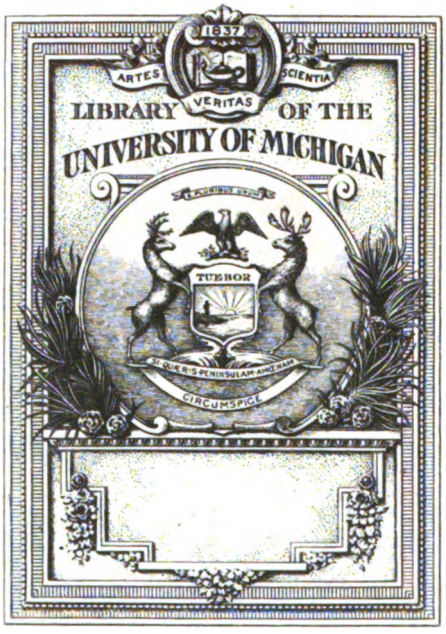

FRONTISPIECE, VOL. X.

MUNGO PARK'S MONUMENT, SELKIRK.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

EDITED BY
WILLIAM SANDERSON.

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JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1905.

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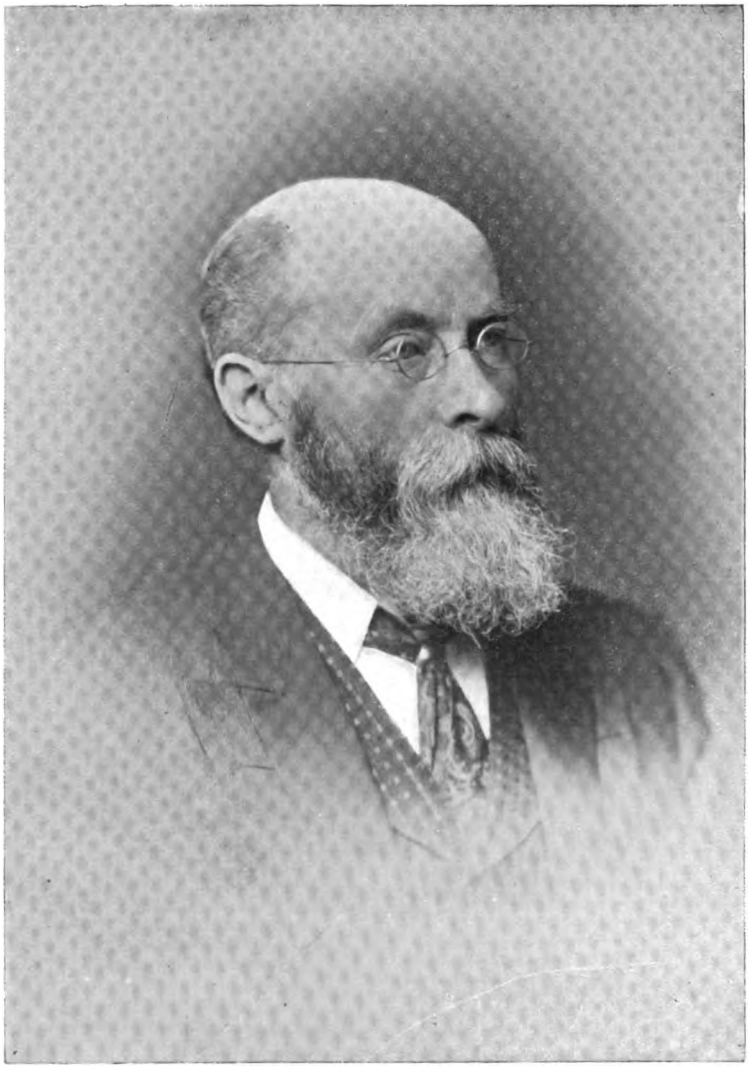


DR JAMES JAMIESON, F.R.C.S.E.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

Edited by William Sanderson.

VOL. X., NO. 108. JANUARY, 1905.

DR JAMES JAMIESON, F.R.C.S.E.,

Chairman of Council, Border Counties Association.

AN APPRECIATION.

AMONGST Borderers who have done notable work in spheres beyond the Tweed, few, if any, are more entitled to honourable mention in the pages of this magazine than Dr James Jamieson.

Born in the pleasant little village of Bowden, that nestles so coyly on the south of the Eildons, he received his early education in the parish school there, until he reached his thirteenth year, afterwards continuing his training in an advanced school in Galashiels.

That the doctor has never lost touch with the school of his earlier days is shown by his generous institution of a prize, which is competed for by the pupils annually.

Thomas Aird also was born in Bowden, and on the occasion of his centenary in July, 1902, the Border Counties' Association visited the village to unveil a memorial tablet which they had placed on the house where he first saw the light. Next to the pleasure which the large crowd of visitors had in listening to the magnificent oration delivered by Sir James Crichton Browne, was their admiration of the beautiful decoration of the village.

Flags waved from every house, and met your eye at every turn of the road; while bannerettes streamed from gaily festooned poles placed at intervals in the open spaces. Few knew that all this gay bunting was obtained through Dr Jamieson, and that it had been forwarded from Edinburgh a few days before by him to do honour to the occasion.

But we must hark back to the time when the subject of our sketch was only fifteen years old, and had just arrived in Edinburgh to become an apprentice in the dispensary of Dr Alexander, who was a well-known practitioner in the city. Although so young, our friend even then began to show the qualities of industry, method, and perseverance, for which he is now so distinguished. Dr Alexander was not blind to this power of application, and ere long he suggested to the lad that he should attend classes in the College of Surgeons with a view to taking a medical degree.

This meant very hard work, dispensing all day, and studying during the evening; but with a brave resolution young Jamieson worked away, and ere long he was fairly launched upon a medical student's career.

It may be mentioned here that this dispensary training has been invaluable to Dr Jamieson all through his professional life; inasmuch,

that the thorough knowledge of the properties of drugs and pharmacy which he possesses is far beyond the attainments, or even the requirements, of most practitioners.

While attending the Infirmary, Jamieson must have shown himself the possessor of faculties of no ordinary kind, for he soon had the good fortune to catch the eye of the late Professor Spence, who always watched his career with interest.

When barely twenty-three years old, Jamieson rounded off a splendid record of work and study by taking the double qualification of L.R.C.P.E. and L.R.C.S.E., and immediately thereafter he began his professional career by becoming assistant to his old friend Dr Alexander.

With that saving sense of humour which is one of the characteristics of Dr Jamieson, he tells an amusing experience he had at this time. In the course of his duty he was asked by his senior to attend a lady who was ailing; but when this lady saw the boyish appearance of her would-be medical attendant, she said:—"Run awa' hame, my laddie, and tell your maister that I dinna want laddies to attend to me!" This happened forty years ago, and it may be interesting to know that Dr Jamieson is still that worthy lady's medical attendant.

All through life he has been fond of travel both by sea and land. It is difficult to say whether this was the cause, or is the effect of a sojourn of four years which he made in Chili, South America.

This began in 1866, when, in order to widen his horizon—just like young doctors who nowadays go as surgeons on a P. and O. steamer—he obtained the appointment of surgeon to a large mining district in Chânaral.

But the heart of our friend was in Scotland, and in 1870 he returned to Edinburgh, where he was happily married to Miss Boyd, the daughter of the late Dr Boyd, of Slamannan.

Dr Jamieson first met this young lady in 1863, when he accompanied Professor Spence to assist at an operation performed on a patient of her father's, and her magnetism proved sufficiently strong to draw the young doctor from the fascinations of the new world, across the wide Atlantic Sea, to settle as a general practitioner in the grey metropolis of the north.

Dr Jamieson has always been a student, rejoicing in science for its own sake, not merely for the reputation which it brings. It is quite characteristic, therefore, to find that, notwithstanding a large and increasing practice, he found time to attend such classes as enabled him to take the Fellowship of the Royal College or Surgeons in 1880, and a University degree of M.D. three years later.

As, happily, this sketch is only an appreciation, not a biography, it is not necessary to enter upon all the details of a busy life; sufficient if we record some points which may enable the reader to see the doctor in person, and as identified with Border interests.

Dr Chalmers was in the habit of asking with reference to anyone whose name was brought before him:—"Is he a man of wecht?" Notably, Dr Jamieson is a man of "wecht" in more senses than one, but in addition to a splendid physique, he has mental gifts and an emotional temperament, which mark him out as a man of broad toleration and wide sympathy.

The present writer is not a member of the brotherhood, and therefore does not know the fascination or the mystery of the craft that has so many eminent craftsmen, but he has been told that Dr Jamieson was a loyal Freemason, although, since he was raised to a mystic height represented by 32°, he has become a less active brother; which, in the eyes of a novice, seems a very natural result of reaching the Fahrenheit freezing-point!

Literature also has great charms for him, especially Border literature, of which he possesses a splendid collection. He also has numerous scrap-books filled with all sorts of cuttings pertaining to his favourite district and elsewhere. Like many of his profession, he is a great reader, and fond of reading aloud, which he does well.

The Reading Club to the Blind which was established in Edinburgh a few years ago, has in Dr Jamieson one of its staunchest supporters, and it is quite refreshing to witness the keen interest depicted on the faces of the members when he is reading some favourite book or ballad to them.

Our friend would be no typical Scotsman if the Kirk and what it represents did not hold a high place in his thoughts and occupy some of his time. So we find him a loyal member of the Session of St Giles' Church, the broad-minded minister of which—Dr J. Cameron Lees—being one of his most esteemed friends.

Dr Jamieson has been long a member of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, and also of the Border Counties Association, of which he is one of the few remaining original members. From being an active member of the last-named Association, he was chosen, and found to be an equally active colleague to the chairman of the Council, Mr Mack, of Coveyheuch, Berwickshire. On this esteemed gentleman's death he became sole chairman. It is quite a pleasure to sit at the Council table with Dr Jamieson and

see the way in which he can place his finger on every detail pertaining to matters in which the three Counties are concerned. Here it is that you see his promptitude and first-class business methods in full operation.

There is not a school in county town or quiet village, or pastoral glen, but it is familiarly known to our chairman, and we have often thought that it would cheer the hearts of the teachers—who do such splendid work in the outposts of the educational field—if they saw how anxiously their interests in the prizes and bursaries open to their schools were anticipated and considered by the Council under the guidance of their chairman.

It may not be out of place to say here, that we sometimes fear that the work of this excellent Association is not so well-known as it should be. If it were so, we believe that Borderers at home and abroad would be only too anxious to identify themselves with it by becoming members. It is quite characteristic of Dr Jamieson to find that he has already enrolled both of his sons as life members. Let us hope many will follow his example.

When the annual examination of the candidates for school bursaries takes place at St Boswells or elsewhere, Dr Jamieson makes it a point to be present, and we can vouch for it, that his genial presence and sympathetic words of encouragement give a mighty impulse to all the young Borderers forward to do their best for the honour of their school.

Dr Jamieson does this and many similar duties as matters of course, and I fear, when he finds them publicly recorded, he will probably give the recorder "a bad quarter of an hour." But surely it is well that the veil should be lifted now and then, so that Borderers "hereabout and far awa'" may see how the affairs in which they have an interest are managed by those to whom they are committed.

In this loyalty of Southland men and women to the interests emanating from their homeland, we seem to feel the pulse of home-hunger that throbs in the breast of mankind all over the world.

The exigencies of modern life find Scotsmen outspanned everywhere. But in the heart of each there still remains that deep-rooted attachment to their native land, with its burns, and lochs, and glens, and mountains, that is only to be met with in strong natures.

Even from the most successful of such wanderers there ofttimes comes the plaintive cry:

"I sigh for Scotia's shores
As I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a glimpse
Of my ain countrie."

But it is not from expatriated ones alone that the craving for home and the old associations comes with such emotional urgency. The lad who left his quiet village or drowsy county town, and has pushed his way through obstacles and trials until he has become a prosperous merchant or a skilled professional man, often hears above the city's noise the sound of the river as it rushed over the cauld near the mill; and sees, beyond the cold grey streets, the old familiar faces of schoolmates, and the sentinel forms of the mountains that guard the home of his boyhood.

Then it is that he recalls the words of Burns, and applies them to his own corner of the land with all the yearning of a patriot:—

"That I, for puir auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or book might make,
Or sing a sang at least!"

And thus it is that the men of whom Dr Jamieson is a type, find time amid the whirl of life to help the young people who dwell amid the homesteads of their beloved Borderland.

One of Dr Jamieson's distinctive traits is his fondness for travelling, whether by sea or land. His two sons are now launched upon the world as doctor and dentist respectively, and thus it comes that the doctor and his esteemed wife, when "all the world is out of town," can steal away alone to sail 'mid western lochs or rest in southern glens, where, with a favourite author, in the shadow of some historic tower, they seek fresh inspiration for their life's work.

That they may succeed in their quest is the fervent wish of all who know how important that work is! DUNCAN FRASER.

The Bonnie Borderland.

OH for a sicht o' the bonnie blue-bells,
An' the heather purplin' the hills,
At the thocht o' them an' my native land,
My e'e wi' the saut tears fills.

Oh the bonnie blue-bells, the bonnie blue-bells,
On the Border hills far away;
Where the burnies come brawlin' doun the glens,
Where the birken shadows play.

But waes me! I've luikit my last I fear
On the bonnie Border-land,
Nae mair the laverock's sang I'll hear,
Nae mair on the Eildons stand.

But far away frae my hame an' kin
I maun lay me doun to dee,
Wi' ne'er a kindly Scot beside
To close my wearie e'e.

I thocht to lie for my lang, lang sleep
Where my ain folk peacefu' rest,
Wi' Tweed to croon me a lullabie,
An' the rowan abune my breast.

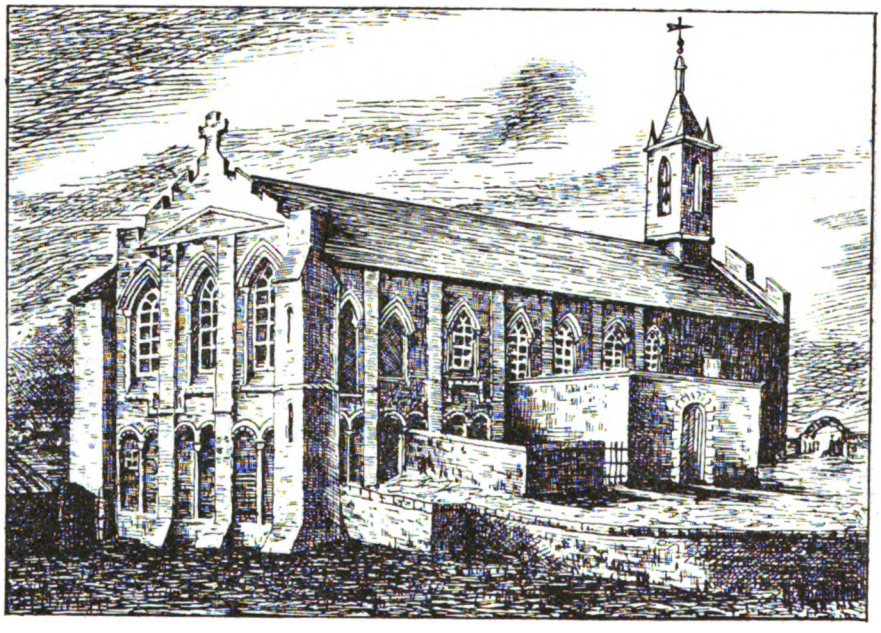
But it's no to be—the palm will wave,
An' the scented orange tree,
By my lanely grave, sae far frae hame
In Scotland ayont the sea. EDIN MELROSE.

An Old Religious House.

" Coldyngame than foundyed he,
And rychely gert it dowyt be,
Of Saynt Ebba a sweet Hallow,
Saint Cuthbert thair thai honoure now."

TWO miles south of St Abb's Head, that wonderful land-mark whose crags and crevices are the most conspicuous feature on the eastern coast of this island, there stands a cold grey remnant in solid masonry of the Priory of Coldingham, founded by King Edgar in 1098. It possibly occupies the site of that church which was erected by Bishop Egred, through the munificence of Ceolwulph, King of Northumberland (729-37), who laid aside his kingly dignity to enter the monastic cell, and who built, and probably endowed, the sacred houses of Jedburgh, Melrose, and Tyningham. But the foundation-stone of the ecclesiastical history of Coldingham was laid at an earlier date though, by reason of conflicting traditions, it is difficult to set the fragments in their proper places. It may, at once, be safely affirmed that, before the close of the seventh century, a religious house was raised on Coldburgh Head. The Priory (now the Parish Church), St Helen's Chapel on Kirk Hill, and Ebba's Nunnery to the north of St Abb's have, undoubtedly, a common lineage, but, before considering further the erection of religious houses—one or more—it will be necessary to refer briefly to the introduction of Christianity to these eastern shores.

The monk Corman from Iona was the first missionary of the Cross to visit Northumbria, but his mission failed through lack of zeal. Soon afterwards, Aidan the pious, aided by Oswald, in seven days converted 15,000 people, and a See and Monastery was established at Lindisfarne in 634 A.D. The bishopric, so far as it is defined north of the Tweed, extended "from the place where the Whitadder (flumen Edræ) rises on the north to the place where it falls into the Tweed; the whole land which lies between the Whitadder, and another river which is called Leader (Leder) on the west: the whole land which lies east of the river called Leder, to that place where it falls into the Tweed on the south, and the land which pertains unto the monastery of St Baldred (S. Balther) which is called Tiningham, from Lammermoor (Lambermore) to Estmouth (Eskmouth)." These limits, in a general sense, correspond to the district of Coldinghamshire, and account for the Priory of Coldingham being subject to the Convent of Durham, to which place towards the close of the eleventh century the monastery of Lindisfarne was transferred.



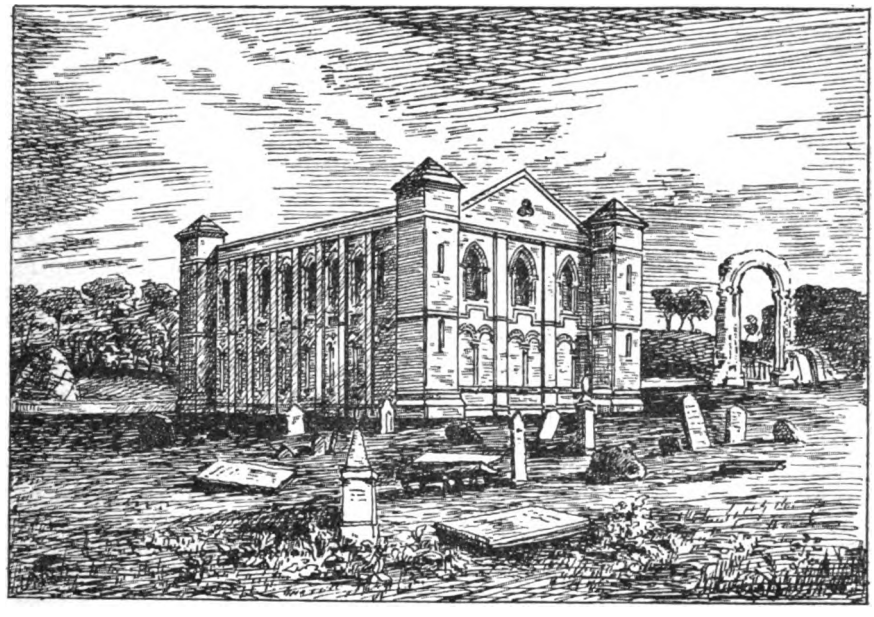
COLDINGHAM PRIORY, 1836.

One story, no doubt legendary, makes Ebba

a nun of Lindisfarne, when St Finan was Bishop (652-61.) Eaden, King of Scots, wished to take her to wife by force, when she fled to Coldingham Hill, where, by the swelling of the waters below, she was miraculously preserved for three days.

Another story, not less romantic, relates that Penda, the pagan king of Mercia, who was subsequently slain by Oswy, had proffered his hand in marriage to the saintly Ebba, who, dreading his manner of wooing, left her fatherland to beg asylum in East Anglia, when a storm bore her gallant barque upon a hospitable shore under the shelter of a rock, 306 feet high. Here a heath-thatched sanctuary was reared, and quaint little church by the angry main. It seems only a variation of the same narrative which states that Ebba was cast to land at Coldingham Shore, where she and her attendant nuns were hailed to sanctuary by the monastery previously founded at Coldingham.

It is more than probable that, on the death of its first Abbess, the Convent was dispersed, and it is said that by reason of the worldliness of its inmates it was consumed by the vengeance of heaven in the early part of the eighth century. It seems, however, to have been partly restored, for, in the end of the ninth century, it was robbed and ruined by the Danes. Ædgils, a priest who left St Abb's for Jarrow, informed



COLDINGHAM PRIORY, 1858.

soon thereafter within the consecrated walls both monks and nuns resided. Among its sacred relics it enshrined a piece of the true Cross, and one of the nails which fastened the Saviour to the accursed tree. As was most meet, Ebba was the first Abbess, and lulled to patience and to penance by the moaning of the sea monk and nun dwelt secure, inculcating the doctrines of Aidan, who had been Bishop of Lindisfarne (635-52). Cuthbert, too, the patron saint of Northumbria, hallowed by his benign influence the discipline of the Convent. As he passed from Old Melrose to Lindisfarne, where he was installed Bishop in 684 A.D., he blessed the Bede that the nuns mutilated their faces to scare the lust of men, but sacrifice availed nothing in that harvest of revenge. Three or four rudely-sculptured stones have been discovered in the ruins of the Priory at Coldingham, and one of them represents the self-disfigurement of Ebba (it is necessary here to assume a second Ebba). Over the gateway which leads to Northfield House there has been set up what appears to be a figure of Ebba, whose face, mutilated by the weather and a flaw in the workmanship, still recalls the chastity of the early saint and of the inmates of that Convent, whose "fears within and wars without" have but scant

authentic record. The foundations of what are popularly known as the nunnery are those of a much later building, and may be those of a chapel erected by the Priory, though they may really mark the very dust as holy ground. Dr Rankine, in "The Church of Scotland," assumes that the Priory of Coldingham was built on the site of Ebba's nunnery, but there is no "sifting of authorities." St Helen's Chapel, one mile to the east of Ebba's Convent, is now supposed to have been a Chapel or Cell subordinate to the Priory.

As has been already said, Coldingham Priory was founded by King Edgar, and without following in detail the account of Fordun as to St Cuthbert appearing in vision and directing that the consecrated banner should be borne on spear-point before the advancing army, the dedication of the altar, and the grant of lands to the Benedictine Monks at Durham are well within the realm of historic truth. The charter of conveyance is the earliest record which has come down to us, proved by the actual contemporary document, of the possession of land in Scotland by a subject. David I. (1124-53) confirmed several charters conveying lands and privileges to the Priory. Patrick (1182-1232), son of the Earl of Dunbar, gave the village and lands "to God, St Mary, St Cuthbert, St Ebba, and the Durham monks serving God at Coldingham." Malcolm IV. (1153-65) liberally endowed the monastery, and in the end of the twelfth century, a charter of Edward of Restailrig granted to the monks of Coldingham two tofts of land in Eyemouth. Raine, in his monumental work, and also in his invaluable contributions to the "Surtees Society's Publication" gives numerous instances of substantial endowments—princely gifts to the service of religion.

The Priory, whose ruined cloisters and accessories even yet mark the site of a great religious house, has indeed been a magnificent building. Originally erected in the form of a Cross, the transition from Romanesque to First-pointed style of architecture, similar to that of Holyrood Abbey, founded by David I. in 1128, may be traced in what still remains of the choir walls, whose area measured 90 feet by 25 feet. The nave did not run in exact line with the choir (its axis lay a few feet to the south), but its measurements were similar, while the transept measured 41 feet by 34 feet. However, for a detailed account of the building the reader is referred to the scholarly work of Messrs McGibbon & Ross—"Ecclesiastical Architecture of Scotland," Vol. I. p. 437.

The Priory, during the long term of Border raid and foray, was frequently the prey and plunder of anarchy, and rude spoliation. In 1214, King John of England laid waste the whole country from Berwick to Edinburgh, and on his return he put the Priory to the flames. It was again burnt in 1430. In November, 1544, the English seized the monastery, fortifying the church and tower against the Regent Arran. In 1545, it was again burnt by Hertford, and in 1560 it fell with the monasteries. In 1648, after the first attack had been gallantly repulsed by the Royalists, who bore the brunt of two days' cannonade, Cromwell completed the ruin by blowing it up with gunpowder. Thus, the fair church of Ebba and Edgar was "reduced from the perfection of symmetry and beauty to broken and blackened walls." Sacrilege was mean even to the defacement of monuments of valour, but it was not by any means the Scottish Reformation which laid in ashes the gifts of patriotism and piety. It was during the so-called age of chivalry that a visor was spread over the face of vandalism, and this last had no reverence for the days of old. All that was left of the holy house was a tower (probably at one time the central tower) which stood at the north-west angle of the transept, along with the north and east walls of the choir. More than one hundred years ago, the tower, supposed to have been ninety feet high, also fell, and the stones thereof became the plunder of masonry.

Immediately after the Restoration (1660) the north and east walls were utilized to form the present Parish Church. The south wall was rebuilt—now pierced by lancet windows, while the west wall was rebuilt uniformly. The work was carried out by Home of Coldingham, and while the other heritors refused to share the cost, they allowed him to erect a large seat, with a splendid canopy, near the pulpit. Projecting galleries were fixed at both ends of the church, one above the other, and the lower galleries were continued round the north wall. Square pews were erected in the area. The schoolmaster's seat was conspicuous, but it was latterly removed in order to have an open space for sacramental occasions. Boarding covered the sculpture-work, which, too, was frequently broken to admit a plank, while the fine carving was all obliterated by repeated coats of whitewash. Internally, as well as externally, heaps of debris lowered the walls, and in the graveyard mounds twelve feet in height gave a sepulchre to many generations of the dead.

In the beginning of last century, some examination was had of the remains of a very ancient building, with whinstone walls three feet in thickness, about thirty-five paces from the

south wall of the church, spoken of as Edgar's Walls, and probably the site of a royal residence. This palace, which is supposed to have been built at the time of the foundation of the Priory, had three doorways on a lower plane, the facings and steps of which were freestone. One angle of the building had on it also a corbel and groining-rib of freestone, the latter springing from the half-column freestone in the aisles of the south transept. When the earth and rubbish had been removed, a broad passage was laid bare, which, with a wall on the north side, extended the whole length of the building. The principal entrance faced the south. At each side of the three doorways are semi-circular shafts, measuring 22 inch. Similar shafts of smooth chisel-work occur at equal distances along the wall, while the sewerage exit is well preserved at the west end. At the east end what was then supposed to be the oven was discovered, and this has led some to suggest that the building is the remains of the Priory Refectory. The whole works seems to have covered an area of 50 feet long by 18 feet wide, and at the western extremity, known as King's Stables, some stones lay scattered about.

Through the liberality of the heritors the church was renovated in 1855. The galleries were removed: the floor lowered six feet; the south and west walls rebuilt in semi-Norman style; the corner towers carried up; and a ceiling of polished stained wood provided. The seats were fixed across the area, those in front of the pulpit being set lengthwise. Thus reconstructed, the church is 95 feet by 35 feet. When these improvements were being carried out, evidences appeared of a restoration in the end of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century, while it is said that up to the middle of the eighteenth century the ruins of the chapel or Saxon convent were seen. It stretched a few feet further to the south than Edgar's building, and was not of quite the same form, for the east end consisted of a circular projection or apse, probably a chancel—its two feet low wall being plastered on both sides. The stone seems to have been got at St Helen's quarry, Greenheugh, in the parish of Cockburnspath.

It was in a liberal spirit that all the heritors discharged a legal duty, and their personal interest in the work, as well as their readiness to adopt those plans which served most the harmony of the ancient buildings, deserve gratitude even now, for considerable expense was entailed beyond what would, in ordinary circumstances, have been required. A grant of £625 from Government, i.e., from the Crown through the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, along with £843 from the heritors, made possible a restoration worthy of the historic associations which cluster round the Priory, and the preservation of an example of graceful architectural design unsurpassed in the ecclesiastical buildings of the realm. The entrance is now nearly in the centre of the south wall, having a large porch laid with black and white flag-stones. A spiral stair-case leads to the Kirk Session-house over the porch.

To the west of the village of Coldingham, in the Dean on the border of Bogangreen, is an excellent spring of water, called St Andrew's Well, which supplied the Priory by means of thick leaden conduits. The limits of sanctuary were marked by various crosses, e.g., Cairncross, Whitecross, Crossgait or Market-Cross, Friarscross, Crosslaw, Applincross. The last-named—the Appealing Cross, near Burnhall Bridge—is on the way to Northfield. Here, in 1645, the terror of the plague led the kindly folks of Coldingham to carry provisions and other gifts of charity to be laid on an altar beyond contagion. The tenant of Northfield, one hundred years ago, opened a large mound where the plague was said to have been buried, when human bones, "meal-arks," and pieces of decayed cloth told the story of interment outside the camp. Half-a-mile south of the Priory is Gallowside, where, on several occasions, human skeletons have been unearthed, indicating the limit of civil or ecclesiastical law.

There have been numerous relics discovered—some preserved, others dispersed—within and around the Priory, which add to the interest of the visitor to this old religious house, and it must always be borne in mind that, all down these centuries, there has been constant service of Christian worship—with only a probable break of twelve years—at this hallowed shrine, and to those whose hearts may be moved to dedicate their wealth to the beauty of holiness there remains the adornment or reconstruction of the south wall of one of the hidden gems of Scottish ecclesiastical architecture.

A. T. G.

Nithsdale, Fare-thee-well!

FARE-THEE-WELL, beloved valley—
With thy softly-flowing streams;
When I slumber, I may see thee—
See thee smiling, in my dreams.
Far away beyond the mountains,
Lying towards the sunny west,
Where the river murmurs softly,
And the breeze is hushed to rest.
Where the roe will seek the shadow
Of the ancient woodland tree;—
Where the heath shall bloom in autumn,
Bloom again—but not for me.

A. B. G.

Letters and Recollections of Sir Walter Scott.

THE reading public seems never to tire of the subject of Sir Walter Scott, and readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE at least know that additions are being continually made to the literature that has formed round the charmed name. Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co., of London, have just published a handsome volume bearing the above title. It is by Mrs Hughes of Uffington, the friend of Sir Walter, and the grandmother of the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," a book which has touched the hearts of millions the wide world o'er. The letters and recollections have been edited by Horace G. Hutchinson, who thus refers to the work :—

Quite accidentally my notice was directed to these letters of Sir Walter's of which Lockhart does not seem to have suspected the existence, although probably he was aware that at one time a considerable correspondence was maintained between Mrs Hughes and his father-in-law. That this was so he implies clearly (*Vide* "Life of Scott" page 524.) Any quotation I make from this source comes from the edition published by Black in 1881:—"Among Scott's visitors of the next month, first in Edinburgh, and afterwards on Tweedside, were the late amiable and venerable Dr Hughes, one of the Canons-residentiary of St Paul's, and his warm-hearted lady. The latter had been numbered among his friends from an early period of life, and a more zealously-affectionate friend he never possessed. On her way to Scotland she had halted at Keswick to visit Mr Southey, whom also she had long known well, and corresponded with frequently."

One of the results of this visit was the re-uniting of the bonds of friendship between these already distinguished men, which had been interrupted for some years by one of those miserable and petty misunderstandings that not even the friendships of the greatest souls always escape. Scott's conciliatory letter is quite charming, in his own manner. . . . In Lockhart's recognition Mrs Hughes of Uffington appears only as one among very many others; and I cannot but think that Lockhart, had he known of the extent of the correspondence and its exceedingly interesting character, would not have left it as he did, wholly untouched.

The volume now before us should find a place in every Border library, for its contents are so valuable that it is quite entitled to rank as a supplement to Lockhart's great life of Sir Walter. As we read its delightful pages we seem to come into the immediate presence of Scott and his contemporaries, while Mrs Hughes' descriptions of scenery and incidents are fresh and unhackneyed. The volume, which is published at 10/6 net, is enhanced by Sir Edwin Landseer's portrait of Scott, portraits of Dr Hughes and the authoress, and a beautifully reproduced facsimile letter of Sir Walter's to Mrs Hughes, which in itself adds greatly to the value of the work.

Our space will only permit of a few quotations. Referring to Scott's visit to the authoress, her surviving grandson, W. H. Hughes, of Milton, Massachusetts, tells the following story :—

"Scott was staying in London at the time, somewhere in the West-End. One evening he admired some fish at her table, which she had, as was usual with her, bought at a famous stall in Billingsgate market and carried home herself. The next morning she included in her purchase some of this particular fish, and asked the stallkeeper if he could deliver it at the West-End. Taking a very decided 'No' for an answer, she observed regretfully, 'Sir Walter will be much disappointed.' 'Sir Walter, mum! You don't mean Sir Walter Scott?' 'Yes, indeed, I do.' 'Why, mum, I'd send it to him free of charge if he was in Hedinboro'!"

In his letter to Mrs Hughes, Scott is very careful what he says of his contemporaries when he could not use the language of praise, but he lets himself go a little in the following reference to Byron :—

"I owe you a thousand thanks for the transcript respecting poor Byron's conversation—he was much of a Crammer, i.e., sometimes told his bottle-holder a sort of romance for which he seriously claimed credit. I always suspected the duel to be escapades of this kind, if Capt. Medwin rightly understood what he said, and if Lord Byron was not speaking of boxing matches at school. We must have heard if he had fought twice, or been second in many affairs of honour. They do not occur amongst men of note as to escape notice, and the world had long been anxious to learn all they could of Byron. I know he was like to have fought at Malat, but it went off, as these things often do."

The following four anecdotes culled from the pages of this most interesting volume will give our readers some idea of the rich store to be found in the 338 pages of letterpress :—

BIBLICAL HIGHER CRITICISM.

Sir Walter had a client to defend, a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, who was prosecuted for using improper language in his sermons; here are two specimens. Preaching on the Revelations, he said—"And there was a throne on a sea of glass, which shows, my brethren, that it had a very slippery foundation." Speaking of Pontius Pilate, he said—"I have always looked upon P. P. as a much injured character; I have ever considered him as a greater benefactor to the Christian religion than any other of the nine Apostles." This man fortunately died before the trial came on.

MARRYING IN HASTE.

An old farmer whose wife had been dead only a month applied to his minister to proclaim his banns in the church next day. The clergyman remonstrated. "Your banns, John—it is no possible, man. Your wife has na been dead a month—she is na cauld in her grave." "Aweel, sir, never ye heed that—do ye put up the banns, and she'll aye be

cooling the while." This story Sir Walter's mother related to Lord Hopetoun, who had three wives with small space between, and recollected it as she came to the end, and saw the offended look of her auditor.

THE HIGHLAND REBEL'S PRAYER.

An old Highlander who had been out in the '45 was persuaded to accompany a friend to a licensed chapel; when the minister began to pray for King George, the Highlander fidgeted and snorted; when a prayer was put up for the Queen, his disapprobation was more strongly marked; but when the minister went on, "May it please Almighty God to bless and preserve His Royal Highness William, Duke of Cumberland," his patience could go no further. He rushed out of the door, exclaiming "May it please Almighty God to bless and preserve the Deevil."

The wisdom of considering the case of your hearer before you tell a story that may unintentionally offend is shown by an incident in the life of Scott's mother which he thus told to Mrs Hughes:—

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD'S STORY.

Hogg is a very simple-minded, pleasant person, much less rough in exterior than I expected, and has an open, good-humoured face which must prepossess everyone in his favour; he and Sir Walter talked and laughed over the character of a Laird whom they remembered living near Philiphaugh, and was known by the name of the daft Laird. He was riding through the Ettrick with his man behind him on a pony. All of a sudden he called out, "Jock, I saw an Otter in yon Pool." In spite of the heavy fall of rain, Jock guided his pony to the spot, but after splashing and plunging about some time, while the Laird sat quietly on his horse, he said, "I fear, Laird, we'll hae nae sport the day: I canna find a trace o' the creature." The Laird replied, "Troth, Jock, I'm thinking is na that likely, for it's two and thirty years sin I saw him stravagin' in yon Pool."

Love's Tribute:

A Sonnet-Sequence.

THIS volume of dainty verse has just been issued by the well-known publisher, T. N. Foulis, Edinburgh and London. Attractive by reason of its exterior appearance, where white Japanese vellum and gold delight the eye, the volume proves doubly attractive when its contents are perused by readers whose hearts are susceptible to pure and lofty thoughts, and whose ears are attuned to the rhythmic beat of poesy. The author's name appears on the title page as James Whitehead, but it is an open secret that this is but the pen name of a Border physician, Dr Dixon of Hawick, who in this his first book proves himself a poet of no mean order. The volume contains sixty-five sonnets, including the Dedication and the Epilogue, and all being linked together by one theme, the brevity and incompleteness in the sonnet form of verse is got over. The sonnet is at once the highest and most difficult medium for poetic expression, and few poets attempt it with anything like success. Dr Dixon, however, has succeeded in a remarkable degree. The intense human interest which runs through the book at once rivets the attention of the reader, and carries him to the end, where he feels inclined to begin over again. Lack of space prevents us dealing further with the beauties of this latest addition to the literary work of Border men. The volume, which is beautifully printed on strong paper, is published at 3/6 net, and we trust it will find its way into many Border homes, where the sweetening influence of its message is sure to be felt. The three following sonnets will give our readers a fair idea of the contents of "Love's Tribute":—

LOVE'S RETICENCE.

And yet our love is not the world's concern:
What right have they to prate and criticise?
How can they hope thy graces to discern,
Who only own unsympathetic eyes?
It may be they will think thou art not fair,
And thy great goodness merely commonplace,
When, all the while, it is my pen's despair
In living lines these very things to trace.
To me thou art a being bright as day,
Fairer than Truth if such a thing could be;
Pure as the Maid who shames the stars away,
And to her bosom draws the restless sea.
Let no one seek these merits to disprove,
Who has not seen thee through the eyes of love.

LOVE'S KINGDOM.

When on thy hair I see the sunbeams play,
And thy great eyes gaze wholly into mine;
When in the silence, at the close of day,
Thy lips, unfaltering, whisper "I am thine";
And when to me, thy buttress and thy shield,
Clad in a robe of faith thy soul appears,
I know that unto both has been revealed
The sweetest secret heard by human ears.
Forgetful of the tumult and the strife,
Upraised are we into a realm above,
Where, far from all the futile fret of life,
We only own the empery of Love;
And through the dells of this enchanted land,
Wander at will, together hand in hand.

LOVE'S RETURN.

As one who, having wandered from his way,
And spent his strength the road to re-discover,
Grows sad and silent at the long delay,
But carols when the weary quest is over;
Or like to one who, in the deep of night,
Dreams that he has for ever fallen blind,
But whose pale aspect sparkles with delight
When dawn dispels this phantom of the mind:
So when to me my absent love came back;
Bidding farewell to that cold, northern shore,
Where Heaven's blue dome too oft is painted black,
And all too oft the winds of ocean roar,
My heart, from its despondency set free,
Grew glad straightway, and danced with ecstasy.

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1905.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In issuing the first number of our tenth volume we desire to return our sincere thanks to those subscribers and contributors who have so loyally supported our efforts to render the BORDER MAGAZINE worthy of the best traditions of the Borderland. The November number was almost sold out, and the number of appreciative notes we have had regarding our last issue proves that our selection and arrangement of the contents meet with the approval of our readers. As we have a large amount of good matter on hand we hope to make our tenth volume as interesting if not more so than its predecessors. All we require is an extended circulation and that lies, to a large extent, with our readers who can recommend the BORDER MAGAZINE to their friends.

CONTRIBUTORS will kindly bear with us if we have to delay publication of their articles by reason of our abundant supply, but they are none the less appreciated on that account

The Border Keep.

PRODIGIOUS!

Once more the glad-sad season returns when the old dominie sends forth from his retreat the ever-old, ever-new greeting, "A Guid New Year to aue an' a'," to his many friends, who, though they may not meet him face to face or give him a warm hand-clasp, yet do not forget him in his retirement. It is a glad season indeed, and it is well that the young folks should rejoice exceedingly, but those upon whom the sorrows of age have fallen cannot refrain from thinking with a mellowed sadness of the past, and recalling the faces and forms of the friends of other days. Far from the noise and worry of everyday life it is my privilege to watch the currents of modern thought, and I rejoice to see the decided revival of true Scottish patriotism, which is not retarded, but rather quickened and strengthened by what might be termed local patriotism. The old money-box motto of our childhood, "Take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves," is also applicable to national life. Any fool can sit at the fireside and scribble letters to the newspapers about Imperial politics, but it takes a man of some grit to work for the good of his immediate neighbourhood.

> "Would'st thou go forth to bless,
> Be sure of thine own ground,
> Fix well thy centre first,
> Then draw your circles round."

* * *

For the benefit of new readers it may be as well to restate what is the purpose of this portion of the BORDER MAGAZINE, which the editor kindly places at my disposal. Our Border newspapers are continually producing bits of literature referring to the Borderland which are

well worth preserving, but we all know that the fate of a newspaper is generally to be thrown aside and forgotten, except by those careful and methodical people who at once cut out what they desire to preserve and paste it in a book. As this is so seldom done, the BORDER MAGAZINE forms a fitting medium whereby valuable or interesting paragraphs may be preserved, and for this purpose the "Keep" came into existence. I have been so often indebted to the widely-circulated "Southern Reporter," and my old friend, its Edinburgh correspondent, that I cannot do better than begin the New Year by the following paragraphs from recent issues of the aforementioned paper:—

Alexander Campbell Fraser, Professor (Emeritus) of Logic and Metaphysics in Edinburgh University, has, like the late Professor Veitch, a passionate liking for the Borders, and for thirty-five summer vacations, he tells us in his recently published autobiography, "Biographia Philosophica," he has lived among the rounded green hills of the Borders. It was Welsh of Mosfennan who in 1849 took him across the hills that separate the Yarrow from the Tweed, "and first felt the pensive charm of the Border vale in which a few years later he found a summer home—the most restful region I have found in the journey of life. Its grey shadows are associated with Berkeley and Locke, with both of whom I lived in thought; but the silent vale between Selkirk and Moffat is connected still more with the friends whose visits added so much to the natural charm, and with neighbours in manse and farmhouse—that manse among the mountains, the centre of the social system in the happy valley." He speaks kindly of Dr Russell, Thomas M'Crindle, and Sir David and Lady Brewster, with whom he was at Tibbie Shiel's in 1862. Sir David had been there forty years previously, a visit which Tibbie perfectly remembered. He recalls other visitors—Sir Alexander Grant, Lord Napier and Ettrick, Professor Blackie, Alexander Russel of the "Scotsman," Sellar, Jowett, Mrs Ferrier, and Veitch. His last parting with Veitch was at the Gordon Arms, where they were staying in 1894, just a fortnight before Veitch died. He quotes the lines—

I see—but not by sight alone,
  Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives—
  Her sunshine plays upon thee.

* * *

There is a Branksome Hall in Canada, at 102 Bloor Street, Toronto. Miss Scott is one of the managers, and she seems to have imported the name for this school for girls from Hawick. I am reminded of this by a call from an acquaintance, Mr James Ogilvie, bookseller, Ottawa. His father, who had an accountant's business near Sir Walter Scott's Edinburgh house, 39 Castle Street, left for Canada a generation ago, when my friend was nine years of age. All his life Mr Ogilvie has remembered his father's enthusiasm as an angler on Tweedside, and one fine Saturday lately he put in a big day in re-visiting the scene of his father's angling exploits at St Boswells. He called on Mr Tom Fox at Dryburgh, who remembered his father coming there as a young man of 24; he was one of the keenest anglers that Tom had ever seen. Tom, who was born 4th April, 1824, went back 70 years quite easily in his recollections of his angling friend. This was Mr Ogilvie's first view of the Tweed, which he greatly enjoyed, and as he did Dryburgh, Melrose, and Abbotsford in one day, he had not much vacant time.

* * *

A London friend sends me a Metropolitan wine merchant's advertisement containing the following amusing and seasonable story, which may come in handy for some of my readers who attend the suppers in honour of the "Immortal Memory" on the 25th of this month:—

Among all the incidents recorded of Robert Burns there is none more typical of the man as he was when in harmony with mankind and himself than the chance meeting in a Broder town with three complete strangers, yet, although well authenticated, it is but little known, and, for the benefit of those unacquainted with the story, we think it well to tell it here. Burns, during one of his short journeys into the northern English counties, attended a cattle market in a Cumberland town. Separated from his companions in the bustling crowd and wishing to rejoin them, for he was seldom in the mood to be alone, he entered a tavern as the most likely place to find his friends. He sought from room to room, merely opening the door of each and entering none when satisfied that his missing companions were not within. At last he came to a parlour in which were gathered three jolly Cumberland men, one of whom catching sight of Burns as he withdrew, shouted, "Come in, Johnny Peep." Burns, tired of his fruitless search, and quick to note kindred spirits in the small company, obeyed the summons and joined them, seated himself at the table, and, in a short time was the life and soul of the party. Burns was a brilliant conversationalist, few subjects coming amiss to his fertile brain and ready tongue, and had a Boswell been of the company in such gatherings as this, the sayings of Robert Burns would have been almost as widely known as his poems. In the course of their merriment, one of the jolly Cumberland men proposed that each should write a stanza of poetry and put it with half-a-crown below the candlestick, with this stipulation, that he who proved himself to be the best poet should have his stake returned, while the remaining half-crowns were to be expended in whisky for the benefit of the company. What the others wrote has been lost in oblivion. The Ayrshire ploughman quickly grasped the situation, called to mind his invitation, selected his pastoral simile, and produced, with a twinkle in his merry eyes, the following verse:—

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

On his stanza being read, a roar of laughter followed, and, while he was unanimously voted to have won the wager, one of the Englishmen exclaimed, "Who are you?" An explanation followed, and we are naively told by the chronicler that the happy party "did not separate the day they met."

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Home, Sweet Home.

In Two Chapters.

By Mrs J. Pringle Thorburn.

CHAPTER I.

AN old mansion-house it once had been, roomy and large, with old-fashioned gables, and small but numerous windows studding at frequent intervals the dingy grey, ivy-clad walls, of what was now known as Grangely farmhouse. The farm holding itself, a building of later years, standing as it did in rather close proximity to the dwelling, did not certainly add to the amenity of the place; yet, nevertheless, acted as a friendly foil and shelter from the keen north winds that often swooped so relentlessly down from the surrounding hills.

It was a wild hill district—limb of the Scottish Borders; very lovely in summer, but often in winter undoubtedly approaching to the fiercely grand. Not a human dwelling within a mile or two, save a shepherd's lonely shieling, with turf-clad roof, and walls and doors which it was hard to fancy could ever have been upreared after any mathematical dispensation whatsoever. It was a dull November afternoon, with a chill blanched look upon the face of earth and sky. It did not positively snow, but the skilled in weather-signs averred that the scent of snow was in the air.

"Saidie," said her father, opening as he spoke the sitting-room door, "I want you to take the pony trap and run down to the post for me. Bess is in capital trim, and she will take and bring you within the three hours. Miss Wilton could go with you."

"Oh, father!" remonstrated the mother, looking quickly up from her mending basket, "there is a storm in the air this afternoon, and if overtaken they are not fit to battle with it. Could not you spare one of the men to ride down?"

"Impossible," said the big, burly farmer, "not a man amongst them can be spared to-day. Straw is wanted, and they're busy threshing; and Syme and Mackay must gather the sheep into the Meadow Park But no fear of the storm to-day; not till they get back, at any rate. We may be drifted up by to-morrow though."

And as it suited Mr Gordon to believe that the predicted storm would not develop on this special afternoon, he readily convinced himself that it assuredly would not.

"All right, father," said Saidie. "Don't be nervous, mother dear. Old Bess and I know every foot of the way. And, Fanny, you have been wishing to see a storm amongst the hills. So, if we're caught you won't be sorry, will you?"

"Oh, no," laughed the young visitor from city walls. "It will be quite romantic. Snow to the right of us—snow to the left of us!"

Mrs Gordon shuddered.

"Nonsense, mother," cried her daughter, going close to her, and laying a caressing hand on the still dark hair. "It will only be three hours till we're back, you know. And the snow has not even begun to fall yet, if it comes at all."

And gaily the two ran off to wrap up for the anticipated drive.

Saidie Gordon was accustomed to handle the ribbons, and, moreover, she and the old grey pony were very staunch, familiar, old friends. They had a good long stretch of moorland path to traverse ere the public road could be permanently gained, and, after that, three miles ere they could reach the village, where stood the district post office, the church, the school, and a little hamlet of houses. Scarcely, however, had they left the hill track and gained the main road ere some fugitive snow-flakes began to tremble in the air.

"Delightful!" cried Fanny Wilton, "I do believe I am going to be gratified after all. I have long had an ambition to see a storm amongst the hills."

Her companion laughed, then glanced a little anxiously upwards and around.

"Yes, Fanny, but I would rather that we had been thus far on our way home again instead of just half-way there. But I don't think it will be much for an hour or two yet. And there is no fear if the wind does not rise."

And Saidie as she spoke lightly touched old Bess, but Bess had decidedly a little will of her own, and when conscious of doing her best was apt to resent such interference; so with a little angry shake of her mane kept just as lazily trotting along as if basking in the heat of a July day.

"Bess is in one of her moods," said Saidie, with a laugh, "so we will have to take it easy whether we will or no." And as it was—long before they reached their destination the snow was falling heavily. Not in the former puny way, but as if a great white curtain had suddenly descended from the hills and wrapped the fields, the hedges, and the gateways in one bewildering sheet of white. But as the road was straight before them now there would be no difficulty in reaching the little village—just one turn to be taken with which Saidie was too familiar to miss. Once there

and letters and parcels secured Saidie Gordon would not tarry.

In vain the old postmaster urged the delay of an hour or two, as he quite thought from the size of the flakes that it might just prove a temporary fall. But Saidie would not wait.

"Mother will be anxious, Mr Graham. We must hurry back, thank you!"

But the hurrying back was no easy task. It was now for the next mile or so entirely uphill, and with the wind now rapidly rising and the snow drifting in their faces the two merry girlish voices by and bye began to get ominously silent. But as yet neither of them wished to be the first to say that they feared the way home was going to be a long one. Then as they gradually got higher and higher the now fast drifting wind began to grow fiercer, and yet more fierce, compelling them every second or two to stand ingloriously still and tighten their wraps more closely round them.

"Fanny!" cried Saidie, taking advantage of a temporary lull, and with a poor ghost of fun quivering in her voice, "How do you like it? Isn't it romantic?"

The answer was a little hysterical laugh, followed by something not unlike a sob.

"Poor Fanny," said her companion, giving her hand a little kindly squeeze, "you must not be afraid, for you know we are always getting a little nearer, and a little nearer home."

Fanny Wilton groaned. "Oh, Saidie, is there no house where we could shelter for a while, for I cannot bear it any longer?"

"No, dear, I fear not, for we must be far past Oakley now, and there is nowhere else. I could not even see it as we passed. But tell me, Fanny, have you seen anything of the big red pillar, as I seem to have missed it somehow? And we take it for our landmark in a storm like this." And Saidie Gordon abruptly tightened rein, glancing anxiously around, but she was utterly hemmed in by the wall of blinding snow, and could not see a foot before her.

"Oh, Saidie!" cried the other, reproachfully, "you surely have not lost your way?"

"No, not lost my way, Fanny; just a little bewildered with the snow. If it would only stop for a minute or two we could take our bearings."

"But it will not stop, Saidie, so what have we to do?"

"If you will hold the reins I will tell you presently," she answered, springing out and beginning to cautiously grope her way to the side of the road, so as to discover whether or not the fences had terminated. For after that it was the open, unguarded moors, with the highroad running between. But the country-reared girl knew what her friend did not—that there were some old unfilled in drains on both sides of the moor, and a false step on old Bess's part would at once precipitate them into some ugly chasm. It is true that under such circumstances a horse's instinct will keep it on the beaten and familiar path, but a horse is simply a horse after all, and it cannot calculate for the magnitude of wheels that follow after.

"Oh, Saidie, do not leave me!" cried Fanny, now seized with sudden terror as she saw her friend disappear amongst the snow. "I cannot bear to be alone."

"Just close at hand," proclaimed Saidie, cheerily. "I'll be with you in a minute." But there was not a bit of cheeriness in the comforter's heart, for after groping about and calculating her latitude as well as she might, she knew that they had left the fences behind and gained the open moor. And she also knew that they had a good half-mile to go yet ere they could reach a certain turn of the road, from which diverged their own hill-path, and which in its turn carried them up, up into the very heart of that wild hill country. Poor Saidie! What was to be done Very thoughtfully she made her way back to her impatient friend. And very thoughtfully she stood beside old Bess, mechanically patting, as she spoke, the patient animal.

"Fanny, I am going to lead Bess down to the level till we are past the drains. And then——"

"Yes, do," interrupted Fanny, "it will be so much safer. And it is so kind of you proposing it, dear. I shall feel so much more comfortable."

Very gravely the young lady took the old pony by the head and began the tiresome descent, boots and stockings in a very few seconds being filled with snow, but still she plodded on. At length, to her relief, the descent was vanquished, and even the summit of a tiny hill surmounted. Now, believing that the worst was over, she halted and prepared to step into the low-set trap, when something—she scarce knew what—sharply arrested her. A strange rumbling sound, alike and yet unlike, the far-off march of distant thunder. Then a second later, and she sprang into the seat beside her friend, for with a suddenness that seemed to shake the very ground beneath them the storm broke. In all its fury it came swooping down from the mist-clad hills, driving the snow-clouds before it, with a hurricane of eddying whiteness, reeling and dancing and whirling round and round in a cycle of blinding, bewildering uncertainty. For a little while nothing to be heard or felt

but turmoil and chaos, chaos and turmoil, till with a parting flap of its wingless wings the tornado flew with a rattle and a whirl, a whirl and a rattle, over the terrified heads, away, away to seek some other bourne in which to spend all recklessly one of the fiercest outcomes of Nature's restless passion.

With a cry of thankfulness, Saidie Gordon recognised that the present trouble had passed them by, but that another might be hovering near; so, heedless of her companion's half-fainting terror, she urged the pony to its greatest speed, scarce daring even to draw breath until she knew that they were partially safe once more down in the sheltered hollow. Then with voice all trembling, she turned to Fanny:

"Excuse me, dear, but we must hurry on before the darkness gathers. I have thought of a shelter in the hay stack at the foot of the hill-path. I noticed a hole in it as we came along, and we will use our hands to make it bigger. So, Fanny, help me, will you, to try and make it out? It is at my right hand."

But presently old Bess stopped and tried to make a turn.

"Oh!" exclaimed Saidie, quickly, "this must be our 'turn.' Bess knows it. And, of course, the stack is opposite." And quietly and thankfully she led old Bess over to the shelter of the hay-stack, for this fight with Nature in one of her most frenzied moods was certainly proving too much even for the hill-bred maiden.

"Now," proposed Fanny, "I will just sit still, Saidie, while you prepare the place for me to crawl into, for there is no need of us both getting our feet wet."

"I shall make it as comfortable as I can for you," was the quiet answer, beginning, as she spoke, to pull at the hay with all her might. When at length she thought it might do, she got a waterproof rug from the trap, shook off the snow, and, turning up the dry woollen side of it, spread it carefully down for her friend to crawl into, which she did, calling at the same time for Saidie to be sure and bring the cushions also.

Then Saidie turned to unharness her mute old friend, much to Miss Wilton's annoyance, who saw no sense in such a procedure, for a horse was just a horse of course, and Nature had provided that the animals of the lower species should have a natural protection in their own thick coating. So what was the use of going against Nature and pampering the creature in any such way?

"Bess is old, poor thing," was the gently reproachful answer, "and she has been so faithful to us all. Now that she is free she will get to nibble a bit of hay."

"Just rubbish!" grumbled Fanny, "and I do wish you would be quick, Saidie, for two will be so much warmer than one."

Stiff and benumbed, Saidie Gordon at length crept in beside her friend, but, as she acted as door to the hole, she was still more or less exposed to the teasing, drifting snow. And Fanny would give her no rest. She was beginning to feel so very hungry. Surely Saidie had got some provisions down at the village, and they must be in the box of the phaeton. Had Saidie anything in it that she could eat?

"Yes," was the sleepy answer, "bread and tea, and sugar, and things."

"Now, Saidie, you must not go to sleep. It is not good for you. So rouse yourself, dear, and go bring me some bread and some sugar, for I'm ravenous."

Slowly and reluctantly the tired girl struggled to her feet, pushing her way painfully out as she did so. On her return with two parcels, Fanny hungrily grasped the loaf of bread, but what was supposed to be sugar turned out to be rice.

"Oh, how annoying," was the cry. "The sugar would have made the bare loaf more palatable. But, of course, I should not like to trouble you to go back again, dear."

"Oh, no," assented Saidie, sleepily, "but whatever will poor mother be thinking?"

"Oh! that is the least of it," snapped Fanny. "We are the real practical sufferers. If you will but eat a bit of bread, Saidie, it will keep you from falling asleep." But Saidie could not eat. The darkness was now rapidly falling, and although the snow was not descending quite so heavily, it was, if possible, drifting yet more wildly, foreshadowing every prospect of a weird, rebellious night.

(To be concluded next month.)

An Old Borderer.

IN Mr James Moffat, who died at Edinburgh on 13th November, 1904, the Borders have lost another loyal son. Born at Upper Nisbet farm seventy-two years ago, he at first served as a forester on the Marquis of Lothian's Roxburgh estates, but like many another Scot he was early tempted, by the prospect of advancement, to set his face towards the south. At the age of twenty he was appointed head forester on Lord Lothian's Blickling estate in Norfolk, and after spending a few years there was transferred to the Newbattle estates. Here he spent over twenty years, and would have been content to end his days, his loyalty to the Lothian family

being stronger than his ambition. The declining fortunes of the family, however, ultimately forced a separation, with regrets which neither party attempted to conceal. On the occasion of his leaving Newbattle his friends entertained him to a public dinner, and presented him with a substantial testimonial. During the last twenty-two years of his life he was superintendent, first of Dalry, and latterly of North Merchiston, Cemeteries, Edinburgh.

Mr Moffat was in many respects a remarkable man of strongly individual character, and of pronounced antiquarian and scientific tastes. He had formed a good collection of antiquities, geological objects, and natural curiosities,

JAMES MOFFAT.

Photo by J. Inglis, Edinburgh.

which it was his delight to show to his numerous visitors and friends. He had the good fortune only a few months ago to be the discoverer of a prehistoric cist and urn, the latter of which is now in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh. The find was of considerable interest and importance, and attracted great attention at the time in the Press.

A keen Borderer, Mr Moffat was enthusiastic in all that affected the history of the South, and could at times be eloquent in its favour. Though his early exile from the Borders proved to be practically permanent, his love for them only increased with years, and his last remaining strength he used in making a pilgrimage to the district shadowed by the Eildons. The pleasure derived from this was, however, largely mixed with more painful emotions, as few indeed of his contemporaries remained.

He was an expert in the forestry of varied districts, and was held in the highest esteem, personally and professionally, by all with whom he came in contact.

A. R.

An Uncrowned King.

ON the approaching four hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Knox, the book market is being flooded with volumes which deal with the stirring events in the life-story of Scotland's great Reformer. It is not our intention to notice at present any of the larger volumes which have been written on this most important subject, but to draw the attention of our readers to a twenty-four page illustrated pamphlet published at the small price of three-halfpence by the well-known firm of J. & R. Parlane, Paisley. The publication gives in eight chapters a most useful and readable resume of the outstanding events in the life-story of John Knox. It has been written by Agnes Marchbank, author of "Covenanters of Annandale," &c., and whose heart, to use her own words to us, "is in the Borderland." Knox was frequently in the Borders, and Froude, the historian, says:—"I know nothing finer in Scottish history than the way in which the Commons of the Lowlands took their places by the side of Knox." We have only space for the following short quotation:—

> Henry VIII. of England in "laying waste the Borders of Scotland" had cleared off the monasteries in the south; and now, at the rising of the people, the monasteries in Scotland shared the same fate. However, it was on buildings the people revenged themselves. They even let some of the priors and abbots carry off their hoarded wealth. They did not burn the monks as the Archbishop of St Andrews had burned the frail old priest. We may regret the loss of those fine buildings, but as Sir Walter Scott says (and who loved old buildings better than he did?): "Though many fine buildings were destroyed in Scotland in the first fury of the Reformation, it is better that the country should have lost these ornaments, than that they should have been preserved with the corrupt doctrines which had been taught in them."

Hope and fear alternate chase
Our course through life's uncertain race.
—Rokeby.

In the Upland Wilderness

MILES of moor, miles of peat, neither tree nor bush to be seen, and the dark crags standing up round the loch—that is all you see on this dry summer day, and you call it uninteresting. You thought it a perfect day when you left the Inn this morning; you looked on St Mary's, and it smiled back at you in the sun. The Loch o' the Lowes was deeper blue than the sky, and the heather of Chapelhope blazed with pinks and purples. You thought yourself a lucky fellow to get such a day for Loch Skene, unvisited except in dreams the Wizard had inspired. But you made the grand mistake; you chose for your visit a "perfect day." He who would see and know the real Loch Skene must go there in the spirit of Sir Walter's palmer,—

"And my black palmer's choice had been
Some ruder and more savage scene,
Like that which frowns round dark Loch Skene."

When the great head of the White Coomb is buried in the clouds, and the Coomb Crags and Lochcraighead form an amphitheatre for the sport of the mist; when the foam is on the water, and the tumbling rills are streaks of white; when the wild duck's form as it sweeps across the loch is unreal and spectral, and the whaup is only known by a shriek across the moor; then you may see and know the real Loch Skene.

Coming up from Winterhope, you squelch your soggy way through watery mosses, or brush with water-logged nether apparel through "drookit" sprets, till you feel like a new kind of amphibian, and really look like some woe-begone monstre of the bogs. But if you are a lover of the moorland, you know where to find beauty even in such depressing circumstances. The mist is a constant companion, as it drives along beside you, sweeps away up a ridge to the right, or settles calmly down all round you. There is a fascination in the drifting mist of the uplands; it hides from your view, perchance, some splendid mountain form, then at the proper moment it lifts, and shows you the true fashion of the hill sculpture; it throws up in true proportion the ragged features of the craigs, or picks out for you the bold sweeping outlines of the hill-shoulders. It is a first-rate artist, and knows all about the tricks of solidarity and aerial perspective, softening down a ridge here, filling in a hollow there, or simply nestling in its bosom, and revealing the plan of God's own modelling.

By and by it rises higher, till it merely caps the heights, which lie in dark shadow beneath. But yonder, above the highest rocks, a patch of brightness appears, like the birth of light on the mountain crest. It creeps down the hill basin, touching the torrents into silver, lighting the grey screens into gold, kissing the sullen waves of the tarn till they laugh as they dance on the gravel; gliding over the moor and turning the black peat into a deep rich brown splashed with red and purple; and then—it is gone.

The mist comes down once more; great wisps of it are sweeping along the ridges. The loch waters are black, except where a foamy curl of white relieves the gloom. There is a weird silence, broken at times by a sough from the torrents on the steeps, borne on the wind that sighs through the bent. The stillness that follows every sound creeps round your heart with an eerie increase of impressiveness, till the great crater-like corrie seems to bury you alive. You are the Last Man, and you have come to your last resting-place. When you are blotted out, humanity will have left the world to the mists and the whaups. There will be no mind in things but the Eternal, planning anew, perhaps, some successor to the human race, something else in His Own Image. Or perhaps the snowcap will settle down again upon the uplands, squeezing out, by its mighty weight, those grinding glaciers that are the chisels of God.

But you know there are others beyond the mist. Out in the valleys and plains of the earth, there are still lives being lived, there are still ideals, there are still love and duty, there are yet good and evil. These others, with you, are confronted on all hands by Nature's handiwork, but no two men are affected alike. The sunset appeals to all, but how differently to each! One sees it when you point it out to him, says it is "very nice," or even "exceedingly fine," but that is all. Another exclaims at sight of it, raves about it for thirty seconds or so, and will even stretch a point and go all the way with you in your admiration of it, if you like; but it is no more to him after that. This kind of person is a thorn in the flesh of the true lover of nature. The nature-lover is moved in a manner unspeakable; he simply absorbs the sunset, lives in it; it is part of himself for the time being, shares his soul secrets with him. All his life, ideals, aspirations, ambitions, cares, crosses, are brought to a focus in the light of that sunset.

It is not metaphor to speak of this man's soul vibrating in sympathy with the appeal from Nature. In light and sound, certain wave motions are accentuated by contact with certain others. A resonator will lie dumb, or only

grudgingly responsive, in the presence of tone after tone, as it awaits that which vibrates in synchronism with it, ere it gives out its characteristic note. The component parts of light await their complements, and flash forth in full radiant whiteness when these are combined with them. So in the sphere of mental activity, certain psychological processes lie in suspension till the proper reacting medium is supplied. There is an appeal from Nature to the soul of every man. Some answer to it, others are preoccupied, while others have the faculty of response undeveloped. In all, there is the embryo.

There are various interpretations of the call. Some say it is sentiment; some do not know what it is; some call it God. It is the reaction of the man upon his environment, and is from within his soul. And as in the musical instrument the quality, timbre or character of its tone is determined by the number and intensity of the overtones or harmonics, so in the human soul, the number and intensity of the responses made, that go to make up his whole reaction on his environment, determine the character of the man.

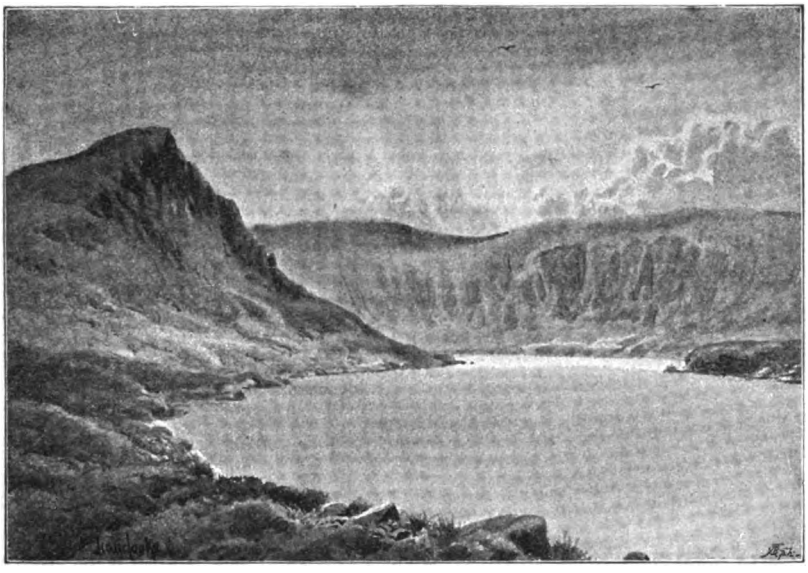
Without the soul, without the God that is in the man, the earth is only a heterogeneous collection of rocks in various stages of denudation.

A little child once said,—

"Ah, you are so great, and I am so small;
I tremble to think of you, world, and all.
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say
'You are more than the earth, though you are such a dot,
You can love and think, and the earth can not.'"

There is no beauty in the earth, except to the soul that sees and feels. The beauty of the mountains is in the soul of the beholder.

"Any man who has once seriously fallen in love with a wild sport has laid up for himself an abiding madness." So said a recent writer; and if for a "wild sport" you substitute the broader term "wild Nature," you still speak the same truth. The violin improves in tone the more you play upon it, till it speaks as with human emotions; so your soul reacts the more readily as you continually allow Nature to play upon it, and there remains with you the abiding madness of the nature-lover. Some play upon the instrument of their soul till it becomes raw, and quivers; these we call maudlin sentimentalists, morbid or hysteric. We do not want them here in the uplands; they should go out with hotel parties, under the charge of guides. In the land of the mist we want men, for only true men-souls can face the plunge into the awful presence of unveiled, unadorned Nature. Like the men before that awful one, She Who



LOCH SKENE.

must Be Obeyed, you stand in the presence of the Ages. Round you lie the moraines of centuries ago. At the foot of the White Coomb there is an ancient lake-bed, where the receding glacier left a natural breakwater, long since broken through by the Midlaw Burn. The present loch has lost an old companion, but will follow at some far-distant date, when the heaps of moraine through which her outlet rushes, shall have been swept down the valley, or when the torrents from the Lochcraighead shall have filled up the basin with their deposits. The Grey Mare's Tail is working back from the Giant's Grave, with the grim design of heaving the waters of the loch straight down the precipice. But who shall see the work completed?

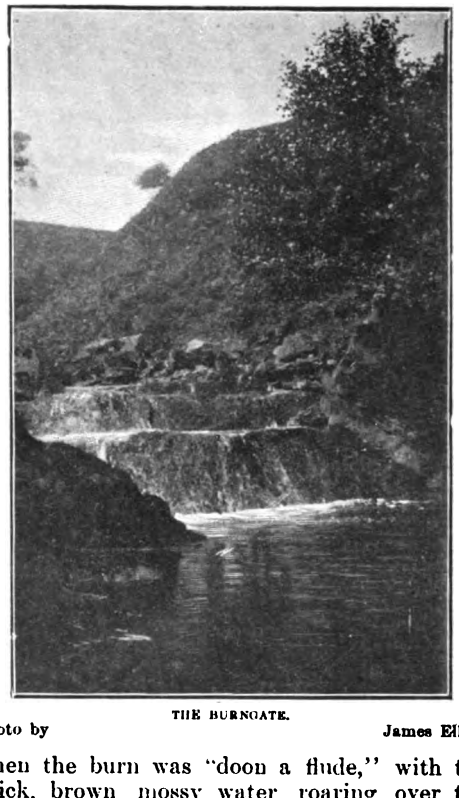
One man may visit these wild scenes year after year, and see no change except in the course of a burn through the gravel, or the bursting of a spring in the hillside, yet steadily and surely the work is going on, and may go on after the last survivor of the human race shall have given up the ghost. These moors resounded with the psalms of the Covenanters; the adjacent valleys were the haunt of the deer that Darnley came out to hunt; the Romans built their roads across these very bogs; but that was only yesterday to the ages that have passed since God began to carve the face of the earth. And the mist comes down like a curtain, shutting you in face to face with the facts of the Eternal. You have passed the Veil and stand in the Presence. Your "abiding madness" has taken you there, and the breath of the Presence will follow you through the world; your blood is tainted; and though you may bury yourself in your life-work, toiling in the city through the gas-light of the winter, there will be sounding in your heart the call that sooner or later must be obeyed. And when the snell breeze comes up from the Forth, or across from the hills, you will burst your prison bonds and gladly go forth into the Wilderness.

HARRY FRASER.

SERMONS IN BRAID SCOTS.—As we go to press, we have received the second issue of this interesting series, entitled "Yule Tide," by Rev. D. Gibb Mitchell. The author has succeeded in giving a faithful interpretation of the Gospel narrative of the birth of Christ in the Doric. Mr W. J. Hay, John Knox's House, Edinburgh, is the publisher, and the pretty brochure should form an acceptable gift at this season, both as regards contents and get up, and at sixpence it is not expensive.

A Burngate and Some Recollections of it.

TO every Borderer brought up among the hills there must surely exist some little burngate which has been familiar to him from boyhood. To wander along it on a summer day, or, better still, in autumn, recalls some of the sweetest memories of that time. If in after life the Borderer is only permitted occasional visits to his native home, such walks must be among his most pleasant recreations. Every little pool will call to mind some incident, perhaps of a time



THE BURNGATE.

Photo by James Elliot

when the burn was "doon a fiude," with the thick, brown mossy water roaring over the rocky bed. How out of that pool there we drew many a fine yellow "eldring" with the bait! To the writer these fishing expeditions will ever remain fresh in his memory. How we used to set off in the morning with a "piece" in our pocket, and return home at nightfall drenched with the rain, and sometimes with the burn too (for such excursions were not without their mishaps), yet always more than ready for a meal.

Or may be we shall remember a time when the clear water was dancing down the dell with

music; the air heavy and sultry laden with the scent of wild thyme and heather, and the summer sun pouring down into the tiny glen till the rocks were quite hot to the touch. The big boulder under which we were wont to "guddle" the trout will still be there. Sometimes the quarry would turn out to be an eel or a toad, and we may even have heard of its being a rat. But what mattered it! We had always the incident to boast of.

Then there is the washing pool, where once a year the farmers built a dam for the annual bath of the sheep. And what fun it was to assist in driving the flock between the palings and see them take a leap into the water and emerge on the other side wet and bedraggled to scatter themselves bleating and aimless up the hillside. Before the sheep had made the water "drumly," or again after it had cleared, we would often spend a happy afternoon "dooking" there, making valiant attempts to learn to swim with the assistance of a log of wood under our chin. What a proud day when first we mastered the art so far as to do the length of the pool without help of any kind. We could dispense with towels in those days. Half-an-hour racing or jumping in the sun in Nature's garb, and what need of a towel?

Now we can spend many a happy hour or two letting the memory ramble among such recollections, while others enjoy the scenes in reality. The burn still dances on, singing as plainly as a burn can sing—

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

A. W. S.

"STORIES FROM BALLADLAND."—There is probably no reader of the BORDER MAGAZINE who is not intimately acquainted with Lord Soulis of direful memory, Kinmont Willie, and other heroes of the old Scottish ballads. Children, however, may not be versed in ballad lore, and it is for them that Miss Maye H. Black has written these stories—Thomas the Rhymer, Armstrong of Gilnockie, and the Chief of Keeldar, with many others, have their deeds and adventures set forth in simple, graphic language. There are just enough verses from the ballads themselves to give point and interest to the story telling, and if children will turn from these tales to Border minstrelsy Miss Maye H. Black will have done good work. The same idea seems to have suggested itself to Miss Elizabeth Grierson, of Whitchesters, Hawick, and we believe that she has made some progress with the writing of a book to simplify the ballads for children.

Dawn.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"WHY! yes, sir, I'll tell you the whole story with pleasure. In the first place you must understand that we were awakened by a heavy rifle fire, and stood to arms—that would be about 3.30 A.M. Half-an-hour later on the order was given to "saddle up" and take our horses under cover in a kloof. We'd not been there long ere we were sent up to reinforce the infantry who were having a hot time of it at the top of the donga; ay, that they were! I can tell you 'twas with great difficulty Clements got his convoy away. Poor Legge was killed, and nearly all the Staff were wounded more or less severely. The fact is, we fought a hard and losing game from 3.30 A.M. until sunset—we did, sir; ay, and without grub! The confusion was something awful when the mules stampeded. Some of our fellows were told to "head them off" and so stop them. They galloped at great speed to overtake them, which they soon did, and then 'twas simply pandemonium! Some teams got stuck in the mire, while others became entangled by running up against each other. Many mules and oxen were killed while struggling with their loads, and, ever an anon, our men on their horses were being hit by the enemy's bullets.

The big gun was got away just in the nick of time by volunteers who were called upon to extricate and bring it off. It was told afterwards by one of the gunners that but for the pluck of the Yeomanry it would have been lost. Some of our fellows had to tie their horses to trees, and go up the kopjes and hold them until the convoy got clear away. The waggons, I believe, did not get to Reitfontein until next morning, and the rearguard were fighting until the darkness fell, and so covered them.

Ere that, however, I had "dropped out" wounded, and Kerr of "ours" was also hit, almost simultaneously. I saw him "reel" in his saddle, then drop like a stone. Next moment came my turn, but of how I fell I know nought. When I came to myself some hours later on I was lying stiff and chill on the open veldt—the full moon was sailing high in the heavens, making it almost as light as day with her weird, white light. The chill night wind whistled by mournfully, as if chanting a requiem for those so lately slain.

No one who has not spent a night alone upon the African veldt can quite comprehend its awesome and oppressive solitude. I can tell you my spirits sank into my boots. On trying to

rise I found that I was weak from loss of blood as well as numbed with cold, so for some minutes I lay resting upon my elbows scaning the moonlit scene mournfully, then I was startled by the sound of a human groan from somewhere behind. I struggled to my feet and gazed wildly around. Ay, there at no great distance lay a form—be he "friend" or "foe," thought I, companionship is welcome. Imagine then my joy on finding that it was Kerr of "ours"—my own particular chum—and not a stranger, nor yet one of these Boers! He was lying prone on his back, making a pillow for his head of his unwounded arm. Poor soul! and he looked ghastly in the weird moonlight, but his eyes were open, and he was perfectly conscious, as I saw from his start and apprehensive gaze as I drew nigh, which quickly changed to a warm smile at my glad cry:

"Charlie, dear old chap, is it really you?" as I dropped on my knees by his side. It was some moments ere he was able to speak, then he said: "Thank God!—ah, Jim, I thought that I was to die here—alone—with no comrade nigh to carry my last message to her."

"There, there, dear old chap, don't talk that way for heaven's sake," quoth I. "Please God, you'll pull through this all right yet!" Now, though I spoke thus cheerfully to him, a terrible dread was chilling my own heart, for the unearthly stamp of death seemed already stamped upon his handsome face.

"No, Jim, do not deceive yourself; I am done for," he answered steadily. "Were it not for her, I"—here there was a solemn pause, "I would be content to go." He gazed upwards for some seconds with a strangely beautiful light in his blue eyes.

Ye see, sir, poor Charlie had left a bonny young wife on the banks o' the Tweed when he came out to the war, and what had made their parting the more bitter was the fact that she was soon to be a mother. There never breathed a more unselfish soul than Charlie Kerr, so now, as he lay there adying on the African veldt, his thought was all of her—never a word of his own sufferings. "Poor, little Molly!" he said "Please God, her time of trial will be over and she will have our child to comfort her when she knows that I am awa."

I stood up and looked around to see if there was any hollow where we might be a little sheltered from the biting wind. "Is it my horse, Jim?" enquired Charlie. "Poor Donald! I think he must be dead and out of pain at last, for I've not heard him pawing the ground for some time. Like Whyte Melville, I believe we shall meet them again—our faithful dumb friends, Jim."

I soon saw poor Donald, stiff in death, but not yet cold. With some difficulty I carried Charlie over to rest against his faithful steed, and, having unstrapped his rug, I sat down beside him, and made the best of things I could. For a time we talked of the dear Border land, from whence we came, and of our folk dwelling there "on the banks o' Tweed," but Charlie was very weak and soon snoozed off; so there I sat resting against the dead horse, and watching over its dying master while the night wore on. Then I too must have fallen asleep, for I awoke with a start—Charlie lay so still that I feared he was dead, but as I bent over him his lips parted and I heard him murmur softly, "Thy will be done, oh, our Father!"

The first signs of the dawn were showing in the east, and a mist-cloud was slowly floating from off the veldt. and out from it, to my intense surprise, came a figure, ay, that of a woman clad in some luminous raiment which floated lightly around her, and as she drew nigh I noted the lovely golden hair waving back from her radiant face, also that she carried an infant clasped to her bosom. She never paused, but came swiftly on until she stood at Charlie's feet, when he, as if aroused to life by some magnetic influence, opened wide his eyes, and, springing up with outstretched arms, cried: "Molly, Molly, my wife!" then he fell back into my arms a lifeless corpse. And I saw two bright forms, hand in hand, float away up from the mists of Earth to the glorious Dawn.

. . . . . .

The midday sun was high in the heavens when a party of Scouts found us. They laid Charlie Kerr's mortal remains in a lonesome grave on the open veldt, and then carried me to the nearest hospital.

Needless to say, our fellows thought that I must have had a sun-stroke when I recounted what I witnessed at the time Charlie died. Some weeks later on we learned from the obituary column of "The Border Telegraph" that Charlie's young wife had died at the self-same hour I saw them meet on the African veldt.

J. H. S.

THE illustration, "The Manse Garden," on p. 232 of the last number of the BORDER MAGAZINE is from a photograph by Mr T. Thomson, gardener to Miss Haldane, at The Grange, Galashiels. We regret having in error attributed it to another gentleman to whom we were indebted for some other pictures in that same issue.—Ed. "B.M."

Mellow nuts have hardest rind.—"Lord of the Isles."

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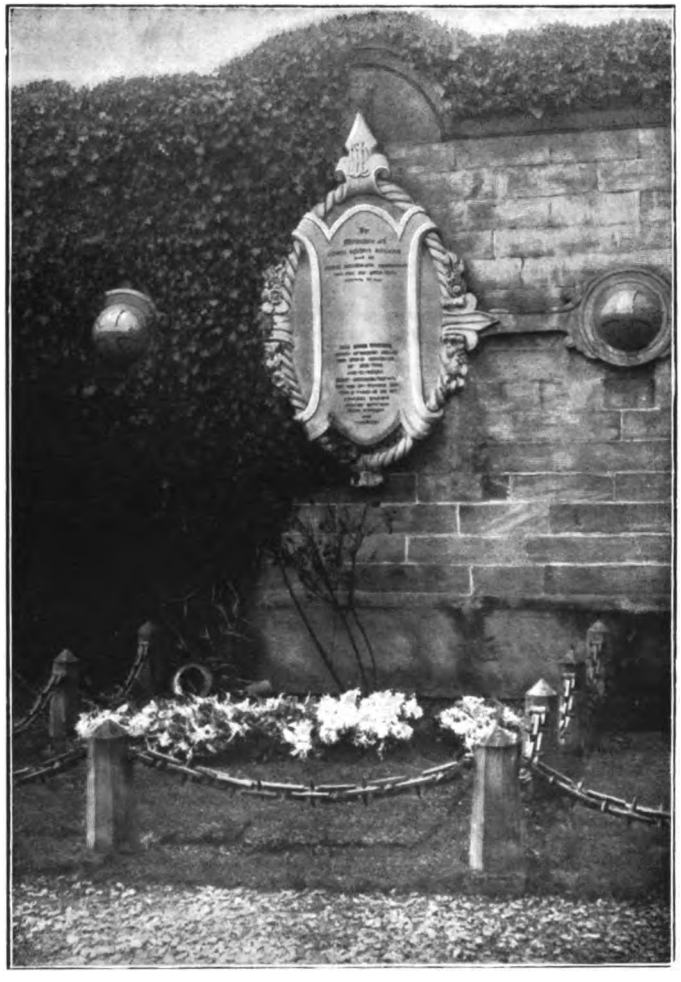


MR JAMES B. BROWN'S GRAVE.

(J. B. SELKIRK.)

"Until that valley lost to sight
Shall rise unto the perfect day,
And Heaven's renewed and conquering light
Shall chase the clouds of death away."

J. B. S.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

Edited by William Sanderson.

VOL. X., NO. 109. FEBRUARY, 1905.

In Memoriam.

JAMES B. BROWN, Esquire.

"J. B. SELKIRK."

Author of "Ethics and Aesthetics of Modern Poetry," "Bible Truths with Shakesperian Parallels," "Poems," etc.

"Farewell, kind heart! thy battle's o'er,
Thy spirit gone to Him who gave;
'Mongst honours paid thee many more,
We lay a song upon thy grave."

(J. B. S.)

NO truer singer ever tuned his harp by Border streams than he whose lamented death occurred at Selkirk last Christmas Day. An artist to the finger-tips, his sensitive nature shunned publicity, and while oft he sang because he must, his desire was for quiet and contemplation.

Possessing a mind richly stored with the thoughts of the great masters of English literature—a cultured artist, and an observant traveller, he met the leading thinkers of his time on their own level, and won their respect and appreciation.

His love for music was both a passion and a solace, and many an hour he passed with no companion but his favourite piano, to which he revealed his hopes and fears in skilful improvisations.

His interest in ecclesiastical matters was always strong, and it remained keen to the last, as is shown by his having left a most interesting MSS. pamphlet in which he pleads earnestly for Creed revision.

As an artist with the pencil, he found unfailing delight in depicting some favourite nook of his beloved Borderland—on Ettrick or Yarrow for preference. The writer recalls with melancholy interest that the last time he walked with his friend, was to view the glorious strath of the above-mentioned rivers as seen from the slope of the road near the westmost gate of the Haining.

The appreciation of him which appeared in the February and March numbers of the BORDER MAGAZINE for 1899 contained our estimate of the high place which he held as a poet and essayist. It also contained much authentic information regarding him, which probably would never otherwise have been known to the world. In view of this, it is sufficient to say at present that although cultured and cosmopolitan, his patriotism ever rang true. His "Songs of Yarrow and the Border" touch the

loftier peaks of poetic feeling and descriptive power, none the less so that many of them are in the Scots vernacular. The "Miscellaneous Poems" are always attractive and characteristic, covering a canvas that stretches from Italy to the hills around Loch Skene.

His prose writings give him a high place as a thinker, and are distinguished for their scholarship and style.

He has left many unpublished pieces, notably a completed novel of considerable power, which we hope may be published yet.

Amongst other acquirements he was a linguist, and it had a touch of pathos in it to be told by him lately that in his retirement he was finding solace by reading Dante in the original for the tenth time!

As a citizen, his civic ideals were high. As an educationist, his views were anchored to the Bible. As a writer, his deep religious spirit vitalized all he ever wrote. But who can speak of his unrecorded conversation? We are familiar with the "Table-Talk" of many famous men, but amongst them all only the "Thoughts for Heart and Life" of the late Professor John Ker, D.D., approach in any degree to those of our translated friend for versatility and philosophic discernment.

A man of independent mind, and keenly sensitive, he had a tender heart, and the tangible proof which he had five years ago, that his services to literature were neither undervalued nor forgotten moved him deeply.

It is futile to conjecture what he might have done for literature had he been given better health. Let us rather be thankful for what we have got from his gifted pen, and be assured that in after years, not only in the Borders, but much further afield, his name will be honoured and his work be more and more appreciated.

Farewell, noble soul! farewell, sweet singer! We shall miss thee when the western breeze blows down Ettrick with Spring's reviving breath, and when the heather you so dearly loved flushes the Yarrow hills once more! Enough, if thy spirit still abides with us, and thy fervour continues to inspire the hearts of future generations to emulate thy sympathy, thy patriotism, and thy faith!

With a keen sense of its inadequacy we leave this wreath upon his grave:—

Who shall sing of Yarrow now,
Ettrick rare, or Forest hoary;
Set the Border blood aglow
Chanting deeds renowned in story?
Sad winds swell the mourner's lay—
"Hush'd our minstrel's harp for aye!"

Down the valley famed in song,
Leafless woods stand dark and cheerless;
Sighing steal the streams along
Through the land of fancy peerless:
Whispering all who heed their lay—
"Hush'd our minstrel's harp for aye!"

Dryhope flares the bale-fire high,
Oakwood catches up its meaning;
Newark, Blackhouse,—all reply
To the signal heaven-ward gleaming—
"Tell the tidings night and day,
Hush'd our minstrel's harp for aye!"

From the hills by dark Loch Skene,
Voices deep and strange are calling;
Vale and scaur and wild birds scream,
Catch the tone so weirdly falling
Dirge-like over stream and brae—
"Hush'd our minstrel's harp for aye!"

Not alone did nature bind
This brave soul so high and tender;
Mysteries of life oft twined
Faith, with scenes of visioned splendour—
Farewell hopes that long held sway—
"Hush'd our minstrel's harp for aye!"

Shall we mourn as if were dead
Thoughts that set the world a-singing?
Nay! when ages long are sped
Men shall hear their glad tones ringing
Trumpet-like from out the sky—
"Heaven-born singers never die!"

DUNCAN FRASER.

[By the courtesy of William Fowler, Esq., of Selkirk, we are able to reproduce a photo of Mr Brown's grave as it appeared on the 29th of December—a day after the funeral.]

"J. B. Selkirk"—A Personal Impression.

"J. B. SELKIRK," as Mr James B. Brown chose to call himself, needs no introduction to the readers of this journal. Yet his death on Christmas Day brings him before his many admirers once more in a pathetically pronounced manner. It was a large company that, three days later, followed his remains to Selkirk Churchyard. He was laid to rest inside the ruined walls of the old Parish Church—now a veritable Friedhof, as the Germans say, or Court of Peace. There lie the Murrays of Philiphaugh, from the thirteenth century onwards, and there too—indeed in the very next grave to that of "J. B. S."—lie the father and mother of that brilliant and versatile Scot, Andrew Lang, whose parents died in 1869, within two days of each other, and were interred together at the same hour.

It is not our present intention to discuss, except incidentally, the literary work of Mr

Brown. Rather is this to be a personal impression of the man, as one of his friends found him. Yet our indebtedness to him as a writer may be expressed in a manner by merely naming his books. These are: In prose—"Bible Truths and Shakespearian Parallels," and "Ethics and Æsthetics of Modern Poetry,"—the latter containing thoughtful and charming essays, some of which had previously appeared in "Blackwood" and "Cornhill." In poetry—"Yarrow and Other Poems" (Longman's 1869), and "Poems" (Blackwood, 1896). Possibly this list is not complete. But what is it merely to mention these books? To those who know them not they are empty titles; but to those who know them the simple record of the names bursts into blossom in the mind that has loved them, and once more the enchanted Borderland lies before us under the glamour of a pen instinct with the spirit of romance and chivalry. No doubt "J. B. Selkirk" is the Border laureate! When a man like Mr Andrew Lang frankly admits that "Death in Yarrow" caused him to shed tears, "which, in the words of Fred Bayham, were 'manly, sir, manly'"; when Prof. Veitch wrote, "We have no poem with which to compare 'The Reiver's Ride' since the pen dropped from the hand of Walter Scott"; when the "Athenæum" asserts that "After the Di Majores of Yarrow Poets—Scott, Wordsworth, Hogg—we are inclined to think 'J. B. Selkirk' bears the palm among these contributory 'makars'; when the "National Observer," in its forceful days, considered "Death in Yarrow" and "Retreat in Yarrow" as "spotless," we may rest assured that as a singer of Yarrow and Ettrick, and the ballad-haunted land of the Border, "J. B. S." occupies an unchallengeable position.

And what a wonderful countryside it all is! Take this as at once an example of his beautiful prose and as an eloquent statement of his enthusiasm for and love of the Border and its rich heritage of poetry. "The ballads of no country came near them. This was no exaggerated estimate of a perfervid Scot, but the valuation of the civilised world, wherever literary culture had found a footing. . . . These poems occupied a unique place in literature. Almost nothing known of the origin of the finest of them, and absolutely nothing of the authors. There never was such a case of genius climbing into heaven and drawing the ladder so completely after them. . . . No mortal man knew the whence and the whither of that divine breath which passed over the Borderland, awoke the silent Memnon of her muse, and passed away into silence again. All that was known was that when it did pass away it left every hill and valley in that delectable country clothed and enriched with the consecration of the poet's dream; it left every river, lake, and mountain tarn flushed with the light that never was on sea or land." But we err grievously if we consider the poet merely what is termed "a local singer"—even if that locality be broad Borderland itself. He is a poet of a wider view. To him poetry was a passion. He gave it, as he sings in "Poesy," "love for love." Compared with the poet's power to bless, he held that princes' and politicians' names are such as "we hardly know that we possess." Did not Mr Gladstone say something of the same sort in the presence of Tennyson when they voyaged together in the "Pembroke Castle" in 1883? It was the spirit of poetry that he carried everywhere with him. He spent all his life practically in Selkirk, and the countryside is teeming with rich material for verse, yet he would have been a poet anywhere, and he would assuredly have thrown over any material basis of earth and sky, the light of fancy and imagination. He is much more than the laureate of the Border—though that in itself is a title of no mean distinction. This enquiry may, however, be left to others. It cannot be further pursued now, for my object is rather to recreate for my readers out of happy and tender memories the man as I found him.

Picture to yourself, then, a man, not over tall, but very erect, with shrewd yet kindly eyes, and fine hair like spun silver. The forehead is both broad and high. In short, he appeared to me to be not at all unlike what Thackeray in miniature might be, as far as personal appearance was concerned. He is sitting in a little room high up in terraced Selkirk. Looking from the window Foulshiels hill spreads a great shoulder westward, and the sky bends over all. The little room is full of books (many of them first editions) mostly poetry. Now and again the occupant of the easy chair rises and pokes and turns a birch log on the fire, with a poet's love of the attendant pungent scent, the little wheezy noises, and the small intricate activities of the sparks—all precisely as Lowell describes it in "The Vision of Launfal." The mantel board is covered with photographs, and above it there is a fine painting in water-colour of his favourite St Mary's Loch, by Tom Scott, R.S.A. Elsewhere the walls display the poet's own water-colour sketches, for he wields his brush as well as his pen, in the restricted sense of the words. He has, indeed, exhibited at the R.S.A. Show in Edinburgh, having the honour, too, of a place on the line. Presently he may rise at your begging and sit down at the always open piano and fill you with

an old-world charm by touching delicately and precisely the notes that give out the all but forgotten sweetness of Haydn and Mozart. You cannot help noting how beautifully shaped are the hands—for those of an old man—that float over the keyboard. They are very white and long-fingered. This is as "J. B. S." appeared to the present writer. He rises frequently to reach a book, and asks you, "Do you know this—and this?" If you do not, he cries out, "O, you must hear it!" He sits down, and while he reads in very distinct tones his quick eye glances up as a fine line emerges to see whether your face shows that you relish or miss its beauty.

To hear him talk at his best one required to have leisure for a long after-dinner conversation. On such occasions as you sat opposite him, blowing, it may be, wreaths of tobacco smoke in his direction—from which, however, none came towards you, for he did not smoke—he would talk fluently about his favourite subjects for hours together. Perhaps he felt too keenly to be the kind of polished speaker whose conversation is made up of rounded periods. There was an abruptness, a multitude of little asides, a heat that sometimes showered epithets of no complimentary sort upon those who misread great questions, or misjudged great poetry, as he understood those things. But it was always effective talking withal, finding its way generally, whatever the subject started might be, back to poetry. His knowledge of Shakespeare was wide and accurate, and his veneration for Wordsworth was profound. Hardly less admiration had he for Tennyson, holding, as he did, the firm belief that even yet Tennyson was not rated as highly as next century would be certain to find him. He was wont to refer with pride to the reference to himself in Tennyson's "Life," wherein is recorded a letter sent to him by the late Laureate from Freshwater in 1864. The letter is of more than passing interest, because it gives Tennyson an opportunity of stating what he meant by his little poem, "The Flower"—a poem usually misread. But the letter also shows that Tennyson had, as he himself says, more than dipt into "J. B. Selkirk's" essays. Here it is:—

DEAR SIR,—Accept my best thanks for your volume of Essays, one of which I had read before, in the "Cornhill," I think. The world, and especially the schools of our younger poets, would be none the worse for lending you an attentive ear. I may remark that you have fallen into a not uncommon error with respect to my little poem, "The Flower," as if "I" in the poem meant A. T. and the flower my own verses. And so you have narrowed into personality an universal apologue and parable. I once had a letter from a stranger asking whether Christianity were not intended by it. You see by this that I have more than dipt into your book.—Pray believe me, yours in all sincerity,

A. TENNYSON.

Browning he considered a long way behind Tennyson as a poet, but every year his admiration grew more for the perplexing author of "Sordello" and "The Ring and the Book." "I can never forgive him for his bad style and the liberties he takes with the English language, great man that he is!" he would say, bringing down his hand on his knee with impetuous force. Walt Whitman was "anathema" to him, but any chance reference to Keats invariably brought forth the words: "O, he was a miracle!" His vivacity on such occasions was wonderful, considering that he was sorely subject to insomnia, although he had learned to rest quietly without exciting himself when sleep forsook him—or fighting, as he said, to secure the boon. George Herbert was a very especial favourite with him. He fairly revelled in the quaint conceits of "The Pulley" and other of Herbert's beautiful verse-mosaics.

While mentioning religious verse, it may be said that he was a high authority on hymns. On an important book by an expert having a few lines only devoted to it in the "Scotsman," J. B. S. wrote to the editor protesting. The next post brought the book with it, and the invitation to say what he liked about it. He had his say, and it appeared as a leading article. It may be added that he received a beautiful letter from Cardinal Newman in acknowledgment of his vindication of the completeness of "Lead, Kindly Light," as against Bishop Bickersteth's supplementary verse. He was a deeply religious man. The next life was so mixed with this in his view that the transition he has passed through can bring only a partial change. "I am so sure of another life," he would say, "that I cannot now, in my old age, enjoy to the full any writer who denies its existence. Emerson was one of my literary gods long ago, but I have had to give him up, his thoughts of the next world are so nebulous and contradictory." Although a member of the Established Church up till his death, he rarely attended its services, but, sitting at his fireside, he might be found on Sundays reading the Morning or Evening Service of the English Church, which he described—while a gentle expression dwelt for a moment in his eyes—as "very comforting," "though," he added—with a return of a more worldly twinkle to his eyes—"I can spare the sermon well." Many of his friends, however, were clergymen. Of A.K.H.B., for example, he said, "He sent me all his books

one by one, and I have no reason to find fault with his criticism of my own work,"—referring to what the popular St Andrews minister wrote of "Death in Yarrow," which was described thus: "For homely pathos and exquisite suggestiveness of many things, nothing finer was ever written. I don't think it is surpassed by anything of its kind in the language."

One pronounced feature of the man was his generosity, and his interest in young writers. He took from a portfolio one day a long printed poem of nineteen double stanzas, and on my asking him what it was, he replied, "O, it's a thing I haven't seen for many a long day; something I wrote in savage mood long, long ago. A young man, known to me, came to me one day with tears in his eyes and a "Scotsman" in his hand, pointing out a slaughter-house review of his first book of verse. I threw this off in great heat, and sent it to Russell, who replied, "No, I can't print this: you're too hard on me, but here are a hundred printed copies for you." After reading it he crumpled the paper into a ball and flung it straight at the fire. A quick movement on my part (my field was "point" at cricket long ago!) and I caught it, and so saved it from destruction. It is certainly a tremendous counter-blast, although, in irony, it is headed "The Retort Courteous." But this was his strange work.

In his poem, "For the Defence," "J. B. S." promised only to write prose in his old age. But such a thing could not be. Nevertheless it is true that much of his time latterly was spent in writing a novel. As to his latest verse it is distinctly religious, and in it, if one misses some of the old inspiration there is, on the other hand, a distinct return to a simple view of Christianity scarcely to be expected from the man who wrote "The Modern Sphinx." The line with which his last poem ("Vita Umbratilis") ends—"And Thou, my God, and Thou!" seems quite intentionally given as an offset to a well-known quatrain from Omar. He had long regarded death with more than waiting—even something like longing—and the words that occur in "Plaited Thorns" he might well take to himself:—

"I suffer Death,—where all earth's suffering ends,
But now I fear not, for I know Heaven's way,
Behind black sorrow's night God's angel stands,
Waiting the dawn of an eternal day.
Since these dark doors but open into light,
Come closer, Death, and smite."

It was from the very verge of the grave, so to speak—only a fortnight before his death—that he wrote to me these beautiful buoyant words, and with them I must conclude this very imperfect impression of a strong, yet sweet and lovable personality:—"The frost is hard out here, so I stick by the fireside and dream of

"Love the wise and wonderful,
Thinking of the best of it,
Leave the seamy side of life,
Clinging to the rest of it,"

except the bit I send to you and yours."

"B."

J. B. S.

His gentle soul has gone the destined way
That each must tread in silence and alone:
Twice blessèd he, now that his days are gone,
To leave behind such record of his stay;
Fair Yarrow's stream where oft he loved to stray
By dowie houm, or on the upland lone,
Shall add another number to its tone,
A requiem for the minstrel passed away.
Great-hearted dead! We mourn the vacant room,
And fain would call the mortal back with tears—
From the majestic mystery of the tomb—
Forgetful that th' immortal part still breathes
In sweetest music to the circling years,
As quietly round his brow the laurel wreathes.

W. CUTHBERTSON.

The Border Almanac, 1905.

THE true Border farmer would think the advent of the New Year had been postponed if he did not see the annual issue of Rutherfurd's Border Almanac. This valuable publication in its quaint old-world cover is once more issued by Messrs J. & J. H. Rutherfurd, Kelso, and many folks besides the farmers will derive pleasure from perusing its well-stored pages. The reprints from old newspapers, and the obituary notices of eminent Borderers who have passed away, are sufficient to make the book popular, apart altogether from the vast amount of valuable information which is crowded into its pages. It is a surprising threepence worth, and we trust that the publishers will be long encouraged to continue the issue of this old familiar friend.

All live by seeming.
The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier
Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming:
The clergy scorn it not, and the bold soldier
Will eke with it his service.—All admit it,
All practise it; and he who is content
With showing what he is, shall have small credit
In church, or camp, or state.—So wags the world.

Motto ("Ivanhoe.")

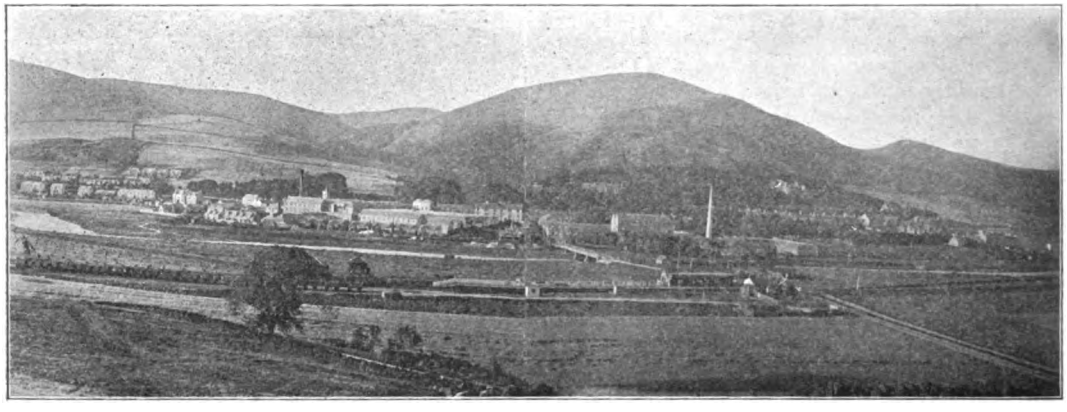
A Modern Border Town—Walkerburn.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott wrote his only romance of contemporary life he could hardly have forseen the remarkable topographical changes a few years would bring about. Sir Walter never described a more sombre picture than that first chapter of "St Ronan's Well." The decaying village of St Ronan's was on a site "singularly picturesque in a narrow vale, through which a river of considerable magnitude pours its streams," but "the greater part of its cottages had long been deserted, and the fallen roofs, blackened gables, and ruined walls showed desolation's triumph over poverty." And so the author goes on painting a veritable Ichabod, and we do not wonder at Wordsworth's lines in the frontispiece—

> "A merry place 'tis said in days of yore,
> But something ails it now—the place is cursed."

The old castle of the Purves family, on Purves hill immediately above Walkerburn, is locally supposed to be the castle of "Mowbray, the laird of St Ronan's," in the novel. The description of the terraces, a peculiar series of formations on the hill, lends colour to the supposition. These terraces, with the exception of one which is merged in the public road, are as perfect as they were in Scott's day. They are seven in number, and their origin is still a matter of conjecture with antiquarians and archæologists. Scott is probably nearest the mark when he says, "the ground had been carefully levelled into terraces, which ascend to the summit of the hill. In peaceful periods these terraces had been occupied by the gardens of the castle, and in times of siege they added to its security, for each commanded the one immediately below it, so that they could be separately and successfully defended."

The castle itself on the summit, where, in the olden days, "the proud porter reared himself,"



WALKERBURN.

Innerleithen, which claims to be the St Ronan's of the novel, seems to have thrown off the curse, while further down the valley the subject of this article—non-existent in Scott's days—is one of the most prosperous villages in the Borderland. Within a few miles of Ashiestiel, Sir Walter was intimate with the locality. Tradition says it was here he met on the highway between Innerleithen and Galashiels a travel-sore youth named Kemp, and in the kindness of his heart invited him to a "lift" in his carriage. The great romancer little dreamt he was entertaining the genius who was afterwards to design the famous monument to his memory—the Scott Monument in Edinburgh.

is now level with the sod, and but for the hill which bears their name the once proud family of Purves is forgotten on the lands they once owned.

At the base of Purves hill stood the first mill in the locality, at a place named the Ha-gate-foot, the site of which is marked by an old tree at the side of the present mill-lade. It is probable, though no etymologist has given his finding on the matter, that the name Walkerburn owes its origin to this "Wauk" mill. There, at a later date, the farmers had their wool carded and made into rowans, which the guidwife and her daughters span during the long winter nights. On the opposite side of the river is the classic Plora, on the eastern slope of

which, immediately above the farm of Bold, was the old weaving village of that name. Sixty years ago the pedestrian from Innerleithen to Galashiels could trudge from Pirn to Old Caberston without passing a habitation. History repeats itself, the decaying villages of the eighteenth century are gone, and now the old industries, carding, spinning, and weaving are all resurrected, and the manner in which they are performed would make the old operative "stand agley."

Early in the fifties Mr Robert Frier, of Galashiels, secured a feu on the Pirn estate, and erected the first Tweedholm Mill, which he fitted up with carding and spinning machinery, and made yarn for the Galashiels tweed trade, then in the first flush of prosperity. A few years afterwards, in 1854, another Galashiels gentleman, Mr Henry Ballantyne, attracted by the splendid water supply from the Tweed, laid the foundations of the larger mill, Tweedvale, and this may be said to have been the foundation of Walkerburn. Mr Henry Ballantyne was a self-made man. In early life he had been a weaver, and commenced business in a small way in Galashiels. Endowed with natural gifts of "grit and go," and foreseeing the great possibilities of the tweed industry, he laid his foundations wide and deep. The present large and well-appointed Tweedvale Mill, and its offshoots, Waverley, Innerleithen; and March Street, Peebles, are monuments to the intrepid pioneer of industry in this district. It is peculiarly appropriate that a month or two ago, on the occasion of the jubilee of the mills, the present proprietor, Mr John Ballantyne, of Stoneyhill, should have erected to his father's memory "The Ballantyne Memorial Institute," a building which he has handsomely endowed and presented to the village.

Walkerburn is a "lang toon," built on either side of the turnpike road, on the north bank of the Tweed, where the valley is at its narrowest, any extension is necessarily to the east or the west. The steep Caberston hills on the north present too much of an alpine aspect to the builder, while Tweed on the south, with its treacherous haughs, which in time of flood it utilises as a channel, sternly forbids any encroachment on its ancient rights. The inhabitants are, of course, nearly all employed in the two factories. The first houses in the village were built for the accommodation of the workers by the proprietors. This was in 1856. The majority of them, however, resided in Innerleithen and "walked the road." By 1860 several blocks had been erected, and the new community established. As both the manufacturers were from Galashiels, they naturally brought with them experienced operatives from that town. With the Galalean's strong attachment to the banks o' Gala Water, it must have been in those pre-railway days a severe change from the busy town to the comparative dullness of Upper Tweeddale. But these first villagers were sturdy folk, and thought nothing of taking "shank's naig" on a Saturday afternoon to the town of "Soor Plooms," a distance of fully ten miles. This pardonable home-sickness gave rise to a rhyme which, in the mouth of an Innerleithen person, acted as a red rag to a bull.

"Walkerburn's a dirty place,
They live on brose an' talla,
An' a' their conversation is:
Whan ir 'e gaun to Gala?"

The advent of the railway in 1866, and many other advantages, brought a more cosmopolitan population however, and the old rhyme may now be uttered with impunity, for its sting has long since gone.

In 1857, Mr David Ballantyne, the eldest son of Mr Henry Ballantyne, built Sunnybrae house on the steep slope of Caberston Hills. Two years later his father built Tweedvale House, now occupied by his youngest son, Mr Henry Ballantyne, of Waverley Mills, Innerleithen.

In the early sixties Tweedholm Mills were purchased by the late Mr James Dalziel, and were considerably enlarged and extended by him. A few years later, on a summer Sunday evening in 1865, disaster overtook Tweedholm. Fire broke out, and the almost new building of five storeys was raized to the ground. A large number of workers were thrown out of employment, but out of its ashes rose the present well-appointed factory, with all modern appliances for the manufacture of Scotch tweeds.

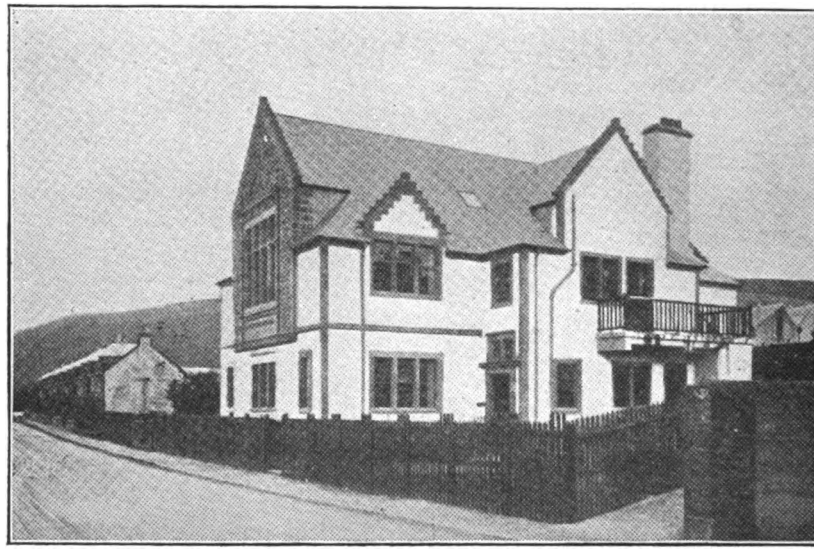
This, although the most disastrous, is by no means the only fire in the short history of the village; so frequent were such occurrences that every villager was said to be a trained fireman. Happily, of recent years they have not had the practice gained by experience as of yore.

In 1866 the Galashiels and Peebles railway was opened, and some years later a station was built at Walkerburn. The railway traverses the valley on the south side of the river, and in the seventies the fine girder bridge replaced the ferry boat. For some years after the school was built, there were religious services regularly conducted by an ordained minister of the Church of Scotland, but in 1875 the Established Church was built, and in 1883 this part of the district was erected into a "quod sacra" parish. The church has been considerably en-

larged since, and a handsome manse built for the incumbent, the Rev. James Goldie, who, besides, being a preacher of no mean order and a literateur, has endeared himself to his parishioners, of whatever denomination, by the warm interest he continually evinces towards "gentle and simple." The village also has a Congregational Church with a considerable membership.

In 1871 the Good Templar movement made a decided impression on the village, which resulted in the formation of the "Lily of the Tweed" Lodge. Some years later, in 1877, the present commodious Templar Hall was opened. There is only one licensed house, and that a grocer's, in the parish, and the temperance sentiment is exceedingly strong; indeed, when some years ago an attempt was made to "dump" down a public-house on the "Gothenburg" system, public feeling was strongly against it, and the scheme came to naught. As might be expected, the inhabitants are thrifty and prosperous. We have heard it questioned whether there is another working class community in Scotland so "bien" and well-to-do. Co-operation as early in the history of the place as 1862 secured a hold. The first "store" was started in a dwelling-house belonging to one of the factories, and five years later the present premises were built. These have been from time to time extended. Not only do they carry on the business of general dealers, but what is probably unique in village co-operative societies, they have their own dairy farm, which they work to advantage.

Walkerburn, as we have already indicated, is in the centre of a highly romantic region. A few miles down the Tweed is Ashiestiel, Scott's first Border home, where he spent the happiest years of his life, and where much of his best work was done. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Lady of the Lake," and "Marmion" were all written here. Here the first chapters of "Waverley" were written, laid aside, and forgotten, until, in the confusion of the "flittin'" to Abbotsford, they were resurrected, and the foundation of Scott's fame was securely laid with the completion of the tale.



BALLANTYNE MEMORIAL INSTITUTE, WALKERBURN.

Block kindly lent by the Proprietor of the "Peeblesshire Advertiser."

Over the hills from Walkerburn, on Williamshope ridge, the pathetic parting between Scott and Mungo Park took place. As Park turned to go his horse stumbled on the rocky ground. "An ill omen," said the Shirra, shaking his head. "Freits follow those who look to them," answered Park, and, "striking his spurs into his horse he rode off, and Scott never saw him again."

To the immediate south is the glen where Hogg's fairest creation, Kilmeny, lay in her enchanted sleep.

"And when she wakened she lay her lane,
All happed wi' flowers in the greenwood wene."

There, too, is the far-famed Cheese Well, a green spot on the breast of dark Minchmoor.

One can still find the votive offerings to the fairies dropped in its pellucid waters, which are icy cold even on a warm July day. Over yon ridge rode Montrose on his way to Traquair from disastrous Philiphaugh, barely resting till he had gained the friendly west country. We are within easy walking distance, too, of Elibank, the ancient seat of the Murrays.

"Wha hasna heard o' bauld Judan Murray,
The lord o' Elibank castle sae high,
An' who hasna heard o' the notable foray,
When Willie o' Harden was catched wi' the kye."

Here was celebrated, according to tradition, "the strangest marriage in history," when young Scott of Harden, being caught in a raid, was offered his pardon if he married a daughter of Elibank's, the "muckle mouth'd Meg" of Border story. The alternative was the gallows. "There is your coffin or there is your bride." Prudence decided for the young laird, and Sir Gideon Murray's unlovely daughter and the chief of the Scott clan were wedded, "and muckle guid bluid frae that union has flowed."

Elibank still gives its name to a lord, and in Juniper House, opposite the village, the Master of Elibank, the Member for Midlothian, and the prospective candidate for the United Counties, has his home. On the other side of the river is Holylee; behind, the Caberston Hills stretch away towards Winlestrawlaw. Old Caberston is now a ruin; in older days it gave the Earldom of Traquair a minor title, Baron Caberston, but "the wa's are noo a' dingit doon and changes hae befa'en."

For those who care for none of these things, this modern village offers many holiday advantages; living is cheap, and in the well-kept, well-built houses in the village "good accommodation can be had," as the factors say, "with every modern convenience." In the Tweed splendid fishing can be got; fishing advice is given gratis, for every other man you meet is an expert, and can describe every pool from the "Nitwood" down to

"Laidlawstiel's brown sun-burnt hills,
For Holylee a rampart fitting,
That softly nestles 'tween the rills,
Which leapt from crags where I was sittin'."

In the village itself a fine bowling green was laid out some years ago, where, on a summer's evening, the click of the competing bowls and the shouts of the players mingle with the soft ripple of the Tweed. One of the originators of the Bowling Club and its heartiest supporter since the green was made and the enclosure laid out is Mr John Ballantyne, of Stoneyhill. Mr Ballantyne sets the splendid example of associating with his workpeople in their pleasures, and by his example encouraging them to usefully employ their leisure.

The latest benefaction of Mr Ballantyne has been the erection of the Institute we have already referred to. In small communities such places are absolutely necessary, and, as will be seen from the accompanying photograph, the Ballantyne Memorial is a model of its kind. It comprises reading-room, library, billiard-room, ladies'-room, and public-rooms.

The population is over 1500, and the town is fast becoming of no little importance in a small county such as Peebles. Always strongly Radical—till 1886 a Tory was a rarity—it warmly appreciated a visit from the Grand Old Man in 1891. To-day political feeling is not quite so unanimous, but with that we have nothing to do. It is certainly our most modern Border village, and some day its history will be written.

J. A. A.

ROBERT BURNS: His Admirers, His Inspiration, His Genius, His Mission. By J. Kelso Kelly.

As we go to press this interesting little brochure comes to hand. Its issue on the eve of the 25th is opportune, and we hope many "immortal memory" orators may find inspiration from its pages. Mr Kelly aspires to present us with a picture of Burns in an entirely new light, and that he has succeeded may be fairly conceded. We quote a paragraph from the chapter on "inspiration" as a sample of Mr Kelly's style, and hope that our readers may be induced to invest in the sixpenceworth:

Insisting upon the doctrine of a common Creator, he boldly proclaimed that in God's sight the life of the humblest ditcher was as precious as that of the man who sat in high places, who wore purple and fine linen, and who affected to despise the "poor, o'erlaboured weight,"

"So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil."

His mind revolted from the preposterous idea that to the rich only belonged the privilege of independent thought, and that it was the Divine intention that some men must be the slaves of other men. As in an agony of rebellion against such a pernicious dogma, was it wonder that he exclaimed:

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
By Nature's law designed—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?"

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Those readers who keep the monthly issues of the BORDER MAGAZINE (all should do so) are reminded that now is the time to hand in their back numbers to the bookbinder. Elegant covers for binding the yearly volumes can be had from the publishers, post free 1/6, while those who desire to purchase bound volumes to send to friends, or for their own use, can have them post free for 6/-. It is not difficult to imagine the delight of a Borderer—perchance in a distant land—when he receives a bound volume of the BORDER MAGAZINE, and we trust that not a few of our friends and supporters will adopt this method of extending the influence and circulation of their own Magazine.

The Border Keep.

IN a recent issue I pointed out how Border librarians might add greatly to the value of the institutions under their charge by forming picture galleries of prominent men and women who had been connected with their districts, and pointed to the splendid example set by Mr J. Lindsay Hilson, Jedburgh, whose collection of local portraits is of great value to all true Jethart folk. Without wishing to unduly praise a friend, I cannot refrain from pointing to another way in which this model librarian is endeavouring to help his fellow-Borderers. Mr Hilson, it seems, is greatly interested in the lonely watchers in the lighthouses and railway signal cabins closely connected with the Borderland, for I find him writing in one of the local newspapers, just before the advent of Christmas, urging the claims of the scheme which is better explained in his own words. It is a healthy sign of the times to see such movements, and it warms the heart of an old man to notice that selfishness is not an overpowering characteristic of Border folk.

Mr Hilson writes:—

Of the lighthouses it has been sung with all the fervour of the poetic mind—

Scarce has the sun in rosy jewelled night
Sunk, when thy double gems with sweet surprise
Spring from the dusky waters, and the eyes
Of mariners bless thee all the weary night.

For the last two or three years you have been kind enough to allow your columns to be used for an appeal for magazine and other classes of literature to help the faithful watchers, while waiting their share of duty, to pass the hours of solitude which necessarily are a part of their existence. Past requests have been responded to with great heartiness, resulting in much pleasure being afforded the recipients. As is well known, the workers in our railway signal cabins, especially those in quiet spots, have been sharers of the benefits. Last year, in addition to those forwarded to the lighthouses on the coast line in our neighbourhood, some two hundred parcels were sent to these cabins. . . . Already goodly donations have been received from Minto House, Nisbet Station, and Lanton Tower. Last year we had many kind friends in the town and district, while publishers like

Messrs Chambers, Harmsworth, Newnes, and John Leng & Co. sent large contributions carriage paid. Omission must not be made of the fact that through the kindness of Mr Deuchers, of the N.B.R., and Mr Davis, of the N.E.R., the parcels for the signal cabins were allowed to go free over the respective systems. Donations may be left at the Public Library, Jedburgh, but I shall be only too pleased to send for them to any address given. In closing, I would again urge that a use can be found for all interesting readable matter, although it be not of this year's date.

* * *

Doubtless many of my readers who have kindly thoughts of the old dominie in his retirement mentally resolve to send him some scraps of Border lore or history, but the opportunity is allowed to pass, and so not a little that would be of general interest is lost or forgotten. I take the will for the deed, when such is the case, and hope my friends will "tak' a thocht and mend," but it makes me all the more grateful when I find far-away folk remembering me. Here is a cutting from the "Eskdale and Liddesdale Advertiser," sent to me all the way from Essex:—

Alexander Elder, better known through a wide district as "Sandy Elder," died at Cross Keys Hotel recently. He was in his 85th year, having been born in 1820. With his death an interesting link with the old coaching days is broken. He started as a postboy at the Tower Hotel, Hawick, and subsequently drove the coach between Carlisle and Hawick. Some forty years ago, before the advent of the "iron horse," he was a prominent figure. He was then in his prime, and could drive a four-in-hand with the best. He was wonderfully active and alert up to a short time ago, and looked more like fifty than eighty. At the re-opening of Mosspaul Inn, four years ago, Mr Elder drove a coach and four from Canonbie to Mosspaul, a place with which he was closely associated in its palmy days. When the Cross Keys became vacant over forty years ago, Mr Elder was installed, and a more respected or genial landlord could not be found in the whole Border district. Everything connected with the hotel was kept tidy and clean, and the entertainment for man and beast was of the best. Cyclists, too, found a warm welcome at the hands of Mr Elder. The Cross Keys is a fine summer resort for gentlemen, and many make a sojourn there for fishing and shooting. It has many historic surroundings, and it stands near to the centre of some of the finest scenery in Scotland; in fact, it has been said by travellers from London to Edinburgh that the five or six miles between Canonbie and Langholm was the most picturesque part of the journey. Mr Elder is survived by a grown-up family.

* * *

Those who can still remember their intense pleasure as they listened to a father or elder brother reading aloud from Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," his graphic description of the making of Scottish history in the times of Wallace and Bruce (the favourite portion of boy readers), will be interested in the following cutting. Not only does the little scrap recall our early impressions of our country's story, but it brings to remembrance the thrilling adventures of Gordon-Cumming, the Scottish Nimrod, whose lion-hunting experiences were a popular subject half a century ago:—

At Inverness on Sunday, 8th January, 1905, the death took place of Mrs Elizabeth Newton Gordon-Cumming at the age of 73. This lady was a daughter of Major Ludovik Stewart of Pittyvaigh, Dufftown, of the 24th Regiment. The Cumming family is of great antiquity, claiming descent from the celebrated Comyns, of whom the best-remembered are "The Black Comyn," Regent of Scotland, and claimant to the Throne, and his son, "Red Comyn," joint-guardian of the kingdom, who met his death in such tragic fashion at Dumfries. A brother of the late Mr Henry Gordon-Cumming was the celebrated African lion hunter, Roualeyn Gordon-Cumming, who spent five years in the interior of Africa, and wrote a remarkable account of his adventures.

* * *

Some interesting notes will be found in the two following paragraphs taken from that unfailing source—the Edinburgh correspondent of the "Southern Reporter":—

Miss Anna M. Stoddart, of Yarrow Cottage, Kelso, who is writing the life of Mrs Bishop (Isabella L. Bird), is a daughter of that famous angler and poet, Thomas Tod Stoddart, and is sometimes confused with Miss Jane T. Stoddart, "Lorna," assistant editor of the "British Weekly." I have twice at least had some conversation with Mrs Bishop, who could be very charming, either in private or public talk, as she lectured, especially on medical missions, and on her travels, with great fluency. It was remarkable that she began her travelling career with a prejudice against medical missions; ended by being their champion, and left not a little of her fortune towards their endowment. Her books she has left to her publisher, John Murray. I have her first travel book, which is anonymous, and is entitled "The Englishwoman in America."

* * *

The Rev. W. G. Allan, formerly of Melrose Congregational Church, who lately retired from his last church in England, after a three months' holiday at St Mary's Loch, has settled in the Morningside district of Edinburgh, with his family. He has preached once or twice both in Edinburgh and Perth.—Mr Andrew Lang says he would like to write a novel on the second Mrs John Knox, who married Ker of Faldonside. The U.F. Church propose to celebrate the quarter centenary of Knox this year, but, as it has been pointed out, no historical authority agrees as to the exact date of his birth. Peter Young, who knew Knox, sets his birth down in 1513 or 1514; Archbishop Spottiswoode and David Buchanan in 1515. That is eight or ten years of difference as compared with the old date of 1505.—Mr Will. H. Ogilvie, elder son of the late Mr George Ogilvie, of Holefield, Kelso, who delighted us with his virile verse, has taken flight to the United States. He has been appointed to take charge of the department of Agricultural Literature in the State College, Iowa.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Home, Sweet Home.

By Mrs J. Pringle Thorburn.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER II.

"WHY, George! is it you? I am so glad to see you!" exclaimed Mrs Gordon, grasping as she spoke the hand of a handsome, stalwart young fellow, who, with a gust of wind and snow, had just been ushered into the front hall of Grangely farmhouse. "But such a night for you to come over! You must surely have guessed, my lad, that we were in trouble?"

"Indeed, I did," said George Hamilton, stamping his feet and shaking himself free from his snowy surroundings, before entering the cosy sitting-room. "When down in the west field I saw Miss Gordon and her friend taking their way for the village, and as I could not make out that they were seen to return I thought I would just come over and see. And from what I hear since coming I fear they must be caught."

"Indeed, yes—we cannot but fear," said the lady, sorrowfully. "And we all know the meaning of a storm amongst these pitiless hills."

"Yes," said George Hamilton, warming his hands as he spoke over the cheery blaze. "I was once caught, and shall never forget it. But Saidie, poor little Saidie!"

"Yes," sighed the mother, "but she is country-bred, and will bear it better than her friend, who has never been accustomed to life's roughnesses, poor child. But drink this tea, George, and it will warm you." Still on his feet, he raised the cup to his lips, drained its contents, and set it down.

"Dear old friend," he said, suddenly turning to her, "you have promised to let me speak to Saidie sometime. You will not refuse me to-night?"

"Say anything you like, George, if you will only bring her safely home." And Mrs Gordon's face paled a little, and her lips trembled, for she knew what no one else did, not even Saidie herself, that this young neighbour of theirs—the Laird of Linton—loved the brown eyed maiden of Grangely farm, at least—as himself.

"Well, then," he continued, turning to the master of the house, who had just come in. "Is all in readiness, sir, for we must not tarry?"

"Very nearly, very nearly; but no hurry, for they will never have left the village yet. Graham would see to it if they hadn't the sense themselves. But the storm must have gathered even before they reached it. Surprising, most surprising! Didn't upon my word, Linton, expect it till to-morrow." And the old farmer, who was much older than his wife, and asthmatic, began to restlessly fidget about, one minute going to the window to look out, and the next to the door, always declaring on his return that there was no storm to speak of—that he had often seen it very much worse, but that only the girls might be frightened, and it would do no harm to look them up.

But his wife and visitor could easily read between the lines. They knew that the seeming brusqueness was just the outcome of a nervous resolve not to believe what he did not wish to believe. Now, rapidly and quietly, with Mr Hamilton's help, and the old steward, full forty years in the family, looking on and volunteering advice, Mrs Gordon went energetically to work in the preparation of hot coffee, the packing of cordials, and the gathering together of little might-be comforts.

"Now, mistress," admonishingly put in old Syme, "be shuir that ye dinna forget the whusky."

"No, no, Robert," indulgently smiled the lady. "The whisky is in, and the screw and a glass as well."

Then, all in readiness, young Hamilton took possession of the large dinner-bell from the hall table, and gave the signal to move.

"I'll tell ye what, Laird Hamilton," spoke up the old steward, "it'll be naething but a wild goose chase. We're goin' juist to please 'e, an' to satisfy the mistress, but, believe me, we'll never get ayont the first yett this night, for it will drift up juist as fast as we cast it."

"We will try anyhow, Syme; and if it be bad for us what will it be for these poor ladies drifted up, I doubt not, in some lone corner?"

The man said no more, for it was currently reported that this young Mr Hamilton, the Laird of Linton, entertained for Miss Gordon something more than a mere passing interest. So each man, protected with overcoat, snow stockings, and storm cap, lifted his spade and prepared to do battle with the mighty Snow King. Instinctively they recognised that Mr Hamilton had taken upon himself the part of captain. It was a night to be remembered—a night of furious wind and reckless drift, a night 'mid even these wild hills to stand out in flaming letters in the years to come. Well protected though their lanterns seemed to be, at every little interval they were—with the exception of Mr Hamilton's—whirled and shaken so that their lights went out. The cart was tandemed, each horse being held by the head, and the contents, with waterproof cover over all,

strapped firmly down. Full well they knew and felt that the tempest kept slowly gathering its forces for yet another hurricane display.

The first gate was drifted up nearly as hard as they relieved it, but nothing daunted young Hamilton, who had foreseen the exigency, had also provided for it, and, drawing from his pockets the necessary tools, proceeded to unhinge. Then with some more trouble they managed to get through, but other two gates were still to be relieved.

"Now," cried Mr Hamilton, "as this is likely to be a tough job if any among you want to go back now is the time before we go further!"

But as no one stirred or showed sign of wishing to accept the challenge, the party slowly and with difficulty began again to struggle forward. Two woods, or "plantations" as they were locally called, had to be passed before they could possibly reach the highroad. But for the snow upon the ground the night would have been intensely dark. As it was, it was with difficulty they could make their way at all. Beaten back one foot for almost every two it was little wonder that it was slow and most disheartening work. One or two suggestions were thrown out—that it was madness to go on, that it would be much wiser to wait till daylight, that the "casting" of the other two gates would be next to impossible owing to their greater exposure. But Mr Hamilton now heard the grumblers as if he heard them not. So on they plodded, fighting with the elements as best they could, until at length after some weary hours the last gate was reached and satisfactorily relieved. And then they halted to consider what must next be done. After anxious discussion they decided to separate for different ways, and their leader dealt out for them provisions in case of any plight. He himself, with the cart and one or two others, took the hill-driving road, which, ultimately, after a circuitous turn, met the highroad. And the others took the familiar cut across the moor used as a bridle-path, and occasionally by the more venturesome even as a driving one. In every lull of the storm George Hamilton vigorously rang the large bell and waited anxiously for some responsive token—what, he scarcely dared to think. Then, in a loud, far-reaching voice, he shouted "Halloo." The only answer was the dull, far-away echo of his own clear voice, sounding from hill to hollow, and almost startling them into the belief that it was the muffled wail of some dying creature. It awed them strangely this reverberation, which perhaps owed its birth as much to the groan of the tempest as to the ground's weird echo. Again and again, at every little interval, the strong voice rang out, and, as piteous answer, the melancholy wail came back to them.

"That's fair gruesome, Maister Hamilton," cried the old steward, in his ear.

"It can't be helped, Syme. We must reach them by hook or by crook."

Again the large bell was energetically sounded, but its answer also was brought back to them in a distant duplicate. And how the storm did rage and rattle. With blinding fury the wreaths kept sweeping and flying like semi-fiends all round them. Above, and around, and below the confusing whirl kept dancing in wild gyrations as if bent on sucking them in to the gigantic centre, and almost baffling their resisting instinct to keep from sharing, even in a measure, that wild, unkempt disorder, the almost magnetic dragging in, to the restless, clamorous, irrepressible whirl-blast.

"This is gettin' fair serious, Laird Hamilton," shouted the old man, hoarsely. "An' supposing the young leddies have never left the village at a'?"

"And supposing they have, Robert Syme?" said the young man, trying to look the old man in the face.

"Then they may have got the length o' Oakley, Laird. An' they're a' safe if they're there."

"All safe if they're there, Syme," echoed his companion. "But are they there?"

"Ay, that's the poser, sir," muttered Syme. "Are they there?"

And then again the little company braced themselves for a renewal of the struggle with those vexing elements. Just if that drifting snow would only stop, and that roaring, bellowing wind be still how very thankful they would be.

"Hush!" cried George Hamilton, suddenly. "Stop that cart!" The noise was stopped so far as the cart went, but still that belligerent wind refused, even for a second, to cease its turbulence and be still.

"Did any of you," he demanded, "hear a cry from the old plantation just now?"

Yes—they heard some kind of sound, but thought it was either a sheep or some wild bird sheltering among the trees.

"No," he said, "it was surely a human voice."

Again they listened, but as it was not repeated went slowly on. Then a shriek which made them all stand simultaneously still rang out through all the bluster of the storm—"Too-hoot, too-hoot, too-h-oo-h!"

"Juist hear at her!" cried old Syme. "It's only the houlit, Laird; but she fair gave us a gliff."

At the same moment Mr Hamilton had recog-

nised the eerie hoot of the owl, and with a feeling of relief again ordered the march.

"I think, sir," said Syme, presently, "that we canna be far frae the foot o' the road, from the vera fact that we heard the houlit sae distinct, for, of coorse, she's bound to be in the nether plantin'."

"I was just thinking the same, Syme—but, hush!" And another halt was called.

This time it certainly was not the shriek of the owl, but a woman's voice, soft and plaintive, struggling to make itself heard in song above the reach and the roar of the tempest. And the first line or two of "Home, Sweet Home," rose on the air like a cry of wailing entreaty, then with a quaver and a kind of sobbing gasp died utterly away.

But a strong voice caught at the failing words—caught at them eagerly, greedily, and, with a ringing intonation, finished the verse. And soon the tramp of feet close at hand, the flash of lanterns, and eager, rapid talk proclaimed to the two snow-imprisoned girls that their hour of release had come—that the help so sorely wearied for was theirs at last.

Fanny Wilton was the first to struggle out of her snowy surroundings, roughly, at any cost, brushing unceremoniously past her friend. But Saidie, who, at Fanny's instigation, had been struggling to drown the creeping drowsiness by song, sharply enough through all her gathering langour recognised the voice that had just finished the lines she had been trying so hard to remember, and instead of following Miss Wilton's lead instinctively shrank back into the furthest corner of the hitherto most welcome shelter.

"Where is Miss Gordon?" cried Mr Hamilton, imperiously arresting Miss Wilton, who was struggling for the cart as fast as her stiffened limbs would let her.

"Oh, just following! I am half dead, so do not stop me."

He neither stopped nor helped her, but, stooping low, crept in to where Saidie, with her hands covering her face, sat trembling all over.

"Saidie, my poor, little Saidie," he said, gently yet forcibly removing her hands from her face, and chafing them as he did so; "drink this, poor child, and you will soon be all right again"—holding, as he spoke, a cordial to her lips.

"Give it to Fanny; she needs it more."

"She does nothing of the kind," was the almost savage contradiction; "but I have some for her, too."

Then after a little pause he raised his lantern to her face, and saw that a little colour was creeping back to the whitened cheeks. "Saidie," he burst out, "I have a message to you from your mother. At least, I mean, she has given me leave to say anything to you tonight if I only take you safely home. So—so—so, it will choke me if I do not say it now. Saidie, you must promise to be my wife?"

"I do not want you to be choked, Mr Hamilton; only it would not be fair to mother, you know, to answer you just yet, as we are still a good few miles from home."

George Hamilton slightly smiled, and began to carefully assist his companion out and to regain her footing, for she was so stiff and cramped that she failed for a little while to steady herself. But he was very tender and very patient. When they managed at length to reach the cart they found Fanny Wilton making desperate but futile efforts to perform the climbing process. The men stood sheepishly by, recommending her just to put a foot on the wheel and make a spring, whilst old Syme authoritatively suggested that she should just put her hand on his "shooder" and she would soon manage it. But the city girl—even if not benumbed with cold and in the broad light of a stormless day—would still have been incapable of performing such a feat. But George Hamilton with ready tact read the difficulty, and with a "This is no time for ceremony, ladies," had them both in the twinkle of an eye safely bestowed, wet wraps hastily pulled off and dry ones just as hastily put on, and waterproof cover strapped satisfactorily down. Then the signal was given, the pre-arranged shot discharged, so that the other searchers might understand that the wanderers were found. Then after a little arranging, at Saidie's instigation, for the comfort of the old pony, up, up again they went; this time the wind hurling them on, not retarding. And, by and bye, after hurries, and scrambles, and stoppages, and much talk, which the ladies under cover were thankful to have nothing to do with, they came in sight of the brightly-lighted home-house, for the thankfulness of all being well had been carried joyfully by the smaller search-party quite an hour before. And as the cheery lights hove in sight from within and without young Hamilton somehow, tired though he was, energetically raised the fireside song, "Home, Sweet Home," which was echoed by those around and caught up by the little gathering, who, with a welcoming shout, came out to meet the searchers and the sought.

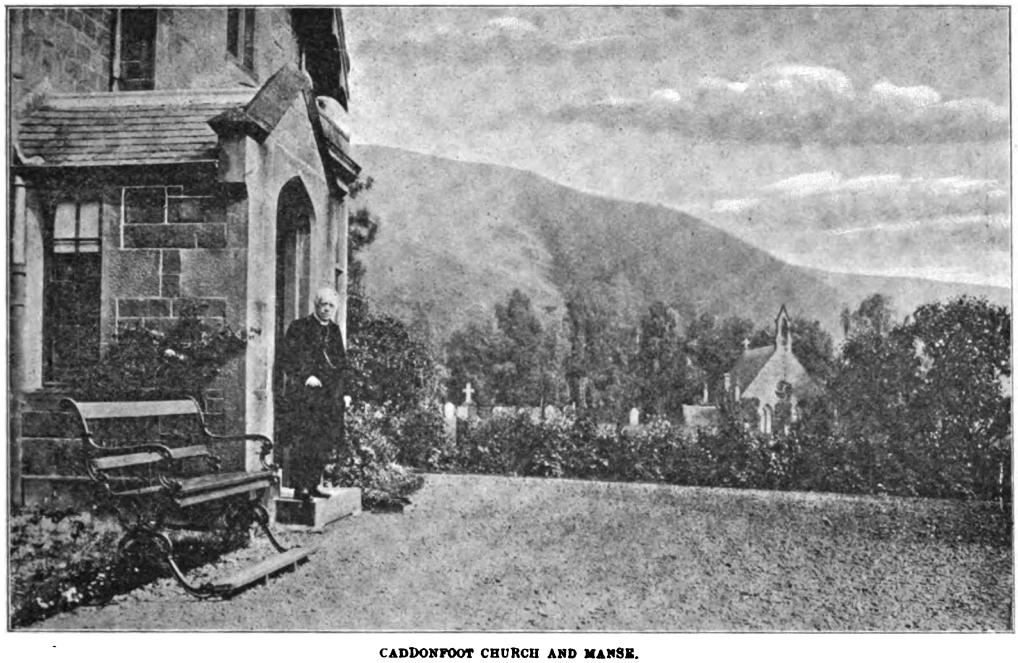
And although literally the fatted calf was not killed that night, something not unsimilar came to pass, for hospitality—never awanting at Grangely farm—shone out on this occasion with more than ordinary outshine. And some-

low, as the evening wore on, a postponed answer to an important question, on mother's account, was answered in a way that the household calendar of Grangely farmhouse did by no means chronicle as unsatisfactory.

THE END.

Clovenfords and Caddonfoot—a Retrospect.

THE annals of a quiet rural parish do not afford much exciting material for the historian and moralist, yet it would appear that this district is alive and in touch with the movements of the outside world. The shifting nature of the population in an agricultural district is one of the great hindrances, and in this connection it is permissible to refer to a few of the more prominent men and women whose lives gave character and tone to the society of the district some fifty or sixty years ago. Impressions taken so long ago may at this distance of time be faded and broken in outline, but the profile and leading features are too deeply engraven to be easily effaced. Fifty years ago the district of Caddonfoot was almost exclusively pastoral —the arable land being only a small proportion to what has since been reclaimed from a state of nature. Now, however, a complete revolution has been effected. The hills and the valleys and on every hillside where the plough could turn a furrow all has been brought under cultivation. Who were the men that effected this revolution? Who broke the sleep of centuries, and stirred to life and energy the lethargy of easy-going routine? To one man belongs the credit of inaugurating the new order of things—who had the sagacity to see, and the courage and perseverance to initiate the mighty change which was to transform the agriculture not only of the district but of the South of Scotland. It was due primarily and pre-eminently to the late Walter Elliot of Newhall. In him was combined a clear head, a strong will, remarkable energy, and unwearying application and perseverance. He seemed to arrive at ready conclusions by a sort of prescience, which required of ordinary men a slower and laboured process of reasoning. With such a man the purpose, the plan, and the execution followed each other in natural sequence. To plough, to drain, to lime, to fence, and to sow was accomplished with immense labour. In these early days of agricultural improvement, when the heavy work had to be done, there were no railways to carry lime to "the nearest station." It had all to be carted from the Lothians, and "going to the lime" or "go-



CADDONFOOT CHURCH AND MANSE.

ing to the coals" was an ordinary occurrence. In these days of decrying the nineteen years' lease system, this sounds strange, in view of what that system has done for agriculture, not only in Caddon Water, but over all Scotland. "Start with a good covenant and be kindly to your land" was Mr Elliot's axiom; and there is no doubt that the long lease system and to the intelligence and energy of the lessees is due the high-class farming which marked the district. Example is contagious. What Walter Elliot did at Newhall and other farms, such as Torwoodlee, was initiated elsewhere, and in less than twenty years there was a complete transformation in habits and circumstances. Amongst the contemporaries of Mr Elliot were, in the adjoining farm of Laidlawsteil, the late Mr Thomas Gibson; and, succeeding him, Mr George Dunn, both men of wisdom, prudence, and high moral standing. At Caddonlee the late Mr Clapperton, to whom could be appropriately applied the title of "a fine old gentle-

CADDONFOOT BRIDGE.

man," in remarking on the new order of things, said he had "begun to carry out the covenant of works." At Whytbank, the late William Young, along with two brothers, carried on the same class of work. At Meigle, the James Sandersons (father and son) were men of mark in the district. After leaving Meigle the younger Mr Sanderson was for some years land-agent to the Marquis of Exeter, and was killed in the dreadful railway accident at Abbotshill in January, 1876. Crossing the Tweed to Ashiestiel, which Sir Walter Scott made his home for a time, the late Sir James Russell (as true a gentleman as he was valiant as a soldier) settled down after his return home from India, and set about making Ashiestiel a sort of paradise—breaking in fields, enclosing them with strips of sheltering plantations, and turning a bleak, barren landscape into well-cultivated fields. What Sir James Russell did for Ashiestiel the late Mr Alexander Pringle did for Yair. The same story may be told of Fairnalee, with its haunted houses and its "Flowers of the Forest," where the late Robert Haldane and his son, who succeeded him, carried out such extensive improvements.

Having now made the circle, we turn to the centre, and remark shortly on the men who occupied the smithy, the joiner's shop, and the meal mill. In a strictly pastoral and agricultural districts these were all the handicraft industries needed. Caddon Mill was for two generations in the occupation of father and son—Alexander and John Smart. It was here that for many years a small circulating library was kept and managed, a centre of light and reason for the surrounding district. To good solid sense, thrift, and integrity was added in the case of both father and son a rich vein of pawky humour, some flashes of which still lighten up social intercourse. One anecdote to illustrate this:—Old Mr Smart was standing at the cross roads at Clovenfords when a rather "fast" young gent came along and asked, "Can you tell me the way? Why is there not a finger-post up here?" "Will a speaking post not do?" naively replied Mr Smart, and gave the desired guidance.

The blacksmith, the joiner, and shoemaker, as already remarked, formed the only representatives of the artisan class at Caddonfoot. A worthier pair than the blacksmith—Gavin Donaldson, and his wife, Peggy Bell—never adorned a country village. All the sterner traits of Christian manhood were to be met with in the husband, and all the gentler graces in the wife. They came to Clovenfords in their early wedded days, and spent a long life together, examples for everything that helps to strengthen and elevate the moral tone of society; and they died at a ripe old age. James Darnley, the joiner, spent a long life of honest and successful industry. A number of other names crowd the memory deserving of special mention. George Elder, the buirdly, happy-faced, jolly wool-broker, who shed sunshine wherever he went, cannot be forgotten; and the names of James Lambert and John Mitchell were household words. The shepherds and ploughmen of that period were noble specimens of Scotland's peasantry. They were a Sabbath-keeping, God-fearing, and Bible-reading people, and fit men to form the backbone of a country, whether in cot or hall. It would have been interesting to have told how they lived, but already the space allotted is more than taken up; and the wish and hope remains that the Rev. Mr Small may long be a factor in preserving the intelligence and virtue that marked the people of Caddonfoot in a byegone generation. J. G.

Robert Burns.

By Two Eminent Borderers.

WE are so accustomed to speak of the world's lyric poet as the "Ayrshire Bard," that we are apt to forget that a considerable part of his life was spent in the Borderland, and that the scenery of the winding Nith inspired not a few of his finest compositions. And do not his ashes rest in the quiet St Michael's Kirkyard of Dumfries, the green turf of which is trod occasionally by visitors from earth's remotest bounds. Books about Burns are almost without number, but we have no desire to enter upon this far-reaching topic. We would bring before our readers Messrs Hodder & Stoughton's "Burns," by Sir George Douglas, Bart., and W. S. Crockett. The book forms the ninth of the "Bookman" reprints, for which the reading public are so much indebted to the enterprise of the above-mentioned firm. Beautifully printed on the finest art paper, and containing nearly fifty illustrations—many of them rare—this thin cloth-bound volume forms a most admirable summary of Burns literature. The price, one shilling, places it within the reach of all, and we can think of no better souvenir of our National Bard.

Sir George Douglas, by his keen literary insight and highly poetic temperament, is well qualified to give in small compass a just estimate of the Poet and his writings, while Mr Crockett, with his wide topographical knowledge and historical information, can be relied upon to give us the facts in a most readable form.

In referring to the intense naturalness of Burns, Sir George Douglas says:—

> But, admitting the fulness and directness of Burns's self-revelation, it is obvious that the value and interest of such revelation must depend largely on the nature of the self which is revealed. Now, all contemporary evidence—from the testimony of the boy Walter Scott to that of such a woman of the world and of fashion as Her Grace of Richmond, born of the House of Maxwell—unites to prove the power and charm of Burns's personality. It combined with an animated geniality, irresistible to all who came within its range, an irrepressive force due to the elemental fire which slumbered or smouldered within. In other words, his genius was no thing of moods and seasons, or of time and place; it remained an integral and expressive part of him, whether he wrote or sang, or merely spoke, acted, demeaned himself, in presence of the world. . . . For ourselves the important fact is, that the impression produced upon the poet's contemporaries by his presence is communicated in a quite extraordinary degree to the readers of his writings. And this is what I mean by saying that, of all great poets, he is the one who comes nearest to us.

Mr Crockett, who deals with the "Homes and Haunts" of the Bard, thus begins his portion of the book:—

> Burns, in one sense at least, may be termed the twin brother of Scott. Mention one of them, and you think somehow of the other. By Scotsmen all the world over no two names are more held in honour. In the domain of Scottish literature they wield supreme sovereignty. Both are claimed as being in a very rare manner the creators of their country. More people, it is affirmed, are drawn to Scotland for the sake of Scott and Burns than for all her other Immortals. And there seems no reason for questioning the statement.

Biographical notes, and notes on the portraits of Burns at the end of the book, add very considerably to its value.

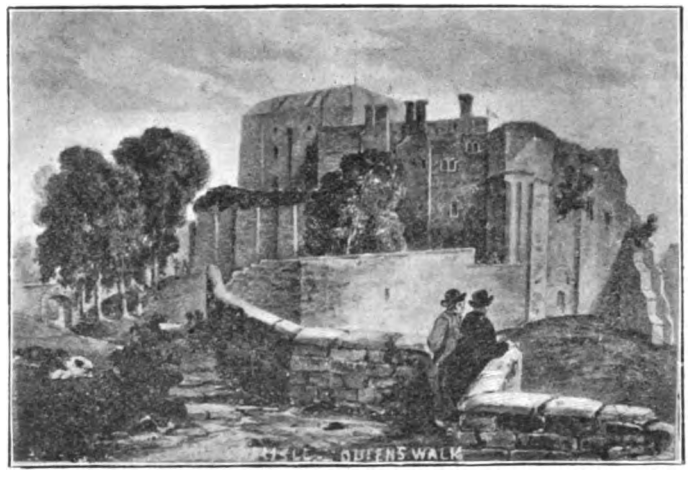
Queen Mary's Imprisonment at Carlisle.

WHEN after the battle of Langside, in 1568, Mary Queen of Scots resolved to take refuge in Carlisle, she acted on one of those impulses which so often proved her undoing. In vain Lord Herries pleaded with her to remain at least forty days in the security of the wilds of Galloway until arrangements could be made for her to go to France or Dumbarton. Mary believed that many of the English Border chiefs were favourable to her cause, and Bothwell's lands and strong castles were not far from Carlisle. The city would have been an excellent rallying point for her friends had she been assured of Elizabeth's protection; but, unfortunately for herself, Mary left out of count the fact that her presence on the Borders—then in a most inflammable state—was a menace to the peace of both England and Scotland. Had Elizabeth wished she dared not have left at large in that district the next heir to the throne and the hope of the Catholic party. However, without waiting for any pledge of security, or even for answers to the letters she sent to Carlisle and London, Mary sailed to Workington in a fishing boat, and was from thence escorted to the Border city by some of the gentry of the country. She was lodged in the Edwardian palace within the Castle walls, and, though not outwardly treated as a prisoner, was guarded most carefully. Montmorin, the envoy of Charles IX. of France, describes the room she occupied as "gloomy, being lighted only by one casement, latticed with iron bars. You go to it through three other rooms, which are guarded and occupied by hackbutters. In the last of these, which forms the ante-chamber to the

Queen's apartment, resides Lord Scrope, the governor of the Border districts. The Queen has only three of her women with her. Her servants and domestics sleep out of the Castle. The doors are not opened until ten o'clock in the morning.

Even these precautions did not seem sufficient to Lord Scrope. The Queen's window faced outwards, towards Scotland, and the governor was afraid she might communicate with her friends by its means, so he had an unused postern gate just under the window opened out, and soldiers placed there on guard, ostensibly for Mary's greater protection, really to allow a closer watch to be kept. One wonders whether any of her attendants managed to bribe or deceive the men! So much of the Castle has been pulled down that the palace has disappeared,

The Queen's flight had been so hurried that she had no change of clothes with her. Elizabeth sent her "two torn shirts, two pieces of black velvet, and two pairs of shoes." Mary's untruthfulness being as notorious as Elizabeth's stinginess, it is possible the parcel was not quite so poor as represented, but Mary wrote to her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, begging for money to buy food and clothes. "The Queen of England," she wrote, "has sent me a little linen, and supplies me with one dish. The rest I have borrowed, but I can get no more." She worried Sir Francis Knollys into writing to the Earl of Murray for her clothes, and he sent three coffers full, but she still wanted more; and, to Knollys' discomfiture, kept sending messengers to Scotland, whose charges he had to pay.



THE QUEEN'S WALK, CARLISLE CASTLE.

but the postern gate—shown in the photograph—can still be traced.

Elizabeth despatched Lord Scrope and Sir Francis Knollys to guard and watch the captive who had fluttered so heedlessly into her toils, and they had a lively time of it! Mary's troubles had not then broken her high spirits completely, and, when she could not fascinate, she teased. On one occasion she and her retinue went out to hunt the hare, and galloped so fast that Knollys was afraid she meditated going to join some of her friends by arrangement, so he wrote, "We mean hereafter, if any Scottish riding pastimes be required that way, so much to fear the endangering of her person by some sudden invasion of her enemies that she must hold us excused in that behalf."

About twenty of her adherents had accompanied her to England, and Mary Seton joined her there, much to the Queen's delight, as she was "the finest busker of a lady's hair that is to be seen in any country." The letters of Scrope and Knollys to Elizabeth make curious reading. After their first conference with Mary they wrote:—"We fownd hyr in hyr answers to have an eloquent tonge and a discreet hedd; and it seemethe by hyr doyngs that she hath stowte courage and liberalle harte adjoyned therunto." So that evidently Mary had impressed them by her dignity and cleverness, but other letters show that clothes, hair-dressing, and amusements were able to divert her thoughts from affairs of state. Of course she expected speedy deliverance through the inter-

vention of the foreign courts to which she had written, and she was young in years, though so terribly old in experience.

Poor Mary! Those summer days at Carlisle, when she watched her retinue play football in the meadows between the Castle and the river, were the last of even nominal liberty she was to enjoy. She was allowed to go to the Cathedral (protected by a hundred hackbutters), though Scrope refused her request for a priest to say Mass. A walk along the slope of the Castle walls was much used by her, and she is said to have planted the trees shown in the picture, which are now cut down.

No attempt was made to keep the neighbouring gentry from visiting her, and it was recorded that "she has sugared speech in store, and spares not to deal it." Perhaps the tradition handed down of her charm had something to do with ranging the city on the Stuart side during the troubles of the next century.

It was with great unwillingness that she consented to be removed from Carlisle—in fact, Knollys wrote:—"Surely if I should declare the difficulties that we have passed before we could get her to remove, instead of a letter I should write a story, and that somewhat tragical." Not "somewhat" tragical would he have called it could he have foreseen the nineteen years' captivity and the awful death which lay in front of the young Queen as she passed away from the city where she had hoped to find refuge from her enemies.

M. Eva. Hulse.

Geordie: A Border Sketch.

GEORDIE when I knew him was an "auld dune man," but he still went about his humble labours week in week out, smoking his little black cutty pipe with thick twist tobacco, always cheery, always with a blithe word for any one he met. In his own words, he was "still able to potter aboot wi' the help o' the nibbie." He had lived all his life in his native vale, bound in by his native hills, and had well-nigh seen the "winter sun twice forty times return." His visits into the outside world had been limited to a few excursions to the near towns of the Borderland, and that seldom. The occasions of these visits had generally been a hiring fair or a Common-Riding, or, in later days, a cattle show.

Geordie was a man of hobbies, chief among which were botany and the gathering of relics of antiquity. His love of nature was profound. There was not the smallest plant that grew out on the mountain side but what he knew, and would discourse on at length. The diary which he had kept for over fifty years was his constant care, the first and most important entry in which was the reading of the thermometer for the day. All the storms which had ravished the valley for half a century were carefully and accurately described, and one of his greatest pleasures was in recounting these to willing and interested listeners. He was intimately acquainted with the history and traditions of the little dale with its stirring past, and could show you the sites of the old towers and peels with which it was at one time studded—the strongholds of his forebears, the old raiders and reivers. He could point out curiously shaped and carved stones in the walls of the farmhouses which had been built from the ruins of the old towers, and on these he had his theories.

Every Sunday, wet or dry, found Geordie in his place in the little parish kirk, but he did not vaunt his religion to the eyes of the little surrounding community, and on that account he was not numbered among the unco guid. In politics he was very reticent, and refused to be drawn into debate, but would answer with a knowing and cautious smile.

It was in trout fishing that Geordie excelled. On the clear streams and burns that came tumbling and winding down from the hills there was no more enthusiastic or more skilful plier of the rod than he. And when a spate came he might be seen standing nearly the whole day over the knees in the black, mossy water intent on his one sport. Small wonder that in old age he was "sair bothered wi' the pains," as he termed rheumatism. He had his favourite pool, which somehow he had come to look on as his peculiar own, and on which he resented the intrusion of others unless introduced by himself. It was a deep, sluggish pool, scooped in the rock, where the river-bed narrowed in, overhung on one side with a bank of hazel bushes, and on the other a field, bounded by a stone dyke, ran right down to within a few yards of the waterside. After the spate Geordie might have been seen scanning this pool to see how many "fine ones" had come up, and he would set himself the task of beguiling each and all of them with his flies or bait. On the summer evenings he would sit there at the back of the dyke often far into the night, enticing them to bite, and often he would be accompanied by some favoured youth, for he took a special delight in teaching the young idea. One stringent rule in such circumstances was silence. For refreshment a little of the "barley brae" would

be provided, "juist to keep the caul' oot." But Geordie was very cautious in his dealings with "the bottle." He was the recognised authority on hook-dressing, and his book of flies was a delight to the eyes of a fisher.

But Geordie has been gathered to his fathers these many years, and now lies in the little kirkyard near by his favourite pool, where the trouts still disport themselves no longer lured by his cunning bait.

> 'There he sleeps, whose heart was twined
> With wild stream and wandering burn."

The storms now sweep up and down the valley unnoted by his pen. His diary has ended, but at least one admirer is left behind.

A. W. S.

Edinburgh Borderers' Union Thirtieth Annual Report.

ALTHOUGH rather belated, we cannot allow the New Year to progress further without referring to the annual report of the large and influential Border Union, which does so much for the welfare and happiness of Borderers who reside in the capital. As usual, Colonel Stuart Douglas Elliot, the indefatigable secretary, has produced a most readable report of the season 1903-4, but space prevents us quoting at any great length. The real causes for the existence of such societies were well summed up by Rev. J. A. Findlay (formerly of Sprouston), in his fine speech at the annual festival of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union in December, 1903, and we believe our readers will be pleased to peruse the closing sentences of Mr Findlay's address. After dealing with such subjects as rural depopulation, &c.:—

Mr Findlay said that it appeared to him that the reason for the success of their Union was threefold. The first was the nature of the Borderers themselves. He might say that Borderers had the faculty of sticking together; they had always displayed cohesion and solidarity; they required to do so in face of their English foes. When the beacon flame went up they gathered together to fight shoulder to shoulder, like brothers, united with the closest of ties, and to defend their hearths and their homes. They had shown the tradition of the past; they had stuck together, and they had made their Union a success. The second reason was the excellence of its objects. He could imagine a young man coming to the city, friendless, perhaps, and homeless, but in coming amongst them of that Association he felt amongst friends, the feeling of strangeness disappeared, and the feeling of heart sickness also disappeared. He thus became strengthened by the kindly welcome he got in the city to withstand the temptations that were around him. He contended that it was something to belong to the delightful Borderland. There was no country in the land more fitted to awake patriotism within the heart than the old country of Scotland, and there were few places or districts in Scotland more calculated to evoke that feeling than the Borderland. It was the battlefield of two nations; it was the land of song and story. It had created a literature that was all its own; its singers were sweet and clear, and its ballads went straight to the heart. It was the land of romance, and there hung over it a perennial charm. And then what of its landscapes, its long sweeps of fertile lands, its stately homes in sheltering trees, its fair abbeys, and its strong castles? From Berwick to Selkirk, and from the Cheviots to Soutra, where could they find the like? And then they had its rivers, and its chiefest river of all, the

> " River of all rivers dearest to the Scottish heart, to ours,
> River without shade of rival, rolling crystals, nursing flowers,
> Marching onward through the valley with the bearing of a king,
> From the hundred hills surrounding all thy vassals summoning."

That river—the Tweed and its tributaries. Its scenes were theirs; they were their heritage and their possession. There it was their happy fate to be born; there kind friends tended them; there they were reared, and there, in the quiet churchyard, lay their beloved dead. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chiefest joy." These were the words of the Hebrew exile long ago regarding the home of his people, and they were the words of every true Borderer who was there that night.

Song of a Border Burngate.

I pass below the willows,
  And the graceful birches bend
To hail my tiny billows,
  And greet me as a friend.
I sing thro' the gay, green valleys,
  Lit up by the sunny sky;
The echoes among the mountains
  And the moss-grown rocks reply.

The bricht stars and the wild flowers
  In me are mirrored all;
On me the golden moonbeams
  With trembling radiant fall.
And little children, daily,
  Love to come and visit me;
For like them I prattle gaily,
  And am pure, and bright, and free.

They wonder where I come from,
  And they wonder where I go;
But little can I answer,
  For little do I know.
But singing, singing ever,
  Upon my wandering way,
A little merry river
  Among the hills I stray.

A. B. G.

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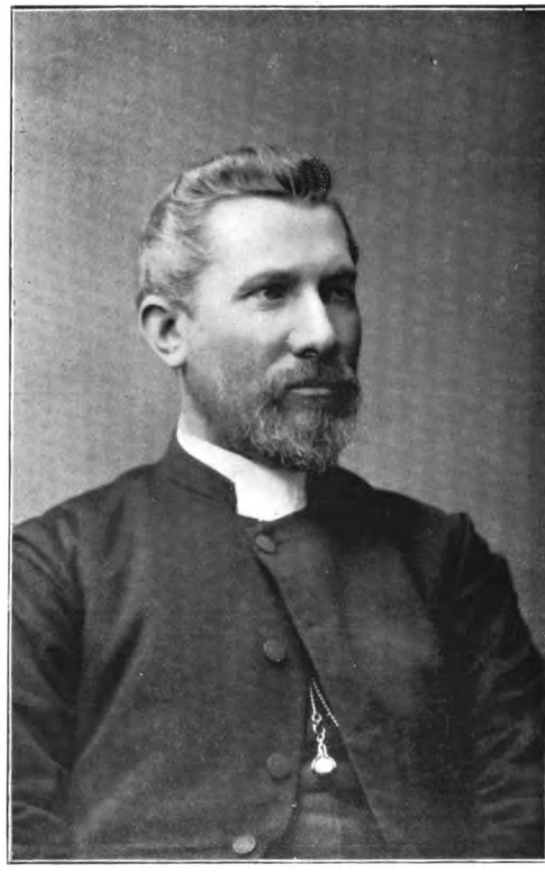

THE LATE REV. THOMAS MARTIN, M.A., LAUDER.

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THE LATE REV. THOMAS MARTIN, M.A., LAUDER.

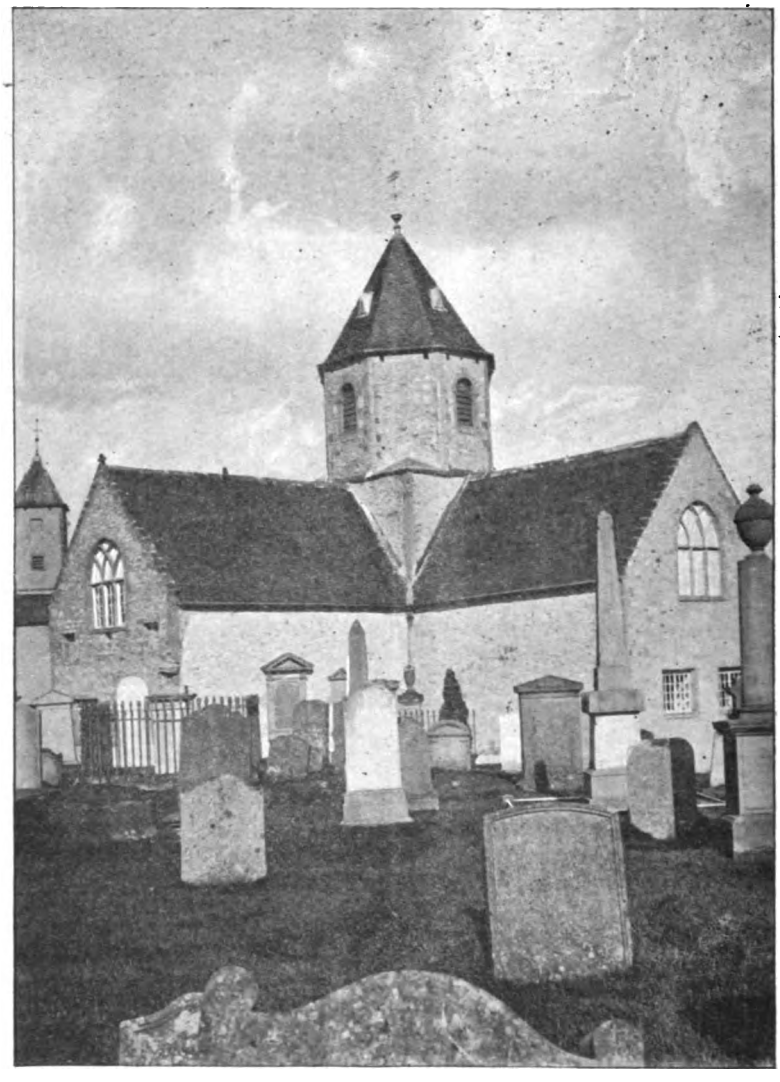
IN an exceedingly well-written sketch of outstanding events which occurred during the year 1904, thoughtful reference is made to the loss which the Church of Scotland has sustained in the death of the Rev. Thomas Martin, M.A., who, for nearly twenty-eight years, was parish minister of Lauder. He is there spoken of as "a born administrator, a man of great ability and sagacity." The words are fit and true, while the judgment formed by one who knew him intimately in the conduct of ecclesiastical affairs is fully borne out in the experience of all who came in contact with him, either personally or on the broader platform of public life.

Mr Martin was a student of Glasgow University, where he graduated in 1868. After a distinguished course in the theological classes, he attended the University of Tubingen, Wurttemberg. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Hamilton in 1871, and after acting as assistant to the Rev. Dr Paul, St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, for a short time, he was presented to the parish of New Rothesay, where he was ordained, 14th May, 1872. In February, 1874, he was translated to St Paul's Parish (South Church), Dundee, and on 21st December, 1876, he was inducted to the church and parish of Lauder. He entered into rest at the Manse there, 20th September, 1904.

Lauder has always been singularly fortunate in the roll of its ministry. Early in last century, Mr Cosens was justly popular as a preacher, and universally respected as a man. He was followed by Dr William Smith—latterly minister of North Leith—whose zealous labours in the interests of the Endowment Scheme of the Church of Scotland have constant memorial in many of our large industrial centres, where church organisation and service were quite inadequate to meet the requirements of a rapidly-increasing population. In 1858, Dr Donald Macleod, now equally well-known as one of His Majesty's Chaplains in Scotland, the editor of "Good Words," and minister of one of the most influential congregations in Glasgow, was ordained to the parish of Lauder. For twelve years (1862-74) Mr Middleton discharged with rare fidelity the duties of the holy ministry, and was deservedly beloved by the whole community, while Mr Watson, a man of distinguished ability both as scholar and preacher, immediately preceded Mr Martin.

It was no easy task to follow such a line, and it is not too much to say that the best traditions of the parish have been most worthily upheld.

By his scholarly, earnest, manly exposition of Divine truth, Mr Martin won the warm appreciation of his people, and when the semi-jubilee of his ministry at Lauder was celebrated on 27th December, 1901, occasion was taken to present him with a congratulatory address—



ESTABLISHED CHURCH, LAUDER.

along with other gifts—in which was set forth a well-chosen record of his active interest in the prosperity both of town and parish, his ungrudging service in educational and parochial affairs, the prominence and value of his work in many of the most important Committees of the Church of Scotland.

In many respects, Mr Martin was a model parish minister. He was a clear and ready speaker in the Courts of the Church, while his ripe experience was, at all times, lent to the reform and strengthening of management and method. He had a certain force of character and address which inspired all his parishioners with an intelligent and appreciative interest in the Schemes of the Church. His spiritual care

and oversight of the young, as shewn in his personal conduct of his own Sunday School and large Bible Class, as well as in his devoted labours as member of School Board, gave him a kind of magnetic influence in many lives. To the aged, the infirm, the poor, the sad, he was a friend indeed,—a kind-hearted patron, bearing with him the instant gift of practical sympathy. His happy organisation of women's work in church and parish was abundantly successful.

For several years there has existed in Lauder a vigorous Literary Society, which has in it nothing narrow or sectarian, and is indeed in unison with those friendly relationships which obtain among the different congregations in the town. In this Association, Mr Martin was deeply interested. It was an evident pleasure to him to share and further its aims and business. He frequently addressed the meetings. He was always ready to discuss difficulties, to offer guidance as to lines of study, and to aid and welcome the advancement of any of the members. In several other Societies—Library, Horticulture, &c.—he was a tower of strength.

Mr Martin had taken considerable pains to trace the origin and history of the burgess-system of the Royal Burgh of Lauder, and the results of his careful research will appear in an early publication of the "Transactions" of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, to whose "Proceedings" he was an occasional contributor, and of which he was President for the year 1903. It is cause of some satisfaction that these notes of antiquarian and archaic lore will thus find permanent preservation. In a recent work on Lauder, prepared by a gentleman eminently qualified to write upon the subject, and printed for private circulation only, some very interesting items, mainly from Kirk-Session Records, have been supplied by Mr Martin. The bonds of literary constraint cannot forbid the most affectionate acknowledgment of unstinted helpfulness in the execution of a similar work, which rendered a personal friendship—already strong—intense.

ESTABLISHED CHURCH MANSE, LAUDER.

Latterly in rather feeble health, Mr Martin has passed away at a comparatively early age. His memory will be lovingly cherished by all who knew him "at home," and by not a few whose visit to Lauder and Lauderdale may have been rendered more delightfully informative through their having met the minister of the parish, who always received gladly those who came by the way of the Manse. A. T. G.

Hexham Abbey.

THE town of Hexham lying in a nook of the Tyne valley at the junction of the North and South Tynes has much historic and ecclesiastical interest attached to it. In close proximity to the Roman Wall, and not far from the Scottish Border, the town frequently figures in the records of the stirring times when raiding each other's lands was a common pastime in the lives of the Scots and English on either side of the Cheviot hills.

This entry in the "Calendar of Documents" gives a very fair idea of the rule of life at that time—"1256, April 24. William of Erlington of Scotland beat William, son of Ralf of Lipewode in Extildesham (Hexham), so that he died within a month. William forthwith fled, and is outlawed. He has no chattels, being in Scotland. The vill of Hexham for not taking him. The attachment is denied, as the Bailliffs of Hexham do not allow the Coroners or the Sheriff to enter that liberty." A rather singular case occurred in 1310. One Thomas Elliot of Repewyk, near Hexham, had been sentenced by the Justices to be hanged for felony. The sentence was carried into execution, and the body was claimed and taken to the Church of St John of Leye, because his name was on the roll of the brethren of St John of Jerusalem in England. As the burial was about to take place it was found that he was alive. It is very doubtful if even this narrow escape would deter him from further misdeeds in the future.

It has often been said that the monks were adepts in selecting a site for their ecclesiastical buildings, and in Hexham the truth applies with considerable force. The old Abbey occupies a well-chosen spot. The first church was built by Wilfrid, Bishop of York, in 674, and was dedicated to St Andrew. It was said to have been the fifth church in Britain to have been built of stone, the others being Whithorn in Galloway, York, Lincoln, and Ripon. Not long after its completion internal disturbances took place among the religious rules of Northumbria, and Wilfrid fell into disgrace. He died in 709.

The present building has some very fine workmanship in connection with it. After the burning of the Church of Wilfrid by the Danes some 200 years subsequent to its erection, it was rebuilt in the early English style, and was of considerable importance in the middle ages, as Hexham and its shire were the chief manor of the Archbishop of York. But as has been seen its close proximity to the Border rendered it peculiarly liable to disaster. When David pitched his camp at Corbridge in 1138 considerable damage was done to it. Further destruction followed in 1296, when the nave of the Church was burned to the ground, and we learn that from York Archbishop Newark wrote to the Cardinal Bishop of Alba "deploring his inability to pay the moneys that were due, because Hexhamshire had been wasted in 1296. His best manor with half of his temporalities was gone—'in cineres est redactum.'"

The building consists of a transept 156 feet long, 42½ feet wide, and 64½ feet high, and a choir, which now forms the Parish Church. The entrance is by a passage in the end of the south transept, in the east side of which is a small aisle, in which there stands an old pulpit, believed to have been the one in use prior to the Reformation. On the opposite side is a massive stone staircase leading up to the triform and clerestory galleries and the tower. In the choir stands the Fridstool, or seat of peace, which gave protection to any malefactor who could reach it—Hexham Abbey having in Wilfrid's day the privilege of sanctuary. This place of refuge extended for a distance of one mile in each direction, the boundary spots being marked by a cross. There is also preserved in the choir, hanging from a bracket on one of the pillars, the helmet of Sir John Fenwick, slain at Marston Moor in 1644.

But it may almost be said that within the last few years the work which has attracted attention to the Abbey is that which has been performed by the parish clerk, Mr Robson. Of an antiquarian cast of mind, he has burrowed in the depths and brought much interesting matter to light. The principal find may be said to be the large Roman slab, 9 feet long by 3 feet wide, which he dug out of the Slype in 1881, and which is thus described—"It represents a Roman horseman in full armour riding over a prostrate Briton, and it is considered one of the finest monuments of the period yet discovered in this part of the country. The columns on each side and their capitals have unfortunately been chipped off by the Saxon masons to fit it into its place. It is what is called a sepulchral slab or tombstone, and bears the following inscription:—'Dis. Manibos. Flavinvs eq. Alal. Petr. Signifertive. Candidi. Au. XXV. Stip. VII. H.S.'—thus translated:—'To the gods the shades, Flavinus, a soldier of the cavalry regiment of Petriana, standard-bearer of the troop of Candidus, being 25 years of age, and having served seven years in the army, is here laid.' It will be noticed that the horse is small in proportion to the rider, also that the soldier has no stirrups. He has a torque round his neck, and a helmet with

a plume of feathers on his head. By his side hangs a sword. In his right hand is a standard, and on his left a shield. The prostrate Briton is naked. His hair is matted, and in his right hand is a short sword. The carving as a whole is well designed, and very effective."

The same enthusiast has for some years been laying bare most interesting work in the crypt. Roman masonry with fine carving and inscriptions has been covered over with Saxon cement. Working with a pen-knife, Mr Robson has brought to light many valuable examples of Roman handicraft which were lying there wholly unknown, and from information already extant some of the apparently doubtful constructions can be made clear enough.

The whole district abounds in associations with the Roman period of occupation, and neuks here and there are fruitful of rich rewards to the antiquarian.

J. LINDSAY HILSON.

The Tramps of the Borderland.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE earliest "tramps" in the Borderland of which we have historical knowledge were the Celts, who wandered over hill and dale, calling the rivers, hills, and glens of the Borderland by beautiful poetical names, which they retain to this day. Thence fled Merlin, the last priest of nature, and it is said that in that lonely hill country out of which spring the rivers Clyde, Tweed, and Annan, the apostle of the new faith, Kentigern, sought him, and pressed on him the claims of the Cross. Later on Wallace and his followers tramped wearily over the moors and mosses. Down through history we find other rebels hiding in the glens, and escaping by the help of kindly mists. From east to west, from Scots Dyke to Jedburgh, every inch of hill and dale has been tramped over by torn and ragged, hungry and hunted rebels. But their faith never failed them, and the hope that upheld them in their darkest days was no foolish dream.

In more peaceful times came the poet Burns We talk of the "Burns Country," but perhaps we are a little too conventional in this. Burns was a born tramp. He wandered at his own sweet will all over the Borderland in pursuit of business or pleasure. and there are few parishes that have not some tradition linking his name with their histories. His songs were not inspired by Court beauties, but by just such yellow-haired lassies, and dark, saucy "dearies" we may meet any day if we tramp by Thornhill or cross over to Yarrow, or go on to Ayr by the "Land of the Raiders." Sometimes he was on his rough pony, but quite as often he was on foot. It is by tramping over the lonely country that one comes face to face with nature. Lines must have come to him in all out-of-the-way places, lines that were fragments tossed away, poems that were never finished. A blackbird's or a lark's song; the setting of the sun behind the Border hills; the wind passing over the bending barley; the whaups crying over the purple moss; the autumn tinted woods; and the leaping trout in Border burns —all spoke to him and inspired the tramp. It was the influence of these things that made him in touch with every tramp he met, and in the days of Burns tramping was much in fashion. The sheep were all driven north or south by a race of tramps called "drovers," and the poor man who did not own a horse had no way of reaching the larger towns than just by "shank's naggy." The by-paths of the Borderland were then in use, and men took near-cuts over the hill country when going from one glen to another. Thus in his tramp over the Borderland Burns must often have fallen in with queer old characters, whose quaint phrases and speech he remembered and reproduced in his poems.

Many famous "tramps" have wandered over the Borderland since the days of Burns, and of these I may treat in future articles.

AGNES MARCHBANK.

A great Border man whose biography by his wife is one of the best books of this year is Mandell Creighton, sometime Bishop of London, who was vicar of Embleton, Northumberland, for ten years. I regret greatly that when once passing through Embleton I did not stop to examine the fortified and picturesque vicarage, where Creighton died. We saw the house where Mr W. T. Stead was born, and the church where his father acted as Congregational minister. Creighton was a great historian and a Churchman of the best type, in sympathy with men of all creeds and denominations. I heard him once a few months before he died, and his manner was calm, gentlemanly, and impressive. There was far more in his address when you came to think of it than lay on the surface, and there was not a superfluous word. In 1884 he projected a Border History; would that he had lived to do it, as it would have been masterly. He was born at Carlisle, July 5th, 1843, and died in London in 1901. His father and mother were married at Gretna Green; his grandfather, James Creighton, who came from the Scottish Lowlands, was a joiner. Now one would like to know what district of the Scottish Borders reared James Creighton. To the Rev. J. P. Gladstone he once wrote:— "I am glad to think that we are fellow-Borderers. I walked through Haltwhistle in the pouring rain, being washed down from the Roman Wall."

Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank.

AMONG the famous Borderers of some three hundred years ago "Auld Gideon" of Elibank takes a prominent place. His early years gave promise of a life of raids and reiving—but the energies that might otherwise have been directed to a marauding career were diverted to the service of the state. The narrower, but more exciting, life of a "Border Reiver" was closed to him when he accepted the Royal commission. Yet we can imagine him, even before he drank to the full the cup of royal favour, looking back with wistful eyes to his younger days when law and order were no check to his turbulent spirit. Wealth and high position came to him, but in the end he experienced the proverbial fickleness of princes. We wonder whether he in his heart preferred the Privy Council and the Court of Session to the tower which still stands, gaunt and defiant, on the bare hillside above the Tweed—and the office of Commissioner of the Middle Shires to the roving commission which the companions of his youth assumed to themselves. We wonder, but we cannot tell.

Gideon Murray was the third son of Andrew Murray, who, in 1514, succeeded his father, John Murray—killed at Flodden—in the Peeblesshire estates of Haltoun or Blackbarony. Like many another younger son of the time, Gideon was educated for the Church—and was "chantour" of Aberdeen. We have no record of the manner in which he fulfilled the duties of his office, but in any case he did not restrict himself to the use of spiritual weapons in his dealings with his fellow-men, as is proved by a case which came before the Privy Council in 1590. On the 26th April of that year a certain George Greenlaw, of Bordland, in the Sheriffdom of Peebles, complained that "Maister Jedeon Murray, chantour of Aberdeen, minister, and Johnne Fawsyde, minister of Edilstoun. with accomplices" had taken him "perforce and brocht him to the Tolbuith of Edinburgh," the provost and bailies of which refused to receive him, because he neither dwelt in Edinburgh, nor was he apprehended there, or for any recent crime. But Gideon and his accomplices declared that Greenlaw had been taken for theft, and thereafter the complainer was put in ward, where he had "since lain to his heavy damage." Greenlaw asked to be liberated on bail. As the accusers did not appear the request was granted, and the provost and bailies ordained to release him on his finding caution.

Evidently Gideon was not then in active discharge of his duties in Aberdeen, for only a month later, he, with his brother John of Blackbarony, Patrick Murray of Faulohill, and a number of other Murrays, was put under caution not to harm Robert Scott of Haining, and James Scott, "callit Mekle Jame Eister." In October of the same year he is still described as "chantour of Aberdeen," in a process in which he became surety for Jas. Scott of Newark "that the vassals, tenants, and servants of William Earl of Angus shall be harmless of the said James."

Whatever his ecclesiastical position and duties may have been they were abruptly ended by a quarrel with a certain person, Aitchison by name, in which Gideon killed his man. Thenceforward he is engaged in other than clerical pursuits. In 1592, along with Walter Scott of Goldielands, he received a commission "to demolish the houses and fortalices of Harden and Dryhoip, pertaining to Walter Scott, who had been art and part of the late treasonable fact perpetrat against his highness awne person at Falkland." The fact referred to was the attempt of Bothwell, with a force of about one hundred men, to seize the person of the king, an attempt which might have succeeded but for the gathering of the country folk in defence of his majesty. "Auld Wat" of Harden was not likely to forget Gideon's share in the harrying of his hearth and home. With others of the Scotts, however, Gideon seems to have been on friendly terms, as we find him—described as of Glenpoyte—becoming surety for the good behaviour of William Scott of Hartwoodmyres and Walter Scott of Stirkshaws. A few years later. he became possessor of the estate from which he later took his title. On 16th March, 1595, the king confirmed a charter by which John Liddale of Halkerstoun granted to "Jedeon Murray of Glenpoyte the lands of Elebank, or Eleburne, in the forest and lordship of Ettrick, with the salmon and other fishings in the river Tweed between Scrogbank and Escraigburnefut. The lands were to be held in feuferme of the king—the proprietor to provide two horsemen for service in time of war. The condition named was evidently enforced, for in 1601 Thomas Ker of Sunderlandhall found surety for Mr Gideon Murray of Elibank to buy from Sir Michael Balfour of Burley two stands of horsemen's armour, "in case it be found that he ought to do so."

Gideon's connection with the Scotts is illustrated by two incidents of the year 1602. In one he was, with his brother John, held responsible for the removing "forth of Scott of Hundillshop and all others from the lands of Feithane, belonging to Sir Wm. Stewart of Traquair." In the other he found surety for Rob-

ert Scott of Thirlestane "to relieve within twenty days the warden of the middle march of a bill filed on the said Robert at the instance of the laird of Neutoun, Englishman." These were days of cautions and sureties, when Border chieftains came under mutual obligations for their good conduct. In 1604 Gideon and his son Patrick, as well as a number of other Murrays, of Philiphaugh, Eddleston, and Darnhall, were laid under caution not to hurt the Stewarts of Traquair, Tynnis, and Schellinglaw. There seems to have been bad blood between the two clans, for only a month before Sir Wm. Stewart of Traquair was bound down not to hurt the Murrays.

But the end of Gideon's marauding days was near at hand. When James VI. became King of England he set himself the task of repressing the borderers of the two kingdoms. He appointed a Commission, consisting of five members from each side of the Border—each set to execute their orders through a chief of police with a flying squadron of horsemen under him. In 1605 Gideon Murray, who was knighted in this same year, was appointed one of the Commissioners on the Scottish side—to hold courts of justiciary for the punishment of offenders—and on 14th March took the oath "de fideli administratione." The Commissioners did their work ruthlessly and well—wholesale hangings and banishing of Border thieves resulting. The laird of Elibank had now set his foot on the ladder which was to raise him to honour and affluence. His landed estates increased in number and in extent. In 1606 the lands of Langshaw, in Elwand water, and Whytbank, in Selkirkshire, were transferred to Sir Gideon and his wife, Margaret Pentland, by a transaction with the Pringles of Woodhouse.

In his efforts to bring the Scottish Church into harmony with the Episcopal system, the King found a willing instrument in Sir Gideon, whom he appointed, in 1608, to repair to the Presbytery of Jedburgh, with a view to enforcing it to elect "a constant moderator." The Presbytery proved dilatory or stubborn, but on August 4th Sir Gideon reported to the Privy Council that he "had dealt with the ministers to receive Mr John Abercrombie as their moderator, and that they had obeyed."

He was now basking in the sunshine of the Royal favour. On August 28th, 1610, he gave "his solemn oath of allegiance and the oath of a Privy Councillor"—and in September became Comptroller in room of the deceased Sir James Hay. A pension of £1200 Scots was conferred on him. In the following year the King showed him a signal mark of favour in the gift of articles of plate which the cities of Glasgow and Carlisle had presented to His Majesty. In 1612 he was M.P. for Selkirkshire, and in December of that year he was appointed Treasurer-Depute of Scotland. His promotion had been rapid, and was partly due, no doubt, to his relationship to the court favourite, Lord Rochester, of whose Scottish estates he was commissioner. But his success meant disappointment to others. In a letter of October 28th, 1613, Sir Thomas Hamilton, writing to Rochester, states that "there are discontents at Sir Gideon's Murray's promotion." The clouds of Gideon's last days are already casting their shadows before. But in the meantime the sunshine of prosperity was in full blaze. On 2nd November, 1613, Sir Gideon was admitted a Lord of Session, with the courtesy title of Lord Elibank—the other Lords dispensing with trial of his qualifications, because "of the certain knowledge they had of them." In 1614, in pursuance of his duties as Treasurer-Depute, he made an enemy, who some seven years later foully revenged himself. In a letter, dated October 8th, Sir Gideon writes to Somerset, "Sir James Stewart paid 20,000 marks for the Whitsunday term of his tax of Orkney," and will soon owe as much for the Martinmas term. Has delayed till further directions pressing him for the account of the preceding year, "when the rebels committed so many spoils." Presumably the further directions were given from London. We shall see later how Stewart took a personal revenge on one whose official relations with him were influenced by orders from the centre of administration.

In 1614 Sir Gideon was again involved in ecclesiastical affairs—as member of a special commission for the trial of one John Ogilvie, a Jesuit. In the course of the examination of the accused torture was applied. The Commissioners were offended at Ogilvie's refusal to disclose the names of those with whom he had consorted, and gave directions that "he should be kept without sleep for several nights." But the torture was of no avail. Ogilvie was ultimately removed to Glasgow, where he was tried and condemned by a special commission there, on a charge of treason. In 1615 the crown, sword, and sceptre were entrusted to the care of Sir Gideon, who in the next year was appointed a member of the commission of justiciary in the north. His pension was doubled, and extended to the life-time of his two sons, as was a privilege of importing thirty tuns of wine free of duty.

As Treasurer-Depute he had charge of the preparations for the Royal visit to Scotland in the spring of 1617—raising the necessary money and making contracts with the various

tradesmen. There was a contract with an Aberdeen plumber "for covering and theiking with lead His Majesty's new worke and platforme within the Castle of Edinburgh." Holyrood chapel had to be painted and gilded. This work was entrusted to a London tradesman, as was also the carving of the same chapel. The Privy Council directed Sir Gideon "to caus the robe royall" to be sent in all haste to London to His Majesty. During the King's visit Sir Gideon was in close attendance—proving himself the willing tool of his Royal master. During his stay in Scotland James was busy driving the wedge of Episcopacy into the Scottish Church. After his departure the work went merrily on—Sir Gideon Murray doing his share. He was an assessor to the Commissioners of the General Assembly, which, in 1618, sat at Perth, and was induced by threats and bribes to sanction the famous "five articles." He was also a member of the Court of High Commission, which acted as the royal instrument of coercion in ecclesiastical matters. We could wish that Sir Gideon, who was reared in the atmosphere of Border freedom, had not been quite so pliant in the hands of a king who was doing his utmost to deny to his people religious liberty. Did he believe that in these matters the king did not, or could not, err—or was it self-interest and not principle which actuated him? However that may be, he had, in a two-fold sense, his reward.

From two complaints to the Privy Council in 1618 and 1620 we get a glimpse into Sir Gideon's private affairs. In the former year he complains that three men had come by night to pursuer's orchard at Ballencrieff, broke down the dykes, and "not onlie staw and away took ane grite nomber of the best fruite of all kyndis," but also "broke, cut, and destroyed a number of the trees." On 1st February, 1620, "Sir Gideon Murray, undoubtit takisman and haveing sufficient richt of the equall half of the teyndis, both personage and vicarage of three-quarteris of the haill parochin of Stow," complained that John Pringle, some time of Nether Scheillis, now in Whytbank, had not yet paid the sum of £40 "for the tak silver dewtie of the teyndis of the landis of Nether Scheillis." Orders were given for the apprehension of Pringle, and the inventory of his goods for the King's use.

The limits of space forbid any further account of the personal and official transactions in which Sir Gideon was involved. Almost to the end he enjoyed the favour and confidence of the King. During his last visit to Court he received a signal token of the Royal regard. The story may best be told in the language of the narrator, Sir John Scott of Scotstravet. "There being none in the bed-chamber but the King, the said Sir Gideon, and myself, Sir Gideon by chance letting his chevron fall to the ground, the King, although being both stiff and old, gave him his glove, saying, 'My predecessor Queen Elizabeth thought she did a favour to any man who was speaking with her when she let her glove fall, that he might take it up and give it to her again; but, sir, you may say a King lifted up your glove.'"

While Sir Gideon was absent from Scotland at Court, "an information," as Spotswood states, "was laid against him for abusing his office to the King's prejudice." The informer was the Sir James Stewart before mentioned, who had probably been nursing his injuries during the seven years which had elapsed since 1614. Spotswood informs us that Stewart had "the assistance of some of better credit than himself." The "discontents" which Sir Gideon had unintentionally hatched in 1613 had come home to roost. The matter was remitted "to the trial of certain councillors at home." Sir Gideon took the accusation so much to heart that, to quote Spotswood again, he "did contract such a deep melancholy as neither counsel nor comfort could reclaim him. So after he came to Edinburgh he departed this life on 28th June, 1621." Calderwood states that "sundry reports went of his death, and amongst the rest that he poisoned himself." The general opinion was that the charge was a false one, resulting from the spleen and jealousy of disappointed place-hunters—and that the enquiry would have cleared Sir Gideon's character from the suspicion of mal-administration. Possibly the King regretted the fact that he had allowed the charge to breed suspicion in his mind regarding a loyal and faithful servant. Sir Gideon was buried in Holyrood chapel, a fit resting-place for the mortal remains of one whose whole official career was dominated by the desire to further the interests of his sovereign.

It will be noticed that Sir Gideon died on June 28th, 1621. There were not wanting those who showed undue haste in their desire to fill the dead man's shoes. On the very day of Sir Gideon's death Thomas Hamilton of Robertoun wrote to Sir Robert Kerr (the first Earl of Ancrum) asking him "to assist my desyre with my Lord Marquis of Hamiltoune anent Sir Gideon Murray his place in Session nowe vaicking be his deceas." On the 13th July, John Viscount of Lauderdale also wrote to Kerr craving his help in securing the vacancy, to which Sir Alexander Gibson of Durie was ultimately appointed.

J. G. M.

"The Leddy's Pool"—A Fisher's Tale.

IT was a calm evening in late summer. scarcely a ripple disturbed the sluggish pool. The rustling of a rabbit might be heard among the dead leaves at the foot of the hazel bushes on the opposite bank of the river, and at intervals the splash of an "eldring," intent on his supper, at the other end of the pool broke the stillness. We had already sat some hours keenly fishing, but with small success, in spite of repeated changes of our casts, and the long twilight had now deepened into night. But it was the reverse from chilly. What Geordie termed a "muth nicht."

Geordie was the first to give in. "Ay, ay, man," he said at length, laying down his wand, "aw think we micht as weel be ganging, they're unco sweir to tak' the nicht."

But I was also sweir to give it up, and had another cast and still another, hoping against hope that the next would be successful, as is always the way when the trouts are not rising well. At last I followed his example, and we began to pack up our wands.

"It seems a pity to go inside on such a night," I remarked.

"It's a' that, man; it's real nice oot here. Mony sic a nicht hev aw lain oot when we used to be wuning the bent on the fells, an' it was cosy eneuch, rowed up in the plaid an' lying amang the new wun bent, but that was when aw was a young yin. It wadna do for mei now, the pains wadna let mei forget it for a week or twae."

We were now ready to start on our way home, but I proposed having one more pipe, and Geordie agreed, so we squatted at the foot of the dyke. The hoot of an owl came from the firs out on the hill, and was presently answered by another further down the watergate.

"Man, thae hoolets soun' maist eerie on a nicht like this, divna they."

"They do that," I assented, and after a pause, "I've often wondered, Geordie, how this pool came by the name of the "Leddy's Pule."

"Oh, weel, that's no a lang tale, but raither uncanny. Hev ye never heard it? Aw'll juist tell ye the story as aw hed it frae my faither, an' if aw'm no mista'en he hed it frae his faither afore him. It seems that at the time there was a young laird, a kin' o' a waistrel, an' he hed brocht hame for leddy a young lass frae owerby in the West, verra sair again her folks' wull. She hed run away frae hame wi' him in the end. He was an unco reckless lad, mair especially when on horseback, and coming hame ae day efter a fair he was racing wi' a wheen o' his cronies for a wager when he gallopit his horse richt oot ower a brig at a sharp turn in the road, baith horse an' man being killed wi' the fa' into the rocky burngate. That nicht in the gloaming he was carried hame a corpse. This put the puir bit wife fair oot o' her mind, she was sae distrakit, and in the nicht-time she slippit oot o' the hoose withoot onybody seeing, and cairrying the bit bairn, that hedna lang been born, she ran doon to the pule here, alang that verra fitpath that ye can sei comin' doon through amang the hazels likely, and threw herself and the bairn into the pule. The water was in spate, and the next morning they fand her, a lang way doon, wi' the bairn still claspit in her airms."

"A waesome story indeed."

"Ay, and aw mind weel, when a boy, aw was rale feared to come near the place o' a nicht, what wi' hearing the auld folk speak o' her ghost that haunted the pule. Mair than yin o' them threepit to hevin' seen't."

The long hoo-hoo-oo came again from the fir planting, echoing through the glen, and we rose to go homeward.

A. W. S.

The Trystin' Tree aboon Traquair.

WILL ye gang wi' me, lassie,
Will ye gang wi' me—
To the trystin' tree, lassie,
To the trystin' tree?
When the breeze sighs through the grove,
And softly shines the star o' love—
And a' below, and a' above,
Is blest like you and me!

Oh, say ye'll gang wi' me, lassie,
Say ye'll gang wi' me—
To the trystin' tree, lassie,
To the trystin' tree!

We've nae nightingales, lassie,
Like the Southron men;
But the burnie sings, lassie,
Through the hazel glen.
Hush! the gentle zephyrs steal
Round about, and wish us weel;
Like whisperin' lovers, fond and leal,
Below the trystin' tree.

Oh, say, &c.

We've nae glow-worms bright, lassie,
In the birkin shaw;
But the moon's soft light, lassie—
Shines on us, an' a'.
Unseen angels, as they pass,
Winna bend the dewy grass,
Nor look wi' scorn, my bonny lass,
On my true love for thee.

Oh, say, &c.

A. B. G.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have frequently mentioned the appreciation with which the BORDER MAGAZINE is received by literary people, and the following note from the Editor of the oldest Daily Newspaper out of London is a further proof of the fact:— "Of all the publications I receive this is the most welcome, and by far the best value for the moderate amount charged. Of course, it is specially valuable to me as a son of the Borders and retaining the strong attachment for the beautiful Borderland a true Galalean ought to have. But, beyond the fact that the subjects dealt with in the BORDER MAGAZINE are altogether to my liking, the historic charm and literary grace of the work are entirely delightful. I heartily wish the BORDER MAGAZINE continued and increased success. It ought to be in the hands of every Borderer, more particulary of those who, like myself, live at a distance."

The Border Keep.

There was a widespread feeling of regret when it became known that on the evening of Friday, 3rd February, the beautiful mansion of The Glen had been the scene of a most disastrous fire. Although the exterior walls remain intact, the interior of the main building was completely destroyed. Those who knew what art treasures were in the various rooms of the mansion were relieved to learn that the most of them had been saved. Sir Charles Tennant, Bart., was justly proud of The Glen —one of the finest specimens of Scottish Baronial architecture in existence—and the sympathies of all true Borderers will go out to him and his family in this disaster which has befallen them.

Anciently the estate of The Glen belonged to a proprietress, "Sarra of the Glen," who in 1296 subscribed her allegiance to Edward I. Subsequently there were two properties. Wester Glen in 1488 belonged to Thomas Middlemass of Greviston, and passed from his family by marriage in 1664 to the Murrays. Easter Glen, after belonging successively to the Stewarts of Traquair, the Crawfords, and the Cranstouns, came finally in 1737 into the hands of James Veitch, who united the two properties. From Veitch the estate went in 1743 to David Plenderleith, whose son, John Plenderleith, in 1796 sold it to Alexander Allan, an Edinburgh banker, for £10,500. It was then merely a sheep farm of some 3500 acres with a plain dwelling-house of two storeys, suitable for such a farm. So the property remained till about 1815, when William Allan, the son, began his improvements on the estate. To the old house he also added two wings, retaining the original building, but the radical defects of the old house could not be remedied. It has been stated that William Allan, who at this time was Lord Provost of Edinburgh, expended upwards of £30,000 on his alterations and improvements on the estate and mansion. In 1852 the estate was brought to sale and purchased for £33,140 by Sir Charles Tennant. Three years later he employed the late David Bruce, R.A., to design the stately edifice which has been partially destroyed. Altogether Sir Charles had expended on the mansion-house something like £50,000.

* * *

This is the age of anniversaries and centenaries, and my old friend, the Edinburgh correspondent of the "Southern Reporter," does well to draw attention in that paper to the name of

one whose great work in Africa has never been fully appreciated. My friend thus writes:—

A hundred years ago Mungo Park sailed from Portsmouth in the transport "Crescent," 30th January, 1805, along with his brother-in-law, Alexander Anderson, surgeon, and George Scott, draughtsman, from Selkirk, all of whom were destined never to return. They arrived at Goree on 28th March, where they were joined by Lieutenant Martyn, R.A., and thirty soldiers from the garrison, with four carpenters and two sailors. Park's marching orders on his last expedition was to pursue the Niger river to the utmost distance to which it could be traced, and the sum of £5000 was placed at his disposal by the Colonial Office, which had in view the extension of British commerce and the enlargement of our geographical knowledge. Both have been accomplished, although these pioneers all fell victims to clime, hardships, and the treachery of the natives. Scott died before the Niger was reached. Anderson, who was nursed by Park with the tenderest care for three months, died on 28th October. Park was as resolute as Livingstone, who perished in the marshes of Bangweolo, in seeking for the Nile sources. There was no turning back. A letter to Lord Camden of 17th November said he was to set sail from the east, with the fixed determination to discover the termination of the Niger or perish in the attempt. If he did not succeed in the object of his journey he could at least die on the Niger. Lieutenant Martyn and three soldiers, the remnant of his party, embarked on the flat-bottomed vessel made by Park from two canoes, in which they started from Sansanding. Park sailed past Timbuctoo as far as Boussa, where in a fight with the natives he seems to have been drowned, and the whole party perished except one slave. The late Miss Anderson, Dovecot, Selkirk, a niece of Park's wife, had the Niger-stained Psalm book of the explorer and Watt's hymns, found in the boat at Boussa. A native chief had kept it as a charm. These relics were brought home by Richard Lauder, who continued Park's explorations. Miss Anderson had also many letters, his watch, and portrait; another Selkirk man had his bamboo walking-stick, with "Mr Park" engraved on the silver top.

* * *

The following from the same Border newspaper reports an interesting item of news, and at the same time conveys much historical information about a Border family:—

On Thursday afternoon, 5th January, 1905, at St Mary's Church, Bryanston Square, London, the marriage was solemnised between Captain the Hon. Alfred Maitland, Cameron Highlanders, son of the Earl of Lauderdale, and Miss Edith Scobell, daughter of Mr S. G. T. Scobell, of the Down House, Red Marley, Worcestershire. . . . The Maitlands have been seated at Thirlestane, in Lauderdale, for the long period of six centuries. Not many of the great old houses of Scotland can rival their brilliant array of statesmen, lawyers, soldiers, and men of letters. They derive from one de Matulent, who came to England in 1066 with William the Conqueror. His grandson, Thomas de Matulent, flourished in Scotland when William the Lion was king. Sir Richard de Mautland, his grandson, acquired Thirlestane, still the family residence. He was one of the most powerful barons in the reign of Alexander III., and a liberal benefactor of Dryburgh Abbey. The ballad of Auld Maitland (temp. David II.) commemorates Sir Richard's gallant defence in his old age of Thirlestane Castle against the English invaders in the beginning of the long war of Independence. Two of his sons were killed at the battle of Durham in 1346. William Maitland, the head of the family of James IV.'s time, died with that monarch at Flodden, and was the father, by his wife (a daughter of the Lord Seton), of one of the most notable members of his line, Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, 12th feudal Lord of Thirlestane, the collector of the early poetry of Scotland, and also a poet and author. He died in 1586, his wife, to whom he had been married for sixty years, dying on his funeral day. His eldest son was William Maitland, the celebrated Secretary Lethington to Queen Mary's reign. This Scottish Machiavelli was the master mind of his day. Of great and subtle intellect, and an accomplished scholar, he was implicated in all the plots, intrigues, and political movements of the troubled times in which he lived. Generally, but not always, he supported the Queen. He is credited with the origin of the plot to remove Darnley, and his death in Edinburgh Castle in 1573—some suppose by his own hand—saved him from execution. His younger brother, Sir John Maitland, Chancellor, &c., of Scotland, was created Lord Maitland of Thirlestane in 1590 at the coronation of James VI.'s Queen Anne of Denmark, and became the father of the 1st Earl of Lauderdale (cr. 1624), Lord-President of the Council, whose son was the Duke of Lauderdale, K.G., the Prosecutor of the Covenanters, of whose principles he was at first a zealous supporter. He fell into obscurity and disgrace before his death without male issue in 1584, when the Earldom of Lauderdale passed to his brother. The present Earl descends from the fourth son of the sixth Earl, and succeeded his kinsman, Charles, twelfth Earl of Lauderdale, who was killed by lightning while out shooting on the 12th of August, 1884.

Mrs Alfred Maitland comes of the old Devonshire family of Scobell (now of Kingwell Hall, Bath), which descends from Thomas de Scobbahull, Sheriff of Devon, 1291-1293, many of whose representatives have in different centuries received the honour of knighthood.

* * *

In these days when there are signs of revival in the Border tweed trade, the following extract from Mr Robert Hall's "History of Galashiels" may be of interest:—

The spinning mules were introduced into Galashiels in 1814 by W. & D. Thomson. Most of the earlier jennies had only forty-eight spindles, and when they were increased to seventy-two the work got rather heavy. When they were driven by water power they were increased to 144 spindles, the drawing of the yarn and the winding up being performed by hand. In consequence of the mules having 500 spindles, they were able to produce yarn at a cheaper rate. Owing to the extra number of spindles, the rate paid to the spinner was lowered in a proportionate degree. It is told of this individual, when informed of the new arrangement, that he wanted to know "how many more spindles would require to be added before he would be requested to do his work for nothing?"

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Some Eskdale Poets.

IT would have been surprising indeed if Eskdale, a charming section of the Borderland, could boast neither poet nor poetry. It is in every sense a fit nursery for "a poetic child." The profusion of beauty and stirring associations are in themselves sufficient to inspire the divine flow of eloquence and song.

Not a few poets, however, have sprung from the historic dale. Pages of the BORDER MAGAZINE from time to time have borne evidence of their worth and work. Some were of no mean order. Here we mention the names of a few, and also indicate the value of some of their productions.

LANGHOLM MANSE.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE,

who takes a foremost place amongst the poets of the "grand old Borderland," was born at Langholm in 1734, and was the son of the Rev. Alexander Mickle, minister of the parish from 1717 to 1746. The poet, gentle and affectionate, removed with his parents to Edinburgh, where he attended the High School. Launched upon to him the troubled sea of life he had many ups and downs, but never forgot the bosky glens and murmuring streams of his Southern Highlands, as is evidenced in his "Eskdale Braes," the first verse of which runs thus—

"By the banks of the crystal streamed Esk,
Where the Wauchope her yellow wave joins,
Where the lambkins on sunny braes bask,
And wild woodbine the shepherd's bower twines."

While at Oxford Mickle published several pieces of high merit, including "Cumnor Hall," which rapidly ran into three editions. The poem, which deals with the tragic love-story of the Earl of Leicester and Amy Robsart, is said to have given the idea of "Kenilworth" to Sir Walter Scott.

The appearance of his translation of "Lusiad," the great Portuguese poem, secured his fame, and ensured his name being handed down to posterity.

For tenderness and pathos his "Nae luck aboot the hoose" quite surpasses any of his poems. Some one has said that it is "the fairest flower in his poetical chaplet." Burns, who had a high regard for the song, writing in 1790 declared it to be "worthy of the first poet."

THOMAS TELFORD,

the son of an Eskdale shepherd, was born in the pastoral parish of Westerkirk. From the

humble clay bigging he travelled all the way to the illustrious Westminster Abbey, where his dust now lies by the side of that of Robert Stephenson.

"Laughing Tam," though full brained and handed with big schemes, and when attracting the attention of the world by his wonderful undertakings, found time to write poetry of considerable beauty and wealth. Henry Scott Riddle, when proposing the "Border Bards" at the inauguration of Hogg's monument, said that "Telford, the celebrated engineer, wrote elegant poems anent the Vale of Esk, as well as some epistles to Burns." He saw no reason why Telford should not rank "among the rest of the men of song." Here are the opening lines of one of his poems which appeared in the "Poetical Museum," published in Hawick in 1784:—

EWESDALE FROM WRAE.

Thy pleasant banks, O' Esk, and verdant groves,
The seat of innocence and purest love,
Demand my lay; ye sacred nine descend,
And o'er your long-loved scenes, my feeble steps attend.
Teach me in purest notes my voice to raise
Loud as were sung in famed Arcadia's praise.

WILLIAM PARK,

though not so famous as Mickle or Telford, is worthy of a niche among Eskdale's "rhyming billies." He was born at Effgill in 1778, and entered work-a-day life at an early age, experiencing "hard lines" and "short commons" not a little. Amidst arduous and incessant toil he cultivated mind and heart, and courted the muse to some purpose. He became editor of the "Dumfries and Galloway Standard," and in 1833 issued his verses in book form under the title, "The Vale of the Esk and Other Poems." The volume, humorous and pathetic, was regarded as of considerable merit. Perhaps the most striking poem in the collection was that on the lines of Knox's "Mortality," which bore the heading, "What is Life?"

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL,

the son of an "in-bye herd," was born at Sorbie, parish of Ewes, the Yarrow of Dumfriesshire, in 1798. When he was but a "rinnin' laddie," the family "flitted" to Eskdalemuir, where he met with the Ettrick Shepherd.

After years of herding, Riddell left the "crook and plaid," and pursued the calling of the church. Passing successfully through Edinburgh University, he was licensed as a probationer, and ultimately became famous as the poet preacher of Teviothead, where he acted as parish minister till 1841. "His Songs of the Rule," so heartily welcomed, were issued before he left college.

In 1844 he published his last prose work, "The Christian Politician; or, The Right Way of Thinking." In 1847 a volume of "Poems, Songs, and Miscellaneous Pieces" appeared. His masterpiece, "Scotland Yet," known and sung wherever Scotsmen gather, first appeared in McLeod's "Original and National Melodies."

His "Dowie Dens of Yarrow" and "Hame o' oor ain folks" are exquisite ballads, and attracted no little attention. His harp ceased strumming in 1870.

William Knox,

though not a native of the picturesque vale, spent most of his busiest and happiest years within its bounds. From 1812 to 1817 he held the Wrae farm, almost "within gunshot" of the spot where Riddell first saw the light. The farm failed somewhat, and Knox gave himself up to literature and poetry. When in Eskdale he composed the greater part of "The Lonely Hearth and Other Poems." He also wrote "The Influence of Love and other Passions," which was after the style of Campbell's "Father's Cottage."

Though Knox died at an early age he published three books of poems. Sir Walter Scott was attracted by some of these, and in one of his diaries mentions the poet's talents and poetical merits. His "Mortality," which appeared in his "Songs of Israel," was Lincoln's favourite. He never tired of repeating it. The Emperor Alexander II. of Russia is said to have had the same poem printed in gold letters, set in a gold frame, and hung on his palace wall in St Petersburg.

Minor Poets.

Of minor poets Eskdale has produced her share. Some of those living to-day are not the least. Of poets whose harps are now silent we readily recall the names of William Beattie and James McVittie ("Eskdale.") Though coming short of the heights of a Mickle or a Riddell, they sang in a manner elevating and enlivening to not a few. Social and temperance gatherings were brightened and bettered by their poems Of some of Beattie's productions and their recital the writer has vivid recollections. "Eskdale's" poems of another character when issued in book form were favourably reviewed by the press, and received much praise.

G. M. R.

In the end of January last, a wide circle of Borderers were saddened by the tragic death of Captain G. Fraser Macnee, who was a prominent office-bearer in the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, and took a very active part in Volunteer matters. We shall publish a short sketch of the deceased Borderer in our next issue.

The Late Mr James Smail.

AST month we had to refer to the passing away of one of the poets of the Borderland, whose sweetly flowing verse and deep insight into nature is known far and beyond the limits of his native land. Now it is our sad duty to record the death of one who has done much to keep alive the old spirit of the Borders, and whose pen has written songs which will live. To the last he was a warm friend of the Border Magazine, and contributed occasionally to its pages. In the issue of our magazine for December, 1897, there appeared a portrait of Mr Smail and an article giving interesting particulars of Mr Smail's literary proclivities. From amongst the many newspaper notices of this prominent Borderer's death, we quote the following:—

The death of Mr James Smail at Edinburgh on 22nd January will cause deep regret among a wide circle of friends. Of great reputation in his profession, he was also well known in other sphere of life, in which keen observation and untiring energy find full scope. Brought up amidst the natural beauty of the Borders, and inhaling from his earliest youth the very atmosphere of song and legend and warlike deed which surrounded every knowe and stream and ruined peel of his native countryside, and invested them with a living interest, it is no wonder that there was borne in Mr Smail's mind an intense desire for knowledge about the wild birds and animals and the flowers and trees which made up his earlier world, and a love of poetry and romance which were the outcome of the history of his people. These peculiarities followed him into his business, but while they invested his leisure with many hobbies, they never interfered with the proper duties of his life. Although born and brought up in Jedburgh, and belonging to a family respected through many generations in that ancient Border town, Mr Smail's first lessons in banking were got in the office of the National Bank in Kelso, where he latterly acted as accountant, being afterwards chosen to open a branch for his bank in Earlston. His superiors at the time thought that the progress shown by the young agent was too slow, and augured badly for the ultimate success of the venture, and they accordingly closed the office at Earlston, and took their agent back to Kelso. Mr Smail was certain that a proper chance had not been given him, and he accordingly offered his services to the Commercial Bank, and these being accepted, he went back to Earlston, and made an attempt to establish a business for that institution there. His success was so undoubted,

and his ability in gathering a business together so evident, that he was in a few years sent by his directors to open a branch at Galashiels. In this town also he made his mark, and acted as secretary of the Galashiels and Selkirk Agricultural Society. When a vacancy occurred in the Commercial Bank agency at Kirkcaldy, he was chosen for that important post, from which in 1884 he was brought, after a successful career in the prosperous Fife town, to be secretary of the bank in Edinburgh. Here, as elsewhere, Mr Smail showed himself an able banker, and though the methods of his new position differed widely from those which had gained him his reputation in the country, his acute mind and keen business faculty enabled him very soon to cope with and overcome the difficulties of his new duties. When he retired seven years ago to enjoy a well-earned leisure, he took with him the well wishes of the staff and the clients of the bank.

But among all the responsibilities and the cares of office, Mr Smail never forgot that while he was a banker he was also a Borderer. Born, brought up, and educated at Jedburgh, he never got away from the associations that entwine themselves round the heart of every true son of the Border country. These associations are present in various ways in different individuals. In Mr Smail's case they showed themselves in the direction of literature. During the lifetime of "Once a Week," he was a regular contributor under its editor, the late Mr Shirley Brooks. "Chambers's Journal," too, had frequent papers from his pen. There was perhaps no greater authority on angling, as practised in the South of Scotland, than Mr Smail. He was intimately acquainted with every stream in the Border country—with the Tweed, and all her tributaries, from source to sea. Not a water in the Lammermuirs, or the Cheviots, but knew Mr Smail. The trout knew him, too, and did the best they could to keep out of the way of his deadly lures and baits. With such a wide and varied experience in angling, Mr Smail contributed several valuable papers on this subject —notably one on "Creeper and Stone-fly Fishing" in Younger's "River Angling," and another on "The Tweed" in "The Sportsman's Guide."

It is, however, as a ballad-writer that Mr Smail is best known to the general reader. Somehow or other every Borderer, with any literary basis at all, takes to the ballad as naturally as does the duck to the water. So truly and so cleverly has Mr Smail caught the essence, the spirit, of the old music, that his poems have frequently been taken as the productions of the old minstrels themselves.

His death, fulness of years and honours notwithstanding, will cause a regretful blank to his widow and family, and to that wide circle of acquaintances who recognised in him a gentleman of the old Scottish type, who combined with business keenness a strong sense of humour and a very genuine kindliness.

The Secret of the Stones.

(A Curling Story.)

By Theodore Thearle.

THE blood of past generations of curlers flowed in his veins, and as Donald Mackenzie stepped from the stuffy compartment on to the platform, and breathed the crisp cold air, and saw the animated scene on the surface of the lake that spread its broad sheet of ice just beneath him, his low spirits caught fire, and flamed into exuberance.

It was to be his last bonspiel before, as an exile, he faced the lonely West. He had a great name to live up to, for all the inheritance he possessed was the trophies of the rink, won by his forebears. That already large collection had been increased by his own prowess with the stones, though it was his uncle that had made the name of Mackenzie a by-word on the ice. This reflection, however, brought mixed feelings to the nephew, for he felt that his uncle had treated him meanly in the end. Surely he of all his relations might have expected a good legacy, he was the only one who had been filled with enthusiasm for his uncle's pastime, and he had been cut off with a pair of old curling stones. True, they were his uncle's favourite ones, and had won many a match, and were even of some intrinsic value, being mounted in solid silver.

"Much use they will be to me out on the prairie with not a soul to speak to, let alone the chance of a hand in the roarin' game," was his sad soliloquy, as tying a rope around them he prepared to drag them down the slippery path to the lake side.

Crowds already thronged the ice, and were clustered in black knots round where the sixty-nine rinks had been marked off. Lochmaben had done its best to welcome the ten thousand visitors, who, from the remotest corners of England and Scotland, had come to witness the international bonspiel, by providing as keen a surface as the most fastidious player could desire.

Trains were still arriving and pouring forth

their black moving masses. Amongst the crowds a checkered knickerbocker suit was more conspicuous than its owner, whose spindle legs would have been the better of padding. He was an Englishman from the far south, and such appearance as he had was mostly due to his tailor.

He had a reason for trying to make the most of his looks. His fiancee, who was spending a few days with some Scotch friends, was to meet him on the lake.

"Hey, you fellow," he shouted to Mackenzie, as he saw that tall personage bending down and fastening a rope to his stones. "Just take mine along with those you have got, and I'll give you a sixpence."

The imperative tones of the bumptious little man forced a blunt, cruel truth on Mackenzie. Ruined by the bad harvest, such little money as he had realised had been more than swallowed up by debts. He had none left to spend on himself.

The peremptoriness of the sudden order nettled him. Drawing himself to his full height, and flushed with pride, he faced round on the speaker. As their glances met both gazed in absolute amazement at each other. In Mackenzie's eyes there was a gleam of scorn, and the little man quailed before it. He shrank back with a shudder of fear, and searched anxiously for a means of escape.

"Hullo! what good fortune has brought you across my path again?" exclaimed Mackenzie in surprise. "I had given up hoping for such luck, but I vow that before we part I shall wipe out the old score, even though I hang for it."

His tone more than his words suggested the fierce nature of the threat implied. It was enough for the other. In an instant he had wheeled round and vanished into the crowd, his face white, and the stones trembling in his hands.

"How very, very unfortunate that that fellow should turn up," he gasped to himself, when furtively glancing back he felt that he had escaped for the present from his grip. "He means mischief, and he is the sort to stick at nothing. How dreadful if he should meet Maud Webster on the ice, and tell her what he knows. He would do it in a moment if he saw me talking to her. Really, I wish I could get out of this place. Only three days before our marriage too, but if she was to learn it would be all up with me. There she is." His eye at this moment caught sight of a tall, graceful, girlish figure on skates coming swinging towards him on the elegant curves of an outside edge stroke. The sight brought a warm flush of pleasure to his face. Then he looked back and his cheeks blanched, for there, elbowing his way vigorously through the crowd behind, was Mackenzie in pursuit.

"Here is a pretty fix," he inwardly ejaculated. "If I recognise her, why that fellow will be up on us in a minute. If I cut her?—well, it is the least of two evils." His heart was beating wildly with surpressed excitement.

She was now within hailing distance, and a smile of welcome spread over her face.

"I thought I was never going to find you, Richard," she said.

Instinctively he looked at her, but, aware of the presence behind, he gave her only a cold, vacant stare, and passed on, losing himself quickly in the throngs.

The girl stood looking after him in dazed surprise. She had a companion with her, who was more astonished than herself.

"A funny kind of lover that," remarked the latter sarcastically, while she took a twirl on her skates. Maud Webster still remained rooted to the spot in puzzled wonder, her cheeks flaming with indignation. She had just been telling her friend how the love had been all on his side, how he had persisted and persecuted her until she gave her consent, and how she would willingly even yet get out of the engagement if only she could, and now he had dared to cut her straight. What could her friend think of her? She almost wished the ice would break below her feet.

Meanwhile Mackenzie was forcing his way along. A big man is more conspicuous than a small one in a crowd, and he was suffering from that fact, for though his fingers were twitching for their work and his heart boiling with anger, yet he had lost track of his prey.

It was in this mood that he stumbled right through a group, and brushed rather clumsily past a lady. Next instant he would have emerged from the crowd and sighted the fugitive, but he felt a small gloved hand on his arm, and a girlish voice exclaim in surprise,

"Donald!"

The tone sent a thrill through him. He became conscious for the moment of the shabby nature of his clothes, then he forgot everything else except the presence of the fair speaker.

"Maud, can it really be you?" he asked in surprise, still holding her fingers in his, fearing to let them go lest it might prove a dream.

"Yes, Donald. But, of course," she added a little stiffly, at the same time withdrawing her hand, "you have forgotten me now. Our last meeting was—was—only—the romance of a summer holiday." Then fearing that she had betrayed too much feeling, she continued with

an effort at gaiety, "Are you married yet? I am to be in three days."

"You?" he stammered, putting his hand to his head as if from sudden pain.

"Does that astonish you?" she replied, not unpleased, though a little mystified, that he should take the matter so seriously.

"It explains your silence," he rejoined.

"What silence?" she asked with breathless interest, a strange fear beginning to numb her heart.

"Why, you never answered one of my letters. After you went back to England I wrote you several, and, receiving no reply, took the hint that you did not wish to correspond with me."

"I never received a single letter from you," responded the girl in consternation. "Had I done so things might have been different."

"There has been foul-play somewhere then," growled the Scotchman in bitter resentment, clenching his fists as if he would strike the cunning intriguer who had come between them. "Some thief has stolen my letters."

"Or bribed my maid to keep them from me," suggested the girl, as tears began to well up into her blue eyes.

They had met in Inverness-shire the summer before. The Websters had gone there for the season, and taken a house close to Mackenzie's farm, and the two young people had been thrown much together, for the spot was an isolated one. When they parted it was with the understanding that their friendship was to be lasting, and the mute confession of a tender passion. Mackenzie was restrained from speaking openly of his love until he should be certain of his ability to keep a wife, and his hopes depended on what his dying uncle should leave him. At the beginning of his lease he had been called as a reservist to join the colours, and the management of his farm in his absence had plunged him into debt. His uncle, however, was rich, and had given him to understand that he would leave him well settled. But when his will was read Mackenzie was disappointed to find that all his money had been left to others, and he had come in only for a few personal belongings, of which the curling stones were the most valuable.

Suddenly the girl, unconscious of the bystanders, reached out her hand and laid it pleadingly on his shoulder.

"O how I have missed you. Can you help me now, Donald? Or is it too late?" she implored in a low, earnest voice. "I do not like the man that my father is forcing me to wed, and there is only three days until our marriage."

Mackenzie's face grew grave. If only it were in his power what would he not do for the girl.

"It is a terrible irony of fate, Maud, that we have met to-day, and that I am so helpless. All my stock even is mortgaged, and I leave my farm in May to go as an emigrant to the North West to take up a free lot there. It would have been years before I could have a home dainty enough for such a bride as you. I dare not ask you to wait."

The girl shook her head sadly.

"Father is in difficulties also, and the man that I am to wed is very rich, so that I am being forced to marry at once."

Just then a shot rang out. It was the signal for the players to get to their places.

"I must go to my rink, Maud, it is number twenty. I will try and think hard if I can see any way of helping you or myself for that matter, for your happiness is mine. Come to me before the end of the game. Be sure."

So saying he turned away and left her alone. Her companion had vanished, and she found herself standing apart, for all the crowd were hurrying to the rinks.

It was then that Richard Terrence again noticed her, and this time ventured to approach her.

"I have been longing to see you, Maud," he began, as he held out his hand.

"That is a falsehood, Richard," she replied coldly; "we met before."

He pretended to take no notice of her remark, but added, "Come, Maud, I have got a carriage for you here, and the man is to give you a drive. It will be better than standing all day on the ice. He had already bribed the driver not to bring her back until the bonspiel was over.

"Very well," she consented, "we need not go far." She too was wanting a little leisure to think.

The Englishman smiled as he handed her in to the brougham, and when it rattled away he turned back to the ice with a relieved mind.

Another shot now sounded the start.

"Hurry up!" shouted one of Terrence's comrades, "our rink is number twenty, and the game is begun. We have Inverness men against us."

When Terrence reached the spot he started with dismay. There was the tall Highlander whom he had seen at the station standing amongst his opponents.

"So I am to have the chance of giving you a licking at this first," was Mackenzie' ominous greeting, "before I finish you off with something more substantial."

The little man flinched, and would have found refuge in flight if that were possible.

The other players were far too excited in the

game to notice either the words or looks of the two men. It was a fierce tussle, and Scotsmen and Englishmen strained every nerve to win the victory. Indeed, if one shut one's eyes, and listened only to the sounds, it would be easy to imagine one of the historic fights that centuries before had waged round the walls of Bruce's castle. The bu-r-r-r of the stones on the hundred rinks re-echoed like the roar of artillery, while every few minutes there was a burst of hurrahs hailing some winning stroke.

"Guard this port, Mackenzie, man," came the shout of the Scotch skip.

At the name the Englishman started. Though he had met the big Highlander on one fatal occasion before, yet he had not known his name.

Just at that moment he received another shock to see Maud Webster walking along the road towards the lake. Had the coachman not fulfilled his orders, which were at all hazards to keep the young lady from returning before the game was finished. There she was sitting down, and deliberately fastening on her skates. In a few minutes she would be over and speaking to him. What was he to do? Then a cunning smile played over his features as an idea suggested itself.

Mackenzie had just played, and was standing aside looking at Maud. The Englishman approached him, and, motioning him a little further aside, whispered,

"I have just discovered your name. You are Mackenzie of Auchindalloch, are you not?"

"Yes, but what is that to you," was the impatient rejoinder.

"It is of more import to yourself. I am Richard Terrence; I think you have seen that name before."

It was Mackenzie's turn now to start.

"What!" he gasped; "then you are the man who holds the mortgage over my farm."

The other nodded, and then said with a smile,

"I hear you have an aged mother. Look here, now, if you say a word about what happened in South Africa I'll turn you out neck and crop at once without waiting until May. I have the power."

"I owe a duty to my country," replied the Highlander.

"Everyone cannot afford to be so patriotic. Remember it was I who was arranging with the Canadian Government for your farm in the North West. I did not know then that it was for a man who had once cursed me. Now, if you persist I can head you off there."

The conversation was interrupted by Terrence being called to play. He was too excited to aim or think, and let the stone tumble from his hand and wobble down the ice amidst a chorus of execrations from his partners.

"What a poor shot, Richard." It was Maud who spoke, and there was almost a sneer in her tones. Terrence did not reply.

He must keep Mackenzie from guessing that he knew the girl, yet he would like to have asked why she had returned so soon. The reason of this was that the horse had slipped on the icy road, and the girl walked back.

Maud, insulted by his silence, took a turn off on her skates, and the Englishman was just hoping that the crisis was past, when he felt a rough tug on his shoulder, and heard Mackenzie's voice hoarse with excitement demand,

"Do you know that girl?"

Terrence grew deadly pale, and a lie slipped off his lips.

"No, I have never seen her before. She must be an impertinent huzzy to speak like that without an introduction."

He forgot for the moment that the motion of skates on ice is noiseless, and Maud, attracted by Mackenzie's action, had glided up softly behind.

"A huzzy, indeed!" she exclaimed, in anger. "If that is what you think me, Richard, it is time that you were taking back your engagement ring."

"You are surely not engaged, Maud, to this creature?" said Mackenzie, in astonishment.

"Yes, this is the man I told you of who forced me to a promise of marriage."

"The fellow is a traitor, and more deserving of a bullet than a bride. I only met him once before, but that was enough."

"Be careful," interrupted Terrence, savagely. But Mackenzie was reckless now; he did not hesitate at the thought that he was in this person's power.

"We met," he continued, "on a kopje in South Africa. Our men were making a brave stand, though outnumbered, when this fellow suddenly raised the white flag. He wore the unform of a lieutenant in a volunteer regiment, and had somehow got mixed up with us in the melee. Of course, most of the chaps ceased firing at once, thinking that he was doing it under orders, and next moment we had to surrender. Not content with that, and in order to gain his freedom, he actually told the Boers where our stores were hid. I would have knocked his brains out on the spot if I had not been held back, for I was the only prisoner near him at the time, but I told him that if we should ever meet again I would consider that a debt of honour."

"Well, you may talk as you like, but you are

both in my power," Terrence said with a malicious grin.

Again both were called to play, and as the time limit was almost up it was the last round.

Mackenzie let off his suppressed feeling in one of the best shots he ever played. His stone stopped on the very tee. A ringing cheer and the flourishing of brooms greeted this success.

"Knock him out," was the cry when Terrence lifted his stone. His lips were trembling with passion, and he put all the fierce energy of rage and despair into his effort. His stone flew like a cannon-ball down the rink, scarcely seeming to touch the surface. It was a dead shot, and already was hailed with a burst of applause. With a terrific crash it struck the other fair in the centre, then a strange thing happened. It split Mackenzie's stone clean in two, and the halves were thrown right off the rink.

The shout died on the lips, and a startling silence ensued; all eyes were fastened on the fragments, there they lay on the ice gleaming with a yellow brilliancy. Mackenzie had always thought his uncle's stones were made of solid iron, such as the Canadians use. They weighed about fifty pounds each, and were certainly small for their heaviness. Now the secret was revealed. They had only a covering of iron, the inside was of solid gold. There would be forty pounds' weight of gold in each stone, thus between the two making over three thousand pounds worth of money.

In a moment Mackenzie realised the value of his uncle's legacy. But why had he not been told of it. Then he remembered an old faded paper, which he had received along with them, and which he saw was a long history of their achievements, but he had never taken the trouble to read it through. Perhaps it was mentioned there.

When the amazement was over, and his friends had congratulated him on his strange fortune, he found that he and Maud were left standing alone. Terrence had vanished.

"Maud, dearest," he said, "this is a stroke of luck in the nick of time. I can rescue you now out of that fellow's grip, if you will accept the hand I offer."

For answer she took it in hers. And arm in arm, carrying the precious stones with them, they walked off the ice.

When Mackenzie got home he looked up the despised paper, and there he read, scribbled between two of the lines in his uncle's shaky writing, the words, "The stones are made of solid gold."

The waters that are stillest are also the deepest.—"Fair Maid of Perth."

The Black Bogle of Eskdale.

" A land of pasture green, and lake, and flood;
Of moor and hill, and stream, and solemn wood."

"MAY the Lord hae mercy on us a', minister, for oh, I hae seen the Deil his ain sel' this vera day." cried Duncan Kerr as he rushed into my study.

"Oh, never, Duncan, never!" responded I, utterly taken aback by this astounding piece of information. Duncan I knew to be a quiet man, not given to romancing.

"Ay, sir, sure as death. Tam Cowan an' Sandy Brown saw him to. Ay, in the Kelpie's Pool, in ablow the auld brig in Corbie's Glen."

"Hoots, hoots, Duncan; you must have been dreaming, or else had 'a wee drappy in your e'e.'"

"Na, na, minister. I'll no jist say that I henna been fu' ance or twice in ma life, but a'body kens that I hae been a douce, dacent man ever sin' Jean M'A. married me."

"Well, Duncan, that is true, so now let me hear this strange story of your encounter with the Evil One."

"Ay, minister, but haud you in mind that it's nae story, but jist the solid truth I'm tellin' ye." I nodded my head, and Duncan proceeded. "Weel, ye see, sir, Tam Cowan, Sandy, an' masel', we were awa' oor the hills, Glenpatrick wey, wi' the Moorhead lambs. The market was vera slow, an' we were gey an' late or we got them ta'en aff oor haunds; ay, an' as it was like to be a dark nicht, an' no vera chancy to cross the bogs at Burnfoot, we e'en jist put oor plaids aboot oor heids an' sleeped among the heather on Wanlass hillside. We were up an' on oor road hame ere the sun rose. Aweel, as we cam doon the hillside, among the nut-bushes, says Tam: 'Losh, what bonnie red-rowans are hingin' yonder by the burn! Come on an' pu' some.' Hoots, says I, dinna fash, an' Sandy sided wi' me, sayin': 'Na, na, lad, push on, for I'm fair hungered.' Aweel, Tam was set on the rowans, for, ye see, sir, he's no a married man like Sandy an' me, an' we ken brawly hoo, as he's coortin' bonnie Nancy Jardine at Lapfell, so doon he went near by to the rowan-tree, then he stopped sudden-like, an' syne we heard an awesome skirlin'. Oh, minister it was horrible! Sandy an' me ran doon the brae—an' there, dashin' aboot in the Kelpie's Pool, we saw the maist awfu' apparition. Ay, a muckle crater wi' a black face an' glarin' een, an' lang horns like a Hieland bull, an' for haunds it had cloven hoofs, wi' whilk it splashed the water a' intil white foam like sape-

suds. Ay, an' it gnashed its teeth an' skirled at us maist dreadfu'. Oh, minister, I'm in an awsome fear when I mind on it, an' I'm no ashamed to say that I jist flung my guid ash-crook frae me an' ran doon the glen as hard as ma legs wad carry me; ay, an' Sandy an' Tam cam close at ma heels, an' no ane o' us daurst look ahint until we were safe by St Mary's Well, three guid miles on this side Corbie's Glen."

At this point the study door was opened and Sandy and Tam entered. The new-comers were evidently somewhat disappointed to see that Duncan had arrived before them; however, they corroborated his strange story. Tam, who had been nearest the pool, said he saw "a muckle ring in the neb o' the infernal crater, an' gold tassels a' glintin' wi' beads hingin' frae its ears," and he was not prepared to swear "that it hadna hands jist like a body, but vera black."

Now, reader, I had for sixteen years been minister of Kittybrecon, and during all that time I had known these three men, and I had invariably found them to be honest in word and deed, what then was I to make of this strange story?

Needless to say, the story grew as it flew from mouth to mouth in our quiet countryside. Soon "the monster" had quite outgrown the Kelpie's Pool, and was described as having belched forth flames and smoke, which latter smelt so strong of brimstone that "it was a wonder the three herds had no been smoored wi' it like bees."

Now it so chanced that at this time I received a kind invitation to spend a day or two with a brother clergyman at his manse on Lochbreconside to meet an old school chum, who was home, on short leave, from India.

Lochbreconside Manse was only sixteen miles from mine as the crow flies, but as I was not "a winged biped" I had to drive nigh four and twenty miles ere I reached my friend's hospitable home.

It was early in September, and I thought that I had never seen Lochbrecon to greater advantage than as I drove along its shore that day. The sky was clear, and scarcely a breath of air stirred the autumn-tinted woods which clothed the hillside, and were mirrored on its calm waters.

The manse party were enjoying tea in the open-air when I arrived, and presently my attention was drawn to the beauty of an old rowan-tree at the end of the terrace. This reminded me of the adventure my folk had had in Corbie's Glen, so I related the story. It was listened to with interest and evident amusement. When I came to the end my hostess signed for silence, and said to me: "Dear Mr Slowcome, I wish you to see the dear little daughter of our friend from India, also her native nurse," then, turning to one of her young daughters, she gave her some directions, and there soon appeared upon the scene a black woman, in native dress, carrying a baby. I do not pretend to be a judge of infants, but this child struck me as being in no way out of the common run, while the nurse was—well, she was singularly unlovely. She spoke English very well, and when desired set to work to describe with many gestures how three "horrid rude men" had come and peeped at her, as she—a sun-worshipper—had, as in duty bound, been bathing in a pool in a lonely glen at sunrise. Poor Bêbê had left her robes under the rowan-tree. No wonder she splashed the water and "skirled" at Duncan & Co.

Tam had been right as to her nose-ring and other barbaric ornaments, for my hostess assured me that she wore them all when she worshipped her "sun-god" at dawn of day.

I must confess that had I come upon her unawares, as my worthy parishioners had done, I would have been inclined to think that she was—well, if not "The deil his ain sel', perhaps the 'Water Kelpie,' in whose pool she was 'dookin'!'"

J. H. S.

Walkerburn Historical Notes.

The Editor of the BORDER MAGAZINE, Glasgow.

AN esteemed correspondent thus writes:—"I wish to point out some inaccuracies in the article—'A Modern Border Town—Walkerburn"—which appeared in last month's issue of the BORDER MAGAZINE. Mr Henry Ballantyne secured his feu at Walkerburn from Captain Thomas Horsburgh of Horsburgh in 1846. Your article says, 'Early in the fifties Mr Robert Frier, of Galashiels, secured a feu on the Pirn estate, and erected the first Tweedholm Mill.' As a matter of fact, Mr Ballantyne built Tweedvale Mills several years before Mr Frier built Tweedholm Mills. Before building his mill Mr Frier rented from Mr Ballantyne some of the machinery in Tweedvale Mills. I would also point out that Mr Henry Ballantyne's father, Mr David Ballantyne, was tenant of Caerlee Mill, Innerleithen, in the twenties of last century, and his son was associated with him in that business for a year or two."—I am, Dear Sir, Your obedient servant,

H. NORMAN BALLANTYNE.

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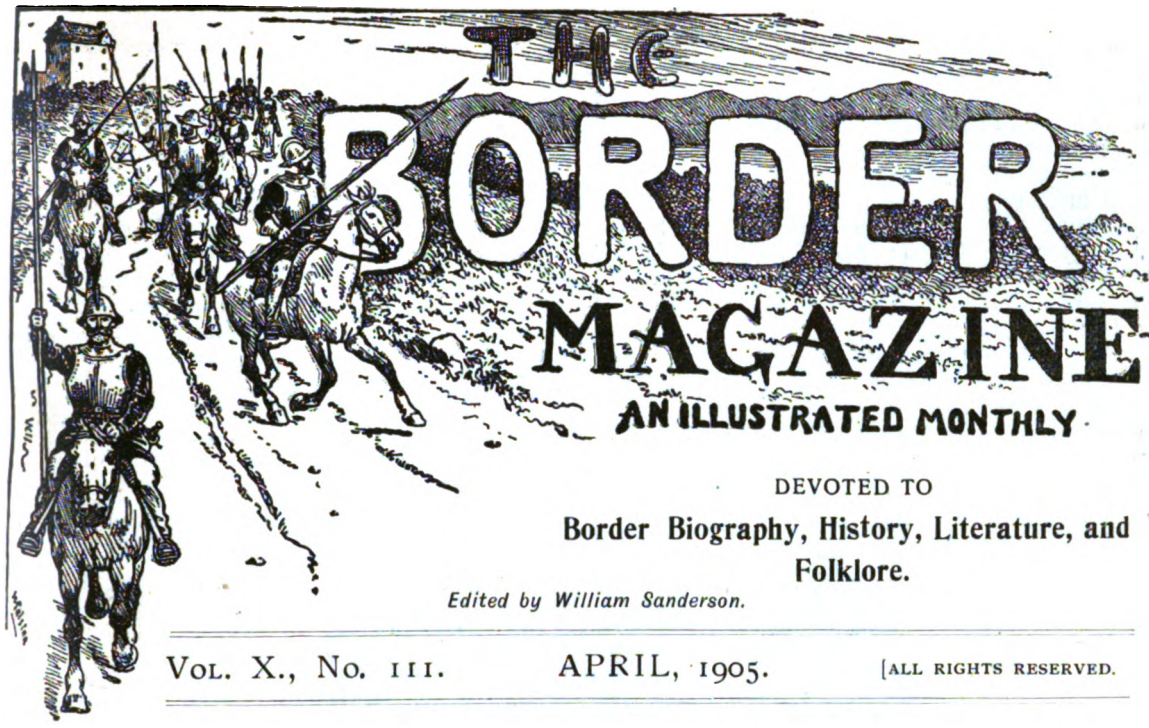
CAPTAIN G. FRASER MACNEE.



DEVOTED TO
Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.
Edited by William Sanderson.

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IN MEMORIAM—GEORGE FRASER MACNEE.

BY W. E. WILSON.

"This most friendly, bright, and beautiful human soul, who walked with me for a season in this world, and remains to me very memorable while I continue in it. . . . He was good and generous and true. . . . True above all one may call him . . . integrity had ripened with him into chivalrous generosity; there was no guile or baseness anywhere found in him. Transparent as crystal; he could not hide anything sinister, if such there had been to hide. A more perfectly transparent soul I have never known."—Carlyle's "Life of Sterling."

LONG before these lines appear in print Border folk the wide world over will have learned that on the 25th day of January, at Corstorphine, there died, under tragic circumstances, in the prime of his manhood, George Fraser MacNee. He had gone out rabbit shooting. The trigger of his gun seems to have caught in a twig. The gun went off, and the discharge entered his stomach, causing death in about fifteen minutes. Such is the pitiful and tragic event which has deprived his intimates of a dearly loved friend and the Border country of one of the best of her sons.

Mr MacNee was a native of Hawick, and began life as a teacher. He went to Edinburgh in the early eighties, and had for some time the intention of becoming a doctor, but his taste for medical studies gradually declined, and eventually he gave up the idea of pursuing them. His official post was that of Secretary to the Church of Scotland Committee on Education; and there was no more familiar figure than his at the Normal Training College in Chambers Street, Edinburgh.

Mr MacNee's interests were divided among three things—his official work, the Border country, and Volunteering. I believe his official work was well and conscientiously done, for he seemed to have the Education Acts at his finger ends, so to speak. His enthusiasm for Volunteering began with his student experiences in the Army Medical Corps. Later on he was a member of the 4th V.B. Royal Scots. By his energy and enthusiasm he raised a company from the men attending the Training College, and at his death he was their Captain.

I can remember George as far back as 1881, when he, a sturdy, knicker-bockered little chap, was working away as a pupil teacher at Buccleuch School, Hawick, under the late Mr Anthony Dodds. Even in these youthful days he wore the conquering smile on his face which opened for him a way to the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. He was one of these rare people of whom it can truly be said that it did one good to have been in his company. Personally, one of the most genial of men, he

seemed to infect those with whom he came in contact with some portion of his own abounding spirits. Life could not be dull nor spirits low if he were of the company. Of a supremely happy disposition himself, he never felt happier than in endeavouring to make those about him the sharers of his happiness. He was also the most generous of men; indeed, his generosity was sometimes almost embarrassing in its lavishness.

I have remarked on his interest in his native district. He was a great lover of the Borders on the southern as well as on the northern side of the Cheviots, and it would be difficult to name any spot from Tweed's Well to Royal Berwick, from Carlisle to "Canny Newcassel," with which he was not acquainted. Although he cycled a little, he was much fonder of walking, and used to take long rambles on foot among the Border hills. He once walked from Hawick to Newcastle, a distance of sixty miles, in a day. He left the former place about five o'clock in the morning and reached his destination at ten at night. It was a foolhardy feat. He remarked to me afterwards that he could scarcely drag one foot after the other towards the close of his journey. Had he not been of a remarkably strong constitution he would have suffered severely for his exertions.

He tramped all over Northumberland, and his knowledge of that splendid county stood him in good stead when he took his Volunteer Company out for its route marches. He had explored every inch of the Roman Wall between the Solway and the Tyne, and one of the happiest days I ever spent with him was that on which we traced the remains of Hadrian's stupendous barrier which lie between Chollerford and Bardon Mill. He gathered together a large number of lantern slides of the wall, and occasionally delivered, in his genial racy way, a very interesting and informing lecture on a subject he had made peculiarly his own.

He was something of a bibliophile, and had a large and very fine collection of Border books. I remember his love of the Borders once led him to write—or perhaps I should say—to begin to write a paper on Border poetry. The first sentence was to be "Patriotism produces song." Unfortunately this sentence was so aphoristic that the essayist was baffled as to what he should say next, and the paper never got beyond its first sentence. The progress of

HIGH STREET, HAWICK.

George's paper was long a matter of mild chaff amongst his friends.

Mr MacNee was a prominent member of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, and took a most active part in carrying out the various schemes of that large and flourishing Association. To see him presiding at the "Hawick Night," and to come under the spell of his enthusiasm on such occasions was an experience never to be forgotten.

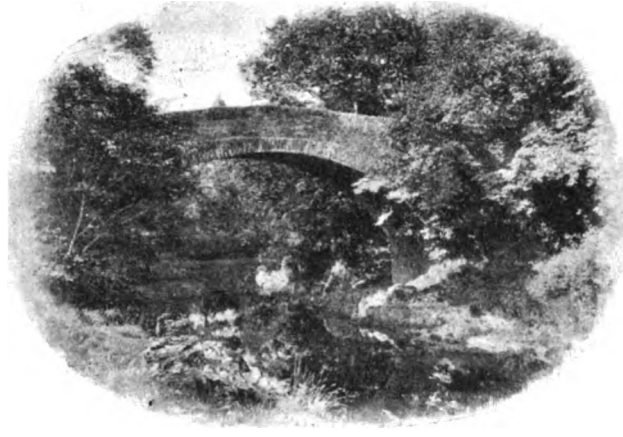
He had a great and abiding affection for his native town, and was never tired of singing its praises. I have heard him tell that one of the most eminent Scottish education authorities with whom he officially came in contact, and who knew George's enthusiasm, would remark to him, "Well, Mr MacNee, what about Hawick now?" a question which, of course, at once set him off expatiating on the old subject. He was an enthusiastic supporter of the Common Riding, and seldom was the festival celebrated

without his cheery and exhilarating presence.

George's oratory on these occasions was characteristically perfervid. Here, for instance, is a "colour-bussing" speech which I take from a local newspaper.

He thought Hawick people who resided at a distance loved the town and the Common-Riding even better than those at home. He always considered the toast of "Absent Teries" one of the most important at the festival. Wherever they were that evening they were thinking of this event. They would like to speak to the Vertish Hill, and shake hands with the Oak Tree. They were wondering if the waters of the Teviot were as clear as ever, and if the trout in the Cobble had as good a resting-place as in their young days. They were familiar with the saying—"There's no place like home;" but Hawick was such a grand old home. He always thought Providence had been very kind in giving them this Common-Riding. He wou'd notice two things—the way they came to have it, and the noble manner in which their forefathers for hundreds of years had maintained this grand old festival. A venerable lady told him the Common-Riding was not nearly so good as in her young days. At one time it was like to die out; but the Common-Riding would never die. If the people living in the town let it die, some of them would come back and set it agoing again. What made them so enthusiastic was that they were born within sight of England, but just on the right side of the Border. But for the Northumberland town of Hexham they would never have had this trophy. One little thing he would like to say. He wanted to see the bairns getting an active share in the festival. They should not have them merely as onlookers at the games and races. The Cornet and his lads could go out on Thursday morning and come back at breakfast time, and let the mill people see them; and in the afternoon they could have a great children's display in Wilton Lodge Public Park—the bonniest park in the world. He hoped this suggestion would be acted on. Most of the Common-Ridings in Scotland were filled with children's doings. He thought the district around Hawick was the happiest spot on earth, and the richest in history and in ballad poetry. They had the centenary of the Border ballads last year; and the leading Scotch newspaper would have them believe that most of them were made by Sir Walter Scott; but a little book was published in Hawick containing some of the best Border ballads printed for the first time, when Sir Walter Scott was only 12 years of age. Then Wilson's "History of Hawick" was well worthy of being prescribed as a school book. It contained as good philosophy as that of Adam Smith or Richard Cobden. He congratulated Hawick on having such a good Cornet, and one of the name of Scott.

It is all very characteristic—all very genial. Indeed, it was this abounding boyish enthusiasm for his "scenes of infancy" that endeared him to his friends, that often infected them with his spirits, and that makes it difficult to not a few of us to realise even yet that he is gone.



HORNS HOLE BRIDGE.

His funeral took place on Saturday, 28th January. He was buried with military honours, and seldom has Hawick witnessed such an outburst of respect for the memory of the dead and of sympathy for his sorrowing friends. He lies buried in the Wellogate Cemetery, on the southern heights overlooking the gray old town which he loved. To few men is given the privilege of leaving behind them so radiant and sunny a memory of all those things that are pure and lovely and of good report.

Northumberland Folk-Lore.

TIME and again in the columns of the BORDER MAGAZINE we have expressed our high appreciation of the efforts of those who devote their leisure time to antiquarian research and the preservation of folk-lore. Valuable as such individual efforts are, they are greatly enhanced when they become united under the auspices of a society, as they are in "The Folk-lore Society for collecting and printing relics of popular antiquities, etc., established in the year 1878." For this society, Mr David Nutt, 57 Long Acre, London, has recently published "County Folk-lore, Vol. IV.," which consists of "Examples of printed folk-lore concerning Northumberland collected by Mr C. Balfour and edited by Northcote W. Thomas." The volume, which is published at 10s 6d, contains much that is peculiar to Northumbria, though Borderers on the northern side of the Tweed will find not a few popular rhymes, customs, etc., with which they have been familiar since their earliest days. In the limited space at our disposal it is impossible to even hint at the varied contents of this interesting volume, so we content ourselves by quoting a few paragraphs on

ALNWICK. I have to-day been to see the Pin Well in the Park here. It is neatly bricked round. The correct thing—and there are many who do it yet—is to walk thrice round, jump across, throw in a pin, and "wish." It is sure to come true, according to tradition.

Contributed by Miss L—, Belford, July, 1893.

See also DENHAM, ii. 151.

BINGFIELD. Borewell.—The chief well for the pilgrimage of our dalesfolk in this district, especially in the last generation, seems to have been the Borewell, on Erringburn, near Bingfield. . . . On the Sunday following the 4th day of July—that is, about Midsummer Day, according to the Old Style—great crowds of people used to assemble here from all the surrounding hamlets and villages. . . . One special object of female pilgrims was, I am informed, to pray at the well or express a silent wish as they stood over it for the cure of barrenness. . . . If the pilgrim's faith were sufficient, her wish at the Borewell would be certain to be fulfilled within the twelve months.—Arch. Ael., viii. 69.

BIRTLEY. There the villagers of a generation ago frequented the well in the early hours of the New Year, like their neighbours at Wark; but they held that the fortunate first visitant of the well on New Year's morning who should fill his flask or bottle with the water, would find that it retained its freshness and purity throughout the whole year,

CA'KNOWE.

and also brought good luck to the house in which it remained.—Arch. Ael., viii. 67.

GILSLAND. Within my own recollection the yearly pilgrimage to Gilsland wells on the Sunday after old Midsummer Day, called the Head Sunday, and the Sunday after it, was a very remarkable survival of the ancient "cultus" of primitive times.—Arch. Ael., viii. 72.

HARTLEY. In the early days of the 11th century . . . a monk was requested by a young man to call and see his mother, who had lost her eyesight and who had been told in a dream that her sight would be restored, were her eyes washed in the water that the holy relic of St. Cuthbert [part of his shroud] had been dipped in. The monk found the old woman had every faith in the possibility of the cure, so called for water from the spring close by; but to his surprise the holy relic could not be made wet by immersion in the water. . . . He drank of the water himself, and all weariness and weakness left him. The eyes of the old woman were washed, and she instantly regained her sight. . . If the visitor cares to look into the well

itself he will see innumerable crooked pins, which have been cast in by the faithful of the present day.
Proc. Soc. Ant., v. 29.

Cf. HODGSON, Part II., vol. iii. p. 64.

HEDGEHOPE. On the top of "Hedgehope," the round-headed hill that is neighbour to Cheviot, there is a hollow in an incised stone, known as the "Bluidy Trough," on account of the colour given to the water by the orange-red moss or lichen covering the stone. It is lucky to make a wish here, and drop in a crooked pin—a great number can be seen clearly, lying at the bottom of the hollow, in the water.—Contributed by Mr T—, Belford, Northumberland, estate agent.

JESMOND. The Holy Well and shrine at this place were anciently in high estimation, and resorted to by pilgrims, who came from all parts of the kingdom to worship there. The well was enclosed by William Coulson, Esq., who purchased possession here in 1669 as a bathing place, which was no sooner done than the water left it. This was considered a just revenge for profaning the sacred well; but the water soon returned, and the miracle was ended.
RICHARDSON, Historical, vol. i. p. 125.

LONGWITTON. A little to the east of them [Longwitton Hall Gardens], in a wood, are three wells, which rise beneath a thick stratum of sandstone rock, which Wallace calls "Thurston Wells," . . . but the people of the neighbourhood, "Our Lady's Wells" and "The Holy Wells." They are all chalybeate, contain sulphur and alumine, and were formerly in high reputation through the neighbourhood for their "very virtuous" qualities. That farthest to the east is called the "Eyewell," on account of its beneficial effects in cases of inflammation of the eyes and flux of the lachrymal humour. It has a very antient inscription, in four lines, in the rock immediately above it; but many of the letters have been purposely defaced, and to me seemed illegible. Great concourses of people from all parts also used to assemble here in the memory of old people on "Midsummer Sunday and the Sunday following" and amuse themselves with leaping, eating gingerbread brought for sale to the spot, and drinking the waters of the wells. A tremendous dragon too, that could make itself invisible, formerly guarded these fountains, till the famous knight, Guy, Earl of Warwick, wandering in quest of chivalrous employment, came this way and waged battle with the monster. With words that could not be disobeyed, the winged serpent was commanded from his den and to keep his natural and visible form; but as often as the knight wounded him, and his strength from loss of blood began to fail, he glided back, dipped his tail into the well, and returned healed and with new vigour to the combat, till the earl, perceiving the cause of his long resistance, leapt between him and the well and stabbed him to the heart.—HODGSON, Part I., vol. iii. pp. 308, 309, notes.

His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports or contest bold; . . .
His ready speech flow'd fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy.
"Lady of the Lake."

Robin Hastie: A Border Town Piper.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in the introduction to his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," has an interesting reference to the pipers of the Border towns. "By means of these men," he says, "much traditional poetry was preserved which must otherwise have perished." "It is certain," the illustrious writer adds, "that, till a very late period, the pipers, of whom there was one attached to each Border town of note, and whose office was often hereditary, were the great depositaries of oral, and particularly of poetical, tradition." The salary of these pipers was usually by no means large, and, consequently, when not required for any civic duties, they found it necessary to add to their scant official income by itinerating through the neighbouring villages and homesteads in the spring time, and especially during and after harvest. "The music and the tale repaid their lodging, and they were usually gratified with a donation of seed corn." Others of the profession, who held no such official position, would journey from town to town, and as they were always sure of a hearty welcome, would thus have their funds replenished on their way. These travelling minstrels, besides greatly adding to the gaiety of the country districts through which they passed, were also the bearers of news, and, supplying in a measure the want of newspapers, were thus doubly welcome. May it not have been in this feature that the well-known expression "Piper's news" originated?

Though the bagpipe is now recognised as the characteristic instrument of the Highlander, the Borderer formerly emulated with him in performing upon it; and indeed, "the Border pipers were supposed by their countrymen to excel in musical skill and graceful execution those of the Highland, and they commanded a higher degree of respect than wandering minstrels." That the Border pipers were widely renowned in those days is evident from the well-known song, "Maggie Lauder." To the itinerant piper, who proclaims himself to be of bagpipe fame, Maggie says:—"The lasses a', baith far and near, have heard o' Rob the Ranter;" and she asks him, "Live you upo' the Border?" Mr Tennant makes the two characters of this ballad figure prominently in his "Anster Fair," where he gives to the Ranter the name Robert Scott, and proclaims him to be a "Border laird of good degree." It is not generally known that

Hounam, in Kalewater, is claimed as the place to which Rob the Ranter belonged.

Thus far the itinerant piper. Robin Hastie of Jedburgh, if not so widely known in his own day as was Rob the Ranter, has had his reputation established on a more lasting basis, having been "immortalised" by Sir Walter Scott. As town piper of Jedburgh, he was of a different order, or more correctly, of a different degree. He had duties to perform in connection with the town which would not permit of his wandering for any length of time in other parts of the county. Many years before Robin came into this ancient office the Town Council of Jedburgh had decreed that the swasher (i.e., drummer) and piper were to go round the town every morning at four o'clock, and every evening at seven; and if these musical officials failed to do their duty they were to be put in the stocks and to forfeit twenty shillings from their wages. The swasher who was for some time contemporary in office to Robin Hastie was named Walter Boyd, and it is seen from the Council records in 1756 that the salary the latter received at that time amounted in all to £1, 6s. 8d.* Apparently the musical profession was not a lucrative calling in those days. Possibly, in addition to emoluments, Robin the piper's salary was not much—if anything—more than the swasher's;* so that "to pay the piper" in those days would be an easy matter indeed.

Robin Hastie was the last of the family of Hasties who, generation after generation, are reputed to have held the office of town piper of Jedburgh from about the year 1500. It is said, indeed, that one of the family, by name John Hastie, played upon the pipes at the fatal field of Flodden in 1513; and it is even alleged that the identical instrument which he manipulated on that dire day was in existence until a recent date! Robin's predecessor in office was his uncle, John Hastie. Mr Thomas Scott (the uncle of Sir Walter Scott), who lived at Monklaw, near Jedburgh, to an advanced age, stated that John Hastie flourished about 1720. Mr Baptie, in his "Musical Scotland," hazards the conjectures that John was born about 1680 and died about 1730; and that Robin, his nephew, who filled that position in 1731, was born about 1705.

John Hastie was esteemed an excellent performer, and was the first to introduce the majority of those bagpipe airs which were familiar in Teviotdale a century ago. His death was lamented in a quaint elegy of some eighteen verses, which were issued in print. It was afterwards reprinted in the "Poetical Museum" (1784)—the production of Caw, the first printer in Hawick. In a note to the poem the editor confesses that he cannot determine exactly "the time of the celebrated piper's death, but as his elegy has been out of print for at least these fifty years past, we may suppose that he did not live within this century." This is, however, not in harmony with the statement made by Mr Thomas Scott. The poem, which is not readily obtainable, might very appropriately be given here.

ELEGY ON JOHN HASTY.

O death! thou wreck of young and auld,
How slie, and O how dreadfu' bald!
Thou came unlooked for, nor anes tald
What was the crime;
But Hasty at the mouth turned cald
Just at his prime.

We mourn the loss o' mensfu' John;
Yet greet in vain since he is gone;
A blyther lad ne'er buir a drone,
Nor touched a lil;
Nor pipe inspir'd wi' sweeter tone,
Or better skill.

Not Orpheus auld, with lyric sound,
Wha in a ring gard stanes dance round,
Was ever half so much renown'd
For jig and solo—
Now he lies dum aneath the ground
An' we maun follow.

At brydels, whan his face we saw,
Lads, lasses, bridegroom, bride and a'
Smiling, cry'd, Johnie come awa',
A welcome guest;
The inchanting chanter out he'd draw—
His pleas'd us best.

The spring that ilk ane lik'd he kend;
Auld wives at sixty years wad stend;
New pith his pipes their limbs did lend,
Bewitching reed!
'Las that his winsome sell sou'd bend
Sae soon his head.

When bagpipes newfangled lugs had tir'd,
They'd sneer; then he, like ane inspir'd,
We's fiddle their faggin' spirits fir'd,
Or e'er they wist;
Gi' every taste what they desir'd,
He never mist.

Then with new keenness wad they caper,
He sliely smudg'd to see them vapour;
And, if some glakit girl shou'd snapper,
He'd gi' a wink.
Fie lads, quoth he, had aff, ne'er stap her,
She wants a drink.

* Since I wrote the above, an esteemed correspondent has notified me that Jeffrey (1st edition, p. 166) "gives the salary of the drummer at £3, and adds, at foot of page, that the piper probably received the same."

If a young swankie wi' his joe,
In some dark nook play'd bogle-bo,
John shook his head, and said, why no;
Can flesh and blood
Stand pipe and dance and never show
Their metal good.

Not country squire, nor lord, nor laird,
But for John Hasty had regard;
With minstrels mean he ne'er wad herd;
Nor fash his head;
Now he's receiv'd his last reward—
Poor man he's dead.

He hated a' your sneaking gates,
To play for beer, for pease, or ates;
His saul aspir'd to higher fates,
O mensfu' John!
Our tears come rapping down in spates,
Since thou are gone.

Whan other pipers steal'd away,
He gently down his join wad lay;
Nor hardly wad tak' hire for play,
Sic was his mense!
We rair aloud the ruefu' day
That took him hence.

John, whan he play'd, ne'er threw his face,
Like a' the girning piper race;
But set it aff we sic a grace,
That pleas'd us a';
Now dull and drierie is our case
Since John's awa'.

Ilk tune, mair serious or mair gay,
To humour he had sic a way;
He'd look precise, and smile and play,
As suited best;
But Death has laid him in the clay—
Well may he rest.

A fiddle spring he'd let us hear,
I think they ca'd it "Nidge-nod-near,"
He'd gi' a punk, and look sae queer,
Without a joke,
You'd swore he spoke words plain and clear,
At ilka stroke.

It did ane good to hear his tale,
O'er a punch bowl or pint o' ale;
Nae company e'er green'd to skaill,
If John was by;
Alas! that sic a man was frail,
And born to die.

But we his mem'ry dear shall mind,
While billows rair, or blaws the wind;
To tak' him hence Death was no kind—
O dismal feed!
We'll never sic anither find,
Since Johnie's dead.

Minstrels of merit, ilk ane come,
Sough mournfu' notes o'er Johnie's tomb;
Through fields of art applaud him home—
I hope he's weel;
His worth, nae doubt, has sav'd him from
The meikle de'il.

EPITAPH.

Here lies dear John, whase pipe and drone,
And fiddle aft has made us glad;
Whase cheerfu' face our feasts did grace—
A sweet and merry lad.

The successor to John Hastie was his nephew, Robin or Robert Hastie, who, according to the calculation of Sir Walter Scott's uncle, held the office from about the year 1731. In Robin's later days the magistrates found that there was no practical need for a burgh piper, and consequently when he died no successor was appointed. With fewer official claims upon his services, and these not so exacting as in the days of his predecessors, Robin latterly had ample leisure to make excursions into the country districts, where his stirring music made the rafters ring at many a joyous harvest-home.

One can readily picture what a rollicking duet it would be between Robin Hastie, the piper, and Wat Boyd, the swasher, as they marched through the quiet streets of Jedburgh† in the early morning, intent on their duty of awakening the citizens by the skirling of the pipes, emphasised by the monotonous beat of the swash or drum. A scene similar to this is brought to one's mind by the description given by Miss Crombie, a native of Jedburgh, who went to London, married a Dr Hall, and in a premature widowhood had to support herself and her family by the pen. Mrs Hall, who died in 1846, was the authoress of the "Autobiography of a Scottish Borderer," which deals fully with the stirring scenes which took place in Jedburgh when the Rev. Thomas Boston, in 1757, originated the Relief Church there, in consequence of Lord Lothian's refusal to grant him the living of the parish. She thus introduces Robin Hastie, the piper, and Wat Boyd, the swasher, into her narrative:—

"The bells rang a merry peal, and parties paraded the streets preceded by the town piper, with favours in their hats. 'Walk in, gentlemen . . .' quoth Kitty Rutherford; '. . . Cum in, Watty Boyd; cum in, Rob Hastie, to the kitchen; ye're fighting the Lord's battles, and there's nane sic shall gang by my door this blessed day.'"

Scenes such as this were often witnessed in those times. Mr Robert Shortreed, of Jedburgh, the intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, and esteemed Sheriff-Substitute of Roxburghshire—born 1762, died 1829—delighted to de-

* The same custom prevailed in other towns in Scotland.

scribe these quaint and picturesque sights, and said that, before the suppression of the office of piper in Jedburgh, it was customary for the matrons and their children, especially in the spring, summer, and autumn evenings, to follow the piper and drummer when on parade—forming a spectacle delightful to behold.

It is easy to sum up all that is known of Robin Hastie. He was one of "these town pipers, an institution of great antiquity upon the Borders, [who] were certainly the last remains of the minstrel race." These pipers generally received a salary and livery from the town in which they held office; but, as we have seen, in the case of the Jedburgh piper the pay must have been little more than nominal. Robin, then an old man, is thus described by one who in his boyhood saw him in a neighbouring town. "He wore a coat with red neck and sleeves, gun-knee'd breeches, large brass shoe buckles nearly the size of your head, and a three-cocked hat. Thus, with the pipes he cut an alarming figure on his sallies out to the country villages. On first sight of him the children screamed with affright, then would sigh themselves down into the quietude of secret suspicion, until catching up some idea of the ludicrous, they would almost go wrong-headed with laughter. I can yet almost feel the terrors of his first entrance, and imagine the horrific grunts of his drones, when he began to inflate his bag with wind, which seemed like a stuck pig snorting for breath." This description agrees with Sir Walter Scott's statement to the effect that in his latter years Robin was a "wretched performer." It is but right to add, however, that the infirmities of old age were responsible for his fading talent. It is stated by a contemporary that when in the prime of life, Robin was reckoned an excellent expositor of the art of bagpipe playing.

It was on one of the last of his excursions from Jedburgh that Robin was seen by John Younger of St Boswells. John's mother, as was the habit in those days, was out harvesting, earning at the rate of one shilling per day; she deemed this an opportunity too good to be missed of laying by a few shillings. When she returned home the second evening, however, she found that there was only sixpence remaining from her first day's wages, and when she made inquiry as to where the other half had gone, her husband made an open confession:—"Indeed, Jean, I was this morning sae dowie my lane, an' sae glad when piper Hastie drappit in wi' his drones, an' his auld haveral stories, which were mair amusin' than even the din o' his pipes, that I enticed him to sit a' day, and couldna offer him less than saxpence. I have aye been fond o' the pipes sin' that rascal, Jamie Allan, the grand Northumberland piper, used to come about Oxenham when I was 'prentice there." Mrs Younger, however, did not appreciate his love for the drones at her expense, and when she discovered that Hastie was due to make another call on the following day, provided that she were not in, she made a point of remaining at home rather than work for a hard-earned shilling—half of which would have been spent on "haveral stories" and bagpipe music.

It was at that time that John Younger, then about seven or eight years of age, saw the old piper. Hastie had intended to stay overnight at the Place-house of Mr Scott, of bagpipe sympathy, but his host's boys began to play pranks upon the aged minstrel, and, knowing his abhorrence of rats, led him to believe that the place was infested with the objects of his antipathy. The old piper imagined that he heard them in every nook and cranny, that they were actually nibbling about his ankles; and, last of all, what appeared to him to be a large muscovite rat—in reality it was a white cat—dashed out through a broken window-pane in the kitchen. At last, unable to endure this state of matters longer, Robin bolted out through Mr Scott's kitchen door, and marched to Mr Younger's house. To be personally tormented by these denizens would have been bad enough, he thought, but then there was his instrument to look after. The wind-bag of his pipes was made of leather, and newly mellowed with the best goose grease; and it must assuredly have been gnawed to tatters by the rodents if he had remained there all night! He arrived at Younger's house about ten o'clock at night, whither he was quickly followed by Mr Scott's lads, who, after Robin had given an hour's entertainment in music and anecdote, in vain entreated him to return. Our piper was hospitably entertained by the Youngers, and when he turned into bed, he rolled up his pipes, bag and all, in the clean bedclothes above him, lest there should be rats in this house also. The result of this precaution was that the clean bedclothes were so stained by the grease on the bag that Mrs Younger afterwards found it impossible to remove the marks, try whatever method she might.

The house in which tradition asserts that

Robin Hastie dwelt is No. 1 Duck Row, on the west side of the old Canongate Bridge. It is still known as the "Piper's House," and its claim to have been the home of Robin is substantiated thus far that on the top of one of the gables there is the stone figure of a piper, who is represented seated and playing the pipes. It does not appear from the title deeds that this house, which is one of the oldest in the town, ever actually belonged to any of the town pipers, but in all probability they rented the place. Sir Walter Scott, it is stated on good authority, once set off down the Canongate to interview the veteran piper, but failed to find him in. "Robin Hastie, town piper of Jedburgh," says that distinguished author (writing in 1802), "died nine or ten years ago; his family was supposed to have held the office for about three centuries. Old age had rendered Robin a wretched performer; but he knew several songs and tunes, which have probably died along with him." From the data given by Sir Walter, we may thus compute that Robin Hastie died in 1792 or 1793; and from the fact that John Younger, who was born in 1785, had such a vivid recollection of the old burgh piper, we may safely place his death in the latter of these years, or even in 1794. Unlike that of his uncle, Robin's death does not form the subject of an elegy; even the place where he is buried is unknown. By his death a link with the past was snapped, and although the "swasher" is still represented in Jedburgh by the public drummer, Robert Hastie was the last of the race of pipers in that Border town.

G. WATSON.

The sequestered Dumfriesshire village of Moniaive, which has just been brought into touch with the outside world by the completion of the Cairn Valley Railway, has, doubtless, entered on a new era as a holiday centre. About three miles distant are the braes of Maxwellton, which have been rendered famous the whole world over through their association with bonnie Annie Laurie. Craigdarroch, another historic mansion in the neighbourhood, was the home of the Bacchanalian laird, who won the laurels of the day in the contest so graphically described in Burns's poem, "The Whistle." But for the average inhabitant of the village all these associations are obscured by the fact that James Renwick, one of the champions of the Covenant, was a native of the valley. This was never better demonstrated than in 1888, when, during the observances associated with the bi-centenary of the Revolution, the Rev. Patrick Playfair passed some strictures on the sterner Hillmen. During the outburst of popular feeling which followed, the minister doubtless often regretted the indiscretion.

New Edition of the Poems of "J. B. S."

THERE is a sad interest in the fact that the volume of poems which was expected to bring some material benefit to the departed poet will soon be placed before the public. The new edition of "Poems by J. B. Selkirk, with portrait of the author, and additional poems," is the result of the loving labours of Mr William Cuthbertson, himself no mean poet, and other friends. The project was sanctioned by the author shortly before his death, and it is to be hoped that Borderers far and near will soon exhaust the issue. The volume is being printed by Messrs R. & R. Clark, a sufficient guarantee that the letterpress will be in keeping with the beauty of the poems. The price has been fixed at 3s 6d, which is certainly very moderate when the value of the contents is considered.

Autumn.

From out my chamber window
I see a picture fair,
The glorious tints of Autumn
Are showing everywhere.

They do not speak of sadness,
These colours, red and gold,
I read the hidden message
Which these bright tints unfold.

In tones so soft and tender
They touch the fount of tears,
Just whispering in the twilight
Of life's declining years.

Here, written on the landscape,
For all to read and see,
I find this precious message
Conveyed to you and me:

What though life's summer passes,
Autumn may yet unfold
Its own bright scenes of beauty,
Its tints of brown and gold.

M. L. B.

The above lines were written by a Kelso lady now residing in Dunedin. The poem, which appeared originally in "The New Zealand Illustrated Magazine," is here reproduced with her kind permission.—Ed., B.M.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is gradually being recognised that local patriotism is a valuable asset to the Empire. When this admirable feeling is combined with pronounced intellectuality, as it is in the case of the Borderers, its encouragement and extension becomes a positive duty to all who love their country. To assist this form of Imperialism the *Border Magazine* appeals to the heart and intellect of every true Borderer who is proud of the Homeland and the rich literary legacy which he inherits.

The Border Keep.

Fresh matter referring to Sir Walter Scott is still coming to hand—in fact, the pigeonholes of the Keep are so well filled with such cuttings that I require little else. For the sake of variety, however, I will devote part of this issue to references to Burns, whose intimate connection with the Borderland is being more and more recognised. All the cuttings, with the exception of the first paragraph, are from the "Glasgow Evening News."

The funeral took place on 3rd March at Melrose (writes a correspondent of the "Glasgow Herald") of Mrs Margaret Riddell of Camieston, Roxburghshire, who died a few days ago in her 86th year. deceased was the youngest daughter of Captain John Wilkie, H.E.I.C.S., and married in 1837 Major-General William Riddell, C.B., who died in 1875, their only surviving son being the present laird of Camieston. The Riddell family is of Norman origin, the name of its progenitor appearing on the roll of Battle Abbey. A notable member of the Scottish house of Riddell was Robert Riddell, LL.D., of Glenriddell, the friend and patron of Burns. A zealous antiquary, "the trusty Glenriddell, so skilled in old coins," spent most of his time in literary seclusion at Friars Carse, within a mile of Burns' farm of Ellisland. They became close friends, and were in the habit of exchanging rhyming notes, while Riddell composed airs to several of the poet's songs, notably "The Banks of Nith" and "The Blue-eyed Lassie." Some of Burns' own verses, moreover, were written at Friars Carse. He also became friendly with Walter Riddell (a brother of Robert) and his wife, inditing love songs to the latter after his custom, but unhappily he quarrelled with this lady, which had ultimately the effect of alienating his old friend, who died shortly afterwards without a reconciliation taking place. The poet, however, at once penned a sonnet of genuine regret, and there is no doubt that he was deeply attached to his "worthy Glenriddell, so cautious and sage." He was soon again on terms of friendship with Walter Riddell and his wife, the latter of whom was, after the poet's death, one of his most strenuous defenders. It may be added that the Laird of Camieston is descended from the Royal House of Scotland through the Hamiltons, Lords of Cadzow.

* * *

Referring to the foregoing, my old friend, Mr George Tait, Edinburgh, writes:—

The mention of the Glen-Riddell family leads me to say that it is a branch of the Riddells of Riddell in the parish of Lilliesleaf in Roxburghshire, mentioned in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" as

"Ancient Riddell's fair domain,
Where Aill from mountains freed
Down from the lakes did raving come."

The English Riddells sprang from "Mouseur Ridel, who was a companion of William the Conqueror."

The Scottish Riddells came north with David I. and gave their name to what was previously Wester Lilliesleaf about 1153. The Glen Riddells sprang from Sir Walter, 2nd Baronet of that Ilk.

The Camieston Riddells descended from Walter, the 4th Baronet. General Riddell, husband of the deceased lady, did good service in the Indian Mutiny, and was a brother of the late Walter Riddell Carre of Cavers Carre (some two miles from Camieston), who became heir to his uncle, the late Admiral Carre, R.N., and who is the author of "Border Memories," published in 1876.

* * *

Among the many curios that were rescued at the recent conflagration at The Glen there is one that has a special interest for Burns enthusiasts. This is a horn long used by Peter Kennet, an old-time town crier of the Ayrshire village of Ochiltree. When Burns was a lad at Alloway, John Tennant, the great-grandfather of Sir Charles Tennant, resided at the neighbouring hamlet of Corton. On one occasion a bullock belonging to the honest farmer wandered into the churchyard and eventually found its way into the church. Here its horns became entangled in a seat. When the poor brute was in this awkward predicament, a woman of nervous temperament, who happened to enter the place of worship, was saluted with a fearful roar, and forthwith fled in terror to the nearest cottage with the announcement that the devil had taken refuge in the sanctuary. Alarming as this intelligence was, it drew attention to the uncomfortable position of the bullock; but so firmly fixed had the animal become that one of its horns had to be removed before it could be extricated. Before entering into the possession of the Ochiltree official the horn was used as a bolting tube for giving medicine to cattle. Readers of the poet will readily associate the incident in which the relic figured with the appearance of "Auld Nick" in Alloway Kirk on the night of Tam o' Shanter's famous ride.

* * *

Burns relics are not to be met with every day, but an interesting article that was said to have been a gift from the poet himself is that of an artistically-carved snuff-box belonging to a St. Andrews coal merchant, in which family the treasure has been for several generations. The snuff-box was presented by Burns to the present possessor's great-grandfather, who worked on a farm near Mauchline when the National Bard was at that place. The pair came much in contact, and when the former left the district he received the gift, which is now a valued heirloom. When the snuff-box was handed to the present owner, he received along with it a letter signed by his father and a schoolmaster testifying to its history. The box is cut out of bone, and is circular in shape. On the top of the lid is a medallion of Burns with the "poetic genius" throwing her mantle over him, while round the border of the lid is the following:—"The poetic genius of my country found me at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me." On one side of the box is an elaborate design, in which a plough and a harp are introduced; thistles forming part of the other decorations. Whoever was the maker of the little gift, there is said to be no doubt as to its having been in Burns' possession.

* * *

In these days of Burns celebrations it is interesting to note that a relative of the poet resides in Motherwell, in the person of Mr Gilbert Burns-Begg, who is descended from the youngest sister of the Immortal Bard. Mr Burns-Begg, who is by profession a colliery manager, possesses some interesting and valuable relics of his illustrious ancestor, notably a much-prized portrait. Motherwell, by the way, would appear to be quite a popular centre for relatives of literary men. The Rev. Dr Ogilvy, who died during last year, was, for instance, the maternal uncle of Mr J. M. Barrie. Again, another prominent Motherwell townsman is a brother of the ill-fated David Gray, the poet-friend of Robert Buchanan.

* * *

Apropos a discussion regarding Greenock Burns Club and various ways of honouring the Immortal Memory, it may be further noted that the minute-book of the Mother Club of the World contains records of one or two heated controversies over the habits of the National Bard. Thus, as far back as 1802, one member raised a storm by declaring that "Burns had copied Fergusson's intemperate habits as well as his poems." This brought forward the authoritative testimony of Mr Wright, the chairman, that "he had known Robert Burns intimately for three years previous to his joining the Excise, and having been associated with him in his profession, he could, from his personal knowledge deny most emphatically that Robert Burns was a man of intemperate or dissolute habits," while five years later a Mr Wilson exploded the slander in even more forcible terms. He stated, say the minutes, "that he knew Burns from the first day he landed in Dumfries till he was carried to his last resting-place, and on no occasion had he ever known of him being the worse for inbibing of intoxicating liquors, and he considered him very much above the average for sobriety in the service to which he latterly belonged."

* * *

Much has been written about the old-time gangrel, and the demise of the last of the race has been chronicled with regret on more than one occasion. But individuals who possess strong claims to be regarded as members of the ancient order are still to be met. The other day (writes a correspondent) I had a talk with a quaint personage, who peregrinates the Border counties. Attired in knee breeches and hose, he might have passed for a contemporary of the National Bard. And the pastoral character was further supported by a collie dog, which is the constant companion of his travels. The early days of "Yorkie," as this curious individual is called throughout a wide district, are enveloped in a mystery which is somewhat suggestive of romance. By the peasantry he is supposed to be connected with an aristocratic family in the North of England. And it is often remarked that the fact that "Yorkie" is an angler who can give points to all the expert fishers who frequent the Tweed and its tributaries, leads support to the theory. Apart from his many eccentricities, "Yorkie's" intimate acquaintance with the farm-houses in the South country renders him a worthy successor of "Hawick Watty," the well-known character, who died rather more than a year ago.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The Borderland in Winter.

But winter's deadly hues shall fade
On moorland bauld and mountain shaw
And soon the rainbow's lovely shade
Sleep on the breast of Bowerhope Law.

SO sang the Shepherd Minstrel of Ettrick as he gazed upon the snow-clad hills of Yarrow, and his longing for brighter and sunnier days appeals to every native of our Northern Isles. Most of us regard the hues of winter as "deadly." In our variable and uncertain climate we naturally and involuntarily shrink from the season of short, sunless days and long, dark nights, of cold and tempest, of muddy roads and swollen streams, and of discomfort generally. The dweller in the country doubtless feels this most, but, in spite of the many resources of modern civilisation which have made him to some extent independent of the weather, the city man experiences the same feeling, though to a less extent. He longs to be free from the murky darkness of the city fog and to breathe the pure air of the open country. In his hours of leisure the city Borderer turns his thoughts to the moorlands and streams of his native Borderland, and longs for the arrival of the day when he shall once more be able to set his foot on the heather. When the storms of winter are past and the promise of spring is in the air, a joyful feeling of anticipation fills the heart, though seldom is that anticipation fully realised. The bite of the spring wind is often keen. Chilling frosts nip the opening bud, and snowflakes fall upon the early blossoms. Still, week by week the days lengthen and the sun glows with ever increasing power. In spite of all disappointments the feeling of longing for spring is common to all, and by no one has it been more feelingly or truthfully expressed than by Robert Louis Stevenson, as in his compulsory exile in far-off Samoa he wrote:—

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers,
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Soft flow the streams through the even-flowing hours.

Every true Borderer is a lover of nature, though many who spend the whole course of their lives in their native valleys probably scarcely realise the fact. The sparkling streams of Tweed, Teviot, or Ettrick, the blue outline of the Cheviots or the uplands of Yarrow, have been familiar objects since the days of childhood, and the possibility of leaving these well-loved scenes is seldom taken into account. They are accepted by the Borderer as part of his natural environment, and he feels that he could never recognise any other place in the world as "home." But to those who are temporarily or permanently exiled, whether in a distant part of our world-wide empire, or, nearer home, in one of the great cities of our own land, there comes at times an almost irresistible longing for a glimpse of the Border hills. The exile dreams of his native vale, and almost invariably his dreams are associated with the bright seasons of the year, with sunshine and verdure and the songs of birds. He may, for instance, recall some never-to-be-forgotten day in early spring by the banks of Tweed or Teviot, when bright fleecy clouds were scudding across the blue sky, when the river, not yet fallen to its summer level, was sparkling in the sunshine, when the braes were bright with the blossoms of primrose and cowslip, and the lark was singing in the fresh clear air. He may remember some particularly brilliant day in the glory of midsummer, say, by "lone St Mary's silent lake" or amid the leafy grandeur of "Dryburgh's bower." He may muse on the mysterious and fascinating glory of an autumn sunset on the braes of Yarrow, but rarely do his thoughts turn to the aspect of the Borderland in the dark days of winter. And why is this? Simply because the features of winter, which bulk most largely in the mind's eye, are those before alluded to, of darkness and discomfort. In the face of these, the beauties of the season —and they are by no means few—are almost or altogether overlooked. Let us then endeavour briefly to depict some outstanding features of winter in the Borderland, and to show that even amid the sleep of nature, so evident at that season, the diligent student may find ample material for study and a vast field for contemplation. In country districts winters are remembered by their outstanding features. They are either generally mild, decidedly severe, or—and these are the least interesting of all—changeable and uncertain, with no decided type enduring for any length of time. In any case, however, whether mildness or severity be the pronounced characteristic of the season, it has features peculiar to itself, the beauty of which the more genial seasons of the year cannot in some respects surpass. In a severe winter the Border valleys are noted for their low temperature. Indeed, it is stated that the minimum temperature for Great Britain was recorded in the southern part of Berwickshire during the memorable frost of January 1881. A winter such as that (1880-81) is fruitful in experiences to be remembered for a lifetime. The snow lay deep not only on the hills but over the whole district. The frost was in-

tense, the thermometer on several nights falling to 10, 16, 18, and even 20 degrees below zero, and every pond, burn, and river was ice-bound. In the early spring came a flood which, on Tweed at least, was heavier than any previously recorded, and enormous damage was done at many places on the banks of that river.

The Borderer is naturally a keen observer of the characteristics of the weather, and a shrewd reader of those signs in the appearance of the sky which foretell an impending change. In a Border village, when cronies meet, such remarks frequently pass, as "I dinna like the look o' the sky i' the wast—I doot we'll hae anither fa' afore mornin'," or "It's gaun to be hard, the new mune's lying owre sair on her back." Such prognostications, although they may be arrived at by quite a different process of reasoning, are often as reliable as those issued under the authority of the Meteorological Office.

STITCHELL LINN IN WINTER.

In winter, provided there is an absence of fog, sunrise and sunset are frequently very beautiful. It almost seems as if in compensation for the shortness of the day that its opening and close should be marked by such displays of dazzling brilliancy in the heavens. What is more invigorating, more calculated to raise that feeling of hope and expectation which comes when the "turn of the year" is past, and the days have once more commenced to lengthen, than to be abroad at sunrise on a fine fresh morning after the break-up of a storm, when the west wind blows keenly from the hills and there is not a trace of mist in the air? With the earliest streak of dawn there begins in the eastern sky a series of ever-changing pictures, increasing in brilliancy as the light grows stronger, and only dying away when the sun has risen above the horizon. A winter sunset with the marvellous afterglow, which in certain conditions of the atmosphere is sometimes witnessed, is equally brilliant, but no brush ever laid to canvas and no words ever penned can give more than a faint idea of the glorious reality. When the last streak of daylight has faded what a wonderful spectacle is presented by the brilliant procession of heavenly bodies that nightly stud the winter sky! Winter is the harvest time of the astronomer, and even those whose knowledge of that fascinating study is of the most elementary nature can scarcely fail to experience a feeling of awe as they realise the pettiness of human affairs when contrasted with the immensities of the visible universe and the vastness of the unfathomable regions of space. On comparatively rare occasions there are displays of that wonderful Arctic spectacle, the Aurora Borealis, and though in Scotland it is a mere reflection of what may be witnessed in the regions of eternal ice, still it is surpassingly beautiful and mysterious. One especially brilliant display which attracted much attention at the time occurred during the memorable winter of 1870-71 when the German Army was besieging the City of Paris, and even at that advanced period of the nineteenth century simple rural folks, who regard any phenomenal appearance with great awe, were perfectly convinced that there was some mysterious connection between the two events.

There are many other natural phases connected with a "hard" winter, such as the conversion of the country into a veritable fairyland when hoar frost is prevalent, or the awe-inspiring spectacle presented when, after a lengthened period of frost, the ice breaks on one of the Border rivers. We would fain linger over many memories of such events in byegone winters, but enough has already been said to prove that the season of winter, dreaded by many, has, apart from the social joys associated with Christmas and the New Year, ample compensation for its cold and gloom in the features of beauty and brilliancy in the ever-changing face of nature, which those whose lot is cast amid peaceful country scenes have so many opportunities of observing. Byron sings of the Isles of Greece and their "eternal summer," but, glowing though the picture may seem to the imagination, the Borderland could not under such conditions have produced its hardy sons and healthy daughters. The sturdy inhabitants of the Border valleys, though at times they may grumble, are on the whole contented with the divinely appointed succession of seed time and harvest, summer and winter, and though life's changes take many of them to sunnier

lands their hearts ever turn with fond longing to the rippling burns, the misty moorlands, and the purple hills of their native land. In the words of Andrew Scott, the peasant poet of Bowden:—

Sic changes suit man's fickle nature best,
Chill wintry scenes, however bleak and drear,
With glowing summer make a sweet contrast;
To beautify the landscape of the year,
Winter gi'es summer double charms to cheer.

W. M.

The Bonnie Borderland.

By JAMES CURRIE, late 79th Highlanders.
(Extempore) 28th December, 1883.

Border song composed for, and sung at, The Glasgow Borderers' Gathering, 28th December, 1883.

Away wi' Tennysonian themes
An' Swineburn's mystic lays!
They canna touch the Scottish hearts,
Or joyous feelings raise,
Like Leyden, Hogg, and other bards;
While Scott wi' magic wand
Has stamp'd for ever classic ground—
Oor bonnie Borderland.

Chorus.

There's nae a spot on a' the earth,
Hooever great or grand,
Can match for worth oor place o' birth—
The bonnie Borderland.

Where'er we roam, or near or far,
Oor hearts still beat the same;
The Borderers aye, in peace or war,
Still bear an honour'd name.
In commerce, literature an' arts,
They aye the foremost stand;
True and intrepid spirits o'
The bonnie Borderland.

Chorus.
There's nae a spot, etc.

The hardy sons o' hill and dale
Are met wi' ane accord,
And proudly we ilk ither hail
Aroond the festive board.
And may the friendship that unites
Ilk loving heart and hand
Aye prove we're worthy natives o'
The bonnie Borderland.

Chorus.
There's nae a spot, etc.

Though laws and lawyers are evils, yet they are necessary evils in this probationary state of society, till man shall learn to render unto his fellows that which is their due, according to the light of his own conscience, and through no other compulsion. . . . The greater their merit, who walk erect in a path which so many find slippery.—"Redgauntlet."

A Scott Centenary.

IT should hardly pass unheeded. A notable New Year's gift, as it may be styled, for English literature in general and Scottish in particular, is worthy of being recalled before the year has made further advance. A hundred years have touched the gift but gently, nor for hundreds of years to come, perhaps, is it likely to lack cherishing and the kindliest recollections. How many works—even great works—are forgotten long before their century has closed. Not, however, has fate so dealt with the present instance. For be it at once said that the centenary is a Scott one, marking nothing that is merely personal to the man himself, but bidding us look back across its great time-space to the first of those vigorous and unmatched verse-romances which won him renown and the admiration of thousands prior to the publication of "Waverley" and its successors. There is, of course; the objection that Scott centenaries will be common to the next seven-and-twenty years at any rate—thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. Which is true enough; but the occasion warrants a meed of memory surely. For in one way it is unique—the hundredth anniversary of Scott's appearance as an author with a public. As a matter of fact, the only real literary centenaries connected with Scott will be those of "Waverley," nine years hence, which cannot be overlooked, and perhaps the "avowal of authorship," as far forward as 1927. Then there is the death-centenary, a sure rival to that of 1871 itself. But how few, alas, of those who had part in the one shall be left to share in the other!

Early in January, 1805, Scott published the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Before that, he had printed one or two pleasant ballad pieces, compiled the "Minstrelsy," and resurrected "Sir Tristrem," a very respectable record, considering the amount of energy and time devoted to each, particularly the "Minstrelsy." As readers are aware, the "Lay" was begun at the suggestion of Scott's "beautiful chieftainess," the Countess of Dalkeith,—Hogg's friend and patron also. An English lady, the daughter of Viscount Sydney, she had come to the land of her husband anxious to make herself acquainted with its traditions and customs. A Langholm gentleman, according to Scott, had communicated to her ladyship the story of "Gilpin Horner," and, delighted with the legend, the Countess, during one of her

visits to "sweet Bowhill," requested that Scott might cast it into ballad form. He assented, and was soon at work. Instead, however, of a mere contribution to the new "Minstrelsy" volume, as was intended, the piece had run to several cantos, and was besides well able to stand on its own independent merits. A first draft of Canto I. was written at Musselburgh, in 1802, whilst Scott was confined in his lodgings for three days from the effects of a volunteering accident. The main portions of the poem were composed partly at Lasswade, where Wordsworth, visiting Scott for the first time, in September, 1803, heard him read and recite the first four cantos, and was greatly charmed with the "novelty of the manners, the clear picturesque descriptions, and the easy glowing energy of much of the verse;" and partly at Ashestiel, whither Scott had removed at the following Whitsunday. By Christmas, 1804, it had passed through the press, and was given to the public early in the new year. The "Lay" was the first-fruits of the "Minstrelsy." Practically all the Scott romances, indeed, both in prose and verse, are derivable, more or less, from that rich, inexhaustible store-house which, as a critic at the time declared, "contained the elements of a hundred historical romances"—Scott's own, and those of his imitators. For years Scott had been living in a paradise of romance, gathering his treasures from that most fascinating and fertile of fields,—the Scottish Border. Thus with heart and soul in the business, the "Lay" came as a veritable inspiration. It was comparatively easy for Scott to dash off its strong and stirring stanzas, though the poem remained unpublished for a time. Let us recall how the final volumes of "Waverley" were wrung from the evenings of three summer weeks, and a canto per week of the "Lay" will not seem so surprising. Who but one of Scott's marvellous capabilities—living the dual life both of past and present, as familiar with the environment of forgotten generations as with his own, could have accomplished intellectual feats so overwhelmingly stupendous? It must be remembered also that Scott's poetical chances were then at their best. English poetry had come to a kind of transition stage. For a new voice and pen, with fresh measures and methods, there was the amplest room. Hence Scott drifted into his opportunity. He took the tide at the flood, and it led him on to fortune. With themes so refreshingly novel, and a style of the most romantic attractiveness, one little wonders that he so quickly attained popularity and place as the first poet of the day, until Byron's loftier genius blazed upon the scene. It was the success of the "Lay" which decided Scott for the literary life. So "wondrously kind" were the critics. So exuberant was the general public. But weightiest honour of all for the adventurous Minstrel, amongst those who hastened to smile upon him "were numbered the great names of William Pitt and Charles Fox." So at four-and-thirty, and exactly a hundred years since, Walter Scott found the world at his feet. The first edition of the "Lay" was a magnificent quarto of 750 copies, and of succeeding editions, 60,000 copies were sold in the author's life-time. "In the history of British poetry nothing had equalled the demand for the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The copyright was sold for £600, and of the whole profits, Scott netted a trifle less than £770.

The locale of the "Lay" is chiefly the counties of Selkirk and Roxburgh. At Newark, in Yarrowdale, the Minstrel (the model was probably Burne the Violer) is made to recite his tale, but the principal scenes are at Branksome, on the Teviot, and Melrose Abbey. The finest parts of the poem deal with Deloraine's night-ride, the finding of the Book in the dead Wizard's hand, the gathering of the Border clans, and, of course, the fights. Scott's best descriptive pieces are most often his fights. Generally speaking, there is no single plot in the poem, but a constant succession, if one may so style them. Curiously also, the very suggestion which lent origin to the romance, falls into the background entirely, and becomes, as Scott himself felt, more of an "excrescence" than anything else. It was the wild Border life with its passions, and intrigues, and jealousies, with its loves, and heroisms, that Scott found himself depicting, and that passes panorama-like through the whole piece. The poorest part is the goblin superstition, that "ungraceful intruder," as Jeffrey called him. While in many respects the "Lay" is inferior to "Marmion" and some of the subsequent poems, it contains, nevertheless, grand and noble and inspiring passages, to which one may turn again and again with undiminished delight and never a sense of staleness. Not since the days of Burns had the public listened to strains more simple and melodious, and even yet does it brook but few rivals.

W. S. Crockett.

Gardening—A Border Pastime.

IT is a marked feature of the Border life of the present day that the men through whose veins pulses the blood of the reivers, have converted the inherited energy into most peaceful pursuits. Where will you find better anglers than the men who traverse the banks of our Border streams? and are not our farmers noted for their success as agriculturists? Many of our gardeners are occupying prominent positions in various parts of the world, from Kew to Honolulu, and the trimly kept flower and kitchen gardens of our working men are evidence of a wide taste for earth's first employment.

ward Owen Greening, F.R.H.S., of the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, Ltd., 92 Long Acre, London, W.C. The book, which is published at the marvellously cheap price of twopence, through booksellers, or post free from the above address, 4½d, contains about 150 beautiful illustrations, one of which we reproduce through the kindness of the editor. The letterpress, extending to 200 pages, is composed of forty fine literary articles, which can be read with interest even by those who are not specially interested in gardening. As a sample of the contents of this most delightful book, we quote the following from the editor's article, "The Garden of Inspiration":—

If we go beyond the religious teachers of men to their leaders in philosophy, art and literature almost every great name which occurs to us is associated with garden lore. We know that it was Shakespeare who gave the best of all definitions of gardening, "an art which does improve Nature; nay, is itself Nature." In the present number of "One and All Gardening" a lady writer, Miss Lena Oswald, traces the inspiration of Germany's two greatest writers—Goethe and Schiller—to the garden. An American authoress, Miss Ethel M. Colson, has recently declared that, "Nearly all great people, in all ages, have loved and admired and cultivated gardens. Wordsworth was a great gardener, loving to visit both simple garden-nooks and elaborate 'show places,' and had himself a beautiful garden at Rydal Mount, where he lived from 1817 to 1850. Shelley's garden at Lynmouth, North Devon, was a place of enchantment. Tennyson

THE WINTER IS PAST.

The Lord God planted a garden
In the first white days of the world;
And set there an angel warden,
In a garment of light enfurled.

And I dream that these garden closes,
With their shade and their sun-flecked sod,
And their lilies and bowers of roses,
Were laid by the hand of God.

The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth—
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

We found the foregoing verses in one of the best gardening books we have ever seen—"'One and All' Gardening," edited by Ed-

was wondrous 'loving and knowing' about gardens and their alluring flower occupants, regarding wild flowers with a peculiar and especial devotion. All the little characteristic 'tricks and manners' of countless floral specimens were known to him. Not even the seldom recognised 'faint blush' of the laburnum blossom escaped his adoring attention; he could name and place hundreds of plants and varieties, common 'love titles,' unusual or distinguishing features, botanical descriptions and all. He remembered and loved the gardens of the few people whom he admitted to his 'inner friendship,' and visited, as he did their faces, and a house without a garden would have seemed to him as impossible of civilised residence as a barn.

"That neither of the Brownings could have helped loving flowers and gardens no true admirer or student of their work could fail to recognise and divine without question, but let any uninclined to accept so wide and general a statement read the delicately lovely and poetic 'Garden Fancies' and be convinced.

"Keats and Chatterton, 'Tom Moore' and Thomas Hood, Samuel Johnson, 'Rare Ben Jonson,' Pepys and Boswell, how all alike did they love flowers.

"Oliver Goldsmith was distinguished by so great a passion for flowers that he was at once the adoration and the despair of the gardeners at the famous country houses he visited. 'Goldsmith shall pull his flowers' threatens Beauclere, promising all sorts of penalties for Lord Charlemont—another enthusiastic flower-lover—unless the latter returns at once and forthwith to England.

"Milton, Herrick, Herbert, Donne, Chaucer, Izaak Walton, Turner, Sir Philip Sydney, Lady Mary Montagu, Horace Walpole, Sir Thomas More, Lord Shaftesbury, Joubert, John Lyly, Sir Henry Capell, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lady Orford, Sir Walter Scott, and a host of other old-time men and women of note and genius were all renowned for the garden-making or garden-loving in which each and all rejoiced."

This summary of names of men and women so diverse in their modes of thought, yet all filled with love of gardens, suggests how true are the words that "a touch of Nature makes the whole world akin."

Gardening brings to all in every station not merely the purest pleasure, but the power to do their work and bear their burdens. It is an inspiration to all from monarchs on their thrones to the poorest in the land. Queen Alexandra, the beautiful and sweet lady whom we all love, is a noted garden-lover. She is passionately fond of gardening. Before the accession to a throne brought over-engrossing engagements, she devoted much of her time to the practical side of horticulture. At Sandringham she took an interest in all parts of the beautiful gardens from the beds of modest pansies and lilies of the valley to the stately occupants of the magnificent greenhouses. Since she became Queen she has been unable to do anything like the amount of personal gardening, but she still has three favourite flower-beds at Windsor reserved for her own special superintendence. One bed is kept exclusively for growing carnations, and here may be found a selection of the newest blooms. But the Queen has a special favour for the old-fashioned cloves, which are grown in a larger space. "The Queen keeps a bouquet," says *Woman's Weekly*, "on her writing-table, and another on her work-table, and one of the chief pleasures of her grandchildren is to make up these bouquets for 'Grannie.'"

Our Village.

It bikes in the howe where the braes and the trees
Haud aff the dour dauds o' the snell winter breeze,
Juist a score o' wee cots, neither bonnie nor braw,
By the road to the toun cuttit neatly in twa;
Yet there's no' in braid Scotland a peale o' mair pride,
Than the clachan o' hame where my auld freends abide.

There's an auld-farrand kirk, and a canty wee schule,
A burnie that wons in a drumlie wee pule,
A wud and a common, a ferm on the brae,
A smiddy, a mill, and what mair wad ye hae?
A castle, belyve? Weel, wi' pride we regaird
Baith the minister's manse, and the ha' o' the laird.

Hoo weel a' its corners were kent in the days,
The laddies ran wild owre the gowany braes!
Hoo little we thocht as we skirted them then
Sae dear they wad grow when we cam' to be men?
Hoo the hert gi'es a loup, and the tear fills the e'e,
As we mind o' auld times wi' their innocent glee!

The Muir, where the lassies played hoosies, I mind,
And hoo they were bathered gin we werena kind;
The Whins where the laddies, fair daft in their joy,
Had "sojers," and "sailors," and a' kind o' ploy;
The Moss where we a', when the Winter set in,
Wad snawba' ilk ither, and slide like the win'.

And the buddies themsels, a' sae runkled and auld,
Sae kindly and couthie, tho' booin' twa-fauld,
Had aye a kind word for whaever gaed by,
And ne'er missed a crack be it wat day or dry;
A bite or a sup to the gangrel was sure,
And weel was the placie aye kent by the puir.

Auld Jannie, wha baid at the fit o' the raw,
Wi her guid-natured face, and her mutch like the snaw!—
Hoo weel div I mind, wi' my hert in a lowe,
Her "bonnie wee lam'," and her hand on my pow!
Ay, fair like to greet, in a dridder o' pain,
To think that I'll never see Jannie again.

The minister's tie that was maist aye ajee,
His cane, and his specs, and his mittens, I see;
The dominie's "tile," ay, and ablins his tawse,
That I'll no sune forget, for a very guid cause;
The freends o' my youth, sic a grip as they hae,
O' my hert and my life when I rest on the brae!

Big Duncan the smith, wi' his face black and lang,
The sparks fleein' roond, and the studdy's lood clang:—
The rosy-faced miller aye sotterin' wi' fun,
His lauch like the shot o' an auld-fashion'd gun:—
The fairmer, the laird, and the swack ploomen chiels—
When the curtain gangs up what a scene it reveals!

They're naething but shadows o' memory noo,
And the clachan's a bit o' the heavenly blue
That ever owre laddiehood ettles a spell
That hert canna fathom, that tongue canna tell;
That bides wi' us aye till we fusionless dwine,
And mingle oor days wi' the days o' langsyne.

Alan Reid.

Sandy Bain's Rheumatism.

"GOOD MORNING, Mrs Bain."

"A fine day, sir."

Mrs Bain's comely old face which had lighted up with pleasure at the sight of the minister, assumed all at once the expression of one who has taken a determination. She stepped out into the little garden patch in front of the pretty cottage, and, drawing the door carefully to, stood as if in doubt how to speak what she had in her mind.

"Ye'll be gaun in to see Sandy, Mr Nichol?"

"That is certainly what I am here for, Mrs Bain," the young minister answered with a smile. "How is he keeping?"

"Tied to his chair wi' the pains, Mr Nichol, as he's likely to be a' his days; but as weel in health an' as strong in body as a man o' his age can hope to be."

Sandy Bain had met with a sad mischance some three months earlier. Leaving the train at St Boswells Station one moonlight night, he was foolhardy enough to take the short cut to his home, which led him through Newtown Glen. A bright moon served him well so far, and Sandy forged ahead safely, until one of those swift and simple accidents which most people have experienced at one time or another befel him. His foot, albeit as steady at seventy as it had been at seventeen, slipped on a loose stepping-stone as he was picking his way across the burn, and the old man fell souse in.

Newtown burn, insignificant enough as a stream at most times, was in flood, and carried a volume of water more than sufficient to thoroughly drench and chill Sandy before he could gather himself up and stagger to the side. A half-hour's walk in his soaking condition, with a keen bite of frost in the autumn night air, did its work speedily. Sandy was laid on his back with a feverish chill, and for ten days wrestled with his first experience of illness. His splendid vitality pulled him rapidly round the corner, and at the end of a month he was, as his wife had said, both well and strong. But unhappily "the pains" had taken possession of his knee joints, and were likely there to remain.

Sandy had led a life of uninterrupted out-of-door activity. This fact, coupled with his perfect vigour of mind and body, supplied reason enough for his entire immunity from the somewhat morbid habit of introspection. He had been carefully brought up, and read his Bible every morning and night, but without troubling himself for a minute over any doctrine or knotty point whatsoever. His healthy mind accepted the precepts of the Holy Book as the daily bread provided for the support of his spiritual life, in the same simple manner as his healthy stomach accepted the food presented to it as the daily bread provided for the support of his body.

Now, things were different. For the first time in seventy years Sandy's body was forced to inactivity, and his still active mind for lack of other occupation at once turned its eye inward. Sandy now reviewed his past life, and came to the honest conclusion that he had lived a cleanly, God-fearing life, and that Providence —he never used a more awe-inspiring title than this—in depriving him of the use of his hitherto very useful legs had treated a really worthy man hardly.

Sandy, therefore, to his old wife's unutterable dismay, had a quarrel with "Providence."

The minister had been obliged to leave home during the third week of Sandy's illness, and had just returned. It was with a view to preparing him for her husband's present state of mind that Mrs Bain had stepped out among her pinks and dusty-millers to meet him that morning, closing the door behind her.

"I am sorry Sandy has been seized with rheumatism, Mrs Bain. At his age it is more than likely to become chronic. It is the knees is'nt it?"

"It's the knees, sir,—the warst place of a' for Sandy to have the pains. He's been that active on his feet up to now. But it's no his helplessness that pits me aboot, Mr Nichol, now that his health's restored. He has a wife that's strong an' willin' to help him—and we may be thankfu' that if ootside help should be needed we can pey for't."

The trouble was not out yet, but Mr Nichol was a patient listener. Perhaps this endeared him more to his flock than all his other excellent qualities. He flicked the heavy gravel-stones at his feet with the end of his walking-stick and waited.

"I'm far from easy aboot Sandy, Mr Nichol."

"You may have a little difficulty at first, Mrs Bain. You will need all the patience you can muster. Rheumatism more than any other trouble is said to make one extremely irritable."

"Irritable! Oh, Sandy's never irritable wi' me, sir. A man easier dune wi' was never born. I've been his wife for five-an'-forty years, Mr Nichol, an' never a' the time have I heard a crabbit word off his lips. It's no that —it's his state o' mind that's botherin' me. He seems to me to be losin' his haud o' everything—he's far frae grace at this meenit."

Poor Mrs Bain furtively wiped away a tear.

Mr Nichol lifted his soft felt hat as if to cool his head, shifted his stick from one hand to another, and looked dreamily down the road.

"It would be an awfu' job if Sandy at seeventy let himsel' slip off the rock that he's clung to a' his life. I thocht I would like to give ye a hint, Mr Nichol, afore ye saw him. He's been wearyin' sair for yer hame-comin'. He'll be that glad to see ye, sir."

"Thank you, Mrs Bain. Don't worry about Sandy in that way, but I'm glad you have spoken out. I shall know what not to say." Mr Nichol smiled, as if to himself. "I'll answer for Sandy, Mrs Bain. Now I'll see him, if you please."

"How's a' wi' ye, Mr Nichol? I'm pleased to see ye back again. I've missed ye sair, sir."

Mr Nichol grasped the eagerly outstretched hand warmly.

"I'm vexed I canna rise to my feet to bid ye welcome in a wise-like fashion, but I'm tied to this chair, Mr Nichol—tied to this chair, sir. It takes me five meenits by the clock to creep frae here to the bed there, wi' the help o' the wife an' a pair of strong sticks."

"Yes, Mrs Bain has told me about rheumatism getting into the knees. I am sorry to hear it. It is likely to be tedious, I am afraid. I was sorry, too, at being obliged to hurry away from home when you were ill."

"Never a word aboot that—never a word aboot that, Mr Nichol. Ye was on the Kirk's business. Yer members maun make up their minds to miss ye an' haud their tongues when that's the case."

"But Mrs Bain scarcely prepared me to see you looking so marvellously well."

Mr Nichol was indeed filled with surprise. Sandy's tall, stalwart figure sat upright, and firmly poised as of old. The fine head, with its wealth of silvery hair, raised itself as bravely as ever above the broad, square shoulders: while the eyes, dark and deep, and bright as a boy's, had been left as undimmed by illness as they had hitherto been by age.

"I never was better in my life. But," the old man moved somewhat restlessly, "the fact is, Mr Nichol, I've owre muckle time to think aboot mysel'. I sit an' think, and think and wonder how I'll ever stand it if I've to be tied by the legs like this a' my days—it micht be for fifteen lang years. My ain faither was eighty-nine when he dee'd, an' men live lang enough wi' the pains."

"It is a great change to a man who has been so active as you—and a great trial, Sandy. But don't get into the way of dwelling on it if you can help it."

"Oh, but it's no easy, Mr Nichol: it's no easy, an' if ye was sittin' here like me ye wad ken that, sir. I'm whiles in terror that I may be tempted to kick against the pricks." Sandy's voice had a note of unusual awe in its cheery ring. "I'm whiles tempted, sir, to think that Providence is dealin' wi' me harder than I deserve. I strive to keep sic thochts oot o' my mind—I've no a doot the deevil pits them there—onywey, they will come, an' oot I canna drive them."

Mr Nichol, sitting opposite, nodded as if he understood, and Sandy went on.

"I sit here an' rack my brains tryin' to find oot what I've done in my lifetime that Providence is angered at. I'm no conscious o' havin' ever cheated or ill-used man or beast, an' I've lived cleanly an' been a man o' God, accordin' to my licht, an' I read the Word faithfully for sixty years as my mother learned me—an' yet here I am."

Again the minister nodded understandingly. He was listening quietly, and as Sandy felt, sympathetically.

"I couldna say, Mr Nichol, how I've been wearyin' to see ye an' tell ye a' this. That preachin' body frae Yettcleuch—ye ken the man I mean—he comes in twice or three times a week an' sits where ye're sittin', and preaches at me to his heart's content. But never a word do I say to him, honest man. If I did he wad never stop to listen, he's that fond o' hearin' hissel speak. It's a fine thing to speak o' what's botherin' ye to somebody that'll listen to what ye have to say. The very openin' o' my mind t'ye the day has dune me guid, sir." Sandy turned his clear eyes gratefully on the minister, who had risen as if to go.

"Would you like me to say a few words of prayer, Sandy?"

"Wad I no! I would have asked if ye hadna offered. I've wearied for yin o' yer prayers for weeks back."

Mr Nichol prayed shortly, pithily, and earnestly, and left without further words—but not before the pair of right hands had again met in a close, comprehending clasp.

Mrs Bain, who had prudently retired to the kitchen after showing in Mr Nichol, now reappeared with her knitting, and seated herself on the other side of the parlour window. A long silence ensued. Mrs Bain knew when to speak and when to be silent—a rare gift. Sandy, whose chair stood to the right of the window, and commanded a view of the high road and of the river beyond, sat quiet and thoughtful, occasionally running his fingers through his thick, white hair.

"He's a fine lad, yon," he said at length with a sigh, bringing his eyes round to his wife.

"Mr. Nichol?"

"Who else should it be? I wasna thinkin' of oor freend frae Yettcleuch, Nannie," the blue eyes twinkled brightly. "We're well off at Burnhead here to have a man like that for a minister."

"Ye never spoke a truer word, Sandy. But he was in an awfu' hurry the day surely. I couldna even catch him to say good-bye. I'm that surprised he didna offer up a prayer."

"He never mentioned hurry, an' I never thocht o' sic a thing. Mr Nichol's a man o' muckle sympathy an' few words. He managed to say a' I wanted to hear. What made ye suppose he didna offer up a prayer?"

"Ye didna knock for me to come ben, ye ken, Sandy. What else was I to think?"

"Ye're richt, Nannie, ye're richt. Weel, my woman, there's no been muckle since you an' me gaed thegither that we havena gaen hand an' hand in, an' ye'll no be hurt that I passed ye by the day? Mr Nichol an' me were in the closet the day, Nannie, wi' the door shut."

Sandy again pushed a hand through his hair.

"As if I wad think o' bein' hurt, Sandy. I only wondered. I thocht it queer if Mr Nichol went away without— did he pit up a fine prayer, Sandy?"

"Did ye ever hear him do less than that? But dinna ask me to tell ye what he said, Nannie. I never was guid at discussin' the like o' that. I'll tell ye what he didna do if ye like—he didna sit doon an' denounce me as a meeserable sinner that's gettin' fully less than the punishment he deserves. He leaves that sort o' wark to Yettcleuch an' his like."

"Ye're awfu' hard on Yettcleuch, Sandy, my man. He pits the truth plainly, but no plainer than—"

"No plainer than I gie'd it to him, Nannie. When he sat ower there harpin' aboot meeserable sinner, I said to him, 'Tammas, if I may ask ye frankly, what do ye ca' yersel'?'"

"Just a meeserable sinner like you, Mr Bain," he says.

"Then," I said, "Tammas, it disna become the pot to ca' the kettle black. Send me a saint—send me an Apostle Paul to tell me I'm a meeserable sinner." Sandy's eyes gleamed mischievously. Poor Mrs Bain looked as she undoubtedly felt, considerably shocked.

"But Mr Nichol's no a man o' Yettcleuch's kidney. An', eh, my woman, what a prayer he sent up this day, it's ringin' in my heid yet, an' it's made an otherways man o' me than I've been for some time back. Things seem a' clear an' bright now, an' just as they should be."

Mrs Bain had recourse to the corner of her white linen apron.

"Weel, weel, there's no need to greet. Ye've shed tears an' to spare this whiley on my accoont. Pho! I may be a lamiter, but I'm no blind. Ye never was yin that could keep yer face, Nannie. I saw fine what was in yer mind. But pit yer mind at rest, my woman. I'll no try to fecht Providence again. Ye may rest assured o' that."

"I'm that glad ye've gotten a grip o' the rock again, Sandy."

"Weel, weel, maybe I hadna slippit so far as ye think. But I see clearer. It cam' to me in the middle o' Mr Nichol's prayer that Providence wad never demean himsel to torment me for the fair sake o' tormentin', as I've seen an ill-conditioned callant torture a "bummie"—first pu'in' off its legs an' then its wings, an' then laughin' fit to split when it rolled helpless here an' there. Na! na! Only the deevil could ever make a body think that Providence could act like that." With another movement of his fingers through his hair, Sandy went on,

"As I look at things now it seems to me to be uncommon like the case o' mysel' an' auld Donald. Donald's been a steady, hard-workin' horse for fifteen years past, as ony man could have owned, but of late he's beginnin' to *kenned ower weel*. I've mair than yince been obleeged to haud the whip ower his back, an' lay't on fairly heavy too, for it's me an' no Donald that maun say whether it's to be straicht on or round by Redpath."

"But, Sandy, my man, ye dinna mean to say that ye wad even yersel' to a dumb beast?"

"What for no? I've learned mony a lesson frae dumb beas', Nannie—mony a yin, my woman. An' I'll no deny that as I see mysel' now, I've been juist uncommon like Donald. My life has been lived cleanly an' uprichtly, an' there can be no harm in kennin' that—but maybe I've been juist a trifle prood o' the fact of late years, an' begun to *kenned ower weel*, and Providence has been haudin' the whip ower me juist as I held it ower the auld horse the last day I was drivin' him. It's for Providence to tell me the road I maun take, juist as it's my place to dictate to Donald. I've been backin' an' reistin' under the whip a wee bit, juist as Donald did at first, but I'll settle doon like him, an' fa' into a fine steady pace in the end, I hope. Now, my woman, if ye'll hand me my sticks I'll take a turn to the bed an' back. I faithfully promised Mr Nichol that I wad do a' in my power to keep the joints soople. Ye'll maybe see me rinnin' my lane again, Nannie, by the time simmer's here after a'."

MARGARET FLETCHER.

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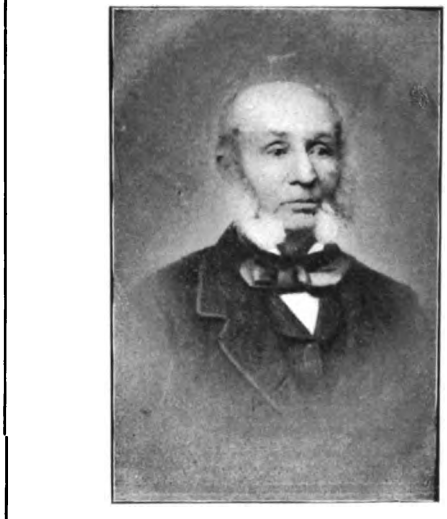

MR WILLIAM AIR FOSTER.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

Edited by William Sanderson.

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WILLIAM AIR FOSTER.

A TRUE son of the Scottish Borderland was William Air Foster. In the coterie of bright, kindly, and intellectual Scottish literary men, whose poems were selected for publication in "Whistle-Binkie," a little work which has well fulfilled the purposes of its producers in providing healthy amusement and entertainment at Scottish firesides, his name appears as the author of about a dozen of the pieces within its covers.

A goodly proportion of these have the sport of angling for their theme, and they display so unmistakeably the partiality of their author for this form of sport, and such an intimate acquaintance with all its phases, that the angler on reading them is strongly desirous to know something more of one who shows himself so good a fellow of the gentle craft. Should the said angler be at the same time a Borderer, he will find to his pleasure that his instinct has led him well, and on closer acquaintance with the memoirs of William Air Foster he will probably conclude, as all who knew him in life do testify, that he was a man well worth knowing.

He was born at Coldstream in 1801. The family had long been connected with Coldstream, his father and also his grandfather being well-known and highly respected in the district, and during Mr Foster's youth an uncle was "mine host" of the Black Bull Inn. The grandfather had established a shoemaking business, which became a very prosperous concern, numbering Royalty among its customers. The father and then the son succeeded him in the conduct of it. The last, the subject of this sketch, removed his business to Glasgow in 1842, where, through his ability and energy, it became the highest-class business of the kind in that city, and it still maintains its high reputation there in the hands of his son.

The family, when in Coldstream, occupied an old house in the "Deukdubs." The house was purchased by Mr Foster's grandfather about the middle of the 18th century, and it is understood to be still in existence. During their tenure of it the old house often sheltered James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, with whom Mr Foster became acquainted when quite a youth; and many a time Hogg went there as a guest to enjoy salmon-fishing, otter-hunting, and other sports, at all of which young Foster was very skilful. There was scarcely any branch of manly sport in vogue at that time in which he was not an adept, and in archery it is said that he had no equal in his day in the district. As is well known, Hogg himself was very fond of

archery in his later days, and practised the sport so assiduously that he won the Prize Bow at St Ronan's games in 1832. Mr Foster was immensely gratified at seeing the success of the man whom he almost worshipped, and for the first time he essayed to express his feelings in rhyme, writing the piece beginning,

"Our minstrel shepherd's won the prize
Frae a' the gallant bowmen,
And mony a ane his fame envies
Amang the Forest yeomen."

This little poem he sent to Hogg, and it gave the Shepherd the keenest delight, making another link in the chain of friendship between them, which, despite the disparity in their ages, lasted and continued to grow stronger until the Shepherd's death. The St Ronan's Prize Bow was a trophy keenly contested for by Border archers at that time, and Mr Foster won it himself in 1830. It is a handsome yew branch about six feet long and beautifully polished. It was made by the late Mr Peter Muir of Edinburgh. The centre-grip is covered with crimson velvet and leather, and above and below it are bands of silver, the lower one of which bears a silver plate with the inscription, "Prize Bow, given by the St Ronan's Border Club. Won by W. A. Foster, 29th Oct., 1830." The trophy is at present in possession of his son.

ST. RONAN'S PRIZE BOW (WON BY W. A. FOSTER, 1830).

Mr Foster, when quite a youth, had been fascinated by Hogg's literary productions, and the apparently miraculous genius shown by one who had received so slight an education, and had been surrounded by such romantic circumstances in his youth. His ardent desire to be introduced to the poet was gratified by Mr Scott of Benger Burn. He has left in manuscript a most interesting account of their first meeting and of the impressions it made upon him. To quote from this MS., he says:—"It was in singing his own sweet lyrics that Mr Hogg was most attractive, and here a pardonable egotism was most conspicuous—an egotism he neither wished to palliate nor deny, a decided partiality for his own compositions. Those he sang with great sweetness or energy, as the theme demanded. In conversation, with an irregulated exuberance of fancy, anything, however odd, that struck his mind, was sure to radiate from it in an eccentric manner, either bathed in the prismatic colours of the rainbow, or coloured with a superstition too dark for the darkest age to endure. This fault was perceivable when his songs were contrasted with his anecdotes at the table. While the one glowed with fervent and lively imagery, the other depended much on some grotesque gesture or passion finding vent in strong Saxon dialect, instead of the easy flow or concentrated wit that points the moral or adorns the tale."

From these remarks it would seem that Mr Foster had the not uncommon experience of finding that the man whom he worshipped at a distance lost, on a nearer view, much of the glory with which his admirer's own fancy had surrounded him; but a still closer acquaintance with the poet soon replaced the vanished halo of his imagination with a more real and more satisfying atmosphere of veneration and love.

Of his own bearing towards Hogg he says:—"Though admitted to intercourse the most familiar, and almost petted by the poet for his skill and dexterity in some of the Border sports, the writer could never free his mind from a certain reverential feeling that he stood in the presence or listened to the words of the writer of the "Queen's Wake" and the author of some of the sweetest and most touching lyrics that grace the language of our native country." In another place, referring to a further visit to Yarrow, when, in the company of the Shepherd, he baited his hook at the foot of the Douglas Burn, he says:—"Though familiar by hillside and stream, still the reverential feeling clung to my mind that the individual with whom I was associated was one of those gifted by nature to speak a language that bound man to beings of a higher intelligence."

Mr Foster's visits to Yarrow were, of course, soon followed by Hogg's visiting Coldstream, which he did all the more gladly after some of Mr Foster's stories of sport with the lordly salmon in that vicinity. Among the manuscripts to which reference has been made, Hogg's first visit to Coldstream is fully described in well-composed rhyme, which in many parts attains a high poetic level. The skilful manner in which the Shepherd manipulated his rod in this, his first day among the salmon is lauded admiringly by his friend; and well did he deserve the praise, for his "basket" for the day consisted of nine salmon, one of which was a magnificent clean run fish of 30 pounds. In describing the running and landing of this salmon, Mr Foster is fairly in his element, and, commencing in the stately style after the model

of "Marmion," he keeps it up for some time, but eventually the angler in him impatiently thrusts the poet aside, and, sacrificing rhythm, language, and poetic fancy, at one fell swoop he descends to this bald statement of rhymed fact—

"He hooked him at the Kirk-end Shot,
And ran him for an hour,
And landed him without a boat
Below the Lady's Bower,"

at which one can scarcely repress a good-humoured smile. The close of the run is thus described—

"The glitter of his burnished side
Was flashing through the silver tide,
And now his fins are seen,
When Sandy Foster, gaff in hand
Struck out and hauled him to the land,
And threw him on the green."

It would, of course, be strange if there were not left behind some characteristic traces of Hogg's intimate connection with the family and his frequent visits to, and correspondence with them, and it is a great pleasure to be able to give to readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE the first sight in print of this original poem by the Ettrick Shepherd. It was addressed by Hogg to Mr Foster's sister Mary.

"TO MY DEAR MARY FOSTER.

Oh! Mary, thou'rt so mild and sweet,
My very being clings about thee:
This heart would rather cease to beat
Than beat, a lonely thing, without thee.
I see thee in the evening beam
A radiant, glorious apparition;
I see thee in the midnight dream
By the dim light of heavenly vision.

When midnight draws her curtain deep,
And lays the breeze among the bushes,
And Yarrow in her winding sweep
By rack and ruin, raves and rushes;
Tho' sunk in deep and quiet sleep
My fancy wings its flight so airy
To where sweet guardian spirits keep
Their watch around the couch of Mary.

The exile may forget his home,
Where blooming youth to manhood grew;
The bee forget the honeycomb,
Nor with the Spring his toil renew;
The sun may lose his light and heat,
The planets in their rounds miscarry,
But my fond heart shall cease to beat
When I forget my bonnie Mary!"

It was like the kindly but canny Shepherd to add the following postscript to the above verses—

"Dear Mary,—Remember I am not making love to you in any of those little poems, but only writing what I think a true lover should think of you if he had any sense.—Yours ever, JAMES HOGG."

At one of the sport meetings of the St Ronan's Border Club, Mr Foster had the pleasure of seeing Sir Walter Scott surrounded by the band of celebrities who were always present at this famous meeting. In a manuscript entitled "The Border Games," he gives a long and minute poetical description of the scene and the personal appearance of the great man. Sir Walter was accompanied by the faithful Maida, and close to his person were to be noticed Lord Traquair, Lockhart, Hogg, Wilson, Weir, and Glassford Bell, the last two being that day the leaders of the famous "Six-foot Club," who made it their duty to attend on Sir Walter as a sort of guard of honour on such public appearances. Near the close of the proceedings Tom Purdie arrives with the old white pony, and Sir Walter, taking a graceful leave of the company, mounts and slowly rides away amid the cheers of the crowd. Young Foster, anxious to have another look at the great man, quietly cuts across the haugh and turns round to face the interesting group. He says:—

"Across the haugh a path I took
To gain a sure and nearer look.
The hound came first. I spoke him kind,
The other group not far behind.
My cap I lifted from my brow,
And, in return, a graceful bow
Sir Walter gave me as he passed.
I took one look—it was the last—
A look my memory ne'er forgot,
Of our Great Wizard Walter Scott.
Long shall we wait, and wait in vain,
To gaze on such a group again."

The description he gives of the personal appearance of Scott is as minute and accurate as a pen-portrait well could be, and, as it seems to have been written a considerable time after the event, shows Mr Foster to have been possessed in no common degree of a keen perception and a most retentive memory, and to have taken the fullest advantage of what proved to be the only opportunity he ever had of seeing Scott. It may be possible in some future number to give BORDER MAGAZINE readers the benefit of this description from the pen of so intelligent an eye-witness.

Beyond the pieces in "Whistle-Binkie," very few of Mr Foster's writings have been printed, and those apparently only when he was specially requested to contribute to some publication. Whitelaw's "Book of Scottish Song" has four songs of his. One entitled a "Fishing Song" was doubtless written to be sung at some of the "Salmon Kettles," which were frequent on Tweedside in his day. It is a parody on "Ye Mariners of England." One would like to quote the whole of it, but space forbids. The last three stanzas run:—

"Where old John Foster fished so well,
To Birgham Dub we'll go,
And try with the fly,
While the gentle breezes blow.

The fame of Carham's angling stream
Will only higher rise,
While Scott can wield a salmon rod,
Or Carse can dress such flies.

Tweed's been their glory, they her pride,
Then let her waters flow
To the fame of their name
While the gentle breezes blow."

"The Trysting Tree" is a sweet little lyric, which well displays the author's command of the "Soft Lowland tongue" and his ability to turn it to poetic account:—

"The merle likes the slae-buss weel,
Where grows the berry blue;
The muirfool likes the heather-bell
When draiket wi' the dew;
An' weel I lo'e the bonny lad
That couppit hearts wi' me,
When seated on yon summer nicht
Beneath the trystin' tree."

In the "Ayrshire Wreath," a book printed for private circulation among Ayrshire subscribers in the "fifties," there is a poem of Mr Foster's, entitled "Come Hame, Come Hame." It was addressed by him to his wife and two little girls who had been away spending a long holiday among the scenes of his youth. It gives the reader a glimpse of a home life that must have been a particularly happy one, as the relations between husband, wife, and bairns are evidently of the fondest.

In another little work of a similar character, "The Provincial Souvenir," published in 1846, there is a story told in rhyme, entitled "The Vicar's Blessing." It is of an English vicar who came to fish the Tweed at Coldstream and, having fished all day and filled his basket to overflowing, found himself footsore and hungry and far from his inn. He meets, however, with the greatest hospitality at the hands of a poor widow, and on leaving desires to pay for the good cheer. The old lady, however, will have none of it, and so he gives her his blessing, which includes the fervently expressed hope that she would live a thousand years.

"A thoosand years!" th' astonished woman cries.
"A thousand years!" His Reverence replies.
"But stop, kind sir. Amang sic wishes gude"—
"Nay! you deserve it all—my gratitude!"
"Na, sir, ye're wrang," persisted the good wife,
"Ye're settin' limits to a body's life;
Tho' generous gifts deserve esteem and praise,
I dinna like to hear ye *stent ma days*."

Mr Foster had a capital gift of story-telling, and he has left a large number of anecdotes of Coldstream worthies who lived about 100 years ago. He used to read these humorous stories for the entertainment of his friends at social parties, and, owing to his sympathetic rendering and his perfect command of the Border tongue, his appearance in this role was always hugely enjoyed. These stories are so crisply told, and so fresh and full of genuine humour, that time has not robbed them of an iota of their entertaining character. In another column will be found one of these, entitled "Ringan Stevenson's Bees," and there may be opportunities, in later numbers of the BORDER MAGAZINE, of printing others.

Of Mr Foster's later years in Glasgow it may only be said that the exigencies of a busy life did not leave him much time to devote to either literary work or the sport he loved so well, but he was still, as always, the well-loved friend of all whose tastes lay in a similar direction to his own. He took an active interest in the Border colony in Glasgow, which was then represented by the Merse and Teviotdale Society; and his hand was always ready to help in an unobtrusive way those who were less fortunate than himself. He died in 1862, and his loss was keenly felt by all who had the pleasure and the privilege of his friendship in life, but he left behind him fragrant memories of a manly spirit, a cultured mind, and a kindly heart.

J. B. M.

Another "Flower of Yarrow."

DEAR SIR,—The following little song may be of interest to the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE. I take it from an old book in my possession, namely, the first volume of "The Scot's Magazine," published in Edinburgh in 1739. It is headed—

Edinb., March 16th.

MARY SCOT'S THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

(Adapted to the present age.)

"In ancient times as songs rehearse,
One charming nymph employ'd each verse;
She reign'd alone without a marrow,
Mary Scot, the flower of Yarrow.
Our fathers, with such beauty fir'd,
This matchless fair in crowds admir'd,
Tho' matchless then, yet here's her marrow,
Here's another flower of Yarrow.

Her beauty, unadorn'd by art,
With virtue join'd, attracts each heart;
Her negligence itself can warm us;
She scarcely knows her power to charm us.
For ever cease, Italian noise;
Let ev'ry string and ev'ry voice
Sing, Mary Scot without a marrow,
Mary Scot, the flower of Yarrow."

It has its charm, and one wonders who is who?—Yours faithfully,

JAMES MABON, Galashiels.

State Papers relating to Kinmont Willie and the Bold Buccleuch.

THE story of the capture of Kinmont Willie by the English on a day of truce, in 1596, and his subsequent rescue from Carlisle Castle by the "bauld Buccleuch," must be too well known to all Borderers to need repetition, but it is perhaps scarcely realised how greatly the incident strained the relations between the English and Scotch Courts. State papers are not generally very entertaining, but the negotiations between the two nations for nearly two years on Buccleuch's escapade make amusing reading.

In the first instance, the English Deputy Warden, Salkeld of Corby, was undoubtedly in the wrong in breaking the truce, and Lord Scrope, the Warden, was not justified in retaining the prisoner. Buccleuch at first tried legal means for his rescue. He appealed to the English Ambassador in Scotland, Robert Bowes, who advised his Court to yield. James VI. also urged Elizabeth to order Kinmont's release, but she refused, and a letter was sent to Scotland, which is summarised thus in the State papers:—"On the King of Scots injustice in urging the delivery of Kinmont, an open spoiler of both realms." At last Buccleuch, seeing that the English were determined to uphold

> "The good old rule,—the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power."

grimly decided that "they should keep who can!"

So the romantic exploit of rescuing Kinmont Willie from his confinement was conceived and executed. At one blow Border honour was vindicated, a notorious thief set at large once more, and a breach of peace made between two outwardly friendly nations!

Elizabeth and her Council were furious that the important Border stronghold of Carlisle Castle should have been forced, and the Ambassador, Bowes, had a lively time, as letters were constantly sent urging him to demand satisfaction. At first, in May, he wrote that satisfaction was to be rendered for "Buccleuch's outrageous fact," but in June sent word that the "fact" was much commended by the great people, and the King alone was willing to give redress.

From Photo by M. E. Hulse, Carlisle.

OLD CARLISLE CASTLE.

On June 4th James wrote to Elizabeth, and in his letter "begs that she will consider that her information proceeds from her own officer, a partial and direct party in the matter, and hopes she will appoint Commissioners to consider the subject." Four days later, Bowes wrote to Burghley that the King's desire was to content Her Majesty, and that Buccleuch was ready to offer submission. But Elizabeth would not be easily contented; and, after several abortive attempts to come to a settlement, she wrote to James that he was "a rare example of a seduced King, remunerating great kindness with hardest measures; and

were it in the nonage of a Prince it might have borne colour, but in a fatherage it seemeth strange and without example. However little regard soever he held for her, yet she would grieve much to see him neglect himself, as the English, whose regards she doubts not but he holds in some esteem, will measure his love by his deeds, not by his words on paper. Shall her Castle be assailed by a night largin, and shall not her confederate send the offender to his due? When he has weighed the matter with a better judgment, her answer shall be more honourable. For other doubtful and litigious Border matters she will appoint Commissioners if needful, but not in a matter of such villainous usage as this!"

It will be noticed that Her Majesty quite waves aside the insinuation that the first wrong was committed by her officers, and that she had only heard their report! Evidently she did not think that a breach of faith with a Border robber could for one moment be weighed in the scale against an assault on her Castle.

James was much perplexed by the whole business. His nobles sided with Buccleuch, yet Elizabeth threatened to stop his pension unless the offender was sent to her. He wrote a strong letter to a Mr Foulis, who was acting as his intermediary in London, expressing great indignation at the Queen treating him as her pensioner. He thought that was a greater breach of the League than his not giving up Buccleuch, and recapitulated various ways in which he had shown attachment to England. About the same time, Elizabeth's Privy Council wrote to Bowes, hoping the King would revise the act of his Council, and "not show partiality to a person so notoriously reported to be factious, seditious, and a favourer of the King's rebels." Bowes replied that the feeling in Scotland in favour of Buccleuch continued to be very strong, and that James had been advised to give up Her Majesty's gratuity.

At the end of July Elizabeth wrote to command Bowes to remonstrate with James about his letter to Foulis, also in respect of his refusal to deliver the offender, and his demand of his pension as a right for lands, and his assertion of Her Majesty's obligation to him because of his refusal of fair overtures made to him by foreign powers.

Buccleuch enjoyed his importance as hero of the hour, but went a step too far when he solicited Lord Home, as his deputy, to make a raid on the East March of England. In August he was sent to ward at St Andrews by the King, whereat Elizabeth was partly satisfied, but wrote to James she would not have what she ought unless he was delivered to her.

The Borderers made suit to James for the release of their champion, so, on November 12th, he was enlarged. Meanwhile, a state of chaos reigned on the Borders, yet Elizabeth would not appoint Commissioners. Through the spring of 1597 she continued to demand Buccleuch and Lord Cessford, who had latterly been very troublesome to the English side. On April 27th, she wrote threatening to redress the Border grievances by force, and the Scots, despairing of the Commission they wanted, began to yield. On May 3rd word was sent to England that Buccleuch and his accomplices were to be "filed." However, Buccleuch failed to deliver his pledges in July, so was committed to Edinburgh Castle for a few weeks. After he was released, he became more tractable,—made an agreement with Lord Scrope, and entered England as a security on October 6th. James soon demanded he should be set at liberty on a promise to redress his former errors, and objected to him leaving the Borders.

At the beginning of 1598, nearly two years after the event, Elizabeth was still demanding satisfaction for the insult, and at last Buccleuch was sent to her. The Queen angrily asked him, "how he dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous?" "What is there that a man dares not do?" was Buccleuch's answer.

Elizabeth dearly loved courage and boldness, so the long drawn out incident ended more amicably than had seemed possible.

M. Eva Hulse.

On the Banks o' Lyne, Peeblesshire.

We'll gather a garland of sweetest flowers,
A garland, dear child, for thee,
And roam o'er the hills to the woodland bowers,
With the wild and wand'ring bee.

The primrose is gone from her cosy nook,
By the crystal spring she fell;
But among the ferns, beside the brook,
There are flowers that I love well.

The queen of the meadow and king-cup gay,
The wild geranium see;
And the mavis sings, where the woodbine clings,
To the boughs of the willow-tree.

We'll gather the rose in the forest that blows,
O'er the violet's shady bed;
And the bluebell still on the breezy hill
Is waving her graceful head.

A. B. G.

The Tramps of the Borderland.

JAMES HOGG.

JAMES Hogg, better known as "The Ettrick Shepherd," began his tramping days very early. At the age of eight he was taken from school and sent to cow-herding, receiving as wages half-yearly a ewe lamb and a pair of shoes. From that he rose to herding of sheep, and for twelve years wandered here and there over the hills of "The Forest," bent either on business or pleasure. Poetry awoke in him. But he had received little school learning, and his composition had to be written in the short intervals that came to him while he tramped over moor and moss; or climbed steep brae-sides, herding the unruly sheep. He had gathered together five shillings, which he spent on a violin. So the study of music and poetry went on together, the fiddle studies being his employment on such evenings as he had time to devote to it. The music he studied was that of the folk-songs of the Borderland, and his poetry was in the style of the old ballads of moss-troopers and lads of the Forest, such as his mother loved to sing. He could not take his fiddle to the hill. But he carried with him, as he tramped day after day in the solitudes of the Borderland, a few sheets of paper stitched together and a small phial of ink. He was no expert writer. When a chance came to him he stripped off coat and waistcoat and wrote down a verse with great labour, the writing being a large and uncouth imitation of the printed letters he saw in books. Sometimes there might only be a line written. For sheep move on, regardless of poetical shepherds.

"For ae third o' the twenty-four hours" he is made to say "tak' ae day wi' another throughout the year, I'm in the open air, wi' Heaven's wind and rain perhaps, or its hail and sleet—and they are blest by the hand that sends them—blashing against me on the hill."

Though the Shepherd's life was mostly spent by Ettrick and Yarrow, there was a time when he herded on the slopes of Queensberry. And as all sheep sent to market had to be slowly driven along the roads to the towns, the Ettrick Shepherd had many a long weary tramp. For ten years he was in the service of Mr Laidlaw of Blackhouse. The farmer's son was the William Laidlaw who was afterwards amanuensis and factor to Sir Walter Scott, and the author of the sweet song—"Lucy's Flittin'." He was ten years younger than Hogg, but between the two a lifelong friendship began.

While Hogg herded his sheep, played his fiddle, and studied at the composition of ballads, he one day heard of Burns, who had not long been dead. The man who told him all about the Ayrshire Poet was a half-daft tramp, who recited to Hogg the whole of "Tam O' Shanter." The man said Burns was the sweetest poet who ever lived, and that no one could ever fill his place. Then there came to the Ettrick Shepherd a new impulse, a new light. Why should not he rise up as a second Burns He spoke his thoughts and got little sympathy. Outsiders saw only the "Ettrick Shepherd," a man who was now almost the age of Burns, who could hardly sign his name, and whose compositions were uncouth ballads. But the man, whose soul was stirred within him, never drew back from his purpose. If he did not attain to the highest he certainly did wonderful work when one thinks of his education and his opportunities. It was work he could not have done had he not tramped these Border hills till he was thirty years of age, serving as a shepherd, and seeing nature in all its moods—as Veitch says:—"He was familiar with every book of the Heavens and the earth, and he had the soul to note, to feel, and to treasure."

There is the touch of an artist in Kilmeny, and a "Scottish lilt," in the music of the ballad. But beyond these things there is also the clear knowledge of the scenery, which only a genuine tramp possesses. We feel that it is a picture faithful in every detail. So true is it, that the spell of the supernatural comes on us, and we can almost believe in the Fairyland that grim old moss-troopers believed in, and feared more than they did the lances of the "Auld Enemy." Burns wrote of men and life. But the Ettrick Shepherd's poems are word pictures of the scenery round the mystic Yarrow. Hogg saw the moorland and the mountain, the shadowy mist, and the swift-flowing Border burns. He sang of them as no one else has ever done, and to all Borderers these poems will ever be dear. Perhaps the most popular of his songs is "When the Kye Comes Hame." The laird of Craigieburn once said to Hogg that the words ought to have been "When the Kye Come Hame," but Hogg said it was written as the Borderers said it, and truth was before grammar. Lately there died an old shepherd, familiarly known to the people of Tweedsmuir as "John o' the Logan." His name was John Renwick, and as a boy he knew the Ettrick Shepherd, and carried Hogg's gun on what was the poet's last tramp to Cramalt. Old John Renwick used to relate that once at a shepherd's gathering at Menzion the song was sung—"When the Kye Comes Hame." Hogg was sitting by himself in an adjoining room, and John Renwick, with a boy's impulse, peeped in to see how Hogg liked the singing of what was known

to be Hogg's favourite song. He saw the poet in tears.

Artist as he was, he was ever simple and sincere, and easily moved by all of nature's moods. It was not the song itself, but the memories it called up, that touched him.

"Oft had he viewed as morning rose
The bosom of the lonely Lowes,
Ploughed far by many a downie keel,
Of wild-duck and of vagrant teal.
Oft thrilled his heart at close of even,
To see the dappled vales of heaven,
With many a mountain, moor, and tree,
Asleep upon St Mary."

AGNES MARCHBANK.

BORDER MARRIAGE HOUSE, COLDSTREAM.

From Photo by Nichol Elliott.

A Tweedside Gretna Green.

"She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean."—Scott.

THE romance of those "irregular" clandestine marriages of the good old days—or, as some will have it, the bad old days—is chiefly associated with the Dumfriesshire village of Gretna Green; but at the Border town of Coldstream there still stands another of the genuine old Temples of Hymen in which many, ardent in love and blessed with prospective fathers-in-law as ardent in wrath, sought to be united for life.

While Gretna Green offered facilities for loving couples in the western part of England who wished to avail themselves of the accommodating laws on the other side of the Borders, Coldstream was more convenient for those in the eastern counties, being situated on the north side of the Tweed about fifteen miles from Berwick.

The view from the bridge at Coldstream, as one crosses from England, must have formed a fitting scene on moonlight nights for many a handsome couple at the finish of their sometimes long ride or drive—if they could spare from each other a glance at the silvery Tweed bending gracefully round and reflecting in its clear water the quiet little Border town. But the object of their journey being so near completion, they would probably wait till the longed-for ceremony was over, ere they walked upon the bridge to enjoy the scene together.

The bridge itself is a credit to its architect (Smeaton, of Eddystone Lighthouse fame), and at the Coldstream end still stands in good condition the old marriage-house. It is a long, low, white-washed dwelling, with a quaint old-fashioned air about it. At the back there are convenient means of exit, which were doubtless used when a newly-wedded pair wished to evade pursuers. The original building was merely the small cottage with one door and two windows nearest the bridge, without the more recent additions.

The officiating "priest" was one William Dickson, a pawky Scotsman known to have

sung twelve songs and united half-a-dozen couples in one night. His musical efforts must have brightened up many a midnight wedding, while as a "*raconteur*" he was indeed prolific, as might be supposed.

The ceremony was no mere travesty of the marriage rites. After some fitting preliminary remarks, Dickson would go through the following before a sufficient number of witnesses, and speaking in the broadest Border dialect:—

To the bridegroom: "What's your name, sir?"

This question being satisfactorily answered, it would be put to the bride: "And yours, my good lady?"

The lady having replied, both parties would repeat after Dickson:—

"I . . . . take thee . . . . to be my wedded wife (or husband), to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and cherish till death do us part."

The bride, of course, included the important if sometimes unheeded clause "to obey."

After this had been gone through, Dickson would close with these extremely poetical lines, probably of his own concoction:—

"Then I pronounce you man and wife
All the days of your life."

The registers would then be duly signed, the marriage certificates written out, and the fee of half-a-guinea handed over to the "priest."

There is a story to the effect that the newly-wedded pair were wont to join hands over a curious large stone in the "Craw Green" (a field lying behind the marriage-house), but this does not seem to have been considered an essential part of the ceremony. It is matter for regret that the registers kept by Dickson have disappeared, and no trace of them can be found.

There were, of course, rivals of Mr Dickson in his unique calling. There was old Patie Mudie, locally known as "Auld Peter," a worthy whose ancient rig-out of clothes intimated that his emoluments were not large; there was also a tailor, a more stylish gentleman than Mr Mudie; but these were but feeble lights compared with the officiating spirit at Coldstream Bridge End. It is adding just another honour to the Brethren of the Last, to say that Dickson worked at shoemaking, when his more public duties permitted.

Now that the law demands that one of the parties to a marriage must reside in Scotland for twenty-one days before the ceremony, if it is to be valid, the Bridge End House at Coldstream, like the Gretna Green of the west country, has its romance but in the past. Coldstream will be associated by many with the famous regiment of Guards which, indeed, takes its name from the town, for it was there that Monk raised his troop in 1660; but also at Coldstream, in the way we have described, were married no less than two Lord Chancellors of England—Lord Brougham and Lord Eldon. The latter gentleman's marriage was preceded by a secret departure and a long drive with his lady from Newcastle—probably one of many more similar escapades. It is told that on the occasion of Lord Brougham's marriage, after the ceremony had been hurriedly performed, the newly-wedded pair made their way out at the back of the house, and met their carriage at a certain byroad. When the irate father-in-law reached the marriage-house the wily Dickson directed him to drive straight on, thus enabling the happy couple to return to England!

There is a rumour to the effect that the old marriage-house is to be destroyed, in order to make room for a building of another description. It is, however, to be hoped that the proprietor will recognise the claims of romance and antiquity, and allow the old house to remain intact. Though Tweedside is indeed rich in relics of a historic past, it can ill afford to lose this interesting dwelling in which so many faithful lovers, of high and low degree, were united in the bonds of wedlock.

THOMAS ELLIOTT.

The Exile's Lament.

O, THE hills, the hills, the bonny Border hills,
I'll never, never see them mair;
Nor the bonny gowaned braes, nor brackens wild,
That grip my heart sae sair.
Oh, dear, dark Ruberslaw—sae stern whiles,
Ye'll glower nae mair on me;
An' I'll see nae mair yon bonny burn,
That ripples through the lea.
O, the hills, the hills, my bonny Border hills,
Shall I never, never look on ye again?

The very sheep looked wiser sheep than
The sheep of other where;
But of course they couldna' but do that
When—they breathed the Border air.
And trees—oh, did you ever see sic trees,
As grew doon in the glen?
Why, they looked like giant Samsons,
Beside trees that looked like men.
O, the hills, the hills, my bonny Border hills,
Shall I never, never look on ye again?

An' yon heather moors—did ye ever see
Sic moors before or since?
With their purple robes—e'en grand enough
To garb a Royal Prince!
But oh, to feel one's feet aince mair,
Treading those hills of old—
An' oh, to grip an auld freend's hand
Afore our ain grows cold—
O, the hills, the hills, my bonny Border hills,
Shall I never, never look on ye again?

J. PRINGLE THORBURN.

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TO ADVERTISERS.
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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

MAY 1905.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE have recently had so many valuable contributions sent to us that the limited space at our disposal has prevented us from publishing them as early as we should have liked. Our contributors, we have no doubt, will bear with us in this matter. It is very gratifying to receive frequent proofs of the extending influence of the BORDER MAGAZINE, and we trust that our readers will be "Leal to the Border" in this matter, and strengthen our hands by increasing our circulation among their friends. As this issue is a double number with musical supplement it is specially adapted for sending to friends at hame and awa'.

The Border Keep.

Fourteen years ago the first Sir Walter Scott Club was formed, Glasgow having the honour of instituting a movement which has gone on increasing in strength ever since. The annual dinner of the Glasgow Club was held recently, when a large and distinguished company was presided over by Dr William Jacks. The Rev. Dr John Hunter, the popular preacher who recently returned to his Glasgow Church after a year or two in London, proposed "The Immortal Memory," and said:—

The habit of commemorating our great men had and would have rich intellectual and moral results. The world in its onward march could not carry too much of its past along with it, but it was a loss of inspiration not to keep alive even with pains certain great memories. Carlyle was mainly right in making the extent and intelligence of that remembrance the measure of the higher progress of a people, and they were a right noble people who thought more of their poets and painters, their philosophers and prophets, than of their fighting men and successful tradesmen, and cared more for the extension of the empire of truth and beauty than of any material gains and victories. The cult, if such it might be called, for Sir Walter Scott in our own country was of inestimable value, for he had added to his immense literary benefit that of a noble personality, which had done much to counteract the popular notion that genius in poetry and art must be either allied to madness or loose living. Character even more than genius was Scott's mark. The soundness of the Waverley novels had much to do with the soundness of their author in all those qualities which made not for fame but for character and influence. Scott's character set him forever in the temple of their admiration. He was a noble representative of that class of man of whom Emerson once said that they made the world wholesome. He had never sought to have any dominion over men's faith, but he had been a wonderful helper of their joy. His name stands for the duty of delight as the name of John Knox stood for the duty of obedience. He had done much to transform their stern Covenanting temper into something much more genial, so that they were no longer afraid to smile on Sunday just as they used to do occasionally long ago in the middle of the week. Like all the great interpreters of the pathos and tragedy of human life, he was a great lover of his kind. So long as manhood, truth and justice, kindliness and sympathy, honour, modesty, and good cheer were esteemed, men would draw health as well as pleasure from the writings of Sir Walter Scott.

* * *

After all is said and done, however, the real first Scott Club was the St Ronan's Border Club,

which was started shortly after the publication of "St Ronan's Well." Those were great days in Innerleithen when Scott, Hogg, Professor Wilson, Henry Glassford Bell, and other notables assembled at the St Ronan's Border Games, archery competitions, etc., but this subject may be referred to in the Wm. Air Foster papers, which the editor informs me are to appear in the B. M. That Scott still retains his popularity there is every reason to be assured.

A weekly miscellany enjoying a very large circulation among the middle classes has been taking the votes of its readers in order to determine the favourite novelists of the past and the present. The result is certainly suggestive. Apparently those decadent moderns who think Scott "dull," and the superfine folk who "can't stand Dickens, you know," find no place in the ranks of popular readers. In this particular plebiscite Scott stands at the top, with 1,396 votes. Next comes Dickens, with 1,182 votes. After him we have George Eliot and Thackery, with 238 and 237 votes respectively.

Under the auspices of the Scottish Patriotic Association, Mr William Wallace, LL.D., editor of the "Glasgow Herald," lectured recently in the Christian Institute, Glasgow, on "Two Neglected Aspects of Scott." Sheriff Boyd, a prominent Glasgow Borderer, presided. The neglected aspects of Scott on which Dr Wallace dwelt were the patriotic and the ethico-religious. The former he illustrated chiefly by the unfavourable criticism passed on "Marmion" by Jeffrey. Scott's nationalism he compared in point of intensity to Burns'. In the second portion of his lecture Dr Wallace defended Scott from the attacks of Sir Leslie Stephen, Taine, and, above all, Carlyle. He maintained that Scott's religion was the "religion in common life" emphasised in a famous sermon by the late Principal Caird, and that it saturated his fiction, which was examined at length. Dr Wallace closed by eulogising Scott as the greatest moral sanitarian in literature.

* * *

A breezy freshness entered the Keep, and the heart of the old Dominie was made young again each time a new poem appeared over the familiar signature "Will H. Ogilvie." A very wide circle of Borderers who were delighted with Mr Ogilvie's strikingly original verses will be pleas- to learn that he was, some time ago, appointed to take charge of the department of Agricultural Literature in the State College, Iowa. Mr Ogilvie is the elder son of the late Mr George Ogilvie, of Holefield, Kelso. From what I know of this promising Border poet, I feel sure he will not forget the Borderland and will often delight us with his virile verse.

* * *

The roots of many of our Border Family Trees strike very deep indeed, and some of our modern Royalties might well envy such pedigrees. This is well exemplified in the following cutting from the "Hawick News":—

The late Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Alexander Riddell-Carre of Cavers Carre, whose death occurred recently, was a descendant through the Hamiltons of Cairnhill, of King Malcolm Canmore. The deceased laird had a common ancestor with both the Duke of Roxburghe and the Marquis of Lothian in John Kerr of the Forest of Selkirk, who flourished in the fourteenth century. His descendant, Sir Robert Ker, was cupbearer to James IV., and Sir Robert's son, Sir Andrew Ker of Cessford, fought at Flodden, and became Warden of the Middle Marches. He was much involved in the feuds of his time, and defeated Scott of Buccleuch in a skirmish, but was himself killed. His son, Sir Walter, was a leading opponent of Mary Queen of Scots, and fought against her troops at Langside. Sir Andrew Kerr of Fernihurst distinguished himself by breaking into Kelso Abbey on the night after Flodden, and, turning the superior out of doors, set up his own brother in room of the worthy abbot. Sir Andrew's grandson, Sir Thomas Ker, was a steadfast adherent of Queen Mary, and was believed to be deeply implicated in the murder of Darnley. He was father of that notorious favourite of James VI., Robert Carre, created Earl of Somerset. The eventual heiress of the Carres of Cavers married into the old house of Riddell of Riddell, and was great-grandmother of the deceased laird. The latter's father, Walter Riddell-Carre, was well-known for his popular lectures on the Border district, and was, moreover, author of a delightful volume of "Border Memories."

* * *

Nearly two hundred years ago farming on the Borders was in rather a backward state, as we find described in Dr Pennecuik's "Description of Tweedale." In the following quotation from that old work the worthy Doctor describes one or two things which had not quite disappeared in the early days of some of our readers. Dealing with the Peeblesshire farmers he says:—

They are an industrious careful people, yet somewhat wilful, stubborn, and tenacious of old customs. There are amongst them that will not suffer the wrack to be taken out of their land, because (say they), it keeps the corn warm, nor sow their bear seed, be the season wet or dry, till the first week of May be over, which they call "runchie" week, or week of weeds; nor plant trees or hedges, for wronging the undergrowth, and sheltering the birds of the air to destroy their corn; neither will they trench and ditch a piece of useless boggie ground, for fear of the loss of five or six foot of grass, for a far greater increase; which humour, with a custom they have of overlaying the ground, which they term full plenishing, makes their cattle lean, little, and give a mean price in a market. In this shire (he says in another place), is certainly as well paid rent as any in the kingdom, the mails for the most part being received in money.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The Late Mr John Telfer.

IT is once more our melancholy duty to refer to the passing away of a prominent Edinburgh Borderer, and in doing so we cannot refrain from sympathising with our brethren in the Capital who have thus been deprived of the counsel and assistance of two such men as Captain George Fraser McNee, a portrait and character sketch of whom appeared in our last month's issue, and Mr John Telfer, J.P., who held a very warm place in many Border hearts. We met and talked with both at the annual gathering held in Edinburgh in December last, and their portraits will remain graven deep on the tablets of our memory. No one could help liking John Telfer who looked into his clear eye or watched the ever present smile playing round his thin mobile lips. He had a fresh, beautiful complexion, which belied his years and helped to make him so attractive to the young. In our first volume, part seven (Aug., 1896), there is a life-like portrait of Mr Telfer and a character sketch from the pen of Mr Stuart Douglas Elliot, S.S.C., but, as many of our readers may not be in possession of that issue, we quote one or two present references to our departed friend. Such men are the very salt of the earth, and we feel tempted to give full vent to our own feelings, but we prefer to give space to others. The Edinburgh correspondent of the "Southern Reporter" thus writes:—

THE LATE MR JOHN TELFER.

My heart is sore as I write the above line, because no Border man, at least in my opinion, has exerted a more wholesome influence in public and private life in the city, and all in such an unobtrusive way, than the deceased. He was a strenuous and unwearied worker. He was successful in a business to which he had not been trained—that of wholesale stationer—becoming manager with Messrs A. Whyte & Son, and a partner in the firm. That did not by any means exhaust his energies. He was in at the founding of the Edinburgh Band of Hope Union, took a hearty interest in temperance work and mission and evangelistic work among the young; and in that busy bee-hive, the Barclay Free Church, under Dr Wilson, he was one of the most active men of the lot. He was at the founding of the Border Counties Association, and it was under his initiative that the Borderers' Union took shape in 1874. His was the guiding spirit of the Union from the first; for some years he was president, and at the time of his death he was president of Council. He was interested in the work of the Union till the last, and his latest letter had to do with the memorial to Mr Macnee at Hawick. The help he afforded to young men was widely known, and he saw through those who shirked work and were not as upright and downright as himself. He was a guiding spirit, and if unbending was usually unbending in the right. When shall we see the like of his brave, sagacious, patriotic spirit again? Carlyle said of Scott that no sounder piece of manhood was put together in the 18th century, and we may say the same of Mr Telfer in the 19th century, so far as the Borders are concerned, at least.

From the "Border Telegraph" we select the portions of a good summary of Mr Telfer's career:—

By the death of Mr John Telfer, chairman and managing director of Messrs A. Whyte & Son, wholesale stationers, Edinburgh, a prominent figure among Edinburgh Borderers has been removed. Mr Telfer, who had been in rather feeble health during the past winter, revived after a short residence at Melrose, but early in March, during a gale, he was blown down, and from the injuries then received and the shock to the system he sustained, he succumbed, his death occurring at his residence, 2 Carlton Terrace, on Monday, 27th March.

Both Mr Telfer's father and grandfather were land stewards at Easter Nisbet, near Jedburgh, where he was born seventy-one years ago. Father and son were both men of strong character and individuality. Thomas Telfer, after forty years' service as a land steward, spent the last twenty years of his life as district missionary in connection with Barclay Free Church, Edinburgh. Mr John Telfer was educated at Eckford Parish School, and at thirteen was apprenticed to a grocer and wine merchant in Jedburgh. He became manager of the business with the chance of partnership, but a change of views on the drink question led to his throwing up the situation. He went to Edinburgh in 1860, and received an appointment in the firm of Andrew Whyte & Son, in an entirely new line. He soon showed great grasp of detail, and gift for organising, and soon became manager. When the business was turned into a limited liability company he became chairman and managing director. Mr Telfer never allowed the cares of business to absorb all his energies, and for nearly fifty years he lent his countenance to and had a hand in helping forward schemes for the moral, social, and religious improvement of his fellow-men. He had a hand in Fountainbridge mission work, in the temperance and Band of Hope movement, evangelistic work amongst the young, establishment of libraries, and Church work in all its branches. He was a man of strong will, unbending at times, but of sound principle and sterling integrity. Though scarcely a fluent speaker, his strong common sense gave strength to every cause in or out of committee, in public or private, which he espoused. To many young men his helping hand, friendly counsel, and discriminating recommendations have been of the utmost value, and many who occupy good positions to-day owe these positions to Mr Telfer's helpful services. In Parliamentary and municipal elections Mr Telfer was a tireless worker. His political creed was Liberal, but he was free from dogmatism, and much of his social and temperance work was undertaken and carried through in conjunction with men of all parties. He was frequently invited to enter the Town Councils of Edinburgh and Portobello (where he formerly resided) before the amalgamation of the latter with the capital, but always declined.

It is, however, as a Borderer that Mr Telfer will be best remembered. He always cherished fond memories of his native district, and in 1865 was one of the first to join with the late Mr Thomas Usher and other gentlemen in founding the Edinburgh Border Counties Association. This organisation, however, excellent though it was, did not reach the class Mr Telfer desired to get hold of—the working Borderers, and the young men and women coming from the Borders to Edinburgh—so in 1874 he took the initiative in founding the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, which has risen from small beginnings to a large and flourishing organisation of over 1000 members. In 1893, Mr Telfer was unanimously and enthusiastically elected President of the Union, a position he held for several years. During his tenure of office he instituted a juvenile prize scheme to encourage young Borderers to read and study Border literature, and otherwise to foster an interest in Border history and tradition. Latterly Mr Telfer was Chairman of Council of the Union, and it is safe to say that much of the Union's success is due to his personal efforts and influence. Mr Telfer lived a strenuous life in and out of business, and was ceaseless in suggesting fresh schemes or backing up those in progress. He was a Justice of Peace and Chairman of East Edinburgh Radical Association. He leaves a widow and son and daughter. Mrs Telfer also belonged to the Borders, having been her husband's school companion at Eckford. The son, Mr Thomas Telfer, is engaged in his father's business. The funeral took place at Portobello Cemetery on Thursday, 30th March, when there was a large company of prominent Edinburgh and Border gentlemen.

From Mr Telfer's intimate friend and fellow-worker in all his various schemes we have received the following memorial verses:—

JOHN TELFER, J.P.,

Died 27th March, 1905, aged 71.

Farewell, dear brother, comrade, friend,
Now laid to quiet rest!
For thee love, joy, and sorrow blend,
Urgent to be exprest.

Yoke-fellow more than forty years
In "Sabbath Fellowship,"
Our sympathies—too strong for tears—
Held us in loyal grip.

Twins in creating "Bands of Hope,"
Fellows in helping others,
Where drink's sad victims brought us scope,
We wrought and fought as brothers.

Aye leal to our dear Borderland,
Ours was the "Borderers' Union";
Midst city life the Border strand
Drew forth our souls' communion.

Thy quiet courage, simple faith,
Manly sincerity
Were pure, blythe, upright, "true till death"—
Which came so suddenly.

For thee shall bloom love's deathless flowers—
'Tis joy that thou art blest—
Grief builds within these hearts of ours
Thy monument and crest.

G. T.

A Glimpse of Middlebie

(In the Country of the Carlyles).

FOR a number of years an Edinburgh Middlebian and the writer purposed scampering through the above famous parish. Schemes went aft aglee, and it was not till the last Edinburgh holiday that our purpose was realised. However, it was worth waiting the year for the glorious day that fell to our lot.

Nothing worthy of record occurred in the outward journey save a brisk passage of arms and tongues between two worthy Amazons. Number one produced a "pocket pistol," and with evident satisfaction took a strong and a long pull. This acted like the proverbial red rag on number two, who administered a rebuke worthy of a J. B. Gough. There was no further production of the sinfu' wee bottle.

Beyond Lockerby we soon touched Middlebie, one of the most interesting parishes in the frontier county, comprising the ancient parishes of Middlebie, Pauversax, and Carruthers, joined in 1609.

We dropped from our train at Kirtlebridge, for generations known as the Galls, a name derived from a battle fought by the Gallowegians and the English. The scene that lay around us as we made a bee line for Birrens Roman Station was most impressive. Burnswark and the infinite azure that lay beyond combined to form a striking picture.

The camp or station we found on a bluff in a hollow, skirted on two sides by running streams. It is said to be one of the best preserved in Britain, and to have been formed in the time of Agricola. Recent excavations furnished splendid relics. Distinct remains of its fossae aggeres and praetorium were also found. Another camp adjoining was destroyed by the proprietor in 1820. Roads running from the camp in several directions are distinctly traceable.

Tradition tells how that the adjoining Birrens farm was given to the widow of a Carlyle, who was unjustly hanged for cattle stealing. The case was so cruel and lawless that the compensation was deemed necessary. The family possessed the farm till their title was disputed, and they were ousted by the Duke of Queensbery.

As the sunlight fell on cottage roofs we made for Middlebie village, and that along the highway frequently traversed by the world-famed sage. Our companions' reminiscence of the parish, its worthies, and Carlyle in particular, were highly interesting.

The village, though now of small proportions,

was of some consequence. From a period some time after the Reformation it was the seat of Presbytery till 1743. According to an eminent authority its name signifies the middle dwelling or station, taken from the Roman camp, already noticed, which is midway between Netherbie in Cumberland and Overbie in Eskdale Muir, each about ten miles distant.

We found a few houses, a church, a school, and a smithy. The latter is owned by a sturdy specimen of the craft, who could have been the prototype of Longfellows renowned poem, and who belongs to the Irving clan, whose chief seat is in the parish.

When wandering through the graveyard, which lies around the Auld Kirk, we found stones raised to the memory of Bells on all hands. The inscriptions on these were invariably surmounted by groups of hand or other bells.

From Photo by G. M. R.

MIDDLEBIE SMITHY.

Middlebie has always been famous for "Bells," whose headquarters was Blacket House. The name was as common as that of Jardine or Johnstone in other Anndale districts. The clan was wont to muster so strongly that the Bells of Middlebie became proverbial over a very wide area. They are intimately associated with the tragic story of Fair Hellen of Kirkconnel Lee. Many men of note have sprung from the ilke, among them being Dr Benjamine Bell, the most eminent surgeon of his day.

It is told how that a beadle of the parish, when on a visit to "the English side," made the acquaintance of a professional brother of an English cathedral. The sexton boasted loudly of his fine peal of fifteen bells, but the Middlebian, feeling that his parish was at stake, silenced him at once with the reply, "Fifteen bells, have 'e? That's naething. There's therty seeven Bells in the kirk aw come frae."

Although overhauled and added to recently the ancient church wears an old world aspect. It occupies a prominent bluff overlooking the Mein, and is snugly sheltered by trees. One of its bells is said to hang in a Cumberland church belfray alongside of Dornock bell. Both were lifted in a Border raid under the Duke of Hamilton in 1648, and have since remained the property of Bowness Church.

After a chat with the village smith we wended our way to Scotsbrig. The lanes were quiet and the fields full of stooks. Through those lanes and scenes the famous Ecclefechanite must have often trod. His favourite walk, and that which he frequently traversed with his mother, was quite deserted. The farm which "sent its barrels of meal and butter" to the prophet we easily found.

It was to Scotsbrig that the Carlyles turned when they quitted Mainhill. Tom described it as "a far better farm," where he had resolved to stay till his German romance was done. After a week of idleness he tells how that here "he resumed his stint of ten pages daily, steadily as the town clock, no interruption dreaded or occurred."

The good farmer and his wife received us graciously, and treated us handsomely. The house we found bright and well ordered. Notwithstanding that it was the height of harvest all was in delightful form. We were given our own time in Carlyle's rooms—rooms to which he oft resorted when "quite smashed up," and where he "sank into stagnation and magnetic sleep."

It was at Scotsbrig that Carlyle "did as he liked and was ministered to by the kindest hands." Here he studied, wrote, read novels, smoked, and spent the hours with "dear old mother," and here he had "all his kindred around him for the last time." We deemed it no small privilege to be permitted to visit and linger in the bedroom and study of the renowned author, and the kindness shown us will not be easily forgotten.

Carlyle's youngest brother, Jamie o' Scotsbrig, is still remembered. Like their father, he was "a pithy speakin' body wi' an unco po'or o' langwidge." In many quarters he seems more admired than his famous brother. His sayings and doings are talked of and joked over where Carlyle's books are unknown or held in a kind of contempt. "Jamie we kent, but Tam," said one, "we saw naething in him, an' see less in 'is books to mak' a sang aboot." Said another: "There wasna Jamie's match for breeding pigs in a' the country side."

Many stories are still afloat through Middlebie regarding Jamie, his doings, and his sayings. These are decidedly Carlylean, and show that he was possessed of the originality and graphic speech peculiar to his clan.

The following story, picked up in our wanderings, was new. His brother, who had abandoned the mason trade for that of a merchant, wished Jamie's opinion regarding a horse which he had purchased. After pestering him for a time he got it. "Weel," said Jamie, "it's a mighty peety 'e ha'e left the masonin', for the thing wad made a graun' tressel for 'er scaffold."

Turning away from Scotsbrig we faced Ecclefechan wards, coming in touch with the village school children, and covering the ground by way of Potter Know, walked in the gloaming by Carlyle and his mother. Descending Cleuch Brae, we halted and took a snapshot of Carlyle Well, erected by the renowned Jamie, and then

From Photo by G. M. R.

CARLYLE'S WELL.

continued to foot it bravely. The view as we approached the "Entap fuhl" of "Sartor Resartus" was sweeping, and Woodcock Air and Repentance Tower stood out against the skyline panorama. The village is somewhat altered since Carlyle knew it in his early days, lying in a hollow, surrounded by wooded slopes, with its little "Kuhbach" gushing kindly by on its way to join the Mein.

Once within the village we visited the arched house wherein the Chelsea sage was born, the school in which he "learnt these earliest tools of complicacy which a man of letters gets to handle—his class-books." Then we turned into the churchyard where he, the village's greatest son, was laid to rest in 1881.

The quaint churchyard of Pauversax, or sauchs situated by the road side two miles from Ecclefechan, was next visited. The old church has disappeared, but ancient trees and tombstones still keep guard over the spot where it stood. Many of Carlyle's ancestors rest here. The old flat stone marking the spot bears an inscription which mentions John Carlyle, who was born in 1687 and died in 1727, and who is supposed to be the person hung at Birrens, whose widow, according to Froude, lived in Middlebie in extreme poverty.

On our return to Ecclefechan we saw and heard some little of the doings of the head of the Irving clan, whose seat—Bonshaw Tower—is on the classic Kirtle. This Border clan, we may add, can trace its history back to 373, and at one time owned the lands from the Esk to the Nith. They were wont to maintain 900 fighting men for the king. By an extraordinary will in 1889 Bonshaw was left to a stranger, but after some years litigation the present chief, Colonel Irving, won it back, but with a £24,500 mortgage as a burden. Yet the chieftain is proud of his fight and his victory. He hopes to bring out an exhaustive history of the notable clan in the near future.

Re-entering Ecclefechan by the Glasgow and Carlisle highway, the village looked neat and tidy, but was exceptionally quiet. But a century ago it must have been a place of some importance and considerable bustle. What with a large weaving industry, the numerous fairs, the coming and going of coaches, with their cheery horns, the place must have been lively enough.

Having given heed to the wants of the inner man and said good-bye to friends who were more than kind, we mounted the Haggs Brae, where tinkers squatted by way of facing the eighty odd miles lying between us and Auld Reekie, and having negotiated Beattock Hill and rounded the iron elbow at Castairs we were soon once more treading the pavements of "mine own romantic town."

G. M. R.

"Mr Pennycook's Boy and Other Homely Characters," by the author of "Wee Macgreegor," will appeal to a wide circle of readers, for the talented author shows himself to be a true artist by his manner of blending humour and pathos. Borderers resident in Glasgow know how true to life most of the sketches are. The price is 1s, and the publishers are The Scots Pictorial Publishing Co., Ltd.

The Tragedy of Glenconnal.

(A Border Incident of the "Killing Times.")

IT was twilight in Glenconnal. The clouds hung heavy on the hills, the wind had died away, and the valley was silent save for the mournful cry of the whaup and the murmur of a mountain stream. Across the moorland a young man was hurrying towards the lonely farmhouse at the head of the glen. He was a tall, stalwart youth, clad in the homespun garb of the country folk, there was a pallor on his cheeks, and an anxious look in his eyes, which betrayed a troubled frame of mind. From time to time as he strode along he cast a hasty glance behind, as though fearing pursuit, and gradually changing his rapid step into a run, he did not slacken speed till he stood on the threshold of the farm.

He paused a moment to regain breath, then knocked hastily at the door. There was no response; a dead stillness prevailed within. He tried the latch, but the door was locked. He knocked again, loudly and impatiently, and at this a window above him opened and a young woman peered cautiously forth.

"Oh! it's you," she said.

He looked up quickly. "Jeanie," he cried, "come doon an' let me in."

"What d'ye want?" she asked, surveying him with no favouring look; "ye ken fine, Jock Carmichael, that there's nae welcome for ye here."

"Open the door," he responded. "I wouldna look your gate, lass, if ye werna in trouble an' in danger."

A startled look came over her, and she closed the window hastily. A few moments later the door was unbarred and she stood before him.

She was a slender girl of some eighteen years, blue-eyed and fair-haired, a fragile flower to bloom in this wild glen.

He entered and closed the door hastily behind him. "Jeanie," he said, hoarsely, "there's a party o' dragoons comin' up the glen; ye maun get Davie oot o' this at once."

She turned pale to the lips. "Wha telt them he was here?" she faltered.

"That's mair than I ken. I got the news in the inn ower by at Milton. The sodgers rade in frae Kilmarnock with orders to search Glenconnal; they had gotten word somehow that Davie was here. They were restin' their horses when I cam' awa', an' were to start at sunset, sae there's nae time to lose."

"Oh, Jock!" she cried, despair in her voice, "he's wounded; he canna steer, he's lyin' upstairs the noo, puir lad, unconscious and helpless. Oh, what'll I dae! what'll I dae!"

He stood silent for a moment, with furrowed brows, thinking. They had been lovers, he and this blue-eyed maid, before the cruel strife began 'twixt king and kirk, but he was poor, and a richer man came along—a laird, no less. Ah, well! It was an old story now, and he had tried to forget, but in the room above him at this moment his rival lay sore stricken, while death drew near across these lonely moors.

He looked down at the trembling girl, and a great pity was in his heart.

"Oh, Jock!" can ye no speak?" she cried; "tell me what to dae. My puir Davie, my puir Davie!"

"Whaur's yer faither?" he asked, abruptly. "Is there naebody here that can help?"

"My faither! I havena seen him this three weeks; no since Bothwell Brig." She sank sobbing into a chair. He averted his eyes, the sight of her grief cut him to the heart. What help could he give? What consolation could he offer to her in her distress? Were he capable of the task of carrying the injured man, where could he take him to? There was no hiding-place, no shelter for miles around, nothing but barren moor and great bleak hills, as far as the eye could see; and precious time was slipping past, every moment of which brought nearer those merciless troopers, who would drag their victim forth to a miserable death.

"They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword," so runs the text. Three days before, on a wild, deserted road, David Shaw, the fanatical Covenanter, had lain in ambush behind a dyke and had shot at and killed a captain of dragoons, as he rode by at the head of his troop. Amid a hail of vengeful bullets he fled, and for the time being had eluded capture, but now his doom drew nigh. And anger was in the heart of John Carmichael, as he thought of this; of the crime he would not judge—they lived in strange times when men's conscience was their only law—but why had the assassin fled here of all places? If he really loved the lass, why had he brought danger upon her by sheltering under her father's roof? "He is unworthy of her," thought John, "and yet she loves him, and is running a terrible risk to shield him from his foes."

The sight of the weeping girl moved him strangely. "Wheesht, lassie, dinna greet," he muttered, and laid a gentle hand upon her shoulder, "there's hope yet." From without came a distant sound of galloping hoofs, faint but unmistakable. She heard it, and clung to him in terror.

"Jock! Jock! dinna let them tak' him," she cried, appealingly. "Oh, Jock! you loved me once—save him for my sake."

Loved her once! God help him, he loved her still; his heart was as true to her now as on their betrothal day, never was she dearer to him than at this moment, as she hung on his arm beseeching his aid for the man who had come between him and her love.

For an instant he faltered, then all that was noble and generous in him rose to the surface; his mind was made up, cost what it might, she would not plead in vain, for the sake of the old love and the memory of by-gone days he would stand between David Shaw and death. He spoke clearly and confidently. "Do as I tell ye, Jeanie, an' I'll save him yet. Listen! gang upstairs an' bide there quietly beside Davie; keep awa' frae the window, an' dinna come doon, nae matter what ye hear. Ye understand?"

Nearer came the sound of the approaching horsemen, the ringing of steel and the thud of hoofs. He grasped her hand and raised it to his lips. "Good-bye, lass," he murmured. "God bless ye;" then he turned hastily away.

She stood bewildered and uncertain. "Jock!" she cried, softly, but the door closed behind him, and he was gone. As she stood hesitating the dragoons came clattering into the yard, and obedient to his last instructions she crept quietly upstairs.

John Carmichael stepped out into the dusk. The troopers had surrounded the farm, and the main body had dismounted and were now approaching the house.

"Seize that fellow!" cried a voice. Rough hands obeyed the command, and unresisting John was brought into their midst. They crowded round him, fierce, forbidding-looking ruffians, the terror of Scotland, the merciless dragoons of Lag.

"Your name?" demanded a scarlet-coated captain.

The young man faced his captors unflinchingly. "David Shaw," he replied.

The officer laughed. "We're in luck's way, lads; bring him along, and we'll finish the job at once."

. . . . . .

In a small upper room of the dwelling, the girl knelt by the bedside of the injured man. The light was fading, and she crouched in the semi-darkness, listening intently to the sounds from the soldiers in the yard below, and dreading at any instant to hear their heavy tread upon the stair. The moments passed, but no intruder broke in upon her, and the voices without became distant and faint. She glanced at the unconscious occupant of the couch, who lay with drawn white face and clenched teeth. "Puir Davie, he's gey far gane," she muttered.

There was more of pity than affection in the look she cast upon him, for though the stern Covenanter had won her respect, he had not taken the place in her heart which Carmichael once held. She loved David Shaw, it is true, in a kind of a way. Her father had favoured his suit, and she had given in to his wishes. She was young, poor girl, and it seemed a grand thing to be a laird's wife. So off with the old love, on with the new. Poor Jock had got the go-by.

It was of this she was thinking now, as she sat in the silent room. It was very still outside. She wondered what they were doing, and if Jock was in danger. How brave he was, and how faithful, how true to her in adversity; and she had treated him shamefully, she knew that, and reddened at the memory of it. Her thoughts went back to the old days, when he came up Glenconnal courting her. How long ago it seemed, yet it was only a year—but she must not think of this—these days were past and gone, and Jock Carmichael was hers no longer.

She turned to arrange the pillows of the injured man, who since her entry to the room had lain unconscious and still. Her hand touched his brow. She started back with a cry of horror—he was icy cold—dead. She gazed in awe-stricken silence. No tears, no outburst of grief did she give way to, but a feeling of utter loneliness and desolation crept over her. She must tell Jock. He had told her to stay here, but there could be no harm in her appearing now. A sudden flash lit up the room, and the crash of a volley of musketry came from without. And then she knew—ah, yes—she knew too well what deed of self-sacrifice had been done, and, rushing from the house, she fled distracted into the gloom.

A drizzling rain was falling, and a startled peesweep circled overhead, giving vent to its melancholy wail. "Too late! Too late!" it seemed to cry. The soldiers had mounted and were riding down the glen. On the verge of the moorland, a few yards from the farm, she found him. The rain fell on his upturned face, as he lay where they had left him on the heather. She sunk beside him sobbing, and threw herself upon his bleeding breast. "Oh, Jock! I loved ye, I loved ye," she moaned.

Silence once more descended on the glen. The peesweep ceased its clamour and returned to its nest. And still she hung o'er him, press-

ing kisses on unresponsive lips, and whispering endearments into ears that could not hear. A soft wind crept up the valley and stirred in the brackens beside her. The clouds sank lower on the hills; the mist came creeping in; and the night rolled down like a curtain on the tragedy of Glenconnal.

WILLIAM GOW.

A Border Scrap Book.

DOUBTLESS a large number of our readers have treasured up interesting cuttings regarding the literature and lore of the Borderland, and have said "when we have time we will paste them in a book so that they may not be lost," but how few have been able to attain this desired end. The accumulation soon becomes so formidable that there is little chance of the collector overtaking the rather tiresome work of pasting and placing so much printed matter. At last the whole is consigned to the waste-paper basket, and thus much valuable matter is lost. When a scrap is cut from a newspaper it should be at once placed in the scrap book, and this is now possible by using the "Ideal Scrap Book," which has just been brought before our notice. The makers are the well-known firm of Duncan Campbell & Son, 96 St Vincent Street, Glasgow, and the prices range from 4/6 to 6/6. By an exceedingly simple device it is possible to affix instantly a scrap, picture, invoice, or other document, and yet allow both sides of the matter to be read, while any of the insertions can be removed when desired, thus saving the wearisome task of copying, as in the case of an ordinary scrap book. The following are a few points of excellence in the "Ideal Scrap Book":—

The paste pot is done away with altogether. The book has great capacity, holding three times as much as an ordinary book. It is made on the single leaf plan, so that extra leaves can be added to meet the needs of the user. An index allows for classification of articles. Either side of a clipping may be referred to. It is economical, for on one page may be filed a four, a three, a two, and several single column articles, a dozen invoices, or more notes or receipts.

Our recommendation of the above is prompted by the hope that not a few of our readers will be encouraged to preserve much of the floating Border literature to be found in the newspapers, &c., and occasionally to send to us for publication any specially good cutting they may secure. Would it not be a wise plan for every Public Library in the Borderland to have a Border Scrap Book, into which the librarian might affix cuttings, &c., collected by himself and the readers.

Scottish Patriotism.

THE readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE will doubtless have discovered that we are in favour of conserving and preserving all the rights of Scotland which were secured to her by the Treaty of Union. Our Borderland was the battle-ground of Scotland's rights for centuries, and many things which are the special glory of the true Scot were secured by our indomitable forefathers. The Scottish Patriotic Association was not formed a day too soon, and all who are loyal to the Homeland will rejoice at the measure of success which has resulted from the efforts of this Society. The day is not far distant when the histories which have so long been in use in our schools will be so altered that the pupil will know when "British" history began, and that Scotland did not entirely disappear from the world's record when the Union with England was consummated. Our contemporary, "The Scottish Patriot," which has recently been much improved in appearance, has a wide circulation, and its influence is bound to work for that real Imperialism which preserves national sentiment. It has been proved a thousand times that the Scot can be intensely patriotic—clannish if you like to call it—and yet be a true Empire builder. The men who are in the front rank in the British Empire at present prove this. Mr John Wilson, editor and proprietor of the above illustrated monthly, in a recent issue thus refers to the BORDER MAGAZINE:—"This is a magazine we would like to see in every home. It is just as sound and patriotic as 'The Scottish Patriot,' and, of course, that is saying a good deal. The illustrations are always good, and we heartily commend it to our readers."

An increasing number of distinguished Scots are joining the Scottish Patriotic Association, and the nominal annual fee of one shilling opens the door to every lover of his country. Any of our readers (ladies or gentlemen) may secure membership by forwarding the necessary amount to the Editor of the BORDER MAGAZINE, who will be pleased to propose them.

Robert M. Graham.

WHILST looking over some old periodicals lately my eye fell upon a "Border Magazine," which recalled to me "memories dear." It brought to my mind a recollection of the happiest days that are gone and scenes I shall ever revere and cherish. While perusing it, I fancied I beheld the old Border spirit standing forth in its mighty stature like a bold "Teri" saying "let them do who can dare," and in my imagination I saw the Scotts, Armstrongs, Kerrs, Elliots, Olivers, &c., standing forth in battle array ready to do or die for their country's cause. Thinking about the Borderland, I shall never forget my happy tour through Teviotdale where, like Burns, I stood and looked and admired "crystal streams on silver Jed." In my peregrinations I visited romantic scenes which will linger in my memory while time lasts. Though not a Borderer myself, I have met many from that enchanted and historic land who were ever ready, willing and able, as their forefathers in days of yore, to clasp the hand of friendship and true brotherhood. Amongst these is Robert M. Graham, the subject of my sketch, who hails from the sporting capital of the Borders—Hawick—where he was born in 1880. While a mere boy he met with an accident which prevented him following out an athletic career. But although practically prevented from exercising or pursuing the original bent of his mind in the field of sport, he in spirit is still active, and his heart warms and beats true to the games and plays of Auld Lang Syne. Seven years' ago Mr Graham migrated from his native heath to "Fair Edina," and it is probable that in his adopted city he will dwell for the remainder of his days. As already indicated, he is an ideal sportsman and a boon companion of many of the most famous athletes of the present day. A brother of his in Edinburgh is well known in the sprinting world, and will yet gain his laurels. Mr Graham is a fine fellow. You can hear him talk and dilate eloquently upon many of the aspiring spirits of the Border. He never fails to place Hawick and Hawick men well in the front, but at the same time his localism does not exclude other interests. His motto is "Excelsior," and he takes no upward step without considering well the merits of opponents. Rugby is his favourite game, and he is still a member of one of the class Rugby clubs of the present day. Although unable to participate in the game, he yet exercises an influence. Rugby he considers the purest form of sport in existence, and he deprecates gambling in any way. Apart from the field of sport, the subject of my sketch loves the social hearth and good fellowship. Consistently he has been a life abstainer, is at present a member of the Ancient Order of the Sons of Temperance (Gorgie Division), Edinburgh, and is a tailor to trade. Of a warm and kind heart, with a genial disposition and gentle ways, Mr Graham is fond of music, and loves to hear the melodious strains of the auld Scotch sangs and Border lilts. Enthusiastic and patriotic, his heart ever warms and wells forth, and his hand is ever ready to give to all hailing from the Borderland. He greets you with that grand old feeling which makes you for ever welcome, and shows you that the "Bond of Border Brotherhood" is not an empty name.

From Photo by Hope & Smellie

ROBERT M. GRAHAM.

AN EDINBURGH LAWYER.

Come hame to us, your ain dearest friends: it's better sheltering under an auld hedge than under a new-planted wood.—"Heart of Midlothian."

A fair face looks yet fairer under the light of the moon, and a sweet voice sounds sweeter among the whispering sounds of a summer night.—"The Pirate."

Auld Wat o' Harden.

THE fodder is a' but dune,
The Cowfield empty an' a';
But a raid by the licht o' the mune
Will fettle oor larder braw.
Sae we'll ower by the Skelfhill Pen
As sune as the sun gangs doon,
An' we'll rest neither horses nor men
Till we've harried some English toon.

And we'll hing thegether like burrs,
As lang as oor heads we hain,
For his Leddy has tabled his spurs,
And Harden maun ride again. A

Richt ower frae the Frostylee
To Kersop in Siccan Stour,
We garr'd the Southrons flee
Wi' mony a clash and clure;
We spared na the Bewcastle fry,
Left maist o' them davert or dead,
And we brought Jamie Telfer's Kie
A' back to the fair Dodhead.

When Warden Lord Scroop was pleased
To break the truce and the law,
And Kinmont Willie was seized
And carried to Carlisle Ha';
Then upraise the Bauld Buccleuch,
And warned the water wide,
And we hurried ower haugh and heuch
Wi' the pick o' the country side.

We rade a' nicht i' the dark,
And swam the Eden in flude,
And lang or the dawnin's spark
At Carlisle Castle we stude;
We battered a yett, and in,
And carried the prisoner free,
The Warden awoke wi' oor din,
And we flaunted him slichtylee.

When knaves come prowling for meat
And wale the best o' oor fare,
We dinna sit doon and greet
Lamenting in dull despair.
But we up at the fade o' day,
And oor vengeance is soond and sair;
And for a' that was ta'en away
We bring back double or mair.

Young Percy cam' ower ae night
To harrie oor nowte and sheep,
But his head got a heartsom' clyte
That dinnled bait dour and deep;
That dinnled sae deep and dour,
Though half o' his men were slain,
He rade ower the Border like stour,
And never cam back again.

And sometimes the English creep
Ower a quiet and peacefu' glen,
And, lifting cattle and sheep,
Gang hamewards afore we ken;
But often we tackle the loons,
And the gear we garr them quit;
And some battered and broken croons
Are the feck o' the gains they get.

The Bewcastle reivers sweer
They carena for Harden's lord,
But they seldom ever come near
The slash o' his trusty sword.
And they keep, when they can, oot by
Frae the onset o' him and his men,
Sae its rare that kylies or kye
Are harried frae Harden Glen.

Oot ower by the Nine Stane pass
We followed some English loons,
But maist o' them fell in the grass
Wi' broken or crackit croons;
We gathered their stolen gear,
And lifted their ain forby,
And a' Harden Glen for a year
Was swairmin' wi' nowte and kye.

Though Queen Mary hersel demurs,
Lang idle we canna remain;
And we'll wallop oor foes like curs,
And heedna the stress and strain;
And we'll miss na a chance that occurs,
For the larder maun never be bare;
When his Leddy has tabled his spurs
Wat o' Harden maun ride for mair.

Sae as lang as I'm lippened wi'
The freedom o' Harden Glen,
Oor naigs aye saddled shall be
And ready for me and my men;
And the English may come or bide,
We haud them in high disdain,
For we ken that whatever betide
The munelicht will come again. B

And whiles in the gloaming gray,
Or the mirk afore the dawn,
Auld Wat and his reivers gay
Come stealthily ower the lawn;
And, galloping doon the glen,
Aye soothwards they disappear;
They are riding their raids again
For their ain or their neighbour's gear.

And this silent cavalcade
That's noucht but a reiver's wraith,
Rides noiselessly ower the glade
Without either skirl or skaith;
For the raiding days are dune
And peacefu' the enemee,
But they've left us the licht o' the mune
And a daithless memoree.

And we'll hing thegether like burrs,
As lang as oor heads we hain,
For his Leddy has tabled his spurs,
And Harden maun ride again.

TEEKAY.

Note A.—Auld Wat o' Harden's wife did not tell him when the larder was nearly depleted, but when a further supply was needed she placed a pair of spurs in one of the dishes at dinner, and the hint was quite sufficient to send Wat off on another foray.

Note B.—The motto of the Harden family is "We'll have munelicht again."

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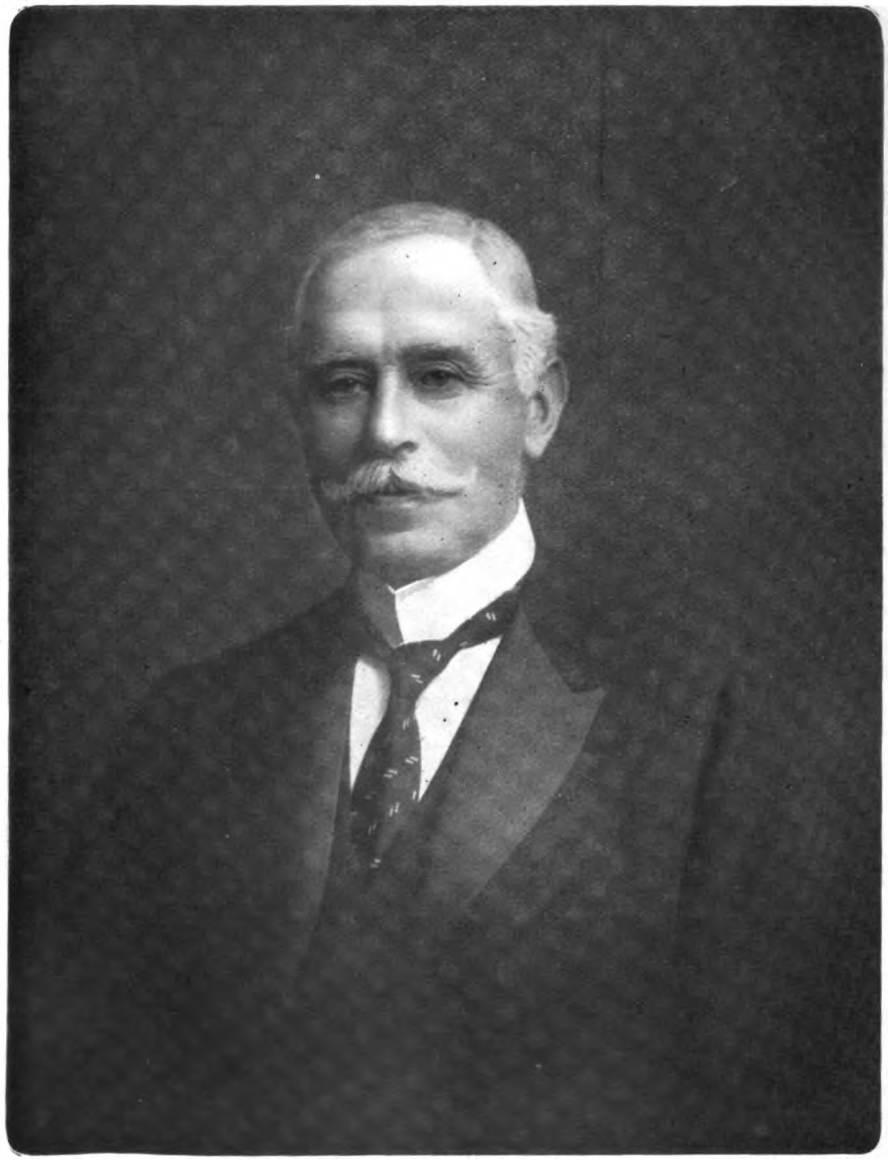
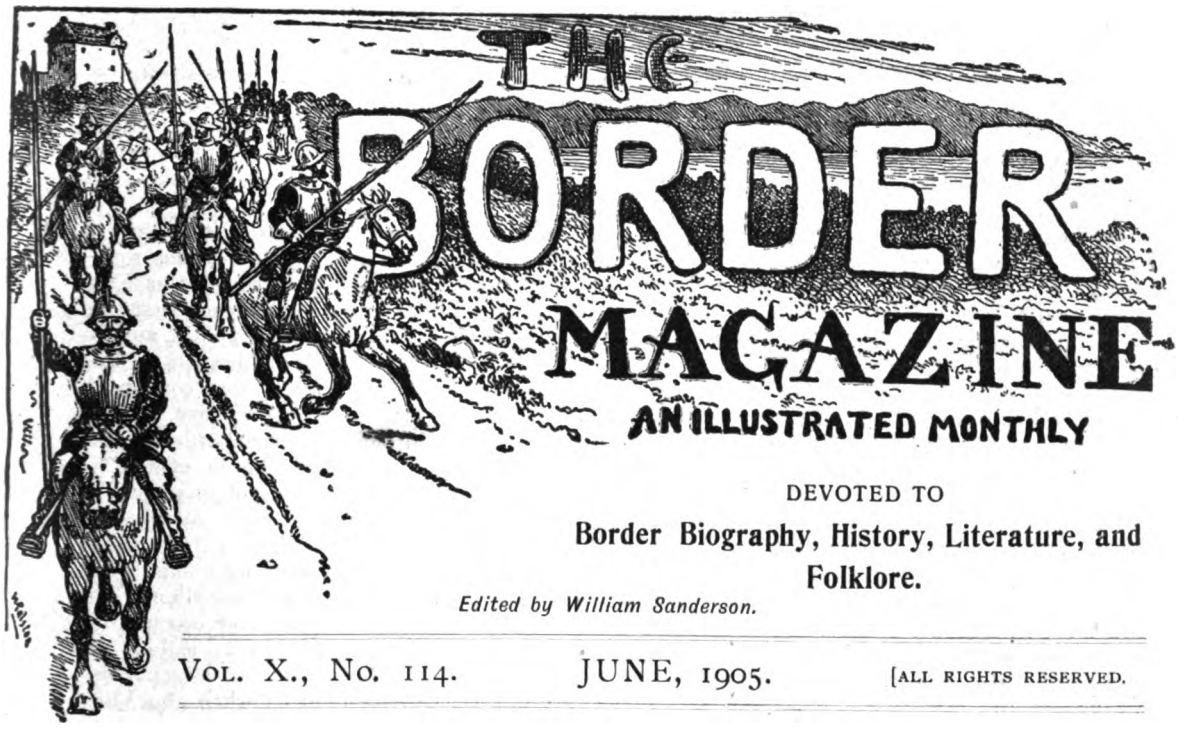


SIR RICHARD WALDIE GRIFFITH.



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SIR RICHARD WALDIE GRIFFITH, BART.

BY AN EX-VOLUNTEER.

THERE is probably no one better qualified to form the subject of a character sketch in the BORDER MAGAZINE than Sir Richard Waldie Griffith, because no matter whether he is regarded as the politician willing to take his share in guiding the destinies of the British Empire, the county gentleman keenly interested in local affairs, the good all-round sportsman, or the Colonel of the Border Rifles, no one is better known or more popular in the whole Border district. Although it is with Kelso that he is primarily associated, his exertions and the good he has done have not been confined to that district entirely, and many an institution in various parts of the Border country has been indebted to his generosity. For generations the Waldie family (originally spelt Waltho) have been connected with Kelso, and are first mentioned in the Register of Kelso, November, 1600, on the occasion of John Waltho's marriage with Bessie Learmont. During Sir Walter Scott's sojourn in Kelso he made the acquaintance of Robert Waldie, one of the Hendersyde family, and through him Scott had the run of the fine library at Hendersyde House, a circumstance which had probably not a little to do with giving an early bent to his genius. The grandfather of the present proprietor, Richard John Griffith, did much good work in the public service, and was noted for his studies in geology, his geological map of Ireland being described as one of the most remarkable productions which had ever been effected by a single geologist. He was created a baronet in 1858, and on his death the name Waldie was assumed as a prefix by his son. The present baronet, the subject of our sketch, was born in 1851, and after being educated at Radley College and Jesus College, Cambridge, served in the 2nd Dragoon Guards from 1872 to 1879, of which regiment he became a Captain.

As above mentioned, Sir Richard takes his share of public work, and has done good service as a member of the Roxburghshire County Council. Keenly interested in agriculture, he has done much to foster that industry, and one of his latest ideas is a proposal to establish a creamery in the South of Scotland in order to stimulate and improve the making of butter. He is also an active member of the Border Union Agricultural Society, attending its meetings faithfully and debating the var-

ious projects brought forward in the interests of the Society and of agriculture. As chairman of the River Tweed Commissioners, he has contributed much valuable aid to further the objects of this body, but that position, and the fact that he is a keen salmon angler, do not preclude him from desiring to see the Tweed Acts remodelled and placed on a more popular footing. He is a generous patron of all kinds of sport, and the trophies he has presented to various clubs and sporting institutions are both numerous and handsome. Like the true Scottish gentleman, he is a keen curler, and is a well-known figure on Border curling ponds when the "roarin' game" holds sway, while his long, honourable, and successful career on the race-course, and as a breeder of race horses, is known to all who follow the "sport of kings." It is more than ten years ago since Sir Richard began to race, and since then he has nearly always held a forward place in the list of winning owners, one of his best years being 1899, when he was credited with twenty-seven races worth almost £15,000. He was one of the first to recognise the advantage of the style of riding introduced by the American jockey Sloan, where the rider sits forward on the shoulders of the horse. His stables at Hendersyde, with their beautiful occupants, are a sight to see, and from his select lot of mares to breed from, who knows but there may be reared a horse who will bring to his owner the blue ribbon of the turf?

In his younger days Sir Richard was a keen devotee of rowing, and after leaving Radley, where he first learned to handle an oar, he distinguished himself at Cambridge by rowing stroke of the Jesus College eight and by winning his College sculls, but he was unluckily beaten for the Cambridge University sculls and the Diamond sculls at Henley.

In politics he is a strong Unionist, and as chairman of the Roxburghshire Unionist Association he helped in no small degree to promote the interests of the cause in the county and to return Lord Dalkeith as its Member, and when a candidate had to be found to fill the gap caused by the present Member's resolve to retire from Parliamentary duties, the Selection Committee did not require to go far afield in their search, and with great unanimity and cordiality adopted him as the Unionist candidate. Already he has addressed many meetings, and wherever he goes he commands respect and a hearing, not so much by the brilliancy of his oratory or his power of debate as by his honesty of purpose, absence of self-interest, and knowledge of local affairs. Even his political opponents cannot but admit that if he is elected to Parliament there is no one who will fulfil his duties more faithfully and conscientiously, if quietly, than he will.

Well-known though Sir Richard is and good work though he has done in the various positions we have described, it is perhaps as Colonel of the Border Rifle Volunteers that he comes most popularly before the public, and it is safe to say that there is no branch of his public services which he finds more congenial than the duties attached to this office. Like the many splendid officers of the Border Rifles who have gone before him, he is evidently much impressed with the value of this branch of the service. He was appointed to succeed Colonel Elliot of Teviot Lodge in 1891, and has since then thrown himself with energy and enthusiasm into the work of the battalion. He is held in the highest regard and esteem by all ranks, and in return he is very jealous of the prestige of the Border Rifles, an anxiety which was specially noticeable when the Volunteers were asked to take part in the recent South African war. He never fails to attend personally at the camps, and at parades he presents a fine appearance on his beautiful charger. In recent times when drill has changed so much and camp life is not so easy as it was once, he is always most considerate to his men—often at the expense of the cooks. The long range at Melrose was provided by Sir Richard at very considerable personal expense to meet the want of marksmen who got into the first hundred for the Queen's Prize, and who felt their inefficiency at the longer distances.

With Sir Richard's command a new era opened in Volunteering. Battalions were formed into brigades and brigades into army corps. The Border Rifles became part of the Scottish Border Brigade, and on the formation of the Scottish Army Corps, when, for the first time, Volunteer regiments were called upon to go into camp for training along with regiments of the line, the Border Rifles were one of the few Scottish Volunteer regiments selected for that distinguished honour. During his command the regiment has been thrice called upon to furnish men for duty in London on State occasions, viz., the Diamond Jubilee of the late Queen Victoria in 1897, Her late Majesty's funeral in 1901, and the Coronation of King Edward. The conspicuous way, however, in which the Border Rifles, in common

with other regiments, came forward on the occasion of the recent South African war and placed their services at the disposal of their country in her hour of need, must ever remain the most memorable event during Sir Richard's command, and right proud he was of the spirit which so many of his men displayed, and the manner in which the Service Companies conducted themselves when called to do battle for their Queen and country. He set his regiment a fine example by offering himself for active service, and his presence at parades when men were asked to volunteer for the front, together with his personal influence, did much to infuse the patriotic spirit with such satisfactory results. What he has done for the Border Rifles can never be properly estimated, and the officer who succeeds him will find it no easy matter to follow in his footsteps. All along he has been a thoroughly practical and up-to-date officer, and in some ways, e.g., the great interest he took in the Minto Cup and similar competitions, proved that he was almost in advance of his day. We hope the time is far off when Volunteers will be again wanted for active service, but should it come the Border Rifles, with Sir Richard in command, would be a force to reckon with.

Sir Richard has a striking personality, which stamps him at once the gentleman even to a stranger, and—like our gracious King—he possesses all the attributes we most admire in a right good sportsman. Even in his political campaign we prophesy that both supporters and opponents will find him "straight." Our earnest wish is that this popular county gentleman may be long spared in health and vigour to carry on his useful career.

The Portrait Supplement block of Sir Richard was kindly lent by Edinburgh Border Counties' Association.

An Old Parochial Schoolmaster.

THE last thirty or forty years have effected so many changes in methods of education that it must be difficult for the younger generation to realise that our smart and well-dressed schoolmasters have gradually evolved from the homely and often eccentric dominies of the pre-School Board days. But those who, like the writer, were born during the middle decades of last century will continue to cherish warm recollections of the old parochial schoolmasters, while rejoicing in every advancement. Even as I pen these words, the vision rises before me of the large low-ceilinged apartment in which Jimmy Duncan taught the juvenile population of an upland parish in Dumfriesshire. Like many members of his profession, "Jimmy," as the teacher was familiarly called, had been originally intended for the Church, but habits of dissipation acquired at college had completely overturned the projects of his poor but pious parents, and when yet a comparatively young man he was forced to abandon all his cherished ambitions and to become schoolmaster in the outlying village of Gledsburn. In Dr Rogerson, the large-hearted minister of the parish, "Jimmy" found a friend, who regarded all his excesses with the utmost charity, while he always urged him to follow the paths of sobriety and temperance. Only once did a parishioner venture to remonstrate with the worthy doctor for adopting such a lenient attitude towards the "sprees" of the maister. This was Geordie Tamson, the blacksmith, whose fertile brain had suddenly arrived at the conclusion that "Jimmy's" "ongoings" were sufficient to corrupt all the youth of the parish, and who was naturally anxious to try what an effect this wonderful discovery would have on the mind of his spiritual adviser. "I am surprised, George," retorted Dr Rogerson, after he had sustained the full force of the smith's rhetoric, "that a man of your sense and discrimination should entertain such a theory for a moment. Do you not think it more likely that the faults of our poor friend will prove beneficial to the bairns, by demonstrating that talents and learning go for nothing, when their possessor is the slave of one evil habit." If not convinced by this reasoning, Geordie was so far silenced that, in future rehearsals of the incident, he contented himself with observing that it was "wonnerfu' what 'eddication' made a man," for naebody was better at "jouking frae a ticht corner" than the minister. Gledsburn School was beautifully situated on the banks of a wimpling burn, which emptied its waters into the Solway Firth. The surrounding country, which supported no industry save agriculture, was sparsely populated, so that "Jimmy's" pupils seldom numbered more than thirty or forty. Adjoining the schoolhouse was the commodious white-washed cottage, in which "Mattie," the master's sister, reigned supreme, and behind it was an extensive garden, in which such old-fashioned flowers as the monkshood, columbine, and Michaelmas daisy displayed their

charms, in happy ignorance of the many gaudy annuals that were ultimately to oust them from popular favour. As the stress of circumstances compelled the average Gledsburn boy to leave school at the age of eleven or twelve, the master was seldom called upon to teach more than the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic. It is, therefore, not surprising that with few children under his care, and no H.M. Inspector of Schools to give the necessary fillip to exertion, he should not have taken a very serious view of his duties. During my school-days the only senior pupil was a lad of sixteen, who, being the son of the principal farmer in the parish, was not required at home, and was, consequently, sent to school in order that he might be kept out of mischief. The easy familiarity with which John could address the dominie was the envy of every pupil. When the Gled was in spate no other boy could leave the room, take "Jimmy's" fishing-rod from its corner in the wash-house, and then proceed to enjoy half-an-hour's sport. But it was often remarked that, when the water was in "guid fettle" John never absented himself for many minutes. "Are they gruppin', Jock?" "Jimmy" would ask as soon as the favourite presented his face at the door. And when the reply was couched in the affirmative he invariably brought the lesson to an abrupt close and sallied forth with his pupils at his heels to engage in the mysteries of the gentle art. But of the easy ways which marked the scholastic establishment at Gledsburn innumerable instances might be given. "Jimmy" was gifted with a mechanical ingenuity, which was popularly believed to surpass that of any watchmaker for miles around, and clocks and barometers out of repair were brought to him from all the surrounding parishes. These instruments called for an amount of attention, which often encroached upon school hours, and during such moments of absorption the pupils were left to wander at will through the pages of McCulloch's "Series of Lessons." When about to engage in this work, it was customary for "Jimmy" to ask a boy to commence reading at a particular sentence. With that quick perception which characterises the youthful mind, the urchin was seldom long in discovering that his performance was quite unattended to, and when he had stumbled through just as much of the lesson as he pleased, he handed the book to his neighbour, who took up the thread of the narrative, and in due course relegated the duty to another pupil. So long as this performance was accompanied with a fair amount of noise and confusion, "Jimmy" was quite oblivious as to whether jaw-breakers were correctly pronounced or skipped. But the many defects in "Jimmy's" methods of teaching may lead some to think that little or nothing was learned at Gledsburn. This would be a gross injustice to the teacher's memory. Few boys of to-day can imagine the thrill of pride which one of "Jimmy's" pupils felt when asked to assist him in some delicate operations on a watch. No one but a boy who had given some signal proof of genius could ever expect to be so highly favoured, and the work not only stimulated his reasoning powers, but taught him to use his hands with dexterity. True it is that the Scottish versions of the psalms and the answers of the "Shorter Catechism" were often muttered in as automatic a fashion as if they had issued from the modern gramophone; but in later life the beauty of the former was appreciated, and the concise sentences of the latter were clothed with new meaning. His favourite novels were "Guy Mannering," "Old Mortality," and "Ivanhoe," but he was also intimately acquainted with the poets, and long before the twenty-fifth of January became so intimately associated with the worship of Robert Burns, the boys of Gledsburn had done homage to the National Bard, by imprinting on their memories many of the poems which had specially appealed to "Jimmy." Perhaps it was the consciousness that the man, who is spoken of as a failure in one century, is often honoured in the next, that forged this link of sympathy with the Ayrshire poet. It was a matter of satisfaction to all who loved "Jimmy's" kindly ways, and who sympathised with his weaknesses, that he died just when the old order of things was giving place to the new, and when his position as schoolmaster was consequently no longer a sinecure. During the interval that has since elapsed many of his pupils have joined the majority. The favourite, Jock, distinguished himself in the legal profession, and lived long enough to be regarded as Gledsburn's most successful son. Several others of the dominie's clever lads attained distinction in different walks of life, and it is doubtful if one of the few Gledsburn boys who are still to the fore would care to admit that he has been at all handicapped in the race of life by a younger generation, whose education has been the special concern of School Boards and large staffs of certificated teachers.

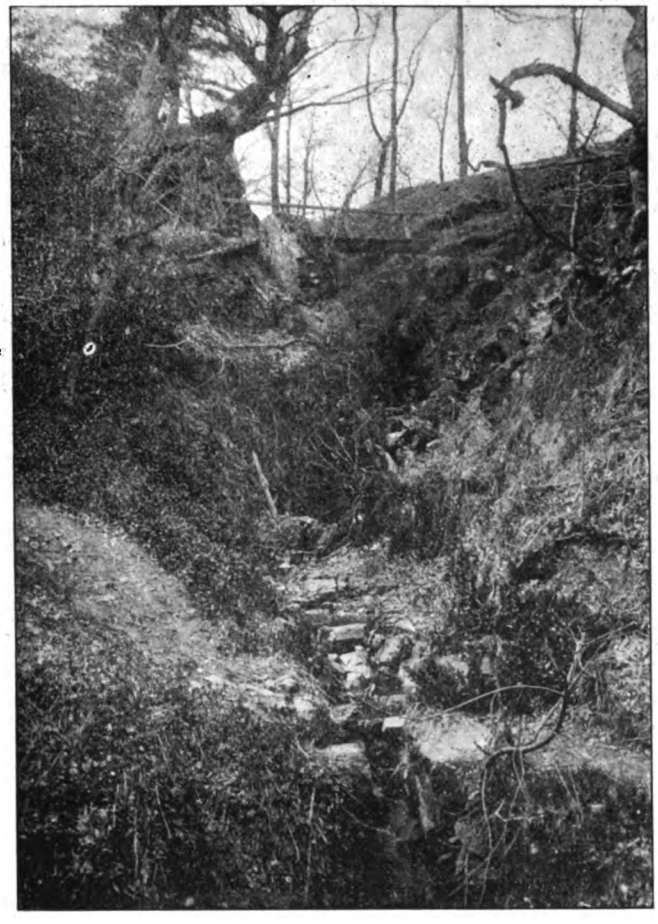
JOHN BALDERSTONE.

Sonnets Written in the Land of Scott.

SCARCELY was the ink dry on our pen after writing a notice of the book of Border poetry mentioned in another column than we had placed before us another neat little volume of poems having for its main theme the Land of Scott. As in the other volume referred to, the author of this book is a clergyman, the Rev. R. Armstrong (formerly vicar of Newlands, Keswick). The little volume being issued from the same office as our magazine debars us to some extent from special commendation, so we prefer to quote the words of one of our most prominent Borderers, who is an authority on all matters pertaining to the poetry and romance of the Scottish Border.

One may be pardoned for wondering when the stream will come to an end. The fountain of poetic feeling and suggestion of our dear Borderland seems to be inexhaustible. All that is taken from it never seems to lessen the supply, but rather the opposite, or to vary the metaphor the more the lamp of truth is shaken the brighter it shines.

We heartily welcome this contribution from the pen of the Rev. Mr Armstrong. We are not aware of ever having seen his name before on the title page of a book, but we should not be surprised if the reading public, following the example of the immortal Oliver Twist, should ask for more, as the quality of these Sonnets is of an unusually high order.



RHYMER'S GLEN.

Mr Armstrong's Sonnets relate for the most part to the Melrose and Yarrow districts, and in these places with their interesting associations he finds abundant material for his muse. He sings of Abbotsford and the Vale of Elwyn, of ballad-haunted Yarrow and the classic Tweed, of Melrose Abbey and Dryburgh and many another place renowned in Border song and story. He has done his work well, and we feel sure that all lovers of Border tradition and legend will peruse his book alike with pleasure and profit.

The book is finely illustrated, Dryburgh Abbey, St Mary's Loch, Newark and Melrose Abbey being specially worthy of mention. The general get up of the book is everything that could be desired, and reflects great credit on printer and publisher.

Stories of Coldstream Worthies of a Hundred Years ago.

(From the MSS. of W. A. Foster.)

RINGAN STEVENSON'S BEES.

It was the practice in the neighbourhood of Coldstream for the owners of bees to remove the skeps in the autumn to the moors for the purpose of allowing the swarms to feed on the heather.

Ringan Stevenson, the fisher at Tweed Mill, had four skeps that he wished taken to the Cheviots, and for this purpose borrowed Tam Tennent's cuddy. Ephraim was the name of this patriarchal bearer of burdens. With due preparation the skeps were braced upon the cranks, and Ringan proceeded on his journey to the hill country. He met with no adventure till near the confines of Yetholm, "and then," said Ringan, "the brute cockit his lugs and syne blew a blast that made a' the hills ring again. Then cam' a blatter like far-off thunner or a chairge o' cavalry, an', lookin' up, I saw a maitter o' twenty or thirty cuddies comin' scoorin'

ELWYN.

THE VALE OF THE ELWYN.

Sweet vale, with velvet swards of glowing green,
And flowery cliffs that please the gazing eye,
Thy woods all splendid in their purple dye,
Shine brightly in enchanted Fairy Dean;
Here the blue osiers o'er the Elwyn lean,
The aspens tremble while the breezes sigh,
Wood sorrels fold their leaves when night is nigh,
And pimpernels peep out with starry sheen.
Down from the hills thy glittering streamlets flow
And sing the tune the fairies loved awhile—
Though Avenel's ghostly lady walked thy plain,
Thy spirit now not presage is of woe,
But "ministering angel," that with smile
Creates new life for wearied hand and brain.

owre the hills. I retreated afore the chairge, dreedin' there wad be danger, an' left Ephraim to the greetin' an' salutation o' his freends. An' sure eneuch there was sic a layin' back o' lugs an' kickin' up o' heels that ye wad thocht a' the leddy cuddies o' Yetholm wanted Ephraim to dance a jig. But little kenned they the burden that he bore! What wi' the plungin' an' the gallopin', the corks cam' oot that keepit in the bees, an' off they swarmed by the thoosands. At ilka stang the cuddies ran an' squealed, but the bees stack to them like Yorkshire riders; an' what wi' the heat o' the weather an' the extraordinar' motion, the 'fountains' o' the skeps were broken up, an' the honey streamed upon the grund, never more to be gathered up. The noise an' confusion increased; the cranks an' skeps were smashed to pieces; an' as far as bees an' honey went I was a 'clean fish'."

"But, did you render no assistance, Ringan?" said I.

"Assistance!" said Ringan, with a warmth equal to the subject, "Div ye think' sir, that ony man o' common-sense wad have been justified in rinnin' the risk o' bein' stanged to daith when fower skeps o' bees were fairly under the pooer an' management o' a wheen cuddies?"

"The Return of the Master."

BEARING the above attractive title there has recently appeared a most pleasing volume of poems. The author is the Rev. T. S. Cairncross of Langholm, who, in addition to being a popular minister, has proved himself to be a poet whom the Borderland will gladly welcome to the ranks of her modern minstrels. In many of his poems Mr Cairncross has caught the spirit of the old ballads, and in several instances he successfully uses the ancient words and rhythms which are so pleasing to modern ears. The "Master" referred to in the title is Sir Walter Scott, and our poet with tender touch portrays the sad home-coming.

The first portion of this delightful volume of verse is devoted entirely to Border subjects, while in the second part the poems traverse a wide range of thought and feeling. Space prevents us quoting as largely as we could desire, so we must content ourselves with the folowing:—

They bore him down by dell and woody dene,
  Where restless Tasso melancholy sang,
He saw the azure sea's delightsome sheen,
  Gardens of roses, orange groves that hang
Saffron and gold. He saw them not; there rang
  Clear in his heart Tweed with its tender cry,
Yarrow and Ettrick calling: clash nor clang
  Could hide from him the land where he would lie,
O his to rest at Abbotsford, and there at home to die!

. . . . . .

The great procession wends and winds apace;
  A nation's pride is to the Abbey borne;
And immemorial Bemersyde his face
  Shall see no more: nor trumpets of the morn
Shall break his rest: nor yet Aurora's horn
  Winding o'er hill and valley: now instead
The steeds of death go by: wan water, gold of corn
  Are nought to him in this dark dusty bed,
The last ford crossed at sundown: his corn harvested.

* * *

BY THE WATERGATE.

Where the moorland curlew's calling,
  And the reedy grass is green,
And the dying day is falling
  Like a lost and beauteous green,
I can see their ragged faces
  As they pass and shine and fade—
Lonely men in desert places
  That their day immortal made.

By the Watergate they're speeding,
  "We'll hae moonlight yet again;"
And the peaceful sheep are feeding,
  Where the raiding, reiving men,
With their swords and with their lances
  Shot like arrows down the stream,
Noiseless as to-night their dances
  Morris-moonlight with its gleam.

Gather, for the beacon's flying,
  Men of Ettrick, Teviotdale!
Where the women-folks are crying,
  And the children make their wail.
Men of Eskdale, Ewes, and Liddle,
  Ye must ford the Lammas flood,
For this helpless English riddle
  Shall be solved but by your blood.

Where the Border hills lie dreaming
  In this pleasant countryland,
Like elusive moonlight gleaming
  Old time reaches out a hand;
And a fancy grasping lonely
  In the restless silence late
Grasps and loses: clasping only
  Shadows of the Watergate.

The volume, which is published by Mr Robert Scott, Langholm, is well printed and neatly bound, and will make a welcome addition to many a Border library.

FROM Jedburgh we have received the annual reports of the well-known Ramblers' Club and the Jedburgh Public Library, both documents proving that progress is still a marked feature of Jethart, and that Mr J. Lindsay Hilson, who plays a prominent part in both Club and Library, has lost none of his energy and enthusiasm.

Extracts from Old Documents.

THE Dormont Book of the City of Carlisle is one of its greatest treasures. It consists chiefly of bye-laws. The full title is:—

"This called the Regestar, Governor, or Dormont Book of thinhabitances within the citie of Carlell, renewed in the year of our Lord God 1561."

Rule 54.—"Itm that noe unchartered Scott shall dwell within this citie or the liberties hereof upon payne and forfetor of all his guds and punyshmtnt of his bodie at the mayr pleasure. And he or she that reseates or keepes them shall forfet for euere offence VIs VIIId."

Rule 54.—"Itm that noe Scottsman nor woman shall walk within this citie after the watch bell be rounge at thare perill onless thei have a freman his son or servant with them upon payn of imprisonment at the discretion of the mayr and counsale."

No apprentices were to be taken by Carlisle tradesmen who were born north of Blackford or the Irthing, i.e., about four miles north of the city.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AT CARLISLE.—Sir Francis Knollys wrote to Queen Elizabeth:—"She cannot be kept so rigorously as prysoner with your hyghnes honour (in myn opynyon) but that with devyces of towels or toyes at hyr chamber wyndow or elsewhere in the nyght, a bodye of hyr agylyty and spyryte may escape soone beying so near the border."

It well expresses the quandary of Elizabeth and her ministers,—determined to keep Mary a prisoner, whilst pretending to treat her as a visitor. Of course, Murray also wished her to be kept safely.

DEBATABLE LAND.—Lord Dacre, Lord Warden wrote to Cardinal Wolsey strongly recommending that Canonby, having been claimed by Scotland, should be wasted and destroyed. "As for the rest of the debatable ground that was unbrynte and destroyed when I was there, I have caused miche of it to be brynte and destroyed; and shall not faill, God willing, soo too procede from tyme to tyme, until it be clerly waiste, without one house or holde standing within it."—Cotton. MS.

GRAMES.—James I. (of England) banished the Grames of the Border, from whom the Grahams of Netherby are descended. They were a numerous and turbulent clan. The King stated the transportation to be by their own desire, and an assessment was made on Cumberland to cover the cost. Some went to the Netherlands, but most to Ireland.

M. E. H.

A Night Adventure in Jedburgh.

MR GEORGE THOMPSON, who was in his day a distinguished anti-slavery advocate, when visiting Hawick many years ago, told the following story to some friends whom he met at dinner. The mention of the town of Jedburgh to him prompted the inquiry if Mr William Robson, for some years a waiter in the Spread Eagle Hotel, was then living. The answer was that honest Willie had been dead for several years. Mr Thompson gave a memorial sigh of some significance—and a smile too. Never, said he, would he forget the scene which he once witnessed associated with the departed worthy. It contained the quintessence of queerness, and might have formed a chapter of Gil Blas. First of all, to those whose memory is unfamiliar with Willie's bodily figure, we may mention that he was a waiter whose presence carried comfort to the tired traveller's heart. He was about the middle height, stout and paunchy in person, of a rubicund and blythe countenance, with broad bald head, in the front of which twinkled two knowing eyes that glanced with sly yet gracious intrusion into any human millstone. The solid substance of the man was no hindrance to nimbleness of action; for he was all soul and readiness, bounding but and ben, a living type of "What's your wull, sir?" till the timbers of the hotel creaked beneath him. Willie possessed an odd corner in his nature, in which dramatic frolic lay half hid. In his youth on one occasion he had acted a theatrical part in a play, performed in a barn, and this faculty contributed a varied liveliness of expression, throughout his life onwards, to the motions of his body. "But that's not all," as Shakespeare says in his daughter, Mrs Hall's epitaph. Willie was a man of good principles—an old Seceder in religious profession. Peace to the memory of the kind old man!

Mr Thompson and Frederick Douglass—the latter known in the annals of the anti-slavery struggle as the most eloquent orator of the negro race—had been lecturing in Newcastle-on-Tyne; and learning that a question of unusual interest in the clerical relations of the anti-slavery cause was to come on for discussion before the Free Church Assembly in Edinburgh in the following week, they became anxious to reach the Scottish metropolis to hear the debate. It was before the railway days, and the speediest method was to travel by post-chaise right through the country by the Carter Fell and Jedburgh. It was on a Sunday night late, when their jaded steeds groped their way into

the slumbering burgh town. The rattling wheels coming to a stand, allowed the echoes they had woke up to fall to rest, and the vehicle found itself standing in front of what turned out to be the Spread Eagle. The unwonted intrusion made itself felt to the travellers, as they sat in the darkness and stillness of midnight, perplexed what to do next. Never, said Mr Thompson, had he in all his wanderings, been so impressed with such a death-like silence. It was the silence of the Catacombs. No wink of dying ember twinkled in window; no butcher's dog gave hoarse challenge to the belated travellers. The very life of the place seemed as if it has gone out. The post-boy, knowing the room where the waiter slept, said he would try and arouse that personage; so he scuffled along the house side till he found the window. In a little the wished-for man undid the lock of the front door, bobbing into the dark with a candle that seemed sleepier than himself. The reader can picture the figure of Willie Robertson standing at the chaise window in improvised garments—his peaked red nightcap surmounting the face already described; his hasty combination of white and dark clothes; his naked shanks and shuffling slippers. The "tout ensemble" formed a picture which Cruickshank alone could have rendered into form. Flashing the candle up against the nearest of the travellers, he, with a feint of roughness, exclaimed: "What the devil makes ye brik the holy Sabbath-day by travelling in this fashion?" Mr Thompson met the incongruous salutation by saying that they were travelling under circumstances somewhat forced upon them, and were painfully conscious of the intrusion they were guilty of, but they would throw themselves on his kindness for him to put them up in the inn. Willie comprehended the case, and led the way, signalling the visitors to follow; and up those nightnight stairs the strange procession filed. Coming to a halt in the first apartment which they reached, Willie drew up dramatically to scrutinise the disturbers of his well-earned repose. His eye measured off Mr Thompson, and then passed on to his companion, whose person up to this had not come within range of the flickering candle. The figure which now disclosed itself seemed to strike Willie as with fifty mortal murders of surprise and wonder; and he started back with a look and gesture as if the enemy of mankind was before him. There stood the stalwart black man. His very blackness and the mystery of the midnight circumstances seemed to justify Willie's terrified exclamation, that "this was the very deevil himself!" Willie's sudden bound and wheel round, with his scanty garments displaying his plump calves and otherwise well-developed proportions, formed a tableau comical in the last degree. At length the scene, so grotesque, ended by Willie being true to his hospitable character, and providing the tired travellers with needful refreshments.

In after years, when the two anti-slavery champions recounted their travels to audiences in many a town and village of the Far West, the scene just described was brought up, and laughter, "holding both her sides," and merriment, witnessed the recital of the adventure, in which Frederick Douglass was taken for the devil in the far-off Scottish town of Jedburgh.

Dear Lochleven.

A Border Fisher's Experiences.

The budding Spring has come again,
Wi' genial sun, and win', and rain,
And there's the knights o' ancient fame
Hurryin' across,
Wi' rods and creels, to catch the train
To auld Kinross.

Man, did ye ever see Lochleven?—
Nae sweeter sicht was ever given
To Christian clad, or naked heathen,
Than just her face,
Where heaven and earth, and earth and heaven,
Meet and embrace.

When breezes fan Benarty's pow
And dimpling waters dance below,
It's grand to see the angler throw
The swishing line,
And hear the reel at stern or bow
Run birrin' fine.

I mind ae day o' middlin' sport—
Plenty o' fish, but rising short—
Within a boat-length o' the "Scart,"
An ancient gutcher
Raise in a passion, wi' a snort,
And nailed the butcher.

He lap, he ran, he lay, he sulkit,
Danced like a Dervish in a pulpit,
Clean heels ower heid he turned the wulkit—
Says I, you're mine;
Snap! and the auld Bohemian bulkit
Wi' hauf my line.

O! fisher folk are to be pitied—
They cast and cast sae lang unheeded,
And when their patience is requited
Wi' something cheerin',
The trophy's lost, the cheater cheated,
The boatman swearin'.

To tell your wife's an awfu' task:
She'll look and listen, ask and ask;
Or waur, wi' sympathetic mask,
Bid ye proceed:
While quietly she looks your flask,
And nods her heid.

Tho' often baffled, still we're willin';
Man's but the product o' the callan,
And baith require a lot o' schullin'—
It's needless grievin';
Put doon your five-an-twenty shillin'
To *dear* Lochleven.

Peter Taylor.

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1905.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

ONE of our greatest encouragements is the knowledge that many copies of the BORDER MAGAZINE are sent abroad, and that these links with langsyne and the dear old Borderland are much appreciated by those who are far removed from the once familiar scenes. A warm supporter of our magazine writes to say that he has for a long time sent a copy each month to a Borderer in a far distant part of the world, to whom it comes "like a drink in the desert." We feel sure no one will object to our urging our readers to largely increase the export of this special kind of drink. Borderers in all parts of the world desire draughts from the perennial stream of Border lore, and it lies with our readers to satisfy them.

The Border Keep.

The links which bind us to the days of Sir Walter Scott are still numerous, and I am continually being reminded of this by the appearance of interesting paragraphs in the newspapers. For the sake of preserving such important items I feel certain that I will not weary the readers of the B.M. by transferring the cuttings to this column. Referring to the marriage of Miss N. Elsie Maxwell Scott, second daughter of the Hon. Mr Maxwell Scott of Abbotsford, to Mr Edward Cassidy, which took place at Huntlyburn on 26th April, the "Bystander" says:—

"The news that there is to be a wedding next week at Huntlyburn, on the Abbotsford estate, with Scott's own great-great-great granddaughter as bride, takes one back to a memorable occasion just eighty-four years ago, when Scott rode over the same homestead for the wedding of his old friend and tenant, Fergusson, who had come to live near him after his soldiering days in the Peninsular. 'The noble Captain Fergusson was married on Monday last,' he writes, on April 23, 1821. 'I was present at the bridal, and I assure you the like has not been seen since the days of Lesmahago. Like his prototype, the Captain advanced in a jaunty, military step, with a kind of leer on his face that seemed to quiz the whole affair. You should write to your brother sportsman and soldier, and wish the veteran joy of his entrance into the land of Benedicks. Odd enough that I should christen a grandchild and attend a wedding of a contemporary within two days of each other. I have sent John of Syke, with Tom, and all the rabblement which they can collect, to play the pipes, shout, and fire guns below the Captain's windows this morning; and I am just going over to hover about on my pony, and witness their reception. The happy pair returned to Huntlyburn on Saturday; but, yesterday being Sunday, we permitted them to enjoy their pillows in quiet. This morning they must not expect to get off so well.'"

* * *

Some parts of the Borderland are being robbed of much of their beauty by the wholesale cutting down of plantations, and I can sympathise with the wanderer who returns to his native vale after such a transformation has taken place. "The Man About Town" in the "Southern Reporter" thus refers to the important subject of afforestation:—

The study of forestry, which last winter attracted many in Selkirk to the lectures of Dr

Borthwick on the subject, is a very fascinating one, as a friend confessed to me the other day. As he said, before this course, which he attended, he was scarce able to distinguish between a gooseberry bush and an oak tree, and I can quite understand how now, with his new knowledge, the country with its wooded walks and drives is more beautiful to him than ever. Forestry, however, is likely to bulk more largely in the future, not on account of the pleasure its study affords the dilletante, but rather on account of the utilitarian purpose to which it can be put. The afforestation of wild and waste land has sometimes been advocated as a business with which the State might very well occupy itself. Its utility and its prudence must easily be seen; and it does not take much thought to see that such work would be a far better way of solving the question of the unemployed than the present system of workhouses and indiscriminate charity. Wherefore we commend the afforestation of waste land in the words of the old laird of Dumbiedykes:—"Jock, when ye ha'e naething else to dae ye may aye be sticking in a tree; it'll be growin, Jock, when ye are sleeping." It may be recalled that some forty or fifty years ago, when the late Sir John Murray laid out the now beautifully wooded slopes of the Philiphaugh hills facing Selkirk, a time of great trade depression was to an extent nullified by the weavers and others turning their hands for the nonce to forestry. This lends points to the moral and adorns the tale.

* * *

The same paper, in giving a report of an interesting church function, says:—

It is a mere truism to say that Scottish people are not very demonstrative in their affection. That national "dourness," which outsiders cannot understand, and in their perplexity set down as a sort of churlishness, stands guard over the affections of the Scottish people. It most probably is the case that Scots are not so ready as other people to show their love, simply because they regard it as something sacred, which is not to be bandied about in the loose conversational badinage of every day life; and something out of the ordinary course must fall out before this cautious reserve is broken through, and the feeling of love or respect for the individual concerned bursts forth in an excess of spontaneous enthusiasm. And something out of the ordinary course caused Selkirk recently to cast its reserve and reticence to the winds, and to unite to show the honour and esteem which long service and lovable qualities of heart and head always evoke. The occasion was the ministerial semi-jubilee of Rev. Mr Sharpe, Heatherlie Parish Church, and it may be said at the outset that the occasion was celebrated by his congregation and numerous friends in a manner that must make the chief figure in the celebrations feel proud, not alone of the honour done him, but of the love that prompted it, and of the thorough appreciation of the services he has rendered for the past quarter of a century.

* * *

The Rev. Mr Sharpe, in his speech, said:—

His lines had indeed fallen in pleasant places, and he estimated very highly the privilege and pleasure he possessed in having so kind, so indulgent, and so sympathetic a congregation, and in having his home in the beautiful Borderland, every inch of which was classic ground. Selkirk had always been a place of great ecclesiastical importance. At one time an Abbey was situated in it, but it was afterwards transferred to Kelso. Since the Reformation there had been a long line of distinguished ministers in it, of whom the most distinguished was, probably, Welch, son-in-law of Knox, who had charge not only of Selkirk, but also of a large district around it. Even then, however, Lindean and Gala required a minister of its own. In these old days at the meetings of Presbytery the church bell was always rung to summon the people to the preliminary exercise which preceded the business; and it was recorded in the minutes that, on one occasion, the service was omitted, as the Selkirk people were riding their marches, and could not attend.

* * *

In April last the death took place in London, in his ninety-first year, of a member of the well-known Midlothian family, Loch of Drylaw, Mr William Adam Loch, who traced his descent through the Erskines of Cardross from both King Edward I. of England and Robert Bruce. The late Mr Loch was called to the Bar in 1840, and was some time Crown Agent for Scotland. He was associated with the passing of many Scotch private Acts of Parliament, and at one time took a prominent part in the cause of Free Trade. As a boy he had stayed with his father at Abbotsford, and Sir Walter himself showed him many of his Border treasures. Both James Loch and his brother John were great friends of the novelist, in whose "Journal" there are many pleasant references to them. The deceased gentleman was an elder brother of that distinguished statesman, the late Lord Loch of Drylaw, and uncle of the present Peer, whose engagement to Lady Margaret Compton, only daughter of the Marquis of Northampton, has just been announced. Curiously enough, Lady Margaret herself descends from Sir Walter Scott's very close friend, Mrs Maclean Clephane of Torloisk, Isle of Mull.

* * *

I often wonder if there will ever be published a good biography of "Russell of the 'Scotsman'." Someone is losing a glorious chance of linking his name with the famous editor. Those who can remember him or his vigorous articles will appreciate the following scrap:—

A good story may be recalled of that prince of paragraphists, the late Mr James Payn. On one occasion he happened to complain to a brother editor, Mr Alexander Russell, about "the stiffness of social life in Edinburgh," and, suddenly recollecting himself, sought to make the "amende honorable" by saying, "You have so little of it that I really forget that you are a Scotsman." "Sir," replied Russell,, "I want no compliment paid to me at the expense of my country." "Pardon me," said Payn, "but I think you ought to accept it with pleasure, as the very first thing that has ever been done at the expense of your country."

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Earlston-on-Leader.

By G. S. Aitken, F.S.A. Scot.

LONG before the village of Earlston had any location on the River Leader, the Black Hill, which lies to the south, was crowned with a native fort, and, like the north-east Eildon, had a series of circular excavations for receiving the pit huts of the time. At that far-distant period to which no date can be assigned, the country must have been covered by a dense forest, the growth of undisturbed ages, where roamed the red and fallow deer, the wild boar, and smaller animals of the chase, with an occasional wolf, the last of whose descendants did not disappear from Scotland till during the eighteenth century.

Later in the stone age, as the country was cleared of part of its woods, the inhabitants left their monk on the lower levels, for from time to time flint knives, arrowheads, and scrapers have been found on Craigsford Mains, Clackmae, and Earlston; felstone axes, arrowheads, and scrapers from Mosshouses and Halidon Mill; hammer stones from Sorrowlessfield, Cowdenknowes, Bemersyde, and Kittyfield, with many other forms of flint implements from different parts of the district, while not many years ago a cist with arrowheads was discovered in Dryburgh Orchard. We are not sure whether the flow and ebb in the Roman occupation of the debateable lands between the Hadrian and Antonine walls affected the vale of the Leader; but we know the invaders must often have marched past the site of the future village of Newstead on their way north to Cramond.

In time came the monks, who founded Melrose Abbey. One of its Granges or centres of farming operations lay between Melrose and Earlston. This, we incidentally learn from a record that has come down to us of a dispute in the thirteenth century, between the monks of Melrose and the Earl of Dunbar, concerning pasture lands on the east side of the Leader, from which he had ejected them; but the effectual ecclesiastical method of interdict compelled him to submit, and as an acknowledgment of monastic authority, he made a gift to them of "the whole arable land called Sorouelesfeld on the west side of the Leader, towards the Grange of the foresaid monks, as fully as William Soroueles held it." If the estate of Drygrange, which is contiguous to Sorouelesfeld bears its ancient name, we need have no hesitation in locating the monastic granary there.

The lay brothers, together with their herdsmen, shepherds, and millers, must have proved a busy and useful community. The mills would be worked by water-power, and therefore situated on the Leader. Whether they or their sites survive in any of the neighbouring mills would be difficult to determine.

There is a mill at Redpath, called Lady's Mill, but the name, it is said, was given it in regard to Lady Kyle's ownership, and does not necessarily arise out of the fact that Melrose Abbey was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. There is another mill at the Earlston end of the old bridge which strides the Leader, known as Rhymer's; it has the date of 1680, and the letters "J. H." upon it, but this rather indicates Home of Cowdenknowes as the owner than the monks of Melrose. Most likely it was at Leader Foot.

Earlston had its contact with Border history in the familiar ruin on Leader banks known as Learmonth's or Rhymer's Tower, which was happily purchased for preservation in 1885 by the Edinburgh Border Counties' Association, thus showing a very different spirit to that of the builder who long ago used part of its stones with which to erect the adjoining cottages. The tower remained in the possession of the Learmonth family till the end of the thirteenth century, when, as we learn from a charter in the Advocates' Library, it, and the land attached, amounting to nearly ten acres, was presented to the Convent of the Trinity at Soltra, by the Rhymer's son, "Thomas of Ercildoune, son and heir of Thomas the Rhymer of Ercildoune," in 1294-95. A descendant of True Thomas was buried in Dryburgh Churchyard; her monument bearing this inscription, "In memory of Agnes Learmonth, who died November, MDCCCXX, aged — years." Further west is Cowdenknowes tower, with the date 1555 on one of its gables, but the tower part must be much earlier than this, as King James IV. in a charter to Mungo Home, refers to the mains of Ersilton called Coldaned Knoth's with fortalice and manor thereon, and this is probably that fortalice.

Close to the tower is the mansion of Cowdenknowes, built by John Home; his initials "J. H." and his wife's "M. K.," with the date "1524" are cut on the door-lintel. His wife was Margaret, daughter of Andrew Ker of Cesford.

According to a charter published by the

Historical Manuscripts Commission, Cowdenknowes originally belonged to the Earl of Angus, who sold to "Alexander Home, apparent heir to Lord Home, the mains of the lands of Ersilton (Earlston), with mill, cottages, and ten acres of land belonging to the mill of Ersilton, extending to a pound's worth of land; also five husbandlands* of the town of Ersilton at the east end next the said mains. Dated at Douglas, 14th Aug., 1484."

In the same year there was issued a "precept by said Earl to infeft Alex. Home, grandson and apparent heir to Alex., Lord Home, in twenty pounds' worth of the land of Ersilton, namely, the mains of Ersilton with pertinents, granting Alex. Home, Great Chamberlain of Scotland, the mains of Ersilton with pertinents called the Cowdenknowes, and the other lands as above described to be held by the Earl and his heirs in fee and heritage for a reddendo of one penny, payable on the land of Cowdenknowes if asked." Dated at Edinburgh, 28th Jan., 1488-89.

A later instrument of resignation narrates that Archibald Earl of Angus did in presence of James IV. resign the whole lands of Earlston, tenants and tenandries in the Earldom of March and Shire of Berwick in favour of John Home of Whitrig. Done at Douglas, 21 Oct., 1489.

COWDENKNOWES HOUSE, 1856.

the 'lang akers' for £2, Carelside for £1, the 'Thowlescrouk' for £1, the 'hal orchard,' which is called the manor of the same, the mains with the Coldenknowes for £6, the five husbandlands next to and on the east side of the manor for £5, Philipston, Fawlo, and Willestroder meadow for other £5, all in the lordship of Earlston and Sheriffdom of Berwick. Dated at Edinburgh, 11th Oct., 1484."

This Alexander Home was ambassador to England on one occasion, and died in 1488. The following charter may have reference to his successor:—"Charter by Earl of Angus

* A husbandland is equal to twenty-six acres.

Two writs which were issued in the next century, interestingly show the relationship between the Homes and their neighbours. The first is a licence, dated 28 Nov., 1536, by John Home of Coldenknowes, granting leave to certain men of Dryburgh to pull heather on his moor (of Earlston), and that only for the Abbot's lifetime.

The second is an instrument by which the "gudeman of St John's Chapell" grants that his pasturing his goods on Earlston moor is only by the tolerance of John Home of Coldenknowes, and during the latter's will only. Dated 23rd May, 1540.

In the next century the Coldenknowes fam-

ily, consisting of Sir John Home, and his son, Sir James Home of Whitrig, and the latter's wife, Lady Ann Home, agreed to live together so long as they can agree among themselves, the household accounts to be carefully kept and audited by the mistress of the house every Saturday. The agreement is dated September, 1612.

Just before this, by an agreement dated 1st July, 1612, the lands of Ersilton were granted by the same Sir John Home of Coldenknowes, and Sir James Home of Whitrig, his son, to John Nasmyth, Surgeon to the King, under reversion of an annual rent of £3000 Scot. A successor of Sir John Home, who died in 1666, incurred the odium of oppressing the Covenanters.

Cowdenknowes came into the possession of Mr Ferrier, Provost of Dundee, in 1731, through his marriage to the heiress; losing his money by speculation about 1760 the property was sold. His son, Dr Ferrier, who is, notwithstanding the sale, described as of Cowdenknowes, married a niece of James Haig of Bemersyde, the daughter of his eldest sister, Mrs Home of Ayton.

It is interesting to note that the demesne came long after by purchase for the sum of £48,000 into the possession of Mr Gilfillan, a Liverpool merchant, to whom George Gilfillan of Dundee was related.

The earliest recorded lords of Earlston were the Lindsays. One of them granted to the monks of Kelso the Church of Ercildoune with one ploughgate of land, and by them it was transferred to Coldingham Priory in 1171 in exchange for Gordon. It is thus evident that the Church was an earlier erection than Coldingham Priory, and as the style of the Priory is Early Pointed, the Earlston Church might very well have been Norman, like the fragment still forming part of Legerwood Church. But if this were so, the old work must have been effectually destroyed, as there was no appearance of any architectural detail in the simple building of 1736, which preceded the present ornate church.

The only ancient memorial forming part of the late church was the well-known stone bearing the inscription, "Auld Rhymer's race lyees in this place," but even this is said to be a copy which dates no further back than 1782. Sir Walter Scott put on record the following facts regarding it:—"The ancient inscription was defaced by an idle boor in a drunken frolic. The present clergyman, with great propriety, compelled him to replace it at his own expense in the same words as formerly. The new inscriptions are, of course, in modern character, those when defaced are said to have been very ancient, the spelling is probably modernised." But with all respect to Sir Walter's opinion, it would have been better to have retained the defaced old stone for what it was worth as an antiquarian record, and renewed the inscription on a fresh piece of stone. It ought to be mentioned that the church bell was founded in 1609 by Ian Bargerhuys, who cast several of the Scottish bells in the seventeenth century; that of Hawick Church among the rest.

The present village has no buildings of any considerable antiquity about it, other than an old house at the east-end called "Sparrow Castle," nearly opposite the Church; and the various thatched cottages which are so picturesque a feature in Scottish village architecture. It seems a pity they cannot be retained in cases where isolation would ensure immunity from the spreading of possible fire from, or to, the adjoining houses. It may be that Earlston met the same treatment from the troops of the Marquis of Hertford in 1545, as Darnick, Dingleton, Gattonside, and Eildon.

The original village was in the form of a group of cottages clustered round an old castle which stood at the east-end of the present town, and as the possession of the Earl of Dunbar, gave to the hamlet the name of Earlstoun.

An alternative origin has been given to the name by a writer who refers to the signature at "Ercheldun" of the foundation charter of Melrose Abbey by David I. in 1143, and states that the original name was Ercheldoun or Ercildoune, which is Cambro-Brittanic for "Prospect Hill," and such the Black Hill was. Be that as it may, the grouping of the retainers' cottages round the stronghold for security is a well-known source of village origin, the dispersion of the occupants to other houses in its vicinity taking place when it was safe to leave the shelter of the castle.

In the neighbourhood of the strenghold was the "Dovecot Knowe," a sand bank which was cut away some years ago when the Earlston railway formed. As the presence of a dovecot often accompanies an old castle or mansion-house, it is in this case an evidence of the former existence of the feudal building. The Earlston group of towers must have been in sight of those of Gordon, Whiteslade, Colmslie, Sandyknowe, and Bemersyde, all set in

their various districts for the defence of the hamlets which were adjacent to them.

The pleasant sound of the handloom shuttle and treadle was quite common up to a time past the middle of last century. An octogenarian living in Earlston says, there were about fifty looms at work in his earlier days engaged in weaving the pretty cotton fabric known as "Earlston Ginghams," too durable, alas, for the swift changes demanded by modern fashion. The last manufacturer of them—William Glendinnen—died about six years ago, and it is understood that this local occupation is now extinct.

The Gingham industry was brought to Earlston by Thomas Whale, the son of Andrew Whale, parish schoolmaster of the parish. Andrew had previously a similar appointment at Stitchell, and originally came from the neighbourhood of Yetholm. He died in 1572, at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight. His wife was of a Northumbrian family—Jane Reid of Reidsford. She died in 1776, aged eighty years. They had two sons, Lancelot, who was Rector of the Grammar School at Kelso (young Walter Scott was under his charge for a time), and Thomas, who founded the Gingham manufacture in Earlston.

Tweed manufacture, common to so many Border towns, has been carried on for some years in the "Mid Mill" at Haughhead, and is now the staple industry of the village. Blanket weaving and milling have also found a place there.

Before we describe the special features of historical interest, we ought to mention that Earlston has one main street, running from east to west, going on at the east-end in a single line in the direction of the hamlet of Gordon, opening out about the middle to the village green, a busy scene in the old fairing times. From the green a road goes south and west to Redpath and Bemersyde. The western end crosses the Leader by an old bridge, of date 1733, and from thence past the farm of Craigsford. Before reaching the bridge it is intersected by the road from Lauder, which continues past Kirkstyle and over the new bridge to Leaderfoot, by Cowdenknowes and Drygrange; and a branch goes north-west at the crossing point to Haughhead, Carolside, and Clackmae.

The Parish Church, already mentioned, stands towards the east-end, on a rising ground on the north side of the main street; the graveyard is surrounded by some very fine sycomores, and has a few old tombstones, the oldest being inscribed to David Burnet, and dated 1643. Two older stones of another nature, noticed by Robert Chambers on the occasion of a visit, were by his advice built into the Church walls in 1832. They are now carefully preserved inside the tower of the new Church. The oldest has the Maltese cross prolonged of the Knights Templars. Although there is no date on the stone, it may be presumed to have been carved in memory of Patrick Earl of March and Dunbar, who died in 1248 on his journey to the Holy Land. In preparation for this journey he had sold to the monks of Melrose his stud of brood mares at Lauderdale in 1247. The other has a pair of shears in the middle, accompanied by the date 1564 and initials "A. R.," supposed to refer to one Robertson, a blacksmith of the neighbouring village of Fans. There was another fragment of stone with an inscription referring to the house of Zair (Yair).

(To be Continued.)

New Border Post Card Series.

ANOTHER series of Picture Post Cards has been published—"The Borderland" series—20 different views of various places of interest. They comprise:—Gala House; Convalescent Home, Abbotsview, Galashiels; Public Library, St John's U.F. Church, and Drill Hall; Our Lady and St Andrew's Roman Catholic Church; Leabrae and Buckholm District; Buckholm Tower, Galashiels; Magdala Terrace District, Galashiels; Ashiestiel House; Ashiestiel Bridge; Tweed Valley, Caddonfoot, Peel, and Ashiestiel; Clovenfords and Tweed Vineyards from Meigle Hill; Clovenfords and Tweed Vineyards from South; Fairnalee Tower; Caddonfoot Manse and Church; Caddonfoot Church; Caddonfoot Bridge; Caddonfoot School; Yair House and River Tweed; Fairydean, Galashiels; St Paul's Church, Galashiels. They are in the latest style of colouring and neatly executed. Caddonfoot Manse and Yair House are very fine numbers, and the Rev. Mr Small standing at the manse door must make the former a cherished memento for many exiled natives of the classic vale. Mr F. I. Walker, Galashiels, who is the publisher, is to be congratulated on his latest addition to the large and varied list of souvenirs he has produced.

The Tramps of the Borderland.

MUNGO PARK.

THE Borderland was the birthplace of two distinguished African travellers, Mungo Park and Hugh Clapperton. The first was born in 1771, and the second in 1788. Hugh Clapperton's passion was for the sea, and he set out on his adventures when a lad of seventeen, so that we can hardly claim him for one of our tramps. With Mungo Park the tramping instinct was strong, and it was to his wanderings in pursuit of the study of botany that his after success was due. He was born at Foulshiels in Selkirkshire, studied in Edinburgh, and at the age of twenty-three, after serving as a surgeon with an East India man, he read a paper before the Linnæan Society in London on eight new species of fishes he had observed in Sumatra. The study of natural history and botany are often begun when a boy puddles in some Border burn, but few boys have the talents, genius, and steady perseverance of Mungo Park. Ere long he was employed by a scientific association intent on opening up Darkest Africa. He was sent to trace the course of the Niger, and for a while disappeared from human knowledge, meeting with adventures of all kinds, prisons, hunger, thirst, and yet through all being steady in his pursuit of knowledge. After two years and seven months he landed at Falmouth, and became the "lion" of London. After his marriage with a Selkirk lady he began to practice as a surgeon in Peebles. But he soon grew restless, and began to think of again setting out on his adventures. After he had removed from Peebles to Foulshiels, there sprang up a strong intimacy between Sir Walter Scott and Mungo Park. Sir Walter Scott was living with his family at Ashiestiel, on the banks of the Tweed, and he had not then the crowded and overworked life that eventually killed him. Hogg said Scott passed the happiest time of his life at Ashiestiel. There "Marmion" was written, and there he lived the life of a Border tramp and held converse with Mungo Park, who was an enthusiastic lover of poetry, especially the folk-songs and Border ballads that were sung in Tweed, Yarrow, and Ettrick glens.

But Mungo Park was growing restless. Ere long he received an appointment in a new mission to Africa promoted by Government. It was on Williamhope-ridge that Sir Walter Scott bade farewell to Mungo Park. They had come up from Ashiestiel, and at a ditch Park's horse stumbled.

"I am afraid, Mungo, that is a bad omen," said Scott.

The handsome Mungo smiled. His courage was not daunted. "Freits follow those who look to them," he answered gayly. Then he put spurs to his horse and rode off without once looking back. But Scott watched his friend till he was out of sight.

So Mungo Park parted from his friend, and left his lonely young wife, to go out as a pioneer to what was then an unknown land. He never returned, but perished in the thirty-fifth year of his age. His patience, his perseverance, his courage, his great gifts, and his integrity and simplicity of life made him of our bravest Borderers.

AGNES MARCHBANK.

Brief Border Biographies.

WE have frequently asked our readers to supply us with short sketches of Borderers, accompanied if possible with a photo, and we once more make the request. Our experience is that the biographical portions of our magazine are much appreciated, and we desire to increase the number of character sketches by having at least one short article, not exceeding one page, in each issue. There are hundreds of prominent Borderers whose careers ought to be told in our pages, but a moment's consideration will show that they can never be overtaken by one leading article each month, which has been a feature of the BORDER MAGAZINE from the start. It is not, however, necessary to confine ourselves to biographies of prominent men, for there are thousands in whose life stories something of interest can be found, and when the facts are well arranged and a portrait of the subject is given, we feel sure that such short biographical sketches will meet with the approval of our readers.

O, say not, my love, with that mortified air,
That your springtime of pleasure is flown,
Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair.
For those raptures that still are thine own.
Though April his temples may wreathe with the vine,
Its tendrils in infancy curl'd,
'Tis the ardour of August matures us the wine,
Whose life-blood enlivens the world.

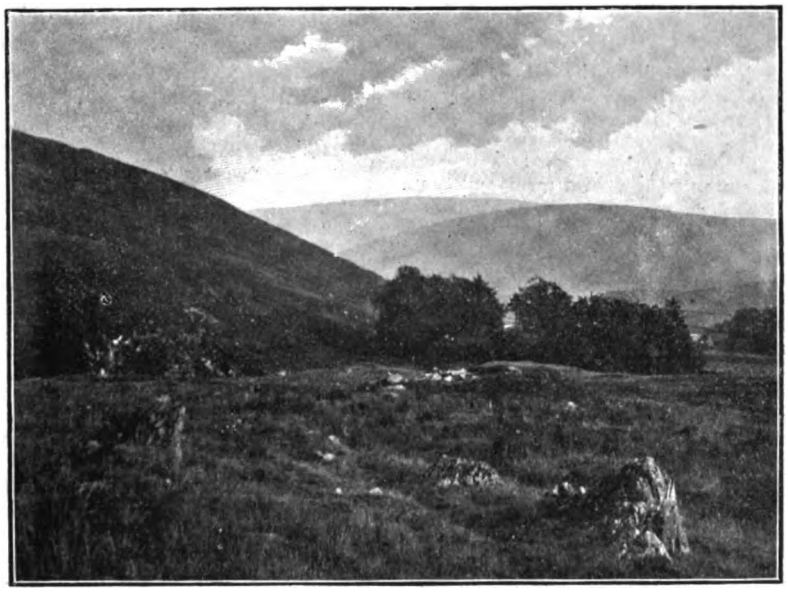
Song.

Henderland Castle.

THE site of Henderland Castle can still be seen upon the farm of that name, situated about a mile up the river Megget, which falls into St Mary's Loch in Selkirkshire. It stands on the steep side of Henderland Hill, and is surrounded by mountain peaks, except in front, where the ground slopes down to the riverside. The walls are now levelled to the ground, and nothing is left to mark the place of the once famous stronghold except a few grass-covered mounds and loose stones, which, on careful examination, can, however, be traced as the foundations of the Castle. According to tradition, it was the scene of the ancient ballad entitled "The Lament of the Border Widow," and belonged to "Perys of Cockburne," a famous and powerful freebooter. It was entirely demolished by James V. in the course of his celebrated expedition of 1529 to subdue the notorious raiders, Adam Scott of Tushielaw (commonly called the "King of the Border"), and "Johnnie Armstrong" of Gilnockie. Suddenly and without warning the King is said to have arrived at Henderland Castle; Cockburne was seized while sitting at dinner, and, without delay, the bold robber was hanged over his own gate. On one side of the Castle the Henderland burn rushes down from the mountains, through a steep, rocky chasm named the Dowglen, and it was to this roaring cataract that Cockburne's wife, Marjory, ran when her husband was about to be executed. A large rock, called the "Lady's Seat," is still pointed out, where, tradition says, the unfortunate lady sat, hoping to drown, amid the roar and whirl of the waterfall, the exulting yells which proclaimed the death of her husband.

The Chapel of the Castle once stood in the small wood at the other side of the burn, but all trace of it has disappeared. The grave of the "Border Widow" and her husband is, however, still to be seen there. It is covered with a large, flat tombstone, inscribed with armorial bearings, and the following words, though fast disappearing, may yet be traced:—

"Here lyes Perys of Cokburne and his wyfe, Marjory."



SITE OF HENDERLAND CASTLE, YARROW.

The words of "The Lament of a Border Widow" are given in Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

AMY N. CAMERON.

WE have just received a copy of the beautiful reprint of an important antiquarian article by Mr Walter Laidlaw, F.S.A. Scot. The article is entitled "Sculptured and Inscribed Stones in Jedburgh and Vicinity." As this latest work of Mr Laidlaw's is a most valuable one we hope to refer to it at greater length in our next issue.

Newcastleton—a Border Village.

THE pleasantly situated Roxburghshire valley has attained to some fame in recent years owing to the lapsing of the leases and the condition of affairs which has thus been brought about has given point to many a Land Reform speech. All interested in this great question would do well to procure the pamphlet, extending to eighty-five pages, bearing the above title The author is Mr William Hall, M. Inst. C.E., who has marshalled his facts and arranged the reprints of important articles in a manner which makes them easily referred to. In addition to the political aspects of the case, the publication contains much historical information. Referring to the village and its surroundings, the author says:—

Newcastleton is situated in the classic land of Liddesdale, on the Waverley route of the North British Railway, about half-way between Carlisle and Hawick. The railway follows the beautiful stream of the Liddle, and runs through a great stretch of Liddesdale. It is a wild moorland country of heather and grass, where sheep and game abound. The district known as Liddesdale is synonymous with that of the Parish of Castleton.

The area of the parish is 68,152 acres, or 106 square miles. The country is that of the Armstrongs and Elliots of Border history.

Newcastleton is situated on the banks of the river Liddle, and stands (Double Square) 322 feet above the level of the sea. The population is about 820.

There is one long street and three divergent squares. The village has a Post Office, with money order, savings bank, and telegraph departments; a branch of the British Linen Company; two United Free Churches; an Evangelical Union Church; and a very commodious Board School, but unfortunately there is no sufficient play-ground so as to take the children off the public streets, where they appear to have most of their games.

The appearance of the village is bare for lack of foliage. There are no trees except a few in the squares. If evergreens, ivy or holly with clustering scarlet berries, covered the gable ends of the houses it would set off the village to advantage.

In travelling through a country there is always an indescribable charm in seeing a village planted on a mountain stream, but houses should not be built at an elevation of less than twenty feet above the level of a river, so as to be not only beyond the reach of floods, but also on sanitary grounds.

From the earliest times the plain upon which Newcastleton is built, as shewn on old maps, is called "Copshaha" at the north end, in the middle "Copshaw," and at the southern end "Copshaw Park."

The name Cop-shaw is no doubt derived from its woods, as the word *shaw* signifies wild natural wood.

Thomas Davidson's Funeral.

MR NICHOL was slowly wending his way to Thomas Davidson's funeral when he was joined by an old man, a life-long friend of the deceased, from a neighbouring parish, who was on the same mournful mission bent.

"I'm rale glad to see that ye're on yer feet again, Mr Nichol. Ye've had a nasty turn they tell me; it's a terrible thing that influenzi when it gets a richt grip o' ye. I hope ye're feelin' better, sir; folk had it that ye must be waur again as ye werena preachin' yersel' yesterday."

Mr Nichol indicated that above all things it behoved one to be careful of courting a relapse after influenza, and explained that his absence from the pulpit yesterday was accounted for by his fear lest a fresh chill should prevent him from attending the funeral today. A friend who was staying with him had kindly volunteered to take his place.

His companion nodded comprehendingly.

"An' a grand preacher he is they tell me. He was uncommon soond on that text he was preachin' frae. I heard a' aboot it frae my neebor, Johnstone, that comes ower to your kirk"—then with a change of tone from the general conversational note to that of confidence the old man volunteered the information.

"She's awfu' bad the now."

"Mrs Dobbie?"

"Whae else?—this is the warst turn she's ever had the neebors tell me, an' that's no sayin' little, Mr Nichol. Since the breath left the auld man on Monday nicht last she's hardly had a sober meenit."

"It's a bad business for the little ones, I fear," said Mr Nichol, compassionately.

"Ye may say that, sir, her puir man had a hard life wi' her till death removed him, an' now her auld faither's away—an' glad he was to gang, ye may take my word for that, better be lyin' quietly under the sod than sharin' the same roof wi' sic a hizzy."

"Has Mrs Dobbie been long addicted to drink?"

"A' her life ye may say, off an' on. She's been a sair trial to a respectable connection. Her faither—auld Tammas, that's gone, he said to me nae further back than a fortnicht since, says he, 'John, if I never see ye again in life ye'll ken that I was glad to gang'; thae were his very words, Mr Nichol."

There seemed to be nothing suitable to say

in reply to this statement, and Mr Nichol, with characteristic reserve, said nothing.

"An' the expense she's been at, sir, ower this funeral is past a' belief. The auld man had a pound or twae laid by to cover the expenses of his funeral, mair than enough, had things been managed accordin' to his notions of what was fitting."

"'Try an' see that a' thing's dune decently, and in order, John, but let everything be plain,' was what he said to me a fortnicht since, when we were speakin' of what micht happen; but div ye think she could be made to hear reason? Not she—the coffin must be the very best that Tamson, the joiner, could turn out; every penny of that auld man's savin's will go to pay for the coffin alone. An' then the hearse. Wouldn't ye think, Mr Nichol, that the village hearse would be fine enough to convey the like of Tammas Davidson to the grave? That's what Tammas would have thocht himsel', sir. But for Mrs Dobbie's faither, na, na, nothing less than the hearse frae Melrose—that fine new yin that's a' gless roond aboot. An' she's ordered a big cross of white everlastin's to lay on the coffin, an' a wreath for each o' the fower bairns—a' for show, Mr Nichol, so that the chest may look grand through the glass, a' covered wi' wreaths like the gentry's coffins. I'm fair oot o' patience wi' the woman, sir, when I think where the siller's to come frae to pay for a' this nonsense. The bits o' bairns will have empty bellies for mony a lang day after this, or I'm far mistaken. I'm hopin' the neebors may have managed to keep her sober for the ceremony the day, but I doot it."

"Here we are, sir; I'll gang first, seein' I'm weel acquaint wi' the stair—it's as bad a yin as I ever sat my face to; how the coffin is to be got down has been botherin' me mair than I care to say. If it canna be got roond the turn it must juist be handed ower the stair railin'; there can be nothin' else for't. It'll no put Tammas aboot the day, honest man, however we may manage to get him doon."

"What was ye sayin', sir? Oh, ay, we had better gang straicht up, I think, they lift at twelve. Tammas nevir lifted his lines frae his auld parish, so his ain minister will officiate nae doot, but he's certain to ask ye to offer up a prayer, Mr Nichol. Mind yer feet, sir, that stair's a perfect man-trap. What time div ye make it, Mr Nichol? Are ye no a wee bit slow? But my watch stoppit on the road, so I couldna be certain. The coffin's in the other end ——"

The last sentence was delivered in a hoarse whisper, as Mr Nichol and his companion paused on the dirty narrow landing at the top of the stairs.

"Would ye care to step ben an' see the fine chest, Mr Nichol. We micht hae time, the hearse is no forrit yet; they tell me Scott of Melrose is apt to be late—ye may as weel have a look, sir."

While the two stood mutely regarding the huge black coffin with its travesty of wreaths and brass mountings, the door of the opposite apartment was thrown open, and the figure of Mrs Dobbie appeared, and proceeded to advance cautiously across the strip of passage between the two rooms.

Mrs Dobbie's manner of carrying herself, and the whiff of strong waters which she gave out with her every respiration, fully justified old John's previous doubt—it was abundantly evident that the influence of the neighbours had failed to prevent Mrs Dobbie from having recourse to her wonted potations before the solemn occasion was over.

Mrs Dobbie wore a bonnet, possibly on the principle that what the gentry considered the correct thing for weddings must be equally correct for funerals. Clad in her sable gown and bran' new head-gear, she might have been imposing if her step had been a trifle more steady, just as she might have been still comely if her eye had been less muddled and her complexion less mottled.

"Ye're takin' a look at grandfaither's coffin, I see, Mr Nichol; ye're rale welcome, an' I'm uncommon pleased to see you, sir. I've tried to dae everything that lay in my poo'er, Mr Nichol. Grandfaither can never say that I sent him to his grave like a pauper; he'll be a pleased man this day if he can look doon an' see the fine turnoot I've gi'en him."

Mrs Dobbie here shed a copious shower of spirituous tears on the flower-crowned coffin.

"I tell the bairns, Mr Nichol, they'll never have sic another grandfaither. What's that ye're sayin', John? Ye're richt, my man, Mr Nichol should be ben the hoose, though the service is ower. I'm that vexed ye've missed it, but the minister's in a hurry; he has another burial at yin o'clock, auld Mary Lumsden dee'd the same day as grandfaither. The hearse may be here ony meenit, I doot it's gaun to rin the minister late, that would be an awfu' peety—come away ben, Mr Nichol,

grandfaither had aye the greatest respect for ye, sir."

The other room was furnished with two iron bedsteads pushed against the further wall, an enormous chest of drawers, a sofa, and some five or six chairs of non-descript style and dimensions.

A large round table occupied the middle of the floor; this had been draped with a white tablecloth, the property of a neighbour, and in the centre therefore had been devoutly placed a large family Bible.

A smaller table in the window seat supported a dish of shortbread, and another of mixed biscuits, flanked by a quart bottle which boldly advertised itself as "Old Scotch." A few glasses of various sorts and sizes completed these hospitable arrangements.

When into this medley had been packed fifteen individuals, all told, within a space barely fourteen feet square, the state of the atmosphere may be imagined.

Across the window the blind had been closely drawn, but ever and anon its lower corner was surreptitiously lifted by Mrs Dobbie, who had seated herself, with a great assumption of dignified reserve, close to the small table before mentioned.

At length the hum of low-voiced conversation going on round the room was arrested by a sudden outburst of emotion on the part of the chief mourner.

"Wheesht, wheesht, Mrs Dobbie, ye maunna gie way like that, my woman," said a kindly faced woman in subdued tones, patting Mrs Dobbie on the back with a friendly hand.

"The hearse has juist drawn up," the weeping lady was with difficulty understood to announce, as she sobbed out fresh instalments of alcoholic odour.

The company rose as one man, while old John and three others filed across to the neighbouring apartment to engage in the clearly foreseen puzzle of manipulating the coffin down stairs.

Mrs Dobbie, whose sobs increased as a muffled tread was heard to issue from the opposite door and cross the landing, was understood to express by sundry signs her need of further stimulant. So pronounced indeed became the indications of a protracted swoon that the kindly neighbour in despair poured out with hasty hand a generous draught of the "Old Scotch" standing conveniently at her elbow.

This, Mrs Dobbie with much apparent reluctance, and many evidences of disgust and loathing, was induced to drink; with a little further persuasion, indeed, she was even compelled to drain the tumbler to the dregs.

The effect of the restorative was magical.

In a trice Mrs Dobbie had drawn herself up, straightened her somewhat rumpled bonnet strings, and signified her intention of viewing from the stairhead the difficult descent of the coffin.

With the aid of the kindly neighbour's strong arm, and again encased in her former attitude of dignified reserve, the suffering lady was safely piloted through the congestion of furniture to the door.

She reached the landing just in time to clutch at the timely support of the wooden railing—just in time, too, to see the end of the coffin slowly disappearing round the troublesome turn of the stair, that turning which had been the cause of so much uneasiness to old John.

"That's the last o' grandfaither!" wailed the bereaved one, as she swayed heavily forward and leant half her length over the stair-railing, "that's the last o' grandfaither!"

Mr Nichol took his place among the hindmost of the string of mourners who had fallen into position behind the great glass-panelled hearse.

As the long procession wound its way slowly down the street Mr Nichol's ears still caught at intervals the dolorous wail of Mrs Dobbie's voice as she repeated loudly and insistently, "that's the last o' grandfaither!"

MARGARET FLETCHER.

So many Borderers are amateur gardeners that we have pleasure in drawing attention to "Annuals, by T. W. Sanders, F.L.S., &c. London: Agricultural and Horticultural Association. Price one penny." The "One and All" garden books, issued at popular prices under the editorship of Edward Owen Greening, F.R.H.S., have a distinct character of their own. This pamphlet is No. 2 of the penny handbooks. Mr T. W. Sanders, the writer, is the well-known President of the National Amateur Gardeners' Association. He has taken pains to state in simple terms all the most important information on the culture of hardy and half-hardy annuals. The editor has fully illustrated the handbook with about thirty pictures of easily grown plants, adding cultural directions to each illustration, a very useful plan.

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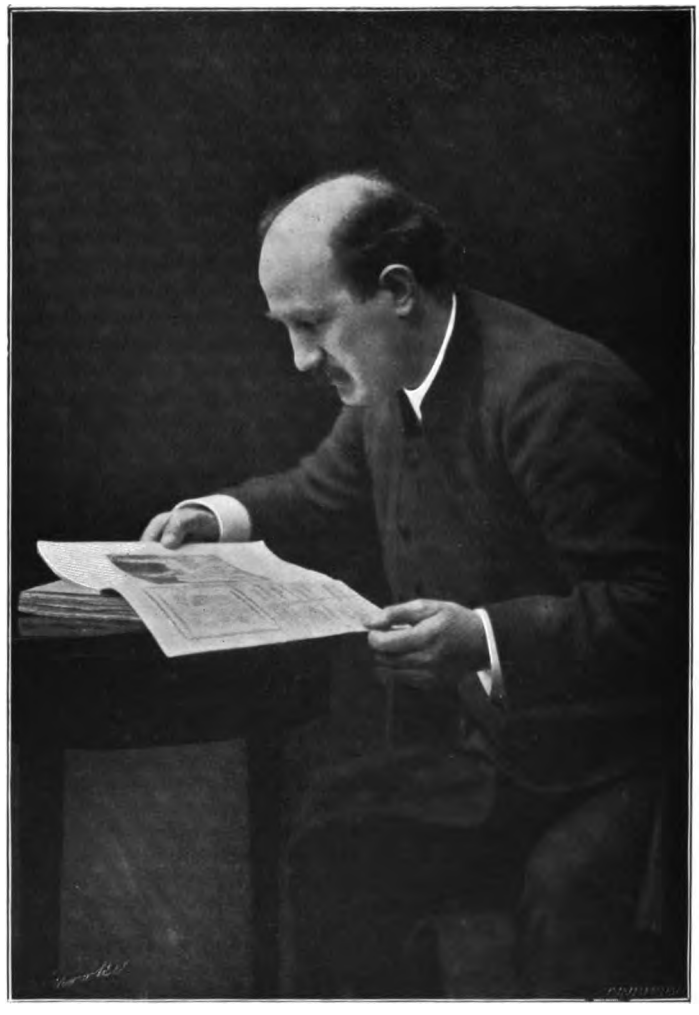
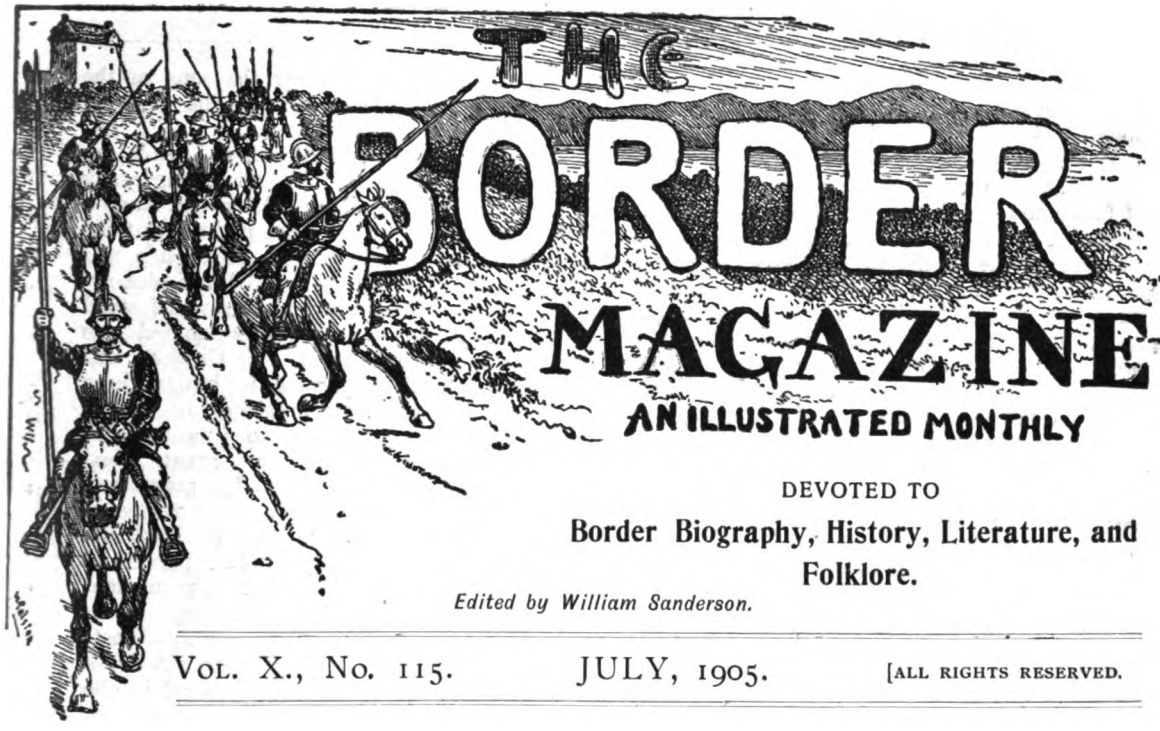


REV. W. S. CROCKETT, TWEEDSMUIR.



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THE REV. W. S. CROCKETT,

PREACHER AND LITTERATEUR.

[Crockett, Rev. William Shillinglaw, Minister of Tweedsmuir since 1894; born Earlston, Berwickshire, 24th June, 1866; youngest and only surviving son of William Crockett and Margaret Wood; married Mary, eldest daughter of J. Davidson Ross, Edinburgh, 1894; educated Earlston Parish School; Edinburgh University. An apprentice chemist, 1881-85; then student for Church of Scotland ministry; licensed 1893, and ordained 1894. PUBLICATIONS: Minstrelsy of the Merse; The Poets and Poetry of Berwickshire, 1893; A Berwickshire Bard, 1897; Centenary Edition of Henry Scott Riddell's Works and Memoir, 1898; In Praise of Tweed, 1899; Biggar: Historical, Traditional, Descriptive, 1900; The Scott Country, 1902; Sir Walter Scott, 1903; Robert Burns (with Sir George Douglas), 1904; The English and Scottish Border (in Cassell's British Isles), 1905; Abbotsford, 1905; numerous articles on Border life and literature, poems, &c., in the "Scotsman" and other journals; engaged on a History of Earlston, &c. RECREATIONS: Cycling, hill-climbing, local literature and history. ADDRESS: The Manse, Tweedsmuir, Peeblesshire.]

THIS much from "Who's Who," the Debrett of the intellectual world, but to many of the thousands who have read Mr Crockett's books with delight or wandered with him as guide through the wild uplands or sheltered valleys of the Borderland this sort of biography in pemmican is rather unsatisfying. They are anxious to know more of the writer who, writing so lovingly of the Great Wizard, seems to have caught some of that wonderful elusive spell, which has for all time made this stretch of Scottish soil a land of faery and romance. It is a wild, rugged country, with long sweeps of mountain solitudes, where only the cry of the curlew is heard in the long summer's day and the tinkle of innumerable streams. In the valleys of the lower lands to-day the hum of industry is heard in the many towns, but still over the whole land seems to breathe the spirit of romance. There is scarce a valley or hill which has not been the scene of some historic event. On that hill met the grim lion-hearted Covenanters to worship God in the days when men worshipped with the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other. In this valley a desperate conflict took place between the Douglases and the Percys—the most redoubtable warriors of Scotland and England. Through this land drifted back the fragments of the English force that shattered itself on the rock of Scottish heroism at Bannockburn. Hither came fleeing the broken remnants from fateful Flodden. Through it all flows the Tweed, the most historic of all our rivers. What scenes it has witnessed from the

far-off times when the Romans penetrated to our northern land! Ah! if Tweed could but speak——

But Tweed, alas! is silent, or, if not silent, speaks in language that requires the poetic gifts of fancy and insight to understand. Fortunate indeed it is for our times that Mr Crockett, a Borderer of the Borderers, possesses those gifts and interprets for us, as has seldom been done since the Great Wizard was laid to rest, the spirit of romance that seems to have made this province of Scotland its special and peculiar haunt. The student of Border literature cannot afford to do without Mr Crockett's books. English literature has become so wide and extensive a field, yearly extending its borders, that it is a hopeless task for any one man to attempt to survey it all—to determine its various qualities or explore the wealth that has been accumulating under the dust and the mists of ages. Wherefore, following the principle of the division of labour, which holds in the industrial world, we find that in the literary world we have students who peg out claims for themselves and make it their life's work to bring to light all the treasures of their own special section. In this way alone can any valuable or permanent results be attained, for not even an "Admirable Crichton" could grasp within his purview the whole wide range of English literature. And thus we have Robertson Nicoll or Shorter on the Bronte's, Dowden or Garnett on Shakespeare, Kitton on Dickens, and, to come to our immediate purpose, W. S. Crockett on Sir Walter Scott, and that romantic land epigrammatically described by himself as "the Scott Country." Therefore, when Sir Walter Scott or his work, or any of the literature of the Border, come to be considered, Mr Crockett's work must be consulted, for he has so thoroughly mastered this special department that most critics concede to him the privilege of the last word on the subject. Surely the best of commendations.

Far up amidst the green hills of Peebles-shire lies the quiet and lonely, but yet eminently lovely, parish of Tweedsmuir. Through it sweeps the Tweed, which has its beginning in the outmost limits of the parish, and, through a long, narrow valley, running north and south, the Talla stream flows, joining the Tweed just immediately opposite the hamlet that gives the parish its name. It is here where the confluence of the Talla and Tweed forms a small peninsula that Tweedsmuir Manse and Church stand, and where Mr Crockett writes those works which have found enthusiastic readers and made him many warm friendships all over the world wherever the sons of the Border have found their way or the name of Scott is reverenced and loved.

The night was keen and snell as I made my way towards the manse. The wind sang eerily in the hills, and the swish of the waters made a mournful kind of music to the night. But the discomfort and the winter were left outside, and nothing seemed to fill the heart but a pleasurable feeling of warmth and kindness as I stood getting a firm hand clasp and warm welcome from Mr and Mrs Crockett. Mr Crockett was busy with some literary work, for besides those works which have been published in volume form and are known to most Border readers, he does a great deal of work for reviews and magazines. It is highly desirable that these fugitive essays and criticisms should be rescued from the ephemeral pages of the periodical press and enshrined in the more permanent form of volumes. Books lay scattered about the table, and sheets of MS. were littered here and there. A handsome book-case of carved bog-oak stood in one corner, stocked with the choicest volumes. Sitting before a cosy fire I began my interrogations. It may be best, probably, to give some part of Mr Crockett's replies in the form of a monologue for the sake of conciseness and lucidity.

"I have already told you I was born at Earlston. The Crocketts are of Galloway descent. But my father—strangely enough—was a native of Biggar, our nearest market-town, as you know. He left it early, however, and a considerable part of his life was spent in Edinburgh before settling in Earlston, somewhere in the fifties. I went to Earlston School when I was four years old. Mr Daniel Aitkenhead, whom I think you have met, was the teacher, one of the very best specimens of the 'old Scottish parochial,' who has done more than any other, perhaps, to mould the Scottish character into that form that has found so many admirers all over the world. Mr Aitkenhead was a strict disciplinarian, and many a good round of the 'tawse' I have had from him. But I am not unthankful, and, no doubt, it was all needed, and I am sure that, looking back as I do now, many of his old scholars understand the man even better, and remember not a few of his sayings and counsels with a reverent and kindly feeling. Of Mr, now the Very Rev. Dr. Mair, until recently the minister of Earlston, I can say pretty much the same thing. From the standpoint not only of a parish minister, but of one's ordinary experience of life, I am able now to go back on the past and to understand

much of the Dr's character, which was unintelligible to a lad in his teens. Every Earlstonian is proud of Dr Mair's distinction in the ecclesiastical world, and I believe, if he is spared, as we hope he may, the union or federation of the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland will not lack in him a staunch advocate and worker. I have an idea that the Dr has set his heart on union, and I am confident he would have a large following of the younger men in the Church at any rate. Well, I left school when I was fifteen years old. At that time, I remember, I was most anxious to become a medical missionary, but the way was blocked with obstacles I could not then overcome. For four years I was apprenticed to a chemist, and had the ignominious fate of being plucked more than once for what was chiefly my bad handwriting. I am thus, then, I suppose, a "stickit druggist." All the time, however, I had the desire to serve in the Christian ministry, and so at last I turned my back on the chemist's life and entered Edinburgh University as a student. For eight years I studied there. During the winter months of one session I assisted for several hours a day in a chemist's shop. Then for a session or two I was a private tutor, and from my entrance to the Theological Hall I was student-missionary of St John's parish. In May, 1893, I was licensed, and became assistant to Dr Blair of St John's. Shortly afterwards I was appointed assistant to the Rev. Dr Smith, of the Abbey Church, Haddington—the famous "Lamp of Lothian." Here I remained for two months only, for on 23rd June I was called to Tweedsmuir (I got the news on my birthday), and in July, 1894, I was ordained, and here I have been ever since. During the last ten years the parish has, of course, as you have seen to-day, become a perfect hive of industry owing to the construction of the Talla Waterworks, but those ten years, in spite of one or two drawbacks, have been the happiest of my life. There is a mission centre on the works, where I visit and preach regularly. I love the work and find the satisfaction that a busy life, spent in service where the heart goes with the brain, inevitably brings. The parish is a large one, but the population is very scattered. I have been approached on two occasions by other congregations—one in London—but hitherto I have felt no call to go, feeling rather that there was work in my present charge to which I could well and usefully devote myself, and, in all likelihood, this will be the scene of my life-work."

Thus far Mr Crockett's modest statement, but I may add a few supplementary words on his ministerial and parish work merely to give a truer estimate than can be gathered from his quiet, unostentatious tones. As might be expected, Mr Crockett's pulpit matter is thoughtful and full of wisdom, and his manner is that of the born orator. There are no theatrical attitudes or gestures, but there are the clear, calm tones of a resonant and musical voice, that rises sometimes to the thrilling height of eloquence, and there is a ring of sincerity and single-heartedness that goes deep, and surely reaches the heart. The diction is chaste and choice, the sentences finely balanced and harmonious, and the whole has that subtle literary fragrance that attracts not alone the cultured mind, but also the simple and uncultured. His week-day work in his parish is much appreciated, and among the navvies he is a universal favourite, presiding at their entertainments, giving advice and writing letters, providing literature for their reading-room, and in a thousand ways showing how willing, nay, anxious, he is to carry precept into practice and show how his practical evangelical preaching works out in the everyday affairs of life. In everything that pertains to the parish he takes the most active interest. He is Chairman of the School Board, and sits also on the Parish Council, and among other benefits that have flowed to Tweedsmuir through his hands may be mentioned an excellent public library and a beautiful church organ, with the church itself transformed into one of the neatest places of worship in the country. Truly, his life is a full and complete one.

But this is written more for the larger congregation to whom he speaks through his books, and accordingly I bring the conversation round to literary topics. "This is not my study proper," Mr Crockett remarks, "but I do a great deal of my writing here." One scarcely wonders at this, for as he sits at the writing table at the window and lifts his gaze he sees the Tweed sweeping swiftly by, and looks on hills that, to one who knows the Border as he does, must whisper inspiration. "What is this you are busy at?" I ask, pointing to the pile of manuscript that lies on the table.

"That is a review I ought to have sent in some days ago. However, by finishing it to-night I may be in time." "And how is your next volume progressing?" I ask. "Abbotsford, you mean? Fairly well," he replies, "I have nearly completed it. It is due for the Spring or early Summer season, and I am glad to be so well on with it."

I turn the conversation to what I consider his "magnum opus" hitherto—"the Scott Country," the pioneer of a series that is likely to

become a popular and standard one. "It must have cost you a great deal of study and labour," I suggest, "but I am sure its success will make you feel the reward ample." "That is quite true," he replies. "Of course, I am gratified at its success, but what has given me most pleasure has been the number of kind letters I have received from all parts of the world. Hosts of Scott's admirers have read the book, and I have had letters by the score—I think two from as far away as the Sandwich Islands—thanking me for my work. Such spontaneous tributes must always be an author's best reward. At the same time the book took a great deal out of me."

"Indeed it did," intervenes Mrs Crockett, "I have often seen him start writing after breakfast and keep at it continuously, with short breaks for meals, till two or three o'clock in the morning."

"Ah! I don't do that sort of thing now," Mr Crockett says. "In fact, I could not do it. But by methodical effort I get through a good deal of work."

"I think it was Anthony Trollope who said that every literary man should stick a lump of cobbler's wax on his desk-chair to keep him glued there for the allotted number of hours each day. What do you think of it, Mr Crockett? Do you work a regular number of hours, turning out methodically a certain number of words in the time?"

"No," he replies. "I wish I could, but sometimes I sit for hours before the desk and cannot write more than a few sentences, which I afterwards invariably destroy."

I was glad of the admission, though I did not say so. Not even genius can evolve out of its inner consciousness literature of lasting worth with the mechanical precision of a machine. Such invariable, inevitable output, methinks, is the privilege of mediocrity that stumbles not on a bright patch in an acre of its own diffuseness.

"What was it, Mr Crockett, that turned your attention first to literature "

"Well, I was born in Earlston, as I said, the town of Thomas the Rhymer, and it was the reading of Dr Murray's book on the Rhymer and Scott's Ballads that gave my mind the first great impulse towards literature. But I have always had a great desire to write. My first effort was a letter written to the 'Scotsman' when I was still a boy. There was at that time a minister imprisoned, unjustly, as was thought, and I was so fired with indignation that I wrote the letter, which did appear, and was actually noticed along with others in a leader on the subject. Nobody knew about this till long afterwards. My first article, so far as I remember, was one on Smailholm. It appeared in the 'Southern Reporter.' I think these were my first efforts, but I have lost count. To most of the Border papers I have contributed poems and articles, but there is little time for that class of work now."

"And what are your plans for the future?" I ask.

"Well, it is difficult to say. As a matter of fact, I am sometimes inclined to give up book-producing altogether. My first business is the ministry. I have never allowed my literary work to interfere with that which is really nearest my heart. I am tempted sometimes to relegate it to the background altogether. Of course, the circumstances of my parish make it possible for me to engage in literary work. In a larger sphere I could not do it. I should like, however, if I live, to write a 'History of Earlston.' I have gathered a vast amount of material for this. I have enough material also for a volume on Tweedsmuir, and I have long had a desire to do a 'History of Border Literature," which would, I think, fill a good niche. Books on 'Yarrow' and 'Peeblesshire' have been proposed to me by the Blacks, and by a Scottish publishing firm. But it all depends. I am, as I tell you, growing less and less of a litterateur. But come, we have talked enough of 'my' books. Let's have a look at some of the books I have here."

Such books! What can be said of them—volume upon volume, all in good clean bindings and carefully classified. One like me, afire with the enthusiasm of the bibliophile, could but handle them carefully and reverently, and breathe an aspiration that some future day might bring a similar collection within my grasp.

Then Mr Crockett leads the way to his study. Here, in a large room, are ranged round and round, from floor to ceiling, shelves loaded with books of the greatest value. One section is devoted to Border literature, and, as I examine it, I ask seriously enough, "Is there any book bearing on the Borders which has ever been published that is not here?"

"Oh, yes," Mr Crockett replies with a smile, "but still that is a fair collection of Border literature."

And undoubtedly it was. The whole library was indeed an eloquent tribute to the taste of its cultured owner, and remembering that Mr Crockett has been settled in Tweedsmuir for only ten years, a feeling of wonder arises that such a collection could be brought together in such a remote parish. We spent a long time among the books, Mr Crockett taking down

many volumes, speaking of them all with the knowledge born of the true critical insight, and showing involuntarily that notwithstanding his particular study of Border literature his range of reading has been wide and varied.

We turn reluctantly from the study, for supper is announced, and over the table the talk flows easily on, I interrogating chiefly of Border lore and history, while my host reveals almost unconsciously his thorough knowledge of everything pertaining to the Border.

Of the power and literary grace of his books it is scarcely necessary to speak. They all possess the charm of limpid, easily flowing English, and those subtle qualities that are the undefinable attributes of a fascinating style. The success of his "Scott Country" is sufficient testimony to this, for not even the magic of the name of Scott could achieve, within so short a period, the success of a third edition, unless the work were characterised by a literary power to set the story in an attractive setting. One shudders to think how the work would have fared in less artistic hands, that merely took care of the facts and left the style to take care of itself. Mr Crockett is fortunate in having the gift of the capacity for taking pains, so that as to fact his books may be taken without question, and as a born litterateur he possesses the rarer virtue of being able to clothe fact in the beautiful robes of a pure literary style. Here are a few critiques on "The Scott Country."

"Full of fascination."—"The Academy."

"Singularly pleasant reading."—St James's Gazette."

"It is pleasant to go with so cultivated and enthusiastic a guide on a sentimental pilgrimage through the Scott Country."—"The Speaker."

"Few men are better versed than the parish minister of Tweedsmuir in all that relates to this cradle-land of Scottish romance."—"The Spectator."

"Will doubtless for many a day be the standard work of the Border."—"Aberdeen Free Press."

But I dare not continue quoting further, for the sake of space. Dr Robertson Nicoll sums the matter truly when he declares Mr Crockett to be the most capable living student of the Border and its literature.

I cannot conclude this without a reference to Mr Crockett's personality. He is a young man in the full flush of life, but in appearance he looks many years younger than he really is. Perhaps the reason of this is that his nature is a happy, buoyant one, and I cannot help thinking that he will always retain this boyish exuberance and sunny-heartedness of youth—surely a great gift in a world where men age quickly, and lose their sunny-heartedness and simple faith in the good, as the blasts of a cynical world lop off their early rosy illusions.

And in his happy home-life, busy though it be, who but himself can speak of the kindly help of his gracious helpmate and "critic on the hearth." Perhaps the best possible appreciation of this faithful, unfailing help is to be found in the simple but expressive dedication that prefaces his best-known work, "The Scott Country"—"To my wife."

As I leave the manse and foot it sharply through the frosty air, I muse of the happy evening I have passed and endeavour to peer into the future. With youth and ability on his side one may look forward to a long future of literary work for Mr Crockett. The feeling also arises that Mr Crockett himself has large plans for the future, and that his work hitherto must be taken merely as an earnest of greater achievements to follow. Ah, well! the future is in the lap of the gods, but this surely may be predicted with the certainty of its falling true—that in time to come, when the Border roll of honour is being made out, among the names coupled with Scott, and Hogg, and Leyden, and Professor Veitch, and other outstanding Borderers of their day, that of Crockett of Tweedsmuir will have its due place—certainly not the least notable in a grand and goodly company.

JOHN NORTH.

DEATH OF DR BRYDON, HAWICK.—One of the best known and most highly esteemed citizens of Hawick passed away on Sunday, 4th June, by the death of Dr James Brydon. A native of Hounam, he received his early education at Roberton, afterwards passing to St Andrews and Edinburgh. At the University and College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, he was regarded as one of the most distinguished students of his time. After receiving his degree of M.D. and Surgeon's diploma, he filled for two years the position of demonstrator of anatomy at Surgeons' Hall and resident physician in the Royal Infirmary, and subsequently commenced practice in Hawick in 1858. He latterly held the office of police surgeon. The deceased was a member of the first School Board in Hawick. He was a keen archæologist, and read papers on prehistoric subjects of great interest to the Hawick Archæological Society, of which he was at one time president. Possessed of literary gifts, he contributed many interesting articles on a wide range of subjects to the newspapers, and some years ago he edited a two-volume edition of the poetical works of Henry Scott Riddell, the author of "Scotland Yet," prefacing the same with a biographical sketch of the poet, whose intimate friend he was for a number of years.

Cockburnspath Tower.

VERY close to the boundary line which runs between the counties of Berwick and East Lothian are found two places of historic interest—Pease Bridge or Pass, and Cockburnspath Tower.

The former is a little more than a mile south-east of the village of Cockburnspath. The bridge was built in 1786, and it is 300 feet long, 16 feet wide, and fully 120 feet in height. It is protected by an iron balustrade, and beneath there flows a tiny stream, whose banks are wooded to the heights above, while far below there stretches to the sea a picturesque dell or dean, by which in the olden time passage was made with considerable difficulty.

The modern name "Pease" is only another form of that formerly applied to the valley or ravine now spanned by a lofty bridge, and which in these days is a favourite resort of the tourist. "Peath" denotes a steep path (or strayte), and in 1544, on the return of the English army under Hertford, they took three hours to make it on their way to a "pyle called Ranton" (Renton), which was thrown down to the ground, and on the next day, being the eighteenth of May, the whole army entered into Berwick, as the "Expedition" says, and "ended this voyage." A graphic account of the crossing of the "Peaths" may be found in the Diary of William Patten, London (1548.)

In 1650, the strait Pass of Copperspath, leading from Dunbar to Berwick, was blocked by a considerable party of the Scottish army. Cromwell describes it as a place "where ten men to hinder are better than forty to make their way," and the incident is for ever associated with a frightful rout. "The moon gleams out hard and blue, riding among the clouds; and over St Abb's Head a streak of dawn is rising."

Cockburnspath Tower in early times was known as Coldbrand's Path, and is situated about a mile south-east of the village, and a little to the west of Pease Bridge. The Keep

COCKBURNSPATH TOWER.

is 35 feet long by 29 feet wide, and is built on an angle of the highway, apparently protecting what was in the olden days a wily pass, though now crossed by a convenient bridge. It has been a small, strong, square building, with a circular staircase in the south-west angle. The Tower is locally known as Ravenswood, from its supposed association with Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor."

It seems almost necessary to assume that what now remain of a very old building are only the ruins of a considerable castle, the historic record of which has disappeared. But the story which dates it from the eleventh century, when it was said to have been occu-

pied by the Earl of Dunbar and March, must be set aside. Thus runs the legend:—"Patrick Dunbar, or Cospatrick, was an English gentleman (!) of rank, who fled into Scotland in the reign of Malcolm Canmore (1057-93). Soon thereafter he attacked a band of robbers, who, at that time, made havoc in the south and east of Lothian. Six hundred were slain, and eighty were hanged—the Commander's head being presented to the king. As a reward of heroism, Cospatrick was created Earl of March, and his commission stood to clear the land of robbers." Such a story has grown around a time-worn tower, but it cannot be substantiated.

There are many references in Scottish history to the castle and barony of Coldbrandspath, and they are sometimes noted as the marriage-dowry of royalty. In the middle of the sixteenth century, "the little round tower builded by forgotten hands" is known as the "tour and fortalice of Cokbrandspeth." For a time both tower and lands were held by the Earl of Home, but they eventually passed into the possession of the Halls of Dunglass, of which extensive estate they now form a part.

Beside, or within, the walls of Cockburnspath Tower, Cromwell passed the night of 25th July, 1650, when on his way to Dunbar Drove he marched to Copperspath, the "name of a wild rock-and-river chasm."

A. T. G.

The Late Mr Walter Beattie, Gordon Arms.

THE death of Mr Walter Beattie, of Gordon Arms, on Friday, 10th March, involves a loss that will be keenly felt, not only by residents in Yarrow and its neighbourhood, but by many far and near, who were wont to visit the classic valley.

No one can more fully appreciate the rare pleasure of being made to feel at home, when absent from it, than the traveller, and Mr Beattie, by his genial and kindly disposition, ably supported by his esteemed wife, won for the Gordon Arms a unique reputation as the home of the tourist.

It is now fully twenty-three years since Mr Beattie became tenant of what was then an unpretentious inn, but while the building itself underwent considerable extension to meet the growing demands for accommodation, the worthy landlord maintained to the last that unobtrusive disposition which, with his goodness of heart and ever ready sympathy with the joys and sorrows of others, endeared him to so wide a circle of friends.

As "mine host" of the Gordon Arms, Mr Beattie lived up to a great tradition, and made one feel that the inn under his direction bore unbroken the story of the past.

The hostelry, situated as it is at the very core of classic Yarrow, has long been one of our best-known literary landmarks. Here the tourist who comes by way of Traquair first touches the storied stream, the very spot in-

THE LATE MR WALTER BEATTIE.

deed which Wordsworth has immortalised in his eulogy on James Hogg.

"Here first descending from the moorlands,
I saw the vale of Yarrow glide,
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide."

The inn stands at the junction of the Moffat, Selkirk, Innerleithen, and Ettrick roads. To the left is Mount Benger farm, which Hogg leased for a few years after his marriage. To the right lies Altrieve, now Eldinhope, where the Ettrick Shepherd spent his declining years.

and entertained his many admirers who sought to do him honour in his quiet retreat, and enjoy his society. It was at Gordon Arms that Sir Walter Scott trysted to meet Hogg, who thus describes the incident, "He sent me word that he was to pass on such a day on his way from Drumlanrig Castle to Abbotsford. I accordingly waited at the inn and handed him out of the carriage. His daughter was with him, but we left her at the inn and walked slowly down the way as far as Mount Benger Burn. He then walked very ill indeed, for the weak limb had become almost completely useless; but he leaned on my shoulder all the way, and did me the honour of saying that he never leaned on a firmer or surer. We talked of many things, past, present, and to come, but both his memory and onward calculation appeared to me then to be considerably decayed. I cannot tell what it was, but there was something in his manner that distressed me. He often changed the subject very abruptly, and never laughed. He expressed the deepest concern for my welfare and success in life more than I had ever heard him do before, and all mixed with sorrow for my worldly misfortunes. There is little doubt that his own were then preying on his vitals. When I handed him into the coach he said something to me which in the confusion of parting I forgot, and though I tried to recollect the words the next minute I could not, and never could again. But there was an expression in it, conveying his affection for me or his interest in me, which has escaped my memory for ever." Thus the two greatest Border poets parted for the last time. One can well imagine the feelings that surged in the Ettrick Shepherd's heart as he retraced his steps.

And so to many of us Yarrow is become a place of happy memories that can only be recalled with sadness since so many of those whose companionship we enjoyed have "crossed the bourne," and it is with deepest regret that we add to the list the name of Walter Beattie.

The large concourse of mourners who came from far and near to pay the last sad rites bore eloquent testimony to the widespread sorrow occasioned by his death, and the sight of the cortege as it wended its way by the "dowie dens" to the churchyard at Kirkhope was deeply impressive. It intensified the "pastoral melancholy" which broods o'er the spot, and the scene will be ever memorable to those who witnessed it.

J. B. P.

Scottiana: Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott and his Children.

"I REMEMBER," says James Ballantyne, "going into his (Sir Walter's) library shortly after the publication* of the Lady of the Lake, and finding Miss Scott (who was then a very young girl) there by herself. I asked her—'Well, Miss Sophia, how do you like the Lady of the Lake?' Her answer was given with perfect simplicity—'Oh, I have not read it; papa says there's nothing so bad for young people as reading bad poetry.'"

In fact, his children in those days had no idea of the source of his distinction—or rather, indeed, that his position was in any respect different from that of other Advocates, Sheriffs, and Clerks of Session. The eldest boy came home one afternoon about this time from the High School, with tears and blood hardened upon his cheeks.—"Well, Wat," said his father, "what have you been fighting about to-day?" With that the boy blushed and hung his head, and at last stammered out—that "he had been called 'a lassie.'" "Indeed!" said Mrs Scott, "this was a terrible mischief to be sure." "You may say what you please, mamma," Wat answered roughly, "but I dinna think there's a 'waufer' (shabbier) thing in the world than to be a lassie, to sit boring at a clout." Upon further inquiry it turned out that one or two of his companions had dubbed him "The Lady of the Lake," and the phrase was to him incomprehensible, save as conveying some imputation on his prowess, which he accordingly vindicated in the usual style of the Yards. Of the poem he had never before heard. Shortly after, this story having got wind, one of Scott's colleagues of the Clerks' Table said to the boy—"Gilnockie, my man, you cannot surely help seeing that great people make more work about your papa than they do about me or any other of your 'uncles'—what is it, do you suppose, that occasions this?" The little fellow pondered for a minute or two, and then answered very gravely—"It's commonly him that sees the hare sitting." And yet this was the man that had his children all along so very much with him. In truth, however, young Walter had guessed pretty shrewdly in the matter, for his father had all the tact of the Sutherland Highlander, whose detection of an Irish rebel up to the neck in a bog, he has commemorated in a note upon

* "The Lady of the Lake" was published in 1810. Sophia was born in October, 1799, and Walter in October, 1801.

Rokeby. Like him, he was quick to catch the "sparkle" of the future victim's eye; and often said jestingly of himself that whatever might be thought of him as a "maker" (poet) he was an excellent "trouveur."

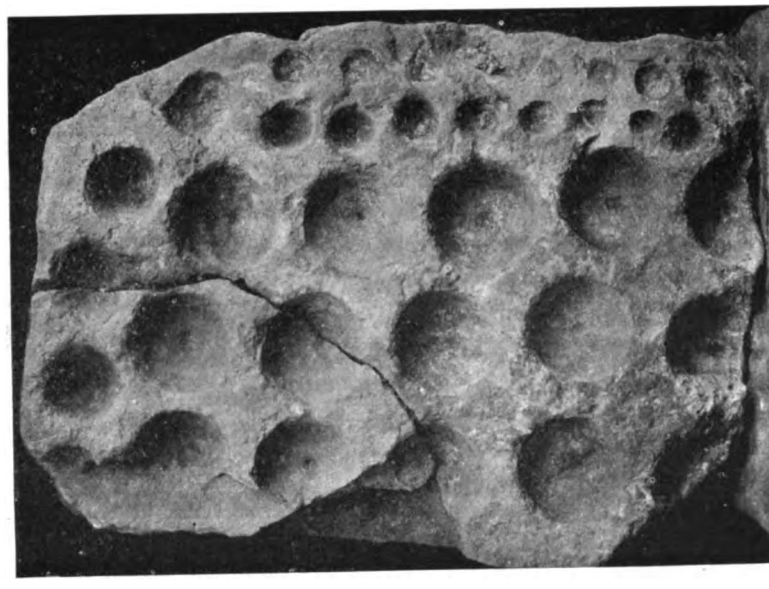
—From LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT.

"Sculptured and Inscribed Stones in Jedburgh and Vicinity."

AS briefly indicated in our last issue, we have received a beautiful reprint of a most important paper bearing the above title. The paper was written by the popular custodian of Jedburgh Abbey for the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Mr Walter Laidlaw, F.S.A. Scot., has done, and is still doing, a splendid work for Jedburgh and its vicinity, but it is only when we see the results of his labours and researches placed before us in the present form that we can fully estimate their value. The article, which is printed on the finest art paper, is embellished by over forty reproductions of sculptured stones from photographs supplied by Mr Laidlaw, and taken expressly for the paper by Mr R. Jack, photographer, Jedburgh. Without the aid of these illustrations it is impossible for us to give our readers any idea of this important contribution to the antiquarian lore of the Borderland, but we quote the following:

No. 22 (fig. 19.)—The armorial bearings on Queen Mary's House, Jedburgh, are on the front, above an arched doorway. The arms are those of Wigmore impaling Scott as wife's arms. There is no mention of a daughter of the Buccleuch family having married a Wigmore. She may have been of a younger branch, but not of the Thirlstane or Howpaisly line, who had a difference. As for Wigmore, Mr Burnet made investigations and found records of a considerable burgess family of that name in Edinburgh in the fourteenth century, and also of Sir Roger Wigmore, but no record of an alliance with Scott or connection with Roxburghshire. The arms of Wigmore are argent on a bend sable, a ribbon dancetté of the field; motto "Avis la fin." The Scott arms are, or on a bend azure, a mullet between two crescents of the field; motto, "Solum Deo confido."

No. 23 is a shield on the Piper's House in Duck Row, Jedburgh. On the shield are the initials A. A., which stand for Adam Ainslie, also J. A., the initials of his wife Janet Ainslie, with the date 1604.



SCULPTURED STONES.

No. 45 (fig. 40) is a slab of sandstone, 1 foot 9 inches long by 1 foot 6 inches broad, discovered by Mr James Mabin, builder, while taking out a found for a house in Canongate of Jedburgh in 1903. The face of the stone is occupied with holes, the largest of which is 3 inches in diameter. As a cannon ball which suits the largest holes has since been found at the same place, it may be taken as sufficient proof that the slab has formed part of a matrix for casting cannon balls of different sizes.

[We are indebted for the use of the above block to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.]

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

TO ADVERTISERS.
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are much pleased at the ready response to our appeal in last issue for Brief Border Biographies, and we desire to tender our thanks to those contributors who have so heartily fallen in with our wishes. During the days of summer when so many Borderers re-visit their old homes, we would commend to them the useful habit of making notes of old customs &c., which may have disappeared, but are still fresh in the memories of the old folks. Such notes should be written out in full at the very earliest opportunity, and it is hardly necessary to say that we will be very pleased to receive such links with the past life of the Borderland.

The Border Keep.

An old and esteemed friend who occasionally remembers me in the loneliness of my Keep, and frequently sends me interesting items for reproductions, thus writes:—

"My Dear Dominie,—I enclose a cutting from the 'Edinburgh Evening News' which deals with a matter requiring your help.

A DEFACED BORDER MONUMENT.

The once beautiful Ionic temple erected to the memory of Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," is now in a pitiful state. The monument stands on a small hill, within a short distance of Dryburgh Abbey, and at the end of the Suspension Bridge. The fine circular pillars which uphold the dome of the temple have been ruined by numberless initials having been cut into the soft stone, while of the statue of the poet, which at one time adorned the interior of the temple, not the slightest trace remains. No attempt has been made for years to keep the approaches clear of the bushes, which now rise to a height of over six feet. From the roadway the temple is completely covered except for the dome, and unless some public-spirited Border society takes the matter up the temple in a year or two will be entirely inaccessible, and will be completely covered up by the tangled masses of prickly shrubbery around it.

* * *

I remember when passing the spot more than twenty years ago with my uncle that I asked him what had become of the statue of Thomson. He said that it had been removed to save it from damage by the public. I hope it may still be safe somewhere. It would not require much to clean up the place, sned the bushes, and encircle the structure with an iron railing. The property belonged to the Earl of Buchan, who erected the monument, and, I suppose, still belongs to the family."

* * *

Thus does my old friend add to my burdens, but they will sit lightly if any word of mine

can help such a desirable object. It may be remembered how the Hogg monument at St Mary's Loch used to be disfigured by irreverent and senseless scribblers until the matter was taken up vigorously by our good friend the Rev. R. Borland. Some things seem sacred to ridicule, and from the unveiling day of the Thomson monument, when the rather eccentric Earl of Buchan withdrew the cloth which covered the statue only to discover that some wag had put an old hat on the poet's head, there have been those who have smiled audibly at the Ionic Temple. It may or it may not be a fitting memorial of the poet of "The Seasons," but it has some claims to beauty, and we as the successors of those who placed it there should see that this memorial of a famous Borderer is restored and kept in order. As the paragraph above quoted indicates, this is a work for some Border Society. Which shall it be?

* * *

Mr Richard Waugh, who visited the Border district during the winter months in the interests of emigration to Canada, has written some very interesting articles in the Winnipeg papers on his experiences during his visit. He also gives many reminiscences of the old days when he used to reside in our midst, and one of these I have much pleasure in preserving in the Keep. Mr Waugh says:—

In one of my letters I made some reference to the little meannesses of the would-be great. There is another style of dignity that contrasts very favourably with the Brummagen article. Some thirty years ago, coming out of Dr Whyte's great west-end church of which I recently spoke, I noticed a crowd waiting quietly round in sight of one of the cabs alongside the pavement. The lady they were waiting for a sight of was Lady Grizel Baillie, aunt of our friend Lord Polwarth. She was the youngest daughter of George Baillie, of Jarviswood, who a century ago was one of the handsomest men in Britain, and lived at Mellerstain within a few miles of my own home. His half-dozen daughters were splendid-looking women, the eldest becoming Marchioness of Bredalbane. The next became the mother of our ex-Governor-General, the Earl of Aberdeen, and all of them became the wives of peers, except the youngest, Lady Grizel, who was named after an ancestress of heroic quality that as a girl carried food under cloud of night to her father who hid in the family vault under the parish church, a sharer in the hard fortunes of the Covenanters of his day. The modern Grizel lived with her mother and two brothers, one a soldier and the other a sailor, in my own near neighbourhood for many years, their elder brother having in the meantime inherited the Earldom of Haddington. Major Baillie quit fox-hunting of which his father had been a great devotee, and became noted as an earnest supporter of all Christian movements, as did their nephew the present Lord Polwarth, whom I have heard preach in a grey tweed suit. The tall, graceful figure of Lady Grizel and her brother were well known locally, and as I have shown readily recognisable in a crowded city. The two were inseparable, and great walkers, generally with a definite object in view, for he was an elder in his church and she a constant visitor wherever their presence could do any good. They had not much perhaps to give away, and had no air of condescension when you met them. They were the most natural people possible, and I have known her regularly visiting the dying sister of my own servant girl, in the quietest possible way, and to good purpose. The fiercest democrat in our district, for we had a few such, would take off his hat to her and would have been mad to see any token of disrespect to that pair of aristocrats. They lived and died within a mile of my own native village, doing their duty in the station of life in which God had called them, and universally beloved.

* * *

The history and connections of one of our Border families is shown in the following from the "Peeblesshire Advertiser":—

The death took place in April last at Hurley of Mrs Elizabeth Katherine Mary Hoare, who belonged to a distinguished Peeblesshire family, being daughter of the late James Wolfe Murray of Cringletie, by his marriage in 1852 to Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of John Whyte-Melville of Bennochy and Strathkinness, Fifeshire, and maternal granddaughter of Francis Godolphin (Osborne), fifth Duke of Leeds, K.G. The Murrays of Cringletie are, like the Murrays of Elibank, a branch of the Blackbarony family, which traces its descent from John de Moravia, who owned the Blackbarony estates in the reign of Robert III. The father of the first Baronet was knighted by James VI. on announcing to him the birth of his eldest son, Prince Henry; and the third Baronet was a loyal supporter of Charles I., being fined by Parliament therefor. The late Mrs Hoare's great-grandfather was the gallant Colonel Alexander Murray of Cringletie, who distinguished himself in command of the Grenadiers at Louisberg and Quebec; and her grandfather was the well-known judge, Lord Cringletie, of the Court of Session. Cringletie, by the way, is an interesting place in the old Scotch manor house style, and contains several valuable family portraits by Gainsborough and Raeburn. Mrs Hoare was maternally a niece of that eminent sporting novelist, Major Whyte-Melville, author of "Digby Grand," and she also claimed descent from General Robert Melville, soldier and antiquary, who is best remembered as inventor of the naval gun known as "carronade," which was used with great effect until about the middle of last century. General Melville, who suggested a new route for Hannibal's march across the Alps, was the oldest general in the army at the time of his death. The deceased lady, who died after an operation for appendicitis, leaves issue by her marriage in 1886 to Hugh Edward Hoare of Hurley House, Marlow, M.P. for West Cambridgeshire, 1892-5, a member of the wealthy English banking family of that name. Mrs Hoare's only half-sister is the wife of their kinsman, the Master of Elibank, M.P. for Mid-Lothian.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Earlston-on-Leader.

PART II.

THE Earlston proverb, "Ye're no to lippen to like the deid folk at Earlston," arose out of an incident which occurred before the churchyard was enclosed by a stone wall and gates in 1819. A ploughman, who had been getting his irons sharpened at the smithy opposite the Church, so late as eleven o'clock at night, in taking a short cut by a diagonal path across the churchyard stumbled into an open grave. A roystering party of ploughmen returning by the same route after getting the oats they had received in part payment of wages ground and sifted at Haughhead Mill, happened to reach the grave as the ploughman came out, and took the unexpected appearance as a case of literal resurrection.

There were two Dissenting Churches in Earlston; one, the United Secession, at the east, and the other, the Relief, at the west-end, and both on the south side of the street; the congregations united in 1847, and became one United Presbyterian body.

The old schoolhouse stands near the middle, on the same side of the street as the Church; above it was the Burgh Court-room, approached by an outside stair, which has been removed.

In the good old days there was no drainage of any consequence, and the water supply was obtained either from wells sunk in the gardens or at the roadside. The village common well is in the centre of the green, within a picturesque stone pavilion, which has the date 1815 upon it. The enclosure was erected to commemorate the battle of Waterloo, but the well itself must be much older.

A streamlet called the Trufford Burn runs on the south of the village, and joins the Leader at Cowdenknowes. The name is derived from the "peatary" which lay to the south-east, and in the olden times supplied the inhabitants with turf fuel till coal was raised from the Lothian colleries and transit of it made easy. The crossing or ford took its name from the peat or turf, and so locally designated the burn itself. It is also called Clark's burn, after the builder of the Cowdenknowes road bridge; and the Broad burn.

North of the village, and a little east of the Leader, is a hollow in a rising ground, called the "Howe of the Hope," where the Covenanters used to meet in perfect seclusion, and, later, it was used for concealing the horses of the district, when the Highlanders of 1745 passed through that way in their search for loot.

At Haughhead stood many years ago a cottage where lived Kate Kemplin, a harmless, kindly old body, who had the reputation among the children of being a witch, although nevertheless they did not refuse her gifts of "sweeties."

On the opposite bank of the Leader to Rhymer's Tower is an old cottage known as "Blaikie's," with an altar tomb in the garden, overshadowed at one time by the ash tree shown in the sketch, but of which only the trunk remains. The inscription on it, now obliterated, was in these words—

"At Craigsford, January 20th, 1724.

Here is the throuch and place designed for the body of James Blaikie, wright in Craigsford, and Marion Sclater, his spouse: built by himself: wishing that God, in whose hand my life is, may raise me by the greatness of His power to a glorious resurrection, that this stone when I view it, may mind me of death and eternity, and the dreadful torments which the wicked endure. Oh, that God may enable me to have some taste of the sweet enjoyment of His presence, that my soul may be filled with love to Him who is altogether lovely, that I may go through the Valley of the Shadow of Death leaning on Him in whom all my hope is; so strengthen Thou me, O Lord, who have done to me great things, more than I can express."

(Added after his death.)

"Here lies James Blaikie, portioner of Earlston, who died the 23rd day of June, 1748, aged 73 years; as also Marion Sclater, his spouse, who died November, 1747; and his daughter, who died 1st November, 1755."

Blaikie, who was a carpenter by trade, and of great height and strength, always kept a coffin in stock for his last resting-place, but this was not available when his time came. He is said to have knelt at the tomb to his devotions morning and evening.

To those interested in place-names, it may be of interest to refer to the "Hawk Kaim," a low hill on the south side of the Trufford burn, where, an authority says, was the hawking house of the Earls of Dunbar, but it also appears in an old document as "The Halcombe." May this not be the "Hal Orchard" of the deed of October 11th, 1484, previously quoted?

The old approaches to Earlston would form a very interesting subject for consideration. Whether any of the primitive tracks made by the men of the stone or bronze age remain we cannot, of course, say; probably the oldest is the bridle-path which leads from Gattonside, disclosing a magnificent view of the south

country from the hill top, and continuing down the other side across the Packman's burn to the old bridge at Craigsford, passing on its way a footpath right-of-way, now closed up, which led to the Leader by Blaikie's cottage.

A Roman road, it is known, went north from Hadrican to the Antonine wall, crossing in its course the present road near the village of Newstead, and then leading down to a bridge across the Tweed which has disappeared long ago; the foundations of it remained to the close of the eighteenth century. James Haig of Bemersyde, in his Diary of 1796, describes a part of the more southerly section near Longnewton on the east side of the Jed-

BLAIKIE'S COTTAGE, EARLSTON.

burgh road to Lilliard's Edge, thence by Mount Teviot to Creland, being again visible there as the march to the lands of Houston.

There was another road, formed by Malcolm IV., grandson of David I., called "Malcolm's-rod," which went westward from Gattonside over the hill, passing by Kadeslie and Fauchope burn to Lauder. Part of the land between it and the Leader belonged to the Earl of Dunbar. He granted the monks of Melrose permission to share the pasturage of it with his servants, and as he undertook that his own cattle should return to Earlston every night, unless hindered by storm or inundation, the presumption is that the monks removed theirs also. Neither of them were to have any shelter for cattle on this land. The exception of storm or inundation made by the Earl to his undertaking shows there was no bridge over the Leader at that time. The ford used would be Craigsford. There was also a ford over the Tweed below Old Melrose called Monks' Ford, and ferries at Rutherford, Drygrange, and Gateside.

The monks had already from Malcolm IV. the right of pasturage on the other side of Malcolm's-rod, and the use of any wood they might require. The charter conferring these favours was given at Erchildon (Earlston), and the lands which it covered were those of Whitelee, Buckholm, Allanshaws, Blainslie, Threepmuir, Colmslie, Kadeslie, and Langshaw, marching with the Tweed and Gala, and extending between Wedale at Stow on the west to Leader on the east, a distance of seven or eight miles. The charter was witnessed to, among other nobles, by Cospatrick Earl of Dunbar and his son Huctred.

As it was the custom for the monks to form and keep up the roads between their monasteries and granges, the Melrose brotherhood would have a road from the Abbey to their Grange, which seems to have crossed the Tweed by a bridge at Red Abbeystead.

It is possible that the road from Leaderfoot, which was re-formed about 1830, follows in the main the old Grange road, but there are indications of an earlier road between Drygrange Mains and the Packman's Bridge. This bridge took its name from a tragedy

which befel a packman, who, resting on the parapet and overbalanced by his pack, was killed in the burn below.

The Leader-Foot bridge was founded in 1779 and finished in 1780. Charles Black, the father of Adam Black, the founder of the publishing firm of A. & C. Black, was one of the workers at it, when he met his future wife, Alison Bunyan, at Drygrange Farm. The bridge on the same line of road, crossing the Leader near Earlston, was designed and built by Frank Mowat, the father of the late Robert Mowat, one of the partners in the firm of W. & R. Chambers. In his early days he lived at Redpath, but in later years at Earlston, where the house built for his occupation may still be seen. James Haig in his Diary under date October 21, 1797, writes thus concerning the neighbouring Dryburgh road bridge over the Leader, "The flood in Leader has carried off the bridge at the foot of it. It fell about 9 this morning, and at the same time Mr Tod's mill dam."

A very interesting road is that from Dryburgh by Bemersyde and Redpath. At Bemersyde hill it commands a very fine view of the Tweed valley, which was so admired by Sir Walter Scott that he often pulled up his horse for a little when he passed that way. A pathetic reminder of this habit occurred on the day of his burial in Dryburgh Abbey, when this favourite horse, led riderless in the procession, paused when it reached the well-remembered spot.

Another ancient road, which though a little beyond the scope of our narrative, is well worth referring to, is the "Girthgate," or "Pilgrim's Road," which led across the waste from the Tweed at Gateside Ford where Darnick bridge now is; and then over Soutra Hill to Edinburgh, touching probably the Hospitium at the Soultra religious house. These old pilgrim roads are very tenacious in their hold on the topography of a country, as, for instance, the pilgrim's road between Winchester and Canterbury; and the Midlothian way between the monastery once existing at Newhall, near Carlops, and Queensferry, as a station on the way to Queen Margaret's shrine at Dunfermline. This pilgrim path is still discernible above Carlops, starting from a wayside cross base stone on a hill called the Monks' Rig, and at length joining the ancient right-of-way across the Pentlands to Balerno. Between this and Queensferry the track is lost till it reaches a point above the present Queensferry Road, where there is another cross base on the top of a high bank. As roads were difficult to make and keep up in those days it is likely the pilgrims followed the road made by Malcolm, the directions coincided.

In pre-railway days Earlston was one of the villages through which the Edinburgh to London coaches passed. According to a copy of Ruddimom's almanack now lying before me, there were, in 1791, four coach routes to the southern metropolis; the east, by Haddington, Berwick, and Morpeth; the west, by Middleton, Hawick, and Carlisle; and two alternative mid roads, one by Blackshiels and Greenlaw; the other by Blackshiels and Kelso, the two latter joining the eastern road at Morpeth.

Earlston's connection lay with the Kelso route; and the almanack informs us that the coach started from Dumbreck's, Canongate Head, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. It continued to run as far as Kelso till about the year 1860. In palmy days five coaches went south and five wenth north through the village of Fala.

At the same date a carrier's cart passed to and fro between Earlston and Edinburgh once a week; its Edinburgh headquarters being at Horsburgh's, Cowgate Head. According to Mr Russell, the author of "The Haigs of Bemersyde," it was thought a good thing in the latter half of the eighteenth century when a cart and two horses with five loads of meal could take two journeys from the Merse to Dalkeith in a week—returning laden with coal or lime."

Mr Walter Gilbey, in the November number of the "Eighteenth Century" (1904) states that the coach from Edinburgh to London took ten days on the journey in 1779, resting on the Sunday at Boroughbridge, in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Earlston occupies an honourable place among Scottish villages for the good influence exercised by the men and women who have spent their days there, and for the initiative and enterprise of those who have sought a wider sphere than the village life of their fathers.

Of the former, the first to claim notice in point of time are the Burnets, some of whose names appear in the Church records at the close of the seventeenth century, and the entries are very interesting. The first we quote is that under date April 22nd, 1694. John Burnet being one of the Session. "Appointed that the next Lord's Day after forenoon ver-

mon there be intimation made for a collection for tennants in Longnewtone who had sustained a considerable loss by fire, and likewise appoints the elders and deacons to collect the samine in their several bounds betwixt and the 15th May next to come." Longnewtone was about five miles from St Boswells.

June 24, 1694. "Collected 01 10 00, which was given to a man going to Ireland who for some time lived in this place." These entries give evidence of a very kindly disposition on the part of the office-bearers of the Established Church. The next two show their faithfulness in rebuke, although we cannot learn what the cause was. July 8., 1694. "The Session being informed of that Jannot Foster had one day of June last by past a very scandalous and unchristian carriage, they appoint her to be summoned to the next meeting." July 15, 1694. "Compeared likewise this day Jannot Horster (Foster), who was rebuked for her scandalous carriage above mentioned, and was exhorted to a more circumspect walk in time coming."

We also learn that the trees of the churchyard were sold to provide a "mort-cloth"; they were bought by John Shiel, maltman, in Earlston, for 153 pounds Scots, equal to £12, 15s of present currency. If the present trees are their immediate successors they will be therefore 200 years old. Another entry showing that the Act passed in 1567, which provided that schoolmasters be examined by patrons or visitors, was still supposed to be in force, runs thus, "Session being informed that Mr Alex. Hastie doth keep a schooll and teach children within ye town of Earlston to the prejudice of the public schooll, there discharges him to keep the said schooll any longer, and appoints their officer to intimate the same to him. Nov. 26, 1694."

Three of the Burnets names appear in a manuscript book as members of a society which met for prayer and reading the Bible. Their proceedings seem to have been modelled on "Rules and directions anent private Christian meetings for prayer and conference to mutual edification," drawn up by Mr Walter Smith, who was executed in 1681. They met weekly in Earlston, and any one interested in the matter will find an account of the book by the present writer in the "Union Magazine" for December 1901.

RHYMER'S TOWER.

John, a son of one of these Burnets, obliged to take long journeys in connection with his business as a house-builder, wrote a diary in three volumes of his movements and reflections. There is only one of the three volumes remaining, but no doubt they were all of the same character, and the survivor is useful as showing the limits of religious thought among the Scottish middle class in the early part of the eighteenth century. There are no allusions in it to the scenery that environed Earlston, and he does not seem to have had any idea of the beauty that Wordsworth eighty years afterwards saw in Yarrow, neither does he record any sympathy with Border minstrelsy or history. He was living

under the shadow of Covenanting times, and even supposing he was cognisant of the charms of sight and sound around him, might imagine he was called on to repress all emotion that did not tend, as he considered, to the advance of the great purpose of life.

(To be Continued.)

Scottish Border Bells in England.

AFTER the slight reference, in a recent issue of the BORDER MAGAZINE, to the old parish church bell of Middlebie, it may interest readers to know that the old parish church bell of Dornock keeps it company in the belfry of the English Church of Bowness, a little village on the Cumberland shore of the Solway Firth. The former hanging on the right is the larger of the two, and both are inaccessible, as the belfry is without stair or ladder. They are still known as "The Middlebie bell," and "The Dornock bell."

Tradition has it that in retaliation for "lifting" Bowness bell along with stirks and kye by the Scots under Hamilton in 1648, the Cumberleians crossed the Solway and raided Annandale. Amongst their plunder was Middlebie bell. Not content, before crossing the Firth, they laid violent hands on Dornock bell. Soon after having secured it they were overtaken and hotly pursued by the Scots. Finding the cumbersome bells endangering their escape the last seized was pitched into a pool, which to this day is known as the "bell pool."

Nothing daunted, and not many days after, they again crossed the ferry, some two miles broad, and at low tide fished out the bell and carried it off. The two were duly hung in the belfry as trophies of war, and there they hang to-day as if mocking descendants of the Scots reivers across the Solway.

English raiders must have had a penchant for bells in those days. We find another Scottish Border bell, there may be more, on the English side. The former may have been better supplied with bells than the latter. Be that as it may, Canonbie Church bell was seized in one of the Border frays. The English raiders failing to get enough "nowte" stole the bell and hung it up in their own spire. To this day, if the Sabbath morning be quiet, the fine tones of the bell can be heard in Canonbie. These are said to contrast strongly against the tin-kettle clang of the bell that became its successor.

G. M. R.

The Late Mr George Good, Liberton.

AN APPRECIATION.

BY the decease of Mr George Good, F.S.A. Scot., Liberton has lost one who from his earliest years has been interested in the welfare of the village and neighbourhood, and who, in consequence of the keen interest he took in all matters that pertained to the parish, has in more recent times been identified with its life and work. So prominent a part did he take in all that would promote the interest of the place, that he was, if one may so speak, identified with Liberton itself. In the words of one of his contemporaries, "It's not Liberton without George Good"; and thus it will be seen how large is the vacancy which has been made by his removal from our midst.

Mr Good was born at Liberton, Mid-Lothian, on the 8th of March, 1844, and from the parish in which he first beheld the light he never saw occasion to remove. In his own quiet way he strove to do good to those who were in need of assistance, and never refrained from doing a good turn to the deserving who were in need of help. Of such a charitable disposition, he made an ideal representative on the Parochial Board of the Parish of Liberton, of which he was a member for some years, before the Parish Councils Act came into operation. He was also a member of Liberton Mutual Improvement Association, in which he took an active interest. Equally talented in letters and music, Mr Good was for long associated with Liberton Musical Association, to which, being the possessor of a rich tenor voice, he was of invaluable assistance. For some twenty years, also, when in his prime, he was a member of the choir of Liberton Parish Church, with which congregation he was connected for the greater portion of his life; and it was through his instrumentality that the harmonium was introduced into the church in 1887, to assist the praise of the congregation. It is not surprising that one with such an attainment should have many calls upon his services. Many were the entertainments in the surrounding district in whose programmes he figured with much acceptance. Among his various songs, his rendering of "Scotland Yet" and "Mary," in the former of which he specially excelled, is remembered with delight.

Descended on his maternal side from a Berwickshire family, he was proud of his connection with the Borders, in whose lore he took great interest. This connection he strengthened by joining the Edinburgh Border Coun-

ties' Association, of which he was a member for the last sixteen years. Here, again, his vocal attainments were much appreciated; and his name was usually to be found on the programmes of the social gatherings of that body. During the period of his membership, until his last serious illness overtook him, he seldom missed participating in the annual excursion of the Association; and his robust form is to be seen in most of the groups taken at these outings. His last outing with them was on the occasion of the unveiling of the Ettrick Shepherd memorial at Ettrick Hall, near Ettrick Parish Church, on Friday, 27th July, 1898, on which occasion he was called upon to give a rendering of his favourite song, "Scotland Yet."

THE LATE MR GEORGE GOOD, LIBERTON.

It is, however, in the rôle of historian and antiquarian that Mr Good is most widely known. In this department he has created a name for himself, having made an important contribution to local history. Nominated for membership in the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland in 1893, this honour was duly conferred upon him, his monumental work on Liberton being more than a sufficient testimonial to entitle him to become an "F.S.A. Scot." In consequence of the deep interest Mr Good took in the historical and antiquarian lore of Liberton, he has long held undisputed the honour of being regarded the authority for all such matters in the parish. At Liberton and Burdiehouse he gave lectures on the history and antiquities of the parish, and these were received with so much acceptance that he was pressed to publish the results of his researches. This he at length decided to do; whence his able work, "Liberton in Ancient and Modern Times," which was published early in 1893. It consists of fifteen chapters, with an introduction by the Rev. Dr Gray, minister of the parish, and is illustrated by twelve plates. Mr Good spared no labour to make his production the standard

work on the history of the parish. He made extensive researches into the parish records and into the more out-of-the-way sources of information, thus producing a work which was a mine of historical and antiquarian lore. The publication, which evinces that the writer was a most industrious and competent antiquary, was written in a bright and interesting manner, and is a volume "of considerable value as a contribution to the history of the locality." It is deservedly designated "a magnificent account of the parish."

This was followed in 1894 by the "Authorised Guide to Craigmillar Castle," which, authorised and revised by the proprietor, Captain Gordon Gilmour, also was written by Mr Good. It is an interesting and fascinating little work, agreeably written, and is illustrated by plans and views of the castle, etc. Mr Good was also an authority on place-names, in the investigation of which he took particular interest and delight. In this connection his name was not infrequently seen in the columns of the "Weekly Scotsman." He was also well versed in numismatology; he formed a collection of Roman coins, from those of Romulus and Remus downwards.

Mr Good's intellectual abilities also turned in the direction of invention. About two years ago he invented a patent lock-fast window-sash fastener. This sash fastener locks of itself, and, having no spring, cannot get out of order.

In his business as a builder, Mr Good established a wide connection and formed a large circle of friends. Owing to the precarious state of his health, it was thought advisable that his cares and responsibilities should be lessened. He therefore retired from his business on 1st February, 1905. Having heard of this, a few of his more intimate friends, desirous of evincing their appreciation of his worth, determined to show their esteem in some tangible form; the result of which was that in a very short time they generously presented him with a handsome silver salver and a purse of gold. The inscription on the former is as follows:—"Presented to Mr George Good, along with a purse of sovereigns, by friends in Liberton and District, as a mark of their esteem, on the occasion of his retiring from business. March, 1905."

In the latter part of 1898 Mr Good had been seized by a prostrating and painful disease, in consequence of which—especially for the last two years—he was confined to his room. From the first he knew that his was a trouble from which he would never recover, but he bore his painful illness—which, increasing in intensity, lasted nearly seven years—with true Christian fortitude and patience; and, possessed of that peace "which passeth all understanding," he peacefully "fell on sleep" on the morning of the Day of Rest, 14th May, 1905, at his residence, Braefoot, Liberton, in his 62nd year. Having enjoyed married life for nearly twenty-five years, he leaves behind him a widow, a son, and a daughter, to whom numerous expressions of sympathy have been conveyed. His remains were interred in Liberton Cemetery on Wednesday, 17th May, and the large and representative gathering which was then present testified to the universal esteem in which he was held.

G. M. W.

A Lost House.

CAIRNCROSS OF COLMSLIE.

THE Valley of the Elwyn is by many even in the Borders comparatively unknown. The tourist "does" Abbotsford, Dryburgh, and Melrose in a summer day, and in passing he has touched the edge of a curtain which to-day is seldom raised. The late John Freer, F.S.A., Melrose, has an excellent pamphlet on the subject Elwyndale, and Francis Lynn, F.S.A., another for the Hawick Archæological Society. Sir Walter Scott has not disdained the district, but other references are few.

The Elwyn joins the Tweed midway between Galashiels and Melrose, and some three miles up the valley stand the three grey towers mouldering in the sun. They form a small triangle, and were built on the verge of three estates, as has been quaintly suggested, for mutual support in troublesome times. Sir William Borthwick's explanation in a similar case was "We'll breeze yont."

Langshaw never had much significance, and it may be passed over. Hillslap is the Glendearg of the Monastery, and Scott refers to it in the introduction of that book. It was built in 1585 by Nicol Cairncross, and his initials and those of his wife, with that date, still remain above the door. Colmslie dates back about a hundred years previously. In both cases the roof has disappeared, and in the case of Colmslie the neighbouring farm has been enriched by the Cairncross crest and by the dial before the door. North of the castle stands the Chapel Field, the old burying ground of the lairds. The valley is full of old memories,

Colmslie deriving its name from Saint Columba or Saint Colm.

"Colmslie stands under Colmslie Hill,
The water runs by Colmslie Mill.
Colmslie stands in the lirk o' the hill,
The water comes slowly doon by the mill;
The willow waves fu' wantonly
Atween Hillslap and Colmslie."

This was the home of the Cairncrosses, to-day a scattered and vanished race. The most noteworthy of the name was Alexander, who became Archbishop of Glasgow. It would appear that this representative, though the heir of the family of Colmslie, was at one time in such low circumstances that he was obliged to exercise the trade of dyer in the Canongate, by which means he recovered part of the estate of his ancestors. It may be questioned if Glasgow has ever had another Archbishop of that ilk. He was parson of Dumfries till 1684, when, on the recommendation of the Duke of Queensberry, he was made Bishop of Brechin. In December of the same year he was promoted to the Archbishopric of Glasgow, but in 1686, having strenuously resisted the projected repeal of the penal laws and the test, and having otherwise displeased the Chancellor, he was removed by the irregular and uncanonical mode of a letter from the King to the Privy Council, on January 13, 1687. After that he lived privately till the Revolution, when he showed a disposition to comply with the new Government and thereby to obtain his Archbishopric. Episcopacy was abolished, however, and he was made Bishop of Raphoe in Ireland, in May, 1689, where he died in 1701.

So far back as 1390 there is a reference to a Simon de Cairncross in the Exchequer Rolls in connection with "Monross." Another under the great seal of Balmashannan in 1439, is granted land in Inverness, Forfar, Perth, and Aberdeen. It is, however, between 1530 and 1630 that the name figures most in the history of the day. Nicol is president of the Edinburgh Dean of Guild in 1538: Colmslie is granted to William in the same year. In 1586 Wilton Green and Wilton Burn are confirmed to William Cairncross and to Grizel Scott his wife, and it is interesting to find that in 1604 the lands resigned by them are granted by the King to Walter Scott of Branxholme. The name occurs often as caution or surety, but whether it is a matter of money-lending or a kind of under-wardenship it is difficult to say. Some of the references are interesting, as that of 1590, where Walter is cautioner to deliver under pain of rebellion and putting to the horn certain Armstrongs and Elliots to the English Warden; or that of 1592, where the same Walter is surety for John Scott of Foulshiels; or that of 1588, where Nicol Cairncross is surety for Hob Elliot, brother of John Elliot of Copshaw. Hob was in the Tolbooth, and he must have been a "caution," for he is rated at £2000, while Ker of Cessford is ticketed at £1000. Hob was worth exactly double of a Warden of the Middle March.

Walter Cairncross of Colmslie again is a witness of a discharge by Janet Scott to Sir William Ker, who paid 1000 merks for the failure of his son to face the altar with the aforesaid Janet; and in the next year the bond of allegiance to the Queen-Mother is signed among others by William and John of Colmslie.

In addition, they acted frequently as members of assize, but were not above making a raid now and again to keep their hand in. We read of a raid by John of Earlstoun and Robert—called "Meikle Hob"—and their motto, "By doing right I fear no one," was certainly applicable as to its last clause. Otherwise it seemed to be strained to the breaking point occasionally. There is a somewhat foxy entry of 1537, which we do not feel eager to translate, and which is as follows:—"Rex dedi literas legitimationes Johanni Andree et Isobelle Carncors bastardis ficiis et filie naturalibus Roberti Abbatis S. Crucis."

A James Cairncross is a member of assize when Lyell Hall is sentenced to be "hangit" for stealing "ane grey horse." A good deal of dirty linen seems to have been washed before the Privy Council of those days, and in one case "Agnes Cairncross declared that afore she sleep it she should give the said Agnes Lawder better cause to complain and that she should mak' her to have a cauld airme-full of some of her bairnes"—Agnes Lawder apparently not having always pursued the path of virtue. That very night, said the record, the said Agnes Cairncross "convenit" the Scotts, "dang the said Richard through the airme with a lance, chassit him and his brother about the house, etc.," but the judges were not convinced of the assault, and the amazing Agnes went "Scot" free.

Even in 1617 a Charles Cairncross makes a complaint against William Borthwick, his son-in-law, for having assaulted him after sermon when going about his corn. The sermon of yore was not so soothing as that of to-day.

The Colmslie estate was valuable. In 1643 it amounted to £1630 fully. It belonged originally to the monks, and they could be depended upon for knowing "a good thing" in the matter of location.

Gradually these old towers fell out of the Cairncross hands. Hillslap was last occupied

by three ladies. "On the death of the last of these a lawsuit arose out of the will, which gifted the estate to other than the natural successor. It is of interest to know that the father of Sir Walter Scott was agent for the natural heir, who was a schoolmaster, and gained his case. When Colmslie was last occupied we cannot tell. According to tradition it was used in the end as a prison during the persecuting times, and people still think they hear a voice from the castle dungeon cry 'Woe, woe to the bloody house of Colmslie'."

"All these ruins," says Scott, "so strangely huddled together in a very solitary spot, have recollections and traditions of their own," and both them and their traditions Scott knew well, for the towers were "within a morning's ride of his own house." His quotation of the song varies from that of others:—

Colmslie stands on Colmslie hill,
The water it flows round Colmslie mill,
The mill and the kiln gang bonnily,
And it's up with the whippers of Colmslie.

Sir Walter, it may be added, was a warm admirer of the inscription at Langshaw, "Ut inam hanc etiam veris impleam amicis"; though for "veris" he reads "viris," "a modest wish which I know no one more capable of attaining upon an extended scale than the gentleman who has expressed it upon a limited one." We know that Sir Walter lacked neither for friends nor in the way of hospitality, and we are assured that he spoke sincerely, though the distinction between filling the house with true friends, and on the other hand showing hospitality to a full house, to put it roughly, is considerable.

"The name of Cairncross," says Nisbet, "in old charters writ 'Carnea Crux,' of which there was a Bishop of 'Ros' and an Abbot of 'Holyrood-house,' and other barons of the name carried the same arms with the Abbacy of 'Holyrood-house' as Andrew Cairncross of Colmslie, argent 'A Stag's Head erazed' and between the 'Attiring' or 'Horns' a 'Cross Crosslet fitchie' surmounted on the top with a Mullet 'Gules.' Motto: 'Recte faciendo neminem timeo'."

The present writer imagines himself to be a descendant of this old house. His uncle tried to "redd up" the claim over half a century ago. His father's family is registered in Stow, and his grandfather as a boy remembered the last laird of Hillslap being carried shoulder-high over the water to his burial, thus confirming the tradition of the Chapel Field. He has no other claim. In any case it would not matter much now, for this is a Border story with lost chapters and a Weir of Hermiston ending. It is the story of men who, while they brawled with one another, sat down with kings. Moreover, if their lines did not always fall in pleasant places, they had yet a goodly heritage. They lived also in the days of Mary Queen of Scots. And what need is there to say more?

Book Notes.

We understand that a well-known Edinburgh lawyer of Border extraction, who modestly signs himself "K," is responsible for a booklet entitled "Beautiful Edinburgh," just published by George Stewart & Co. The author has appended some simple and pleasing rhymes of his own which add to the charm of the booklet. There are some beautiful views from Valentine's photographs, and a pictorial chart-view from Edinburgh Castle, giving a general idea of the places of interest in and around the capital. This idea is an excellent one.

* * * *

The romantic story of "The Life of Mary Queen of Scots" has been retold after a delightful fashion by Miss Hilda T. Skae, the book being issued by Maclaren & Co. Miss Skae wields a graceful and facile pen, and should have a future before her, if she continues to do such good work. We notice that after the twelve days' detention of Mary by the infamous Earl of Bothwell in the Castle of Dunbar, he issued a proclamation in the Queen's name summoning the male population to convene at Melrose, "to proceed with her Majesty and her lieutenant, the Duke of Orkney, her spouse, against the insurgents on the Border." Feeling Edinburgh to be no longer a secure abode, he retired with Mary to Borthwick Castle. This strength was surrounded by an armed force; Bothwell fled after a cowardly fashion and left Mary to escape, dressed as a cavalier, booted and spurred, only to fall into his hands again, and be carried off to Dunbar. Miss Skae has re-told the story of Queen Mary sympathetically, and has taken great pains to go to the best authorities, and made good use of her material.

Not serve two masters?—Here's a youth will try it—
Would fain serve God, yet give the devil his due;
Says grace before he doth a deed of villany,
And returns his thanks devoutly when 'tis acted.

Motto ("Kenilworth.")

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MR ANDREW THOMSON, F.E.I.S. GALASHIELS.

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ANDREW THOMSON, F.E.I.S., F.S.A. (Scot.).

"A.T.G."

THE old time-honoured type of "Dominie" has now all but passed away. The Education Act of 1872 has not only revolutionised the teaching of the schools but created a new type of teacher. The "Stickit Minister" has long ceased to find a haven of refuge in the profession when he had failed to induce a patron to settle him in a parish, a loss, it may be, to the country, as he was often a man of superior learning and attainments and well qualified for this important calling. Now the "maister," the product of our new system, though not less learned than of yore, is worried with "codes," and "time-tables," and all sorts of rules and regulations devised by a Department, which seems at times to take a positive delight in counter-manding its own orders. There is consequently often a care-worn look about the modern "dominie," as if he carried the "time-table" on his conscience.

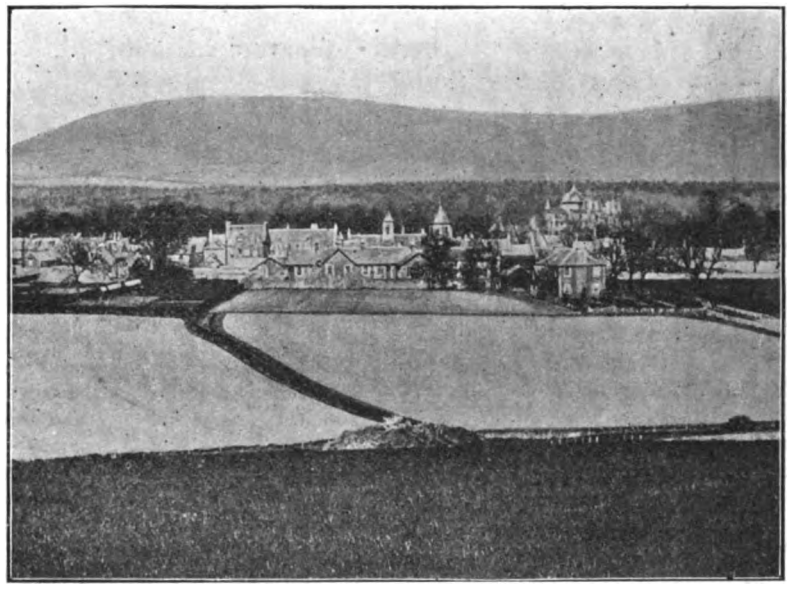
The subject of the present sketch is a teacher, and a laborious and successful one, but if you met him you would probably have considerable difficulty in saying off-hand what his particular calling was. He is free from all professional narrowness, and except when mixing with men of his own class he rarely indulges in what is called "shop." His sympathies are broad and varied, and, as we shall see, he has made a name for himself in various fields outside of his profession.

Though long intimately identified with the life of the Borders, Mr Thomson is not by birth a Border man. He was born in Spott, near Dunbar, on the 8th June, 1852. He received his early education at the parish school of East Linton, and served a five years' apprenticeship as a pupil teacher. He entered the Normal School in Edinburgh in 1871, and completed his training there in the following year. His first appointment as an assistant teacher was in the ancient burgh of Lauder, under one of the most scholarly and successful teachers in the country, and who has just recently retired from active duty. There he spent three happy and busy years, furthering his own scholastic attainments, and becoming acquainted with the history and traditions of the parish, of which, in course of time, he was to become the annalist. In 1875 he returned to Edinburgh to become assistant in St. Stephen's Sessional School, and matriculated at the University with a view to taking his degree, but shortly after he was appointed headmaster of Westruther Public School, and

again returned to the Borders. His success was rapid. In 1880 he was appointed to Ladhope School, Galashiels, and in 1894 was transferred to Glendinning Terrace School, under the same Board, and here for the past eleven years he has laboured with commendable diligence and success.

The professional man who has no hobby is sincerely to be commiserated, as exclusive devotion to one pursuit, however worthy it may be, has a tendency to warp and narrow both the sympathies and the intellect. This danger Mr Thomson has certainly avoided. He has thrown himself heartily into the general life of the community, and taken an active part in every movement devised for the promotion of the common weal. He has been an active member of the Mechanics Institute, and in 1891-2 filled the office of Vice-President. During the past five years he has been president of the Border District Chrysanthemum Society, for, though not a competitor himself, he is deeply sensible of the influence for good which floriculture has upon those who have the time and opportunity to engage in it. He was made a Fellow of the Educational Institute of Scotland in 1884, and for three years thereafter he was a member of the General Committee of Management. In 1890 he attained to the dignity of F.S.A. (Scot.), an honour which he worthily merits.

But Mr Thomson's activities are not confined to the merely secular sphere of life. He is a strong churchman, and withal a man of broad ecclesiastical and theological sympathies. In 1885 he was appointed to the eldership in Galashiels Parish Church, and during these 20 years he has been a tower of strength in the Kirk Session. Gifted with an excellent voice, he reads the lessons in St. Paul's on Sunday mornings with fine effect. Every organisation in the Church finds in him a warm supporter and judicious helper. He is naturally much interested in the moral and religious welfare of the young, and his influence in this sphere especially has been powerful and far-reaching.



LAUDER PUBLIC SCHOOL.

It may be thought that these manifold activities are more than sufficient to absorb all his spare time and strength. This, however, is not the case. Mr Thomson, amid his multifarious and exacting duties, has found time to do a large amount of literary work of the most varied character. Not to speak of his numerous and well-informed articles in the daily press, and various magazines, he has written several books of sterling merit, one of them at least involving much original research. Nor has he been content to confine himself to prose compositions. He has long been a votary of the Muse, and though he may not have scaled the higher peaks of Parnassus—that is the accomplishment of the few—his "wood notes wild" entitle him

to be ranked among the minor poets of the Borders. In 1898 he published a small volume of poetry entitled "Lammermoor Leaves," which was well received by the reading public, and contains several pieces of more than ordinary merit. He thus sings of "Oakwood Tower":—

When leafy June adorns the way,
When hedgerows shed the ripening May,
When lazy Ash and gnarlous Oak
Don mantle green; when ravens croak

WESTRUTHER SCHOOL.

And plovers pipe, and all the air
Is live with song; when timid hare
Bounds o'er the lea; when lambkins leap
On hillock brow, and long-wooled sheep
All drowsy lie; when troutlets dart
The shallows bright; when cultured Art
To Nature yields, and all around
Teem mem'ries of enchanted ground—
Here let me linger by the Tower
Owned by the knight of magic power,
Whose *Book* lies buried by the Tweed,
Let all of sacrilege take heed!
Fair Melrose fane keeps watch and ward,
And homage pays to Border Bard.

He thus apostrophises in the same poem another Scott who ultimately owned the Tower, the redoubtable Wat o' Harden—

Brave Border Scott of long descent!
Whose blood is with the Murray's blent
To Meg-o'-Meikle-mou' was wed
To Baron Bold—by guile, 'tis said—
Still hold thy keep on Ettrick Brae—
A relic of an earlier day!
When battle rout and foray wild
The reiver's hopes and fears beguiled.

In the following year, 1899, appeared a series of sketches, entitled "Border Reminiscences. Annals of Thornlea." These papers, which are brightly written, deal almost exclusively with subjects of a purely local character, and reveal the kindly and generous nature of the writer, who never fails to discern "a soul of goodness in things evil." He touches the faults and foibles of his fellowmen with a gentle hand, and takes a generous pride in showing how much genuine goodness may often be found under the roughest and least promising exteriors. He gives an interesting glimpse of village life with its gossip and grumble and kindly humour.

Take the following extract by way of illustration:—

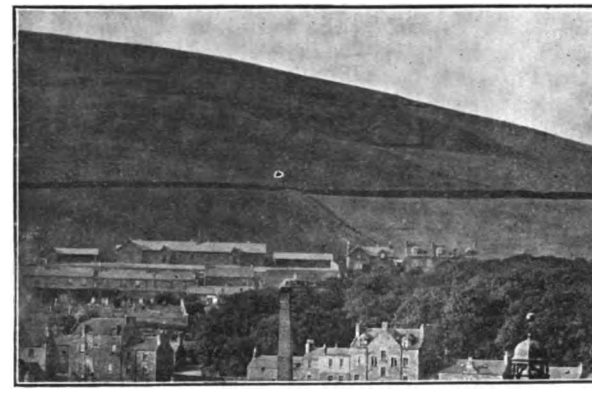
"Hey, Katie, hae ye h'ard the news?"

"Losh o' me! whaten news?" said Katie, folding her arms and fixing her posture by way of obeisance to the prophetess of gossip.

"Deed, div 'e ken," Jessie replied in sepulchral tone, "Johnnie Pate o' the Back Raw's deid."

"Mercy on us, dae ye say sae? An' oor guidman's claes ha'ena seen the licht o' day sin' Maggie Robison was ta'en awa'. Ye see he was a freen o' the corp. A boot air thim for the fooneral."

"Gae 'wa', wumman, there's nae fooneral," said the oracle.



GLENDINNING TERRACE SCHOOL, GALASHIELS.

Kate stole nearer, and thus besought a revelation of the mystery. "Ye dinna tell me that Johnnie's to be 'creamitat?' Maister Jeckshun was tellin' the weans the ither day that a 'creamitat-factory' was to be biggit at Glesca tae roast deid folks tae a shunder. But, Mrs Baxter, you and me that's brung up oor fam'lies tae respeck the deid as well as honour the leevin' canna ca' sic wark dacent. Na, na, a

saimentarie's bad eneuch as they hae at Embro —but Johnnie aye dreided fire, and if I wus Mysie, aw wud lay my man among my ain folk. But the maister said that 'creamitatin' wud never be compulsory i' oor day."

Now, Jessie Baxter's joke had gone quite far enough, and she was in haste to turn the scale—"Hoots, wumman, ye ha'ena h'ard me oot. Johnnie's deid in trespasses an' sins, and sae are ye, and sae are oo a'."

And then Kate Johnson thought herself "silly tae believe a' that an idle wumman wud say," and vowed to pay her back in her own coin some other day.

But, interesting as these productions are, disclosing as they do considerable variety of talent, they do not represent Mr Thomson's chief claim to consideration. "Lauder and Lauderdale" is his "magnum opus," a work involving much labour and research, and which has won high encomiums from the public press. "The Bookman," speaking of it, says:—"This is one of the best parish histories we have come across. Every chapter—of which there are no fewer than thirty-five—is literally packed with information, and not always of local interest only. Lauder and Lauderdale are names of frequent mention in Scottish story, and the writer of this volume has recorded practically all that is known or that can be said on the subject. He has proved himself to be an indefatigable and admirable student of his native dale, and should earn the gratitude of very many for this truly excellent record of it." The "Athenæum" is almost equally enthusiastic in its praise. "The district of Lauderdale," it says, "on the Scottish Borders, has found a worthy historian in Mr A. Thomson, whose 'Lauder and Lauderdale' covers almost every conceivable theme, from history, tradition, and legend to entomology and geology, and even meteorology. The author knows his subject thoroughly, and the thirty-five chapters into which the book is divided indicate at every point the care and enthusiasm which have been bestowed on the collection and arrangement of the materials."

These extracts are sufficient to show how the book was received furth of the Borders, and it is needless to say that the local press gave it an enthusiastic welcome. The work has been carefully done, and an enormous mass of information has been compiled and arranged, which will prove of great value to the future historian. Fault may, no doubt, be found by some critics, on the ground that Mr Thomson has been too painfully minute, recording events and incidents that have at the best a merely local interest. But it must not be forgotten that the book does not profess to be anything else than a local history, and that consequently what to outsiders may appear comparatively trivial may, nevertheless, have the greatest possible interest for those living in the locality. And then, as is often found, the minor details of history frequently prove of the first importance in forming an estimate of the character of a people. They belong equally, with the great events, to the evolutionary process of the life of the community, and ought not to be left out of account by the local historian. We have no hesitation in saying that this book will form a lasting memorial of Mr Thomson's industry and ability, and will be read with interest and profit by succeeding generations of Borderers.

Having devoted so much space to Mr Thomson's work in the various departments of literature, we must compress what further remains to be said into a few lines. Suffice it to say that he is still in the prime of life, and it may confidently be anticipated that he will not let his pen lie idle, but will continue to enrich our literature in those departments which he has made peculiarly his own.

Mr Thomson is an ardent churchman, though one of the most catholic minded of men, and a friend of all the churches, and of every worthy religious movement. He is genial and kindly in disposition, dowered with a fine gift of humour, enjoys a good story, and tells one uncommonly well. Though not a Borderer by birth—a fact which he no doubt sincerely regrets—he is a true Borderer in spirit, and has a profound interest in everything pertaining to the traditions and life of our beloved Borderland.

The Eskdale Schoolboy Band.

COME AWAY! the day is breaking,
Flowers are bathed in morning dew,
Birds are in their nests awaking,
Time that we were waking too.
Come away!

Come away! the owl is hiding,
And the bat hath vanished too;
Sunshine o'er the lea is gliding,
And the band but waits for you.
Come away!

Come away! the lark is winging
Upwards to the sky so blue,
Her gay morning song she's singing—
Time that we were singing too.
Come away!

Many an hour of glee and gladness
Waits us through this summer day;
Wintry storms may bring us sadness—
Haste thee, brother, come away!
Come away!

A. B. G.

Burnin' the Water.

[Copyright.]

"WHEN you've done with shooting come over and try the fishing," was the message received one evening on our return from the moor, and given out by the laird, our host, at the evening repast. A very ordinary message, and how conveyed, think you? Peter Amos, the moleman, had it from Watty Crozier, the shepherd, who got it from his son, who's herding marches on the heights with Jamie Telfer's sons', and he again had received it direct from one of the young Hedley's himself. So, from mouth to ear, a distance of ten miles, and taking two full days in transmission, came the simple suggestion, "Come over and try the fishing." Simple as it was, it had varying effects on our party. To myself it brought the pleasurable anticipation of an excursion to a hitherto unvisited countryside, new to me, but old in story of adventurous raids and fierce fights, old in romance of cattle-lifting and plundering, and more recently associated with days of wild sport and stirring incident. "Come over" meant a great deal. It meant over the heather bloom and the bent, over the disused lime-kilns and the grass-grown Roman roadways, over the peat haggs and the hill tops, over the sky-line—in fact, "over the Border."

It had the effect of unsettling the laird and of making his younger brother fidgety with half concealed excitement. Next day—to me an ideal looking shooting day—the elder said, "Suppose we give shooting a rest to-day," and the younger, "I don't believe the birds would sit; besides Rab is gathering sheep, and his dog's deaf, and he makes such a roaring he'll scare every grouse off his own and the next two hirsels." "Will you come and fish to-night?" This to me. "But I've no rod or flies," I replied. The younger brother thereupon went off into a series of explosive fits of laughter and the elder smiled grimly. "Never mind that, we'll fit you. Johnny will be going to the blacksmith's likely." It occurred to me that the blacksmith's was a curious place to go to for a rod or flies, and I pondered over this frequently during the day. Later on a council was evidently being held, from which I appeared to be excluded, so I wandered about, killing time as best I could. Meeting Rab, he remarked the weather was "guid for pittin' skins on lambs," and added that he had walked up five or six graun' lots o' grouse sittin' like stanes, and that "ony bairn could hae cawed them ower." I took this last as a reflection on my marksmanship and sulked. A long and somewhat useless day dragged thro', and in the afternoon Johnny returned from the smiddy with a parcel I was not allowed to see. But from its shape, and from a hint dropped by Rab that there was aye a rin o' fish in the first autumn fludes, I guessed, but kept my surmise to myself, that I was to see, perhaps take part in, a 'burning of the water.'

We started in the gloaming, and long before midnight reached our destination, a snug-looking farm house in a remote valley. The inmates had retired, all but a young schoolboy. "We looked for you two nights ago; the water was in grand order and we had a good creel. The others are all away down the water-gate to a supper and dance, and we've no lights. Will you drive on and dance?" "No, no, I've come to 'fish'," said the laird; and he set to work in the darkness and tore up into wide strips some old canvas sacks. Soaking these in paraffin, he wrapped them round an old stable fork, and gave the whole a plentiful dash of tar. Armed with the leisters and followed by an old byreman, who had tumbled down from a hay-loft and was pressed into the service of carrying the *torch*, we sallied out, and were soon at the water-side. The night was dark, and the torch when lit blazed up clear. Old Dick, the byreman, carried it high and well in front of him as he slipped into the water noiselessly, and I took my place on his left. We entered at the tail of a stream and worked in line slowly upwards. I had not recovered from the shock of the cold water, when a shout from Bill, who was beating the stream above, and then "there he goes" warned us, and an apparently large fish darted down-stream. I made a backhanded 'job' at him and nearly impaled Dick's foot, while the fish for a second or two nearly stranded himself high and dry; then in my efforts to get in a second stroke overbalanced and fell in a sitting posture in about two feet of water, and on a very hard and slippery stone. By the time I had wrung what water I could from my nether garments, and recovered my position, the fish had been taken by Jim, and two nice sea-trout had been stabbed by the schoolboy and transferred to a sack, and then the fun began. I soon learned to approach the fish, which showed very black and long against the gravel, as quietly as possible, to push the spear gently from behind till it nearly touched the mark, and then to strike down straight and firm and well forward. Several sea-trout of two to three lbs. were taken from the next stream, and then great excitement prevailed when Dick announced that a big fish was lying just below a hole too deep to wade. Some

stones thrown above him, a judicious wave of the torch, and an expert tap on the snout sent him down to thinner water, where the schoolboy and his collie dog hurled themselves in and had several tries at him, and so drummeled the water that we had to wait till it cleared. We had almost given up looking for him, and I was standing about two yards from the bank, when my heart jumped to my throat as I recognised that a dark object at which I had been gazing at for some time was the fish, and I experienced indescribable delight when, by a lucky thrust, I pinned him securely to the bottom, and, plunging in up to the arm-pits, seized him by the gills and bore him in triumph a good fifty yards inland, being only brought up by crashing headlong into a whin bush, hugging my prize—a fine fish of 6 to 7 lbs. We were setting to work again when a low whistle and a loud whisper came from the laird, "Out with the light; the watchers;" then the sound of a galloping horse in the haugh, and a shrill blow on a policeman's call electrified us, and a figure in a helmet appeared. The torch was plunged into the water and hissed and spluttered, but still burned. "Don't run, ye marauding poachers, my men are all round you,"—a feigned voice from the laird "to the hills boys." Then a loud laugh, and in a well-known Northumbrian tongue, "oh, but I did you proper that time!" It was the supper party returning. They saw us at work, and one of them had gone to the house to don a hunting-cap and pilot jacket, and had successfully simulated the police. "Oh, but we did put the fear o' death on you." Who's here, and what have you done? You should have been the night before last; we had the D—'s, the T—'s, the schoolmaster, and the minister! We fished till daylight and thought we had left none for you. Two fish and nine sea-trout; not bad; but you've done plenty—come away up and have something." We've been watching you for half an hour. But who's the silly owl that tries to take them sitting down—himself sitting down, I mean?" "Silly owl or not, I took one that you had missed, for *my* fish has an old spear mark on him," replied I, defiantly.

The room into which we groped our way was typical of its occupiers. An air of usedness and comfort was all over it, and a delightful aroma filled it, but whether of tobacco or peat smoke you could not tell. The walls were covered with paintings of animals and with brackets holding prize cups, and the pride of prominent place was given to trophies of the chase.

Never shall I forget the drive back, as the first streak of dawn lighted up the sky and paled the stars, and the mists rolled up the hillside and uncovered the sheep lying on the green gairs among the rushes, and the ring-ouzels and the whaups said good morning. We smoked "just another pipe" in silence till the laird said, "There's Rob going out to look his hill and pretending not to see us, but I'll warrant that before night he will know exactly what we have done. Then to me, "Will you shoot this morning before leaving for home?" "No," was my reply; "I want the burnin' of the water to be the last memory of my visit, and I would not have missed it for all the shoots in the Border.

Next day at home I presented some nice salmon steaks for breakfast, when a dear old lady enquired, "Did you catch them yourself, my boy. I did not know you were so expert an angler?" to which I unblushingly replied, "Yes; they were taking well that night!"

T. Scott Anderson.

Ettrickshaws, July 3, 1905.

Copyright in Photos.

THERE used to be much trouble experienced by magazines, &c., in reproducing photos, especially portraits, owing to the uncertainty of the copyright law. It was no uncommon thing for the proprietors of a magazine to receive a letter from some photographer claiming payment for the reproduction of a photo which had been sent in by some contributor, who was really the owner of the picture, having paid the artist for the sitting. Like other magazines, the Border Magazine experienced the difficulties referred to, but our contention has ever been that the person who paid for the process of photography, that is, who paid for the sitting and the resulting photograph, was the owner of the copyright and had the right of reproduction. This opinion has been borne out by the recent decision in the Court of Session in connection with the reproduction of Sir Henry Irving's photo. The important decision, which we desire our contributors to kindly note, is thus summarised:—If a person went to be photographed he was entitled to the copyright of the photos then taken, it being presumed that he was liable to pay for them. If a photographer invited a celebrity to give him a sitting the copyright belonged to the photographer, even though the sitter paid for copies. Further, if a third party employed a photographer to take a photograph of another person, the copyright belonged to the third party, who was liable to pay.

"Scotland and Presbyterianism Vindicated."

WHEN Dr Andrew Lang published the third volume of his history of Scotland he provided some fairly strong meat for the Presbyterians. Whatever we may think of the historical value of the work of this very prominent Borderer, we cannot deny the fact that he has shaken us out of our self-complacence and caused us to once more investigate the basis upon which many of our cherished notions are founded. It has produced not a few defenders of the faith already, and probably there is more to follow. After reading the volume referred to, Mr T. D. Wanliss, of Ballarat, Australia, was so roused that he came right off to the old country to personally make investigations as to the historical accuracy of Dr Lang's views. The result of his investigations he has published in a small one shilling volume bearing the above title. Appropriately enough this counterblast is issued from John Knox's House, where the custodian, Mr W. J. Hay, is fast making a name for himself as a publisher of valuable books. If Dr Lang can prepare a highly seasoned literary feast so can Mr Wanliss, as the following examples will show. The volume begins thus:

Small countries, allied to or incorporated with large and powerful ones, are often subjected to the misfortune of having bitter attacks made on their liberties or their national honour by members of their own race. Some of the most bitter enemies of Polish nationality have been Polish renegades who have gone over to the service of Russia, and have given their abilities to the relentless oppressor of their native land. So did Greece suffer in former days from her unscrupulous sons, who carried their talents to the service of the Turks. In Britain, with its four nationalities, differing considerably in race and in religion, and with one of these largely predominating in wealth and population, there is a wide field for enterprising adventurers to display their talents in the same line; and though, happily, the restraints of law in Britain prevent them from becoming the oppressors of their countrymen, in the manner that is or was common enough to such characters in Russia or in Turkey, yet there is still open to them many petty and ignoble ways, by which they think they can advance their interests with the great English majority, either commercially or politically. Such men often endeavour to ingratiate themselves with the English public or the English governing class, by a course of detraction of the creed or the national honour of their native land, as contrasted with that of the great dispenser of patronage and of power—England. It has been bitterly said of such creatures, by some caustic Irishman, that if there is an Irishman to be roasted alive, there is always another Irishman who is ready to turn the spit. Wales has had plenty of lickspittles who were ready to traduce their own country, and at its expense to glorify England, if they thought it would conduce to their personal advantage. Nor has Scotland been devoid of natives of her soil—men of the Mac-Sycophant type—who are and have ever been ready to belittle their own country, and to degrade so far as they can her history and her creed, if they thought that by so doing, they could personally recommend themselves to the English public, or to the English governing class, who practically control the government of Britain. Have we not had one Scottish politician who publicly bewailed that the battle of Bannockburn was ever fought or won by Scotland? And also, have we not had it insinuated by another, or by the same politician, that Sir William Wallace was perhaps the same William Waleys who was sentenced at Perth about 1290 for some petty theft? We have had, forsooth, in recent years a young and talented Scot, but Anglicised at Oxford, who published a book in which Barbie, a village in which nearly every one is vile, is depicted as a typical representation of Scottish life. And now we have Mr Andrew Lang, another clever Scot, but also Anglicised at Oxford, who in the third volume of his "History of Scotland" has attacked in a most atrocious way the national creed of Scotland; and has also attempted to vilify her national honour in a manner worthy of an Old Bailey barrister of a most pronounced type.

. . . . . .

As regards the charge of cruelty, so freely indulged in by some writers against the Scots supporters of "The Solemn League and Covenant," let me here remark, that the rulers of the Scots at that time were the ministers or preachers—men, many of them, full of narrow zeal, whose energy and religious fervour impelled them to give strong utterance in speech or in pamphlet to their views of public affairs. But if we turn from such mere expression of opinion to actions, we shall find, that as regards mildness, the Scots compare most favourably with any other people of that time. In Ireland there was cruel persecution on the English side, and wholesale massacre on the Irish side. In England there was the Star Chamber persecutions, which sent thousands of God-fearing Englishmen to the Continent, or to North America, to escape its cruel decrees. And on the Continent there were the awful horrors of the "Thirty Years' War." Amid such national excesses, the actions of the Scots were in reality, comparatively mild and tame. The excesses of their fanaticism found vent chiefly in words, which, as I have pointed out, have been handed down to us in innumerable pamphlets. But there was not a great number of excesses of cruelty in Scotland when under the control of the so-called wild and bigoted preachers. Their rule was rude and noisy, but comparatively bloodless. Mr Lang cites the killing of the Irish prisoners after the battle of Philiphaugh, and the massacre of the garrison at Dunaverty. No doubt these acts were atrocious and cruel. But in those times in England and Scotland, the Irish Papists were regarded as outside the pale of humanity, and little or no mercy was extended to them either in England or in Scotland. The massacre of the Protestants in Ireland in 1641 made both English and Scots furious against all

Irish Catholics. In England, all Jesuits were liable to be condemned to death, and several so suffered. Not only this: after the Irish massacre, by a Parliamentary ordinance every Irishman found in England was liable to the death penalty, and this was enforced more than once. It is desirable to bear these facts in mind, when we come to the denunciations by Mr Lang of the intolerable cruelties of the Scots. These were bad enough, no doubt, but they were few and far between, compared with the cruel excesses after the Restoration. Those were the policy of a settled and strong government, and were continued for a generation. The excesses of the Scots were generally committed under or after the excitement of battle, and were generally the work of some faction, not of the nation.

He has vilified Scotland and her national creed in a manner that fortunately is quite uncommon in these days. But in doing so, in traducing so unjustly and so unfairly the good name and the good fame of Scotland, Mr Lang must surely have forgotten the character and the spirit of the national motto, which after a three hundred years' sustained effort at conquest, England—wiser than Mr Lang—at last took to heart and thoroughly understood:

"Nemo me impune lacessit."

Scottish Border Bells in England.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"I am much interested in the references to the above, given by G. M. R. in the BORDER MAGAZINE for May and July, in which he shows us that bells formerly belonging to Dornock, Middlebie, and Canonbie, were carried off by the marauding English. It seems that at Jedburgh also there was a similar instance. Were I referring only to the case of Middlebie and Dornock, I might almost have used the word 'identical' instead of 'similar'; for in the case of Jedburgh tradition also is a factor, the Scots pursue the English, who, however, escape with their trophy. Tradition—that fickle yet frequent factor in Border lore—has it that in one of their raids upon Jedburgh the English carried off with them one of the largest bells which belonged to the Abbey. These were kept in the Bell House Tower, which was situated on the north-west slope of the Abbey Churchyard, on the part which is still known as the 'Bells Braeheads.' With but a handful of men one Richard Rutherfurd pursued the English marauders, overtook them, and endeavoured by force of arms to recover the bell. The attempt was in vain; the burghers were driven back, and, mortally wonded in the fray, their spirited leader, Richard Rutherfurd, requested his men to bury him in the Bell House. It is left to us to surmise that his request was fulfilled; and a seeming confirmation of the tradition is to be seen in the fact that on the site of the Bell House one branch of the Rutherfurds—those of Fernilee, of whom the last, Richard Rutherfurd of Fernilee, writer in Edinburgh and Deputy Receiver-General of Supply of Scotland, was buried here—had the right of sepulture, whereas the other septs, those of Edgerston, Fernington, Bankend, Hunthill, Hundalee, &c., interred their departed in the choir of Jedburgh Abbey. On the site of the Bell House, which has long since been removed, the oldest family of the Jedburgh Rutherfurds still have rights of interment. It is said that the bell in question was carried off to Hexham, and it would be interesting if the tradition were to be in any way confirmed from that quarter. Perhaps this short notice may be the means of causing some new light to be thrown upon the subject?"

"Andrew Macpherson," by Karl Brown.

HAWICK: JAMES EDGAR. 1/.

THIS "Tale of the Borders," to give it its sub-title, has been appearing for several months past in the columns of the "Hawick Express," and it has been reprinted in very neat volume form. To those who know its author it possesses a somewhat tragic interest not untouched with a melancholy feeling of regret for capacity and ability prematurely extinguished under painful circumstances. The scene of the story is laid at Roselea, which is evidently a thin disguise for Lilliesleaf, and the plot concerns the minister of Roselea and his love affairs. It would scarcely be fair to reveal the plot. Suffice it to say that the interest shifts from Roselea to South Africa and then back again to Scotland. The character of the Rev. Andrew Macpherson is one of the best drawn in the book, but it does not come up to the representations of humble life which the author too sparingly presents to his readers. The characterisation of the minister's man and the minister's housekeeper are well drawn, and show where the author was on surest ground. Despite occasional long-windedness the story can be read with interest, and we cordially commend it to our readers.

All is not gold that glitters; broidery and bullion buttons make bare pouches.—"Fortunes of Nigel."

Stories from the MSS. of A. W. Foster.

JOHN BROWN AND HIS MOTHER.

JOHN BROWN and a few cronies met on a Coldstream fair night at the bridge to enjoy a bowl of toddy. The locality was well situated as being out of reach of the wives. Jockie was the only bachelor in the company, but John had a mother who really had a motherly care of her "bairn," as she called him, though he numbered fifty summers.

The rapid circulation of the glass, combined with the safety of the situation from domestic intrusion, left them free scope for enjoyment. The fun had nearly reached its height when Jockie's ear was struck with the shrill treble of an aged voice above the noise of the frolic of his companions. "Od, it's her!" said Jockie. Like oil upon the troubled waters this short and simple sentence produced a calm as deep and quiet as the mirth before was loud and boisterous. "It's whae?" at last said Jim Air in a hollow voice. "It's ma mother," said John in a whisper. "Yer mother! od if I didna think it was oor Kate; there's nae sayin' what the de'ils may take in their heids when a body's oot. But gude be thankit it's only auld Elspeth! an' we'll have her in to get a glass." "I maun gang," said John, "she'll come nane in. Od, ye ken, she keeps the siller, an' a sair scrapin' I ha'e to get a glass. She can coont the notes although she disna ken them, and when I want yin, an auld 'permit' frae Jimmie Gourlay does fu' weel for't. I yince took three an' put them in the pirn-box, but I never could lay ma hands on them again. I had laid them aside some creesh an' the rattens had eaten them. Ay, a walth o' rattens aboot oor auld biggin'. Folk wantit to persuade me that Geordie's callants had stown them—sure eneuch they had a sair wunter wi' the toothache, and folk said it was wi' eatin' sweeties—but, dod, I never could understand how bits o' laddies wad ken the value o' thae things better than their grannie."

In spite of John's forebodings Elspeth was persuaded to come in, anxious to get her bairn away and afraid of the expense he would be at.

"Taste oor drink, mother," said John; "it's gude an' cheap—only three-ha'pence a mug. Oh, taste it, mother." She did so, at first with a sip; but brandy toddy is not to be despised, and, in a deeper draught, old Elspeth did pronounce it "gude an' cheap."

Jim Air, the tanner, now took her under his charge, and what with his attention and the effect of the toddy, the old lady was soon lost to everything but the enjoyment around the table. The concluding part of the adventure we will let John tell in his own words:—"Od, sir, ma mother did get fou'. I cairrit her hame on ma back—a lang mile agate; an' a sair haigle I had wi' her. There was a bit soft grund at the bottom o' the Craw Green; I had ta'en the wrang side an' stack fast, an' aye when she heard me plouterin' in the waitter she cried oot, 'Dinna shinge the drink, John; it's gude an' cheap; but, ay, yon tanner man's a canny man!' It had cost a deal for doctor's bills till her that wunter, but the brandy toddy was the cheapest medicine—it cured her cauld. That nicht was the first time in ma life I had ever fand ma mother a plague or a burden. The haigle hame wi' her on ma back was a sair job nae doot, but it was naething ava to the plague after. 'Gude an' cheap' rang in ma lugs for mony a day. Naething wad serve the stupid body but a' the wives aboot the doors should ken; an' ma life was plaguit oot o' me to 'lay in a browst o' brandy toddy for kitchen to the parritch in the mornin's—it was sae gude an' cheap!'"

A Border Lament.

The hervest sun shines through the trees
An' lichtens the stooks an' the stan'in' corn—
Nae licht is there where my lover lies,
Frae morn till e'en and frae e'en till morn.

O wae's my heart frae morn till nicht;
O wae's me that was his promised bride;
O lay me doon 'mang the daisies bricht;
O let me sleep by my lover's side.

The wee birds sit on the tap o' the sheafs,
An' twitter an' sing i' the mornin' licht—
But he hears na their sangs for the fa'in' leafs
That cover his grave frae morn till nicht.

The lads an' the lassies are laughin' sae clear—
Are laughin', an' daffin', an' cuttin' the corn—
But cauld are the airms that are roond my dear,
An' wi' cauld, cauld kisses his lips are worn.

O, I maun gang doon by Gowdlands To'er,
Where the Teviot wails i' the wintry rain,
To deck his grave wi' the snowdrop flo'er,
An' sit an' sing by it a' my lane.

O wae's my heart frae morn till nicht;
O wae's me that was his promised bride;
O lay me doon 'mang the daisies bricht;
O let me sleep by my lover's side.

FRANCIS G. SCOTT.

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1905.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Where can the BORDER MAGAZINE be got"? is a question which is not infrequently asked, and we are even requested to print a list of newsagents who supply our publication. The BORDER MAGAZINE can be got through any newsagent, but like many other magazines, it is not to be found on every counter; while some newsagents will readily say they do not keep it, not wishing to be troubled with single orders. The proper mode of procedure is to go to your newsagent and say: "Please order the BORDER MAGAZINE for me." Should this prove ineffectual kindly report the case to us or order direct from the publishers. The annual subscription for the BORDER MAGAZINE post free, is 4/, and bound volumes can always be supplied.

The Border Keep.

I have so much matter lying before me at the present moment that I am quite overwhelmed with the number of bright little paragraphs which I desire to preserve in this column. A clever London writer and critic, whose weekly contributions to various papers I have frequently drawn upon, provides me with a sufficient number of paragraphs for this entire issue of the Keep.

A reader of this column writes asking me to "try and shame the superior persons who say they cannot read Scott." I fancy these "superior persons" have had my attention already. How are they to be "shamed"? Personally, I think Scott was the greatest novelist of the nineteenth century; but if a man tells me he can read Sir Conan Doyle or Mr Ryder Haggard (say) and cannot read Scott—well, I can only pity him; I cannot argue with him.

If the superior person is to be "shamed" at all, it will only be, I should think, by quoting some of the tributes which have been paid to Scott by the great and eminent of literature. Charlotte Bronte wrote to a friend: "For fiction, read Scott alone; after him, all others are worthless." This was going much too far; but I have no hesitation in agreeing with Mr Ruskin when he says, referring to books to read, "Scott—every word."

Byron declared that he had read every novel written by "this wondrous potentate," who is "so dull, don't you know," at least fifty times. Coleridge said: "When I am very ill indeed, I can read Scott's novels: they are almost the only books I can read." When Russell Lowell was dying he forgot his sufferings in the absorbing adventures of "Rob Roy."

Lowell's countryman, Washington Irving, wrote: "Scott's novels still make me, at times, independent of all the world for my enjoyment"; while Hawthorne wrote (before he was twenty, too): "I have read all Scott's novels. I wish I had not, that I might have the pleasure of reading them again." Finally, not to labour the point, we have the beautiful words of Keble, who wrote: "His rod, like that of a beneficent enchanter, has touched and guarded hundreds, both men and women." If all this does not "shame" the superior person, I know nothing that will.

It may be worth mentioning, by the way, that in the "Life and Letters" of Canon Liddon it is stated that during his last illness the eminent divine found the same pleasure as in former years in Scott's novels. All the characters came back to him as old and welcome friends. His chief favourites were "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "Peveril of the Peak," "Ivanhoe," and "The Talisman," all of which he had read aloud to him again in these last days. Surely never was novel-

ist better entitled to be called "the Great Magician"!

Mr Andrew Lang says that a man of great power is almost a very strong man physically. Is this true? Are the Popes and the Voltaires the exceptions? One certainly remembers some "strong" intellects in a double sense. In a display of muscles at a great Border feast, where lairds and farmers, dukes and shepherds, were gathered, the stoutest arm was that of Sir Walter Scott. Keats defeated a butcher with his fists; Christopher North vanquished a prize-fighter, and leaped the Cherwell where it ran 23ft. from bank to bank. Gautier "cut the record" with a blow on a strength-registering machine; and old Dumas was among the foremost fencers of his time. Byron was a champion swimmer, Dickens a great pedestrian, Thackeray a person who could clear the street when his opponent's voters were mobbed in an election brawl at Oxford. But are these not the real exceptions?

Sir George Douglas has, I understand, acquired the walking-stick used by Sir Walter Scott—a stout and serviceable malacca cane. I cannot conceive of a more interesting hobby than collecting the walking-sticks of great writers. The one I think I should most like to possess is that which Dr Johnson lost during his tour in the Hebrides.

It was in the treeless island of Mull that the Doctor missed his stick. Boswell told him he would be sure to recover it; but Johnson shook his head. "No," said he; "let anybody in Mull get possession of it, and it will never be restored. Consider, sir, the value of such a piece of timber here." True; and it is not improbable that some native of Mull is to-day carrying about that veritable "piece of timber," all unconscious of its history.

I should like to possess it for more than one reason. Probably it was the identical stick with which the Doctor provided himself against the threat of James Macpherson, the compounder of Ossian. Johnson had denied the authenticity of Macpherson's Ossian, and Macpherson hinted at physical chastisement. Thereupon Johnson bought a large stick, and vowed himself ready to repel the attack of the Scot, which, fortunately for the latlatter, perhaps (though Macpherson was a heavy man, like Johnson himself), never came off.

There was another eminent threat connected with caning in the history of Dr Johnson. This time it was from himself, when he was told that Foote intended to mimic him on the stage. He replied that if "the dog" ventured to play his tricks with him, he would step out of the stage-box, cane him before the audience, and then throw himself upon their candour and common sympathy.

Foote desisted, as he had good reason to do. The Doctor would have read him a stout lesson, and then made a speech to the audience as forcible; so that our theatrical annalists have to regret that the subject and Foote's shoulders were not afforded them to expatiate on. It would have been a fine involuntary piece of acting, the part of Scipio by Dr Johnson.

One of the best-known of Leigh Hunt's charming essays is "Of Sticks." Here the essayist credits Homer with the use of a walking-stick. Very likely he is right, for Homer was blind. We know, at any rate, that Socrates possessed a walking-stick. On his first meeting with Xenophon, which was in a narrow passage, he barred up the way with his stick, and asked him, in his good-natured manner, where provisions were to be had. The story of Agesilaus, who was caught amusing his little boy with riding on a stick, and asked his visitor whether he was a father, is too well known for repetition.

It was the great Cham who apologised for Boswell by saying that "he lives among savages in Scotland"; who declared apropos of the Union that it was not so much to be lamented that old England was lost as that the Scots had found it. Once Strachan, the publisher, observed, in answer to some abusive remarks: "Well, sir, God made Scotland." "Certainly," replied Johnson; "but we must always remember that He made it for Scotsmen; and comparisons are odious, Mr Strachan, but God made hell."

This sturdy antipathy to Scotland and the Scots has been accounted for in various ways. Its origin was forgotten by Johnson himself, though he was willing to accept a theory started by the elder Sheridan that it was resentment for the betrayal of Charles I. Boswell once hinted to him, when he mentioned how he had been thrashed by Hunter, his first teacher, that Hunter bearing a Scotch name, and being therefore probably a Scotsman, must have given the start to his absurd prejudice. But Hunter, as Johnson promptly explained, was an Englishman.

In truth, as one who comments on the magazine writer's paper points out, there was nothing very peculiar about Johnson's prejudice. It was a prejudice which he shared with the majority of his countrymen—a prejudice common enough from the days of his youth, when each nation supposed itself to have been cheated by the Union, and Englishmen resented the advent of swarms of needy adventurers, talking with a strange accent, and hanging together with clannish but vexatious persistence. And Johnson, remember, was, as he himself said of Bathurst, "a very good hater."

A writer in one of the June magazines tries to explain why Dr Johnson so detested Scotland and the Scots. It would have been as well to have noted the fact and not bothered about the explanation. The fact is certainly notorious enough. Everybody knows how the lexicographer defined the word "oats." It is not so well known how he ventured his spleen indirectly against the Scots when he defined the word "mallet" as "a thing with a wooden head." David Mallet, a contemporary poet whom Johnson disliked, was a Scot!

How many words are there in the English language? Dr Murray, the editor of the famous new Oxford Dictionary, reckons the total at over 250,000. A vast number of these words are, of course, either obsolete or never used; which suggests, again, the question, How many words are really necessary in English speech and writing?

A child of say ten or twelve gets along very comfortably on a comparatively small vocabulary. Could the adult and the author get along with, say, 1000 words? I have no doubt that somebody has drawn up a list of the really essential words—the words that we could not possibly do without. The number cannot be so large, after all. I have been in Germany for a fortnight, and have found some 500 words serve me very well. I could have done with half the number, I feel sure.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Earlston-on-Leader.

PART III.

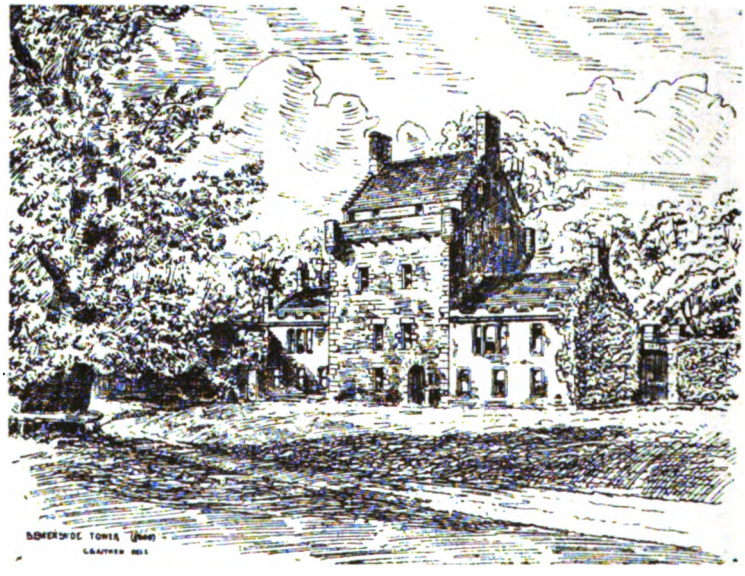
THE day for diaries seems to be past, but were such a MSS. written now it would be in touch with poetry, art, science, and literature; more gracious and wider in outlook perhaps, but certainly not more thoughtful and sincere. From what we know of the Praying Society already mentioned, the style and sentiments must be a reflex of the village religious life of the time, and a community that had such men in its midst must have been reliable in private or public emergencies, honourable in fulfilling engagements, and doing justice in their various callings. That they were kindly we have seen from the Church records already quoted.

In the MSS. he records journeys taken in connection with his business as a house-builder, and sometimes mentions long expeditions to distant communion services, to which men and women went in large numbers from remote places, receiving hospitality from the people of the villages and farm-steadings near.

As we learn from the following entries in the Church records, Earlston Church had sometimes to abandon its own services on this account:—21st October, 1694. "Communion at Melrose, no sermon." "No sermon 11th and 18th November, the minister being absent."

One of John Burnet's journeys was made to Ettrick, where he heard Thomas Boston in 1735. He went presumably over the bridle-path from Earlston to Gattonside, and thence to Selkirk, staying for the night at Gamescleuch, within two miles of Ettrick, proceeding the next day to his destination, where he heard Boston preach from Colossians ii. 15.

He was frank in confessing his faith in Christ, and entered in the course of his journey into conversation on religious subjects with two young women on their way to Ettrick, and mentions the effort he made at one house to introduce family worship where it seemed to be neglected.



BEMERSYDE TOWER (1858).

He erected the original Church of the United Secession, and sold it with the ground on which it stood for a very moderate sum to what was then the Anti-Burgher body.

The house in which he lived is next the Church to which he was so generous a donor, and has his initials "J. B." with those of his wife, "J. H." (Janet Hilson), and the date 1735 on the door-lintel.

His daughter's marriage engagement arose in rather romantic circumstances. The Burnet family were staying at Spittal for the summer holidays, and some of the Walkers from Sprouston were there also. Young Andrew, a member of the latter household, observing

that Miss Janet Burnet was comely, and learning that she was as good as fair, asked her to become his wife. The parents agreed to the union on the condition that he settled in Earlston.†

†The Walkers of Sprouston and Ednam were well-known at that time. The following entry from the Ednam Church records has an interesting relation to the Poet Thomson, who was born at Ednam, September 11, 1700. "Oct. 6, 1693. To-day Mr Tho. Thomson, minister of Ednam, and Beatrix Trotter, in the parish of Kelso, gave in their names for proclamation in order to marriage." This was the poet's father, who was successively minister of Ednam and Sprouston.

He was early religiously inclined, and joined the Secession Church at Gateshaw, near Morebattle,‡ at the age of sixteen; and in the new condition of affairs his minister spoke well of him.

‡The place where the Gateshaw outdoor meetings were held is called to this day, "The Preaching Braes."

A well-thumbed copy of "Looking unto Jesus," by Isaac Ambrose, in the writer's possession, with Andrew's name upon it, and a date 1768, evidently read over and over again, suggests that he was a man of solid mind.

He became tenant of Craigsford farm, and as a man of principle, thinking others as honourable as himself, was often taken advantage of in business. He was held in much esteem, and when he died a mourner remarked at the funeral that one of the pillars of the Church was fallen.

His son Robert, who was a man of like sterling character, carried on for many years, after the old-fashioned style, one of the largest general merchant businesses in the district, and was known as "Honest Robert." He was intimate with old Mr Oliphant, the publisher, from whom he was a regular book purchaser, in the course of time accumulating what was then considered a large library.

Much inclined to solitary out-of-door reflection, his favourite walk on the west bank of the Leader, near Cowdenknowes, became known as "Walker's Haugh." He married Isabella Ker, the daughter of a Redpath farmer, a lady of great amiability, and of the same high character.

EARLSTON OLD PARISH CHURCH.

Her father, it was considered, had some title to sue when the celebrated action in connection with the Roxburgh succession to the Dukedom took place between the years 1805-12. But when approached on the matter, and advised to present his claims, the reply was to this effect, "I am very comfortable here, why should I trouble myself. I might gain nothing by the attempt, and after all lose what I have saved."

Mr Robert Walker had a large family, and Andrew, one of his sons, did much for "Ragged Schools" under the shadow of Westminster Abbey, in collaboration with Lord Shaftesbury, about the middle of the ninteenth century.

Thomas, a nephew of Mrs Robert Walker, went out to join the Indian Army in 1842.

He took part in the Scinde campaign under Sir Charles Napier, and was afterwards appointed by Lord Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay, to the command of the fortress of Poorundhur. Learning there was to be an attack on the fortress by the natives, he managed to send a message to the Governor, who dispatched the 33rd Regiment; this action helped to nip in the bud the mutiny in Bombay. He was raised to the rank of Major-General, and was present at the attack on the town and fort of Beyt in 1859; and later at the siege and capture of Dwarka.

Robert Carter, the well-known New York publisher, was a grandson of John Burnet of the MSS. A most interesting biography of him was published by Randolph & Co., of New York, in the year 1891. He was brought up in Earlston as a Gingham weaver, and carried on a night school for young lads in one of the rooms of his father's cottage, studying Greek and Latin in the intervals of work and tuition, with the assistance of one of his cousins, who had been at college. He at length qualified himself sufficiently to fill the position of assistant teacher in one important school in Peebles. He emigrated to New York in 1831, bearing with him a letter of introduction from Professor Pillans, of Edinburgh University, to the Quaker teacher, Dr John Griscom, of New York. After remaining with him for a time as an assistant, he began bookselling, and realising there was an opening in America for the sale of theological books, commenced their publication in 1834. One of his ventures was Matthew Henry's Commentary in five thick quarto volumes. Conducting the concern on ready-money principles, he was never injuriously affected by any of the financial crises that occasionally arose, and eventually created a very successful business. He lived long enough to pass his jubilee as a publisher, and died December 21st, 1888, in the eighty-second year of his age.

The first Secession minister in Earlston was the Rev. John Dalziel, who remained fifty-three years in the village, preaching latterly from his seat in the pulpit. The Solemn League and Covenant was signed during his ministry, 10th July, 1752, by 156 members. The population of the village at the time of his ordination was 1197. Lord Pearson, a judge in the Edinburgh Court of Session, is a grandson.

Mr Lauder, Mr Dalziel's immediate successor, was for forty-eight years minister of the Secession Church. Its jubilee was celebrated during his time, on Wednesday, 15th January, 1851, by a service in the Church in the morning at 11.30 o'clock—Mr Lauder opening, John Cairns of Berwick preaching.

Mr Lauder had two sons, the eldest became U.P. minister at Port-Glasgow; he too lived to see his jubilee.

The second son was the well-known Mungo Lauder of the Granite House, Glasgow, who began business at Cupar-Fife, went from there to Dunfermline, afterwards to Alloa, and finally to Glasgow. Very remarkably Mr Foote, his successor in the Granite House business, which he bought for £34,000 when Mr Lauder retired from it, took up the same country businesses, one after the other, as Mr Lauder left them.

In consequence of dissatisfaction with the choice of a pastor in the Established Church, a number of members retired, and formed a "Relief" Church at the west-end of the village in the year 1778. Its first minister, the Rev. Thomas Thomson, was called in 1780. He was afterwards at Portsburgh Church in Edinburgh, and latterly at James Place in the same city, of which he was the first pastor, his ministry lasting from 1800 to 1819. Professor Wyville Thomson, of the Challenger Expedition, was his grandson.

A later minister of the Relief Church was the Rev. David Crawford, who was ordained to its charge in 1715. Among the ministers present at his ordination was Mr Russell of Hawick, father of Scott Russell, the builder of the "Great Eastern," and designer of the very original Vienna Exhibition building of 1872. Mr Crawford was elected Moderator of the Relief Synod in 1832. He married Miss Margaret Home in 1828, daughter of John Home, land surveyor in Edinburgh. Mrs Crawford's maternal grandfather, James Knox, minister of Scone, was the fifth minister in lineal descent from W. Knox of Cockpen, who was the nephew of John Knox the Reformer.

Walter Carter, the biographer of Robert Carter, assigns Mr Crawford the honour of having formed the first Sabbath School in the South of Scotland, but Mr Robson, of Lauder, in a note to Mr Crawford's life, states that the Rev. George Henderson of Lauder began a Sunday School there in 1796. From this innovation, and for employing what were termed unqualified teachers, he was called before the Established Presbytery of Lauder. On his declining to appear, a formal complaint by the parish minister and the parish

schoolmaster was lodged with the Sheriff of the County, who asked for a copy of the books taught in the school. Copies of the New Testament and of the Shorter Catechism with proofs were accordingly sent, when Sheriff Christie returned them, accompanied with a letter wishing Mr Henderson God-speed.

As the control of the Burgh Schools had by this time been transferred from the Church to the Burghs, and as in any case Sunday Schools were not contemplated when that power was conferred on the Church, it is difficult to understand why the Presbytery should have so acted.

But a still earlier Sabbath School was begun in Stow in the summer of 1788 by the Rev. Mr Kidston (father of Dr Kidston of Glasgow), minister of the Secession Church, and superintended by him with the concurrence of a committee.

Passing from the ministers to the laymen, we are pleased to note that Mr Hume of Carolside, along with Mr Fisher of Sorrowlessfield, were elders of the Relief congregation. Mr Hume was Lord Chief-Justice of Florida at the breaking out of the American Revolution, and being a Loyalist, the British Government granted him a handsome pension on being deprived of office. He brought over to this country two coloured servants—husband and wife—who were regarded by the younger Earlstonians with great awe.

The previous occupants of Carolside were Lauders, who had held the place for generations. The last laird of that name lived in Edinburgh, and was so conspicuous in the style of his dress as to be generally designated "Beau Lauder." And so he might well be, when he, an old gentleman, trod the Edinburgh streets in cocked hat, scarlet coat, trimmed with lace ruffles, holding a gold-headed cane, his shoes having gold buckles, set with precious stones.

A later occupant of Carolside was Mrs Mitchell, with whom Mrs Butler (neé Janny Kemble) stayed for a few weeks in the year 1847. She writes of her as a very charming Scotswoman of admirable high principle. She describes the Leader as a "lovely, clear, rapid, shallow sparkling trout stream," and "watched its gleaming course between red-coloured rocks, like walls of porphyry, or Roman tufa," "for though the water is drowning deep in some beautiful brown pools set in the rocks like huge cairngorms, it is, for the most part, so shallow, and everywhere so clear with the long continued drought, that the spotted trout and silver eels see me quite as well as I see them, and behave accordingly, avoiding me more successfully, but quite as zealously as I seek them."

The description is both vivid and accurate, and the reference to porphyry rocks reminds us of the red "Scaur," beautifully wooded on the top just above Carolside Caul, named the "Hunter's Leap," over which a too eager Huntsman leapt into the stream, escaping with his life at the cost of that of his poor horse.

Dr Waugh, an able London minister of the eighteenth century, who, although not an Earlston man, is entitled to notice as having received his early education in the village parish school. He was born in East Gordon, 11th August, 1754, and in due time began his five-mile morning and evening walk between East Gordon and the burgh school of Earlston; afterwards studied for the ministry, and was ordained as the first pastor of the old church which at one time stood in Newtown Glen. He was listened to by crowded audiences wherever he preached, and was only settled there two years when he was called to Wells Street, London. In the vicissitudes of life his first chapel has disappeared, and the London church was lately used as a printer's establishment.

According to a document published by the Historical Commission, the family of Wauch can be traced back as resident in Gordon to the sixteenth century. In a notarial instrument, narrating that in presence of the notary and witnesses there appeared among many others, Margaret and Mariota Waueh, inhabitants and tenants in East Gordon and Huntlywood, who, for certain sums of money and favour done to them by George, Lord Home, unanimously and solemnly made, appointed, and ordained him of their own free wills to be their cessioner and assignee in and to certain goods, movable immovable, such as sheep and oxen, barley, oats, vessels and garments, houses, fields, mansions (together with many other things enumerated) despoiled, robbed, taken, ravaged, burned, devastated, destroyed, and detained from them as they affirm by Ninian Chirnside of East Nisbet, and his accomplices in the matter of October and November, 1523, transferring all their title and claim to the goods in favour of Lord Home. Done at the town of East Gordon, 10 Sep. 1524.

This same "Ninian Chirnside of East Nisbet, and William Cockburn of that ilk, sometime tutor of Longton, had to pay £20,000 Scots at the instance of the Homes to them,

for the slaughter of David Home, Prior of Coldingham." Justiciary Court at Haddington, 24th May, 1529. Chirnside "offered composition, and offered himself and Cockburn in security for satisfaction to the complainers at Edinburgh, 16 Jan., 1533-34."

As we look around for other names which shed lustre on Earlston-on-Leader, we would fain include Sir David Brewster of Allerley, Sir Lauder Brunton of Ladhope, the Baillies of Dryburgh and Mellerstain; but can find no such intimate connection of any of them with the place as would justify our doing so; and will simply conclude the narrative by mentioning the Rev. W. S. Crockett, of Tweedsmuir, author of the "Minstrelsy of the Merse," and a native of the village; the Rev. Dr Mair, lately Moderator of the Established Church Assembly, author of a work on Church Law, and parish minister of Earlston for thirty-two years; and another name well-known to readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE, Mr Robert Cochrane, of W. & R. Chambers & Co., who is a great-great-grandson of John Burnet, the MSS. The present writer is pleased to be able to claim the same relationship.

(Concluded.)

ERRATA.

Page 112, 10th line from bottom of right hand column—"Coldaned Knoths" which should be "Coldaned Knollis."
Page 133, 8th line from top of left hand column—"Hadrican" which should be "Hadrian."
Page 134, 9th line from top of right hand column—"Ruddimom's" which should be "Rudditman's."
Page 135, 14th line from bottom of left hand column—"Horster" which should be "Fforster."

History of the Congregations of the United Presbyterian Church.

By the Rev. ROBERT SMALL, D.D.; (Edinburgh: D. M. Small, 3 Howard Street); 2 Vols. 25/.

THESE two handsomely got-up volumes give a History of the United Presbyterian Church in its different branches from 1733 to 1900. The area is restricted to Scotland, the congregations now merged in the Presbyterian Church of England being excluded, or only dealt with indirectly. Dr Small's work, though based on Dr Mackelvie's "Annals," owes comparatively little to that compilation. We have here the result of twelve years' careful research and wide enquiry. A more painstaking and laborious author it would be hard to find. His records of the several congregations are not mere dry-as-dust narratives, with names, and dates, and financial figures. He has made his book a living book. He has so entered into the historical life of every congregation that the reader feels as if he wrote from personal knowledge. He shows rare powers of condensation, and with a few strokes of his pen gives graphic delineations of incident and character. All through the work the author evinces fulness of knowledge, fairness of statement, and an earnest endeavour to give a true view of each congregation's history. How it came into existence, what were its difficulties, its successes or reverses, and how it stands at the date of writing are all faithfully recorded. Incidents of trouble and defection on the part of ministers or people are not passed over, or unduly toned down, but so handled that the faults and failings as they affected the congregation's life are traced to their proper source. For students of the religious life and movements of the country for the last century and a half, and specially for those with strong United Presbyterian partialities, this work must be one of deep and abiding interest. Our space does not admit of much quotation, but a specimen or two may be given. In the account of Ecclefechan congregation we learn that when their third minister, the Rev. George Johnstone, was under call to Nicolson Street, and indicated a willingness to accept, Thomas Carlyle's father growled out at a congregational meeting, "Let the hireling go." Of their first minister, the Rev. John Johnstone, Carlyle's own estimate is given, "The priestliest man I ever, under any ecclesiastical guise, was privileged to look upon." Adam Gib, the leader of the Anti-burghers, Dr Small thus hits off, "When matters arose worthy of his powers, he came down on them like a battle-axe, clear, weighty, and decisive." Thus might we go on, but let the above suffice. For Borderers, however, it may be said that the volumes teem with information as to dissent on the Borders, and may be perused with interest and profit by all our readers with whom the story of this special branch of the Church in Scotland is uppermost. The work can still be had at the subscription price of one guinea. This will be raised to twenty-five shillings. It is certainly well worth having, and well worth the price asked for it.

There is perhaps no time at which we are disposed to think so highly of a friend, as when we find him standing higher than we expected in the esteem of others.—"Heart of Midlothian."

The Late Mr James Oliver, Thornwood.

THE announcement of the death of Mr James Oliver, of Messrs Andrew Oliver & Son, live stock salesmen, which occurred at Thornwood, Hawick, on Saturday, July 15th, will be received with deep regret in many parts of the country. Mr Oliver, who was in his eighty-ninth year, was well known not only in the Border district, but throughout Scotland and many parts of England and Ireland.

After receiving a legal training, Mr Oliver joined his late father, Mr Andrew Oliver, in the auctioneering business, the latter having laid the foundation of the present firm's business as far back as 1817 as an agricultural and general auctioneer, and so began what proved an eventful and singularly successful career, in the course of which he ever maintained an unsullied reputation. It was not until the year 1847 that the firm began the auction mart system, which has now spread all over the land. The repeal of the auction duty in 1846 had paved the way for this, and it was in 1847 that the idea occurred to father and son to start a monthly sale. Many years ago, in company with Mr Mark, the deceased also erected a successful establishment in Edinburgh, that business being now carried on as a limited liability company. But Mr Oliver's connection with agriculture was by no means confined to the department of live stock salesman. The Teviotdale Farmers' Club, which includes the leading farmers of Teviotdale, and whose deliberations are accepted as of great value throughout the country, was started in 1859, and by the death of Mr Oliver the last of the original members has passed away. At its start Mr Oliver was appointed joint hon. secretary along with the late Mr Oliver, Howpasley, and for many years up till his death he has alone discharged the duties of secretary and treasurer, and much of the club's prosperity has been due to his guiding hand.

Notwithstanding the great demands which his own business and the offices which he filled made upon him, Mr Oliver found time to take a full share of public work, to which he gave that same careful and conscientious attention which marked his dealing in all other spheres. He was a member of the old Town Council of his native town, being a Councillor and a Magistrate, and in 1884 he was made a Justice of the Peace for Roxburghshire. He was chairman of Hawick Heritable and Investment Bank, and governor of the Savings Bank, of which he has been a trustee since 1864. To the improvement of the amenity of Hawick Mr Oliver had contributed in no small degree. He has built whole streets which bear his name, such as Oliver Place and Oliver Crescent, and other parts. He leaves a widow, three sons, and five daughters. His eldest son, Mr Andrew R. Oliver, has had the management of the business since his father retired from active duty some years ago.

Borderers and Physical Culture.

HITHERTO there has been a general belief in the advantages of Physical Culture, but the methods adopted have been so bewildering, and at times contradictory, that some kind of unity has become an absolute necessity. This desired end seems about to be attained by the formation of the National League for Physical Education and Improvement. Borderers in the past, by their encouragement of athletic sports, have done much to improve the physical condition of the people, and it is not to be wondered at that the Border element is strong in the new movement. An esteemed correspondent thus writes to us:—

The Bishop of Ripon presided at a dinner at the Hotel Cecil on Saturday, 24th June, 1905. The function, which was held in connection with the National League for Physical Education and Improvement, is not only of the highest intrinsic importance, but is led by a Borderer, Sir Lauder Brunton. I was present at the inaugural meeting at the Mansion House on 28th June, and towards the end saw Sir Lauder dragged from a back seat by the last of several eloquent speakers and forced to come to the front and make a speech as the man "whose hand was on the machinery of the whole movement." You would be doing a good work to call attention to this movement which has for its object the stimulating and co-ordinating of all agencies calculated to make the nation more healthy bodily, mentally, and morally. Sir James Crichton Browne spoke well, as also did Mr R. B. Haldane, P.C., K.C., (M.P., for East Lothian), and among those on the platform were Sir John Cockburn and Sir Henry Craik.

There are many ways of helping on the Empire, and this new enterprise is likely to prove one of the most important and far-reaching movements which have yet been started. Our readers will remember that sketches and portraits of Sir Lauder Brunton and Sir James Crichton Brown have appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE.

"A Bunch of Southernwood."

IT was a beautiful September afternoon. The sun shed a chastened light on corn-field and hedgerow. Not a breath of wind stirred the trees, whose leafy mantles were all beginning to show traces of the insinuating advances of autumn. Even the farm-horses had succumbed to the pensive influence of the hour, and were dragging heavy-laden carts of grain from the fields to the stack-yard with a leisurely pace that, earlier in the day, would scarcely have been deemed consistent with the proper performance of their duty. A solitary lapwing alone ventured to disturb the stillness, but as its piercing notes seemed to bemoan the vanished glories of summer, they were in perfect harmony with the scene. Nature's mood was symbolic of the fleeting character of this mortal life, and those who were fortunate enough to be out-of-doors felt awed and subdued, and permitted their thoughts to wander from the business of the day to memories of earlier years. For the average man and woman, joy and sorrow were pretty equally mingled in those recollections; but for the tramp, who stood on the brae above the little village of Howpasley, the cup of bitterness was filled to the full. Though every detail of the landscape was familiar to him, twenty years had passed since he had last gazed on it; and during that interval his life had not been such as to produce an inward quiet in keeping with the scene. At a bend on the highway, where it was skirted by a wood, a little fellow of about four summers was crying piteously, because his grandmother had left him, for the purpose of gathering a few sticks. To the tramp, it seemed but yesterday, that his own venerable grand-parent had led him to the same spot, on a similar errand. And the childish terror he had felt, when his protectress was momentarily hidden from view, recurred with startling vividness. What a mesh of troubles and cares his sins and follies had since woven for him, and how ill had he requited the tender solicitude that had been lavished on him in those early days! From this reverie he was roused by two women, who were returning homewards from the village, where they had been shopping. "A pure dune lookin' creatur'," whispered one of them, whom he recognised as an old school companion, to her neighbour as they passed. To a man of forty the words would have been, under any circumstances, the reverse of comforting; and it is therefore not surprising that, as the tramp heard them, how he should have wondered at the caprice that brought him once more to Howpasley. Only a few weeks before he had been working as a dock labourer in Glasgow, and had seldom permitted his thoughts to wander beyond the cares or pleasures of the moment. But illness had confined him to the squalid garret, which he called home, and left him to the companionship of his own bitter reflections, and, as if this were not enough, his landlady, who was sufficiently acquainted with his improvident ways to realise that his reserve funds were rather low, had threatened to let the room to another lodger. In this predicament a little girl to whom he had shown some trifling act of kindness brought him a few flowers. Where they had come from it would have been difficult to guess. But for those who knew the ways of Harmony Street it would not have been at all uncharitable to suppose that they had been pilfered somewhere or other. The sick man had lifted the flowers listlessly. What sympathy had he with the purity and peace of which they spoke! But his eye suddenly moistened as it fell on a little green sprig, whose fragrance was reminiscent of long-forgotten days. He recalled several old women not remembered since boyhood, who had used similar sprigs as "marks" in the big Bibles, which they carried to church. The plant had also flourished in the little garden plot that fronted his cottage home; and fancy winged its flight to the time, when his sister and he had credited it with the possession of anti-soporific powers, and had wrapped bunches in their pocket handkerchiefs, in order that they might be able to maintain attitudes of respectful attention towards the somewhat long prelections of the venerable minister of Howpasley. How strange that the past should have been so long blotted out! During the years that had passed, since he left his native village, he had seldom given a thought to home or kindred, but now that the feelings, which had not been dead but merely latent, were stirred up, he was a child again, and the longing to re-visit Howpasley became too strong to be resisted. At daybreak on the following morning the sick man had dressed, and had gathered together his little belongings. To none of the neighbours did he make any mention of his sudden resolution. Had he done so, he felt that he would have been more likely to excite their derision and amusement than to call forth their sympathy. Besides, his illness had left him weak and emaciated, and apparently unfitted for a long journey. But he was now inspired with a purpose that no arguments could have daunted, and had actually forced himself to believe that he was stronger than he had been for many weeks. Unfortunately, this was a conviction which the

experiences of the next few days did not help to strengthen. And nearly a fortnight had passed, before he found himself near the end of the hundred miles that lay between the city and his home.

During the earlier stages of his journey the tramp had mused so much on early recollections of Howpasley that the changes almost inevitably effected by the passing of twenty years had never come within his field of contemplation. But as he drew nearer his destination his mental attitude gradually changed. He had left a mother and a sister in the village. Had all gone well with them during the interval? This was the anxious query that again and again recurred to him. And now that he was almost on the threshold of home, he could not consider it without the gloomiest forebodings. Strange to say, the feeling of anxiety was accentuated rather than diminished when a distant view of the village sufficed to show that the buildings which he had been accustomed to regard as its outstanding features stood unchanged. His was not a philosophic mind. But the old parish church and the "mercat cross," which had both resisted the storms of several centuries, now suggested the instability of earthly things, by reminding him of the many generations that had successively regarded them as the most imposing edifices within their little sphere. Another thought troubled him. He had left the village in disgrace, and now he was returning to it as one of life's failures and castaways. If his relatives were still alive how was he to sum up sufficient courage to ask their forgiveness? In his present state he could only tax their resources, and, apart from that, his re-appearance might re-awaken a sorrow that had perchance long been dulled. At the outskirts of the village he determined that his doubts and fears should be resolved before he proceeded further, and, as chance would have it, a likely informant appeared in the person of the Inspector of Poor for the district, who was working energetically in a small garden plot, which was bounded by the highway "Is this Howpasley" queried the tramp in apologetic tones. "Ay," was the response; "have you heard of the place before?" "Only once," was the reply. "I went through the Egyptian campaign, and one night, when we were talking about our old homes, a comrade mentioned that he came from this part of Tweedside." "What was his name?" "Tom Turnbull," was the answer. "Imphm!" ejaculated the Inspector, as he paused in his weeding operations; "dinna mention that name if ye want sympathy in Howpasley. It's no ane to draw pennies frae the pooches o' the villagers. Trummel was the first to bring disgrace on a dacent family. Sair did his mither mourn for him after he left the village; and when the months passed and brocht nae news frae the prodigal she became fair heart-broken. Six months after her death, her only daughter was laid beside her in the auld kirk-yaird up the wey. They were the last o' the Howpasley Trummels, a douce family that had leeved in the pairish for two hunner years at the very least. Folk hae often wunnert where the guid-for-naething Tam got a' his bad pairts. But there's nae accountin' for thae things, and nae doot the puir fellow has reaped the fruits o' his misdeeds lang since." The speaker made these remarks with a volubility that did not permit him to realise the effect they had upon his auditor. This was stunning enough. He had dragged himself one hundred miles to learn that his mother and sister were dead, and that his name was execrated in his native village. With a powerful effort at self-command, he asked how far it was to Carlisle, and, in order to obviate further inquiry, turned from the prying eyes of his informant and bent his steps wearily towards the little "God's Acre," where his kindred slept. Howpasley possessed two places of burial, which were respectively known as the auld and the new kirk-yairds. But it was unnecessary for the tramp to inquire his way, as his mother had often pointed out the quiet nook in the former where his father and his grand-parents lay. In those thoughtless days the mysteries of life and death had little significance for him. He had felt subdued, because the mood accorded with that of his mother. Fortunately for that good woman her powers of prescience were no greater than those of the little child. What a poignancy would have been added to her regret for the dead had it been otherwise ordained. A glance at the resting-place of his parents was to the unhappy prodigal a vivid reminder of his years of sin. Hemlock and nettles had spread over the mounds with that luxuriance which one only associates with the graves of the forgotten dead. To Tom the noxious weeds appeared emblematic of the vices he had so long nurtured, and therefore entitled to the same short shrift. In this state of mind he hastened to the little wooden erection in which the grave-digger kept the few implements of his craft. Here he found the materials that would enable him to prove that the memory of his parents was not quite blotted out. But the events of the last hour had proved too much for his waning strength, and before the work was half completed he sank on the ground exhausted.

On the following morning great was the excitement in Howpasley when a dead body was found in the churchyard. Had it not been for the occupation in which he had evidently been engaged, few would have recognised in the emaciated features the plump, rosy lad who had left the village only twenty years before. In one hand a withered sprig of southernwood was tightly clasped, but the simple villagers, unaccustomed to search deeply for motives, could not have been expected to recognise that this had played an important part in the life-history of the tramp. The circumstances in which the body had been found were, however, sufficient to show that Tom Turnbull had died repentant. And the good folk of Howpasley were not behind those of other Scottish villages in the attitude of charity, which they adopted towards the shortcomings of erring brothers beyond the reach of all earthly tribunals. Thus, it fell that when the tramp was laid beside his kindred almost all the male population of the village did honour to his remains. For though in life he had been regarded as a disgrace to the little community, it was felt that death had come in a manner which had established his claim to be regarded as the last of the Howpasley Trummels.

JOHN BALDERSTONE.

Recent Border Publications.

Visitors to the Land of Scott this season need not lack for a suitable pocket companion to take with them on their travels. Messrs A. Walker & Son, Galashiels, have published a handy little work (of 180 pages) with the above title, the aim of which is "to compress into the smallest possible bulk at a price within the reach of the humblest all the information that is believed to be of use or of interest in the Land of Scott." This aim is thoroughly well attained. The new Guide only costs a penny, and the information it contains is quite full enough to give the tourist a proper idea of the important part the Borders have played in the history of the country. The many traditions and legends of the district are told concisely and well, these relating to many of the less known by-paths as well as to the regular tourist beaten tracks. The names of hotels, churches, and other useful information relating to the various Border towns are also given, and will greatly enhance the usefulness of the Guide, which will doubtless become a "vade mecum" of the tourist in the Border district. An excellent map of the whole district is given, and there are numerous illustrations.

THE old saying, "Peebles for Pleasure," was brought home to many in recent years by their sojourn for a shorter or longer period in the palatial Hydro which adorned the slopes of Venlaw Hill and added lustre to the Auld Burgh town. The "Rose Palace," as it was called, has been noticed in our columns in connection with the proprietorship and energetic management of Mr Theim, of the Windsor Hotel, Glasgow. For the last five years advancement and improvement have been the order of the day, with the result that the institution became the finest of the kind in the country. A further advance was meditated and a company was in process of formation, when the beautiful building was completely destroyed by fire on the evening of Friday, 7th July, 1905. The local press has given graphic accounts of the conflagration, so it is unnecessary for us to do so, but we can re-echo the general sympathy expressed for Mr Theim in connection with the disaster which has befallen him, and express the hope that a new "Rose Palace" may arise from the ruins.

* * *

ANCRUM nestling on its "Crook in the Ale," with its memories of Ancrum Moor and "Fair Maiden Lilliard," of Livingstone and Buchan and the poet Thomson, deserves to be better known than it is, so we are glad to receive from Messrs W. & J. Kennedy, Hawick, two very finely coloured post cards of the village and old churchyard. The view of the village shows the picturesque thirteenth century cross supposed at one time to have been surmounted by the arms of Scotland.

* * *

FEW Border towns have been more photographed than Jedburgh, and it must be a great pleasure to natives in distant lands to get the frequently issued picture post cards of the once familiar scenes. Their pleasure will now be considerably augmented when they receive the recently issued panoramic view of Jedburgh. This most comprehensive view of Jedburgh has just been sent out from the office of the "Post." The photograph, which is issued in the form of a pictorial book-post card, embraces the valley of the Jed from the Grumphie Scaur at the Railway Station right up to the Carter Fell. The cards, which are well printed and can only be obtained at John Lunn's, 13 Canongate, have already met with a gratifying amount of public favour, and all who love the "auld toon" should not fail to secure a copy.

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MR ROBERT HAIG DUNBAR, SHEFFIELD

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Mr ROBERT HAIG DUNBAR, Sheffield.

("RAMBLER.")

TO the young ambitious Scot at home success of fellow-countrymen furth of Scotland ever raises visions of illimitable possibilities. If he be of an unsettled temperament, he will be found amongst those who set out to court fickle Dame Fortune under other skies and in larger spheres for their talents. After acquiring material prosperity, in his turn he comes back to fire the imagination of a younger generation, and so the whirligig of time takes another turn. It is a high compliment to a small country to send out so many and worthy sons from her borders, but the men who, to us, appear to add the greatest lustre to their country's honour-roll are those who, endowed with large intellectual gifts, are enabled to rise to positions of responsibility in Church, State, or Literature —men who influence powerfully the thought and conduct of their fellow-men. Of such we take Mr R. H. Dunbar to be a typical example.

To be acquainted with Mr Dunbar, who succeeded Sir William Leng as editor of the "Sheffield Daily Telegraph," writes a well-known Yorkshire author, is to know something concerning one of the most prominent and respected journalists in the North of England. Mr Dunbar is a Scot. His nationality is writ large in his intellectual face, full of fire and vigour, in spite of the burden of his years. He is the eldest surviving son of the late Mr Adam Dunbar, Chief Magistrate of Huntly, and Justice of the Peace for the County of Aberdeen, an able journalist, and a polished and effective speaker. On his mother's side he is a Border Haig; by his father he is a Dunbar of the Dunbars of Elgin. Adam Dunbar ran a weekly paper in Galashiels, where the subject of our sketch was born and educated. Early in life the present editor of the "Sheffield Daily Telegraph" drifted into journalism, encouraged by the open commendation of "Russel of the 'Scotsman,'" and other journalists who in those days visited his father's house.

The romance associated with the history of the Scottish Border threw its glamour over him early, and tempted him to indulgence in more ambitious work. Before Mr R. H. Dunbar attained to man's estate his responsibilities had increased. While yet a boy he went northward to take charge of a new printing business which had been bought by his father, and this proved successful. Mr Adam Dunbar afterwards returned from Galashiels to the High-

lands, and settled at Huntly, where he established the "Huntly Express," the father and son being responsible for the literary and commercial management of that journal.

In 1869, Mr Dunbar was appointed editor of the "Sheffield Evening Star," the first evening paper published in the cutlery city. The "Sheffield Times," a weekly paper, with which the poet James Montgomery was once associated, was published from the same office. For several years Mr Dunbar superintended the editorial department of the two papers. At the end of that period the proprietor died, the papers were sold, and Sir William (then Mr) Leng, who knew the worth of Mr Dunbar, invited him to join the staff of the "Sheffield Daily Telegraph" as chief sub-editor and writer of occasional leaders, and he has ever since been steadily climbing the journalistic ladder.

The "Telegraph" was at that time fighting its way strenuously to the proud position it now occupies among the provincial dailies, and its rivals were not willing to admit its supremacy. For much of the success of that enterprising journal Mr Dunbar is responsible.

Mr Dunbar earned his present position fairly. He is a ready writer—one of those men rare in journalism, who are able with equal facility to write a trade report dealing with the intricacies of the Bessemer and crucible steel market, and to describe in most charming style the beauties of the purple moorland, the sweet, subdued song of the mountain burn, or the romance of the sea.

The feature of the "Sheffield Daily Telegraph" on the Thursdays in the old days was its column headed "Round the Town" by "Rambler." This gave Mr Dunbar an opportunity to show his skill as a raconteur of short and pithy stories, and to demonstrate in the best of all possible ways his keen love of the picturesque in Nature. In more than one high-class school the column containing these paragraphs were read to the students as models of composition.

Mr Dunbar's recreations are few. When younger, he played cricket, but, like most Scotsmen, he never excelled with the bat or ball. There is a malicious story that credits him with participation in a "record" in this direction. He was once a member of the famous eleven composed of Sheffield newspaper men, who went in to bat against a village team, and returned without having scored a run. Mr Dunbar now finds his chief recreation in long country rambles, walks in the woods, on the moors, and on the hills. But his great love is his first love—for the Scott country, "the beautiful Borderland," a phrase which is often on his lips.

During the Mayoralty of the late Mr Samuel Osborn, in 1890, Mr Dunbar was vice-president of the National Association (now Institute) of Journalists, at the time when Sir Algernon Borthwick (now Lord Glenesk) was president. Ten years later the Council of the Institute visited Sheffield, and, although at that time Mr Dunbar had retired from active participation in the work, and was not even on the Committee, he was unanimously invited to take the chairmanship of the Sheffield and District Branch of the Institute, with a view to that important gathering. He accepted the invitation, and the meetings were held in the New Town Hall, the Lord Mayor, Ald. Eaton, giving the Council a civic welcome. Mr Dunbar presided at the annual dinner, at which the late Sir Wemyss Reid, president of the Institute, was the principal guest, and there were present many of the leading people of the city.

Mr John Pendleton, the author of "Our Railways," who has known Mr Dunbar and his work for many years, writes:—

> In a long association, for more than a quarter of a century, with Mr Robert Haig Dunbar one has had abundant opportunity to estimate his character and his ability as a journalist. Years ago on the Sheffield daily press we were keen rivals, giving and asking no quarter in news-gathering, and doing all we knew to journalistically outwit each other. In a daily and nightly conflict of this kind, in which now one and then the other got the advantage, there was a perpetual tendency to friction, but while never swerving from his object, from his inexorable determination to do his best for the "Sheffield Daily Telegraph," Mr Dunbar never forgot that he was a gentleman. He was polite, considerate, and kindly even to one of the most resourceful of his newspaper foes; and he had a high sense of chivalry, for he spontaneously recognised good work, whether done by his own staff, or the staff of the paper that was at the time in ruthless competition with his own. He had, of course, his enemies, like other men of grit; but he attracted me particularly because of two qualities—his indomitability in almost crushing reverse, and his gift of humour, so exquisite, so quaintly outré, that he could put the most extravagant joke in a few words, and never hesitated to tell a story against himself. He had, in those days, not only a remarkable facility for getting hold of exclusive news, but he was, as he is still, one of the most brilliant descriptive writers on the Sheffield press. A quick worker, with a wide knowledge of literature, art, politics, and nature, Mr Dunbar has always excelled in this interesting department of journalism, which is destined to altogether oust old methods of dealing with news. In character sketch, or description of

great events, he has ever shewn himself a shrewd observer and a graceful writer, and his descriptive articles have given pleasure to a vast number of readers. It has lately been an enigma to me that such a versatile journalist, with unlimited material to his hand, does not give the world in book-form the benefit of his experiences, especially as he is one of the wittiest reconteurs in Hallamshire. In the editorial chair, Mr Dunbar has upheld the best traditions of the paper. He has maintained its fearless policy. He has been diplomatic, informing, enterprising; and the "Sheffield Daily Telegraph" has made enormous strides in public favour, even since Sir William Leng laid down his trenchant pen. The editor of a great daily has no sinecure. His duties are complex and everlasting; he has not merely to get the best work out of his staff, but to move warily in a vortex of conflicting interests, and his comprehensive task—work at high pressure, firm control, general guidance, and often the quickest inspiration—demand in the modern editor the highest qualities, and of these qualities, together with the journalistic instinct, and rare intellectuality, Mr Dunbar is the fortunate possessor.

Mr Dunbar claims to be nothing more than a hard-working journalist, proud and jealous of his calling, but in him we see the young Scotsman who thirty-five years ago left his moorings in the "north countrie" and went to Sheffield, where, during that long period, he has been unceasingly watching and writing, quietly participating in all that the citizens have thought and done. His influence, though often undetected, has been immeasurable.

J. A. W.

A Ballad of Revenge.

O Virgin Mother, thro' whose womb,
We taste the blood of God's dear Son;
From lust of hate, which men foredoom,
Preserve us when revenge is won!

My mither's hand had kaimed my hair,
And girt me on my weddin' goon;
An' I was busked wi' endless care,
That day wad see my bridal noon.

Wi' kisses mony parted we,
For little kent I then o' dule;
It was the gate of heaven to me
Wha langed o' love to drink the fill.

Wi' blossoms white that conquered quite
The thocht of grief or sorrow;
I little recked that very night
Should bring death, wi' the morrow.

For O! his love was strong as fire,
Thrice dear were a' his kisses sweet,
That aye my soul sent mountin' higher,
And quickened a' my heart's blood-beat

We lichted by the abbey wa',
Then patient stayed my love to greet:
And lang we waited, but ne'er saw,
Nor heard the sound of coming feet.

And efter weary hours had passed,
Wi' wae our hearts we hameward sped;
When ower the hills cam' horseman fast,
His steed it foamed, wi' nostrils red.

O! curses on the wind that bore
The cruel words frae rider's breath!
O! may fire blast the woman's core,
That wrocht my ain dear lover's death!

And hardly had the horseman stayed,
When doon the belting brae there cam'
My destined lord, wi' broken blade,
An' breast wi' his ain bluid that swam.

I dashed me frae my minnie's side
And held him tichtly to my breast,
My bridal white wi' red was dyed,
So fast he to my bosom prest.

As faint he grew, I slowly knew
What height will rise a woman's hate;
He'd sworn his ain love to be true,
And she wi' spite had lain in wait.

Wi' hidden blade she turned like gled,
Of my true love then was I shorn;
She'd killed the knight I wad hae wed
And left a longing maid fu' lorn.

As hame I gat, my bridal goon
I stripped me doon richt frae the neck;
They brocht me rags, some beggar shoon,
Wi' speed I bade them on me deck.

The treach'rous wench I socht me oot,
I socht her high, I socht her low:
But nane there kent her whereabout,
I wadna wait, for I must know.

I found her by the burnie steep,
Hid in a windy willow tree;
The tree may weep, but I maun keep
The bond that sealed his word to me.

The blade run red, she had him sped,
I lifted high before her sicht
And in her breast I made its bed,
I stuck it thro' wi' a my micht.

And noo they seek my ain dear bluid!
Her kinsmen scour ower land and lea;
Of blasted love and hatred rid,
My ain love gane, what's life to me!

O Jesu Christ! dear Mary's Son,
That never tasted fear nor hate,
Look down, forgive this erring one
That trembling stands, without the Gate!

ROBB LAWSON.

St James' Fair.

IN the quaint customs that gather round an old Scottish fair there is much that cannot fail to interest the thoughtful spectator. Once inseparably bound up with the industrial life of the nation these gatherings have long since degenerated into mere gala days. Indeed, the boisterous mirth and fun, which is usually of that rustic type so well described in the poems of James I., is all that has been transmitted to them from the historical past. Of the many Border fairs that still survive none retains so much of its old importance as that of St James, which is held near Kelso on the fifth of August. When the auspicious morning dawns every farm within a twelve mile radius of the Queen of Border towns sends its representatives to the place of muster. This is the large meadow called Friar's Holm, which is formed by the junction of the Teviot with the Tweed. Here holiday-makers have annually assembled since the days of William the Lion. Throughout the length and breadth of Scotland no more romantic situation could be found. On the opposite side of the Tweed, Floors Castle raises its imposing walls. Confronting this stately pile are the ruins of Roxburgh Castle, where in 1460 James II. met a tragic death, and the fair ground itself was in the reign of David I. the site of a town, which took its name from the castle, and which was of such importance as to be classed among the four principal burghs of the kingdom. On the decay of Roxburgh the customs of the fair fell to Jedburgh, which is still the county town. Naturally, this arrangement did not satisfy the inhabitants of Kelso, and in the good old days of feud and quarrel representatives of the rival burghs used to demonstrate their feelings of mutual dislike and jealousy in the most unmistakeable fashion. When the dues fell to a nominal sum it is not surprising that some utilitarian natives of Jedburgh should have advised that it might be well to relegate to Kelso the control, which had previously been exercised by their own town. But in 1864, when this proposal was last discussed, there was a sufficient reverence for use and wont to secure its prompt rejection. At a meeting held about that time one patriotic burgher became so heated as to exclaim, "Oor richts wer' gotten by bluid, an' if we loss them it'll be wi' bluid tae." Accordingly, at noon on the fair day, the Provost and Magistrates of Jedburgh, preceded by a drummer and two halbardiers, still make their way to the highest part of the field. There the following proclamation is made by the town clerk:—"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Whereas the fair of St James is to be held this fifth day of August, and is to continue for the space of eight days from and after this proclamation, therefore, in name of our Sovereign, King Edward VII., by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and in name and authority of the Honourable the Lord Provost and Bailies of Jedburgh, and in name and authority of the high and potent Prince, the Duke of Roxburghe, and his Bailie of Kelso, I make due and lawful proclamation that no person or persons shall presume to trouble or molest the present fair, or offer any injury one to another, or break the King's peace, prohibiting all old feuds and new feuds, or the doing anything to disquiet the said fair, under the highest pains of the law. As also that no person or persons make any private bargains prejudicial to the customs and proprietors of said fair. Certifying those who contravene any part of said customs that they will be prosecuted and fined according to law. God save the King." Time was when offences against the peace of the fair were common, and when the foregoing announcement had, consequently, a meaning. Nowadays, it is merely provocative of a laugh. To those interested in primitive phases of life the tents and vans that belong to the gipsy population of the Border will prove the principal attraction of the fair. The swarthy features of the wanderers distinguish them from other visitors to the field. But, unlike his English brother, the gipsy of the Scottish Border has often Gentile blood in his veins, and it is consequently seldom that one hears snatches of the genuine Rommany patois. The most of the vans present a very tidy appearance, and the culinary operations, which are conducted by means of metal tripods placed outside, are managed with a nicety that might serve to tickle the most fastidious palate. Forty or fifty years ago most of the nomads had booths of earthenware and tin goods. Nowadays, horse dealing is their chief occupation. Fortune-telling is largely a thing of the past. Formerly the gipsy element was often responsible for disturbances that called for the consideration of the Pie-Poudre Court, the special tribunal of the fair. Of late years a better state of matters has prevailed. This suggests that the total disappearance of the gipsy is

merely a matter of time. But though such a consummation is likely to be desired by the social reformer, those who love to muse and meditate on other times are certain to regret that an historic fair has lost one of the few remaining features that link it to the past.

JOHN BALDERSTONE.

The Knox House Custodian and Publisher.

IN these days when the name of the great Scottish Reformer is heard on all hands and his quater-centenary is being celebrated wherever Scotsmen gather, it will interest many of the BORDER MAGAZINE readers to know that the present custodian of John Knox's House in Edinburgh, Mr William J. Hay, is of Border extraction. His father, John Hay, was born at Haymount, near Kelso, and educated, like his elder brothers, at Makerstoun School under the late Mr Dodds, whose abilities as a teacher have often been alluded to. As a young man he left the farm work, as many others have since done, and came to Edinburgh. He got a situation at once in Messrs James Gray & Sons, ironmongers, George Street, in whose employ he remained nine years. An opening in Holyrood Palace under the same firm then occurred, and he accepted the appointment. Soon after he was transferred to the Household Staff and remained over eleven years in the late Queen's service. Of the Royal family—the princes and princesses being then young—he speaks with the highest respect, and he especially eulogizes the character of the Prince Consort. One amusing story he tells is to the effect that the under servants, that was before he entered the Queen's service, were paid by the heads of the respective departments, with the result that they often received their wages after they were long overdue. It was a great hardship, but complaint was useless. One day an Irish footman declared in the hall that come what would he would complain to His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. The others tried to dissuade him, and the matter dropped, but he hadn't. Next day was his turn to go out with the Queen's carriage. Donning the most soiled and crumpled linen he could find he presented himself for duty, knowing that the keen eye of the Prince would at once challenge it. This was just what happened. As he held the carriage door for the Prince to enter, H.R.H. said, "Patrick, are you aware that you must always wear clean linen when on duty?"

Pat.—"Yes, your Royal Highness."

H.R.H.—"Then why don't you wear it? Aren't your wages sufficient to keep you?"

Pat.—"Yes, your Royal Highness, when we get them."

H.R.H.—"And don't you get them?"

Pat.—"Not till they are a long time overdue."

The Prince at once saw Patrick's ruse, and bade him send another footman to take his place, and the matter would have his attention. A revolution took place within doors, and from that day forward every servant received his cheque quarterly from the paymaster's office direct, payable to order only.

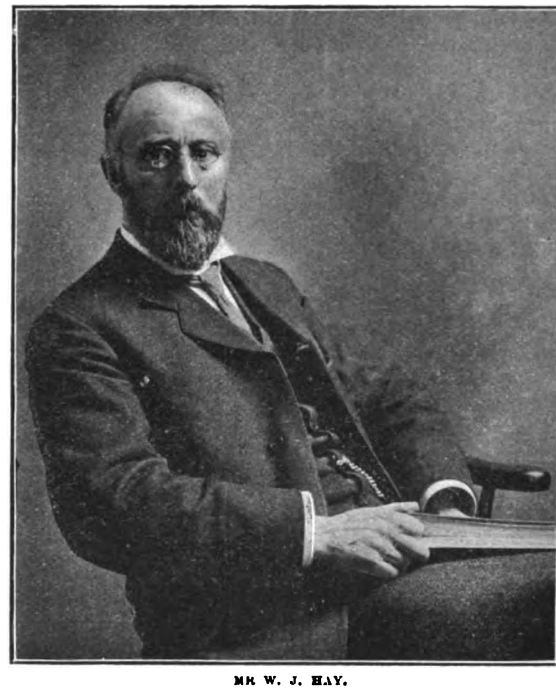
The Prince's death brought about the abandonment of Holyrood as a favourite Royal residence, as Her Majesty Queen Victoria would not permit the improvements the Prince had planned to be carried out, and it remains a house of call only. In 1871 John Hay left the Queen's service and entered into the employment of the North British Rubber Company at Castle Mills, where for over sixteen years he was one of the regular night staff. Family changes then occurred, and he moved with his wife and two daughters to Kelso, and later to Hawick, where he resided till about three years ago, when he returned to Edinburgh, where he is still, at the ripe age of seventy-eight, helping his only surviving son in looking after this historic fabric in the High Street. In January, 1853, he had married Hannah Cockburn, the elder daughter of a remarkably clever farm servant, William Cockburn, well-known during the thirties as a first-class horseman to all the farmers between Berwick and Greenlaw. Her youngest brother is now the manager of Castle Mills, Edinburgh, which he entered as a lad of sixteen. There were four children of the marriage—Janet Simpson, James Cockburn, and Hannah Trotter (all dead), and William James, who cheers their old age. The last-named was born at Dumbiedykes Place, Edinburgh, on Sabbath, 11th October, 1863, at 9.15 a.m. (just as the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha was entering the breakfast-room at Holyrood on the first week of his entrance on Edinburgh student life.) He began business before he went to school, and in an old photograph of the Abbey Strand his father's name may be seen over the door of the corner shop, surmounted with the head of "The

faire white hind and holy-rude," which claim the property as of Royal estate.

Quite recently, when making some investigations regarding the situation of certain landmarks, Mr Hay was able from the recollections of his early childhood to locate the original Royal Mews of the Palace, and in this same building two of the old stable windows may be seen in the back courtyard. This early business training, of which he had about nine years prior to starting his apprenticeship as a bookseller, has enabled Mr Hay to be conversant with matters other than literature. His schooldays proper may be summed up in three sessions at Young Street School under Mr Hugh Wylie Adair. That was a school which meant education — no cramming with Mr Adair. He would stop a class for half-an-hour to thrash out a dunce's stupidity—but the class got more out of that half-hour than the dunce. You had to give a reason for the faith that was in you regarding any subject. Modern School Boards, please note that fact! Education is not cramming into a child's brain all you can, it is coaxing out of it all you can get. The one process makes precocious nondescripts who leave the school and all that is in it at the same hour. The other makes intelligent thinking men and women of the children, and that is what we can get but rarely from the race-courses of the Government grant. Let the school life be an episode which can be reflected on in later years without regret.

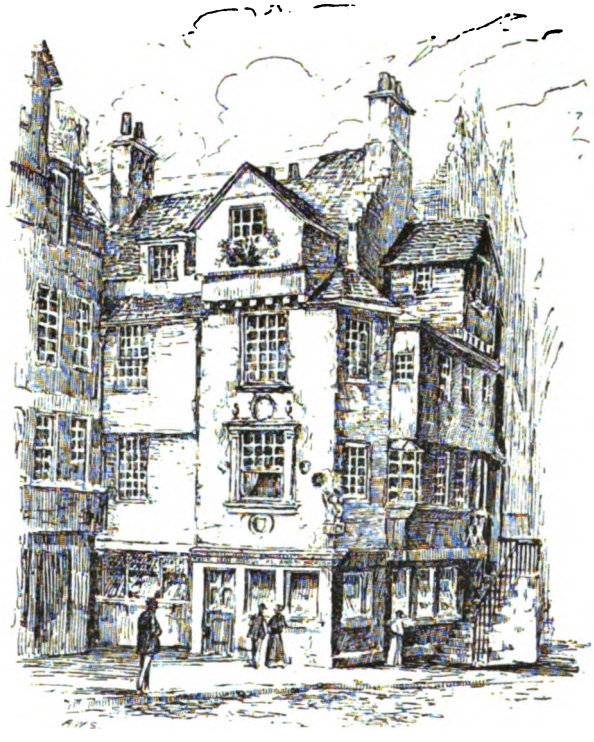
> The happiest hours that ere Hay spent.
> Were in those "Young Street" classes, O!

In December, 1877, Mr William Brown, (now of 26 Princes Street), who has been fitly named the "Scottish Quaritch," began business in the corner shop at the West End of Princes Street (now part of Mayle's Emporium), and the first assistant to enter on his duties was Mr Hay as an apprentice. He remained in Mr Brown's service till September, 1886, when he left to fill an engagement in London. In the following May he returned as Mr Brown's chief assistant, and was with him till April, 1902, when he left to take up his position as a bookseller and publisher in John Knox's House. The ground floor of which has had many vicissitudes since the days of Queen Mary, when James Mosman, her goldsmith, began business in it in 1566—the property having been part of his wife's marriage dowry. When the siege of Edinburgh was



MR W. J. HAY.

raised in August, 1572, Mosman had such a large financial stake in Queen Mary's interest that he retired with Kirkcaldy of Grange into the Castle, and the Protestant party took possession of the house. Knox's manse in Mary King's Close had been denuded of its woodwork for fuel during the scarcity of 1571-2, and a new residence had to be found for the now feeble reformer. What better could have been desired than this butt-end to the vista of his great parish, with its western windows looking up to St Giles' where his voice had so tellingly rung out those denunciations and



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE, EDINBURGH.

warnings in the ears of the people against oppression, popery, and licentious life? Within thirty yards of the gate, if danger threatened him, and surrounded by influential friends of Protestantism, John Knox passed peacefully away on the 24th November, 1572, from the sea of strife and toil in which he had weltered —leaving his name writ large in the annals of British history as a fearless though kind-hearted man, a ripe scholar, a faithful leader, a true patriot, and a thorough diplomatist. Edinburgh, not London, is the capital of the British Empire, and Knox took the fearless pioneer step towards the union of England with Scotland. Knox believed, and we have had ample historical proof of his theory, that true union must begin in the individual hearts of the people. Let these be imbued with the "Evangel of the Lord Jesus Christ," and we have a groundwork from which not only national but international union can surely grow. England enjoyed the benefits of Protestantism before Scotland, but it was to Scotland that the English nation owed its fullest liberty of conscience. Therefore, we say again, it is Edinburgh, not London, which is the central factor in the nation's well-being. In this centre of the nation's history lives the subject of our sketch, surrounded by his family, and always full of work—intensely patriotic, yet very catholic in his views. He is a member of the Scottish History Society and of the recently-constituted Edinburgh Rymours' Club, which has been formed to collect old rhymes and folklore still unprinted or to be found only in fugitive form, and the first part of whose transactions is now in the printer's hands. To man-

age a business such as Mr Hay is cultivating is no ordinary task, but he has, even in his nervous frame, a quiet calm spirit which weighs things not as they appear, but as they are, and we hope to see him in the course of a few years, when the first strain of business responsibility has been overcome, a force not only in his own calling and among his brethren, but among the constantly varying multitudes which visit this shrine of Scotland's greatness.

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* "Abbotsford."

ABBOTSFORD! What magic there is in the name, and what power there is in it to draw pilgrims from all the ends of the earth. So much has been written on the subject of Scott's home on the banks of the silver Tweed that it seems almost impossible to produce anything fresh, but the beautiful volume now before us is sufficient answer. Messrs A. & C. Black did well to include a description by pen and brush of this famous Border shrine in their series of "Beauty Books"—a series unique in the annals of publishing. In selecting the Rev. W. S. Crockett to write the letterpress Messrs Black chose the man most fitted for the task, as he is admitted to be in the very front rank of Border litterateurs, and possesses a wonderful amount of knowledge on all subjects bearing upon the Borderland. In the July issue of the BORDER MAGAZINE there was a long sketch of Mr Crockett's career, so it is unnecessary for us to say more regarding his qualifications as author of this important work. In a very concise form the publishers' note thus refers to the volume:—

The home of the Great Wizard of the North, which he created out of magic ink, is a Mecca which attracts pilgrims in increasing numbers every year. To them this volume will specially appeal, as it will enable them to take back to their own firesides a charming pictorial and descriptive memorial of their visit. But it will also appeal in a scarcely less degree to the far greater number that live across the seas, who, although they know Abbotsford, Tweed, Melrose, Dryburgh, and all the other familiar names, as household words, can scarcely hope to behold the originals with their own eyes.

Mr Smith's twenty pictures, which are reproduced in colour in the volume, will enable them to correct their presentiments of these places, from real, very actual, and very artistic representations of them. Mr W. S. Crockett's qualifications for writing the book have long since been proved. He is a native of the Merse, and a minister of a Peeblesshire parish. More than half a dozen volumes on Border subjects stand to his credit, and his "Scott Country" (A. & C. Black) is a standard book.

The artist, Mr Wm. Smith, jun., has done his work exceedingly well, and the twenty illustrations, painted specially for this work and so beautifully reproduced, have an open-air atmosphere about them which makes the pictures doubly attractive. If we are to make distinctions among so many beautiful reproductions of familiar scenes, we might mention the three Abbotsford pictures—The Garden, The Gateway, and The Entrance Hall—as being worthy of special mention, while beyond the enchanted grounds we would be inclined to give first place to The Cross, Melrose. The scope of the illustrations will be seen when we say that they include Darnick Tower, Sandyknowe Tower, Rhymer's Glen, Cauldshiels Loch, Leaderfoot Bridge, Chiefswood, &c.

Mr Crockett is very happy in his dedication, which runs thus:—

That Abbotsford merits a volume in the present series will be readily conceded. In preparing the letterpress I have found myself, not unnaturally, playing to some extent the part of a biographer, and in this I have generally followed Lockhart, always the ultimate authority on Sir Walter. A number of fresh facts, however, will be found here and there throughout the book. Mrs Maxwell Scott has kindly read the proof of "The Later Abbotsford," and for the "Treasures" chapter I am indebted somewhat to her admirable little "Catalogue," which no visitor to Scott's home should miss.

In his introductory chapter Mr Crockett touches on one or two points which have doubtless suggested themselves to many visitors. He thus writes:—

Last year (1904) no fewer than seven thousand persons from all parts of the world visited Abbotsford. There is no diminution in the annual pilgrimage to this chief shrine of the Border Country, nor is there likely to be. Scott's name, and that of Abbotsford, are secure enough in the affections of men everywhere. Whilst many would rejoice to see Sir Walter's home on a different footing from a patriotic point of view—less of a shilling show-house for one thing—there is no reason to quarrel with the present arrangements, which, likely enough, are the best under existing conditions. The order of viewing the various rooms, however, might well be improved, the public permitted to linger over them a little more leisurely, and also to see something of the exterior of the building. That many ardent Scott worshippers who flock yearly to Abbotsford would welcome a

* Abbotsford. Painted by Wm. Smith, jun.; Described by the Rev. W. S. Crockett. London: A. & C. Black.

more ample opportunity for study and reflection within its charmed enclosure goes without saying. Of course, as being still a private residence, there are obvious difficulties in the way of such easier access. But probably that may come by-and-by.

The best preparation for a visit to Abbotsford is a course of Lockhart. There is no more faithful account of the place, from its purchase to the high-water mark of Scott's happiness there and the troubled years preceding the end. From at least 1820, and irrespective of his London life, Lockhart was Scott's companion and confidant at Abbotsford. Seldom has the fellowship of letters shown a friendship so strong and true. It was sympathy other than that of a son-in-law which Lockhart brought to the writing of his great Biography, and which has made it one of the masterpieces of literature. Never, surely, was a great man more fortunate in his life-story than Scott at the hands of Lockhart, one of the most maligned and misunderstood men of his day, indeed, but a kindly, lovable soul withal. To understand Abbotsford, it is a necessity that one should study the life of its originator and owner, with whose name, notwithstanding any subsequent occupation, the "romance in stone and lime" is indissolubly connected.

Referring to the changed appearance of the scenery of Tweedside, Mr Crockett says:—

At Scott's day the Tweed valley, in what are now its most luxuriant reaches, exhibited a markedly naked and treeless character. From Abbotsford to Norham Castle the scenery was of the openest. Here and there "ancestral oaks" still clumped themselves about the great houses, with perhaps some further attempt at decorating the landscape. But that was rare enough. Landlords had not learned the art, not to speak of the wisdom, of tree-planting. It is only within the past hundred years that planting has become frequent, and the modern beauty of Tweedside emerged into being. It is said that Scott was one of the first to popularize the planting spirit. His operations at Abbotsford certainly induced the neighbouring proprietors to follow suit. Scott of Gala, and the lairds of Ravenswood, Drygrange, Cowdenknowes, Gladswood, Bemersyde, Mertoun, Eildon Hall, and Floors, all took their lead, more or less, from Abbotsford. Arboriculture was Scott's most passionate hobby. At least two long articles were penned by him on the subject, and he practised the art with extraordinary diligence and foresight. Of botany he knew little, but of trees everything. As we shall see, not the least important part of Abbotsford's creation was planning and perfecting that wondrous wealth of woodland—a very network about the place, on whose full growth his eyes, alas! were not destined to feast. "Somebody," he said, "will look at them, however, though I question that they will have the same pleasure in gazing on the full-grown oaks that I have had in nursing the saplings."

In the chapter entitled "An Abbotsford Bead-Roll," the author causes to pass before us in pleasing and varied procession the many friends and acquaintances who found such a warm place in the sympathetic heart of the Great Wizard, and a hearty welcome in his home. Mr Crockett thus refers to one famous visitor:—

It is interesting to recall that Scott's first really distinguished visitor from the arena of letters was from the other side of the Atlantic—Washington Irving, an American of the Americans. Irving's visit, doubtless, helped to modify Scott's estimate of his countrymen. He did not at first care for many of his Yankee admirers, but by-and-by not a few of them became friends for life. Campbell introduced Irving to Scott. "When you see Tom Campbell," wrote Scott to Richardson of Kirklands, "tell him, with my best love, that I have to thank him for making me known to Mr Washington Irving, who is one of the best and pleasantest acquaintances I have made this many a day."

"The Treasures of Abbotsford" is a chapter which will refresh the memories of those who have been there, and whet the appetites of those who have not, while those who desire to retain a vivid recollection of what they have seen will feel indebted to Mr Crockett for his painstaking research.

The volume, which is published at 7/6 net, ought to be in the possession of every true lover of Scott, and we most heartily commend it to all our readers.

The Lass of Tillietudlem.*

Orchard and apple blossom, flowers and fruit,
With all the gifts in Nature's garner stored;
In rich profusion bloom at Nethan foot,
And cluster round Crossford.

But apple blossoms blush and drooping sigh,
When she, the fairest of them all, doth pass;
Orchard with orchard strives in vain to vie
With Tillietudlem's lass.

And sweeter than the sweetest—honey-filled—
That the bold bumble bee in rapture sips;
To the ambrosial nectar—heaven-distilled—
Upon her coral lips.

When the bright morning sun the groves hath kissed,
And all the warblers of the woods rejoice;
If she draws nigh, they cease their songs, to list
The music of her voice.

When the broad sun at noon the rose buds stir,
And tints the peaches on the garden wall,
He sends his choicest rays in quest of her,
The brightest of them all.

Clyde lingers, loth to leave such joys as these,
Now here, now there, its rippling current flows,
Murmuring, melodious on the evening breeze,
To lull her to repose.

And all is rest and peace at close of day;
Sunk in soft slumber Tillietudlem's pride,
While twilight deepens on Craignethan grey,
And o'er the vale of Clyde.

J. Alston.

* Craignethan Castle, the "Tillietudlem" of Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality."

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1905.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The increasing interest taken in the *Border Magazine* by literary people is a great encouragement to us in our efforts to keep our publication up to the standard we have set before ourselves, but to secure success we depend to a large extent on increased circulation. An occasional copy sent to Border friends abroad will be highly appreciated, and may possibly secure regular subscribers. The B.M. can be sent post free to any part of the world for 4/- per annum.

The Border Keep.

I have recently been enjoying a short holiday in the district of Lanarkshire, which has been rendered famous by Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality." To many Borderers this beautiful portion of their native land is practically unknown, but a day or two's stay among the woods and smiling orchards of the upper reaches of the Clyde Valley will be a pleasant surprise Notwithstanding the time which has elapsed since the magic spell of Scott's personality passed away a few living links still remain to bind us to that distant past. The following item from the "Glasgow Evening News" will be of very general interest.

There are few people now alive who saw Sir Walter Scott in the flesh. That quaint Fifeshire village called Freuchie boasts of one, however, and a notable body she is, too. Mrs Wm. Livingstone, as she is called, entered on her hundredth year on Thursday, and has every appearance of attaining the distinction of a centenarian. Being nine years old when Waterloo was fought, this worthy old Freuchie dame has some interesting recollections of those stirring times. She remembers the return of our soldiers from the historic campaign, and of the French prisoners passing through her own hamlet and being guarded overnight at Falkland Palace—some two miles distant. Singularly enough, her sight of the "Wizard of the North" was due to the Palace, as Sir Walter visited the district in 1829 specially to inspect the stronghold which nestles at the foot of the East Lomond. The appearance of the great novelist is deeply impressed on the old lady's memory, as she remarked recently—"I mind fine o' lookin' down on the street and seeing him. He was a big man, somewhat lame, and wore a cocked hat." It is somewhat of a coincidence that Mrs Livingstone's daughter is housekeeper to the laird of Wellfield, and that it was a laird of Wellfield who accompanied Sir Walter on his visit to the locality.

* * *

There is in the first issue, 1855, of the "Teviotdale Record" an article entitled "Encroachments on St James' Fair Stead." It is pointed out that the Duke of Roxburghe had been making encroachments which ought not to be tolerated. "It is the duty of the Magistrates and Council of Jedburgh to maintain the fair stead in all its integrity. If they do not they

neglect their duty to the public and render themselves amenable to the Queen." The article points out that the fair was in the territory of the Barony of Holydean, but it existed before the erection of the Barony It was the market of the burgh of Roxburgh at which English and Scots mixed, even when the two nations were at feud. When Roxburgh ceased to exist as a town, Jedburgh, as the only other Royal burgh in the district, then acquired the right of the fair.

* * *

In March last an interesting article appeared in "Chambers's Journal," and was thus referred to by the "Southern Reporter":—

THREE 17TH CENTURY BACKSLIDERS—HOW THEY WERE DEALT WITH IN SELKIRKSHIRE.—An article of very particular interest to all Borderers, and more especially to all who have any associations with Selkirkshire, appears in the current issue of "Chamber's Journal." It is from the pen of the Rev. J. Sharpe, of Heatherlie Parish Church, Selkirk, and is chiefly valuable for the insight it gives into those old far-away times, whose glamour holds most as by a wonderful spell. The period with which the article deals is well described by the couplet:—

"Old unhappy far-off times
And battles long ago."

But perhaps it is of most interest to us at the present time on account of the parts played by those whom we have designated the "backsliders." The article reveals, indeed, a curious state of matters, and shows that the powers vested in the Church were so arbitrary, and almost intolerable, that it makes people wonder how a turbulent people could submit to an authority that was often harsh and doubtless also unjust. But in order to give a glimpse of that past time, it may be well to recount the story as told by Mr Sharpe. Robert Scott, laird of Oakwood, was summoned before the Presbytery of Melrose in November, 1607, for the hearing of the charge of perjury of which he accused Mr Patrick Shaw, then minister at Selkirk Oakwood's charge was found not proven, and he was ordered, as a result, to appear at the Parish Church and be rebuked in face of the congregation The minister of Ashkirk, Mr Alexander Justice, was ordered to preach and administer the rebuke, but he failed to appear, and he in turn was sharply censured by the Moderator for his negligence. And so, Justice failing to appear, the rebuke had to be administered by Mr Shaw himself. The delegation of the duties of judge to the complainer seemed to have been too much for the laird of Oakwood, for instead of confessing, we read he "railit on the minister and called him opprobrious names." It must have been a wonderful scene even for those stormy days. But the laird of Oakwood seems, if indeed the fault were his, to have been unrepentant till his latter days, and a perpetual feud seems to have been waged between him and his minister. Thus in March, 1614, he was called to account at the instance of Shaw for profanation by "drinking during the time of sermon," and again in the following August "for not repairing to the kirk on the afternoon of the Sabbath preceding the Communion." Two other incidents bearing upon the large and curious powers held by the kirk of that period may be cited from Mr Sharpe's article. Isobel, guidwyf of Sinton, was ordained to be summoned on 4th July, 1615, "for abusing of her minister publicly by words and countenance on the Sabbath betwixt the sermons, in the audience of the congregation." In the month of January following, she had again to appear before the Presbytery, and "being chargeit quhy she repairit not to her awin paroch kirk to heir the Word, answerit she would not repair to her kirk all the days of her lyf." Truly she must have been a woman of untameable spirit, or to use an expressive Scotticism, unlimited "spunk." It is curious to note with what unsparing zeal the ministers of that period insisted upon their legal rights. For the guidwyf of Sinton, unable to worship in her own kirk, betook herself to the neighbouring kirks of Lilliesleaf and Hassendean. But the Presbytery were after her, and the minister of Lilliesleaf was censured by his brethren for admitting her to the Sacrament of the Supper, and the Presbytery of Jedburgh was written to, to acquaint them with the heinousness of the minister of Hassendean's crime, in encouraging the guidwife of Sinton to repair to his church to hear the Gospel. In the end, however, the guidwyf thought it best to agree with the adversary, and we find, that after making amends, she was re-admitted to the communion; and thus she passed from our ken after a brief but stormy passage across the stage. Perhaps, however, the most interesting personality dealt with by Mr Sharpe is James Scott, who was minister of the Forest Kirk of St Mary of the Lowes. He quite evidently was one of those who, having secured a church, thought they might do pretty much as they chose, heedless of discipline, and absolutely careless of the rules that ought to govern the life of a Christian teacher or preacher. The Presbytery records describe him as "careless and easy going, negligent in discipline, in the using of the buik and in preparing his people for communion." He was suspected to be a card-player and to be too fond of company, and for these things he was warned by the Presbytery. But remonstrance or censure seems to have been of little use. Again and again he was taken to task, but still he seems to have held on his way, regardless of remonstrance or rebuke. Ah well! these are but glimpses from a stormy past. The men and women who worshipped in the old Church of the Forest are but memories and dim shapes that flit vaguely through the shadows of the past. But it is interesting to have a glimpse into that old world, and to see again some of the old indomitable figures of a rougher but more heroic period, and to muse that even to-day in Selkirkshire the descendants of those people are living and moving, with probably the same problems in modern guise to contend with as these ancestors battled with long ago. The article of Mr Sharpe is one which will be remembered and laid aside by those who make the study of Border lore and literature a labour of love.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Some Borderers on the Severn Side.

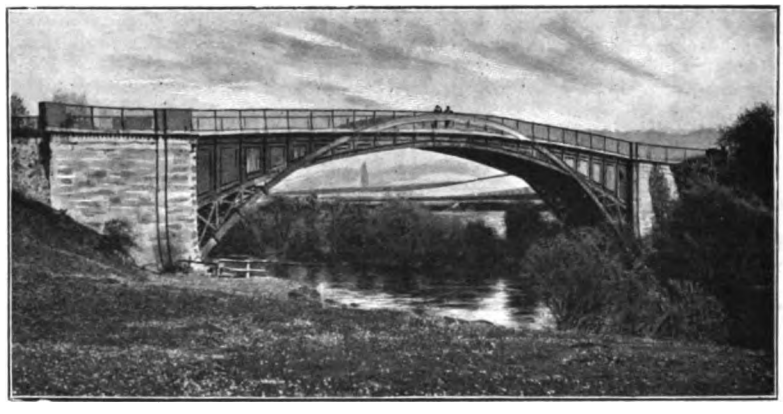
THOMAS TELFORD.

TOWARDS the end of the eighteenth century, a small group of Borderers who had wandered south in search of fortune, for a time settled in the Severn valley. One of these was the ingenious Lord Dundonald, another was Alexander Brodie, the ironmaster, and a third was the famous engineer, Thomas Telford. Associated with them were others occupying less important positions, and whose names are now nearly forgotten.

Thomas Telford, who was county surveyor of Shropshire, had the roads and bridges in the Severn valley under his charge. Two of his designs, that at Montford, about eight miles above Shrewsbury, a stone structure which carries "Telford's great white road" from London to Holyhead across the Severn, and the iron bridge at Buildwas on a county road about fourteen miles below that town, were so much admired for their elegance and stability by persons of taste and influence, that he was appointed engineer to some extensive schemes for canal and highway improvements.

As the Shropshire County Council have decided that the Buildwas bridge be pulled down and replaced this summer by a new and stronger structure, it may be interesting to have some particulars put on record in the BORDER MAGAZINE of the work of so distinguished a Borderer—for the bridge will soon be numbered with the things that "have their day, and cease to be."

Telford's opportunity came, when, in 1795, an old stone bridge of several arches across the Severn at Buildwas was destroyed by a flood. At that period a considerable traffic was carried on by barges passing up and down the river, and great obstruction was caused by the narrow arches and wide piers of the stone bridge, but Telford boldly made his new bridge of one span of 130 feet, with a rise of 24 feet. To construct a bridge of cast-iron at that period was a novelty, as there was really no precedent to follow. The low banks at Buildwas were quite different from the high banks two miles lower down where the first iron bridge had been constructed a few years previously. The difficulty was got over by using a double arch ingeniously framed and braced together, so that the one helped to support the other to carry the roadway at a low level to suit the banks. The rough bargees, no doubt, fervently blessed the man who cleared away the dangerous obstruction caused by the old bridge, and by persons of taste it was universally admired for its light and elegant appearance, as well as the novelty of its construction. Since then Time has begun to tell upon it, the arches have been fractured in several places and repaired at different times.



BUILDWAS BRIDGE, SHROPSHIRE.

> "For Time will rust the brightest blade,
> And years will break the strongest bow;
> Was ever wight so starkly made,
> But Time and years would overthrow."

The great flood of 1795 is still kept in memory by sundry tablets fixed to walls and buildings, and is said to have been the highest before or since that date. A local historian

quaintly says, "The publicans were great sufferers by their barrels being floated and the bungs giving way." Captain Webb, the famous Channel swimmer, when a boy, lived near here, and learned swimming in a pool by the bridge. When crossing he used to take off his boots and walk along the top of the side railings with his hands in his pockets quite unconcernedly. The situation of the bridge is very pleasant, in the midst of a typical English landscape, with rich meadows stretching for miles along the valley, while at one end of the bridge is a picturesque old wayside inn, with its black and white half-timbered front facing the bridge, and about a hundred yards from the other end are the ruins of an old Cistercian Abbey founded eight centuries ago, with the river ever flowing placidly past, and in the summer evenings, bearing pleasure boats and skiffs, with eager crews practising—

"The measured pulse of racing oars."

Later on, in 1826, Telford erected another iron bridge across the Severn at Tewkesbury. This bridge was 170 feet span, and 17 feet rise with six ribs, each 3 feet 6 inches deep. This bridge is also very elegant, with the spandrils filled with light lattice work.

During the time that Thomas Telford was county surveyor of Shropshire he constructed forty-two bridges, five of these being of iron. In after days, when he became famous, he was called the "Colossus of Roads" and the "Pontifex Maximus."

But roads and bridges are not the only works of Telford existing in the Severn valley, for besides the straight lines and circles of these, he also admired the curved line of beauty and practised the art of architecture. The Church of St Mary at Bridgnorth stands as an instance of his good taste and varied skill. This Church is built in the Grecian style which prevailed at that period, and consists of a nave separated from the side aisles by two rows of massive columns, with a chancel at the east end. A tower surmounts the west end of the Church, with a colonnade round the belfry stage, surmounted by a cupola with a cross on top. The site of the Church is near one end of the high rock on which the town is built, and it forms a striking feature of the skyline, but the good people of Bridgnorth fail to appreciate it, for, tell it not in the Borderland, they call the tower "The Pepper Box." The contemporaries of Telford had a better appreciation of it, for he soon after received a commission to build another church near Buildwas bridge.

Space compels a halt, and stays the pleasant task of tracing some of the footprints of a famous Borderer in the beautiful valley of the Severn, where the scenes he often gazed upon and helped to beautify still remain.

"how gloriously
The wide scene lies in light, how gloriously
Sun, shadows, and blue mountain far away,
Woods, meadows, and the mighty Severn blend."

A Linton Lad.

The Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk; green grows, green grows the grass;
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock;
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowen!

Hamilton.

We are fond of streams, and dear unto us is the Yarrow. Its poetic associations, undying as the melancholy events that inspired them, and its legendary tales are treasured up in our memory, and will never be forgotten. We love the Yarrow for the youthful recollections associated with it. In boyhood, we played among its bonny green braes, penetrated its "dowie dens," and listened to the gentle murmurings of its water, which, to our ear, sounded of sorrow. Every little burn, with its sunny pool, and singing cascade, that comes from the glens, have we traced from its junction with "the classic stream" to its source, far up in the moorland, where it gushes forth clear as crystal among water-cress flowers. From Newark Tower to St Mary's shore, there is not a spot that tradition has rendered interesting, which we have not seen.

The Yarrow joins the Ettrick about two miles above the town of Selkirk, and, like the bride, it loses its name in the union. Near this place, and upon a commanding eminence, crowned with old trees, and hemmed in by hills covered with wood, stands Newark Tower, like a hoary giant guarding his lovely vale, his gray ruins telling tales of the olden time—the feuds of our ancestors, and the struggles of the patriot for his country's liberties. On the opposite side, is the humble farm house of Fouldshiels, where Mungo Park was born. It is occupied by a brother of the African traveller, who has many interesting anecdotes of him to relate to the tourist, who may be induced to visit the house that gave birth to that distinguished traveller.

Farther up the vale is Broadmeadows, a handsome modern mansion, situated among woods, and tastefully laid off pleasure grounds, and

commanding a view of the vale below, which is beautifully variegated with wood, hill, and water. The ruins of the castle of Hangingshaw, with its avenues of old trees, the general appearance of which indicates a place of ancient note, next attract attention. It belonged to the outlaw Murray, and is now in the possession of Johnstone of Alva. The vale now begins to assume a pastoral aspect. Corn fields, with excellent enclosures, skirt the stream, and green hills slope gently back on each side, where sheep range at freedom. Here and there are to be seen clumps of hazel and birch trees, remnants of the old forest, which contrast well with the dark and gloomy woods covering the hills below. We pass Tinnis Castle, a fine old ruin, and the handsome farm house of Tinnis, with a prayer for the happiness of the kind family that occupied it, and find ourselves at the school-house of Yarrow. Who has not heard of Yarrow School, and the venerable Scott! Here we were taught the first rudiments of learning, under a master beloved by his pupils, and respected by the world; but sad changes have taken place there since we lived a happy boy at school. The venerable old man is away; the house is altered, and some will think it improved; the play-ground, the scene of many a youthful sport, is enclosed; the garden, where each had his little plot allotted to him, which he kept with much of a gardener's skill, is now a "kail-yard"; the bridge we threw over the "hen-sike" is down; the Deuchar Mill still clanks, but the old miller, whose eye was too dim to detect us filling our pockets with groats and pease, has gone to the grave; we see the pond where we sailed our little ship, but it appears much smaller than, from our youthful recollection, we had fancied it to be. All is changed but Nature. Hills are the same, the sheep still claim them as their own; the Yarrow rolls on as it was wont with a gentle murmur; and the Deuchar Burn grumbles by, bent on mischief still, now throwing up a bed of gravel, and now working in upon a green bank, which ultimately turns a scar.

The reminiscences of school days are often sorrowful. Here we became acquainted with Miss R——, then a girl of thirteen. She was a most interesting creature, and her appearance we recollect most distinctly. Her hair was dark-brown, which hung in natural ringlets over a neck fair and well shaped; her eyes a hazel colour, with an expression of extreme modesty and gentleness; her cheeks, perhaps too red for beauty, became its youthful years, and told that care was a stranger to her bosom. She was the favourite of her master, and every one at school; and though she occupied the highest place as a scholar, no jealousy was exercised by any towards her, so meekly did she bear her honours. Every day as she came from the manse she got a kindly welcome, and when she went away sighs were breathed for her return. We left the school, and many years were passed away before we saw her again. Often did we hear of her beauty, which was so striking as to procure for her the appellation of "the flower of Yarrow," an appellation that tradition has associated with the name of "Mary Scott." When we saw her she was a wife and a mother. In the ripened beauty of womanhood we saw the fruit of early promise softened, chastened, beautified, by maternity. Over features which, even in youth, were rather grave than mirthful, a pensiveness had stolen, like gloaming over a summer's landscape, telling of a mother's care, and a mother's love. We will never see her again:—she is dead!—peace to her ashes.

A little distance above the church are two monumental stones, which remain yet to commemorate a duel which was fought between John Scott of Tushielaw, and his brother-in-law, Hector Scott, third son of Robert Scott of Thirlstane. "The place," says Mr Robert Chambers, "is called Annan's Treat, in consequence of a traditionary notion, that such was the name of the treacherous individual who slew the combatant, by stabbing him behind his back. We are farther informed by Sir Walter Scott, that, according to tradition, the murderer was the brother of either the wife or the betrothed bride of the murdered, and that the alleged cause of quarrel was, the lady's father having proposed to endow her with half of his property, upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown."

This melancholy event has been the subject of many beautiful ballads, among which the one entitled, "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow" is the original.—The following verses occur:—

"I dreimed a dreirie dreim last nicht;
God keep us a' frae sorrow!
I dreimed I pu'd the birk sae green
Wi' my true love on Yarrow.

"I'll read your dreim, my sister deir,
I'll read it into sorrow;
You pu'd the birk wi' your true love;
He's killed, he's killed on Yarrow!

"Oh gentle wind that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth;
Convey a kiss frae his deir mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!"

She's torn the ribbons frae her head,
That were baith thick and narrow;
She's kiltet up her green claithing,
And she's away to Yarrow.

* * * * * *

She's taen him in her armis two,
And gien him kisses thorough;
And wi' her tears she has washed his wounds
On the dowie howms o' Yarrow.

* * * * * *

She kissed his lips and kamed his hair,
As she had done before, O;
Syne, wi' a sigh, her heart did break
Upon the braes o' Yarrow!

The ballad by Hamilton of Bangour, though not truly illustrative of the tradition, is exquisitely beautiful. Its length prevents us from giving it entire, but we quote the following verses.

"Why runs thy streim, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weids
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

"What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What's yonder floats?—Oh, dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the dulefu' braes of Yarrow.

"Wash, oh wash his wounds, his wounds, in tears,
His wounds in tears o' dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the banks of Yarrow.

* * * * * *

"Oh Yarrow fields! may never, never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover!
For here was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover."

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest—'twas my ain sewing;
Ah wretched, wretched me! I little, little kenned
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unmindful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the too-fa' of the nicht
He lay a corpse on the banks of Yarrow!

* * * * * *

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
O lay his cold head on my pillow!
Take off, take off these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
Oh, could my warmth to thee restore thee!
Yet lie all night between my breists—
No youth lay ever there before thee!

"Pale, pale, indeed, oh lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter;
And lie all night between my breists—
No youth shall ever lie there after!"

The beautiful old ballad, entitled, "Willie's drowned in the Yarrow," refers to a different circumstance, and suggested the "Braes of Yarrow," by Logan, a song worthy of that poet's genius.

We next come to Catslacknow, where a large portion of ground, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, is feued. The feuars, generally tradesmen, have neat houses, with a barn and byre attached; and a few very small corn stacks, placed near the house, keep the family in meal, and crummie in fodder. The Gordon Arms Inn is a little farther on, where the traveller rests with comfort. "Bonny Nancy" puts on a nice peat fire in the little parlour; the mistress will dry your clothes, if they are wet, and the landlord will groom your horse, if you have one, as well as you could get him done at "Inglis's." A dinner of ham and egg is soon got, and a glass of "Richardson's" whisky, diluted with water from Yarrow's stream, inspires you with fresh spirits. At the back of this little Inn is a level haugh, where the "Poet's Games" are celebrated. They commence with foot-ball; and wrestling, throwing the hammer and the stone, running and leaping, follow. The Ettrick Shepherd's attachment to gymnastics is well known. It was he who instituted these games, and it is he who keeps them up. In his younger days he was first in the wrestling ring, and never last in the race. He was famous too at hop-step-and-leap; but the "flying tailor" and the "Professor" were an over match for him. Altrive, about a mile further up the Yarrow, is now seen, and we cannot pass without paying our respects to the worthy shepherd. It is no ordinary treat to see the poet amidst his happy family in his own cottage. You see the affectionate husband, the kind and indulgent father, and the man of genius, with occasionally much of the serious air of the patriarch. His shrewd observations upon men and literature, his simple and unaffected manners; his kindly dispositions and great hospitality delight the visitor, and make him, while he admires the poet, love the man. Few have done so much for their country, and few are more deserving of their country's love, than JAMES HOGG. Fortune made him a shepherd, but Nature endowed him with a genius which she seldom bestows upon the sons of fortune. While tending his sheep among the green hills of Ettrick, visions of days and scenes, long gone by, would rise up before his imagination, in all the brightness and truth of reality. The spirit of the holy martyr told him a cruel tale of persecution and death; the shade of injured innocence complained of her misfortunes and wrongs; and the guardian spirit of his country's liberties courted his aid and favour. With his hill-harp, his most loved companion, he delighted to linger by St Mary's Lake, or the lonely moorland stream, and with his memory well stored, and

his imagination heated by the many legends still current in that pastoral district, sing,

"How Mary Scott of Tushilaw
Was born a bride to Torwoodlie."

Of Flora M'Donald, with "the dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e," lamenting the fate of her exiled and unfortunate Prince, who had neither "house, ha', nor hame, in his country;" or of the destruction of "the gallant and devoted old Stuarts of Appin!" The Fairies, charmed with the music his hill-harp woke, gathered round him, and elected him their Poet Laureat. He has since given an account of their origin, and sung of their wanderings by mountain, wild, and stream, and how they danced in the green wood, under "the midnight moon." In a note to one of his songs, he says, "I was a poor shepherd half a century ago, and I have never been able to get farther to this day; but my friends would be far from regretting this, if they knew the joy of spirit that has been mine." Poor though he be, Scotland loves her Shepherd Poet. The man of birth, who has little else to boast of, may pass him by; the fine lady may toss her head, and, looking at his mountain plaid, pronounce him "shockingly vulgar;" but though his garb and air are rustic, there lives within a heart alive to the finest susceptibilities of our nature, and a soul, whose thoughts are bright and lovely as the visions his own Kilmany saw.

The scenery of the Yarrow here is by no means beautiful; indeed, the principal features are bleakness and loneliness; and "dowie," as applied to it in the old ballads, is most characteristic. The hills, generally green, are strangely shaped, with knolls jutting out in all directions, which, as Riddell, the poet, once remarked to us, "seem ready to fecht wi' every wind that blaws." The soil being gravelly, the stream has often changed its course, and the banks in many places steep, are composed of "scars," which are offensive to the eye, and give to the lonely scenery an aspect of desolation.

The Douglas Burn, a large tributary, rises among the Blackhouse heights, and joins the Yarrow a short distance above Altrive. The farm-house of Blackhouse, where Mr William Laidlaw was born, stands upon the banks of this burn, about two miles above its junction with the Yarrow.

Mr William Laidlaw is author of the popular song—"Lucy's flittin'"—a song, which, for true tenderness and simplicity, is unequalled in Scottish lyrical poetry. It has long been a favourite in the South of Scotland, and is sung in the drawing-room, and in the hall; by the milk-maid at the ewe-bughts, the shepherd on the brae side, and the peasant in the field.

We next come to Dryhope Castle, where "Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow," lived. She was daughter of one of the Scotts of Thirlestane, and married to Scott of Harden. Her daughter, "Mary Scott, the rose of Yarrow," was married to Gilbert Elliot of Stobbs, better known as "Gibbie wi' the gowden garters." We are now within half a mile of St. Mary's Lake, from which the Yarrow flows, and conclude with the following poem by a friend.

St Mary's lake! St Mary's lake; thy visioned form comes o'er me,
As calm, as peaceful, and as pure, as when I stood before thee.
I see thee as I saw thee first, that holy summer even,
When thy fair face reflected back the cloudless smile of heaven!

Grey Bowerhope gazing on thee stood, his shadows o'er thee placing,
As if it were an aged sire his daughter fair embracing!
And all his mountain kindred reared their foreheads high and hoary,
Wearing amid the summer sky a venerable glory.

The water fowl upon thee slept; the murmur of the fountain
Came mingled with the plover's wail adown the heathy mountain:
And round the ruined chapel walls there breathed a whisper holy,
That seemed to consecrate the scene to thoughtful melancholy.

What beauties did each step disclose as up the hill I wandered!
Dark Yarrow streaming from the lake adown the vale meandered:
The castled clouds that crowned the hills along their lofty stature,
Filled high the heart, amid that calm magnificence of nature.

Sweet Lake! I ne'er again may see thy sunny bosom glowing,
Nor e'er beneath her mountains green behold the Yarrow flowing;
But when my spirit freed shall be, if I on earth must tarry,
I'll seek the lofty hills that crown thy lovely shores—St Mary!

"The Scottish Agricultural Magazine," Nov., 1838.

Perish wealth, and power, and pride!
Mortal boons by mortals given:
But let Constancy abide,—
Constancy's the gift of Heaven.

"Rokeby."

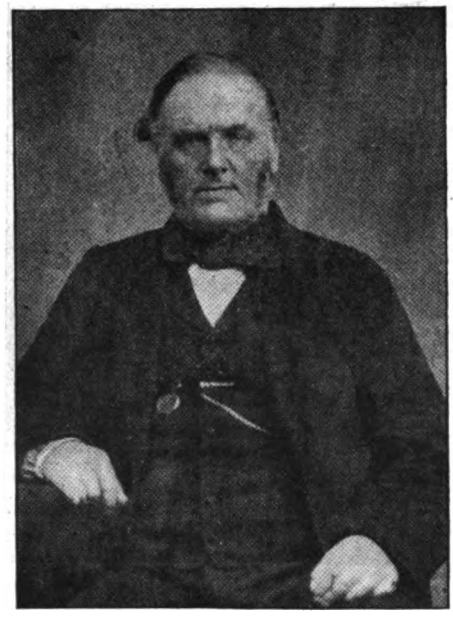
A Border Newspaper Jubilee.

THERE is so much of local lore and history bound up in fifty annual volumes of a local newspaper, that when that number is reached it is far from being an uninteresting event. The most recent instance of a Border newspaper attaining its jubilee is the "Teviotdale Record," which was first published on 31st July, 1855. As the article referring to the event, which appeared in the columns of the paper mentioned, contains some notes which are of interest to all Borderers, we have much pleasure in reproducing a portion, as well as two portraits, the blocks for which being kindly lent by the publishers.

About fifty years ago a number of provincial weeklies were born as has been shown by the jubilee celebrations of several within the last twelve months. The "Record" was started under advantageous conditions. Its birth-place was the county town, which hitherto had been served by newspapers from other towns, and as Jedburgh was the centre of county business it was also a likely centre from which to publish a newspaper. Unlike many towns in Scotland, however, Jedburgh has not increased in population during the last half century, and there has consequently not been the outlet for enterprise that other towns which have increased in size by leaps and bounds have had. Prior to the advent of the railway, Jedburgh was on the principal highway between England and Scotland, but the railway changed the route, and the advantages of being on the main line were transferred from Jedburgh. Notwithstanding this, however, the county town has held its own, and while not increasing it is still flourishing.

A LINK WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The pioneer of the printing trade in Jedburgh was the late Mr Walter Easton, who died in 1855, on St James' Fair day, at the age of 62. He was a native of Kelso and was associated with the Ballantynes in the printing business, and when they extended their business to Edinburgh he went with them. There he took part in producing some of the famous Waverley Novels of Sir Walter Scott, who was a regular visitor to Ballantyne's office. In 1805 Scott joined Ballantyne as co-partner, sinking £5000 in the business, and in 1809, piqued with Constable, he floated the publishing and bookselling firm of John Ballantyne & Co., which only lasted four years. The collapse of Constable in 1826 is an old and well-known story now. It is known to notoriety mostly because it left Scott liable for £120,000, which by herculean efforts he was able to redeem before his death. Mr Easton had interesting recollections of the great man. It might also be of interest to state here that Mr William Easton had recollections of having when a boy seen Sir Walter Scott walk up the streets of Jedburgh. Before the last century was twenty years old Mr Easton came to our royal burgh and commenced a printing and publishing business in Abbey Place. He brought with him from Edinburgh one of Ballantyne's printing presses. It was a John Sibbald press, and it had the distinction of having been used in the printing of Scott's novels, and on this press were printed the early issues of the "Record." It might also be of interest to mention that Mr Easton also brought with him a wooden press, which he sold to a schoolmaster of the name of Whitson in Galashiels. At that time this was the only printing press in Galashiels. It is a great contrast to the present condition of printing in that Border town, when Gala can boast of the linotype. This press was afterwards repurchased by Mr Easton, who further added to his plant by getting two more presses of the double crown and demy sizes made by a Jedburgh man named Hope. On the demy press the first volume of Jeffrey's "History of Roxburghshire" was printed. Mr Easton's sons

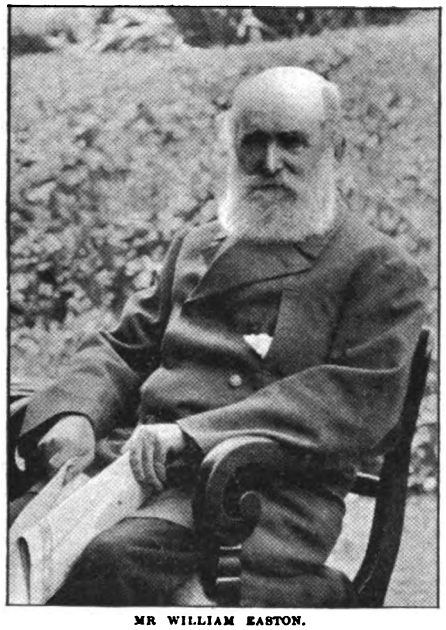


The late Mr ALEX. JEFFREY, Historian of Roxburghshire, the first Editor.

were associated with him in the printing, publishing, and bookselling business.

It was to Mr William Easton, second son of the late Mr Walter Easton, that the credit of starting a newspaper in Jedburgh is due, and he was practically responsible for the birth of the "Teviotdale Record." His late father was on a bed of sickness, and died a month after the publication of the first number. The printing office was in Abbey Place for some time but was afterwards removed to larger premises in Deans' Close. The tax which had hitherto impeded such publications had been withdrawn, and the first number was issued on Tuesday, July 31, 1855. The birth of this paper was rendered more auspicious by its having as its first editor no less a personage than the distinguished historian of Roxburghshire, the late Mr Alexander Jeffrey, and we had the sym-

pathetic support of the gifted but ill-fated Scottish Probationer. The Rev. James Brown, of Paisley, his biographer, says that the prospects of a nearer medium through which the intelligence of contemporary history was to come was welcome to the boy of literary instincts, who wrote:—"You (as you used to take some interest in the affairs of Jethart) will be gratified to hear that we are going to get a newspaper set on foot here; I don't know the name of it, but Mr Jeffrey, the lawyer, is to be the editor, and Easton proprietor of it. Good luck to it! I say, good luck to it!" Under the guiding hands of Mr William Easton and Mr Jeffrey the first number was published when Russia was pouring her countless hosts into the Crimea, and the coasts of the Baltic were bristling with cannon and full of armed men. Another half century sees the imperious Russia again at



MR WILLIAM EASTON.

war, with a navy blown out of the sea and an army humiliated with defeat from a country that in the days of the Crimea was almost uncivilised.

Although Mr Jeffrey was nominally editor of the paper in its early career Mr William Easton was the active editor, and up to a year or two ago, when he retired from active business life, he had charge of its fortunes. He has been a prolific contributor to its columns, many articles of great interest and value coming from his pen. The publishers after the death of Mr Walter Easton were Messrs A. & W. Easton. Success early attended the new venture, for two months after its birth it was increased in size from crown folio to demy folio with four pages.

We congratulate the publishers, Messrs A. & W. Easton, on the interesting event, and trust that their paper will have a long, useful career before it as it enters upon the second fifty years of its existence.

Grace Darling, the Heroine of the Farne Islands.

PERHAPS no name is more deserving of a place among the heroines of Border history than that of Grace Darling. From castle to cot her name is associated with one of the noblest acts of heroism ever performed by a woman.

She was one of the numerous family of William Darling, a lighthouse keeper, and was born at Bamborough on the twenty-fourth November, 1815. Shortly after her birth, however, the family removed to Longstone.

It is said that as a child Grace Darling was extremely fond of reading and that she was especially fond of the old legends and traditions of the Borderland. She, however, was early taught to take her share in the household duties, and was remarkable for her retiring and somewhat reserved disposition. She had reached her twenty-seventh year when the incident occurred by which her name has been rendered so famous.

The Farne Islands, the scene of her bravery, are 25 in number at low tide, and though quite close to the Northumbrian coast, are desolate in an uncommon degree, and through the channels between the smaller ones the sea rushes with great force. William Howitt, the poet, thus describes his visit to Longstone:—"It was like the rest of these desolate isles, all of dark whinstone, cracked in every direction and worn with the action of winds, waves and tempests since the world began. Over the greater part of it there was not a blade of grass. We ascended wrinkled hills of black stone and descended into worn and dismal dells of the same, into some of which, when the tide got entrance, it came pouring and roaring in raging whiteness and churning the loose fragments of whinstone into round pebbles." Such was the scene of Grace Darling's early home.

She is said to have been about middle height, of fair complexion, her face being full of sense, modesty and genuine goodness.

On the 5th September, 1838, a fishing boat came from North Sunderland bringing letters and papers to the Longstone rock for the Darling family. At that time the weather was comparatively fine and the sea calm. The day passed as usual, but towards evening a heavy mass of clouds collected, a strong gale arose and a deluge of rain began to fall. The Darling family retired to rest at the usual hour, Grace, however, being very loath to do so. She awoke at early morn, rose hastily, and with the aid of the telescope descried a ship in dis-

tress, about a mile away. Dressing quickly, she hurried to her father and explained to him that she wished to go to the rescue of the sufferers. At first, her father thought it would be folly to venture on such a sea, and, indeed, to have braved the perils of that terrible sea would have done honour to the well tried nerves of even the stoutest of the male sex; but what shall be said of the errand of mercy being undertaken and accomplished mainly through the strength of a female heart and arm? Her father at length, however, yielded to her earnest pleading, and their little boat was launched. Father and daughter entered it, and each taking an oar, they were soon working in harmony. One moment we must linger to look at the brave girl as she sits in the boat—a steady light shining in her eyes—her lips firmly compressed; her heart going out in sympathy to the poor sufferers clinging to the wreck. On they went through the stormy waters, struggling against wind and tide, but every minute bringing them nearer their goal. The spray dashed in her face, but never did she relax her efforts, and at length she and her father brought the boat close to the rock on which the "Forfarshire" was wrecked. Here, however, a new difficulty presented itself, namely, that of steadying the boat and preventing its being dashed to pieces on those sharp rocks by the restless billows. Nine persons, the sole survivors of the wreck, were at length rescued and taken to the lighthouse, where, owing to the heavy seas, they were obliged to remain for a day or two.

Such an undertaking, so daring in itself, and so successfully carried out, filled everyone with admiration, and the name of Grace Darling was soon wafted over all Europe.

The lighthouse at Longstone, no longer solitary and peaceful, was visited by hundreds, many of them being both wealthy and great. Presents of all kinds were showered upon this young heroine who, however, did not long survive her fame, and it is sad to reflect that this noble-hearted girl died at the early age of twenty-six years. Showing some signs of delicate health, towards the end of 1841, she was recommended by the doctors to go to Bamborough for a change. From there she went to Wooler, but as her health did not improve there, she was again removed to her sister's house at Bamborough, where she died eleven days later.

During her illness, although aware that she would not recover, she was never heard to utter any complaint, but all along showed a most Christian resignation.

When the end came, the world that had applauded her now mourned her loss, but though she "who amid the tempest shone the angel of the wave" so soon left the world, which she brightened by her presence, her good work did not die with her, and its influence remains to this day.

I. D. B., Edinburgh.

A Friend of Sir Walter Scott.

THE living links with the "mighty minstrel" are so few now that the severing of any of them is a notable though regrettable event in modern Border history, and it is important that all such should find a place in the permanent pages of the BORDER MAGAZINE. To the columns of the "Southern Reporter" we are indebted for the following:—

The death took place at Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A., during the month of May, 1905, of Miss Mary Bogie, a friend and playmate of Sir Walter Scott. She has left many relics of the famous writer, and was probably the last person living who could throw a personal light upon the life and doings of this the most famous of literary Scots.

Miss Bogie, before her death, put in writing some of her reminiscences of the poet, that they might be recorded for future generations. She often talked entertainingly of the life at Abbotsford, where her father was for years Sir Walter's gardener. She had many original writings of the poet, and also many photograps, the disposition of which, now that Miss Bogie is dead, promises to be a bone of contention among many of the universities of England and America, which had been endeavouring to gain possession of the relics for years.

"Sir Walter always picked his friends to suit himself," said Miss Bogie just prior to her death. "One of them was George Thomson, the one-legged clergyman. He had a cork leg, but was a fine rider for all that. He talked to everybody he met. He preached at Abbotsford chapel, and he preached strange doctrines. The rich people liked him as much as the poor disliked him, and when there were no rich people at Abbotsford there was always a slim attendance at the meetings.

"When Sir Walter was paralysed and could not wield a pen George used to do his writing, while Sir Walter dictated to him. One day he was in a hurry and my mother heard him say:—'Yes, yes, what next?' 'Be patient,' she heard Sir Walter reply, 'I have it all to

make.' Poor George went to bed one night and never woke up.

"Sir Walter liked to talk to people, and he always stopped everybody whom he met. That is the way he got most of his material for the Waverley novels. I remember one incident very well. Sir Walter purchased an axe and stopped to get a man to paint his name upon it. A cousin by the name of Scott was also in the company. Sir Walter handed out his card. 'If you'll give me that card I'll paint a dozen axes,' said the painter. 'Will my friend's card do as well—his name is Scott?' asked Sir Walter. 'Oh, no, that's no good, replied the painter, and the incident pleased Sir Walter mightily.

"We used to wonder when Sir Walter Scott got time to write his books. At noon he would go off with his dogs and never show up until night. We discovered one day that he got up early in the morning and wrote before anyone was stirring. It took us a long time to learn that, though.

"I must tell you about one time that Tom Moore came to Abbotsford. He came frequently, but one time I remember it was storming when they came in. Sir Walter had his head back and his bonnet off enjoying the rain, while Moore was slouching along at his side like a little dog.

"Lord Byron used to come, too. He gave Sir Walter an urn full of dead men's bones and Sir Walter gave him a gold-handled dagger in return. James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," used to come, too, but Lady Scott never liked him, because he would put his great muddy feet on the chairs and furniture when they were not fit to be on the carpet, let alone on the furniture.

"Yes, I knew all of Sir Walter's family. Young Walter was not good for much, I fear, except to spend money. He was a selfish. fine appearing young fellow. Sir Walter himself built a house for Lockhart and gave it to him when he married Sophia Scott. But he neglected to give Lockhart a deed, and after his death it is alleged that young Sir Walter seized it. They say Miss Anne Scott, Sir Walter's favourite child, died in London of a broken heart, caused by young Walter.

"My father, William Bogie, was with Sir Walter fifteen years," and Miss Bogie. "At first he was gardener, and 'Tom Purdie, the gamekeeper, had charge of Sir Walter's affairs, a sort of private secretary. 'Tom' didn't have a great deal of education. He had been a shepherd. But he was a comical little fellow, and he behaved about as he pleased. He used to take liberties with Sir Walter that the master would never have permitted from any one else, and it was just because he was so much like a clown at a circus. But one time 'Tom' got his records mixed, and he had fifty pounds that he couldn't account for. He didn't know whether the money belonged to himself or to Sir Walter; Sir Walter allowed him to keep it, but afterwards took the business out of his hands and gave it over to my father.

"Our family lived at Abbotsford a year before the castle was built. The long wing in the house was built after Sir Walter's death in order that the family might have a place of secrecy when visitors were about. I am not sure who owns the house now, but I believe a young woman, the last of the Scott family, still lives there. She is Miss Mary Monica Hope Maxwell Scott, and she is a grand-daughter of John Lockhart, who married Sophie Scott.

"You see, Sir Walter's house was full of nicnacks that he had picked up on his travels. One room in particular was magnificently furnished. It had a marble floor, and was decorated with blue wicker work ornaments. Within the beautiful grate hung a dirty old kettle. He had dug it up in some old marsh, and once it had contained money. In the pot were old cannon balls from the battlefield of Waterloo, and some priceless floor wood from the ships of the Spanish Armada. They were petrified. And then he had the old chest in which the girl hid herself while playing hide and seek, and was never found until the chest was opened years later, when her bones were taken out.

"American visitors were the worst souvenir collectors. One day an American and his wife called to visit Abbotsford. Their boy, five years old, was discovered trying to pull a feather out of the tick. On another occasion some relic hunters wanted a souvenir, and my mother told them they could have a splinter from the petrified pieces of the Spanish Armada. They tried to cut off a piece, and were disgusted when they found it was stone."

Fair and softly gangs far . . . and if a fule may gie a wise man a counsel, I wad hae him think twice or he mells with Knockdunder. He suld hae a lang-shankit spune that wad sup kail wi' the deil.—"Heart of Midlothian."

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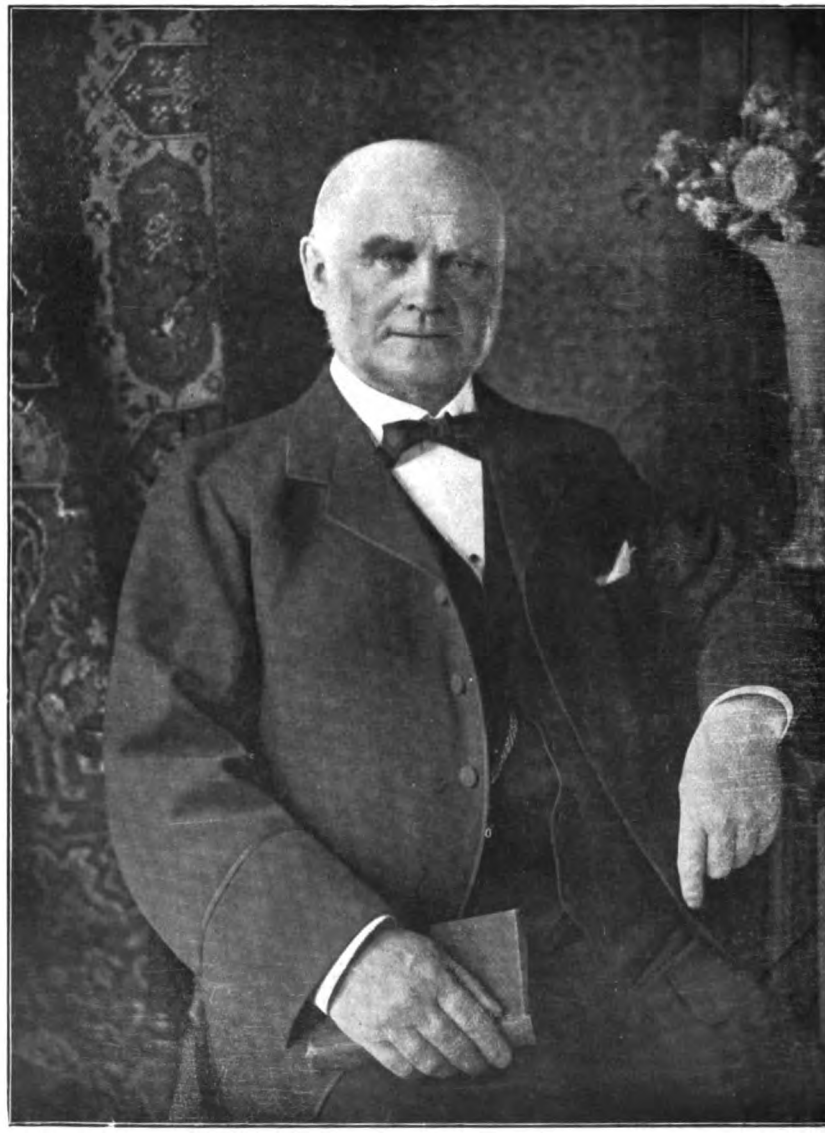


WILLIAM LAIDLAW ESQ.,
CUMLEDGE MILLS, DUNS.

MRS LAIDLAW.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

Edited by William Sanderson.

VOL. X., NO. 118. OCTOBER, 1905.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW, Esq., Cumledge Mills, Duns.

ABOUT a dozen years ago on Spittal beach I was first introduced to the subject of this sketch by the late Bailie Inglis of Hawick. Mr Laidlaw had been known to me by name for many years and I was very pleased to meet him. The fact that I belonged to the Hawick district was an immediate passport to his favour, and many a crack I enjoyed with him that pleasant holiday at Spittal. Since then, it has been my good fortune to meet him on many occasions, but chiefly at Spittal or Dunbar during the holidays, and the good feeling begun at our first introduction has gone on increasing until now I venture to claim him as an old and most valued friend. From him I have learned much regarding the primitive life of Hawick in the later part of the first half of last century. Had I the pen of a ready writer, I might fill a volume with stories of how they lived in these old days, what they ate and drank, how they worked and played, how they fought and made friends, of the houses they lived in, of the shops they kept, of their manufactures, their churches and ministers, their public-houses, their coaches, their characters, their nick-names, their practical jokes, their riots, their weddings, their funerals, in short, their whole daily walk and conversation; and that is at a time when the "Guid auld toun" was in process of throwing off the shackles which had girt it for centuries and was advancing by leaps and bounds towards its present high position in the commercial and manufacturing world.

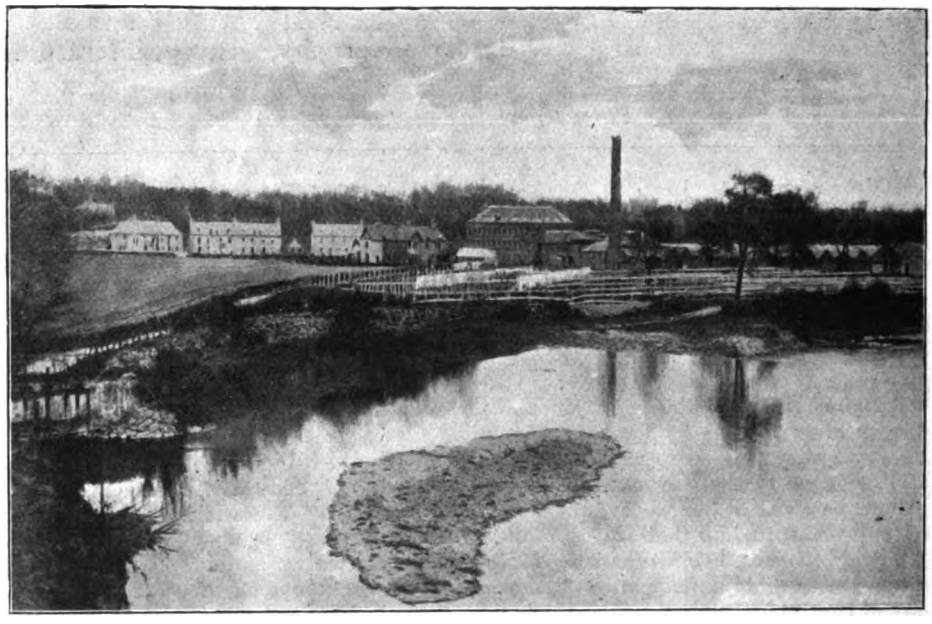
Can anyone explain that mysterious "something" which binds the hearts of all Teries so strongly and enduringly to their native town? Other towns possess it in some degree, but to the true Teri it is almost of the nature of an obsession. Every other place is seen at a disadvantage compared with Auld Hawick. Here is Mr Laidlaw, who left Hawick more than fifty years ago, yet his love is as warm, his memory as keen, his interest as great,—nay, augmented, were that possible,—as if he had lived there all his life.

But let it not be thought that Mr Laidlaw can only speak about Hawick and olden times there. He has a living interest in his present surroundings. The great Church Case, the merits or demerits of the present Government, the chances of an early General Election, the progress of the war, the withdrawal of the Education Bill, the votes of the County M.P., the minister's latest sermon, are all discussed with relish and knowledge.

Born near the head of Hawick Loan on 20th October, 1821, Mr Laidlaw will this month celebrate his 84th birthday. His father, James Laidlaw, hosiery finisher, was a native of Haw-

ick, while his mother, Ann Fleck, belonged to Peebles. During his boyhood, the family lived for several years in West Port House, near Hawick Moat. He remembers walking to Peebles across Minch Moor with his mother in 1833. She died in the following year. He was educated first at Thomas Scott's School, held in the Fleece Inn Ball Room, afterwards in the Parish School under James Murray, and latterly in a private school in Mid Row taught by John Easthope, who had been a mason. He left school in 1832 and worked at the stocking frame for six years until the death of his father in June, 1838. As the eldest of a family of four sons and one daughter left without father or mother, it behoved him, although only seventeen years of age, to bestir himself to do something for the family. He was taken into the warehouse of his uncle, William Laidlaw, the founder of the well-known tweed manufacturing firm of Wm. Laidlaw & Sons, Teviot Crescent Mills, Hawick. At the end of three years his uncle (who was always a good friend) suggested that, as there was not much prospect in the warehouse, he (the uncle) having a family of his own, he should become a grocer. The reason given for this occupation being selected was that they had no relatives in the trade,—and he might secure all their custom. After an apprenticeship extending over two or three Friday afternoons occupied in helping to wrap up sugar with Douglas Laidlaw, grocer, Tower Knowe (one of the Rulewater Laidlaws, but no relation), he started as a grocer. The result did not answer his expectations, and at the end of a year he returned to his uncle's warehouse, where he remained for two years longer.

Contemplating matrimony, and not being satisfied to start house-keeping on the pay of a warehouseman, he in May, 1844, again started as a grocer. His shop was in the old Cannon Inn (formerly occupied by the late Norman Kennedy's father), where the Royal Bank now stands. In the following year he removed to



CUMLEDGE MILLS.

Mr Andrew Borthwick's property near the Tower Hotel, where he remained until he ended his connection with the grocery trade and his residence in Hawick at Whitsunday, 1854. In October, 1844, he married Elizabeth Middlemass, a native of Ednam, but from 1834 her family had lived in Hawick, where her father was employed in Messrs W. Watson & Son's Mills. Their family consists of four sons and two daughters, and their diamond wedding was celebrated in October, 1904.

Although successful as a grocer, Mr Laidlaw had other ambitions, and at Whitsunday, 1854, the most important change in his business life ering an address from the outside stair of the

occurred. The grocery business in Hawick was handed over to a younger brother, and a lease was taken of Cumledge Mills, about two miles from Duns, whither the family removed. Originally starting as a manufacturer of hosiery yarns, Mr Laidlaw was advised to go in for blanket manufacturing by Mr James Shiel, then a weaver, but since well known as registrar and inspector of poor of Wilton Parish for half a century. He gave the matter consideration, and in 1855 the necessary plant was introduced. A splendid business has been built up by Mr Laidlaw, latterly assisted by his sons, and the two elder sons, James and John, manage the Jedburgh business, while the two younger ones, William and Alexander, assist their father at Cumledge Mills. James was Provost of Jedburgh for a term of three years, and he and his brother John are J.P.'s for the County of Roxburgh. Between them the two firms give work to nearly 250 employees. One daughter, Mrs Huggan, resides in Edinburgh,—the other, Miss Ann Laidlaw, is still at home, and is the loving companion of her father and mother.

Mr Laidlaw is an advanced Liberal in politics, and takes an active interest in election matters.

BRIDGE OVER THE WHITADDER.

excellence of the blankets from Cumledge Mills is known throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire and beyond it. But vicissitudes have been experienced. In 1865 the mill was burned down. Once, and only once, there was a strike which lasted for a week, and was terminated by the employees voluntarily returning to their work. In 1888 the firm of William Laidlaw purchased the property of Cumledge Mills, which up to that date had been rented. Previously, in 1880, they had bought Allars Mill, Jedburgh, where a large tweed manufacturing business is carried on under the firm of Laidlaw Brothers. The

He has never gone much into public life, but he is a J.P. for Berwickshire, having been appointed by Lord Tweedmouth about the time the latter went to the House of Lords. Although a Free Churchman in many of his views, he has been a respected member of the Established Church at Duns for 38 years.

Amongst Mr Laidlaw's earliest recollections is the celebration of the coming of age of the late Duke of Buccleuch in 1827. He was present at the lighting of the bonfire on Crumhaugh Hill, and afterwards witnessed the display of fireworks in the Common Haugh. This was followed by a torchlight procession, headed

by a fat bullock, which was killed, cut up, and divided the next day. He remembers Lord Brougham visiting Hawick in 1833, and delivold Town Hall. Bailie Goodfellow, uncle of the late Andrew Haddon of Honeyburn, was chairman of the meeting, and young William Laidlaw, then eleven years old, secured a hold of the stanchions of the stair railings, two or three steps from the speaker, and listened to the speech, hanging on to the outside of the railings. The subject of the address was, of course, "Reform."

Mr Laidlaw was personally acquainted with the heroes of the famous election riots in August, 1837, who were subsequently tried in Edinburgh and sentenced to imprisonment for terms of eighteen and twelve months. He was present at the riots, but did not take part in them. An old Hawick worthy, "Napier Wat" (Walter Scott), farm servant to Lord Napier at Wilton Lodge, danced at Mr Laidlaw's wedding when ninety years of age. He died in 1849 at the advanced age of ninety-six. These two lives thus cover the long period from 1753 to the present time.

Nick-names were then almost universal in Hawick. Rob Paterson of the Loan has been immortalised as "Pawky Paiterson." Most of the characters in that song were known to Mr Laidlaw. Margaret Duncan lived in the Kirk Wynd, and could not be characterised as a beauty. Nelly Harkness was a sister of Pawky. Her husband, Tam Harkness, was a labourer. "Soapy" Ballantyne, the author of the song, was a good fiddler, and much in request for parties. Mr Laidlaw remembers seeing him walk from the Pant Well to the head of the Sandbed playing his fiddle, while two boys took a collection for his benefit. Tam o' Linkin, Auld Tufty, Caleb Rutherford, the noted Beattie, Willie Gotterson, Auld Sprinkie or Sprinkill, John the Spunkman, Auld Lunan, and many others were well known to Mr Laidlaw, and stories could be told of many of them, but space forbids. Life in Hawick in these days was a much more homely matter than it is now. A well-known manufacturer used to visit the butcher's shop in the morning to purchase a sheep's head for the family dinner,—sheep's head broth being a favourite dish. Some waggish friends occasionally got the butcher to substitute an inferior head for the one purchased, and ultimately the manufacturer was in the habit of cutting a bit out of the ear and carrying it away with him, so that he could be certain of getting delivery of the article purchased.

Successful in business, happy in his family, and in possession of his mental and bodily faculties, Mr Laidlaw is enjoying a green old age. Long may he and his worthy partner be spared to each other and to their children and friends.

S. D. E.

The Auld Mill Bell.

(Wakefield Mill, Galashiels.)

I hear the tinkle of the Auld Mill Bell,
And forth to breakfast pours the busy crowd,
The narrow street is filled from side to side;
Steming the current comes a little child
Before whose face the surging waves divide.

He has no terror of the rowdy boys,
They step aside—true gentlemen to him—
And all the girls would kiss his rosy cheeks
And stroke his sunny hair—some other time,
Stand back; its daddy that he seeks.

There, there, he's shoulder high above them all,
Not one so happy in the busy throng,
He's found his father—O, you weary men,
A child may teach you where to find true joy,
Leave your philosophers and watch the boy.

Now he is home, 'tis not a sumptuous place,
Only a room and kitchen. He's content,
For home is home, where all the loved ones dwell
And mother makes it such a cosy nest.
Sunday brings father too, so Sunday's best.

The Bell still tinkles, and the crowd comes forth,
The streets are busy as they were of yore,
But all the old dear faces, where are they?
Scattered across the world, or gone before;
Not one is left, and little Jim's away.

Ah well, I know he'll meet me once again,
'Twas his last promise, he will keep it, sure.
God only knows the sorrow we had then.
Tinkle again, old Bell, and let me home,
For on the way I'll meet my little son.

Peter Taylor.

"The Land of Scott."

Of castles and the Rhine some love to sing:
I write of Border peel-towers and the Tweed;
Here beauty and magnificence exceed
All pictures of the mind's imagining;
And others by the Nile's stream gently fling
Soft strains o'er drowsy palm and rustling reed,
Yet to my simple rhymes I wish God speed
In lands where ivy and sweet roses cling
To cot and hall. Pagodas of the East
And "Light of Asia" claim firm devotees,
While some hymn praise of mosque and minaret;
Yet in this ancient "Land of Scott," the least
Of its old fanes—to me more dear than those—
Is in a halo of true glory set.

R. Armstrong.

Border Local Rhymes.

MANY of our hills and streams, towns and villages, as is well-known, have certain quaint and curious traditionary rhymes attached to their names, illustrating, it may be, some peculiarity or description or incident historical or legendary connected with them. Who has not heard, for instance, of the Deil being "deid and buried in Kirkcaldy," or of the sacrilegious wickedness of "drucken Dunkeld," or of the native products of Ayrshire, as set forth in the old rhyme:—

"Carrick for a man, Kyle for a coo,
Cunningham for butter, Galloway for woo'."

Certain villages in the neighbourhood of Stratford have been picturesquely, if somewhat roughly, described for us by a single epithet in well-known lines, which have been, though with no foundation, assigned to Shakespeare himself—

"Piping Pebworth, dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, hungry Grafton,
Dodging Exhall, papist Wixford,
Beggarly Broom and drunken Bidford."

Such rhymes are very numerous both in England and Scotland. We purpose to call attention to some of this traditionary lore, more especially to such as is connected with places in the Border counties.

Berwickshire seems peculiarly rich in such rhymes. As is only right and proper, we shall begin with the "lasses"—"place aux dames."

"The lasses o' Lauder are m'm an' meek;
The lasses o' Fanns smell o' peat reek;
The lasses o' Gordon canna sew a steek,
But weel can they sup their crowdie.

The lasses o' Earlstoun are bonny an' braw;
The lasses o' Greenlaw are black as a craw;
The lasses o' Polwart are the best o' them a',
And gie plenty o' wark for their crowdie."

The author was probably some canny farmer of the Merse, "whose talk was of bullocks"—

"The west country for ministers,
The Merse for nowt and rye"—

with observant faculties fairly well developed, and who liked value for his money.

The following may be commended to any Caelebs in search of a wife—

"Bucht-rig and Belchester,
Hatchet-knowe and Darnchester,
Leetholm and the Peel;
If ye dinna get a wife in ane o' thae places,
Ye'll ne'er dae well."

"Thae places," it may be stated for the special benefit of uxoriously-inclined bachelors, are all in the immediate neighbourhood of Coldstream.

Here are some highly descriptive lines, some complimentary, others not quite so—

"Mountablan for haggis; Lamington for tea;
Greenhead for bannocks stieve, there better canna be,"

—probably concocted by some "gangrel body" in going his rounds.

Again in the parish of Hutton we have—

"Hutton for auld wives,
Broadmeadows for swine;
Paxton for drunken wives
And salmon sae fine;
Crossrig for lint and woo';
Spittal for kail;
Sunwick for cakes and cheese,
And lassies for sale."

Here is another choice descriptive list of places—

"Gowkscroft* and Barnside,
Windy-wallets fu' o' pride;
Monynut and Laikyshiel,
Plenty milk, plenty meal;
Straphunton Mill and Bankend,
Green cheese as teuch as bend;
Shannabank and Blackerstane,
Pike the flesh to the bane."

Colmslie is in Berwickshire, with a ruined tower, an ancient inheritance of the Borthwick family, situated at the head of the glen of the Allen, or Elwand, which falls into the Tweed half-way between Galashiels and Melrose. Here also is Langshaw Tower, the "Glendearg" of Scott's "Monastery"—

"Colmslie stands on Colmslie Hill,
The water it flows round Colmslie Mill;
The mill and the kiln gang bonnily,
And it's up with the whippers of Colmslie."

Birgham is a small village in the parish of Eccles, Berwickshire. Here in 1291 Scottish representatives met the Commissioners of Edward I. to settle details of his scheme for uniting the Maid of Norway to the Prince of Wales. The common contemptuous expression, "Go to Birgham," has been supposed to have arisen from the feeling with which the somewhat craven conduct of the Scottish noblemen was regarded by the people.

[* David Hume of Godscroft, as he preferred to call it, is well-known as the author of a "History of the House of Wedderburn" (1611) and a "History of the House of Douglas and Angus," published after his death by his daughter in 1644.]

Home, or Hume Castle in Berwickshire figures prominently in Border history, having been several times lost and recaptured by the Scotch. The heroic Queen of James II., Mary of Gueldres, resided here during the siege of Roxburgh Castle in 1460. When her husband lost his life† by the bursting of a piece of cannon called the "Lion," she came with her young son from Hume Castle, and presented the boy to the soldiers, with these words: "You have lost one king; here is another." After the battle of Pinkie, it was captured by the English under Somerset in 1548, retaken by the Scots in the following year, and again fell into the hands of the English in 1570. In 1651 it was besieged and taken by one of Cromwell's generals, and on being called upon to surrender, the Governor is said to have answered in rhyme—

"I, Willie Wastle,
Stand on my castle;
And a' the dogs o' your toun
Will no pu' Willie Wastle doon."

The Governor (John Cockburn), however, had eventually to lower his flag to the victor of Dunbar.

Ruberslaw, a conspicuous land-mark in Roxburghshire, is a rugged hill some 1390 feet high, with several dark recesses said to have been used as hiding-places by the Covenanters. A large stone is still pointed out on which Peden the Prophet is said to have placed his Bible when preaching to his followers. It is thus referred to by Leyden in his "Scenes of Infancy"—

"Dark Ruberslaw, that lifts his head sublime,
Rugged and hoary with the wreck of time."

The Dunion is another hill, 1030 feet high, a few miles from Jedburgh. It was one of the beacon hills at the time of the False Alarm. Both hills are occasionally covered with thick mists, which are considered by the dwellers by the Teviot to prognosticate rain. Hence the well-known rhyme—

"When Ruberslaw puts on his cowl,
The Dunion on his hood,
Then a' the wives in Teviotdale,
Ken there will be a flood."

There are many similar rhymes, as might be expected, in various parts of Scotland. In Annandale we have—

"When Criffel wears a hap,
Skiddaw wots full well o' that,"

and in Haddingtonshire—

"When Traprain puts on his hat,
The Lothian lads may look to that."

Bemersyde is one of the oldest inhabited houses in the valley of the Tweed. It has been in the possession of the Haigs since the time of Malcolm IV., if not earlier. Thomas the Rhymer's prophecy is well-known, and has been fully "verified"—

"Tide, tide, whate'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde"—

but his malediction on Cowdenknowes—

"Vengeance, vengeance! when and where?
Upon the house of Cowdenknowes, now and ever mair"

has, as yet, proved harmless enough.

The battle of Ancrum Moor (1545) and the doughty deeds of fair maiden Lilliard need only be referred to. The four lines—

"Fair maiden Lilliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but muckle is her fame;
Upon the English loons she laid mony thumps,
And when her legs were cuttit off, she fought upon her stumps"—

are said to have been originally inscribed on a cross erected on the spot where she fell and was buried, now known as Lilliard's Edge. The name, however, is much older than 1545, and if there be any truth in the tradition, we should probably read "Fair Maid of Lilliard." (See Sir George Douglas's "History of the Border Counties," p. 283.) However, as Professor Blackie sings—

"All praise to Humes, and Kers, and Scotts!
But fair maid Lilliard's deed
Shall in green memory keep this spot,
While Teviot runs to Tweed!"

The Tweed, the Annan, and the Clyde all rise out of the same range of hills in Lanark, Peebles, and Dumfries, as the old rhyme has it—

"Annan, Tweed, an' Clyde,
Rise a' out o' ae hillside;
Tweed ran, Annan wan,
Clyde fell and brak his neck owre Corra Linn."

The Annan "wan" the race, as having the shortest course.

Bowden is a small village on the south-east slope of the Eildon Hills, near Melrose. It is

[†The spot where he was killed is marked by a holly tree within the policies of the Duke of Roxburghe.]

† There is an interesting legend regarding Corra Linn to be found in James Grant's romance, "The Yellow Frigate."

the birthplace of Thomas Aird, author of "The Old Bachelor in the Old Village" and "The Devil's Dream," and also of Andrew Scott, who wrote the ballad of "Symon and Janet," a tale of the False Alarm. The good people of Bowden, says Robert Chambers in his "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," have a quatrain with a meaning hidden from all the rest of the world; they never fail to accept it as the sounding of a note of defiance and insult. It is as follows—

"Tillieloot,* Tillieloot, Tillieloot o' Bowden!
Our cat's kittled in Archie's wig;
Tillieloot, Tillieloot, Tillieloot o' Bowden,
Three o' them naked, and three o' them clad!"

"In the South of Scotland," he adds, "there is a proverbial expression used when one observes a trick taking effect, or intended—"There's day enough to Bowden." Its origin is said to have been this: A stranger one day applied to a stabler in Kelso for a horse to convey him to Bowden. It was afternoon, and the hostler, in bringing out the steed, remarked that there would scarcely be time to reach the village before nightfall. "Oh! there's day eneuch to Bowden," quoth the stranger—meaning there was daylight sufficient for his journey. He never returned with the horse, and his last words became proverbial in the above sense accordingly.

Linton parish is in Roxburghshire, a little to the south-east of Kelso. "On the southern wall of the parish church is an ancient stone with a carving of a man on horseback, having a long spear in his hand, which is thrust into the mouth of an animal resembling a dragon. This stone itself is said, also, at one time, to have borne the following inscription—

"The wode Laird of Lariestone,
Slew the wode worm of Wormieston,
And won all Linton parochine."

This refers to a monstrous serpent, wolf, or boar, which infested the neighbourhood and committed great devastation; its den is still pointed out, under the name of "The Worm's Hole," and the field in which it is situated receives the name of "Wormington." The animal was killed by William de Somerville, ancestor of Lord Somerville, who obtained a great portion of the lands of Linton as his reward, and the memorial of this event is still preserved on the crest of his arms, which retains, among other allusions to it, the following inscription: "The Wode Laird."—Rutherfurd's "Guide to Kelso."*

"The braw, braw lads o' Yarrow braes," as well as those of "Gala Water," are well-known to fame, but "Jethart's here" too—

"Ye'll be kissed, and I'll be kissed,
We'll a' be kissed the morn,
The braw lads o' Jethart
Will kiss us a' the morn."

This anticipation on the part of the maids of "Jethart" reminds one of the children's rhyme—

"Auld wife, auld wife,
Will ye gang a-shearin'?
Speak a little louder, sir,
I'm unco dull o' hearin'.

Auld wife, auld wife,
Wad ye tak' a kiss?
Yes, indeed, I will, sir—
It wadna be amiss."

Dob's Linn and Watch Knowe, near Birkhill, Selkirkshire, are places with Covenanting memories. There is a tradition that two worthies, Halbert Dobson and David Dun, found refuge at the head of Dob's Linn. Here in the darkness of the night they were often assailed by the Devil in human form, who sought to terrify them into leaping down over the cliffs and so destroy themselves. They, however, turned the tables upon him, and with the help of a Bible and a rowan-tree staff (which has special protective virtue against fiends, witches, &c.), they succeeded at last in hurling him down the abyss. In falling, however, the Arch-fiend metamorphosed himself into a "bunch of barkit skins," and so, Proteus-like, made his escape "wi' eldritch croon."

"For Hab Dob and Davie Din,
Dang the deil owre Dob's Linn."*

"The Souters o' Selkirk" are well-known to fame from their heroic deeds at Falkirk under Wallace, and on "Flodden's fatal field," where they captured an English flag, which, together with the sword of the town-clerk, William Brydone, who led them to battle, is still religiously preserved. Their old gathering-cry—

* Tillieloot, an old Scottish term for coward or chicken-heart.

* The story is told in great detail in the "Memorie of the Somervilles" (1679), one of the most interesting of family histories which we possess, written by James, eleventh Lord Somerville (died 1690).

* Hab and Davie remind one of Dunbar's Highlander, "Fyn Mackerwell, that dang the devill and gart him yowll."

"Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
And doon wi' the Earl o' Hume!
And up wi' a' the braw lads
That sew the single-soled shoon," &c.

has been popularly supposed to refer to the Battle of Flodden and the alleged conduct of the Earl of Home, though this is a matter of much dubiety. The popular rhyme—

"Souters ane, Souters twa,
Souters in the Back Raw!"

is not a "popular," but rather a dangerous cry in the "Back Raw" of Selkirk, unless one is possessed of a pair of swift heels, for at this cry the stones are apt "to rise and mutiny." One is reminded of Virgil's lines describing a "lapidatio" in the streets of Rome—

Ae velut magno in populo cum saepe coorta est
Seditio, saevitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat.

The river Till—the "sullen Till" of Marmion—is a tributary of the Tweed, rising in the Cheviots. In the upper part of its course it is called the Breamish, and on reaching Bewick Mill it goes by the name of Till. Hence the old rhyme—

"The foot o' Breamish and the head of Till,
Meet together at Bewick Mill."

The Till is narrow, deep, and slow in its course, and in former days it seems to have been dangerous to ford; hence the following well-known lines—

"Till said to Tweed,
Though he rin wi' speed,
An' I rin slow,
For every ane ye droon
I droon twa."

Certain places in the valley of Liddel Water, a stream well-known to all lovers of the rod and reel, are thus described—

"Bilhope braes for bucks and raes,
Carit-haughs for swine;
And Tarras for a guid bull-trout
If he be ta'en in time."

The "guid bull-trout" is still to the fore, but the "bucks and raes" are now things of the past. The Tarras rises in the parish of Ewes in Dumfries, and falls into the Esk. Its channel is very rough and rocky, so that one on falling into it is in greater danger of being dashed to pieces than of being drowned. Hence—

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

Repentance Tower is a prominent land-mark in Annandale, standing on Hoddam Hill, a few miles from Ecclefechan. Woodcockaine is a hill contiguous to that on which the famous Tower stands—

"Repentance Tower stands on a hill,
The like you'll see nowhere,
Except the ane that's neist to it,
Folks ca' it Woodcockaire."

The Dryfe is a very rapid mountain torrent in Dumfriesshire. On its banks stood the old parish church, dedicated to St Cuthbert. It has been twice carried away by the Dryfe in flood, in fulfilment of an alleged prediction of Thomas the Rhymer—

"Let spades and shools do what they may,
Dryfe will have Dryfesdale Kirk away."

The church has now been removed to Lockerbie, and the Dryfe is free to work its will, and verify "true Thomas."

The Musselburgh folks, as is well-known, have a "gey guid conceit o' themselves," and are proud of their "auld descent," as witness the following lines—

"Musselburgh was a burgh,
When Edinburgh was nane;
Musselburgh will be a burgh
When Edinburgh's gane."

"This, however," says Chambers in his work already referred to (a work to which we desire to express our due acknowledgments) "is a pun or quibble. Brogh is a term for a mussel-bed, one of which exists at the mouth of the Esk, and gives name to the burgh. It is, of course, undeniable that the 'mussel-brogh' of the Esk, depending on natural circumstances for a permanent character, existed before, and may be expected to survive, the neighbouring capital."

In conclusion, we may perhaps be allowed just to make a passing reference and no more to a few popular local sayings, &c., of a somewhat miscellaneous description:—"Jeddart justice," "A Lockerbie lick," "A Hawick gill," the "Sour plums o' Galashiels," "Duns dings a'," "Lousie Lauder," "Moffat measure, fu' and rinnin' ower," "No to lippen to, like the deid folk o' Earlston," "Scour the duds o' Yetholm," and the famour "Teribus and Teri Odin" of the Hawick "callants," about which so much has been written, and of which so little is really known.

Stirling. A. GRAHAM.

Carlisle and the Bruce.

THE Scottish War of Succession was really decided at Bannockburn, but the quarrel was principally fought out on the Borders. Now the English king would assemble an army at Berwick or Carlisle, and march into Scotland, devastating the land, and destroying abbeys and churches. Then would ensue reprisals, as Wallace or Bruce found themselves strong enough to harry the English Border in the same manner.

Berwick in the east, and Carlisle in the west, had an important part to play at that time, and the latter city has many traditions of the Scottish leaders bound up with its history.

In the spring of 1297 a noteworthy event took place in Carlisle Cathedral, in the presence of the martial bishop, John de Halton. The splendid new choir the canons were building had been almost burnt down five years earlier; but, probably in the Norman nave, Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, swore fealty to Edward I. upon the consecrated host and the sword of Thomas à Becket. Evidently it was feared that the young earl might join the rising under Wallace, so he was summoned to the then important Border city, where his father, Robert "le viel," was governor, to renew the oath he had made the year before at Berwick. That in those days any trust was placed in even the most solemn oaths is strange, when it is remembered how constantly they were broken. Bruce, after a little display of zeal in Edward's service, declared the oath had been made under compulsion, and joined the Scots, shortly afterwards, however, making his peace with the English king.

Early in 1307 Carlisle Cathedral again formed the background of a striking scene connected with Robert Bruce. Edward I. was spending the winter at Lanercost Priory, about twelve miles distant from Carlisle, superintending preparations for an advance against the Scots in the spring. He summoned his great lords and officers of State to a Parliament at Carlisle, and thither came also the Prince of Wales, the Papal legate Cardinal Petrus Hispanus, the Archbishop of York, nineteen bishops, and about fifty mitred abbots. To the Cathedral wended all this great company, where the Cardinal preached in praise of peace, and then "revested himselfe and the other bishops which were present, and, with candels light and causing the bels to be roong they accursed, in terrible wise, Robert Bruce, the usurper of the crowne of Scotland, with all partakers, aiders and mainteiners." (Holinshed.) Truly the mediæval church understood dramatic effect! A thrill of awe must have gone through that splendid assemblage as the awful words were followed by the ringing of bells and the extinguishing of lights. Only—Bruce did not seem at all affected by his excommunication. He had been placed under the church's ban at St. Paul's Cathedral in the preceding year, and at least twice after the scene at Carlisle was the same solemn ceremony performed.

When Bruce came to Carlisle in July, 1315, to avenge himself upon the city which had such unpleasant associations for him he was no longer a young Norman noble—by descent and lands a subject of the King of England—but the conqueror of Bannockburn and the crowned King of Scotland. Had he been able to take the city, his vengeance would probably have been severe. The Cathedral would remind him of his broken oaths and his excommunication, whilst on Hairibee Hill two of his brothers had been executed in 1307. Alexander, as an ecclesiastic, was merely hanged and beheaded, but Thomas suffered all the cruelties then inflicted on traitors. In addition to all these past causes of offence the men of Carlisle, under the able leadership of the governor of the Castle, Sir Andrew de Harcla, had been active in harassing the movements of the Scots on their marauding expeditions. So Bruce besieged the city, vowing (it is said) to eat no flesh until he had reduced it. For eleven days the siege lasted, both sides fighting furiously. The Scots had all the engines of war then invented, gigantic catapults, a sow for breaching the walls, long ladders for scaling, a wooden berefray, i.e., tower on wheels to reach the ramparts, fascines to fill up the moat, and bridges to throw across it. But they could not cross the moat, and their engines stuck in the mud, whilst the besieged poured arrows and stones upon their enemies. On the tenth day Sir James Douglas made a desperate attack, but had to beat a retreat, and the next day the siege was raised, owing probably to the report that a relieving army was on the march. In consequence of the bravery of the citizens, Edward II. granted them a charter, whereof the initial letter is given, showing De Harcla and his men repelling the besiegers.

It would be interesting to know whether or not Bruce kept his vow. He did not attempt again to take the Border city by siege: but, six years later, Sir Andrew de Harcla met a traitor's death on Hairibee for having agreed with King Robert upon a truce which, could it have been carried out, would have given sorely needed peace to the Borders on both sides.

M. Eva Hulse.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE long nights are now upon us and the attractions of the open air give place to the quiet pleasures of the study and the reading lamp. Those who do not subscribe regularly to the BORDER MAGAZINE are apt to forget that it is published during the summer months, and it is only when the reading season returns that our magazine is again remembered. Apart altogether from our desire for a steady and increasing circulation, we would urgeupon our friends the necessity of placing an order with some bookseller or newsagent for the regular delivery of the BORDER MAGAZINE so that no links of the chain may be lost. Any Borderer desiring a sample copy sent to any distant friend, has only to send us a post card to that effect, and the matter will at once be attended to.

The Border Keep.

From various sources I cull the following five paragraphs:—

No monument in this country has occasioned more dispute regarding its artistic merits or otherwise than the monument to Scott in Princes Street, Edinburgh. To some it has appeared the perfection of grace and beauty and harmony of proportion. To Dickens it was a great disappointment. "I am sorry to report the Scott Monument a failure," he wrote to Foster. "It is like the spire of a Gothic church taken off and stuck in the ground." It has been reserved for Mr William Watson, the poet, to discover a blemish that most people overlook in the monument. He wrote the other day a sonnet on it which winds up with the question—

Here sits he throned; beneath him full and fast
The tides of modern life impetuous run.
Oh, Scotland, was it well and meetly done?
For, see! he sits with back turned on the Past—
He whose imperial edict bade it last,
While yon grey ramparts kindle to the sun.

Mr Watson's criticism is a poet's, not an artist's. Unless another site had been chosen for the monument, it would be absurd to have Scott's effigy turning its back contemptuously on the stream of Princes Street that surges at his feet.

* * *

The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" reaches the centenary of its publication this year. In these days when (it is said) "no one buys poetry, it is interesting to recall the phenomenal success of the Lay. The first edition was a magnificent quarto, 750 copies; but this was soon exhausted, and there followed one octavo impression after another in close succession to the number of fourteen. In thirty-one years the total reached 44,000 copies, an unprecedented record, I should think.

The publishers of the first edition were Longman of London and Constable of Edinburgh, which last house, however, has but a small share in the adventure. The profits, as

Lockhart tells us, were to be divided equally between author and publishers; and Scott's moiety was £169, 6s.

* * * *

Messrs Longman, when a second edition was called for, offered £500 for the copyright. This was accepted, but they afterwards, as the Introduction to the 1830 edition states, "added £100 in their own unsolicited kindness. It was handsomely given to supply the loss of a fine horse which broke down suddenly while the author was riding with one of the worthy publishers." Scott's whole share in the profits of the Lay thus came to £769, 6s.

* * *

The death recently occurred at Gloucester of the Hon. Maria Elizabeth Rice, a kinswoman of the famous King Arthur. The deceased was in her 91st year. An aunt of Mrs Rice's was Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, who was so closely associated with the early fame of Sir Walter Scott, and to whose memory the poet dedicated his "Lord of the Isles."

* * *

Dealing with the religious matters in the Borderland of a much more distant time than the foregoing a writer in the "Peeblesshire Advertiser" says:—

A few years ago, there appeared in the "Peeblesshire Advertiser" a description of the discovery of an extensive cross-shaped mound or elevation on the top of one of the Meldons. Dr Anderson of the National Museum of Antiquities stated that he was quite unable to account for its purpose or origin, but that probably it had been used as the site of a beacon, being exactly similar to another platform found on the top of a hill in Roxburghshire, and about twenty-five miles distant. Although the writer has been absent from Scotland for many years, he is confident that this cruciform elevation is an altar whereon fires were kindled in honour of the sun's arrival at the celestial equator at the time of the spring equinox, the cruciform shape being symbolical of the crossing of the equator by the ecliptic or sun's track which then occurs, and which event—the equinoctial point or crossing—was the starting point of the Phœnician and ancient Roman year, and occurred when the sun was in the sign of the Ram or Lamb (Aries). This religion, we know, was adopted by the Romans and their Gualish and Spanish legionaries, and Dr Robert Munro, in "Rambles in Dalmatia," states that the Phœnicians carried their Nature worship throughout Western Europe. The worshippers, of course, would come from the Roman camp at Lyne, those in Roxburgh from that at Newstead. "Hamildean" and "Meldon" are probably derived from Hamel, the Ram, don or adon, the Lord, and as we find that Peebles had a "Kel don" (Burgh Records, 18th January, 1456), that is, a Church of the Lord, we may be confident that the Britons adopted the same religion, it may have been in a form more or less modified.

The older cult of Bel, which assigned the equinoctial point to the Bull, had its great temple on the south side of the Tweed at Caidmuir, which name is but Ca, ad—temple, sun, with the Celtic mohr, great, that is "the great temple of the Sun." In confirmation of this, we need only to point to the Druidic circle still standing on the Caidmuir Hill, the proximity of Bell's Brae and Bellaurridge—and is not the Beltane festival still flourishing as of yore, "when ilk body bounds to Peblis to the play," and the Coronation of the Beltane Queen takes place?—an innocent reminder of the bride of Bel, and on Beltane day (Bel, fire), which in the calendar is 1st May, was the date when, to quote from the "Seasons," "at last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun, and the bright Bull receives him." About 300 A.D., our Celtic ancestors, being unskilled in astronomy, failed to recognise that owing to the "precession of the equinoxes" the equinoctial point passed from Aries to Taurus about 2300 B.C., continued to worship the sign, not the point, whilst the younger cult of Ram worshippers were aware of the change, and contended correctly that the Ram and not the Bull was the leading sign, and ought therefore to be worshipped as God or Lord accordingly.

Thus, in the neighbourhood of Peebles, we may clearly perceive that the debasing bull worship was directly opposed, though apparently never entirely displaced, by the purer and decent worship of the Ram or Lamb.

* * *

A London writer and reviewer thus refers to more than one Border name:—

Mr Andrew Lang says that a man of great power is almost always a very strong man physically. Is this true? Are the Popes and the Voltaires the exceptions One certainly remembers some "strong" intellects in a double sense. In a display of muscles at a great Border feast, where lairds and farmers, dukes and shepherds, were gathered, the stoutest arm was that of Sir Walter Scott. Keats defeated a butcher with his fists; Christopher North vanquished a prize-fighter, and leaped the Cherwell when it ran 23ft. from bank to bank. Gautier "cut the record" with a blow on a strength-registering machine; and old Dumas was among the foremost fencers of his time. Byron was a champion swimmer; Dickens a great pedestrian, Thackeray a person who could clear the street when his opponent's voters were mobbed in an election brawl at Oxford. But are *these* not the real exceptions?

* * *

A paragraph in the "Kelso Mail" in 1814 states that "The village of Galashiels is in a state of great animation, the woollen manufacture being uncommonly busy, and a most rapid advancement has been made of late both in the quantity produced and the quality of the goods. They meet a ready market, and thereby ensure constant employment for old and young, who with smiling faces hail the long-wished-for return of peace and prosperity."

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Edinburgh Borderers' Union—Excursion to the Rhine.

THE place selected for the fifth biennial Continental excursion of this Union was the picturesque and romantic Rhine Valley. Leaving Edinburgh on the evening of Monday, 4th September last, the party, numbering thirty-one in all, had a hearty "send-off" at the Waverley Station from a large number of friends. The journey was made by London, Dover, Ostend, Brussels (where a halt for a night was made), Cologne, to Assmanshausen, which was the headquarters of the party for a week. From here excursions were made to Mayence, Wiesbaden, Bingen, Castle Rheinstein, Coblenz, and the Niederwald Forest. The company were very comfortably located in the Rhein and Anker Hotels, and the weather throughout was very fine for sight-seeing,—Sunday forenoon only being wet. There were several thunder-storms with heavy rains during the night.

ASSMANNSHAUSEN.

Assmanshausen, a village of about 1000 inhabitants, is celebrated for its full-bodied and high-flavoured red wines, preferred by some to Burgundy, which realise high prices. It has a warm spring, containing lithia, which was known as far back as the Roman period, and which is still largely patronised by invalids. Rudesheim, Johannisberg, Steinberg, and Marcobrunnen, in the immediate neighbourhood, yield well-known brands of high-class wines. A vast amount of money has been spent all along the Rhine valley in building terraces to secure the soil from falling, and the careful preservation of these conveys an idea of the value of the vines. At the Schloss Johannisberg, an area of fifty-five acres was pointed out as yielding in good years an income of £7000. Steinberg (sixty acres) is of somewhat similar value.

Mayence, with 84,500 inhabitants, is strongly fortified, has large harbours, is one of the headquarters of the Rhine wine trade, and is surrounded by market gardens. The Cathedral, with a history going back as far as 406 A.D., and containing numerous tombstones and sculptures ranging from the thirteenth century, was inspected with interest, and the statue of Gutenberg in the same city was also visited.

Wiesbaden, with its wonderful hot springs and magnificent houses and parks, was probably the prettiest place visited. It contains 86,000 inhabitants, and has over 130,000 annual visitors. The Greek Chapel on Neroberg, the Mausoleum of a Russian Princess, Duchess Elizabeth Michailowna, is said to be the most expensive memorial structure ever erected, having cost £730,000. Wiesbaden dates back to Roman times. The Emperor Nero is said to have lived here—hence the name "Neroberg."

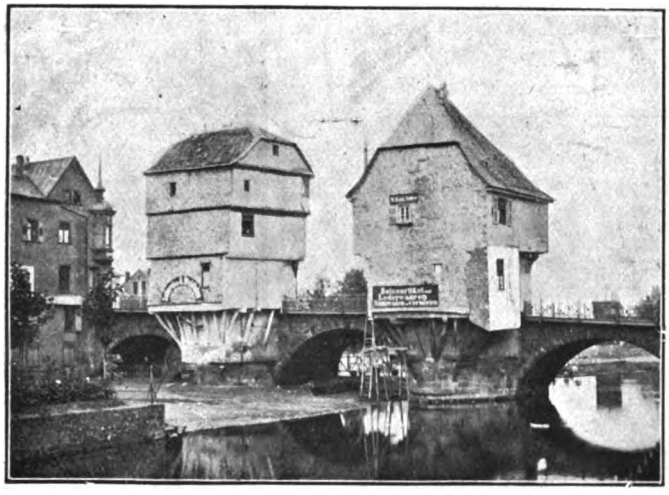
"Fair Bingen," seen from the steamboat, is not unlike Rothesay in general appearance. It contains nearly 10,000 inhabitants, and was an

important place under the Romans. It looks pretty from the river, but it did not improve under a closer inspection.

Coblenz occupies a beautiful situation at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle. A magnificent monument to the Emperor William I. stands at the point between the two rivers. It is said to be one of the most impressive purely personal monuments in the world, and dominates the landscape in all directions. Near the Church of St Castor stands the Castor Brunnen, a large square fountain, erected by the French in 1812 to commemorate the campaign against Russia. Less than two years later the place was again in the hands of the Russians, and the commander, instead of removing the fountain, simply added to the inscription the words, "Seen and approved by the Russian Commandant of the City of Coblenz. 1st January, 1814." The inscription still remains. A bridge of boats, from which can be noted the swiftly flowing current of the Rhine, leads to the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

The forest of the Niederwald was reached by a rack and pinion railway from Assmanshausen. Another railway connects it with Rudesheim. The national monument to commemorate the formation of the German Empire after the Franco-German war occupies a commanding site overlooking the river. The figure of Germania is 33 feet in height, and stands on a pedestal 78 feet high. The whole is beautifully proportioned, and the cost was over £50,000. The famous "Watch on the Rhine" is represented by a tablet containing over 200 portraits, and the words of the song are inscribed below.

To speak of the castles on the Rhine, and the tales and legends connected therewith would require several volumes of the BORDER MAGAZINE. At every turn and twist of the river a castle is found securely perched—many of them still occupied—others in ruins, but all having histories, authentic and legendary, stretching back for hundreds of years. Castle Rheinstein, immediately opposite Assmanshausen, is one of the oldest and most picturesque. It belongs to Prince Henry of Prussia, and is a show place, one shilling being charged for admission.



KREUZNACH.

A good collection of armour and antiquities is shown in the interior. It is occasionally occupied by Prince Henry.

Falkenberg, Ehrenfels, and the Mouse Tower are all near Assmanshausen, and among others seen may be mentioned Stolzenfels, where the Emperor was staying, Drachenfels, Lahneck, Marksberg, The Brothers Sterrenberg and Liebenstein, Schönberg, &c., &c. The river Rhine is a great highway for traffic. There is a constant passage of steamboats with two, three, and sometimes four cargo boats in tow, and apart from the value of its vineyards on the banks and the sentiment attaching to the stream, one can understand the anxiety of the Germans to have both sides of the river within the bounds of their Empire.

On Monday, 11th September, the gentlemen of the party had an opportunity of seeing the great review by the German Emperor at Urmitz, four or five miles from Coblenz. Some 40,000 soldiers on that occasion rode or marched past the Kaiser and Kaiserin, both of whom were afterwards seen by the party. Interesting comparisons were possible between the German review and that in the King's Park, Edinburgh, on the following Monday. The ground occupied at Urmitz was very much more extensive, but the scene in the King's Park was more impressive, the ground being better adapted for showing the spectators as well as the troops. A strong point at Urmitz was the presence of some 60,000 veterans in plain clothes, but all with one or more medals, and every little section having its standard-bearer with the colours.

On the return journey a short halt was made at Cologne to inspect the wonderful Cathedral

ST GOARHAUSEN.

Cologne is specially interesting to Borderers, as it contains, in the Church of the Minorites, the tomb of John Duns Scotus. Two nights were spent in Brussels, and those of the party who had not previously visited Waterloo had an opportunity of doing so The others devoted themselves to sight-seeing in Brussels, including the wonderful Wiertz Museum.

London was reached on the evening of Thursday, and the party separated there, reaching home at different times in the course of the next three or four days. All were highly delighted with the excursion.

We are indebted for the use of the blocks to illustrate this article to the London Polytechnic

CASTLE RHEINSTEIN.

Touring Association, who made the arrangements (through Messrs J. & H. Lindsay, Ltd., Edinburgh), and supplied a very excellent guide, Mr W. Potter, who accompanied the party throughout.

S. D. E.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it,—
Never, O never!

"Marmion."

Cakes and cheese are a dinner for an emperor, let alone a Highlandman.—"Heart of Midlothian."

The Mungo Park Centenary.

MUNGO PARK and the great work he did are worthy of the highest commendation, and the Borderers of to-day, with their increased enlightenment, should be able to appreciate what their fathers too often failed to recognise at its true value. The following from the "Southern Reporter" seems to put the matter in its proper light:—

Nowadays, when "Push" is credited with so much of the success of the world's citizen, it might not be out of place to consider the importance of "Grit," and whether among the Immortals it does not command an even higher place than its Yankee prototype. Perhaps as good an example of this virtue—if we might so call that unconquerable determination to succeed which Scotsmen have made peculiarly their own—as can be cited is Mungo Park, the African traveller, whose centenary is now on the "tapis," and regarding whose life and work Border folks specially are now making themselves "au fait." Park's grit was manifested from his earliest years. The seventh child in a yeoman's family of thirteen, Park had none too much of the dainties of life, but one thing Mungo Park, the elder, had determined to give his children, and that was a good education. He himself superintended his family's learning, besides which they had the benefit of a private teacher residing in the house. It must have taken not a little grit on the part of the yeoman to provide ways and means for this luxury, but it was for the benefit of the children, and the means were found. As a little child the younger Mungo trudged the long four-and-a-half miles to Selkirk Grammar School, day in, day out, and year in, year out. Fancy our modern pampered School Board children essaying such a task. A bicycle at least would have to be provided, and not a little pocket money besides. But Mungo was fond of lore, and in pursuit thereof the way was not long enough, nor the wind cold enough, to deter him. Destined for the church, the boy had other desires. Here again his grit came to the top. He did not make shipwreck of his life by entering upon an uncongenial career, but, adhering to his desire to study medicine, he gained the day, and was ultimately apprenticed at the age of fifteen to the Drs Anderson of Selkirk. Three years at pestle and mortar, three years at Edinburgh University—years of quiet, determined work, and then grit again showed, and Park struck out for London. He was determined to make occasion, not to wait on it. He had an ambition, and on securing his first appointment as a ship's surgeon he could write to his old master—"I have now got upon the first step of the stair of ambition." With the fine, cheery optimism of youth, he serenely looked the future in the face; and with not a little of the wisdom of age he could at an age (21) when our modern young men are sowing their wild oats, write: "I have now reached the heights, that I can behold the tumults of nations with indifference, confident that the reins of events are in our Father's hands." One detects the strain of the Covenanting blood in this, and the influence of the Lawson teaching. At the end of nearly a year's cruise in the East Indies, Park came home. About this time the Niger river was the absorbing topic of the scientific world. Where did the river rise, where was its outlet? The knowledge of a great river in the heart of Africa was current from of old, and as there was no known outlet on the coast that corresponded thereto, the opinion had been formed that this river—the Niger—either lost itself in a chain of lakes, or in the sands. The discovery of the Niger "delta" eventually settled the question. Traveller after traveller had been baffled in attempts to penetrate the mystery—Park appeared on the scene, and offered his services to solve the problem. Here was not only grit; but the hour and the man; not only pluck, but confidence in his own powers, and a brave heart to put his opinions to the test. The result of Park's voyages are now well known. At the age of twenty-four he essayed to be a traveller, and plunged into the unknown land of Africa. Never, perhaps, did traveller meet with greater hardships. Imprisoned, well-nigh murdered by Moors, robbed, in peril by land and by river; sick, destitute, famished, he yet persevered. A voyage of two thousand miles through an unknown country did not daunton him, and after two years and seven months he emerged from his 'Darkest Africa," and arrived in England once more. Even his book of travels, though dressed up by some practised hands, was his own—"not only every fact, but every sentiment." And so all through Park did "with his might" what his hands found to do. Such lives as Park's are an incentive to all; and nowadays, if ever, when life has reached the fever point in all its ramifications, it is worth while to look back on those great lives, which rise from the

obscurity of the cot to the very pinnacle of greatness by sheer grit, and quiet faith in God. A second and final, and fatal! African voyage, and Park is lost to sight for ever. But his last message still reveals the old grit, and the memorable words with which he closes his last letters are now known the wide world over:—

"My dear friends Mr Anderson and likewise Mr Scott are both dead; but though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere; and if I could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at last die on the Niger."

And die he did, not as an adventurer, but as a martyr to science, and in the cause of his fellowmen; and to-day the place of his death —Bussa, 500 miles from the river's mouth, and the total available distance over which the river is navigable for steamers—delimitates the sphere of British influence in West Africa. Park's life is worthy of commendation for his untiring and unconquerable grit, and a hundred years after his death the lessons of his life may be better understood and appreciated than they were to the men of his own day and generation.

Referring to the foregoing, a correspondent writes to the same paper:—

Sir,—Your leader on the Mungo Park centenary in your last issue was most opportune. Selkirk really is unaware of the lustre such names as those of Professor Lawson and his pupil and friend, Mungo Park, sheds upon her. The association of the two names in your notes was suggestive, and I would just like to mention that in honouring Park, Selkirk if likewise honouring two other worthy Selkirk names, of which we hear little, but which are yet worthy of remembrance, for the same dauntless heroism and self-sacrifice that inspired Park inspired them. I refer to the companions of Park's last journey—Mr George Scott, son of a tenant in Singlie farm, Ettrick; and Park's brother-in-law, Dr Alexander Anderson of Selkirk. They were sharers of Park's hopes that he might solve the vexed problem of the mouth of the Niger; they were ready as he was for the drudgery and hardship of the long journey; but the pathos of their story lies in the fact that neither of them were privileged to go even as far as Park did on the ill-fated journey. Scott never saw the river of their dreams, the Niger, dying of fever at Koomikoomi, it is presumed, a five days' journey from it; while Anderson died shortly after at Sansanding. The story of Park's death at Boussa is now well-known and believed to be authentic, though there is a great divergence of opinion as to when Park was trapped in the rocky gorge. The 21st of September, 1805, is one date; March, 1806, is another. I believe the former year—an erroneous one—is on the Selkirk monument; I say erroneous, because Park's last journal was dated November, 1805, and authorities agree that Park was alive early in 1806. Now could not some mention be made on one of the panels of the Park Monument of those other brave Forest men? I fully share your views on the completion of the statue, but would this not be even more complete than your suggestion? When one thinks how little it really would take to complete the original project, it is amazing that for thirty years the statue has been allowed to stand—incomplete, unfinished—a reproach to the town. An additional reason for inserting the names of Park's companions in the memorial may be found in the fact that Foulshiels, Park's birthplace, was unnoticed till the late Dr Anderson inserted the tablet in the old cottage there.

There is one other reference I may be permitted to make. You refer to Park and his family being members of the old Secession Church at Selkirk. I do not doubt this, but I am afraid the Conservative influence of the Anderson family must have been stronger than Park's Secession principles, for in the second last year of the eighteenth century his name is entered on the communion roll of the Parish Church, immediately following his marriage to Miss Alice Anderson. But what makes your allusion to the undying friendship of Park and the Professor the sweeter is the fact that not even this disturbed for a moment the happy relations of the twain.

It may also be noted that to the hour of her death Park's wife never believed she was a widow, and for thirty years continued her lonely vigil awaiting her murdered lord

For a man who, in the words of a compeer of his own, "stands without a rival for actual hardship undergone . . . Together with an exhibition of the virtues which make a man great in the rude battles of life," Selkirk will surely have more than an unfinished monument to tell of her love and gratitude!

Wisdom is like the best ware in the pedlar's pack, which he never produces till he knows his customer.—"Peveril of the Peak."

In the Days of Patronage in Roxburghshire.

WRITTEN fully a century ago, an old letter, taken from a bundle of family correspondence of about the same period, records a somewhat unique and interesting incident and gives a pleasant peep into the social life of "the county" when George the Third was king. It is written on a sheet of hand-made quarto, and the writing covers three sides of the paper. It is in a distinct and legible hand, and is in as good preservation as on the day it was written, save that the ink is somewhat faint and yellow with age. It is written from Floors Castle, near Kelso, and bears date the 28th of September, 1804. The writer was the Rev. James Stalker, who for eleven years, from 1805 to 1816, was minister of the Parish of Lilliesleaf, Roxburghshire, and in it he tells of the circumstances of his presentation to that parish by his friend, the fourth Duke of Roxburgh. It is addressed to his brother Donald, then schoolmaster at Rothiemurchus, near Grantown, who was also a licentiate of the Church of Scotland and a graduate of the University of Aberdeen. About the dominie some interesting particulars are recorded in the "Memoirs of a Highland Lady," by Elizabeth Grant of Rothiemurchus, afterwards Mrs Smith of Baltiboys, published a few years ago. She tells of the circumstances of the parish in spiritual matters in the days of her youth, from which it appears that the schoolmaster was pastor as well as teacher at that time. He appeared to have acted as assistant to the minister of Duthil, who lived some miles away, and the spiritual necessities of the Rothiemurchus people were in great measure ministered to by him. Those who are interested in small livings will there find an example of how small and poor a living could really be. The writer of the letter, James, appears to have been, if anything, somewhat better endowed with worldly goods, at least he was a bachelor and had no one dependent on him, and appears throughout his life to have shown great love and devotion to his brother and his family, and no doubt helped them in great measure to fight the battle of life and make some sort of headway in the world. James was licensed by the Presbytery of Chanonry in 1784, and became chaplain, or rather assistant chaplain, to the garrison at Fort George. The minister of Ardersier was "ex-officio" chaplain to the forces there, as he is to this day, but he appears then to have deputed that part of his duty to an assistant, and no doubt the remuneration was small. Mr Stalker, while acting as chaplain there, came in contact with William, Lord Bellenden, to whom, as recorded in Scott's Fasti, he rendered some small service for which his Lordship was very grateful. It is said the service was one of pecuniary assistance in a difficulty, but how a poor chaplain was enabled to do such a thing seems almost inexplicable. However, the fact stands recorded, and as evidence of the esteem in which the chaplain was held by his neighbours there exists a Burgess Ticket in his favour by the Provost, Magistrates, Town Council, and Community of the Burgh of Nairn, admitting him on 30th September, 1793, a Burgess, Freeman and Guild Brother, etc., gratis, from the high respect and regard which they bore him. The chaplain laboured on at Fort George until 1804, and in that year John, Duke of Roxburgh, died, and William, Lord Bellenden, to whom he had been so serviceable, succeeded the Duke in his titles and estates. He had promised the minister, if ever it was in his power to serve him in any way, he would not forget him. The Duke was not long in possession of the fair domain before he had a visit from his worthy friend, who had undertaken a long and fatiguing journey, probably most of the way on foot, to pay his respects to His Grace. He was plainly dressed and probably somewhat dusty with travel when he presented himself at Floors Castle. The man-servant informed him His Grace was at dinner and could not see him. "If he knows who is asking for him he certainly will," replied the minister. His name being announced, the Duke left the table instantly and hastened to the hall to welcome his friend, whom he received with open arms and introduced to the assembled company. Of course, the guest was pressed to stay, and did stay some weeks, it would appear. The gaiety which was then going on does not seem to have been much to the taste of the sober, homely man, for he says:—"Our family was yesterday at a grand ball given by the Lords and Gentlemen of the County to the Duchess. I did not attend, though very much pressed. They kept it up till four this morning, and you know that would not suit me. His Grace has just been telling me that twenty noblemen and gentlemen with their ladies are to dine here to-day. God pity the great; sure I am they are not to be envied."

He continues his letter at a later period of the day, and says:—"The company have all been here, and they are gone with the whole family to the theatre, leaving the charge of the palace with the poor chaplain. A ticket which cost three shillings was put in my hand

by the Duke, and the Duchess wished me to go in the carriage with her, but when I told her that the eye of the country people was upon me as one who in all probability would soon be amongst them as one of their pastors she very politely excused me—eight carriages have now gone from the great door, but I cannot say that I wish them 'much' pleasure, altho' I wish them well. It is not in my power to paint the beauty and grandeur of this place—the kindness and friendship of the people—all of them are also beyond description."

The "Kelso Mail" of that date gives an account of the ball, and informs us the function was attended "by almost the whole of the beauty and fashion now in this country."

The same paper contains an advertisement of the theatre, from which we gather that the play to be performed in the theatre at Kelso was "The Mountaineers," and the principal characters were sustained by Mr and Mrs Evatt of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

In a postscript the chaplain adds:—A gentleman has just sent me a card informing me of a vacancy about ten miles from here in the Duke's gift. I put it into the hands of friend and heir, who went with it to the Duke and Duchess. They both came down stairs and embraced me, wishing joy and a happy settlement—but this last cannot take place till Spring. The name of the parish is Lilliesleaf. But the Duke says he must have me to be his bishop at Kelso. The minister there is expecting, and, indeed, promised, Doctor Carlisle's parish as soon as it is vacant."

In due time the minister got his presentation, and produced it to the Presbytery on 5th March following, and a day was fixed for moderating in a call, Rev. Dr. Douglas of Galashiels being appointed to preside. The induction followed on 8th May. But the people had presented a petition to the Duke desiring him to present the son of the late minister, Mr Campbell, to the living. It was too late, for the Duke had given his promise, and Mr Campbell was consoled with the next vacancy at Selkirk, also in the Duke's gift, the following year. The opposition to the new minister was somewhat threatening for a time, and a secession congregation was formed by the protesters and continues to this day. But Mr Stalker seems in time to have gained the goodwill and esteem of the parishioners, and to have lived down the opposition to his settlement. His letters prove him to have been a most worthy and pious man, who set before himself a high standard of Christian duty and endeavoured to act up to it. He died in 1816.

J. S.

The Tramps of the Borderland.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT has been called "Watty of the Borderland," because his name is linked with every Border glen, and because he always fled to the Borders when he was weary of grey Auld Reekie. He said that if he did not see the Border heather once a year he could not live. Border blood was in his veins. The blood of mosstroopers, and grim old warriors who fought the battle of Scottish freedom from generation to generation. Never was he prouder than when he repeated a King's rebuke—

"Now haud thy tongue, Sir Walter Scott,
Nor speak of reif nor felonie,
For had every honest man his ain kye,
A right puir clan thy name would be."

But it was not only a sentimental liking for the Borderland that inspired Sir Walter. He saw that there were historical ballads sung by the people in lonely glens that must have come down from remote times. He patiently gathered them, put fragments together, and searched out every tradition regarding them. And the more his knowledge grew, the greater hold these rough old ballads had on him. As he tramped here and there a new light came on hill and dale, and to him every lonely glen was peopled with riders—

"There was horsing, horsing in haste,
And there was marching on the lea."

Knowledge is power. His knowledge of Border history and Border tradition grew. He knew the history of every ruined tower, and where not one stone was left to show where a home had been, he could tell where the dusty miller had plied his trade in the long ago. So rose up the wonderful novels.

Not only was it history and tradition he searched out in his tramps and rides over the Borderland. He was so careful that he examined all about a tower before he wrote about it; he marked down the plants that grew round it; the trees that dotted the landscape; and the peculiarities of rock and river. Hogg gives an interesting story of a ride he took over the hills—

"I remember of leaving Altrive once with him, accompanied by Mr William Laidlaw and Sir Adam Fergusson, to visit the tremendous solitudes of the Grey Mare's Tail and Loch Skene. I conducted them through that wild region by a path, which, if not rode by Clavers, was, I daresay, never rode by another gentleman. Sir Adam rode into a gulph inadvert-

ently, and got a bad fright, but Scott, in the very worst paths, never dismounted, save at Loch Skene to take some dinner. . . . I was disappointed in never seeing some incident in his subsequent works laid in a scene resembling the rugged solitudes round Loch Skene, for I never saw him survey any with so much attention. A single serious look at a scene generally filled his mind with it, and he seldom took another; but here he took the names of all the hills, their altitudes, and relative situations with regard to one another, and made me repeat them several times."

Though perhaps the novel he planned never was written, still the influence of that journey would be on him always. He knew Loch Skene well, and in "Marmion" gives a vivid picture of its weird beauty. Even yet—so unchanging is Border landscape—that picture is true in its slightest detail. Some critics say Sir Walter made mistakes, but he never made mistakes when he painted the Borderland. Its very stones to him were dear, and he had the knowledge of the genuine tramp.

AGNES MARCHBANK.

The Story of William Wallace.

NINE hundred years ago one of the greatest heroes in history was treacherously betrayed, but his name is still a power in the land, and "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" rings out clear as if it referred to present-day events. Scotland's greatest hero has left his impress on the Borderland as well as on other parts of the kingdom. All patriotic Scots are indebted to the Rev. David Macrae for his excellent summary of the life of Wallace, which is issued in pamphlet form by the Scottish Patriotic Association at the nominal price of one penny—postage free, 1½d. The objects of the Association are thus stated:—

The cultivation of the spirit of Patriotism: the defence of Scotland's national rights: the study of Scottish History, and the proper teaching of it in our schools, &c. All patriotic Scots are invited to join. Apply to Treasurer, Mr Wm. Bowes, Offices of the Association, 74 Bath Street, Glasgow.

The fair fame of Wallace is undying, in spite of one or two feeble attempts of present-day litterateurs to prove it otherwise.

"At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a springtide flood?"
—ROBERT BURNS.

"William Wallace sheds as bright a glory upon his valorous nation as ever was shed upon their country by the greatest men of Greece or Rome.—GARIBALDI.—

Hill Burton, the historian, says:—"Wallace was a man of vast political and military genius." John Richard Green, the English historian, says:—"Wallace was the first to sweep away the technicalities of feudal law, and to assert freedom as a national birthright. Amidst the despair of nobles and priests, Wallace called the people itself to arms. He roused Scotland into life."

Mr Macrae, in his masterly pamphlet, after describing the victories of Wallace, shows that the great warrior was also a most enlightened statesman. He writes:—

As soon as the invaders were cleared out of the country, Wallace commenced a work of reconstruction and organisation, which showed him to be not only a warrior but a statesman. One of the first things he did was to despatch a message to the Hanseatic League (a league of free commercial cities on the Continent) stating that as Scotland was now liberated from the English yoke, the Scottish ports were open and free for Continental commerce. This letter (still preserved in the archives of Lubeck) shows that Wallace realised the vital importance of commercial development, and was a free trader 500 years before the days of Adam Smith and Richard Cobden. Meantime, in Scotland, as a result of all the waste and devastation of war, following upon the impoverishing effect of the English occupation, there was a threatening of famine. To help in averting this calamity, Wallace determined to make a raid into England, and find food for his starving countrymen. He felt also that England should be made now to pay to some extent for the ruin it had wrought, and feel something of the curse of war, which it had been so ready to inflict upon Scotland. He accordingly marched across the Border with an army of 20,000 men, swept over the counties of Cumberland, Northumberland, and Westmoreland, and after three weeks brought his army back in safety, laden with the booty so sorely required by the Scottish people, who had been plundered and left destitute by the English. Scotland by this time had come to recognise in Wallace the able and disinterested leader that the nation required, and elected him Protector and Guardian of the kingdom. This new authority he at once began to use for the wise restoration of law and order; and, in view of the peril to which Scotland was specially exposed, he commenced the organisation of a great system of national defence, which would give a sense of security and clear the way for peaceful national development.

We all know how the jealousy of the nobles thwarted the hero in his building up process, and threw the country once more under the yoke of the Southeron, but we also recall with pride how the work was taken up and carried to a successful issue by Bruce. In summing up, Mr Macrae says:—

No wonder, in view of all these facts, that Wallace's name stands first and foremost in the glor-

ious roll of Scotland's heroes and patriots. No wonder that his name is written imperishably on the heart of his country. No wonder that, in all the wars in which Scotland was afterwards engaged, the name of Wallace was an adamantine tower of strength. No wonder that, even after the lapse of more than 500 years, Scotland, in grateful memory, should have erected the colossal monument that stands proudly on Abbey Craig, overlooking the scene of his greatest victory. No wonder that Aberdeen and other towns should have reared their statues to Wallace, to keep the inspiring memory of his patriotism fresh in the minds of their own citizens and their children. Even Robroyston, with its sad memories, has its memorial cross proclaiming to all who behold it that Scotland is proud not only of the patriotism that faced death so often on the field of battle leading a patriotic army to victory, but of the patriotism that, without wavering, could endure disaster and defeat, desertion, treachery, and moral agony—unflinching and "faithful unto death."

But more than monumental stones are needed if Scotland's national hero is to be honoured in the noblest and worthiest way. The independent national life, which he did so much to create, and which has meant so much not only for Scotland herself, but for the British Empire and the world, must be maintained and developed. Every political reform that may be necessary to that end will have to be strenuously sought for, and those insidious attempts and practices that tend to sink the nationality, the history, and the very name of Scotland, into those of England, will have to be watched, and exposed, and resisted. We see these at work everywhere. What belongs to Scotland is being credited to England by being spoken of as "English." Our Highland regiments are spoken of as "English troops," and their achievements as specimens of "English valour"! Illustrious Scots—men distinguished in war like Sir John Moore, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and Sir Colin Campbell, or distinguished in the arts of peace like James Watt, Sir Walter Scott, and David Livingstone—are all described, even in school histories, as "Englishmen." Thus, in all directions, honours that belong to Scotland are meanly pilfered from us, and taken away to glorify the name of "England." English people often try to make light of the matter and say, "What's in a name?" But they take good care that the "name" shall always be "England." If you called an Englishman an Irishman, or described Shakespeare as a famous Scot, you would soon find that he knows the value of a name when his own national self-respect or his own national pride is impinged upon. But, with the Anglicising party, England must be glorified, even if treaty rights have to be violated, or international honour disregarded. Although in the very first article of the Treaty of Union England pledged herself that the United Kingdom should, for ever after, be called by its united name, that name is being wantonly set aside and the name of England substituted. The British army is called the "English" army, the British fleet, Parliament, coinage, crown, and flag, are all described as "English."

We can see it every day, in English newspapers and magazines, in the utterances of public speakers, and in the books used day by day throughout England in the schools. Even the King has assumed and wears a title that claims the British throne as the throne of the English Edwards, which it is not and never was. If such a title were justified it would turn Wallace into a traitor; it would turn the Scottish Kings from Bruce to James VI.—and our forefathers who fought for them—into rebels against the Kings of England; and the history of Scotland into the history of a rebel State. The practical effect of such a title, though false, and of the substitution of the terms "England" and "English" for Britain and British, is grossly to misrepresent to the world Scotland's historic position and her present constitutional relationship to England.

One thing, therefore, that has to be done if Wallace and the great work he did for Scotland are to be honoured as they ought, is to vindicate—and teach the young to know—the truth of history, and not allow the trickery of tongue and pen to sink Scotland's name and nationality into those of England, so far accomplishing by fraud what the Edwards of England attempted vainly to accomplish by force.

Many smile at such things, but they go down to the roots of true Imperialism, which can only be kept strong and vigorous by the preservation of the national life and institutions of each country.

Dear Old Legerwood.

AN EMIGRANT'S SONG.

I'M far away frae bonnie Scotland,
In a hot and sultry land;
Oh! how my hairt-strings long and weary
For auld Scotia's mountains grand!
But the spot in that rare old country
Which is dearest far to me,
Is Old Legerwood's fair hills and dales,
And "Bonnie Prince Charlie's Tree."

CHORUS—Back again to bonnie Scotland,
Where my humble cottage stood;
Doon by yon wimplin' burnie's side,
In the dear Old Legerwood.

Oh, weel I mind the lang simmer days,
When we climbed oor ain "Black Hill,"
Or gumped for troots in the "Coogang" burn,
Oh! I wish I were there still.
Fu' oft-times, tae, in the "Ev'rett Moss"
For the pickies' eggs we'd wade;
And in autumn when the rasps were ripe,
To "Stabbie Wud" famed we gaed.

CHORUS—Back again, &c.

Oh! weel I mind, when cauld winter cam',
We'd slide doon the auld schule brae;
"Howlaws," "The Deil's Brig," and "Nancy's Well,"
Crowd on my mem'ry to-day.
On Sabbaths, tae, to the kirk we gaed,
It's auld bell still I can see,
And mounds o' earth in the auld kirkyaird
Where lie those so dear to me.

CHORUS—Back again, &c.

ROBERT MARTIN, F.E.I.S.
Legerwood Schoolhouse.

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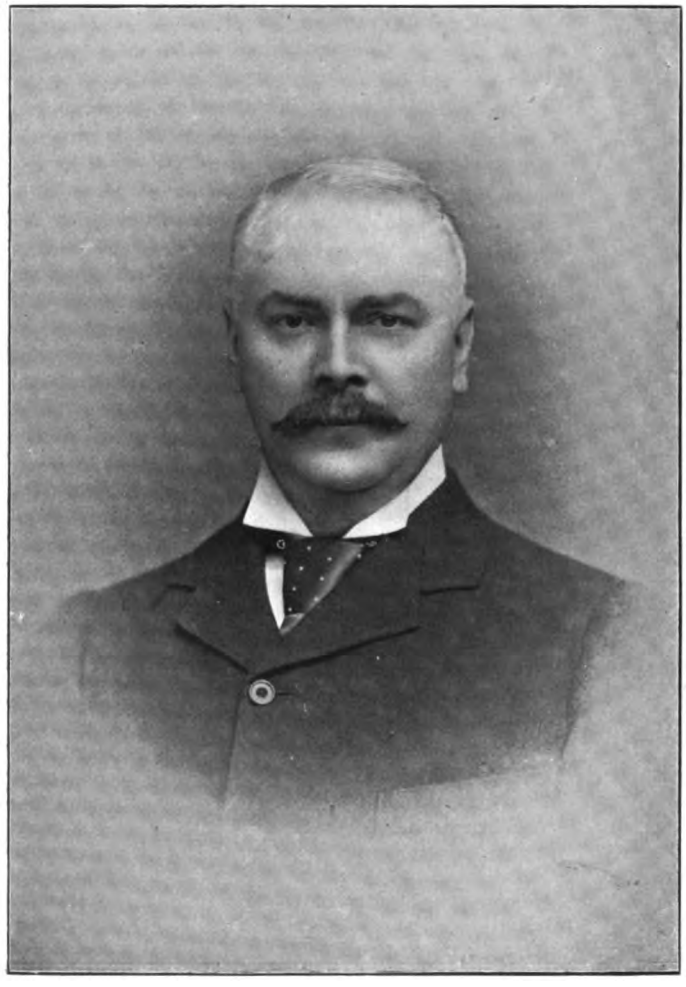

JAMES WHITE, ESQ., ST BOSWELLS.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

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DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

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JAMES WHITE, Esquire, St Boswells.

THE subject of our sketch for this month is James White, Esq., of Glen Eden, St Boswells, who voluntarily retired from the Post Office, Glasgow, on 3rd June last, after the long service of forty years. His retiral was noticed and commented upon complimentarily by a number of Border newspapers at the time, and now that he has been made the recipient of handsome testimonials by the Glasgow Postal Staff, opportunity is taken to include him in our gallery of notables in this magazine.

Born in 1844, he spent his boyhood at Longnewton Forest, near St Boswells, where his father was head forester to the late Sir George Douglas, Bart., for upwards of thirty years. He was educated at Longnewton Parochial School under Mr John Murray. Mr White joined the Postal service in Glasgow in 1865, and he was superannuated, as stated above, at his own request, at the earliest age limit, receiving the maximum pension for distinguished service.

During Mr White's long connection with the Glasgow Post Office the growth of it has been phenomenal, as will be appreciated when it is stated that in 1865 the Postal Staff in Glasgow numbered 258, and the number of letters dealt with weekly was 672,658. In this year of grace, 1905, the Glasgow Postal Staff numbers 3000, and the weekly total of letters dealt with is 5,034,719.

From 1865 to 1880 Mr White passed through the lower grades so creditably that in the latter year he was promoted to the major establishment, and from 1880 onward his promotion was exceptionally rapid. In January, 1887, he was promoted to the second class of Assistant Superintendents, and in July of the same year to the first class Assistant Superintendents. In May, 1890, he was made Superintendent, and exactly two years thereafter received the appointment of Chief Superintendent of the postal establishment in Glasgow. Further promotion came to the subject of our sketch in November, 1903, with the appointment of Chief Clerk, which is next in rank to that of Postmaster, and in this latter position he was distinguished by the same breadth of view, unvarying kindness and thoroughness which have throughout marked the whole of his career.

Every association and club connected with the postal service in Glasgow, having for its object the welfare of youth or the encouragement of healthful sport, found in Mr White a generous patron. He was thus connected with

all sorts of clubs and societies honorarily, and he did much useful work among them by liberal contribution and sage advice.

It may be confidently said of him that whatever his hand found to do that was helpful, he did it with all his might. Fond of music, he contributed freely to the funds of the Glasgow Postal Band, and by wise counsel did much to place that important body on the assured permanent footing which it now occupies. Golf, while never gaining him as an ardent devotee, yet benefited by his open-handedness.

Mr White is an enthusiastic sportsman, his favourite recreations being fishing and shooting; he is also a draughts player of some merit, and few of his friends in the west could hold their own with him at this popular game. The opponent who beats him in his native district is deserving of more than local reputation. A keen lover of pictures, he is also a good judge of artistic work, and possesses some good examples in his collection of artistic merit. But among his most precious possessions are the articles presented to him by the Glasgow staff on retiral, namely, a handsome Chippendale cabinet and a beautiful diamond ring for Mrs White.

As showing the esteem in which Mr White was held all classes vied in contributing, and they were all represented in the Postmaster's private room, where the Postmaster himself was the medium of presentation. In the course of his remarks he referred in eulogistic terms to Mr White's long service in the Department which had taken place wholly in the Glasgow office, and he desired to bear testimony to the sterling qualities possessed by him —loyalty of heart, painstaking thoroughness in every duty—and the great help his long experience afforded him (the Postmaster) in deciding important questions.

Glen Eden has never before been visited by so many west country visitors as during the past summer, and they are all equally enthusiastic in praise of its hospitality and beautiful surroundings. They now understand why Mr White was such a loyal son of the Borderland, and they are now no longer surprised that all his holidays were spent there. Since they have been in the enchanted land they have felt its glamour, and envy the natives of St Boswells their proximity to the silvery Tweed, Dryburgh Abbey, the Eildon Hills and Abbotsford.

Sharing with them in their admiration of the Scott country, as we do, we desire to join our west country friends also in the respect and esteem they entertain for Mr and Mrs James White, of Glen Eden.

J. R. G.

A Day at Moffat Hydro.

"SOME gentleman with a strong Border accent has been enquiring for you through the telephone," was the salutation I received as I returned to business in a Glasgow warehouse in the afternoon of an autumn day. I happen to have several friends in the city, who, though successful business men, make no attempt to throw off "The Soft Lowland Tongue o' the Borders," so I was rather at a loss to know who had been enquiring for me, but an explanation came when I received a short note to this effect:—"I go off to-morrow morning to Moffat Hydro for the week-end—could you join me there?"

A glance at the crowded city streets and the grey lines of buildings losing themselves in leaden skies, a thought of the purple hills of Annandale, and the sweet freshness of the country—and I had decided in the affirmative.

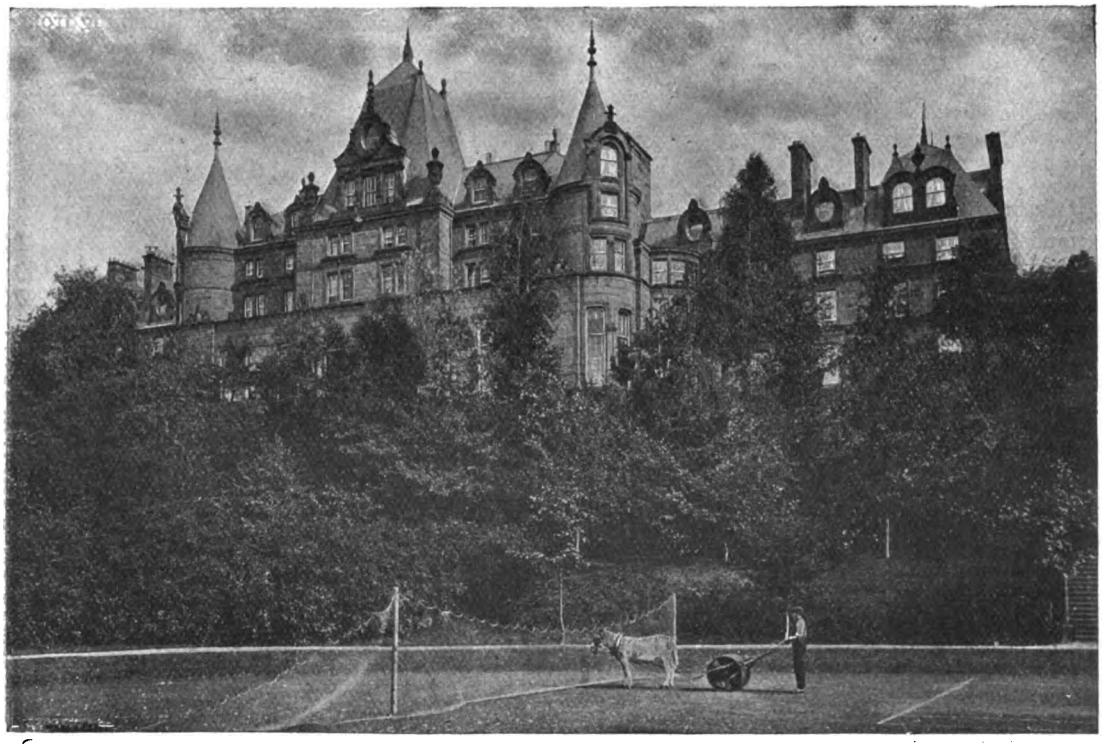
Not so fortunate as my friend, I was detained by business until late in the Saturday afternoon, but this perhaps made the relief all the greater when I was at last comfortably seated in the train and steaming out of the great Central Station of the Caledonian Railway. Having cleared the city and its immediate surroundings we were soon passing over the Clyde at Uddingston, with its long rows of trim villas; through Bellshill, Overtoun, Wishaw, and Holytown, where mines and ironworks provide wealth and employment at the expense of a darkened atmosphere. A rather long halt at Law Junction gives us time to recall a delightful holiday recently spent in the fruit growing district of Clydesdale, where Carluke, Braidwood, Crossford, and Tillietudlem are names to conjure with. Soon we are into Carstairs, from whence we proceed on the last stage of our journey. Darkness begins to fall as we toil up towards Beattock, where we leave the main line and enter the short train which conveys us in a few minutes to Moffat.

The night is dark and inclined to be stormy, but soon we are whirled in the Hydro 'bus through the town and up the wooded road which leads to the far-famed health resort. The wind soughs through the dark trees, which seem to bend almost threateningly, and heavy clouds drift across the sky, but all this gloom only serves to accentuate the bright light in which

we are enveloped as we step into the reception hall, where we find friends waiting our arrival. After an introduction to Miss Gardner, the manageress, whose pleasing manners and business tact have done not a little to popularise the establishment during the past summer, we get fairly settled down to the pleasant and restful routine of Hydro life.

The regular dinner hour being past, we get ample opportunity of examining the spacious proportions of the dining room as we partake of what would be a lonely meal were it not for the cheery presence of our Border friend. The wants of the inner man being satisfied, we are attracted to the recreation hall by the strains of music from the orchestral band. Dancing is engaged in by the younger guests, who make quite a brave show as they glide over the polished floor, admired and perhaps envied by those who have to say "once upon a time" to such gaieties. The entertainments of the establishment are under the care and guidance of a lady entertainer, whose position is no sinecure when the tastes of some hundreds of guests are to be considered, the accommodation capacity of Moffat Hydropathic being for fully 300. At the end of the concert room there is a well-appointed electric-lit stage, where amateur theatricals frequently take place and concerts are given.

The inner hall, which occupies the centre of the building, forms a delightful lounge, and is perhaps the most popular portion of the establishment, while the corridors running north and south from it form a fine promenade 300 feet in length. After chatting here with old friends, and being introduced to new acquaintances, we



MOFFAT HYDRO.

examine the other portions of the Hydro. The drawing-room is a superb apartment of large dimensions, where elegance and comfort are well blended, while its acoustic properties are most favourable for the performance of vocal and instrumental music.

The suite of baths is very fine, including a series of Turkish baths, natural sulphur baths, and a large swimming bath. The size of the latter is very considerable, so that those who are fond of the delightful exercise of swimming can indulge in it to their heart's content.

After a look at the billiard room, etc., and a

stroll along the corridor, we visit the reading and writing-room, where we pen a few lines to distant friends. The quiet restfulness of the place impresses us, for, though good weather is always an important factor in a week-end holiday, it is quite evident that the guests in this establishment need not weary, even though they are compelled to remain indoors most of the time.

The "chirl" of a blackbird, the sough of the trees, and the bright light streaming through the Venetians, awaken me from a refreshing sleep, doubly refreshing because of the perfect stillness which prevailed during the night. I am early astir, and as I descend the broad staircase I find that I shall be able to enjoy a stroll through the grounds alone. Standing on a hill-side backed by sheltering woods, the Hydro commands a fine view of one of the loveliest parts of Annandale. In front is a little valley filled with stooks of golden grain, while beyond the hills slope gently up to the sky line. As I wander along the ornamental walks, over-arched with the lime and birch trees and surrounded with ornamental shrubberies, a feeling of rest creeps over me, and I marvel not that city men frequently come here. Dr Arnold said:—"We sometimes feel as if we should like to run our heads into a hole to be quiet for a little time from the stir of so many human beings, which greets you from morning to evening;" but here is seclusion without being absolutely cut off from our kind. Removed from the sound of railway whistles and other reminders of the busy world, this is an ideal spot for such a week-end as Lord Jeffrey longed for when he said:—"I pant beyond expression for two days of absolute and unbroken leisure. If it were not for my love of the beautiful in nature and poetry, my heart would have died within me long ago." Without exhausting the delightful walks and terraces, I return to the interior of the building, where I find the guests astir and preparing for the morning meal.

At meals, the guests sit in little companies, which gives a certain home feeling which is awanting where long tables are used. Seated with friends, the breakfast is much enjoyed, the excellent cuisine of the establishment being added to by some trout caught by our friend on the previous day, while the strict orders he had sent to the cook regarding these speckled beauties provided a subject for some pleasant banter. Shortly after breakfast the guests adjourned to the drawing-room, where family worship was conducted by a reverend guest. To see so many people, not a few well-to-do and far travelled, kneeling reverently and joining audibly in the repetition of the Lord's Prayer, at the termination of the minister's petitions, was a pleasant sight, and one which provided food for serious thought in these days of rush and worry.

We attended forenoon service in one of the churches of the town, and after dinner we walked to the Mineral Spa and tasted of its rather unpleasant waters. The virtues of this famous spa have been publicly known for nearly three hundred years, and over a century ago it attracted crowds of fashionables, who congregated there from various cities. After securing some heather from the sides of the Well Burn, an operation which requires some jumping from stone to stone across the noisy stream, we retrace our steps. To the south stretches before us the plain of Annandale, and far in the distance, on a clear day, can be seen the English hills, and if a field glass is used the sands of Solway can even be discerned.

The whole district is rich in historical associations, and a week-end but whets the appetite for a longer stay. Months would be required to see all the beauties of the Annan, Evan, and Moffat waters, and a like space of time would be required for exploring the Wamphray, Garpol, Beld Craig, Hartfell, and Raehills Glens. The town itself has many associations—Roman, reiving, and Covenanting—and was it not the home of "The lassie wi' the lint-white locks" who inspired Burns to write thirty of his purest love songs. Burns often met his crony, Clarke, the Moffat schoolmaster, in the "Spur Inn" (now Proudfoot House), and in the Old Black Bull Inn he wrote on a pane of glass the oft-quoted verse:—

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

To the lover of mountain climbing Moffat is an admirable centre from which to take excursions, for are there not Hartfell, from which can be seen the English coast and the Cumberland mountains, Solway, Dumfries, the German Ocean, and the Firth of Forth; Queensberry, Burnock Clooves, Bodesbeck Law, Lochfell, Ettrick Pen, and White Coombe, the latter rising nearly 3000 feet above sea level.

Returning to the Hydro we enjoy a cup of tea, and spend the time till supper in pleasant conversation, varied by a visit in the twilight to the kitchen gardens, and the extensive stabling and coach horses, which are well appointed in every respect. After supper family worship is held, and then we listen to some fine sacred music, vocal and instrumental. Some of the

guests are good musicians, and a most enjoyable hour or two is thus passed before we retire.

An early breakfast next morning, a drive through the town, and we are soon seated in our train, which speeds in the direction of the city, where our lot is cast. We have pleasant recollections of our short stay, and we are full of resolves to recommend the place to others, which we now take this opportunity of doing.

T. L.

Tramps in the Borderland.

DR JOHN BROWN.

DR John Brown is best known as the author of "Rab and His Friends," a story that we all love and remember. To remember a story means that the author has held us spell-bound. For a while we have lived in the scenes he pictures, and, to us, the men and women are real flesh and blood. Rab is real. Can we ever quite feel sure that Rab did not, when a puppy, begin his fighting days somewhere among the Pentland Hills?

But it is when we come to Dr John Brown's sketches of the Borders, and when he tells us of his tramps over the heather, that we come nearest to him. For we seem to fancy we are there along with him, so vividly does he call up ballad and burn, the hill and the herd, the towering mountain and the shadowy mist. We realise that it is well for us to be sometimes in places "where man is little and God is great."

Let us take Dr John Brown's account of Minchmoor, a hill "nearly three times as high as Arthur's Seat, and lying between Tweed and Yarrow." He tells us "you go from Traquair up the wild old Selkirk Road, which passes almost right over the summit, and by which Montrose and his cavaliers fled from Philiphaugh." No one but a genuine tramp would ever dare try the steep ascent, but Dr John Brown was not easily held back. And he had his reward. For there is no more beautiful view than is to be had when one is pretty far up the steep brae. It is a view that lingers long in the memory. I can see it now, as I saw it on a cloudless day many years ago. But let us hear what Dr John Brown has to say of it. "Before us and far away was the round, flat head of Minchmoor, with a dark, rich bloom on it from the thick, short heather, the hills around being green. Near the top, on the Tweed side, its waters trotting away cheerily to the glen. Bold is the famous "Cheese Well"—always full, never over-flowing. Here every traveller rests and is thankful. After a rest and drink, we made for the top. The great, round-backed, kindly, solemn hills of Tweed, Yarrow, and Ettrick lay all about like sleeping mastiffs."

Sir Walter Scott spoke of the "silence of noon-day on the top of Minchmoor. "Our tramp was now there, at the top, and says:—"The view from the top reaches from the huge 'Harestane Broadlaw'—nearly as high as 'Ben Lomond'—whose top is as flat as a table and would make a race-course of two miles, to 'Cheviot'; and from the "Maiden Paps' in Liddesdale to 'Dunse Law,' and the weird 'Lammermoors.' There is 'Ruberslaw,' always surly and dark, the Dunion, beyond which lies Jedburgh. There are the 'Eildons,' and you can get a glimpse of the woods of 'Abbotsford.' We now descended into Yarrow, and foregathered with a shepherd who was taking his lambs to the great Melrose Fair.

"Now we are on Birkendale Brae, and looking down on the same scene as did James Boyd when he crossed Minchmoor to deliver James V.'s message to Outlaw Murray."

In tramping over Minchmoor Dr John Brown was in no haste, and he kept his eyes open. He could call up the old ballads, and loved to go back on old Scottish history. No good tramp ever goes over the ground quickly, and when he falls in with a shepherd they are comrades at once, as was Dr John Brown when he and the shepherd driving his lambs got on to speak of "Jed."

"Ay, she's a fell ane, she can do a' but speak," said the shepherd.

Dr John, coming to Yarrow, says of it:—

"What stream and valley was ever so besung
You wonder at first why this has been, but the longer you look the less you wonder. There is a charm about it, it is not easy to say what."

This view of Yarrow is that which another tramp, the poet Wordsworth, had when he first set eyes on Yarrow's stream, and the Ettrick Shepherd was his guide. Wordsworth tried to describe the "charm" as "pastoral melancholy," a most unhappy expression, for it does not explain away the peculiar charms of Yarrow. Better to say, with Dr John Brown, "there is a charm, but it is not easy to say what."

"We go down by 'Broad Meadows' and into the grounds of Bowhill, and passing 'Philiphaugh' see where the stout David Leslie crossed in the mist at daybreak with his heavy dragoons, and routed the gallant Graeme. Thus ended our walk, and is not this a walk worth making."

AGNES MARCHBANK.

"Condition of the Border at the Union."

THE handsome volume bearing the above title has just been issued by the author, Mr John Graham. The beautiful book comes from the famous press of Messrs James MacLehose & Sons, the Glasgow University publishers, and that is sufficient guarantee of the beauty of the type and paper. The illustrations (several of them reproductions of Turner's paintings) number fourteen, and add very much to the beauty of the volume, but the great value of the work lies in its importance as an addition to the history of the Borderland. Mr Graham has brought many important facts to light, and has marshalled them in a most readable form. Dealing in almost every one of the 307 pages with romantice incidents, the author never allows his imagination to run away with his pen, but tells the story of those troublous times with an easy and unaffected grace. A few minutes' perusal of this important book at once shows to the reader that much Border history remains yet to be written, and the lovers of historical lore will feel grateful to the author for his contribution thereto.

The origin of the Border raider is thus given in the opening chapter:—

The position which the native of the Borderland occupied was, probably, unique in history. It was his destiny to be a dweller on that extremely short land frontier between two ever-hostile kingdoms. His family, his home, and all his belongings were ever within the zone of military operations, where there was little respite from the clash of arms, and where his good sword was the only guarantee for his life and his property.

In the long but unsuccessful struggles during the time of the Edwards—notably Edward I., called the Hammer of Scotland—to reduce the Scots to a state of vassalage, the Borderland was sorely smitten, for there fell the first shock of the English invasion, reducing the inhabitants at times to ruin and misery. Frequently, without the least warning, the invader broke in and swept the land like a tempest; whole families were massacred, and their lands laid waste, as if by bolt from the blue. In those days news travelled slowly. There were none of those preliminary warnings by electric agency of strained relations or ultimatums to which we are accustomed in modern times. Fearful as were those invasions, however, they never succeeded in completely crushing the irregular border warrior, who, for so many long years, checked their progress northward.

Every blow from England was returned with interest, and there were times when both sides of the Border lay in ashes for miles north and south. The English invader had not only to reckon with men of dauntless valour and great powers of endurance, but with men whose recuperative powers and cunning tricks of ambush made them equally dangerous and perplexing. The heaviest reverses might scatter and reduce, but could never quite crush the Border clansmen. Defeat only drove them back to the shelter of their hinterlands among the ravines of Tarras or the upper reaches of Liddesdale, there to gather up their strength to repair their losses, and to mature their plans of retaliation upon the foe.

At times when the enemy, feeling confident of his conquest, would be tempted to relax his vigilance on the march, he would find himself suddenly ambushed. A wild torrent of Armstrongs and Elliots, whom he had apparently just defeated, would swoop down upon him like a hurricane, driving his dismayed and broken forces far beyond the Esk and the Eden.

Again and again the assaults of England were checked and repulsed by the clansmen of the Border, whose loyalty and patriotism, in defending their native land, were altogether forgotten when, in after years, their descendants were so cruelly crushed when their services were no longer needed.

Page after page of graphic descriptions are given and depicting the terrible hardships endured by the Borderland through the mistaken policy of King James, and then the author closes thus:—

Although the forces of disorder were broken, and all the clans dissolved and scattered by the drastic measures of Buccleuch, it required more than a hundred years before the old grudges and jealousies between the two countries died down sufficiently to permit of cordial and advantageous intercourse. In time, however, by the influence of the church, the introduction of the parochial system of education, and the impartial administration of the law, the old raiding habits were given up in favour of honest industry, and the district one so famous, or so infamous, as the scene of the notorious deeds of the "ill week" may now be described as one of the most peaceful and law-abiding parts of the kingdom.

Many of the Scotts, Kers, Elliots, Grahams, and other descendants of the raiders have, in modern times, brought to bear their inherited force of character on the social, intellectual, and scientific life of the country, and the keen appreciation of ancient Border chivalry by the native poets, notably Scott and Hogg, has been the means of throwing an air of undying romance over the doughty deeds of the great clansmen of former days, a stirring example of which is Hogg's "Lariston":—

Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddesdale;
Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on;
The Armstrongs are flying,
The widows are crying,
The Castleton's burning and Oliver's gone!

. . . . . .

Shrill was the bugle's note! dreadful the warrior's shout!
Lances and halberts in splinters were borne;
Helmet and hauberk then
Braved the claymore in vain,
Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.

George Stewart.

ONE of the smartest traps to be seen driving along the shell path of Mobile, Alabama, is that of Mr George Stewart, blacksmith and carriage builder. He is well-known and respected all over the place, but to his old familiar friends on Gala Water he is, and will ever be, plain "Geordie."

I would like to tell how I came to hear about him, to have known him, and after a lapse of thirty years to re-discover him. All classes of men have their peculiar privileges and advantages; working people often think the gentry have most. No doubt the manufacturers and merchants have their Incorporations, their Chambers of Commerce, and their Michaelmas dinners, when their audience is most select: but there is one luxury, one meeting they never enjoyed, and that is the motley gathering of their own workers which takes place at their mill gates every meal hour.

It was only at dinner time I ever attended those meetings, because I was a member of the Newspaper Club, and would not miss hearing the "Scotsman" read, for the great paper had not in those days fallen from grace. I was a stranger and an "incomer," and, of course, mostly a listener. When it came near the quarterly dividend with the rival co-operative stores there was great debating and argument with genial banter. It seemed strange to me that the two stores should show such rivalry and sometimes bitterness, while both were attempting to do the same work. So I said one day to a prominent member of the old store, "What is the reason for having two stores in this town?" "Aw'll sune mak that plain to ye," he answered. "It was this wey, Peter, div ye see, we were getting on fine in the auld store, when a lot o' upstarts new come to the town—folk something like yersel, Peter, div ye see—because ye didna pit them on the committee a' at yince, gaed awa' and started a store o' their ain, and ca'd it the "Waverley." My ignorance was cured, and the innocent and unintentional way in which he gave me a backhander fixed the explanation on my mind for ever.

"O, there's Jamie Lamb!" cried one of the congregation one day: "did you hear the latest about Jamie?" I knew Jamie well. He was an old pattern weaver, of which we had many in Gala mills. Jamie was an antique. When you saw his back you imagined you were looking at a school-boy. When you saw his face you beheld the exact double of the Duke of Wellington, and had he sat for the portrait of that hero no man could have challenged it. "Weel," said the speaker, "Jamie was happy yesterday (the day after the pay). He was up the damside on business half-a-dizzen times, but he sorely wanted a chum, an' naebody would join him. At last he got haud o' Auld White's loom, an' wadna let it swing. White remonstrated, but Jamie held on. White stared at him for a moment over his spectacles, and said with great deliberation, "Lamb! if ye dinna gang awa' an' let me get on wi' my wark, I'll come aff an' make your nose like other folks." The town was sharply divided at this time over the Caddon water scheme, and I was standing for Council honours in the interest o' "waitter." Jock Rankine, one of our spinners, came to the meeting, and the first question was, "Are ye gaun to vote for Peter, Jock?" "What!" said Jock, "vote for Peter—never—he's nothing but a tramp."

Then Davie Wilson, a fifteen or sixteen stone blacksmith, took up his parable and said, "Eh, d'ye ken I heard an awfu' girn last nicht aboot R. & B.'s blacksmith, Geordie Stewart; d'ye ken he's gotten converted, and the first thing he did was to gang to his auld cronies and tell them, an' if they wadna' consent to gang wi' him, then he must bid them good-bye for ever. I hear they are making it hot for him in the smiddy. A lot o' them were round about him the ither day chaffing him till the poor soul couldna keep up wi' them, and they say he turned his face to the smiddy lum and prayed for them."

Four or five weeks after that a solemn stillness fell on the meeting. "How's Davie?" was the question. "Awfu' bad. Three doctors at him yesterday, an' nae hope. Isn't it awfu'? Sic a strong man, an' aye sae cheerie."

A day or two after that there was no meeting at the gate. The meeting was in Greenbank Street at Davie's house. A solemn, serious, and sympathetic company took its way to Eastlands Cemetery, a bonnie place, and there Davie is resting till the day break and the shadows flee away.

In a few weeks thereafter George Stewart stood in Davie's place at Davie's hearth, and for some years I listened daily to the music of his anvil, and learned to know and love the strange, gaunt, pock-pitted rather standoffish blacksmith. Geordie was a genuine Christian, and that is the finest thing to be seen on this planet. There are so many nominal ones that

people forget this. Smallpox was bad in town at this time; several cases in Huddersfield Street. Three ill in one house. Our big blacksmith went in every meal-hour and helped to turn and make them comfortable. A poor mill-girl who came to town for work also took smallpox. Geordie knew her, because she had joined the Good Templar Lodge of which he was worthy chief. He attended her like a father, and when she died saw her decently interred. Her landlady was in a great state as she could get no one to wash the blankets. Geordie said, "Dinna vex yersel my good woman, put on the boiler fire and I'll come alang the morn's nicht and wash your blankets for you." He was for some time superintendent of the first children's church ever held in Galashiels. It met in the Town Hall, a

MR GEORGE STEWART.

congregation any minister might have been proud of. He was an elder in the East U.P. and I was one in the West, and we sometimes exchanged notes. There was a gentleman in the town who had grown too intimate with John Barleycorn, and his church privileges were cut away. The Good Templars got hold of him, and he became a model man. A deputation was sent to him from the church, of whom Geordie was one, to say they would willingly restore him to his old place, but the man said, "Na, no ane amang ye ever took me seriously to task for the way I was going. It's true twa cam' to tell me no to come to the communion again, and I said to them, 'O, we'll no cast out about that,' and I produced the bottle and we had a rare nicht."

There was one gentleman in the district, I say gentleman, for with all his failings he was still so. His own business furnished his besetting sin, and he went so far that at times he drank himself into deliriums. When he was at his worst he would have nobody near him except Geordie. Of course, Geordie could only go in the evenings after his day's work was over. "Come away, Mr Stewart," he said one night, "I've had a fearful day. The enemy of mankind has stood there all day, and he pointed to the foot of the bed. He told me I was his. Showed me a true list of all my sins, and said I should submit." "And what did you say?" said Stewart. "Say!" said the man, "I just said, oh Satan, Satan, you may be the accuser, but you are not the judge."

Geordie was one of the neatest writers I have known, and his general education was fair. When the first School Board advertised for an officer and clerk combined; he applied and was appointed.

A few years after he emigrated to America and all trace of him vanished. After a silence of thirty years I received the following letter:

Mobile Ala', U.S.A.,
April 27th, 1903.

To my dear and valued friend,—

A week or so ago I received a copy of the "Border Record," dated April 3rd, containing a short summary of the autobiography of "Peter Taylor." I read the column and half with the greatest interest, and all the more knowing so well many of the surroundings. It carried me back to those days thirty years ago, as I went to work at the Travellers' Rest in 1869. I remember so well as my father died January 18th, 1870. One Saturday afternoon as I was working overtime my sister came for me. Time rolls on apace. Those days are as fresh in my memory as if but yesterday. I have never had any pleasanter associations than those working under you. I remember often going home at twelve o'clock on Saturday night after we had been working overtime. I have always held to my religious convictions, and intend doing so, God helping me, till my final dissolution. I got the "Border Advertiser" for about twenty-five years, always keeping in touch with local affairs. Most of the old worthies are dead, and many changes have taken place. You have often been in my thoughts these past years. I have often wanted to write to you, but kept putting off from day to day and year to year. I remember you starting your business in the garret, which I see from the article in your book has grown to large proportions. I wish you God-speed in its highest sense in every undertaking.

I have made nothing so far as money goes. I have made a living, have a comfortable home of my own, raised a family of seven children. Three I have buried. I am running a shop of my own, some of my boys help me; I am getting too old

now for hard work, but can do fairly well yet. I am sixty-two years of age, already numbered among the old men, as the saying goes, but I have been ready since 1866 to go when the Master calls—as to that part of it. I have never had a doubt all these years. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanses me from all sin. I have been an elder of the church here for twenty years; teach a Bible class as best I can, but my best is poor. I am willing to slip down and out when any one feels like taking my place. I will gladly be a door-keeper in the House of God.

I would like to pay you a visit; have been looking to that end for some time. I hope I shall in the providence of God be permitted to do so. Nothing would be a greater pleasure than to visit the old familiar places in the Border country.

Would you kindly send me one of your books. It would be much appreciated and valued in remembrance of the happy years we spent together.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. STEWART.

This letter gives a fair indication of the man. When George was converted it was a revolution, not that he was in any way notoriously wicked, but everything which savoured of the world, the devil or the flesh, had to go, and his pipe went with the rest. He told me himself the latter was one of the stiffest parts of the fight, and took him twelve months to gain the victory, but he won it.

Another passage or two from his letters will suffice for this sketch of my friend. On May 25th, 1903, he wrote:—

I received yours, dated 13th instant, on the 23rd, ten days from Paisley. I also received the book to-day. Have not had time to read much of it. Have looked over the illustrations. Took a look at the Travellers' Rest—a long look for old days' sake.

If your surprise was great to receive a letter from me, my pleasure was no less when your letter arrived. I cannot for the life of me tell why I have, as you say, been sitting away down here "in Alabama with my banjo on my knee," and never thought of writing to you. Well, I hope it won't be thirty years again before you hear from me. . . . Three years ago my health broke completely down, but I went to the Mountains of North Carolina for two months, and have been well ever since. Can eat and sleep like a youngster. I wish you could enjoy our mild winters. They are simply lovely—no frost or snow. Thermometer seldom below 60 degs., once in a while down to freezing, but only for a day or two. I like the climate; could not stand the winters in the old country. Summer is pretty hot, 90 and 100 degs. in the shade, but we have always a delightful breeze from the Gulf of Mexico. We have a fine bay, with a large home and foreign trade. Very large vessels come into port from all parts. The flowers are lovely all the winter. We have fig and orange trees in the garden. I keep a horse and vehicle, and drive to my place of business. My house is about two miles from it. I also drive to church, also two miles' distant. We have a lovely drive made of crushed oyster shells. It is six miles along a beautiful bay, and I only wish I could have the pleasure of driving you down. I have a pretty fast horse—I like something that can go—and have had some pretty speedy ones. I am not a race-horse man; only like to keep in sight of my friends who can pass me.

This year he writes to me:—Have been receiving the BORDER MAGAZINE regularly, and enjoy reading the articles, being familiar with many of the places, if not with the people. The Scotchman retains his old sturdy nature, no matter where he goes. A Scotch story fires his bluid, and brings to memory many scenes of old. There is more reference to Scotchmen and Scotland by public lecturers than to any other nation. He ought never to disgrace its fair name, but, alas, many of them do. Some keep calling on me. I have been fooled with them often, and they keep fooling me still. We have few Scotchmen, but plenty of Irishmen.

There are more secret organisations in this city than in any place I know, but I belong to none. The church is all I can attend to. I see there are great Revivals going on in Scotland, England, and Wales. It's wonderful that American preachers have to go to the old country to wake the people up. There is as much need for them here as anywhere. . . . O for a wave of His Spirit, to move from the Atlantic to the Pacific; faith connects the wire to the great dynamo that moves heaven and earth, and millions shall be lit up with the light of God's love.

Well, well! America has different kinds of millionaires, but if I had my choice I would rather be one of Geordie's kind.

PETER TAYLOR.

My Border Home.

Can I forget my Border home
  Where I spent my happy days?
Fair Bowden and the Eildon Hills?
  O for the gift to sing their praise.

There Providence with loving hand
  His fairest mantle spreads around
Those matchless hills and charming dales—
  Each spot to me is hallowed ground.

Each burn and river has its song,
  Hills and dales their thrilling story;
Its fame has long been world-wide,
  The keystone of old Scotland's glory.

Can mortal pen in words portray—
  Inspired minstrel's song unfold?
Each viewing those transporting scenes
  Exclaim, "The half hath not been told."

Flow on, sweet winding Tweed, flow on,
  Throughout the ages freely roam,
Proclaim to peoples yet unborn
  The glory of my Border home.

A. RENTON, Ascot.

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

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1905.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

As we are now approaching the end of our tenth volume, it behoves those who value the BORDER MAGAZINE to look out their back numbers and prepare them for the bookbinder. The supplements should be arranged so as to face the front page of each number, as some bookbinders unfortunately are very careless in this matter, and too often bind the volumes just as they are handed to them, with the result that the supplements appear in wrong places altogether. We have seen complete sets, well bound, but spoiled from this cause. The publishers' special covers can be sent free for 1/6 or complete volumes for 6/.

The Border Keep.

The following interesting note is taken from a Glasgow evening paper. It will be of interest to many Borderers:—

The other day I met Mr Walter Lockie, a retired Berwickshire schoolmaster, who forms an interesting link with the past. For many years Mr Lockie controlled a school near the mansion of Spottiswood, the ancestral home of the Lady John Scott. In her younger days her Ladyship frequently met Jacobites who had fought for Prince Charlie at Culloden, and she never tired of regaling the schoolmaster with incidents of that far-off romantic time. Mr Lockie is, doubtless, correct in believing that few now alive have been brought into such intimate touch with the incidents of the "forty-five." It is almost superfluous to add that the schoolmaster is an enthusiastic student of Scottish poetry and song. Among his most priceless possessions are several manuscript poems written by Lady Scott in her earlier years. But these, while containing several verses of merit, give little hint of the genius that was ultimately to blossom forth in the modern version of "Annie Laurie."

* * *

From another Glasgow evening paper I take the three following paragraphs:—

All admirers of George Douglas Brown, the promising novelist, who died rather more than two years ago, will be interested to learn that the humble cottage in which he was born has been fitted up to embody the idea of "The House with the Green Shutters." This adds another to the many shrines of the little Ayrshire village of Ochiltree. At Ochiltree House John Knox wooed and won a daughter of the historic family of Stewart. Auchinleck House, another mansion in the neighbourhood, was successively the home of James Boswell, biographer of Dr Johnson, and of Sir Alexander Boswell, author of several well-known Scottish songs. William Simpson, the "Winsome Willie" of one of Burns's rhyming epistles, was for some years village schoolmaster. And Glenconner, the home of James Tennant, the "Guid Auld Glen" of another well-known effusion, is only a few miles distant. The parish also claims an eminent divine in the person of the late venerable A.K.H.B. of St Andrews. This constitutes a combination of literary and historic associations which a more pretentious place might well envy.

* * *

Perhaps it is worth recalling the fact that one of the most interesting spots in all Lanarkshire is the little out-of-the-way village of Covington, so closely associated with much of the more immediate ancestral history of the Hon. William Watson, the talented young Scottish lawyer, who addressed the Glasgow Chartered Accountants' Students' Society recently. It is apt

to be forgotten, if at all remembered, that Mr Watson's distinguished father, the late Lord Watson, was born in the old Parish Church manse at Covington seventy-seven years ago. For several years the present Mr Watson's grandfather was parish minister at Covington, and memories of his pastorate and of the boyhood of his more illustrious son are still fragrant around the old-time village. Scarce more than sixty yards distant from the old manse and church, still retaining the evidences of its pre-Reformation history, there is Covington Farm, where genial "Erchie" Prentice entertained Burns when the bard was on his way to Edinburgh in November, 1786. Between the church and the farm stands the striking ruins of Covington Castle, whose crumbling walls once echoed the laughter and the song that followed the wonderful "resurrection" of the last Baron of Covington, Sir William Lindsay, upon which highly amusing incident Sir Walter Scott is believed to have founded the recitation of Athelstane in "Ivanhoe." And the little corner of the county still remains much as it was over a century and a half ago. The road along which stamped Burns' Mauchline pony is little altered, and the farm windows out of which the poet is believed to have seen the dawn ere his delighted host showed him to bed still admits the light. It is pleasant to behold such scenes, not through the imagination and the material haze of modern history, but as they were when associated with the incidents that have made them famous.

* * *

Mr Andrew Lang recently confessed that when working at the MSS. at Abbotsford while Professor Child was having Scott's manuscript collection of ballads copied, the temptation was almost overpowering to "fake" a ballad and have it copied out in brown ink on old paper and inserted in the general mass. His motive was to discover whether he could fake a ballad good enough to deceive Professor Child. Perhaps it is this sporting instinct that is at the beginning of those extraordinary forgeries of literary and other art that from time to time confound the expert and amaze the world. Viewed simply as crimes for gain, the forgeries of ancient manuscript surprise one as demanding such rare and complicated skill and knowledge for a profit so problematical and contingent.

* * *

At the recent Centenary celebrations of the Galashiels United Free Church Professor McEwen, in the course of a most interesting discourse on "A Hundred Years of Church Life," dealt with the conditions and circumstances of the times in which the congregation was founded, the religious beliefs and habits of the first Seceders, and those elements of their belief and their life which were permanent and divine. At the outset he pointed out that in 1805 Europe and, to a certain extent, America also, was passing through a great crisis. The upheaval caused by the French Revolution had shaken accepted ideas in every part of the world, and the colossal schemes of Napoleon had created general alarm. Exactly a hundred years ago that day, on 1st October, 1805, news reached this country that Buonaparte had declared war against Austria and Russia. England and Scotland were filled with armed volunteers. The intellectual life of the nineteenth century was in its infancy, as evidenced by the fact that Byron was only seventeen years of age, Shelley was thirteen, Wordsworth thirty-five, Christopher North twenty, and Sir Walter Scott thirty-four. As to the condition of Scotland, it was difficult in a few sentences to present the facts. The population was about one and a half millions; he did not know what the population of Galashiels was at that time, but ten years before it was 681. Scotland was still largely isolated from British life. There was a literary circle in Edinburgh, but it had no national influence; it had no connection and no contact with the religion of those classes of the people with whom the future of Scotland lay, and who were destined to give Scotland its honourable place in the kingdom and empire of Britain in the course of the nineteenth century. The commercial world we are familiar with did not exist; education was in a very backward state; the sports of the times were among its worst features, consisting of badger-baiting and cock-fighting—the more sanguinary the more popular; drunkenness was prevalent, at baptisms, marriages, and funerals, even Presbytery dinners being no exception.

* * *

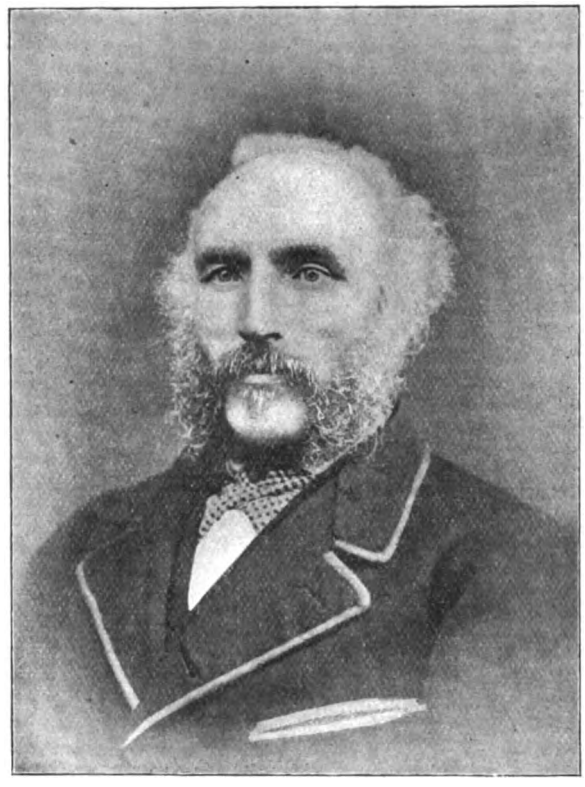
Robert Fairgrieve, for many years beadle and gravedigger to the parish of Ancrum, Roxburghshire, was a born humorist. The minister one day met him coming home, sooner than was to be expected, from Jedburgh fair, and inquired the reason for such an early return. "Oh, sir," said Robert, "huz that are office-bearers should be examples to the flock." When Robert was on his deathbed, the minister visited him and observed that the worthy official seemed to have something weighing on his mind. On inquiring what it might be, Robert made answer, "Oh, sir, I was just mindin' that I've burit five hunder and ninety-eight fowk since I was first made bedral o' Ancrum, and I was anxious that, if it were His holy will, I might be spared to mak' it the sax hunder."

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

A Crimean Veteran and Poet.

Of the many Border poets of the past who were born in humble life, none perhaps exhibit by their verses so advanced Radical tendencies as Mr James Currie, the soldier-poet. Born in Selkirk in the year 1829, Mr Currie's childhood was associated with scenes famous in story, and with events chronicled in ballad.

After spending a short time at a local school, James commenced the battle of life in a woollen factory in Selkirk. Even in his youthful days he was of a poetic temperament, and his whole nature chafed under the bondage of the monotonous eleven hours daily factory drudgery. At last he could bear it no longer, and having a craving for a soldier's life, he enlisted into the famous 79th. With the Cameronians he was sent to the Crimea. When the first expedition was despatched to Kertch, the 79th were unable to proceed, owing to having been decimated by choleraic ailments. Currie, who retained his health, was one of those appointed to wait upon the sick, which he did with fearless ardour and unshirking courage. During the subsequent campaign, he was notwithstanding the privations and hardships of the terrible winter daily at his post. In the great storming Currie fought desperately. On September 8th, 1855, almost in the hour of victory, he was smitten down with the loss of his right arm. He was discharged on his recovery and compensated (!) with a pension of one shilling per day. A story is told of him which illustrates the cheerfulness of the man under circumstances of more than ordinary endurance. Knowing his poetical tendencies, some of his comrades had obtained a promise on the last day of 1854 that he would compose a song of victory to the New Year. However, before Currie could fulfil his pledge he was summoned to take his turn as sentry. As he passed his lonely beat, he remembered the song which



THE LATE MR JAMES CURRIE.

he had promised, and by the time when he heard the welcome relief his promised ode was ready, and the song was sung to his shivering comrades to the tune of "There's nae luck aboot the hoose." After his discharge from the army the poet returned to his native town of Selkirk, and was appointed post-runner to Yair, which position he held for six years, occupying his evenings in writing both prose and verse for some of the Border newspapers. At the expiry of the six years he removed to Galashiels, where he obtained employment with Messrs A. L. Cochrane Bros., Netherdale Mill (where the writer first made the poet's acquaintance). Here he remained for twelve years, during which period he took a prominent part in Good Templarism, many of his best pieces being written on the drink question. An advanced Radical in politics, he composed numerous democratic poems, some of which for long were recognised party melodies. In 1863, Mr Currie published in book-form his "Wayside Musings," and this volume was succeeded in 1883 by "Poems and Songs." The Rev. Charles Rogers, D.D., LL.D., who wrote the preface of the latter book, says of the soldier-poet, "He has evoked the muses as a solace, and published verses in the hope that words and thoughts which have cheered himself may interest and comfort others. His numbers are like his themes—unambitious. Leaving his country and his kindred, he has celebrated the one and lovingly depicted the other. His joys being of the home, he has sung of them. Personally benevolent, he has praised the generous; himself upright, he has unveiled pretence and scourged it. His verses are not always smooth, yet in their ruggedness are bound up individuality and strength. His simplest numbers never lack tenderness and force. James Currie is one of a number in Scotland, now rare, whose intelligence is less due to scholastic training than to strong intellectual vigour, intensified by reflection and strengthened by diligence." For some time previous to his death Mr Currie acted as caretaker of the E.U. Church and Hall, Galashiels, but failing health caused him to resign his post, and he went to reside at St Boswells, where he died in the year 1890, aged sixty-one years, and was buried in Eastlands Cemetery, Galashiels.

Paisley. GEORGE DESSON.

Poverty is a bad back friend, but ill-fame is a waur ane.—"Heart of Midlothian."

Lilliesleaf and St Boswells Clerical Anecdotes.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL, of Lilliesleaf, who was incumbent of that parish from 1760 down to the early part of the present century, was well-known as a popular preacher.* On one occasion, when officiating in the Abbey Church of Melrose, he was supposed to be reading his sermon, for a man in the gallery, which came down nearly to the pulpit, eyed Mr Campbell very keenly, when the minister pulled up, and addressing himself to the person who stared, whose name was Taket, said, handing him the hieroglyphical notes which the minister had before him, "Tak it, man, tak it, I can do without it."

Mr Campbell was a very large man, and calling one day at a farm-house with a neighbouring minister, found the host from home, and the woman who opened the door, asking Mr Campbell, who was spokesman, for his name, that gentleman replied, telling her just to say, "Twa o' the Lord's trumpeters ca'ed," on which she rejoined, "I juist thocht sae, your cheeks are sae swalled wi' blawing."

Mr Campbell's companion on his visit to the farm-house was Mr John Scade, minister of St Boswells, a man who, though he has left nothing more behind him, that I am aware of, as a memorial of his abilities, than the Statistical Account of his parish, which he wrote for Sir John Sinclair's work, requires notice on account of his very peculiar physique. He was one of the smallest men imaginable, and when he preached in other churches he required to be mounted on an especially high footstool (of course he had one in his own pulpit, and at Lilliesleaf one was kept for Mr Scade's special use when he preached there). On one occasion, when so mounted, in the adjoining parish of Bowden, the footstool—a three-legged one—capsized, and down he went. A remarkable circumstance connected with this catastrophe was the fact of Mr Scade's uttering at the time it happened the words, "And they shall see me no more," his disappearance actually taking place then, to the astonishment of the people. Mr Scade died at St Boswells on the 2nd of February, 1810, after a ministry probably of about a quarter of a century.—From "Border Memories" by the late Walter Riddell Carre.

*He was known as "roarin' Willie" from his style of preaching. One of his sons was minister of Selkirk from 1806-1857. See BORDER MAGAZINE, Vol. viii., p. 180.

"An Old Berwickshire Town."

AGAIN and again in these columns we have emphasised the value of parochial and county histories, and have acknowledged the deep debt of gratitude we owe to those who quietly and unobtrusively have dug deep in the forgotten mines of local lore. By their untiring efforts a flood of light has been thrown upon the inner life of the people, and we are made to see that history does not consist of a series of tableaux in which the common folk had little part. We are taught to sympathise with the men of the past and to feel that they were subject to like passions with ourselves. The most recent history of the kind referred to bears the above title, and is from the pen of the late Mr Robert Gibson, a portrait and sketch of whom appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE in October, 1903. Before his death Mr Gibson had completed the MS., which has since been edited by his son, Mr Thomas Gibson, and the handsome volume of over three hundred pages has been published, at the moderate price of 3s 6d, by the old-established firm of Oliver & Boyd.

The old Berwickshire town, which is the subject of the book, is Greenlaw, and the amount of information which has been collected by the author during a busy life-time is surprising. The value of the work is considerably enhanced by a copious index, while the arrangement of the chapters leaves nothing to be desired. To the native of Greenlaw and the surrounding district, the book will be intensely interesting, but it will also appeal to all who take delight in the study of our national history, for the subjects dealt with are very numerous. The four last chapters are devoted to the histories of old and extinct families, and this alone, apart from the other parts of the volume, makes it a most valuable book of reference for future historians. In the case of the Greenlaw family their history has been put together for the first time, and a clear outline placed before the reader.

As an example of the interesting and readable way in which the facts are put down we quote one out of the thirty-three chapters:—

In 1755 the population of the parish was 895. From that date, down to 1871 there was, with variations, a steady increase. The population was greatest in the 1831 census (1442), at the building of the county hall and Castle Inn. In 1871 the population was 1381, and since that date there has been a steady decline—both in the town and country—till in 1901 the population was 1014.

The story of decreasing population is common to all rural districts of late years, and may be attributable to various causes. One prominent cause of rural decrease, so far as Greenlaw parish is concerned, is the extinction of small farms on which, proportionally, a greater number of workers were kept than on the larger farms. On the larger farms also fewer workers are now employed, the introduction of machinery having displaced a good deal of manual labour.

In Greenlaw parish there were once twenty-eight or thirty small farms, which are now swallowed up by larger ones, and of which, with three exceptions, not one stone of the steadings is left. To the number may be added Bedshiel village, which consisted of five small farms, and which had its schoolmaster (see Bedshiel School.) Now it is one farm, a "led" one—that is, one on which the farmer does not reside. The greater facilities of communication which now exist, and the closer intercourse between country places and large towns, with the desire on the part of some to better themselves and their families, and on the part of the younger people to be where there is more amusement and excitement, have all tended to the depopulation of country places. After all is said, however, it remains that the country is the natural feeder of the large towns; but if this could go on with much less rural depopulation, it would be to the great advantage of the common weal.

POSTING DAYS.—Being on the great north road between Edinburgh and London, Greenlaw was a busy posting stage before the advent of the railways. In those days a large number of posting travellers passed through the town, while the Castle Inn was a favourite one for breaking the journey and staying over the night. It was to meet the needs of the great road traffic that the present large and handsome inn was built. That was, however, too late in being done, as by that time this mode of locomotion was beginning to decline.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century the Royal Charlotte passed through Greenlaw to the south. A two-horse coach between Dunse and Greenlaw changed horses at Greenlaw at the Crown Inn.* In the late forties, the Eclipse, a two horse, and the Red Rover, and Quicksilver posted daily through the town and changed horses. In 1830, the Royal Mail was put on the road between Edinburgh and London. Its entrance to the town was always heralded by the guard sounding a blast on his trumpet or playing a tune on the bugle as a signal for the postman to be ready with his mail bag. Letters from London reached Greenlaw in about 40 hours, and from Edinburgh in 3½ hours. The mail ceased to run about 1836-37. At that time the postage to Edinburgh was 7½d, and to London 1s 1d. Postal communications were then, however, comparatively few, and various expedients were resorted to by merchants and others to avoid payment. For example, a person going to Edinburgh from Greenlaw, would inform his neighbours some time

* Sometimes during the changing of horses, the minister of the Relief congregation, Dunse, administered baptism in the house of a neighbouring family (John Mathewson), a member of his congregation.

previously of his intended journey, and offer to take any letters. These were all put together as a parcel, and when the traveller arrived in Edinburgh they were posted to the people in the city for one penny each. Commercial firms would advise one of their customers in a town of the intended visit by their traveller, and request him to intimate the same to the other merchants. This was done to each customer in turn. In the early part of the nineteenth century, one Sandy Park went the post between Dunse and Greenlaw three days a week. Any letters for Gordon or Westruther that might be brought usually lay in the Post Office till the following Sunday, when they would be taken away by the members of the Secession congregation, who came from these places, while any letters for outlying districts and country places just lay till called for. How great the contrast between those days and now, with three dispatches, and three arrivals of mails and three deliveries daily, and four rural runners.

REQUISITION FOR ROYAL STAGES.—In 1617, His Majesty King James VI. visited Scotland for the first and only time after the Union. Requisition to carry the royal baggage was made at certain stages. In a requisition for the stage between Berwick and Dunglass, Greenlaw was asked to provide 37 horses, Polwarth 13, Gordon 24, Hume 12, Bassingdane 9, Earlston 25, Longformacus 4, Langton 24, Dunse 20, Lauder 36, Chingilkirk 13, Fogo 24, Mairton 20, Stitchel 25, Kelso 50. There is no mention of Eccles in the requisition. The question naturally occurs, Was the great demand because of the amount of the royal baggage, or the bad state of the roads? Probably the latter cause would be as operative as the former.

REMINISCENCE OF THE '45.—A captain Gordon of Gordonbank, a place two miles south of Greenlaw, was a sympathiser with the Pretender, and others of Jacobite leanings used to meet at his house. In the rising of '45, a strong body of the Highlanders passed through the town on their way south on a Sabbath day during the time of Divine worship. The preacher advised the congregation to keep quiet and show no signs of alarm. The party passed on without doing any injury or making disturbance.†

† The author is indebted for this information to the late Rev. John Fraser.

A Note on Patrick Lindesay, one of the Brampton Jacobites.

PATRICK LINDESAY—often, according to the Scottish custom, styled by his *om d'affection* Peter, was a younger son of John Lindesay, of Wormistoun in Fife.[1] His family descended from Patrick, fourth Lord Lindesay of the Byres, and was of Royalish proclivities, for his grandfather, Patrick Lindesay of Wormistoun,[2] fought on the Royalist side at Worcester in 1651, was taken prisoner, and there, fighting along with him, his brother was killed. Patrick Lindesay's mother no doubt accentuated the Jacobite desires of her children, as she was Margaret Halyburton, daughter of George, Bishop of Aberdeen, the last Bishop there before the Episcopal Church was disestablished in Scotland. As a younger son, Patrick Lindesay settled as a farmer at Wester Deans Houses, in the parish of Newlands in Tweeddale on the Borders, and he was married first by Bishop Ochterlony, December 29th, 1728,[3] to Alison, daughter of John Mann, a merchant in Dundee, from whom his children by that marriage eventually succeeded to some property. The survivors of these children were, David, who died, aged thirty-three, in 1763; John, "killed at Martinico" in 1762; and "Miss Betty," who, after her father's execution ["beheading" a family letter styles it], was brought up by her aunt, Agnes Lindesay, "Lady Kemback." He married secondly, in 1738, Agnes Robertson, daughter of the minister of Eddleston, a cadet of the Strowan family,[4] and by her had a son, James, the first of the Lindesays of Leith, a family of noted wine merchants. He seems later to have settled in Edinburgh, and, being of a matrimonial turn of mind, married there thirdly, 21st February, 1742, Margaret, daughter of James Wemyss, late clerk in the Post Office, and it was probably a relative of hers, Alexander Wemyss, writer in Edinburgh, who as creditor made up his testament dative at Edinburgh,[5] on 22nd April, 1747. This document shows that he did not die rich, as the inventory is valued in sterling at "in haill the sum of 23 pound 10 shillings and 3 pence money foresaid, and in Scots money to the sum of two hundred and eighty pound three shillings," and everything mentioned in the inventory is either of little value or broken, except "item the abulziements [habiliments] of the deceast Margaret Wemyss, the defunct's spouse, and a parcell of children's old clothes."

This evidence of poverty, it must be understood, only shows that he was poor after he had embarked in the Jacobite rising, not that he was poor before, and his kinsfolk in Fife were all in prosperous circumstances. When

1. Wood's East Neuk of Fife, p. 455.

2. His wife was Catherine Beatoun of Bandon, of the family of the Cardinal.
3. Family papers.
4. Fasti Eccles. Scot.
5. Edinburgh Testaments.

he joined Prince Charles Edward is not certain, but he proclaimed him at St Andrews[6], Next, under the style of "Peter Lindsay, gentleman, Worminstone, Craill, Fife," he appeared in 1745-6 in the Hanoverian Black List,[7] as having "carried arms with the rebels and assisted in levying the cess and excise," his whereabouts being then "not known." He did not succeed in escaping for long after April, 1746, when the Jacobites saw their last hopes disappear at the disastrous battle of Culloden. Charles' "History of the Rebellion" tells us that Captain Patrick Lindesay was taken prisoner in Angus in July, and was carried to Dundee. It appears, however, from his petition for pardon[8] that he, probably worn out by the hardships of the flight and the long drawn-out "skulking," surrendered himself on the 27th of June to Mr Patrick Reid, minister of the Gospel of Clatt, being then without arms of any kind. He endured a long period of imprisonment, and his trial did not take place until September, 1746, when he was arraigned at Carlisle and pleaded guilty. He petitioned King George II. for mercy, saying (as did many other Jacobites when the worst came to the worst) that he lamented "that unguarded moment of his life in which he was seduced from his duty to join in the late and unnatural Rebellion," and adding that he no sooner heard of the Duke of Cumberland's "gracious Declaration" than he surrendered himself according to its terms. This plea David Bruce, Judge-Advocate for the Duke, thought valid, as it was "much upon the same footing with those that were dismissed by the Judges at Carlisle," and added that no proof had been submitted that he had acted as an officer among the Rebels. This legal view did not save the accused, however. He was condemned to death, and on October 21, 1746, Patrick Lindesay, with five others, James Innes, Ronald MacDonald, Thomas Park, Peter Taylor, and Michael Delard, were executed on the "Capon Tree" at Brampton. It is pleasing to find that at the last he returned to the political faith for which he suffered, for the "Scots Magazine" states that "they all died with great resolution, but persisted in justifying what they had done."

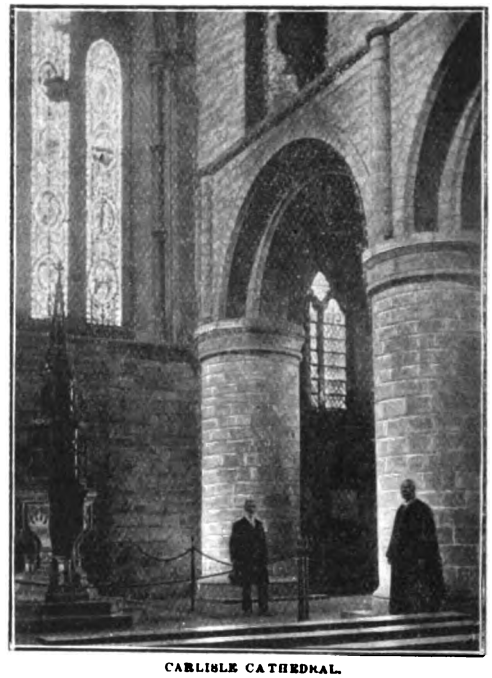
A. Francis Steuart.

6. Wood's East Neuk of Fife. p. 455.
7. Persons concerned in the Rebellion [Scottish History Society.]
8. State Papers Domestic, George II. Vol. 91.

Sir Walter Scott's Marriage.

CARLISLE was described some years ago by a distinguished visitor as "a city of splendid memories, with nothing to appeal to the eye in support of them." Whilst the Cathedral and Castle remain, even in their mutilated condition, the epigram is not wholly justified; but it is true that each decade sees places of interest destroyed, and so the modern town of to-day is very unlike the Border city of history.

One of the links with Sir Walter Scott has



CARLISLE CATHEDRAL.

just been broken by the demolition of the old Crown and Mitre Hotel, where he stayed before his marriage to Miss Carpenter. From an artistic and sanitary point of view the handsome new hotel which now stands on the site is a great improvement on the old low and somewhat commonplace "Coffee House," as it was generally called, but lovers of history cannot help regretting the change.

Opposite to it, at the corner of the Market Place and Castle Street, still stands the house where Miss Carpenter lived, and a few yards lower down is the Cathedral. The latter has been judiciously restored since, at the close of

1797, Scott was married in the nave, which, until 1870, was the parish church of St. Mary, the Cathedral services proper being conducted then as now in the fine choir.

The communion table in St. Mary's stood where the forms shown in the accompanying photograph now are, and the pulpit was against the opposite wall. Galleries ran round three sides, and the floor space was filled with old-fashioned pews. So it requires a great effort of the imagination to reconstruct the church as Scott saw it.

to her marriage. Until comparatively recent years Miss Lowry, a bridesmaid and school friend of Miss Carpenter, was still living near Carlisle. Doubtless the wedding seemed a very ordinary one to those who witnessed it, yet it is the only one of the hundreds solemnized in old St Mary's which is now remembered with general interest.

Not all visitors care to examine the massive Norman architecture of that part of the Cathedral, but there are few whose imaginations are not stirred by the thought that there the

HOUSE WHERE SIR WALTER SCOTT WAS MARRIED.

The marriage licence is thus worded:—

No. *197.* *Walter Scott*, of the Parish of *St Andrew's in Edinburgh*, *Esq.*, *bachelor*, *and Margaret Charlotte Carpenter of this Parish*, *single woman*, were married in this *Church* by *License*, this *twenty-fourth* day of *December*, in the year one thousand *seven* hundred and *ninety seven*, by me, *J. Brown.*

This marriage was solemnized between us

{ *Walter Scott.*
{ *M. Charlotte Scott late Carpenter.*

In the presence of { *Jane Meolin.*
{ *John Bird.*

Who Jane Meolin was is a mystery, but the second witness was Minor Canon Bird, in whose care the bride had been for some time previous

Wizard of the North was united to the lady whom he had wooed so romantically on the banks of the Irthing.

M. E. Hulse.

A popular reviewer and journalist writes:—

Speaking of records, is the first edition "Waverley" going down in value? In 1902 the record of £162 was established by the Joly copy, which had the original paper labels on the back—an important point. About a month ago another example made £150; and now a third has sold for £131. Thus there is a steady fall in price. "Waverley" was issued in three volumes, in 1814, at 31s 6d. They bound their novels in boards at that time; nowadays they put expensive cloth on them. It seems a needless piece of extravagance to use a binding which will last for fifty years on books which will be dead in five months; and I am not surprised to learn that there is a feeling in the trade in favour of a much cheaper binding.

By Teviot's Streams—

A Border Reverie

(Written on a recent visit to Denholm and the Teviot.)

"A mist of memory broods and floats,
The Border waters flow;
The air is full of ballad notes,
Borne out of long ago."—Andrew Lang.

By Teviot's streams we oft have strayed
Along its wild and winding shore,
And wandering, often we have pored
O'er Border raids and ballad lore.

And still upon our memory fall
The echoes faint of other days;
We listen, and we seem to hear
Of minstrel song and Border frays;

Of raids and reivers' bold emprise,
And battles fought and victories won;
Of clanging blows and flashing swords,
And daring deeds that oft were done;

Of gallant knights and ladies gay,
And chieftains bold and feats of arms;
Of tales of love and glamourie,
And bugle-blast and war's alarms;

Of Branksome's halls and Harden's walls,
And wizard tales of Michael Scot;
And echoes borne upon the breeze
Of times and days that now are not;

Of Tinlinn and of Deloraine,
And gallant chiefs of Liddesdale;
Of Kinmont Willie and his train,
And men of bonnie Teviotdale;

Of Johnnie Armstrong and his men,
"And all his gallant companie;"
And Elliot bold with gathering cry
Of "O, wha daur meddle wi' me?"

Of Flodden's fatal field, alas!
Where Border heroes fought in vain;
And Ancrum Moor and Lilliard's Edge,
And Maiden fair and lover slain;

Of Turnbulls and of Scotts and Kers,
All ready aye with lance and spear;
And many a bold fierce Border clan,
And rousing shouts of "Jethart's here!"

Of Melrose and its Abbey fair,
Where lies the dust of Scottish kings;
And Ercildoun and Leader Haughs,
Though "Thomas true" no longer sings;

Of Gala Water's braw, braw lads,
Who gave "sour plums" to English loon,
And Selkirk's "Souters," first in fight,
Who sewed at the single-soled shoon;

Of breezy Hawick among the hills,
Where "Teribus" for ever's sung;
And Hornshole's fight and Southron flight
To Border strains have often rung;

Of feuds and forays now no more,
And Jamie Telfer and his kye;
"Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower,"
And tales of Border chivalrie.

All gone: yet memory often dwells
On many a wild and Border scene;
And, as we roam by Teviot's streams,
We think and muse on what has been.

The fields are full of golden grain,
"The murmurs of the mountain bee"
Fall sweetly on the ear at times,
Recalling "Scenes of Infancy."

Ah, Leyden! brief was thy career—
The Mighty Minstrel thee has sung—
O'er thee we sigh and drop the tear,
Thy tuneful harp is now unstrung.

A true and "kindly" Scot wast thou,
A wanderer far from native wild,
Who sang of scenes of Borderland,
"And Teviot loved while still a child."

The Mighty Minstrel calmly sleeps
In lone St Mary's ruined pile,
And Leyden, far from native land,
A grave has found in Java's isle.

Dark Ruberslaw still lifts his head,
And "Dena's vale" is fair to see,
While Tweed and Teviot's waters flow
To sing their poets' elegy.

Our Border poets all are gone—
Riddell and Leyden, Hogg and Scott,
And Aird and Veitch; while Selkirk's Brown
Has followed now the common lot.

Of Border bards the last was he
Who dwelt by Ettrick's magic streams,
And Yarrow, now her poet gone,
Flows "dowie" in the morning beams.

And so the ages come and go,
While men, the creatures of a day,
Live out their little lives, and then
Like flitting shadows, pass away.

They pass, and nothing now remains
Of all the deeds that they have done,
Their memories die and fade away
Like morning mists before the sun.

Still flows the Teviot as of old,
And Phœbe still her horns renews,*
But Harden with his warriors bold
No longer now his raids pursues.

Still blows the breeze down Teviot's vale,
And moonbeams glint on Minto's hills,
But all is peace and quiet now,
Our ears no sound of battle thrills.

Stirling. A. Graham, M.A.

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*"Reparabit Cornua Phœbe" (we'll hae munelicht again) was the motto of the Scotts of Harden, from whom Sir Walter Scott was proud to trace his descent.

"The Gala Raid, A.D. 1545."

MR GEORGE HOPE TAIT, of Galashiels, has written, illustrated, and published a most interesting ballad bearing the above title, and which should be of considerable value to the flourishing town on the banks of the Gala. Some day we may have the pleasure of reproducing the entire ballad, so we refrain from quoting at present, suffice it to say that the poetry and the careful use of the Scots tongue add not a little to Mr Tait's well-known literary reputation. In the preface the author says:—

The publication of this Ballad is an effort to keep alive an incident traditionally associated with the origin of the Arms of Galashiels.

The writer has selected 1545, the great feudal period, as the most reasonable date of the Raid—the evening of the battle of Ancrum Moor.

In this year the whole Borderland was subjected to the most serious assaults, devastation, and slaughter by an English army under Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Latoun. After setting fire to Melrose and Dryburgh Abbeys, and violating the graves of the nobles, they retired on Jedburgh. The Earl of Angus assembled a Scottish army, having penned the threat that he would write the instrument of possession upon their own bodies with sharp pen and blood red ink because they destroyed the tombs of his ancestors at the Abbey of Melrose. He was joined in his valorous venture by all the Southern lairds, and at the battle of Ancrum the English army was completely routed.

The Ballad relates how on that fateful day a column of troopers crossed the Tweed in their flight and lodged in an orchard of plum trees belonging to the Laird of Gala, near Glenmayne.

. . . . . .

The writer has a deep conviction that the industrial activities of a community may tend to overshadow, if not to obliterate, the historic and romantic side of its existence; but so long as Galashiels continues to bear the seal of the sour plums, it is due that every citizen possessing the Border spirit should cultivate a reverence and a just pride for the brave exploit which these Arms commemorate.

The principal picture is beautifully reproduced in colours, and is thus described in the preface:—

The processional picture is a composition portraying the mixed band of weavers and shepherds on their way to the scene of action, bearing the Dyer's flag, and being led by the Baron's Bailie of the day, mounted and carrying his "halbred guid."

The scene is from the Barr's Road, looking to Melrose, where we see the Abbey in flames,—with Tweed and the Eildons in the middle distance.

The City of Sir Walter Scott.

THE annual dinner of the Associated Booksellers was held in the Scottish Metropolis on the 9th June, 1905, and one of those present was "Claudius Clear"—a thin veil which covers a well-known literary name—and thus writes to the "British Weekly":—

Edinburgh never seemed to me so lovely as it did on the Friday afternoon. It was a day of changing mist and sunshine, half revealing, half concealing the beauty of the city, and allowing the imagination space to work in. Perhaps no writer, either in poetry or in prose, has rendered fitly or adequately the romance of Edinburgh. The two regnant spirits of Scotland have certainly failed. It has been said by a good critic that Robert Burns' line "Edina, Scotland's darling seat," is the worst and weakest he ever wrote. No one loved Edinburgh as Scott loved it, but he too came short when he tried to praise his own romantic town. In the piece beginning "Caledonia's queen is changed," there is but one good line, "Flinging thy white arms to the sea." On the whole, I agree with those who think that Alexander Smith succeeded best in the poem on which he was occupied when his fatal illness seized him. It will be found in his "Last Leaves."

"Towered, templed, Metropolitan,
Waited upon by hills,
River and widespread ocean—tinged
By April light, or draped and fringed
As April vapour wills;
Thou hangest like a Cyclops' dream,
High in the shifting weather gleam."

Of these lines it has been said that they have the abiding charm of truth for anyone who has seen Edinburgh by day and by night, at its worst and at its best. Of the prose writers Stevenson must, I suppose, be put first so far as description goes. Yet there is something wanting, and something too much. On the whole, there is no one who has written more pleasantly and instructively of Edinburgh than Robert Chambers, who had a happy power of telling things worth knowing in the simplest and most memorable way. His books will never be quite superseded.

To me Edinburgh is the city not of John Knox or even Dr Chalmers. It is the city of Sir Walter Scott. It was a fine impulse that guided the citizens of Edinburgh when they built their great monument. It is so placed that the eyes of every visitor fall on it almost at once, and I never behold it without a new

thrill of joy and pride. What a life that was, full of great deeds, and great experiences, of doing and of suffering, of rapture and of dereliction! What light there was in it while the sunshine lasted! During those years the mighty and joyous spirit put forth its masterpieces as a tree puts forth its leaves without effort, without failure, without delay. This was the glorious prime, and then came the shadows thick and fast and deep. But now that we have the "Journal" in its completeness, we do not know how the race could spare it. The severe and desolate grandeur of the magnificent struggle to die with honour untarnished, makes a winter fit to stand with the summer that preceded it. There was no foolish charging of God or man on Scott's lips when calamity smote him, and we should never have known the true spirit of his strength unless we had seen it bearing up under the blows that fate rained upon it. And what a structure is that which Scott has left us. It is a great mansion with the sunlight streaming in at the windows. It is a house where every door is open, and where there is nothing on which a pure woman may not look. A great French critic compares the achievements of Balzac—the only man to be named with Scott—to a Cathedral of the middle ages. This cathedral sadly needs a guide. He should know all about that vast labyrinthine edifice La Comédie Humaine, and about the history of the architect; but must not tell all he knows.

It was surely fit that the booksellers should meet in Edinburgh, for never were booksellers and publishers and printers more closely associated with the triumph and the disaster of an author than were Constable and the Ballantynes with Sir Walter Scott. There is something not quite easily understood in the intimacy to which Scott admitted them, and the affection in which he held them. Whatever be the truth about his relations with the Ballantynes, none can doubt that they lived in his heart of hearts. Constable was a "grand chiel," as those best know who have read over and over the three priceless volumes of his memoirs. He was a man who knew books, not perhaps so famous a bookhunter as le Pere Lécureux of blessed memory, who could not only supply to longing collectors the odd volume which filled the gap in the shelves, but could also find a dishevelled and battered set of leaves which contained the pages missing from a neater copy. But of Scottish history and antiquities in particular, Constable had an unrivalled knowledge. A London publisher told me that he believed that ninety per cent. of the books published in London were printed in Edinburgh. There are still great booksellers and famous publishers and renowned authors in the city to carry forward the torch.

Letter to the Editor.

41 and 42 Square,
Kelso, 2nd Sept., 1905.

Sir,—Perhaps it may interest the writer of the Earlston articles appearing in June, July, August issues to know that R. Carter crossed the Atlantic in 1831 as one of my father's family. I was then in my tenth year, my sister six years older, and my brother three years younger. The friendship then formed lasted through Mr Carter's long life. I am the last survivor of my family, and as far as I can learn the only living person of all the passengers who crossed on April 30 in the good ship Frances. Mr Carter brought his father, mother, and family of ten out the following year, and placed them as near neighbours of ours. I was at the district school winter after winter with Walter and the younger members of the Carter family. His sister Margaret used to say the bairns were all clever enough, but Robert was the helm that guided the ship. He was a power for good in New York in the church and Sunday school. Highly gifted in prayer and a fine speaker in religious meetings, his society was everywhere courted by good people. He and his family were three times over here on a visit, and he never failed to visit me, and was a correspondent till near his death. When in America on a visit in 1868 I made my home with them in New York City. He has still two sons alive, but his brothers and sisters are all gone.—I am, &c., E. Wilson.

Fully one hundred years ago the then Provost of Peebles was despatched from that place to London as a delegate. While in London he was introduced to a meeting of the Whig Club. After the cloth was removed, among other toasts, Mr Fox gave "The Majesty of the People." The Provost, not being well up in the English accent, mistook this for "The Magistrates of Peebles," and rising to his feet made a long and pompous speech, in return for the imaginary honour done to him and his brethren, to the great diversion and amusement of the whole company.

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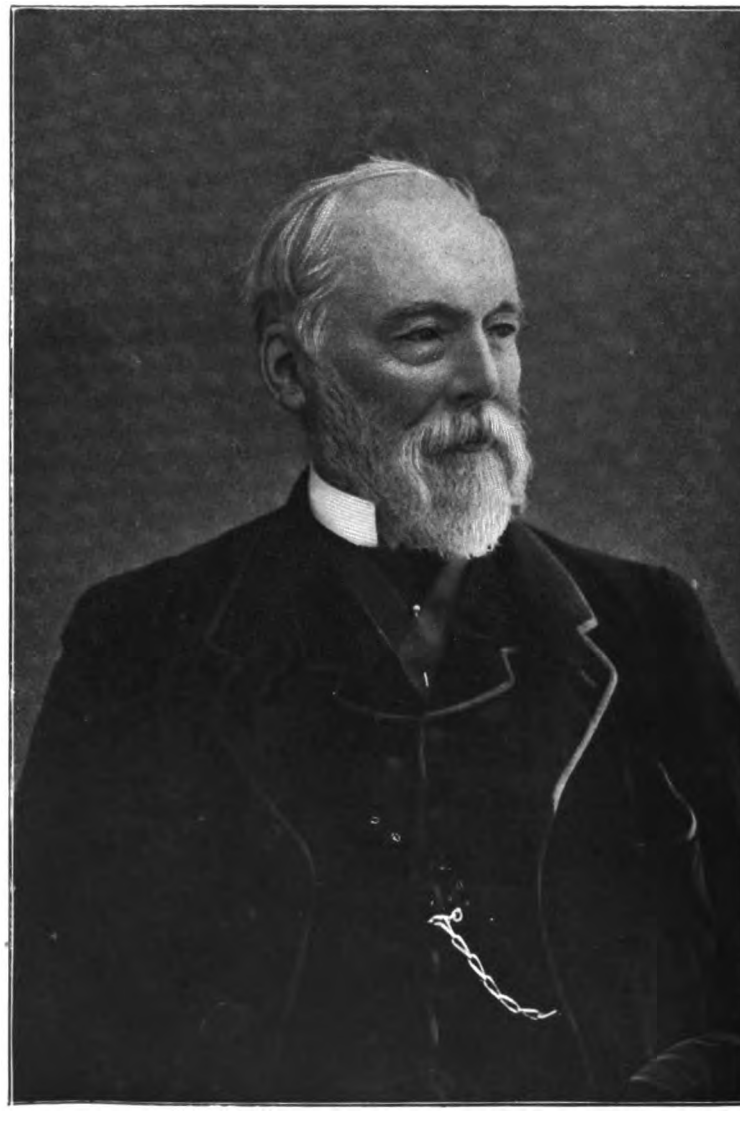

SAMUEL SMILES, LL.D.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

Edited by William Sanderson.

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SAMUEL SMILES, LL.D.,

AUTHOR OF "SELF-HELP," "LIVES OF THE ENGINEERS," &C.

THE "Autobiography" of Samuel Smiles, LL.D., recently published by Mr John Murray, and edited by Mr Thomas Mackay, is quite as well worth reading as that author's "Self-Help," "Character," "Duty," or any other of the numerous volumes he gave to the world. His own life is a living example of what he enforced throughout a career of business life and authorship, and is quite as convincing, if not more so, as the lives of any of his heroes. The old-fashioned, yet always new-fashioned, homely virtues of thrift, perseverance, tact, courtesy, and unflagging industry stand out in bold relief, and it is pleasant to trace what is best in the life and character of Samuel Smiles to the influence and example of a good mother left a widow with eleven of a family to send out into the world. How it was done well and successfully has been told as judiciously, pleasantly, and with as strong a human interest as is manifest in any of his own volumes. The dwellers in his native town of Haddington might well erect some monument to his memory. His name is on the list of eminent men who were either born or lived there; including John Knox the Reformer; Dr John Brown, editor of the Self-Interpreting Bible; Samuel Brown, the initiator of Itinerating Libraries, which fed the growing appetite of young Samuel Smiles for knowledge; Jeanie Welsh, who became the wife of Thomas Carlyle, whose dust rests in the Cathedral Church, below that pathetic and characteristic epitaph; Mr D. Croal, of the "Haddington Courier," whose son, Mr J. P. Croal, has just been appointed editor of the "Scotsman." Our Prime Minister, by the way, belongs to the shire.

There are several reasons why Samuel Smiles deserves a place in our portrait gallery. His books inculcate those qualities of mind and character and life which it has always been the aim of the BORDER MAGAZINE to keep to the front. Besides his mother was of Border extraction, and it was only his own magnanimity that prevented him settling in Galashiels as a medical practitioner, an old college chum having made the offer that if he would come thither he would go. Smiles came on a visit to Galashiels, and to the Borders more than once, to visit his relations near Earlston, but did not accept the invitation to settle in that brisk Border town. Borderers all over the world who have done well in life have been consciously and unconsciously in-

fluenced by his writings; while those who have not done quite so well, have been heartened and encouraged to bear and endure.

We have a dreamy recollection of Mr David Jerdan, of Dalkeith, reading a paper before a very early gathering of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union on Samuel Smiles and his works, in which he gave many interesting and unpublished items about the author of "Self-Help." This Mr Jerdan was born at Kenmore, by Jedburgh, July 14, 1815. He married, June 1st, 1842, Elizabeth Smiles, eldest daughter of the late Samuel Smiles, merchant, Haddington, and sister of the subject of our notice. She died at Dalkeith, 23rd January, 1871. The highly gifted Rev. Charles Jerdan of Greenock is a son of this marriage; so was the late Samuel Smiles Jerdan, author of "Essays and Lyrics," who died in 1878. Old Mr Jerdan presented us with a "family tree," in which he showed his other connections with not a few distinguished Borderers.

Samuel Smiles was born at Haddington, 23rd December, 1812. His parents were of an honourable and honest stock; his father's ancestors were Cameronians, and one of them, Samuel Drummond, saved his skull being opened by a Dragoon's sword at Rullion Green battle in 1666, by the presence of a religious book in his bonnet. His mother's ancestors were from the Borders. Robert Wilson, his mother's father, was descended from a Major of Foot, who settled near Smailholm in the reign of Queen Anne. Robert married Elizabeth Yellowlees, of Cowdenknowes, near Earlston. One of his mother's cousins, George Yellowlees, was an artist. There were brothers of his mother, the Wilsons of Dalkeith, who were clever mechanics; George invented one of the first reaping machines. Smiles' parents, we are told, were neither "hauden doon" by poverty, nor oppressed by riches. They made sacrifices for their children, in the way of education, which, Smiles says, is equivalent to a fortune, and set an example of industry. Mrs Smiles was always at her spinning-wheel in spare hours. Patrick Hardie was his first teacher at the Burgh School: he was a good teacher for elementary subjects, but otherwise he was a tyrant and a toady. When a boy irritated him he would say "I will split your skull into a thousand pieces" Sometimes he would flog a boy so hard that he sat down breathless to take a rest. Under Rector Graham in the classical school, education was imparted in a more cheerful and better way, and there Smiles made progress in Greek, Latin, and French. In 1826 Smiles was bound apprentice to Drs Lewins and Lorimer, of Haddington, for five years, and continued his education in the evening at the Parish School, where he took mathematics, French, and Latin. Dr Lewins removed to Leith, and Smiles went with him, and attended the medical classes at Edinburgh University. His father died in his third session; but his mother, although left a widow with eleven children, the youngest an infant three months old, met her troubles with a brave heart, showed pluck and common sense, and told her son, who had suggested the abandoning of his profession to be at her side, "No, no; you must go back to Edinburgh and do as your father desired; God will provide." And he did. Smiles got his diploma in 1832, five years after beginning his apprenticeship. He went to Galashiels in 1833 to visit his relations and look about for an opening. An old college friend there had said, "If you come, I will go." Smiles did not accept: he visited Abbotsford, which seemed strangely deserted in the year after Scott's death; he also went to see his relations at Cowdenknowes farm, and came home by Lauder, the scene of stirring events of which he had been a witness at an election in the previous year.

Smiles gives an account of an interesting episode in the Reform Bill agitation. Haddington was one of a group of five burghs returning a member to Parliament. They took it in turn to be the returning burgh. In 1831 it was the turn of Lauder. A detachment of Haddington reformers made up their mind to march to Lauder to return their member by hook or by crook. Smiles one fine day in May started to walk across the Lammermoors to Lauder, by Gifford and Long Yester, to see what was going on. The committee met in the second inn in Lauder, and the little room was hot and fuming with the steam of whisky toddy. The leading performers were there, and Robert Stewart, of Alderston, the candidate. Sir A. J. Dalrymple, the nominee of Lord Lauderdale had his headquarters at the Lauderdale Arms. The meeting of reformers was a sort of free and easy, with conversation and songs. Next day fell the election, when a tussle took place with the gamekeepers of Lord Maitland. A young Haddington carpenter brought down the thick end of his stick on the bald crown of a head gamekeeper, who went down like a bullock under the butcher's axe. Sir Anthony Maitland vowed vengeance on the miscreant. Some distance from the town Bailie Simpson, one of the Councillors, who was in delicate health, and did not mean to vote, was sent for by the Lauderdale party,

and was being conducted in a post chaise towards the town, when it was stopped. He was hustled out of the conveyance and put in a new chaise. The one he had just left was upset into a ditch by a Haddington flesher, and the voter was swiftly driven towards Blainslie out of the way. After the voting the result showed that Robert Stewart was elected by a majority of one. A procession marched off to Haddington, and when it neared the town it was headed by several men with blazing tar barrels on their heads. The election was petitioned against, however. Robert Stewart was unseated, and Sir A. J. Dalrymple became the sitting member.

Smiles never could be idle, so he delivered lectures on chemistry in Haddington, and practised medicine there, until he became assured that either it was too healthy a town, or there were too many doctors for him to take root. So he embraced an opportunity of leaving, and became editor of the "Leeds Times" in succession to Robert Nicoll, the poet, in 1838. The different steps in his career, which are clearly outlined in the autobiography, show great tenacity and perseverance. The germ of his most popular book, "Self-Help," grew out of a lecture which he had been asked to deliver to a Mutual Improvement Society in St Peter's Square, Leeds. He cited examples of men of worth and valour, who, in the face of the greatest difficulties, had contributed to the honour of their race, enriched its literature, and advanced the science, art, and commerce of the country. In the extract from the lecture given it is clearly seen that Smiles did not glorify success for its own sake. It is a shallow and superficial statement about him that he ever did this. He had a field of his own which he diligently cultivated, and no volumes have been more widely influential for good than those which arose from his inspiring collection and pleasant statement and arrangement of facts. The "Self Help" lecture grew every time he took it out to re-deliver it, but it was not published until the "Life of George Stephenson" had made his name known to the public. Up to this time he had tried physic, and that had failed; he tried newspaper editing, and found it could not maintain a wife and an increasing family. He had tried book-writing in a small way, as in "Physical Education," written at Haddington, and some compiling was done at Leeds, that was even more unsatisfactory as far as earning money was concerned. He became secretary of the South Eastern Railway, and utilised his Saturday afternoons and holidays, when at Newcastle, in gleaning information regarding George Stephenson. "Self-Help" had been declined by Routledge; the life of George Stephenson, the result of long and careful labour, was accepted by John Murray in 1856, and published in June, 1857, as a handsome octavo volume of over 500 pages, with a fine portrait of the railway pioneer. It proved a great success, over 60,000 copies have been sold. There was no difficulty now in getting "Self-Help" published, and up to 1905 the number printed was close upon 258,000. It has been translated into every European language; there is an edition in Japan, and it has proved immensely popular in Italy. So much so that in one of his visits to Rome and Florence he was feted; paragraphs were written about him in the newspapers. He had an interview of an hour with the Queen of Italy. Henceforward the chief events in a very happy and successful career were the publication of his different books, including "Lives of the Engineers," "Character," "Thrift," "Duty," "Life of Thomas Edward," and "Jasmin," the French poet. He was interrupted by a stroke of paralysis in 1871, and was obliged to take a long rest, with much European travel, when he studied racial varieties in Friesland, Norway, amongst the Basques, and elsewhere. His wife, Sarah Anne Holmes, daughter of a contractor in Leeds, died on 14th February, 1900: he passed away on 16th April, 1904.

We have a collection of brief biographies by Smiles, beginning with James Watt, and beautifully illustrated with steel engravings, issued by Osgood in the United States, which does not seem ever to have been published in this country.

The "Quarterly Review" many years ago appraised the life and work of Smiles very justly, as follows:—"In the volumes which from time to time he has given to the world he has succeeded as no other literary man of the day has succeeded, in laying down and illustrating those broad practical aims which may with most advantage be laid before each generation as it enters on the duties of life. The manner and the matter of his books are alike admirable; but great as their literary merit is, the services they have rendered to sound morality are still more important. While they do not professedly inculcate any religious precepts or moral systems, their whole teaching is conducive to the formation of sound principles and an upright character. They are especially adapted for the middle and lower classes, being written in a lively and attractive style, free from all preaching and prosiness, and impressive of the examples they

exhibit of hard-working men raised by their own abilities, perseverance and thrift, from obscurity to eminence. We should like to see them printed in a still cheaper form [this is now the case] and circulated broadcast by masters of factories, clergymen, and schoolmasters, as the best antidote we know to the socialistic productions issued by the infidel press. We look upon Dr Smiles as a public benefactor!" To all of this we say Amen! although there are superfine critics who do not look upon his work as literature, forgetting that in no books of our generation has the connection between literature and life, character and conduct been more closely displayed. Much of what passes as literature in these days is weak and ineffective, because it has no practical bearing on life.

In acknowledging a sketch of his career by the present writer, he sent a kindly letter, part of which we quote:—

London, 30 Jany., 1890,
8 Pembroke Gardens,
Kensington, W.

My Dear Sir,

I am greatly obliged to you for your excellent article in the "British Workman." You have read a good deal about my small labours on behalf of the people, and perhaps given me too much praise. The portrait is admirably engraved. . . . My time is nearly over. It is strange that I offered my first effort [Physical Education] to William Chambers many years ago. He told me that Dr Andrew Combe had promised to write a work similar to mine. I then took my little book to Oliver & Boyd, and they brought it out. In the meanwhile William Chambers wrote to me, and said he had been disappointed in Dr A. Combe, that he would publish his book on his own account; and would I send back the copy of the book I had shown him? But it was too late; the book was already printed by Oliver & Boyd [who, by the way, printed his last book, the "Autobiography."] He gave me, however, a very good review in "Chambers's Journal."

The book above-mentioned, "Physical Education," has just been re-printed by the Walter Scott Company, with a preface by Sir Hugh Beevor.

Mr Mackay points out that the period of his life's labours is coincident with the life of Queen Victoria, and began in 1836. Dr Smiles' achievement is that by common consent he is recognised as the "authorised and pious chronicler of the men who founded the industrial greatness of England. His works, therefore, have a historical value peculiarly their own. They are a storehouse of facts, gathered not so much from books as from intercourse with the living actors in the events which he chronicles. His was a new departure in biography. He saw that the everyday work of applied science had its romance. He grasped the fact that the million had become readers, and required to be amused as well as instructed. This, from the literary point of view, is his great merit, and entitles him to be enrolled in the honourable company of story-tellers."

Let no young man or maiden think that he or she has outgrown Smiles. All his books have still their message, and one never more needed than at the present hour!

R. COCHRANE.

"The Kyling o' the Hay."

THOMAS SMIBERT, born at Peebles, 1810; died at Edinburgh, 1854; practised as a surgeon at Innerleithen; wrote for "Chambers's Journal," of which he acted as sub-editor, and in the same capacity for the "Scotsman" newspaper; published in 1851 a volume of poems: "Io Anche! Poems, chiefly Lyrical." His best piece is "The Scottish Widow's Lament," which is characterised by great pathos and tenderness. The following lines are from "Io Anche":—

The sun is steering through the lift,
  As yellow as a gowden ba',
And wakens up the fragrant drift
  From bed of heath and birken shaw;
  But sweetest odours does he draw
Frae yonder bonnie clover lea,
  And you shall bask among them a',
Gin you will kyle the hay wi' me.

CHORUS—We'll kyle the hay, and kaim the hay,
  And mak' it tight and clean, lassie;
And aye to cheer my bonnie dear,
  We'll crack and court atween, lassie.

O fear na' lest the tongue should say
  A word the heart will ne'er forget,
For I have loved you mony a day,
  The germ o' love ower deep was set
To wither—now it is a tree;
  And you shall ne'er hae cause to fret,
Gin you will ted the hay wi' me.

We'll ted the hay, and turn the hay, &c.

The birds will lilt fu' sweet and clear,
  Till silence e'en shall hide for shame,
And sounds o' burnies murmuring near,
  In baith our hearts shall beat the flame;
  And when a bride I bear you hame
How happy then we twa shall be!
  Till death, I swear, you ne'er shall blame
The day you kyled the hay wi' me.

We'll rake the hay, and row the hay, &c.

Village of Coldingham.

COLDINGHAM is, probably, a word of Saxon origin. Colden is, literally, "cold vale," while ham is a "vill," differing only a little from our word hamlet. Chalmers gives a derivation signifying a place in the cold vale, or near the cold common, or at the meeting of the waters. With the exception of the first, the designation is fit, but the village itself is not cold, while the warmth of the prevailing building-stone, and the finely sheltered lanes and gardens, suggest a religious significance, and, indeed, in early times, it was known as Colaunham, while in 660 A.D., it appears as Coldana and Urbs Collude, i.e., the city of Coludi. The transition to Culdeeham, the house of the Culdees, is not at all unlikely as, early in the seventh century, the followers of Columba founded a mission-church, and in some maps Coluderburgh marks a point south-east of St Abb's Head.

In Church Records, the name frequently appears as Coldinghame, and Collingham and Collingaham are occasionally found. This last would seem to associate it with the Coal Burn, which forms one of the principal features of the village, and it should be noted that on Ptolemy's Map of Brittania Romana, Coalania is marked, which Chalmers has placed at the south-east extremity of Strathclyde.

The village is situated forty-six miles east-south-east of Edinburgh. It lies in a valley not more than a mile distant from the sea, commonly called the "Shore," and less than three miles from the busy little fishing-village of Eyemouth. It is rather curious that what remains of a broad carriage-way leading direct to the beach, by which in the olden time the nuns were wont to repair to sea-bathing, should be known locally as the "Shire." Both words are derived from sciran, A.S., to divide. It should be stated, however, that "Shire," as used here, is generally supposed to be a corruption of, and contraction for, chariot—chaise, for example, being pronounced as if it were shaise,—while it has also been suggested that the word may signify a boundary, and in that case it would mark off the Priory lands from the adjoining properties. It is worthy of remark, too, that the "Shire" skirts St Michael's Mount, in the vicinity of which numerous old British graves have been discovered. But, after all, it may be that when homely folk speak of the "Shire," they make reference to the chirret, which is derived from the French word, charette, a road for wains.

Two tiny streams unite one-eighth of a mile below Coldingham. They flow on either side of the village, and a line drawn across its upper end, near the public school, would cut off a triangular space, which limits its area. To the north is Rickleside Burn, which at Bogan comes from Ricklaw or Rikelaw, the steeply-rising ground above Burnhall, on whose summit stood Ha' Bank, and where now stands, near Bogangreen, the farm-steading of Godsmount or Gosemount. Below the bridge, beyond Burnhall, it unites with the Cole, and assumes the name of Skat or Stak Burn, sometimes Scatbie, Scavie, Scape, Scabie—Scoutscroft being synonymous with Skatscroft. The stream on the south side of the village is named variously the Court, Cole, Coil, or Coal Burn—the Cole Bog leading from Coldingham Law Dubs to this burn, which runs along the foot of the gardens at Paradise, a piece of ground close to the old parish school.

Near Milldown, a comparatively modern name (1806) is Cole or Cold Mill, to which reference is frequently made in early charters. In 1326, two mills at Coldingham are noted as being situated "on Spodell and Colle." On 12th July, 1647, there was a Disposition in favour of Alexander Home of Prendergaist of the mill of Coldingham, called the Coilmyln, with the multures, suckin, mill dam and other pertinents, also of that piece of land called Coilburne-braes of Coildene, together with the Links of Coldinghame and right to the common muir of Coldinghame. A weather forecast sometimes issues in these words,—"When Milldown brews, Coldingham rues."

The houses in Coldingham are conspicuous by reason of the colour of the stone, which so much resembles that of the adjoining Priory that, at once even a casual inspection reveals the fact that the latter must have been a quarry from which the former was built. The village thus, in a certain sense, rose upon the ruins of the Priory, though from the earliest times there was a large population surrounding the old religious house, rendering service to the Church, the principal, if not the only, proprietor from the end of the eleventh century.

In 1561, there were thirty-two houses in the village, but during the past three hundred years it has gradually fallen away, both in population and importance. There seems

however, to have been a considerable increase towards the beginning of last century, for whereas in 1794 it contained 727 inhabitants, about thirty years later this number rose to 850. In 1861 there were 655 people in the village. Its amenity, at the present day, has been thus described by an unknown observer, —"The town used to be kept in a very filthy condition; the streets were unswept, dunghills accumulated before the doors, and pigstyes containing pigs were everywhere. This is now all changed for the better, and the town has not only its scavengers, but it has its inspector of nuisances."

The Fishers' Brae leads from the principal area towards Burnhall Bridge. In 1760 it was known as Cadgershill, and "the yeard and houses to which it refers are holden immediately of and under Alexander, Earl of Home, in feu form fee and hostage for payment and delivery yearly of the sum of 6s 8d Scots money, at two times in the year, Whitsunday and Martinmas, by equal proportions, with two kain hens, and the like sum for each day's work."

There are several historical references which point to the fact that the village of Coldingham had a considerable trade as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century. In 1305 a weekly Wednesday market and a yearly fair —St Luke's Eve, 18th October—were established by Edward I., and as late as 1841 a fair was held twice a year. In 1371 William, Earl of Douglas, justiciary, held his court here, "on account of the superior number of its houses and inns," and the importance of Coldingham is set forth in an original charter, preserved at Durham. The village still retains the atmosphere of its early prestige, for it may yet be designated a burgh of barony, the representative of the Homes of Wedderburn being its nominal superior or overlord. A village cross, erected in 1815, in the principal thoroughfare, was the gift of the Earl of Home.

HIGH STREET, COLDINGHAM.

Two miles north-west of Coldingham is the Loch. It is 300 yards distant from the sea, and fully 250 feet above its level. Triangular in shape, it is one mile in circumference, and 30 acres in extent. On its banks, in 1836, stood the residence of Professor Blair, the scholarly author of "Scientific Aphorisms." Although there is now only one Loch, yet at a time very remote there was probably a line of Lochs, beginning in the neighbourhood of Muirburn, now Waterside, and extending down a valley towards the village of Coldingham, where they terminated in a marsh, known as Bog End, or Bogangreen.

A. T. G

Mary Tweedie.

A GOOD number of years ago, there was a farmer in the vale of Gala Water, named David Tweedie, who had a daughter whose name was Mary. This young woman, when she was about twenty-two years of age, one day took suddenly ill, and to all appearance, died. Of course, the lamentations of the family were great, but that could do no good, and therefore every preparation was made for the funeral. On the evening of the second day after the melancholy disaster, the coffin was to be brought. Among others of the neighbourhood who came to attend the ceremony of chesting, there was a William Ramsay, a farmer's son in the near neighbourhood. William was just two years older than Mary, and for two or three years before had been her professed admirer. When he entered the house on this mournful occasion, he found only a neighbour woman, along with Mary's mother. They were sitting at the fireside, for the day was very cold. When he sat down, the woman rose, and, saying she could not stop any longer, went away. Some few words having passed between William and Mary's mother, they both sunk into silence; but in a little they were startled with a noise in the bed where the corpse was lying. William went forward, and put aside a sheet that was hanging on the fore side of the bed, when, to his terror and surprise, Mary was actually sitting up. Her mother no sooner saw this than she fainted quite away. William, however, was all activity and life. He ran and fetched a pair of blankets from another bed, which he wrapped around her that she might not see herself in her dead-clothes, till they got her brought somewhat round. He then freed her face, and taking her by the hand, spoke kindly to her, and desired her to lie down.

All the while Mary seemed like one coming out of a strange dream; and, recognising William, said:—"Dear sake, William! is that you?' What has been the matter with me? I am starving of cold. I thought I was lying in some dark and ugly place, and now you are come to relieve me. I'll never forget your goodness." In a short time her father coming in, William ran to him, and in whispers told him what had happened, requesting him to make no noise. The old man had so far the command of himself that he said nothing at the time; he only took off his bonnet, and, raising his eyes to heaven, passed a minute or two in ejaculations of prayer or thanksgiving. The mother, by this time, was come a little to herself, and her they also got to keep quiet. William next proposed that blankets should be warmed to lay upon the revived invalid, and that bottles of warm water should be applied to her feet. All this was accordingly done as soon as possible. Mary had a sister two years older than herself, and she went into bed beside her, trying to bring her to some heat. Warm cordials were made ready and given little by little at a time, and in about two hours she was quite warm and almost well again. They unfortunately could not get the grave clothes stripped off till they were obliged to tell her everything, which affected her greatly, but yet not so much as they thought it would have done. "How near," she said, "I have been to the grave! Let me never forget God's goodness in bringing me, not only from the jaws of death, but, I may say, from death itself." When bedtime came, the family were thinking who would sit up with her all night. William Ramsay, who was still there, proposed that he should sit for one; and he told his mother, who was there also, not to expect him home that night.

I need hardly tell you that the word soon went over all the neighbourhood that Mary Tweedie was come to life again, and people from all quarters came pouring in till a late hour to see her It was, however, thought best not to harass her at the time, nor speak much to her. Some looked at her from a little distance, as she was lying on the bed, and some contented themselves with talking a little to her father and mother. In a few days she was quite well again, and from that time forward William Ramsay paid more attention to her than ever; and in about two years afterwards they were married, and lived many years happily together. She bore a family of five children, and made a most excellent wife and mother. But she was always sober and sedate; she scarcely ever laughed, was never angry; but amidst all the vicissitudes of life she lived piously and peacefully, and died at last at a very advanced age.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand!
"Lay of the Last Minstrel."

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1905.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE experience considerable pleasure in being able to congratulate ourselves on the completion of our tenth yearly volume, and we take this opportunity of thanking our readers and contributors for their valuable assistance in carrying on the work. Many have stood faithfully by the BORDER MAGAZINE since the issue of the first number, and we trust that their example may be followed by an ever increasing number until our Magazine has attained to a much larger circulation. As no previous BORDER MAGAZINE has existed more than two years, the age attained by the present publication speaks well for its vitality.

The Border Keep.

The recent centenary commemoration of the death of Lord Nelson recalls the interesting fact that, when he was about five years old, he had a similar experience to Sir Walter Scott when he was also about the same tender age. It will be remembered that the little lame Walter Scott strayed away and was discovered on a grassy knowe, watching a thunderstorm and exclaiming, "Bonnie, bonnie!" while he clapped his hands in delight at the vivid flashes of lightning. Nelson when a child often went considerable distances from his home, and often frightened his kindly old grandmother by his long absences. On one occasion her alarm was intensified by the coming on of a severe thunderstorm, and servants were sent to look for the child. They found him in an old hut on a distant hillside, where he was delightedly watching the war of the elements. On his return the old lady scolded her grandchild a little for staying away so long, and said, "But I wonder, child, that fear did not drive you home." "Fear!" replied the brave little fellow, "I never saw fear! I do not know what it is." All his future career proved the truth of his juvenile assertion.

* * *

While touching on the subject of Nelson, I may mention that in 1870, I think, when on board one of the old penny steamers on the Thames, I heard the well-known song, "The

Death of Nelson," sung in shaky accents by an old man who took part in the battle of Trafalgar.

* * *

The following interesting item appeared in the "Eskdale and Liddesdale Advertiser":—

It will be of interest to the people of this town and district to learn that there is an interesting local link with the famous Admiral whose centenary we have just celebrated. Dr William Beattie, the surgeon on board the Victory at the battle of Trafalgar, was a native of the Border district, and attended the dying hero in his last hours. When Nelson fell on the deck Hardy ran up to him. Nelson exclaimed, "They have done for me at last." Hardy said he hoped not, but Nelson said, "My back is shot through. Beattie will tell you so." He alluded to and even spoke to Dr Beattie several times, and just before he died he presented a ring to the surgeon, and the two words "Trafalgar" and "Victory" were engraved upon it. It was that same Beattie who wrote that authentic narrative of Nelson's dying hour, "Beattie's Death of Nelson." The ring subsequently came into the hands of the worthy doctor's sister Alice, late of Howgillcleugh, who died in John Street here some nineteen years ago. Before she died she gave it to the late Dr Carlyle for his kindness to her. At the doctor's decease the ring came into the possession of the late Mr Alexander Scott of Erkinholme, and it is now, we understand, worn by Mr Thomas Scott of Gowanbank. The late deceased Miss Mary Ann Beattie, of 7 Eskdaill Street, who died recently, was legally a niece of Dr Beattie (afterwards Sir William Beattie, M.D.) Mr and the Misses Gaskell, Murtholm, are also lineal descendants of this eminent physician.

* * *

In an article in the "Life and Work" magazine, written by the minister of Tweedsmuir, Rev. W. S. Crockett, it is claimed that Rev. Alexander Shields, the chief of four ministers attached to the Darien Expedition (1699), was the first foreign missionary of the Church of Scotland, as part of his duty was to preach to the heathen of the Darien isthmus, better known as Panama. This Alexander Shields was born in 1661, at Haughhead, in the parish of Earlston, where his father was a miller. The name of Shields or Shiels, Mr Crockett says, was once very common in the west of Berwickshire, but has recently almost disappeared. He mentions a William Shields, who was minister of Earlston from 1813 to 1824. Within the memory of living Earlstonians, Haughhead was tenanted by James and Alexander Shields, but whether of the same family as the Darien missionary is not known. They at any rate bore the same Christian names and surnames as the minister and his father. Only this summer the eldest son of the late Alexander Shields paid a visit to this, his native place, being now resident in the United States of America, where he carries on a prosperous mercantile business. The first missionary, broken in spirit, and grievously disappointed in his hopes by the disastrous failure of the expedition, remained only about six months on the isthmus. On his way home he died in Jamaica the year following the expedition.

* * *

Of the Venerable Bede, whose day is May 27, it is related that one day, when he was old and blind, the desire to preach came upon him. An attendant led him to a spot where he faced a heap of stones, and Bede, believing that a human audience was before him, delivered an eloquent sermon. At the end, it is gravely recorded, the stones cried out "Amen!"

* * *

A popular reviewer and journalist writes:—

If the most interesting spot on English ground is the birthplace of Shakespeare, Abbotsford is surely, to all lovers of literature, the most attractive spot in Scotland. The house is not exactly noble as a building, neither is the situation one of surpassing beauty. Moreover, such beauty as it does possess is not fully visible to the tourist, who enters the mansion by a back door, is ushered through the show-rooms, and then departs without gaining what is most desired—a general impression of the place.

An American poetess expressed a common feeling when she wrote:

"I'd stand where sceptred kings have stood,
Or kneel where slaves have knelt,
Till, rapt in magic solitude,
I feel what they have felt."

You cannot do that during a guide-directed inspection of Abbotsford.

Speaking of records, is the first edition "Waverley" going down in value? In 1902 the record of £162 was established by the Joly copy, which had the original paper labels on the back—an important point. About a month ago another example made £150; and now a third has sold for £131. Thus there is a steady fall in price. "Waverley" was issued in three volumes, in 1814, at 31s 6d. They bound their novels in boards at that time; nowadays they put expensive cloth on them. It seems a needless piece of extravagance to use a binding which will last for fifty years on books which will be dead in five months; and I am not surprised to learn that there is a feeling in the trade in favour of a much cheaper binding.

* * *

This reminds me that the present number completes the tenth volume of the BORDER MAGAZINE, and the matter it contains is of such an interesting character to all who love the Borderland that the monthly parts are well worth binding in a substantial manner.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

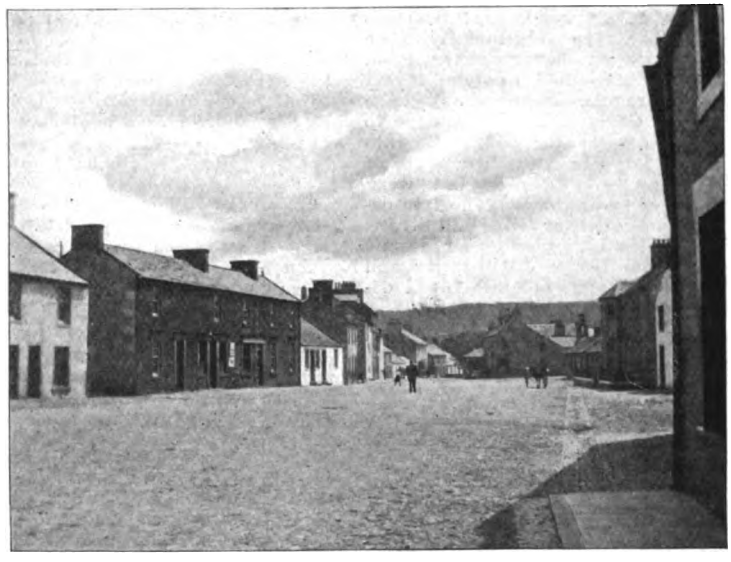
A South Country Fair.

AN ANNANDALE LADDIE'S REMINISCENCES.

Frae neeber toons the lads convene
That hae a bit to gang,
Some wi' a lass, an' some wi' nane,
Guffa an' lood an' thrang;
The roads fill up at ilka turn,
Frae ilka toon they're poorin',
Some rinnin' doon beside the burn,
Some thro' the broom are scoorin'
In haste that day.

FOR many generations Annan Hiring Fair was the most important institution of its kind in the South. It was the festival, as well as market, for many parishes. Young and old thought of maids tricked in their Sunday braws; shepherds frae the hills wi' broad blue bonnets, ploughmen frae the dales wi' clay sticking to their shoon were there. Farmers out of number, done up in ancient style, came jolting in their homely gigs with their guid wives by their side. Then there were the all sorts and conditions, rich and poor, halt and blind, Bohemian and vagabond, without which no fair was complete.

Here's crafter bodies ploddin' doon
To sell a stirk or coo,
Some orra folk to see the fun
An' how the markets do;
There's some wi' cairts an' some wi' packs
To haud a tent or stan',
An' drawn by twa three jabbit backs
A travellin' caravan
To show this day.



MARKET SQUARE ECCLEFECHAN.

it with zest, and for servants it was a red letter day. Farmers met with servants, lads with lasses, old friendships were renewed and new ones made at Annan Hiring. The animal spirits, pent up for months, got free vent in frolic and fun and uproarious mirth.

Early morning saw the various roads to the town thronged with a striking variety of people, and a strange conglomeration of vehicles. Men, women, and youngsters flocked from a' the airts, and great distances. Any number of hardy country chaps wi' plaids, and rustic

From nine o'clock till dewy eve the scene in the High Street was lively in the extreme. It was thronged from end to end with as motley a crowd as any observer of human nature could wish to see. The demeanour of many showed that business was their first consideration. Family groups there were not a few. Farmers moved about inspecting those who took their fancy. The whole was suggestive of the slave market, only the collars and fetters were awanting. Those to hire were measured and examined by the keen eye of farmers as if they were

deciding upon the points of prize cattle at a show. Coming on a likely lot, a farmer would ask, "Ista hired?" "Where was thou last?" or "What wages dista ask?" On all hands such queries were heard, and bargain-making between master and servant went forward.

Some speirin' hoo a chap can dreel,
Some praise their horse an' geir,
An' some are bantrin' wi' a chield
Declarin' he's ower dear
To fee this day.

The saddest feature of the fair was that of child labour. Farm hands earning barely a living wage could not afford to keep their children. At the earliest possible moment they were exposed in the open market, and for a few shillings handed over to the tender mercies of strangers. They might be well treated, but the chances were that they would be drudges and little better than white slaves. The writer can never forget his first experiences when a lad of ten. The uncertainty of it all was extremely trying. But, belonging to the "peerage of poverty," there was no choice, and the issue of the lottery had to be borne for six months at least. For girls it was even worse. The amount of nervousness evinced by pretty maids when being scanned, often by heavy-jawed, evil-countenanced employers, was sometimes painful indeed.

Old hands were able to select their masters, having learned the characters of many of the farmers beforehand. Here a humorous side of the fair was shown. The dry humour of the farming class, seldom met amongst others, came to the front. What could be more comical than the picture of a big, portly farmer haggling with a short rolly-polly wife over the price to be paid for the services of a boy of Liliputian size. "He's sma'," says the farmer, but the mother retorts, "Ey, but he's a gem yin." "Aw ken thy character, an' aw wadna come to thie," "Thous owre hard a maister," "Aw wadna hire wi' thie for love nor money," are a sample of what was sometimes thrown in the teeth of employers, whose feeding and treatment was known over the country side. The following used to be told at the expense of a greedy, driving, ill-tempered farmer, who, on learning the name of a ploughman's last master, went off to get his character. Returning, he said, "Aw've seen 'er maister an' heve got 'er character, sae aw'll jist take 'e." "An' aw've jist heard your character," replied the ploughman, "an' it's sae bad ye'll no get me." The farmer collapsed amid the laughter and chaff of his fellow farmers.

ECCLEFECHAN

By mid-day much of the hiring was over, the old custom of giving "airles" having played an important part in the proceedings. The destiny of hundreds was once more fixed. "Ista hir'd?" and "Where'sta gaun?" were then the prevailing inquiries. Business over, the holiday-makers gave themselves up to enjoyment.

Then commenced the real fun of the fair. Like children in many ways they became an easy prey to the Jacks of all tricks, who were forward in considerable numbers. On all hands were caterers for all customers, and stuffs from all countries. Stands laden with all kinds of ware lined the street.

There's stan's wi' beuks, an' caups, an' sheen,
An' pocket-knives, an' toys,
An' stucco mannies, red an' green,
To tempt the little boys
To buy this day.

Merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries, and shows filled with all manner of beasts and men—dwarfs, double-bodied calves, pig-faced women—occupied the large square. Then there were quack doctors, Merry Andrews, jugglers, minstrels, pea and thimble men, prick the garters, and a host of others, all trading on the gullibility of the frequenters of the fair. Above the din of squeaking toys the nasal tones and gut scraping of Jemmy Dyer was usually heard. No fair on either side of the Border was considered complete without this Cumberland worthy. His droll songs, invariably hitting off some local event, and singular physog., never failed to attract. Near Jemmy, and trying to outrival him, an Irish comic might be seen, swinging his shillalah to the tune of "Whack-fal-de-ral," whilst a bit off a man of the sea, and several fragmentary relics of the mine, sung doleful songs near by, and in the midst of a gaping crowd a black man swallowed swords and dined on fire. Amidst all this pigs were being sold from carts, wheel of fortune men were making a pile from "this 'ere game of skill for a penny a 'ead," onslaughts were made on "Aunt Sally," and at "four shots a penny" were doing a brisk trade.

There were a number of regular frequenters of this popular fair who were credited with making fortunes out of it. One, a clever cheap Jack decked out for the occasion, possessed an illimitable supply of tongue, and created the impression that he was most charitably disposed towards attendants of the fair. Another, generally perched on a soap box, liberated a superabundance of confused oratory by way of collecting a crowd to intimate to them his burning desire to give away purses filled with gold for a mere acknowledgement. Strange to say, his glib talk went down, and his purses "went like wild-fire." What sheepish looks many purchasers had whilst they peeped into their bargain, and heard the generous one shout "sold" and "sold again." But the quack was the cleverest of all the rogues. In the most flowing of cockney language he dilated on the extraordinary properties of some long-named herb, the qualities of a corn specific, that had been tried with the utmost success on "All the crowned 'eads hof Urope," or the powers of a magic lotion that could cure pains and aches and overcome the many diseases to which flesh was heir. The recruiting sergeant was also a constant attender. He plied his calling all day long. When the hiring happened to be poor he made the most of the opportunity. A glass or two, and some tall talk, operated wonderfully in the way of inducing young fellows to take the shilling.

The custom, as old as the fair, for one friend to treat another to a "fairing," was freely observed. Every Jocky having his Jenny treated her to a gingerbread man or some such trifle, in his most handsome style. It was "Come awa', Jenny, an' get 'er fairin," and, having done so much, what could Jock do but give Jenny a ride on the hobby horses. A number of ploughmen and their sweethearts mounted on wooden steeds, and wheeled round to the tune of "Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," was one of the amusing sights of the fair.

Noo through amo' the sweetie stan's
The ploomen pooer in batches,
Some buyin' whips an' spangie wan's,
An' some are coupin' watches;
Here's Jock, he's haulin' Meg awa'
To treat her to some fairin',
An' Geordie haudin' in wi' twa,
An' love to baith declarin'
Sae lood this day.

As night came over the town the scene changed. John Barleycorn began to take effect, and the fun became fast and sometimes furious. Rows and fights and encounters with the "bobbies" became frequent. Whilst the inns and ballrooms filled, hundreds, douce and sedate, quitted the town and plodded their way homeward along the dark country roads, another year to toil.

The streets of the town during night became thronged with town's folk, many of whom poked fun at the country yokels, and tried to steal away their Jennies, with the result that stand-up fights were not infrequent, and blood occasionally flowed freely. What with the glare of oil lamps, cracking of shooting gallery rifles, blatant clamour of showmen and their competitors, and the hum of the moving crowds, the evening scene at Annan Hiring Fair as we knew it was indeed animated and memorable.

"Syne hameward men an' maisters hie,
Wi' cairts an' gigs careerin',
An' chiels an' dears wi' mirth elate,
Their hameward coorse are steerin'
In droves that nicht."

It may be added that it is on record that this noted hiring was once in its history wholly changed in character. This happened during the Revival of '61, when the South country was moved with deep religious feelings. The crowds which had come thither, and these were exceptionally large, after hiring and transacting business, hurried in thousands to hear the Gospel preached, and the public-houses, ball-rooms, shows, and streets were practically deserted. "Preachings" were held in a neighbouring field during the day and in the churches at night. Never, says one who was present, had such a hiring fair day been seen, nor is it likely the same will ever be seen again.

G. M. R.

Tramps of the Borderland.

PROFESSOR VEITCH.

JOHN Veitch was born at Peebles on the 29th of October, 1829, and was laid to rest in Peebles Kirkyard on 6th September, 1894. All his life he was interested in Border song and story, and his keenest enjoyment was a tramp among the hills that lie between Peebles and Flodden. I can remember seeing him often on the tramp in Upper Annandale, his eyes set on that strange Corrie of Annan, the hill beyond which is the birth-place of three great rivers, Annan, Tweed, and Clyde. Afterwards, when I read his book, "History and Poetry of the Scottish Border," I knew what he saw beyond Ericstane, for it was there the Christian Kentigern preached the good news of the Cross to the High Priest of Nature, the strange Merlin. The grave of Merlin is there, and over that Ericstane has gone every great warrior in Scottish history. The "Vicar of Deepdale" said of Veitch:—"No man was ever more deeply imbued with the spirit of the life and legend, and natural beauties, of that storied and romantic region lying between the Moffat hills and Flodden field; and containing hundreds of hills and 'hopes,' streams and vales, renowned in Border song."

Even in early youth the Border hills held a powerful hold on the poetic youth, and he says himself in his introduction to "The Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry":—

"To me it has often seemed surprising that the mists on the glen and on the hills, with their breaks, their wreaths, and their cleaving glints of sunshine through them, should not always have been to the onlooker a source of wonder and delight. Since I was a boy—now, alas, a long while ago—with fishing-rod in hand, I do not remember when I did not take unalloyed delight in the wimplings of the burn, in the sheen of the brackens in the grey rock, in the purple of the heather, and the solitude of the moorlands. Once I remember when the gloaming was coming on in the Posso Burn—fifty-four years ago—I whipped up my line round my small fishing-rod, hitched my basket on my back, and, though it was eight o'clock and an August evening, would not be comforted until, striking westwards and upwards away from home—the setting sun perhaps stirring and goading me on—I climbed the height, "speeled" it—wandered down Kirkhope with a curious pathetic heart; for the grey sky overshadowed me, and there was an falling mist on the confronting mass of Dollar Law; and about midnight I got home, some nine miles away, through the darkness and the calm that had settled like a dream in the valley of the Manor. But I did not find then, and I do not find greatly now, that many people share this feeling. Why, I thought to myself, why not love the bracken, the bent, and the heather? These were then the dear things to me,—the dearest then, as they are the dearest now."

There is the genuine tramp! It is born in the Borderer. The spirit of the hills enters into him as a child, and to him ever after, a tramp over these Border hills, or through mosses, or by burn sides, is one of the dearest things on earth.

This nature-worship—or whatever one may call it—laid the foundation of the inspiration of Veitch's writings. Perhaps there may be people who think of him as a great teacher of philosophy, and say his philosophical writings are his greatest works. I cannot tell how far this is true, for philosophy is to me, I am afraid, something unknown. But this I know, that there is true inspiration in his two books, "The Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry" and "History and Poetry of the Scottish Border." I little thought when I, as a young girl, passed so often on lonely roads the gentle-faced Professor, whom I looked on as a learned philosopher, that his writings were to open up to me a world of beauty and romance in these everyday surroundings. I only looked on him as "the Professor" who had a strange fancy for a peculiar blue and white neck-tie, disdaining fashion, and who seemed always on the tramp. Afterwards I was to find him a "High Priest of Nature," who taught me to see new beauties in the red soil and red rocks of Border burns, who peopled the glens with riders and raiders of bygone days; who threw light on ballads and traditions, and old stories that were told in these days round the peat fire, and styled by the upper crust of society in the Borderland "blethers." And I do not stand alone in my admiration of Professor Veitch, for there is no Borderer who can read without emotion the writings of Veitch, when he gives us the fruits of his researches as a tramp in Tweedside, Ettrick, and Yarrow.

AGNES MARCHBANK.

Robert Ford.

1846—1905.

Strike saft, ye Bards, the Doric lyre,
A mournfu' strain its strings befits,
For dule rides on the frosty wind,
A shadow by oor ingle sits—
A shadow sombre, dark, an' dread,
Whase cauld, chill look nips a' oor mirth
Like some snell blast that autumn's flo'ers
Upshrivels in the hour o' birth.

Ae harp that aince rang true an' clear,
Its strings noo broken, hapless lies;
Ae reed whase soond a soul revealed
Noo tuneless marks how vain oor sighs.
We mourn sincere—we miss fu' sair
The Bard wha owned that harp sae sweet,
Wha breathed his soul into that reed—
Alas! nae mair on earth we'll meet.

Fate stronger than oor love hath borne
Far frae oor ken the spirit brave
That in its routh o' freendship's wealth
A largess rich to a' oot gave.
The kindly wit, the pawky smile,
The couthie word, the gen'rous deed—
What were they but the fruitage fair
That sprang frae love's deep-rooted seed?

A Scot o' Scots! nane worthier won
Auld Scotia's mither-love an' pride;
Nane harder wrocht wi' hairt an' pen
To spread her lore baith far an' wide.
Dear to his soul her hills an' bens,
Wild haunted glens an' valleys fair,
Her host o' Bards an' heroes strong
That crowned her wi' a glory rare.

But noo for aye the buik is closed,
The story tauld, the last sang sung;
An' mists o' wae shrood ilka hairt,
Ilk hairt that lo'es the Doric tongue.
In lands afar, 'mang Scotsmen leal,
The sigh will rise, the sorrow spread,
An' winds the words breathed low will hear—
"Alas! alas! dear Ford is dead."

JAMES WALSH.

The lamented death of Robert Ford has robbed Scotland of one of her most patriotic sons, and one whose name is loved and honoured by loyal Scots the "wide warl' owre," who still cherish a love for the lore and literature of their native land. Although not a Borderer by birth, he loved the Borderland and spent many pleasant holidays there. His many books on Scottish subjects are thus referred to by an evening paper:—"In addition to an onerous business occupation, Mr Ford was the author and editor of some thirty volumes, which have given pleasure to countless thousands of the people of Scotland, and his contributions to the popular press were famous for a humour that was always wholesome as well as amusing. His latest work, "The Heroines of Burns," which is in the press and will be issued shortly, is likely to have a peculiar and special interest for lovers of Burns."

The Late Dr James Jamieson, F.R.C.S., Edinburgh.

CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL OF THE EDINBURGH BORDER COUNTIES' ASSOCIATION.

IN the "Border Magazine" for last January we published an appreciation of Dr Jamieson from the pen of Mr Duncan Fraser; and now it is only fitting that we should record the deep sense of loss felt by the community at his death.

During last summer Dr Jamieson felt much run down, yet, when the members of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, resolved to commemorate the Fourth Centenary of their Faculty, he carried through the important share in the arrangements assigned to him, with all his wonted earnestness and enthusiasm. His zeal even led him to compile a splendid series of historical notes regarding St Giles' Church, which were much appreciated by all who attended the commemorative service held in that venerable building on the 20th of July last.

All this, unfortunately, over-taxed Dr Jamieson's strength, and when the annual excursion of the Edinburgh Border Counties' Association took place on the following week he was unable to be present. Since then he rallied from time to time, but eventually, on the morning of the 3rd of November, he passed away in his sixty-fifth year. To a fine presence and a courtly manner the doctor added rare tact and insight, which made him popular alike with rich and poor. What he did for Border interests may never be fully known, but to many of us the lack of his inspiring example will be felt for years to come.

One of the finest tributes to the doctor's worth was shown in the large and representative gatherings present at his funeral on that rare November afternoon.

Professors, Ministers, Doctors, Lawyers, Merchants, and Tradesmen were there; but perhaps most touching and significant of all, was the presence in the streets and at the Grange cemetery, of large numbers of women and children.

One felt that only the death of a notable man could have stirred the community thus.

It is to be hoped that the flag so bravely borne by Dr Jamieson will be taken up and carried aloft by our youthful Borderers, for truly the veterans in the field are falling thick and fast.

We need never fear onything else when we are doing a gude turn.—"Old Mortality."

The Mungo Park Centenary.

IN our October number we dealt with the above subject by quoting at some length from a prominent Border newspaper, and this month we continue the interesting topic with a few extracts from another Border paper:—

"The name of Mungo Park is one of many which have helped to make the Borderland famous. He was one of four residents in Selkirkshire in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth, whose names are writ large in the annals of the Borders, and who in their respective spheres have crowned the Borderland with honour all the world over. The other three were Sir Walter Scott, James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," and Professor George Lawson. What a brilliant quartette for one small county to possess at one time! Scott and Park were warm friends, as were also Lawson and Park. In the latter case it could not be otherwise, for Park's parents were members of Mr Lawson's church, and Mungo was the second child baptised by the Professor (then a young man of twenty-two) after his settlement in Selkirk. The two were often to be seen together when Park grew up to manhood, and after his arrival home after his first journey to Africa he was a welcome visitant to the Burgher Manse of Selkirk. Scott became acquainted with Park in 1804, and the acquaintanceship soon ripened into the warmest friendship, one strong bond between them being their common love for the old and romantic minstrelsies of the district in which they lived. It was to Scott that Park avowed his deliberate preference for a life of wandering in Africa to the occupation of a county medical practitioner.

While, as has been stated, Park belongs to the whole Borderland, Selkirk and Selkirkshire naturally claim the largest share of the honour his name and his fame brings. It is therefore peculiarly fitting that Selkirk should initiate the movement for the celebration of the centenary of the great traveller's death, as was done on Saturday at a public meeting jointly called by the Convener of the County and the Provost of Selkirk. Space will not permit us to give at present any detailed account of Park's life; a few notes must suffice. Park was born at Foulshiels, four miles from Selkirk, in 1771. He received his early education at home from a tutor, and afterwards attended Selkirk Grammar School. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to Dr Thomas Anderson, surgeon in Selkirk, and on finishing his medical course in Edinburgh he obtained the post of assistant surgeon on an East Indiaman bound for Sumatra. On his return from this voyage, in 1793, he offered his services to a society which had been formed for the purpose of promoting discoveries in Africa, the interior of which at that time was almost entirely unknown. His offer was accepted, and in May, 1795, in his twenty-fourth year, he sailed for the coast of Senegal. After two and a half years of eventful travel, of which one year and a half had been passed in the interior of Africa, he returned to this country. The record of his travels, adventures, and discoveries, written by himself after his return home, gained for him the greatest fame, and added his name to the list of the world's famous explorers. In 1801 Park commenced medical practice in Peebles, having previously been married to Miss Alice Anderson, the eldest daughter of his former master. But the fascination of Africa had laid hold upon him, and in the beginning of 1805 he again sailed for the Dark Continent—much darker then than now. In this journey, from which he was destined never to return, he was accompanied by other two men of the Forest—his brother-in-law, Dr Alexander Anderson of Selkirk, and Mr George Scott, son of the tenant of Singlie, in Ettrick. Both these gentlemen shared Park's fate, and it was fitting that special mention should have been made of them at the centenary meeting on Saturday. The exact date of Park's death is unknown; it is, however, certain that he lost his life while endeavouring to force his way through a narrow passage on the Niger at Boussa, and where he was hemmed in by blood-thirsty natives. Anderson and Scott had both perished before this, the former on 28th October, 1805.

A monument was erected to the great traveller's memory in Selkirk some forty years ago. It is situated near the east end of High Street, almost opposite the house which belonged to Dr Anderson, where Park served his apprenticeship as a surgeon, and also quite close to the house where his friend Professor Lawson resided and taught the students of his church. The great African traveller is represented with a scroll in his hand bearing his last words—"Die on the Niger." The monument was never properly finished, some panels on the pedestal being awanting. A tablet has also been inserted in the wall of the old house (now in ruins) at Foulshiels where he was born, this having been done by his nephew, the late Dr Henry Anderson of Selkirk.

"OOR MUNGO."

In the course of a recent lecture on "Yarrow" at Hawick, the Rev. R. Borland referred to the Park centenary, and told an interesting anecdote of the traveller's brother. When Park returned from his first journey to Africa his brother saw him descending from the coach when it arrived in Selkirk. The brother was of a very uncommunicative nature, and he neither approached Mungo nor told his mother when he got home. About midnight Mrs Park heard a tap at the door, and requested her son to see who it might be. 'I think it'll be oor Mungo,' said he; 'I saw him come off the coach the day!'

It may not be generally known that Galashiels possesses a monument to Mungo Park. This is in the form of a monumental tombstone in the Old Churchyard, where his father and mother, and apparently his grandfather and grandmother and other relatives are buried. The inscription is as follows:—'Sacred to the memory of Mungo Park, the celebrated African traveller, who perished in the interior of Africa in 1805, aged 35, also to Alice Anderson, his wife, who died at Edinr. in 1840, aged 59. Also their eldest son Mungo, assist. surgeon E.I.C.S., who died at Trichinopoly, Madnas, in 1823, aged 23, and Thomas, their second son, of the R.N., who died in Africa, 1827, aged 24.'

The inscription relating to Park's father and mother is on another side of the stone. It is as follows:—'Here lie the remains of Archibald Park, tenant in Fowlshiels, who died 18th Nov.,

1768, aged 86, and Jean Jerdon, his wife, died 4th June, 1751, aged 73. Also Mungo Park, tenant in Fowlshiels, who died 22nd May, 1793, aged 79, and Elspeth Hislop, his wife, mother of the African traveller, died at Fowlshiels, 28th March, 1817, aged 74. Also their youngest son, Thomas, died 11th August, 1784, aged 4.' On another side of the monument is the following:—'And of Walter Park, who died 14th Jan., 1748, aged 27 years; John Park, tenant in Williamhope, died 23rd September, 1771, aged 62.' It would be interesting to learn what connection the Parks had with Galashiels seeing that so many of them were buried in the churchyard there."

The Ghost of Abbotsford.

THERE recently appeared in the "Glasgow Herald," the following most interesting item from the pen of a correspondent:—"There died on Saturday, 11th November, 1905, in Edinburgh, Jane Dawson Robertson, aged eighty-three, the widow of the Rev. John Carmichael, M.A., and last surviving member of the family of Alexander Robertson, of Drygrange and Leaderfoot, Roxburghshire. It was no common pleasure to have a talk with Mrs Carmichael about old times on the Tweedside, where she was born, or of the Highlands, where her married life was spent. She also readily related her experiences of Abbotsford when Scott was alive, where she spent some weeks in girlhood. Her paternal grandfather, the Rev. Robert Robertson, minister of Ednam, near Kelso, at the beginning of last century had the earliest Sabbath school in the district. There was some question as to the text-book for use in the Sunday school; on a certain book of the Bible being mentioned, one mother said, "My son doesn't need that book; he's now reading in the dictionary." Miss Robertson was trained as a governess, and in her youth resided at Melrose. On an elder sister who exercised the same profession coming home in ill-health, Miss Anne Scott invited her to Abbotsford, where she remained three weeks. The little fair-haired girl of seven raced about the house and grounds at will, and her first recollection of Sir Walter was seeing him seated at a corner of one of the walks, in a meditative mood, with staff, and wide-awake hat. Her recollection of him was that his features were heavy, but fresh coloured, and he had a good brow. This was in 1829. Johnny Lockhart was there also with his little sister. Miss Anne Scott gave her sweets, and showed her the rose-leaves in the jar in the drawing-room. Once in coming downstairs she lost her way, and opened the dining-room door, just sufficiently wide to see Sir Walter and his guests talking in solemn conclave round the table. It appears, from what the little girl heard afterwards on a guest leaving, that the party were in the middle of a discussion as to the possibility of the appearance of disembodied spirits, when the door opened as if by an unseen hand, which gave them all rather a creepy feeling. From this incident she was called the "ghost of Abbotsford." At one gathering she distinctly remembered a juggler and ventriloquist being present, who whistled like a bird, and took a pea out of Sir Walter's eye. Everybody seemed very happy, although a cloud had rested on Sir Walter and his fortunes since 1826, three years before this time, and when the little girl had to leave it seemed as if heaven was to close. Miss Scott and her maid kissed her, and Sir Walter, seeing the shadow on her face, patted the little maiden on the head, asked her how she liked to stay at Abbotsford, took out his purse, and handed her a shilling. A tartan plaid worn by Lady Scott at one of the levees in Edinburgh on the occasion of the visit of George IV. in 1822 was presented to her mother, but was afterwards cut up to make a "blanket" shawl. All the anecdotes and reminiscences of this old lady bear out the kindness and goodness of heart of the Scotts of Abbotsford towards her mother and household. Mrs Carmichael was a member of Dr Paul's church, Grange, Edinburgh."

THRASHING-MILLS IN ROXBURGHSHIRE.—In the end of the year 1795 there were only ten thrashing-machines in the county. . . . This county can boast, not indeed of inventing fans, but of being the first in Scotland where they were made and used. It is pretty generally agreed that one Rodger, a farmer on the estate of Cavers, near Hawick, about the year 1733—or at least before 1737—either saw a model or a description of one which had been brought from Holland, and that from it, being a mechanical man, he first made and afterwards improved those which came to be used in all the neighbouring counties, and which have since received further improvements from his descendants, who sell about sixty of them every year at £3 or three guineas each. One report states that he acidentally saw one lying as useless in a granary at Leith. Another report states that he got the model or description from Mr Douglas of Cavers, who had been in Holland.—Dr Douglas of Galashiels (1798).

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SUPPLEMENT TO "BORDER MAGAZINE."

Our Border Land.

Words by JAMES THOMSON.

Music by ANDREW THOMSON.

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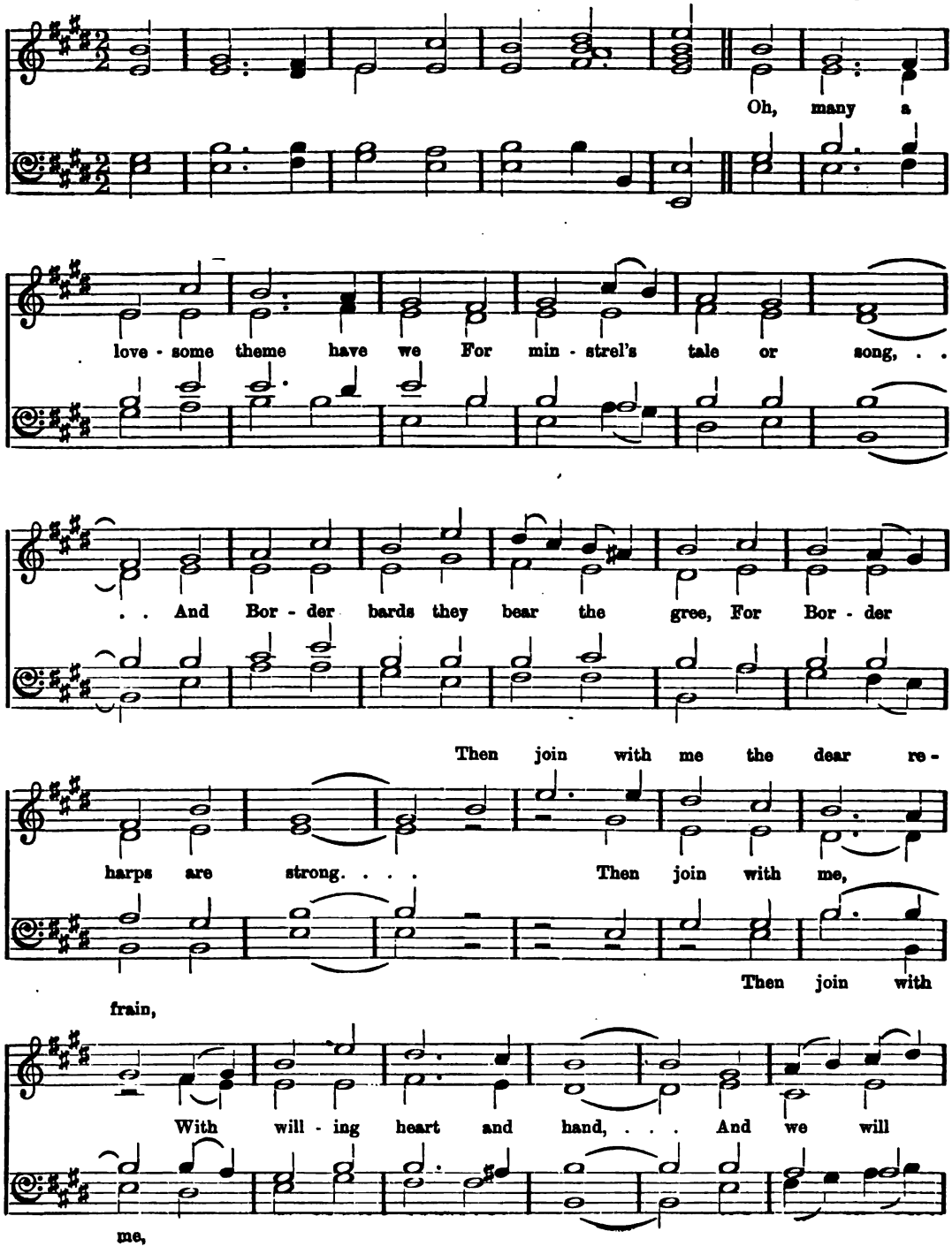
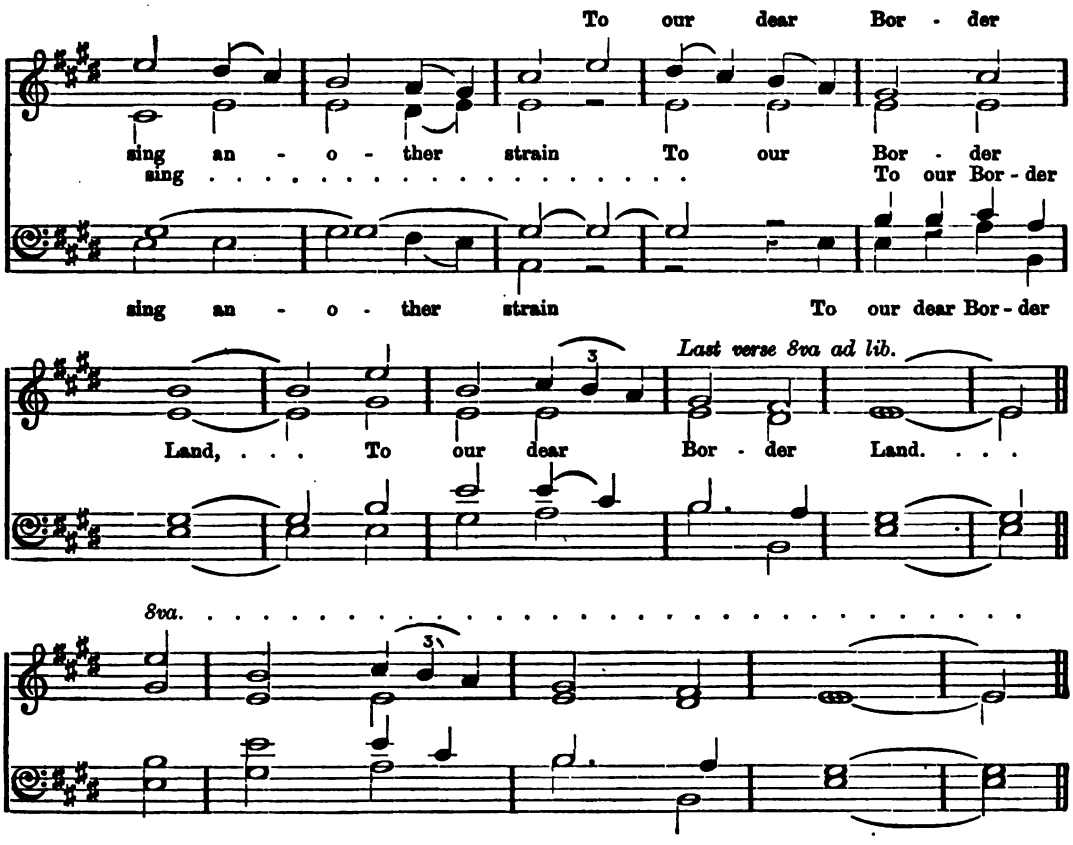
1905.

OUR BORDER LAND.

Words by JAMES THOMSON. *Music by* ANDREW THOMSON, Bowden, Roxburghshire.





Oh many a lovesome theme have we
For minstrel's tale or song,
And Border bards they bear the gree,
For Border harps are strong.
Then sing with me the dear refrain
With willing heart and hand,
And we will sing another strain
To our dear Border Land.
To our dear Border Land.

The sun of summer nowhere beams
On fairer scenes than ours,
The wild green grass, the classic streams,
The old romantic towers.
The haunts of genius homes of worth,
The beautiful and grand;
There's not a fairer spot on earth
Than our dear Border Land.
Than our dear Border Land.

Old tales of glamour, love, and glee
Lurk 'mong our heights and howes;
The Eildons three, the Eildon tree,
The Broom o' the Cowdenknowes.
On hill and dell there rests a spell,
Cast by the minstrel's hand;
Each burnie has its tale to tell
In our dear Border Land.
In our dear Border Land.

The beacon-fires that blazed of yore
Have vanished from the hill;
The slogan cry is heard no more,
That pealed so wild and shrill.
But childhood loves the tale to tell
Of Border bow and brand,
For memory holds the legends well
Of our brave Border Land.
Of our brave Border Land.

Praise to the Bard—Immortal Scott,
Who sleeps in Dryburgh's bowers;
Whose genius hallowed every spot
In this dear land of ours.
For pilgrim bands have crossed the sea
From many a foreign strand,
To bare the head and bend the knee
In our dear Border Land.
In our dear Border Land.

OUR BORDER LAND.

Words by JAMES THOMSON.

KEY E. *Music by* ANDREW THOMSON, Bowden, Roxburghshire.

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Oh,	many	a	love	- some	theme	have	we	For	min	- strel's	tale	or	song,	. . .	. .	And	Bor	- der	bards
:m	s	:- .s	s	:d'	d'	:- .t	d'	:s	s	:f	s	:s	s	:—	—	:m	l	:d'	s
:d	d	:- .r	m	:f	s	:s	d	:s	d	:f .m	t_1	:d	s_1	:—	—	:d	f	:f	m

r	:—	—	:m	f	:l	s	:d'	t .l	:s .fe	s	:l	s	:f .m	r	:s	m	:—	—	:s
t_1	:—	—	:d	d	:d	d	:m	r	:d	t_1	:d	d	:d	harps	are	strong.	. .	. .	Then
they	bear	the	gree,	For	Bor	- der	harps	are	strong.	. .	. .	Then	join	with	me	the	dear	re -	frain
s	:—	—	:s	l	:d'	s	:s	s	:l	s	:f	m	:r .m	t_1	:d	d	:—	—	:
s_1	:—	—	:d	f	:f	m	:d	r	:r	s_1	:f	d	:r .d	harps	are	strong.	. .	. .	Then

d'	:- .d'	t	:l	s	:- .f	m	:r .m	s	:d'	t .l	:s .fe	s	:l	s	:f .m	r	:s	m	:—
join	with	me	the	dear	re -	frain	with	will	- ing	heart	and	hand,	. .	. .	And	Bor	- der	harps	are
:m	d	:d	t_1	:—		:r .d	harps	are	strong.	. .	. .	Then	join	with	me	the	dear	re -	frain
Then	join	with	me	. . .	. .	with	f	:m	s	:—	—	:s .f	m	:m	s	:—	—	:s .f	m
:d	m	:m	s	:—	—	:s .f	s_1	:s_1	d	:—	—	:—	d	:t_1	d	:—	—	:—	d
:		:d	s	:- .s_1	d	:t_1	harps	are	strong.	. .	. .	Then	join	with	me	with			

s	:d'	t	:- .l	s	:—	—	:m	f .s	:l .t	d'	:t .l	s	:f .m	l	:d'	t	:- .l	s	:—
will	- ing	heart	and	hand,	. .	. .	And	we	will	sing	an -	o	- ther	strain	To	will	- ing	heart	and
m	:s	s	:- .fe	s	:—	—	:s	f	:f	m	:—	—	:—	—	:—	m	:s	s	:- .fe
will	- ing	heart	and	hand,	. .	. .	And	we	will	sing	. .	. .	. .	. .	. .	will	- ing	heart	and
d	:m	r	:r	s_1	:—	—	:d	r .m	:f .s	d	:d	m	:r .d	f_1	:	d	:m	r	:r
will	- ing	heart	and	hand,	. .	. .	And	we	will	sing	an -	o	- ther	strain		will	- ing	heart	and

t .l	:s .f	m	:l	s	:—	—	:d'	s	:l .s .f	m	:r	d	:—	—					
our	dear	Bor	- der	Land,	. .	. .	To	our	dear	Bor	- der	Land.	. .	. .					
d	:d	d	:d	d	:—	—	:m	d	:d	d	:t_1	d	:—	—					
To	our	Bor	- der	Land,	. .	. .	To	our	dear	Bor	- der	Land.	. .	. .					
—	:	s .s	:l .f	m	:—	—	:s	d'	:d' .l	s	:- .f	m	:—	—					
. .		To our	Border	Land,	. .	. .	To	our	dear	Bor	- der	Land.	. .	. .					
	: .d	d .m	:f .s_1	d	:—	—	:d	m	:f	s	:s_1	d	:—	—					
	To	our dear	Border	Land,	. .	. .	To	our	dear	Bor	- der	Land.	. .	. .					