was intended to mislead the enemy into the supposition that the Scots were in retreat. It was entirely successful, and the invaders, full of elation, pressed forward hotly in pursuit. They galloped up the height which the Scots had abandoned, certain that the fugitives would fall an easy prey into their hands; but on reaching the summit they saw the Scots drawn up in serried ranks on the plain below, calmly awaiting their approach.

However, confident in their superior numbers, they decided to push home the attack. Their cavalry on tired horses made a feeble charge, which was easily repulsed by the Scottish spearmen. Their van was thrust back on the main body and the greatest confusion ensued, when the Scots advancing in turn, the repulse soon became a defeat and the English were completely routed. The peasantry of the neighbourhood, hitherto only spectators, now joined in the pursuit, and the fleeing enemy fell in scores before the vigorous onslaught of the victorious Scots.

"And as they came 'Broomhouse!' they cry;
These butcher loons shall rue,
Their dastard force on that fair dame
Whom at Broomhouse they slew."

Historians say that the English lost no fewer than eight hundred slain, among whom were the two leaders; whilst a thousand were made prisoners, including many persons of rank from whom large ransoms were exacted. The loss of the victors was trifling.

On the summit of a ridge of the battlefield is a small monument, consisting of a headstone, enclosed by four stone walls about four feet in height. It marks the grave of a maiden, who, it is said, fought in the battle and fell on that spot covered with wounds. Maiden Lilliard, according to the story, was the betrothed of a young Scottish officer who was killed in the fight; and when she heard of his death she rushed into the thick of the battle and fought till she fell covered with wounds.

She has bequeathed to that part of the battlefield where the monument stands the name of Lilliards' Edge, and it is known thus to this day.

On the headstone is the following interesting legend—

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

The stone, which was broken and defaced, has been carefully repaired, and on the wall at the opposite end is the following inscription—

"To a' true Scotchmen—
By me it's been mendit,
To your care I commend it."

The monument stands in a small plantation and is surrounded on all sides by bushes and trees, with green fields lying beyond; and the pedestrian finds it difficult to realise that the peaceful and lovely spot was once the scene of a bloody conflict, and that the fierce battle cry and slogan yell rang where now naught is heard but the ploughman's cheery call to his willing team and the sound of the cushie cooing to his mate. In truth, "tempora mutantur."

An Auld Scots Kirk.

IT was Sunday morning in a Border valley, and the worshippers were gathering in the house of prayer. Theirs was not an old-fashioned church; it was not over twenty years of age, and the pure clear air of the country had not yet been so much used with its form and site as to have dimmed the clean face of its freestone walls. The church had a steeple of modern type. It had a bell in its steeple also, a very old bell it was. When the old church was pulled down the old minister and the older men of the parish would not hear of the old bell being cast off for a new one.

They wanted to have it still, and so the old bell with its hard, metallic clang was hung in the new steeple, and served in some way to appease the old people for the loss of the church they had loved, which had passed away, worn out, as they some day would be worn out, and pass away. Some of these old people did not like the new church. It was not so venerable in appearance they said, and the seats were not so comfortable; but they had been worshipping in the old church from childhood and it was very dear to them. They had been kirked in it the Sunday after their marriage, and they could well be excused their love for what had truly been their house of God.

No instrumental music was allowed in this church. No organ, no harmonium. The precentor had his pitch-fork, that was all. The young women sang the Psalms with sweet voices, blending with the deep voices of the men. The precentor sang the air with the women. So had it been, and so would it be as long as the old minister preached in that church. For true it is, that grand as are the effects of a large organ and a well-trained professional choir when singing some new setting, or some new anthem, yet it was sweet, sweet to listen and to join with these untrained singers as they sang the Psalms of David with voices that seemed to contain the very essence of the sough of the wind through their native Border valley.

The various roads and paths were being trod by the hardy Borderers and their families. From the far out-lying farms and herdings came the farmers and their wives, and the plaided shepherds striding along with the free easy gestures of born hill-climbers. In a corner of the road near to the church the sages of the parish were gathered together cracking away over the latest bit of interesting news which had reached them from the outer world. Big, shaggy headed men most of them were, with here and there amongst them a smaller sized, but very talkative crony. Further down the road were gathered the young hired lads, young ploughboys, young herds. If we had watched them perhaps we might have seen one of them blush as some strapping young lassie passed by to the church with her mother. The lassie would blush in turn, and her glance would fall to the ground and her mother would see it all and understand, but say nothing.

But at last the old bell has finished its week's work, and the two groups, old and young, gather together in their own respective pews in the little church. Look to your left a little and you will see a young newly-married couple, both fully aware of the responsibility that rests on their shoulders, but feeling rather uneasy under the searching eyes of quick witted wives and curious daughters. The minister occupies the pulpit, and the service is begun. A good sermon is preached; the last Psalm is sung, and the benediction pronounced, and for another time they come trooping down the church steps now quite free to talk and making good use of their time. Some to the right and some to the left; some to their homes which are quite near the church, and others to face the long walk over the high steep hills. Here comes a carriage and pair. 'Tis the parish landlord, one of the old-fashioned good and true but very rare sort, and the people touch their hats with reverence.

And so they scatter their (several) ways, and we wander into the little churchyard to ponder over the tombstones of their fathers, who had worshipped in the old church, and had been gathered together to their rest near to their friends and within the sound of the clang of the old church bell.

"Shielburn."

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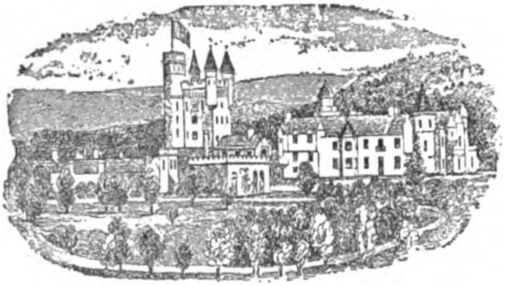
TO ADVERTISERS.
All Business matters, Advertising Rates, &c., should be referred to the Publishers, A. WALKER & SON, *Galashiels.*

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1901.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

The Border Keep.



BALMORAL CASTLE.

No one has done more than Sir Walter Scott, to popularise the Highlands of Scotland, yet the great fondness of the late Queen Victoria for Balmoral Castle, helped not a little to turn the tide of touists in that direction. Since Her Majesty's lamented death it has been thought that the attractions of Deeside and many other parts of the Highlands would receive less attention from the fashionable crowd which generally follows Royalty. The results of the present tourist season have hardly borne out these fears, and the visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, even though it be but for a short time, to Balmoral, will probably put matters right for the large numbers of people who depend on the tourists, to a considerable extent, for the means of existence.

While I am on the subject of Royalty it is interesting to note and preserve the following paragraph from the "Southern Reporter," referring to the recent visit of the German Crown Prince, who may some day be ruler of the German Empire:—

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE'S VISIT TO THE BUCCLEUCH FAMILY.—The Crown Prince arrived at Langholm on his visit to the Buccleuch family on Thursday, 22nd August. His Royal Highness was received on the platform by the Duke of Buccleuch, the Earl of Dalkeith, M.P., and Provost Thomson. The public were excluded from the station during the arrival. His Royal Highness almost immediately entered an open carriage with the Duke of Buccleuch and one of his officers, while Lord Dalkeith followed with the other. The party drove to the entrance to Langholm Lodge, and on entering the grounds, proceeded to the cricket field, where a match was in progress, in which several members of the Duke's family were engaged. The Duchess of Buccleuch here welcomed the Prince. The Countess of Dalkeith, Lady Katerine Brand, Lady Constance Scott, Lord George Scott, Lord Herbert Scott, Lord Ernest Hamilton, and Mr Walter F. Forbes formed the house party at Langholm Lodge. The Crown Prince went out grouse shooting on Friday on the moors near Langholm. The shooting party consisted of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Earl of Dalkeith, Lord Herbert Scott, Lord Ernest Hamilton, Count Metternich, Colonel von Pretzelwitz, Major the Hon. T. Brand, and Mr Walter F. Forbes. The day was fine, and the birds

were plentiful and in splendid condition, this being one of the best grouse seasons for many years. A grand bag was made, including about 300 brace of grouse. On Thursday night, at a meeting of Langholm Town Council, Provost Thomson moved that the clerk be instructed to record in the minutes the visit of His Royal Highness to their vicinity on the invitation of the Duke of Buccleuch. The motion was unanimously passed. His Royal Highness left Langholm on Saturday for Crieff, on a visit to the Earl of Ancaster at Drummond Castle.

* * *

From the same source as the above I extract this reference to another princely visit to the Borderland:—

An Interesting Link with the Past.—An interesting souvenir of the past is to be found in a Selkirk burgess ticket presented to Mr William Johnstone, one of Professor Lawson's students, in the year 1819, a copy of which we give below. The burgess ticket was presented on the occasion of the visit of Prince Leopold to the town. Professor Lawson and his pupils took part in the procession that escorted the Prince into the town, and a deputation of the students on waiting on the Magistrates afterwards to express their gratitude for the opportunity of welcoming the Prince were each presented with the freedom of the burgh. The ticket is in the possession of the Rev. T. Boston Johnston, D.D., Bolton, who is during this month occupying the pulpit of the Forest Church, and who is a nephew of the gentleman to whom the ticket was presented. The following is a copy of the ticket:—

Selkirk, the Twenty-fifth Day of September, one thousand eight hundred and nineteen years.

The Magistrates and Town Council of the Burgh of Selkirk, at a meeting held by them did, in Testimony of the merited regard they have for Mr William Johnstone, Student of Divinity, Selkirk, present him with the Freedom of the Burgh, and the privileges of the Society and Fraternity of the Guildry, he taking, upon his admission, the customary oath of Fealty as a Burgess.

Extracted by me

(Signed) Geo. Rodger, Clerk.

* * *

From the "Glasgow Evening News" I take the following which has found many a counterpart in the Border districts in days gone by:—

Congregations in country churches are not uncommonly of a very mixed character (writes a correspondent.) Quite recently I attended a wayside church, where the ancient custom of farmers and shepherds bringing their dogs with them still prevailed. One of these dogs was of a musical turn, and contributed dismal, high-pitched wailings to the singing. Nobody in the congregation seemed to notice the discordant contribution, musical canines evidently being regular attenders at this particular place of worship. At this same service a house sparrow hopped into the church through an open window, and was irreverent enough to twitter throughout the venerable clergyman's discourse. But an even more remarkable visitor was that which made its appearance in the same church only last Sunday. This was a young calf, which had wandered into the church from one of the fields in the midst of which the Bethel is situated. It was very warm, and, all the doors being open, the animal found easy access to the place. But while dogs and house sparrows seemed tolerable among this simple community, calves were barred, and the service was suspended for a few minutes while the beadle drove the beast back to its "native element." There is quite a zoological as well as a theological interest in these remote country services.

* * *

The following paragraph refers to a fair Borderer whose name and fame is apt to be forgotten by the present generation:—

Mrs Mary Somerville, a lady famed for her mastery of mathematics and physical sciences, was the daughter of Admiral Sir William Fairfax. She was born at Jedburgh on the 26th December, 1780, and spent her earliest years at Burntisland, which she describes in her Autobiography, edited and supplemented by her daughter, and which was published in 1874. She married, firstly, her cousin, Captain Samuel Greig, Russian Consul in Britain, son of Sir Samuel Greig, High Admiral of Russia. She became a widow after three years. In 1812 she married, secondly, her cousin, William Somerville, Esq. By her first marriage she had a son, Worongow Greig, born 1804, barrister-in-law, who died childless in 1865. By her second marriage she had two daughters, Martha and Mary, who both died unmarried. Mrs Somerville published in 1830 her 'Celestial Mechanism of the Heavens.' The work was received with the greatest admiration. Mrs Somerville was awarded a Royal pension in 1835. Her other works were 'The Connexion of the Physical Sciences,' published in 1848, 'Molecular and Microscopic Science" appeared in 1866. Mrs Somerville was gold medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. Mrs Somerville, who for many years resided in Italy, died at Naples, 27th November, 1872, having maintained till the end the perfect use of her faculties. Mrs Somerville's memory is kept green in Burntisland by the christening in her honour of one of the principal streets 'Somerville Street'—which was changed from Quality Street (where her home was) by the town authorities twenty years ago. The house in which she lived, formerly the Coastguard station, is still inhabited, and is now the property of Ex-Provost Strachan. Though one of the oldest houses in the Burgh, it is in a good state of preservation.

* * *

As I have before stated in this particular column of the "Border Magazine," it is my desire to credit the proper sources with the paragraphs which compose the "Keep," but it may occasionally happen that I give the credit to one paper for a paragraph which has been "lifted" from another without acknowledgment. For such unintentional blunders I crave the indulgence of the various editors as omniscience is not one of the qualities of

Dominie Sampson.

THE Muezzin from St Peter's now had rung
Far o'er the valley stole that warning Tongue;
  In other words, devoid of vestments—these—
The Bell for Vespers had been duly rung:

A Blackbird sang set on a Lilac spray—
No Nightingales have we to charm away
  From Rose-lit gardens of divine Desire
The languid Spirit of the Dying Day.

But thou plain Bird dost from thy lips of gold
In sweet reiteration softly told,
  From Springs and Summers of thy storehouse pour
Remembrance on our sleeping Dreams of old.

With Rod in hand—that long lithe wand of Fate—
I learned of Patience at the Painted Gate;
  While Ardour in my breast white-heated yearned
The skills of Fisherdom to emulate.

A swarthy son my Tutor strode the grass
In piscatorial garments clad: Alas
  For Hope's creative, vain allurement! Yet
'Tis well Time shrouds what needs must come to pass.

Would that some Finger might obliterate
From Memory's Book that darksome page of Fate,
  That still to Penitence proclaims how vain
Our after-wisdom speaking Late! Late! Late!

No blither soul ere loved a maiden gay,
Or with the Amber Vintage charmed away
  Black Doubt and Care from that full heart of his,
Or Pain's hot hand from off his conscious clay.

Full many a cup has prospered Joy, and set
His cumbrous thought to lightsome Song, till Fret
  And Worry left his visage and the Three
Glad Graces in his lively Spirit met.

Good evening, Brother! and he touched his brow,
And made reply in words forgotten now;
  Some fisher parlance doubtless, shrewdly girt—
Salt sense of knowing Where, and When, and How.

He cast his eyes along the distant flat—
Then sky-ward: I but saw the wheeling bat
  But moralising held my Wit complete
In utter wisdom, could I look like that!

Down in the Valley banked in new-born bliss,
Tweed sang her mountain glamours sorrowless;
  Or dreamed where silent woodland shadows made
A drowsy Cloister of Forgetfulness.

Now how he spoke, reviving from the Past
Wild ventures in some rare forbidden Cast;
  Each close-lipped sentence linked with certain pride,
Glowed Eloquence to me that needs must last.

Now while the Ringdove made its plaintive coo
As if the World had but been formed for two,
  We reached the marge grass-grown and willow-fringed
Where wound the stately silver river through.

Then with the spirit of some hoyden boy
I made me ready there to drink my Joy;
  While he discoursed how Pounders swerve and leap
And dimple slyly in the Game's employ.

He set my task and tingling fingers played
Fantastic measures while the wise Wand swayed
  Above the waters, till the Evening seemed
In some new spell of Nature's best arrayed.

Again and yet again that wondrous birr!
O Soul-rapt Dervish, Priest or Presbyter!
  New Revelations of delight I learned
With longer castings where I saw them stir.

And ah, that vision of the next to rise
With curious promptings to survey my flies!
  What dream of Fame could ever once bestow
Such perfect sense of earthly Paradise?

Again, and yet again, enticing o'er
The moving eddies of that glassy floor
  I drew them gently, deftly, one by one
And passed them through my little Wicker Door.

Now deeper silence on the landscape lay;
I was alone, for he had strayed away
To smoke, he said, one Pipe of Peace and hold
Converse again with his brave Yesterday.

With tangled flies I sought the bank and stood
While Temper thrust herself upon my mood
Of ripe Enjoyment, making Ravellings worse
And spurning Patience with grim hardihood.

Ye who discuss with weighty eloquence
The Needs of Man, say can you tell me whence
Thought turns to woo some words relief in all
Such mazy knots of tangled insolence?

Such was my thought, one passed, I hailed him Friend
And sued for aidful hands my way to find
In such my need, and naught unwilling he
Approached and set to work with action kind.

That conquest won I turned me nothing loth
To seek the Vintage to refresh us both;
Lo! it was gone, and that with him who dreamed,
And both were thirsty, yes, and I was wroth!

I slipped the belts and down the Wicker threw
Upon the grass, The Finny Tribe to view
Lay all around, and down the stranger knelt
As if his raptured gaze saw something new.

Of course I smiled, my Prowess to evince
Had been my heart-felt longing ever since
I read of WALTON, and the methods he
Had taken to produce his evidence.

He played among them vaguely, ins and outs,
His methods strange begat me many doubts;
Then looking up in speech uncouth said he,
"Five Troots, three Parrs, and fifteen blasted Smouts!"

Now I was born beneath the Norland skies,
And lore-lit where the Couchant Lion lies,
And knew no fear for any face, not e'en
The stern inflexible Preceptor's eyes.

But something froze that smile upon my lip;
Desire grew dead, and fear began to sip
My courage up, as if some hidden dread
Or nameless Danger had me in its grip.

A Bailiff sure, his lineage I could trace,
Writ large for reading on his surly face;
And eke the furrows folded on his neck
Told how the Bulls of Bashan were his Race.

I knew not smout from trout, such was my sin!
And here "enmeshed with pitfall and with gin,"
Devoid of Art to mend the sorry mess
I cursed the Muddle I was landed in.

Ah OMAR! OMAR! Fate is still but Fate,
And better had I swung upon that gate
The hours away to careless Dalliance wed,
But afterthoughts are ever Late! Late! Late!

And now my Tutor with a tardy stride,
His piscatorial garments laid aside
Drew near, and winked compassion to me while
He strove to choke the laugh he could not hide.

Thus did the Amber Vintage Friendship kill!
He cherished me, and loved that Bailiff still;
And sang his Songs of Freedom's sons, while I
Stood waiting on that wily Tyrant's will.

He drew the picture of the Crime he saw,
And oft in raspy accents quoted Law
Timed with regret, his plain indictment stood
My keenest scrutiny without a flaw.

Alas! thought I, To-morrow I may be
A luckless wight 'mong Sons of Misery;
The purple Hyacinth bloom, and Roses blow,
And never one hold Summer's Soul for me.

Merged 'mong the dross that know but common care
My Name a proverb in the College Square,
And all I was, and hoped with Her to be,
A fleeting Mirage neither Here nor There.

Thus was I tempted through my youthful years,
My worthy name, the mocking of my peers,
Before his minatory words to bow
And buy Deliverance from my future fears.

And not in haste, but cautious like his tribe,
He edged his case with many a fruitful jibe,
Till reckless grown I wrung Discretion's neck,
And swiftly doubled my too willing bribe.

What boots it now, I said, and had my throw;
Hand but reached hand, one moment then, and so
His index finger on his lips was laid,
And I was quite at liberty to go!

And go I did, but somewhat sad and sore,
Existence seemed less pleasing than before,
And but a Satisfaction sickly pale
My hazy Computations plainly wore.

What Logic yet has fathered any plan
To drown Regret, or recreate for Man
Hope bright enough to set the Past at naught
And fearless bid it do the worst it can?

Stern Truth indeed Man's kinship with the Dust!
That Amber Vintage, he had all discussed,
Ay, some are dry, and some more dry, and thus
Some men there be who May, and some who Must.

Thus Fate proclaims unerringly the Lot;
Ah, OMAR! OMAR! Potter and the Pot!
But This to some, and then to others That—
Some made for mirth and some—well, get it hot!

We parted at the Gate where erst I stood
Be-deeming all Fruit from the Lap of Good;
Now Sweet and Bitter, Bitter Sweet were one,
And Things a jumbled mass Caprice and Mood.

And still he strode as he had strode before;
And still his face that sunshine flicker bore;
A hardened Lout—I deemed him errant Knight
Nor marvelled at the Kingly mien he wore!

Time sped apace, I sparely supped and went
Forth to the street, moved with this one intent
To find loquacious friends whose talk might soothe
Down in the Tavern I did once frequent.

I gat me there, forbade my Soul to think
Or knit again Disaster link to link;
  While something boldly whispered in me thus—
Man! Brother! Clay-Knead-Nothing! Drink! Drink!
    Drink!

I raised the Cup, when—what? the odd comment
Behind the door of one on pleasure bent!
  And lo there entered in a quondam Pair
Decked with the smiles of prospect excellent!

By all that is, or ever came before—
Well wreck my Credit—duly there I swore!
  And in the shadow deeper drew while they
Made gay Carouse with shiny silver store.

Enough! Enough! Thou dost anticipate
My unseen Friend, Life's Knowledge won too late!
  I clenched my teeth, and ever madly made
My dark designs of undisputed Hate.

I City-bred and lettered deep in all,
A tool! a jest! to scathing scorn a thrall!
  Not all the glory of King Edward's throne
Could minister atonement for the fall.

Joy, Ashes is, and only Ashes Joy!
Fill up, fill up and give the lips employ,
  A thousand kisses must this grief confound
Ere carking Care is powerless to destroy.

Life calls to life all million-mouthed with ills,
And "Is, and Is Not," devious sport fulfils;
  And lettered Might becomes the prey of What?
Two thirsty Weavers from the Cursed Mills.

Vain is Revenge; Fate wills it. All shall pass
Like last year's footsteps on the Summer grass;
  But pause some day with Rod in hand, and there
Where Fame lies dead "turn down an empty glass."

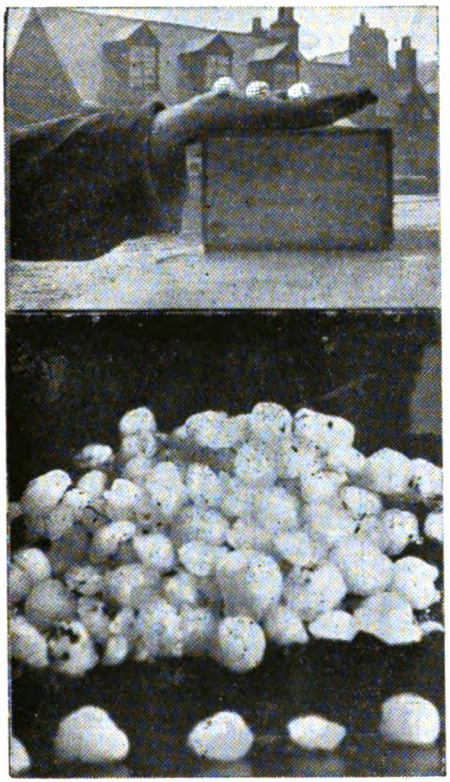
JAMES MABON.

The Hawick Hailstorm.

HAWICK has an unenviable history for floods, and preserves the memory of its record one by means of a mark painted on a street wall near the river to show the height the water reached on that memorable occasion. The mark, re-painted yearly, is over six feet above the level of the road, and is regarded by the Teries with a chastened pride together with a hope that the Teviot may never be tempted to beat its own performance.

The situation of the town renders it liable to be flooded during the severe rain storms, the steep side streets draining into the main thoroughfares at the water side and swelling the spate sent down the river by the valleys above the town. A flood following on a rain storm is therefore nothing rare, but Saturday, the tenth of August of this year, witnessed an experience unique in the annals of the town, and the natives devoutly hope it may long remain so. It took the form of a prolonged thunder storm, accompanied by a shower of hailstones of extraordinary size which will long be remembered for its appalling severity and the widespread devastation it wrought. Shortly after nine o'clock the storm burst with sudden fury and for some fifteen minutes it seemed as though the very heavens were falling. The air was thick with pelting rain and hail that well nigh blotted out the view. So continuous was the downpour the larger stones falling in a constant succession of rapid streaks bewildering to the eye. As by magic the roadway disappeared from view beneath the sudden rise of water. All low lying parts were inundated, and so unexpected was the deluge that nothing could be done to stem the rush. It speedily overflowed into shops and houses, the running stream being mottled with the hail that floated with it everywhere and added to the dirt and discomfort when the water subsided. Then the downpour ceased as suddenly as it began, and the wondering townsfolk flocked into the streets to view the scene and repair

what damage they could. A hasty survey showed the damage to glass was very considerable; street lamps suffered severely, as did also the skylights in mills and houses. Trees were stripped almost bare, and the pavements littered with the fallen twigs and leaves. A curious lull followed the cloud-burst in which it seemed as though the sun itself was trying to peer through at the unwonted spectacle. The house-tops and the roadways wore a white and wintry look which those who saw can never forget. On every hand the hail-stones had been



PHOTOGRAPH OF HAILSTONES.

swept by the torrents of rain into wreaths varying from six to twelve inches in depth. A thin mist rose from the thickly strewn heaps and carried with it a penetrating chill that made itself felt in marked contrast to the close atmosphere prevailing in the morning.

The hail-stones were of phenomenal size, and much above the average, the larger being fully an inch in length and two inches in circumference; many were solid pieces of ice, others took the form of clusters of small hail-stones, but the most peculiar feature was the presence of cinders observed in some picked up. Professor Geikie, to whom this feature was communicated, attributed it to the action of the wind sweeping rapidly over the ground and carrying off loose material with it. By kind permission of the Editor of the "Hawick News," we reproduce a photograph showing specimens of the hail-stones picked up immediately after the shower, and from the same source we give some details of the damage wrought by this memorable storm:—

"A terribly destructive thunderstorm, accompanied by hail and rain, burst over the town on Saturday between nine and ten in the forenoon, and continued at intervals till far on in the afternoon. About 9.30 a.m. a shower of hail, in which many of the hailstones were from an inch to nearly two inches in diameter, was experienced, and within ten minute did damage to the extent of thousands of pounds, stripping leaves off trees and breaking branches; damaging apples, tomatoes, and other fruit; destroying flowers and plants in gardens and nurseries, breaking great quantities of glass in green-houses and on roofs of dwelling-houses. In many cases apples were knocked off the trees, and most of those that remained were indented and pieces cut out of them by the hailstones. Potatoes and turnips, cabbages, and other vegetables in field and garden were flattened and riddled by the hail; and grain and other crops also suffered considerably. In some cases stalks of rhubarb were perforated as cleanly as if a bullet had passed through them, showing the destructive force of the hail. Nine sparrows and a mavis were struck by the hail and killed at Mansfield; at the sewerage works a number of pickmaws were stunned by the hail and unable for a time to fly away. In country districts peesweeps and other birds were found with their legs, wings, and eyes injured, and had to be killed. In some cases turnips and potatoes in gardens were crushed quite flat, as if a heavy roller had passed over them; and the roads overhung with trees were strewed with the leaves which had been prematurely torn from the trees. The allotment gardens suffered heavily. Hillsides and fields were for a considerable time perfectly white with hail, and the aspect of the country was quite bleak and wintry. Heavy rain succeeded the hail, and the latter accumulating in the lower parts of the town, the surface water which literally came down in bucketfuls, was impeded by the hailstones, the result being that many of the under flats of houses in Sandbed, Buccleuch Street, Bridge Street, and Minto Place, were flooded to the depths of from three or four inches to about

four feet in the case of the lower flat of the house at the corner of Dovecote Street and Bridge Street, belonging to Mr Frank Scott, painter, part of which was occupied, but the tenant was from home. The rush of water and rubbish burst in the window, and so great was the accumulation that thirteen cartloads of hailstones, sand, and mud were carried out of the house and the area. A feature of the weather was the frequent changes of the wind, which repeatedly "boxed the compass" in the course of the day, finally settling into the north-west. About ten in the forenoon the darkness was so intense that it was impossible to read without artificial light. The lightning was very varied in form, sheet and forked by turn, while balls of fire were also seen. The forked lightning was very picturesque and long-continued, the blue streaks of fire being remarkably zig-zagged.

Hawick Characters.

EVERY town and village has its "Characters" whose sayings and doings provide mirth for their own and succeeding generations, but some towns are more blessed in this respect than others. Hawick seems to have had its full share, and it is well that the present generation should be able to read the stories of these "worthies," or unworthies, as they frequently were, in such a form that by the exercise of a little imagination, they pass before us in almost lifelike form. To accomplish this desirable end, it is not necessary to have lengthened descriptions, but rather a few sentences from the pen of a skilled writer who is in love with his subject. Such a writer was the late Mr Robert Murray whose memory was dealt with in last month's "Border Magazine." In that issue we referred to his "History of Hawick," which was published immediately after his lamented death, and now we have before us a companion book in his "Hawick Characters." Like the "History," these sketches appeared in serial form in the columns of the local press, and the last of them appeared on the evening of the author's death. The book, which is published at the low price of "sixpence," by Mr James Edgar, High Street, Hawick, is well printed and made doubly interesting by the drawings of ex-Bailie T. H. Laidlaw, and his son Mr J. C. Laidlaw. The "characters" dealt with are twenty-one in number, and we feel sure that the graphic way in which their stories are related will give pleasure to "Teries" in all parts of the world. As an example of the Late Mr Murray's clear and direct style, we quote the last sketch in the book:—

"A street worthy of former days—this time, however, the gentler sex, if such a term can be applied to a regular Amazon or female Ishmaelite—was named Jenny Cathrae. Where Jenny hailed from—whether an importation or a full-bred "gutterbluid"—we know not. No matter from what source she drew her inspiration, she was a virago of the first water; and, having

WULLIE CRAW.

a superabundance of aggressive pugnacity, she was constantly engaged in street skirmishes with the boys, many of whom found to their cost that she was a much more dangerous antagonist than the "Nag."

Though her legs were of unequal length, one being considerably shorter than the other, necessitating the use of a stick to aid her motions, she was remarkably agile and quick in her movements, and smelt the battle from afar, and like the knights of old, her lance was always in rest and ready to do battle. When she happened to meet any boys she thought

ripe for mischief, her cry was—"Peace or war?" If they declared for peace, she was content to let them pass on unmolested; if they said "war," she displayed a ready alacrity by assuming a warlike attitude and commencing hostilities. Then began the fun, and as she was nimble in all her movements, great caution was necessary to keep out of the way of her merciless arm. Unencumbered with the vanities of long skirts, her limbs had free liberty; and while engaged with the enemy in front she required to be approached cautiously from behind, as often by a sudden and dexterous wheel she surprised an attacking foe in her rear, and by a sweeping blow of her stick would lay one or more of her assailants prostrate as a reward for their temerity. When fairly raised and in full cry she was a sight worth seeing. With a score or so of active tormentors lashing her to fury, and the cries that roused her so much resounding on all sides—"Jenny Trantlicks! Jenny Trantlicks!" "Ern Yetts! Ern Yetts!" she stood at bay watching her opportunity, and if any were so incautious as to come within the range of her arm, quick as thought she was on them, no matter in what direction they might be. So sudden and dexterous were her movements, and so unerring her blows, that it was impossible to tell whether it was to the long leg or the short one, or to the stick, or to all the three in combination that she was indebted for her singular power of gyration that served her so well in her hour of need, and often laid low, by a sweep of her trusty stick, one or more of her tormentors. In this way she lived a life of stir and strife, preferring war to peace, as she generally provoked hostilities herself by throwing out a challenge, which was as readily accepted. The term "Ern Yetts" was applied to her from the fact that a wooden fence or gate at her cottage near Southfield, where she resided for some time, was constantly torn down and utilized by her for firewood. At last to prevent further destruction of this kind, the farmer had a substantial iron gate erected, which frustrated Jenny's destructive proclivities.

"UNCLE BRAID."

Eventually, however, a foe more formidable than those she had so long battled with came in her way, and the grim King of Terrors, disregarding her tactics, laid her low in Jean Renwick's lodging-house, Mill Port, when she found that rest in an obscure corner in the Auld Kirkyard that had never been accorded her in her weary pilgrimage through life."

On Two Songs by Lady John Scott.

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

TWO MS. songs by the late Lady John Scott, which were hitherto unknown to me, have lately been brought to my attention. Believing, as I do, that all which proceeded from her ladyship's pen is of interest to surviving fellow-Borderers, I should in any case require no excuse for alluding to them here. But it so happens that, being perhaps the most elaborate of all her poetical compositions, they are of very special interest. The songs are respectively entitled, "Darnley's Prayer," and the "Lament of Lady Dundee for her Husband;" besides being historical, both are highly dramatic; both alike afford evidence of the writer's strong attachment to the Stuarts. The Lament extends to nine verses of four lines, from which I quote the following:—

"Mourn not, thou saidst; ye ken my faith
Is given but to three:
Unstain'd I keep it to my King,
My country, and to thee!"

The Prayer (four quatrains) contains this verse:

"The slanderous falsehoods whisper'd to deceive me
Didst thou but know, it might thy pity move:
Thus was I, for a moment—oh, believe me!
Lured from my duty, never from my love."

On reading the latter, one inclines to ask, was Darnley, then, capable of a depth of feeling such as this? And here it is noticeable that the aspect of either character presented in the songs differs widely from that which has been accepted by history and the world at large. Possibly, however, it is not on that account the less true. For the world is (necessarily perhaps) too prone to dwell on but a single side of its historical characters; to paint its Nero, after Suetonius, all depravity, and its Claverhouse, with Macaulay, an incarnation of the thirst for blood. The world, in fact, does not believe in "redeeming qualities." Nevertheless it is quite likely that, as in the songs, a loving wife would be blind to the faults of her husband; and that a young husband, however worthless, might experience, at least during the early days of married life, some moments of genuine contrition. I have been informed, and can well believe, that when the poetess sang these songs it was with the utmost earnestness and fervour.

A Border Ride.

By E. G. Smart.

A BORDER RIDE! A throng of booted and spurred reivers, mounted on fleet and trusty steeds, racing and chasing over that debatable ground which lies somewhere away to the south, returning after many days to the peels in the lonely dales with their booty, cattle which they had lifted during their raid,—something far away in point of time—is not that a little of what this title conveys to you? But verily there never was a greater mistake, for this Border Ride took place on so recent a date as September of the last year of the last century, the fleet and trusty steed was a "Swift" bicycle yclept by the owner Penelope, but why or wherefore, no one, not even the said owner, knows. It was accomplished in the sunny hours of one autumn day, the distance covered being a little short of fifty miles; and as for the spoil, why, it was nil, unless the deep draughts of pure air drawn into city lungs, and the enjoyment of as beautiful scenery as can be found in Scotland count as such.

It is about nine of the clock when Penelope and her rider start off, both in excellent fettle. The day is perfect for cycling. There has been a hoar frost over night, and the cobwebs on the rhododendrons and laurels which flank the drive are turned as if by magic into so many pieces of fairy lace. We are in a valley here, but a high one, and round heathery mountains are on all sides, still covered with the wonderful "ruddy grace" of the heather. A mile up that other valley to the left is "The Glen," associated in the minds of all lovers of modern Border song with "Lucy's Flittin'." But we cannot spare time to-day to visit its parks and gardens, so admirably kept by the owner, Sir Charles Tennant; like Lucy, but in another sense, we "flit" down the burnside, with but a passing look across the water to the old "Bush abune Traquair,"

"Some auld skrunts o' birk
I' the hillside lirk."

. . . . . .

"The last that are left o' the birken shaw,
Whar mony a simmer e'en
Fond lovers did convene
Thae bonny gloamin's that are lang awa'."

That massive purple giant on our right is Minchmoor. Who has not roamed over it in fancy with the author of "Rab," Dr John Brown, "the beloved physician?" Beyond Minchmoor lies the battlefield of Philiphaugh, and it was over Minchmoor that Montrose came his weary way after the defeat by the Covenanters in 1645. He took shelter in Traquair House, that ancient white-washed building of which we catch a glimpse a little farther on, said to be the oldest inhabited house in Scotland. It is certainly most antique and picturesque, with tiny windows and enormously thick walls, and is the very essence of everything that is conservative and Jacobite. The owners are Roman Catholics, and the great gates with their stone bears which guard the long avenue are reputed not to have been opened since the '45.

But in less time than it has taken to tell this we are in sight of the Tweed. The sun is shining brilliantly, the air is fresh and cool, and the joy of existence and motion on such a morning is so great that the fate of a too-enterprising midge that finds in the cyclist's eye or mouth a watery grave—or, whisper it low, it may even be a deeper gastronomic interment—is a real grief. But such accidents befall even the most humane of cyclists. We are spinning along now in the shady depths of the woods of Elibank. When do these woods look loveliest, I wonder? In the spring, when the mossy carpet is covered with primroses and the larch has hung out all her tassels of tender green; in summer when the sunshine just pene-

trates the cool greenness; in the autumn when the brackens show every tint of russet, and the hurrying little rabbits with their bits of white tails run across the paths; or in winter when the pines and firs are wondrous monuments of dazzling snow? High above the woods stand the ruins of Elibank Castle, the stronghold of the Murrays. Once upon a time there lived a daughter of the house who was known as "Muckle-mouth'd Meg." Young Scott of Harden, son of the Scott who married the "Flower o' Yarrow," came to plunder the estate of Elibank, but was taken prisoner by this lady's father. He was offered the hand of Meg or —the gallows. He made choice of the latter, and it was not until the rope was actually round his neck that he hastened to change his mind. Meg seems to have possessed qualities of head and heart in proportion to the size of her mouth, and they both are said to have lived happy and died happy.

A sudden swerve by Penelope—this time to avoid a fool-hardy black snail—and we are out of the woods and in full view of the Tweed again. The road has some nasty turns, and the surface would not come under Class 1 or even Class 2 in the "Contour Roadbook of Scotland." A mile or two further on we pass Ashiestiel, where Sir Walter Scott lived from 1804 to 1812, during which time his three great poems were published. Now our delightfully lonely roadway—we have only met a man and a dog during the last six miles—is coming to an end, and we cross the river by Ashiestiel Bridge. Ah! here the road is a dream, and Penelope has become a veritable Pegasus. Who says the cyclist cannot admire the scenery—that with bent back and crimson face and eyes glued to the handle-bar he might cycle through the Great Sahara or the Garden of Eden and never know the difference? Let such a doubting Thomas purchase a Penelope, try her on a road such as this, and in such scenery, and he will tell another tale!

"And there will I be buried!" Such is the curiously different thought that flits through the rider's mind as we turn a corner and see the pretty little Church at Caddonfoot, with its surrounding God's Acre. The clergyman here has garden seats placed in his kirkyard —perhaps he himself loves to meditate among the tombs—but at other times, when a Border Ride was not the object in hand, Penelope's owner has spent more than one pleasant hour here, in the fairest part of Tweed's fair vale, with the unceasing restful murmur of her silver stream rising up from beyond the green meadows, and "the lift sae high" over all. Across the river a little lower down is the lovely old house of Yair, and hidden somewhere in the woods are the ruins of Fernielee Castle, where lived Mrs Cockburn, the authoress of the version of "the Flowers o' the Forest" which begins "I've seen the smilin'." We recross the stream here by the beautiful old "sow-backed" bridge of Yair, and begin a long toilsome ascent, up which Penelope, or rather Penelope's rider, puffs and pants successfully without a dismount. A fine spin of a mile or two brings the two to Selkirk, the town of the "Souters," now no longer famous for these craftsmen, but a pleasant, modern, healthy town,—"a city set on a hill which cannot be hid." How tempting it would be to turn aside up this road which a sign-post says leads to Yarrow—associated with dowie dens, marrows, Willies, and no end of other nice things—but to-day it must be "Yarrow unvisited." And Ettrick unvisited too, for Selkirk is also the starting-point for that valley, which is only a little less fascinating than Yarrow. It has an old Kirk, where Boston, the author of "The Fourfold State"—a book which everyone has heard of, but how many have read?—ministered, and in the kirkyard of which he rests in such good company as that of the Ettrick Shepherd and Tibbie Shiels. Alas! that a summer day should be so short. We can only say like Corydon and Phyllida in the old song—

"Remember, remember, to-morrow is another day!"

Selkirk is famous for its "bannocks," so Penelope's owner tastes thereof, and Penelope herself is comforted with a drop of oil—a cheap and portable provender—and then they are both off for "fair Melrose." Our route is again within sight and sound of the Tweed, and as we near Melrose we pass the boundary wall of Abbotsford. How we wish we could stop here to repeat an altogether charming experience of a year or two ago! For Abbotsford is a dream, without and within, but a sad dream when one thinks of the great Wizard of the North who toiled to make this lasting possession for his family, and who laboured on amidst such overwhelmingly deep waters to the very end. Soon we reach Melrose, where the beautiful ruins of an abbey stand, one of the many founded by David I., that "sair sanct for the croun." In it lies Michael Scott, the Wizard, in eternal sight of a piece of his handiwork, the three Eildon Hills, and here, in less hallowed ground than that in which its owner meant it to rest, is the brave heart of Bruce. We pigeonhole this Border town, too, in our memory as one to which to return, not to pass through but to

stay in, and when these happy days come Dryburgh too shall have a visit,—Dryburgh, where the great Sir Walter sleeps, and which is perhaps the most beautifully kept ruin in Scotland.

But the shades of eve are drawing near, and Penelope has still a long way to go to her stable. "And so to Galashiels," as Pepys would say, and as quickly as possible out of it, reaching Tweed's fair vale at Clovenfords. Penelope, scenting not oats but oil, spurns the ground. It is John Ruskin who has said, "All travelling becomes dull in exact proportion to its rapidity." Oh! John Ruskin, we cyclists "hae oor doots."

We are on the opposite side of the Tweed from that on which we rode in the morning, and our view is now up the valley. How peaceful it all is in the sunset light! Just opposite Ashiestiel we pass "The Nest," a famed resort of anglers, and in a stretch of water down below we see one of the brotherhood luring out the wary trout—or is he only drowning worms? A modern Isaac Walton has thus sung of the river here:—

"Frae Holylee to Clovenford,
A chancier bit ye canna ha'e,
Sae gin ye tak' an angler's word
Ye'll through the whuns an' ower the brae,
An' work awa wi' cunnin' hand
Yer birzy heckles black an' reid;
The saft sough o' a slender wand
Is meetest music for the Tweed."

Mile after mile is passed, and it is getting dark, so a short halt is made and the lamp lit; for the country policeman glories in his little brief authority, and would dearly love to "run in" that foolish virgin Penelope should she prove oilless. But all burns well, and we are soon in Innerleithen, where Sir Walter again comes up to one's mind with memories of St Ronan's Well and the great Meg Dods. We shall come to-morrow and taste the water at the Wells, for we have nearly completed our round now. Penelope's rider heaves a little sigh of satisfaction and hunger, and is very glad to see the lights of home again, and Penelope herself gives a small dry creek; oil may be "fillin', but no satisfeein'!"

And never did the good things on the table taste better than they did that night!

Rudyard Kipling's Tommy Atkins hears "the East a-calling" and cannot get it out of his head, but Penelope and her owner have heard the alluring voice of the Scottish Borderland, and as again their autumn holiday comes near, the wimplin' burns, the green hillsides, and the breezy uplands of that sweet country draw them irresistibly back.

Cruelty to Animals.

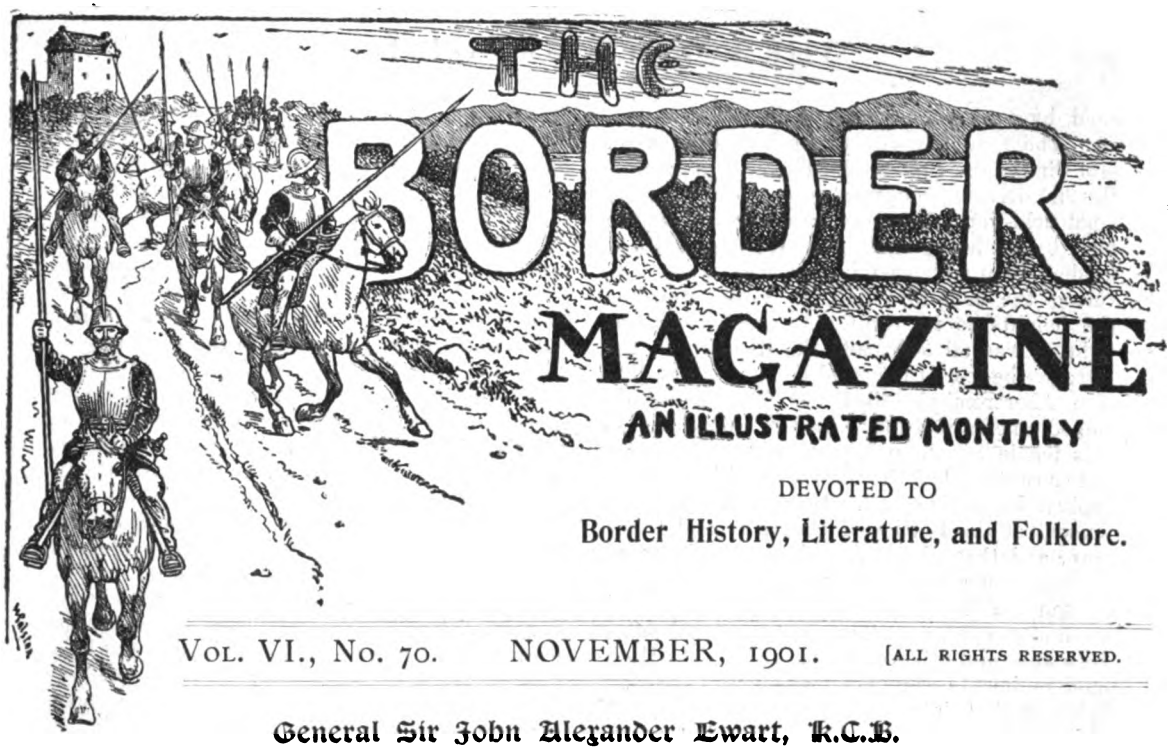
FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

WHILST residing last autumn in a small manufacturing town on the Borders, I was much struck by a remark from a boy of thirteen or fourteen, who, without any apparent cause, deliberately and wantonly picked up a stone and threw it at a collie dog, striking it on the side. "Oh how cruel boys are," came involuntarily from me, and "why did you hit the dog?" "It's of no use," he answered, "and it doesna get its living." His reasons were at least out of the common, but all the same I tried to explain that if the dog was not earning its living, in the sense that he meant, at least it helped its master to earn his, and that it had in no wise interfered with himself, or hindered him in his occupations, and, adding, that I had long considered boys to be of a naturally cruel and thoughtless race, who bring trouble and pain wherever and whenever opportunities offered to them the exercise of it. Then he burst out with another and equally unique statement, viz., "That it wasna the laddies who bring trouble to the world, but the lassies."

In pondering over the above incident, I tried to think out some plan for training the boys to understand better about animals, beginning from the bird in the hedge, and on to the noblest of all, the horse. Where should we be without them? and is it wise to regard them as anything but our best friends? I know that in our Board Schools prizes are given annually to the best essayist upon the subject, but though the idea emanates from a high motive, it cannot have the same results as early teaching of the parents and practical demonstration. Little children, as a rule, are fearless and playful with all animals, and often in their very love are cruel. It is on these occasions that a parent, guardian, or school-mistress have it in their power to check a child, and go on to explain why he or she does so. If, like Balaam's ass, a wantonly ill-used horse could turn round and upbraid its master, what a lesson it could bring home to him! A good and wise woman once remarked, "That of all the problems of life the one she could not solve was this, 'Why God permitted his dumb animals to suffer: for they, unlike man, had committed no sins, to deserve punishment.'" With this quotation I will close my few remarks, trusting that they may be read and considered by some young people, who, in ignorance (perhaps), often ill-treat their dumb but patient companions.

E. R.

GENERAL SIR JOHN ALEXANDER EWART, K.C.B.



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General Sir John Alexander Ewart, K.C.B.

By JOHN MACKAY, Editor of the "Celtic Monthly."

GENERAL SIR JOHN EWART, the present Colonel of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was born on 11th June, 1821, in H.M. 67th Regiment, of which his father, the late Lieutenant-General John Frederick Ewart, C.B., was at that time the Lieutenant-Colonel. He was educated at the Royal Military College of Sandhurst, and in May, 1838, passed out at the head of the list, obtaining at the same time the prize for general merit and good conduct, and also a special certificate signed by the Board of Examination.

General Sir George Murray, G.C.B., who was then the Colonel of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, applied for his appointment to that regiment, but there being no vacancy, he was on the 27th July, 1838, gazetted to an Ensigncy, without purchase, in the 35th Royal Sussex Regiment, the depot of which was stationed at Stirling Castle, where he joined. In 1840 he embarked for the Island of Mauritius, serving in that colony until 1843, and again from 1846 till 1848, in which year he became a Captain and exchanged to the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders. Whilst in the 35th he for some time commanded the light company, and was for several years captain of the cricket eleven.

On September 30th, 1848, he joined the 93rd Highlanders at Stirling Castle, the regiment which had just returned from Canada, being quartered at Stirling, Perth, and Dundee. After remaining for four years in Scotland it was moved to England, and in February, 1854, received sudden orders to embark for Malta, together with three battalions of the Guards and several other regiments. War with Russia having been declared, it proceeded on to Turkey, landing at Gallipoli on 11th April, 1854, and at Varna on the 15th June, for the purpose of assisting the Turks then besieged at Silistria by the Russians; the latter, however, on hearing of the arrival of the British and French troops, at once raised the siege and retired. The invasion of the Crimea was then decided on, and on the 7th September the combined expedition sailed, a sight which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The British Infantry had been formed into five divisions, the 1st, which was commanded by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, consisting of three battalions of Guards, and the three Highland regiments (42nd, 79th, and 93rd). On the 14th September the landing of the troops was effected about eight miles south of Eupatoria, and on the 19th the allies consisting of 27,000 British, 23,000 French, and 8,000 Turks commenced their march towards Sebastopol.

The Battle of Alma took place on the 20th September, the Russians occupying a very strong position on the heights beyond the river, strength

ened by two earth-works, both heavily armed. The light division under Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown, assisted by a portion of the 2nd division, endeavoured to storm the principal field-work, but were unfortunately driven back by the heavy fire. The Guards and Highlanders then advanced in line, the former capturing the field-work and the latter storming the heights to its right. At five o'clock the fighting was all over, and the Russians in full retreat, the loss of the 93rd being 1 officer (Ensign Abercromby) killed and 52 non-commissioned officers and men killed or wounded. In this battle Sir John Ewart, who was at the time a captain, had the scabbard of his claymore broken by a rifle ball. He was subsequently present at the Battles of Balaclava and Inkerman, and throughout the Siege of Sebastopol, accompanying the 93rd on the expedition to Kertch and Yenikale, and being present with them at the two assaults upon Sebastopol, made 18th June and 8th September, 1855. The Highland regiments were not present at Inkerman, being at that date employed in the defence of Balaclava, but Sir John Ewart, who had passed through the Staff College, having been appointed a Deputy Assistant Quarter-Master General was present at that battle on horseback, and was riding with Lord Raglan and the staff when a shell burst in their midst, killing the horses of Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, A.Q.M.G., and Captain Somerset, A.D.C., and mortally wounding General Strangways, who commanded the British Artillery.

On the termination of the war Sir John Ewart, who had previously been promoted to the rank of Major, was made a Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel, and was one of four officers of the 93rd who received the French Legion of Honour and Turkish Order of the Medjidie, and one of three officers of the 93rd who received the Piedmontese Silver Medal inscribed with the words "Al valore militare," he having served throughout the entire campaign without being absent from his duty for a single day. He was for some little time in command of the regiment during the siege, in consequence of the absence of the other three field-officers.

Whilst acting as D.A.Q.M.G. he executed a survey of the whole of the country between Balaclava and the Russian defences, being repeatedly under fire whilst so employed, and was with the 93rd when they did duty for two months in the trenches after their return from Kertch.

Sir John remained in the Crimea until the very last, and on returning to England in July, 1856, after peace had been proclaimed, was stationed at Aldershot and Dover until June, 1857, when the regiment was placed under orders for China, forming part of an expedition sent for the purpose of attacking Canton. On arrival at the Cape of Good Hope the destination of the 93rd was suddenly changed to India, in consequence of the breaking out of the great mutiny of the native troops, and on reaching Calcutta the regiment was pushed on hurriedly to Cawnpore, with a view to the rescue of the ladies and children besieged in the residency of Lucknow, for although Havelock and Outram had fought their way with the 78th Highlanders and one or two other regiments into Lucknow in the month of September, they were unable to make the rescue complete, and became themselves also besieged.

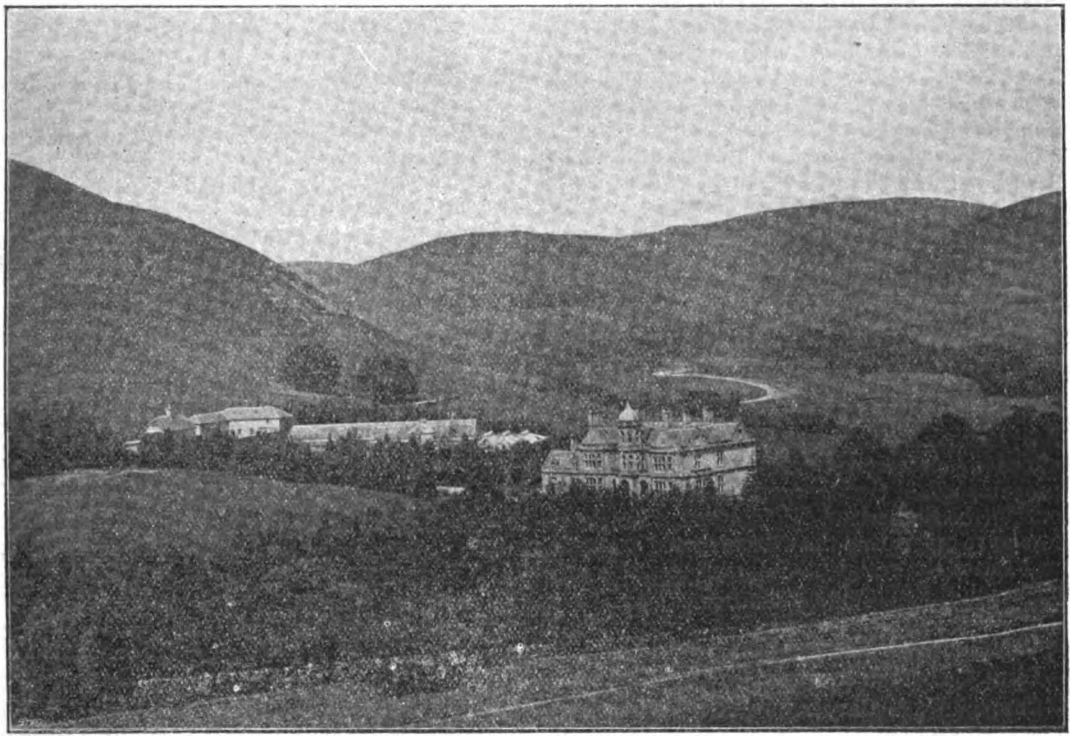
On November 2nd Sir John was engaged with two companies of the 93rd in an attack upon the fortified village of Bunterah, and on the 5th was second in command of a force sent to convey provisions and ammunition to the Alumbagh, where Havelock had left his sick, and baggage under a strong guard; this was successfully accomplished after being again engaged with the enemy.

On the 14th Sir Colin Campbell having arrived, the relieving force, consisting of about 4000 men, advanced from the Alumbagh and captured the Dilkusha and Martiniere, the Fort of Julalabad having been taken possession of on the previous day, when Sir John Ewart commanded the brigade of infantry sent to attack it. He was also given command of the rear-guard consisting of three squadrons of cavalry, a troop of horse artillery, and 500 infantry, detailed to protect the whole of the baggage and provisions during Sir Colin's advance on the 14th. This he effected without the loss of a single cart, after beating off the enemy.

The storming of the Secunderbagh took place on the 16th November, when Sir John Ewart (then Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel) commanded the seven companies of the 93rd which took part in it, the remaining three being engaged under Lieutenant-Colonel Leith-Hay in the capture of a village and the King's stables. There were no ladders, but a small breach having been made in the wall of the building by one of the heavy guns an entrance was effected, the hole, however, being only large enough to admit one at a time. The enemy were taken by surprise, but those who got in first had to fight for their lives, and Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart had his bonnet shot off his head by a volley fired at a distance of only ten yards, afterwards receiving two sword cuts in a personal encounter with two native officers who were defending a colour, which he succeeded in capturing. The

main entrance gate and a large window protected by iron bars having been at last forced, the rest of the stormers rushed in, and in a short time about 2000 of the rebels lay dead, no quarter being given on account of the horrible barbarities perpetrated at Cawnpore, by order of the scoundrel, Nana Sahib.

The Shah Nujjeef and other buildings were then stormed and taken, and the relief of the Residency effected, the women, children, sick and wounded, being all withdrawn on the night of the 19th, and the troops under Havelock and Outram, together with Sir Colin's force, retiring to the Martiniere on the night of the 22nd.



CRAIGCLEUCH, LANGHOLM, SEAT OF GENERAL EWART.

To the great grief of everyone Sir Henry Havelock died on the 24th November, and Sir Colin Campbell then decided to leave Outram with 4000 men in front of Lucknow, whilst he himself escorted the women, children, sick, and wounded to Cawnpore. The 93rd accompanied him, starting on the 27th, the force of 3000 men having to protect an enormous number of helpless creatures, whom it was necessary to carry and get across the Ganges as soon as possible.

General Wyndham had been left in command at Cawnpore, as that place was threatened by the mutineers of the Gwalior Contingent, who had effected a junction with some of the soldiers of Nana Sahib, and now endeavoured to gain possession of the bridge of boats so as to prevent the re-crossing of Sir Colin; and on the very day the latter marched from Lucknow made a fierce and determined attack upon Cawnpore, driving Wyndham into the small fort.

Campbell had halted for the night at Bunnee, but in consequence of the heavy firing heard in the direction of Cawnpore, he made a forced march of about forty miles on the 28th, and just managed to arrive in time to save the bridge, the 93rd being the first regiment sent across under cover of the heavy guns belonging to the Naval Brigade.

On the night of the 29th the women, children, and invalids were all got safely across the Ganges, and Sir Colin disposed his force the best way he could to protect them until reinforcements should arrive from Allahabad. It was in the performance of this duty that Sir John Ewart lost his left arm by a cannon shot on the 1st December, not far from the spot where his cousin, Colonel John Ewart, who commanded the 1st Bengal Native Infantry which mutinied, had

been foully murdered, together with his wife and little girl, in the month of July.

When Ewart's left arm was shot away his right arm was in a sling from his wound at Lucknow, and he continued for some weeks in a very sad state, his life having at one time been given over. Possessing a strong constitution he eventually recovered, and after leaving Cawnpore was sent to England on sick leave. The death of poor Adrian Hope at the attack upon the fort of Rohya gave him his regimental Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and the mutiny having been completely put down he exchanged with Colonel Stisted of the 78th Highlanders, then on its passage home from India. He had been appointed a Companion of the Bath, and in April, 1859, was further rewarded for his services by being made an Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, with the rank of Full-Colonel in the army, a promotion which put him over the heads of about a hundred Lieutenant-Colonels.

He continued in command of the Ross-shire Buffs until October, 1864, and in the year 1872 was promoted to the rank of Major-General, shortly afterwards receiving the reward of £100 per annum, granted for distinguished services.

After the Relief of Lucknow he was strongly recommended by Brigadier-General the Hon. Adrian Hope, who commanded the Highland Brigade, for the Victoria Cross, the name of three officers of the 93rd being also sent in at the same time, but Sir Colin Campbell, who had become Full-Colonel of the regiment, declined to award more than one Cross, being probably afraid that he would be accused of favouring the Sutherland Highlanders. He therefore gave orders that the officers should assemble and select the recipient. A mess meeting was held with the following result:—

Captain W. D. Stewart, ...	18 Votes.
Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Ewart	16 ,,
Captain W. A. Cooper ...	5 ,,

One of the medical officers who was unable to attend the meeting stated that he should have voted for Ewart, who, therefore, only lost the Victoria Cross by one vote. Had he represented the matter he would, doubtless, have been given the much-coveted decoration, but he has all along refused to do so, as he considers that he was no braver than the rest of his brother-officers, and merely did his duty.

In the month of March, 1877, Sir John Ewart was appointed to the command of the Allahabad division, extending from Cawnpore to Segowlie on the Nepaul frontier, a distance of about five hundred miles. This appointment he held until the 30th November, 1879, when in consequence of his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-General he had to leave India.

On the 12th January, 1884, he became a Full-General on the active list, having previously been appointed Colonel of the Duke of Edinburgh's Wiltshire Regiment. The Colonelcy of the 92nd Gordon Highlanders falling vacant he was on the 12th March, 1884, transferred to that regiment, and on the 30th June, 1895, he was again transferred to the Colonelcy of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, which consists of the old 91st and 93rd. On the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee he was made a K.C.B. Sir John Ewart belongs to an old Border family, which in the fifteenth century moved into the Stewarty of Kirkcudbright. His residence, Craigcleuch, is situated in Eskdale, about two miles from Langholm, and he is a Justice of the Peace for the County of Dumfries. He married in the year 1858 Frances, eldest daughter of John Spencer Stone, of Callingwood Hall, and two of his sons were appointed to the 79th Cameron Highlanders, another having been for some time in the Black Watch. He has, therefore, been closely connected with the five old kilted regiments, 42nd, 78th, 79th, 92nd, and 93rd.

Meggatstane.

AN INCIDENT IN A RIVERSIDE RAMBLE.

BY DUNCAN FRASER.

WHEN we started on our journey from Henderland meadow, we were 800 feet above sea level; and now as we approach Meggatstane we reach an altitude of 1500 feet. The road takes a turn northward, and ere long we come in sight of the upper valley of Talla.

Meggat is distinctly pedestrian ground, and the thoughts that it suggests are such as flow from leisurely contemplation. You are shut in! a deep sense of restfulness and peace pervades all nature, and awakens responsive chords even in the most perturbed spirit—a glorious consummation surely, when one thinks of the whirl of the age and the brazen publicity of things.

The moorland at the head of Meggat is singularly bleak, and bare, and lonely. No cot, nor cultivated land greets the eye far as the watershed on either hand. The whirr of the grouse, the lonesome cry of the pewit, or the croon of a hidden burn, alone break the stillness.

One object, far ahead, seems to be alive and coming towards you; but soon you find that the motion is all your own, and that the object in

question is inanimate and stationary. It is Meggatstane. Many a wanderer has placed his hand with friendly solicitude upon this ancient land mark, and many an enquiry has been prompted by its Druidical appearance as to its history and purpose. Pillar-shaped, and standing about four feet out of the ground, its present purpose seems to be to serve as a land-mark at the watershed of Meggat and Talla. How long it has done so, I have failed to learn, for, in answer to my enquiries at the "oldest inhabitant," the reply has invariably been:—"O I dinna ken, its been stannin' a' my days, an' I've heard my faither say the same."

Two years ago last August, I was making my annual visit to "old" Talla, as that part of the stream above the linns at Gameshope is called. It was a charming day in a month of charming days, and the streams were running full and amber coloured after the first Lammas flood. The birds were all astir, and joyous life seemed throbbing throughout the whole realm of nature. All at once a chill came creeping down the hills and over the heather; what could it be? Ah, it was the chill of disappointment, Meggatstane was missing!

I soon reached the spot where my old friend had stood so long facing summer's heat and winter's storm, and found him lying among the heather broken into three pieces. I frankly confess that this wanton act of vandalism filled me with the deepest indignation, and, for a while, even the aspect of nature, which had so charmed me but a few minutes before, seemed entirely altered. It was easy to see how, and why, the deed was done. The Edinburgh District Water Trust had a few months before this time purchased from Lord Wemyss the ground at the head of Meggat, which slopes down to Talla. In marking off their new possession the Trust had run a strong five-barred wire fence along the march, and as Meggatstane stood on the line, why, Meggatstane was bound to go!

Never had I better sport in Talla linns and the river above them, than I had on this occasion, and yet, I am not ashamed to confess that there was something lying at my heart which even a "weel filled creel" could not dispel. When I reached my summer quarters that night I lost no time in writing to my friend, the farmer of Meggathead, asking if he was aware of the sad fate of the old landmark. Next day he replied that it was some time since he had been so far up the valley, but as the factor was to be with him that day they would visit the spot together.

The outcome was that the Edinburgh Water Trust had to cement the broken pieces of Meggatstane and set it upright once more; and last year I had the renewed pleasure of patting it on the head as of old. I was interested to learn that when they dug to the bottom of the stone they found the part under ground covered with certain Runic-like characters.

Galashiels Coat of Arms.

THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF GALASHIELS are a fox and plum tree; their derivation is thus accounted for. During an invasion of Edward III., a party of English, who had been repulsed in an attempt to raise the seige of Edinburgh Castle, came and took up their quarters in Galashiels. It was in autumn, and the soldiers soon began to straggle about in search of the plums which then grew wild in the neighbourhood. Meanwhile, a party of the Scots having come up and learned what their enemies were about, resolved to attack them, saying that they would prove sourer plums to the English than they had yet gathered. The result was such as fully

GALASHIELS COAT OF ARMS.

to justify the expectation. They took the unhappy Southerns by surprise, and cut them off almost to a man. In commemoration of the exploit, the people have ever since called themselves "The Sour Plums o' Galashiels;" and they are celebrated under that title in an old Scottish song, the air of which is well known to Scottish antiquaries for its great age. The arms, though originating in the same cause, seem to have been vitiated by the common fable of the fox and the grapes.—Chambers' "Gazateer of Scotland" (1832).

Borcovicus—A Lost Town of the Olden Time.

By W. E. W.

THE town of Borcovicus is in England and within a hundred miles of Edinburgh, but if you look for it on the average map or in a directory you will search and search in vain. Yet it was once a place of great importance, its streets swarmed with soldiers, carriages rolled through its gates, sentinels paced its walls, and from its streets arose the busy hum of active life. Within its towers the destiny of peoples was decided, and from its altars the smoke of sacrifice rose as a votive offering to the gods. That was fifteen hundred years ago, and to-day it stands upon the lonely wind-swept moors, silent as the tomb, not even tenanted by stray sheep or fluttering moor fowl, yet bearing mute testimony to the greatness of the power which built it, to the indomitable perseverance of her workmen, and to the splendour of her Imperial ideas. For Borcovicus was the greatest station on the Roman wall, that massive barrier which the Emperor Hadrian flung across the country from the Solway to the Tyne, and is to-day one of the most fascinating spots to which the student of "Britannia Romana" can turn his footsteps; and on this rather dull August morning with mist trailing over the Allendale hills as we set out to cover the dozen of miles which lie between Chollerford and our destination, let us note some of the more interesting things to be seen as we pass along. Close to Chollerford is Chesters. It was the Cilurnum of the Romans, and is a place of great interest. Many important finds have been made here, and here also is the residence of Mr W. P. Clayton, who owns a large tract of the land on which the wall was built, and to whose generosity and fine antiquarian spirit is due so much of the work of research among the Roman remains of the district. But even the most voracious antiquary cannot "do" the wall in a day, so we must leave Chesters to be explored on another occasion and proceed on our way. The highway for many miles is the old Roman road, and an excellent road it is yet. The first thing that strikes us is its straightness. There are neither twists nor turns, and as we reach the top of a gentle incline we can see the road stretching in front of us straight as an arrow. Shortly after passing Walwick Grange and getting clear of the wooded country we get an excellent view of the complete system of the wall, and a well preserved portion of the murus itself. On the south side we have two mounds, then a ditch, then another mound, then we have the road on which we are walking, next it is the line of the wall, and beyond it again another ditch. As we pass a little plantation on our left hand we come across an interesting example of what the Roman engineers had to contend with, and the masterly way in which they overcame all difficulties. The ditches had to be taken through an outcrop of basaltic rock, which here makes a slight ridge upon the plain. Did the Romans shirk it? Not likely! They dug a deep trench right through the hard rock, and the gigantic boulders lying in confused heaps (some of them quite a ton in weight) are to-day eloquent testimony to the matchless resource and perseverance of the workers. How they could dislodge such enormous masses of rock without the aid of blasting seems a mystery. We next draw near to Procolitia, an important station occupying several acres, and of which some of the stonework still remains. But the most interesting object here is a well which had been used to supply the station with water, for the Romans, ever wise, always took care to have a plentiful supply of water near their habitation. After the Roman withdrawal this well got filled up, but on its excavation in the present century it was found to contain a perfect hoard of Roman coins. There were no less than sixteen thousand of them, and their dates covered a period of four hundred years, while in addition to these, altars, ornaments, glass, and pottery were also found. It must indeed have been a thrilling moment for the excavators when they came upon such a remarkable collection of these relics of a great past.

We now pursue our journey up for several miles through a somewhat bleak country, noting at intervals the remnants of some of the mile castles, which were a feature of the fortifications of the wall, and then we begin to find the road and the wall parting company. The former strikes slightly northwards, and taking the edge of one of the rocky escarpments which rise from the plateau and form a striking geological feature of the district, it pursues its undaunted course, not being turned aside by, but rather seeming to court, the difficulties which nature places in its way. We keep to the road until we see on the distant hillside some earth mounds, whose brown colour is indicative of the fact that digging has been going on. In the trough of the valley we can see some men at work, and a glance at our plan tells us that we are at Borcovicus. We leave the road, and ascending the hill soon find ourselves in the city of silence.

Borcovicus, or Housesteads as it is now termed, was a walled station occupying about five acres. It stands on one of those ridges already referred to, and except on the west side was a place which nature made difficult of access. It was built in an oblong form, and the greater portion of its massive enclosing wall still remains. At its north-west corner the Roman barrier comes sweeping up the valley and joins the wall of the station. It was pierced on its four sides by gates. These were the termini of the two principal streets which intersected the town and of which we can still see the traces. Let us stand at the point where they intersect and endeavour to picture to ourselves what the appearance of the town was and something of the life which filled its streets well-nigh two thousand years ago. Against the east wall we can trace the foundations of a row of buildings which were probably used as barracks, while on the west a very narrow street ran between the wall and a row of buildings, the foundations of which can be seen along the whole length of the street. At the four gateways there were massive guard chambers, which are still well preserved. Look at the gateways themselves; the great stone blocks which form them are "well and truly laid," and their edges are as clear cut as if they had been chiselled yesterday. Here, too, are the very holes in which lay the pivots on which the gates swung, and, more than that, if we clear away the overgrowth of grass and weeds we can see for ourselves the deep ruts which the chariot wheels have worn in the stones. If we measure the distance between them we will find them to be the same distance apart as similar ruts in Pompeii, to wit, four feet six inches, which is, if I am not mistaken, the guage of our modern railways. There is an interesting point to be noted in connection with the gates of the wall stations. It is found that all of them had large gates opening to the north. "We observe," wrote a Quarterly Reviewer long ago, "with surprise that even on the summit of the most precipitous crags the mile castles have still a broad aperture to the north, as if to afford ingress as well as egress, even where we should least contemplate either the one or the other. In more level ground it might be not less important to make a place of refuge accessible than to speed a battalion on its errand of slaughter or devastation, but at such spots as we have mentioned we can hardly imagine the application of either of these uses, and must be satisfied with supposing that so many dozen mile castles were commanded after a certain pattern, and executed accordingly, without respect to any difference of circumstances. It is interesting thus to be brought face to face with the red tape of antiquity."

Near the northern gate of Borcovicus are the remains of a large stone trough. The dovetailing arrangement by which its slabs were joined is still clear and distinct. There are deep indentations in its edges, and it has been suggested that the Roman soldiery sharpened their swords on it, but it has doubtless been utilised in more recent times to whet the "whinger" of many a stout Border mosstrooper. In the centre of the town is an open paved space on which stand the broken remnants of several pillars. These have been of, we may judge by their diameter, from sixteen to twenty feet high, and doubtless formed a portion of the Forum. On another paved platform several large stones of peculiar shape have been found, leading to the belief that here stood the Roman balista, the precursor of our modern artillery. The creature comforts of the inhabitants were not neglected, for the flues by which their rooms were heated still remain. A hearth covered with ashes and scoriæ has also been uncovered, affording another glimpse of the active life which once existed within these walls. The various coins which have been found point to trade and commerce being carried on, and a little to the east of the station are the remains of an amphitheatre where, if the cry of "Christianæ ad leones!" was never heard, doubtless many feats of strength and prowess have been performed by the garrison themselves. How interesting it is thus to be brought into contact not only with the severe and toilsome life of the pioneer, but also to know something of his sports and relaxations!

On the southern slope of the ridge are numerous mounds indicative of extra-mural buildings which were occupied when no immediate danger was apprehended, and in the valley altars and inscribed stones have been found which seem to point to the cemetery of the station having been situated here. On the slope was found the most interesting relic which has yet been unearthed in the district. It was an ornament of solid gold about two inches long, and had doubtless adorned the person of some Roman matron who had ventured to accompany her soldier husband to this distant spot. But this was by no means the only relic left to indicate the busy and varied life of which these solitudes were the scene so long ago. Altars inscribed to Jupiter and other gods of the Roman mythology, statues and samian ware, coins and tools have been found in profusion, all of them tangible tokens of the culture and

the luxuries which the cohorts of the Tungri, who inhabited this station, brought with them from their far-off home.

How Jonathan Oldbuck would have revelled in all this and how unmercifully would he have dealt with Edie Ochiltree if that worthy had ventured to suggest that he "minded the biggin'" of any of these remains. The antiquary might have felt inclined, as Charles Lamb was on a certain occasion, to feel the bedesman's bumps. But the thought which passes through our mind, and the words which constantly rise to our lips are those of the time-worn phrase "sic transit gloria mundi." Everything is silent, scarcely a human habitation is visible, and all around us are long stretches of brown and purple moorland, quite treeless and swept by the cold north wind. What a contrast this bleak outlook must have presented to the Roman legions accustomed as they were to sunny skies and the heat laden winds of the Mediterranean littoral.

Thanks to Mr Clayton and Dr Bruce and the antiquaries of the north of England great excavations have taken place at Borcovicus in the past, and quite recently the work of research has again been taken up. Foundations have been laid bare, water conduits uncovered, paved roadways brought to light, and only on the day previous to our visit two inscribed stones and three statues were discovered, which, through the kindness of those in charge of the excavations, we had an opportunity of seeing. There is room for much more work, and doubtless fresh discoveries will give added interest to a place already well worth visiting, for its stones are a silent testimony to what Rome could do at the outposts of her great Empire, and in its remains we can learn something of the civilisation she could plant at such an early period in these northern wilds.

Interesting Archæological Discovery at Old Jedward.

IN April last, while Mr James Hall, tenant of Earlshaugh, along with two friends, was examining the ruins of the old church which stood by the side of the Jed on a level meadow called Chapelhaugh, they accidentally came upon four sculptured stones. Having been informed of the discovery, I went out and brought the stones to the Abbey, so that they may be preserved. Three of them have the chevron or zig-zag ornament. Parker in his 'Gothic Architecture,' p. 75, says—'Norman ornaments are of endless variety. The most common is the chevron or zig-zag, and this is used more and more abundantly as the work gets later. It is found at all periods, even in Roman work of the third century, and probably earlier.' There is the zig-zag ornament on both the west and south Norman doors and also on the arches in the choir of Jedburgh Abbey, where it is deep cut and exceedingly well executed, while the sculptured stones found at the chapel at Old Jedward are shallow and such as could have been done with the axe. Having submitted a photograph of the stones to an eminent architect, who is a good authority on Norman architecture, he informs me that the stones numbered 3, 4, and 5 belong to the early Norman period and are from an arch. He is not sure from the photo what the other stone is without seeing the stone itself.

With such reliable information, and from the many wrought stones found amongst the ruins, there is sufficient proof that the style of the architecture of the church has been early Norman. Old Jedward is a place of great antiquity. In a foot note in the new edition of Chalmers' 'Caledonia,' vol. i., p. 426, we have this valuable information, which he gives as a quotation:—'Smith's Bede. I., IV., cap. xxvi., app. No. ii.; Simeon of Durham, col. 69-139. Ecgred, the Bishop of Lindisfarne, who died in A.D. 845, built the two villages of Geddewarde and Geinforde, in Roxburghshire, with the churches thereof, which he gave to the bishopric, with other towns. Anglia Sacra, vol. I., p. 698.'

The place is thus referred to in Morton's 'Monastic Annals of Teviotdale,' p. 2:—'History of the Abbey of Jedburgh.—At the most ancient period to which the history of this place extends, we find that there were two Jedworths. The other was situated about four miles and a half further up the valley, where a small hamlet still retains the name of Old Jedburgh, and where there was formerly a church or chapel, the cemetery of which is still used as a place of interment. Both were built by Ezred, or Egred, a man of noble birth and ample possessions, who was bishop of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, from the year 830 till his death in 845. In the history of that See, by Simeon of Durham, it is recorded that Bishop Egred, among other liberal gifts with which he endowed the monastery at Lindisfarne, gave it the two villages, with whatever belonged to them, both called Jedworth, which he built himself in the district south of the Tweed.'

We have the place also mentioned in the 'New Statistical Account of Scotland,' p. 8—'Antiquities.—At Old Jedworth, about four miles above the present town, are the ruins of a chapel which was founded by Egred, Bishop of Lindesfarn, who died A.D. 845. It is situate amidst a clump of trees in a level field at the side of the river. Its walls have crumbled into mounds, and the tombstones in its churchyard are scarcely visible above the grass. Interesting as is this sacred spot, it has attracted little attention in comparison of the more prominent and magnificent remains of The Abbey of Jedburgh.'.

In Jeffrey's 'History and Antiquities of Roxburghshire,' vol. II., p. 293, he gives the following interesting account:—'Old Jedworth.—The place which bears this name is situated on the left bank of the river Jed, about four miles from Jedburgh. It is thought by many that a large town existed here at an early period, of which a farm onstead and the ruins of a small chapel are the only remains. Chalmers states that "On the west bank of the Jed, in the middle of a vast forest, Ecgred, the Bishop of Landisfarne, who died A.D. 845, built a village, which he named Gedworth, and a church for his village. Even before the age of the beneficent David I., another village of the same name, with a church and a castle, a few miles lower down on the Jed had arisen, and had eclipsed the ancient hamlet. At New Jedburgh David founded a house for the monks of St Augustine." But I doubt if there is any authority for holding that the hamlet on the Jed is older than the burgh. It is no doubt true that the locality of the ruined chapel is called Old Jedworth, but that appellation has been conferred on it in modern times, without reference to its being founded anterior to the existence of the royal burgh. It is believed that long before David's day, Jedburgh was a weorth, or town, of considerable importance, with a religious establishment presided over by a prior, who was afterwards worshipped as a saint. On David succeeding to the territory at his brother's death, the town was fortified by a castle. In his charter to the monks, granting them the multure of his mill of Jedworth, he takes care to distinguish the town by the castle —'ubi castellum est.' The same expressions are used in Earl Henry's grant, and in the charter of King William. When Edward of England granted the forest of Jedburgh to Percy, he also distinguished the town with the castle from the other Jeddeworthe and Bonjedworth. It seems probable that the town at the castle was first founded, and on account of its situation became at an early period a royal residence, while the place called Old Jedworth consisted merely of a few houses gathered together in the neighbourhood of the 'chapel, which was founded in the forest glade, opposite Zernwingslawe.' The situation is one of great beauty, in the middle of one of the little haughs formed by the windings of the river Jed as it flows down the valley from the Border mountains. The only remains of this little chapel, in which the rude forefathers of the hamlet worshipped, are part of the foundation stones, which have escaped being carried away to repair the farm onstead or dykes, by a number of ash-trees growing on the line of the wall. The form and dimensions of the chapel cannot now be ascertained. The traces of small buildings are still to be seen on the south side of the chapel, and about fifty yards from it, in the same direction, a large solitary ash tree stands as a sad memorial of the houses which once existed near it. It is probable that this tree marks the limit of the chapel buildings on the south. It is about eight feet in circumference. The little graveyard on the north can be distinctly traced by a line of ash trees. There are no tombstones to tell the names of those who sleep in this holy place, but certain is it that within the line of ash trees repose the ashes of many a gallant man who has made his way resistless among a thousand foes. No doubt the tombstones have met the same fate that befell the stones of the chapel.'

I have given these quotations to show the historical and antiquarian importance of the place, and that no mention has been made of any sculptured stones having been found there previously, or any attempt to describe the style of the architecture of the church. On this account the recent discovery seems to me all the more interesting and valuable. Mr Hall mentioned to me that he remembered a portion of the wall of the church on the south-east which has crumbled down within a few years. I need not give measurements of the ruins now, as I purpose having a correct plan of the place taken soon. Jeffrey, it will be observed, mentions a large solitary ash tree on the south side of the chapel, and says it was about eight feet in circumference. I find it measures now 11 feet in circumference at the height of three feet from the ground, and thirteen feet six inches one foot from the ground; while trees on the line of the walls of the old church-yard measure respectively eleven feet, nine feet nine inches, and nine feet four inches in circumference. These also will be put in their place in the plan.

WALTER LAIDLAW.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The BORDER MAGAZINE in its next number will complete the sixth yearly volume—a record in the history of Border magazines, no previous publication of this kind having passed the second volume. While the above facts speak for the stability of the present Magazine, it is our earnest desire that the circulation of the BORDER MAGAZINE should be largely increased. For the attainment of this desired end we depend to a large extent on our readers, who, by placing the Magazines before their friends, may at once increase the circulation very considerably, and so enable us to introduce improvements which we have under consideration. We invite contributions from our readers on Border history, literature, and folklore, but it is not desirable that these articles should exceed two pages of the Magazine. Poetical contributions must have some bearing on Border subjects, as editors have generally more poetry sent to them than they require. The name and address of the writers should be affixed to all MSS.

The Border Keep.

IONA.

In connection with the St Ronan's revival which has been referred to at considerable length in the last issue of the BORDER MAGAZINE, and the claims made that St Ronan succeeded St Columba by about two centuries, it is interesting to note that in the Western Isles there is a Bay of Ronan. This geographical fact seems to support the statement of the historian Adaman 737 A.D., that there existed a St Ronan as above stated. Hitherto the St Ronan story has been looked upon as a myth invented by Sir Walter Scott when writing his "St Ronan's Well," but the heraldic and archæological researches which have been set afoot by a leal son of St Ronan's may yet rescue the tradition from the mist of antiquity and place it on a firm historical basis.

* * *

In connection with the article which is printed in another column on a lost city of the olden times, I may remark that since the article was written the privilege of inspecting Housesteads has been withdrawn by the owner. It is the old story, too frequently told about the antiquities of our country. The privilege of seeing this most interesting relic has been grossly abused. Some people whose brain power seems to have been in inverse proportion to their physical power have found an amusement suitable to their mental calibre in rolling the huge stones, of which Housesteads was built, down the slopes of the ridge where the Roman military city stood. Thus once more the insensate folly of the few reduces materially the privileges and pleasures of the many.

* * *

While speaking of vandalism, I might mention the crusade which is being made by the Rev. Mr Borland, the popular minister of Yarrow,

against those who climb the railings which surround the Hogg monument and scribble names and addresses all over the surface of the pedestal. The fact that the railing has to be climbed shows that this form of vandalism does not arise from mere thoughtlessness, but what the Yankees would term pure "cussedness." The Rev. gentleman referred to has recently been making a tour in the United States and Canada, and has come home filled with admiration for the way in which public monuments are respected on the other side of the Atlantic. He has been writing a series of most interesting articles on his travels, which have been published in the widely-circulated "Southern Reporter." In one of his articles he suggested that the well-known vandalism of our countrymen might to some extent be cured if the subject would be taken up in our public schools. Not content with this suggestion, however, the rev. gentleman has himself adopted a more immediate and drastic measure by publishing the names which are written on the Hogg monument at St Mary's Loch. In this, however, as in all other things, the innocent have to suffer with the guilty, for a considerable percentage of the names were not put there by the supposed signatories. I know of one case where an impertinent apprentice boy, who deserved a good birching, climbed the railing of the Hogg monument and wrote the names of twelve ladies and gentlemen, who are employed in a Border Store, which has also the honour of employing this young hopeful. To give variety to the inscription he added such addresses as France, New Zealand, South Africa, &c., which, doubtless, impressed the readers when the names appeared in Mr Borland's black list. The rev. gentleman will have the sympathies of the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE in the important matter to which he has put his hands, and it is sincerely to be hoped that this crusade will have the effect of banishing vandalism from lone St Mary's.

* * *

A writer in the "Glasgow Evening News" thus touches on the subject of one of Scott's heroes:—

I had the pleasure recently of meeting in Glasgow a descendant of Robert Paterson, known to fame as "Old Mortality." It was "Old Mortality's" self-imposed occupation of erecting and renewing the gravestones of Covenanters who had fallen in the fight for their religious freedom that drew Sir Walter Scott's attention to this strange character, and it is in that light he is remembered to-day by the people. His family, however, had different reasons for not forgetting their ancestor. They have the recollection forced upon them that while still a man in the prime of life, he neglected his business of quarrier and left his wife and children to starve while he made pilgrimages to all the old kirkyards, in the South of Scotland especially, in pursuit of his gratuitous labours. He died, as he had lived, a wanderer. For a long time all efforts to discover the place of his burial were futile, but latterly it was found that he had been interred in Caerlaverock kirkyard, some miles from Dumfries, and there is now a suitable tombstone placed above the remains of this hardy old upholder of the banner of Scottish religious liberty. Peace to his ashes!

* * *

Some months ago I cut the following interesting item from a Border newspaper, which goes to prove once more the wide-spread interest taken in anything connected with Sir Walter Scott:—

In a short time, a unique ceremony of great interest to readers of Sir Walter Scott will take place on the confines of the West Riding and Derbyshire. A short time ago the old Trysting Oak in Harthill Walk, so frequently mentioned in "Ivanhoe," was felled to the ground in order to preserve the trunk. The tree was one of the oldest in England, and is described by Scott as being venerable when siege was laid to the Castle of Torquilstone. The tree stood on the estate of the Duke of Leeds, whose agent, Mr Mozey, is devoted to Scott. By his instructions the tree was taken down, and the trunk will be preserved on the lawn in front of Mr Mozey's house. A young oak is to be planted by the Duchess of Leeds on the site of the Trysting Tree. At the ceremony some interesting information will be given regarding Scott's connection with the neighbourhood, which he so vividly described in the pages of "Ivanhoe;" and the sites of Torquilstone Castle, Rotherwood, and Copmanhurst will be located.

I noticed that this interesting ceremony was held on Oct. 3.

* * *

By the rule of the contraries, readers ought to turn their attention to one particular Waverley Novel, after reading the following:—

"A journalist" writes to the "Westminster Gazette":—One of your literary correspondents asks if any of your readers go through Scott yearly. I do—bar "Count Robert of Paris" and some others. An accident laid me on my back recently for three weeks. Besides working three or four hours daily, I read in that time the whole of Scott, "Count Robert" alone excepted, and three books of the "Iliad." My injured limb is now quite whole.

We are left in doubt as to the cause of cure in the above case. The last sentence seems to indicate that the "Illiad" and Scott's works have some healing virtue in them. One trembles to think what might have happened had "A Journalist" ventured to read "Count Robert of Paris."

* * *

As I have frequently pointed out, this page is principally intended for the preservation of interesting paragraphs connected with the Borderland, and any items sent to me through the Editor will be gratefully received by

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Border Holiday Musings.

By J. A. D., G.

WE have stood sometimes on the banks of some rushing, roaring stream and watched its foaming waters plunging along over rocks and stones and other obstructions in wild impetuous career, and we have compared such a stream to our own life with its ceaseless flow and rush and restlessness. As the waters chafe against the rocks and stones so is our life met and broken and obstructed and modified. The thing about modern life—about all life—which impresses one is that whatever happens it must be proceeded with—at any cost, in any circumstances—till it too is hushed in the sea of eternity. But we have all noticed that even in the most impetuous river there are quiet corners here and there where the turgid waters swirl for a moment into silence and stillness in the midst of their rush and roar.

I would like to carry this simile into the life picture too. There ought to be such quiet corners in that stream, be its course ever so rapid—quiet times of dreamy thought, or reverie or retrospect, which, even as the clear pools of the river, take at least the reflection of the clear heavens above them.

One of the acutest of present-day essayists pours gentle scorn on the somewhat petulent opinion which we often hear expressed that our times are those of stress and change and movement more keen and impellant than those of any preceding age. Be that as it may, life always tends towards the vortex, and there are scores of faithful workers whose lives would be fuller, richer, and better for more frequent relaxation. The author of "Letters to Working Men" relates how he himself worked from six in the morning till ten at night, besides studying for hours before and after these hours of labour. Even during meal times he avers he pursued his studies. Men like that may gather vast stores of knowledge, may even achieve social distinction such as many of us could envy. Let it also be admitted that they lead lives of usefulness and honour. But I maintain that they have missed something worth having that they might have had. For like the rushing, roaring stream they take no heed of the flowers which grow on the banks, or the sheltering trees, or the whisper of the breeze, or the song birds in the woods. It is one wild rush with them from beginning to end, till their lives, too, grow broader and deeper, and, like the river, muddier, albeit they fill an important place among the dwellings of busy men—like the rivers, too, which form roads for the world commerce, bearing upon their heaving bosoms mighty merchantmen—which gather on their banks, towns, and manufactories, where the low unceasing hum, as of the very loom of time, tells of human labour. Think for a moment of those other streams besides which we so love to wander in the drowsy summer noon—streams which flow so musically, clearly, humbly, cheerily, giving one only the soothing impression of the "satisfying sound of running waters." In such streams you will find many of those clear quiet pools, where for a time the waters lie still to receive and reflect the blue of Heaven. And as you sit on the stones all fringed with delicate ferns and moss and wild thyme you realise the wisdom and force of Wordsworth's lines:—

> "There are powers
> Which of themselves our lives impress;
> That we can feed this mind of ours
> By a wise passiveness."

But do you ask is life to be thus less energetic, less virile? Nay, more so. My quiet streams are none the less persistently flowing onward, though they have time to reflect and form part of the beauty which surrounds them. What I say is that the lives that are one wild rush and struggle from beginning to end have missed the beauty and peace of those which have the quiet eddies in their course. For life must be receptive as well as progressive. Streams of knowledge will and do feed and enlarge it; but there are other influences—the secret teaching of nature, the echoes from another world lying so near to us sometimes—which must not be neglected. The mind must be allowed to rest betimes to learn that there are beauties and joys—ay, and priceless lessons too—apart even from the rush and turmoil of work, valuable as that may be. "But time is money," says some one; so be it, rich and prosperous mentor; but if money can give anyone an equivalent for the peaceful joy I had in one hour on a heath-covered slope on a calm moorland height, then money can do more than the world wots of. Despise my philosophy who will, I affirm that those lives are happiest, richest, most full of good which have learned simply to be receptive now and then. And where could one find more fitting place for such purpose than this calm moorland height on such a lovely autumn afternoon. Who has never visited Howden Hill, about a mile out from Selkirk, has yet to see one of the fairest "bits" which that lovely district has to boast of. On every hand one is surrounded by the witchery of poetic and his-

toric associations. Behind us, and all but hidden by the hill lies the town of Selkirk, while beneath stretches the valley of the Ettrick away down until it is lost in that of Tweed, and the hills about Galashiels and the "Heights of Yair" shut in the distance on that side. In front we have the hills of Selkirkshire piled away into the purple distance. Closer at hand the valleys of Ettrick and Yarrow may be seen converging upon Carterhaugh, with Black Andro rising up dark and grim between them. Nestling amongst trees at is base you may observe Bowhill House, the home in this district of the Scotts of Buccleuch. "Newark's ruin hoary" lies in the hollow just beyond it. And there, just to the right, rises the square tower of Philiphaugh—reminding us of the "bold, bad outlaw," who defied the king and all his force. As the ballad has it:—

"Thir lands are mine, the Outlaw said,
I ken nae king in Chrisendie.
Frae Soudron I this Foreste wan
When king nor his knights were not here to see
Ere the king my faire country get,
This land that is nativest to me,
Many of his nobles sall be cauld,
Their Ladyes sall be right wearie."

The battlefield of Philiphaugh is just beside the house, where the power of the ill-starred Montrose was broken by General David Leslie. How beautiful Philiphaugh hills are with the warm tints of autumn. How much the district owes to the last of the Murrays—the late Sir John—who planted all those woods.

Down in the valley there is Carterhaugh, the scene of the ballad "Young Tamlane," in many respects the most interesting of the many Yarrow ballads. At all events it has little of the gruesome, and gives less of what old Gawain Douglas might have called "the gousty schaddois of eild and grizzly deeds," than those others, although there is enough of uncanny suggestion. Was it on such a night as this that the fair Janet Dunbar fell a victim to the fairy wiles of Young Tamlane, or the Earl of Murray. It must have been later in the season, as the ballad runs:—

"This night is Hallow-e'en, Janet,
The morn is Hallow day,
And gin ye dare your true love win
Ye hae nae time to stay.

The night it is good Hallow-e'en,
When fairy folk will ride,
And they that would their true love win,
At Myles Cross they maun bide."

Myles Cross, as any countryman will tell you, lies in the hollow below Bowhill House, and there Janet Dunbar waited the arrival of the fairy train and ultimately rescued her lover from the fairies.

But if you look quite beyond Bowhill House, you can observe where the woods end and the bare moorland begins—that is Yarrow proper. From where we sit we can see enough to make us feel that there "all is loneliness." And this loneliness of the moorland is a most strikingly wondrous thing. It is so absolute—it seems to breathe—to become tangible. It becomes almost oppressive after a while to those not accustomed to it. James Russell Lowell, speaking of London, calls attention to the low unceasing hum which is always in the air; it is not an accident, he goes on to say, like a tempest or a cataract, but it impresses him as being an indication of human will and impulse. But in these moorland solitudes there are far other sounds which meet the ear. Musical philosophers tell us that all the sounds of nature when reduced to the measure of music are found to be on the minor key—the sighing of the wind, the moaning of the ocean, the wild mixing music of a troop of gray plovers, or the solitary note of the moorcock—all minor music. Is it a sigh for paradise—an heirloom of the Fall? Who shall say. True it is, however, that even on the sunniest day one does not hear the indescribably plaintive voices of the moorland without a nameless thrill of sadness; and when multiplied by the echoes through the mist or the storm they seem like cries of distress or wailings of woe from another world.

But we have not yet exhausted our view—there is Ettrick valley. Though there is not much to note, still Ettrick has a beauty all her own, which she does not reveal except to the close observer. The scenery is sterner, perhaps. Turning to look downward, the view is much more extensive and varied. The river "winding through the pomp of cultivated nature" looks like a silver thread in the slanting rays, and seems to lose itself in the woods above where Abbotsford must be hidden.

And thus we sit in the twilight and watch the shadows deepen, and the figures of the past days which can be conjured up seem to obliterate all the worries of the present and give the keynote of a melody of unimagined sweetness —can open the way into a world of undimmed delight; and as we retrace our steps we feel a gladness in our heart and a larger capacity for admiration by having tried to look at nature in her purest serenity of simple loveliness.

From Langholm to the Linns.

IT has been our privilege on more than one occasion to saunter from the Muckle Toon to the Linns of Penton. The walk was always a source of pleasure and delight. With so much beauty how could it be otherwise?

Not every day does the traveller meet with scenery such as surrounds "the Lang'am." On all hands there are heath-clad hills, sparkling rills, and waving crested woods, with the siller Esk flowing between. There are all those features in the scenery which at once constitute the placid, the sublime, and the grand. When viewed from Whita's rugged steeps, Warblaw's heathery slopes, or Timpen's velvet knolls one is reminded of the lines of the poet—

Oh, the breezy moorland where the purple heather lies,
Gleaming 'neath the beauty of the golden summer skies,
Where hare-bells lifts their azure eyes, the scented wind to greet,
As it shimmers o'er the heather stealing its odour sweet.
Beneath a mossy carpet, a tapestry of flowers,
Woven in threads of gold from heaven's own sunny bowers—
No hand of man is here, 'tis nature's own design,
And matchless in its beauty because the hand's Divine
The fragrance of the heather in the still evening air,
Comes wafting o'er the senses like the incense of prayer,
And all that breaks the silence is the wild bird on the wing,
Uttering his lonely cry o'er mountain, tarn, and linn.
Our weary feet are rested, our weary hands are still,
As we gaze upon the beauty of moorland, heath, and hill.

Turning away from the town, encircled by impressive hills, we pass the distillery, once a paper mill, and cross the Skipper's Bridge, part of which was erected when masons wages were only a few coppers per day. Fine views are obtained from this bridge, perhaps the most romantic on the Esk. Beyond this point the road enters the Dean Banks, named after a deanery, frequented by the Knight Templars.

For several miles the roadway passes under an avenue of trees, and is said to be one of the finest in Scotland. There are oaks, larches, and silver firs out of number, many of these as they line the Esk rise to a height of 130 feet and were no higher than a man in 1766. The undergrowth of flowers, ferns, and plants in exceedingly rich. There are acres of some of our finest British ferns. As the traveller proceeds the size and symetry of the trees and the pretty glimpses of the Esk in its varying moods combine to form an impressive picture.

Often has our hearts been touched and our thoughts stirred by the deep sylvan silence of those woods, a silence often only broken by the twitter and song of the birds, the murmuring of the river, or the sighing of the trees; disturbed only by the wood-pigeon crossing the blue open overhead, or by the gamboling rabbits on the grassy knolls.

What a lesson is here. Trees and bushes spread out their arms in unconscious prayer, and nature lavishes on them heat, light, air, moisture, and all other necessary bounties. By day they are bathed in nourishing sunshine, and watered by night with gracious reviving dews.

Then how the flowers silently push up their heads in the face of gravity. How the invisible hand forms them into things of beauty. They develope we know not how. They grow daily, and we wonder not, for it is nature—'tis God. The eye must be dim, the ear heavy, and the mind dull who cannot see the Creator's footsteps and hear His voice amid such surroundings. What a blessing that—

Nature's charms—the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales and flowing floods,
Are free alike to all.

In the heart of "the Banks" we come up with the Seceders' Well, named after the men and women who were wont to walk from Canonbie, and far beyond, to the Seceder's Kirk at Langholm, and who were wont to drink from the spring. Passing through the charming track of country that stretches away to the Hollows, we have glimpses of Broomholm, on the opposite bank. Penant says it occupies the site of an ancient British town. Near to it is a well-defined portion of the Roman road which runs through Eskdale to Overbie.

On the fringe of a verdant holm stands Irvine House, the residence of the Duke of Buccleuch's Chamberlain, whilst on the other side of the road way is Auchinrivock, where stood one of Johnnie Armstrong's towers. Further on, where the wood again touches the Esk, are the fossil beds known to the scientific world as the "Scorpion shales of Eskdale."

Beyond, Gilnockie or Hollows Tower, a well preserved typical Border peel, rises by the river side and forms a striking feature in a view of surpassing loveliness, one immortalised by Scott in his "Border Minstrelsy." The tower is one of the many strongholds that were in the olden time thickly planted along the Borderland.

"Sternly placed,
They overawed the woodland and the waste."

After passing through the Hollows village, and near to the spot where in the winters of '43-'44, the Free Church of Canonbie worshipped by the roadside, Gilnockie Bridge is reached. Here is to be seen the most lovely woodland scenery in the whole of Eskdale. Indeed it is said to be unsurpassed by any in the country. At the east end of the bridge stood Gilnockie fort, the stronghold of the famous freebooter. To this castle came the king's messenger in 1530, who is represented to have said to the Laird—

"The King of Scotlande sint me here,
And, gude Outlaw, I am sint to thee;
I wad wot of whom ye hold your landis,
Or, man, wha may they master be."

To this the redoubtable Gilnockie replied—

"Thir landis are mine, the Outlaw said,
I wan them frae the enemie,
Like as I wan them sae will I keep them,
Contrair a' Kings in Christentie."

The roadway has taken us right into Canonbie, "the town of the canons," where in days of yore there was racing and chasing after the hero who had carried off the fair bride of Netherby. Away to the left is the picturesque and romantic scenery of Byerburn, where many interesting fossils now adorning the Edinburgh Museum were found. Lymiecleuch is next touched, but between these points lies some of the finest sylvan scenery in the south. Canonbie village and church, with "God's acre," are off to the right. Pressing onwards we come to the colleries and village of Rowanburn. Passing through Archerbeck wood birds chant their favourite songs and nature basks in glorious sunshine.

The road for some miles lies along the river Liddle, passing Harlaw, where stood the Tower of Hector Armstrong and Millholme Cross, and through a tract of country rich in legend and story of raid and daring exploits of Armstrongs, Elliots, and other Border clans. Our way, however, is to the right and brings us to the Liddle and the Linns of Penton.

The Linns, three miles from the confluence with the Esk, are undoubtedly the grandest object on the Liddle. We enter on the scene where the river is contracted by stupendous rocks. Our way is sometimes amongst the rocks and sometimes in the wood. The water dashes and boils among the boulders, making a deafening roar as they storm their angry way through the rugged rocks. On the Scotch side there are romantic terrace walks, and from these delightful views of the Linns are obtained. The perpendicular rocks and precipices which narrow the bed of the river are overgrown with copse-wood of great variety and tint of foliage. Seated on the isolated rock, standing well into the water, watching the river dash down the rugged channel and viewing the wild grandeur of the surroundings one beholds—

"Such beauty varying in the light,
Of luring nature cannot be portrayed,
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill,
But is the property of Him above."

Emerging from the Linns we face homewards. The evening is calm and still, the wayside flowers are closing their petals for the night, and the birds warble their evening song of praise. Farm-houses nestled among the trees and the the Liddle flashed and glittered in the rays of the sunsetting in a bed of crimson and gold, with the plains bathed in golden light and the curling smoke rose from many a homestead, and distant hills radient with brilliant colouring.

"Now eve o'erhangs the western cloud's thick brow,
The far-stretched curtain of retiring light,
With fiery treasures fraught, that on the sight
Flash from the bulging sides where darkness lowers,
In fancy's eye a chain of mould'ring towers,
Or craggy crests just rising into view,
'Midst javelins dire and darts of streaming blue.'

G. M. R.

Old Talla.*

(To W. Boyd, Esq.)

Place me where old Talla runs,
Far from noise, and strife of men;
Where alone the far-off linns
Wake the silence of the glen.

All around tower mountains bold,
Set in brackens and wild heather;
E'en as when in days of old,
Morning stars sang loud together.

Sign of busy life's there's none,
All is pensive, all is dreaming;
Silver rills in undertone
Greet the pale sun's fitful gleaming.

Time has flown since forest eld,
When, by cleuch and corrie drear;
Wolf and boar roamed free and bold,
Heedless of the huntsman's spear.

Still, the heaven-born stream glints by,
Bold through rocks, and sad through mosses;
Little dreams what destiny
Whispers 'mong the reeds and rushes.

For, not ocean's bosom vast,
Shall receive the lone stream's croon;
But by man's device held fast,
It shall prove a city's boon!

. . . . . .

Thus we muse, as through the glen
Talla winds 'mid pastoral beauty;
Knowing that full soon again,
Fate calls dreamers back to duty.

Duncan Fraser.

*The name given to that part of the river above the falls.

St Marys' Aisle, Dryburgh Abbey.

Meet resting-place by his beloved Tweed,
Amid the graceful ruins of old time,
For him whose wizard spell of potent rhyme
Brought back the old time with its heroic deed
And charm of beauty. Slender as a reed
Is the slim pillar on the transept tall
Where the lush wall-flower blooms, and over all
A rowan grows, where some wind-wafted seed
Had lodged, and all is silent as a dream,
But for a throstle on the ancient yew,
But for the low faint murmur of the stream:
And sweet old-fashioned scents are floating through
The arch from thyme and briar, as for ever
Shall his sweet nature haunt this fabled river.

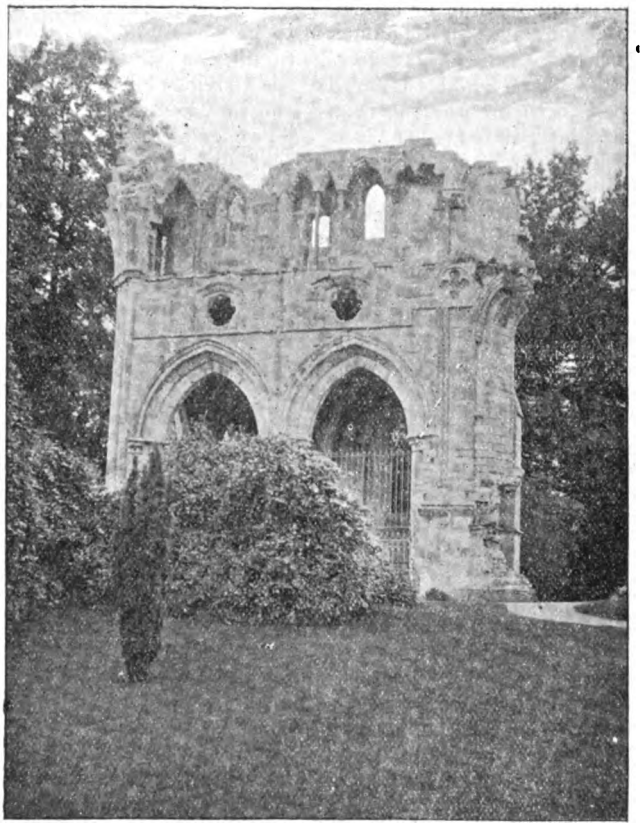
Dr Walter Smith.

Southdean.

By George Watson.

SIR WALTER ELLIOT, after describing two ancient camps in the immediate neighbourhood of Chesters, says:—"I imagine Chesters to have been a place of note in early times." This may have been so, but since the dawn of record Southdean has occupied a more prominent place than her sister village. Jeffrey gives the etymology of the name as follows:—"Sud," in the Teutonic, means south; "Dene," in the Saxon, signifies valley; whence the south valley, which exactly describes the locality. In dealing with its history, I shall endeavour to give the name as spelt in the original. In 1260, or perhaps within eight years after that date, a person named Galfrid appears in record as being Vicar of Soudon. On 6th January, 1292, Edward I. of England, as lord paramount of Scotland, caused his chancellor, William of Dumfries, to send letters patent to "his beloved Ade de Oberneston," a cleric, containing his appointment to Sudhden Church, which was without a vicar. Southdean is very immediately connected with a notable event in Scottish history about the close of the fourteenth century. The Scottish Earls, having determined to take advantage of the distracted state of England, resolved, at a meeting held at Aberdeen, "that in the year of our Lord God a thousand three hundred fourscore and eight, they should all meet, with their puissance, on the frontiers of Cumberland, at a castle in the high forest called Jedworth." The nobles met on the day and at the place appointed. Froissart, the Tacitus of French historians, whose chronicles are my guide in this incident, gives the numbers as "twelve hundred spears, and forty thousand men besides, with their archers," who "thus met together in the marches of Jedworth," and while here they appointed a day to meet at a church in a fair heath, called Zedon. Meanwhile tidings had reached England that the Scots intended to invade the country of their enemies, for which purpose they were to assemble at Jedworth, and for the purpose of ascertaining the plans of their enemies, "they sent a gentleman of England, who knew right well the marches of Scotland, and specially the Forest of Jedburgh, where the Scots should assemble." This English squire managed to reach the Church of Zedon without being discovered, and having tethered his horse to a tree some distance off, he entered in among the Scottish nobles like one of their servants. Having heard all that he wanted to learn, the spy made for the place where he had left his steed, but a Scotsman had been there before him, and had unloosed the rope which made fast the horse when the owner of it wasn't looking. To protest against this method of treatment was not in the Englishman's programme, so he "went forth afoot, booted and spurred, and when he was gone from the church two bowshots, then there were two Scottish knights talked between themselves, and said one to another, 'Fellow, I have seen a marvel; behold, yonder a man goeth alone, and, as I think, he hath lost his horse, for he came by and spoke no word: I ween he be one of our company; let us ride after him and prove my saying.'" They rode after him and overtook him, and his replies being contradictory, they brought him before the Earl of Douglas and the other Scottish Lords, who, having compelled him to divulge who he was, elicited from him such information as enabled them to decide what course to pursue. Having committed the spy to the custody of the constable of Jedworth [Forest], with instructions that he should be securely kept, the Scottish army divided, "and departed from Jedworth." The main body of the Scots entered Cumberland and did considerable destruction there, while the other body, to the number of about 3000, under the Earls of Douglas, March, and Moray, reached as far south as the county of Durham. This raid ended in the Battle of Otterburn, fought on August 19th, 1388. It is but right to state that Yetholm also is identified with the Zedon of Froissart; and, indeed, no other place vied with that old village for the honour, until the late Mr Thomas Turnbull, schoolmaster, of Glendouglas, promulgated the idea that Southdean might be the place in question. Mr Turnbull gave as his reason for arriving at this conclusion that, which he had discovered lately, Southdean was in early times spelt "Sudon." I think that there are other

reasons in favour of Mr Turnbull's statement. Let me observe in passing that Jedburgh Castle being in the hands of the English at this time, the Scottish nobles could not meet there. The castle described as being on the frontier of Cumberland in the high forest of Jedworth is therefore in all probability the Castle of Hermitage, which, taken from the English about thirty years before this, was the property of the Earl of Douglas, a moving spirit in the projected raid. It is only fair to state, however, that the position of the castle does not exactly fulfil Froissart's description, being a little beyond the confines of Jedburgh Forest, and in the tract of country then termed the Valley of Liddesdale. Any of the smaller forts in the Forest would, however, not answer their purpose as a meeting place, on account of their inadequacy to hold such a large company of nobles. "The church on the heath" is a faithful description of the old Southdean Church, with the expanse of moor before it. Southdean was a convenient place where the Scottish army might assemble, as the Forest around afforded ample shelter under which an army might assemble without fear of detection. From such a centre, also, the Scottish army might invade England by the east, or by the middle, or by the west. We know for certain that one column chose the latter course, which makes it all the more probable that Southdean was the starting-point. Again, before the two columns separated, it had been agreed that, should either be pursued by an English army, such column should not engage in battle, but rather retreat, in order to, if possible, effect a junction with the other column. When overtaken by the English host at Otterburn Earl Douglas' division was within twenty-one miles of, and on the direct road to, Southdean, which was doubtless the rendezvous of the two columns. Sir William Fraser, the author of the Douglas Book, points out that the exact landmarks by which they guided their course have been preserved in



ST MARY'S AISLE, DRYBURGH ABBEY, BURIAL PLACE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

the old ballad on the Battle of Otterburn, namely, Ottercops Hill and Rothley Crags, which proves that they entered England by Carter Fell. Fraser points out also that Hume of Godscroft, who wrote a history of the Douglasses about three and a half centuries ago, describes the place of muster as "Suddan Church, in Jedworth forrest." Yetholm does not answer to the description of being situated in Jedworth Forest. Zedon has been, and, unfortunately, still continues to be, translated Yetholm. This is done with insufficient reason. The reason for translating it thus hangs entirely upon the supposed similarity in the names, but where the similarity comes in is not patent. In notices I have of that place, dated 1379 and 1392, it is there spelt Yetham, whereas in a notice I have of this place, dated 1404, it is spelt Soudon. Let the unprejudiced decide from this alone which of the two is the more likely to be the "Zedon" of Sir John Froissart. I find that, on 22nd June, 1388, letters of safe conduct were granted by the English King to Richard Kays, armiger, who was about to set out to the parts of Scotland, "at our compliance." The date is very suggestive. This may be the spy who was captured near Southdean Church. Jeffrey is apparently the first to hit upon the discovery which is here ascribed to the late Mr Thomas Turnbull, Glendouglas, but the historian of Roxburghshire, who promulgates this theory in Vol. II. of his "History," obtained the information originally from Mr Turnbull. White, in his "Battle of Otterburn," although accepting as true Mr Turnbull's theory, makes no acknowledgment. But Hill Burton, in his "History of Scotland," ascribes the theory to a "local antiquarian." In 1404 the Rector of Souden was Master Thomas de Foresta, licentiate in decrees. The Rectory says Cosmo Innes, seems to have been in the advowson either of the crown or of the lord of the manor. In 1455 the Rector of Sowdon was Robert Pendven. In a charter given under the Great Seal, to the Earl of Angus, Joh. Inglis, rectore de Soudoune, appears as a witness. The date of the charter is 10th October, 1472. In November, 1513, Sir John Ratclif, at the head of 500 men, entered Scotland, and burnt the towns of Sowdon and Lurchestruther, and many towers in the neighbourhood. On 5th September, 1528, James V., for good service, gave to Walter Scott of Branxhelm the lordship of Jedburgh Forest; also the advocation of the church of Sowdoun. In 1559, Master Hugh Douglas was rector of Soudoun. He was also chamberlain of Melrose Abbey. About eight years after this the church was served by an exhorter, and in 1575 by a reader, each of whom received £13, 6s 8d as their stipend, which, Cosmo Innes says, "was probably the value of the vicarage. The parsonage and vicarage, as given up to 1577-1600, were together valued at forty bolls of meal and forty teind lambs." In Baiamund's Roll the Rectorie de Sudon was valued at £4 sterling. In the Taxatis, sec. xvi., it was valued at £3, 8s; and in the Libellus Taxationum at £16. In the reign of Charles I. a company of soldiers was stationed at Southdean. All, or part, of these were, in the year 1639, recalled. There seems to be some doubt as to where the churches of Southdean stood. Jeffrey calls the editor of the Origines Parochiales Scotiæ to question over the location of the site. I consider that the churches of Southdean Parish have had at least four different sites. Rev. William Scott, the writer of the Southdean portion of the Old Statistical Account, says that "There is also one place where it is said a chapel stood before the Reformation, three miles from the old church; but almost no vestige of its walls now appears." Rev. Dr Mair of Southdean informs me that this was the old church at Lethem, which is situated in Southdean Parish. Timothy Pont's map of Teviotdale is misleading regarding the situation of many places, amongst which is the old church of Southdean. This old church which stood on the south base of Southdean Law, fell into ruins in the seventeenth century. One Sabbath afternoon in the year of 1688 the roof of the church fell in. Fortunately the congregation had been dismissed. The foundations of the old building may still be traced. Two years afterwards, another church reared its head at the village of Chesters. The old doorway in it is pre-Reformation, having been transported from the old church at the base of Southdean Law. A memorable year for Southdean was that of 1700, as it was in the latter part of that year that the father of James Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," was transferred to Southdean Parish Church. The poet's father is buried near the south wall of the church. In 1777, the parish of Abbotrule was suppressed, and half of it was added to Southdean parish. The present church, of the early Gothic style, was built in 1876.—*Paper delivered at a meeting of Jedburgh Ramblers' Club at Southdean.*

The Border Land.

THIS is the land where my fathers dwelt,
My fathers, long ago—
The land of legend and of song,
Where the Tweed and the Yarrow flow.

This is the glorious "Land of Scott;"
And I feel the mysterious spell
Of his wizard power, at the present hour,
In my spirit strangely swell.

My home is now 'midst the Highland hills;
Yet here by the Tweed I stand,
And lifting my eye from its waters, I cry,
Hurrah for the Border Land! K.

A Rare Border Book.

CAPTAIN WALTER SCOTT of Satchells, the author of "A True History of Several Honourable Families of the Right Honourable Name of Scot," according to the statement contained in the Epistle Dedicatory to the History, was born in the year 1613.

Among the "Scots Abroad" there are few more interesting figures than that of the redoubtable Captain, but, unfortunately, the materials for constructing a complete biography are awanting. What there is, however, has been diligently culled and arranged by Mr Winning, who wrote the preface and edited the last reprint of this rare old book, and from this we are enabled to get a glance of a striking personality, portraying the characteristics of the better class of the Scottish Soldier of Fortune of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

"Satchells itself, a piece of land near Ashkirk, is an estate very like the paternal acres of Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket; that is to say, it grows more heather, whin, and ling than golden grain, so Mr Winning declares." This prototype of Dugald was born in 1613, and was a son of Robert Scot of Satchells, his maternal grandfather being Sir Robert Scot of Thirlestane, and after whose death Robert Scott was unable to send his children to school, and Walter, who seems to have been one of the younger members, 'never was an hour at school,' was sent to herd cattle, but he soon gave them the slip, and, at the early age of sixteen years, followed Buccleuch to Holland. How long he served abroad is not known, but his service altogether amounted to the long number of fifty-seven years, and so this 'ould souldier and no scholler' at the end of his days retires to the muirland solitudes of the Border hills and employs his time in producing this rhyming chronicle of the Scots, a book that exerted much influence over the juvenile mind of Sir Walter Scott. How continually its wild and uncouth doggerel was on his lips to his latest day all his familiars can testify. The 'True History' begins with a few autobiographical notes, and then we have a procession of classical figures and allusions that would not disgrace the best scholar of his time. One of the most interesting parts to a Borderer, however, is the graphic description of the rescue of Kinmont Willie from Carlisle Castle, and the description of Buccleuch's journey to London to see Queen Elizabeth anent it.

"A 1000 gentlemen conveyed him over Tweed,
They put him to Flowden Field,
The length of Scotland's ground,
And there took leave and back again returned."

He was accompanied by Sir Robert Scott and four attendants; and so on horseback they set off on their somewhat perilous journey. Their first stage was Morpeth, then Durham, Borrowbridge, Doncaster, Newark, Stenfoord, Huntingdon, Ware, and London. A glance at the map will show what a direct road was chosen. The time taken was ten days, including a Sunday's rest at Newark, thirty-four miles being the longest day's journey.

The Post'rals appear to have been written and sent to the respective gentlemen to whom they are dedicated, probably with a view to their not forgetting the old man. The complete book, Satchells tells us, was not printed for sale, but given to worthy persons of renown, and not many copies above twelve score were printed. This explains the great rarity of the first edition, there being no copy in the British Museum or the Advocates' Library. The book, as it now appears, contains a complete bibliography and a most interesting genealogy of the Gledstones, ancestors of the late William Ewart Gladstone. It is printed on hand-made paper, nicely bound, and no expense or trouble seems to have been spared by editor and publisher in producing a volume worthy of the Borders. The value of the book is much enhanced by the copious notes of local and general interest regarding the various families, and by fac-similes of the title pages of the first edition (one of which we reproduce); and last, but not least, by the fact of its being a faithful transcript of the very rare original edition in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.

The edition we are now dealing with was limited, like the first edition, to 240 copies, and these are now very scarce. The lowest price at which this rare and valuable book can now be got is ONE GUINEA, but the Editor of the BORDER MAGAZINE is in a position to send, carriage paid, to any of his readers who may apply at once, a perfect copy for TWELVE SHILLINGS. As only a few copies can be supplied, this offer will not be repeated.

A TRUE

HISTORY

Of ſeveral Honourable Families of the Right Honourable NAME of

SCOT.

In the Shires of *Roxburgh* and *Selkirk*, and others adjacent.

Gathered out of Ancient Chronicles, Hiſtories, and Traditions of our Fathers.

BY

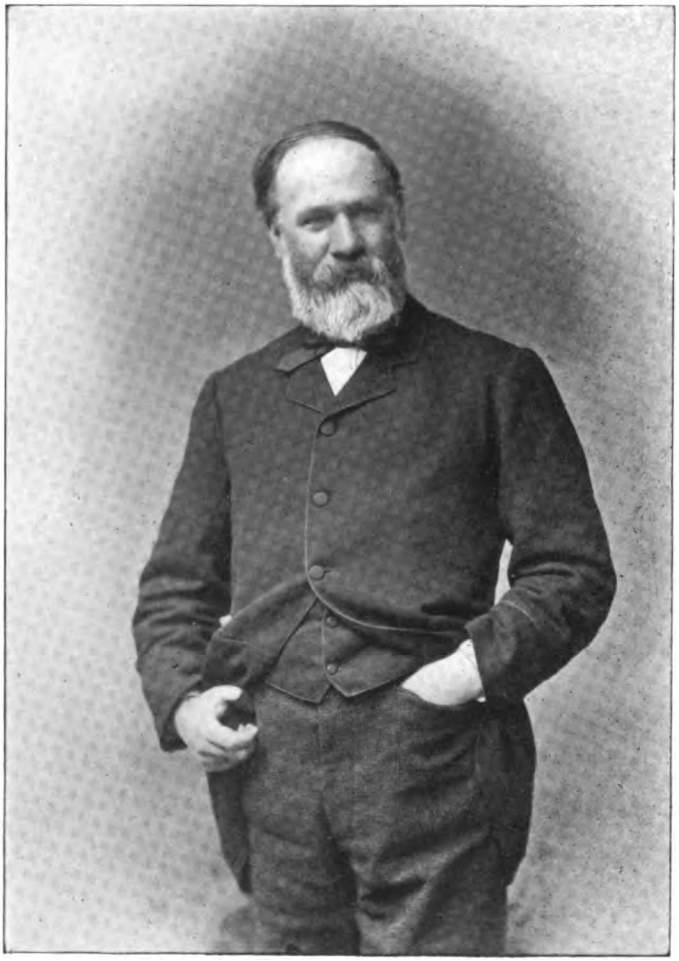
Capt. *WALTER SCOT*,
An old Souldier, and no Scholler,

And one that can Write nane,
But juſt the Letters of his Name.

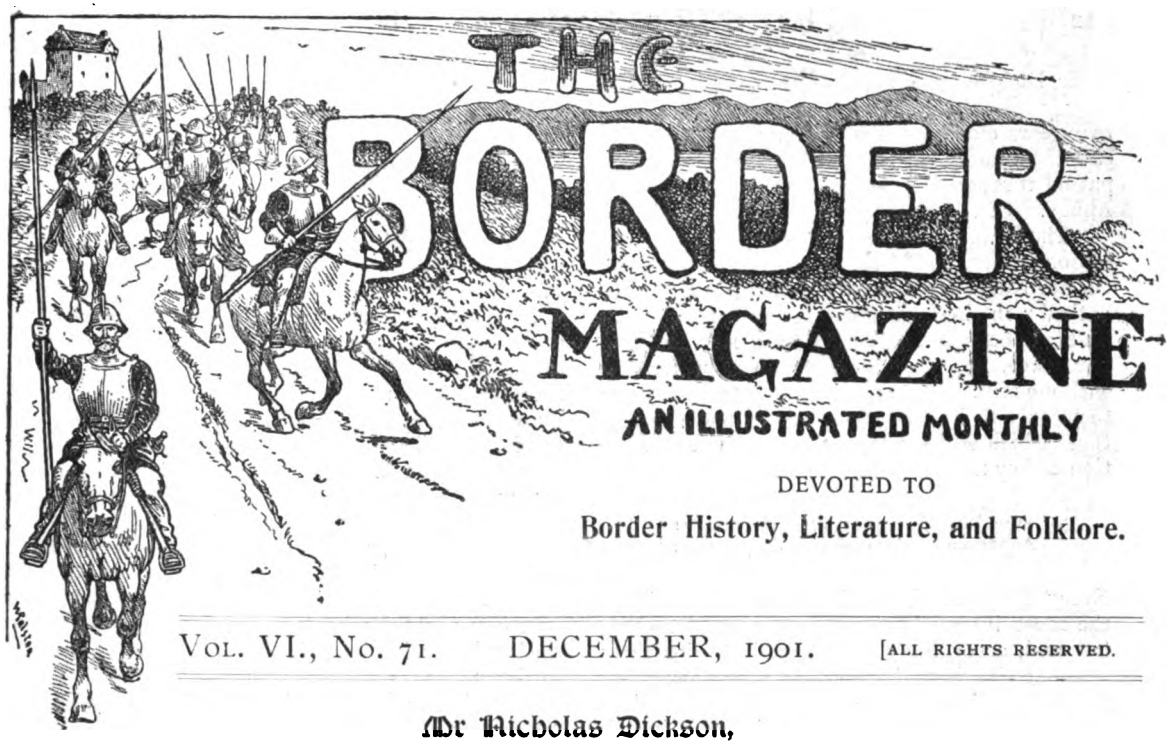
Edinburgh, Printed by the Heir of *Andrew Anderſon*, Printer to His moſt Sacred *Majeſty*, City and Colledge, 1688.

FACSIMILE OF TITLE PAGE.

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



MR NICHOLAS DICKSON, GLASGOW.



VOL. VI., No. 71. DECEMBER, 1901.

Mr Nicholas Dickson,

Author of "The Bible in Waverley," "The Elder at the Plate," "The Auld Scotch Minister," &c., &c.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN the closing number of the sixth volume of the BORDER MAGAZINE we esteem it a duty and a privilege to give a short sketch of the career of the gentleman who founded the Magazine and acted as its editor until a few months ago. The present writer has been so intimately associated with Mr Dickson in connection with the carrying on of the literary part of the Magazine that it gives him the greatest of pleasure to speak in the highest terms of praise regarding one whose knowledge of Border matters is far reaching, and whose geniality and kindliness of heart is acknowledged by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. Mr Dickson is "getting up in years," as we familiarly say; and, though he vacates the editorial chair, he does not cease to take an interest in the Magazine and its affairs. It must be a pleasure to him to know that he founded and carried on for nearly six years what has proved to be the most successful BORDER MAGAZINE which has ever existed, and we, who in all humility take up the position he has vacated, trust that the readers will extend to us the same support they have given to Mr Dickson. From our own personal knowledge we could write many fresh notes about our ex-Editor, but we prefer to reproduce the concise biographical sketch which appeared some time ago in the "Southern Reporter,"—the proprietors of which widely-circulated journal have kindly consented to our doing so.

The genial face which we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers is well known to a wide circle of Borderers, while thousands who have never seen the subject of our sketch have long respected him for the fruits of his able pen. There are few men living who are so thoroughly steeped in the lore of the Borderland, and very few indeed who have such a grasp of the life and works of Sir Walter Scott. Writing of the Borderland, he says:—"She has ever been to me more than a mere memory. I long to visit her on every holiday, and every time that I do so she seems to me to be more beautiful than ever. What a rich inheritance is she to all her absent sons and daughters who still see her beauty and hear her music whenever the Borderland is mentioned! As I write these lines, the words of Israel in exile come into my thoughts and seek expression, in no irreverent spirit, I trust—'If I forget thee, oh my Border country, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!'"

Mr Dickson was born at Gattonside on the 17th September, 1830. As a little fellow of two years old, carried in his mother's arms, he saw the funeral of the Mighty Minstrel, as it passed through Melrose on its way to Dryburgh Abbey. Of these early days he thus writes:—

"The Tweed is my native river; I have never forgotten her, and, what is more, I never shall. On her banks I was born; in her pools I have bathed; in her streams I have fished. In all her moods and aspects I have seen her, and her voice, as 'the sound of many waters,' is with me still. The memories of long past years seem only to intensify 'the beauty and the rapture' which still stir my heart at the mere mention of her name.

'Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.'

Every Borderer thinks his own native village the most interesting spot in the Border country, and, accordingly, he generally begins there when he sits down to write, as I do now, a few personal recollections of his early years. The starting point of these memories of mine is Gattonside, a charmingly-situated village on the sunny slope of the hills facing Melrose, with Tweed's silver stream glittering in the foreground of the picture. The earliest of my recollections take me back to the family fireside, where, in the long winter evenings, my father used to relate stories and anecdotes of Sir Walter and Abbotsford—not at second hand, mind you, but personal reminiscences. For my father was at the building of the famous house, and had a hand in transforming the primitive cottage into the 'romance of stone and lime' that it afterwards became. The firm of builders for whom he acted as foreman had the contract for Abbotsford, if there was any contract at all, which I doubt. It was not erected in a single season, but spread over several seasons, according to the means, and according to the fancies, of 'the magician who dwelt by the Tweed.' My father had therefore many opportunities of seeing and speaking to Sir Walter, and many a chat the two had together. The memories of these chats, and their delightful associations, were often rehearsed in the long winter evenings round the cottage hearth at Gattonside.

With his own hands my father laid the white and black octagonal pieces of Hebridean marble which form the flooring or pavement of the entrance hall at Abbotsford. This was necessarily slow work, and it was during its progress that Sir Walter used often to draw a chair beside the foreman, and sit down for a few minutes' conversation. The laird was greatly interested in all that was going on around him—not only in the work, but in those who were engaged in the work. He seems to have been quite in his element while going about among the masons, joiners, painters, and others, employed at Abbotsford during its progress."

Like many other clever men, Mr Dickson was educated in the famous parish school of Melrose, and it was doubtless owing to the insight he there got into the mysteries and pleasures of knowledge that he decided to follow the arduous but honourable calling of schoolmaster. At the little village of Lilliesleaf he began his teaching career, but it was not long until he removed to Houghton-le-Spring, Durham. During his leisure moments, when relieved from the cares and worries of school life, he began to turn his thoughts in the direction of literature, and his first essay in this direction took the form of a weekly letter in the "Sunderland News." His further progress has been well summarised:—

"Returning to Scotland, he passed the Government examination in Moray House, Edinburgh, and immediately received an appointment as headmaster of the school connected with the East Gorbals Free Church, Glasgow, then under the ministrations of the Rev. Alexander Cumming. Of Mr Dickson's abilities as a teacher we have evidence in the fact that soon after his appointment, extra accommodation had to be acquired, when the hall of the old Wheat Sheaf Inn was hired." Still continuing to increase in the number of its pupils, a new building had to be erected in Buchan Street, and there the East Gorbals Territorial School, as it was called, became one of the largest connected with the Free Church in the city. After the passing of the Education Act the building was taken down to make room for the present Gorbals School under the Glasgow School Board. Failing health by-and-bye compelled Mr Dickson to relinquish teaching altogether, and he accepted an offer to enter the counting-house of Messrs Blackie & Son, publishers, where he remained for a number of years.

Subsequently he was connected with the well-known bookselling and publishing firm of Morison Brothers, and while he was there, that place of business was a rallying-point for Glasgow Borderers. Four years ago, while enjoying a holiday in the Isle of Man, he was seized with a severe illness, which eventually caused him to retire from business. This retirement, however, does not mean idleness by any means, as he is still actively engaged in

literary work. He writes occasional articles for the daily papers, and, as we have already stated, he was the founder of the BORDER MAGAZINE, which is now in the sixth year of its publication—a fact which proves Mr Dickson's ability, as previous magazines connected with the Borderland have been rather short-lived.

Among his most notable contributions to periodical literature may be mentioned his review, which appeared in "Temple Bar," of the "Charles Dickens Edition" of the famous novels. Having been one of the pioneers of the Volunteer movement, he formed one of the guard of honour to the Queen when Her Majesty opened the Glasgow water supply at Loch Katrine on the 14th October, 1859. Many years after he prepared, by request, a handsome quarto, commemorative of the interesting event. In many ways, both by publications and lectures, Mr Dickson has over and over again proved his great mastery of the scenes and characters of the Waverley novels; but perhaps his most outstanding effort in this direction is to be found in his volume, "The Bible in Waverley," which is thus referred to by a writer:—

"The religious aspect of the writings of the author of the Waverley Novels has been very much accentuated by the publication of the 'Bible in Waverley,' a valuable work, which came from the pen of Mr Nicholas Dickson, and which was published by Messrs A. & C. Black, of Edinburgh, in 1884. Mr Dickson takes the Sacred Word and with it Sir Walter Scott's works, and, in Bible-chronological order, from Genesis to Revelation, he marks the strong vein of sympathy that is distinctly traceable through each volume, till we are astonished with the multiplicity of references bearing on the Book of Books. One thing is evident by a glance at Mr Dickson's work, and that is his intimate knowledge of the Divine word which has enabled him to pick out so many sayings emanating from the various characters that figure in the romances, and place alongside them their unmistakeable context in the inspired volume."

Mr Dickson has even ventured into the field of romance, and his "Lady Queensfield" is at once a pleasing tale and a most delightful description of the soft, sweet scenery of our beloved Borderland. We are tempted to make quotations from this book, but space forbids.

It is not only the natives of the Border, however, who are indebted to our author for much pleasant and profitable reading, but all who love Scotland in its wider sense must be indebted to him for the four volumes, "The Elder at the Plate," "The Auld Scotch Minister," "The Kirk Beadle," and "The Auld Scotch Precentor." In these books Mr Dickson has crystallised and preserved many of the richly humorous stories which have floated about the country for generations, and by reason of his sympathetic treatment he has caused these four prominent worthies to stand boldly forth and revive for us that langsyne which is fast receding from our view.

Although Mr Dickson was not privileged to see Sir Walter Scott, yet he saw many of his most intimate friends, and it is a rare treat to hear him rehearse his impressions of those worthies who entered into the daily life of the "Shirra." Sir Adam Ferguson, Sir David Brewster, Mr Bainbridge, John Swanston, the gamekeeper, Peter Mathieson, and John Bower, are brought once more to life, to tell us of their impressions of the enchanted Abbotsford circle.

In writing this notice, we have been sorely tempted to give specimens of Mr Dickson's couthie and withal graphic style of writing, but we must refer our readers to the works already mentioned, and to the BORDER MAGAZINE.

In this latter connection it is not impossible that Mr Dickson's many admirers will have the pleasure of seeing a number of his more important contributions to our Magazine published in book form, but due notice of this will be given to our readers.

A Quiet Border Parish.

THIS delightful rural parish, situated on south-west edge of Lammermoor, lies nearly "four-square." The length and breadth thereof are equal, say, five miles. In 1755 it contained 591 inhabitants, and in 1791 there were 730 souls in the parish. During the nineteenth century there was probably little variation. In the beginning of it, a quaint writer enumerates "three bachelors and four fatuous persons." Westruther and Hounslow (30 miles from Edinburgh) were villages more populous than now. The latter had seventy inhabitants. The soil in the northern half of the parish, which rises towards Twinlaw (1466 feet), is a whitish cold clay, while that of the southern, which is drained by the upper reaches of the Blackadder and Eden, is composed of a reddish earth on a freestone bottom. As the name—Westruther—implies, the climate is moist, and the ground in places marshy. The earlier designation—Wolfstruther—points to a time when hunting prevailed with lovers of the chase. Raecleuch, Hindsidehill, Harelaw, Hound (Hunt) show perpetuate memories of the

field sports of the lusty long ago. Flass—even yet clad with wind-beat hazel and birk—Broomiebank, Thorneydykes, Houlets' Ha', Pyetshaw gave welcome harbourage to beast and bird. In these days, however, through drainage and agricultural clearance, there are several farms where excellent crops of all kinds are raised. A hardy and sound strain of sheep gives token of pastoral interest and care. In 1765, turnips and clover were introduced. At Wedderlie the Clover Park is still pointed out.

It will be readily understood that in this remote district, a certain crude belief in witchcraft was cherished long after warlock and witch had ceased out of the land. Two "authentic" cases have descended from the beginning of the eighteenth century—one by tradition and the other through the kirk-session minute-book. The former may thus be said to be private property, and may have been improved or soiled in its transmission. The latter dates from 1726, when a plague greatly prevailed among the cattle. To appease the anger of the gods of famine, a horse was burnt alive at Flass. The sacrifice may have been effectual, for in 1791 there were in the parish 160 horses, 700 black cattle, and 5000 sheep! From 1802 there has been handed down an old advertisement, telling with all the charm of a legend of a remarkable cow which was bred and fed at Spottiswoode. It weighed 320 stones. Paintings of it standing beside an ordinarily sized cow may yet be seen. The contrast is, indeed, striking. When one remembers that it attained such dimensions at a date so close upon the year of the "great dearth," there is wider astonishment and even pardonable incredulity! Thus runs the advertisement:—

> "To be sold at Thirlestane Castle the largest and fattest cow ever seen in Scotland, and at the same time uncommonly handsome."

It was sold to Francis Dickson, flesher in Duns, for the immense sum of 200 guineas. It was re-sold for 400 guineas, and ultimately received a place among the marvels of the travelling show.

Photo by Mr Reid, Wishaw.

WESTRUTHER KIRK.

During the past century there has been marked progress in the comfort and mode of living among the people. Tea was introduced in 1800, but thirty years later there were only three "tea-kettles" in the parish, viz., at Spottiswoode, Wedderlie, and the Manse. Then, too, a credible writer thus describes the accommodation:—

> "The houses of the hinds and labourers consist generally of but one apartment, which is kept in good order, and would be in most respects

> comfortable, were it not for want of chimneys. The fire is lighted on the hearth, and there being no outlet for the smoke but a rude crevice made in the unceiled roof, the houses are almost constantly filled with a dense cloud which hovers at the height of five or six feet above the floor. This smoke, proceeding from the peat, communicates a smell to the clothes, which is strong and offensive to such as are not accustomed to it."

Education, at the same time, seems advanced, for "such is the known salubrity of the climate that for a long time a boarding school of considerable celebrity was kept in the parish, which was attended by young men belonging to families of the first respectability in the country."

Photo by Mr Gibson, Coldstream.

DODS MILL.

The healthful climate may have been rendered even more invigorating to those whose favourite walk led by a chalybeate spring on Harelaw Moor, which, "perpetually boiling," removed scurvy. It may have been on this Moor that, in 1745, the troops of Sir John Cope were seen in disorder and dismay pursuing their route to Coldstream. It is worthy of note that John Home (1722-1808) received part of his early education at Westruther. Who shall say that by "Roongie Ford," while meditating his tragedy of "Douglas," he did not hail ancestral spirits?

The ecclesiastical history of Westruther dates from 1649. Then was built the first church—"stone-work, timber, thack, door, and glass all perfect." It is now partly concealed and partly preserved by a dishevelled mantle of ivy. It has been greatly reduced in size. It was reconstructed in 1752, when its covering of heath was superseded. The west gallery of the church was used as a school until the present schoolhouse was erected. It was in this church that on 11th February, 1679, James Hume of Flass, a brother of the Laird of Bassendean, was married to Janet Lyle (of Falside). In the quaint old churchyard, a few interesting stones may be seen, and by taking pains, deciphered. The sacred building itself is the burial vault of the house of Spottiswoode. Here, in a grave lined with moss and snowdrops, lies Lady John—till "the former things are passed away."

Early in the nineteenth century was built the present Parish Church. It is a large, plain, oblong structure. Over the vestibule at the western end is fixed a gallery, which is the Spottiswoode family pew. For many years the late venerated Lady John Scott worshipped here. She deprecated all innovations in the services of the church. When hymns were introduced she is said to have remarked to a friend—"The things called hymns are now sung in our Auld Kirk. When the minister gives one out I just

open my Bible and sing with all my might, 'O! God of Bethel.'" The manse, at some distance from the Church, was built in 1659. It has been re-built, probably on the same site. Quite recently it has been improved and modernised.

Within a mile of the village of Gordon, and at the southern limit of the parish of Westruther, stands what was formerly thought to be the pre-Reformation Church of Bassendean. It originally belonged to the nunnery of Coldstream, and was dedicated to the Holy Virgin. The ruin is rectangular—54 feet long and 20 feet wide. The walls, in part, stand to the height of twelve feet. Ecclesiastical architecture and symbolism have survived the "maws" of modern masonry. The chapel is now generally considered a "mean post-Reformation" structure. It was used as a place of worship in 1647, but the people of the village of Westruther refused to cross "an almost impassable moor." It would seem that the burial-ground surrounding the chapel was used for interments as late as 1763. About one hundred years ago the ruins of Whitechapel were removed to effect improvements at Spottiswoode House. The chapel was built by John de Spottiswoode during the reign of David II. (1329-70). An old baptismal font has been preserved. Nothing now remains of the Chapel of Wedderlie. Until seventy years ago a vault stood to mark its site. In the reign of William the Lion (1165-1214) Gilbert, son of Adam of Home, gave to the monks of Kelso the Chapel of Wedderlie, "with ten acres of land, with pasture for sheep and cattle."

In Covenanting times the minister of Westruther—John Veitch—was a most distinct personality. There was, in 1863, in the possession of the late Rev. Walter Wood, M.A., a former minister in Westruther, a Latin Bible, on the blank leaf of which there was the following interesting inscription:—

> "Mr Jon. Veitche, minister at Westruther, sonne of Mr Jon. Vetche, minister at Roberton, was born at Lanark, March 2, being Thursday, 1620. And was laureat 1639, and admitted minister 1648, and married to Agnes Hume, daughter of Alexr. Hume, of Bassendean, Septr., 7, 1652."

In the pretty little Free Church at Westruther may be seen a plain dark slab bearing these words:—

> "In memory of John Veitch, for fifty-four years minister of this parish. He was ordained in 1649. He was twice forced to leave his manse because he would not receive as ordinance the commandments of men, and died on his return from attending the Commission of the General Assembly in December 1703, at Dalkeith, where also he was buried. The people of Westruther again departing from their Church, because they cannot own other than Christ's authority in Christ's Kingdom, and remembering the example of one who being dead yet speaketh, erected this stone in the year of Grace, 1843."

Spottiswoode House is beautifully situated on the shoulder of the lower Lammermoors. As it now appears, it was built in 1832. The stone, which has been quarried in the neighbourhood, is of a pinkish hue. A terrace in front, from which an extensive view is had, is about 360 feet long. Lines and clumps of magnificent forest trees stretch by "Steek the yett," for two or three miles. For several centuries the family name of Spottiswoode has been sustained in honour. In 1558 John Spottiswoode was Superintendent of Lothian. Last of many great in nobleness, was Lady John Scott Spottiswoode, whose reverence, charity, and poetry revealed a gentlewoman—ever tender and true. She did not "remove the ancient landmark." Her affection for old times, old ways, old folks, was intense. She sang of Nature and of Love, albeit her song was laden with the memories of long-lost joys. "Annie Laurie" shall live while human sympathy can express itself in words. Seldom has poetic feeling been borne in subtler charm than in the lines—

"O, wild and stormy Lammermoor!
Would I could feel once more
The cold north wind, the wintry blast,
That sweeps thy mountain o'er.
Would I could see thy drifted snow
Deep, deep in cleuch and glen,
And hear the scream of the wild birds,
And was free on thy hills again!

I hate this dreary southern land,
I weary day by day
For the music of thy many streams
In the birch woods far away!
From all I love they banish me,
But my thoughts they cannot chain;
And they bear me back, wild Lammermoor,
To thy distant hills again."

About a mile north-east of Westruther village stands the old mansion of Wedderlie. It has a weird place in Border story from its being the residence of Edgar, whose twin sons fell in battle, amid the pathos and romance of filial tenderness. The "Ballad of the Twinlaw Cairns" gives to the incident historic setting, while from afar are seen the Brother-Stones, which, ten feet high, stand seventy yards apart. These are huge piles of stream-washed stones, and are said to have been taken hand to hand from Watch Water, at the base of the hill. Wedderlie and Cammer (Gimmer) laws are large

stock farms on the estate, which has been in the possession of the Blantyre family since 1733. The present proprietor is William Baird, Esq. On the heights of Wedderlie is the shadowy semblance of a cross—Gibb's Cross—with its sibilant story of sin and shame. Further east, biding the frown of surly Dirrington, is Eve (Ive) law Tower, a fine example of the Border keep. From 1836 it has been preserved with reverent care, and towards the end of last century it was partially restored. The House of Bassendean lies low by the "fields of Eden," and in close proximity to Bassendean Chapel. Sir James Home of Coldenknowes received a charter of lands at Bassendean from James VI. in 1573. The estate does not, at this date, include the whole lands which bear its name. An excellently cultivated farm is the property of a distinguished Professor of Scots Law. An elegant and finely situated farm-house, with well-appointed offices, gives heart of grace to visitors by rail.

Of antiquarian interest are the antlers of deer found at Whiteburn, and the bronze urn and Roman camp-kettle in Jordonlaw Moss, where, ten feet below the surface, large oaks of pre-historic times give a wholly hard-wood bed. In 1760 were observed traces of a rampart and fosse, which ran from Hutton, on the Whitadder, to Boondreigh—"bontrych," the end of the trench. At intervals there were erected forts, which thus formed an impregnable line of defence. It is named, variously, Herits, or Herrits, or Herriots Dyke, and was probably the work of the Gadeni, or Cumbrian Britons. At the above date it could be traced for fourteen miles eastwards from Spottiswoode, running along the north of the village of Westruther to a point about a mile from Greenlaw. It extended westwards as far as Boon, and it is not improbable that it joined the more widely-known, yet mysterious Catrail, whose character it so much resembles. It crossed the present turnpike at Dods Mill, where of old, by the Lady's Well, the fairies sang—

"In the parks o' Blythe we mowed our corn;
We thrashed it up in Bruntyburn."

Another "mill" at the Mains of Westruther has alone survived the memory of the last "miln knave."

In these modern days, when railway route directs trade and traffic, our quiet parish is beyond the beaten track; but all around is the sign of progress, steady, if slow, and even here—may it be spoken ever so softly!—

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

A. T. G.

Melrose Linen.

THE town was formerly famed for its linen manufacture, called "Melrose Land Linen," for which commissions were received from London, and it was also exported in considerable quantities. In 1686, the weavers obtained a seal of cause from the Earl of Haddington, the lord of Melrose. About the end of last century, the trade began to decline, owing, it is said, to the encouragement given to the woollen manufacture throughout Scotland, and to the manufacturers of Galashiels being enabled to pay a higher wage to spinners than the linen trade could afford. The price paid for spinning linen was 1s 2d per lb. of 4 hanks. In the year ending November 1755, there was stamped 33,282½ yards of Melrose made linen, and for the ten following years the amount was nearly the same. In the year ending 1774, the number of yards had fallen to 20,789, and in the ten years ending 1785, the quantity was as low as 17,792 yards. An attempt was made to revive the trade, aided by Mr Brown, the minister of the parish, and an intelligent bleacher, but their exertions were not attended with success. The bleachfield was held in £5 shares. About 1790, the weavers of Gattonside and Melrose weaved annually, on the average, 282 stones of wool. In addition to the looms employed by the manufacturers near Galashiels, there were 80 looms in the parish—20 employed in weaving cotton, 30 in woollen, and 30 in linen work.—A. JEFFREY.

THE SHEEP DOG.—It was a fine remark of Sir Walter Scott, that "he would believe anything of a dog," so great was his faith in the sagacity of the animal. A curious story is vouched for of a shepherd's dog, which took place many years ago. Mrs Oliver (afterwards of Borthwick Brae Burnfoot), on being settled in married life in Hawick, brought with her, as part of her providing, from Meerdykes, near the source of the Liddell, a collie dog. The animal seemed to think that, while he followed the fortunes of his young mistress from the moorland region to the town, he had a duty to perform for the sake of old memories. Once in the year, for several days, the dog was missing from Hawick. At first this could not be explained, but the matter was cleared up by the family finding out that the collie had set off on a private visit to assist at bringing the sheep together on the great occasion of the clipping at Meerdykes. The curious thing was, how the animal guessed the clipping season so correctly.

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

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1901.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WITH this number we complete the Sixth Volume of the *Border Magazine*, and we desire to tender to our readers our best thanks for their hearty support. We look forward to the future with much hope, but the future lies to a large extent with the "gentle reader," as Sir Walter Scott so frequently called that important personage. Personal advertisement is ever the most powerful, and the beginning of a new volume is a most opportune time for interesting Borderers in their own Magazine—a publication which is fast being recognised as the organ of true Borderers all over the world. In the January number will appear an illustrated sketch of the late Mr Magnus Sandison, for several years Consulting Engineer for the Elswick Coy. in Newcastle, who went down to a watery grave in the recent "Cobra" disaster. We hope to be able to produce as a supplement a little known, but most interesting picture of the Scott family and their friends grouped on the slopes at Newark Castle, and we shall publish (for the first time we believe) an interesting and amusing impromptu poem by Sir Walter Scott.

We have been congratulated on the recent variety and brevity of our articles, and as these desirable features will be continued in the new volume, contributors are requested not to send us articles which require to be carried forward.

The Border Keep.

PRODIGIOUS!

The sun — the great clock of Nature — as it approaches the winter solstice forcibly reminds us of the flight of time and the long nights, when noise and din of the busy world is shut out, giving us time to think of the past and to note wherein we have fallen short of the resolutions we formed when the year began. To an old Dominie this habit of retrospect becomes a second nature, and he invariably conjures up the long line of "schule bairns" who have passed through his hands, and mentally follows their careers with joy or sorrow, as the case may be. Here in the quiet retirement of the BORDER KEEP, he can allow his fancy full scope, and as the memory pictures pass in rapid succession he is not ashamed to say that there is an occasional moistening of his eyes, as he recalls some pathetic story connected with some of his young folks, but the pictures contain more sunshine than gloom, and so the retrospect on the whole is a pleasant one. To the Borderers who are "Leal to the Border," and who have travelled with me during the year, I express my gratitude for their hearty support, and fondly hope that the coming season of joy and festivity may

bring to each and all a full and overflowing measure of gladness, in the midst of which may they never forget the Borderland.

Leal to the Border, wha wadna be!
Leal to the Border's the motto for me.
Hame's aye the hameland, whatever befa',
We're leal to the Border, though far, far awa'.

* * *

It is a great pity that those who attempt to write in the Scottish language, or even in any particular dialect of that sweetest of all tongues, "The soft Lowland tongue o' the Borders," should not be more careful as to the spelling. We have no more right to be rules unto ourselves in this matter than we have when we write in English, yet so little regard is paid to the orthography of the "guid braid Scots" that one would imagine that Burns, Scott, Hogg, Wilson, and a host of other famous writers, had never crystallised for us the beauties of our language. Fully a year ago I cut the following from a Border newspaper, and in connection with the above subject it will be read with interest by many.

"SCOTTISH BORDERLAND DIALECT."

By Rev. Jas. King, B.D.

A writer in the "Saturday Review" some years ago made the somewhat startling statement that the English language is best spoken by people who have a slight Scottish accent, inasmuch as those north of the Tweed give distinct utterance to the gutteral sounds—in such phrases as a "mighty fight fought nightly"—and sound the consonants with firmness and precision. There exists, however, in the South of England a prevailing idea that the Scottish language is only a vulgar patois, a degenerate dialect of English and unworthy of literary consideration. Such an opinion is the offspring of gross ignorance, and cannot exist with a knowledge of the origin and history of the mother tongue. A gentleman lecturing in Edinburgh on the peculiarities of Scottish dialect told his audience that the Scots generally sound correctly the letter "h," and would therefore never say—as I heard an Anglican say of a peculiar moth found in the Lothian aisle of Jedburgh Abbey—"han hextra-hordinary hanimal found 'iding hin the haisle of the habbey." The lecturer, however, proceeded to say that the "h" is occasionally missed in the Scottish Borderland, where they often used hit for it. Thus in Roxburghshire a person would say "that's hit" for "that is it," but the "h" is here sounded advisedly, and does not arise from any inability of saying it. The fact is that hit and not it is the only old English neuter pronoun and it was the only form of the word for nearly a thousand years—from the establishment of Anglo-Saxon in this country till about the time of Shakespeare. The A.S. or old English for he, she, it, was he, heo, hit. The possessive or genitive case of hit was his, and this old form may still be seen in the authorised version of the Bible issued in 1661, while Shakespeare was yet alive. Thus we read "salt is good, but if the salt has lost his savour," and nowhere does its appear in the Bible except in Leviticus xxv. 5, where in reference to the Sabbatical year occur the words, "That which groweth of its own accord thou shalt not reap." In this solitary instance its is a spurious word interpolated through the ignorance of a printer who did not know that his and not its is the true form of the possessive case. It is an interesting fact that the Anglo-Saxon neuter pronoun hit has been preserved in its accuracy through many generations, and tends to confirm the growing opinion of literary men, that the Scottish language as spoken in our beauteous Borderland, far from being a vulgar patois, is in reality the truest representation of the Anglo-Saxon or old English, spoken by our ancestors a thousand years ago.

* * *

The Editor of the "British Weekly," himself closely connected with the Borderland at one time, was recently endeavouring to secure letters from those now living who had seen Sir Walter Scott. In this he was wonderfully successful, and I have pleasure in reproducing one of these most interesting paragraphs:—

Another Link with Sir Walter Scott.—I have yet another letter from a gentleman who remembers Sir Walter Scott, Mr A. R. Church, of West Savile-terrace, Edinburgh. He says:—"I was born eighty-two years ago on the twelfth of August, in the farm-house of Langlee, which is half-way between Galashiels and Melrose, and the drawing-room windows of which looked right on the silvery waters of the Tweed and the house of Abbotsford. It was a happiness and privilege I enjoyed when going to school with my brother John to see very often the honest-faced country gentleman, with his large wide-brimmed hat with the black ribbon round it, walking down the street in Melrose to the Post Office almost daily, accompanied by one or more dogs, but especially with his beautiful and favourite dog." Mr Church goes on to say that his brother has been in New Zealand for forty years, and now lives in Omaru. At a great gathering to do honour to Sir Walter Scott he was asked to make a speech, as he was the only man in the vast multitude who had ever seen him.

* * *

It is pleasing to note that an offer of "A Rare Border Book" has been accepted by some of our readers, but let it be understood that we derive no benefit from such sales—the chance came our way and we gave it all to our readers. A chance of a rare book is not to be despised, so when we saw that Messrs George Lewis & Co. had some copies left of the Life of Dr Lawson, the celebrated Selkirk divine, and that they were willing to send a copy post free for 3s 10d, we at once secured a copy. Receiving the book was like meeting an old friend, as the present writer was a member of the Bible Class conducted by the author, the late Rev. Dr Macfarlane of Clapham U.P. Church, London, and has pleasant recollections of that divine.

Dominie Sampson.

Scott and his Neighbours.

GALASHIELS MERCAT CROSS.

THE 125th annual celebration of the Michaelmas festivities by the Galashiels Manufacturers' Corporation took place on October 10th. Although shorn of most of the popular proceedings of its earlier history, yet the occasion is reminiscent of many interesting events. One of the proudest memories associated with its early days was the annual dinner—just eighty years ago—at which Sir Walter Scott, their near and respected neighbour, was an honoured guest. There is no official record of the noteworthy occasion, but, fortunately, Mr David Thomson did not follow the example set by the Rev. Henry Davidson in burning all his MSS. He left behind him a considerable quantity, both in prose and verse, though in a very detached condition, all being without folio figures, and much sadly interlined and now in faded ink. David Thomson has been called the "Galashiels Poet;" but though he possessed a certain notoriety as such, he never made a decided hit to justify the epithet in any high degree; and his name is now only known to the general reader from its association with that of Sir Walter Scott in reference to some local incidents mentioned in Lockhart's "Life." But with many of the older inhabitants of Galashiels his memory is still cherished; and in the MSS. alluded to there are not a few memoranda connected with the sayings and doings of the town during the early years of its rise as a manufacturing community. Any reference meanwhile, however, that we shall make to Mr Thomson will chiefly bear on some old Michaelmas Memorials, which may be gathered from among his papers.

The Michaelmas gathering appears to be coeval in its origin with a very early stage of the rise of the town as a manufacturing emporium. There are now, and have been for long, a senior and a junior branch of the Manufacturers' or Clothiers' Corporation. But in the good old days both sections were wont as one body to celebrate the festival under one roof; and though the separation is, in some respects, to be regretted, it is nevertheless satisfactory to know that the breach did not arise out of any mere question of caste intervening. It appears that a number of the older members had obtained a sort of use-and-wont privilege of looking to the purveying for the annual festival, and that the younger and perhaps less influential members—who seem at least to have been persons of spirit—wished to obtain a voice in selecting and testing—probably more correctly, tasting—the liquors to be furnished. This innovation, however, was resisted, the society came to loggerheads, and a secession took place. But this secession does not appear in the past any more than now to betray a want of good feeling and harmony between junior and senior in celebrating the Michaelmas festival. As Mr Thomson sings:—

October now has crowned the year,
And Michaelmas sae canty
Pits a' our wabsters in a steer;
Potatoes fill the pantry.
Their fathers lang had held a rout:
The times nae doot were brighter;
But something of a merry bout
Makes aye the heart loup lighter
On ony day.

Lockhart speaks of the "regular attendance" of Scott at the Michaelmas gathering, and the statement is ocassionally repeated in the local press. We believe, however, that Sir Walter attended no more than twice—if, indeed, he was there a second time. A competent authority is of opinion that he attended only one gathering; and of one visit we have ample testimony borne by the MSS. of Mr Thomson, who in this respect enters more fully into particulars than Mr Lockhart. In the "Life" a rhyming epistle is given, addressed by Mr Thomson to Sir Walter, inviting him to the manufacturers' annual dinner. In the MSS. there is another set of verses, in various drafts or readings, composed apparently for the same purpose, but without any date. This latter invitation has the appearance of preceding the one referred to by Lockhart, inasmuch as it speaks of the baronetcy as being recently conferred. Scott was gazetted a baronet on April 2, 1820; the next Michaelmas festival would, of course, be early in October; while the invitation referred to by Lockhart is dated in 1822. The following verses from this unpublished and undated epistle may be selected as the most perfect and to the point:—

Another year has o'er us flown—
A year disgraced by many a riot;
A blessing on our little town!
We've never been an hour unquiet.

Wi' plenty wark and plenty bread,
The politics they but amuse us;
Our liberties we dinna dread,
And ken the knaves that wad confuse us.

Another year has o'er us flown,
And ye have risen to high station;
There's nae preferment that's been shown
That's gi'en mair pleasure to the nation.

Lang was the Minstrel's art despised,
And a' that tried the occupation
Were by a' sober fouk advised
That it would lead them to starvation.

But when a poet's made a knight,
Sic jibes can be endured nae langer;
Aneath your banneret they'll fight,
To shield them frae sic senseless clamour.

But to the point. Last year ye said
As lang as ye a piper keepit,
Ye wad him send to our parade,
Whene'er his services were needed.

If John o' Skye has nae objection,
Ye'll warn him for the eleventh October;
We'll send him back wi' circumspection,
And boat him either drunk or sober.

We have the promise of the Laird;
Since he to gentle Hope was married
(A lady worthy his regard),
He like a saint at home has tarried.

Oh, wad ye come and grace our feast,
How fond we'd grow and how familiar!
In absence of our worthy priest,
You are an excellent auxiliar.

This letter had been wrote in prose,
But as you are yourself a rhymer,
Our Corporation did suppose
That you wuld better like a chimer.

But lest we on your time intrude
(Which, by-the-bye, we had forgot),
At present we shall just conclude
With our respects to Lady Scott.

Another rhyming epistle turns up, evidently addressed, or written as if intended to be addressed to Sir Walter, but apparently connected with a different festival, as the "twelfth October" is there mentioned, it will be observed, in opposition to the "eleventh" of the previous verses. It is also principally valuable from its relation to some glimpses it gives us of Galashiels sixty years ago:—

Although we are nae burgh toun,
At times we like for to be vogie,
And when the Michaelmas comes roun'
We tak' our dinner and a cogie.

The yeomen round are a' invited
(Woo sellers drawing to woo buyers);
And if we thought we'd no be slighted,
We'd welcome a' the neebrin' squires.

We hae some flags, but no that kind
Seditious sons of late unfurled;
Our mottos, to the arts inclined,
Breathe peace and commerce o'er the world.

If e'er we come to get a vote,
Our trusty friend and worthy neebor,
Your merit shanna be forgot—
We ken ye are a special pleader.

A few years back, an' our bit toun
Was scarcely kenned for arts and knowledge,
Now wheels on wheels rin endless roun',
And Mr Fish has got a college.

Our lofts are a' weel filled wi' woo,
An' simmer's gane an' winter's coming;
A good sharp frost wad serve us noo,
And set our spindles a' a bumming.

Nae vagrants loiter on our street,
Nane reads the "Scotsman" in the toun;
Cheap woo enables us to meet
Our bills, and keeps Reforming doon.

Some think we spin our yarns ower sma',
But that's a faut that might be mendit;
Baith verse and thread ye may o'erdraw,
And make them langer than intendit.

Ye hae a piper, John o' Skye:
We heard him play, and like his chanter;
October twelfth send him ower bye,
To gie our lasses Rob the Ranter.

If ye wad grant this sma' request,
In matters mair ye may refuse us;
John's horn shall be filled o' the best,
To drink his master and the muses.

We gather, from the rhyming epistle quoted by Lockhart, which, as we find, is dated in 1822, and contains the line,

"Last year your presence made us canty,"

that one meeting—or the one—which Sir Walter attended was in 1821. Can that be the occasion described in the following selection from Mr Thomson's papers? The paragraph has the appearance of being intended for the columns of a newspaper:—

The annual meeting of the Corporation of Galashiels took place on the 11th inst., and was more numerously attended than on any previous occasion. In the former part of the day, the procession of the trades interested and occupied the public attention. The children employed in the different manufactories led the van, tastefully attired. These were followed by the weavers, who sported on this occasion all the luxuries of the loom in ornamented and elegant variety. Next came the clothiers, each party being attended by a band of music; and John of Skye, the far-famed piper of Sir Walter Scott, in the garb of old Gaul and the fire of old Rome, played the gathering of the clans with a spirit and effect which, to those unacquainted with his powers, it would be in vain to convey an idea. Sir Walter Scott, accompanied by Lady Scott and Miss Scott, in their carriage, passed through the pro-

cession, and were greated with those enthusiastic acclamations which their presence never fails to produce. At three o'clock the Corporation sat down to most substantial dinners in the two principal inns, and were honoured on this occasion, in addition to the Lord of the Manor, with the countenance and company of the most distinguished gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and amongst the rest, Sir Walter Scott. In the course of the evening, the sentiment and the song followed in rapid succession, and compliments flowed on the worthy baronet so fast, in Latin and in English, in prose and in verse, that Sir Walter was quite overwhelmed, and declared himself bankrupt in gratitude. The company was greatly delighted on this occasion with the acquirements of Mr Manfredi, a respectable Italian banker from Edinburgh, who has the astonishing faculty of composing on any given subject extempore verses. He asked a subject from Sir Walter, and those acquainted with the language declared his verses were entirely classical. Mr Manfredi is also a chemist, and has made most important discoveries in the arts of dyeing, for which he has received considerable rewards. But he was so highly gratified with his reception on this occasion, that he declared he would receive no reward whatever from the manufacturers, but communicate his knowledge of the art of dyeing to them gratis. Mr Manfredi has left a number of most valuable receipts, the results of a life laboriously spent in the acquirement of useful information; and the manufacturers hope to have it in their power, at no distant period, to give Mr Manfredi a mark of their esteem and gratitude.

A separate scrap of a few lines, also without date, is to the following effect:—

At the annual Michaelmas meeting of the Corporation of Galashiels, an elegant silver cup was presented by the Clothiers to Dr Douglas, as a testimony of their affectionate regard for him."

It may be mentioned, in conclusion, that these manuscripts, besides their poetical allusions and descriptions, contain many drafts of petitions and other papers, which give not a little insight into the wants, the wishes, and the grievances of a past generation associated with the "village of Galashiels."

With the Border Volunteers to Pretoria.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM HOME did an excellent thing when he kept a correct record of the experiences of himself and his comrades in arms, while taking part in the great South African campaign, but he did a more excellent thing when he compiled his notes and put them in the form of a most readable volume which now lies before us. The author says:—"To the memory of John Kirkcaldy, Alexander Loudon, and Thomas Luck Robertson, members of the first Volunteer Service Company of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and my comrades in arms, who died in the service of their Queen and country during the South African campaign of 1900, I respectfully dedicate this record of the Company's service." As a record the book is historically valuable, and will be often referred to in time to come, when the stirring events at the close of the nineteenth century will be losing their hold, to a certain extent, on the public memory. The value of the record is enhanced by the Roll of the Company and the list of the camping grounds appended to the volume. The author, while never attempting the lofty descriptive flights of some of our newspaper correspondents, has a most interesting style, and his narrative is brightened up here and there with touches of humour. Space prevents us quoting to any great extent, but we commend to our readers the following very fair portrait of the enemy with which he and his comrades fought:—"The genuine Boer, as he is seen upon his farm on the lonely veldt, is a man of peace. Physically he is a strong man, but his mental powers are, as a rule, not of a brilliant order. He is often very ignorant of everything outside of his every-day existence, but his natural craftiness makes him a difficult subject to read, as it were, at a glance. Unfortunately, too, his ideas of justice and fair dealing are, like those of the Chinese, somewhat vague, and this makes him, as he himself would say, a 'slim' fellow to deal with. There is a saying in South Africa, in which there is much truth, 'You can never tell in which direction a cross-eyed man is looking, nor what a Dutchman is thinking.' At home the Boer leads a quiet and rather monotonous life. He is not fond of work of any kind, and his natural pride prevents him from putting his hand to the plough in a literal sense, however poor he may be, and however small his holding; his day is spent in keeping his Kaffirs at work, in smoking, and in sipping coffee, of which he manages to consume an extraordinary quantity daily. He is an expert horseman, having practised the art from his earliest boyhood, and he is likewise an expert in handling to the greatest advantage a span of oxen. Four times a year he and his family trek to the nearest town with whatever farm produce he may have for sale; arrived there, he outspans his waggon in the market-place, turns his team out upon the common, and commences to do business. His produce sold, and his vrouw and daughters having finished their shopping for the ensuing three months, the whole family attends Communion Service, and then sets out again for home. Among themselves the Boers speak only 'taal,' but many of them, especially

the younger ones, speak also English very well, and with the language they seem to have acquired many English customs . . . Doubtless the great struggle has done much to embitter the feelings of the Boers towards the British, still, after meeting and conversing in a friendly manner with many of them, I have come to the conclusion that the majority of the Dutch people do not cherish such a hatred of us as some would have us believe, and, although at the bidding of such men as Kruger, Steyn, Reitz, and Leyds, they rose like one man to drive the British into the sea, and convert South Africa into a great Afrikander Republic, I believe that, having failed in their purpose, and having lost their leaders, to say nothing of the disarmament which will follow, they will speedily submit to the inevitable British rule, and will become loyal and peaceable subjects."

Most readers will say amen to the latter sentence and express the hope that our author's prophecy will be speedily fulfilled.

The volume, which extends to over 200 pages, and is appropriately bound in khaki, is a credit to the printers, Messrs W. Morrison & Company, Ltd., "Advertiser" Office, Hawick, and we are indebted to the enterprising publishers, Messrs W. & J. Kennedy, Hawick, for this valuable addition to their ever extending list of Border books. The book is enhanced by a double-page photo of the first Volunteer Service Company of the K.O.S.B., an excellent portrait of the author, which we reproduce, and a valuable map of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony with the line of march clearly marked in red. We hope to see a second edition called for soon.

W. S.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM HOME.

Chase after a Poacher.

LISTEN, callants, an' I sall tell ye the story o' oor chase efter Wull Andison, the poacher, langsyne. He was Michael the poet's brother, an' had queer gifts. He was sae swift o' fit that he ran doon the hares on the Law by sheer speed and airts amang dowgs; an' wi' a peculiar whus'le an' cry, sittin' on the hillside aboon Denholm, he used to gather a' the dowgs o' the village to him. Ye wad hae seen them, little an' big, terriers an' collies, o' a' shapes an' sizes, scourin' roond the hoose ends for the Whey Brae, where he was sittin' whus'lin' on them, an' then for the Law—his ordinar' hunting grund—where he made a clean sweep o' everything that cam' in the way. In appearance Andison was a lang, lanky chield, just bones and muscle; gaed aye barefit; but, in fack, he was aye in sic rags an' patches o' every hue that it wad hae killed a' the tailors in Hawick an' Denholm to match his suit. Weel, ye see he had lang been a torment to huz gamekeepers, what wi' his singular speed, an' havin' aye ane o' the dowgs trained to warn him o' danger; an' we were doonright affronted at a' the countryside laughin' at us, that at last the Cavers keeper, an' mey, an' Ha'rule laid oor heids thegether to take him by stratagem. And sae we set aboot it in this fashion; we arranged that there should be at least six o' huz, three to gang to the tap o' Ruberslaw—mey and other twae—and three to be in an ambush at the tap o' the plantin' at Denholm Hill Quarry, where they had a clear view o' the Dean doon to Denholm, an' likewise to the tap o' the Law; an' when Andison should appear at the fit o' the Dean, the three men below were to signal to us at the tap wi' a white napkin tied to a stick. They were then to lie doon till he was fairly up in oor direction, and no to stir till they heard ma horn, when twae o' them were to take up the Dean, an' cut off his retreat. We had sae carefully planned the whole thing, that we thocht the creature couldna escape us.

Weel, a bonny mornin' in July finds us a' at oor posts. Masel' an' twae as yauld young fallows as ye wad hae seen were hidden snug amang some lang heather near the rock on the hill tap, and had been there aboot an hour when ane o' the lads, who had been lookin' through the gless at Minto Rocks, cries—"There gaes oor signal!" and sure enough it was. Weel, no lang efter we heard first ae yelp o' a dowg an' then anither (far doon the Dean, though), an' we kenned if game was plentifu', it must be an hour or sae afore he cam' oor length. Sae in aboot an hour he makes his way wast o' Hawkburn up the Law, an', as guid luck wad hae't, starts a hare, when him an' eight or nine dowgs set off full cry efter it, richt in oor direction. We lay still to let him come as near as possible, to have a fair start o' him, for unless we had that, there was nae ordinar' man had a chance wi' him. But a' at once, on nearing the brackens where we lay snug, but couldna by any possibility be seen, he slackened speed, just as if he smelt us. There he stood within fifty yards o' us, but instead o' moving another step, he whus'les on the dowgs, glentin' a' the time his restless eye roond him, syne at the ferns. One o' the dowgs brought the hare they had been chasing to his feet, and while he was hanking it to a rope round his duds, we saw he was sniffing danger in the fern bush—sae strong was his instinct. I saw that noo or never was oor time to bag him, sae up we got—masel' wi' a "tally ho!" and then a blast o' the horn that ye micht hae heard at Denholm—and heard it did oor three lads doon bye, for I saw them break cover and make for the Dean.

Andison gave somethin' like a yell as he sprang wi' a bound down hill, throwing the hare frae him, ma lads efter him in gran' wund, efter being weel rested. I didna care aboot rinnin' muckle masel' till I saw the airt the game was takin', an' then confine ma' plan to be in at the death, wi' the least amount o' rinnin' owre rough grund. Sae at a glance I saw he meant to make the heid o' the Dean at the Todha'. Likely he wad think he wad distance them, or he gat there on the open muir; an' then once there in the thickest o' the Dean, his chances o' escape were doubled Faith, callants! but he was wrang for once. Afore I tuik a near cut masel' to strike the Dean aboot half doon at the cottage, where I calculated the ither twae wad meet him in the face, I tuik a look at the chase an' the chances o't, and ma twae yauld birkies wasna forty yards ahint him. Afore they were oot o' ma sight, as I ran for ma part, I took another vizzy, an' I was mortified to see them rather losin' grund—him an' his dowgs in a clump afore him rinnin' wi' redoubled speed. Weel, weel, says I, it's a' the same, Andison; there's twae fresh anes will meet ye in a few minutes, if they dinna bag ye in that time. My race being a near cut, I was on the south bank just below the cottage afore they cam' downward; an' being a wee oot o' wund, I concluded I was nae use wastin' mair in spielin' to the other side, as I didna ken which side he might tak'; but a' at ance I espied oor other lads makin' upwards leisurely on the other side. I cries across, "Just bide still where ye are; I hear them comin' doon yer side, an' yer sure to hae

him." I had a gude view, an' noo I heard a tearin' o' bushes. Presently the dowgs cam' in sicht, and then Andison like a fleein' scarecrow —ane o' oor lads a gey bit ahint him, while the other had gien't up, wi' a jerk o' his fit in leapin' the burn. But then here was the twae fresh hands, an' he was just portin' right between them. Aweel, ye see, Andison was hemmed in wi' that auld hedge on the edge o' the wud, an' he was as completely trapped as a ratten could be. Sae confident was I o' the happy conclusion that I put the horn to my mouth to blaw a merry blast; when, Lo'dsake, callants! wad ye believe it—the cratur a' at ance just sprang frae the grund like a wullcat—or rather a fleein' fowl—an' through that hedge he gaed, leavin' every stitch o' rags ahint him, e'en to his very sark. The last sicht I saw o' him was just a glimpse, as he ran faster than ever, stark-naked, doon the Honeyburn fields. I was, of course, dumbfoundered, never countin' on sic a possibility; an' I believe I swore a bit, an' roared to them to rin! An' rin they did, but to nae purpose, as ye can weel imagine, for he distanced them afore ever they wan the length o' Honeyburn. Sae, if we were laughed at afore, it was naethin' to the upshot o' oor weel-planned scheme. C.

Mungo Park's Pioneer Map.

IS there not a strangeness in handling an old letter written by one who has risen to eminence?—in perusing from the original MS. a poem which has warmed the hearts and become interwoven with the sentiments of a people? The act seems to bring us closer to the writer—to renew and strengthen our interest in his genius or his work. Something of this feeling, at least, shapes itself to us in glancing over a map sketched by the hands of Mungo Park, the African traveller. This fragment is without date, but is evidently the sketch that presented itself to the mind's eye of the pioneer when about to undertake his first and famous journey into Central Africa. In size it is somewhat like a sheet of writing-paper; in workmanship, it is a neatly executed pen-and-ink sketch. The route to be followed is traced out in red, while a number of the more prominent names appear in the same colour. In the corner of the map the red line is described as "My intended Route to Tombuctoo and Houssa," and the lines of dots are distinguished as the "Routes of the slave merchants." Another map by the traveller, sent home while he was on his final journey, and showing, at the time of its despatch, the point he had reached, was also believed to be among Mr Park's papers. This latter map was probably of sufficient value to have been put in the hands of the engraver, and would doubtless have been a treat to our readers; but we understand it is now amissing. The present sketch does not appear to justify the same prominence, but it possesses nevertheless enough of interest to merit one or two passing remarks.

Park's route, as traced in this old map of his, shows many and important points of divergence from the tract he actually traversed afterwards. The part of the dark continent crossed was, during the greater part of his journey, further north than that indicated in his original plan, and was, as is well known, adapted to the exigencies of the case. In one important particular, the sketch-map and the published results of Park's travels do not by any means coincide. Park's instructions were not only to ascertain the course and, if possible, the rise and termination of the river Niger, but also the principal towns or cities in its neighbourhood, particularly Timbuctoo and Hassa. While, therefore, Park's journey extended no further than Silla, the "thin red line" of the traveller's own previous sketch follows the windings of the river onward round by Timbuctoo and down to Hassa. The spirit, as we know, was willing; but the task was one of difficulty and danger; and the task was abandoned—as many a task in this world is abandoned—with reluctance, and owing to dire necessity.

While Mungo Park is our theme (and an agreeable one) it may not be out of place here to present the following letter from the pen of the traveller. It is of no other characteristic value, perhaps, than as showing him in pleasant domestic relations, and how he could at times unbend from what some have deemed to be a severely grave, if not a cold demeanour. The letter, which explains itself, is addressed to "Miss Bell Park, Hartwoodmires, near Selkirk":—

"DEAR SISTER,

"I have not heard from Scotland since I left it, but I hope you are all in good health, and I attribute your silence to the hurry of harvest. However, let me hear from you soon, and write how Sandy's marriage comes on, and how Jeany is, for I have heard nothing from her neither.

"I have nothing new to tell you. I am very busy preparing my book for the press, and all friends here are in good health. Mr Dickson is running about: sometimes in the shop and sometimes out of it. Peggy is in very good health, and dressed, as I think, in a cotton gown of a bluish pattern, a round eared mutch, or what they call here a

cap, with a white ribbon, a napkin of lawn or muslin, or some such thing, and a white striped dimity petticoat.

"Euphy and Bill are both in very good health, but they are gone out to play; therefore I must defer a description of them till my next letter.

I remain,
Your loving brother,
MUNGO PARK.

London, Sept. 21, 1795.

"P.S.—Both Peggy and Mr Dickson have been very inquisitive about you, and beg their comps. to you."

The False Alarm.

WHEN Napoleon's dreaded legions
Sought the world to over-run,
Held in command
By a master hand,
They their task had well begun.

Then it was the great Napoleon
On our island looked askance;
His troops he swore
To land on Britain's shore
And annex our land to France.

But the fine old fighting spirit
That had lain so long at rest,
Was stirred anew,
When warlike tidings flew,
In each loyal British breast.

Each man who could wield a weapon,
Each youth who could strike a blow,
Both day and night
They kept their weapons bright
To meet the expected foe.

On the highest of the hill-tops,
Through the country far and wide,
Where bale-fires had flared,
New beacons were prepared
As a warning and a guide.

English raids were by the beacons
Heralded in days of yore,
But now their alarms
Were to be a call to arms
When the Frenchmen stepped ashore.

Thus the nation watched intently
For the beacon's warning flame,
That would blaze on high
When the French were drawing nigh,
And afar the news proclaim.

On an evening in mid-winter,
A watchman, with zeal inspired,
Saw what he thought
Was the signal that he sought
And at once his beacon fired.

And out from the murky darkness,
As touched by a hidden hand
With leaping flame,
A host of meteors came
And sent the signal o'er the land.

Each beacon in quick succession
Was telling the story then,
The tidings flew
And flashed the country through
Till they reached the remotest glen.

When the people saw the signal
That called them to face the foe,
From their tasks they turned,
For all with ardour burned
To avert the threatening woe.

Forth went the "Soutars o' Selkirk;"
And forth went the "Braw Lads" too;
While loud and clear
Rose shouts of "Jethart's here,"
As they marched to the rendezvous.

As the men from the banks of Liddle
Marched forward right sturdylee,
The hill-sides rang
With echoes of their sang
Of "Wha daur meddle wi' me."

The "Callants" of Hawick gathered
And joined with the hastening throng;
And spontaneous
The rousing Teri-bus
Rang out as they marched along.

Out from every hut and hamlet,
From every village and town,
In fierce array,
All eager for the fray,
All the fighting men marched down.

But lo, when they all had gathered
At their rendezvous, a glance
Shewed the coast was clear,
No enemy was near,
The Frenchmen were still in France.

They found that the beacons burning
Had been but a false alarm;
And, to their delight,
That e'en without a fight
Their country was safe from harm.

Then they turned their faces homewards,
Conscious their determined stand
Had shewn that they
Were ready night and day
To defend their native land.

According to Sir George Douglas, the Centenary of the False Alarm falls on the 31st January, 1904. It might not be out of place to celebrate that interesting event by lighting bonfires on some of the principal hills throughout the Borders on that date.

TEEKAY.

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